

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XXI.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1890.

NO. 49

COME! SEE! BUY!

G. W. WRIGHT,

The Leading Furniture Dealer and Undertaker
IN SALISBURY.

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Of Chairs, Sofas, Mattresses of all Kinds, Spring Beds, Work-Tables for Ladies, Pictures and Picture Frames of every style and quality always in stock, or will be made to order on short notice at reasonable prices.

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A large stock of Baby Carriages with wire wheels at \$7.50.
Silk Plush Seat and Satin Parasol Carriages with wire wheels at only \$16.50. Formerly sold for \$22.50.

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Special attention given to undertaking in all its branches, at all hours day and night.

Parties wishing my services at night will call at my residence on Bank street, in "Brooklyn."

Thanking my friends and the public generally for past patronage and asking a continuance of the same, I am,
Yours anxiously to please,
G. W. WRIGHT,
Leading Furniture Dealer.

CALL ON ME BEFORE PURCHASING!

A Warning to Bashful Men.

He sat beside her near the stove,
A prey to bashfulness;
To her bespoken words of love,
Not sought her hand to press.

No maiden ever had been wooed
By him—the fact was plain;
For silently he sat and chewed
The knob upon his cane.

Sometimes he at the ceiling gazed,
Sometimes his glance would stray
To her; but when her eyes she raised,
He looked another way.

And thus they sat till she
Said, "John, I ought to state
That you and me are out to tea,
And won't return till late.

"Now while they're absent, do not
tease,
But pray remember this:
My hand you must not try to squeeze,
Nor steal from me a kiss."

At once the knob that graced his cane
John from his mouth withdrew;
And said, "I won't; don't think, Miss
Jane,
That I do that to you!"

A deeper silence then ensued
Than had prevailed before;
John vigorously his cane's head chewed,
A frown Jane's visage wore.

And thus they sat till half-past ten,
And when John rose to go,
And asked if he might call again,
Jane curtly answered "No!"

Laugh and Grow Fat.

First Little girl: "Is your doll a
French doll?" Second little girl: "I
don't know; she can't talk."

Teacher: "Johnny, what is the
highest form of organic life?" John-
ny: "The man in the moon."

"Your father was a lawyer, wasn't
he?" "Most of the time. When I
misbehaved, he was a tanner."

How many things there are to
laugh at in this world to the girl who
has pretty teeth and dimples.

Flattery is like rouge: A little of it
heightens the color of a pretty woman's
cheeks, but it doesn't do to put it
on too thickly.

Meal time caller: "When do you
dine?" Precious little daughter: "We
always have to wait till callers go. I'm
getting awful hungry."

"O no! there ain't any favorites in
this family," soliloquized Johnny. "O
no! If I bite my finger-nails, I catch it
over the knuckles; but the baby can
eat his whole foot, and they think it
is very clever."

Teacher, to dull boy of the class:
"Which New England State has two
capitals?" Boy: "New Hampshire."
Teacher: "Indeed! Name them." Cap-
ital N and Capital H."

Rev. Primrose: "Your mother must
take a great interest in you, my boy.
Does she always praise you when you
do good?" Little Johnny: "Naw,
she never pats me on the back except
when she thinks I'm choking."

How ones love goes out to the man
who, upon being informed as to your
physical symptoms, takes occasion to
remember the case of a man who was
taken just the same way and died before
night.

Little curly-haired Jessie, just four
years old, being afraid of strange men
and especially tramps, entered the door
hurriedly the other day, just ready to
cry with, "Mamma, I don't like people
that don't work."

Briggs: "There is a great deal of
nonsense written about a man being the
head of the house, isn't there?"
Briggs: "It is all moonshine—in my
case, at least. I am merely chairman
of the committee on appropriations."

In a suburban school a teacher gave
out the word "Paater" to a class in
spelling. It was a "poser" to all until
it reached the foot of the class, when
a curly-headed little fellow spelt it cor-
rectly, and on being asked to define it,
shouted out, "More salt."

When Flossy went into the county
last summer, she was furnished with a
candlestick for her bedroom. She had
never seen that kind of light before,
and she immediately exclaimed, "O
mamma, see the little gas with a han-
dle!"

At the telephone exchange lately, a
call came in from a subscriber for a feed
store. "Hello!" "Hello!" What is
it?" "Mamma says send up a sack of
oats and a bale of hay," in a child's
voice. "Who is it for?" inquired the
feed man. "Why, for the cow of
course," drawled the youngster and
closed up.

Sunday afternoon a little girl was
walking with her mother in the neigh-
borhood of Copley Square, a great
many people were seen on the street.
"What are all these people doing,
mamma?" She asked. "They are
going to the church, my dear," was the
response. "Didn't they go to church
in the morning, the way we did?"
"Yes, dear, probably." "Well," said
the little girl, after a moment's thought,
"how quick they must have got nau-
sity to have to go to church so soon
again!"

Ingalls' Eulogy of Beck.

ELOQUENT WORDS OF THE VICTIMS KAN-
SAS IN MEMORY OF THE GREAT KEN-
TUCKIAN.

In the Senate of the United States
on the 23d of August eulogies were
pronounced upon Hon. James B.
Beck, late a Senator from Kentucky.
Addresses were delivered by Senators
Blackburn, Ingalls, Vest, Allison, Ev-
arts, Vance, Hale, Plumb, Hampton,
Gibson, Coke, McPherson and Carlisle.
The best written of all these addresses
was that of Senator Ingalls, which
was in full as follows:

Mr. INGALLS. Mr. President, rugged,
robust, and indomitable, the incar-
nation of physical force and intellec-
tual energy, Senator Beck seemed a
part of nature, inseparable from life
and exempt from infirmity. Accus-
tomed for many sessions to the exhibi-
tion of his prodigious activity, his in-
defatigable labors, his strenuous con-
flicts, I recall the emotion with which
I saw him stand painfully in his place,
and announce with strange pathos
that for the first time in twenty years
he found himself unable to participate
in debate. It was as if a torrent had
passed midway in its descent; or a
tempest had ceased suddenly in its
stormy progress. He lingered for
awhile, as the prostrate oak, to which
he had been appropriately compared by
his late colleague, retains its verdure
for a brief interval after its fall, or as
the flame flickers when the candle is
burned out; but his work was done. It
was the end.

Estimated by comparison with his
contemporaries, and measured by the
limitations which he overcame, his car-
eer cannot be considered otherwise
than extraordinary and of singular
and unusual distinction. An alien,
and not favored by fortune, he con-
quered the accidents of birth and ob-
stacles of race, scaled the formidable
barriers of tradition, and rose by suc-
cessive steps to the highest social and
political station.

In a great State, proud of its history
of the lineage of its illustrious families,
of the achievements of its warriors
and statesmen, whose renown is the
imperishable heritage of mankind,
the stranger surpassed the swiftest in
the race of ambition and the strongest
in the race of supremacy. His tri-
umph was not temporary, the brilliant
and casual episode of an aspiring and
unscrupulous adventurer, but a steady
and permanent conquest of the
judgment and affections of an exalted
constituency. Nor was the recogni-
tion of his superiority confined to Ken-
tucky. Though he never forgot his
nativity, nor the associations of his
youth, he was by choice and prefer-
ence and not from necessity an Amer-
ican. In his broad and generous
nature patriotism was a passion and an
obligation a sacred and unalterable
conviction, there was nothing ignoble in
his partisanship. He transcended the
boundaries of party and friendships,
and no appeal to his sympathy or com-
parison was ever made in vain.

He has departed. His term had not
expired, but his name has been stricken
from the rolls of the Senate. His
credentials remain in its archives, but
an honored successor sits unchallenged
in his place. He has no vote nor
choice, but the consideration of great
measures affecting the interests of ev-
ery citizen of the republic is interrup-
ted, with the concurrence and approval
of all, that the representatives of forty-
two Commonwealths may rehearse the
virtues and commemorate the career of
an associate who is beyond the reach
of praise or censure, in the kingdom of
the Dead.

The right to live, is in human esti-
mation, the most sacred, the most in-
alienable, the most indelible. The joy
of living in such a splendid and lum-
inous day as this is inconceivable. To
exist is exultation. To live forever is
our sublimest hope. Annihilation, extinc-
tion and external death are the fore-
bodings of despair. To know, to love,
to achieve, to triumph, to confer
happiness, to alleviate misery, is rapture.
The greatest crime and the severest
penalty known to human law is
the sacrifice and forfeiture of life.

And yet we are all under sentence
of death. Other events may or may
not occur. Other conditions may or
may not exist. We may be rich or
poor; we may be learned or ignorant;
we may be happy or wretched; but we
all must die. The verdict has been
pronounced by the inexorable decree
of an omnipotent tribunal. Without
trial or opportunity for defense; with-
out being confronted with the witness-
es against us, we have been summoned
to the bar of life and condemned to
death. There is no writ of error nor
review. There is neither exculpation
nor appeal. All must be relinquished.
Beauty and deformity, good and evil,
virtue and vice, share the same relent-
less fate. The tender mother cries
passionately for mercy for her first-
born, but there is no clemency. The
craven felon suddenly prays for a re-
prieve in which to be anealed, but there
is no reprieve. The soul helplessly
leaves its wings against the bars, shud-
ders and disappears.

The proscription extends alike to
the individual and the type. Nations
lie and races expire. Humanity itself
is destined to extinction. Soon or
late it is the instruction of science

that the energy of the earth will be
expended, and it will become incapable
of supporting life. A group of feeble
and pallid survivors in some sheltered
valley in the tropics will behold the
sun sink below the horizon and the
pittiless stars glitter in the midnight
sky. The last man will perish, and
the sun will rise upon an earth with-
out an inhabitant. Its atmosphere, its
sea, its life and heat will vanish, and
the planet will be an idle cinder use-
lessly spinning in its orbit.

Every hour some world dies unnoti-
ced in the firmament; some sun
smoulders to embers and ashes on the
hearthstone of infinite space, and the
mighty maze of systems sweeps cease-
lessly onward in its voyage of doom to
remorseless and unsparring destruction.

With the disappearance of man from
the earth, all trace of this existence
will be lost. The palaces, towers and
temples he has reared, the institutions
he has established, the cities he has
built, the books he has constructed,
the philosophies he has formulated—
all science, art literature and knowl-
edge will be obliterated and engulfed
in empty and vacant oblivion.

The great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

There is an intelligence so vast and
enduring that the flaming interval be-
tween the birth and death of universes
is more than the flash of fire-flies above
the meadows of summer; a colossal
power by which these stupendous orbs
are launched in the abyss, like bubbles
blown by a child in the morning sun,
and whose sense of justice and reason
cannot be less potent than those im-
mutable statutes that are the law of
being to the creatures He has made,
and which compel them to declare that
if the only object of creation is destruc-
tion, if infinity is the theatre of an in-
terrupted series of irreparable calamities,
if the final cause of life is death,
then time is an inexplicable tragedy,
and eternity an illogical and indefensi-
ble catastrophe.

No, Mr. President, this obsequy is
for the quick and not for the dead. It
is not an inconsolable lamentation. It
is a strain of triumph. It is an affirma-
tion to those who survive, that as
our departed associate, contemplating
at the close of his life the monument
of good deeds he had erected, more en-
during than brass and loftier than the
pyramids of kings, might exclaim with
the Roman poet, *Non omnis morior*.
So, turning to the silent and unknown
future, he could rely with just and
reasonable confidence upon that most
impressive and momentous assurance
ever delivered to the human race. "He
that believeth in me, though he were
dead yet shall he live; and whosoever
liveth and believeth in me shall never
die."

Selling by Sample.

HOW AN ALLIANCE AGENT CONDUCTS HIS
BUSINESS—A PRETTY STORY.

Local Topic

One of the prettiest stories we have
heard in a month of Sundays is that
one, picked up on the streets, of the
decent manner in which the Caldwell
alliance man trimmed down a fellow
by the name of Wilson—S. Ordo Wilson
—at a secret meeting held in the
court house Wednesday night. His
ostensible business was to show samples
of goods furnished by the State agent
W. H. Worth but his secret mission—
perhaps self-constituted and doubt-
less unauthorized by the central
office—was to stir up strife among
democrats and, if possible, to organize
a fight in each county against Senator
Vance. He is the same bird of gaudy
plumage, who has gotten so much cheap
advertising for his fruit nursery near
Raleigh out of the press of the State
and who was so well castigated by farmer
James Norwood of Orange, when he
opened the Vance resolutions in the
Durham Congressional Convention. He
claims to be a democrat but we
heard it generally charged at Durham
that he has been for years a sorehead
and an assistant Republican. But it
doesn't signify what he has been. He
is no Democrat now. He predicted—
and the wish was father to the thought
—that Vance would be defeated, as the
Republicans would capture the legis-
lature; that Ewart had surrendered
his law license and would join the
Alliance and be elected; that although
Bunn had signed all the alliance
demands, he would be defeated. He
was particularly severe upon the
Caldwell county Alliance for disap-
proving the sub-Treasury bill and in-
sultingly proclaimed that any individual
Alliance man who would dare oppose a
measure sent down for ratification by
the central power at St. Louis ought to
be kicked out of the order. All of this
talk met with the strongest condemna-
tion from the great mass of the Al-
liance men of this county.

About a fifth of the globe's land
surface, according to Prof. Louis, is
an annual rainfall of less than ten
inches, and a considerable large part has
too little water for agricultural purposes,
except in the limited districts where
irrigation is practicable. In North Amer-
ica an almost rainless region exists
in southern California and Arizona, and
a large area about Salt Lake has only
ten inches of rain yearly.

How to Soften Hard Times.

There is a general hue and cry of
agricultural depression and hard times
among the farmers. Over production,
poor markets, and low prices, until they
feel they are on the verge of financial
ruin.

A farmer who seemed to feel no ef-
fect of the symptoms of financial dis-
ease when asked why not, replied, "I
have always something to sell; I never
take an inferior article to market; I
always give good weight and good
measure, consequently I always find a
ready market at paying prices for my
produce."

Now this farmer is doing no more
than you or I can do if we will put
the same vim and amount of brains in
our business; that he does.

There is a great advantage to the
farmer to have something to sell at all
times. The reader may scoff the idea,
but I believe that little "drills" have
ruined more farmers than great things.
The farmer can see readily the danger
of great debts, but does not notice little
ones. I know, to have something for
market of choice quality requires
care and for thought; really it requires
more forethought than labor. I have
watched the markets, and have seen
produce of choice quality find a ready
sale, when it was gatted with produce
of common quality.

But some men are too proud to
market small articles of produce, some
have too indolent, they think, while
others are too indolent and neglectful of busi-
ness. Most every farmer has to visit
his town once a week to purchase
something for his family. Many rather
keep an account at the store than to
be troubled with small markets.
I know a man who is making farming
pay, who always carries something to
sell every time he goes to town. On
public days he takes a nice bucket of
butter on one arm and a basket of eggs
on the other, which will pay for his
family needs that day. His more
aristocratic neighbor goes too, but
is too proud to carry anything to
sell, therefore he is compelled to pay
cash or go on "tick." Another goes,
but has no time to take anything to
sell, but goes and spends the day buy-
ing his family supplies on credit.
Both these men lost the day as well as
the first one did, but returned home
two or three dollars deeper in debt,
and at the end of the year, on deliver-
ing their tobacco are greatly surprised
to find their accounts nearly equal or
more than their tobacco brought them,
while the first man has nearly as much
tobacco as they, but his little markets
paid his way, and therefore his tobacco
money goes into his pocket, to meet
losses and soften hard times.

The farmer could and should buy by
barter almost entirely; the little crops
and resources of the farm should be so
diversified that there may be something
to sell each week, enough at least to
purchase the little necessities of family
consumption. There are but few farm-
ers that do not keep a few cows and
farm fowls, that if they are always
cared for will give a surplus of butter
and eggs. If there is no market for
milk it can be given to the pigs, which
can be brought into market at paying
figures. A good poultry yard well
cared for will turn out eggs to sell all
the time, with an occasional broiler, and a
few turkeys for Thanksgiving and for
Christmas holidays. A good garden
will always produce something for mar-
ket. A good orchard of well selected
fruit will, a good portion of the time
produce something, either green or
dried, for market. If the farmer will
provide these things his wife will, and
be glad of the chance, have it in mar-
ketable shape every time you want to
go to town. In fact, I believe it would be
well for the farmer to market at least
twice a week, unless he lives too far,
whether his family need supplies or
not. He can thus gain a surplus for
"a rainy day." Every farmer ought to
try to bring his farm to produce some
article outside of the staple crops, and
so instead of always going in debt, pay
as he goes, he would have no need of
complaint, or feel a depression and
hard times.—*Thus, Bird in Southern
Critic.*

Only a Printer.

"He is only a printer!" was the
sneering remark of a leader in the
circle aristocracy—of the colish quality.
Well, who was the Earl of Stanhope?
He was only a printer. What was
Prince Frederick William, who mar-
ried the Princess Royal of England?
He, too, was only a printer. Who was
William Caxton, one of the fathers of
literature? He was only a printer.
Who were Geo. D. Prentice, Charles
Dickens, M. Thiers, Douglas Jardine,
B. van Taylor, G. P. Morris, J. Gals,
C. Richardson, N. P. Willis and Sena-
tors Dix, Cameron, Niles, Bigler and
Postmaster General King? They, too,
were all printers. What was Benj-
amin Franklin? Only a printer. Ev-
ery one cannot be a printer, brains are
necessary.—*Ex.*

The annual catch of fish on the Eu-
ropean and North American coasts is
computed by a German statistician to
amount to \$50,000,000. A ton of fish
corresponds with twenty-five sheep in
weight, and with twenty sheep in
nourishing power. Therefore the total
European and North American
catch equals in number forty-two mil-
lions sheep and in nourishing power
thirty millions.

Warping of Wood.

As lumber is now sawn, every board
but one will warp and curl up in the
process of seasoning. The reason for
this is plain. If the boards be sawn
from the side of the log, the grain
rings of the wood lies in circles, which
have a greater length on one side than
upon the other side of the board. A
board cut from the very centre of the
log has grain circles of equal length
upon each side, and will be perfectly
flat when seasoned.

When selecting the lumber for a
tool chest or some other fine job, pick
out boards which show that they came,
as near as possible, from the centre of
the log. A method is in use which
compensate for this tendency to curl
in seasoning. This is known as quar-
ter sawing, and quartered oak, of which
so much is said at present, if sawn by
this process.

It consists in cutting out boards
radially from the center to the outside
of the log. Suppose a log to be split
into four pieces, each of these pieces
is sawn diagonally so that the grain
rings run through, instead of the circles
running into, part way through and
cut upon the same side of the board.

Quarter sawn lumber will not warp
in drying, neither will it yield so readi-
ly to changes of weather. It is the
disadvantage of being more expensive,
as in sawing each quarter a narrow
board is first taken off, then one a little
wider. The boards increase in width
until the middle of the quarter is reach-
ed, making the widest board equal to
half the diameter of the tree. The
narrow boards may be glued up into
wide strips, but that shows considerable
waste, and they cannot be used in some
kinds of work.

To prove that the circles or sap
rings cause curling during the season-
ing process, it is only necessary to take
such curled boards and wet the con-
cave side, or apply heat to the convex
side. If each or both be done, the
boards will straighten out forthwith.
This method is often taken advantage
of by carpenters in working twisted or
warped boards. The seasoning
process is also controlled by frequently
turning boards over so that each side
may receive just enough heat and
air to keep the boards flat.—*Wood-
worker.*

The Decline in Cotton.

MANCHESTER, Eng., August 10.—We
have just been passing through a most
important collapse in raw American
cotton. During the past fortnight or
so spot quotations have fallen $\frac{1}{2}$ per
cent, and August September futures
30 points, that is, 30¢. per pound.
This is the greatest fall in so short a
period since the days of the civil war in
the United States. Already failures are
announced in Liverpool, one firm having
stopped with liabilities to the extent of
\$100,000. Spinners, in the meantime,
are looking on. They are glad of the
collapse of an artificial cotton market,
but, on the whole, would have preferred
the decline to have come later on in the
season. Most spinners, as previously
noted in the columns of *Broadstreets*,
are well bought in cotton to the end of
the season. It would, indeed, be
strange if they were not, after the ex-
perience of the past two seasons. One
feature of a note-worthy character is
the settlement of the prolonging of
the annual holidays in the leading seat
of the spring trade. Henceforth at the
end of August 7 working days, includ-
ing two Saturdays, will be allowed to the
Oldman operatives, the mills being en-
tirely "shut down" for the time being.
This means a largely lessened con-
sumption of cotton, and, on the other
hand, a largely lessened production of
yarn. The outlook for spinners is
rather brighter since the cotton collapse,
for a while cotton has declined, yarn
prices have hardly moved downward at
all, or not nearly so much as cotton.
The great stoppage just referred to will,
it is expected, keep yarn at its present
somewhat improved margin. The in-
pression is gaining ground that the
present yield of American cotton is
likely to be an early one and also a
large crop. One thing, however, is
sure that the requirements of the world
for next season will be larger than the
present year's wants.—*Broadstreets.*

Regularly every six months the
Treasury department receives either a
\$25 or \$50 bill which from all appear-
ance, instead of being made from a
plate, is executed entirely with a pen.
The work is of a very high order, and
several times these bills have defied de-
tection and passed on their tour of
circulation undisturbed. The counter-
feiter seems to be a genius who years
after notoriety, as he could make his
living by his penmanship.
The only one not yet captured,
although efforts have been made to find
him and it is believed that he has had
the pleasure of viewing his handiwork
in a little frame which hangs on the
walls of the Treasury building.

It has been stated that since the sun-
flower has been cultivated on certain
swamps of the Potomac, malarial fever
has decreased. At the mouth of the
Shoebit in Holland it is stated that simi-
lar results have been observed. The
sunflower emits large volumes of water
in the form of vapor, and its aromati-
cized, as well as the oxygen is exhaled,
also having something to do with its
sanitary influence in question.

This space belongs to
W. H. REISNER.

Watch it next week.