

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XXI.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1890.

COME! SEE! BUY!

G. W. WRIGHT,

The Leading Furniture Dealer and Undertaker IN SALISBURY.

Now offering the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Furniture ever brought to this place.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR BARGAINS

CALL ON ME BEFORE PURCHASING!

PARLOR SUITS!

McLair Crush Plush at \$60.00. Former price, \$75.00.

Silk Plush at \$40.00. Former price, \$60.00.

Wool Plush at \$35.00. Former price, \$45.00.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Wileox and White Organs and Decker Bros., Chickering & Sons and Wheelock Pianos.

BED ROOM SUITS!

Antique Oak, Antique Ash, Cherry and Walnut at prices that defy competition.

A LARGE STOCK

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.

BABY CARRIAGES!

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.

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT!

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

Patrons 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.

The Strike is Extending.

They hung on the gate Though the hour was late, And the moon stared big-eyed down, As much as to say, "Ah there! Break away, To-morrow will soon be in town."

The youth took no heed Of the warning. Indeed, He seemed but to lengthen his call, When all unawares, The window upstairs, Was struck and seemed ready to fall.

Said the maiden, "Good-by!" Quoth the youth, "I will fly!" For that was a hint, by the powers!" Said the maiden, "Ah, yes! It was papa, I guess: He is striking for shorter hours."
—Columbia Dispatch.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

The bustle may go out in society, but in business it should go on forever.

When a witty lady is asked her opinion of mustaches, her reply is that she always sets her face against them.

"Well said the undertaker, 'I'm not much of a fighter, but when it comes to boxing, I can easily lay out any man.'"

"What will my friends think of me when I am in the grave?" "Don't trouble yourself. They won't think of you at all."

If American girls had free ballots, they would all vote to have fair counts, except those whose papers could afford a marquis or duke.

The best reason yet advanced for having Monday washing day, the next after Sunday, is because cleanliness is to next godliness.

Friend, to returned vacationist: "Well, my boy, have you been off for a rest?" Returned vacationist: "No, my boy; I've come home for one."

"What is time?" asks a poet. Well there are various kinds of times. The kind Congressmen and Harvard students have, the less said about the better.

"What! you say that Herr Schmile, the merchant, has gone blind? Here's a pretty how d'ye do—I've got a bill on the man which is made out 'payable at sight!'"

Mr. Goolenough: "I have so much trouble with the pronunciation of my name; it is properly pronounced Good-no, you know." She, shyly, "Yes, Mr. Goolenough, for the name." "I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young tender chicken from an old, tough one?" "Of course I can." "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens have no teeth." "No, but I have."

Bride, exchanging bridal costume for traveling suit: "Did I appear nervous at all during the ceremony, Clara?" Bridesmaid, envious: "A little at first, dear; but not after George had said 'Yes.'"

An old man-of-war's man, who had lost a leg in the service of his country, became a retailer of peanuts. He said he was obliged to be a retailer, because, having lost a leg, he could not be a whole sailor.

Police sergeant: "Is the man dangerously wounded?" Irish police surgeon: "Two of the wounds are mortal; but the third can be cured, provided the man keeps perfectly quiet for at least six weeks."

An Allentown tailoring firm employs a young woman to collect from swell customers who are inclined to shirk paying honest debts. This seems to explode the old saying that woman's work is never done.

Doctor, who had been taking a dispensary patient's temperature: "Now my good woman, how do you feel?" Patient, eyeing the thermometer with considerable awe: "Much better than ye. Sure an' that's a wonderful thing that'll help a body so quick!"

Isabel: "But, grandma dear, she's not a bit pretty, looks very stupid, and hasn't a shilling! What can he be going to marry her for?" Grandma: "Well, my dear, you will think it one of my old-fashioned notions—but perhaps it is for love!"

Her father, at the head of the stairs at 2.30 A. M.: "Susie, what time is it?" Susie, with a second look at the ginald, who loosens his grip: "A few minutes past 10, papa." Father: "Don't forget to start the clock again when you go to bed."

"Few people," says a writer, "realize what a wonderfully delicate structure the human ear is." It is a remarkable organ, that's a fact. Ask a man for the loan of ten dollars, and the chances are that he won't hear you. Softly whisper, "Come up and take something," and the ear manifests an acuteness that is really marvelous.

It is told of an American millionaire who bought a castle on the Rhine, that one cold day his daughter found him warming his hands at a fire which he had kindled in a suit of plate armor. "O papa, what have you been doing?" she cried. "The feller that patented that stove," replied the lord of the castle, "must have been crazy; but I've made the old thing heat up at last."

A Story of G. W. Childs.

The name of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, is synonymous with benevolence. Certainly no one who has ever looked on the benign, and, as it were, Pickwickian face of the proprietor of the *Public Ledger* needs to be told that its owner finds a positive pleasure in acts of philanthropy. Many an anecdote illustrative of his big-heartedness has gone the rounds of the newspapers, but one which the writer chanced to hear the other night has never been preserved in type. One of the editors of a certain great New York daily was the beneficiary of this particular kindness of Mr. Childs, and he it is who tells the story:

"Not less than ten and not more than a hundred years ago," he said, "I found myself on my uppers in the city of Brotherly Love. I had come on from a Southern city in hope of teaching Philadelphia newspaper men their business, but somehow they didn't seem to know a good thing when they saw it, and I found the demand for journalist teachers extremely limited. Well, I heard of Mr. Childs' open-heartedness, and, in sheer desperation, I made my mind to go to him and ask for a loan. Though he had, of course never heard of me, I was promptly ushered into his office. He looked me over in that calm, benignant fashion of his, and asked what he could do for me. I blantly told him that I had come to Philadelphia in search of work, hadn't found it, was without a dollar in my pocket and wanted to see if he wouldn't help me."

"What do you want me to do for you, young?" he quickly asked. "I want you to lend me \$100 if you will." I frankly told him, half surprised at my own temerity, "but I can't give you any better security than my own note."

"He studied my face for a moment, apparently concluded that it was an honest one, gave some directions to an office boy, and, in a minute, placed a check for \$100 in my hand. Naturally, I was almost overcome at the outcome of my audacity for which I had so lately dared hope, and was stammering out my thanks and assurances that I would repay the loan at the earliest possible moment, when he interrupted me. "Young man," he said, "I don't need this money; you do. Give it to you because I think you're honest and are trying to get along. Don't talk about repaying me, but if you're ever able to repay it just give it to some poor newspaper man who needs a helping hand, and tell him what I tell you. Tell him to pass it along to some other unfortunate before it falls in the hands of the best man who will keep it. You needn't mention my name. Just say the money was loaned you to be passed along. You promise?" All right I hope you'll succeed, and some day give me a good account of that \$100. Good-day."

Mr. Childs' beneficiary is now decidedly well to do. He passed that \$100 along long ago, and he said, in telling the story the other night, that it had brought cheer to four unfortunate newspaper workers before he lost sight of it. —*Mail and Express.*

Advertisers' Curious Freaks.

A dry goods house in Buffalo, New York, made a practice of refunding the purchase money to every hundredth customer. Gong! went the bell at the cashier's desk as the lucky sale came in, and the money was returned intact. The same house laid towels end to end along several prominent thoroughfares, direct to the store with the result of attracting considerable attention. Another firm, in the silent watches of the night, painted large footprints on the streets leading from the depots and ferries, all converging to their entrance. This idea, by the way, suggested the towel scheme. Both were fairly successful in causing the firms to be talked about; but in conservative quarters such radical methods would scarcely meet with approval.

In another instance which we recall, one member of a firm sought an injunction from the court to prevent his partner selling goods below cost. The samples submitted, with invoice, clearly proved the case, but the defendant obtained a delay. The novelty of the situation attracted the attention of the newspaper men, and the matter found its way into the press. Crowds flocked to the scene of action, and the wily merchants quickly unloaded. When the case was called to trial the plaintiff stated to the court that an adjustment of the difficulty had been arrived at, and the case was at once dismissed. —*Art in Advertising.*

Sig. Succi, the Italian faster, has arrived in New York where he proposes to give an exhibition of his fasting abilities. He fasted thirty days in Lisbon, thirty in Milan, thirty-five in Brussels and forty in London. He will try forty-five in New York. He is about forty-five years old, and differs from other professional fasters in that he takes violent exercise all the time he is fasting, such as fencing, riding, climbing, walking, etc. He takes absolutely nothing after entering upon his fast except a small dose of laudanum at the beginning to soothe his stomach when the pain sets in after the first few days of fasting. This will be his thirty fourth fast. —*Wilmington Star.*

Tom Cruse's Career.

A STORY THAT ILLUSTRATES THE UPS AND DOWNS OF WESTERN LIFE.

The history of the three-millionaire bankers of Helena, Mont., Thomas Cruse, illustrates the ups and downs of Western life and sets in strong contrast the two extremes of absolute, groveling poverty and extraordinary affluence.

"Six years ago Tom Cruse," says Thomas M. Long, "was only a common, ordinary laborer, a prospector and a miner. He had spent almost his last nickel, was out of luck, and being out of money, it naturally follows he had very few friends. Indeed he was so poor that I well remember the day when he actually refused credit for a fifty-pound sack of flour. He did odd jobs about town—anything so long as he turned an honest dollar. One day he took a tramp into the mountains. When he came back to town he astonished everybody by reporting the discovery of what has since turned out to be one of the richest silver mines in Montana. He pre-empted the place and made everything gold in his own name. This mine was the famous Drum Lummund in the mountains near Maysville, twenty-one miles from Helena. A syndicate of capitalists, hearing of this great find, went out to investigate it. The result far surpassed even their expectations, and on their way back to town they sought old man Cruse. Would he sell the mine? Yes. How much? Five hundred thousand dollars spot cash. That was too much, they thought. 'Well, gentlemen, if you think it is too much, don't take it,' said Cruse. This offer is good until noon, but no longer. I'll have another rise on it after that. They thought he was bluffing. The next day, after further investigation, they came back to Cruse. They told the old man they were ready to pay the \$500,000 and for him to draw up the papers. 'My price to-day is \$1,000,000, boys,' said Cruse. Of course there was no deal possible under the circumstances. Cruse could get all the capital he wanted to work his mine. Before three months had passed he had pulled out \$200,000 worth of ore and there was still unlimited quantities—millions, in fact—in sight. The syndicate came back to him and actually paid over \$1,000,000 for a two-third interest in the Drum Lummund. "Since that time Cruse has bought other mines, the Iron Mountain, for instance, in the Coeur d'Alene region, and others. He was married a couple years ago, but his wife died, leaving him a big inheritance. He has since years ago, he walked all the way from Salt Lake City. That's the way fortune smiles sometimes." —*Chicago Times.*

"Thin-House Legislation."

"Seven Senators pass two bills" says a despatch. Contemporaneous with this we have the following from the House debates:

Mr. Sawyer—I think gentlemen will agree with me that nine-tenths of the pension legislation and legislation on private bills is done when there is no quorum present.

Mr. Marsh—It ought not to be.

Mr. Sawyer—Nevertheless it is so. —and then, on a yea and may vote taken, there ran out but 40 members in a House of 327.

Is it right for one man in seven in the House and one man in twelve in the Senate to wield the great and far-reaching power of legislation? No doubt the evil is inveterate, but, as Mr. Sawyer used to say, nothing is settled until it is settled right.

Some of the best and most modern of our State constitutions specifically provide that no bill shall pass unless it receives the assent of a majority of all the members elected to each House, and the same rule should be applied to Congress. It would shorten the session, lessen the expense, increase the responsibility of members and improve the quality of legislation.

The nearer government gets to the one-man power the worse it is. A good bill has nothing, a bad bill everything, to fear from a full House."

A New Excuse.

"Can't you settle that account now, sir?"

"Why I mailed you the money long ago."

"I never received it."

"Well, I saw in the newspapers that letters containing \$35,000 have gone to the dead letter office in the last twelve months. Yours must be among them. See the Government about it!" —*The Epoch.*

Perseverance will conquer anything but musketballs; the only way to conquer them is to back out.

A bigot is a kind of hum on ram, with a good deal of wool over his eyes, but no horn.

It don't require but a phew branes to make up an atheist, for the less a man knows the less he generally believes.

He Answers Ingersoll.

A young Chinaman, Tanka Kee, who has just read Robt. G. Ingersoll's attack on the Bible, answers him thus:

"I presume that Mr. Ingersoll could easily write the first few books of the Bible but instead of condemning the whole book; suppose he or some of his gifted admirers write for us something that will equal the Book of Job, that will rival the Psalms of David, or that will surpass the proverbs of Solomon. When this is done, perhaps we will be contented to follow this blind leader of the blind, this inconsistent man who preaches temperance one day and smokes whiskey as a precious gift to his friends the next. This 'Bull of the woods,' whose timorous soul compels him to go through life declaring that there is no God, much as the schoolboy goes through a graveyard at night and whistles to keep up his courage. It is a singular fact that all the best men of the world have known, that the best educated men that have walked the earth, and the men who have swayed the destinies of nations, that have been honored by their fellow men, that have left unsullied and undying memories, are men that have read the Bible and have profited by its counsels."

Fastidious Snakes.

The quickest thing next to electricity is a snake. Well-behaved serpents are always interesting. But for the unfortunate information that one gave to Miss Eve before she eloped with Adam when he was heard gardener of a ranch there would be snakes in more respectable families than there are to-day. A Cleveland snake professor says that hissing pythons and cobras will eat at any time except when they are blinded shedding their skin. They won't touch anything then. Another queer thing about them is that they won't eat anything but white animals. Wait; I'll show you," and taking a young rabbit out of its cage he placed it in the box with the snake. They did not move for about a minute. Then one of the pythons raised its head and fastened its eyes upon bunny. The rabbit's ears dropped, its eyes closed and it began to tremble. All at once the snake shot forward, and seizing it by the back of its neck coiled itself around it and began crushing over its life; then turning it over began to swallow it. The python's head under ordinary circumstances was not larger than a thumb-joint on a man's hand, yet when it seized the rabbit its jaws became dislocated in such a way that it was able to start the rabbit's head into its mouth. Then by a peculiar motion it began slowly to chide to many times the nature of the animal, until finally bunny's hind legs disappeared down the python's mouth. "That supper will last him a couple of weeks," said the showman, as he picked the snake up.

Curious Facts.

Seven varieties of fishes examined by naturalists of the Challenger expedition are found totally blind in the deep sea, but have eyes when inhabiting shallow water.

The total loss of life by wind storms in the United States thus far this year is 415, as compared with 163 in 1889, 350 in 1888, 188 in 1880, 272 in 1886 and 111 in 1885. The old world adds 3231 to the list, as follows: In February, Japan, 200; in May, Siberia, 300; in June, Bulgaria, 20; in July, Arabia, 700; and Poland, 24; in August, France, 10, Germany 25 and Switzerland, 150.

A patented weather prognosticator sold in Prague is a landscape colored with the salts of cobalt. These colors are very sensitive to moisture, and are made still more so by mixture with gelatine. With increasing moisture in the atmosphere, the blue heavens of the picture assume a dirty red hue, and the green grass and the foliage, the yellow background, etc., are also strikingly changed in color.

The color used to denote mourning has often been changed, and even to-day countries differ widely. In Rome, males wore black for mourning, while the women indicated their grief by wearing white garments. In Turkey at the present day the mourning hue is violet, in China white, in Egypt yellow, in Ethiopia brown, in London and America black. The mourning color in Spain was white until changed by the laws of 1498.

A man of figures at Saginaw has calculated that the average person trims off a thirty-second of an inch of nail from each finger every week, or three inches a year. The average of human life the world over is forty years, says the St. Louis Republic. Ten feet of finger nail for each finger, about 200 feet from the twenty fingers and toes. There are 1,300,000,000 people in the world, and on an average they waste 300,000,000 feet, or 55,818,150 miles of finger nail in a generation, sufficient to reach around the earth and still leave 10,000 miles to do our scratching with.

The most miserable people I know of are those who make pleasure a business; it is like sliding down a hill 25 miles long.

Tapped a Vein

Intelligence has just reported a remarkable phenomenon west of Goodland, I. A man thirty miles northwest of Goodland, I. A man named Mike Duhaney, who had been well on his place. A vein of gold was struck at Duhaney started to go to work. When about two miles above the surface he screamed that he was above to haul him out of the mine was burning up. He was in a unconscious condition, and it was two hours before he revived.

The poor fellow was finally revived. A coat which had been hung across the windows was so hot that it crumbled to pieces. The floor was so hot that it was burned until it fell in pieces. The fire of the neighborhood was so hot that over this freak of nature, the people were greatly alarmed. Other men in the neighborhood were also tapping veins of natural gas. No scientific investigation has been made, but the fact that the internal fires of the earth are so active, as in the case of the eruption of Mount St. Helens, or volcano, —*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

His Congregation New

A clergyman was heard to say that his congregation appeared to be resting during his sermon. He declared that many of his flock would get up and go out of church time when he fancied his preaching to be impressive and would leave him to manage himself. "Don't they come to see you preach a long sermon?" "No, I've never heard of a word of complaint." "That is indeed singular. Your people must have been exceptionally well brought up." "No, I think not." "Then you must be preaching the most eloquent of men. What is the subject of your preaching?" "Oh, rather dry, I am afraid, but I don't possess the gift of drawing an interesting picture of anything so wonderful, as I have said that no one ever gets up and leaves?" "Yes, that's what I have heard of an chaplain at the University of Pittsburg." —*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

He Liked The Brand.

A story is told in a Texas paper of a merchant doing business in a town where the sale of ever the prohibition of eating was prohibited, and a large demand for nuts by emptying them of their shells and substituting whiskey for the story goes, the nuts were placed in cocoanut. The merchant, who was a spirit, and surprised his customers by telling him that the nuts were not fit to be sold to a crowd of people. Taking one of them in his hand, the minister said he would examine it that it must be sound, and when he chance it, anyway. The merchant could do nothing more, and the nuts from the preacher at once were let him out of his store, and was thus engaged, a man who ran thus:

"Send me six more of these nuts, and I'll give you one for nothing."

Now that a local simon-says railway has demonstrated the possibility of very rapid travel, the London *Iron* states that the "general principle" accepted that "a steam locomotive can travel at a speed of 100 miles an hour" is not only practicable "with a proper road-bed," but that "the possibility of electricity." Prof. Thomson declared recently that the electric locomotives are to be run by means of electricity, and at a speed of from 100 to 150 miles an hour. While in the same article there are reciprocated, stop and put in motion, stopped continually, in an electric locomotive which makes it possible economy at much less speed." Prof. Thomson says "if we could come back to the hundred years 'we save a million miles an hour to be the thing."

The man who tries to do a body's work by himself is like a man who tries to do a body's work by himself.

Pleasure is like money, the more of it you have, the more you want.

Profane swearing is a continual crowing of a hen—a plan few keep up with importance.

