

The Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER, 23, 1890.

NO. 1.

VOL. XX2.—THIRTITH SERIES.

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A large stock of Baby Carriages with wire wheels at \$7.50.
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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,
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ONE CENT A MILE.
REMEMBER THE DATES,
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It will be the BEST FAIR ever held in the South! Success guaranteed! Great Agricultural, Industrial, Educational and Social Features! For Premium List and Information address the Secretary, Box 57, Raleigh, N. C.

The Neighbors.

Beside the deep, green river,
Hic and there in the low lands,
My nose, low-roofed and humble,
I, modest quiet stander,
A moss-grown, rude log cabin,
Close by a bawling rill,
A roof of ground around it—
I have no time to till.

Across the deep, green river,
Whose waters flow so free,
A proud and towering mansion
Gazes with trees I see,
And through the leafy branches,
At day's departing rays,
Catching the crimson sunlight,
Its many windows blaze.

The owner of that palace
Boasts of his average high;
My father was a woodman,
A woodman, too, am I,
I earn by constant labor
My poor and scanty fare;
My neighbor over yonder
Is called a millionaire.

When tired at night its over,
Tired with the ax's stroke,
I sit here at the door step,
My corn-cob pipe to smoke
I watch him slowly pacing
Before his house of pride,
Beneath the clustering vine leaves
On a veranda wide.

At times, this side the river,
He cautions slowly by,
Adorbed in thought, he never
Upon me casts an eye!
He is not old, but wrinkles;
His pallid features seem;
He looks as though existence
Were but a troubled dream.

If he with gold and acres,
Could have my rugged health,
Or I, with happy slumbers,
Had only half his wealth,
Then life were better balanced
For both of us to-day,
And each, perhaps, more cheerily
Would travel on his way.

But as it is, no envy
Within my breast can be,
With all his state and riches,
'Tis his to envy me.
Pale face and care-worn spirit,
Eyes sunken, shrunken limbs—
With these to burden riches,
What man would share with him?

Deep green is yonder river,
Its waters faintly gleam;
For us in time fast coming
There is another stream,
We both will lose our burdens,
My tolling and his drose;
When over the mystic river
Our spirits freed shall cross.

—Thomas Dunn English.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

Here's to the boot-black: He improves shining hours by shining ours.

Judge: "The jury has found you guilty, and your sentence is death." Prisoner: "Well, I'll be hanged!"

"Will you come to my wedding?" "Let me see, this is your fourth?" "No; it is only my third." "Ah, indeed! Then I'll come to the one after this."

"My income is small," said a rather dilatory lover, "and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof." "But I don't live on the roof," was the response.

Customer, in cheap restaurant: "I hope you don't call this square meal?" Waiter: "Well, we'll call it square when you settle for it."

"Is that cement any good?" asked a prospective purchaser of a pedler. "Any good?" was the reply. "Why, you could mend the break of day with that cement."

Lawyer, who has posted witness: "Now, Pete, tell the court and jury all you know about those stolen chickens." Pete: "I don't reckon I will, boss. If I did, I'd go to jail sure."

Louis: "Out of a place?" Francois: "Yes." "How fortunate I met you. I just passed by a store where they are in want of employes of both sexes." "Just my luck! I am of but one."

"Why do we call a handcuff a bracelet?" asked the commissioner of an Irish recruit at a recent police examination. "Faith, because it is intended for arrest," replied the applicant, and he got the position at once.

On a Runaway Engine.

CONGRESSMAN CRANE'S PERILOUS FEAT AS AN ENGINEER.

Congressman Crane, of Texas, was in high good glee, spinning yarns to a cotere of members.

"In my young days," said the congressman, "I was an engineer on the Santa Fe railroad. Do you fellows know what a trying thing it is to be a locomotive engineer? Well, I can tell you that it will do a man's nerves more harm than anything else. Alcohol and tobacco are mere trifles in comparison, even if they be used to excess. I didn't stay long in the business. I like excitement, but running a cannon ball express whose schedule time was sixty miles an hour is a little too much even for me. But the three months time that I ran No. 75 was not sufficient for me to realize the injury it was doing my nervous system. So that was not the real reason that led to my abandonment of the throttle forever."

"I had only been on, as I said, about three months, when by some carelessness or viciousness one of the engines, known as a mountain climber, got away with full steam on and started down the road on a message of death and destruction. I had just finished a long run and was preparing to go home when the train dispatcher rushed out of his office and told the news. The truck had been cleared, he said, and there was nothing to stop the mad rush of the locomotive until it should go dash into the station at Galveston and plough its way through bricks and mortar until both building and the locomotive were ruined.

HIS GREAT NERVE.
"I had plenty of nerve then, and I suppose by your laughing you think I have lost none of it, but I am free to confess that I would not dare to undertake the task I successfully accomplished that day. Perhaps it was the excitement and enthusiasm of the moment which led me to volunteer to be so that locomotive. I always smile when I recall the look of incredulity that met my confident assertion that I could catch and arrest the mad flight of the runaway, but I was so confident that they gave me a hearing, and I finally secured the services of starchy Irish lad as fireman. I less than three minutes after the dispatch had been received I was on my engine, with steam slowly coming up again, and pulling out as rapidly as possible to meet the oncoming terror."

"It was impossible for the train dispatcher to give me any accurate idea as to where the runaway was. The best he could do was to say that it had passed a small station about 75 miles up the road some ten minutes before moving at the rate of about 60 miles an hour. A few minutes more and with steam up I had my engine moving at the rate of 60 miles an hour and going straight at the runaway on the same track. I ran this way for about twenty-five minutes when, as near as I could calculate, the runaway had done 37½ miles and I had covered 25. If my calculations were correct there were still some 12½ miles between us, but you can imagine that the last five miles I covered running direct at the oncoming monster were anything but pleasant. Well, I reversed my engine and started running away, gradually increasing my speed until we settled down to a comfortable 30 miles an hour, the Irish lad meanwhile keeping up on a terrific pressure of steam."

ON THE SAME TRACK.
"We might have run into almost anything, for I did not look ahead at all; my eyes were strained until they pained me looking up the track for the runaway. It might have been ten minutes, more or less—it seemed like years to me. Finally we heard the rattle and roar of the monster. It didn't take her long to leave in sight, and she was coming abuzzing. For the first time, confess, I lost my nerve. It was only momentary, however, and then I opened my throttle and away we went. There was a good mile of straight track between us when I first caught sight of her; then we turned a curve and she was out of sight if not out of hearing. When she did come she gained on us pretty nearly half a mile."

"I shut off steam a trifle, and when we struck a level piece of track but a quarter of a mile separated us. I told Irish to keep up pressure, and the way he did it it's a wonder the boiler of 75 didn't bust. She kept getting nearer and nearer, and it was all I could do to keep from throwing wide the throttle and speeding away from her. But I kept my nerves as steady as though they were of iron. Nearer and nearer she came, until I could actually imagine she was ploughing her way through us. Finally she closed in upon us, and I assure you that so nearly equal had I succeeded in making the speed that the shock was little, if any, greater than that felt upon the coupling of two cars."

"I did not hesitate an instant, but jammed down the steam valve tight, sprang upon the tender of my engine—a difficult task even for an athletic like I then was—and from there swung myself upon the engine. It was the work of scarcely half a minute to clamber in the cab and jab down the steam valve there. Then ran p s s.

by a mile before we came to a standstill, and by that time I was as lim as a rag and shakin like a man with the ague. We coupled the engines, and in half an hour had them both safely housed in Galveston.

"That was my last experience as a locomotive engineer. You could never get me to steer a cab again."—Pittsburgh Press.

A Word of Warning.

The appearance of the campaign at this time, only a little more than two weeks from election day, is not altogether satisfactory to thoughtful Democrats. There are divisions among our people which should not exist, and a greater degree of indifference than has been known since the war. This applies to the sense of security. It is seen that the Republican party is disorganized and inactive, and it is taken as a matter of course that the State will go Democratic as usual. It is unwise to take anything for granted in politics, for it is more true in politics than anything else that it is the unexpected that happens.

A very important election is upon us. Who shall be county officers is always a question of prime concern to the people. Who shall represent them in the Legislature is another. The control of the Legislature is a matter of the utmost importance to the people of the State. If the Republicans should by any bad chance elect a majority in it, they would overturn the present system of county government, would revise the election law, turn our penal and charitable institutions over to the control of members of their own party, give the municipal government of Wilmington, Raleigh, Goldsboro, New Bern and Winston into the hands of the colored people, restrict the State so that six or seven Republicans could be elected to Congress, and finally, send a Republican to Washington to take the place of Senator Vance. These are some of the things that a Republican Legislature would do; what else, Heaven only knows. But more; a chief justice, one of the four Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, and nine of the twelve Superior Court judges are to be elected this year—three-fourths of our judges and all twelve solicitors. Surely it is of the highest concern to the people what class of men administer their laws—what class of men sit in judgment upon their lives, their liberty and their property. So much for strict State affairs. In addition to the officers indicated, members of Congress are to be chosen this year. Our people cannot have forgotten what has gone on in Washington within the past ten months. They do not want Representatives there who will sustain Speaker Reed in his policy of "counting a quorum;" who will make possible the enactment of laws which will take congressional elections out of the hands of the several districts and vest in United States supervisors the right to hold the elections, count the ballots and determine the result; Representatives who will countenance the pension robbery, grows in magnitude the further we get from the war and which threatens to bankrupt the government; Representatives who will vote for iniquitous tariff bills, such as that which has just become a law, the effect of which will be to increase the burdens of the common people and add to the wealth of men who are already rich.

There is no time for indifference among the people. They have vast interests at stake. The true people of the State must keep control of its affairs in their own hands, and they must see to it that they are not misrepresented in Washington—nay, more; that they do not allow misrepresentatives to go there who will league with their enemies for the oppression of Southern interests. If Brower and Ewart had not been elected from this State two years ago the Republicans might not have been able to control the organization of the House. In that case we should have had no Reed, counting quorums and lolling Representatives up in the House; no force bill; no McKinley tariff bill.

It should be needless to rehearse before intelligent and patriotic men the infamies of the present Congress as a means of influencing them to go to the polls for the protection of their interests, the interest of their families, their State and section. It should be needless to remind them of their importance, to the cause of good government and the proper administration of justice, of the Democratic party continuing in power in North Carolina. But they are almost criminally indifferent. They would not be if they could see the danger, but it lurks and conceals itself and they will not, therefore, believe that it is present. We tell them that it is present. We admonish them that it is time the camp were astir and that they were putting on the armor.—Statesville Landmark.

Two Million Acres of the Land of the United States are held by foreigners.

Everybody understands that the soil was deliberately stolen for Mr. Logan to pay a party of a. D. D. G. T. W. C. S.

A Scientific Collection.

MR. VANDERBILT TO HAVE ONE AT BITTMORE.

Mr. George Vanderbilt will, among other interesting features of his new establishment at Biltmore, endeavor to have complete collections representative of the geology and mineralogy of the estate and its neighborhood, its vegetation, its animal life, and the condition of its ancient human inhabitants.

The opportunity for making this collection just now is unusually good; because of the extensive grading operations that are in progress and of the opening of quarries and the moving of earth with the plow at a greater depth than it has commonly been removed heretofore.

Mr. Vanderbilt wants this collection because a record of past and present conditions will be desirable, with a view to a comparison with what may be found hereafter.

Specimens of rocks and minerals of every distinctly market type to be found on the estate will be preserved. A written memorandum will accompany each specimen, showing at what point, by whom, and under what circumstances, it has been obtained, this memorandum being sufficiently definite to be available in the compilation of a geological map of the estate, on which map, among other things, the position, dip and trend of each ledge will be shown.

All Indian implements and relics are to be collected and if any Indian mounds burying grounds or important deposits of relics should be found, they are to be left undisturbed until an expert can be summoned to direct the excavation.

A complete collection of such flowering plants (including grasses and sedges) native and introduced, as were on the grounds before recent operations upon it began, will be secured as soon as practicable. The intended planting operations and the new way of treating the land to be adopted will produce a rapid change in the vegetation, and in years to come, means of comparing the existing flora with that which shall then be found, will be of great value.

In addition to Herbarium collections, there will be a special collection illustrative of the woody growth of the region. This will include sections of trunks showing bark, grain of wood, etc., illustrations of the value of the wood in various forms, rude and finished.

A collection is also to be made of the insects of the estate and of the land animals, birds, reptiles and moles.—Asheville Daily Citizen.

A Gentleman's Den.

ROOM IN WHICH THE MAN OF THE HOUSE DOES JUST WHATEVER PLEASURES HIM.

The "gentleman's den" is a new department in the decorator's emporium. For a long time we have had the privilege of seeing chambers, parlors, living and dining rooms made up in shop windows with the nicest regard for detail and accuracy imaginable. Now comes the novelty in the shape of an ideal for a den, where the man of the house can do as he likes—smoke till his eyes are blind and the lining of his mouth peels and where his books, papers and slippers are safe from the destroying hand of the housemaid. The model represented by a local firm shows a study in hand painted English cotton, that cool, clean fabric covering the walls.

In the ceiling, bordered with the present blue cloth, were figures from the pyramids in picturesque groups. The frieze, also of printed cotton, is two feet wide, and represents a study from the hieroglyphics.

The floor is stained brown and a couple of India rugs half cover it. The furniture, while sparse, is substantial and every piece served a purpose. For instance, the three chairs are large, easy and luxurious; the Turkish couch, also cotton covered, is provided with a dull red pillow and a silver plush and leopard skin slumber robe that would stand any amount of rough usage for ten years at least. On an Oriental coffee table the smoker's articles were displayed and near by stood a blackened iron crane with a kettle on the hook. The only attempt at decoration was a bamboo cabinet stained with walnut juice and contained a sugar basin, water bottle, can of alcohol and a couple of glasses and spoons. The writing stand on the center table was the size of a platter such as a turkey is served from, and the glue pot and ink bottles had the apacits of a pint measure.

The only books on the table were a dictionary and messengers' tariff guide. There was no cloth on the tables, no ties on the chairs and no bric-a-brac to be broken or dusted. Stained glass panels filled the upper windows and delicate silk sash curtains the lower lights. The appointment of a den of this sort is worth about \$200, and is referred to as a hole in the wall where a borthed and tried man may escape the horrors of housecleaning, neighborly calls, piano solos, election and baby talk.—New York Letter.

The Comte de Paris is now visiting the battlefields in Virginia.

Speculators in Maine are offering five dollars a barrel for winter apples on the trees.

He Leaned on his Luck.

"I had a most extraordinary piece of luck last Sunday," remarked a young broker a day or two ago, "and for it I have been thanking a kind providence ever since. I invited a girl cousin to go down to Long Branch for the afternoon, take supper there and return in early evening. After we started I discovered that I had somehow brought only \$2.90 with me. I had one railroad ticket, but with another required, two suppers, car fares and ferring, figure as I would I was just twenty cents short. It was one of those horrible cases of smiling and joking without, and a sort of whited sepulcher within, wondering wildly how to pull through.

"We reached the beach, and I was revolving the plan of throwing myself on the mercy of the clerk and offering a check, when we stopped in our stroll along shore to examine some shells end seaweed, when blamed if lying right at my feet wasn't thirty cents—a quarter and a nickel.

"I stooped down and picked them up in a hurry.
"What have you found?" asked my companion.
"A little silver," I said carelessly.
"Oh, how lovely. How much?"
"Only thirty cents," I said, as though I was disappointed at not finding a bag of it. I wasn't disappointed. Never was so happy in my life. It was just enough to pull me through and I reached home with ten cents, but I tell you it don't do to lean on your luck like that every day."—New York Tribune.

Disgrace to His District.

(Reidsville Review.)
The Congressional Record places Mr. Brower's Washington residence at Godfrey's Hotel, while the Congressional Directory fails to give his residence at all. Mr. Bradford says that Brower has not boarded at Godfrey's since the holidays, but that he has lived mainly at 323 B street, Southwest, a notorious assignation house, with a favor of his for whom he secured a position in the census office. Hence the blank opposite his name in the Directory and falsehood in the Record.

A Congressman ought to be able to tell the truth about his place of residence, and his manner of life. We shall expect Mr. Brower to explain this matter at Reidsville Saturday night. Tell us why you introduced one of your favorites at your boarding house as your wife during the last Congress, and why you have been forced to live below the avenue at a disreputable house in order that you might enjoy the company of your female appointee to office. Tell us all about the women you have put in office and caused to be credited to this District—women who never saw North Carolina.

The people of this District are not prepared to stand as sponsors for every English and every Washington lord, who may please the fancy of a libertine. Nor are they prepared to endorse the course of a representative whose life has been such that even a just and necessary criticism of it must be couched in terms hardly admissible in polite society.

The Disease is Prevalent in Salisbury.
From Youth's Companion.
A stout and exceedingly robust looking colored woman to the office of a physician to ask him if he could give her something that would "kind o' brack her up."

"What seems to be the matter?" asked the physician, failing to see any indications of weakness.
"Well, doctah," was the reply, "I'm jest natchelly delik't."

"Delic'ate?"
"Yes, doctah. I se allus been delic'ate, en it 'pears like I'm gittin' delic'atter and de time."

"You look very strong."
"Dat's hit, doctah. I don't look delic'ite, but I am. I can't 'bar to git nothin' in de mawnin', en I don't want nothin' arter I am up; en I'm so nervous hit puts me all out ter be asked to wuk."

"Is your appetite good?"
"V'y good. Nothin' I eat seems to hurt me, en I kin eat all I want'er of it. But whe it comes ter doin' anything I'm that delic'ite I jes can't do hit. Hit's turrible ter be so delic'ite."

The doctor had had similar cases of delicate constitutions, before, and, as usual, prescribed a trip to Europe.

Manures for Wheat.

In an experiment made by the North Carolina experiment station a series of plots was laid out in such manner that one end of each plot should be on land on which cow peas had been previously plowed under, and the other end land without peas. The whole was sown to wheat, and kaim, acid phosphate and cotton seed meal were applied the several plots, singly and in combination, two plots being left without any fertilizer. The result was that the land which had had no fertilizer the highest increase of any of the tilize; over the unfertilized plots four bushels per acre (for 300 pounds cotton seed meal), while on the manured land the increase from the vines was from six bushels at the fifteen bushels per acre, average ten bushels.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.