

The Carolina Watchman.

XXII.—THIRD SERIES.

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NO. 6.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

Barefooted After the Cows.

"The boys" had come back to the farm, which all through one life bears a charm; And though we were all sturdy men, We thought to live over again. The days when we hallooed and hooted, And ran down the pasture barefooted; We stole out of childhood a day, And filled it up brimful of play.

The pond and the swift skimming swallows; The wood where the owl used to halloo—

Who-oo! who-oo! The barn full of hay, Where many a day We tumbled down over the mows; The grass in the meadow was growing.

The cows in the meadow was lowing— Mo-oo! mo-oo! Ah, life has no joy Like that of a boy, Running barefooted after the cows.

We ate of the apples that fell From the harvest tree over the well; For never in life could we meet With apples that seemed half so sweet; Nor water had we ever tasted Like that which the spring ever wasted. For God made the vintage to flow From the winepress of pebbles below.

The squirrel so proud of his tail, The chipmunk, who travels by rail The blackbird, robin, and jay— Each gave us a greeting that day. The pastimes of boyhood we courted In places where once we had sported, And when the old dinner horn blew We felt the old hunger anew.

'Twas more like enacting a dream! We waded and fished in the stream, Which somehow looked shallow and small, Nor did the old trees seem as tall, Each idol of boyhood seemed shattered, And even the kingfisher clattered, No power can bring the joys Of childhood to overgrown boys.

Not the same was the pond nor the swallow, The wood where the owl used to halloo—

Who-oo! who-oo! The barn full of hay, Seemed smaller that day. We tumbled down over the mows, New grass in the meadow was growing.

Strange cows in the meadow were lowing— Mo-oo! mo-oo! We felt not the joys, We were not the boys Who ran barefooted after the cows. —Fred Emerson Brooks, in N. Y. Herald.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

One of the commonest failings of mankind is the faculty of making excuses. Reasons and excuses are not to be confounded; they are entirely different things. Do not seek to avoid a duty by a flimsy excuse. There is always room for the man who bravely and unshrinkingly assumes the duties and responsibilities of life, and who makes the most of his opportunities, whatever his circumstances may be.

Rev. Wayland Hoyt hits off the pessimist by telling of an individual named Stewart, who kept the people of his own town in an extremely nervous condition by prophesying the end of the world. One day an unbeliever asked Mrs. Stewart, the prophet's wife, if she really believed that the world was coming to an end on the date he had named. "Well, I don't know," she replied, "but I do hope it will, for it will do Mr. Stewart so much good."

A young married couple have just gone to housekeeping on Westford Street. The other morning the neighbors were treated to this bit of colloquial entertainment as the two parted at the gate. He: "What shall I order for supper, precious?" She: "A piece of beef-steak; and oh, darling, do tell the man to cut it the right way of the goods, so it will be tender."

As to the details of life, no man is wise enough to tell beforehand what is best for him, or what lies in his journey through life. Every one needs a God to trust who can dispose of this question, and who, if we trust Him, will so dispose of it as to promote His own glory and at the same time secure our highest good. There is a vast comfort in a simple and childlike trust in the God of providence.

"Do you know Geo. I wish you would stay at home to-morrow?" "Why, darling?" "Because this afternoon a terrible looking tramp came here while you were away, and ordered me to give him all the sponge-cake I made last Saturday; and, George, he says he's coming back to-morrow." "Did he eat the cake, darling?" "Yes, all of it; every bit." "Well, then, set your mind at rest, dear he will never come back."

Belle: "Can't you go to the broom drill this week, Carrie?" Carrie: "No, I'm very much pressed for time this week." Belle, maliciously: "Yes, and I know what time it is, too." Carrie: "What do you mean?" Belle: "The time that you are pressed—from half-past eight to until eleven."

Mr. Isaacstine: "Repeccer, go over dot neighbor to and get changed a five-dollar bill." Mrs. Isaacstine: "Vot for, Jacob? Ve have plenty small changes dot house in." Mr. Isaacstine: "Dot vat I told you. He vash a little rattled from drinking and maybe he give you a nickel too much in dot change."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.

In this, the age of trusts, combines and combinations, the present status of the farmer has become in fact a matter of the "survival of the fittest," that too, with little hope of an amelioration of his condition in the near future. There is an idea prevalent among a great many agriculturists that external force must be brought to bear upon the body agricultural to insure an equilibrium of money values and privileges in the markets of the world. Such thesis has, so far, failed to meet with my approval. It is true that a combination of capital employed for the purpose of advancing or depressing the price of products, and controlling the markets thereof, is an evil detrimental to the interest of not only agriculture, but to the entire roll of American industries. It is also true that legislation has, in part, contributed to the formation of trusts and combines, making it possible for combined capital in the hands of a few, to wield a powerful influence in controlling American progress. And yet, notwithstanding the evil consequences arising from such organized capital, I am forced to the conclusion that it is futile to contemplate or expect the enactment of laws, either State or national, which will bear uniformly upon all classes of people, and secure to each and every one an equal compensation for a given amount of commodities sold, and for the labor employed in the production of such.

God, in the creation of man, never intended that the abilities of men should be equal. To some he gave one talent, to others two, and to others still, he gave three. So, if in the wise dispensation of God, He sees fit to invest in the hands of some more power than in the hands of some others, how can we expect to accomplish for the people by legislation what He did not intend for the individual? I do not wish to be understood as meaning that legislation should not be used in the adjustment of rights and privileges between one class and another where it can be done successfully; neither do I deny the fact that class legislation, to a certain extent, has been a potent factor in bringing about the present depressed condition of the American farmer. But, I do assert, that if it were possible to enact laws bearing equally upon every citizen and industry of the country, and to start out upon the one basis of taxation and government, discriminating in favor of none, it would be but a very short space of time, indeed, before some one with a keener perception, and administrative ability, would see some chance by which he could take advantage and better his condition, thereby securing one link in the long chain of oppression to bind the hands of his less fortunate brother; one point secured, the other is easier, and so on until the results will be the same. Class legislation would again reign supreme. If not against the interest of the farmer, it would bring against some other class or industry equally as ruinous to the country at large, and as dangerous to the fundamental principles of a Republican form of government.

So, viewing the matter from this standpoint, the proper thing to do, then, is to keep an eye on the needs and requirements of the people, and as soon as the laws of the land begin to operate against one class in favor of another, they should be amended so as to bear as near as possible, equally on all. But now the question is in that: be done; will it be done? I think not; because when a law is once enacted, it is directly detrimental to the political party in power. A battery once taken the enemy is hard to recover. Hence the impossibility of preventing class legislation. No laws enacted now can be expected to meet the wants and needs of the people a century hence. The ever-changing channels of trade and commerce; the ingenuity and inventive possibilities of man, which are constantly devising some means for the benefit of civilization, together with the changing views and different opinions of a fast increasing population, all tend to show that with the lapse of time, a change in the social, political and commercial environments of a people are inevitable. But it requires the statesmanship of a Thomas Jefferson to meet every exigency of this vast dominion, and not such revolutionary advocates as are now pushing forward such a visionary scheme as the Sub-Treasury bill, governmental control of railroads, telegraph lines and other kindred ruinous tendencies.

The greatest relief to agriculture must come from no other source than that which is expected. With a soil rich in every element essential to a good crop of good products of the farm where as fine live stock of every description can be reared at less cost than in any section upon the face of the globe, and with a climate, the mildness of which, and adaptability to the advancement of mankind, is unsurpassed by any other, the Southern farmer should lead the world in the race of progress. And why is it that we hear on every hand that "farming don't pay," "depression in agriculture," etc. Simply by the ruinous policy adopted and followed by the Southern farmer. He has failed to educate himself upon business principles; he knows not the value of the small things, he is not prompt

in his dealings in meeting maturing paper, thinking a note paid a month after due will answer as well as if paid within three days of grace; he makes a paper to fall due before he has any possible chance to meet them, thereby giving his creditors a chance to push him to the wall, and he fails to take advantage of the benefits of diversifying his crops, forgetting that a systematic mode of rotation is the life of successful agriculture; he goes heavily in debt for supplies to have the pleasure of two or three months' worry sitting over a worthless, indolent class of laborers just to get a few bales of cotton, on which upon counting the cost at the end of the year, he finds that he has lost about five dollars a bale on every bale of cotton produced that year. This is the cause of hard times among the Southern farmers. This line of farming must be reversed, or the present encumbrances on most of the farms in the South will be forever swamped. The cotton crop must be the surplus crop, plenty of feed stuffs should be raised upon the farm, together with live stock enough to fill that important branch; not a dollar should be spent off the place for mules, horses or hogs, and when all this has been attended to, then plant as much cotton as can be thoroughly worked without slighting the other crops. Don't be deluded into the idea that an acre of land will produce cotton enough to buy more corn than could have been produced upon the same land, for if you do, your smoke-house will besmell many a time before you get it filled, and your hogs will worry your life out of you squealing at the gate at feeding time, and you have nothing with which to appease their hunger.

Stay out of debt; don't go into debt for anything that you are not compelled to have, and make that very small; debt is the greatest curse of American manhood. Don't go hunting too often, for while you are gone something is sure to happen which you least expect, and probably cost you more to right it than it would take to buy your good wife a new bonnet.

If one's whole time, energy and brains are put into the work of a farm, there will be very little possibility of a total failure. I am aware of the fact that we will not find in the occupation of agriculture, a broad avenue to wealth and affluence, but I also know that it can be made to pay better than it has been doing. —Clifford Kirkpatrick in Southern Cultivator.

Fun at Home.

There is nothing like it to be found — no not if you search the world through. I want every possible amusement to keep the boys at home evenings. Never mind if they do scatter books and pictures, coats, hats and boots! Never mind if they do make a noise around with their whistling and harrumphing. We should stand aghast if we should have a vision of the young men gone to that having cold, disagreeable, dull, stiff firesides at home, they sought amusement elsewhere. Don't let them wander beyond the reach of mother's influence yet awhile. The time will come before you think, when you would give the world to have your house tumbled by the very hands of those boys; when your heart shall long for their noisy steps in the hall, and their ruddy cheeks laid up to yours; when you would rather have their jolly whistle than the music of all the operas; when you would gladly have dirty carpets — ay, live without carpets at all, but to have their bright strong foras beside you once more. Then play with and pet them. Praise Johnny's drawing, Bettie's music, and baby's first attempt at writing his name. Encourage Tom to chop off his stick of wood, and Dick to persevere in making his hen-coop. If one shows a talent for figures, tell him he is your famous mathematician, and if another loves geography, tell him he will be sure to make a great traveler, or a foreign minister. Become interested in their pets, their rabbits, pigeons or dogs. Let them help you in home decorations, send them to gather mosses, grasses and bright autumn leaves, to decorate their room when the snow is all over the earth, and you will keep yourself young and fresh by entering into their joys, and keep those joys innocent by your knowledge of them. —E.

Has Only one Inhabitant.

The township of Skiddaw, Cumberland, in all probability stands unique in the United Kingdom as a township of one house, says the London Daily News and the solitary male adult inhabitant is deprived of his vote because of the fact that there are no overseers to make out a voters' list, and no church or public building on which to publish one, if made.

On several occasions unsuccessful claims have been made for an occupier's vote before the revising barrister at Keswick, and this year one of the registration agents served a notice of claim upon the assistant overseer of the adjoining township of Underskiddaw; but that official declined to have anything to do with it, on the ground that he could not saddle his township with the duty and expense of another.

The tenant of the house is the shepherd of Skiddaw forest—a forest without a tree.

Ziping Down the Flume.

A THRILLING AND REMARKABLE VOYAGE FROM THE SNOW LINE OF THE SIERRAS. San Francisco Examiner.

After a slow and wearisome climb, and as it began to grow dusk, our team, tired and dusty, drove into Camp Sequoia. The flume extends from the high snow line in the Sierras to the plains, fifty-two miles distant. It is built of inch and a quarter planks, and at the start where the grade is steepest it is forty-two inches across the top. This width is increased however, when the decrease in the grade necessitates a larger volume of water to float the lumber, and at the lower end reaches an extreme width of sixty-four inches. At each increase in the size of the flume more water must be added to the stream. The first head of water comes from Lake Sequoia, and the supply is augmented by small streams at four different places between the mill and King's river. To preserve a fairly regular grade in constructing this flume, enormously high trestles were found necessary to carry the flume across canyons, chasms and around sharp spurs of mountains, the first twenty-seven miles built took over 5,000,000 feet of lumber to construct, and most of this lumber had to be packed on the shoulders of men. It has taken about 9,000,000 feet of lumber, all told, to complete the flume.

But to return to the head of the flume, around which our little party of four was clustered, our spirits dropping as rapidly as the mercury during a cold snap, and our hearts seeking the seclusion of our byots. Coming down a flume when you are at the bottom and look up is a very different proposition to going down a flume when you are at the top and look down. Stories of former trips that resulted most disastrously flashed through our minds. If it had not been for the crowd of onlookers that stood around ready to cheer if we started, or jeer if we didn't, we would have backed out, one and all. There was no help for it, and with a despairing look at the bright world around us that we were leaving — perhaps forever — we solemnly climbed into the flume boat, and shook hands sadly with those that were not going.

The boat that was to carry us down the flume resembles nothing so much as a hog trough with one end missing. The flume being V shaped, and at a right angle, the boat is constructed likewise, but at what would be the bow end of an ordinary boat, there is no end at all, it being left open purposely in order to provide means for the water that backs up into the boat to escape. On examination we found our boat to be 16 feet long with a 14 inch plank running the length of the boat, making a false bottom, to raise us from reach of the water. On this plank rested four small wooden stools, one for each of the party. After taking our seats, with many misgivings, and balancing ourselves, the order to cast off was given. The spikes holding our frail craft to the flume were pulled out, and our craft shot out with the current on its journey to the plains. The sensation was exactly as if the bottom had dropped out of the universe and we had dropped with it.

"Watch out!" yelled the man in front, throwing himself back on the men behind him.

It was just in time. The sudden shock threw us all flat on our backs, and the boat "zipped" under a projecting beam that would have decapitated the whole outfit. Cautiously regaining an upright position, we took a look at the scenery. As far ahead as one could see stretched the flume, looking a thin, spidery thread stretching down the mountain side. On either side gloomy rocks and forest trees flashed past in an unmistakable blur when the flume lay near the ground, but when it rose on trestles to cross some canyon or ravine, we seemed suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, "twixt heaven and earth."

In the meantime our speed had been increasing. Not a member of the party spoke a word, but in dumb amazement held a firm grip to the seat. Our boat had proceeded but half a mile when immediately before us could be seen what we subsequently learned to be one of the steepest inclines of the whole course of the flume—a drop of 250 yards, with a grade of 1,200 feet to the mile. It was but a few moments when our boat was at the head of this incline. Pieces of timber could be seen on the mountain side below us, these pieces having been hurled out of the flume during their course. The sight was not very assuring to us, but there was no such thing as stopping or turning back at this stage of the journey. Holding our respective breaths and offering mental prayers for our own safety, we resigned ourselves to our fate. The boat stopped for an instant at the head of the chute, pitched over the curve and went out into what seemed to be mere space.

A dim perception of fleeing forests, dashing wildly past a wall of rocks for a few seconds, the noisy wagon of the waters behind us, after which we found ourselves at the bottom of the incline trying to regain our breath. It was short and luckily, too. Human nerves could hardly have stood the strain much longer. Going on at a slightly reduced rate of speed, we were treated to a constant change of moun-

tain scenery, now closely hounding the perpendicular wall of the rocky gorge, again being swept around the sharp point of a mountain of way across wide canyons, up as high as 131 feet, with only the knowledge of the frail trestle work between us and what?

No grander view of the lower Sierras could be experienced than that which we had as we swept on through space. The alternating views of deep gorges, high cliffs, timber clad mountains, heights, combined with the novel means of transportation robbed the journey of all weariness.

Finally we reached King's river, and our course now lay parallel with the stream and at about the same grade. Our boat proceeded steadily, but with none of the occasional rapidity we had experienced in the higher mountains about twenty-seven miles we came to the suspension bridge across King's river, but even fifty-two miles of flume came to an end at last, and the speed became tame and slow in comparison with the early part of the trip with the aid of several men at work "herding" on the flume our frail craft, and we safely brought to a standstill, and we climbed out on the trestle and stretched our cramped legs. A few moments later, with the aid of a 30 foot ladder we reached terra firma, our strange cruise ended.

A Spool of Thread.

Few people ever stop to think of the twisting and turning and the various procession that cotton fiber goes through after it is taken from the pod before it is wound on a spool ready for use. To actually follow it on its course would be a long and tedious trip but in the national museum at Washington, the whole story is told in one of the cases given up to an exhibition of textile fabrics.

First is shown a specimen of cotton in the pod, just as it is picked, without having the seed removed. Next is shown a specimen of the same cotton after it has been ginned and the seeds have been removed. The Sea Island cotton is used for thread on account of the length of the fiber. A sample of the sacking in which the cotton is supposed to have been baled and shipped to the thread factory.

Here the first thing that is done with the cotton is to subject it to the picker process, by which the cotton from several bales is mixed to secure uniformity. During the picker process much waste, in the form of dirt, and fibers, is separated from the good fibers by the picker.

Next the picked cotton is wound on a machine, in sheets or laps, into a roll. The next process illustrated by a practical exhibit is the carding, by which the sheets of cotton are combed or run out into long parallel fibers.

The cotton is next seen drawn through a trumpet-shaped opening, which condenses into a single strand, or silver. Then eight such silvers are rolled together into one; six of the strands thus produced are drawn into one, and again six of the strands from the last drawing are combed into one.

Then comes the fast roving process, which consists of winding the strands and bobbin. Two strands are twisted and again wound on a bobbin. After a number of other twistings and windings, during which the strand is gradually reduced in size until it begins to assume a thread-like appearance, two strands of this fine roving are run together and twisted, under considerable tension, on a bobbin that makes 7000 revolutions a minute.

Two of the cords thus produced are then wound together on a spool and then twisted from that to another spool. The two cords thus produced is transferred thence to another spool, and then three threads of two each twisted together, forming a six cord thread. One who has followed the process sees the cotton gradually transformed from a wide band, or sheet of loose cotton, to a compact thread that will pass the eye of a needle.

The six cord thread is at last taken from a bobbin and reeled into a skein, from which it is bleached or dyed. Then it is wound back from the skein upon a big spool, from which it is supplied to little burlap spools, upon which it is wound in regular courses, and is then ready for the market.

The machine that regulates the last winding measures the number of yards wound on each spool. The spools are made of various sizes, the average spool containing 230 yards.

The labels that decorate the ends of the spools when they are sold are last put on. They are cut and pasted on by machinery with great rapidity. —Golden Days.

Last week, in South Dakota, a woman whipped a dog and afterward went to the spring, which was about a hundred yards from the house, leaving her little child in the house. When she returned, the dog had attacked and eaten off the child's head. The mother fell senseless, and when she came to she was a raving maniac. Her husband killed the dog. The dog was a Newfoundland and the family thought a great deal of it.

California will have sent 10,000 cartloads of fruit to the Eastern markets before the season closes.

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A million and three-quarters of outside money invested in Winston-Salem in 1890. Three hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars put into factories and home buildings in 1890, to September. Three railroads building into country tributary to Winston.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.