Carolina Watchman.

J. L. RAMSEY, Editor and Proprietor

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EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

It isn't always pride that causeth a stiff neck, sometimes it is boils.

Some people seem to think the Farmers Alliance a mushroom organization, and yet it has just held its eleventh national convention at Omaha.

Talk about curious things. The democrats of the city of Philadelphia have endorsed a colored republican for office and nominated two women to be school directors.

Congress has no excuse now, with the election bill out of the way, for making an extra session necessary. This fact should be remembered by the leaders of both parties.

The republican majority in the Senate is not very reliable upon political questions. This may be unfortunate for the republican party as an organization, but it does not harm the country.

The Senators that have failed to make connection for a re-election should organize a club, but come to think of it, it would be difficult to harmonize men as wide apart in their views as Senator's Blair and Hampton, to say nothing of the others.

The most nonsensical idea of the time is the attempted mixing up of the Federal Election bill and the Worlds Fair. The two are really as far apart as the poles in all their aims and intents, and it is only an evidence of silliness to try to connect them.

If the recent transaction in Congress can be properly defined as statesmanship there is a wide gulf between statesmanship and what is known as hard horse sense, and there is little doubt about that,if given an oppotunity, the people would choose the latter everytime.

Although the Germen Reitching has voted down a bill removing the present restrictions on the importation of American pork to that country those best informed of the condition of the public sentiment throughout Germany are of the opinion that the restrictions will be removed in the near future. If they or not our Government should place restrictions upon some product of Germany which we largely import, as a retaliation.

Mr. Ingalls is a very smart man, but when he undertook to pull the wool over the eyes of the Farmers' Alliance members of the Kansas legislature he took a larger contract than he could fill. The farmers had decided that Ingalls must go, and no amount of blarney could have saved him. His successor Judge Peffer, while lacking the public experience of Mr. Ingalls, is a man of decided ability, and one likely to be heard from in the Senate.

It has already been proven that the charge of Congressmen engaging in speculating in silver bullion, while the silver act of last year was pending, was based on truth, and somehow suspicion that much more might be discovered if the committee engaged in investigating the charge was not, from some cause, too timid to push matters, fearing, it is said, to expose the prominent men of both parties who have engaged in this speculation Brace up, gentlemen! Expose every guilty man, and the great masses, which are always honest, will stand by you; aye, and reward you, for your courage.

It is well enought to say pleasant words about men after they die, but in the case of the ignorant gambler drunkard and debauchee, who by the irony fate was known to the world as King Kalakna, it is certainly being carried too far. Kalakna was neither good, eminent or wise, in his lifetime and it is arrant nonesense to attempt to credit him with any of those attributes now that he is dead. This seems to be the age of gush anyway, and if a curb is not put upon the tendency of Americans to go to extremes, we shall be the laughing stock of the world. We gush over everything in this country from a handsome woman to a successful prize-fighter, and very often we back up our gush with hard-earned cash, but it is foolish all the same.

General Alliance News.

ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE.

The legislature that will improve the condition of the farmers will improve the condition of the whole people.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Farmers' Alliance and the board of trade of Paloose City, Washington, sent a car-load of flour to the destitute farmers in Cheyenne county, Neb.

The inauguration of Hon. John P. Buchanan, ex-president of the Tennessee State Farmers' and Laborers' Union as governor of Tennessee, occurred at noon on Monday, Jan. 19.

The Ohio Farmers Alliance asked the general assemby at Columbus to repeal the law exempting manufactured products from taxation for one year after production, and the bill passed.

The Alliancemen are in full possession of the legislature in Nebraska, Minnesota, Missouri and we can look for a very cold wave to overtake monopolies and combines in those states.

There are fifty-five Alliance members in the Florida legislature. It would not be a surprise if the generous, big hearted John A. Dunn were the United States Senator from Florida.

The executive committee of the Farmers' Alliance, investigating the connection of President McGrath with the noted Turner letter, completely exonerate McGrath from any improper connection with the letter.

Col. L. L. Polk.

The Durham *Globe* is hammering away at Col. Polk. It continues to call him a "political fraud" and other names. Such warfare as that never has and never will amount to anything.

A number of our state papers have tried this game and found that it did not pay. Now this untamed mustang from the wild and wooly west takes up the yelp and consents to howl like any other coyote.

Col. Polk was first elected to the legislature by his fellow soldiers. He was then appointed Commissioner of Agriculture. When the Alliance was started in this state he was chosen State Secretary and his paper was made State organ by the order. In all this he served faithfully. At the St. Louis meeting he was elected President of the National Alliance. Last December he was re-elected unanimously at Ocala, Fla. All this is the cause for his being termed a political fraud. Have any of the charges been proven? They cannot be. With the exception of a few people who have been misled by slanderous reports Col. Polk enjoys the respect and confidence of all who know him. Yet the editor of the *Globe*, who has not been a resident of this state more than six months, undertakes to make our people believe what everybody knows to be untrue. Col. Fairbrother or Col. Wetweather or whatever his name is should not make such rank assertions. A tenderfoot should wait until he knows something about the country before he puts on too much style.

General Comments.

The "Central Alliance Union" has been organized and incorporated in Pittsylvania county, Va.

The Peddock Pure Food Bill was endorsed by the Kansas legislature yesterday by a vote of 44 to 33.

Seventeen men were drowned in a mine at Jenesville, Pa., yesterday. An immense body of water was liberated in an old mine accidentally.

The Adjutant General at Washington to Congress yesterday show that the number of men in the United States available for military purposes, (unorganized) is 7,578,261.

A dispatch to the Charlotte Chronicle stated that Capt. S. A. Ashe, editor of the Raleigh News ane Observer had attacted Mr. Josephus Daniels, editor of the State Chronicle, and had caned him. Mr. Daniels telegraphed that the report was untrue, however, and we have no later news.

The death of Robert C. Patty, President of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union of Misssippi, also chairman of the National Judiciary Committee, caused a strong feeling of sadness to possess everyone who knew him. The loss is one that will be felt keenly, both by the State and National organizations.

A conference of prominent Alliance men met in Washington this week to confer in accordance with the resolutions passed in December at the Ocala meeting. It is understood that the legislative committee will be appointed to remain in Washington during the next Congress.

That is right. Place somebody there to watch them. We must "watch as well as

Town and Country.

within the past thirty years the population of our cities and towns has increased 251 per cent, from 5,000,000 to 13,000,000; while the rural population has increased less than one-third as rapidly, or about 70 per cent.

It is claimed by some writers that under the conditions of our civilization this growth of the towns at the expense of the country should excite no alarm. The American Agriculturist, however, sounds a note of warning. History teaches us that the strongest and most prosperous nations have always depended upon a thrifty yeomanry. There is nothing in our career that discredits this lesson. Our contemporary asks for the repeal of unjust lays and special privileges and demands equality for all. Further than this it suggests no remedy beyond a permanent co-operation among the farmers constructed on a modification of the Rochdale plan in England.

This advice is so general in its terms that is not very helpful. It fails to meet emergencies. Just at present it is natural that the farmers of the country should demand from the government the same fostering care which is bestowed upon the business interest of certain other classes. In other words, before attempting the almost impossible task of abolishing all legislation in the interest of classes. The objection may be urged that this savors of paternialism. But the objection comes to late. The government committed itself to paternalism more than a centuary ago, and hss been on that line ever since. One thing is certain—if it is the settled policy of our government to allow other classes special privileges, the farmers themselves will insist upon enjoying similar privileges. If it is right and just to protect manufacturers and whiskey men it is right and just to peotect the men who produce the crops that feed and cloth us all.

Winston-Salem.

THE METROPOLIS OF THE TOBACCO BELT. WHAT WAS SEEN BY A STROLLER.

Correspondence of the Watchman.

Do you care to take a few glimpses of the twin city, Winston-Salem, the two distinct cities with practically no governmental relations in common, and yet, to strangers apparently one city? If so, please don your warmest wrap and stoutest overshoes and we will take a stroll, first through the quaint old town Salem. We will invite an old friend to join us, who seems to posses the magic witch-hazel that always finds the living springs in the news desert. How he discovers so much I cannot tell—he simply says that he uses his eyes and ears for the purpose they are intended, and makes them serve him well.

The weather is perfect, though it is mid-winter; but under foot, on some of the unpaved side-walks, you will find the mud and slush contesting with obstinate pertinacity every inch "the right of way" with the most courageous pedestrian.

We will start from Cherry street Winston, walk half a square in a southerly direction and cross First street which is the dividing line between the dual cities. Now we are in Salem, the prosaic, well regulated Moravian town. It is an old and celebrated town you know, settled long before the war by the Moravians, and has been under their control ever since. We are told that the beautiful word Salem means peace; and the Moravians are a sect devoted to peace, benevolent works and the diffusion of a sterling and moral education among the people.

It is an easy matter to find one's way about as the streets begin and finish with one name in both cities, so we continue down Cherry street between its white-walled houses, past the handsome residences and beautifully ornamented grounds of Mrs. Mary Patterson and Mr. John Freis, opposite, on either side of the street, where we reach the terminus of Cherry, and are now facing Freis' huge three story brick-cotton factory and grist mills, both of which I would like to tell you about, for they are enterprises perfect in every part and varied by infinite details of extremely interesting facts worth knowing; but there is no time to examine them now so we proceed up Freis street, which the factory and mills are situated, looking with curious interest across the way at the large brick factory where the world renouned Salem jeans is made—and now we are only a few steps from Main street where we observe a corps of colored laborers engaged in removing the almost century old brick pavement preparatory to replacing it with the durable Belgian blocks with which the streets, (side walks and drives) in both cities are being rapidly paved. A few minutes brisk walk down Main street brings us opposite the Salem Female Academy which was established by the Moravians in 1804. The school is one of wide renoun, and its scholars have adorned all the Southern, Western and many of the Northern States. Its popularity has never waned, but on the contrary, the school is more liberally patronized than ever before, the number of pupils of the present term approximating 300. Its buildings are hand-some and commodious, setting well back from Main street, with well kept, ample and beautifully designed grounds in front, fringed on the street side with stately elms and sycamores. We walk past the Widows' and Sisters' Homes, two worthy benevolent institutions under the control of the Moravians, through the handsome Academy grounds, past the brown brick Moravian church with its perfect time keeping town clock in the beifry tower, keep the short narrow street until we reach the head of beautiful Salem Avenue. This lonely walk is shut off from the busy world around, by two stationary iron posts, supporting a heavy iron rail which any one may go under or around and find himself or herself in what seems a stray bit from some old cathedral town with its sweep effexquisite verdue and white sanded walk, bordered on either side by venerable cedars, said to have been brought from ancient Lebanon. These are pertinently in keeping with the old graveyard on the right of the Avenue as you enter, and which "city of the dead" is reached by double iron gates in the brick inclosure, three in number, bearing upon the arched gateways appropriate Biblical inscriptions in gilt letters. We pause here and look about us. How lovely! We almost wonder if the beautiful scene is not a dream and will vanish before we have half enjoyed its matchless beauty, and the charm of suggestiveness which it is impossible to describe. On one occasion I visited the place by moonlight, and it is impossible to conceive what a weird, fantastic beauty was imparted to the scene by the magic moon beams. One could easily let fancy loose-reined and picture oneself in a fairy land. The silvery radiance seemed to gleam from the gates of Paradise, revealing glimpses far inward, then filter down through the lofty dome of cedars, making elaborate but grotesque designs on the snow white pavement beneath. I am sure the Moorish ruins of the Alhembra could not present a scene of enchantment more thrilling and lovely. But we are pausing by one of the open gates leading into the faultlessly kept cemetery, to read the inscription over the arch-way: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." It is getting late so we must hurry on, yet gladly would we stroll leisurely through this hallowed spot and read the sacred epitaphs on each square tablet of marble which rests from upon the mounds of the dead. Side by side in double rows, with a narrow footpath between, the dead, rests apparently every grave alike, the aged repose side by side, likewise the young. Many of the stones discolored and hoary with age, dimly chronicle the birth and death of the silent tenant beneath. Here too, we find tall, venerable cedars, where the constant winds breathing through their vernal foliage, chant solemn requiems above the many dead. This is strictly a Moravian cemetery and none are permitted to be intered here but Morovians. But beyond, to the right of the burial ground is the Winston cemetery, a spot susceptible of the most artistic improvement, and which we can reach from here by crossing a narrow wood and picturesque ravine, but the setting sun whose parting rays are gilding the tall spires in the twin city and turning the western sky into a shield of burnished gold, admonishes us to turn our faces homeward, so we laggingly retrace our foot steps and come once more out into the busy world where the noisy rush of street cars and a series of shrill factory whistles cause a queer sensation akin to an electric shock, so sudden is the charge as we emerge from the peaceful solitude of the Aveaue to the noisy bustle and restless activity of the every day world. Now we will return by a different route from the one we came, leaving Salem behind us, we go in a northerly course up Main street to Winston, passing a variety of buildings, including stores, hotels, land agent's offices and private residences. These are distinctively modern and fresh in aspect, excepting as we occasionally pass time stained remnants of ancient days, that appear strongly out of place amid their new and practical surroundings. As it is too late to continue our stroll, we turn into a quietly street where many of the little houses have a shutup look, and reach home just as the brilliant electric lights are flashed through the quiet shadows over the city.

There are so many places of interest to visit in the twin city that we can only get glimpses of a few in one afternoon's stroll; but if you wish to continue sight-seeing with us, in our next stroll we will visit the Winston Graded School and the Davis Military School, two of the best institutions of their kind in the State, and places brim full of interesting facts and figures.

LARRY O. GILMER.

Four Firemen Injured.

Philadelphia, Feb. 3.—Fire in William Miller's five-story brass works yesterday did damage of $50,000. During the fire the outside elevator crashed down from the fifth floor, striking Assistant District Engineer Samuel Dunlap, who was pinned to the wall and recieved probable fatal injuries. Three other firemen were also badly injured.

Held on a Charge of Murder.

Lanchester, Pa., Feb. 2.—John Dougherty of Philadelphia, Felix McFields of Uniontown, Pa., and John Daley of Ohio were arrested to-day, charged with the murder of Henry Denwart at Columbia, Pa., Saturday night. Blood stains have found on Daly's coat.

Up to the present time Congress seems to have devoted the most of its time in finding out how not to legislate. It is to be hoped that the short time remaining of the session will be be spent in legislating; that's what the people send these men to Washington for, but lots of them seem to forget it as soon as they get there.

Notice to Creditors.

Having qualified as administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of John R. Weddington, deceased. I hereby give notice to all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit the same to me on or before the 5th day of February 1892. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to settle without further notice.

ROBT. L. WEDDINGTON,
Adm'r C. T. A. of John R. Weddington.

Feb. 5, 1891.
14.6t

Notice to Creditors.

Having qualified as Administrator on the estate of A. M. Trexler; deceased all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned for payment on or before the 24th day of January 1892 or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payments.

This the 23 of Jan. 1891.

P. M. TREXLER, A'dmr.

14.6t

Notice to Creditors.

Having qualified as administrator of Henry Peeler deceased, I hereby give notice to all persons having claims against the estate of decedent to present the same to me, on if not before the 5th day of Feb. 1892. All persons indebted are requested to make payment without further notice.

ALFRED L. PEELER,
Adm'r. of Henry Peeler, deceased.

Feb. 5, 1891.
14.4t

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COME IN AT ONCE.

Administrators' Notice.

Having qualified as Administrator with the will annexed upon the estate of Hugh Parks, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to me for payment on or before the 6th day of January, 1892, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement of the same.

David M. Parks,
Administrator.
With the will annexed of Hugh Parks.

Lee S. Overman,
Attorney.
January 6th, 1891.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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