

The Carolina Watchman.

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SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 20, 1891.

NO. 42.

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Mention the Watchman when you write.

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COAL! KEEP COAL! KOMFORTABLE.

Having greatly increased my facilities for handling and storing COAL the coming season, I would now again respectfully solicit any and all orders entrusted to me, promising to furnish you promptly with what coal you may want at the lowest market price. In order to obtain advantage of the lowest summer prices you should at once send me your orders. Remember that I handle only the best grades of screened Coal, including the Red Ash, suitable for grates, stoves, heaters, &c.
Also keep on hand at all times the finest grade of blacksmith coal.

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Is the Place to Get Monuments, Tombstones, &c.

A large stock of VERMONT MARBLE to arrive in a few days. I guarantee satisfaction in every respect and positively will not be undersold.

Granite Monuments

Of all kinds a specialty

C. B. WEBB,

PROPRIETOR.

Mention the Watchman when you write.

Why.

The wife who makes the home-made shirt,
The bore that stays and stays,
The maiden fair, who from her hair,
The hen that never lays.

The college man with marabou
The girl who "never dyes,"
The chestnut head (of Satan screened),
Those Herneid paper Jays.

The girl you love don't love you,
The man with fairs you raise,
He who regalls you with the tales
You read in baby days.

The man who borrows for a day
And never, never pays,
The humorist, the man of what,
The hypocrite who prays.

The man who lies about the size
Of fish he never dislays,
He "on the brink" who hates to think
That advertisement pays.

And many more that I might name
Beneath the suns warm rays,
Why don't they lie from wrath and see
The error of their ways? —Tom Mason.

DREAMS FROM GOD.

Experiences from the Heavenly World
—Why Dreams May Mean
Something.

There may not be anything in a name, and dreams may be the result of an unsettled stomach—and there may be something in a name and dreams may be sent direct from God.

I don't know, and it is not my purpose at this time to try to throw any new light on these mooted questions, but to simply record some experiences in Dreamland. The reader can take them for what they are worth.

A young man who lives in North Carolina, and a warm friend of mine married some eight years ago. Talking with him not long since he told me that he had a wonderful experience to tell me. This is what he told:

A PATETIC STORY.

"You know," he began slowly, "I have now been married about eight years. My wife is the best and sweetest woman in the world, and we are just as happy as we can be under the circumstances. I say under the circumstances, because already we have in your cemetery, sleeping beneath the green grass and weeping willows, two sweet little babes—our only earthly treasures."

Here his eyes became filled with tears and wiping them away he continued, "When my wife and I were married it was the one desire of our heart that the Lord would give us some children to cheer us low and bless us in old age."

"We had been married two years when a pretty, sweet baby boy was born to us. We gave him his father's name and almost idolized the little fellow. When he began to tottle about and talk he was, oh! so interesting, but before he was two years old he was stricken with diphtheria, and on the ninth day we gathered around his little crib and saw the grim monster who knows no mercy, cruelly choke our dear babe to death!"

Once more my friend found it necessary to try his eye and then he resumed:

"When the little fellow drew his last breath and his heart ceased to beat, it almost broke my heart, and his poor mother falling by his crib, prayed for God to let her die also."

"We would not allow him to be placed in his coffin until the third day, for we thought possible he might not be really dead and would breathe again."

"But he never, and when we noticed that his little grey eyes were sinking in his head we followed the funeral tier to the little open grave in the cemetery and saw the little casket covered with earth."

"Bye and bye there appeared another little stranger at our house. It was a beautiful girl babe with golden hair and soft blue eyes, and soon the closed window blinds were thrown open and again dusted, and we were happy once more. A sweeter and prettier babe was never born than our little Emma, she was the pride of her father's heart and the joy of her mother's life. When she was a few days over three years old she was taken sick."

"It was last summer and the horrid fever seized her, and after calling and crying for water four weeks an angel came down from heaven with an extra pair of wings and handing them to our little Emma, her sweet soul took its flight, and again we had another vacant chair at our table, and Emma's voice was hushed forever!"

"We buried her by the side of little Willie, and I thought dear wife would grieve herself to death. I grieved desperately and declared openly and in public that God was not just; that he was killing my children because he did not love me. I refused to attend church and stopped reading my Bible."

"One night I went to bed with a heavy heart. I had been grieving more than usual about our children. I had a dream and it may be foolish for me to think so but I believe Willie and Emma sent that dream to me, and now that I am a better man I believe it."

"In my dream it appeared that I was more than fifty years old; my head was frosted for the grave and trouble was killing me. Willie was nearly thirty years old and in prison—a few days to be hanged for murder and Emma had married a gambler and

drunkard, and her life was one most miserable. I went to have a last farewell talk with Willie in his cell, and when I came back home Emma was there by the bedside of her poor mother, who was dying with a broken heart. She told me that when we were dead she intended to leave her brutal husband and try to make an honest living for herself and children.

And then I awoke, and kneeling by the bedside I thanked God that it was all a dream. I woke my wife up and we cried over it, and although our house is dark, lonesome and cheerless, we are happy to think that our two children are angels in heaven and free from all possible trouble in the wilderness of woe."

A MERCHANT'S DREAM.

A merchant in Mississippi told me this story:

"I was on a railroad train, some time ago and we had a terrible wreck. The engine and three of the coaches were whirled headlong from a high trestle and several people were killed. One man sitting just back of me was killed outright, as was also a lady in the seat just in front of me and the man occupying the seat with me was most horribly crushed and mutilated. He was killed also, but I came out of that wreck unscathed and without a scratch. Of course everybody said it was a special act of providence that saved me. I know it was, and I can't help but think that my life was spared for some great purpose or other."

"A few nights after that I went through that same wreck in a dream, and just as the crash came I saw four angels in white hovering about me, and when the car leaped from the trestle and the timbers of death began to fly in all directions those four white-winged messengers stood over and around me and protected me from harm by warding off everything that came towards me."

ANOTHER CAROLINA STORY.

Once I heard a North Carolina minister relate his experience. He put much stress on his cell, and it was wild and rough. He had received a call to the ministry but would not obey it. He was a business man and as he was prospering he did not care to change. The call however, was plain—it could not have been plainer had God come down in person and talked with him to face. He knew he ought to preach, but he would not. He was a married man and had an interesting family consisting of a wife and three children. His call to the ministry was a mystery to him, and he said nothing about it—not even to his wife. One night he had a dream and the next morning he surprised his wife by telling her that he proposed to close up his business at once and begin to preach the gospel. He told his dream and it made his wife's blood run cold.

In his dream it appeared that he had failed in business, his goods and merchandise were all gone, and his lovely home with all of his household and kitchen furniture, had been sold by the sheriff; his wife and children he had buried, and all the friends he had in the world was his six-year-old little Mary, and he did not even have bread for her to eat. He was sick, and cast out and stammered by society, and all the world was a dreary, bleak wilderness to him.

"It may not have meant anything," he said, "but I believed it did, and in thirty days I had disposed of my store and have been preaching ever since, and my family are all alive and well and we are happy."

Dreams may be like idle words

And meaningless as a sob;
They may be sent by heavenly birds,
Direct from the hand of God.

—C. F. King, in Atlanta-Journal.

Men Wanted.

The great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens better and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men that neither brag nor run. Men who have courage without shouting to it. Men who have the courage of erecting life runs still, deep and strong. Men who do not cry nor cause their voices to be heard on the streets, but who will not fail nor be discouraged till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they have earned and wear what they have paid for. —Times.

Smart Ellick.

Smart Ellick gives the following as a way to prepare and eat a cucumber:
Pull before the dew's off. Put it in cool water until about 30 minutes before dinner. Peel it off and put in white wine vinegar (apple vinegar will do). Five minutes before meal time take it out of the vinegar, salt it and feed it to the pet pig. At the right time kill the pet pig and eat it. Do you understand? Ho for Ellick.

TRIP TO LEXINGTON, VA.,

At the Unveiling of the Jackson Monument—What a Roman Veteran Saw.

I will give you a short account of our trip to Lexington, Va., if you will allow me space in your paper.
We left Salisbury on the 20th of July at 7 a. m., and after a pleasant ride reached Lexington at sundown. We found a house ready for us to go in, and supper ready to eat. We had plenty of good rations furnished us free all the time we were there.

On Tuesday we had a fine time and a big crowd. I saw the horse in which Stonewall Jackson lived before the war. It was a nice brick house. His grave is under his monument. His little granddaughter—then the veil of the monument. Then the cannon began to roar and the musketry rattle, which sounded like old times.

I visited the chapel where Robert E. Lee worshipped. There is a beautiful room in the back of the chapel in which is a statue of Lee covered with white blankets. I walked around and took a good look at it; it looks very natural. Just under the statue in a vault lies the body of the dead general, sealed shut with a marble slab. On the upper side of the slab are the words:

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

Born January 19th, 1807.
Died October 12th, 1870.

In front of this slab is his office with all his books, book-cases, table, chairs, sofa, inkstand, pen, paper, and everything just as he left them. No one was allowed to enter the room, but we could see through the windows, which were open. A large register was placed in the window for all visitors to enter their names. All these things will be preserved in the office as long as the building stands.

General Lee was born at Stratford, Va., in the very same room in which two signatures of the declaration of independence were born, viz: Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee. Thus at his birth he may be said to have been cradled in liberty, with two of his most illustrious guardians as sponsors of his future career.

General Lee married Mary Curtis, daughter of Washington Curtis, of Arlington, and granddaughter of the wife of General Washington.
Lexington is a fine town. I think the people of Salisbury might well take Lexington as an example in regard to streets.

Along the railroad between Salisbury and Lynchburg there won't be but a crop of corn or tobacco. Some of the fields have never been worked and in some places the grass is as high as the corn. Tobacco has not half a stand and is very small. If you look over the country between Greensboro and Danville you can see hundreds of tobacco barns. They have poor land and according to my eye far farming, nothing like old North Carolina yet.

A ROMAN COUNTY VETERAN.

Heilig's Mill and Organ Church, Md.
Mr. Editor: In the Herald of last week a notice of the excellent mail facilities of Salisbury was given, and one would infer that these excellent facilities extended to the star route of Heilig's Mill and Organ Church have the most miserable mail facilities imaginable. Our mail leaves Salisbury 3 p. m., on the Yorkville road, gets to Rockwell station on time, where any one would suppose we have a post-office, but not so. The Heilig's Mill and Organ Church mail is taken with the Rockwell mail, a mile in the opposite direction to what it ought to go, to the old Rockwell office, and there it remains from one to two nights. To illustrate—You mail us a letter at Salisbury before 2:30 p. m. Monday and you will get it 10:30 a. m. Friday. This is the quickest possible time. If, however, you should mail a letter after 2:30 p. m. on Monday, we would get it Thursday; cannot get it Monday 10:30 a. m., and you will get it Monday 10:30 a. m.,—one week! Or if we should write a letter, no matter how important—on Wednesday evening expecting to mail it Thursday morning and should miss the mail that morning, that letter must be in the Heilig's Mill office until Saturday morning—48 hours. It would then get a move on it and cross the railroad in site of the depot and go to the Rockwell office where it would remain in *statio quo* until Monday morning, another 48 hours. In other words, it has been 4 days of 24 hours each getting 3 miles from Salisbury. Then it will get to Salisbury, and if it is to go north it takes another little rest and starts on its hurried mission. Excellent mail facilities indeed! Query—If it takes a letter that long to go how long will it take one to return? We never get any of our country papers until Saturday. If you do not get this communication in time for this week's Herald you know where the fault lies, for I write by this mail after receiving the Herald.

Mr. Editor, if you ever have an occasion which I hope you will never have—to dun a subscriber at Heilig's Mill or Organ Church, please to sure you wait long enough to hear from him before taking rash measures. We

consider our present mail arrangement an insult to our community and a perfect and absolute disgrace to the nineteenth century. Whoever is responsible for it, be it Mr. Wanamaker or not, we hope in the name of common sense and common justice, to soon have better mail facilities. A VICTIM.

A New Dodge.

"Hain't this the tavern what Palmer runs?" asked a tall, long necked young man of Clerk Cunningham. The stranger's face was filled with snuff-colored whiskers, and his linen duster and badly used cowhide boots looked as if they had been worn by the Wandering Jew. He held a fat old carpetbag and three bundles in one hand and a timid looking young woman in the other. She wore a light blue gown of shimmering satin, with yellow trimmings, and held a two-year-old, bouncing baby that was eating the red paint from a toy cornet.

Drummers, politicians, loungers stopped their conversation to enjoy a few minutes of character study.

"This is the Palmer House, sir," spoke the clerk in reply to the man's query.

"I reckoned so, but you can't see no sign outside, and that kinder put me out. Down in Indiana all taverns have signs."

"I'll tell Mr. Palmer about that."

"Now, before we talk business, I want ter know if you will kinder look out for us in this hotel?"

"When some of our folks goes to Indianapolis they call them jays, but I ain't no jay. I've traveled. I don't blow out no gas, but I be mixed up a little in a place so big as this. But I will put up here if you will look out for us and come up and tell me when the dinner gong rings."

"Happy to serve you sir," answered the clerk with his parlor floor smile.

"I will make you comfortable here a personal matter. I'll send a cab up to your room if you want to ride, or anything else. Register, please."

Then the fellow wrote, "Johnna Putnam, his wife and their child, Rising Sun, Ind." As he laid down his pen he pulled Mr. Cunningham's ear over the counter and whispered, "Ken I trust you with a secret?"

"Tell me all," said the clerk in the key that he used to talk in when with the Fagan and O'Regan Barbersque Saloon.

"Wal, this is our wedding trip. We was spliced Monday, an' am now honeymooning, so want good care. Don't give a darn for the expense, 'cause we'll stay a day."

Just as he said they were married Monday the little baby waked its chubby hand and called the clerk to exclaim, "Your wedding tour?"

"Yep," whispered the man. "That's the secret. Everybody pokes so much fun at people what's just married that I vowed I'd fool 'em. So when Martin and me decided on goin' to Chicago we borrowed Mrs. Bascom's baby. Now nobody guesses that we be a bridal party. I told you that I was a jay."

"That's a new one," sniggered the clerk, as the new arrivals started on their trip to 331, the furthest room from the office.—Chicago Herald.

Grady's Monument.

The inscriptions for the Grady monument have been decided upon by the committee.

They have held several meetings of late for that purpose, as they were very solicitous that the words that marked the Grady monument—the tribute of loyal hearts to the worth of the matchless Grady—should be very appropriate and striking. And their object has been accomplished.

The inscriptions determined upon are as follows:

HENRY W. GRADY,

JOURNALIST, ORATOR, PATRIOT.
Born in Athens, Ga., May 24, 1850.
Died in Atlanta, December 23, 1890.
Graduated at the State University in the year 1868.
Was Editor of the Atlanta Constitution.

HE NEVER HELD OR SOUGHT PUBLIC OFFICE.

"When He died, He was Literally Laying a Nation Into Peace."

"This home little needs the loyalty that is loyal to one section and yet holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement. Give us the bond and trusted loyalty that loves and treats Georgia alike with Massachusetts—that knows no south, no east, no north, no west; but endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State in our Union."

From Mr. Grady's speech at the annual banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association in December, 1859.

"The germ of the best patriotism is the love that a man has for the home he inhabits; for the soil he tills, for the trees that give him shade, and the hills that stand in his pathway. The citizen standing in the doorway of his home—contented on his threshold—his family gathered about his heart—while the evening of his best spent day closes in serene and sounds that are dearest—he shall save the republic when the drum tap is fabled and the barracks are exhausted."

From the address of Mr. Grady delivered before the societies of the University of Virginia, Jan. 25, 1859.

A Farm as a Means of Grace.

The following letter is sent us by a personal friend who has been a long time resident of a city and who has recently hired himself to the country to try "farming." A short time ago he wrote in most glowing terms of his new home and the earthly paradise he had found. Now comes doleful notes which he heads "A Farm as a Means of Grace."

TO THE EDITOR:

"In my former letter I aimed to give you the picturesque and rose view of my new home. So let me now tell you how the case stands, the esthetic or romancing aspect sweep away.

"What must be done when the hens get out of the coop and scratch up the seeds, flowers and plants promiscuously, or what must be said when in planting time your hired man puts the cabbage where you wanted the sweet potatoes, or when he suddenly leaves you in the lurch in the midst of planting and hoeing? Or take this situation, a neighbor's horse runs through your corn patch and bites at random of every hill of fresh growing plants. Or what will you do if fall strikes your peach tree while in full bloom and cuts off flower and leaf, too? Or if the man who unloaded your fire wood, first drove his team over your newly planted raspberry vine and ended by pitching his load over the few plants his horse and wagon wheels happened to leave untouched? Or if the gutters of your house get out of order, and when the flood came it swept away the embankment about the house front which was rich with costly plants and far-brought and curious seed? Or what if the potato bug walked over fine plants, or the other bugs went for melons and squashes? Or if you invite a few city friends to a picnic and the night before your servant leaves you? Or if your well goes dry and there is no spring or water nearer than half a mile.

"In fine, as a means of grace, a farm, even if only a half acre cannot be surpassed; one will learn that sweet are the uses of disappointment; how to be resigned when instead of good grapes you have sour.

"It has become a mystery to me how the average farmer stands his luck, and how it is that religion thrives in agricultural communities. With all the other trials and woes the seasons are too hot or too cold, too long or too short, too wet or too dry. I almost think a truly good farmer must be a sanctified man. Viewed from my standpoint, after more than two months' experience, his life is vicissitude, disappointment and full of lack of success.

"All this, no doubt, tends to give life its true meaning and teaches us the real significance of events. That, as the poet hath it,

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Lies' the destiny of man;

but the finding in all the affairs of life, whether on the farm, at the office or in any calling that God doeth well and only well; to that life is always in fact full of benedictions and blessings.

L. DEANE.

Sky High, Kensington, Md.

The Third Party.

Mrs. Leise has been interviewed by a reporter of the Atlanta Journal, and made him the following prophecy of what will occur in the future.

"Well," Mrs. Leise weighed her words deliberately, "the third party candidate for president will so confuse things that the election will be thrown in the House of Representatives. This will make a Democratic President. Then the Democrats—having been admonished by the Alliance and laborers' movement that the people are sovereign—will lower the cry of the people for relief from iniquitous legislation. This done, there will no longer be third party—for there will be no need for one. We want relief, and if it comes through the Democracy, we are willing to be Democrats."

There's a patent medicine which is not a patent medicine—paradoxical as that may sound. It's a discovery! the golden discovery of medicine for you—tired, rundown, exhausted never-wasted men and women; for you sufferers from diseases of skin or scalp, liver or lungs—its chance is with every one, its season always, because it aims to purify the fountain of life—the blood—upon which all such diseases depend. The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The makers of it have enough confidence in it to sell it on trial. That is—you can get it from your druggist, and if it doesn't do what it's claimed to do, you can get your money back, every cent of it. That's what it's makers call taking the risk of their words.

Tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, are what Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are. The best Liver Pills ever invented; active, yet mild in operation; cure sick and bilious head aches. One a dose.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having been placed in the hands of a kind friend, secured the formula of a certain vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Asthma, and all other lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Scurvy, Rheumatism, Gout, Scrofula, and all other blood-poisoning diseases. He has cured hundreds of cases, he felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this humane and a desire to relieve human suffering, he will send free of charge, on all who desire it, this medicine in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using, sent by mail to the following addresses, naming this paper, W. A. Sawyer, 25 Powers street, Rochester, N. Y. 1872

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.