

The Carolina Watchman.

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VOL. XXII—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1891.

NO. 48

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

Room at the Top.

Never you mind the crowd, lad,
Or fancy your life won't tell;
The work is the work for a' that,
To him that doeth it well.

Fancy the world a hill, lad,
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad—
There's always room at the top.

Courage and faith and patience,
There's space in the old world yet;
The better the chance you stand, lad,
The further along you get.

Keep your eyes on the goal, lad,
Never despair or drop;
Be sure that your path leads upward—
There's always room at the top.

On the Train.

It was going to be a dull railroad journey, that was certain. Dullness permeated the dusty and cindersy atmosphere.

Kitty Brooks had a book, but she did not feel like reading. She might have looked out, but the telegraph poles disturbed her, and not much was to be seen at any rate.

Three men were asleep. A woman across the aisle was cutting out of a lunch basket something of a distinctly oniony odor—onions or garlic. It had afflicted Kitty from the first, and now she felt that fresh air was absolutely necessary.

The cinders could not be much worse than they already were. She relinquished book and purse and umbrella and tried to raise the window. It stuck, of course. And equally of course a man rose up from the seat behind her, touched his hat and said: "Allow me!" in polite accents.

Had Kitty been more traveled, less unsophisticated, she would have been able to forecast that occurrence with reasonable certainty.

As it was, she raised startled eyes and made stammering reply. What she saw was a young man of attractive exterior, if not precisely handsome, bending forward with a courteous smile.

What the young man saw was one of the sweetest faces imaginable, blue-eyed and tender-mouthed, under a hat of not quite the newest style; a slender, girlish form, clad in a dress which was not exactly "the thing," and a look of tremulous uncertainty.

"I'll put it up," he said, hastily, and rather stiffly.

What in the name of common sense was the girl afraid of?

He shoved it up with a strong push and sat down.

But now that he had seen her face—such an astonishingly charming face!—the back view of her flaxen head and unworried little hat was simply tantalizing.

He kept an admiring, fascinated gaze upon them. And when she turned, the next moment, a timid flush rising in her cheek, George Floyd's heart actually beat faster.

"I didn't mean to be so impolite as not to say thank you," Kitty said bravely as she could. "Thank you!"

"You are more than welcome," he answered. But the response sounded jerky—or he persuaded himself that it did. "I fancy," he said, smiling, "that you were getting tired of the pickled onions of our hungry neighbor?"

"Was it pickled onions?" Kitty smiled, too. "Yes; I couldn't stand it."

"Most of us seem oblivious, though," he said, glancing around. "I think you and I are the only wide awake people in the car."

"Yes, I am sure one of those men will lose his hat off in the aisle if he doesn't wake up," said Kitty.

But in the words were an effort—he knew that. She looked shy, shrinking. The ancient simile of a wild-roose occurred to George Floyd's intent mind.

To nobody could the phrase have been more fittingly applied. Her sweetly pretty face was flower-like, and she bore the marks of a half-rusticity, which added ten-fold to her charm.

It vexed and distressed him that she should seem to distrust him; as though he would be guilty of a breath of disrespect—he, and to her!

"Warm weather isn't conducive to enthusiasm among railroad travelers. And—possibly I shouldn't say it—but the scenery along this road clear to Wyndham, where my experience of it ends, is worse than ordinary; it's bad. You get tired of brickyards and spinning wheels."

He spoke in a studiously matter-of-fact way, barely looking at her even.

She should be made to see that he was a gentleman, at least—little wood-pigeon that she was.

"Kitty gave him her first full look. 'Wyndham?' she said.

"Yes, I live there," said George Floyd, an odd little hope stirring within him. "You—are you—"

"I am going to Wyndham," said Kitty.

Then she turned pink again and dropped her eyes and was silent.

The train rattled on with an exasperating chug-chug. And George Floyd, amused and exasperated, almost ground his teeth.

"I am glad you are going to Wyndham," he said, quietly. "I think you'll like it. I live there. But I don't see why—I don't, truly—why that or anything else should make you feel afraid of me?"

He looked annoyed—he looked hurt.

Kitty's distrust had fled long ago, and now her timorousness was going, too. She hid her merry smile behind her loosely gloved little hand.

"It doesn't," she answered. "It is Aunt Calista."

"Why is it Aunt Calista?" George questioned, and wondered if all men were moved to be as protectively gentle to her as he was. "She isn't here, is she?"

"No," Betty's humorous little smile remained, with just enough of shyness to be pretty. "But I seem to—to feel her, you know—almost!"

Her listener laughed, since he could not help it. So did Kitty.

"She must be a—terror, so to speak," he ventured.

"Oh, no! She is—well, Aunt Calista," said Kitty. "That describes her best, somehow. She is my father's sister, but not a bit like my father. She has always lived in Wyndham, and Wyndham is very different, I suppose?"

"Different from—?" George queried.

"From our little old farm," Kitty answered smiling.

"And you've never visited Wyndham and your Aunt Calista?"

"How interesting was every fact concerning this sweet-faced girl—her every word!"

"No. Mary went first, then Celia. But now that they've married, it is me or nobody. She visited us a year ago—Aunt Calista—and lately she wrote for me to come."

"Well?"

"Well, and—I'm afraid she doesn't really want me. Mary and Celia are different. I don't think—I really don't—that Aunt Calista approves of me."

She looked rueful and serious. Her pretty mouth was faintly pouted; a tendril of hair blew across her delicately-blooming cheek.

Was Aunt Calista blind or insane? George wondered in impatience.

But he said, mildly: "Why not?"

Was she saying too much? Kitty knew she was. But he was looking at her with a deep, respectful interest—with that quiet, gentlemanly air which had made her sorry for seeming to be rude to him at first.

"Well, I'm not quite so ladylike as the others," she responded, gravely. (He stared.) "I'm different. I like things just such as the boys like. I've tramped around in the woods with them till I know as much about birds and trees as they do. I like to fish, and I'm even getting to be a decent shot. And Aunt Calista doesn't admire it."

"I cannot conceive why not?" said George, warmly.

"She doesn't. She said so to father. And when she saw me once running after one of the crows which had gotten into the wrong lot, and washing off the buggy another time, when father was busy, she told mother she was afraid I was hopeless."

George Floyd coughed. He did not venture to smile, her face was so generally serious. But the visions which rose before him shut out all else for a moment.

He saw her among the tall greenery of the woods, bare-headed, warm-checked; he saw her tracing a path across a dewy pasture, singing—or whistling, maybe; he saw her in the barn and the meadow, in some ratty old wagon, perched in a haystack—and saw always her innocent eyes and sweet expressed mouth and rumpled flaxen hair. His heart was beating rather fast now.

"I don't know what kind of a person your Aunt Calista is," he said shortly.

"She is very good," said Kitty—"charitable and good, but she's very particular, and I'm a good deal afraid of her. If I didn't know she doesn't approve of me, and would certainly have asked Mary or Celia again instead—if they hadn't got married—but I do know it."

He longed to express his utter contempt for Aunt Calista and all her tastes and preferences—his unqualified horror of her.

"I trust she won't make your life a burden to you while you are with her," he said indignantly.

"I shall try to be a pleasant surprise to her," Kitty answered, with simple earnestness. "I told father I should, and I shall. I think I can behave well—as Aunt Calista likes to see a girl behave, I mean—and I'll try to. I can't be a romp in Wyndham; that's what Aunt Calista says I am. The boys won't be there, you see; and perhaps, by keeping it on my mind and trying hard—"

Her gravity gave away at last to a mischievous little smile.

"And it was that," said George Floyd, "which made you afraid to thank me for opening the window, and scared at the notion of speaking to me afterwards—it was your having your Aunt Calista on your mind? Bryardon?" he muttered, inaudibly; but Wyndham only two minutes off. Confound it!"

"Yes," Kitty owned. "Aunt Calista would think it dreadful, my speaking to anybody I hadn't been introduced to—I know she would. Yes, I'm certain of it, even when—if—"

"Even if it was perfectly apparent 'anybody' was an entirely safe and innocent individual, bored to death by the monotony of a lengthy journey, and only desirous of lessening his own

dreariness and that of his neighbor a little," said George, in a sort of growl. Wyndham was only half a mile away, and he was feeling angry with his unkind fate, for he didn't know "Aunt Calista" from Adam.

"I suppose so," said Kitty, appologizingly.

"Aunt Calista who?" he demanded with a desperate hope.

But the conductor was shouting Wyndham, and Kitty was picking up her traps.

"If I can be of any assistance about your trunk?" said George, gloomily.

"Thank you," said Kitty.

Did she look a little bit sorry, too? He fancied so—he hoped so!

She fumbled in her purse and held out her brass tag. The train was stopping before the busy, long, station, and she was peering out.

"Oh!" she gasped.

George saw a tall, elderly lady, in a black bonnet and veil, standing in a calmly waiting attitude.

"It's Aunt Calista," Kitty said, her blue eyes solemnly fixed in Aunt Calista's direction. "I didn't expect her at all. Mary and Celia said she never met me—she always sent her man and the cart. Oh, dear, what would she think about—about it? She would be shocked the very first thing. I think she'd send me home again. But now that she's on the train with me, I don't care. Oh, dear! I—I—if it was anybody but Aunt Calista. You don't feel angry? You see how it is?"

She gave him an imploring look, which he told himself he should never forget, and was gone.

At the latest possible moment—the bell was beginning to clang—he stepped from the train. There stood Aunt Calista and Aunt Calista's niece—he seemed to see nothing else. But he cast no look at them. He strode past at as wide a range as possible, grimly smiling.

"George Floyd!" Aunt Calista called, sternly, "come back here!"

The young man went back, hat in hand, dazed and staring.

"Mrs. West!" he stammered.

"Certainly!" said Mrs. West, looking behind her veil and her glasses distinctly displeased. "Didn't you see me? My niece, Miss Kitty Brooks—Mr. Floyd—George Floyd, a very old young friend of mine, Kitty, if I may express it so. And you came on the same train as Kitty? In a different car, I suppose? You would certainly have known her if you had been in the same car, George?"

"I—don't know. I—"

He lowered his eyes. At Kitty he did not dare look.

"I told you I expected my niece today, George Floyd!" said Aunt Calista, in half real and half pretended displeasure. "To-day, and on this train. And you engaged to call on us this evening. Do you remember that, George Floyd?"

"Yes, Mrs. West."

He stood like an awkward schoolboy with his "piece" forgotten. He remembered the tall, father cold and severely stylish girl he had fully expected to see.

"Very well, I'm sorry you were not in the same car. You'd certainly have known that this was Kitty, and you might have introduced yourself and made it pleasant for her, George. A long, warm trip like that alone—Well!"

Aunt Calista changed the topic with a gracious wave of the hand, and suddenly turned her niece squarely toward her. Her look was a proud, admiring and approving one, as well it might have been.

"I am glad to see you, dear," she said. "We'll walk home. Matthew is ill today, so I'll send your trunk by the stage, and we will walk, the day is so beautiful. You may come, George."

He looked at Kitty behind Aunt Calista's dignified back.

"Shall we tell?" his twinkling eyes asked.

And she shook her head, turning it away to hide her shy smile.

But the time came when she did tell. It was some months later—after Kitty's visit to Aunt Calista exceeded in length Mary's and Celia's put together. And when Aunt Calista had come, very promptly, to realize that her youngest niece was no "hopeless" hoyden, but a sweet and charming girl to whom young men "took" surprisingly, and when Kitty had come, not quite so promptly, to see that Aunt Calista was, after all, very little to be feared and considerably to be loved, then Kitty told her about it. But she told it as a sequel to her engagement.

Aunt Calista looked at her over her glasses, and then kissed her on both pink cheeks.

"I am glad it happened so," she said heartily.—Emma A. Opper, in Saturday night.

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd, Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors I consulted, but I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. It has cured me, and thank God I have a new, a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at Klutz & Co's drug store; regular size 50 cents and \$1.

NYETS HOME LIFE.

George Vanderbilt and He Have a Happy Time.

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CRAIG-Y-NOS, BUNCOMBE CO., N. C.,
September, 1891.

Up to last Saturday our lives here had been almost eventful. I rose each morning, caressed a glad panate, a little breast of kippered herring, and finished off with some of our delightful climate, would go gladly about my work on autobiography.

At 9 o'clock Mr. Vanderbilt comes with the milk and vegetables fresh from his farm. He is getting a fine start, and the most of his products command a ready sale. I buy everything I can of him. He has a fine brickyard also, which is more than self-supporting. He built it for the manufacture of his own bricks with which to build his own house near mine, but the bricks were so evidently superior to those made heretofore in this country that he was importuned to supply a number of builders and contractors at good prices.

His nursery, between Biltmore and Asheville, on Richmond and Danville Road, is also, like my own nursery, a howling success. He grows almost everything known to the botanist and pomologist. The Baron De Lange has charge of the agricultural department and on a bright morning it is a glad-some sight to see Mr. Vanderbilt and the Baron weeding onions or tarring the noses of their sheep.

Mr. Vanderbilt showed me yesterday a picture frame which he has designed, and which will be used for a large photograph of myself to sit on his piano in his office parlor. It is designed to contain nothing but products of his place, such as cereals and other grains, seeds, nuts, acorns, etc., etc. These are glued on a pine frame and then a coat of shellac is put on over the whole, so as to look almost like a boughed frame. There will be an inner row of buckwheat, then a row of flax seed, then two rows of rye and one of wheat, then corn, oats, etc., with acorns and nuts, chinquapins, etc., etc., in the corners, with a rosette of corn in the in the car and festoons of dried apples over the whole.

At 8 a. m. every day Mr. Vanderbilt rings his bell at my door and with a long-handled dipper he hands us out our milk, also our rice, new laid hen eggs, fresh from the hand of the artisan, and warm with the atmosphere of the home nest, and with a now and then a dear little white feather still clinging to them. He also fetches our roasting ears, and when he butchers we get all sorts of novelties from him. No man need ever ask for a better neighbor than George is. He helps me during the hoeing season, and I help him in harvest. We own a thrashing machine together, and in the fall we not only do our own thrashing with it, but can make as high as \$50, we think, by thrashing for the neighbors.

We lead a happy life here, as I say, "institute of cork." There has been but one case of cork here since I came. One case of cork and one of Milwaukee beer. The day goes bitterly by, and at night I write for an hour in my diary a lot of moral thoughts, which will be eagerly published after my death. I have decided to make no dying speech, for I might die at the same time when some other eminent man is doing the same thing and so what I said might not receive that attention which it so justly merited.

How I would hate to play against Mr. Blaine, for instance, a man who could easily score a death-bed success at any time, while I am timid and feel almost certain that in any forensic effort of that kind I would probably cork myself and say something which I would afterwards bitterly regret.

What can be more pitiful than a bal break in grammar or the frequent use of tautology in a dying speech? It is for this reason that I have decided to keep a diary, to be published when I am gone. It will be a good thing. It will show me in my serious moods and also, here and there, have little trickles of pure merriment in it, a thing I could not introduce into a dying speech with credit to myself. I will also thus have a chance to rectify the grammars in it and have it punctuated as I go along.

As I say, we move along quietly here from day to day, with little to excite or overstimulate the brain. Last Saturday a man with a dreamy look in his pale blue eyes came here and sat down on my porch to look at my view. I have a good view here, and keep my horses in a deserted sawmill.

He sat there with his hat off, drinking in the view and fanning his high, smoo h brow with his hat. At first I took him to be a doppelganger. He had the same Ben Davis style of Adam's apple, and his high forehead indicated that he was just as brainy as he could be.

For a time I let him sit there. Then I stepped out and passed the time of day with him. He answered in a rather brief and abstracted way, but finally asked my name. I told him what it was and he took my hand. He said he had been frequently taken for me. I was glad of it. I did not care if he had been taken for me, only why did those authorities who took him for me let him go again.

Finally he said he knew some of my folks. I said that might be. My folks never did seem to learn anything by experience. Some of them, I said,

were so kind-hearted that they couldn't be unkind even to a bunko man. He laughed a sad laugh, like one who breakfasts with the President of the United States on the 1st day of April and cuts into a Canton flannel cake.

But at last he interested me in himself. He was here for his health, he said. He had air cells in his lungs, I think, or something of that kind. He also had a letter from my brother. It was a letter of introduction from my brother. As I read it I could almost see how he suffered as he wrote it. Probably this man had supported him when he ran for office last fall, and now he had paid the debt by giving him a letter of introduction to me.

Taking him by the hand, I said: "Sir, you are my guest. A letter from my brother will be honored at a time, never mind what I happen to be doing at the time. The letter seems to be genuine, and my brother has failed to put in the cipher which means 'do you up.' So I judge that it means for me to throw myself. You are now my guest. Come with me and I will show you where they are going to build the new bridge across Craig-Y-Nos Creek."

He rose and we went away together. As we passed the store I invited him and we got some seegars. At our store here we have a nice, smooth, soogar, with manilla wrapper, which is a free smoker, and if kept well tipped off so that the filler will not sift out, affords much pleasure to the user. We lighted these seegars, which are called the Belle of Talhoit, Indiana, and as we puffed them along the road we seemed somehow to warm toward each other, and I told him that I knew where he could get some caskrooms if he liked it and some mushroomrooms, at least they looked like mushroomrooms. He said he was passionately fond of caskrooms, but still more so of mushroomrooms. So we gathered some of each and had the latter for dinner.

None of the rest of the family would eat any of the mushroomrooms, for I never gathered any before, and to be a good mushroom gatherer one should have killed off a camping party or two in the experience. But my guest ate heartily of them. He ate them all. My wife winked hopefully at me as I doppelganger ate the last one and curiously ran a slice of bread around the platter and breathed a long, delicious sigh.

After dinner I said: "Come on, I will go up on the top of Mount Blaine. From there we can see almost Asheville." Really, my object was to get him off the place before he decided to have a guest die in the house, and if I can help it I will see that never occurs, especially when he has a letter of introduction from some one I know.

We climbed the hill through the sweltering heat, and he seemed to hold up under it quite well. All at once, like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, came the terrible thought, "Oh heavens! oh heavens! After all, perhaps they were really mushrooms."

The thought maddened me so that as I pushed my way through the underbrush ahead of my guest I pulled back a hickory sapling and let it fly back with such force as to knock him across the grotto old farm of General West of this place. But my guest did not mind it at all, for he came up here with a glad smile and humming a tune of an old love song.

That evening he took from his valise a puzzle and gave it to my children. They tried to do it but could not. They were smoking a couple of store cigars and the latter was burning a regular. Finally the children brought the puzzle to me. It looked simple, and as I am a great hand to work out difficult things, like mathematical sums and social problems, I told my color-annumens to keep my cigar going for a few minutes and I would show the children how to do it.

It consisted of a circular box with a glass cover, and inside were five little pegs with five little brass rings, lying on the bottom of the box. All there was to do, as I may say, is to flip this little box so as to hang the five rings on the five pegs.

That was a week ago. I have not done it yet. Neither have I done anything else. The children's voices are no longer heard as they romp and play. Each one is trying to do this fool puzzle. That is not all. I am away from kind on my autographs. Hundreds of such letters remain unanswered, as from those answered by my color-annumens, Dr. Eyster Snathers. Please letters asking me to write what I know on a patchwork block of silk for a raffle, remain on my desk, and the day of the raffle is almost here.

I am all broken up by this man, and I haven't written anything in my diary for ten days. Possibly I may never write it again. When I try to think now my mind cracks. My mirror shows me great dark circles under my eyes.

If this man comes again I am prepared for him. I know a bank where the mushroom (?) grows, the little "E" mushroom. The weeping willow mushroom, the kind that creates a panic southwest of the liver and west of the watch pocket.

I have also selected a plot in the primeval forest where he can beat me. A place where the trailing arbutus and the woodtick may wander or utter a tomb.

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