

The Carolina Watchman.

State Library

OL. XXIII—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1892.

NO. 11.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that its recommendation is superior to any purgative known to me. H. A. ASKREN, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For several years I have recommended "Castoria," and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results. EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., "The Watchman," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Killa Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

The use of "Castoria" is so universal and the results so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to advertise it. Very few intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach.

CARLOS M. WERTZ, D. D., Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 17 N. BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

J. W. BOSTIAN,

SOLE AGENT FOR THOMPSON'S GLOVE-FITTING CORSETS.

JUST RECEIVED, a full line of Ladies' CLOAKS!

Second stock of Fall and Winter Dress Goods is just in. A full line of Ladies' and Gents' UNDERWEAR!

Don't fail to see my Stock.

J. A. JOHNSTON. T. L. ELLIOTT. JOHNSTON & ELLIOTT, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

STEAM Granite and Marble Works

At wholesale and retail. Owners of the celebrated MOOREVILLE GRANITE in Irrell county. Agents for Iron Fences, Finials, Creatings, &c.

People of Salisbury and vicinity wanting monuments should correspond with us. Estimates furnished gratis. Mention the Watchman when you write.

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.

J. ALLEN BROWN.

STATESVILLE MARBLE WORKS

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 at a positively lowest and understood.

Granite Monuments of all kinds a specialty.

C. B. WEBB & CO., Proprietors.

SADLER'S BRYAN & STRATTON COLLEGE

FOUNDED IN 1864 by the present executive—27 YEARS OF CONTINUOUS AND SUCCESSFUL OPERATION. Well-improved manual attendance—New copying four buildings—Steady arrival in facilities for educating YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN for success in life. In deciding upon a school for their children, PARENTS should send them to THE BEST, because it is the only one that offers the opportunity of securing POSITIONS for its pupils and graduates. This institution, owing to its HIGH standard of excellence, has placed in desirable positions many young men and women from Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, than all similar institutions combined. Catalogue and particulars mailed on application.

Address: W. H. SADLER, President, and Founder; or F. A. SADLER, Secretary. BUSINESS COLLEGE, 6, 8, 10 & 12 N. Charles St., BALTIMORE, MD.

Mention the Watchman when you write.

SONGS THAT MOTHER SANG.

Go sing the songs you cherish well,
Each one and simple lay;
Go chime the notes till bosoms swell
With strains that deftly play.
All, all are yours to sing,
Your choicest treasures bring,
But leave for me, till memories sleep,
The songs that mother sang.

When life's dark pooms, plaintive sound,
Fall cross the weary way;
To bring in soothing, mournful sound
The dirge of dismal day,
Then softly back lost strains will steal,
From cradle anthem ring,
To drown the woe that sorrow feel
In songs that mother sang.

When mirth and sadness—as they will—
Recall those times ago,
To wake the memories lingering still
Mid life's bring-morrow dawn;
Then dreaming vivid here the rest,
As when our childhood clung,
We lie and listen, on our breast,
To song that mother sang.

And when the ebb of eventide,
Afar across the strand,
Sets out to where the billows ride,
Beyond life's shifting sand,
In lost refrain, above the roar
Of mad, mad waters flung,
O, back, bring back to me once more
The songs that mother sang.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

JOHN EDWARDS' ROMANCE

It was a cold and stormy night late in January. The winds which howled like a thousand demons, whirled the snowflakes from the pavements almost as fast as they fell, heaped them up in doorways and dashed them into the faces of pedestrians, hurrying along. It sought the rents in a beggar's rag as he vainly looked for shelter from the storm in a doorway and blew the cold snow in against the poor wretch's blue flesh, making him shiver. As it howled it seemed to be mocking his poverty and misery. The unfortunate being was gazing at the warm lights which shone from the windows of a handsome residence on the opposite side of the street. He envied its owner the prosperity and comfort which the exterior denoted.

Inside the mansion sat John Edwards, the millionaire banker, whose form was well known on "The Street," and whose word was a power in financial circles. He was not, as he was generally thought to be doing, dipping compass, but was sitting in a large arm-chair in his library. His feet, increased in slippers, rested on a stool before the grate fire. The room showed every evidence of taste and wealth, but lacked that charm of arrangement which can only be imparted by the hands of a woman who loves her home. The banker was in deep thought, but not of the money market. His thoughts were as far from that as from the poor creature who still looked wistfully through the windows.

In his hand was a packet of letters, addressed to himself in a round school-girlish hand. It was of the times which these old letters brought back to him that he was thinking. As he looked into the fire there rose before his mind pictures of his old home in the little New England village of Arlinton. He saw his mother standing in the doorway of their modest home, her face illuminated by a candle, which made it look angelic. As he greeted him coming up the road from school. He sighed as he thought of her and breathed a silent prayer to her to guard him. Then another face appeared amid the hot coals and seemed to smile at him. It was that of a girl of probably twenty years. A wealth of golden hair hung in ripples about her shoulders and appeared like a halo round her head. The large blue eyes seemed to John Edwards to be gazing into his with loving tenderness and trust. How well he remembered that same look of confidence which years ago met his when he held her, his first and only love, in his arms. Poor Dottie Ayers! They had loved each other so long and so earnestly before she died and left him nought but the mound of earth in the church-yard beside his mother's to keep green and the thought that she watched him from heaven. His memory went back again to the days when they went to and from school, hand in hand, and when he fought her battles valiantly like a knight of old; of corn huskings and the dances they attended; of the walks home in the moonlight, when he told her again and again of his love and the things he would buy her when they were married and he was rich.

Then he saw his mother die and himself left to fight the battles of life alone. That last day spent in the old town came before him. He and Dottie stood at the gate of her home. She laid her head on his shoulder and looked up into his face, as he held her to the end of the business with which he would that week in New York, and he saw her start a business of her own and come back to marry her and take her to their own home in the golden city. It was a beautiful scene, and he would have given up the world to do the same, if he had only known it.

Patent medicines differ—one has reputation, another has not. One has confidence, born of success, another has only hope.

Don't take it for granted that all patent medicines are alike. They are not. Let the years of uninterrupted success and the tens of thousands of cured sick, happy men and women, place Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription on the side of the preparation to which they belong. As a matter of fact, the world-wide fame of these medicines is no mere brag because of their popularity and their effects.

Think of this in health. Think of it in sickness. And then think of the encouragement to take the risk to give your money back, as they do, if they do not benefit or cure you.

ANOTHER PROCLAMATION NEEDED.

Rev. Oglesby Thinks That President Harrison Overlooked Some Important Matters in His Thanksgiving Proclamation and so Writes Him an Open Letter.

From the Chicago Express.

Mr. President: Your proclamation calling on the people to meet in their houses of worship and publicly acknowledge their obligations to God, and return thanks to him for his blessings so heartily bestowed on the nation was timely and appropriate.

It was in His good providence given us a wonderful crop, enough to supply the necessities of all living things; we have been spared a ravage of pestilence, comparative peace has reigned within our country and our borders have not been disturbed by foreign invasions. It is most proper that we should be thankful and express our gratitude in a most public manner.

But, Mr. President, how have we used these inestimable blessings? What returns have we made to the great author of them? Service to humanity is service to God. He is no respecter of persons. How is it with us as a nation? Are not our laws, many of them, just, most of them partial? Do you not know, Mr. President, that our government is not in harmony with the divine government? Do you not know that the government is in league with the run traffic? Do you not know that the saloon exercises the balance of power and lures the souls in our elections? This great curse which destroys the peace and happiness of millions of homes, curses the hearts of millions of mothers, wives and sisters, blights the hopes and wrecks the lives of millions of men and boys, yet our government fosters it, protects it, license it, and encourages it; even looks out for foreign markets for it, thus spreading its blighting influence to foreign lands; can this be pleasing to God, Mr. President?

Do you not know, Mr. President, that our government and laws are the essence of partiality; that it is run in the interest of wealth instead of humanity? Do you not know that it is administered in the interest of capital so called, or wealth? Do you not know that our system of exchange, or commerce is a system of gigantic robbery? Do you not know that the toilers who produce all the wealth have the least, and the ones that produce the least or nothing have the most? Do you not know, Mr. President, that under this system which makes from him that has nothing and gives to him that has much, or from the poor and gives to the rich has enabled a few men a mere handful (51,000), to acquire half the wealth of the country? Now, Mr. President, if 51,000 men or families, can in thirty years acquire half the wealth of the republic, how long will it take them to gobble a 212 Under this system of commerce three millions of our citizens are subjected and supported by charity. This system of unjust exchanges fills our land with the men who tramp the country begging work. An advertisement for twenty-five men to labor will bring five hundred in twenty-four hours in any large city. Our penitentiaries are crowded to overflowing, our jails are full, a demand for larger institutions. What does it mean? More executions by Lynch law than by civil law. Murders, suicides, robbery, embezzlements, all kinds of crimes on the increase. What does it mean, Mr. President?

Our robber system of exchanges has built up and is now building great cities more rapidly than any country ever did in any age. These cities in the eyes of the superficial observer are the pride of the nation. But to the reflecting man who looks beneath the surface far causes they seem to be "storm centers." By the mad moral blind man-mountain-worshipper, they are called "money centers." But they are centers of vice, crime, poverty, wretchedness and misery, types of the pitiable. They are centers of the "body politic," seething masses of corruption, sinks of iniquity standing over rumbling volcanoes. If the great Father above should see fit to withhold only one crop as He has in Russia this year, it would strike our great cities like a cyclone. And if our great crops are to be the prize of gamblers, can we expect the great Father of the world will continue to put up the stakes to be gambled for? Won't He get tired of being forced into partnership relations with boards of trade men and grain gamblers?

What does He say on this question? "Do you see rich men, weep and wail?" Why? Because the "cry of the men who reap the fields have come up into the ears of the Lord," whose "anger have been kept back by fraud." Who will be the "calamity howlers" then?

Mr. President, do you hear the cry of the toiler of the soil, of the toiler in the pit, of the long-haired mechanic, of the wealth producer everywhere? Do you hear them crying for relief, for justice? Do you think that the great God is a disinterested spectator?

Mr. President, do you know what social war now raging means? Or are you of the blind ones whose prop-

DEATHS IN 1891.

Below is a list of distinguished persons who died last year. The age and place of death is given:

Judge Charles Devens, January 7, in Boston, aged seventy-one. Eminent as a jurist, orator and soldier.

George Bancroft, January 17, in Washington, aged ninety years. Celebrated American historian.

William Windom, January 29, in New York, aged sixty-four. Secretary of the Treasury in President Harrison's Cabinet.

Charles Bradlaugh, January 30, in London, aged fifty-eight. Noted freethinker, orator and member of Parliament from Northampton.

James Boswell, February 10, in New York, aged fifty-eight. Famous Irish Nationalist, journalist and lecturer.

General William T. Sherman, February 14, in New York, aged seventy-one year.

Lawrence Barrett, March 20, in New York, aged fifty-three. The well known American actor.

General Joseph E. Johnston, March 21, in Washington, aged eighty-four.

Phineas T. Barnum, April 7, at Bridgeport, Conn., aged seventy. Great American showman.

Daniel G. Fowler, April 7, in Raleigh, Governor of North Carolina.

General Francis B. Spinola, April 15, in Washington, aged seventy. Member of Congress and well known Democrat.

Sir John A. Macdonald, June 6, at Ottawa, Ontario, aged seventy-six. Premier of Canada.

Hannibal Hamlin, July 4, at Bangor, Maine, aged eighty-two. Ex-Vice President.

James Russell Lowell, Aug. 12, in Boston, aged seventy-two.

George Jones, August 12, at Poland Springs, Maine, aged eighty. Editor New York Times.

Mrs. James K. Polk, Aug. 14, at Nashville, Tenn., aged eighty-eight. Widow of President Polk.

S. C. Pomeroy, Aug. 27, Worcester, Mass., aged seventy-six. Ex-United States Senator from Kansas.

Julius Greys, Sept. 9, in Paris, aged seventy-eight. Ex-President of France.

General Boulanger, at Brussels, Sept. 30.

William Henry Smith, October 6, in London. Government leader in the House of Commons.

Charles Stewart Parnell, October 7, in London, aged forty-five. Great Irish Parliamentary leader.

Don Platt, November 12, at Macomb, aged seventy-three. Author and journalist.

Gov. Alvin P. Hovey, of Indiana, Nov. 23, at Indianapolis. Aged sixty-eight.

Lord Lytton, Nov. 24, in Paris, aged sixty. Celebrated poet and diplomat.

Don Pedro, Dec. 4, in Paris, aged sixty-five. Exiled Emperor of Brazil.

United States Senator Preston B. Plumb, of Kansas, Dec. 20, in Washington.

Charles P. Kimball, March 20, in New York, aged sixty-five years. Noted carriage maker and ex-Counsel to Stuttgart.

Strength and Health.

If you are feeling strong and healthy, try the Electric Bitters. If you are weak and nervous, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with sick headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c at Kutz & Co's drug store.

Friend (to engaged man): "Why do you send Ethel such handsome presents. Sweets and flowers are enough."

"That's all right. She sets the sweets and the flowers fade. When we get married I get the diamonds back."—London Tid Bits.

Spring medicine is now wanted, for if you are out of sorts and feel badly, P. P. P. is the remedy to take and get strong and invigorated.

Resolution: Passed by Alpha Alliance, No. 1423, at its regular monthly meeting, Dec. 25th, 1891.

Whereas The partisan press, or a large proportion of them at least, continue to abuse and misrepresent Col. L. L. Polk, as president of the National Alliance, and whereas we believe all such attacks are directed at the Alliance, be it therefore

Resolved, That we depounce all such attacks as untrue, unpatriotic and unbecoming in said press.

Resolved, That we, as an Alliance, will stand by him as long as he continues to stand firmly on the Ocala demands.

Resolved, That our secretary be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the Progressive Farmer, Salisbury Watchman and Statesville Landmark, with a request to publish.

Resolved, That our secretary be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the Statesville Landmark, with a request to publish.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an English missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Coughs and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Acted by the motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, a full receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. J. Kottz, 261 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y. 14117.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Peppermint Cure.