

The Carolina Watchman.

State Library

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SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1892.

NO. 15.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Spasms, Worms, Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Fever, and all the ailments of Infants and Children. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is the only one that can be used with perfect safety.

THE CHATELAIN COMPANY, 17 MURRAY 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.

JOHNSTON & ELLIOTT,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

STEAM Granite and Marble Works

At wholesale and retail. Owners of the celebrated MOOREVILLE GRANITE in Federal county. Agents for Iron Fences, Finales, Crestings, &c.

COAL! KEEP COAL! KOMFORTAELE.

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.

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 & CO., PROPRIETOR.

SADLERS' COLLEGE

FOUNDED 1864 by the present executive—occupies four buildings—Unrivaled in facilities for educating YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN for success in life. The outlook for the future is most favorable for business opportunities. The demand for our graduates is unprecedented. No vacation; pupils can enter at any time with equal advantage. Never attend a school because the tuition is cheap, for CHEAP is very dear; it means cheap surroundings, inferior methods, and offers NO opportunities for securing POSITIONS for its pupils and graduates. This school, owing to its HIGH standard of excellence, has placed in business more young men and women than any other school in the South. Catalogue and prospectus mailed. W. H. SADLER, PRES.—F. A. SADLER, SECR., BALTIMORE, Md.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whose smiles honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Like crystal waves where earth fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterances produce no stir.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patience, grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bliss
Sift rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn out hands—oh, beautiful sleep.

The Prodigal Daughter.

From our first recollection we have always heard a great deal of talk about the return of the prodigal son. We have heard that instructive parable read many times in churches, and heard many eloquent sermons preached from the same, yet we cannot remember of a single instance either in sacred or profane history, where a hurrish was made over the return of the prodigal daughter. Many girls have wandered away from home, fallen into bad ways, and occasionally have become so heartless that they have braved a father's wrath, and indignantly, reproach and scorn of their female acquaintances, and sick and tired of life, have returned to the home of their youth and innocence to die. We have never heard however of an instance where her father saw her afar off and ran to meet her, ordered the finest apparel brought forth, the fatted calf killed, and the neighbors invited to rejoice over her return.

On the contrary in the cases we ever heard of, she has slipped quietly in the back way and the mother kept as quiet as possible. Instead of making it a matter of public rejoicing, the prodigal daughter was made to take a back seat. Her female acquaintances who met the prodigal son with a hearty hand shake and warmth of smiles upon his return, seem afraid to come near her, and generally gather their dress skirts as she passes by.

Why this distinction?
We find no fault with the grand instructive parable, nor with those who preach from it. We think the old gentleman did right. But the same principle should apply to woman.

While laboring day after day to reclaim fallen man, we should not neglect to give erring woman a chance to reform. While we make a hero of a reformed man, we should at least extend the hand of friendship to the reformed woman, and once more give them the right to earn a respectable living, free from the reproach and contempt of society.

Public sentiment should be educated to regard woman's crimes the same as it regards those of a man. Society should be impressed with the fact that both are equally guilty and one is entitled to forgiveness and reinstatement in society as well as the other.—*National Weekly.*

Deliver From the War.

The Raleigh Evening Visitor of Monday contained the following paragraph:

"It is stated upon reliable authority that a lady living in Durham lay awake all night the other night, crying for fear her husband would have to go to the Chilian war. So that Durham is ahead in the anticipation and realization of the improbable as well as tobacco tax."

This may be true; we will not say that it is not. But we hardly think it comes up to the Raleigh lady who became so much concerned about the probability of her husband being called away to war that, unknown to her husband, she gave away his Governor's Guards' accoutrements, and when he desired them for dress parade, she sweetly informed him that she had already provided a substitute for him and it was not necessary for him to go out.

The Visitor the next day after publishing the above quoted paragraph, came out and said:

"Selma, Johnston county, beats Durham. We are informed this morning by a reliable citizen that a gentleman at Selma, in order to be sure to avoid going to the Chilian war had already selected his spot and dug his cave. This is practical."

That's nothing. A Durham young lady, discussing the probability of war with her best young man, became so enthralled that she went immediately to her room and powdered her face. Said she expected an engagement at any time.—*Durham Sun.*

Tom Watson on Washington Funerals.

Washington is a curious place to a cracker like me, in several respects. I was much struck with the way my people attend funerals here. It may be the custom in all cities. Doubtless it is. All the same it is queer to me. This is what I mean: A certain friend of Brown dies. Brown feels that he ought to go to the funeral. He doesn't care to go in person, so he sends his empty carriage. Inside of the carriage Brown puts his visiting card. That's all. The carriage drives to the house of the deceased. The driver waits till the body is put into the hearse, and the hearse starts. Then he gravely steers his empty carriage into the procession and follows it to the cemetery. Sometimes half a dozen carriages will be in one funeral; nothing inside except the visiting cards of the mourners. Its about the easiest way to get rid of troublesome grief I ever saw.

Brown sits by the fire at home and eats gobblers. His visiting card goes to the cemetery and weeps over the ashes of his friend.

You can see, almost any day, a goodly line of carriages speeding along at a cheerful trot, as if nobody in the crowd owed anybody a cent, and in the midst I saw it my breath almost left me as I stood and looked. It made my flesh creep, I must say, to see a man gravely trotted off to the bone yard as if he were a stick of wood. In a big city, though, I suppose it is all right. A live man don't amount to much in a crowded place like this, and a dead one is just nowhere.

The Lottery Goes Up.

New Orleans, February 21.—John A. Morris, the principal owner and director of the Louisiana Lottery company, will give notice in the newspapers to-morrow morning that he intends to withdraw his proposition for the recharter of the company and that the concern will wind up its affairs and retire from the field when its charter expires in 1894. This action is the result of the decision of the Supreme court declaring the anti-lottery law constitutional.

This ends forever the great lottery war which has been raging in this State for some time past and which has brought about a rupture in the Democratic party and the nomination of two Democratic State tickets.

When you're languid and dull in the spring of the year,
When stomach and liver are all out of gear,
When you're stupid at morn and feverish at night,
And nothing gives relief and nothing goes right,
Don't try any medicine, elixir or pill—
"Golden Medical Discovery" just fills the bill.

The surest and best of all remedies for all disorders of the liver, stomach and blood, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Gang's Close Call.

He is a little man, and when his wife woke him and excitedly whispered to him that there was a man in the kitchen, he told her to let him stay there.

"But he'll get in the dining-room and steal all the silver," she said in an undertone. "Are you a coward?"

Well, now perhaps he was a coward when it came to tackling a burglar in the dark, but no man is going to admit that to his wife, so he jumped out of bed and said, with the best show of courage possible:

"I'll go in the hall and see if I can hear him."

He went out into the hall and heard him. He didn't expect to, and he didn't want to, but he did. There was some one in the house, beyond all question, and he wasn't particularly anxious to meet him. He didn't think he had much of a show with a good, burly burglar, and he was in a quandary until he remembered the speaking-tube.

There was a monthpiece in the hall and a whistle in the kitchen.

He went back to the bedroom and asked: "Where are my trousers?"

"Perhaps you had better not go down, George," said his wife, as she handed them.

"Don't be a coward, Mary," he returned, as he hastily pulled them on. "I'll teach him."

"Perhaps there's more than one," she suggested, anxiously.

"There are two or three, sure," he said in a business-like way, as he reached for his coat to throw over his shoulders, "but I'm good for them all, Mary. I guess you never saw me when I got roused before."

"But, George," she cried, throwing her arms around him as he tried to go out of the room, "I think they have called for help from friends outside. I heard three screeching whistles in the kitchen just after you went out into the hall the first time."

"Quite likely," he said, as he tore himself away and hurried out, "but I'll fool them all; I'm not afraid of them."

He returned a few minutes later, and, as he pulled off his trousers again, said reproachfully:

"Mary, they got warning and got away with some equipment. If you hadn't made such a fuss when I tried to make a quiet sneak on them, I'd have captured the whole gang, sure."—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

How He Sold It.

An agent for a certain kind of scrubbing soap is so well versed in the valuable points of housekeepers that he seldom fails to dispose of at least one cake at every door. One day he rang the bell at the house of Mrs. Candy, who was a noted housewife, and who answered his ring in person.

He understood her characteristics at a glance, and saw that a jocosely would not be successful with her, so he said, with a crestfallen expression, as he looked beyond her into her spotless hall:

"My dear madam, I must beg pardon for having needlessly interrupted you. I have here a soap which is warranted to remove stains from point, carpets, furniture, and—but I see I have come to the wrong house; for there's not a stain on your point or your hall carpet, and doubtless your furniture is equally spotless and clean. So I'll say good-bye."

"Young man," interposed Mrs. Candy, with a slight relaxation of her severe countenance, "you may let me have a couple of them cakes. I ain't sure but they might come in handy some day!"

She gave one of the cakes to her niece a few days later, saying she had bought them of "an unknown citizen" spoken of by a friend, who had too much sense to be wasting his traveling money as agent, but had evidently been dove to the business by misfortune.—*Youth's Companion.*

Wit and Wisdom.

Great men are only ordinary men with their hair combed.—*Abolition Globe.*

He who lives up to his opportunities is usually too busy to live up to his income.

Politics is a toy with which no rich man can usefully without being promptly told to put up.

When a man has run his race in this world and the end comes he is out of breath.—*Vegetarian.*

The world would be much better than it is if men could live up to their obligations.—*Cape Cod Item.*

A thief at Michigan Centre, Michigan, not only stole the organ from the church, but the pews as well. Fortunately the steeple was clamped on.

A Maine farmer recently sent a fence-stamp to a man who had invited to send that amount for the way to run a farm without being troubled with potato bugs. The answer received was as follows: "Plant fruit-trees instead of potatoes."

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon the healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a bilious look; if your stomach be indigestion you have a dyspeptic look, and if your kidneys be affected you have a pinched look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great purgative and tonic, acting directly on these vital organs. Cures pimples, blotches, Bile and gives a good complexion. Sold at Klettz & Co's drug store 301 N. 2nd St.

Col. Fulton's Views of the Alliance.

Col. Fulton, who by the way, is a true and noble alliance man of broad and liberal views of deep thought and sound judgment and a clear analytical mind, remarked while discussing the organization of which he is so zealous a member, "The Alliance cannot form a party, neither can it as a body declare allegiance to any political faction or party—for it has in the formation of the order declared itself non-partisan, and it cannot depart from its obligation, besides over and above all there is in the nature of the organization a principle as eternal as truth that will outlive all parties and powers, for while the countless cycles of ages glide into eternity, this principle will move with them, for it is an attribute of deity and can never die. Justice will live when nations perish and worlds are lost. We cannot form a political party or affiliate with political aggrandizement no more than the Masonic order, or the Old Fellows, or the Knights of Honor can. Like them, we have formed our organization and established it upon principles for the benefit of mankind. Like them we are a brotherhood seeking the mutual interest of each other. Like them we have laws to govern us, we have secrets appertaining to our order, we have grips and pass words, but into none of these do we any more than the other fraternities referred to, admit politics. The Alliance is as distinct from a political party as is the church, and can and must be sustained as free and independent of politics as the church. The moment we enter into political schemes and parties, that moment are we cut off by virtue of our obligation from the Alliance. A man may be an honest, useful alliance man and belong to the Democratic party or the Republican party or any other party, but he can not bring this into the constitution of our order, then the vital links by which we are bound together would be severed and the unity by which we are supported and hold, our existence is destroyed, and we lapse again into the grasp of our oppressors and divide into factions and parties and the organization is disrupted tho' the principles remain the same. The Alliance is not a political party and can never be."—*Southern Alliance Farmer.*

Senator Gordon's Dog.

Of course all the readers of this letter have heard of Senator J. B. Gordon, especially my friends in Ohio know him: Let me say that I consider the senator one of the staunchest friends and one of the best practical jokers in the country. I never knew a man who had a warmer heart and one who could change it quicker than this good man traveling from north to south, and vice versa.

I paid him a visit at his happy home a year ago, and while there his good wife suggested that when I returned to New York I send her a thoroughbred northern dog. I cast my anchor to windward for several days trying to find a dog merchant who would be glad to swap me a dog for advertising space. On the fourth day of my quest I found this hamlet, but good dog merchant. He seemed anxious to have the advertisement run in the first issue of the paper of which I was a part owner. I did not understand his anxiety until two weeks later, when I received a dispatch from my friend the governor (Senator Gordon) which read as follows: "Dog received. Accept thanks for the present, but the next time you wish to send me a dog kindly send a live one." Upon investigation I found that the proprietor of the dog farm had palmed off on me a sickly pup, and when this animal arrived at Atlanta, Ga., he was dead. The Gordon family believed (and I think they do to-day) that I shipped them a dead dog, which cost them \$1.08 express charges. Being of pure southern puritanic blood, they do not believe in such supposed practical jokes.

At any rate the governor got even with me in a few weeks. I received a letter from him which read as follows: "I have just purchased four hundred and fifty acres of choice southern lands, and I purpose to start a stock farm to raise mules. One half of this farm has standing southern corn, which grows winter and summer, and all the mules have to do is to proceed to this part of the pasture and reach high to eat the corn, which is standing, of course. That will give them a beautiful curve in the neck, which will enable me to get \$40 a head more for my mules than my neighbor is getting. If you would like to have an interest in this farm I would be glad to let you in on the same basis that I purchased it. One thing that I need especially is twenty Jersey mules. Will you be kind enough to see the superintendent of the Fourth avenue stable in your city and purchase as many as possible of these breeding mules, and draw on me at sight, if you do not care to take an interest in the farm will you?" Upon receiving this letter and to looking over my exchequer I thought I would take the trouble to purchase the female mules for him instead of buying an interest in the farm. I immediately applied to the superintendent mentioned and told him my story. He looked at me, whistled "Comrades," and gave me a letter to the superintendent of the Sixth avenue line, stating that he had the kind of animal I wanted. When I presented the letter, or rather the two letters, there was an uproar in the office. What this all meant I am not able to say. Although I was here a farmer, I always found it hard work to walk with one foot in the furrow and the other up on the plowed ground. At any rate, I assure you I am even with Senator Gordon, and if you want to know how this was brought about, address that gentleman, senate chamber, Washington, D. C.—*W. J. Ackell, in New York Advertiser.*

Lemon Elixir.

A Pleasant Lemon Drink.

For Biliousness, Constipation and Malaria, take Lemon Elixir.

For Indigestion, Sick and Nervous Headache, take Lemon Elixir.

For Sleeplessness, Nervousness and Heart Failure, take Lemon Elixir.

For Fevers, Chills and Debility, take Lemon Elixir.

Ladies, for natural and thorough organic regulation, take Lemon Elixir.

Dr. Mozley's Lemon Elixir will not fail you in any of the above named diseases, all of which rise from a torpid or diseased liver, stomach, kidneys or bowels.

Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozley, Atlanta, Ga., 50 South 2nd Street, Atlanta, Ga.

LEMON EGG DROPS

Cures Croup, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage and all throat and lung diseases.

An elegant and reliable preparation. 25 cents at druggists. Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozley, Atlanta, Ga.

OLD NORTH STATE.

There are twenty-three patients at the Keeley Institute in Greensboro.

Three hundred northern visitors are now at the little town of Southern Pines.

It is said that one man in Raleigh lost \$85,000 in cotton futures this season.

The Adjutant General reports the strength of the State guard; officers and men at 1,570. This is a considerable increase for the past few years.

The Concord Standard says Silver Valley Mine, in No. 9 township, Cabarrus county, is to be re-opened and worked by the Oliver-Oil Company, of Charlotte. The company is after sulphurates with which to make acids.

Treasurer J. W. Griffith, of Greensboro, has received at State warrant for \$2,500 to be placed to the credit of the State fireman's relief association. This money accrues to the State tax on the insurance companies doing business in North Carolina.

The Raleigh correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch says the influenza is killing most of the fox hounds in this section of the State. The well known Boylan pack here has been nearly wiped out by this disease, for in the case of dogs there appears to be no remedy.

The State Auditor, who has charge of pension matters, says that some gross frauds have been perpetrated. In one case a man who had lost a finger was certified to have lost a limb, and in another a deserving applicant was rejected because the chairman of the Board of Veterans, which in each county looks into the applications, had a grudge against him. The Auditor will visit several counties and look into these matters. There are not many such cases.

Benny Fields, the youngest son of Jas. Fields, of Randleman, died a most horrible death January 23d. Little Benny had gone with his father to the depot and on their return he unfortunately managed to suck some peanuts which he was eating into the trachea, causing an obstruction of the bronchial tube. He fell almost lifeless on the street and his father, picking him up and running with all possible haste, managed to get to Dr. Walker's office, but before the necessary steps could be taken for the little fellow's relief he had died from strangulation.

The readers of the Chronicle were all shocked by the tidings of a horrible crime near Goldsboro just before the holidays; the murder of W. W. Pearsall, wife and two children and the burning of their home. The bones of the four were found. On either side of Pearsall's were those of the children. Suspicion at once fell upon a drunken white man named Weightman Thompson. He was found in possession of some of Pearsall's clothing. The chain of circumstantial evidence was complete. This week the case came up. It was feared that Thompson could not be convicted of the murder and arson, but only of the larceny. Facts developed, however, and the grand jury found a true bill for murder. Thompson has had the case moved to Johnston court and it will be tried there February 22d. He was tried at Wilson court 10 years ago for the murder of his wife and was acquitted.—*State Chronicle.*

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hazard, of Boston, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, could sit and finally terminated in consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying 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 Maker on some other plane. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles; it has cured me, and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at Klettz & Co's drug store; regular size, 50c and \$1.00.

A Policeman, minister shot and instantly killed his drunken son-in-law. A few more such cases of this kind will drive Keeley out of practice.

P. P. P. cures Scrophulous, Salt Rheum and all humors, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and Biliousness, it cures that first feeling, creates an appetite, strengthens the nerves and builds up the whole system. P. P. P. is invincible and since its introduction it has cured many cases of blood disease than all the other blood purifiers put together.

Mr. Randall P. P. returned druggist of Madison, Pa., says (Dec. 31, 1891) he regards P. P. P. (Pillsbury's) as the best and most reliable medicine he has ever used. He has more than 1000 testimonials from the use of it than any other blood purifier.

Accumulated humors, rheumatism, toothache, indigestion, constipation, nervousness, all cured by the use of the system, will be cured by the use of P. P. P., which gives health and strength to the weak of the system.

P. P. P. restores the appetite and at the process of its use it cures all nervous troubles and restores the system to its normal condition. It is the only medicine that cures the system, restores the appetite and gives the system a permanent cure.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had a patient in his hands by a case of tubercular consumption, which he had been unable to cure by any of the usual means, and who was fast approaching the end of his earthly career, he was advised to try the use of P. P. P., which he did, and in a few days the patient was cured, and he is now a well and hearty man. This is a most remarkable case, and one which will do more to establish the value of P. P. P. than any other case. It is the only medicine that cures the system, restores the appetite and gives the system a permanent cure.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.