The Carolina Watchman.

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FOUNDED 1864 by the present executive—Occupies four buildings—Unrivalled in facilities for educating YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN for success in life. The outlook for business 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 facilities, 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 from Md., Va., N. C., S. C. and Ga. than all similar institutions combined. Catalogue and particulars mailed. W. H. SADLER, PRES.—F. A. SADLER, SEC'Y, BALTIMORE, MD.

The New Year

SOME THINGS WE NEVER SEE.

A sheet from the bed of a river,
A tongue from the mouth of a stream,
A toe from the foot of a mountain,
A page from a volume of steam,
A wink from the eye of a needle,
A nail from the finger of fate,
A plume from the wing of an army,
And a drink from the bar of a grate.
A hair from the head of a hammer,
A bite from thee teeth of a saw,
A race on the course of study,
And a joint from the limb of the law.
A check that is drawn on a sand bank,
Some fruit from the jamb of a door.

—*From the King's Jester.*

On The Drum Head.

We had crossed the river to hunt for Lee and give him battle in the wilderness. Darkness was just setting down and the advance had halted for the night when a squad of cavalry brought in a young man from our front. He wore a mixed uniform, as did most of the confederates at that day, or as did most of those belonging to the partisan commands. He had on blue trousers, a butternut jacket and his hat belonged to neither side. They said he was a spy. They said it carelessly enough, but there was an awful significance in the term at that hour. In camp he would have been searched, interrogrted and imprisoned. It might have been weeks before his trial and he would have been allowed every chance for his life.

We were on the march. There had been fighting. There would be more to-morrow. That meant a drum-head trial for the spy.

How speedily everything was arranged! I was at headquarters and saw it all. Within half an hour a court-martial was convened—grave-faced officers who looked into the face of the young man at first with interest—then with something like admiration. I said a young man. I was wrong. He was a boy of 17 or 18. He had blue eyes, chestnut curls and his cheeks were as smooth as a girl's. He was a handsome lad, and I believe that every man in the tent felt to pity him.

"What's your name?"

"James Blank."

"What regiment?"

No reply.

"Are you a citizen or soldier?"

No reply.

"Can you make any defense to the charge of being a spy?"

No reply.

The officers looked at each other and nodded, and the president waved his hand. It didn't seem a minute before a file of soldiers came. The face of the boy grew white, but he moved like one in a dream. His big blue eyes looked upon one after another, as if searching for a friend, and my heart yearned to cry out that he was only a boy and ought to be given more time.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

It was the detail marching off into the darkness.

"Halt! Tie this handkerchief over his eyes."

They had brought a lantern. By its light I saw the big blue eyes for the last time as they looked around in a dazed way. I wanted to shout to the boy and warn him that it was not yet too late to prove that he was not what they believed him to be, but the grimness of the scene parched my tongue.

"Place him there! Fall back! Attention! Ready—aim—fire!"

Ten minutes later the officer in charge of the firing party touched his cap and reported:

"Orders have been executed sir!"

"Any further evidence?"

"No, sir, except that she was a young woman!"—*New York World.*

The Richmond & Danville's New President.

Mr. W. G. Oakman, who was recently elected president of the Richmond & Danville company in place of Mr. John H. Inman resigned, he is about 45 years of age, and a man of experience in railway management. After leaving college he engaged with the Rogers Locomotive Works in Paterson, N. J. From there he went to the banking house of J. S. Kennedy & Co., where he remained until elected superintendent of the Utica division of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad. He resigned that position and shortly afterward began his acquaintance with the Richmond and Danville system as president of the Richmond and Danville construction company, which built the Georgia Pacific railroad. He became third vice-president of the Richmond and Danville company, afterward was elected second vice-president, at the time of his withdrawal from the company was first vice-president. Since that time he has been vice-president of the Central Railroad Company of New Jersey.

Bananna Peel on the Sidewalk.

The street car had passed, but to catch it he reckoned,
So he ran like a deer, and shouted and beckoned,
Till he planted his heel
On a smooth bit of peel—
Then he saw half a million stars in a second.

He was in too great a hurry; better have waited for another car. There are cases, however, where haste is necessary. If you have night-sweats, feverishness, weak, sore lungs and a hacking cough, do not lose an hour in obtaining a supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Delay in such cases is dangerous; it may be fatal. Before the disease has made too great progress, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain cure. In fact, it's guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money paid for it promptly refunded.

RUNNING COURT.

Richard Razor, Assisted by Judge Bynum, Conducts the Tribunal of Justice—Court in a Hogpen.

Correspondence of the Watchman.

In my last letter I informed the 2,500 subscribers of the WATCHMAN that I was going to help the judge to close up the court docket in this county. Well it being my first experience as a juryman I had to make some preliminary out of the regular order, such as scrubbing, combing, perfuming and pasting myself up a little on the Rise and Fall of the Confederacy, Helper's Impending Crisis, Sumter, Blackstone, Headby's History of Napoleon and his Marshals, Davy Crocket, the Alamo, Scott's Campaign in Mexico and a few other good books of that kind. I then felt that I was ready for anything they could spring and on the fourteenth day of the month at 11:30 I reported to the high sheriff. Very soon eleven other good looking men all having good character were called to the jury box. The court and bar saw that we were fair to look upon, odered the clerk to administer the oath of allegiance to each and all of us. The same old Bible that has been handled and kissed by every negro in the county was shoved out to us to swear on. We, that is myself, refused to swear that way and I did not take hold of the Bible, neither did I kiss it. I have been for a great while choice about my kissing; in my young days I would not kiss a girl that used snuff unless it was sweet and she used it on the inside of her mouth and not on the outside as I have seen in my travels. Finally we got through with the kissing and swearing act and settled down to business. I noticed the court, bar, plaintiffs, defendants and all took a long look at our faces. I fancied that I could hear Col. Jones, Tillett, Clarkson, Basan, Harris, McCall, Henderson and Burwell say it will not do to put a case before that crowd. I also fancied I could hear the plaintiffs, defendants, and witnesses say, we are in for the pen if that crowd gets a lick at us.

The judge opened his book at Genesis and commenced to call the cases as they stood on the book.

The first was a railroad case. Captain Bason said they would continue the next case; some lawyer jumped up and said, that case is continued by consent. And the next and next, and so on down the line. Finally they came to a tough case in which Colonel Jones was the plaintiff. He thought we would send the other crowd up, and wanted to try it. He talked about parole, and promise, and conciliation, vendor, defendant, privilege, demus, aligation, and complaint and all them things, and Willis Dowd talked back at him saucy. Finally the judge ruled that Mr. Dowd could have it his way and he would give Jones a mortgage on the property in dispute. Jones stopped right there and said he would rather have a mortgage on three acres of moonshine. I saw through whole thing. Colonel Jones knew if he could get the case up we would send the other side up for fooling with such stuff. The judge continued on through the book to Revelations and we did not get a case. At four o'clock the judge gave us a couple of thanks and dismissed us. I think we should have a rising vote of thanks from the county for dispatching business as we did.

A word about the court house. Very few people outside of the county have any conception of the immensity of the Mecklenburg court house. Strangers visiting the Queen City may go through our mammoth hotels, visit the park, the cotton mills, iron works, admire our fine private residences, our city building, fine looking, gentlemanly policemen, street cars, large stores, ugly men and pretty women, electric lights, &c., but if they fail to see the court house they fail to take in the city. At a glance it will remind the traveller of the place de la Concorde, France. The views in all directions from the centre of the square are charming, speaking of it at night. It may be compared to an immense open air theatre in the midst of an enormous and brilliantly illuminated garden. To the one side is the large, imposing brick structure, occupied by chief squire of the county, Col. D. G. Maxwell; in the front is the open court. The front is supported by two massive columns bearing allegorical figures made by whittling on the brick with dull knives. In the rear is the towering city standpipe. Often it overflows and sprinkles those who may be standing about, cleaning the dust off without the use of a duster. On the other side you have a full view of all the wood wagons coming in on Trade street, and being situated on a corner the judge and jury have the advantage of all the noise made by drays, street cars, wagons and such like. The inside is in keeping with the outside. It looks like it had been under mortgage for a century; it looks and smells not unlike a deserted tobacco factory. If I was convicted of a crime and my sentence was thirty days on the chain gang or thirty days in the court house I would give a chromo to get on the chain gang.

RICHARD RAZOR.

James W. Lancaster, Hawkinsville, Ga., writes: "My wife was in bad health for eight years. Five doctors and as many more different patent medicines had done her no good. Six bottles of B. B. B. cured her."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Alliance Programme.

Col. Harry Skinner, of North Carolina, talked unreservedly to the *National Democrat* on the political outlook in North Carolina. Col. Skinner is a brother of ex-congressman Skinner, and brother-in-law of ex-Congressman Latham and ex-Governor Jarvis, of North Carolina. He is a successful lawyer and farmer, and has seen something of public life in North Carolina. He is famed throughout the State as an orator and is accepted as a representative of the young democracy. It was Col. Skinner who first suggested in the public prints the application of the subtreasury idea in this country as a means of financial relief to the agricultural interests. It was subsequently adopted by the Alliance, and applied to all agricultural products, and is now the dominating issue in that organization. Col. Skinner has been on the stump in North Carolina for some time, having made addresses already in twenty or more counties. He says:

"The third party movement will cut but a small figure in North Carolina. The Alliance democrats will control the State convention, nominate a State ticket and adopt a State platform with the sub-treasury plank as a prominent feature, and name the delegates to the national democratic convention. The third party business would lose us the State, make negro rule a possibility and possibly result in the election of a republican president. The delegates to Chicago will be uninstructed, but they will be representative Alliance men—for instance, such men as Hon. S. B. Alexander, now a member of Congress from the Charlotte district. They will represent and emphasize the anti-Cleveland sentiment in the State, and I mention that because it is the accepted opinion among the Alliance people that Mr. Cleveland cannot carry the State. They will effect, if posible, the nomination of a free silver candidate for president. The democratic nominee must stand squarely on the question if he expects to carry the electoral vote in North Carolina. I have only to add that if the democratic leaders in North Carolina believe as they talk the next State convention will give them the biggest surprise they have ever had."—*New York World.*

Marshal Ney and His Execution.

The statue of Marshal Ney, erected in Paris on the spot where he was executed, is about to be removed. The proposed new railroad through the Latin Quarter will pass over the ground where the Marshal fell, and the statue will be taken away. Some of the Paris newspapers are indignant, and some interesting little pieces of history are coming to light. Among others there is the following report of a secret agent of the government, which was found among the national archives: "When he fell the officers cried out 'Vive le roi!' but the working people, who composed the greater portion of the crowd, remained silent. Then I heard a few murmurs. A woman remarked, 'That is one more dead man. How very rich we are becoming on account of that!' But the other woman made her keep quiet. The body remained exposed upon the litter for a quarter of an hour. More than five hundred Englishmen came to look at it. Their curiosity displeased some of the national guards, who asked them, ironically, 'Why didn't you come to see him ten years ago, gentleman?' An Englishman approached the body and dipped a white handkerchief in the blood. Then he enveloped the bloody handkerchief in another handkerchief and went away as quietly as he came. During the day many people came to the place of execution. They wrote upon the wall, 'Mort du Marechal Ney,' and they picked and enlarged the holes which the bullets made in the wall. It is widely reported that an Englishman remarked: 'The French are acting as if there was neither history nor posterity.'"

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd, of 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 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 absent ones above. 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 Klutitz & Co.'s drug store. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

Some of the papers continue to refer to the "Alliance Split." These papers had better look for leaks and "splits" in other directions. The Alliance split is not their property, even if there had been a split.—*Alliance Journal.*

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive you have a Bilious Look, if your Stomach be disordered 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 alternative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at Klutitz & Co.'s drug store. 50c. per bottle.

BETTER TEACHERS.

They Are Needed More Than Finer School Houses—Compulsory Education.

Correspondence of the Watchman.

MR. EDITOR:—In a recent issue of the WATCHMAN there were two articles headed "Public Schools" and "Public Schools of Rowan." While we agree with the writers of these pieces in regard to the good school school houses, yet it seems to us that the most important consideration was entirely ignored. We need better school buildings, it is true, but more so do we need better teachers.

It was said once that all that was needed to make an University was John Hopkins, as teacher, on one end of a log, and Garfield, as pupil, on the other. Now we do not mean to say that good buildings are not necessary parts of a school, but if we must have anything sorry let it be the buildings, not the teachers. A great number of so-called teachers in a model schoolroom would be as appropriate as an uneducated man would be in a professor's chair in some of our highest colleges.

While we doubtless have a number of "$9.50 and $3.50 school houses," yet we have a proportional number of $3.50 and $1.25 teachers. "The fault, Dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves."

Our best educational authorities say that a person to be fit for teaching must possess "natural aptness and acquired ability." Natural aptness is shown by a love of knowledge and governing ability. By acquired ability is meant a knowledge of methods of teaching and the laws and principles on which they rest, combined of course with general knowledge.

The question now arises, How many teachers have we that possess these qualities? Let us see. Doubtless a majority of teachers possess a love for knowledge, but have lacked either the energy or opportunity of attaining a sufficient amount of knowledge. Consider that a majority have the "governing ability"—which is quite unlikely. But how many have a knowledge of methods and of principles and laws on which they rest? Some know something of the methods of teaching, but very few know anything of the science of teaching.

A doctor is not allowed by law to practice medicine unless he has a knowledge of the science of medicine. Neither is a lawyer allowed to plead at the bar until he knows the art he practices. But when it comes to training the immortal minds of the future men and women of our State, the law *permits* teachers to attend training schools and places where the science of training is taught, and allows, and the State actually employs, anyone to teach who has cheek enough to apply for a certificate and can pass such an examination as any average school boy ought to pass.

"School Boy" is right we think, when he says we need "compulsory education," but do we need it in order to get to "cow-hide" the pupils? Is not the teacher who "cowhides" a pupil a fit subject for cowhiding? Pupils, large or small, should be brought to obedience, but we all know the story of how the wind and the sun tried to remove the traveler's cloak.

We need compulsory education and a school term at least eight months long. Our parents need to see that their children are in their places in school promptly every morning and that they are obedient. Our committees ought to see to the kind of teachers they employ, whether he *knows* enough and *how* to teach. Our teachers should elevate themselves to the plane of teaching and then demand and secure better pay for their services. Worthy teachers are not likely to have to teach long in "$3.50 school houses."

The Alliance is pledged for better education, the people want it for their children, the children need to be educated in the most approved way, and it is our duty to our country and our God to see that they get this education.

Truly, R. H.

Associate Justice Davis, of N C. Supreme Court, Says:

DEAR MISS TILLINGHAST: Yours of the 12th received, and I cheerfully answer by saying that I have been much benefitted by the use of the Electropoise. I suffered from a severe and long-continued attack of the Grippe, followed by rheumatism in the neck and shoulders. I commenced the use of the Electropoise in October last, and my rheumatic pains ceased immediately, and I think my health and feelings have been much improved by its use. Very truly yours, (Signed) JOS. J. DAVIS.

Louisburg, N. C., Jan. 15th, 1892.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in hundreds of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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

Pith and Point.

There's often true poetic fire in an editor's stove.—*Columbus Post.*

The dude can't saw wood, but he can cut a swell.—*Binghamton Republican.*

To compliment, to court or kiss,
A pretty widow is not a-miss.
—*Puck.*

Too many young men empty their sand boxes on the first grade.—*Columbus Post.*

A bare-faced robbery is often committed by masked men.—*St. Joseph News.*

The morning is the time when most young men forget their rising ambition.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Some people imagine that they are making giant strides every time they kick.—*Galveston News.*

When a tailor's bill is backed up by a large, juicy lawyer, it becomes an ultimatum.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

The only man who makes much capital out of what he doesn't know is the expert witness.—*Elmira Gazette.*

About all some men do is to spend all their time getting ready to do something they never do.—*Atchison Globe.*

Your friends never defend you when they hear you accused half as scoutly as they claim they do.—*Atchison Globe.*

"The tongue is an unruly member" and there are 3,000 languages in the world to "sass back" in.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Traveling is exhausting, but the weary passengers never appreciate being "held up" by a train robber.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Ethel (showing her engagement ring)—"Don't you admire his taste?" Maud—"Ye-es, as far as the jewelry is concerned."—*New York Sun.*

The roll of the spirit-stirring drum doesn't stir our spirits half as much as a good fat roll of bills. This isn't poetry but it's so.—*Truth.*

He—"Will you be mine, please?" She—"You will have to apply to a higher court than the 'common please.' Ask papa."—*Boston Post.*

Oldby—"Honesty, my boy, is the best policy!" Newman—"Ah, yes that policy lapsed some time ago—some time ago, old fellow."—*New York Herald.*

The Texas border ought to become very clean after the usual amount of scouring it is now receiving from the troops of Uncle Sam.—*Baltimore American.*

It shows a disposition to quibble with words when a man kicks another out of a place and then asserts that he is only trying to give him a lift.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Yabsley—"Wonder what is their idea in making this Schweitzer cheese so full of holes?" Mudge—"Guess they thought it needed a little fresh air."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

He—"These dramatists have such a monotonous method of making their lovers propose." She—"Yes; but they do propose, and that is the main thing."—*Boston Beacon.*

There are people who enjoy a dinner a great deal more if the restaurant card put before them is headed "menu" than if it bears the old fashioned heading, "bill of fare."—*Lowell Times.*

Young Mangler (to fair but total stranger)—"I believe I have the pleasant memory of having met you once." Fair Stranger—"Then I advise you to make the most of it."—*Boston Courier.*

She says she hates me ardently,
But I grieve not in sooth,
My soul is full of gladsome glee,
Because I know Penelope
Doesn't always tell the truth.
—*Puck.*

"Poor man!" said the sympathetic young woman. "I suppose you are not equal to hard work." "Equal to hard work?" responded Mr. Weary Watkins, "I am superior to it."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Labor Agitator—"My friend, are you not in favor of the eight-hour movement?" Abe Lazy (the tramp)—"Movement! Who ever heard of being in favor of any kind of movement?"—*Kate Field's Washington.*

"Did you get fired down at the works, Jimmie?" "No; only laid off till the fall of '93. But the foreman said, however, if I could get a job anywhere else in the meantime if he were me he would do it."—*Indianapolis News.*

If you are troubled with Dyspepsia, Stomach Disorder, or Liver and Kidney Complaint, try P. P. P., and you will rejoice at its marvelous healing. Females are peculiarly benefitted by P. P. P. It expels diseased and gives healthy action to every organ.

Lost manhood, lost energy, weakness, nervous debility, are cured by P. P. P. New life, new energy are infused in the system by the blood purifying and invigorating properties of P. P. P., the great blood purifier of the age.

HOW'S YOUR WIFE? Does she feel poorly all the time, suffer from lack of energy, and generally run down? Does she look as if she needed a tonic, something wrong with her blood. Run not a moment! Not get a bottle of P. P. P. (Directly well. Peak Hood and Potassium) the very best women's regulator and tonic extant. It reaches the system, circulates quickly and quietly, and before you know it, your wife will be another woman, and will thank you. We know this to be true, and will back our word. Our book, mailed free, tells all about it, and our well connected house holds itself responsible for the money, if happiness is worth the price, should it not prove satisfactory. For sale by druggists and dealers everywhere.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.