

The Carolina Watchman.

State Library

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SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1892

NO. 30.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is known to all. It is a universal and safe medicine for all ailments of children. It is a universal and safe medicine for all ailments of children. It is a universal and safe medicine for all ailments of children.

ONE WORD.

I come to you with a small affair that you may need. In England, the Continent and many foreign countries, myself and wares are well known. Many American families in their return from abroad bring my articles with them, for they know them pretty well, but you may not be one of these. Confidence between man and man is slow of growth, and when found, its rarity makes it valuable. I ask your confidence and make a reference to this Journal to endorse that confidence. I do not think it will be misplaced. I made the best form of a cure—an absolute one—for biliousness and headache that can be found in this year. The cure is so small in itself, and yet its comfort to you is so great—20 minutes being its limit when relief comes—that it has become the marvel of its time. One and a half grains of medicine, coupled with sugar, is my remedy in the shape of one small pill, known to commerce as DR. HAYDOCK'S NEW LIVER PILL. It is sold in the markets of Europe, but is new to North America. The price is as low as an honest medicine can be sold at, 25 cents. Send a postal card for a sample vial, to try them, before you purchase.

DR. HAYDOCK,
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Mention the Watchman when you write.

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Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness,
Spasms, Dropsy and Painful
Menstruation, Leucorrhoea and
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Pale People, and follow its directions.
It is a simple, safe, and effective
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J. ALLEN BROWN, Agt.

BE HAPPY AS YOU CAN.

This life is not all sunshine,
Nor is it yet all showers,
But dreams and calm afternoon,
As shines among the flowers,
And while we seek the roses,
The thorns fall off we scan,
Still let us, though they wound us,
Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses,
As well as joys to share,
And griefs and disappointments,
Which you and I must bear.
Yet, if Misfortune's lava
Reminds Hope's dearest plan,
Let us, with what is left us,
Be happy as we can.

The sun of our enjoyment
Is made of little things,
As are the brightest rivers,
Are formed from smallest springs.
By treating small waters
The rivers reach their span;
So we increase our pleasures,
Enjoying what we can.

There may be hurrying deserts
Through which our feet must go,
But there are pleasant oases
Where pleasant palm trees grow.
And if we may not follow
The path our hearts would plan,
Let us make all around us
As happy as we can.

Perchance we may not climb with
Ambition to its goal,
Still let us answer "Present,"
When duty calls the roll!
And whatever our appointment,
Be nothing less than Man,
And whatever our submission,
Be happy as we can.

Love's Young Dream.

The marriage of Mr. Hotkiss Bayard and Miss Sylvia Archer, of Fremont, Ohio, not only closes a highly romantic courtship and establishes a union which is looked upon with favor by everybody but it also teaches a most valuable lesson for all young ladies who are in any way inclined to receive the advance of the opposite sex. Since this article will only interest marriageable ladies we may as well warn off the men first as last, and come down to the plain facts in the case.

For some two years Mr. Bayard "paid attention" to Miss Archer without making much progress—that is, he did not propose marriage, though it was plain to the young lady that he wanted to do so all the time, but was restrained by bashfulness. Privately, we may say (since no man will read this) that young gentlemen frequently develop an exasperating talent for procrastination in this respect. Mr. Bayard called on Miss Archer regularly twice a week, but do what she might, she could not lead his conversation from strictly non-matrimonial subjects. At last, six weeks ago she determined to rise to the occasion and show the world that her sex is not so helpless in these matters as it is popularly supposed to be.

A large window opens from the parlor of the Archer house on the front porch. This window has a white shade, and a person coming up the front steps faces it before he reaches the front door. In this window the ingenious Miss Archer saw her chance. There is in Fremont a handsome, wealthy and highly popular young man named George Potter. Miss Archer believed that if she could impress Mr. Bayard with the idea that George Potter had turned his attention toward her it would inspire him with the lacking courage. Accordingly she got a large piece of pasteboard (this must be strictly kept from the men) and cut out about a half-length side-view outline of Geo. Potter. This she placed in a chair not far from the large window on the night that Mr. Bayard was expected to call, with the lamp in such a position that from the shadow which was thrown upon the curtain, viewed from the outside, George Potter seemed to be in the parlor, and very much at his ease. She left the lower jaw partly detached and by working it with a fine wire he appeared to be engaged in animated conversation. His arms were likewise free, and Miss Archer could also, if necessary, throw her own shadow on the window shade. Mr. Bayard did not appear that evening, but the next day she received this note:

"Dearest Sylvia: Perhaps you will wonder why I did not call last evening as usual. But can you? Do you not know why? You must. I started to call. I bounded up the steps with happy anticipation. What did I see? You know, Sylvia. Why was George Potter in the parlor? But perhaps I have no right to ask. But you must know that I love you. I know I should have told you before. I have neglected it. You know I have been very busy. And I have had much trouble, very much, Sylvia. I will call to-night at half past 7. Ever yours,
HOTKISS.

"P. S.—He was talking and laughing and seemed happy. I saw it in the shadow. Did you ever hear that story they tell about him? Remember, to-night."
H.

Early that evening Miss Archer again adjusted the pasteboard Potter. The next morning she got this:
"My Dearest Sylvia: Again? Oh, heaven, is it possible? But my eyes did not deceive me. No, they could not. He was talking, slowly and earnestly I saw him twist his mustache. Oh, Sylvia, if you only knew about him what I know. I wish I were dead. I do not think that I shall live long. Perhaps you will remember me when I am dead. If I live through this day I shall come to you to-night at 7 o'clock.

Good-by, my Sylvia—no, not mine—another's. Ever your own,
HOTKISS.

"P. S.—George Potter shall die before me!"

That evening once more Miss Archer put George Potter in place, and the next morning received this from Hotkiss Bayard:

"My Dearest and only Sylvia! When I again saw that man in your parlor last night, my heart stopped beating and I clung to the railing for support. I cannot bear this much longer. You were sitting near him. I saw him lean forward toward you, and talk very earnestly. Can you not see the hollowness of his pretensions? Do not accept him, Sylvia. Accept me. I cannot live without you. Be my wife, Sylvia, will you not? It is all my fault. I should have spoken sooner. I do not blame you. You did not know it. I was a fool. I always was a fool. You are an angel, Sylvia. I will come this afternoon at 3 o'clock. I must tell you with my own lips how I love you. Then if you say no (and I cannot blame you if you do,) then I will go away and die. But first I will shoot that low-lived villain, that base scoundrel that walks the streets of Fremont, that sneaking Geo. Potter! Good-by till 3, sweetest Sylvia. HOTKISS.

"P. S. I will not shoot him if it will give you pain, Sylvia. I could not give you pain. Tell me at 3 if I may shoot the wretch. I am too weak to write more.
H.

When Miss Archer got this note she burned up George Potter in the kitchen stove. Hotkiss Bayard came at twenty minutes to 1 and was accepted. Last Sunday they were married.

Take heart, young ladies, you are not so helpless in these matters as you think—or at least as men think. The lesson that comes from Ohio is an important one. It promises a greater step in advance than woman suffrage would be, and pleasanter.

Campaign Schemes.

Mr. Editor:—I see and hear a great deal about county, State and national officers. It is charged and admitted by many people that we have national, State and county rings and bosses. All unite in one general work to accomplish personal and selfish aims which are detrimental to the general welfare and prosperity of the people. In this way campaign funds are gotten up and great promises are made to prominent men. Speakers are employed and well paid to mislead the people by false statements and sometimes a slanderous report. The people are called together at night and supplied with cigars, whiskey and tobacco sometimes.

A few years ago Mr. Woodson, our efficient register of deeds, did not do the county surveyor that he must pay \$20 to this benevolent campaign fund. When he (Woodson) was informed that this was too much but would pay \$10 as the office was rather poor pay and he had a large family to support, whereupon Woodson said, well you shall not have the office, or something to that effect. Sure enough a Mr. Arney was nominated and elected. Citizens of Rowan county will you continue on this line of bossism any longer? Stop and think a little first. Two or three terms is enough for any officer, national, State or county.

Who are the most accommodating and best workers for the people? Are they not almost universally new men?
J. A. FISHER.

We're not waiting for the bats and moles but for men and women who have eyes and use them, who have brains and reason! There's a new world for them—suffering and sickly as they are—a new world created from the brain of a skilled physician—a discovery—the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Years ago Dr. Pierce found out that the secret of all pneumonia, bronchitis, throat and lung trouble lay—in the beginning—at least—in impure blood and the weakness of the system; that the way to cure these effects was to remove the cause, that human nature being the same, the same results might be looked for in nearly all cases. So confident was he that the exceptions were uncommon that he took the risk of giving the medicine to those it didn't benefit for nothing, and the results have proved that he was right.

And "Golden Medical Discovery" is remedy for the million! The only guaranteed Liver, Blood and Lung remedy. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

Representatives Henderson and Williams voted against the foolish and treacherous River and Harbor bill. This is to their credit. Did the other North Carolina members vote for the monster?

Happy Hoosiers
Wm. Timmons, postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, from that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant of same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had had a new lease on life." Only 50c. a bottle at Kluttz & Co.'s drug store.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

COL. LONG INTERVIEWED.

He May Run for Congress in this District.

It having come to our ears that Col. James W. Long, of Cabarrus county, would probably be a candidate for Congress in this, the 7th district. A WATCHMAN reporter went to Concord to interview him and find out if possible whether or not he was built right for that position.

We found him seated in his library busily engaged in digesting the contents of the last Congressional Record. He greeted the reporter very cordially and offered us a comfortable seat.

After exchanging views as to what the weather would be during the next twenty-four hours, we remarked: "Colonel I see it stated in the Standard that you are likely to be a candidate for Congress in this district this year. Is there any truth in the rumor?"

Col. L.: "I would rather not talk for the public at present. Jim Cook got off an item about my running independent against Mr. Lozzer. I want to say that the statement was made without my authority. I am opposed to independent candidates, and unless I can get the nomination I would positively and emphatically decline to run."

Reporter: "You seem to have had a change of heart lately. You were elected as an independent candidate to the legislature some years ago, were you not?"

Col. L.: "Well, yes. My friends have claimed all the time that my election was a joke, but I made a record that no other man has ever made in the legislature. I got every measure through that I advocated, and many have told me that I did more real service than all the other members put together."

Reporter: "You were quite a 'hard-shiner,' were you not?"

Col. L.: "Oh! I never like to talk about that. Yes, the ladies gave me a great many flowers and I frequently walked home with them from the capitol. I have no idea that Mr. Hileman was shown half the courtesy during his two or three terms there from this county. Another advantage I had, the chairman of the House would always recognize me when I wanted to speak. The girls will shower flowers down from the galleries when I would get through. It was pleasant, I tell you."

Reporter: "If you decide to go to Congress what line of policy will you pursue?"

Col. L.: "I really don't know. I don't wish to antagonize John Henderson and the other gentlemen who wish to represent this district. But if I am elected I will not refuse. If elected I shall endeavor to reform the tariff the first thing."

Over half of all the property in the United States, while 60,000,000 own but little property and the other 3,000,000, except the 31,000 who are very rich, are only in fairly good circumstances.

Col. L.: "I see the point. You think all these conditions should be changed. I'll do it if elected."

Reporter: "Who will be your secretary at Washington?"

Col. L.: "I don't know yet. Perhaps I will get Charley McDonald to go with me. He would make a dandy secretary. He won't get married, so he won't be fit for anything else. Tell the Rowan people I'm with 'em."

Machine-Made Politics.

Mr. Editor:—As we predicted some time ago the conventions of both political parties are being held and the click of the machine is not the result of a precision that is truly refreshing to an honest thinking man. There has not been a convention held whose nominees are not the result of machine-made politics. Some of the leading schemes have discovered that they were gifted with rare qualifications for serving the people, and that the people owed them a great debt for past services, have manipulated the primaries with a sly hand and with such precision that there was nothing for the nominating conventions to do but to confirm the work already done. And still they have the impudence to call it the voice of the people. It strikes me that this is quite a change from the old-fashioned, free ways, when the people elected the delegates, held the conventions and nominated the candidates. Now the candidates elect the delegates, run the conventions and pocket the nominations, and the people, in the interest of our party, stand back open-mouthed and allow it to go on. There is yet one chance left for honest men to have a say in the business, and that is at the ballot box. We have heard some of them say that they would get their party to break up this ring work; that they would vote for the other fellow and let party go to the dogs. It is just possible that the people may furnish some surprise parties this year when the votes are counted. Never before in the history of this country has such brazen face impudence been displayed; such gambling for places has been allowed; and all in the name of the people. Look around you, fellow farmers, and see how it has been in your own district; see how it has been in State, and will be in national conventions; and then see if you can conscientiously be a party to such a farce.

There are perhaps some good men worked in on each ticket to catch respectable voters. Look the whole lot over carefully, and select only those whom you can safely trust your interest with, and vote for them; do not let party blind you with voting for a man whom you would be ashamed to associate with; a man who has been unfaithful to the Alliance whatever or a man whom you would be ashamed to tell your wife you had supported. Scratch all such most enthusiastically, give your party to understand that you will not vote for a machine-made candidate, and they will not long force such on you, be a manly man in politics as in other things. It is the independent voter that politicians fear; it is the independent voter that honest people respect. The time for political activity has already arrived and men are now thinking about the selection of public officials. Already the politicians, if not the people, are selecting candidates for the State legislature, and upon the wisdom with which these selections are made will depend the legislation that will affect the whole people.

Look up farmers and alliance men, see who you elect. The fight has commenced and it must end. Keep your line straight, and when the command is given to fire strike for the ballot box, do your work and go home and rest easy and wait the decision.
E. S.

Manning, N. C.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggists to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition: If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We would not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at Kluttz & Co.'s drug store. Large size 50c. and \$1.00.

The new party means mischief and a great deal of it to the old parties. The politicians evidently see trouble ahead. The new "Declaration of Independence" that came from the great St. Louis Industrial Conference is hailed with delight by laboring men everywhere. Rebellion is in the air.—The Forum.

Backlen's Arnica Salve.
The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by T. F. Kluttz & Co.

LETTER FROM JAKE WARNER

He Sees Other Things When He Hasn't Got His Gun Along.

Since I last wrote you I have had several curious experiences. One of my neighbors, who is a "squire," met me the other day. Said he: "Jake, what do you think of this reform movement? Don't you think it is going to ruin the democratic party?" I told him that I didn't know, but thought it would not. He said he "believed that was the sole object of the movement." Then, Mr. Editor, I wanted my gun. I wanted it loaded with a quart of course salt. It would take more than a quart of salt to save a man who is fool enough to think that the grandest movement ever inaugurated was for the sole purpose of ruining some little, meanly, pinched, narrow-minded, rotten party. I told you, Mr. Editor, it makes my blood boil to see a man who is willing for the laboring people to become white slaves just because a dried-up party is at stake. We need ten thousand fool killers at once in North Carolina. As "Richard Razor," the Mecklenburg philosopher, would say, "these are awful things, you bet."

I wrote a letter to our Commissioner of Agriculture, at Raleigh, not long ago. I wanted to test his knowledge of farming. I asked him if he thought it probable that turnips could be made to vine. I give this extract from his letter: Dear Mr. Warner: Your favor of the 20th to hand. Some of our most noted commissioners of agriculture assert that turnips can be made to throw out vines." (Note that he says commissioners of agriculture.) "They further state that they believe the vines, with proper propagation, can be induced to bear onions or cucumbers. But I doubt the truth of this myself. Though I believe that turnips are various and also fit for a high degree."

"That done, I will shoot a bushel of No. 4 shot into our Commissioner of Agriculture if I ever meet him when I have my gun.

By the way that reminds me of a little incident that occurred in last year. Our Congressman sent Capt. Johnston, who is a warm political friend of his, some turnip seed, said to be a new variety. "I understand that it is an old custom with Congressmen, to send some of their most valued friends a few moth-eaten seeds every year, which I suppose pays them for voting and holding for them. But the same Congressman devote most of their time to laboring for the poor down-trodden bankers and railroad men meantime. Well, Captain Johnston planted his turnip seed. When they came up he had turnips, lettuce, mustard, onions, parsnips all in one patch. Besides that he had a lot of foreign looking stuff that he didn't know the name of. I told him it was turnip; reform or anarchist plants, I thought. Captain Johnston was mad to kill. But I smoothed it up, told him that our Congressman was trying to introduce a diversity of crops and sent the seed mixed so he couldn't possibly bring about an "overproduction" of turnips. Captain Johnston thinks that a better farmer should go to Congress from this district. "So note it by," as they say over in Stany county.

"Bill Nye says in his feeble way that the farmers feed the people and the Farmers' Alliance furnishes the fun for the country." I guess it is so, but I notice that some of the people laugh in a powerful sickly way when it is mentioned.

I am somewhat of a farmer myself, also own an orchard, though strange as it may seem, I am now a member of the Alliance. Last spring a fruit tree agent came around selling fruit trees, vines, &c. He had one kind that he called "trout-proof peach trees." He warranted them sound limb, and able bodied. He said they would bear peaches as large as baseballs every year, no matter how much frost we had. He wanted 25 cents a tree. I offered to exchange some of my trees, told him they bore peaches four times a year, and that the winter peaches were full of five-year-old brandy and all he had to do was put them in bottles and label them, and they would sell like lemonade at a picnic in August. The last seen of him he was going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour for another county. I lounged for my gun then, but it was in the house half a mile away.

Success to the WATCHMAN. It is the best paper I know of in these parts. Whenever I see a man who don't subscribe for it, I want to have my gun along and have it loaded with ten penny nails and hard-boiled eggs.
Yours in the faith,
JACOB WARNER.

A SPRING MEDICINE.

Nothing so efficacious as P. P. P. for a spring medicine at this season, and for toning up, having a purgative, and as a strengthening and appetizing. P. P. P. is a most reliable and effective medicine. It will cure all ailments of the system, and is the best in the world.

For Old Sores, Skin Eruptions, Pimples, Ulcers and Wounds, use only P. P. P., and get well and enjoy the blessing only to be derived from the use of P. P. P. (Green's), as a Pile Root and Parasitic.

A great spring medicine is P. P. P., the greatest blood purifier in the world, as no other people in this city where it is manufactured can testify.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.