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THE WATCHMAN has 50 per cent. more circulation than any other paper published in Salisbury, and is therefore the best advertising medium.

The Carolina Watchman.

THE WATCHMAN is the Organ of the Farmers' Alliance in 6th and 7th Congressional Districts. Advertisers, make a note of this.

VOL. XXIII- THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1892 NO. 36.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

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

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

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

ONE WORD.

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 indorse that confidence. I do not think it will be misplaced.

I make 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, coated 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,
63 Fulton St., N. Y.

Mention the Watchman when you write.

Norfolk Alliance Exchange

11 and 13 Commerce St.,

Norfolk, Va.,

Owned and controlled by Alliancemen for handling produce,

COTTON A SPECIALTY.

Don't sell before writing for particulars to

J. J. ROGERS, Mgr.

P. O. Box 212.

NOTICE.

My wife, Mary T. Hall, having left my bed and board, I hereby notify all persons that I will not be responsible for any debt, contract or obligation which she may make, nor for any liability which she may incur. A. L. HALL.

This June 7th, 1892.

Prices TELL THE TALE.

The suits we are selling this week at $10 take the lead of anything ever placed on sale for the price. They are made in every style—Cassimeres, Flannels, Serges, Worsteds, Suits that are well cut and elegantly trimmed, Suits that will wear well are yours for a $10 bill.

Suits that would be a bargain at $3 or $4 more, but in order to clean out odds and ends, and broken sizes, we offer them for

—$10.00—

Our line of $4.00, 5.00, 7.50, 12.50 and 15.00 Suits are the best, cheapest and nobbiest Suits we ever sold at these prices. Makes of first class material, and are 25 per cent. cheaper than can be bought elsewhere. We are going to cut prices right and left until every suit is sold. We have a full line of summer Coats and Vests — Alpaca, Seersucker, Mohair, &c. Full line of Trunks, Traveling Bags, Satchels, etc.

M. S. BROWN.

STATESVILLE MARBLE WORKS

Is the Place to Get Monuments, Tombstones, &c.

A large stock of VERMONT MARBLE to arrive in a few days We guarantee satisfaction in every respect and positively will not be undersold.

Granite Monuments

Of all kinds a specialty

C. B. WEBB & CO.,
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May

Mention the Watchman when you write

1859 THE 1892

Georgia Home Insurance Co.,

COLUMBUS, GA.

J. RHODES BROWNE, PRESIDENT. WM. C. COART, SECRETARY.

Total Assets, over $1,000,000.

A Home Company, seeking Home Patronage. Insures all classes of Risks at lowest adequate rates. Losses adjusted and paid promptly.

J. ALLEN BROWN, Agt.

THAT BROTHER OF MINE.

Who is it that comes in like a whirlwind,
And closes the doors with a slam,
And, before he has taken his hat off,
Calls out for "some bread and some jam?"
Who is it that whistles so loudly,
As he works at some tangle of twine
That will send his kite up into cloudland?
Why, of course, it's that brother of mine.

Who is it that, when I am weary,
Has always a hole in his coat,
A button to sew on in a hurry,
A sail to be made for a boat?
Who is it, that keeps in my basket,
His marbles and long fishing line,
And expects undisturbed, there to find them?
No one else but that brother of mine.

Who is it that tiptoes about softly,
Whenever I'm sick or in pain—
And is every minute forgetting,
And whistling some head-splitting strain?
Who is it that when he is trying
To be just as still as he can,
Is always most terribly noisy?
My brother, of course—he's the man.

Who is it I'd rather have by me,
When in need of a true, honest friend?
Who is it that I shall miss sadly
When his boyhood has come to an end?
And when he is far from the old home,
And I long for a glimpse of sunshine,
Whom then, do you think I shall send for?
Why, of course, for that brother of mine.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

OUR MOTHERS.

"Happy is the Man Whom His Mother Teacheth."

Grace Greenwood says:

"I have a theory, flanked by whole columns of biographical history, that no man or woman of genius was ever born of an inferior or commonplace woman."

Napoleon I. said:

"The future good or bad conduct of a child entirely depends upon the mother."

Sensible men are no longer content to marry silly, shallow, and simply fashionable women, for they have learned to their sorrow that the mothers of our bright men and women are large-brained, earnest and thoughtful women, while the children of the ignorant and fashionable mothers are too often dudes and butterflies of fashion.

The author of "Five Talents of Woman," says:

"One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters. She influences, far more than does the father, the action and conduct of the child."

It is to the mothers of the race that our wise, great and good men and women owe much of their success in life.

The French naturalist, Buffon, often said that children inherited from their mother their intellectual and moral qualities. "Happy is he whom his mother teacheth."

It was Curran who said:

"The only inheritance I could boast of from my poor father was the very scanty one of an unattractive face and person, like his own; and if the world ever attributed to me something more valuable than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was because a dearer parent gave her child a portion from the treasures of her mind.

The mother of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe was a noble woman, whose education was superior to the days in which she lived. The husband's salary was so slender that this energetic and loving helpmate not only cared for her family but taught drawing, painting, embroidery, French and several English branches.

Helen Hunt Jackson's sunny, happy nature was inherited from her mother.

Cornelia, the mother of the Grachi, was a queenly woman, universally honored and admired. Of her W. A. Alger tells us: "Her sons owed everything to her judicious training, to her wise and unwearied pains in educating them, guarding and inspiring them to high deeds."

Goethe owed his mind, character and talent to the mother who was everything to him. They were more like playmates and congenial friends than mother and son.

John Wesley used to wish that he might die before his mother did, so great was his love and devotion for that parent who was so loving, tender and patient with all his faults and dullness.

The mother of John G. Whittier was a sweet, pure, devoted woman, and it is to her religious and emotional nature that he owes much of his pure-mindedness and lofty ideals and purposes.

Sarah K. Bolton says that the mother of Mary A. Livermore, "was a woman of remarkable judgment and common sense."

Maria Mitchell's mother was a Quaker girl descendant of Benjamin Franklin, intelligent, keen and unusually attractive in appearance.

The mother of Louisa Alcott was an earnest, faithful, loving and tender woman, with a large amount of courage and bravery, and an inspiration to her family and friends.

George Eliot lost her mother when a girl of 16, but it was to her that she owed many of her best qualities. One of our foremost writers speaks of her "as a woman of sterling character, practical and capable."

The devotion and love between James A. Garfield and his mother was most beautiful and touching. Realizing full well how much he owed her for his position and happiness in life, he never for one moment forgot it, and the bond between those two was very unusual. The grief of this dear old lady at her illustrious son's death was most pathetic.

The mother of Elizabeth Fry was a beautiful woman, and unusually intelligent and intellectual for the time in which she lived. The affection that Elizabeth had for her lovely mother was very tender and strong, and one of the greatest sorrows of her life was when she lost her.

Jean Ingelow was the daughter of a cultured, loving and tender mother who was of a Scotch descent.

The mother of Cuvier, the great geologist, studied Latin in order that she might help that language. Drawing and literature they also studied together, and his success in life was due largely to her faithfulnes and interest in his behalf.

Watt, the great civil engineer, owed much of success to his mother, who was a wonderful woman. He was always sick when a child, and she was his friend, companion and teacher all in one, besides a loving, tender mother.

Mary Lyon's mother was left a widow with seven young children to support and educate. She knew no such words as fail, and her sunny, cheerful disposition helped her to succeed.

The mother of George Washington was also left a widow at an early age, with five children, the oldest, George, but eleven years of age. She was wise, industrious, tender, loving and courageous, and was permitted to live until all of her children occupied honorable places in life.

Grace Greenwood speaks of the mother of Fannie Fern, as a "large-brained, as well as a great hearted woman." The beautiful tributes of her poet son made all the world aware of her most lovable qualities, her faithful, maternal tenderness and broad, sweet charity; but to those were added rare mental power and character of singular nobility and weight.

Alice Cary once wrote:

"My mother was of English decent—a woman of superior intellect, and of a good, well-ordered life. In my memory she stands apart from all others—wiser, purer, doing more and living better than any other woman."

Victor Hugo owed much of his genius to his mother, and the love and tenderness he felt for her was most touching. Her life was an inspiration to him, and when he lost her his sorrow was very great.

The mother of Margaret Fuller Ossoli was a refined and gentle woman, with a sweet and sympathetic nature.

The mother of Jenny Lind was a school teacher.

Scott used to hear his mother and grand-mother recite ballards before he could read, and in that way his mind was first turned to literature.

A good mother is the most beautiful production of nature.

Madam Letitia Bonaparte once said, "the throne of motherhood ought to take precedence of that of kings."

The more we study into the life and character of the great men and women of our day, and those of past ages, the more we realize that it was their mothers who taught them, either through example, precept or heredity, the secret of success.

On the other hand, we find the mothers of criminals and vicious men and women were ignorant, depraved or lacking in the most essential qualities of true motherhood.

Does this not teach us that earnest men should look farther than a pretty face, a graceful form, a sweet singer or a pleasant partner for an evening's entertainment, in the women they ask to be their wives and the mothers of their children?

Is it not time that more thought and study were given to this subject which is of vital importance to the whole race?

It has been said that the children of this generation are crying out: "Educate my mother!"

"A life that's full
Of little cares
And doubts and fears,
No other shares;
And yet a life
That's glad with good—
The strong pure joy
Of motherhood.

"A bright blue sky
Of happiness,
Clouded at times,
More or less.
A life that's full
Of power for good—
That is the life
Of womanhood."

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggists a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflamation of Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Kluttz & Co.'s drug store.

He—Will you be mine? She—Yes, until we are married. Then you will be mine.

A SPRIG MEDICINE.

Nothing so efficacious as P. P. P. for a spring medicine at this season, and for toning up, invigorating, and as a strengthener and appetizer take P. P. P. It will throw off Malaria, and put you in good condition. P. P. P. is the best spring medicine in the world for different ailments the system is liable to in the spring.

For Old Sores, Skin Eruptions, Pimples, Ulcers and Syphilis, use only P. P. P., and get well and enjoy the blessing only to be derived from the use of P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.

A great spring medicine is P. P. P., the greatest blood purifier in the world, as scores of people in this city where it is manufactured can testify.

GETS SOME BIG GAME.

Warner Goes Gunning and Brings Down Some Very Large Animals, But Can't Tell What They Are.

Correspondence of the Watchman.

SANDERSVILLE, N. C.

I got my crop worked out the other day and decided to go hunting one time more before the democratic party repeals the McKinley William or passes the Free Coinage Bob.

The first thing I found was unlike anything I had seen. My dog treed it in the public road. It was sitting in a buggy and resembled a man, I thought.

"Hello," said I, "what are you?" "I'm a lawyer," shrieked the thing. "Where are you going?" I asked. "I am going to talk politics. I hear that quite a number of the farmers out here are talking about going into a new party." "What are you going to say to them?" "I will tell them that if they do we will get the force bill and negro supremacy, and the country will wither up and die." "Will you tell them nothing else?" "No. That is all that is needed."

I quickly drew a bead on him and when the smoke cleared away there was nothing in sight. I guess there was nothing solid in the thing for I got nothing to carry home. So I don't know whether it really was a man or not.

The next thing I seen was actually a man. I seen him at prayermeeting not long since. He offered up a nice prayer, prayed that the Kingdom of Christ might reign on the earth forever. He began to talk politics and my dog began to growl fiercely. "How are you going to vote?" I asked. "I think I will vote the straight ticket as usual."

Then you pray for one thing and vote for another. "Will you vote for a moral leper like Cleveland, a man who is against religion, against honesty, and for Wall street and its hellish purposes?"

"Y-y-y-e-s, I-I-re-c-o-n."

I fired quickly and he fell. On examination I found that he was a solid mass of putrid flesh and his heart looked like a bloody wart on a government mule. That is the sort of Christians that are employed by the devil and are constantly deceiving the public. I called my dog and hastened away.

The next thing my dog treed looked like a farmer. I went up close to him and said: "Hello, old hayseed, I came very near shooting you. You ought to shave and get your hair cut for no naturalist could tell you from a woolly Shepherd dog."

"Well," he said, "politics and the grass has kept me purty close this year. I am goin' to get my hair cut after the election, an' if my man is elected I'll get a shave."

"Are you a member of the Alliance?" I asked.

"Yes, sir-re Bob, I am. I believe in it. That is the thing that will save the country."

"Give me a sign that I can recognize, please."

"Well, really I can't do it. You see I have been so busy with the crops and talking politics that I haven't paid my dues for six months, so I've sorter forgot the signs."

"How are you going to vote?"

"I am fer Grover an' tariff reform an' free coinage of silver. I'm for all the Alliance demands."

"Yes, you old web-footed monstrosity, you are for all those things and are still willing to vote for men and parties that are against every word of your platform. You are a human ass. You pretend to be a farmer, a member of the Alliance, the head of the family, yet you are nothing."

I pulled down on him, fired both barrels, and his poor little, onery worm-eaten soul went up to the mercy seat to be judged according to its deserts. I examined his heart. It looked like the handle of a barlow knife and as hard as pot metal.

By this time I was tired and disgusted. I had killed three varmints and a carion crow would not eat either of them if starving, so I went home.

Do you ask if I have no remorse? No, never. I was doing service for the relatives of such men, and for my country. All such human excuses must be shot on the spot.

Yours for good politics.

JAKE WARNER.

The Irrepressible Conflict.

Within less than a quarter of a century the bulk of the nation's wealth has, by sharp, corporate exaction, combination and monopoly been concentrated and passed into possession of a dozen uncrowned kings. The railroads of the United States, consolidated into half a dozen great systems, are practically owned and controlled by as many billionaires. Jay Gould owns and controls the entire telegraph system of the United States and several thousand miles of railroad. The standard oil monopoly with its hundreds of millions of capital, practically controls the entire coal oil supply of the United States. Nearly every important industry is monopolized by syndicates and trusts, where American capital has not monopolized our industrial establishments foreign capital is rapidly buying up great concerns upon which our people depend for supplying necessary commodities. The land grant railroads control the greater part of all unsettled lands in the union, and the thrifty and industrious farmers are rapidly being eaten up by mortgages because the cost of taking their products to market leaves but little surplus above their living expenses, and the toilers on our farms and in our shops appear helpless against the rapacity and greed of soulless monopolies that hold not only all the avenues to wealth, but also control the machinery of government. The Senate of the United States has become a house of lords and the house of representatives the house of corporation lawyers. Our state legislatures, even when composed largely of farmers, as they are in Iowa, Nebraska and Dakota, are manipulated by corrupt lobbies and bulldozed into subjection by the domineering corporation managers. Within a few years these states have been converted into mere railroad preservers and state conventions have simply been ratification meetings to endorse the choice of the railroad bosses. Striking illustrations of the deplorable condition of our people may be found in a late Nebraska republican state convention. When the railroad cohorts came in with over two hundred proxies and retired from the supreme bench an upright and fearless judge because he would not do their bidding. Within two weeks after this convention had been held, another, the congressional convention of the second district, capitulated to the railroad strikers and forced upon the people the nomination of a candidate for congress who has been a mere tool of the monopolies ever since he has been in public life. And how we are confronted with this question: shall our producers tamely submit to the oppression of the railroad bosses? Will they continue to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the corporation lords and their allies; the money lending shylocks are grinding down the faces of the poor at usurious rates of interest? Do you propose to give up your homes and leave your children as mere tenants on the lands they cultivate? Is it not high time for you to make a bold and manly stand against corporate aggressions and abuses from which this country is suffering?

GRANGER.

Got The Job.

"So you want a position in my establishment?" said the great merchant with political aspirations. "Well, there aren't many positions to be filled just now, but I might make use of a good man. What experience have you had?"

"Almost no business experience," replied the young man promptly, "but I think I could be of service to you. You remember when you ran for congress?"

"Distinctly."

"Well, during that campaign I——"

"Stop a minute, young man!" interrupted the merchant. "I haven't done anything since the campaign except to reward men who claim to have worked for me, and I've quit. I dont care if you worked day and night for me."

"For you!" exclaimed the young man. "Why, I stumped the district against you!"

"You did!" The merchant was plainly surprised.

"Certainly. You recall the expression, 'Calamity Cadwallader.'"

"Recall it!" roared the merchant. "Why, the name sticks to me yet. Some infernal scoundrel made a joke about it that makes people laugh when they see me on the street now."

"I'm the man," said the young man, proudly. Quite a masterly stroke——"

"You! You!" The business man nearly exploded with wrath. "And you dare come here!"

"Of course. I suppose you remember the story of the election of a bag of gold to the house and its record there? How it sat on a desk in solemn state and was good for champagne suppers and swell entertainments?"

"It did more to defeat me than any other thing!" exclaimed the merchant.

"Exactly," replied the young man. "It was my story."

The merchant paced excitedly up and down the office.

"And you come to me with such a recommendation! To me!" he exclaimed. Then he stopped, thought a moment, and said: "Young man, I'll give you a position if it's only to keep you off the stump. When I think over your recommendations I am satisfied they are the best ever offered me. I—well, I'd rather have you out of politics than in it."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Merit Wins

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits, Theo. F. Kluttz & Co., druggists.

Never lose your temper. Nobody wants it. Everybody has enough of their own.

Walter Bridges, Athens, Tenn., writes: "For six years I had been afflicted with running sores, and an enlargement of the bone in my leg. I tried everything I heard without any permanent benefit until Botanic Blood Balm was recommended to me. After using six bottles the sores healed, and I am now in better health than I ever have been. I send this testimonial unsolicited, because I want others to be benefitted."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

FUN AND FANCY.

"My lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury when giving in his verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."—*Tid-Bits.*

Amateur Hunter—"What a sly animal the fox is, to be sure! The other day I followed one for three hours, and when I finally shot I found it was a red dog."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

She—"It is always the unmarried man who knows all about women."

He—"Yes; I have noticed that the men who know all about women do not marry."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Smithers—"How old are you?"

Miss Randolph—"Oh, I don't tell my age any more; as old as I look."

Smithers (with deep feeling)—"No!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Patient—"Doctor, I have trouble about swallowing. Does not amount to anything."

Doctor (looking down his throat)—"Yes, amounts to five dollars."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Mary—"If missus don't withdraw what she has said to me I shall leave the house."

Thomas—"What did she say?"

Mary—"She said, 'I give you a month's notice.'"—*Boston Budget.*

Kitty Winslow—"How dare you? I would not let a man kiss me like that if he were engaged to me!"

Tom De Witt—"Well, it's all right, then; I'm not engaged to you, am I?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sallie Green—"Belle Brown doesn't admire herself before the glass half as much as she used to."

Mamie Thorn—"I guess her new eye glasses have greatly improved her sight."

"'Not slothful in business,' that's my motto, dear boy."

"Where did you pick it up?"

"Oh, it's a stock quotation—St. Paul, you know."

"That's strange; I never saw it on the ticker."

"Well, the secret of my success, sir, is push, simply push."

"Ah, that's the difference, you see. The secret with me was 'pull.'"

"Poor creatures!" exclaimed Mrs. Grosgrain, looking at the pictures of nude savage women: "no clothing of any kind! I wander what the poor things have to talk about."

Unsophisticated Parent—"Hello, there, nurse, what's that baby yelling that way for? I can't read at all."

Nurse—"He's cutting his teeth, sir."

U. P.—"Well, see that he doesn't do it any more, or you lose your place."

Hotel Clerk—Sorry, but can't accommodate your troupe."

Theatcical Manager—"You don't suspect we'd be elephants on your hands, do you?"

Hotel Clerk—"Oh, no; I've seen no signs of a trunk yet."

"Arthur," said a good natured father to his young hopeful, "I did not know until to-day that you had been whipped at school last week."

"Didn't you know it pa? I knew it at the time."

"Yes, these here colleges are great institutions," remarked Uncle Silas reflectively. "What! with their base-ball and football; and rowin' of boats and their studies, I tell you a college course nowadays is es good's a lib'ral eddication."

Claire—"Is that a poem?"

Harry (handing her a piece of paper)—"Yes."

Claire (disappointed)—"No, it isn't; it's only a receipted bill."

Harry (lightly)—"My darling, you don't know what a real poem is when you see one."

LEMON ELIXIR

Its Wonderful Effects on the Liver, Stomach, Bowels and Kidneys.

For Biliousness, Constipation and Malaria, take Lemon Elixir.

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

For Sleeplessness, Nervousness and Heartfailure take Lemon Elixir.

For Fevers, Chills and Debility, take Lemon Elixir.

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

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

Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozley, Atlanta, Ga. 50c. and $1 bottles at druggists.

A Prominent Minister Writes.

After ten years of great suffering from Indigestion, with great nervous prostration, biliousness, disordered kidneys and constipation, I have been cured by Dr. Mozley's Lemon Elixir and am now a well man. —Rev. C. C. DAVIS, Eld. M. E. Church South, No. 28 Tatnall St. Atlanta, Ga

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.