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VOL. XXIII-THIRD SERIES.

# The Carolina Watchman.

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

NO. 45.

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.  
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is superior to any prescription known to man."  
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."  
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A perfect shoe is one that fits, is comfortable, durable, and stylish. It is made of the best materials and is constructed by the most skillful workmen. It is the only shoe that will give you the most service for the least money.  
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CHILD BIRTH MADE EASY!  
"MOTHERS' FRIEND" is a scientifically prepared Lincture, every ingredient of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. These ingredients are combined in a manner hitherto unknown.  
WILL DO all that is claimed for it. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of child birth. It is the only medicine that will give you the most service for the least money.  
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A Household Remedy FOR ALL BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES.  
B. B. B. Botanic Blood Balm.  
It Cures SCROFULA, ULCERS, SALT RHEUM, ECZEMA, every form of malignant SKIN ERUPTION, besides being efficacious in toning up the system and restoring the constitution, when impaired from any cause. It is almost supernatural in its healing properties. It is in guaranteeing a cure. It is the only medicine that will give you the most service for the least money.  
M. S. BROWN.

BUOYANCY OF BODY  
TUTT'S Tiny Liver Pills.  
The question is how to get about in such a small space? New York has 400,000 more people than the entire State of North Carolina. Put all the people in North Carolina in a space the size of New York and they couldn't move a wheel. New York people are accustomed to being crowded. Many of the streets have double street car lines, the cars run in 50 feet of each other both ways. They are always full. On Fifth Avenue, Bowery and other streets there are two lines of elevated trains and also surface car lines. They run the entire length of the city. Without the elevated roads the swarms of humanity could not be kept in motion. Suppose you live in the lower part of the city and wish to visit a person at the upper end—fifteen miles away. You can go on the surface cars, but it would take nearly all day to go and come. But you can go upstairs to the elevated road. Stations are only two blocks apart—buy a ticket for five cents, which is taken up before you enter the elevated train, and in one hour you can go to 155th street, only a few blocks from the upper end of the city. For five cents, and in one hour, you have made a trip that would require almost half a day if you went on a horse car, or if made in a cab or carriage would cost \$1. So it is plain that without elevated roads stagnation in travel would result in New York. In London trains run under the city, but that is unpleasant traveling. On the elevated roads you are in the sunlight and can see the moving mass of humanity in the streets below and look into the thousands of windows in the "flats" you pass. I rode from the Battery to 155th street, came back to 60th street and went into Central park, went out at the Eastern side and rode down Broadway four miles. Everything moves systematically in

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.  
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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., PROPRIETOR.  
Mention the Watchman when you write.

1859 THE 1892  
Georgia Home Insurance Co., COLUMBUS, GA.  
J. RHODES BROWNE, WM. C. COART, PRESIDENT, 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.

HER BROTHER'S CIGARETTE.  
Like raven's wings her locks of jet,  
Her soft eyes touched with fond regret,  
Doubt and desire her mind beset,  
Fondling her brother's cigarette.  
Roses, with dewy diamonds set,  
Drooped o'er the window's parapet;  
With grace she turned, a match to get,  
And lit her brother's cigarette.  
Her puffs of smoky violet  
Twined in fantastic silhouette;  
She blushed, laughed, coughed a little—yet  
She smoked her brother's cigarette.  
Her eyes with briny tears were wet,  
Her brows grew limp beneath his net,  
Her brow was gilded with headed sweat—  
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THE GREAT CITY.  
New York, Brooklyn, and the Wonders They Contain.  
[Editorial Correspondence]  
NEW YORK, Aug. 7, 1892.  
In riding from Philadelphia to New York over the Reading Road, you would not suppose that New Jersey is the hot-bed of trusts, for the State shows up finely, but it is. The laws of New Jersey are such that nearly all trusts have their headquarters in some of the cities and are incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey. Before reaching Jersey City you begin to see how the swarming millions of people get into New York and out again. All the leading railroads have double tracks. After 6 o'clock in the morning trains run into Jersey City one minute apart. Immense ferry boats ply between that city and New York. We arrived in Jersey City at 6 o'clock in the afternoon. For thirty miles outgoing trains passed out train every minute. The people were going home. Tens of thousands do business in New York and Brooklyn, but live many miles out along the railroads and steamboat lines. In approaching New York from any direction you are in a perpetual city, so it is hard to tell when you really get into the city proper. However, you cross the Hudson river and get on Long Island, upon which the city is built. The population of New York is over 2,000,000; Brooklyn, 1,200,000. Nothing but East River divides the two cities, which are connected by Brooklyn Bridge, Jersey City, Hoboken and other cities are near by. So, in a space of say 50 miles square, there is a population of nearly 5,000,000 souls. New York City entirely covers Manhattan Island, which is fifteen miles in length and from one end to the other is three miles in width. Every available foot of space, except streets and parks, is covered with buildings from three to twenty-two stories high. They are built of brick, granite, brown stone or marble. In the old part of the city the buildings are not very tall, except a few new ones. In the vicinity of the City Hall and Battery the buildings look ancient. Above 10th street there is a change. All sorts of fine buildings loom up. Nearly all the buildings are occupied by offices, stores or some kind of business concerns in the first stories. The upper floors are as full of people as a hive is of bees. There is a small section of the city containing brown stone residences, but they belong to the very wealthy. A majority of the 2,000,000 people live in the upper stories of buildings or in "flats." Many of these flats are from ten to fourteen stories high. Apartments on the first and second floors rent very high, but the upper rooms are cheaper. Some of the "flats" are very stylish. But many who do business in New York live miles away. They come in every morning and go out again in time for supper.

New York. It is a mystery how the thousands of street cars, carriages, cabs, wagons, drays and pedestrians get around. The drivers are experts, however, and they never get frustrated. The street cars go fast, but they slow up in time to miss some vehicle. The streets are a solid mass of vehicles, all going their own way. They miss each other by just a fraction. It is a rare thing to see vehicles get tied up. Sometimes, however, several street cars and two or three dozen drays, cabs or other vehicles get tied up by attempting to all go in the space of one. But nobody gets mad or fractions, and in a few moments all of them go sailing on their course. On Chambers street is where you will find the greatest rush. This runs along the wharf near the ferry landings for the great freight depots. Drays are so thick that no one ever attempts to cross the street.  
Brooklyn is more closely built and crowded than New York. At the end of Brooklyn Bridge on that side there is a perfect pandemonium. All the street car lines center there, also elevated roads. I walked over Brooklyn Bridge. It is worth the walk, for the middle of the bridge is higher than the two cities and you get a bird-eye view of them as far as you can see. You also get a splendid sea breeze.  
Thousands of poor people, who cannot afford a trip to the various summer resorts nor even to Central Park, go on the bridge for a little fresh air. The bridge is one mile long. It starts back a block or two in the city. The end of the bridge is utilized and contains large stores. The centre of the bridge is 200 feet above the water. The foot way is in the middle. On either side of it cable cars run one after another, fare on them 3 cents. On the outside of the cable tracks are the driveways for vehicles. Pedestrians and vehicles go free. The bridge cost eighteen million dollars and workmen were four years building it. Four steel cables, fifteen inches in diameter, supported by stone piers, hold the bridge up. While in Brooklyn I went to see the tabernacle, Dr. Talmage's church. It is a large edifice built of pressed brick and brown stone. An addition now being built is of marble. Dr. Talmage is in Russia, hence did not hear him preach. I attended services at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Catholic, not so much for the service as to see the church, which is the finest in the world. It cost three million dollars, and strange to say, not a rich person belongs to the church. It was built by Irish servant girls and French maids chiefly. The contributors their earnings to the cause, to them so sacred. The Catholics are a wonderful people. Their devotion to their doctrines and perseverance entitles them to admiration, if nothing else. New York has many fine churches, but Brooklyn is the "city of churches." There is, I think, about one thousand churches in Brooklyn.

go along half starved like they do. I made a tour of the Italian and Chinese sections. About 100,000 Italians are crowded in a few blocks. Many of them look fairly well, but others are badly dressed and have that fierce, desperate appearance that indicates viciousness and anarchy. A trip through that section is not enjoyable, for it is attended by considerable danger. The incessant chattering of foreign tongues, the music you hear and the smell of decaying fruit all tends to confuse you. The streets and buildings are swarming with uncouth children and hideous-looking men and women.  
The Chinese look more docile. They wear their pigtail and Chinese dress, smoke opium joints and do pretty much as they do in China. They are largely engaged in laundry work, but as the shoemaker goes barefooted, they, too, seem to neglect their own clothes.  
The Turks are a tough-looking set. They dress in their own peculiar style, women and men dress alike.  
From 10,000 to 15,000 foreigners land in New York sometimes in one month. It is not strange that you see all the nations in the world so fully represented.  
The police force of New York is an army of five looking men. There are 8,000 of them. The Broadway police are rather dandified, dress fine, wear diamonds and white gloves. Most of the policemen are gentlemen and attentive to strangers. But it is the hardest kind of a job for them to see an open saloon on Sunday or anything of the kind. Many of the saloons are open on Sunday, though.  
A visit to New York is not complete unless you visit Coney Island, the most famous resort on earth. It is a city of hotels about 12 miles from the lower end of New York. There are hundreds of such places, but Coney Island is the centre of attraction. An average of 100,000 go out from New York every day in addition to those who spend the summer there. Steamboats carrying from 2,000 to 3,000 leave the Battery piers every half hour for Coney. Music is furnished on the boats and on the Island. You go out by Barthold's Statue of Liberty, which is on a small island at the entrance of the harbor. The statue is 150 feet high, mounted on a pedestal 150 feet high, which makes a pretty tall woman. Miss Liberty holds an immense electric light above her head and "lights" at least a small portion of the world. Coney Island is a land of hotels, beer gardens, bathing houses, refreshment stands, merry-go-rounds, switch backs, tough people and respectable people. One of the curiosities is a hotel built in the shape of an elephant. It is seven stories high. You can go up to the top in an elevator and ride down on a switch back that runs in a spiral form. The beer gardens have a stage at one end. You can sit down, order a glass of beer, cigar, or if a prohibitionist, a glass of iced milk, and while you drink or smoke, can see a good theatrical performance, concert or dance. All those things run on Sunday as well as Saturday. Another hotel on the Island is being built of all colors of glass. At night, when lighted up, it presents a beautiful appearance. An after dark ride from Coney on a boat is a rare treat. The millions of lights in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken and Harlem, make a scene of dazzling beauty.  
Among the numerous places of interest the Eden Museum is worthy of mention. It has the finest wax figures on earth. Here you see military men of note in wax, almost as natural as life. Some of the figures required months of patient toil to complete. Every hair on the head of the figures was stuck in one at a time. You see figures of the crowned heads of Europe, famous Americans, notorious criminals. There are parlor scenes with, perhaps, a young lady playing on a piano and the family apparently listening. You feel almost sure you hear the music, so perfect are the wax figures. In one place a scout has been caught and condemned to death. The soldiers are standing with guns ready to fire. You wait and expect the roar of the muskets. At the main entrance a wax policeman stands guard. The first is a notice, "Look out for Pickpockets." An old man and his daughter are reading the notice while a dapper looking fellow has just relieved the old man of his pocketbook. You feel like seizing the pickpocket. In another apartment you see Kimmeler, the murderer who became quite famous a year or two ago and was the first man killed by electricity as an experiment. There is the inside of the court house, the judge is passing the sentence of death. Further on you see Kimmeler just before he leaves the cell, attended by a priest. In the next room he is sitting in the fatal chair, the real battery is there and the death dealing wires are connected. Several famous electricians are standing gazing intently to see every result of the new system of disposing of criminals sentenced to death, known as "electrocution," which, by the way, has not been a success. In another place you see the "Custer Massacre." Gen. Custer and companions are in a hand to hand struggle with the Black Hill Indians. The blood is flowing from the wounds as natural as it can be, even if it is red paint. In another a Malay has cut off the head of another with a cutlass.

The figures are as natural as life; the black brute is holding the head in one hand and the bloody cutlass in the other. A public of blood is on the ground as it flows from the headless body. Another realistic scene is a widow weeping beside the coffin of her husband. Others are standing around with sad countenances. Perhaps the most natural figure is that of a man lying on the ground asleep. His shirt bosom is open. By some mechanical contrivance he appears to be breathing, his bosom heaving as natural as life. Another man is standing on a rock a few feet away, a gun in his hand ready to fire. You wait in vain to hear the crack of the gun. The Eden Museum is worth going miles to see.  
There are hundreds of summer resorts in easy reach of New York, but still many cannot go. The parks are their only refuge. Most of them are small. However, Central Park, midway of the city, is several hundred acres in extent. It is a magnificent place. Streams of water run through, there are bridges, drives, walks, trees, rocks, flowers, statues—everything pleasing to the eye. In the menagerie can be seen, free of charge, every animal and bird that can be found on earth. Millions of dollars have been spent on this park, which is the finest and largest in the world. One million people go into Central Park daily during the summer.  
New York funerals are very odd to rural people. About 200 people die in the city every day. In excessive hot weather the death rate runs as high as 300 daily. Generally from three to ten carriages follow the hearse, but except the family no one rides in them, unless some one takes advantage of the occasion to ride out to Greenwood Cemetery. The procession goes at a brisk trot. This appears wrong, but is not. At the slow, solemn gait our dead are carried to the grave-yards the corpse could not reach any of the cemeteries inside of a day going from any part of the city. So they must bury them in a hurry or spend a week at it. I rode up Broadway ten blocks one morning and met four funeral corteges in that distance.  
Many of the dry goods and jewelry stores are magnificent. Everything is cheap. You can live as well in New York on the same money as in any small town, but you must spend thousands if you get in "high society." Most of the letter class dress well, and a great many wear diamonds. With all the wealth and splendor there is an immense amount of wretchedness. The people looked healthy. There dandies and dandines, but most of the men and women are well developed.  
I saw the stock Exchange and the wild men who make and lose fortunes every day. Wall street is a narrow, unpretentious street, but full of wickedness. From the number of pretty typewriter girls it is evident that the dandies there have an eye for beauty as well as for rascality.  
It would require a large book to give a description of the great city. Next week I will have something about Niagara Fall and Canada.

WARREN'S LETTER.  
Home From a Visit to the Land of Corn Licker—More Political Troubles.  
Correspondence of the Watchman.  
SANDERSVILLE, N. C.  
I have just been up to Davie county on a visit to my brother. We had it hot and heavy. I tell you, and I am glad to be at home once more, even if the roof does leak and the old woman holds the deal to our land.  
I went to the Masonic picnic at Mocksville. I contributed my unit to the orphans and rode on the merry-ground and seen myself in the red faces of Davie county democrats, republicans, people's party men and prohibitionists who all drink the county corn licker like every day was the last. But notwithstanding all this the people of Davie are good people. They just think the woods are full of snakes and go loaded to the muzzle for them all the time.  
I am glad to get home. I could not resist the temptation to stay with the good people up there and eat fried chicken longer than I intended, for as much as I longed to be at my own fireside, I feared that the old woman and the children wouldn't have the hay all in. But they had it all right, and now I am under my own vine and fig tree. I mean my wife's vine and fig tree. She owns our home, so I can't take homestead in this life.  
The boys wanted to go to a negro camp-meeting Sunday. It made my democratic blood boil when they asked me if they might go. I told them no, a thousand times no, and read the riot act and the force bill to them. I finally compromised by telling them they could pitch horse shoes or go fishing, but to a negro camp-meeting never. When dealing with boys, women or mules it is best to do that. Always choose the lesser of two evils.  
"Richard Razor," who ought to be the sharpest man on the WATCHMAN staff, calls on me to answer some pretty tough questions in the last issue. I can't answer many of them, for it is plain enough for folks to answer themselves. I will fasten up my suspenders and try one however. He wants to know why the State democratic candidates don't advocate the platform they were nominated on. Well, they don't want to. That is a good enough reason. Another good one is that the platform they were nominated on was made for national matters altogether. They don't feel big enough to discuss national issues. They are going to leave that to members of the legislature next winter, also to candidates for township constable and to debating societies. The State platform is a trap to catch voters, but they didn't know how to bait it. With such a trap and such bait you can only hope to catch cranks and persons in the last stages of consumption.  
The platform has a little good sense in it, but it was pulled before it was ripe. If the statesmen who met at Chicago on the 21st of June had stayed sober long enough to have adopted the State platform and nominated a statesman to run on it, there would now be some hope for the country. But they didn't and now the devil is to pay. My brother up in Davie said the other day that he believed the country was going to hades (that is what they call it up there when they are sober). I told him he was away off. It is the politicians who are going there. The country is all right. As soon as the devil gets his agents collected there the country will blossom as a rose. He said he guessed so.  
Faithfully,  
JAKE WARREN.

"Is your yvime ter let dat mewel do t's he please?" asked Uncle Ephraim's wife. "What's your will power?"  
"My will power's all right," he answered. "You jes' want ter come out hyur an' measure dis here mewel's won't power."  
"He isn't a very pretty dog," said Freddie, "but he follows me every where, you know."  
"Indeed!" returned Freddie's broker. "What do you suppose makes him do it—affection or curiosity?"

Guaranteed Cure.  
We authorize our advertised druggist 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 could 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 Klutz & Co.'s drug store. Large size 50c, and \$1.00.  
The Raleigh Chronicle makes a new departure by having its city papers delivered by girls instead of boys. Girls were advertised for and at least forty responded.  
Bucklen's Arnica Salve.  
The best in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and 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 Klutz & Co.

SAVANNAH, Ga., May 19th, 1892.  
MESSRS. LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga.  
GENTLEMEN:—I was a sufferer of dyspepsia and general debility I beg to submit my testimonial of the efficacy of your P. P. P. (Urinary Ash, Pike Root and Potassum) as a positive cure for all these distressing complaints.  
My system was also full of malaria, my condition a growing very serious, I had no appetite, was losing strength and was completely broken down in health, but now my health is fully restored, and I can eat like a field hand without the slightest fear of any serious results. I really feel like a new man.  
I take great pleasure in telling the world that P. P. P. did the grand work of restoring me to my accustomed health.  
Yours truly,  
W. S. GIBNEY.

SAVANNAH, Ga., May 24th, 1892.  
MESSRS. LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga.  
GENTLEMEN:—I was a little reluctant about taking hold of P. P. P. when your Mr. Parsons was here about a year ago, from the fact that was the leader in his remedies, but your judicious advertising has removed the stigma, and I can sell the bottles of P. P. P. to one— I have just given Mr. Parsons another order for 15 doz., please give my prompt attention.  
BELL THE DRUGGIST.

The French newspapers tell of a very interesting match that came off in France. Two women in good society challenged each other to talk fast. Each was to utter as many words as possible in a fixed time. Each woman talked three consecutive hours. One uttered 303,500 words. The other won the match with 295,000 words.  
Julia E. Johnson, Stafford's P. O., S. C., writes: I had suffered 15 years with nervous and rheumatic troubles to my bed. The healing was terrible. My son-in-law got me one-half dozen bottles of Botanic Blood Balm, and entirely cured me and I can now go to school for the benefit of others suffering in like manner.  
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.