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THE WATCHMAN
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VOL. XXIII. THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1892.

NO. 49.

CASTORIA

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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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"MOTHERS' FRIEND" is a scientifically prepared liniment, every ingredient of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. These ingredients are combined in a manner hitherto unknown.

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WILL DO all that is claimed for RAND MORE. It Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to Life of Mother and Child. Book containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Send for express receipt of price \$1.50 per bottle. GRAFFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

W. L. DOUGLAS

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W. L. DOUGLAS, Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

Washington Life Ins. Co.

OF NEW YORK.

CONDENSED STATEMENT.

JANUARY 1st, 1892.

Assets invested as follows:	\$11,450,628.78
Real Estate, first liens	\$9,541,192.98
Real Estate, second liens	271,832.50
Real Estate, third liens	111,999.00
Real Estate, fourth liens	19,999.00
Real Estate, fifth liens	278,729.34
Real Estate, sixth liens	2,500.00
Real Estate, seventh liens	201,818.25
Real Estate, eighth liens	244,708.00
Real Estate, ninth liens	410,967.77
Real Estate, tenth liens	81,450,628.78

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Home Company, seeking Home Patronage.
1000 shares of \$100 each at lowest
convenient rates. Issues adjusted
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THE SUMMER GIRL.

The Summer Girl is coming home. All browned, and plump and rosy. Treated to make the winter seem extremely nice and cozy.

She's bathed, and danced, and walked, and sailed, and read a book, and flirted. Till the young men she has left The whole world seems deserted.

The flush of health is on her cheeks, Wish fan her eyes are dancing; The flush of conquest in her heart Makes life seem most entrancing.

Ah, soon shall be the Winter Girl, And we shall love her before; For she was made to be adored, And, therefore, we adore her.

—Somerville Journal.

The Owl Laughed.

Over twenty years ago, traveling on foot through the rough section in the eastern part of Missouri, I found myself toward sunset in a solid German settlement. They almost without exception kept cross dogs—usually bulldogs of savage ferocity, often dangerous for their owners if approached after being loosed from their chains at nightfall. For this reason it was hazardous to travel after sunset, so I began an hour before sundown to find a lodging place for the night, but the Germans either could not or would not understand me.

The shades of night were gathering when I saw with pleasure the light of a camp-fire shining on two white covered emigrant wagons in the woods down below the road I was traveling. They proved to be Americans, and when I told them how I was situated they gave me a friendly welcome, and we passed a pleasant evening by that camp-fire.

After we retired to rest, and perfect quiet reigned in the camp, there arose on the still night air the most hideous, diabolical laughter that ever ever greeted the ears of mortal man. The boy lying beside me made a fair imitation of the sound. "What is it?" I asked. "That," said the father, "is a laughing owl; the boy is mocking it in his sleep."

Some time after, still pre-occupied in Missouri, I reached after dark a ferry house and which was also a tavern, on the Osage river, in a thinly populated district. The house was filled with madcaps and negroes of all shades, from that of a new saddle to a p. black. The ferryman was preparing for spring work on his farm, so there was no room for me. Two negroes rowed me across the river and going up the bank I soon found by a straight a road which I followed but a short distance when my way was barred by a fence. As I hoped to strike the road again at another point, I turned off into an apparently new road in the woods, but soon in the darkness lost my landmark, the fence, and my way, too.

To stay in the woods on a very cold April night was not desirable, so I listened earnestly for some sound of a human habitation, as the crowing of a cock or barking of a dog, that would lead me to a house. Standing there in that impressive silence of the woods at night there came at length a welcome sound, a low laugh as from a distance, from some negro hut, perhaps, but better to sit up at night, even in a negro shanty, than to stumble around in the darkness in the strange depths of the Osage woods. I started in the direction, traveled some distance and listened again for a repetition of the sound, when suddenly, right overhead, arose that unearthly, blood-curdling, fiendish laughter.

I have stood face to face with a furious maniac and looked on his glaring, bloodshot eyes, lips flecked with foam, face of a calaverous hue and heard his forced, soulless laughter until it seemed as if more in contact with some hideous demon than a man; yet to me that night that horrid laughter of the laughing owl was a greater strain on the nerves than the demonic laughter of the maniac.

However, the laughing owl had done me a good turn in bringing me back to the road again, for his voice was the low laughter in the distance I first heard, I climbed over the fence, followed the road about a mile roused up the inmates of a farm house and was comfortably lodged.

I have examined works on natural history, but cannot find any description or picture of the laughing owl. As I never saw him he exists in memory and my imagination only as some imp of darkness.

James Spins a Yarn.

Postoffice Inspector-in-Chief Christopher C. James is a busy man, but somehow or other he now and then squeezes in a good story at a leisure moment that makes his duties lighter and makes you feel glad you saw him.

A day or two ago I met Inspector James in the corridor of the postoffice just as he was on his way to the Astor House to take luncheon.

"Say," said the inspector, "I want to tell you something." Then his eyes twinkled, and I knew a good story was coming.

"I want to tell you about an experience I had up in the country a few days ago. I was busy in a postoffice case at B—, and there were a number of applicants for a position. I was behind a partition in which there was only one window, and the window on this day served for two purposes. One purpose was the regular transmission of postoffice business and the other was to receive applicants for the position. Well, there was quite a rush for letters and postal orders, and so, too, was there for the job. In order to facilitate matters I had two lines formed, one of them on the right, the other on the left.

"Everything ran along smoothly. The letters were given out on the one hand, and as favorable men appeared for the position they were told on the other hand to pass into a little room.

"Finally a young and splendid looking Irishman came along, poked his head up to the window, and I said, seeing which line he was in and being impressed with his looks, 'Go in that door over there,' pointing in the direction. He did so.

"Well, in about an hour I went into the room and examined one applicant after another physically and mentally until at last the young Irishman came up for examination.

"The physician I had with me made a partial examination, and was so favorably impressed that he requested the Irishman to step in another room and strip.

"He obeyed promptly, so far as stepping into the other room was concerned, but in about five minutes he returned with his coat and vest on one arm, his hat on the back of his head and his collar and necktie and one shoe in one hand.

"That's his eye to tell me—strip?" "That's what I said," I remarked.

"Well, I'll be damned if I go through such a business as this for the looks of a fellow. Do you think that I'd pride myself for the privilege of having my body money order cashed? Goive me the money and I'll snike."

"Then I saw I had made a mistake," said Inspector James. "The fellow and got in the wrong line. You can see I saw that he got his money, but after apologizing to him, and as he was going out, he remarked with broad grin, 'I thought, begorra, that ye wanted some marks to identify me with.'"

—New York Herald.

How Chinese Pull Teeth.

"We have a powder which rids us of our bad teeth in China," said Lee Mow Lin. "The doctor comes, and this is what he does: He gets a little powder on his finger and then rubs it on your tooth. 'Then he does this.' By way of illustration Mow Lin slapped his right shoulder with his left hand. Then he opened his mouth and said as near as the sound can be produced—ch-ch. "Then out comes the tooth. There is very little blood."

"Do you deal in the powder?"

Mow Lin shook his head and smiled a Chinese smile. "We do not bring it here," he said in his rather imperfect English.

"No use in bringing it here. The voyage over the ocean destroys the good of powder?"

"Yes, sometimes. Now, here is a little front tooth. Well, the powder is all that is necessary for that. But suppose it be a tooth here." Lee Mow Lin placed his finger at the farther corner of the lower left jaw. "You see," he went on, "some teeth are like four legged tables, and others are like two legged ones. When it is a four legged one the doctor puts a piece of plaster on the temple, applies the powder, hits the man on the shoulder, and out comes the tooth. There is very little blood. It is much easier than drawing teeth in this country, and the price is only about five cents or a dime."

—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The American's Toast.

Benjamin Franklin was dining with a small party of gentlemen when one of them said: "Here are three nationalities represented. I am French, my friend here is English and Mr. Franklin is American. Let each propose a toast."

The Englishman rose and in the tone of a Briton bold said, "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to the nations of the earth."

The Frenchman was rather taken aback at this, but he proposed, "Here's to France, the moon whose magic rays move the tides of the world."

Franklin then rose and with the air of quaint modesty said, "Here's to George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and the moon to stand still—and they stood still."

"I was present at the autopsy of a noted old 'rounder' a few weeks ago," said a friend of mine the other day, "and I was started and shocked at what I saw. The dead man was about 60 years old had been the town drunkard for 40 years. The doctors had surmised that when they cut his head open a pronounced smell of alcohol would issue from the skull. I thought it only one of those grim sort of jokes that E-culaplans indulge in sometimes when they are carving a fellow-man to mince meat in the interest of science.

"But I soon learned that it was no joke, for when the surgeon's saw had cut off the top of the man's skull the odor of the alcohol that filled the room was strong enough to almost sicken one. Then one of the surgeons struck a match and held it close to the brain. Immediately a blue flame enveloped the entire portion of the cerebral organ exposed, and the quivering flesh sizzled as if on a gridiron. That experiment and disclosure set me to very seriously thinking about the error of my way.

I am not a temperance lecturer nor a prohibition politician, but I must most respectfully and firmly decline your invitation to have something. I don't want my brain to float around in a sea of alcohol, as did that of the poor old town drunkard. There is no telling how many other men's brains will reveal the same condition if an autopsy is held upon them."

—Baltimore Herald.

Gainsville Excited.

GAINSVILLE, Ga., September 29.—Gainsville is all excitement today by reason of the discovery of a diamond mine within her borders. Prof. E. S. Whitley, assistant state geologist, discovered, a few days ago, upon the farm of Mr. J. W. Marchbanks, about three miles from Gainsville, a vein of itaculinite vermiculite dunite a id steatite containing crystals of garnet and magnetite which is almost a sure sign of diamond.

Prof. Whitley went to work at once to see if he could discover any trace of the real diamond, and after working for three days was rewarded yesterday afternoon by finding among a panful of garnets and crystals, a prismatic diamond of the first water, weighing about a karat. Prof. Whitley and Mr. Marchbanks, the owner of the property, came into town with the gem at once, and last night it was thoroughly tested and proved to be genuine.

They are now at work to discover a genuine diamond vein. Prof. Whitley has been up in northeast Georgia for some weeks and has already developed several good mineral properties, and thus encouraged mining in several localities heretofore unknown.

A Household Remedy FOR ALL BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES.

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Botanic Blood Balm

It Cures SCROFULA, ULCERS, SALT RHEUM, ECZEMA, every form of malignant SKIN ERIUPTION, besides being efficacious in toning up the system and restoring the constitution, when impaired by any cause. Its almost supernatural healing properties justify us in guaranteeing a cure, if directions are followed.

SENT FREE "Book of Remedies." BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Burdette on Time.

Six working days a week; that's all you can get, unless you steal from Sunday, and if your business requires you to steal either time or money, you'd better give it up and get something with more honesty and less profit in it. What you can't finish the week postpone until next, or forever; and what sticks out over the end of the year saw off and put in the stove, writes Robert J. Burdette in his department, "From a New Inkstand," in the Ladies Home Journal. Four seasons have passed and that's all there is. You must take a fresh start every year. It isn't an easy matter to learn how to do this, but you've got to learn it sometime, either before you die or when you die; why not learn early and get the good and the comfort of it? Every day of my life the evening is apt to find something on my programme that I haven't got to. I say, "May be I won't do that to-morrow," and as a rule I don't. I go to sleep and forget about it. Every year closes with uncompleted work on my hands, and that year ends that work. I'm not going to drag it along with me into a new year. I used to do that, so that about the half the time I was working six weeks ago instead of to-day, and worrying, and wear some business it was. When you die there will be unfinished work and raveled out plans on your hands. Then what are you going to do? Take it to Heaven with you and bother and drag along with it there? Not much you won't. Well, then why not learn to drop some of it here? It is a less n not so easily learned, but, once learned, it is more refreshing than a glass of milk to the lips of a man with the grip.

Signs of a Mild Winter.

There are already meteorological signs of a mild winter hereabouts. Snipe, the tellers in the congress of weather birds, have been seen to fly South. Swallows stayed North three weeks after their regular time to leave, and that is regarded as another sign of an open winter. Robins are still lingering north of the Potomac, and would have flown South 10 days ago, the weather sharps declare, if they hadn't felt in suit-ones as they are possessed of that we are going to have a late fall and a warm winter. A woodcock shot in Pennsylvania last week had only a few feathers on it, and that's another sure sign of mild weather. So much for the birds.

A cow trapped in a cornfield the other night was as poor as a crow, and that is held to mean that the weather will be so mild that he will be able to be out every day, instead of having to hibernate, as was the case last winter. At this time last year the coons were as fat as pigs, and they lived on the fat while they were cooped up in the hollow trees on account of the biting weather. This winter the coons won't have to lie dormant, and bears will roam over the scrub oak ridges from Christmas to Easter. The fur of woodchuck is much thinner than usual, and that is a sure indication of an open winter.

Moreover, rattlesnakes are crawling in the huckleberry patches as lively as they were in midsummer, and that is another sign of midwinter mildness. Blacksnakes are as numerous as they were two months ago. Last year they took promptly to their dens on the 1st of September. The testimony of the animals and the reptiles appears to be complementary to that of the birds.

—New York Sun.

Suicide of Col. Canady.

Col. W. P. Canady, formerly of Wilmington, N. C., ex-sergeant-at-arms of the United States Senate and ex-member of the national Republican committee from North Carolina, committed suicide by blowing out his brains at his residence in Washington Tuesday morning. He was in the brokerage business with J. Q. A. Houghton, and on the morning in question sent Houghton a message that he had been robbed by burglars. Houghton had \$17,000 in the business, \$2,000 of which he had placed in the safe the night before. Houghton did not believe Canady's story and threatened to have him arrested. A gentleman who had apartments in the same house with Canady was awakened on the morning in question and found Canady tied, a gag in his mouth and a window smashed. He claimed that this had been done by burglars. Houghton, believing it was all a put-up job, swore out a warrant for him and when the police went to arrest him they found him stretched on a cot in the corner of the room with a bullet hole in his head. A note was found written by Col. Canady to his partner, saying: "After your conduct this morning, I have no further use for life."

Col. Canady leaves a widow and one son, who reside at Wilmington. He was a native of North Carolina, served in the Confederate army, and was at one time mayor of Wilmington.

A Man-Eating Shark Captured.

A shark of the man-eating species, seven feet in length, with wicked, amber-colored eyes, and a ravenous set of saw teeth, was caught in the Banks Channel at the Hammocks on Wednesday. He had been seen several times recently and Mr. A. Roder, proprietor of the Island Beach hotel, ran out a hook and line for his capture. He was caught near the bath houses along the gangway and he was so heavy that it required four men to lift him onto the gangway. He had the traditional pilot with him, a long, fluke-like reptile that clung to him, and he was landed on the gangway. It then turned loose and scrambled back into the channel between the crabs in the gangway.

—Wilmington Star.

BUOYANCY OF BODY

Can never be reached when the bowels are clogged. Dr. Cassell's Food and Bile Beans, instead of bread, is a healthy, weight in the stomach after eating, and it is a guarantee of good health and happiness. They are worth a trial.

TUTT'S

Tiny Liver Pills

Will relieve all kinds of liver and stomach troubles. They are worth a trial.

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Norfolk, Va.,

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COTTON A SPECIALTY.

Don't sell before writing for particulars to
J. J. ROGERS, Mgr.
P. O. Box 212.

Glaring Frauds.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 29.—Fraud in the matter of the direct tax refunded to the State of Louisiana by the General Government is being proved by researches made by the State officials here. Gov. Foster has in his possession rolls containing a list of the direct tax refunded to citizens of the State by the Federal Government, and a comparison of these rolls with receipts given at the time of payment by collectors show glaring discrepancies. In nearly every instance there is a difference of two, three or four dollars between the face of the tax receipts held by the citizen and the sum entered on the rolls. It is believed from the cursory examinations made, that the people of the State were robbed of hundreds of thousands of dollars by this means during reconstruction days.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

This is a country of equal rights and democracy—or said to be—the "greatest good to the greatest number," you know. It has just been proven by congress giving away \$2,500,000 of the people's money to enable Chicago to make \$10,000,000 while many thousands of our people in Southwest Texas are living on mesquite berries, acorns and horned frogs. Let us pray.

—Brazeos Farmer.

Fifty thousand Virginians have left the old parties since the convention. Many had done so before. They are for reform.

A Deliberate Murder.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 29.—Governor Fleming has ordered the Ocala Rifles to assist the sheriff of Marion county in protecting York Ballard, the prisoner from lynchings. Yesterday Ballard lay in wait for Charles Shaffer and when he appeared, approaching his own house in a wagon, Ballard shot and instantly killed him. He then surrendered himself to the sheriff.

Two years ago Ballard and Shaffer's stepson were both in love with the same girl. She favored the latter, Ballard then began to send scurrilous, insulting and obscene letters to her through the mails, for which he was tried, convicted and sentenced to eighteen months in the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary. He was released about a week ago and returned directly to Ocala to carry out his threat, made at the time of his trial, to kill Shaffer as soon as he was a free man. Shaffer had been the principal witness against him.

The people are indignant at the murder and threat of lynching are made. The Ocala Rifles are now under arms and the people are queuing down.

The Neamest Man on Record.

There is a business man over at Gainsville who is meaner than the man who crossed his bees with lightning bugs so they would work at night. The Indiana man is a merchant and while driving from Rome City, Ind., he lost a wallet containing \$8,000. A lightning rod agent from Kalamazoo, Mich., chanced along and found the money. The Michigan man proceeded on his way, and it was three months before he heard of the owner, although he made diligent search for him. When the lightning rod agent was shown the money, he was so shocked that he refused to take it, but the man who lost it insisted that the agent take it, and he did so.

Cloud Bursts.

BRUNSWICK, Ga., Sept. 29.—A cloud-burst visited this place yesterday, damaging property to the amount of \$2,000. Rain fell for twenty-two days.

The Republicans Continued in Office.

SUPREME COURT, Sept. 28.—The Supreme court, by a divided court, has sustained the decision of the lower court, which continues in office the Republican State officials voted for in 1890 at the State election, and who titles were contested by the Democrats. The court divided on party lines, three Republicans affirming and two Democrats dissenting. The complainants were Phelon, Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, who was declared elected on the face of the returns by a majority of 544, and Sanger, Democratic candidate for Treasurer, whose return contained a majority of 200. The main questions at issue, as to the jurisdiction of the court and as to the action of the Legislature, were left untouched, and they also were in the former contest for the Governorship.

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