

THE WATCHMAN is 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.

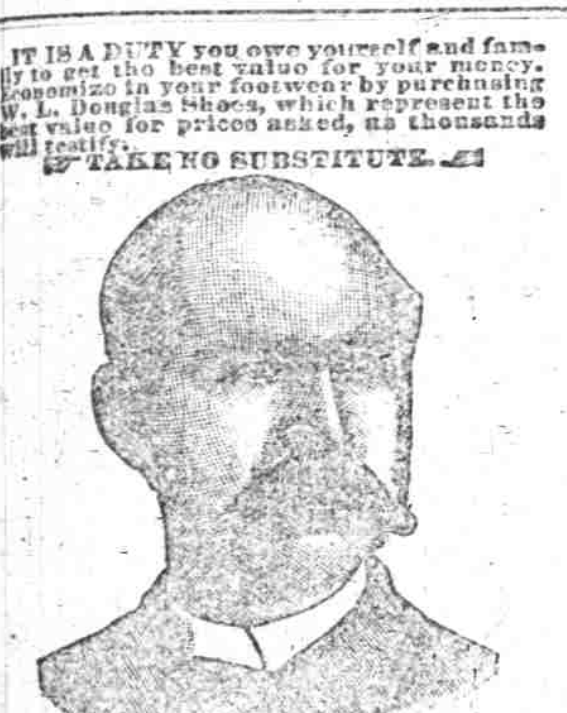
SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1892.

NO. 52.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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W. L. DOUGLAS
83 SHOES
THE GREAT
M. S. BROWN

CHILD BIRTH MADE EASY!

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

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

WILL DO all that is claimed for RAND MORE. It shortens labor, lessens pain, diminishes danger to life of Mother and Child. Back to "MOTHERS' FRIEND" FREE, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Save Paying Doctors' Bills

B. B. B. BOTANIC BLOOD BALM
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR ALL RHEUMATISM AND SKIN DISEASES.

Washington Life Ins. Co. OF NEW YORK.
CONDENSED STATEMENT. JANUARY 1st, 1892.

Norfolk Alliance Exchange

11 and 13 Commerce St., Norfolk, Va.
Owned and controlled by Alliance men for handling produce.
COTTON A SPECIALTY.
Don't sell before writing for particulars to J. J. ROGERS, Mgr. P. O. Box 212

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
C. B. WEBB & CO., PROPRIETOR.

ALLIANCE DIRECTORY.

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N. C. Reform Press Association.

Officers—J. L. Boney, president; Marion Butler, vice-president; W. S. Barnes, secretary.

PAPERS.

Progressive Farmer, State Organ, Raleigh, N. C.
Rural Home, Raleigh, N. C.
Rural Watchman, Salisbury, N. C.
Farmer's Advocate, Salisbury, N. C.
Mountain Home-Journal, Asheville, N. C.
Alliance Sentinel, Goldsboro, N. C.
Country Life, Trinity College, N. C.
The Farmer, Whitakers, N. C.

The Conference Platform.

The following is a correct copy of the platform adopted at St. Louis by the labor conference:

FINANCE.

1. We demand a national currency—safe, sound and flexible—issued by the general government only; a full legal tender for all debts, public and private; and without the use of banking corporations; a just and equitable means of circulation, at a tax not to exceed two per cent, as set forth in the sub-treasury plan of the Farmers' Alliance, or some better system; also, by payments in the discharge of its obligations for public improvements.
2. We demand free and unlimited coinage of silver.
3. We demand the amount of circulating medium to be speedily increased to not less than \$50 per capita.
4. We demand a graduated income tax.
5. We believe that the money of the treasury should be kept as much as possible in the hands of the people; and hence we demand all National and State revenues shall be limited to the necessary expenses of government, economically and honestly administered.
6. We demand that Postal Saving banks be established by the government for the safe deposit of earnings of the people and facilitate exchange.

LAND.

1. Your sub-committee upon the land plank, beg to submit to your approval the following: The land, including all natural resources of wealth, is the heritage of all people, and should not be monopolized for speculative purposes, and when ownership of land is held by railroads and other corporations in excess of their actual needs and all lands now owned by aliens should be reclaimed by the Government and held for actual settlers only.

TRANSPORTATION.

1. Transportation being a means of defence and public necessity, the Government should own and operate roads in the interest of the people.
2. The telegraph and telephone, like the postal system, being a necessity for the transmission of news, should be owned and operated by the government in the interest of the people.

While some parts of the above address may seem at a mere glance to make partisan political distinctions, yet upon careful study one will clearly see that it is non-partisan, and further, will be impressed with the truth of its promises, and the ability of the committee who framed it. It was adopted with only a few dissenting votes, and the platform was adopted unanimously, and received with great applause. The conference having completed its work as a representative body, and adjourned sine die.

According to *Druggist's* there were fifty-four strikes in August, with 41,147 workmen on strike against reduced wages. This is a hard fact for Communist Pick to back against.

A white man from near Wilson named D. W. Wallace, in attempting to jump-frog his last mill from the North it was passing Boundary street Monday night, sustained a painful and serious injury from which he will be laid up some time. — *Ge. des. Argus, The day.*

The Dairy.

Butter Adulteration continues in England. A dealer at Leeds was fined \$10 and costs for selling butter that contained 91 per cent of fat other than butter. His defence was that he was new to the trade.

Butter that has been packed and become strong cannot be made as good as when fresh. In fact, no butter is as good as after being packed a month or longer, as it loses the taste and aroma so characteristic of new butter. If it is not too rancid you might improve it by churning it in fresh buttermilk, then salting lightly. It however will be somewhat off in flavor. There is no harm in washing butter if pure clean water is used, and butter that is well washed is much better than that that is not washed, other things being equal.

If the cows give bitter milk this dry weather it proves they are not getting sufficient food and are making up the lack with bitter weeds or unwholesome swamp grasses. As a preventive change to better pasture or keep them in the yard or stable during the hot part of the day and feed clover, corn fodder or other good green growths, or grain.

Texas Blue grass is widely advertised through the south but whether it is a superior variety is still a question. It is a perennial and winter-growing species. It begins its growth in October and from November till May furnishes luxurious pasturage. A rich heavy soil is necessary for good growth. As a general rule it is propagated from the seed with difficulty, but many suckers which the plant sends out after it once has obtained a foothold cause the grass to spread very rapidly. The principal value of grass is for winter pasturage.

Co-operative creameries and cheese factories have had their merits well shown up by Eastern farmers, especially those of New England. It is a wonder that those of the central states do not take to the idea faster, for there is money in it. Dairy butter never sells for more than 4 to 6 cents than creamery. Creamery turns out a uniform product and the daily changes make the butter of this fact alone a ways has the preference. The steps necessary to form such creamery companies are simple, but the expense is not as much as is ordinarily thought. At my rate doesn't cost anything to learn the particulars.

Butter will rate high from now on. The season has been a good one for butter and prices have held their ground and steadily advanced, as was predicted in *Farm and Home* several months ago. In addition to a large consumption there have been smaller receipts from Western producing centers, which, together with the prevalence of ill-fitted and old storage, has now falling off and good prices for butter will continue to rule from now on till next season. The English market is also suffering from a short supply together with a very small hay crop, which will enhance the price of feed, and consequently of butter. The government of Victoria, Australia has decided to discontinue its subsidy of 6p per lb on all butter shipped to England that sells there above 2s, and this is likely to diminish the London supplies from that source. Farmers need not fear lower prices for butter some months to come.

Dairying for profit or the poor man's cow is the title of a new book (price 50c postpaid) by the publishers, the Orange-Judd Co., 52 Broadway place, New York City. The author, Mrs. E. M. Jones, is the famous Canadian dairymaid, who began eighteen years ago with two cows and a small village field, selling a few pounds of butter to the neighbors, who appreciated its excellence, and so advertised merits that seven thousand pounds are now annually sold from the little town form on the shores of the St. Lawrence river, near the thousand islands. Every difficulty which will meet the beginner is explained, and the way out is clearly shown. Every essential detail practiced by the professional dairymaid is described and also adapted to small herds, and even to keep and feed her to the best advantage, and the most profitable ways of caring for and marketing her product.

Active Volcano in Indian Territory.

An active volcano is one of the curiosities of the wonderful Indian Territory. About forty-five miles west of Chickasha, in a d-lashed spur of the Wichita Mountains, there has existed for eighteen years a fully developed volcano—on a small scale it is true, but sufficiently awe-inspiring, as these phenomena always are, to have frightened away its discoverers. Eighteen years ago Chief Quarah and his people pitched their camps on the west fork of Cash Creek, hard by one of these spurs of the Wichita range.

After sentinels had been placed on duty they betook themselves to slumber. In the night the whole band was aroused by the screams and yells of the terrified sentinels, and the surrounding country was lit up by a bright glare emanating from the mountain-side. They fled without even gathering up their camp-equipment. Many months after this event Quarah gathered his tribe together and went back to investigate. As they approached the spot it required all their courage to induce them to proceed near enough to discover the cause of their fright. They found smoke issuing from the side of the mountain. They imagined it to be the abode of the evil spirit, and approached it cautiously at first, but becoming emboldened as they proceeded, at length found themselves near enough to toss a rock into it. From this they set to work carrying stones as long as they could lift and threw them into its mouth, with the purpose of filling it up. After some time they found no headway was gained by such proceeding, and they abandoned the attempt. The vent is oval shaped and is three feet long and twenty inches wide. Smoke issues from it continually, and at long and irregular intervals it sends forth a bit-colored blaze, as if from a burning mine. There are known to be extensive coal-beds in that country, but even if it could have taken fire from some internal agency it does not seem possible for it to have smoldered for so long a period. It is therefore decided to be a miniature volcano. — *Caldwell News.*

A Well Deserved Rebuke.

One day a smart young fellow with shiny shoes, a new hat, and checkered trousers boarded a street car in a Western city and stopped to the front platform. He pulled out a twist of paper and lit it, and began to puff a concentrated essence of vice into the faces of those who were obliged to ride upon the platform if they rode at all. One—a plain old farmer—couldn't stand it, and stepped off to wait for the next car. When he reached the station the young man was there before him, and it happened that the two met at the restaurant.

"Got any sandwiches?" called the young man to the waiter.

"Where's your name?" And he tossed out a nickel, and then proceeded to pick up and pull apart everyone of the half dozen sandwiches on the plate before he found one to suit him. The farmer, who had been waiting for his turn, drew back in disgust. Finally, he found something which the fingers of another had not touched, and presently followed the loud young man to the car. He found every seat occupied, including the last one on which were piled the young man's grip sack and overcoat. "Is this seat taken?" he ventured to inquire.

"It's engaged," was the curt answer, with a look meant to splash the old farmer, who went into the smoking car. That afternoon the same young man walked in to the office of the governor of the State, armed with recommendations and endorsements, an application for a position under the State government. He was confronted by the same plain old farmer, who recognized his traveling companion of the morning without any trouble. "Going over his papers the governor said:

"Well—yes you want me to appoint you to—well—well. If I should, I guess I might as well write my own resignation at the same time.

"Why—why so?" so stammered the young fellow.

"Because I saw you pay for a street car ride this morning, and you took the platform of the car. You bought a sandwich, and spoiled the plateful. You paid for a seat in the train, and took mine too; and if I should give you this place, how do I know that you would not take the whole administration?" — *Onward.*

LEMON ELIXIR

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

For Bilelessness, Constipation and Melancholy, take Lemon Elixir.
For Indigestion, Sick and Nervous Headache, take Lemon Elixir.
For Sleeplessness, Nervousness and Heartfulness, 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, bilelessness, 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 Fatmull St. Atlanta, Ga.

SCRATCHED TEN MONTHS.

A troublesome skin disease caused me to scratch for ten months, and has been cured by a few days' use of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC.

M. H. WOLFE, Upper Marlboro, Md.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

I was cured several years ago of white swelling in my leg by using SWIFT'S SPECIFIC and have had no symptoms of it since. Many prominent physicians attended me and all failed, but S. S. S. did the work.

PAUL W. KERRPATRICK, Johnson City, Tenn.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

WARNER'S CROP BULLETIN.

The County Candidates Making Life Worth Living—You Should Vote This Year—Other Dots.

Correspondence of the Watchman.

SANDERSVILLE, N. C.

Since my last bulletin was issued there has been no startling developments. The weather continues dry and the county candidates are abroad in the land.

I hear that a man must be up to snuff before he can vote this year. My private opinion is that if the people don't vote this year they may not get another opportunity. The autocrats, muskrats, or whatever you call them, are fixing up the business so nothing but college graduates with their diplomas in hand, and cigarette tubes can vote. I have been voting more or less for nearly thirty years, but I came near getting left this time. Recently it got out that only those that are legally registered by having their full names on the book, could vote this year in the "grand old North State," the "land of the free" and the home of the office seeker. I knew that my name was on the book "J. Warner," so I got my gun last Saturday and went to hunt the registrar. I found him and talked the matter over. He told me to go home and sleep a week, that my name was on all right. I told him to write it "Jake Warner" or prepare to go where he once said the negroes ought to be. He argued that it was all right, that a prominent man like myself would get through at the polls. I told him that he had five minutes yet to live. At the end of that time, if "Jake Warner" wasn't down on that book, in a nice hand, all the letters shaded according to the latest fad in penmanship, then my gun would go off and the township would be without a registrar. He looked into my eye and seen that I intended to be duly registered or shoot his jaw off. He did the work, and then begged me to say nothing about his refusal. I will not give his name, but if I hear of his refusing to register anybody else, I will see that he is brought before the court before the year 1893. See that your name is on according to the law, no matter whether the law is a good or bad one.

One of our young men went up the river last Sunday evening to see a girl. Just as he entered the yard the girl turned her prospects by scolding a dog and breaking a cat's back with the fire shovel. The young lady put on her Sunday face as quick as possible, but it was a failure. The young man will be taken as a warning by young ladies contemplating matrimony. Never send dogs or cripple cats on Sunday, for your sweetheart may be lurking near or swinging on the gate thinking about your anglic face.

One of my neighbors has invented a three-hing machine. It is not for tinsmithing wheat. It thrashes children I hope it will be put to general use. Between mean children and mad dog scares, I can hardly live. I think children ought to be whipped regularly just as you do other things. In doing so you separate the wheat from the chaff. Children are mostly chaff at first, but if you thresh them early and often, all will be well.

Parotically,
JAKE WARNER

Sally Was Consoled.

After I had bunked down on the floor of the squatters' cabin and had been given about a quarter of an hour to go to sleep, I heard the woman ask her husband across the fireplace:

"Jim, when he nits up in the mornin' will him ask for soap."

"Of co'se not," replied the man.

"Far towels?"

"No."

"Woff he nits ask for whittin'?"

"No."

"Nor a comb for him's hair?"

"No."

"Reckon he nits will look for coffee and faters?"

"Of co'se not."

"Nor fur soap or butter?"

"No."

"Reckon he nits will eat pome and bacon and say eatin'?"

"Sartin'."

"Jim, I wish we had towels and soap and brush and comb for heun, she continued after a bit.

"Sally, you purty nigh bime, I reck on!" he exclaimed in reply. "Can't you see he's a gentlem'n, and don't you own sense figgers it out that no gentlem'n ever uss sich truck when he kin posidly dodge it?" — *M. Quad.*

A Legend About Cholera.

One day the Angel of Death visited a country in Asia. The King of the country asked him what plague he brought under his sable wings.

"The cholera," answered the messenger.

"And how many victims will the plague claim?"

"Six thousand."

"Cholera raged through the Kings domain. Twenty-five thousand people died."

Some time after the King saw the Angel of Death again.

"You did not keep your word," he said; "you promised me the cholera would take but 6000 of my subjects. I have lost 25,000."

"I did keep my word," answered the sombre envoy. "Cholera killed but 6000 in your kingdom."

"And the other 19,000 of what did they die?"

"Of fear."

Rescued by an Orang-outang.

The following story of a monkey's heroism is told by an Indian paper.

"A large orang-outang was very much attached to his master and to the baby boy, who was the pet of the whole family. One day a fire suddenly broke out in the house, and everybody was running here and there to put it out, while the little boy in the nursery was almost forgotten, and when they thought of him the stair-case was all in flames. What could be done? As they were looking up and wondering, a large heavy hand and arm opened the window, and presently the monkey appeared with the baby in his arms, and carefully climbed down over the porch and brought the child safely to his nurse. Nobody else could have done it, for a man cannot climb like a monkey and is not nearly so strong. You may imagine how the faithful creature was praised and petted after that. This is a true story, and the child who was saved was the young Marquis of Kildare."

Falseness Exposed.

An article recently appeared in the *National Economist* signed by R. F. McCullough, of Jackson, Miss., stating the Stephen A. Douglas was making his canvass through the South in 1860, was assassinated in Selma, Ala., with eggs being speared on the eggs-striking Mrs. Douglas. Great indignation pervaded Selma and other Alabama cities over the publication, and the Mayor of the city publishes the following:

"The article of one R. T. McCullough, of Jackson, Miss., published recently in the *National Economist* in regard to the treatment of Stephen A. Douglas in 1860, while in Selma, Ala., is so baseless as to demand some defence of the character of Selma, although the language of the author stamps him as a liar and a defamer. I am sorry to hear of her citizens. Mr. Douglas was received in Selma in 1860 with an ovation rarely given to men of any political party or literary attainments, while his beautiful wife was taken in charge by the ladies of Selma and treated with queenly courtesy. To honor Mr. Douglas people came on excursion trains from the surrounding country. Major A. N. Folkes, now a resident of Birmingham in a box car thirty or forty miles for that privilege. Edmund W. Pettus, Messrs. T. A. Hall, A. J. Davidson, John K. Goodwin, Jas. H. Haley, R. H. Baker, W. P. Welsh, John Fellows, John A. Schaf, and many others now living in Selma will testify to the grand reception given Douglas. They will also testify that Douglas spoke from an improvised stand, and not from the steamboat. No such sight has been seen in Selma. The utterance of incoherencies like 'eggs speared on the eggs-striking' is a vile insult to the memory of a man who will live in the hearts of the people he serves."

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