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VOL. XXIV- THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1892.

NO. 4.

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 Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, 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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Sunday in Slavery Days.

In the South before the war Sunday was looked forward to with anticipations of unaffected happiness by the negroes of the plantations. With it came not alone the restful idleness of the day, but the additional pleasure afforded by opportunities to attend divine worship, writes Edward Oldham.

The negro as a race, is a social being. The absence of extraordinary brain power denies him the privilege of thoughtful meditation or the solace of reflection. His intuitive impulse is to loosen the cords that bind him to himself and to seek congenial companionship.

This innate characteristic of sociability was intensified in the plantation darkey whose master's family was usually the centre around which a highly social microcosm existed. Sunday was the day above all the rest when he could give full play to this tendency and he was never happier than when in the midst of a group, hearing himself and others talk. "Gwine ter church," therefore, always meant for him more of a social than religious enjoyment, though occasionally there were venerable exceptions to this rule. The darkeys from all the neighboring plantations were to be seen at "meetin'" and all the grotesque happenings of the week and bits of highly colored gossip were to be exchanged amid hearty guffaws, in which the most innocent good nature abounded.

The ante-bellum negro was always picturesque in his attitudes, adjuncts, and surroundings, and particularly so "other Sundays." The number of his locomotion to and from the "meetin' house" made a striking picture, with a touch of irresistible drollery about it. More than likely he proceeded afoot, and if the day be pleasant he carefully removes his "Sunday shoes" and the thick cotton socks, draws off his coat, throws it over his left arm, and dangles the shoes from his right hand. With his impediments thus adjusted he advances upon his way with a quick, shuffling gait, a light heart, a plantation hymn at the top of his tongue, or a cheery, rattling whistle upon his lips. If the roads be muddy, the distance usually great, or the darkey himself the object of the overseer's special favor, he is indutted with a horse astride of whose back he braces himself, his wife and a youngster or two. They jog along slowly, putting up with the tediousness of the arrangement with every evidence of good humor.

If the attendant upon divine worship be far advanced in years, his manner, with that respect for the aged so characteristic of the Southern gentleman of the old school, places at his and "de ole 'oman's" disposal an humble vehicle, which has out-stepped the greater part of its usefulness. To this he harnesses a plantation mule, whose solemn demeanor and highly deliberate movements are in keeping with the measured, easy-going characteristic of the darkey twain. They set out, the waddling wheels describing an endless series of curves, convex and concave. The venerable occupants are seated in split-bottom chairs and are attired in their "best biben-tucker," with their flaming apparel "settin' two ways fer Sunday"—to employ the vernacular—by which they mean to suggest the all-prevailing presence of starch, which plantation darkeys were accustomed to use unstintedly. Thus, with an entire absence of self-consciousness, the aged couple arrived at the church in due time.

If it be a shrine intended exclusively for dusky worshippers, the building will be of a large rectangular structure composed of logs, the apertures between being clinched with mud and clay, and the roof consisting of rows of rough oak clapboards, held in place by long saplings lying lengthwise with the building, and these in turn being secured by prongs of hickory. The most conspicuous adjunct of this humble house of worship is the chimney, which leans away from the structure with a hurt offended air. It looks as though it were about to topple down, and its heterogeneous materials constitute an impenetrable mystery, held by a framework of sticks and clay.

There was no scarcity of preaching in the ante bellum days. On every plantation there was a number of "exhortors," who were regarded with veneration by the negroes. In the services conducted by these black ministers the women participated as much as the men, and some of their "sermons" were extremely amusing; but all in all their worship was peculiarly impressive, if not weird.

Singing is one of nature's first, and best gifts to the negro, and no music is more resonant with melody than the voices of several hundred blacks singing "De Old Ship o' Zion," as with supple grace and forth and their own clapping, they keep time with the singing. An emotional race, the negro is intensely susceptible to the influence of music, and with melody comes the irresistible desire to move the feet, pat the knee, or make gesticulations with the hand.

In the milder seasons of the year the negro worshippers assembled beneath a spacious arbor formed by a framework of saplings resting in the forks of small growing trees, or of others cut down and stuck in the ground. Upon this crude scaffolding were deposited quantities of pine boughs, which protected the congregation from the sun and the showers, and dispersed an aromatic odor that was by no means disagreeable.

An object of most envious concern to the other darkeys on the plantation was the family coachman, or carriage driver, or that of their number that who was singled out to go with "young mistis" or any other member of the household to church. Aside from this being considered a recognition of superior merit and a mark of special confidence, it carried with it many privileges which were greatly enjoyed. It meant more comfortable transit to and from the church, more presentable apparel, and best of all, "good eatin'."

The sermon over, a general hand-shaking by the dispersing congregation was in order, and sometimes, when a sermon was to follow in the afternoon and the day was a pleasant one, the attendants divided themselves into a little group here and there. The baskets were opened and the lunches, prepared by the old-time Southern cooks; were heartily enjoyed. A general interchange of small talk and the news of the neighborhood made the time pass swiftly; then came the second sermon, after which "young mistis" is escorted back to the carriage by some gallant beau, who, seeing her and perhaps the "old folks" comfortably seated within bows himself away in a Chesterfieldian manner. The sable aristocrat with the right demeanor slams the door to with a bang, and with becoming dignity ascends to his perch. Then with calm deliberation he draws up the lap robe and carefully tucks it around him. A moment later the reins are in his hands, and then with a crack of the whip the coach rolls away and is soon lost to sight in a cloud of dust.—Kate Field's Washington.

Perhaps God saw that the best thing for him was to have his faith in Jesus sorely tried for a little while and then without waiting for him to grow up and meet things that might be even harder to resist, to take him into heaven at once. He has been there a good many years now, and in his light and gladness no doubt he rejoices that God gave him strength to stand for what was right, even though it cost him his life.

Our faith may not be tested so severely as was that of this little Norwegian boy, yet we must have the same rocky purpose to be true to God, no matter what it may cost.—E.E.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A SUMMING UP.—For the last four months the mayor of this town (who is ourself) and the editor and proprietor of the Kicker (who is also ourself) has been before the electors of this Senatorial district as a candidate for Senator. Now that we are elected it is perhaps well to do a little summing up.

First.—The office did not seek us; we laid our pipes and made a successful grab at it. The idea that the office should seek the man was all right in the year 1818 B. C., but it hasn't been worth bucks in this country since Christopher Columbus discovered it. That was all set for about ten years—we were waiting for some office to seek us, and we are mighty poor clothes and don't sit down to a square meal once a week.

Second.—Having sought and secured the nomination, we planted our wires for a pull in every direction. The fact that we are honest, respectable, and all that O. K. as men run, and that the opposition couldn't even get up a decent idea about us, was all right to a certain point. Beyond that we had to shed out cash, put a keg of whiskey here and there, and promise to take care of about fifty hee-lers who really ought to be doing time.

Third.—Up to date we have been shot at four times; we have been bombarded with cats, tried to steal our running mule; we have received three infernal machines and twenty-one threatening epistles. On the other hand, we have waded two of the opposition who have doubted our veracity when we were lying, and fired at three others who got away. We have aided to break up three meetings, licked two of the opposition speakers, and kept such a corner on the kerosene market that only our side could hold torch light parades.

Fourth.—We have used every effort to down the opposition and get their heads in the mud, and we know that we are solid. Had it been left to us at the outset we should have preferred a quiet campaign with no shooting. We should have elected to go before the people as a humble citizen possessed of a fair share of the cardinal virtues. We should have refused to buy up the old soakers or come down with a dollar for a corruption fund. The politicians wouldn't have it that way, however. We were in the hands of our friends, and they didn't want any new ideas introduced into the campaign.

We feel a bit sorry for the opposition candidate. While he was totally unfit for the office and should never have been nominated, he has put in time and money and will be left dead broke and completely discouraged by the result. We also feel sorry for the good men among the opposition. They have bid about us, shot at us, vilified us and whooped it up in various ways as a duty they owed the party. It was going it rather strong when they declared that our father was hanged for a murderer and our mother used to be a slave singer, but it was in the line of duty and only what might be expected in politics.

A Brave Little Norwegian.

Several years ago, a little Norwegian boy in Chicago, gave his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, and made up his mind to be true to the Savior, no matter what it would cost him to keep his word.

One afternoon some bad boys, larger than himself, caught him and told him that they knew where there were some

good apples that he could get for them, and he must do it. He told them that it would not be right. They said that was all nonsense; they were going to have the apples, and he would have to be the one to go after them. He said, "No, that would be stealing," and he would not do such a mean, wicked thing. Then they said they'd draw him in the river. He was very much frightened, but he said, "I would rather die than steal."

They took him to the river, and put him under the water, and then pulled him out. His face was very white, but he blew the water from his mouth and nose, and gasped out, "No, I will not steal. You may kill me, but I won't sin against the Lord."

They put him under again, and this time they kept him longer than they meant to do, and he was really drowned. When they took him out, and found that he did not breathe, it was their turn to be frightened. They dropped his little dead body, and ran away to hide from the police. They were murderers; and he was a martyr, as certainly as if he had been burned at the stake.

Perhaps God saw that the best thing for him was to have his faith in Jesus sorely tried for a little while and then without waiting for him to grow up and meet things that might be even harder to resist, to take him into heaven at once. He has been there a good many years now, and in his light and gladness no doubt he rejoices that God gave him strength to stand for what was right, even though it cost him his life.

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Don't Crowd, Gentlemen.

From the Indianapolis Sentinel we glean the following, something interesting about Ben Lusbie, who for fifteen years was one of the greatest features of Barnum's circus in the capacity of "lightening ticket seller." He had a wonderful parrot, which was presented to him by one of the canvassers of the show who was at one time a sailor on a steamer plying between Boston and Pernambuco. Lusbie used to have a way of quieting the scrambling mob of ticket purchasers around the wagon by saying "Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen." There's plenty of time. "Don't crowd each other." "One at a time, gentlemen," and such expressions as that. The parrot, which was perched upon the safe in the wagon, just back of Lusbie, got to learn these little speeches after a season's tour, and often would break out into a piercing shriek with one of them, much to Lusbie's amusement. The parrot, which was quite a little vagabond, broke loose from his fetters one day and flew over into a neighboring wood near the circus.

A searching party was made up, and they had not proceeded far before they heard a great racket, apparently made by squawking birds. Hastening to the scene they found poor Puff clinging as best she could to the limb of a dead tree surrounded by a screaming flock of crows. The parrot had only two or three tail feathers left, and the hostile crows were striking, pecking and plucking her right and left. Hanging on as best she could the parrot was shrilly screaming. "One at a time, gentlemen." "Don't crowd there!" "Take your time!" "There's plenty more left."

A Railroad Toboggan for Mules.

"One of the queerest railroads anywhere in the country," said Rev. D. S. Banks, of North Ontario, "is a novel line that runs from South Ontario to North Ontario, in San Bernardino County, California, where I live. The line is seven miles long. A span of stout mules draw the car up over the road. There is nothing singular about that, but it comes in on the return trip.

The seven miles are on a tilt all the way, although the track does not look like it. So when the car starts back the mules get on and take a ride, the car booming over the whole line by gravity. The mules enjoy it, too. They ride there in as self-satisfied a way as any other passengers, and the view seems equally as charming. North Ontario, you may know is situated at the mouth of San Antonio canyon, but there are a lot of magnificent mountains around there. One colony, for they can scarcely be called towns, is situated on the Santa Fe and the other on the Southern Pacific. It is the seven miles of street railway that connects the two.

"The way they get the mules aboard is this: There is a little truck under the car, and it is pulled, becoming an adjunct to the regular passenger department. The moment the truck is slid out the intelligent animals make a start for it and step up on it. It is extremely amusing the way they do it, and the way they enjoy this ride, and they are great favorites with the people."—San Francisco Examiner.

Wm. Price, Lutesville, Mo., writes: I was still in school when I read of the use of a saw and a log for a long time. I went to the sawmill and sawed off a log, and found it was a good deal longer than I had thought it would be. I had a good laugh at it.

Dared Not Return.

The old man who sat by the roadside coughed violently. He seemed to have one foot in the grave, yet he was a wanderer, ragged and forlorn. A little boy stared in wonder at the strange, decrepit figure.

"Why don't you go home?" the child demanded.

The old man shuddered. Burying his eyes in his hands he moaned miserably.

"Don't cry." The words of comfort from the tender lips wrung the grief stricken heart.

"His voice trembled with age and bodily weakness.

"I dare not go home." "Don't dare?" The youthful eyes grew big with astonishment.

"No; I do not dare." There was a world of sadness in his tones.

"Twenty-seven years ago, boy, I left my home bright and early. My wife kissed me fondly."

Tears sprang to his eyes and rolled unheeded down his cheeks.

"and told me to get some thread, sugar, toweling, matches, a washboard, saucers, needles and—"

As he faltered the look of agony in his face grew more intense.

"and one other thing that I forgot and never could recall. I have been an outcast ever since. I dare not go home."

Intently the boy watched the stooping figure until it hobbled laboriously from sight.

City Girls Water Their Horses.

W. W. Hall, a young farmer near Montpelier, enjoyed himself hugely a few days back in watching a couple of city girls attempt to water their horses at the trough at his place. The horses were checked up, and of course could not get their noses down to the water.

This seemed to surprise the young ladies at first, but finally realizing the trouble they both got out of the buggy, and going behind lifted up on the hind axle and after raising the hind wheels clear off the ground peeped around the sides of the vehicle to see the horses drink. Finding that the horses didn't seem to know enough to stick their heads down at the same time they raised the hind wheels one girl remained behind to hold the buggy up and the other went to the horses' heads and tried to pull their noses down to the water.

After laughing till he shook several boards off the side of the blacksmith shop from where he watched the girls lift on the buggy and pull on the horses, he left till they were red in the face and almost ready to cry. Will went to their assistance and unlocked the horses.

The young ladies gazed at first in bewilderment, and then with a kind of a don't-you-ever-tell look at each other calmly tucked the robe around them, leaned back in their seats, and, after waiting for their horses to drink, drove off, leaving Will to sit down on the corner of the trough and ruminate over the city gal and her way of doing things.—Modesto Herald.

The Pretty Figure in the Shop Window.

"Well, I'm gosh darned, M'randy!" "Do you just come along, Jessie, an you be an married high outer forty years."

The twain were from the inferior manifestly. He was of conventional rural dress, baggy pantaloons and coat sleeves too short, and a hat that half concealed his features. He wore huge glasses, and was peering through them with all his might at a revolving female dummy in a State street window. She wore a plain black frock short in the skirt and high in the neck, and a very plain bonnet of antique architecture. While he stared she tugged at his sleeves. "Well, I'm gosh darned!" he repeated giving no heed to the entreaties of his wife.

Cholera of Fowls.

This disease may be known by the yellowness of the head and a drawn-up appearance of the face. But the most certain indication is the green and yellow droppings of the fowl. It is a disease of the liver, and is due in almost every case to over-feeding, as in the case of those geese which were fed in close coops for the production of the enlarged livers, of which the popular pigs known as pate de fois gras, or Strasburg pigs, are made. Similar gorging with food has the same effect on fowls, but it goes beyond the mere enlargement of the liver, and ends in fatal inflammation. There is no remedy; prevention by moderate feeding is the only cure.—New York Times.

Packing Butter for Winter.

Butter to keep well must be well made, that is the buttermilk well worked out and a full ounce of pure salt worked into each pound of butter. If packed in tubs see that they are clean, first scalded with hot water and then washed with cold. Pack the butter as made and keep each layer covered with a cloth and salt until the next one is added. Fill the tub within one inch of the top, then sprinkle on a little salt, cover with a cloth, and tuck the edges all around next to the tub, then cover with a half inch of salt, put on cover and set away in a cool dry cellar. No vegetables or fruits should be stored in a cellar where butter is to be kept, because they are very likely to exhale odors that will be absorbed by the butter, even if the butter is kept in a close vessel.—New York Sun.

A Battle Royal.

A tremendous battle took place near Peru, Ind., where a circus has gone into winter quarters, the other day. The combatants were five elephants, Diamond, a four-ton brute, and Prince, who weighs three tons, have long been jealous of each other, and early in the morning, during the absence of the keeper, they broke loose and began fighting. The other three elephants as the groups became excited and took part in the fray. Prince had the best of it, and soon broke Diamond's tusk, and butted him through a brick wall, which fell upon the fight g brags, and the crowd of on-lookers soon soothly that their ears could be heard more than a mile. He kept on and got so trouble in getting the animals, and in place where the fight took place was a mass of wreckage.

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Washington Life Ins. Co.
OF NEW YORK.

CONDENSED STATEMENT.
JANUARY 1ST, 1892.

Assets	\$11,459,638 78
Reserve for policies, N. Y.	
Standard 4 per cent. and all liabilities	11,632,529 25
New Insurance, 1891	11,769,961 11
paid Policy-holders in 1891	50,586,022
paid Policy-holders since organization, 1891	1,447,000 45
Income, 1891	20,635,554 95
	2,854,455 74

Assets Invested as Follows:

Loans secured by mortgages on Real Estate, first liens	\$0,541,192 92
New York City bonds	271,832 50
Brooklyn water bonds	144,000
Richmond, (Va.) bonds	10,000
Loans to Policy-holders on Co's Policies	278,729 34
Collateral loans	7,500
Real Estate, cost value	501,818 25
Cash in bank and trust Co's	247,708
Interest accrued, premiums deferred and in transit, etc.	416,067 77
	\$11,459,638 78

For agencies and other particulars, address H. D. BLAKE, Special District Agent, Raleigh, N. C.

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