

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

VOL. XXIV-THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1892.

NO. 7

The Carolina Watchman.

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

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 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.

Castoria.

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

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

Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Eruption, Eczema, Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., 12th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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PAPERS.

Progressive Farmer, State Organ, Raleigh, N. C.; Clinton, N. C.; Wilson, N. C.; Salisbury, N. C.; Tarboro, N. C.; Asheville, N. C.; Goldsboro, N. C.; Trinity College, N. C.; Hickory, N. C.; Watkinson, N. C.

Each of the above-named papers are requested to keep the list standing on the first page and add others, provided they are duly elected. Any paper failing to advertise the Omaha platform will be dropped from the list promptly. Our people can now see that papers are published in their interest.

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 Savings banks be established by the government for the safe deposit of earnings of the people and facilitate exchange.

LAND.

2. Your sub-committee upon the land plank, beg to submit to you, provide 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 alien ownership of land should be prohibited. All lands now 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

3. Transportation being a means of defence and public necessity, the Government should own and operate roads in the interest of the people.
- a. 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.

Milk, when freshly drawn from the cow, is a very liquid liquid. It becomes slightly viscous after standing for a short time through the formation in it of a small amount of fibrin. The fat in milk is usually said to consist of a mixture of several fats most prominent among which are olein, stearin, palmitin, butyric, caprylic and rutin. But it is hard to determine to what extent these various fats are present in fresh milk; some of them cannot be detected when milk is freshly drawn.—American Druggist.

Stonewall Jackson's Horse.

Among the stores captured at Harper's Ferry, writes Mrs. Jackson in her "Life of Stonewall Jackson," not the least valuable was a train of cars on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, bound for Washington, and loaded with horses for the government. This was a lawful prize and was at once turned over to the Confederate army with the exception of two horses which General Jackson purchased. Thinking that hostilities would soon be over, he selected the smaller of the two, a pretty sorrel, as a present for his wife.

General Jackson had several other horses, but preferred the little sorrel to them all, finding his gait, as he expressed it, "as easy as the rocking of a cradle." He rode this horse in nearly every battle in which he was engaged. "Fa cy," as the word was named, "indeed, a fine horse," was perhaps that he always lay down when the command halted for a rest. His master made a pet of him, and often fed him with apples from his own hand.

After being lost for a time upon the fall of General Jackson at Chancellorsville, the horse was found by a Confederate soldier, and kindly sent to the Jackson family in North Carolina. He lived many years in Lincoln County on the farm of Doctor Morrison, father-in-law of the general.

One of young Morrisons used to say that Old Fa cy, as he was always called on the farm, "had more sense than any horse he ever saw."

He could make as good use of his mouth in lifting latches and letting down bars as a man could with his hands. One of his habits was to let himself out of his stable, and then go deliberately to the doors of all the other horses and mules, liberate each in turn, and then march off to the grain fields with them all behind him like a soldier leading his command.

But he was such a pet that his misdeeds were passed by for cleverness. He was often taken to county fairs, where was an object of as much interest as one of the old horses of the war. He was more than thirty years of age when he died, in 1886, at the Soldiers' Home in Richmond. A stuffed effigy of this old war horse may still be seen in glass case in the library of the Home.

A Feast in Zalaland.

A dozen magnificent long-horned cattle were run into the kraal, and seven stalwart warriors followed them in, as usual in hand. Crowding the cattle in a bunch against the wall, each warrior singled out a victim, and with a mighty thrust plunged the keen, bright blade into the animal's heart. Generally speaking, the one swift, snappy blow was sufficient, but in two three cases the stricken animals avoided the death thrust and, goaded to mad madness by the death wound, made matters exceedingly lively for the Zulus for the next few minutes, chasing them frantically about the kraal until some well hurled assegai brought them to earth. One big steer, horned like a Texan, kept his feet and fought till a dozen assegai blades were hurled buried in his body, and in his blind rushing he knocked over a couple of men.

As Bad as Could Be.

Profanity is always unparlousable, and yet so many, many men are prone to it. If they cannot resist the temptation to unparlousable they should at least be careful when in the presence of children, for, oh, the little ones do learn to swear so readily! Strange as it may seem, there is something very cute at times in the actions of the little ones when they imitate their unparlousable it is the very incongruity of the thing—the contrast between their innocence and the evil they are indulging in. There is a gentleman in this city who does not take exactly the same view of the case that I do though, and upon reflection I almost believe he is right. His little boy, a mere baby, was talking to his mother some time ago, and she asked him if one of his playmates was a bad child.

"Bad," replied the little boy. "Why, mamma, he's awful. He cusses like a—"

The switch was used that day, and some big teardrops fell.—Richmond Dispatch.

LEMON ELIXIR

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

For Biliousness, Constipation and Malaria, take Lemon Elixir.

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

For Sleeplessness, Nervousness and Heartfailure take Lemon Elixir.

For Fevers, Chills and Debility, take Lemon Elixir.

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

Dr. Moley'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. Moley, Atlanta, Ga. 50c. and \$1 bottles at druggists.

A Prominent Minister Writes.

After ten years of great suffering from indigestion, with great nervous prostration, biliousness, disordered kidneys and constipation, I have been cured by Dr. Moley's Lemon Elixir and am now a well man. E. M. B. Church, Son, Jr., No. 28 Tenth St. Atlanta.



RICHARD RAZOR'S LETTER.

Last Wednesday we had our boy Jim doing some carpenter work in the office and he is ordinarily a very jolly kind of fellow, but on this occasion we had given him some work to do that required the use of a dull saw, a bad faced hammer and some second hand nails. We had him putting up a partition and he made such a racket that we could not hear and scarcely see. We decided to take a walk through the city to get clear of the fuss and at the same time see what the outlook was for Xmas.

Goods about the merchants not for our own benefit at all, for we never have money to buy Xmas gifts with. If our good looks fail to get them we are left every time. But for the benefit of the readers of the Watchman, for we know many of them have something to buy with, while standing on the corner we saw a great crowd standing in front of the J. M. Davis & Co. Racket store on Tryon street. We made a straight shoot for the store and entered the crowd with a shout. Our good looks, as is always the case, in a crowd, attracted the attention of Bro. J. M. Davis, who, fortunately for me, was standing just inside, smoking a pipe for a while. He cut a glance, saw I was embarrassed by being crowded among a set of faces. He turned and pointed the way out and we were free. We were not tired on the feet of men. I thanked him and told him that some of the women had big feet too, and he said that he meant all.

I asked him what was causing the stir. He replied that they had just opened 31 large amounts of holiday goods, and were trying them in place and waiting on an army of customers, it had got things on a hump. We started down the aisle, counter on both sides, and behind each counter was a line of lady clerks, and they were good looking clerks, some of them beyond good looking, they were pretty, or that is what we heard a remark, crooked nosed fellow say that on his glasses. But the counters were groaning under the weight of toys and over holiday goods, and suspended over the counters was a like amount. About half way down I stopped, and looked at the toys and saw that the home of wonders. Aladdin with his wonderful lamp not produce a more varied and beautiful collection of delights for the little folks than are now on exhibition at the store of J. M. Davis & Co. Bro. Davis could not find names for each article and he had one of those girls to help him, the clerk, the clerk, the clerk. As we went down she was polite and took great pains to show us how to wind up such of the toys as run by a spring. She supposed thought I was a rich merchant from the rural districts and wanted to make a large purchase, or she might have thought that I had a wife and twelve little boys and girls and would treat them all next week, get their Xmas fixings, or my good looks may have had something to do with the marked attention the lady clerks gave. The young sometimes are carried away by beauty. I will just give the names of a few in random, the clerk, the clerk, the clerk. Dolls of cloth and rubber dolls of all sizes, dolls dressed and undressed, dolls that walk, talk, dance and cry, dolls that eat and have treasuries. Steam boats, steam engines in reality, work shops of all kinds run by steam, railways dishing out automobiles, devil among the devils, tables, jumping jacks, jumping frogs, travelling cooters, swimming ducks, switch-back railroads running on full time, toy tea sets, parlor sets, kitchen sets, toy bed room sets. This is only an inkling. I asked Bro. Davis when would we get to the end of the house, if this was all. Another puff from his two for a while and he said, go to the basement. There we found another store full of, well, we can't say what. The first thing we were to run over more express wagons, carts, wheel barrows, bicycles, velocipedes and such like that would supply an ordinary school district. There was no room for my feet down there. I looked and saw saws, China ware, queensware, lampware without end. We asked Bro. Davis if that was all. He pulled the two-for-a-nickel again and we went to the second story. This floor was filled with clothing, hats and caps. We looked at that mammoth collection of clothing and then at our own old back and wondered what would be chance for a swap. We saw several fellows getting into new clothes, but all fellows coming from the basement to the third story, he meant as to the atmosphere. We didn't understand him and left in our pocket and told not a nickle. We next climbed to the third story and feasted our eyes on enough carpeting to cover the floors of all the rooms of ten ward buildings as the Royal Palace at Stockholm. A little further on we found piles on piles of toys, novelties, etc. more than we can describe, huddled together in a way that will attract the attention of the old and young, the rich and the poor, and that will make the children open wide with wonder and their eyes beat fast for joy. We began to elbow out of the house with tears in our eyes for we had taken nothing into the store, and of course we could not take anything out. When you go in you will meet Ben Shields at the door with a smile on his face. Ben is one of the old stand-by's of the Racket, and is always in a good humor. We saw W. Meslin the well known Charlie shoe man behind the counter. John Deane looked as happy as if it was Saturday and he

was going to see his best girl. The next house we stumbled in was James Harrison & Co. The second story of their house is made up of Christmas goods. The house is not as large as the Racket but just as full. All the same toys without end. The funny man of the firm met us at the door and began to show and price goods: baby dolls, toy wagons, rattlers, tops, jumping jacks, and all kinds of baby fixings. We told him we wasn't that kind, had not come to buy but to see and tell the readers of the Watchman where Christmas goods could be found. We found prices in reach of all. The funny man said that it was now past five in his dealing; when customers came he offered them good goods at prices to suit the time, and he did not ask them what their age was, what county or state they were born in, what their occupation was or whether they had seen the bears, or whether they carried their own gold, their stockings, or what ticket they voted or whether they were aspirants for the postoffice or mint, or whether they favored free coinage or the government ownership of railroads. All that he asked was for everybody to come and see him and have no more lines and reins and to say so and he would accommodate them as to style and price.

We dropped in at Eddin's book store. John and Charles said they had no breeders and coats and hats and stockings such as such, but when it came to books and stationery and Christmas cards, gold pens, musical instruments and all kinds of book store Christmas presents for husbands, wives, sisters, mothers, fathers, brothers, children, sweethearts, cousins, aunts, uncles, friends and kindred, they were in it. They have a handsome stock of goods in their line at bed rock prices. See there ad. in the Watchman. They have promised us a speller for a Christmas present.

Now, while you are looking for Christmas goods don't forget your house, but get on your hind legs and rack round to W. E. Shaw and Co. and get a new set of harness, new lines and reins and throw those old bark and rope reins away that you have had, and your bridle all year. Get a new saddle and throw that quilt away that you have been riding on all year. Get a collar and stop wearing your horse's neck out with the naked harness. Keep them at rock bottom prices. We met J. H. Weddington in our rounds. He said Brown, Weddington and Co. had a full line of Christmas goods. We looked about in the house and found a large quantity of goods and all useful and necessary. But they have a great many toys that are never sold. When it comes to playing with a four pound axe, or spade, shovel, spade, pick, crow bar, wheelbarrow, hand saw, sled, hammer, hoe, grain cradle, cross cut saw, broad ax, food adz, and such toys as that, and a thousand other articles that we could not name, they are asked to be excused, but they have them all the same, and they are liberal. They have as accommodating corps of clerks as you will find. One of them offered to sell me every thing they had if I had the money to pay for the goods, but said I owed 50c. now, he would let me please to have the goods, but to begin with, I would to the den and found that Jim had finished a small lumber room he was working at when I left, and had nailed himself up in the room and had forgot to leave a door.—RICHARD RAZOR.

He Didn't Know French.

The gentleman from the West pulled himself up to the hotel table, tucked his napkin under his chin, picked up the bill of fare, and began to study it intently. Every thing was in restaurant French, and he didn't like it.

"Here, waiter," he said sternly, "there's nothing on this I want."

"Ain't there nothin' else you would like for dinner, sir?" inquired the waiter politely.

"Have you got any sine quanon?"

The waiter gasped.

"No sir he replied.

"Got any bon nuts?"

"N-nt, sir."

"Got any semper idem?"

"No, sir we hain't."

"Got any jeu de sprits?"

"No, sir, not a one."

"Got any tempus fugit?"

"I reckon not, sir?"

"Got any soires dansant?"

"No, sir."

The waiter was edging off.

"Got any sine die?"

"We hain't sir."

"Got any e pluribus unum?"

The waiter's face showed some signs of intelligence.

"Seems like I heard ob dat, sir," he rushed out to the kitchen, only to return empty handed.

"We ain't got none sir," he said, in a tone of disappointment.

"Got any mal der mer?"

"No, sir."

The waiter was going to pieces fast.

The gentleman from the West was as serene as a May morning.

"Got any vice versa?" he inquired again.

The waiter could only shake his head.

"No? Well, my be you've got some macan and cabbage and a corn dodger?"

"Deed we has sir," exclaimed the waiter in a tone of utmost relief he arose and fled to the kitchen.—Detroit Free Press.

Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, is none of your ordinary one-horse financiers. He is a whole team and a spike at that with a yellow dog under the wagon. He don't want a gold dollar, nor a silver dollar, nor a paper dollar, but a dollar based on the value of goods. This is what he would probably call a "flexible currency," which would expand or contract in value according to the flexibility of the "goods." When there was a whopping big crop of wheat, for instance, Jerry would want a silver dollar in proportion, about as big as a cart wheel.—Williamington Star.

His Struggle With Opium.

One day I realized, writes a former victim of the opium habit, that my word was no longer a symbol of truth, and the moral nature I had not quite drowned leaped up in the dark and called me "liar" to my face. Then I awoke, and for the first time for many a day I prayed. The cause came the resolve, the determined resolve, come what may, to be done with this damnable tyranny. At 6 o'clock that evening I took a hearty meal of meat (principally) and a little (very little) redwine. It was June 10, 1888. I had determined to walk into the summer night—walk till I slept, if necessary, I walked till I was my back to it, I walked through the night, I left my watch at home that I might pray for opium; I took no money with me, even as I left home and struck across the downs I felt the craving coming on (the hour for my posthumate day dose was at hand) and I knew my temptation was with me, and realized how long and bitter the struggle was to be. The craving seemed to me a palpable shape that walked beside me, a presence that outran me and lost me, and came back to me like a faithful dog that would not lose or leave me—that I could not leave or lose. Sometimes I sang, sometimes I prayed and swore, sometimes I prayed and wept, but never once, thank God, did my resolution falter.

Much of that night I did not remember. Dim things came back to me at times, such as a fall I had once, hurting my knee. I think I frightened some one who asked me some question, and I believe I can recollect that I myself grew at one time full of fear—fear of hurting myself, not others; and then I suffered thirst—such thirst, such awful thirst—but I must have staked it somewhere, for in the morning my clothes and necktie were all wet, and so was my hair. At seven in the morning of the next day I found myself leaning on a gate and looking out on the landscape before with a sort of curious wonder as to how I came there; my head pressed on my hands. I slept for (I think) only a few minutes and awoke quite well.

A curious freak of nature has taken place in the person of a young man named Jones, aged 22 years, living at Stamping Ground, Scott county, Ky. About two years ago he complained of a severe pain in his left shoulder and arm to the elbow. He suffered intensely for several months when the parts affected began to change color until it became a dark brown, and at the same time the pain diminished until it finally ceased, when it was noticed (this was about a year ago) that a thick growth of brown hair had made its appearance on the brown or discolored parts, extending from the elbow to the collar-bone, covering the shoulder blade, and at this time the hair is over one inch in length, the hair has entirely disappeared and the young man has almost twice the strength in that arm that he has in the other.

A Petersburg, Va., dispatch says: William Tucker died yesterday in Sussex county from over-feeding. The evening before he ate one gallon of venison hash, half gallon of coffee and crackers mixed together, and a half gallon of water and crackers, a pound of dry sugar and a lot of pork and bread.

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CURES ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES.

P.P.P.
CURES SCROFULA.

P.P.P.
CURES BLOOD POISON.

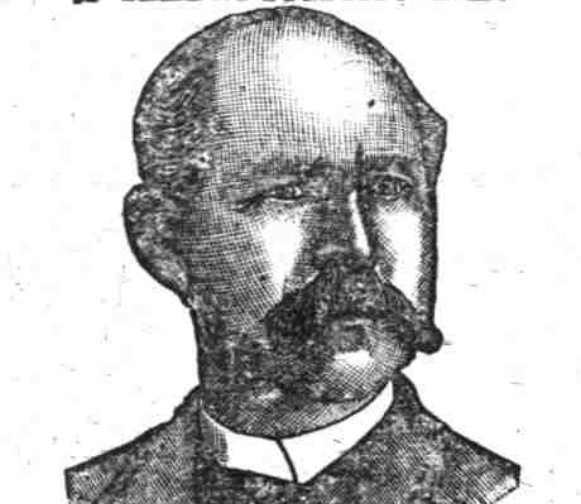
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