

# The Carolina Watchman.

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FOURTH SERIES.

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### The Tragic Truce Flag.

"Do you recollect a flag of truce that came in to Carter's Church in October, 1863, when the Sixth Corps was lying around there?"  
"Yes, and I recollect there was a full ration of speculation about it; but I never heard what it meant."

The first speaker was Lieutenant Rouse, of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, and he was interrogating the writer one day last winter on board a railway train.

"Well," continued Krouse, "I can tell you what it all meant. There was a tragedy at the bottom of that flag of truce. I was one of the officers sent out to meet it and from one of the Confederates, while they were waiting for an answer from General Sedgwick, at Warrenton, I heard all about it."

"Will you please unfold?"  
"Well, you see, that Fall of 1863, as well as at various other times there was a little guerilla and bushwacking business going on back in Fauquier county, and the life of a Union man there was by no means a happy one. The leader of one of these guerilla gangs was Jim Coleman, a former Baltimore pug pug who had cheated the gallows two or three times, and when the war broke out was hiding about Warrenton, Virginia, and the bright idea entered his head to go into the robbery and murder business in the name of the Southern Confederacy. You can imagine the style of a man he was when I tell you that Mosely ran him out of his camp and O'Neil and Harry Gimour bitterly repudiated him. Although the Confederacy ostensibly refused to recognize him, its authorities however complacently shut their eyes to the outrages he committed so long as they were against Union people."

"Out near Urbanna lived a Quaker farmer named Pickering, who had two children, a son about twenty-two and daughter two years younger. Being non-combatant and treating with like kindness, all who came to their house, friend or foe, they were protected by the Union army when they happened to be in power."

"Ellen Pickering was known as the beauty of all that country side, and during a short stay of the Twelfth North Carolina regiment in the neighborhood, one of its officers, a Lieutenant Vanhorn, fell in love with her and brought her to run away with him, representing that he was wealthy, and command a leave of absence during which he would take her to Richmond, marry her and send her to his North Carolina home. It is believed the girl was disposed to favor his suit, but utterly refused the elopement."

"Matters were in this shape when we came up through the valley and sojourned around Warrenton. The Twelfth North Carolina was one of the regiments left by Lee to keep an eye out that no flank movement was made, and it was laying out in the pine barrens and among the hills about half way between Warrenton and Urbanna."  
"By some means Lieut. Vanhorn and Jim Coleman were brought together, and finding out the character of his new acquaintance the lieutenant conceived the idea of carrying off Miss Pickering by force."  
"Coleman was ready to undertake the business if he was well paid for it, but not unless Lieutenant Vanhorn be one of the party, so as to shield him if he got into any trouble with the Confederate authorities. This the young man agreed to, and all their plans were arranged."  
"Now in a grove of thick pines somewhat off from any regularly traveled road, and about three miles from old Pickering's place, stood an old schoolhouse that had been deserted for a more convenient situation and which had fallen into decay."  
"In this schoolhouse, upon a certain occasion, the Union men, of whom a few were scattered through this region, used to meet, and so far the new use of the building had never been suspected."

Pickering, the old man's son, with some fifteen other Union men, met in the schoolhouse. At the same time Coleman, with five of his guerillas and accompanied by Lieutenant Vanhorn, made their descent upon the Pickering homestead to carry off the young lady. They were all mounted, and Vanhorn was disguised so that he could not be recognized until such time as he was to appear as Miss Pickering's deliverer.

"The party rode up to the house, and the old man with his accustomed politeness to all customers asked them to alight and refresh themselves."  
"O'Neil, where's your son?" roughly demanded Coleman.

"James rode out this afternoon, but I know not whether he took his way."  
"Well, if he's not here, where's your daughter?" She'll answer just as well."  
"She's within; but I would like to know how she can be interested in any business with thee."

"It's none of your business how she's interested. We want to see her, end that's enough. You just walk her out here."  
"That I shall certainly not do," said the old man in great astonishment, for it was the first time in all the trouble that any but respectful language had been used towards him.

"You two," said Coleman to a couple of his men, "go in and hustle the gal out here; we've got no time to fool away."  
At this the old man sprang up, and forgetting his noncombative principles, knocked one of the ruffians down as he came up the steps of the porch, and picking up the chair on which he had been sitting made a dash at the other fellow, who fled. At the same moment Coleman drew a revolver and fired. The ball struck the old man in the right arm, making a painful but not dangerous wound. The report of the pistol and noise of the scuffle, however, brought Ellen Pickering to the door, where she was seized, and despite her struggles and the screams of herself and her mother she was lifted on the horse in front of Lieutenant Vanhorn.

"Now," shouted Coleman, "you men scatter as quick as you can; we two can take care of the gal."  
"We don't scatter, Cap. until we've gone through this old fellow's place. If we don't, where's our pay to come out of all this fuss?"  
"Well, do as you please, so long as you don't get caught," and with the Lieutenant he rode rapidly away in the direction of the pine barrens which they shortly entered.

The Union men in the old schoolhouse were in grave consultation, when suddenly a wild female scream rang out on the still night air.

"Morey," said James Pickering, "I believe that is my sister Ellen's voice," and they all sprang to their feet and out of the house.

At the same time Lieutenant Krouse and his little party were coming through the woods and heard the scream. "Gosh!" exclaimed the lieutenant, "there's a woman stepped on a snake, or something worse; trot up boys."

James Pickering and his party rushed out just in time to see Coleman and Vanhorn riding by, carrying his sister. In astonished anger he yelled:

"Put that lady down," as he had no pistol, picked up a club and ran toward the robbers.  
"Oh! James save me," Ellen cried, while Coleman, drawing his revolver yelled:

"Keep off, you young shad-belly, or I'll put daylight through you. Push on, Lieutenant, or we'll have trouble with these cursed fools," as he termed the Union men who were now rapidly coming up.

Both put spurs to their horses and had left the Union men fifty yards behind, when right in front they heard a stern

By this time James Pickering and his companions had come up, and received Miss Ellen, who was overjoyed at her escape.

"Well, you've got the gal, I s'pose we can go," said Coleman.  
"No; don't be in a hurry, I want to know who you are and also who your particularly silent and bilious companion is."

"I'm an officer in the Confederate service, sir," said Vanhorn, and I want to be respected accordingly."  
"If you were treated according to the company and business you seem to be in you ought to have your neck broke."

In the meantime James Pickering and his friends had been holding a hasty consultation.  
"You are a Union officer, I presume," he said, addressing Lieutenant Krouse.

"Yes sir."  
"Well, that man—indicating Coleman—is one of the worst bushwacking guerillas in the country, and I believe his companion is one of his gang."

"I tell you I ain't," shouted Vanhorn. "I'm an officer and a gentleman."  
"This drew a laugh not only from Lieutenant Krouse and his men, but from several of the Union men standing by, which so incensed the Southerner that he drew his revolver and fired into the crowd, killing one of them named Watkins, dead.

This infuriated the Union men, and they began to shout.  
Let's string 'em up. Hang the murderers," and they began hunting for a rope, when Miss Ellen cried, "Oh! we must hurry back, for they have shot father, and they were robbing the house when these two carried me away."

In a moment Coleman and Vanhorn were snatched off their horses and put under guard, while the whole party rapidly made their way through the pines towards Pickering's house. Soon they came to the edge of the woods, where a tall column of smoke rising in the evening air met their gaze.

"I believe," said James "that they have fired our place."  
A few minutes more rapid marching brought them to the top of a hill where they had a view of the farmhouse, which was indeed in flames.

"Come on," cried James, and the whole party came down the hill at a run, the cavalrymen keeping a bright lookout for the prisoners. In the farmyard was a sad sight, where the grey haired old mother sat with the head of her wounded husband in her lap, looking upon their burning home.

Few words were said. After saving such of the property as they could, the Union men still held the prisoners. They had ropes with them, and there was unflinching justice in their looks.

"Come," said James Pickering, beckoning the two men toward him.  
"Oh! Save us! Save us!" they both cried, turning to Lieutenant Krouse.

"I have no disposition to interfere, even if I was sure I had any authority. If you get hung now it will only be because the operation has been too long neglected."  
"But I'm an officer and a gentleman," yelled Vanhorn. "They can't hang me."

"I don't see why, even if you are telling the truth upon either claim, which nobody is likely to believe," and Krouse turned away in disgust; "come, men, this is none of our affair, and we'll go," and the cavalry rode away, and looking back as they got to the top of the hill they saw two motionless bodies hanging between them and smoking embers of the late peaceful, happy home.

The next day the Pickering family was admitted within our lines and went North to seek an asylum among friends there, deeming their lives no longer safe on their own property.  
"And the flag of truce?" we asked.  
"That was sent in to get from Lieutenant Krouse the particulars of the affair and to learn where the body of Lieutenant Vanhorn might be sought; but I believe neither body was ever found, and the general impression was that the fire lent its aid to put them out of dispute."—Grand Army Gazette.

J. J. Adams, ex-treasurer of the Federation of American Mechanics, has been arrested at Scranton, Pa., charged with embezzling all the funds in his possession—amounting to \$5,000.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

## Royal Baking Powder

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### Where is Your Boy?

We do not leave home at night when it is possible to remain there, but when we have occasion to be up street at late hours we have never failed to observe some boys from eight to sixteen years of age going to and fro in crowds, and using language that would shock the modesty of any decent man. Some parents say it is impossible to keep their boys in doors at night. We think it is getting to be a serious matter when a parent can't govern boys from eight to sixteen years old. We have had some of them to tell us their boys would slip off without their knowledge. One offense of that kind would be all a boy, who has the right kind of a parent, would wish to commit. Leather straps, cow-hides or whips could soon cure a boy thus inclined if properly applied. It has been said that children, when young step on our toes but when older step on our hearts. A great deal of the latter stepping could be avoided if the subject were taken in hand in time. When a young tree is planted, however crooked it may be, it can be straightened by proper care, but let it grow for a few years and then try to straighten it and you will fail. The boy resembles the tree in this particular. Most boys need frequent chastising to keep them in the path of the upright.

Let every parent, who has boys, try to instill into them a high sense of honor. This can be done, but it requires both time and patience to accomplish the work. The world is getting too busy to find time for boy culture. There are parents, we mean fathers, who seldom ever see their children awake. They go from their business late at night, and leave for the same early in the morning. The children grow to manhood without any special training by the fathers. Mothers cannot do all the work.

All business men could do just as much business as they now do and spend a third of their time with their families if they would unite upon a plan. The profits of business men are consumed by the expense connected with night work. Save your boys while you can and in after life you will save many heart aches.—Durham Record.

Since the State of South Carolina has gone into the liquor business, the Railroad Commission is squeezing the railroads for reduced rates on the stuff. As we understand it a good deal of the stock for the State bars is shipped in bottles of convenient size to be handled on liquor in bottles the rate is always higher than in casks because it is more troublesome to handle and more liable to breakage. The Commission has served notice on the railroads that they must come down in their rates and haul bottles, benzine and other truck of stimulating properties at the same rates at which they haul it in barrels, at which the railroads are doing some pretty vigorous kicking, as it is quite natural they should. It is somewhat remarkable that the Railroad Commission didn't take any interest in cheap liquor rates until the State went into the liquor business.—Wilmington Star.

Two postoffices in Burke county, North Carolina, are named respectively "Joy" and "Worry."  
"A Chinese 'gentleman' very seldom appears on the streets with his wife, and under no circumstances could he be induced to ride in the same carriage with her.  
John Hare, of Elkhart, Ind., claims to possess an \$8 bill issued by the United States Government in 1778. Mr. Hare asserts that it is the oldest specimen of United States money extant.

We see it stated that "Ollie" Teal has started a movement for the rescue of the dudes and chappies about town who drink too much, says the New York Herald—out of total abstinence, but of temperance and moderation. His idea is to do away with the American system of treating, which, he says, is the curse of the country and has made thousands upon thousands of drunkards.

### A New Church.

Among those who by a strict construction would be heretics are Canon Farrar, Lyman Abbott, Herbert Newton, David Swing, and Dr. Briggs.—Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

It is mentioned that Dr. Briggs is thinking of a brand new church. If he starts it these and other broad constructionists of the Christian Scriptures can unite. The first thing they ought to do is to determine what parts of the Bible they will accept as inspired and without flaw or errors. That is, if they think there is any such part. If all the "learned divines" in the North who are trying their hands at the "higher criticism," are diligently engaged in digging under the foundations of the Christian Verities should join the new church of the Doubtfuls and Diggers it will start with a formidable array of talents and learning, however misdirected and unsanctified. In this connection we note that a very handsome journal has been started in New York to advocate Mohammedanism in these free United States, hitherto suspected of having some Christian leanings. Perhaps some of the heterodox kickers may find a pleasant refuge in the folds of Islam. Who knows.—Wilmington Messenger.

### Carlisle Gives It Out Straight.

Secretary Carlisle was asked Saturday by a removed official why he had been dismissed. The Secretary's answer, characteristically short and to the point, was "I removed you, sir, solely for political reasons. I want your place for a Democrat."

Our dispatches of Tuesday stated that when some of the chiefs of division, whose resignations had been asked for by Secretary Carlisle, complained, Monday, of the shortness of the notice, the Secretary replied: "You received notice on the 8th of last November."

How indefinitely better that than keeping them in place or beating about for substitutes for their dismissal! When the people decreed last fall that the Republican party should go out of power, the decree included not only Republican policies but the men who have been executing them. It is not worth while to look beyond nor the side of the 8th of November for reasons for removing Republican officeholders. That these should go was a part of the calculation of the people at that time. They decreed it and they will take the responsibility for all dismissals.

There are occasions in life when an excuse, apart from the real reason for action taken, is justifiable, but in the matter in question "brutal candor" is all that the case calls for. "I removed you, sir, solely for political reasons. I want your place for a Democrat." This is reason enough.—Charlotte Observer.

### "The Head of the Corns."

It is settled, so far as talk goes, that if there is a vacancy upon the Supreme court bench in the next three years and eight months, Secretary of State Gresham will be named for the place. He has a judicial mind. It has been trained by years of experience with courts. Mr. Cleveland admires him. He has an utter appreciation of Gresham's plain personality and direct routes of thought.—Charlotte News.

Paper stockings are a new German invention. A Berlin shoe trade journal says that the stockings are made of a specially prepared impregnated paper stock, which, it is claimed, has an extraordinary effect on perspiring feet. The moisture is absorbed by the paper as rapidly as it is formed, and the feet remain dry and warm, while the constant temperature maintained in the shoes is said to be a great preventative of colds.

Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Henderson, has been appointed bank examiner for the district embracing North Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia.