

# The Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY JULY 27, 1893.

NO. 73.

LI-FOURTH SERIES.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sammel 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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It is said with written guarantee to cure Nervous Prostration, Headache and Dizziness, Indigestion, Biliousness, and all ailments caused by impure blood. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of the liver and stomach. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of the liver and stomach. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of the liver and stomach.

EDWIN CUTHRELL, SALISBURY, N. C.

**Sam Jones on Character.**

Rev. Sam P. Jones writing from Cartersville, Ga., to the Atlanta Journal says:

Character is worth more than all at last. I had rather have the sterling character of W. H. Howard, the banker in my town, than to have the world without having any character. When his bank suspended for a day or two a few weeks ago his depositors held a convention and passed resolutions indorsing his honesty and integrity of character, and signed a written agreement not to withdraw any of their deposits until the first of December and to aid him otherwise in all the ways that they could. A friend in need is a friend indeed. The man who thus has the confidence of his neighbors and the help of his friends can never go down. How often with many other bankers, such as those who take a trip to Canada and those who take up their abode in the penitentiary and those who are shunned and despised by the men they have ruined. There is no reason why any man with sterling character should go down in disgrace and ruin if this great nation of people will look more to character and less to title, worship God more devoutly and idolize gold less. Another decade or two will find us in much better condition.

**Does This Strike You?**

Some people in this world remind us of a story we have seen in print. Several persons were passing a muddy ground which were gathered a number of ragged and wretched urchins, and these little scamps began to throw mud at them. One gentleman said, "If you don't stop I will throw it back at you," when the scariest looking of the little fellows replied, "you can't do it without dirtying your hands, and it doesn't hurt us any way." This is the way with those creatures who delight in talking about their neighbors and circulating falsehoods and scandals. They have no character themselves and consequently no reputation to lose by such disreputable practice. Persons who knowingly, wilfully and maliciously lie to injure others are utterly devoid of the first principles of decency and respectability. You, who perhaps for the sake of politeness, have been lending an unwilling ear to these fair talking, oily tongued scandal manufacturers and tale bearers, know who they are.

One of our exchanges gets highly wrought up and writes the following which, of course, does not apply to any of our readers: "We do not object to one's ordering his paper discontinued, if he will send the money for what he owes, when he asks us to stop. We wish all the dead beats on our books would settle up and quit—those who keep on taking the paper and reading it, yet don't pay anything. We have a few—only a few—of that character on our books. A gentleman—an honest man—won't order his paper stopped without paying up the old score; nor will an honest man let the subscription run on until the amount runs up and then say he didn't order the paper; or make out like he has not been taking it from the office. We expect this article to make all the dead beats mad but it won't shake a feather on a gentleman's cap for he will know we don't allude to him."

### WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

Secretary Carlisle is again on duty, having returned from the ten-day vacation which is probably the only one he will get for many long months to come, as the general belief, fully shared by himself, is that he has now entered upon a long period of the hardest work of his life. His department deals exclusively with the two great questions that will occupy the time of Congress—the tariff and finance—and it is his desire to be prepared to furnish all of the information on both subjects that will from time to time be asked for from the time that Congress takes up these questions until it disposes of them, and when that will be a conundrum that no wise man will try to answer at this time.

Not the slightest bit of a sensation was caused by the alleged news, received here early in the week, of the disabling of the U. S. S. Mohican by a shot from a poaching sealer flying the Hawaiian flag, for the very simple reason that nobody believed a word of it. The department has had reports from Behrings sea dated a month later than when the alleged disabling took place, which make no mention whatever of any such incident. That's why nobody believed the story.

The number of pensioners absolutely dropped from the roll since March 4, last is 245, but in the same period 5,090 have been suspended, pending further investigation. Judging from past experience in such cases it is estimated that a large majority of the latter will finally be dropped. The work of examination is being pushed as rapidly as possible and will be confined for a long time to pensions granted under the act of 1890.

Now that Secretary Lamont has taken a four years lease on a Washington residence the rumor-mongers will probably cease starting stories of his intended early retirement from the Cabinet. He will live in good company as his house is next door to that of Senator Brice and within a stone's throw of the White House. The Secretary came here this week to consult with Secretary Gresham in regard to several matters under the State department which were unsettled when the President left town, and while here he signed the lease for his house. Although accompanied by Mrs. Lamont whose face is almost as well known as his own the Secretary spent several hours in Washington and got safely away before the newspaper men knew of his visit. However, it would not have made much difference, as Lamont is a past-master in the art of talking without saying anything, which Talleyrand said was the first requirement of diplomacy.

During the short time Secretary Lamont remained in town he found time to decide that Army officers who desire to attend the World's Fair must pay their own fare like other people, and that permissions granted officers to attend the fair do not carry free transportation. While this will upset the plans of numerous Army officers who have been calculating to take in the big show at Uncle Sam's expense its justice is manifest to all. The salary of the Army officers who will visit the fair go right along and they certainly should be willing to pay their own expenses.

Attorney General Olney has been accused of not looking very favorably upon the practical side of politics, i. e., putting out the opposition and putting in members of his own party, but before leaving Washington for a short vacation he showed that accusation to have been undeserved by notifying a number of the assistants to the Attorney General with salaries ranging from \$1,500 to \$3,000 that their resignations were desired, and it is stated by those who know that every Republican connected with the Department of Justice, outside of the classified service, is to be made to walk the plank.

A good many guesses have been printed about the chairmanships of the important committees of the next House, and one of them was that Representative Bland would not again be chairman of the Coinage committee. Now, it can be stated upon excellent authority and without violating anybody's confidence that Mr. Bland will be chairman of that committee in the next House, unless he declines to serve again, and there is no apparent reason

why he should do that.

Speaker Crisp is not expected here until about August 5, two days before Congress assembled, and a movement is now on foot to postpone the Democratic House caucus for the nomination of officers until the morning of the 7th, as it will only require a few minutes for it to transact its business. The canvass for Sergeant-at-Arms and Doorkeeper is going on quietly and all of the candidates are claiming to be safe. There is practically no contest for the other places—Clerk, Postmaster and Chaplain.

### When the Governors Met.

New York Herald.

In the o'den times of our Statehood, before the steam engine bullied the earth with thunderous stroke and reduced space to a mere matter of time, when whiskey with sugar was five cents a glass and all backs were turned as that glass was filled, and when a white man was as good as a negro if he behaved himself, the Governor of North Carolina took it into his head one day to pay a long promised visit to the Governor of South Carolina. So he put a clean shirt and a pair of socks in his saddle bag, mounted his horse and rode away through pine forests toward the South. Diligently following his nose in this direction he came in due time to the home of his brother Governor, where he was received with all the honors of Southern hospitality. When asked how he felt his characteristic reply was: "Thank you, Governor, I am tired, sleepy, hungry and sober." The host cordially assured him that he could remedy all these.

Next day dinner was served at twelve o'clock as the horns blew for the hands to come in. After it was over the two Governors retired to the shade of the long back porch, where corncob pipes, with long twists of home grown tobacco, awaited them. There, in the long soft afternoon, reclining on easy bottom rockers, they lolled and smoked and talked the hours away. Betwixt the twain, on the floor, sat a brimming pitcher of apple toddy, with the mellow, roasted fruit floating on the surface of the divine tippie. From time to time this aided to enliven the conversation. They talked of the comparative excellencies and advantages of their respective States, of the price of cotton, of horse raising and runaway negroes; as they talked they smoked and as they smoked they drank. They speculated on the coming glories of the country, pledged eternal friendship to each other personally, and vowed to preserve all neighborhood courtesies between the two Carolina States forever and forever, amen! Now and then they would doze in their easy chairs under the mellow influence of their happy surroundings, and on waking up would indignantly deny having been asleep and take another drink to prove their wakefulness. And thus things went on.

Now it happened that the Governor of South Carolina had a wife—as all good Governors should have, on the principle of the old maxim that he who aspires to govern should first learn to obey—and her name was Betsy Jane. She well knew the failing of her Governor and she easily guessed that this visiting Governor was tarred with the same stick. Quietly watching proceedings she at length concluded that these two old cocks were about as full as they could well hold without slopping over, and it was time to stop. Watching her opportunity during a rather protracted doze she slipped away the pitcher, still half full, and inserted in its place a piggin of cool spring water, with a clear, yellow gourd hanging on the handle. But the instincts of nature are infallible. Though sound asleep the Governor of North Carolina felt that something was wrong—a lack of spirit as it were—every nerve in him cried out against the presence of a hostile element, and he awoke. His perturbed soul had not deceived him. The pitcher of toddy was gone. He immediately awakened his host, who courteously inquired, "What is the matter?" "Don't you see what is the matter?" said the guest, looking indignantly at the piggin and the gourd. "Indeed I see nothing wrong," said the new distressed host. "Please tell me what is the matter, my dear Governor?" "The devil you say! Nothing wrong in deed! I go to sleep with a pitcher of toddy before me; I wake up and find a piggin of spring water, and the Gov-

ernor of South Carolina tells me in his own house that he sees nothing wrong in that. Well, well! All I have to say, sir," said the Governor of North Carolina, rising with a very great but rather unsteady dignity, "it is a damned long time between drinks." "Oh," said the Governor of South Carolina, as the situation flashed on him, "I see, that's Betsy Jane. She means stop, and were done for today. I'm sorry I can't bring that pitcher back. There's a Betsy Jane at your house and you know how it is yourself." The offended dignity of the Governor of North Carolina dissolved slowly into a genial smile of intelligible comprehension, and solemnly working one eye, he felt—either upon the neck of his host or upon the porch floor, tradition does not say which—exclaiming, "You bet old boy; you bet."

And that's how it came about. Throughout all that Southern land tradition has wickedly repeated and kept alive the saying of the Governor of North Carolina as a convenient mode of joggling the memory or stimulating the flagging hospitality of a host but has failed to enshrine in human memory the righteous prudence and wifely virtues of Betsy Jane, the spouse of the Governor of South Carolina.

For near on to a hundred years the saying has been a faithful one, and worthy of all acceptance in our country—that is to say it has been faithfully repeated all that time and anything offered in response thereto has been universally accepted either straight or with sugar.

ZEBULON B. VANCE.

### A Strange Death.

Thomas Odell, a young man of twenty-two years, living seven miles back of Greensboro, Ky., has met death in a strange manner. He had been a puzzle to physicians for several years. He was affected by what he ate to such an extent that when he indulged in beef eating about an hour afterward he would become restless and wander out in search of cattle and bellow as an ox, and would get down on his hands and knees and eat grass like a cow. When he partook of mutton his actions were those of a sheep, and he would plaintively bleat like a lamb. When he ate chicken he would go out and scratch for worms, which he would devour with apparent relish.

After devouring fish he would wander to the creek and go in swimming. One day his father killed several squirrels, of which the son ate heartily for dinner. He left the house shortly after and was followed by the father. The father saw him enter an oak grove and soon saw his son jumping nimbly from limb to limb, at the same time barking like a squirrel. He called for him to come down, but this only seemed to make the boy want to escape, and he attempted to jump from one tree to another, but missed and fell to the ground, a mangled, breathless mass of humanity, and expired in less than five minutes.—Atlanta Constitution.

### Mr. Cleveland's Rheumatism Dangerous.

New York Press.

"Mr. Cleveland's rheumatism," said a leading Washington physician to me yesterday, "is really a serious matter. With a man of his size and weight rheumatism is a very dangerous malady. It is likely at any time to reach a vital point. Mr. Cleveland is himself responsible for his rheumatic trouble. He has not taken proper care of himself. His exposure on the 4th of March was simply foolhardy. Then he has on several occasions remained out in an open boat all day in bitter weather. No man can do such things without paying the penalty sooner or later. Mr. Cleveland may have a strong constitution, and I presume he has, to have stood what he has gone through; but he is composed of ordinary flesh and blood, and he cannot violate the laws of health with any more impunity than any other man. He must be more careful if he wishes to serve out his term. Rheumatism is always more dangerous with men who are inclined to be fleshy."

The Concord Standard says Mr. A. Furr, of No. 4, has a young curiosity at his house. A red Jersey cow has given birth to an otherwise well formed pig that has two heads, four eyes and four ears.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

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

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

### IT IS BETTER TO LIVE.

I have sometimes felt that the burden of life was too heavy to bear; And have longed to lie down at the noonday And rest and forget all my care; But ever my heart comes the message, Repeated again and again: "It is better to live and to suffer, Than to die to be rid of the pain."

There is rest in the darkness of dying, And end to the weary of life; The grave holds sure peace and calm silence; No sorrow nor pain can be there; But perhaps in the struggle of living Is a soul that has need of my care. That my hand may lighten or share.

"Would be easy to say: 'I am weary,' And lie down and give up the strife, To suffer no more with heartache; And sorrow I meet in this life; But perhaps from my sorrow swept heart strings A melody sweet may be wrung, And my lips when they drink deep of suffering, The tenderest songs may have sung.

'Tis so hard to be patient with living When all the world is awry; So wearisome waiting for pleasures That will only come after we die; But even through all my complaining I can hear that undying refrain, 'It is better to live and to suffer Than to die to be rid of the pain.'

I will live and be strong, and will suffer, If need be, until I find rest, When life and its trials are over, Though never my life should be blest, Though always the sun should be darkened, By the clouds that hang over my way I will that the light will be clearer When at last I awake "in the day."

### The Billville Banner.

During our absence the other day a Georgia cyclone kindly moved our office into the next county, but we will be back at the old stand as soon as the sheriff can get a requisition for us.

The folks around this town are slowly but surely getting civilized; but you still have to run some of 'em down and tie 'em to put shoes on 'em.

The financial stringency has struck Billville; the town is dead and we are sitting up with it until they can raise cash enough to defray its funeral expenses.

Billville imposes a tax of \$2 on people for the privilege of walking on the new sidewalks; we are, therefore, having a high old time in the middle of the street; it's dusty, but economical.

The school exhibitions are over; Mary's little lamb has been turned out to graze, the boy has left the burning deck and curfew won't ring again until next year.

Six men that we recommended to the President for government positions are now splitting rails for a living, and yet, those six men meant twelve votes in the last election.

### A Monument to Calvin Graves.

The directors of the North Carolina Railroad will soon erect at Greensboro a monument to Hon. Calvin Graves, of Caswell, who as President of the State Senate, gave the casting vote, "aye," on the bill making the appropriation to this road. The vote killed Mr. Graves in Caswell, and with the Democratic party in the State, as he well knew it would, but he had the courage, nevertheless, to perform what he saw to be his duty in the matter. The erection at Greensboro, where the construction of the road was commenced, of a monument to the memory of the patriotic man who made its building possible, will be an altogether fitting and proper thing.—Charlotte Observer.

Albion W. Tourgee is interesting himself in the Hardwell lynching. Tourgee is the man who has on more than one occasion attempted to stir up a race insurrection at the South. He is as full of venom as a cobra, and if North Carolina had done her whole duty in the days of reconstruction this viper would not have been left above ground to fire the African heart and get the negro into trouble. He and such as he are directly responsible for many a negro lynching at the South.—Louisville Times.

Kingman, Ariz., July 10—Several rowdies last night prepared an image of President Cleveland and burned it in front of a saloon, despite the protest of many leading citizens. Cleveland's attitude on the silver question was the cause.

### A CURIOUS CALCULATION.

Around the World 206 Times.

An eminent physicist has made a curious mathematical calculation in giving the workings of the human heart in mileage. He shows that in a lifetime of 84 years the blood as it passes through the heart is thrown a distance of 5,150,800 miles, which in a continuous stream would reach around the world 206 times!

Keeping in view the constant strain on the heart, and taking into consideration the abuse it receives from over-exertion, alcohol and other stimulants, it is any wonder that it finally becomes affected, refuses to perform its work, and succumbs to death? The fact that one in four has a weak heart, also, that the organ as soon as it is affected, is in the slightest degree manifested, is a reason why you should attend to it as early as possible. Many persons who do not suspect they are affected, suddenly find their hearts failing, and they are unable to breathe, and they are unable to move, and they are unable to speak, and they are unable to think, and they are unable to do anything, and they are unable to live.

Dr. Miller's New Heart Cure is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of the heart and lungs. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of the heart and lungs. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of the heart and lungs.

### The Utility of Inference.

Boston Daily Globe: The bald-headed man with four day's growth of beard on his chin went into a barber's shop and sat down in one of the shaving chairs. To him presently came a knight of the razor, who remained interrogatively:

"Shave, sir?"

"No," growled the man in the chair, "I want to be measured for a suit of clothes."

This statement seemed to surprise the barber, but he managed to say:

"This isn't a tailor shop, sir."

"Isn't it?"

"No, sir."

"What is it?"

"It's a barber shop."

"What sort of work do you do in this shop?"

"Shave men and cut their hair, sir."

"Do you think a man with no hair on his head would come in here to have his hair cut?"

"No, sir."

"Do I look like a lunatic?"

This was replied to by a silent shake of the head, but the barber thought he was acting like one.

"Then, presuming me to be a sane man, but baldheaded, what would you naturally suppose I came here for?"

"For a shave!"

"Then, dear sir, why do you ask me if I wanted a shave when I took a seat in your chair? Why didn't you go to work at once? If some of you barbers would cultivate a habit of inferring from easily ascertained data, instead of developing such wonderful conversational and catechetical powers; it would be of material aid in advancing you in your chosen vocation and of expanding your profits. Do you comprehend?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man as he began to lather customer's face, and he never again asked him if he wanted oil on his hair when that operation was performed.

### Alliance Resolutions.

At the recent meeting of the Mecklenburg County Alliance held at Oak Grove the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Mecklenburg County Alliance enjoin upon our Congressmen, in so far as our authority extends, that they sustain the present Sherman silver act until some better substitute can be had in its place.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolution be sent to our Congressmen, S. B. Alexander, and Senators Z. E. Vance and Matt W. Ransom.

By order County Alliance.

E. W. ELLIOTT, County Secretary.

### The Faculty and Students of the University of N. C. have donated 2,000 volumes of books to Rutherford College.