

The Carolina Watchman.

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SALISBURY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1ST., 1905.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

WM. H. STEWART, EDITOR

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ITEMS FROM ALONG RIVER.

Ripples Here and There.—School Exhibition.

There is lots of sickness in our community now. Lee, the little son of J. T. Yarbrough, is confined to his bed with pneumonia, but is improving now.

L. H. Walton is very sick at this writing.

Mrs. Maggie Yarbrough has been confined to her bed for three weeks with rheumatism.

James McBride and family visited at J. H. Simeson's Saturday and Sunday.

T. L. Young and family visited at L. T. Yarbrough's Saturday and Sunday.

There was a singing at J. H. Simeson's Saturday night. A large crowd was present and all report a good time.

Miss Mary Chilson closed her school at Smith school house last Saturday with a public exhibition. Churchland String Band was there and furnished some good music for the occasion.

J. C. Sowers is now running his saw mill at full speed. The mill yard is full of logs. Mr. Sowers is one of our best farmers.

John Beck is very sick with pneumonia we are sorry to note.

J. A. Sharp, of Greensboro, visited his father, A. W. Sharp, Saturday night and Sunday. We were glad to see John home again.

Now is the time to subscribe for the WATCHMAN. It is a welcome visitor at our home once a week.

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TWO DEATHS AT ST. PAUL'S.

Robert Bringle and Miss Emma Beaver Cross the River.

There is an unusual amount of sickness in our neighborhood just now, but most of those afflicted are improving.

S. V. Cain, who has been quite ill, is on the mend, but slowly.

Stickley Koon has been suffering with la grippe.

Abram Glover, who has been afflicted with neuralgia and la grippe, is improving.

Robt. Bringle, who had a severe case of pneumonia, died from its effects Sunday. The funeral was preached Monday and the interment took place at St. Paul's.

A very sad death took place here Sunday. It was that of Miss Emma Beaver, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Beaver. She was entering womanhood when all the world held out to her its charms and a bright and happy future beckoned her on and filled her soul with hope. She was nearly 20 years of age and a bright and lovable woman.

Pneumonia was the immediate cause of her death. She was carried to St. Paul's where her funeral was preached and the interment took place. X.

Poultry Show Here Next Year.

The Piedmont Poultry Association, of which C. H. Fries, of Salisburys, is secretary, has decided to hold its next annual exhibition in Salisburys next fall.

This will be something of interest and besides bringing a large crowd of people here, there will be a lot of fine poultry to see.

MUCH BUILDING AT FAITH.

DAvid Ritchie Re-enlists in the Army. The Saw and Hammer are Busy.

A force of carpenters are at work putting up Luther Raney's new store house.

Lawson Kluttz with a force of carpenters is rushing up a new residence for Mr. G. M. Fisher, to be occupied by Luther Fisher, the clerk in the big company store of Raney-Brown & Co.

Lumber is being placed on the lot for the new residence for the Baptist preacher. It will be built at once by R. A. Raney, who is also running a saw mill, furnishing lumber for other people to build with here.

J. T. Artz, one of the police, is moving into his new house today, he sold his old house and lot in Faith.

Another new residence is going up in Faith for a Miss Holshouser, P. A. Peeler has the contract and has the building about half done. We hear of several other parties who will buy lots and build in our town in the near future. We never saw such a great demand for houses and lots before as there is this year.

Charley Barger is having a new residence built. It is going up right along.

David L. Ritchie has enlisted for another year in the U. S. army in the Philippine Islands.

VENUS.

NOTICE TO FARMERS—Just received large shipment seed oats, white, black and red rust proof, 65c per bu. KLUTTZ & SHAVER. 8t

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TO MEET IN SALISBURY.

Election of Officers for the Ensuing Term and Reports of the Jr. O. U. A. M.

Goldsboro, Feb. 22.—The second day's session of the State Council of the Jr. O. U. A. M. convened in the city hall this morning, the election of officers and the passing of resolutions has been the principle work of the day. Reports of committees and recommendations of officers has consumed a greater part of the time.

Some changes of a minor character have been made in the laws of the State organization.

The most important piece of business acted upon today was the passing of a resolution memorializing the Legislature not to establish a Bureau of Immigration. This question caused a considerable debate, but the sentiment in opposition to the establishment of such a bureau by the Legislature was almost unanimous.

Salisbury was selected as the next place of meeting for the State Council.

The following State Council officers were elected for the ensuing year: Junior Past Councilor, T. G. Cobb, of Morganton; Councilor, Z. P. Smith, of Raleigh; Vice Councilor, R. C. Poole, of Troy; Secretary, Sam F. Vance, of Winston; Assistant Secretary, R. H. Fulghum, of Wilson; Treasurer, Geo. V. Fulp, of Kernesville; Conductor, E. C. Bower, of Wake Forest; Warden, A. L. Duck, of Greenville; Inside Sentinel, U. M. Gillkin, of Goldsboro; Outside Sentinel, F. A. Rowe, of Hickory; Chaplain, J. D. Andrews, of Burlington; National Representative, W. J. Bellamy, of Wilmington.

The report of the State Council Treasurer Geo. V. Fulp showed a balance on hand at the beginning of last year of \$4,741.29 and receipts which, when added to this amount, make a total of \$12,563.44. The disbursements during the year amount to \$7,201.89, which leaves a balance of \$5,361.75 in the treasury.

The report of Sam F. Vance, State Council Secretary, showed that there had been 55 new councils in the State with 7,777 contributing members in 1903 and 10,091 members in 1904. The order gained 2,111 members during last year. There are 66 councils in the State that have from one to nine councils. The total receipts by the secretary were \$78,704.16 with disbursements of \$67,852.70.

Ham and Eggs.

A man who has been in close communion with the cup that inebriates quite as much as it cheers, entered an all-night lunch room late Saturday evening and for a starter had ham and eggs, toast and coffee. His eating left no part of his order visible, and after his meal he went to sleep, where he sat.

When he woke up he ordered beefsteak. This was brought, and the following dialogue ensued.

"How much do I owe you?"
"Fifty cents."

"What have I got?"

"Ham and eggs, toast, bread and butter, coffee and steak."

"Where's the ham and eggs?"

"They've gone down."

The waiter then explained further that the reason that the customer could not see all of his purchase was because some of it had been put into commission before he took his nap, and the man with the load of poles paid without further kick.—Hartford Courant.

LEE WRITES OF THE STOKES' FERRY ROAD

He Supports Mr. Frick, Makes Some Cutting Thrusts and Offers Assistance.

Gold Knob, N. C., Feb. 27.—We have noticed (in a recent issue of the WATCHMAN) that J. H. Frick has told what he knows and sees in the discharge of the duties of our County Commissioners. Now we know Mr. Frick personally and know that he is a gentleman and a hard working citizen of this county. We furthermore know that what Mr. Frick says can be relied upon. It is true, that the "Stokes' Ferry Road," is the worst road leading out from Salisbury, and that it is largely due to negligence on the part of our County Commissioners. Now as far as our (Providence) township is concerned we try, (by the willingness of the people) to keep our sections of the road, in as good condition as is possible to do so. But, when we try to go to market we can almost, (by the roads) tell where the Salisbury Township line begins. This section of road is seldom worked only by the chain gang and then merely to level it off. Now the road working class of people in this section are at a loss to know how it is that we have to pay road tax and work the roads and then have to pay the chain gang for working in the Salisbury Township. We notice that for two months the convicts have been kept on "North Main St." and also in cleaning the grave yards of the town. As a result, we poor farmers have to jog along for 10 or 12 miles through mud, snow, sleet and ice, in order to walk on dry pavements if we should be so fortunate as to ever get there. If only our (the Stokes' ferry) road was in half the condition that North Main was, we could not wish for more. We have people who live in one mile of Stokes' Ferry road who cross over to the Gold Hill road to go to town. Why? Simply because Mr. Kluttz, one of our commissioners, owns land on that road and the road is macadamized out that far. Would to God that our Commissioners owned land at the end of every road, or near by then it would be a pleasure to go somewhere. Last year \$200 was appropriated for the roads in each township. For Providence, the \$200 was put in the hands of Dr. C. M. Poole to hold and use to the best of his judgment. Of course his judgment found it best to use the proceeds on the Bringle's Ferry road. Why? Because that was Dr. Poole's road to town and to his advantage. Now we don't want to be a County Commissioner, neither do we want the streets of Salisbury running through our lands, but we would love to have our road looked after, and if our help is any good, give us the word and we'll put our shoulders to the wheel and push.

While chopping a few days ago N. B. Drury accidentally cut Ed E. Proctor in the arm inflicting a serious wound.

Our pastor, Rev. F. M. Harr, is in Tennessee, where he is a witness in the case of Rev. Dr. Graeber vs. the Holston Synod of Tenn.

There will be an exhibition at Barger's school house on Saturday, March 11th. Among the features of the day will be "Dot quied longing."

Change in a Drug Firm.

The drug store formerly owned and conducted by Cornelison & Cook will hereafter be conducted solely by Walter M. Cook, who has purchased Mr. Cornelison's interest.

THE DAY FOR EVICTION.

Actual Scene in New York When a Poor Family Was About to be Dispossessed.

We turned now in Elridge street and drove slowly through lines of pedler's carts until we came to a barber's pole in front of a narrow doorway. A black haired woman peered at us curiously from a window over red and blue announcements, in Yiddish, of various balls in the neighborhood. This was No. 109, the home of Abram Rubenovitch, whom we presently found in two rooms of the rear tenement, rooms that were clean and neat, despite their poverty, and that showed a woman's effort to make them bright and homelike.

The woman lay on a bed in the back room in a sort of stupor. It was a partly the heat, for the place was stifling and the windows tightly shut, but it was partly want of food, as we realized when she mumbled "milk-hunger." She was not over twenty-three, and, as she lay there pale and still, she looked quite beautiful.

The husband's grief was pitiful. When the baby came, he said, seven days before, there was no money and no food. For three days he had given his wife tea, nothing else, he had nothing else. Then a visitor left him fifty cents and he bought her a chicken. For himself he bought some stale bread, and for little Israel, one year old (he was holding Israel in his arms) he bought stale bread also. He would not have us think ill of him—would we come away from the door lest the neighbors hear. He had never told anyone of their destitution, he had his pride, he had always been able to keep up the home, earning good money at the sweat shop by sewing on boys' pants—five or six dollars a week—and they had been happy. Lens and he, in their two years of married life, happy and thankful. But now—well, he had been out of work for three months. Only twice, in that time, had he found anything to do, and that was in a big snow-storm, when he shoveled with the street cleaning gang—shoveled through two bitter nights, and that was all he had earned.

He tried to go on, but his feelings choked him, he could only point to his wife with a look of tenderness and grief while a big tear fell on the child in his arms.

What was he to do? People said he was strong and could work. Yes, but where was the work? And how could he leave his wife? Who would bring water to her parched lips? And how could he leave the little boy? Besides, it was too late, the rent was due tomorrow, ten dollars for the landlord, and if it was not paid—if it was not paid—with a gesture of dumb despair he pointed to the door.—Cleveland Moffett, in Success Magazine.

STATE NEWS.

Gen. Richard A. McLaughlin, formerly a prominent lawyer and citizen of Iredell, died last night at 9:15 o'clock at the home of his son-in-law, J. Walter Murdoch, five miles east of town. He had been in feeble health, for the past few months his condition had been critical.—J. P. Burke received letters yesterday from a number of relatives bringing the startling and agreeable information that he and his sisters, Mrs. Carr and Misses Jo. and Ada Burke, are heirs to property in New York city which is estimated to be worth about \$800,000.00.—Statesville Landmark.