

# The Carolina Watchman.

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

THE WATCHMAN is the Organ of the Farmers' Alliance in 8th and 7th Congressional Districts. Advertisers, make a note of this.

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SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1892

NO. 34.

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is superior to any prescription known to me. H. A. ANGIER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

## ONE WORD.

## Prices

TELL THE TALE.

The suits we are selling this week at \$10 take the lead of anything ever placed on sale for the price. They are made in every style—Cassimeres, Flannels, Serges, Worsteds, Suits that are well cut and elegantly trimmed, Suits that will wear well are yours for a \$10 bill.

Suits that would be a bargain at \$3 or \$4 more, but in order to clean out odds and ends, and broken sizes, we offer them for \$10.00. Our line of \$4.00, 5.00, 7.50, 12.50 and 15.00 Suits are the best, cheapest and noblest suits we ever sold at these prices. Makes of first class material, and are 25 per cent. cheaper than can be bought elsewhere. We are going to cut prices right and left until every suit is sold. We have a full line of summer Coats and Vests—Alpaca, Seersucker, Mohair, &c. Full line of Trunks, Traveling Bags, Satchels, etc.

M. S. BROWN.

## STATESVILLE MARBLE WORKS

Is the Place to Get Monuments, Tombstones, &c. A large stock of VERMONT MARBLE to arrive in a few days. We guarantee satisfaction in every respect and positively will not be undersold.

Granite Monuments Of all kinds a specialty. C. B. WEBB & CO., PROPRIETOR.

1850 THE 1892  
Georgia Home Insurance Co., COLUMBUS, GA.  
J. RHODES BROWNE, WM. C. COART,  
PRESIDENT. SECRETARY.  
Total Assets, over \$1,000,000.  
A Home Company, seeking Home Patronage. Insures all classes of Risks at adequate rates. Losses adjusted and paid promptly.  
J. ALLEN BROWN, Agt.

### THE WOODPECKER.

He's the silliest critter that ever I see!  
An' he sits there a peckin' an' bobbin' at me,  
While he's carvin' a notch in the wind-sky  
Of that moss-covered hickory tree.  
Blamed if I ever see such a tormentin' bird!  
When I woke up this mornin' the first thing I heard  
Was his 'rubby-dub-dub' on an o' holler  
'Fore the other fowls twittered 'r stirred.  
See 'im sit there a peckin' that worm-eaten limb,  
An' a winkin' at me as I'm talkin' o' him:  
While his harl' bullet head, shinin' glossy  
An' read,  
Drives a bill like a thorn, black an' slim.  
Seems in teasing a feller he takes a delight;  
An' he'd rather be killed in a one-sided fight  
Than to give up the grub he has found in  
that stub.  
R to show the white feather in flight,  
He's the beatin' bird—an' he don't care a  
straw!  
Why he takes what he wants without license 'r  
law,  
An' he chatters with fun at the crack of a gun  
While he's fillin' his famishin' 'r  
I'll be hangin' if I don't kind o' fancy 'im tho'.  
He's so blamed independent an' keerless, you  
know,  
An' I'd feel sort o' bad an' consider ble sad,  
If he'd mind my complainin' an' go!  
—S. Q. Lapsie, in Ohio Farmer.

### SAVED THE TRAIN.

"Mr. Ransom, please tell us why it is you are filling such a responsible position and you not yet thirty years old?"  
This question was asked by one of a crowd of four or five gentlemen seated in the handsome private office of Mr. Ransom, superintendent of transportation of the Chicago & Western railroad at Omaha, Neb.  
"Well," replied the superintendent, a good-looking young man twenty-six or thereabouts, "if you will have the patience to listen, I will narrate briefly how my heel caused my promotion, and was the means of saving many lives."  
"Five years ago I was station agent and operator at Hamlin, on this road. The depot was the only building at Hamlin; consequently, I had to do my own cooking and sleeping in the depot, getting my supplies from Rands, a place of about five hundred inhabitants, eight miles up the railroad.  
"It was about ten o'clock on a hot sultry night in August. There did not seem to be a breath of air stirring. The windows were up and the doors were thrown open, so as to admit all the air possible. No. 32, the fast mail, had to be reported before I could get 'good night' from the dispatchers and retire.  
"I had pulled off my shoes and had nothing on my feet but my stockings. As I was idly leaning back in my chair, my feet propped up on the instrument table, and lazily drumming on the key with my heel, I heard a slight noise behind me. Before I could turn around to ascertain the cause, a man's harsh voice rang out:  
"Move an inch and you are a dead man," and at the same moment I felt the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against my head.  
"Put your hands behind your back and look straight before you," commanded the same voice sternly.  
"I obeyed with alacrity.  
"My hands were seized roughly and bound securely to the back of the chair.  
"Now, my beauty, I guess you won't do much more telegraphing to-night," and he broke out into a discordant laugh.  
"He evidently thought it very amusing, I didn't.  
"Come on, boys," he yelled, "I've got this kid fast."  
"After a moment three or four men—as well as I could judge, with my back to the door—walked in.  
"Ha! ha! cap'n, you've got him, have you?" and they all laughed roughly.  
"Jim," said the man addressed as captain, "have you got that spike lifter?"  
"You bet I has," came from one of the men.  
"The captain then turned and addressed me:  
"Young man, no harm is intended you if you keep perfectly quiet. Doubtless your curiosity is very much aroused as to our intentions. Well, it can do no harm to enlighten you, as the mischief will be done before you can give any alarm. We intend—and here the man's voice became absolutely fiendish—"to take up two rails on that trestle out there. Let me see, the fast mail is due here at—  
"God! man, I broke in with horror, surely you don't intend to wreck the fast mail? Think of the lives that will be lost if it runs off at that trestle!" and great beads of cold perspiration stood out on my forehead, as I grasped the full horror of the situation.  
"The trestle referred to was about one hundred yards north of the depot, and spanned a very wide but shallow creek, fully seventy-five feet below. I knew that if No. 32 jumped the track on that trestle it meant death to every person on board.  
"Jim," cried the captain, "you remain here and keep your eye on this fellow; if he moves, kill him; the remainder of you come on and let's go to work."  
"Then all except Jim followed the captain out, and soon I heard the metallic clink of the crowbar, as it drew the spikes from the rails.  
"Oh! what could be done!  
"My hands were bound so that I could not reach the key, and if I tried the outlaw behind me would send a bullet crashing through my brain.

### BILL NYE TILLS THE SOIL

And Accidentally Stings in Some Word Pictures—Fancy Farming on the French Broad.  
BUCK SHOALS, N. C., June.  
This is a great pleasure resort, consisting of seventy-five acres lying along the French Broad. It is frequented by myself and a wealthy man who is building me a house overlooking the river. The estate lies on this side of the river. So does the man who thought he could dig me a damp well at a depth of eighty feet when he knew damp well he could not. I had intended to celebrate the landing of Christopher Columbus this summer with a considerable amount of explosives, but I have already used my allowance in this well, and did not make very much noise either.  
As I pen these lines I see the man slowly emerging from the well. He is the man who has been digging the well. He has a stern look and a big dynamite cartridge in each hand. Come to think about it, he did not say that he could strike water at a depth of eighty feet. It was a feeble man who afterwards turned the contract over to this one.  
I am building a house and studdery here on the estate and learning how to till the farm, so that by piecing out the crop with my salary I can maintain three North Carolina hens and possibly add a guinea in the fall.  
When George and I—George Vanderbilt and I—came here to show the Tar Heel horticulturist how brains would overmaster a sluggish soil, and how with a course of careful rotation of crops and by tickling these overshot farms with the hoe we could make them laugh—a low gurgling laugh—we did not know that each of these Venetian red hillsides needs a lively stable and feed store on it to enrich it.  
We are learning that with some sorrow and are irrigating our water-melons with tears. We exchange work, weeping on each other's water-melons. My tears go further than his and knock the striped bugs quicker, he thinks. On a good day I can cry over quite a patch.  
Cow peas are used here a good deal for bruing up the soil. They do not make good soup, and they are not a floricultural exhibit that one would go very far to attend, but for impaired soil and loss of fertility they are highly spoken of.  
Wet down the farm with Apollinaris water, then put on camphor tar to prevent moths from eating the young sassafras, which grows quite plentifully here, and as a foliage plant ranks with the bull thistle and jimson weed of the vulgar and nasty north.  
Now dust off the farm, as these might possibly be remnants of soil on it. Next, mix enough white lime with your red hillsides to give it a creamy shade. Some put blueing in their farms here. Now fertilize the abutments of your farm with chaos from the barn and in summer fallow the land. By autumn you can turn the soil over and cross plow. This will bring the under side of the farm to the surface. This should have a top dress of guano, and if you have in the house two or three car loads of shad roe that is pretty gaudy, you will find that it will startle the soil and possibly give a great stimulus.  
At first I overstimulated my farm and gave it a headache. I put on it several of Zola's works and then added some other fertilizing material, which gave the soil what the physicians call hypernutrition, followed by overexcitation and then coma.  
My peas have been planted three times and each time eaten by rabbits. When I first came here I put up on my grounds this notice:  

No shooting on these grounds except for potholed re-soms. No smoking, drinking, parties, or anything else that will not be to the benefit of the soil.

As a result the estate is covered with wild game, and yesterday I tried all the forenoon to overhaul a turkey that had apparently stolen her nest, only to learn at noon that she was a wild turkey and rather better than the average as a roadster.  
But the fatigue and face of nature in Western North Carolina at this season of the year makes you scream with delight. Every curve in the road gives one a new and beautiful picture of the far blue mountains, the near green of the foothills and the magnificent forest and wood flowers at your elbow in the foreground.  
North Carolina has the widest range of varieties in useful and ornamental woods of any locality in the world. I reckon. In the radius of a few miles all kinds of oaks, pines, hickory, maple, elm, ash, etc., without end, are found, and among others the tulip tree, a beautiful ornamental wood, especially when it is curly and well finished up. On this tree grows each summer a big tulip, olive green on the outside and shading down on the outside to a bright lemon color or straw. Every shade of green and yellow make up this beautiful flower, and the tree is often covered with it, though it grows seventy or eighty feet high.  
Ever and anon through the shady woods, as one rides he gets the flash of a scarlet azalia twenty feet high, or smells the rich and penetrating odor of the calcanthus, as mellow and sweet as the bouquet of a peri. The laurel covers the sides of the mountain now.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.