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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

For the DEMOCRAT:

Ex-President Cleveland either expects to return to Washington to live or he considers Washington real estate the best investment for his money, or both. He has just purchased several lots near the suburban residence, which he still owns here and where he spent the greater part of his time when President. Mrs. Cleveland in writing to friends here, constantly speaks of when she will return to Washington to live. All of which may, or may not have a political meaning.

By the death of Representative Kelley, of Pennsylvania, the honor of being the "father of the house" that is, the member who has served the longest, falls on ex-Speaker Randall. Judge Kelley's funeral took place Saturday in the hall of the House of Representatives. The body was taken to Philadelphia accompanied by committees of both Houses.

Ex-Secretary Whitney was one of the New York delegation that appeared before the Senate committee on the World's Fair to boom the claims of the big town. While here Mr. Whitney called on many of his old friends.

At last it seems likely that a bill for the transfer of the Revenue marine service from the treasury to the Navy department will become a law. For many years the opposition of the Secretary of the Treasury has prevented Congressional action, but now Mr. Windom favors it. Another important transfer that may be regarded as certain to take place during this Congress is that of the Weather bureau from the War to the Agricultural department.

New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Washington have all made their strongest arguments before the Senate committee on the World's Fair, and now the committee will get down to work. It is not thought that the committee of either House or Senate will recommend a city for the location of the Fair. It will be easier to settle that question by vote of the two Houses. What they will do will be to

report a bill embodying the best points of the several measures introduced providing for the Fair. The feeling between the Representatives of the rival cities has been, and is, the very best. All are prepared to hurrah for the winner and to take off their coats and work to make it the greatest World's Fair ever held.

Senator Voorhees resolution, upon which he made such a bombastic speech last Wednesday, has been answered by the Attorney-General. He denies that any instruction, written or oral, has been given by the department of Justice to District Attorney Chalmers, of Indiana, in reference to the arrest of W. W. Dudley. Mr. Voorhees now wants to know why Mr. Harrison does not remove District Attorney Chalmers, if he is not in sympathy with the recent illegal action of that official.

The impression is growing among Democrats that trickery is being practiced by the Republican members of the House committee on Rules. It has been given out that the Republicans of the committee could not agree and that was the reason for the unprecedented delay in reporting the Rules which are to govern the present House. This is now believed to have been only a ruse to gain time. Speaker Reed promises that they shall certainly be reported this week.

The war on Mr. Harrison's nominations has not so far amounted to anything. Morgan and Dorchester, commissioner and Superintendent respectively, of Indian Affairs, against whom there was apparently such a big fight, only had one vote against them in the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs. They are certain to be confirmed this week.

Washington has an unusual quantity of sickness. Opinions differ as to whether it is caused by imagination, colds or "la grippe." The doctors say it's the first two combined, while the newspapers and a large portion of the badly frightened population insist that it is the latter.

—Washington D. C. Jan 13.

THE CHINESE WALL.

I have just returned from a trip to the Chinese wall. Writes Frank G. Carpenter in a Peking letter, and I have seen enough to say that there is no doubt of its existence and its greatness. Built 1700 years before America was discovered, when our ancestors, altogether savage, wandered through out France, Germany and England; when Rome was in the height of her republican form of government, and when the Roman Empire had not yet begun to be, these massive towers still crown the parapets and the 1600 miles of wall still stand. It is a two-days by donkey from Peking, and one goes through the northern edge of the great plain of China and meets it in the great chain of mountains which

separates China from Mongolia and Manchuria. Manchuria and Mongolia lie directly north of China. They are both subject to and are governed by China, and they equal in size about one-half the whole territory of the United States. Above them lies Siberia, and south of the western edge is Thibet and Hi, which are also Chinese countries as to government. All are sparsely settled and Mongolia has less than two people to the square mile, while its whole population is not greater than the city of New York. Manchuria has twelve millions of people but both countries are far more savage than the Chinese, and the mongolians live largely in tents. The trade of all these people, however, comes north from Peking and passes over the mountain, and through the great wall at the gate which I visited. The wall was built originally to keep them out, but they have swarmed through in hordes again and again, and it is a Manchurian emperor that now sits upon the Chinese throne.

What a wonderful structure it is! It would extend more than half-way across America and it must have consumed years in building it. As I stood upon its ramparts I could see it climbing the mountains and going down the valleys as far as my eyes could reach. It did not diminish in strength nor size at the various points I visited, and its masonry would have been good work for the American builders of to-day. It is about twenty-five feet high and at the top it is so wide that two carriages could drive abreast along it and the hubs of one would not touch those of the other. Its exterior walls are of blue brick of such a size that they look like massive stones, and these are filled in with earth and paved with brick at the top. The grass and the moss have now grown over the top of this great wall. No arches now guard it, and it stands amid the snowy mountains a monument of the almond-eyed men who thus, two thousand years ago, sought to protect their homes and those of their descendants for all time to come. No one can stand upon the ramparts of this structure and not be impressed with the greatness of the Chinese nation. It is a great er monument than the pyramids of Egypt built by selfish kings for royal tombs, and its purpose was nobler. It is a monument also of the great truth that while man dies, his work remains, and that the lives bottled up here twenty centuries ago exist to-day, as does the hand that carved the Venus di Medici, the pen that wrote Shakespeare and the Ænied, and in a humbler though no less effective way, the muscle that dug out the marble from the mines, of which the builders and architects constructed the mighty Cathedral of Milan.—Ex.

DOES FARMING PAY?

Yes, it pays handsomely. It pays the railroads—it pays the manufactures—it pays the speculator—it pays the political tricksters, it pays the professional men, it pays the merchants, it pays the money barons, it pays the banks, it pays trusts, combines and other forms of legalized robberies; it pays almost everybody except the farmer. O yes, farming pays! —Progressive Farmer.

And why does it not pay the farmers? Whose fault is it that the railroads, manufacturers, speculators, tricksters and everybody else gets pay from the farmer's work, while the farmer—the greatest wealth producer of the world, it not paid? Is it not his own fault? Before the railroads were built the farmers hauled their produce to market in wagons and made money. The roads are still open and the markets are still there. Before the manufacturers filled the country with ready-made plow-stocks hoe and axe handles, and every conceivable wooden article down to toothpicks, the farmers made those things at home, or did without them, and made money. They have the same privilege now. The political tricksters, professional men, merchants, money barons, bankers and everybody else have to buy and eat of the products of the farm, and why is it that the owners of the soil—the producers of what everybody has to buy—cannot make farming pay? Do they plow deep while sluggards sleep? Do they do justice to the soil from which they expect a profitable return for their labor? Many of them can answer yes to all these questions and still they can hardly keep out of debt. Why is this? The politicians say it is the tariff, and to some extent that is true. There is a tariff on everything the farmer uses, but he is not compelled to use the Yankee made, high taxed tool when he can make one at home that will do as well. If our farmers would live more at home, put in more of their time and native ingenuity in providing many of the agricultural implements for which they go in debt, and pay extortionate prices with big interest and mortgage fees, they would be independent of these speculators, trusts and combines they so much abuse.

The industrious farmer ought to be the most independent man on the face of the earth, and the way to be it, is to keep out of debt. We read of one some weeks ago who said he had made farming pay by working six days in the week and not spending a cent for whisky or tobacco. We read of one last week who said farming paid him, but he gave it his whole time, not taking time to join the Alliance. These are probably peculiar men. There are no doubt many who take a day off, and get money by farming, but they could make much more if they

could be relieved from the high tariff they pay on all the tools they use.—Press and Carolinian.

Far better than the harsh treatment of medicines which horribly gripe the patient and destroy the coating of the stomach, Dr. J. McLean's Chills and fever cure, by mild yet effective action will cure. Sold at fifty cents a bottle.

George Vanderbilt Engaged.

Charleston, S. C. Jan. 8, '90.

The engagement of George Vanderbilt to Miss Mary Johnson, daughter of Col. Wm. Johnstone, of Annadale South Island, Georgetown county, S. C., is announced.

Mr. Vanderbilt was at Asheville last summer looking into his real estate, on which he is going to establish a Southern Tuxedo Park. While there he met Miss Johnstone on Bunketchee Mountain at the residence of her relative, Mr. Miles Hazzard, a prominent rice planter of Georgetown. She is of extraordinary beauty and he immediately fell in love with her.

A few weeks ago he visited her at her father's plantation on South Island, and an engagement was the result. The Johnstones are of the highest social standing in this State, and noted for the beauty of their women. Before the war Col. Wm. Johnstone was very wealthy, but is now in straightened circumstances. The Johnstones claim descent from the Scottish Earls of Annadale.

SOME PERSONAL GOSSIP.

George Vanderbilt is the youngest child of the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt, and is about twenty-six years of age. He is of a quiet, studious disposition and has gone very little into society, preferring to closet himself with his books, of which he has one of the finest collections in the country.

He inherited \$70,000,000 by the terms of his father's will, which millions he has, in the slang of the day, "sat upon," never speculating or spending a hundredth part of his income, residing always with his mother.—New York Herald.

If you suffer pricking pains on moving the eyes, or cannot bear bright light, and find your sight weak and failing, you should promptly use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening eye salve twenty-five cents a box.

\$3,000,000 Short.

Chicago, Jan. 14.—A Cleveland, O. special says that a morning paper publishes a statement submitted by an expert book keeper, showing irregularities in the old accounts of the city of Cleveland aggregating \$3,000,000. Nearly all of this money was paid out by the city without the approval of the council, although the laws of the State of Ohio distinctly require that every claim be included in the regular claim ordinance. The publication creates a great sensation.—News-Ob.

A Fatal Jump.

A Hot Springs special to the Asheville Citizen says: On Friday night as the east bound train was running into Hot Springs, a man by the name of Van Henderson, after firing off a pistol several times, jumped from the front platform of the passenger coach, the train running at full speed, and was dashed against the rocks of the road bed. He was at once picked up and carried on a stretcher to the house of a relative in the village. Dr. Ross, from Mountain Park hotel, was at once called and found him with one arm and leg broken, a crushed skull and one eye out. Drs. Brank and Hartwicke, of Marshall, were sent for and went down yesterday morning. Up to ten o'clock yesterday when Dr. Brank was interviewed as to his condition, he was still alive, but the probabilities were that he would not survive his injuries.

It seems that Henderson is a tough character and had been arrested at one time at Hot Springs for creating a disturbance. He was intoxicated on the train and had been making a row, and fear of arrest when he reached Hot Springs, concluded that he could jump from the train and go into the town unobserved, with the above fatal result.

When nature falters and requires help, permit her enfeebled energies with Dr. J. H. McLean's strengthening Cordial and blood purifier \$1.00 per bottle.

The New York Tribune has taken time in the midst of its very active labors to publish all sorts of outrage accounts about the South, to direct its eye to the religious condition of New England, and asks:

"Is religion dying out in New England? Look at Vermont, for instance. Forty-two percent of its native population live out of the State, and they seem to have carried a great deal of the religion of the State with them, for the regions which are people almost exclusively by pure Yankee stock show the greatest religious destitution. In the little town of Halifax there are two extinct churches, and yet in time past this town has sent ten men into the ministry. In Vermont more than one half of the population are not only unreached but are absolutely unapproached by any direct Christian efforts."

That is extremely shocking. We knew it was very bad up there in the matter of divorces and farming, but we did not know that the religious destitution was so dense. The South must send some missionaries to that benighted, irreligious section of the Union.

Exposure to rough weather, getting wet, living in damp localities are favorable to the contraction of diseases of the kidneys and bladder. As a preventive and for the cure of all kidney and liver trouble, use that valuable remedy, Dr. J. H. McLean's liver and kidney balm, \$1.00 per bottle.