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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT:

Representative Samuel J. Randall is not making as rapid progress towards good health as his admirers would wish, and many of them fear that he will never again be able to stand the wear and tear of active work in the House. Mr. Randall firmly believes that he will resume his work as soon as the House meets, and tells everybody who goes to see him that he is only resting now in deference to his physician's wish.

President Harrison took unceremonious leave of everything official last week and went to Maryland to shoot wild ducks. He left Wednesday night and returned Saturday night.

The Republicans who have failed to get themselves appointed to office by President Harrison are rapidly announcing themselves as candidates for the three or four desirable offices under the House of Representatives. Among the latest in this category are ex-representative Guenther, of Iowa, and Gen. George A. Sheridan, once of Louisiana, but now of almost anywhere, or everywhere. Both of these gentlemen want to be elected Clerk of the House, and so do several others, including Hon. Ed. McPherson and Mr. Carson, both of Pennsylvania. There is more of a contest so far over these minor places than over the speakership. From the present outlook there is but one real Republican candidate for speaker—Reed—the rest are only mentioned to compliment them. They will, of course, be voted for on one and possibly two ballots in the Republican caucus, but on the third ballot at the farthest Reed will get two thirds of the votes.

Mr. Blane and Secretary Tracy carried the delegates to the All American Congress and the International marine conference to the Naval Academy at Annapolis Saturday. The Congress began its regular sittings to-day. The marine conference is making satisfactory progress in its efforts to lessen the danger of travel by water.

Who's afraid of being a soldier now? A committee of Army officers met here this week to test our invention claimed to afford the body perfect protection from pistol and rifle bullets.

Mr. Wanamaker virtually admitted the charge brought against him by Senator Hampton when he notified the Senator that the commission of the new postmaster at Columbia, South Carolina, would be withheld to give the Senator an opportunity to be heard if he desired to oppose the appointment. Whether Senator Hampton will take any further notice of the matter is not known here, but the chances are that he will not.

Mr. Procter, who has doubtless heard some of the criticisms expressed by thoughtless people to the effect that he was devoting more time to his private business than to the War department, has resigned the presidency of the Vermont Marble Company, of which he is the virtual owner. His son was elected to succeed him, and there are people here who believe it only a little trick to blind public opinion. We shall be able to see whether they are right or wrong later on.

Some surprise has been created here by the announcement that Judge McCrary, of Iowa, stood a fair chance of receiving an appointment to the vacancy in the Supreme Court. He served several terms in the House but is best remembered here as Haye's Secretary of War. At present he is a railroad lawyer at Kansas City. The Judge had been regarded as a political "back-number."

McKinley's friends are talking of withdrawing his name as a candidate for Speaker on the rather absurd ground that as a candidate for the Presidential nomination of his party in 1892 he cannot afford to be defeated for Speaker.

The Civil Service Commissioners deny that they are making preparation for a Congressional investigation if they are not, they ought to be, for such an investigation is one of the certainties of the future.

The Pension committee of the G. A. R. has agreed to ask Congress to pass a service pension bill that will give every man that served in the Union Army during the late war at least \$8 per month. To make its work complete this committee should tell Congress, where the money is to come from to pay all these pensions.

Representative Grosvenor of Ohio, defends himself to the extent of a column and a half newspaper interview from the charge of having helped to "down" Foraker. The only thing about this to interest Democrats is the fact that Foraker is down. No matter how he got there.

Ex-Representative Vance of Connecticut, is to be one of the New York *Suns* representatives here this winter. The Agricultural conven-

tion adjourned last Friday. The members were given a reception by Secretary and Risk. Nov. 18, 1889.

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

WANAMAKER'S HYPOCRISY

Mr. Wanamaker is reported by the New York "Herald" as saying the Senator Hampton is so far mistaken that not a single commission has been issued to any of the postmasters or to the post offices referred to in this letter. Per contra, the Washington correspondent of the News and Courier telegraphs that the Postmaster General declines to commit himself further than to say that he had no intention of violating any pledge he may have made to Senator Hampton and that the commission of Postmaster Clayton will be held up pending an investigation. He declares most emphatically that while he has no knowledge of a positive promise being made to Senator Hampton regarding the Columbia post office still it was possible that such might have been the latter's impression. However, in the hurry and confusion of official business the matter might have been overlooked and an appointment made without any question of Senator Hampton's request in the matter being raised. This particular case had not been referred to him for action, at least that is his impression, and it was just possible that the appointment might have been carried along in the ordinary routine manner without attracting his attention.

In his New York "Herald" interview he says, "I intend to conduct the office of the Postmaster General upon strictly business principles. My idea of the administration of a public office is that it should be so managed that equal treatment should be given to Republicans and Democrats alike. This department belongs to the people and so long as I remain at the head it shall be administered in their behalf."

Now whether there is any discrepancy between the statements as reported by the "Herald" and by the Charleston paper the public can judge.

But with regard to the last paragraph, we have a word to say. If Mr. Wanamaker has the idea he expresses, he has not enforced it in his department. It is notorious that the Post Office Department has been conducted on a partisan basis. Mr. Clarkson has made himself notorious not merely for the activity with which he has turned out Democrats but for the fact that he has posed before the country as glorying in his partisan work.

The work of the Post office Department in turning

out Democrats proceed here so intemperate as to be a shame and scandal. Appointments were sent to incompetent men to improper men, to men who were not wanted by their respective communities, to men who were in jail, to men who were charged as criminals. It was a scandal—shameful, degrading and degrading to the government.

Another instance of partisanship. When the date fixed for the route agents to pass under the civil service rules approached, the order was revoked and a further date fixed, so as to give additional time to substitute Republicans for Democrats. A great noise was made about the untrained men appointed by Cleveland, and on the pretence of bettering the service, white men who had then become trained and were entirely efficient, were displaced so as to appoint negro men without qualification and who will never arrive at proficiency. Some of these appointments were miserable failures.

We will mention a single case that exemplifies how Mr. Wanamaker carries into effect his "idea."

At Selma there was a good woman who had been appointed postmaster when the office paid nothing. As the place grew the pay became of consequence to her, and the people so desiring, she was retained by all administrations. A fire broke out and suffered heavy loss, and the office in her distress became still more useful to her, and the people were still more desirous of her retaining the place.

But Wanamaker turned her out and sent off to another part of the county and got a worthless fellow merely because of his mean politics, and put him in her place. Wanamaker's pet had hardly got warm in his office before he got to stealing. He stole the registered letters—and now he is in jail. That is the way Mr. Wanamaker enforces his "idea." We abominate pretences and hypocrisy.—*News and Observer*.

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

The Rich And Great Not Always Happy.

Col. Ingersoll in one of his lectures says: "Some people tell me that your doctrine about loving, and wives and all that, is splendid for the rich but won't do for the poor. I tell you tonight there is more love in the homes of the poor than in the palaces of the rich. The meanest hut with love in it is a palace fit for gods, and a palace without love, is a den fit only for wild beasts. That is my doctrine! You can not be so poor that you can not help some body. Good nature is the cheapest commodity in the world, and love is the only

thing that will pay ten percent to borrower and lender both. Do not tell me that you have got to be rich! We have a false standard of greatness in the U. S. We think here that a man must be great that he must be wise, that he must be notorious; that he must be extremely wealthy, or that his name must be on the putrid lips of rumor. It is all a mistake. It is not necessary to be rich or great, or to be powerful, to be happy. The happy man is the successful man. Happiness is the legal tender of the soul. Joy is wealth.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity, and gazed upon the sarcophagus of black Egyptian marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking along the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolor in his hand. I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Merengo—at Ulm and Austria. I saw him in Russia where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blasts scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him of Leipsic in defeat and disaster driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris, clutched like a wild beast, banished to Elba. I saw him escape and take an empire by force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortune of their former king, and I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition, and I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children on my knees and their arms about me—I would rather have been that man and gone down in tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have the imperial personation of force and murder.

Are you restless at night, and harassed by a bad cough? Use Dr. J. H. Metcalf's Tar Wine Lung Balm, it will secure you sound sleep, and effect a prompt and radical cure.

The Story of Ananias and Sapphira. Commended to Wanamaker by Wade Hampton.

Columbia, S. C., Nov. 18—S. F. Clayton, of the city, was two weeks ago appointed post master for Columbia, vice Wade Hampton Gibbs, a gentleman of high standing in the State. Mr. Clayton is an 'independent'. Post Master General Wanamaker had promised not to remove Mr. Gibbs until his term expired. The following letter relating to Mr. Gibbs' removal, from Senator Wade Hampton, now hunting on his plantation in Mississippi, will be published in the *News and Courier* tomorrow. Senator Hampton writes Mr. Wanamaker as probably no Postmaster General of the United States was ever written to before:

Glenn Allen Miss. Nov 8, '89.
Hon. John Wanamaker:

Sir—The enclosed extract from a South Carolina paper has caused me great surprise. Perhaps you will remember, if your memory is not treacherous, your assurance to me a few days ago that Mr. Gibbs should not be removed until the expiration of his term in February next. Not only did you do this, but you voluntarily assured me that in as much as Columbia was my postoffice you would, when a successor to Mr. Gibbs was to be appointed, consult me.

It is a matter of small importance to me who takes the place of Mr. Gibbs, but as I informed him in passing through Columbia of the promise you had made, you may perhaps understand how your action has placed me in a false position. But it is fortunate for me that Mr. Gibbs will know that I, at least, told him the truth, though I was grievously deceived in believing what was said to me. I shall know better in the future what reliance to place on statesmen emanating from the same source.

The newspapers state that besides managing the great Department over which you preside, you are running a Sunday School in Philadelphia, and it occurs to me that you might with profit to yourself select as the most appropriate subject of a lecture to your pupils the instructive story of Ananias and Sapphira. This would give you a fine field for your eloquence in explaining to your young charges the importance of confining themselves to the truth—except when some fancied advantage might be obtained over a political opponent. I am, your obedient servant,

WADE HAMPTON.

NOTICE!

I will offer sale to the highest bidder for cash in hand on the 5th day of December 1889, at Norris in Watauga county N. C. One tract of land, lying and being in Watauga and State aforesaid; known as the J. L. Woodring land and the place where he now lives. Said tract containing 30 acres, more or less to satisfy a tax due the United States. J. G. Hardin, D. C. From Nov. 11th. Till Dec. 5th.