

# Watauga Democrat.

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## LINVILLE.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent

For the Democrat

Will Mr. Harrison dare to jump into the breach in his party in the Senate? He has been asked, and begged, by Senator Hoar, who recently expressed himself as preferring to see every manufactory in New England in ashes and the mechanics reduced to 50 cents a day and a diet of codfish than to see the failure of the Force bill and his associates to come to the rescue. Mr. Harrison favors the Election bill, and every since his election he has bitterly hated Senator Quay on account of the patronizing matter with which he treated his highness; therefore if he did as he would like to he would throw the weight of his influence, which isn't very heavy after all, against Mr. Quay; but he hesitates, because he fears that Mr. Quay may succeed in having his resolution shelving the Force bill and appointing Aug. 30, as a day for taking a vote on the tariff bill adopted by the Senate.

Can Mr. Quay get his resolutions passed? To what extent will the democrats support it? It now looks as if the first question might be answered in the affirmative, and that the democrats in a body will support the Quay resolution; not because they endorse it but because they recognize in it a weapon to

whack more than half the republican party over the head. The democrats would much prefer continuing the debate on the tariff bill, for that debate is making hundreds of democratic voters every day, but if Quay should be defeated, he and his followers would probably be willing to vote with the rest of the republicans to adopt a "gag" rule and pass both the tariff and Election bills. Senator Vest says the tariff bill is worse than the Election bill.

Prominent republicans openly admit that the fight which is now going on in the Senate has already practically settled the Congressional election in favor of the democrats. The openness with which Mr. Quay is acting for the special interests of a single clique of monied men so distinguished some of the republicans that they announced their intention to defeat certain clauses of the tariff bill. As soon as the telegraph could notify these men and special trains could bring them, a delegation was before the Senate Finance committee demanding, not politely asking, what these rumors meant. The republican members of that committee humbly informed them that their interests should be taken care of as had been promised them when they made their campaign contributions, and these robbers of the toiling millions returned whence they came.

Representative Baker, of New York who enjoys the notoriety of being the only man who ever had a resolution returned to him by a vote of the House, because of its bad taste, made an ass of himself again by offering a resolution reflecting upon Mr. Mills because of his making tariff reform speeches. It was too much even for Speaker Reed, and he certainly isn't over squeamish about such things. Mr. Baker was asked to withdraw the resolution but he refused, insisting upon having it printed in the Record. The Speaker then quietly ignored Mr. Baker, and the House proceeded to business and he didn't get his resolution printed.

Public opinion is a great lever. Secretary Windom has decided that the prices paid by the government for silver bullion shall be made public. They never should have been hid.

The republicans don't do much talking these days about a Congressional re-apportionment this year. Cause why; the Census shows that the South will gain instead of lose Congressmen. Few weeks past Superintendent Porter has worked his force night and day to get the count completed in order that the re-apportionment might be made; but the result has not been just what anticipated, and re-apportionment will be made. The population of the country is in round numbers 64,000,000

Recognizing the fact that the Congressional campaign this year was to be run on "gall" and "boodle". Assis-

tant Post Master General Clarkson, who has an unlimited supply of the former, is to become the loss dog of the Republican Congressional Campaign committee. The "boodle" will be furnished by the usual crowd.

The anti-lottery bill was passed by the House Saturday afternoon by a unanimous vote.

After numerous scares the River and Harbor bills went through the Senate Saturday.

Coughs and colds come uninvited, but you can quickly get rid of these, with a few doses of Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Tonic.

North Carolina has wild pasturage enough to maintain handsomely 5,000,000 sheep, if proper attention were given to it and dog laws passed by our Legislature to protect sheep husbandry. There is no industry in the State that would yield a greater income to the amount invested than that of sheep raising, but until some law is enacted to protect sheep from dogs, men of capital will be loth to invest in it in this State.—Raleigh Southern Farmer.

Life will acquire new zest, and cheerfulness return, if you will impel your liver and kidneys to the performance of their functions. Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Tonic will stimulate them to healthful action. \$1.00 per bottle.

## TORNADOES.

The principal conditions of a tornado are an unstable state of the atmosphere, steep vertical gradients of temperature, and an initial gyratory motion. The excessively heated, saturated lower strata burst up through the upper, over small areas, moisture is condensed into mist and rain, and the whirling motion, which is always from right to left, produces the characteristic funnel-shaped cloud. These conditions prevail in the south east quadrant of an area of low barometer, about two hundred miles from the centre. Tornadoes move from south west to north east, with an average velocity of 30 miles an hour, over an average path of 300 yards wide and 25 miles long. Ferrel calculates that the velocity of the ascending currents within the funnel must often exceed 200 miles, which explains its tremendous destructive power.

The region most favorable for tornadoes is the Mississippi Valley. North Carolina ranks tenth as a tornado State, only 83 having been recorded from 1826 to 1889. They occur most frequently in April, May and June, during the warmest part of the afternoon. The most destructive was the Richmond and Harnett county tornado of February 19th, 1884, which killed 18 people and destroyed 50 buildings. Our farmers have little to fear from these unwelcome visitors, as they are so rare in North Carolina to cause much damage to crops.—C. F. von Herrmann, Meteorologist, N. C. Experiment Station.

Wilkesboro, N. C.,  
Aug. 11, '90.

Editor Democrat:

Seeing nothing in your paper from this, the great "State of Wilkes," I write you a few lines which, I hope, may be interesting to some of the many readers of your valuable paper.

I suppose that most of your subscribers are aware of the fact that this immediate section of the country has recently been connected with the outside world by the completion of the N. W. N. C. R. R. extension to this point. The first passenger train arrived at Wilkesboro August 31st, at 11:50 p. m., run by Conductor Causey, a very promising young man, who has recently been promoted to the Conductorship. Owing to the fact that very few of the citizens were expecting the regular train so soon, and its leaving at 4:30 in the morning, it did not meet with the hearty reception with which it would have met had it made its first venture at a more respectable hour, and had enjoyed its morning nap to the extent that some individuals did. A new schedule has been prepared, to take effect August 10th, on which trains will run through from Greensboro, instead of Winston-Salem, to Wilkesboro. East bound trains leave Wilkesboro at 6 a. m. and arrive at Winston-Salem 11:25 a. m. Leave Winston-Salem at 12:10 p. m., arrive at Greensboro 1:50. Westbound trains leave Greensboro at 6:50 a. m. and arrive at Winston-Salem at 8:31. Leave Winston-Salem at 3:10 p. m. and arrive at Wilkesboro 8:50. There are thirteen stations from Winston-Salem to Wilkesboro, the two named included. The first through train left here this morning for Greensboro. A beautiful mail and baggage coach just from the factory, and the paint barely dry up on it, and two nicely finished passenger coaches, presented a fine appearance as they moved off down the beautiful valley of the Yadkin, occasionally disappearing as if they were burrowing themselves under the hills, but presently passing out again in full view of our eager gaze. But we enjoy the scene only a few minutes. The puffing engine takes its beautiful train, of which it seems quite proud, and justly so, out of our view at a distance of two miles away. But there is yet something to be admired as we stand listening to the rattling wheels of the departing train. It is a zig zag line of steam hanging directly over the track, and looks as if it had frozen and stopped the moment that it was clear of the engine. I truly hope that the time is not far distant when the "iron boss" will venture upon Watauga's fertile soil, in search of fresh pastures and his shrill voice will echo among the lovely hills as he winds his way along the beautiful valleys of the "Land of the sky," the home, the

happy home of my childhood days, and giving to each individual an enterprise, a quickening step and unlimited supplies of amusement.

Success to the Democracy and a long and happy life to the Editor.  
J. B. H.

The most delicate constitution can safely use Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Tonic, it is a sure remedy for coughs, loss of voice, and all throat and lung diseases.

## THE FATE OF THE GIFTED.

For the Democrat.

How dark and deep the shadows which seem to walk side by side Earth's gifted children.

The upas seems to be inseparably entwined with the laurel. Especially is this true of those who have sipped of the dew of Mount Paros, and have learned in sorrow, what they teach in song. The young ones, some of which we prize so much, seem as if they were written in the blood of wounded and suffering hearts. The world has been charmed with the writings of Washington Irving. It reads, enjoys, applauds, forgetting that for three score years and ten he carried a broken heart, going wifeless to his grave, in memory of the sunny-haired girl over whom the violets bloomed too soon, but who ever lived in his heart, 'till he passed the dark portals to meet her again.

Edgar Allen Poe, Maryland's gift to the world of poets, allowed himself to be destroyed by his one weakness, and died in the delirium of an awful madness in a hospital. He lived and died haunted by some secret sorrow, of which, the world knew but little. His erratic, genius-crazed nature knew but little rest, and the world draws gently the mantle of charity over his misfortunes.

Henry Kirk White died when but a boy. He just gave the world enough, to show what he might have done, had not death claimed him so soon. His short life was constantly haunted by the impression that his stay on earth was of short duration. How pathetic! "The flowers will bloom, the birds will sing, the grasses grow, when Henry's head is lying low."

Cowper was subject to fits of melancholy, in one of which he wrote "John Gilpin's Ride" to divert his gloomy thoughts.

A black shadow was thrown across the pathway of Mrs. Hemans, when literary jealousy drove from her home, the husband of her young heart's choice.

Otway died in poverty, and Chatterton, another boy genius, starved in London, before the sun-shine of babyhood had left his ringlets. Many of the names are epitomes of sorrow and sadness. Goldsmith, Keats, Byron, Hood, Cowper and others, each with its undertone of sorrow, mingled with the music of its fame.

The most casual reader can not but be struck with the martyrdom of the gifted.

## Boons A.

The republican party is doomed. When the republicans regained their power after having been out for four years, conservative men who voted the republican ticket hoped and believed that the managers of the victorious party would conduct affairs so wisely and conservatively as to keep control of the government indefinitely. But their hopes were dissipated early in the administration. In the first place, the republican President turned out to be exactly what the democrats had said of him—a very small man under an ancestral hat. Then came the rule of Reed—the worst high handed boss that ever attracted attention in Washington. Congress under Reed seems to have tried its best to go to audacious extremes. No Congress since the war has been half so expensive to the country. This is a boodle Congress and every republican boodler is going to get his share of the spoils.

The McKinley bill will increase the taxes enormously and the Force bill is intended to crush a growing section of the country.

The people are becoming thoroughly aroused against this reckless gang in Washington, and the tidal wave of Democracy that sweeps over the United States next November will be even bigger than that which swept the reckless republicans away in the congressional elections of 1882.—Richmond State.

## ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

And remember my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheel barrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around my son, you will see the men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but its because they quit work at 6 p. m. and dont get home until 2 a. m. Its the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumbers, it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, my son; but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even; it simply speaks of them as old So-and-so's boys. Nobody likes them; the great busy world does not know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, my son, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are, the less deviltry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—Burdette.