

Watauga Democrat.

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LINVILLE.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

For the Democrat

Secretary Noble has shown that he is, as far as rank partisanship can make him so, a worthy successor to the late Zachariah Chandler, who will probably be known in history as the man who made a President by sending the celebrated telegram reading "Hayes is elected by one majority. Z. Chandler." Today was the day announced by the Superintendent of the Census for issuing the official bulletin of the population of the United States, but when Secretary Noble learned by telegraph that Governor Hill of New York, had written him a strong letter demanding a recount of New York city on the ground of serious errors in the June enumeration, and that Mayor Grant had sent him a second letter asking the same thing by a special messenger, who was also to bring absolute proofs of errors made in the original enumeration, he ordered Superintendent Porter to issue the bulletin at once, in order that he might have, as an excuse for refusing the recount asked for, the fact that the official population had already been given out. A more deliberate piece of chicanery was never perpetrated by the most unscrupulous politician. Saturday Gov. Hill's letter was received by

mail at the Interior department, and Mayor Grant's messenger delivered his letter to Secretary Noble, but the aforesaid bulletin was issued Friday.

A careful study of this bulletin, which gives the total population at 62,480,540,—at least 2,500,000 less than it ought to be—will convince any unprejudiced man that the charges long ago made against this administration of manipulating the census returns for the purpose of perpetuating the power of the republican party, were well founded. That enumeration of the democratic States, particularly those in the South, as far below their actual population, cannot be doubted by anyone at all familiar with their increase in population. For instance, Alabama, the industrial development has been phenomenal during the last ten years, is only credited with an increase of 235,468 in population; Tennessee where the industrial progress has been quite as great is only given a gain of 141,991. These will do for specimens of the manner in which this gigantic fraud upon the intelligence of the people has been carried out. The falseness of this bulletin is carried upon its face, when it gives the percentage of increase during the last ten years as 24.57, against 30.08 during the ten years between 1870 and 1880. Superintendent Porter has a guilty conscience which he shows by attempting to explain this falling back in the percentage of increase by charging it to errors in taking the census of 1880 in the Southern States. Mr. Porter knows, as does every other intelligent man, that the percentage of increase in the population of the United States was greater during the past ten years than it was between 1870 and 1880, and that knowledge on the part of the people will discredit on the entire work of the eleventh census.

What makes the action of Secretary Noble all the more despicable is the fact that in order to get the semblance of an excuse for refusing New York city the recount to which it is so clearly entitled he has this bulletin issued before the returns, cooked up as they are, were complete, and Superintendent Porter was compelled to state in the bulletin that it was subject to change from later returns. There was no reason in the world, except the one above mentioned, for issuing this bulletin before the complete returns were all in the census office, and it is certain that if New York City had not asked for a recount it would not have been issued before December.

The Governor of Idaho, who is a republican, expresses his opinion of the census in his annual report to Secretary Noble, in strong language. He says: "I have information that leads to the belief that thousands of our people were not enumer-

ated. Many of our mines were not visited by the enumerators. Several large districts occupied by men engaged in prospecting for and developing mines were overlooked or neglected. . . . I am confident that the population of Idaho, if correctly enumerated, would be as large as estimated in my report for 1889—113,777." The census bulletin only gives Idaho 84,229.

If anyone still doubts that the joint resolution passed by Congress appropriating \$1,000,000 for the purchase of nickel for the navy was a job of the regulation sort, he must be blind indeed, and there is reason to believe that the tests at Annapolis which led to the joint resolution were part of the job. At any rate Secretary Tracy by ordering the making of new nickel steel plates and a new test of them, makes it clear that he is not satisfied with the result of the first test, although he did not hesitate to ask Congress to appropriate \$1,000,000 on the strength of it.

Frequently accidents occur in the household which cause burns, cuts, sprains and bruises, for use in all cases. Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment has for many years been the constant favorite family remedy.

THE BEST FORCE IN SOUTHERN LIFE.

It can be understood only by a careful observer to what extent the co-operation by the best people of both races keeps down the lower orders, prevents outbreaks, and in numerous ways restores order, law and justice in a realm within a generation turned upside down by the most overwhelming industrial revolution of modern times. Doubtless the loss of wealth, together with the migration of the superior young men of the leading families, often works to the disadvantage of the negro. The new rich man of the south is not yet a substitute for the kindly, easy-going old master and mistress of the plantation. But as a fact, the best thing now in the South are neither the work of its new northern immigration nor of the uprising of a secondary class, much less of the imported element from abroad. The upbuilding has been the work of the old leading class, whose families, in their deprivation, amid conditions impossible to be realized everywhere, have done a work of restoration that yet awaits the full recognition of the country. Especially is this true of a large class of Southern young women, who, left at home, have given themselves to the good work of doing what their hands have found to do, with pluck, hopefulness, kindness and efficiency, which add new honors to American young womanhood.—Ex.

Undue exposure to cold winds, rain, bright light or malaria, may bring on inflammation and soreness of the eyes. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve will subdue the inflammation, cool and soothe the nerves, and strengthen weak and failing eye sight. 25 cents a box.

BULLY FOR SAM JONES.

That bit of scriptural advice which was to the effect that the man without sin should have the first boulder is not always regarded in this old topsy turvy world where all the wrong comes uppermost. The Rev. Dr. Pritchard takes off his gloves and gives Sam Jones a few cuts under the belt. He says that Samuel is slangy; that he is profane; that he sets bad examples; that he is an egotist and that he makes some reckless statements.

Or in other words, the good and pious doctor believes that Jones does not tell the truth and that briefly, he is a bold, bad man.

This may be true, but here is one grizzly old cuss who does not believe it. Jones is versatile; he has a vocabulary which was largely compiled by Mr. Jones—his talks abound in Americanism—he reads and studies and puts his ideas in clear, vigorous Anglo-Saxon and all who hear him can understand what he says. He throws chunks of logic in their unpolished purity at the head of such "proper" personages as Mr. Pritchard, and take the lowliest and meanest sinner under the wire with him the first heat. When Jones throws out his drag net he wants to catch all styles and kinds of people. He talks in language which they can understand. If they are bummers he tells them so and he will stop in the slums of an alley on a rainy day to shake hands with the meanest and most debased—if he believes that there is one dim ray of hope to bring the wretched and abandoned man to God. He sings psalms and sling slang but in every town where he has been there is always some one better and purer and happier.

He makes money? Yes, and he should make money. The hardened sinner who opens up his purse to pay for the happiness Jones brought him, never regretted the deal. He thinks he got it cheap and he did. If there were ten thousand Jones—those who dished out the cold and clammy chunks of reason and truth; who used a jimmy of slang and a dark lantern of goodness to pry into the secret depths of the heart which for years had not remembered the prayer once lisped at the mother's knee. The *Globe's* word for it, there would be more good accomplished through the pulpit. Jones rounds up all the sinners, to use a cow-boy's phrase, and he brands them with the eternal truth—the truth of the Word of God and it burns to their very bosom's core, and it does much toward reclaiming them. Jones gathers in the roughs and toughs from the bar-room, from the gambling halls and nocturnal ramblers have turned from the broad path and Jones has guided them in the straight and narrow way. How many of that class did the Rev. Mr. Pritchard round up in one of his meetings?

If Jones is profane, so is the Bible. If Jones is slangy so are the sinners, and he is not preaching to save souls already saved. If Jones is reckless in some of his statements, so is the Bible, but the great central truth remains and will shine undimmed and unobscured throughout the world.

This paper despises a clown in the pulpit, like some of the one-horse imitators of Sam Jones, but so far as that individual is concerned he saved many, many persons from perdition, and when we see in the golden light beyond the jaspered walls of the New Jerusalem, Sam Jones' addition to heaven it will cause us to think that his religion boom attracted more attention than any town lot sale ever did on earth.

Bully for Sam Jones—*Durham Globe*.

pains in the small of the back indicate a diseased condition of the liver or kidneys, which may be easily removed by the use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. \$1.00 per bottle.

MAJ. SNEED DEAD.

Maj. Wm. H. Sneed, the well known politician and wit, of Wilkes county, died suddenly of congestion of the lungs, at his home 2½ miles west of Wilkesboro and one mile east of Moravian Falls at 12, M., last Thursday aged about 75 years. He was raised in one of the northern-central counties of the State, Person or Granville, perhaps, but had lived in and near Wilkesboro many years. He was a tailor by trade, but practically was a gentleman of elegant leisure. He could neither read nor write but was one of the best informed of men—a man of wonderful humor, acute intellect and strong native judgment, especially in matters political. This whole section of the State is full of his "sayings" and he will be long remembered. He knew everybody and everybody knew him, and he was equally at home with governors and groundlings. Sneed was a character and all who knew him will be sorry to hear that he is dead.—*Landmark*.

A well known resident of Washington City who has just returned from a visit to Ireland, says the condition of that country is pitiable in the extreme. The curses of landlordism and absenteeism lay heavily on the land which in some of the country districts, are almost depopulated. Almost all the young men and women have already emigrated to America, and many boys and girls who have nearly arrived at the years of discretion have followed their example. Walking along the roads one could smell potato rot for miles.—*Landmark*.

Happiness depends very much on the condition of the liver and kidneys. The ills of life make but little impression on those whose digestion is good. You can regulate your liver and kidneys with Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. \$1.00 per bottle.

Advice to Young Men who Want to Create a Favorable Impression.

Agree with the girl's father in politics and the mother in religion.

If you have a rival keep an eye in him. If he is a widower keep two eyes on him.

Don't put too much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you will hear it read in after years when your wife has some special purpose in inflicting upon you the severest punishment known to a married man.

Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening.

Don't wait until a girl has to throw her whole soul in a yawn that she can't cover with both hands. A little thing like that might cause a coolness at the very beginning of the game.

If, on the occasion of your first cail, the girl upon whom you have set your young affections looks like an iceberg and acts like a cold wave, take your leave early and stay away. Woman in her hour to freeze is uncertain, coy and hard to please.

In cold weather finish saying good night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate, and thus lay the foundation for asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia and chronic catarrh to help you to worry the girl to death after she has married.

Don't lie about your financial condition. It is very annoying to a bride who has pictured a life of ease in her ancestral halls to learn, too late that you expect her to ask a baldheaded old parent who has been uniformly kind to her to take you in out of the cold.—*Boston Gazette*.

A Brilliant Editor Attempts Suicide.

Profound sensation was created in Knoxville this morning when its citizens learned that Col. John M. Fleming, the well known newspaper editor and once politician, attempted suicide yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock. He is in a room at the Lamar House with three great gashes in his chest about the region of the heart and another terrible gash on the left side of his neck made by several strokes of a dull-bladed pocket knife. Col. Fleming has been drinking heavily of late. As near as can be determined, about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon he partially disrobed and laid down in bed and gave himself the wounds stated. Near 6 o'clock a servant girl passed the room, she was horrified to find him lying on the bed, weltering in his own blood. She gave the alarm and a physician was called. An examination showed that while the wounds were painful and serious, they were not of a fatal nature. Fleming said that he was induced to commit the deed by physical suffering.

Col. Fleming is some 57 to 60 years old, a widower with grand children. He is one of the most brilliant men in the State, and wields a powerful pen.—*Knoxville Dispatch*, 2.

Stole Librarian