

Watauga Democrat.

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PROFESSIONAL.

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Attorney at Law
—AND—
NOTARY PUBLIC,
BANNER'S ELK, N. C.

J. Q. WILBAR,
DENTIST,
ELK PARK, NORTH CAROLINA.
Offers his professional services to the people of Mitchell, Watauga and adjoining counties. *No Lad material used and all work guaranteed.* May 11 y.

J. F. MORPHEW, E. S. BLACKBURN
Marion, N. C. Jefferson, N. C.
MORPHEW & BLACKBURN
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Will practice in the courts of Ashe, Watauga and Mitchell counties, also in the Federal courts of the Dist., and Supreme Court of the State. *Collection of claims solicited.* April, 10.

Notice.

For sale, 900 acres of land, on Rich Mountain, Watauga County, on which is asbestos, and fine land for sheep ranch. Sales private. L. D. Lowe & J. T. Ferguson, Ex'rs. of Mrs. A. P. Calloway, decd. Banner Elk, Nov. 15 '90.

Money to loan.

Persons wishing to borrow money, who can secure it by mortgage on good real estate, can be accommodated by applying to J. F. Spainhour, Boone N. C. or A. J. Critcher, Horton N. C. 4. 24.

NOTICE!

I am just receiving a new stock of goods bought for cash down and will sell for strictly pay down, at prices to live and let live. You will do well to call and examine my goods consisting of boots, shoes, dry goods, notions, &c. Yours truly,
T. A. CRITCHER,
Banner, Boone, N. C.

SUTHERLAND SEMINARY.

MISS EMMA WINN,
Graduate Greensboro Female College
—PRINCIPAL.—

This Institution of learning is situated in one of the most picturesque and hospitable sections of the State, and rare opportunities are here offered for a practical, and cheap education. The school now has an enrollment of over 100 pupils. Latin, French, and all the English branches taught. For full particulars address the Principal at
SUTHERLAND, N. C.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The crowning shame of the republican administration occurred, if my information be correct and I have every reason for believing that it is, Saturday afternoon, when J. Gould accompanied by his son George called at the White House and delivered his orders to Mr. Harrison, together with his ultimatum as to what he would do if they were not obeyed. From there he went to the Post Office department and gave Johnnie Wannamaker a much worse shaking up than that given him by "Teddy" Roosevelt some months ago. Mr. Wannamaker would have liked very much to have kicked Gould out of his private office, but there were reasons, aside from Gould's "pull" with Mr. Harrison, why he dared not offend the "little wizzard" of Wall street, who had in his inside pocket some papers with the Wannamaker autograph thereon.

Gould told Mr. Harrison that unless his demands were met he might as well abandon all hope of a vindication in the shape of a re-nomination, and from the smile Gould wore when he clambered into his private car, enroute for St. Louis, Mr. Harrison must have promised him something. What does Gould want? The same thing he always wants, his only deity—money. Ever since June 1889, the Western Union Telegraph Company has been carrying the Government's telegrams without rendering a bill therefore because Mr. Gould refused to except the compensation set for the work by Mr. Wannamaker. Want number one, is to be paid for this work at his own instead of Wannamaker's price. Want number two, is to secure a liberal slice of the postal subsidy fund for his Pacific Mail line which it seems he had heard was to be left out in the cold in the grand divide. Want number three, is the increase of the amounts paid to all of his recently acquired Western rail roads for carrying the mails. Modest isn't he? I shall watch carefully to see how many of these wants are supplied by Mr. Harrison's administration.

Another scandal has been talked around town about the new contract for supplying the Post Office Department with postal cards. By the way, the new cards, which are to be furnished in two sizes and colors, are to have a design that would reflect no credit upon a cross-road printer upon the address side, in the upper right hand corner of which is to be a portrait of General Grant. The new contract has been ostensibly awarded to Al. Daggett, the Brooklyn politician, notwithstanding the trouble the department has had with him during the last two years under a similar contract, but the real contractor is George E. Lemon, the king of the pension lobby, who has car-

ried Daggett through all his troubles with Wannamaker. Some say that Lemon is to furnish the postal cards for nothing, the price going to certain parties who are not to examine too closely into some of the business methods of the pension king.

Mr. Blaine is rollicking in the glory he obtained by calling the bluff of the Italian Government, but for some reason he refuses to give out a copy of the last despatch he received from Radini, the Italian prime minister, and all the information we have had about the despatch, said to be a straight back-down on the part of the Italian Government, has come by press-gobble from Rome. It is said that one reason why this despatch is withheld from the public by Mr. Blaine is that it raised a question of veracity between Baron Fava, the recalled Italian minister and Mr. Blaine, and makes it very plain that one or the other of them has been handling the truth very carelessly. Baron Fava is still here but he refuses to be seen, and Mr. Blaine says the despatch will not be made public until after his reply has been prepared and sent. Meanwhile the public are well satisfied to know that all danger of serious complication with Italy has passed.

The one hundredth anniversary of the Patent system of the United States is to be celebrated here this week, and great preparations are being made for three days of enjoyment, both intellectual and physical. Most of the prominent inventors of the Country are expected to take part in the program of entertainment in some capacity, and their presence alone will attract a large crowd.

Mr. Harrison expects to start on his Pacific slope trip next week, if the eminent Canadians, now being steered around Washington by Sir Julian Fauncefote, who have come here to talk reciprocity with Mr. Blaine in order to ascertain that gentleman's position, if he has one on the question of reciprocity with Canada, do not raise some new international complication. Nobody seems to want to go with Mr. Harrison, not even his wife and children.

The Billion Dollar Congress.

It will take all the gold and silver produced in the world for four years to pay the appropriations made by the billion dollar congress.

All the wages of all the workers in every protected American industry for three years.

All the wages of all the workers in 1,005 cotton mills for 20 years.

All the wages paid in 1,990 woolen mills for forty years.

All the wages paid in all the glass industries for 110 years.

Our total wheat crop for 1890 will only pay one third of it. Our total corn crop for 1890 will only pay two-thirds of it.

"God help the surplus?" It is God help the working man.—New York World.

The most severe storm ever known in Kansas prevailed on the 27 ult. Railroad cuts were filled with snow and travel traffic have suspended.

The Direct Tax—Formal Report of Mr. Busby to Governor Fowle.

Mr. F. H. Busby, who, as agent of the State, secured North Carolina's direct tax fund from Washington and conveyed it to Gov. Fowle to be refunded to those who are entitled to it, has made a formal report to the Governor, in which he sets forth at length the history of the raising of the direct taxes, etc. The money having been obtained, the next question is, how to pay it out to the persons entitled to it. There are at Washington about one hundred and fifty books containing the stubs of the tax receipts which from the record upon which, as a basis, the money will have to be paid out. Properly accredited agents of the State will have to copy this record. In closing his report, Mr. Busby suggests the publication of the following statements of interest to the public:

"The books have not yet been turned over to the State for examination, nor is the exact number of the books or the amount of work to be done yet ascertained. It is not possible, as yet, accurately to estimate the length of time which this work will require, but it will probably be at least sixty days before the payment of claims can begin. Until the copies are received in Raleigh, there is no information whatever in the Governor's office concerning the names of the persons who paid the taxes, and the amount paid. The names and amounts will be sent to the counties as soon as practicable. No interest upon the taxes were paid to the Governor, and none can be paid to the tax-payers. No penalties, interest or cost was refunded, and none can be paid. If the tax-payer has lost or mislaid the receipt, it will not prevent the collection of the tax, provided the name and amount appear on the stub of the receipt book and the assessment book. If the person who paid the tax is dead, the amount can be refunded only to the legal representative, that is, the administrator or executor. No widow or heir can collect it without letters of administration."

The check for the amount, \$377,836.42, was yesterday deposited at the Citizens' National Bank. All possible facilities will be afforded claimants in the collection of the amounts due them.—Observer.

Mobile Ala. Savannah Ga. and Northern Florida have been visited by distinctive frost which did great damage to early vegetables and fruit on the 6th inst.

Capt W. D. Dowell State Treasurer of the Farmers Alliance of Arkansas was buncoed out of \$3,000 last week, by three sharpers.

Daniel Barker has been arrested in Surry county charged with the murder of revenue officer Barnwell and lodged in jail at Greensboro.

If you feel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

THE NESTOR OF THE PRESS

Cor. Jackson Issue.

Dear Friend: As you know, I have retired to private life, seeking quiet and repose in the narrow limits of the family circle. I mingle but little in society on account of old age and extreme deafness. I am now the only editor living who had charge of a paper in Tennessee in the year 1830. All my associate editors have been gathered to the Silent City of the dead, so that I frequently feel like one walking alone.

"Some banquet hall deserted" I can but feel the solemnity of the reflections now crowding upon my mind—reflections which call up scenes and recollections that no other reflections can inspire, while they teach me the mutability of all human connections, ties and associations, and the rapidity with which the living are hastening to the great hereafter.

I know from the number of years I have lived, that I have already ascended the rugged hill of life's wearisome journey. I am descending rapidly, on the other side, and soon, in the course of nature, must pass down on the opposite side of the lane from whence I started. I hope when the time comes for me to join my comrades of the long ago that I will have so lived that I shall be able to grasp a bright horizon and, with the eye of faith, look into the vast future and see that all will be well with me; that when my eyes look upon the sun for the last time, and the night of darkness comes on, that I will be blessed with a Christian's hope and a Christian's faith, and be enabled to gather the drapery of my couch about me and lie down to pleasant dreams.

The future of our country is all wrapped in the greatest mystery. For more than a quarter of a century our nation has been copping on the fiery verge of ruin. Financial bankruptcy looks gloomily out from the haggard faces of impoverished thousands of old men in the South; gaunt famine holds its ghastly revelry amidst the haunts of starving thousands.

The intellectual giants have passed away; it is a day of small men—very small men—in high official positions. The drunken clown sits where Webster and Bell sat towering in all the august glory of thought; the scheming platform builder spits his poison venom where the thrilling eloquence of Clay and Calhoun electrified all hearts; the whining harlequin, carpetbagger apes the matchless splendor of Haskell and Gentry. For many years the South sat like a chained martyr at the stake with slaves and gibbets and bayonets and kindling fires all around, powerless to drive back the consuming flames, and seriously contemplating what would be the final end. And amidst this long suffering, this vast, boundless woe, the bloated bondholders, the bloodhounds of cupidity and anarchy, were

heard howling all over Wall Street and fattening upon the luxury and splendor meanly pitched from a gallant but over-powered people in the South. But the people can and will restore the country. Already the signs point to the grandest uprising of the people since the memorable canvass of 1840. The people are moving. Soon every mountain will send forth its torrent, every valley its flood; and lo! the avalanche of the people will come—come from Main's rocky shores to California's golden strand. Come—more terrible than an army with banners, determined, through the ballot-box, to wrest the administration of the government from the hands of the spoilers and take it back to the grass-grown path, where where our four-fathers left the imprint of their footsteps. Come, to pour their roused thunders around the crumbling pillars of liberty's temple, and drive off the vandals and vampires who for many years have been sucking the life's blood of the nation, to scourge them with scorpion lash of indignation and the history of their rule will be remembered as containing the saddest page in the book of Time. God of Nations, speed the day for justice and humanity's sake!

Pardon me; I have been communing with the spirits of the mighty dead. May God bless you. Your old friend
W. W. GATES.

The esteemed New York Press, a leading Republican organ, tickles itself in its little ribs and laughs a sweet, low, happy little laugh every time one of the astute Democratic Senator says that Grover Cleveland won't do for '92. If it don't stop that sort of thing the country will begin to think that G. C. is the man the Republicans are afraid of. The fact of the matter is that the big politicians have never loved Mr. Cleveland very much, because he had a way of treating Senators and Governors and Generals just like they were plain, every day folks. But there are a lot of common homespun-people around in the backwoods and by-ways and hedges who still think Cleveland is the next biggest man to Barnum and old John Robinson, and it will be hard to keep them from taking off the roof when somebody calls his name at the next Democratic convention. *Morganton Herald.*

The spirit of insubordination that prevails in so many families is alarming. The boys and girls who grow up without parental reverence will by and by despise all rightfully constituted authority in Church and State, and sooner or later will put off the law of God. The rank individualism of our modern life is the legitimate outcome of the unsurpassed stubbornness and disobedience that are tolerated, if not encouraged, in our children.—*Advocate.*