

THE ASHEVILLE DEMOCRAT.

VOL. II.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1891.

NO. 37.

LUDDEN & BATES'
SOUTHERN
MUSIC HOUSE
PIANOS

AND
ORGANS

On easy payments, without interest. Shipped direct from factory to purchasers. All freights paid. One price only and that the lowest known. Satisfaction guaranteed or no sale. 15 days trial in your home. For catalogues, prices, particulars, etc., call on or address

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AGENT,
41 Patton Ave., Asheville, N. C.

Pianos and Organs tuned and repaired. Terms reasonable. Work guaranteed.

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Dinner & Tea Sets
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Real Estate Agents,
Asheville, N. C.,
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The public are invited to call and examine our instruments before purchasing. We carry in stock such makes as
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And other makes. ESTEY and other popular Organs. Lowest prices possible, consistent with first-class goods. Don't fail to give us a call before buying an instrument, at No. 37 Patton Avenue.

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CROCKERY AND GLASS, TABLE CUTLERY AND SILVERWARE,

WE CARRY THE BEST STOCK AND OFFER LOWEST PRICES.

Dinner Sets at \$8.50 and \$10.00. Tea Sets at \$4.50, \$5.50 and \$10.00. A fine article of Knives and Forks at \$1.00 per Set worth \$2.00 anywhere. Silver plated Spoons, Forks, Knives and Castors in endless variety and at lowest prices.

WHEN YOU ARE IN ASHEVILLE VISIT LAW'S THREE STORES,

NOS. 57, 59 AND 61 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

VANDERBILT'S CAPACITY.

He Owns the Earth and Now Claims the Weather.

It has long been known that George Vanderbilt owned a considerable portion of the earth hereabouts, besides sundry stocks, bonds, securities, collaterals and effects; public, private and general, elsewhere. But that he should have the effrontery to catch and claim as his own, and the capacity to brand on the left ear that which the people have always thought as free as the air we breathe, Buncombe county weather, is incomprehensible, and may cause a revolt. Yet, from the notice printed below, which is a strict and correct copy of one on the court house door in the city of Asheville, such seems to be the fact.

(George's coat of arms (on a tin tag), is a pressed brick rampant, in a truck packed verdant surrounded with the words "Buildmore, Buymore," on an argent field.)

Residents of this section have long known, also, that Buncombe county weather is very variable, but that one hundred and sixty-five varieties exist, no one was prepared to believe. This also appears to be a fact. The one hundred and sixty-fifth—a Horned variety—has evidently become unmanageable, jumped out of George's weather box, and put for the mountain fastnesses. But somehow it got recaptured by a Mr. Cook, who expects to dispose of his premises at public sale, and who will also sell the obstreperous variety of weather to satisfy expenses to the highest bidder on his premises. Now, if George really wants No. 165 back again, this is his chance. He should attend the sale of Mr. Cook's premises, which, by the way, he says is the entire township of Leicester, with Juno postoffice thrown in, and kill two birds with one stone. He might become the highest bidder on Mr. Cook's premises, and have his expenses satisfied (which is a big item) from the amount the weather brings, and he also might repurchase the weather and take it back home with him.

At all events he couldn't possibly lose anything by attending the sale, and, to better inform him when it will occur the notice is printed in THE DEMOCRAT. It is as follows:

(A true copy.)

NOTICE.

I have in my Possession one Stray Sheep Owner Unknown to me, Horned Weather Branded on the left Ear With tin tag with Biltmore No. 165, at the Expiration of 20 days if Stock not called for I will sell to satisfy Expenses to the Highest Bidder on My Premises Leicester Township Juno Po Buncombe Co N C T J Cook

Since printing the above, it occurs to THE DEMOCRAT that "Biltmore No. 165," may mean that George has one hundred and sixty-four other Biltmores, and a weather for each with his coat of arms on a tin tag branded on the left ear. So if he really wishes to control the weather at "Biltmore No. 165," it is of the utmost importance that he should see Mr. Cook and call on him for stock in his premises before the expiration of 20 days; he might miss having his expenses satisfied, but then he would have stock in Leicester township, prevents its being sold to the highest bidder, and secure the Horned weather besides.

Esquire A. T. Summey is not a farmer or a market gardener, yet he raises fine cabbages nevertheless, a specimen of which he left with THE DEMOCRAT one day recently. A cold slaw is better than a cold shoulder, and as the 'squire has never given THE DEMOCRAT the latter it is hoped that he will continue to present the former.

The True Status as to the Interview Between the Railroad Presidents.

THE DEMOCRAT has been set right as to the true history of the interview between President Gwyn, of the A. & C. M. Railway, and Jay Gould.

Mr. Gwyn did not call on Mr. Gould, as stated. Gould heard that Gwyn was in New York, and ran him down at the Sturtevant House. He sent up his card and received instructions to wait in the office, as Mr. Gwyn was smoking and could not be disturbed for awhile. In about twenty-five minutes Mr. Gwyn rang and said to the bell boy, "You can tell Gould to come right up, and I can give him a few minutes." As Gould entered Gwyn's private parlors it was plain that some trouble was on his mind. Mr. Gwyn, seeing this, greeted him with more than his usual urbanity of manner, which completely reassured the little wizard, and after the usual interchange of windy compliments for which they are both famous, Gould produced a flask of fine old Scotch whisky and insisted on a social draught. This Gwyn declined as usual, when the old troubled look returned to the wizard's face and he threw himself in despair on a lounge, crying out, "Just my luck! I knew it would turn out this way! I noticed at the Battery Park banquet last winter you drank nothing, and I made up my mind then that you had some scheme to work on me. Afterwards it preyed on my spirits so much that at Augusta I took sick and had to come home! And now!" he said, convulsively, clutching the covering of the lounge and sobbing like a child, "it all comes out!"

"What in Craggy Mountain's matter with you, Gould?" said Gwyn, with some impatience. "Speak out like a man!"

"There it is again!" almost yelled the wizard. "Craggy Mountain, indeed! That's just the winter of my discontent; John Inman tells me you are building a rail oad from Asheville to Craggy Mountain, and from there—from there (more sobs) you are g-g-going to erect a series of elevated structures, first to the top of Mt. Mitchell; from there to the top of Grandfather Mountain; from that to the peaks of Otter; thence to the top of the Capitol at Washington, and then straight on to the top of the Equitable Building in this city. Alas! alas! food that I was to buy that hateful Terminal stock! What will the R. & D. road be worth with— with— (more deep sobs)— with such a competition in the field! Oh! Gwyn, how could you serve me thus? I appeal, sir, to your sense of honor, to your Southern chivalry, to your"—but here he so far recovered himself as to glance at President Gwyn, who was tilted back in his chair convulsed with laughter. When Gould saw this, the marrow froze in two-thirds of his bones, and he stood transfixed. Presently, however, a look of marvellous snake-like cunning crept into his eyes, and with slow, measured accents, so cold and clammy that a fog began to rise over the East river, he said: "Well, Mr. Gwyn, since eloquence is powerless, maybe I can buy you off. How would a dollar and a half suit you?"

Track laying will be resumed on the A. & C. M. road next week.

Burglars entered the house of R. T. Owen Tuesday morning and carried off \$12. Mr. Owen was awakened by the noise they made in the room and chased them from the premises, firing several shots at them. He thinks one of the men was hit.

Miss Grace Jones, of Asheville, delivered the salutatory at the commencement at St. Mary's School, says a Raleigh paper.

A MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE.

Walter Jones Knocked on the Head and his Skull Fractured.

Walter Jones, a young man employed at Biltmore as night watchman in the nurseries, was found lying beside the railroad track Friday night last in an unconscious condition. He went on duty at 6 o'clock in the evening and was seen soon after sitting beside the track by a Mr. Maxwell as he passed on his way to the city. Mr. Maxwell returned about 10 o'clock in company with another man, and when they reached the place where he had last seen Jones they discovered him lying to one side insensible. After some difficulty they aroused him, but he was too weak to sit up. They took him to a house near by and summoned Dr. Whitaker, the physician at Biltmore.

Upon examination it was found that Jones' skull was fractured on the right side of the head, near the crown. His last shrewd signs of having been recently struck with something supposed to have been a rock, and the front of his coat was cut as with a knife. While the examination was in progress Jones regained his senses but could not be induced to tell who his assailant was. There is a report that a woman is at the bottom of the affair and that the young man is reticent on her account. Jones formerly lived at Hickory, N. C., and was taken there Saturday afternoon. Before leaving Biltmore he told a friend that if he recovered he would tell how he came to be hurt. Some think that he was struck by a passing train, but every indication contradicts this theory. Dr. Whitaker thinks there is small hope of his recovery.

Good Times Coming.

[Baltimore Herald.]

The outlook indicates that a period of prosperity is dawning for the farmer, as it did two years ago for the merchant and manufacturer. Prices for agricultural products are on the advance. The markets have no stored surplus from which to draw. There is little corn or wheat in the elevators; warehouses contain no root crops or canned goods and everything is free for rapid movement and good price when the crops are gathered this year.

It needs no argument to prove that this means better times for the farmer. A bushel of wheat will buy twice as much sugar, a third more tea and coffee, a fourth more cotton goods, woollens and dress materials than it would a year ago. The same is true of rye, corn, barley, potatoes and truck tobacco. Cotton will also command good prices in market at the close of the year, while the demand will be equal to the peanut, rice, sugar, and fruit crops of the South—the necessities, except food products—and the farmer will be enabled to purchase what he consumes at the old figures, while his income will be measurably increased.

Russian Jew Statement.

[Hickory Press.]

Rev. Dr. Wessler, of Russia, was in our office last week and interested us for some time in regard to the Russian Jew question. He has just closed the trade for 80,000 acres of land ten miles from Lenoir, N. C., which will immediately be cleared and prepared for settlement by Russian Jewish colonies. The land was purchased at a fair price, which we were requested to withhold at present. The settlers will come over and take possession of the land early next fall. The plan is to put a family on every eight acres of land.

Have you read the directions wrapped around Sugar Coated Yeast?

How to Build Towns.

[Wilmington Star.]

This is a day of booms. Booms are a Western invention and have been worked more or less throughout the West where they have built more imaginary towns than one could shake a stick at in thirty days. They have helped to build some real towns, too, but this was when the towns had something more than booms to build upon. The boom is all right when it has something substantial behind it, but when it hasn't it generally ends in a collapse, a big burst where more or less people get hurt, and that makes every body cautious and suspicious and hurts the towns which have something better behind them than mere booms. For this reason people who desire the prosperity of the State, permanent and well grounded prosperity, should not encourage booms unless they have something solid under them.

The boom hasn't struck North Carolina yet, and there are no indications that it will, something on which North Carolina is to be congratulated. The nearest approach to it is the land improvement companies which have been organized in many towns, and which, if properly managed, may be made the instruments of the advancement and prosperity of the towns where they operate, but, if not wisely managed, may do incalculable harm. A forced growth, with nothing to sustain it, must result in a collapse.

It is an easy thing for a number of shrewd, energetic men, with capital at their command, to purchase suburban tracts, divide the land off into lots, run streets through it, build an imposing hotel with an imposing name, lay off parks, avenues, drives, etc., on paper, divide the blocks up into lots, advertise liberally, then get up cheap excursions, give a big barbecue, put the lots up at auction and knock them down at money enough to pay for four or five acres at original purchase price. That's selling lots and making lots of money for the little syndicate, but it isn't building up the town by a long shot.

This is beginning at the wrong end. If these syndicates had control of money enough to erect factories, machine shops, etc., to give work to the people whom they have to buy their jobs, they would be beginning at the right end and laying the foundation for continued growth and prosperity. These need not necessarily be large industries requiring much capital, but what are called, "small" industries, to which the locality may be adapted, which may be maintained without a large outlay of money, and which may become self-sustaining and profitable. Several "small" industries, employing a proportionate number of people and a proportionate amount of capital, are better for a town than one large industry, because they employ a variety of labor and require a variety of raw material, thus benefiting a greater number of people.

Greensboro started out on the right track when she organized the steel and iron works which will give employment to a large number of skilled workmen, and which will doubtless lead to the establishment of numerous other kindred industries. The prospective establishment of these steel and iron works has done more to give an impulse to activity and inspire confidence in that town than a dozen land companies and forty volumes of "write ups" would do.

The land improvement companies are good enough as far as they go, when they are not run for mere purposes of speculation, and when the object is not to make credulous people pay big money for poor property upon which fictitious value has been put, because they have introduced modern improvements and awakened a progressive spirit which possibly might not have been awakened without them, but they should be accompanied by industrial enterprises to be really effective in promoting the solid growth and permanent prosperity of the towns in which they are organized.

J. S. Grant, Ph. G.

(Of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy)

Apothecary, 24 South Main St.

If your prescriptions are prepared at Grant's Pharmacy you can positively depend upon these facts: First, that only the purest and best drugs and chemicals will be used; second, they will be compounded carefully and accurately by an experienced Prescriptionist, and third, you will not be charged an exorbitant price. You will receive the best goods at a very reasonable profit. Don't forget the place—Grant's Pharmacy, 24 South Main street.

Prescriptions filled at all hours, night or day, and delivered free of charge to any part of the city. The night bell will be answered promptly. Grant's Pharmacy, 24 South Main street.

At Grant's Pharmacy you can buy any Patent Medicine at the lowest price quoted by any other drug house in the city. We are determined to sell as low as the lowest even if we have to lose money by so doing. We will sell all Patent Medicines at first cost, and below that if necessary, to meet the price of any competitor.

We have the largest assortment of Chamberlains Skins in Asheville. Over 200 skins, all sizes, at the lowest prices.

We are agents for Humphrey's Haemorrhoidal Medicines. A full supply of his goods always on hand.

Use Buncombe Liver Pills, the best in the world for liver complaint, indigestion, etc. A thoroughly reliable remedy for all blood diseases is Buncombe Sarsaparilla. Try a bottle and you will take no other.

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