

# The Morganton Herald.

VOL. V.

MORGANTON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1890

NO. 45.



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**SPRING TERM BEGINS THURSDAY, JAN. 30.**

Send for circular.  
**WILL. H. SANBORN, Pres.**  
Jan 9-30ms

## OLD NORTH STATE.

Happenings of the Week from Highlands to Hatteras.

Rev. C. L. Powell, the insane missionary who killed his little girl and attempted to kill his wife in Algiers, is dead.

Sam Jones has an engagement to preach in Charlotte for ten days in April. A tabernacle will be built for his services that will seat 5000 people.

Gov. Fowle has appointed Mr. Jas. P. Sawyer, of Asheville, a director of the W. N. C. Insane Asylum, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. J. C. Harper.

Judge John A. Gilmer, of Greensboro, has resigned his position of Judge of the Sixth judicial district. He was appointed by Governor Jarvis in 1880. He will resume the practice of law.

Dr. Eugene Grissom will probably go to St. Louis and establish a private infirmary for the treatment of nervous diseases. The Dr. says he is assured an income of \$5000 to begin with.

The Raleigh News and Observer says that while a man was ploughing in a field near Raleigh last Saturday he unearthed a small coffin containing the skeleton of an infant, that was evidently only two or three days old when buried.

The Tarboro Southerner is informed that negroes from remote parts of Edgecombe county have moved into all the houses about the Tarboro depot that can be rented, to be ready to emigrate whenever the opportunity is presented.

A negro infant was found in a "trash pile" at the head of Pollock street yesterday. It was wrapped in a cloth and probably put there on Thursday night. Fortunately for the child a gentleman who was passing heard its cry and went to it.—New Bern Journal.

A friend informs us that on last Friday, as he was returning with his team from Charlotte and had stopped to feed at noon several miles below Statesville, quite a shower of rain fell, but no cloud was visible—the heavens were clear and the sun was shining.—Taylorsville Journal.

An opinion seems to be entertained by some who have given the subject thought that natural gas may be found in the Egypt coal field. An opinion also prevails that it exists in the Dan Valley coal field, where arrangements were made some time ago to bore and test it.—Wilming Star.

Late in the past summer Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, of this city, took some tomato vines from her garden and hung them in the basement of her residence. It was found Monday that those vines were bearing fruit, and a number of fully ripe and luscious tomatoes were gathered.—Raleigh Chronicle.

Last Friday, about 4 o'clock p. m., Mr. William Bowers, of this county, aged 73 years, made a second attempt to hang himself and this time succeeded, as no one was watching him. He only hung about five minutes, when his son Henry found him, but could not revive him.—Statesville Landmark.

A Gap Creek correspondent of the Lenoir Topic tells of a Mrs. Brown, who lives in Ashe county, who is eighty years old and is a remarkable woman. Mrs. Brown has been twice married. Her first husband was named Phillips, to whom she bore 22 children, all of whom are living and seven of whom are Baptist preachers.

Work on the Murphy branch of the Western North Carolina railway is progressing so rapidly that the grading force is now at a point near Valley river beyond Valleystown. The force has crossed the river for the last time before reaching Murphy. For many years work on this great railway has gone on, at times very slowly, but it is now nearing completion.

The Supreme Court last week granted a new trial to Boyle, the catholic priest, convicted at the last term of Wake Superior Court of raping Miss Geneva Whitaker, a young girl who was organist in his church. The Court holds that there was error in the trial in the Superior Court in that the Judge did not sufficiently and plainly state the evidence and the law applicable thereto. Chief Justice Merrimon delivers the opinion of the court.

A report reached here the latter part of last week from Winston that the nomination of Collector Eaves had been rejected by the Senate. It lacks verification—in fact the Senate has not acted upon the case at all. Meantime an interesting report is floating around town to the effect that Dr. Mott has lost interest in Mr. Eaves's fortunes, and that if the latter is confirmed it will be without any help from the Iron Duke. We cannot say how true this is, but it is pretty certain that there is a coolness.—Statesville Landmark.

## WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

What is Being Said and Done in the Nation's Capital.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13, 1890.

Ex-President Cleveland either expects to return to Washington to live or he considers Washington real estate the best investment for his money, or both. He has just purchased several lots near the suburban residence which he still owns here and where he spent the greater part of his time when President. Mrs. Cleveland in writing to friends here, constantly speaks of when she will return to Washington to live. All of which may, or may not have a political meaning.

By the death of Representative Kelley, of Pennsylvania, the honor of being the "father of the House," that is, the member who has served the longest, falls on ex-Speaker Randall. Judge Kelley's funeral took place Saturday in the hall of the House of Representatives. The body was taken to Philadelphia accompanied by committees of both Houses.

Ex-Secretary Whitney was one of the New York delegation that appeared before the Senate committee on the World's Fair to boom the claims of the big town. While here Mr. Whitney called on many of his old friends.

At last it seems likely that a bill for the transfer of the Revenue marine service from the treasury to the Navy department will become a law. For many years the opposition of the Secretary of the Treasury has prevented Congressional action, but now Mr. Windom favors it. Another important transfer that may be regarded as certain to take place during this Congress is that of the Weather bureau from the War to the Agricultural department.

New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Washington have all made their strongest arguments before the Senate committee on the World's Fair, and now the committee of either House or Senate will recommend a city for the location of the Fair. It will be easier to settle that question by vote of the two Houses. What they will do will be to report a bill embodying the best points of the several measures introduced providing for the Fair. The feeling between the representatives of the rival cities has been, and is, the very best. All are prepared to hurrah for the winner and to take off their coats and work to make it the greatest World's Fair ever held.

Senator Voorhees' resolution, upon which he made such a bombastic speech last Wednesday, has been answered by the Attorney-General. He denies that any instruction, written or oral, has been given by the Department of Justice to District Attorney Chalmers, of Indiana, in reference to the arrest of W. W. Dudley. Mr. Voorhees now wants to know why Mr. Harrison does not remove District Attorney Chalmers, if he is not in sympathy with the recent illegal action of that official.

The impression is growing among democrats that trickery is being practiced by the republican members of the House Committee on Rules. It has been given out that the republicans of the committee could not agree and that was the reason for the unprecedented delay in reporting the Rules which are to govern the present House. This is now believed to have been only a ruse to gain time. Speaker Reed promises that they shall certainly be reported this week.

The war on Mr. Harrison's nominations has not so far amounted to anything. Morgan and Dorchester, Commissioner and Superintendent respectively, of Indian Affairs, against whom there was apparently such a big fight, only had one vote against them in the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs. They are certain to be confirmed this week.

Washington has an unusual quantity of sickness. Opinions differ as to whether it is caused by imagination, colds, or "la grippe." The doctors say it is the first two combined, while the newspapers and a large portion of the badly frightened population insist that it is the latter.

**The Youngest Married Couple.**  
Taylorsville Journal.

Perhaps the youngest couple ever married in this State were married in Davie county. The bride was Miss Elsie Westley, aged eleven years and six months, and the groom was John Richmer, aged thirteen years. The parents of both consented to the marriage and a great concourse of friends and relatives witnessed the ceremony. It is said the bride tips the scales for only 73 pounds.

[NOTE.—If the above is true, the marriage is void. Only males of 16 years and upwards and females of 14 years and upwards can legally marry in North Carolina. The item above, which has been going the rounds of the State press, is without foundation it is to be hoped.—EDITOR HERALD.]

## A STRANGE LETTER.

J. Wilkes Booth's Justification for His Killing of Lincoln.

RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 6.—The following letter is given to the public through the Richmond Dispatch. It is said it was hidden shortly after the assassination of President Lincoln. It was written by J. Wilkes Booth a few hours before he took the President's life. It was printed at the time but the papers containing it, it is said, were quickly suppressed by the government.

"Wright or wrong, God judge me, not man.

For, be my motive good or bad, of one thing I am sure—the lasting condemnation of the North. I love peace more than life—have loved the Union beyond expression. For four years I have waited, hoped and prayed for the dark cloud to break and for a restoration of our former sunshine. To wait longer would be a crime; all hope for peace is dead. My prayers have proved as idle as my hopes. God's will be done! I go to see and share the bitter end. I have ever held the South was right. The very nomination of Abraham Lincoln four years ago spoke plainly war—war upon Southern rights and institutions. His election proved it.

"Await an overt act." Yes, till you are bound and plundered. What folly! The South was wise. Who thinks of arguments of patience when the fingers of an enemy press the trigger? In a foreign war I, too, could say, "Country right or wrong;" but in a struggle such as ours, where the brother tries to pierce the brother's heart—for God's sake choose the right. When a country like this spurns justice from her side she forfeits the allegiance of every honest freeman, and should leave him untrammelled by any fealty soever, to act as his conscience may approve, and justice, people of the North, —to love liberty, to hate tyranny, to strike at wrong and oppression —was the teaching of our forefathers. The study of our early history will not let me forget, and may it never.

This country was formed for the white man, not the black, and looking upon African slavery from the same standpoint held by the noble framers of our Constitution, I for one have ever considered it one of the greatest blessings, both for themselves and us, God ever bestowed on a favored nation. Witness heretofore our wealth and power; witness their devotion and enlightenment above their race elsewhere. I have lived among it most of my life and have seen less harsh treatment from master to man than I have beheld at the North from father to son. Yet Heaven knows no one would be willing to do more for the negro race than I, could I but see a way to still better their condition; but Mr. Lincoln's policy is only preparing the way for their total annihilation. The South are not now, nor have they ever been, fighting for the continuation of slavery. The first battle (Bull Run) did away with that idea.

Their causes since then for war have been as noble and greater far than those that urged our fathers on.

Even should we allow they were wrong at the contest, cruelty and injustice have made the wrong become the right, and they stand now before the wonder and admiration of the world as a noble band of patriotic heroes. Hereafter in reading of their deeds Thermopylae will be forgotten.

When I aided in the capture of John Brown, who was a murderer on our western border, and who was fairly tried and convicted of treason before an impartial judge and jury, I was proud of my little share in the transaction—deemed I was doing my duty in helping our country to perform an act of justice. But what was a crime in poor John Brown is now considered by themselves as the greatest and only virtue of the whole republican party. Strange transmigration! Vice became a virtue simply because more indulged in. I thought then, as now, that the abolitionists were the only traitors in the land, and that the whole party deserved the same fate as poor John Brown; not because they wish to abolish slavery, but on account of the means they have ever endeavored to use to effect that abolition. If Brown were living I doubt whether he himself would set slavery against the Union. Most or many in the North do and openly curse the Union if the South is to return and retain a single right guaranteed to them by every treaty which we once revered as sacred.

The South can make no choice. It is either extermination or slavery for themselves—worse than death to draw from. I know my choice.

I have studied hard to discover upon what grounds the right of a State to secede has been denied, when our very name, "United States" and "Declaration of Independence" both provide for secession.

But this is no time for words. I write in haste.

I know how foolish I shall be

## deemed for undertaking such a step as this—where on the one side I have many friends and everything to make me happy, where my profession alone has gained me an income of more than \$20,000 a year, and where my great ambition in my profession has such a field for labor. On the other hand the South has never bestowed on me one kind word—a place where I have no friends except beneath the sod; a place where I must either be a private soldier or a beggar.

To give up all the former for the latter, besides my mother and sisters, whom I love so dearly, though they so lovingly differ from me in opinion, seems insane, but God is my judge.

I love justice more than I do a country that disowns it; more than fame or wealth; more—Heaven pardon me if wrong—than a happy home.

I have never been upon a battlefield; but, oh! my countrymen, if you could all see the effects of this horrid war as I have seen them in every State save Virginia, I know you would all think like me, and would pray the Almighty to create in the Northern mind a sense of justice and right, even if it should possess no seasoning of mercy, and that he would dry up this sea of blood between us which is daily growing wider.

Alas! poor country, is she to meet her threatened doom? Four years! I would give a thousand lives to see her remain as I had always known her—powerful and unbroken—and even now I would hold my life as naught to see her as she was.

Oh! my friends, if the fearful scenes of the past four years had never been enacted, or if what has been was but a fearful dream from which we could not awake, with what overflowing hearts could we bless our God, and pray for his continued favors.

How I have loved the old flag can never now be known. A few years ago the entire world could boast of none so pure and spotless, but I have of late been seeing and hearing of the bloody deeds of which she has been made the emblem, and would shudder to think how changed she has grown. O! how I have longed to break from the midst of blood and death that circles round her folds, spoiling her beauty and tarnishing her honor; but no; day by day has she been dragged deeper into cruelty and oppression, till now, in my eyes, her once red stripes seem like bloody gashes in the face of Heaven. I look now upon my early admiration of her glories as a dream. My love, as things stand to-day, is for the South alone, nor do I deem it a dishonor to attempt to make for her a prisoner of this man to whom she owes so much of misery. If success attends me I go penniless to her side.

They say she has found that "last ditch" which the North have so long desired and been endeavoring to force her in, forgetting they are brothers, and that it is impossible to goad an enemy to madness. Should I reach her in safety and find it true I will proudly beg permission to triumph or die in that "last ditch" by her side.

A Confederate doing duty on his own responsibility,

J. WILKES BOOTH,  
"Sic semper tyrannis."  
April 14, 1865.

**MAJ. GRAHAM'S CANDIDACY.**

**Major W. A. Graham, of Lincoln, may be in the Ring for Congress this Year.**  
Charlotte Chronicle.

Maj. William A. Graham, of Lincoln county, was in the city yesterday, and was seen by a Chronicle reporter concerning the rumor that he is a candidate for Congress in his (the eighth) district.

When approached on the subject Maj. Graham said that he would not run from the nomination.

Maj. Graham is a prominent Alliance man, and when questioned as to the Alliance and politics he said that the Alliance is more interested in measures than men. While the Alliance as an organization, will not go into politics, he thinks that it is likely to exert some influence in determining who shall be the candidates of the party in the next campaign. He thinks that it will require legislation to relieve the conditions of the farmers, and that the farmers want to elect men who are in sympathy with them. Maj. Graham has been a candidate twice before.

**Dr. Acker's English Pills**

Are active, effective and pure. For sick headache, disordered stomach, loss of appetite, bad complexion and biliousness, they have never been equaled, either in America or abroad. For sale by C. S. Kingsmore, Druggist, Morganton, N. C.

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

SICK headache, wind on the stomach, biliousness, nausea, are promptly and agreeably banished by Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pills. 25c. a vial. For sale at Tull's.

## STRATFORD ON AVON.

A Herald Correspondent Visits The Birth-Place of Shakespeare.

To the Editor of The Herald:

One pleasant afternoon in September we took the train for Stratford on Avon, the birthplace of him who wrote, "not for an age, but all time." We took coach to the Red Horse Hotel, made famous by Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." The parlor, a low room about 12 feet square, is the one occupied for months by Irving, and his arm chair is still in use. Various other articles used by him—such as his tongs and shovel and iron poker are carefully preserved, and shown with pride to the many visitors who frequent this place. The only other hotel of any importance is the Shakespeare, where, instead of numbering the rooms, as is the usual custom, they have given them the names of his plays. Thus one is ordered up to "As You Like It," "Midsummer's Night's Dream" or "The Tempest," &c. In driving through the town one is struck with the apparent newness of the place, and cannot but wonder at it; but this is explained when it is learned that in recent years the water of the Avon makes superior beer, and, in consequence a large brewery has been set up there, which has enriched, transformed, and according to Richard Grant White's fastidious tastes, ruined the town of Shakespeare. This river is also famous for the fatness and fine flavor of the eels found therein. We first mend our way to that antique relic of the past—the poet's birthplace, which is immediately recognized from the numerous pictures we have seen of it. Here the poet was born April 23rd, 1564; but the house in which he died on his birthday 1616—was, many years ago, torn down by its proprietor, much to the regret of the inhabitants, as well as the visitor. The former is situated on the principal street, standing close to the sidewalk, with no yard in front. It is a two storied timbered building with bricks filling the spaces, plastered over and painted a light-gray or steel color. Like our Mt. Vernon, it is owned by an association, and kept for the inspection of those interested in places of the kind. It necessarily has undergone many changes in order to keep it in repair. Not the least interesting feature of the place are two quaint matrons, at home in a conversation—doubtless many times strung out—thus making it appear almost mechanical, taking turns with each other in doing the agreeable, at the cost to each visitor of a modest shilling. Among other interesting things they told was, that some years ago, the place was occupied by a butcher. Little notice apparently was taken of the place, and was fast falling into decay, when our world-renowned Barnum—ever on the alert for the curious, and something to attract the public, offered a reasonable amount and was going to remove it bodily, when lo! the English awakened to the importance of the place, offered a larger amount, and have since taken every precaution to preserve it. The first room we visit in the house is the kitchen, with its wide chimney, the kitchen in which John Shakespeare and his son Will sat, the latter doubtless receiving many an inspiration as he watched the blazing logs, and fed his young imagination to the full with that food which gave such life to it in after years. From the kitchen the ascent is made into the room where the poet was born—a low, rude apartment, with huge beams and plastered walls, where is seen one mosaic mass of pencilled autographs and inscriptions of visitors to this shrine of genius. Even the panes of glass in the windows have not escaped, but are scratched all over with autographs by the diamond rings of visitors; among them is shown that of Walter Scott, though in all truth, it takes a stretch of the imagination to decipher it among such a mass. At the side of the fire place of this room is the well-known actor's pillar—a jamb of the fire place thickly covered with the autographs of actors, who have, from time to time, visited here. However, visitors are not permitted now to write upon any portion of the building. In an adjoining room are collected many things, once owned by the great bard; letters written by him, and writings with which he was associated; portraits of him by various artists. Here is the visitor's book—a literary, as well as an autographic curiosity—containing the writings of all classes, from prince to peasant, in every language, even those of Turkish, Hebrew and Chinese. Another upper room is devoted to the exhibition of a variety of interesting relics and mementoes—among them the school desk, at which Master Will coned his lessons at the grammar school, and a sadly battered affair it is, hacked and

cut in true school boy style. As we stood there—the shadows beginning to lengthen—twilight had set in, and we noticed the old ladies were beginning to grow restless when one remarked that it is one of the rules of the authorities, always rigidly adhered to, that the building must always be closed by six o'clock, as no match is ever allowed to be scratched to strike a light within its sacred walls for fear of fire. In winter it is heated by steam from pipes brought from a distance across the street. On our way to the hotel we came to the sign "The Falcon," which swung over the hostelry of that name at Bedford, 7 miles from Stratford, where Shakespeare and his associates drank too deeply, as the story goes, which Irving reproduces in his charming sketch of Stratford. In passing along we note the shops in the quaint little streets of Stratford, all naturally making the most of that which has rendered their town famous. Busts of Shakespeare—good, bad indifferent—pictures, guide-books, carvings, all sorts of mementoes to attract the attention of visitors, are displayed in the windows. At the age of nineteen Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, and the cottage where she resided is shown within the parish of Holy Trinity about a mile away from his birthplace. The next morning, bright and early, we visited the grammar school, which was founded by Henry IV, and in which Shakespeare studied and was birched. Courteously met at the door by two Oxford students, dressed in the costume of a scholar of that University, who were evidently employed as teachers. In that old building—how we found history repeating itself! The boys, mischievous and irrepressible, ready at the slightest pretext, when the teacher's back was turned, to commit some prank. We next proceeded to the Church of the Holy Trinity, a Gothic structure, kept in thorough repair. It is at this season of the year they have Harvest Thanksgiving—when the fruits and grains of the season are placed in different parts of the church—a festival recently introduced in England in imitation of that which has come down to us from our Puritan forefathers. In front of the altar rails, upon the second step leading to the altar, are the gravestones or slabs of the Shakespeare family, among them that of his wife, Anne Hathaway, but the one bearing the poet's epitaph is, of course, that which attracts the attention, and as one reads the inscription which has proved such a safeguard to the remains of its author, he cannot help feeling something of awe at one so threatening.

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear To dig the dust enclosed here. Blest be ye man yt spares these stones, And cursed be he yt moves my bones."

It is doubtless the unwillingness to brave this curse that has prevented the removal of the poet's remains to Westminster Abbey, and the fear of it that will make this little church his last resting place. It is noticeable how this particular slab has been spared by the innumerable feet that had made their pilgrimage to the place, for while the neighboring ones are worn from the almost constant friction of many feet—this is comparatively fresh—no doubt the invocation having its effect.

"Blest be ye man yt spares these stones."

But in the midst of our reveries, we are reminded that it is nearly train time, and hasten to take our departure, and on our way to the station, take a view of the beautiful stone drinking fountain, given to the town by Mr. Childs of Philadelphia, and not far distant is the handsome little brick theatre recently built, on the outside of which are inlaid three beautiful white marble slabs, representing Tragedy, Comedy and History, presented by the eminent American actress, and a great favorite with the English—Mary Anderson. In a little while we board the train, our mind still dwelling on him, who was

"In judgment a Nestor, in genius a Sophocles, In art a Virgil. The earth covers him, the people mourn his loss, Olympus has him."

"EDMONIA."

**Revenue Ruling Reversed.**

The present Commissioner of Internal Revenue last week reversed the ruling of the former Commissioner as to the C. O. D. business. Commissioner Miller ruled that a liquor dealer shipping C. O. D. to another point was liable to a license tax at the point where the liquor was delivered, that being the place where the sale was consummated. Commissioner Mason overrules this decision and says the dealer may ship C. O. D. without being liable for the license tax anywhere except at his place of business. The ruling is of much consequence to shippers of whiskey.