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VOL. VII.

THE COMET.

JOHNSON CITY, TENN., THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1891.

A. B. BOWMAN, President. G. W. ST. JOHN, Vice-President. WILL HARR, Cashier. C. P. CASS, Assistant Cashier. IKE HARR, Attorney.

WHOLE NO. 361.

FIVE HUNDRED PERISH.

THE TERRIBLE DISASTER TO THE EMIGRANT STEAMER UTOPIA.

A MOST HEARTRENDING SCENE.

GIBALTER, March 18.—It is now known that the loss of life by the sinking of the Anchor Line steamer Utopia, which collided yesterday on entering the bay here with the British ironclad Anson, was much larger than at first estimated. The official report of the number of persons on board the Utopia shows that when she left Naples the steamship had 880 souls on board, including passengers and crew.

Early last evening the Utopia was seen steaming into the bay in the direction of the anchorage. When abreast of the ironclad Anson the Utopia staggered as though unable to make headway against the terrible current. Suddenly the strong gale, combined with the current, swept the ill-fated vessel across the bows of the Anson and in a moment her hull was pierced and cut by the ironclad.

The Utopia, after pulling clear of the ironclad, drifted about before wind and sea. The rapid influx of water through the rent in her side caused her to settle down in five minutes from the time of the first impact. The Anson's boats were lowered immediately, as were also boats from the other vessels of British Channel squadron, the Swedish man-of-war Freya and the cable ship Amber, and the ironclads turned their powerful electric search lights on the scene of the disaster to assist the rescuers.

On shore the news of the disaster spread quickly. An enormous crowd soon gathered on the Parade and great excitement prevailed. Little could be seen, however, save the looming hulls of the men-of-war and the white rays of the search lights falling upon the foam-flecked crests of the waves and illuminating the spindrift. The shrieks of the Utopia's passengers and crew could be plainly heard above the roaring of the gale. The sea was so heavy that the boats of the rescuers could not safely approach the wreck, so they were compelled to lie to leeward, where they picked up the people as they were swept from the decks.

As the Utopia's bows settled a terrible scene was witnessed from the boats. Those still on board the sinking steamer made a sudden rush on masses to the fore rigging, struggling for their lives and vainly seeking places of refuge. Twenty minutes later the foremast was submerged and a large number of persons gathered there who had not dared to leap overboard with the hope of being rescued by the boats, and who had failed in their efforts to ascend the rigging, were carried away by the waves. The rescuers, blinded by the wind and rain, saw nothing but a confused, struggling mass of human beings entangled with wreckage.

A steam pinnace rescued all those who had taken refuge in the main rigging, but the last ones were not taken off until 11 o'clock at night. They were so exhausted that they could do nothing for themselves, so it was necessary to haul them into the boats by the brae blue jackets in the rigging who clambered into the shrouds and passed the helpless people to the rescuers into the boats. Both the Swedish and the British sailors did plucky and vigorous work. While a steam pinnace belonging to the British ironclad Immortalite was engaged in the work of rescue her screw fouled and she became helpless and drifted on the rocks. In trying to save themselves, two of the sailors aboard the pinnace were drowned. The remainder were rescued.

Peterson, a Swedish quartermaster, who had been steering the Utopia a short time before the collision, says that just before the vessels came together he went below. While there he felt the shock of the collision and rushed from below, but before he reached the main deck the Utopia had gone broadside upon the spur of the Anson's ram. The commander of the Utopia, Capt. McKeague, according to Peterson, was on the steamship's bridge until the last moment. Peterson adds that as the Utopia was crushed by the Anson's ram he clambered up the davits of one of the steamship's boats and cut the ropes holding it. He had no time, however, to lower the boat away, as the boats of the Utopia had passed beneath the warship and it was evident that the passenger steamer was rapidly sinking.

Soon after the boats of the Anson having been promptly lowered, one of the men-of-war's cutters ran alongside the Utopia, and Peterson managed to jump into her. He says that while on board the Utopia after the collision he was surrounded by a terrible mass of

human beings fighting their way desperately and savagely, regardless of sex or age, towards the boats. Men, women and children tumbled and climbed over each other in that horrible fight for a chance to escape from drowning. One poor woman who was rescued by the Anson's blue jackets went raving mad when she was convinced that her children had been drowned.

HUNDREDS IN THE VORTEX.

There were similarly distressing incidents by the score, the most awful occurring when the Utopia, with a final desperate lurch, sank with her human freight clinging about her and drew hundreds of living persons down with her in the vortex caused by her last plunge. Many of those who had sprung into the sea, as they say that the steamship could not float many moments longer, were then also drawn down in the whirlpool caused by the Utopia's disappearance. Some came to the surface again for a few moments before sinking finally into their watery tomb. Others, more lucky, were able to cling to pieces of wreckage, floating spars, oars, gratings, hatchways, boats, life belts, etc., and thus kept themselves above water until rescued by the warship's boat.

But as usual in such cases, the weaker succumbed more readily. Shrieking, praying women sank to rise no more with their terrified offspring clasped to their breasts. Children clung to their parents so desperately as to, in several cases, cause the death of both, where both might have escaped had better judgment been used. Husbands and wives sank while grasping each other in frantic efforts to keep each other afloat and many good swimmers went down with some horrified, fear-maddened person clinging to him with the tenacity of the desperation of death.

The officers and crew of H. M. S. Anson state that the Utopia fouled the ram of the Anson, and thus caused the damage which resulted in the passenger steamer sinking within a few minutes after being struck. No blame can be attached to the war vessel.

COWARDLY WORK OF ITALIANS.

An officer of the Utopia says: "We were slowing 'a' speed of our engines preparing to anchor, when, before we realized our danger, we found ourselves broadside on the bows of the Anson. There was a shout from both vessels, which was instantly followed by the Anson's ram tearing into the Utopia. We were about a quarter of a mile from shore at the time."

The officers, in talking about the catastrophe, say they will never forget the scene that followed the collision. The Italians were thrown into a state of complete and cowardly panic. They yelled frantically and fought madly to reach the forecastle. A few of the married men dragged their wives with them, but the bulk of single men were heedless of the piteous appeals of the women and children. The forecastle and the rigging were soon crowded and the vessel began to settle down.

Presently an explosion with a deafening report occurred in the forecastle, killing many and throwing others into the sea. Luckily the masts held and remained some yards above the water as the vessel touched the bottom. From forty to fifty were rescued from the masts. The only instance of manliness occurred among the people in the rigging. Many men and nearly every woman clasped children to their breasts, but they were gradually overcome by sheer exhaustion and cold and were compelled to drop their burdens and often follow themselves.

Those in the lower rigging, who were exposed to the full force of the waves, were swept away before the first of the Anson's boats were able to reach them. Some of the men had tied to themselves each his wife or child, hoping to be able to float until they were saved. Several bodies so tied together were washed ashore dead. The majority of the Italians, however, behaved more like beasts than like reasoning men.

Let every enticed woman know! There's a medicine that'll cure her, and the proof's positive! Here's the proof—if it doesn't do you good within reasonable time, report the fact to its managers and get your money back without a word—but you won't do it!

The remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—and it has proved itself the right remedy in nearly every case of female weakness. It is not a miracle. It won't cure everything—but it has done more to build up tired, enfeebled and broken-down women than any other medicine known.

Where's the woman who's not ready for it? All that we've to do is to get the news to her. The medicine will do the rest.

Wanted—Women. First to know it. Second to use it. Third to be cured by it. The one comes of the other.

The seat of sick headache is not in the brain. Regulate the stomach and you cure it. Dr. Pierce's Pills are the little Regulators. Only 25 cents a vial.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING MATERIALS—STYLES IN MAKING NEW MILLINERY.

Light quality wools show the same conspicuous features that have been noticeable in winter goods. Extremely bold plaids are frequent, while circular or oval spots have grown even larger, nor does the breath of spring hinder a presentation of fleecy or astrakan weavings which appear not only on wooleens but on semi-transparent fabrics, such as grenadines. Bourette flunkings likewise contribute to a stylish roughness, and but that colors are refined and often indistinct, the effects would be too pronounced even for fashionable endurance. Bright plaids are seen, but here the surfaces are smooth, although the size of the pattern may be large. From such extreme all gradations are noticeable until small checked suitings in soft tans and grays are reached, and these form very serviceable dresses because inconspicuous and less likely to show soil than plaid goods.

STYLES IN MAKING.

Materials of conspicuous pattern of course need combinations of plain fabric and importers bring out the two together, but suitings are tailor made with special attention to fit, and the same can be said of cloths, among which Bedford cords, showing a rep across, are the newest. These and other cloths, or indeed any variety of fine, plain wool, are trimmed with passementerie or ribbon enriched by simulated jewels, this last being a special feature of the season. Sheath -skirts are still made, but some new designs show small paniers, and others are a little draped or with fullness in front, both of which are the beginning of greater breadth in outline. Waists are long and especially stylish if made over the R & G corset, which will not, like other corsets, stretch and lose its original form. It is extra long waisted and meets the requirements of both full and slender figures.

MILLINERY.

Capotes are hardly seen in comparison with toques, or turbans, while the supply of hats in fancy shapes is almost limitless. Winter contours are repeated, and, in consequence, a turning up at the back and projection in front, is a rule. Flowers nod at back or front, or coming from the back, lie in profusion, small ones being preferred in such cases. As to size indeed there never was such liberty, since from lilacs, lilies of the valley, etc., they increase in all dimensions until large roses, apparently ready to fall in pieces, reach a size of five inches across. Chrysanthemums are likewise made mammoth, and morning glories, in natural or unnatural colors, lend a veritable glory.

RIBBONS.

of steel, silver or gilt, but chiefly the latter, are very fashionable, and from "baby ribbon" up to two and a half inches wide, are placed in upright loops or rosettes. The presence of gilt is in truth always welcome; small fruits and berries are made of it and elegant capotes are entirely of gilt in even work. The latter strikes a keynote of the time, since fancy weavings in straw are so prevalent as almost to exclude plain varieties even where superiority is wished for, since every day hats or bonnets come entirely in fancy weave or with open work brims that finish plain crowns. Nevertheless, some few large, yielding hats are plain throughout, and a choice among Milan, chip or split straws in such style, is possible.

Don't Be Gloomy.

Those who are the victims of mercurial poisoning, or who are suffering from mercurial rheumatism, are inclined to take a gloomy view of life when, as the poet says, "Winter is folding its white tents and spring getting its thunderstorms together." Yet these victims have no reason to despair. S. S. S. is a sure remedy for all forms of mercurial poisoning. Though it is a purely vegetable medicine, it is powerful, indeed, when called on to chase mercury, out of the system. It performs the work with neatness and dispatch, as thousands of testimonials show.

Mr. Blaine and his friends are disposed to claim a diplomat's victory because Great Britain has agreed to its ultimatum of last summer, as to submitting the questions involved in the Behring's sea dispute to arbitration. Lord Salisbury is doubtless very well satisfied, and owing to the bankrupt condition the Republican Congress has left us in, this country is perfectly willing to settle the arbitration, even if it gets the worst of it, because it has no money to fight with, and it was perfectly clear, as long ago as last summer, that Mr. Blaine had to do one of the three things, arbitrate, back down or fight, and although his present position is a partial back down, it is more satisfactory than if he had entirely abandoned the position so ably maintained by Mr. Bayard during the Cleveland administration.

"I see your successor is here," said a brother Sena or to Senator Ingalls after the adjournment. "The Kansas, chief I cuttignly sarcastic, and unkind to the last, looked over his spectacles and remarked: "Yes, he is one of those cadaverous persons that rise to the surface after the explosion."

HART, ARMBRUST & CO.,

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TO LADY READERS.

We invite your attention to our line of Spring and Summer DRESS GOODS, which includes the choicest offerings of Foreign and Domestic manufacture for the season of 1891. The assortment is large, the values are good, the styles are correct, and the various grades and prices are certain to meet your ideas fully. We will give you the benefit of the closest prices known to the trade on anything in our line. Come and familiarize yourself with our goods and prices while you are waiting for our Spring Opening.

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Carry in stock, Belle City Feed Cutters, Oliver Chilled Plows and Repairs. They are headquarters in their line and will save you money if you give them a trial.

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Here Yet and have Made Arrangements to stay.

Builders' Hardware, Pure Paints and Oils

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JOHNSON CITY, TENN.

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Mrs. J. H. BRUNNER, MILLINERY And Fancy Goods, Main St. Johnson City.

A PHILOSOPHER'S HINTS.

How to Make a Man Out of That Boy of Yours.

The wisest charity is to help a boy help himself. Have your boy to look upon labor as real dignity, and idleness as a disgrace.

Do not give your boy expensive notions. Bring him up to be simple in his habits and pleasures.

Teach your boy to be self-reliant. "Ability and necessity dwell near each other," said Pythagoras.

Let your boy be boyish. A manish boy, a boy who is a man before his time, is a disagreeable object.

Be your boy's companion, treat him as a gentleman; and if such treatment does not make him a gentleman, nothing will.

Teach your boy that if he does not wish to be nobody, or something much worse than nobody, he must guard his youth.

Teach him that the best whisky sling is to sling the bottle out of the window, and the best dice throw is to throw the dice away.

Teach your boy that there is no such thing as "luck." Good pluck is good luck. Whole-hearted energy crowns men with honors.

Teach your boy courtesy. "Manners make the man," says proverb. True politeness is rapidly becoming in this country one of the lost arts.

Put your boy on his honor. Trust his character more. The boy that always requires looking after is in danger.

The word "can't" ought not to be found in your boy's vocabulary. Teach him to stick to it—ness. Don't flinch. Never fly the track. Hold on; hold fast; hold out.

I never take any stock in the so-called "good boys"—boys who never get into mischief. It is a good thing if they die young, for they generally turn out bad men.

Let him learn no other language but this: "You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertion whether you shall sink or swim, survive or perish."

Teach your boy to be accurate. If he be not taught accuracy in childhood, he will never learn it in manhood. Teach him to speak accurately on all subjects, and he will soon to tell a lie.

Early instill into your boy's mind decision of character. The undecided boy is sure to become a namby-pamby man. He will be as Dryden says: "Everything by starts, and nothing long."

Teach him to be strictly honest in all his dealings with his brothers and sisters. If he disregards their rights, he will grow up to disregard the rights of men. "As the twig is bent the tree inclines."

Teach your boy the valuable lesson of consideration for the feelings of others. Teach him to disdain revenge. Impress him with this beautiful sentiment: "Write injuries in dust, but kindness in marble."

Tell him not to despise little things. Life is made up of little things. The "little things" in the aggregate make up whatever is great. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then will life be full of beauty and goodness.

Teach your boy to be frank and open. If he has carelessly broken anything and takes the full blame upon himself and makes no excuse about it, don't punish him, but commend him for his honesty, and he will grow up every inch a man.

Never permit your boy to associate with your neighbors' badly managed boys. "He who goes with wolves soon learns to howl." A boy readily copies all that he sees, good or bad. A boy's temper and habits will be formed on a model of those with whom he associates.

Teach your boy that the use of tobacco is a filthy, costly and unhealthy habit. The boy with a cigar in his mouth, a swagger in his walk, impudence on his face, a care or nothingness in his manners, older than his father (judging from his demeanor), is going too fast. He should be stopped. The chances are ten to one that in a dishonored grave will soon lie the buried hopes of a father, the joys of a mother's heart and the pride of sisters.

The First Step. Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c, at McFarland & Co.'s Drugstore.

Mrs. Intrade—Where is your father? Adult son—He is at the store editing his edition of "Society as I have found it." Mrs. Intrade—What? A book? Son—Yes, a ledger, full of unpaid and uncollected bills.

An Epitaph.

Here lies the surplus! Put it out of the way To help the laborer to keep holiday! Squandered for ballast in unprotected ships, Poured in libations from the spoiler's lips, Wasted in stews and mortar-beds to crown The rusty glory of some little town! In unearned wages to the Congress clerks, To salary henchmen on unfashioned "works," Lost to a myriad of petty jobs, Here lies the surplus! Congress Fifty-first Resolved to squander it and did its worst!

Let Reed and McKinley on its grave Lay garlands green, and high above it wave "The old flag"—which they hold so very dear When "an appropriation" 's very near! And let Dr. Flanagan, of Texas, cry "What we were here for" was to see it die!" —J. P. B.

"Fruits and Fruit Trees" is an ably written book and gives trustworthy information for all who grow fruit of any sort or kind. Stark Bros., Purcellville, Louisiana. No. 1004. Will send it free to all interested.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Heard Here and There: At the Club—That the latest wrinkle is to have your trousers uncreased. In the Ball-room—That we are losing some of our finest shoulders by pneumonia. In the Shoe-shops—That pointed toes will not go out, though square toes will come in. At the Chemist's—That the newest perfume is fragrant with the scent of sandalwood. In the Conservatory—That a woman can say "No" in such a low voice that it means "Yes."

In the Boudoir—That afternoon tea is supplemented with marshmallows toasted on the grate fire. At the manicure's—That if you use a polish for your finger tips, let it be benzoin; the pure tincture. At the confectioner's—That violet, rose and orange blossoms are frozen in ice-cream of delicate flavors. At the stationer's—That a married lady's visiting card is rather large, not quite square, very stiff and dead white.

In the shops—That the new clothe for ever wear are lustrous broadsides, as light in weight and soft as Suede kid. In the Smoking Room—The newest cap for domestic fathers, brothers and husbands is just the right size for a tea cozy. In Paris—That "le bouquet Ophelie" is the name given to a capote composed of a single rhododendron, crushed into shape and held with coquettish knots of velvet.

In an English Drawing room—That the American girl is pushing—that she will even make her way through a brick wall, if there is a duke the other side of it. In the nursery—That the hair of children over 3 years and under 10 is cut to reach the shoulders with the ends curled t turn in; the front hair in a short, straight bang. At the Hosiery Counter—That dark silk, plain and lengthwise stripe stockings are worn; that lilac stockings are embroidered with orchids, and Spanish stockings are all spangled with gold.

At St. Augustine—That at a dinner to be given to Mr. John Jacob Astor and bride the table will be an immense heart, the center piece, a heart of solid pink roses, surmounted by a cupid, holding aloft an electric light concealed in the heart of a pink rose. Texas Sitings: In some cases jealousy is a sign of love, but it is more frequently proof of overwhelming egotism.

A Little Girl's Experience in a Lighthouse. Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter, four years old. Last April she was taken down with measles, followed with a dreadful Cough and turning into a Fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones." Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at McFarland & Co.'s Drugstore.

Detective O'Malley in Memphis. MEMPHIS, TENN., March 21.—The much sought for detective O'Malley, of New Orleans, is at a hotel in this city. He is accompanied by his wife and child. He registered under an assumed name. He was seen at midnight by a reporter and said: I was present at the Clay Statue meeting, and hid in New Orleans for two days after the lynching. I went first to Houston, Texas, and then to Corsicana. Then turning about, I came northward to Brinkley, Arkansas, and from that place to Memphis. It is my intention to return to New Orleans next Wednesday or Thursday. I will certainly expose the workings of the Mafia. I have been in the employ of the Matrangas faction of Mafia for six years, and in my capacity as detective have plenty of information which I am sure no other man has. O'Malley declined to say anything in connection with bringing the jury, except that he thinks they were bribed. He said, in conclusion, that six of the Italians killed were guilty of complicity in the Hennessy case.

It is rather inconsistent for a denouncer of the nude art to insist upon the naked truth being sold of the evils of ancient exhibitions.