

# Watauga Democrat.

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## LINVILLE.

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### WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

#### For the Democrat

Senator Quay has by unanimous consent been selected as the republican Jonah, and there exists the best of reasons for believing that he will be asked to retire, not only from the chairmanship of the republican National committee, but to resign his membership. It would have been done before now, but that the question of what to do with J. S. Clarkson has not been decided. Clarkson is vice-chairman of the committee and has always been a humble tool of Quay's, and there is a feeling among influential republicans against his being made chairman of the committee, as he would naturally expect, when Quay retires. As soon as a satisfactory solution of that difficulty is reached Mr. Quay will receive what the boys call the "grand bounce." Quay is now in Florida, and Clarkson is also down South somewhere. They both thought it a good time for disappearing for a while.

Mr. Harrison is having a terrible time over the Force bill. Mr. Blaine whose predictions about the tariff bill have materialized so soon, and a few other prominent republicans are trying to persuade him to let the Force bill alone in his message to Congress, which he is now preparing, and the radical

element in his party which embraces nine-tenths of its recognized leaders, are urging him to insist upon the immediate passage by the Senate of the bill. Mr. Harrison is very badly frightened at the tornado of popular disapprobation that struck his administration and party on election day, and would most willingly take Mr. Blaine's advice, but for the fact that he had committed himself in favor of the Force bill last summer.

Senator Blackburn has made public a scene which took place in a Senate committee room last summer where he was the only democrat present, and where Mr. Blaine stated in the plainest language that if the McKinley bill, which was then before the Senate committee, was passed it would ruin the republican party and prevent its electing the President in 1892. He became so excited during his denunciation of the measure that he smashed a new silk hat which was lying before him on a table. Mr. Blaine has not changed his mind.

It will be many a day before the democrats get through enthusing over the recent election. Every train brings in prominent democrats, and every arrival means a fresh jubilee. The local democrats fired a salute of 52 guns Friday night, although Col. Ernst in charge of public buildings and grounds, did his best to prevent it by refusing to give them a permit to fire them in the same place that the republicans were granted a similar permit two years ago, but that didn't prevent it—nothing could. The guns were fired, and close enough to the White House for Mr. Harrison to enjoy the music.

Under this administration Federal employes are slaves. An estimable lady clerk in the Washington City Post Office is now under suspension, because she repeated a jovial remark of a fellow clerk to Dick Quay, a son of the Senator. Dick presented an order for the Senator's mail at the general delivery window and the lady went back in the office and inquired where the Senators mail was. "Oh he's dead, and his mail's gone to the dead letter office," said one of the clerks laughing. The lady walked back to the window and thoughtlessly repeated the remarks to Dick, who, by the way she did not know. He went to the Post Office department and reported the lady as having insulted him and his father, and an order was issued to the City Post Master for her immediate suspension.

Mr. Wanamaker has not made a popular official, but now that reports of the pending failure of his big Philadelphia firm are circulated a great deal of sympathy is expressed for him, and it is hoped that the claims of his friends—he is not here—that the rumor was originated by Jay Gould for the purpose of injuring Mr. Wanamaker's

credit, because of his persistency in behalf of a postal telegraph system, to which Mr. Gould is opposed, may prove to be true.

It is not often that the leaders of a political party have to complain because they are given too much by the voters of the country, but that's about the condition of the democratic leaders. They fully appreciate the emphatic endorsement of the principles of the party given by the people, but they would have anticipated far less trouble had their majority been about a hundred less in the next House—it is now so large that it actually causes anxiety.

The feeling that the short session of Congress will, in its anxiety to pass political legislation, neglect to pass all of the regular appropriation bills, and thus make an extra session of the Fifty-second Congress, in the spring, necessary to provide for the needs of the Government, has precipitated the campaign for the speakership and the other officers of the next House.

Far better than the harsh treatment of medicines which horribly gripe the patient and destroy the coating of the stomach. Dr. J. H. McLean's Chills and Fever cure by mild yet effective action will cure. Sold at 50 cents a bottle

#### Ages of Man and Wife.

It is always better for a man to be several years the senior of his wife. And I'll tell you why. The average girl who marries—God bless her—stays at home, and makes a home a blissful abiding place for her husband and her children. The man goes out into the world and has the responsibility of caring for those who are at home; and yet, time does not seem to set its seal on him as it does on a woman. The cares of life ruffle her, and too often make her look, as we say, "old before her time." Now even when this does not happen, she does proportionately grow old in appearance sooner than a man, and for that reason she wants to take the benefit of the doubt and let him have the added years to start with.

Then, too, you should desire to keep your heart and mind young; to be his intellectual companion, and this is much easier when your husband is old enough to be "the guide, philosopher and friend." The love of a woman to her husband always has a little of the maternal in it—that is right and tender—but she does not wish to be mistaken for his mother.

Be wise and marry a man older than yourself; one who has seen life in its many phases and who can guide you over the rocky place; one who has learned that it is not wise to obey impulse, but that any important duty should be well thought over.—Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES, Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give you a good appetite.

### JEANNIE'S BONNIE DREAM.

A Vision of Heaven That Confronted a Dying Child.

They sat together on the warm sparkling sand, the mother and child. The tiny golden head nestled against the protecting breast; the wan face was lit by the evening sun; the eyes were closed, and a smile parted the bloodless lips. The maiden slept.

The mother watched beside her sleeping child, and she—scarce more than a child herself—murmured a mother's prayer, 'Lord Jesus, save my little girl.' Again and again she repeated it, 'Save my little girl.' That was all.

O, God! why are the poor born to be so unhappy?

Softly she drew the threadbare tartan shawl around the tender frame. Gentle as was the motion it roused the sleeper. The great blue eyes opened.

'Did I wake ye, Jeannie?'

'No, no, mither, ye dinna wake me, I woke my anesel. I had a bonnie dream, mither.'

'Ay, dearie, what was it?'

The mother looked down anxiously.

'Afore I went to sleep, I was watchin' the ships wi' their white sails flittin' owre the water, an' I wondered whar they were a' gaun. I looked, an' looked, an' looked, an' then I thought I was in a wee boatie, wi' white sails, too, mither. They said it was gaun to heav'n. The sky was black owre my heid, an' great waves tossed my boatie to an' fro. But far away the sun was glintin' on the water, an' there were steps of gowd gaun up, up, up. They said it was the way to heav'n. Is't no, mither? Are ye list'nin'?'

The mother's face was turned away.

'Aye, aye Jeannie, I'm list'nin' to ye.'

'I sailed a lang, lang time. I was tired; but I came nearer the steps. I was a'most there, mither. They said: Gae Jeannie, and ye'll no be tired ony mair.' I was gaun, but they said again: 'No the noo, Jeannie, the next time.' Then I awoke. Wasn't no a bonnie dream, mither?'

'My wee lamb,' was all the mother could say. She pressed the frail form to her. The golden head sank back drowsily.

'The next time.'

The sun set in crimson glory over the sands and sea; heavy purple night clouds overshadowed the earth. Ere the glory faded the little maiden was far away on her journey up the golden steps. Still the mother watched and prayed, 'Lord Jesus save my little girl.'

God help those who awake from sleep.

A free and easy expectoration is produced by a few doses of Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm in all cases of hoarseness, sore throat or difficulty of breathing.

rains 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.

### ALLEN'S POCKET PIECE.

In the pocket-book of the Hon. Stephen Allen, who was drowned from on board the H. Clay, was found a printed slip, apparently cut from a news-paper, of which the following is a copy. It is worthy to be engraved on every young man's heart.

Make few promises. Always speak the truth. Never speak evil of any one. Keep good company, or none.

Live up to your engagements.

Be just before you are generous.

Never play at any game of chance.

Drink no kinds of intoxicating liquors.

Good character is above all things else.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

Never borrow, if you can possibly help it.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Ever live (misfortunes excepted) within your income.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Small and steady gains give competency, with a tranquil mind.

Good company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

Never be idle; if your hand can't be employed usefully, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Read over the above maxims carefully and thoughtfully, at least once every week.

#### The Highest in the World.

The new Masonic building now being erected in Chicago will be an architectural marvel. It is to have a frontage of one hundred and seventy feet, a depth of one hundred and fourteen feet, will be twenty stories high and the roof will be nearly three hundred feet from the level of the street.

There are to be eighteen elevators, arranged in a semi-circle, having a total carrying capacity of forty thousand passengers daily.

The entrance is to be forty two feet high by twenty eight wide, and the rotunda, with an area of three thousand seven hundred square feet, will be open to the roof, where visitors will find a pavillion garden from which they can get a birds-eye view of all creation.

### GOVERNOR FOWLE

ISSUES HIS THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

"Since the independence of the American colonies was secured there has been no period of our history as a State in which Divine Providence has blessed us with more abundant returns for labor or indicated more clearly His purpose to preserve our civil and political liberties.

Now, therefore, that public acknowledgement of our gratitude to Almighty God for His great goodness to us as a State and people may be made, I, Daniel G. Fowle, Governor of North Carolina, do hereby appoint Thursday the 27th day of November, 1890, as a day of public thanksgiving and praise, and I earnestly recommend that the people of the State assemble on that day, at their usual places of worship, and return thanks for the great prosperity which has been vouchsafed to us and for the immeasurable blessings which we enjoy. And that every heart may be gladdened, let us remember the widow and the orphan, the disabled soldier; the poor and the afflicted whom He hath made dependent upon our care, and contribute liberally of our means to the institutions which have been organized in our midst for their maintenance.

#### Let us Shake Hands All Round.

These political campaigns all over the country are very jolly affairs. They are almost as blissful as a modern game of base ball in which one man gets his eye put out, another retires with a broken thumb and the third is all broken up and has to be carried to the nearest smithy to have his ribs hammered into shape.

We get a good deal of healthy exercise in such times as these. There are hot words and curses four feet long before election, but when the election is over we wipe out the court plaster and shake hands all round. The people who live under the effete and tottering monarchies of Europe don't know what happiness means until they come to this country and watch one of our local scimmages. We are the best natured people on the footstool, and if we have a peculiar way of enjoying ourselves, whose business is it? The great American Eagle echoes, Whose? —New York Herald.

Col. Polk, President of the National Alliance, who is in close communication with the Alliancemen in Kansas, writes that there will be a majority of 28 in the Kansas Legislature against Senator Ingalls. That is glory enough. The Ten Commandments may be an irredescent dream in the view of the Kansas Senator, but the people have taught him that there is a political hell and will proceed to send him to it.—Chronicle.

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