

Watauga Democrat.

VOL. IX.

BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1897.

NO. IV.

WASHINGTON LETTER

From our Regular Correspondent.

The last plays in the little game arranged by McKinley and Hanna to freeze John Sherman out of the Senate and out of Ohio politics by compelling him to become a member of McKinley's Cabinet will be made this week at Canton, whither Sherman has been summoned. It is believed in Washington that McKinley and Hanna hold all the trumps and that Sherman will bow to the inevitable and go into the cabinet, although he makes no secret of preferring to remain in the Senate, because he had rather do that than to retire to private life at the end of his term in the Senate. Should he enter the cabinet, Hanna will succeed him in the Senate, by gubernatorial appointment, and be a candidate for a full term at the expiration of this one, if the republicans retain control of the Ohio Legislature. The attempt to put the McKinley collar upon other Senators have been dismal failures. Allison and Aldrich have both refused the Treasury portfolio, which had first been refused by Representative Dingley. It is difficult to get men of self-respect who are willingly to blindly pledge themselves to support McKinley for reelection in return for a Cabinet portfolio.

It seems that a blackguard speech has to be made at every session of Congress. Representative Johnson, of Cal., who was working with the Huntington lobby for the Pacific Railroad Funding bill, which was disposed of by the House to-day after four days discussion, is entitled to the belt for having made one of the dirtiest and most indecent personal attacks ever made on the floor of the House—the speech was so dirty that no paper would print it all. The man attacked was Wm. R. Hurst, who has fought the bill in his New York and San Francisco papers, and who, Mr. Johnson thinks, was instrumental in getting him defeated when he was a candidate for reelection last November.

A Senator who is a close friend to Justice Field, of the Supreme Court, said of the revival of the rumor that Justice Field, who has long been eligible for retirement, would retire on the promise of President Cleveland to nominate Secretary Carlisle to the vacancy: "There isn't a word of truth in the story. Justice Field has said that he would not give Mr. Cleveland an opportunity to name his successor, and the old gentleman has a long and unbroken record for living up to his word. But even if he should retire or there should be another vacancy in the Court, it would not be filled by Secretary Carlisle; he might be nominated by the President, but there would be no possibility of the nomination being confirmed by the Senate."

Senator Jones, of Ark., has gone home to be present at

the election of his successor by the Arkansas legislature. Ashe has no opposition, there isn't the slightest doubt of his being his own successor, and the democrats of Arkansas will make no mistake in sending Senator Jones back, as no man in the Senate has more rapidly come to the front in power and influence than he has since he became prominent in the Wilson tariff bill fight in the last campaign as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee is known to all.

Whether the speech of Senator Mills to-day, on his resolution declaring that the expediency of recognizing the independence of a foreign state belongs to Congress; and further declaring that the independence of Cuba ought to be and is hereby recognized, and appropriating \$10,000 for the salary and expenses of a Minister to Cuba, will open the flood gates of Cuban oratory remains to be seen. It was plain and to the point. Mr. Mills thinks the matter should not be longer postponed, and a short time ago a majority of the Senate thought with him, but influences have been at work which, if they have not changed opinions, have at least brought about an apparent willingness to leave the whole business for the next Congress and administration to deal with. Representative Money, of Miss., has returned from his investigating trip to Cuba, but says he is not ready yet to talk for publication of what he found out, or at least of all he found out.

The House passed the Loud bill and it is now in the hands of the Senate Committee, with chances of a c t i o n in doubt.

There is a disposition on the part of democrats in the House to criticise the tardiness of Speaker Reed in filling the two democratic vacancies on the Ways and Means Committee. They should unquestionably have been filled before the tariff hearings, but although the hearings are now over; they are still unfilled. It looks like a bit of pure cursedness on the part of Reed. The places are merely honorary now, as the democratic members will not be allowed to have any hand in making the tariff bill.

Interstate Commerce Commissioner T. D. Yeonans is home from a short visit to his home in Iowa. He brings back one of the best stories of the season, which he picked up in Chicago. It runs to the effect that a man caught sight of a fine picture of Major McKinley in a shop window. Underneath was the legend, "the advance guard of prosperity." The man looked long and curiously at it, and then exclaimed: "Well, I'll be d—, I have seen in the show business these forty years and never before have I seen an advance agent so far ahead of his show."—Ex.

CASTORIA
The infallible
signature
of
Chas. H. Fletcher
is on every
bottle.

The Woman's Pledge.

Editor Democrat:

I wonder how many of your readers remember the suggestion made by mesosome time ago in regard to a young woman's temperance league?

Dear young ladies, how many of you will join with me in this grand and noble work? One dear sister at Fair Plains, N. C., has organized a lodge with flattering prospects. Who will take this work in hand and do likewise? Let us go to work and get the girls and young ladies all to join together under obligations that they will not associate with young men who drink. I wish each one could see the beauty of this society. In God's own book we read of a young woman who did two very simple things. One was to watch a little cradle among the rushes; another was to go and find a nurse for little Moses. Did she dream that she was saving the future leader of God's chosen people? Can you think of anything sweeter, more angelic than the banding together of girls to study out the ways and means of saving our boys and young men from drunkenness, leading them by the still waters of usefulness and sobriety.

Our Government will tolerate this liquor traffic, which means death to thousands annually; which means heart broken wives and dragged and hungry children. Now it is in the power of women to do a greater work for the uplifting of humanity than has been done, if I can only get this question before them and get them to see the beauty there is in the Woman's Temperance Society.

Our fat Senators and Congressmen like the social glass too well to oppose the greatest evil of "Christian America." They even allow this vile stuff to be sent across the waters and sold to the poor heathen. And yet we live in Christian America and send our missionaries to preach the gospel to these people, which is good, but keep the devil's fire-works out.

The future of the temperance reform depends on training the young and so I appeal to them. Each church and school should have a society for the young women and girls. We want you too, dear friend. We need you to help us battle against the greatest foe of mankind. No one can fill your place; no one can do your work. I know by your earnest face that you are waiting to know your duty in this cause. I hear your question: "What can I do?" It was only a little flower put into a sick room that led a weary soul back to God. You can see your influence always and everywhere for temperance.

Young ladies, there is a wide domain of influence to which I have called your attention, because it is yours, only—yours now for a limited portion of time. I refer to the power peculiar to the graces and attractions of youth; for if you have a sweet

face and winning smile, it is God's gift and He means that you shall use it for good.
Clifton, N. C. L. E.

Not So Wicked.

Washington Times.

It appears that the Rev. A. C. Dixon a New York clergyman, has recently been saying that the world is growing very wicked, that it grows more and more wicked every day, and that something really ought to be done about it. This opinion of Rev. Mr. Dixon has been shared by many others, not only, as we believe, by Dr. Moody, the matchless evangelist, but by many other religious authorities in New York. This theory is somewhat natural. All of these gentlemen live in the metropolis, or have recently been staying there.

The wickedness of that great city is notorious. The almost indecent publication concerning the dinner of certain swells of the Four Hundred at Sherry's was not needed to confirm that view. But New York is not all of the United States, indeed it is a very small and very foreign part of the United States. It does not typify the great and glorious goodness of this great country. The temper and purpose of the American people are essentially genuine, pure, patriotic and religious. It may be that the devotees of certain creeds are not able to report from year to year or from month to month, that their number of communicants is increasing; but that does not necessarily matter. Perhaps the communicants of other denominations are increasing rapidly; or even if they are not, the great reading, well-informed, well-intended, thoughtful and liberal body who constitute the American people, whatever the accident of their birth or education may have been, are increasing in the depth and strength of their real goodness and real religious feeling. Happily it is coming more and more to be believed that creeds are not essential, or, possibly, to put it better, that the one great creed of humanity and of universal human charity, of love, indeed, and of conformity with the One Divine Order, and hence of utility, improvement and happiness, is more and more honored and followed.

It matters very little about New York city. It is quite natural, as we have said, that the Rev. Mr. Dixon and all of his fellows should believe, judging from their experience in the metropolis, that the world is growing worse. But it is not. And it is not logically to be supposed that the evidence which has been furnished to these gentlemen in New York has anything whatever to do with the case.

Mr. Jinks—I don't know how you will feel about it, sir, but the fact is that my wife, your daughter, is a dreadfully hard woman to live with.

Mr. Blinks—I can sympathize with you, sir, I married her mother.

Who Wins.

The boy or the man who spends all his earnings away from home; attending lecture, club room, theatre, billiard hall, bear saloon; playing chess, checkers, pool or cards; chewing or smoking tobacco, drinking liquor, or gambling? or the one who is entirely free from all that we have named; whose determinations and tendencies are in the direction of home, industry, sobriety, self culture in the science and the literature of the past and the present, of right, the truth, of God? There is a gentleman in Chicago who stands high in business circles, because, when but a boy on the streets of Chicago, he chose the right and maintained it. At eleven his father died, leaving a wife and four children. From that time, for seven years, that boy sold papers and blanked boots, all the while supporting the family out of his daily profits. At eighteen he commenced business for himself as a merchant, and to-day is highly respected by his many friends and acquaintances and is doing a flourishing business.

Who wins, the boy or man of bad habits? No! The boy or the man who can swear, cheat, or lie, or steal without being found out? No! But he wins who is not ashamed to pray to God in the hour of temptation for help; for strength more than human when adversity overwhelms. He who reads God's Word and trusts it, who does not ask, Is it expedient? but is it right?—he wins.—Sel.

The Lenoir Topic is responsible for the following:

"A young man whose home is near Zionville, Watauga county, is working at a saw mill in Little River township. Last week he received a letter from home which related the circumstances of a lively fracas near his home in which Ben Sanders and his wife, Mary, were the chief actors. They both had on too much liquor. The lady belabored the old man with everything in reach. Their son, John, had a gallon pot full of coffee which the queen of the ranche made free use of in the battle. The old man broke the skillet all to flinders on the hearth; while the old lady beat the life and music out of their son John's fiddle. So there is mourning and sore lamentation in that family in those Christmas days—no skillet to bake the bread and no fiddle to enliven the home with its sweet strains of music."

Most of the Senators who have been worried about their reelection during the past few months or perhaps during the last few years, seem to be pulling thro' handsomely. The dispatches gave us information several days ago that Hansbrough, of North Dakota, had been favored by a curious freak of fortune. One of his own lovely Dakota blizzards had stalled two or three railroad trains on which some of his bitterest antagonists were endeavoring to travel to the State capitol. This was jolly, indeed. Whether these

opponents reached the scene of conflict or not, Hansbrough has now pulled through; and as the gentleman was once an adventurous printer, who did not hesitate to travel from town to town for work when he absolutely needed it, and as he has never put on a wrinkle in his life, no matter what his success may have been, who shouldn't wish him continued success?—Wash. Times.

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