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WASHINGTON LETTER

From our Regular Correspondent.

Mr. McKinley is likely to be much more interested in the Senate than in the soft speeches the army of office seekers are now pouring into his ears, if certain plans now being urged are carried out. The majority of the Senate is composed of silver men, but they represent three different parties, democrats, populists and silver republicans. The greediness of the republicans in claiming the right to change the financial complexion of the Committee on finance by filling both vacancies with gold republicans, has aroused the silver men, and the proposition has been made that they shall combine and reorganize the Senate by deposing the republicans from the Chairmanships of all important committees and by giving the silver Senators control of all committees. In other words, to put the legislative machinery of the Senate into the hands of the silver men. This proposition will not be easy to carry into effect because of the difficulty of combining men who agree on nothing but silver, but it has frightened the republicans badly.

Senator Teller was speaking from personal experience, having himself been Secretary of the Interior from April 17, 1882, to March 4, 1885, when he told the Senate that Mr. McKinley had made a serious mistake when he nominated Cornelius N. Bliss, to be Secretary of the Interior. He said that Mr. Bliss was a banker and merchant, with an experience which might have fitted him for the head of some of the departments, but that, in his opinion, the head of the Interior Department ought to be a lawyer. Mr. Teller did not speak in a spirit of antagonism to Mr. Bliss, nor did he vote against his confirmation; he merely called attention to what he believed to be a mistake.

As might be imagined those Senators and Representatives who are opposed to Reed's idea of confining the legislation of the extra session of Congress, which meets next Monday, to the tariff bill by not appointing the committees of the House which would have to act upon other bills, are not grieving over the failure of four of the regular appropriation bills—the Sundry Civil, Agricultural, Indian and Deficiency. General Reed already has another scheme to prevent general legislation. It is to authorize, by joint resolution, a continuance of all the regular appropriations of the current year until next December.

There was a more or less interesting republican rumormongering in Washington the day after the inauguration about which very little has been heard. A meeting of republican clubs had been called for that day by Col. John Bowles for the announced purpose of adopting resolutions advising the new administration what it should do to retain the sup-

Woodmansee, who is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National organization of republican clubs and who claimed that the individual clubs represented at this convention could not properly act upon such resolutions as were to be offered, succeeded in having the convention adjourn as soon as it was called to order. There was some very warm talk about this application of the gag, but the scent of the pie counter made it mostly whiskered among those interested.

Ex-Senator Blackburn will attend the extra session of the Kentucky legislature that has been called to elect a Senator and will make a strong fight for his own re-election, notwithstanding the republican majority in that body. Nobody expects the Senate to seat Maj. Wood, who has been appointed to the vacancy by Gov. Bradley, and whether the gentlemen appointed by the Governors of Florida and Oregon will fare any better remains to be seen.

King Hanna has got every thing he has reached for up to date, but certain Senators who think he is now reaching after too much are preparing to give him a disappointment and there are big odds in favor of their succeeding. King Hanna is reaching for a place on the Senate Finance Committee, in which there are two vacancies caused by the retirement of Sherman and Voorhees, in order that he may be properly fixed to boss the tariff bill, which will go to that committee as soon as it gets through the House. No new Senator has been given a place on that committee in the memory of the oldest Senator, but that does not make any difference to Hanna. He wants it, and has made his wants known. It is practically certain that he won't get it. Tom Platt also wants a place on this committee, but as he has been in the Senate before, his aspiration is not considered as audacious as that of King Hanna, but whether he will get the place is very, very doubtful.

Ex-Secretary Carlisle has been offered the position of General Counsel for the Pullman Car Co., now held by Gen. Horace Porter who expects to go abroad, at a salary of \$25,000 a year, and the expectation is that Mr. Carlisle will accept the offer.

Senator Hanna, of Ohio, will occupy a seat next to Senator Butler, of North Carolina. This will bring the chairman of the republican national committee and the chairman of the Populist national committee side by side.—Lundmark.

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Dead As a Door Nail.
News and Observer.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

All things, bad as well as good, must end sometime.

The legislature has adjourned at last.

It is dead. Deader than the deadeast of door nails. Why door nails are deader than any other kind of nails, and why nails should be picked out of all created things to express annihilation is more than I can comprehend. But I do know why the legislature of 1897 should smell longer in the nostrils of a civilized people and be buried deeper by a proud, liberty-loving State than any of its predecessors.

A funeral is no time for merry-making, but I am happy to-night. I can clap my hands with joy. In common with a million true-hearted Tar Heels I am assisting at a blessed wake, my sole regret being that it did not occur earlier in the season, before life became a burden to those who had to watch over the festering corpse.

But at last the end has come; the country breathes freely again; the air around the capital city is becoming pure once more—as pure as the poisoned cements left behind by the dead body and the microbes that will remain with us for the next four years will admit of.

And for this we are grateful, and should gird up our loins and prepare to turn the bad into better. Things might have been worse than what it is hard to believe it.

Instead of gripe we might have had the cholera; instead of rioting and disgraceful scenes of disorder we might have had blows and bloodshed; instead of an ardent gold-bug for Senator we might have had a little railroad attorney—instead of a high priced one—in the upper branch of Congress; instead of leaving the lease question for the people to settle we might have had the secret sales of the State's property for a song confirmed, and instead of adjourning yesterday the legislature might have remained in session until to-day or tomorrow.

This is the bright side of the picture and should be entered up to the credit of the deceased.

Though it is in bad taste to speak ill of the dead it would, perhaps, not be improper, just here to point out a few of the minor faults and shortcomings of the late legislature.

It squandered the public money in unnecessary appropriations, and increased the taxes. It created scores of new offices and filled them with incompetent men. It impeded the public institutions and turned them over to hoodlums, heelers, and pie-hunters. It was more completely under railroad domination than was ever its illustrious predecessor of 1868. It gave to ignorant negroes and mean white men absolute control of many of the best cit-

gave to the Governor more power and patronage than has ever been enjoyed by a chief executive of the State; to all intents and purposes Governor Russell is now a despot, with almost unlimited appointing power in his hands, and the sooner the people of North Carolina realize this and restore the old order of things the better it will be for them.

But we can take our chances with all this, provided we have the assurance that the end has come. Unless the Nemesis that now seems to be sitting cross-legged, waiting for co-operation, we will not have a repetition of this "abomination and desolation of spirit" of which Daniel, the prophet, spoke.

A few of the legislators went home Monday, more went yesterday and last night's trains took a warty great gobs of them. By tomorrow the last remaining ones—with the exception of clerks who stay to straighten up the journals—will have folded their tents and stolen away.

The legislature of 1897 is dead and over its tomb may well be written "It has done those things which it should not have done, and left undone those things which it should have done." No man will ever rise up and call it blessed.

If You Want to be Loved.

Don't find fault.
Don't believe all the evil you hear.
Don't jeer at everybody's religious beliefs.
Don't berude to your inferiors in social position.
Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.
Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.
Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.
Don't contradict people, even if you are sure that you are right.
Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.
Don't believe that everyone else in the world is happier than you.
Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends.
Don't get into the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it.
Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.—Christian Outlook.

Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., in one of his sermons, says of the cross: "Draw men it will, as long as there is a sinner sighing for pardon or a penitent seeking peace, draw men it will when they have guilt to be cleansed, and burdens to be lifted, and stains to be washed. But it will draw no one through his aesthetic tastes, or his sense of the beautiful, or his poetic sentiment. There is a cross that can do so, that jeweled and exquisitely carved adornment which hangs upon the neck of beauty—that cross wrought with diamonds and robbed of its offense which Jews might kiss, and infidel adores; that can attract men with-

I'm Too Busy.
Christian at Work.

A merchant sat at his office desk. Various letters were spread before him. His whole being was absorbed in the intricacies of his business. A zealous friend of religion entered his office. "I want to interest you a little in a new effort for the cause of Christ," said the good man. "Sir, you must excuse me," replied the merchant. "I'm too busy to attend to that subject now." "But, sir, inquiry is on the increase among us," said the friend. "Is it? I'm sorry, but I'm too busy at present to do anything." "When shall I call again?" "I cannot tell. I'm busy every day." Excuse me, sir; I wish you a good morning." Then, bowing the intruder out of his office, he resumed the study of his papers. The merchant had repeatedly repulsed the friends of humanity in this manner. No matter what the object, he was always too busy to listen to their claims. He had even told his minister that he was too busy for anything except to make money. But one morning a disagreeable stranger stepped very softly to his side, laying a cold, moist hand upon his brow, and saying, "Go home with me! The merchant laid down his pen; his head grew dizzy; his stomach felt faint and sick. He left the counting room, went home and retired to his bed chamber. His unwelcome visitor had followed him, and now took his place by the bed-side, whispering ever and anon, "You must go with me." A cold chill settled over the merchant's heart; spectres of ships and houses and lands flitted before his excited mind. Still his pulse beat slower; his heart heaved heavily; thick films gathered over his eyes; his tongue refused to speak. Then the merchant knew that the name of his visitor was death! Humanity, mercy, and religion had alike begged his influence means and attention in vain; but when death came he was powerless—he was compelled to have leisure to die! Let us beware how we make ourselves too busy to secure life's great end. When the excuse rises to our lips, and we are about to say we are too busy to do good, let us remember we cannot be too busy to die.

The Times says a school not far from Elkin had a Washington birthday celebration on the 22nd of February, and the teacher, who is also a preacher, delivered an address to the school in which he told them that Easter was celebrated because it is the birth day of Christ.

Our readers will please note that this incident occurred near the church where, a few days ago, the Rev. Robinson preached that sermon on the "ignorance, destitution and heathenism" of Watauga and Ashe counties.—DEMOCRAT.


Thanks this is the last week that the people of North Carolina will be misrepresented by plunderers and self-hunters, by bootlers who sold their birth right for a mass of postage stamps.

were elected, who treated their party brethren, meaner and more rascally than Joseph was, when sold to the Egyptians by his brethren. They go to a place prepared for the devil and his angels. Let us hope.—Wilmington Dispatch.

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