

# Watauga Democrat.

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## WASHINGTON LETTER

From our Regular Correspondent.

That every Democrat is necessarily a good and patriotic citizen is so well known that it seems almost superfluous to mention it. When, therefore, a large number of good Democrats, together with the wives, mothers, daughters, sisters and sweet-hearts of many of them, get together to celebrate Independence day, as they did in Washington to-day, patriotic enthusiasm is bound to be plentiful. This gathering was not at the Capitol, although both branches of Congress were in session, but in a Washington theatre. It was a combination Democratic and patriotic celebration, and it was a regular three-cheers-and-a-tiger success. Ex-Representative Sibley, of Pa., presided, and the principal address was delivered by Senator Daniel, of Va., who did himself proud, both as a Democrat and patriot. Each of the original thirteen states were represented by short speeches, and between times there were music, both vocal and instrumental. The celebration was under the joint auspices of the National Association of Democratic Clubs, and the Democracy of the District of Columbia.

Senator Jones, of Arkansas, and Teller, forced the Republican Senators to an immediate and abject surrender, by a amendment hatched by the Republican steering committee to pay a bounty on beef sugar. This amendment was a complete surprise to the Democrats and also to some Republicans, and is believed to have been a bit of political trickery. Senator Jones and Teller said that if the Republicans expected to pass the tariff bill, they must withdraw that amendment, and Mr. Teller, made his remarks more nagging by adding that there had been reports that Republican Senators would be glad to see the bill defeated, and that this new proposition looked very much as though the Committee was not anxious to pass the bill. This brought about a hurried consultation of Republicans and the announcement that the Committee would withdraw the amendment. Then Senator Allen made an individual attempt to get the bounty for his constituents by offering the amendment himself, and Senator Kyle made a speech in favor of it, but its death was assured when the Republicans withdrew their support. The tariff bill might easily have been disposed of last week had the Republicans been able to stop wrangling among themselves long enough to agree upon several proposed amendments. About the only amendment they agreed upon that is deserving of a good word was that taxing stock certificates and bonds. That is so sensible that it seemed almost useless to expect that it will be allowed to stick. The bill

will be passed this week, if the Republicans desire it to pass. They can hang it up indefinitely by proposing amendments that they know the Democrats will not allow to be added.

Boss Hanna has not had much success in bossing his party in the Senate, but he made a success of his fight on the anti-trust amendment to the tariff bill, and compelled the Republican caucus, hurriedly called at the eleventh hour, to decide that the anti-trust amendment, which had been prepared and adopted by the Republican steering committee, should not be offered in the Senate. That proposed amendment has been introduced as a bill by Senator Thurston, but there isn't the slightest probability of its passing; if there was, Boss Hanna would have another Republican caucus called to prevent it.

It is now stated privately in administration circles, that campaign promises made by Boss Hanna makes it necessary for McKinley to send a special message to Congress asking for legislation for the appointment of a currency commission, notwithstanding the notice served upon Boss Hanna several weeks ago by the silver Senators, that no such legislation should be acted upon at this session of Congress.

Gen. Woodford, our new Minister to Spain, has gone home, but he will return to Washington to attend a grand dinner to which he was invited by the Spanish minister when he called on that official personally last week, instead of merely sending his card, in accordance with the usual diplomatic etiquette. He will not sail for Europe until July 28th.

Mr. John R. McLean says the charge that himself and Mr. Paul Sorg had instigated the coal strikes for the purpose of making a political capital against Mr. Hanna in Ohio is too ridiculous for serious discussion, and is, of course, without the slightest foundation.

**AGENTS WANTED**—For War in Cuba by Senor Quesada, Cuban representative in Washington. Endorsed by Cuban patriots. In tremendous demand. A bonanza for agents. Only \$1.50. Big book, big commissions. Every body wants the only endorsed, reliable book. Outfit free. Credit given. Freight paid. Drop all trash and make \$300 a month with War in Cuba. Address today the NATIONAL BOOK CONCERN 352-356, Dearborn St., Chicago

Canton, O., July 5.—Mother McKinley, in walking on the porch this morning slipped and fell, striking her forehead over the eyes on the door step. Although 88 years old, she was not so stunned but that she was able to arise in a few moments. She made light of the occurrence. The President ran in haste to secure a doctor. Her courage was admirable when the doctor found the cut was so deep as to require sewing. She did not seem to be suffering seriously from the blow.

Enlarge Your Bowels With Caserene. Candy Cathartic, pure constitution restorer. 20c, 50c. H. C. & C. Ltd., druggists, 1722 Broadway.

An Eloquent Address delivered by Gov. Bob. Taylor at the Confederate Reunion at Nashville Tennessee.

Ladies and Gentlemen: Why need I say welcome to the men of the South? Every heart in Tennessee throbs a welcome to you, and every loyal home smiles a welcome. I think if I could draw back the veil which separates immortality from this vale of tears, you would see a vision of your old comrades who have answered to the roll call of eternity crowding the air, and you would hear them shout: "Welcome thrice welcome!"

I love to live in the land of Dixie, under the soft Southern skies, where summer pours out her blood of sunshine and showers, and the grateful earth smiles with plenty; I love to live in Southern soil, where the cotton fields wave their white banners of peace, and where the wheat fields wave back their banners of gold from the hills and valleys which were once drenched with the blood of heroes; I love to live where the mocking birds flutter and sing in the shadowy coves, and bright waters ripple in eternal melody by the graves where our heroes are buried; I love to breathe the Southern air that comes filtered through jungles of roses whispering the story of Southern deeds of bravery; I love to drink from Southern springs and Southern babbling brooks which once cooled the lips of Lee and Jackson and Forrest and Gordon and the worn and weary columns of brave men who wore the gray; I love to live among Southern men and women, where every heart is as warm as the Southern sunshine, and every home is a temple of love and liberty; I love to listen to the sweet old Southern melodies which touch the soul and melt the heart and awaken to life ten thousand precious memories of the happy long ago, when the old-time darkeys used to laugh and sing, and when the old-time black mammy soothed the children to slumber with her lullabies; but, O, the music that thrills me most is the melody that died away on the lips of many a Confederate soldier as he sunk into that sleep that knows no waking:

I AM GLAD I AM IN DIXIE.

I doubt if the world will ever see another civilization as brilliant as that which perished in the South a third of a century ago. Its white-columned mansions under cool-spreading groves, its orange trees waving their sprays of snowy blossoms, and its cotton fields stretching away to the horizon, alive with toiling slaves who sung as they toiled from early morn until the close of day; its splendid manhood, and the dazzling beauty of its women, placed it in the history as the high tide of earthly glory. But the hurricane of civil war shattered it and swept it away. Billions of wealth dissolved and vanished in smoke and flames. The South lost all save honor; but the Confederate soldier, the purest

and proudest type of the Anglo Saxon race, stood amid its charred and blackened ruins. The earth was red beneath him, the sky was black above him, his sword was broken, his country was crushed; but without a throne he was no less a ruler. His palace had perished; he was no less a king. Slavery was dead, but magnificent in the gloom of defeat, he was still a master. Has he not mastered adversity? Has he not rebuilt the ruined South?

Look yonder at those flashing domes and glittering spires; look at the worlds of art and all the fabrics and pictured tapestries of beauty; look what Southern brains and Southern hands have wrought; see the victories of space we have won; all represented within the white columns of our great industrial Exposition, and you will receive an inspiration of the old South, and you will catch glimpses of her future glory.

I trust in God that the struggles of the future will be the struggles of peace, and not of war. The hand of secession will never be lifted up again. The danger of the Republic now lies in the mailed hand of centralized power, and the South will yet be the bulwark of American liberty. If you ask me why, I answer that it is the only section left that is pure American; I answer that anarchy cannot live on Southern soil; I answer that the South has started on a new line of march, and, while we love the past for its precious memories, our faces are turned toward the morning.

Time has furled the battle flags and smelted the hostile gun. Time has torn down the forts and leveled the trenches and rifle pits on the bloody field of glory, where courage and high-born chivalry on prancing charges once rode to the front with shimmering epaulets and bright swords gleaming, where thousands of charging bayonets at uniform angles reflected thousands of suns, where the shrill fife screamed and the kettle drum timed the heavy tramp, tramp of the shining battalions, as the infantry deployed into battle line and disappeared in the seething waves of smoke and flame; where double-shot batteries unlimbered on the bristling edge and hurled fiery vomit into the faces of the reeling columns; where ten thousand cavalry hovered for a moment on the flank and then rushed to the dreadful revelry.

The curtain dropped long ago upon these mournful scenes of carnage, and time has beautified and comforted and healed, until there is nothing left of war but graves and garlands and monuments and precious memories.

Blow, bugler, blow; but thy shrilling notes can never again call the matchless armies of Grant and Lee to the carnival of death.

Let the silver trumpets

sound the jubilee of peace. Let the veterans shout who wore the blue; let them kiss the silken folds of the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, and fling it to the breeze and sing the national hymn.

Let the veterans bow who wore the gray, and with uncovered heads salute the national flag. It is the flag of the inseparable Union. Let them clasp hands with the brave men who wore the blue, and rejoice with them; for time hath adorned the ruined South and robed her fields in richer harvests and glided her skies with brighter stars of hope.

But who will scorn or frown to see the veterans of the South's shattered armies, scattered now like solitary oaks in the midst of a fallen forest, hoary with age and covered with scars, sometimes put on the old worn and faded gray and untired for a little while that other banner, the riddled and blood-stained stars and bars, to look upon it and sweep over it, and press it to their bosoms? For it is hallowed with recollections tender as the soldier's last farewell.

They followed it amid the earthquake throes of Shiloh, where Albert Sydney Johnson died; they followed it amid the floods of living fire at Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson fell; they saw it flutter in the gloom of the Wilderness, where the angry divisions and corps rushed upon each other, and clinched and fell and rolled together in the bloody mire; they rallied around it at Gettysburg, where it waved above the bayonets, mixed and crossed on those dreaded heights of destiny; they saw its faded color flaunt defiance for the last time at Appomattox, and then go down forever in a flood of tears.

Then who will upbraid them if they sometimes bring it to light, sanctified and glorified as it is by the blood and tears of the past, and wave it again in the air, and sing once more their old war songs?

When these heads are white with glory,

When the shadows from the West

Lengthen as you tell your story

In the veteran's ward of rest,

May no ingrate's word of sneering

Reach one heart of all the brave,

But may honor, praise, and cheering

Guard old valor to the grave.

Hon. C. B. Bush, president of the Gilmer County (W. Va.) Court, says that he has had three cases of flux in his family, during the past summer, which he cured in less than a week with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Mr. Bush also states, that in some instances there were twenty hemorrhages a day.—Glennville, W. Va., Pathfinder. This remedy has been used in nine epidemics of flux and one of cholera, with perfect success. It can always be depended upon for bowel complaint, even in its most severe forms. Every family should keep it at hand. The 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by M. B. Blackburn.

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## NOTICE.

By virtue of a decree made by the Superior Court of Watauga county in a special procedure entitled, W. L. Horton and others ex parte, I will, as commissioner, sell at the court house door in the town of Boone, on Thursday the 12th day of Aug., 1897, two tracts of land containing respectively 100 and 75 acres, situated near Elk Knob, in North Fork township, being the lands formerly owned by Wm. Horton, embracing the old Nathan Horton and Wm. Miller Sugar Camps. These lands are rich, agricultural and mineral lands. Terms of sale, five per cent cash and balance in six months with interest on deferred payments. This July 7, 1897.

W. H. BOWER, Com.

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