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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Democrats and populists are not behind the republicans in joining in the general sympathy extended to Mr. McKinley because of the great sorrow which has come upon through the dying agonies of his mother. For the time, the strong opposition to the recommendations of his annual message is held in obedience, and the criticism to which to which the message is open is unspoken. In the presence of the angel of Death, as it were, any display of partisanship would be unseemly.

The opening of the session of Congress was, owing to the circumstances, quieter than usual, although the crowds were there as usual. There were numerous empty seats in both House and Senate, although the attendance was, on the whole, about up to the average of opening days.

Senator Daniel was warmly congratulated by his colleagues on his unanimous re-nomination by the democratic caucus of the Virginia legislature.

Because it happens that all of the outspoken opponents of the annexation of Hawaii in the Senate are democrats it has been stated that party lines are to be strictly drawn in the discussion of the treaty, and that a democratic caucus is likely to be held for the purpose of declaring against annexation. There is no disposition on the part of those democratic Senators who oppose the ratification of the treaty, to make it a party question, although they will do all they can to defeat the treaty. This ought to be apparent to all when Senator Morgan, of Ala., a democrat of the rock-ribbed kind, is one of the foremost advocates of the ratification of the treaty. While the advocates of annexation are just as confident as ever that it will be accomplished, not a few of them express doubts of the ratification of the treaty, and believe that it will have to be done by joint action of Congress.

Representative Allen, of Miss., who enjoys the reputation of being the wittiest man in the House says: "Down in Mississippi, we have not, as yet, been deluged with prosperity. The advance agent is tarrying along time on his way to our section. Tupelo (Mr. Allen's town) is waiting for him and will give him a brass band reception. Our people, however, or not suffering for the necessities of life. We live modestly and contentedly, and are long on hog and hominy, however short we may be on filthy lucre. We do not go much on clipping coupons, but as the poet well says, "We are the people."

Senator McLaurin, of S. C., is opposed to the Postal Savings Bank scheme, unless material changes are made, because he thinks it would impose hardships on owners of

real estate, especially farm lands. He says that the National Banks having no legal right to make loans on real estate, the private and savings banks are the principal sources from which such loans are necessarily obtained, and that the operation of the Postal Savings Banks would drive all the idle money into the United States Treasury and the National Banks, leaving no place where land owners could borrow money. If the scheme be amended so that the money deposited in the Postal Savings Bank can be loaned to land owners, Senator McLaurin will gladly support it.

It is a real pleasure to be able to give this administration credit for so commendable action as the official action of the Post Office Department, closing the mails to all newspapers that print advertisements offering chances in any disguised lottery scheme, such as missing letter words, guessing, etc. These swindles have been shown up almost as often as the green goods business, but so long as they could advertise they could always find new victims.

Although it is perfectly clear that a large majority of the House are just as strongly in favor of adopting the Morgan resolution for the recognition of the belligerency of the Cubans, which was adopted by the Senate at the extra session, as they were at the extra session, it is equally clear that they will not do it. Czar Reed and his lieutenants agree with the McKinley policy of waiting and will not give the House opportunity to vote upon the Morgan or any other Cuban resolution. Thus, the country is shown how mistaken it has been in supposing that, under our government, the majority rules, in either or both branches of Congress. The majority rules all right, when allowed to vote, but voting is only done in the House by Czar Reed's permission, and in the Senate voting is only done when the minority consents.

The fight against Mr. McKenna has probably already caused Mr. McKinley to regret having promised to nominate him to the United States Supreme Court. It's growing quite hot, and the end is not yet.

Hon. C. B. Watson spent Sunday at his mother's home near Kernersville. He carried with him as he thought, an old coat and vest which he had promised to "Old Bill Dally," who lives in the neighborhood. "Old Bill" came for the coat in the afternoon and when he had put it on Mr. Watson remarked that it was a better coat than he was wearing himself. When he returned home yesterday morning he had occasion to don his best suit but when he went to get it great was his dismay to find that he had through mistake carried that identical coat to "Old Bill." He had only recently had it made, too, at quite a cost.—Winston Sentinel.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarella Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 50c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

A Letter from Banner Elk. Editor Democrat.

In passing a group of little girls the other day, one of them told me that her mates told her there was no Santa Claus, and said: "Please tell me truth. Is there a Santa Claus? Tell it in the DEMOCRAT, and they will believe it."

Why, bless your little soul; of course there is a Santa Claus. Your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think nothing can be which is not comprehensible to their little minds. Yes, my little girl, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as a love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound, and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no little girls. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! Nobody sees him, but that is no proof there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world. Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives.

You remember what an army-sized flourish was made by the Republican press last fall over what they were pleased to call the "death of Democracy" and Bryanism. Some days ago I clipped a little piece from a Texas paper which shows up the other side of the picture. It runs this way:

"When Will Democracy Die."
When the lion eats grass like the ox
And the fishworm swallows the whale;
When the robin knit woolen socks
And the hare is outrun by the snail;
When serpents walk upright like man,
And doodle bugs travel like frogs;
When grasshoppers feed like hens,
And feathers are growing on hogs.
When Thomas cats swim in the air,
And elephants roost on trees,
When insects in summer are rare,
And snuff never makes people sneeze,
When fish creep over dry land,
And mules on bicycles ride,
When foxes lay eggs in the sand,
And women in dress take no pride;
When Dutchmen no longer drink beer,
And girls get to preaching on time,
When billy goats butt from the rear,
And treason's no longer a crime,
When humming birds bray like an ass,
And limberger smells like cologne,
When plowshares are made out of glass,
And the heart of true Texans a stone,
When ideas grow in Populists heads,
And wool on the hydraulic ram,
Then the Democratic party will be dead,
And the country won't be worth a d—n!

PHANTOM.

The Hon. Romulus Z. Linney.

A figure equally as picturesque on the Republican side of the chamber is that of Romulus Z. Linney, of North Carolina. He is an old-time country lawyer, fresh from the mountains, and he carries the breezes of the mountains with him. He looks like a Virginian of the time of Patrick Henry. With roman features, ruddy face and long, curling, iron gray locks, he personifies intellectual ability and physical vigor. Aroused in debate he reminds you of Judge Baldwin's delineations of old-fashioned lawyers in the "Flush Times in Alabama." Quaint, incisive, discursive, apt, antique, unique, and persistently original, he tears the House up by the roots whenever he addresses it. It resembles a circus in a town off the railroad.

Warming with his argument, the mountaineer Congressman is bathed in perspiration. His shirt collar wets, and his wristbands melt. In his gesticulations he swabs his face with his pocket handkerchief, adding emphasis to his argument by the very swabbing. His words well to his lips seemingly unbidden and are uttered with rapidity and precision. There are thunderstorms and vivid flashes of lightning in his speeches, but soft tropical skies and golden sunsets follow them. Anon the atmosphere is iridescent with sarcasm. He throws pictures upon the clouds, pictures that recall the pencil of Hogarth. Finally, he winds up with a terse and masterly summing up, topping it off with a quotation from either Shakespeare or the Bible, gathers up his paper, and resumes his seat. Then the spell is broken. Members flock about him in congratulation, and the House regains its composure.

Judge Linney (anybody who is not a colonel or a general is a judge in the House) is 56 years old. He was a private in the Confederate army, and was so badly wounded at Chancellorsville that he was discharged from the service. His preparatory school for Congress was three terms in the Legislature of North Carolina. Fortunately, or unfortunately, for him he is a member of the committee on elections and of no other important committee. All his speeches have been delivered on election contests. They are in line with his law practice. He analyzes the evidence and addresses the House as he would address a North Carolina jury. In this session, however, he may have occasion to display his ability in another field—one in which reverberations from his speeches may be heard throughout the land.—Amos J. Cummings, in Charlotte Observer.

The Republican party stands for governmental usurpation, for the violation of home rule, for a gradual strengthening of the stakes of the federal government. It shows its abuses in North Carolina in many places—even in this city, where for years local self government has been destroyed. The strange thing is the people remain passive under acts that would have precipitated war the first quarter of century after government was established.—Wilmington Messenger.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarella Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispels colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. 1-day, 10c, 25c, 50c, 1.00 and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

SAM'S SHARP SAYINGS.

Here are some of Sam Jones' witty saying, reported by the Asheville Citizen. He lectured there recently:

"This is a great old world, and I'm not going to leave it on purpose. Here's one fellow who is not going to kill his fool self.

"I've no respect for growlers, therefore, I don't respect many people. This nation reminds me of a family of spoiled children.

"That philosopher has not yet lived who can tell which is the best estate, to be hungry and having nothing to eat, or to have the colic from eating too much.

"I want to give you the worth of your money if you've got any place to put it. Some of you dollar fellows, I expect, paid too much. But if you haven't got room for it you can just sit still and let it run over.

"There is nothing in this world to which I tip my hat with profounder respect than a genuine man. The only trouble about it is, I don't have to tip it often. A man is bigger than a king—bigger than a President. If there is a man in politics I don't know it. Take North Carolina for example. A Boston man once asked me, "Does the negro differ from the white man in instinct? I told him no, the difference was mostly the outstink.

"Some old deacon who swindles you will say, 'I'm obliged to live.' That's a lie—he can die any day he wants to.

"Among the girls we need more honey bees and fewer butterflies. I don't object to bangs; I think bangs are becoming to women and mules.

"When women get to cutting of the tops of their dresses for the ball room and the bottom of the bikes, I begin to get frightened.

"Some say that Sam Jones is vulgar. When they say I'm vulgar, it's like the skunk telling the possum his breath smells bad.

"It is a reversal of God's order of things when woman becomes the leader in modesty."

The City Girl in the Country.

A girl from town is staying with country cousins who live at a farm. On the night of her arrival she finds, to her mortification, that she is ignorant of all sorts of things connected with farm life which to her country cousins are matters of everyday knowledge. She fancies they seem amused at her ignorance.

At breakfast the following morning she sees on the table a dish of fine honey, where upon she thinks she has found an opportunity of retrieving her humiliating experience of the night before, and of showing her country cousins that she knows something of a country life after all. So, looking at the dish of honey, she says, carelessly, "Ah, I see, you keep a bee."

—Pearson's Weekly.

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