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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The adage, "The occasion always produces the man," like some other adages, some times lies. The President of the United States has been insulted by a Spanish black-guard who held the commission of his government as Minister to the United States and our department of State has been held up to the ridicule of the world for allowing itself to be galled by Spanish shams labeled autonomy for Cuba and negotiations for a reciprocity treaty; the insult was in writing; the authorship of which was acknowledged by Senor De Lome, and has been published throughout the civilized world. Surely this was an "occasion," but no "man" has yet been produced. The natural thing to be expected after De Lome acknowledged having written the published letter, was that Mr. McKinley would at once send De Lome his passports. Instead of that, he sent a request to Madrid that De Lome be recalled, and before it was presented to the Spanish government, De Lome had resigned and his government had accepted the resignation, and now, Mr. McKinley is waiting to learn what Spain will say about it all. It has been proven time after time by Congress that politics cuts no figure in the solid backing always given a President who stands up firmly for any question affecting our honor or rights, and Congress was and is still ready to back Mr. McKinley, even to the extent of a declaration of war, but he does nothing. It is now in order for Congress to make him do something, and its members are in the humor to do it.

Even prominent republicans ignore the very existence of Secretary Sherman when discussing anything relating to our foreign relations. Senator Lodge, who takes a more cheerful view of the situation than many of his colleagues do, said: "Spain is evidently practicing duplicity towards us, and the administration will be forced to this conclusion if Spain does not express regret for the utterances of her late Minister, and no matter what Spain may say officially, the general belief will be that De Lome told the truth about the use of autonomy and reciprocity to delude this government. I cannot predict what the future will bring. I only know that in Judge Day, we have a Secretary who is firm, patriotic and capable, and that he will see that this country does not lose caste among the nations of the world by reason of this incident."

The House Judiciary Committee has hung up Senator Tillman's bill to permit the states to control liquor carried into them in original packages, and it will remain so unless some member of the Committee who voted against reporting the bill can

be induced to get the matter up again. Representative Latimer is working with that end in view, and thinks he will succeed. The bill was passed by the Senate some time ago and was intended to aid the S. C. authorities to enforce the liquor dispensary law, which was weakened by a U. S. Supreme Court decision. The principal objection to the Tillman bill by members of the committee who voted against reporting it was that it would be a step towards giving states the right to control interstate commerce.

Not having the fear of Czar Reed before its eyes, the Senate increased the amount authorized by the fortification Appropriation bill from \$4,144,912, appropriated by the House, to \$9,052,494. It remains to be seen whether the Czar can compel the House to insist upon its original bill.

The addresses of the National Organizations of the Democrats, the people's party and the silver republicans, have been approved by a joint caucus and will all be made public this week. The key note of the addresses is co-operation by the friends of silver in the Congressional campaign.

Unless all signs fail, as they sometimes do, the treaty for the annexation of Hawaii will have its late settled this week. The Committee on Foreign Relations, acting upon the expressed doubt of Senator Teller, one of the strongest annexationists, as to their ability to ratify the treaty, will get a test vote in the Senate. If the vote shows that the two-thirds are for the treaty, its early ratifications is certain, as the opposition would not prolong the fight with certain defeat ahead of them; if the vote shows, as it probably will, that the treaty cannot be ratified, it will at once be dropped, and a joint resolution for annexation brought to the front.

Czar Reed's latest bit of suppression was to wipe Friday and Saturday off the House calendar. Friday is private bill day in the House, and on the last Friday the House was in session, enough republicans voted with the democrats to pass a number of private bills, in defiance of the opposition of the Czar and his agents on the floor. In order to prevent a repetition of such tactics the Czar made the House adjourn from last Thursday to Monday, and it is said that he intends to do the same thing every week, in order to make sure that no private bills are passed.

The visit of the Scandinavia immigration has gone to the northwest. They make good citizens. The editors are in Washington and they tell the Post that "in future our brethren will give the snow drifts of the Northwest the cold shoulder in favor of the fertile fields and sunny skies of the South."—News and Observer.

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Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c.
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THE DRUNKARD'S SERMON.

It was growing late. The tide of humanity that earlier in the evening had ebbed and flowed through the streets of the great city had swept onward, leaving the strange and almost appalling sense of desolation that comes when the noises of the town are hushed. The electric lights flared unnoted on the corners, the street cars passed at farther intervals, now and then a night worker hurried by, his footsteps ringing out loud and clear in the stillness. In front of a saloon, whose lights shone out bright and ruddy across the pavement, stood a tramp, unshorn, ragged, dirty, disgusting. He watched with envious eyes the men passing in and out through the swinging doors, and then turned his eyes toward two young fellows in evening dress, who were coming down the street toward him. They had been drinking deeply, and they stopped before the saloon door and looked curiously at him.

"By Jove," said one, "think of having a thirst like that and not the price of an extinguisher in your pocket! Beats old Pantalus all to pieces, eh? Liquor, everywhere and not a drop to drink." He ran his hand in his pocket and proffered the tramp a dime, but before it could be accepted the other young fellow interposed. "Say," he said, "let's do the good Samaritan and set hobo up to a good drink."

The other hilariously consented, and the tramp slouched into the saloon at the heels of the two gilded youths. The barkeeper set before them glasses and liquors, and, with a hand that shook the tramp poured out a brimming glass and raised it to his lips. "Stop," cried one of the young men drunkenly; "make us a speech. It is poor liquor that doesn't loosen a man's tongue." The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink, and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood he straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I look to night at you and at myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, a man in a world of men. I, too, once had a home, and friends, and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup, and Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolve and quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the blight and curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation

reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and at last, strangled them that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To day I am a husband with out a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead. All, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shivered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging doors pushed open and shut to again, and when the little group about the bar looked up the tramp was gone.—New Orleans Picayune.

Klondike a Hard Country.
New York World.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Feb.—John Z. Barnett, formerly a supervisor of Ventura county, went to the Klondike last summer. He is sorry now. In a letter dated at Bonanza Gulch he writes to friends:

"This is a very hard country. While they have some gold here, there is a great deal said on the outside that is exaggerated and a great many claims made for this country that I have discovered to be unfounded in fact. I would not advise any man to quit a good job and come to the Klondike.

"I have investigated only in the immediate neighborhood of this camp, in which there are probably about five hundred claims. Probably only five or 10 per cent of the whole number of men who have been here for five years and today they have not grub enough to carry them through the winter, and they are not 'whiskey heads,' either. As a matter of fact, the Alaska Commercial Trading company and the Northwest Territory Trading company have nearly all the best mines in the northwest.

"I have a steady job and expect to work all winter for \$1 an hour. If I have money enough in the spring to buy as much grub as I have on hand now, I will try my luck in the gold fields. But, it will be on Uncle Sam's territory. No Canadian government for me. It costs us \$45 duty on our little outfit. When you make a kick the Canadians will ask: 'Well, why did you pass the Dingley bill?'

"Everything is staked out here, so there is no chance to do any prospecting until spring. I am satisfied this is a poor place for a laboring man. If you sit down and think of all the hardships you can imagine you will have but half an idea of what must be endured to get to and live in this country.

Will not some of the Populists and Silver Republicans refuse to join the procession and set up for themselves? No true silver man, whether Populist or Republican, will refuse to unite with the regenerated Democracy, while the new Democracy fights the common enemy; but there will, of course, be stragglers, deserters, and bride-lovers, calling themselves all sorts of names.

A Famous Man's Mother.

I trace to my mother's direct influence three leading motives of her youngest son's life—the love of personal liberty, of religious freedom, and of the equality of the sexes, says Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in an Exchange. As to the more subtle and intimate influences, they ordinarily came by contact, not by preaching.

She always maintained that the younger children of a large family had a much better chance for development than the elder, because they had more freedom to develop themselves.


With her elder children she always said over conscientiousness almost bore her to the earth. She felt personally responsible for every childish fault. She had been reared in the school of Locke, which regarded the human soul as a blank paper, on which parents and teacher did all the writing. But her children were of strong and varied individuality, and she learned in time to study the temperament of each and be patient with its unfolding.

Her whole formula of training consisted in these three things; to retain the entire confidence of the child, to do whatever seemed wisest, and to be patient. Her trust in Providence was absolute and controlling, as was her sense of the personality of the Deity.

Most valuable of all her traits to her children, next to her quality of sunshine, was probably her absolute rectitude, the elevation of her whole tone, the complete unworldliness, so that no child of hers ever heard her refer to any standard but the highest. With all this was combined the conscientious accuracy in affairs, the exquisite nicety in household details which belong to the best of the traditions of New England.—The Household.

Col. Olds writes to the Charlotte Observer: The Baltimore papers say that North Carolina is the greatest State in the Union for mad dogs, to judge by the people who try madstones and go to the hospitals. The madstone fad is so well seated in the public mind that it is counted as heresy in some communities to question its efficacy. Yet it is as great a fad as the "petrified men and women" sometimes shown. Northern New York and Ohio are the chief places for the manufacture of these "petrifications." They are made, buried, and then dug up.

While Sherman was out in the air between Atlanta and the sea, rations sometimes got a little short, but the men were good natured about it. One day an officer found a soldier eating a green persimmon that he had picked up, and cried out to him: "Don't eat that, it's not good for you!" "I am not eatin' it because its good," was the reply; "I am tryin' to pucker up my stomach so as to fit the size of the rations Uncle Billy Sherman's-a-givin' us."—E. A.

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