To the Editor of The Democrat:

I wish to suggest to your Democratic readers and to all others who are in symphathy with a metuod for obtaining the clearest pessible expression from the people of their wishes; The feasibility of holding our primaries in Catawoa County this year strictly according to the plans laid down for organization by the Democratic party.

The editor of this paper will publish the plans of organization next week and those who favor their adoption in his county will please speak to your precinct chair hall, so when your executive commi the meets they may have some expression of the sentiment of the people. Of course your precinct chairman will appreciate your interest. It is up to you. The people should take the initative for themselves.

That is the foundation stone of Democracy. Your first Primary if you have more than one, will probably be in April.

Yours iruly, E. L. Shuford. Hickory, Jeb. 44, '12.

GAVANAGH, FOREST RANGER

The Great Conversation Novel

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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CHAPTER XVI. CAVANAGH FOLLOWS HIS CHIEF.

T breakfast next morning Cavanagh said: "I must ride back and take some bread to the dog. I can't go away and leave him there without saying hello." "Let me do that," suggested Wether-"I'm afraid to go down to the Fork. I reckon I'd better go back and tend the sheep till Gregg sends some one up to take my place."

"That might be too late to see Lize. Lee's voice showed great anxiety. She may be on her deathbed. No; you'd better go down with me today," he urged. And at last the old man consented.

Putting some bread in his pockets Ross rode off up the trail to see how the dog and his flock were faring. He had not gone far when he heard the tinkle of the bells and the murmur of the lambs, and a few moments later the collie came toward him with the air of a boy who, having assumed to disregard the orders of his master, expects a scolding. He plainly said: "I've brought my sheep to n because I was lonesome. Please forgive me."

Cavanagh called to him cheerily and tossed him a piece of bread, which he caught in his teeth, but did not swallow. On the contrary, he held it while leaping for joy of the praise he heard in his new found master's voice.

Turning the flock upward toward the higher peaks, the ranger commanded the collie to their heels and so, having redeemed his promise, rode back to the cabin, where he found Wetherford saddled and ready for his momentous trip. to the valley. He had shaved away his gray beard, and had Ross been unprepared for these changes he would have been puzzled to account for this decidedly military figure sitting statuesquely on his pony before the door. "You can prove an alibi," he called

as he drew near. "Gregg himself would never recognize you now." Wetherford was in no mood for jok-

ing. "Lize will. I wore a mustache in the old days, and there's a scar on my

As he rode he confided this strange thing to Cavanagh. "I know," said he. "that Lize is old and wrinkled, for I've seen her, but all the same I can't realize it. That heavy set woman down there is not Lize. My Lize is slim and straight. This woman whom you know has stolen her name and face, that's all. I can't explain exactly what I feel, but Lee Virginia means more to me now than Lize."

"I think I understand you," said Cavanagh, with sympathy in his voice. The nearer Wetherford came to the actual meeting with his wife the more he shook. At last he stopped in the road. "I don't believe I can do it," he declared. "I'll be like a ghost to her. What's the use of it? She'll only se worried by my story. I reckon I'd better keep dark to everybody. Let me go back. I'm plum scared cold."

While still he argued two men on horseback rounded a sharp turn in the trail and came face to face with the ranger. Wetherford's face went suddenly gray. "There's the deputy!" "Keep quiet. I'll do the talking," commanded Cavanagh, who was instant in his determination to shield the man. "Good morning, gentlemen," he

called cheerily. "You're abroad early!" The man in front was the deputy heriff of the county; his companion was a stranger.

"That was a horrible mess you stumbled on over on Deer creek," the deputy remarked. "It certainly was. Have any arrests

seen made?" "Not yet, but we're on a clew. This is Marshal Haines of Dallas, Mr. Cavauagh," pursued the deputy. The two non nodded in token of the introducn. and the deputy went on, "You

remember that old cuss that used to work for Gregg?" Again Cavanagh nodded.

identity, for in the searching inquiry which would surely follow his secret

would develop. To marry her, knowing the character madness, and the voice within him warned him of his folly. "Pure water cannot be drawn from corrupt sources," it is said. Nevertheless the thought of having the girl with him in the wilderness filled him with divine recklessness. While still he debated, alternately flushed with resolve to be happy and chilled by some strange dejection, he met Swenson, the young guard who guarded the forest on the South Fork.

As he rode up Cavanagh perceived in the other man's face something profoundly serious. He did not smile in greeting, as was usual with him, and, taking some letters from his pocket. passed them over in ominous silence. He had a face of such bitterness that it broke through even the absorbed and selfish meditation into which Cavanagh had been thrown.

"What's the matter, Swenson? You look as if you had lost a friend." "I have," answered the guard shortly, "and so have you. The chief is

"They've got him!" he exclaimed. 'He's out."

Cavanagh sprang up. "I don't be lieve it! For what reason? Why?" "Don't that letter tell you? The whole town is chuckling. Every criminal and plug ugly in the country is spitting in our faces this morning. Yes, sir, the president has fired the chief-the man that built up this forestry service. The whole works is going to h-, that's what it is. We'll have all the coal thieves, water power thieves, poachers and free grass pirates piling in on us in mobs. They'll eat up the forest. I see the finish of the whole business. They'll put some western man insomebody they can work. Then where

Cavanagh's young heart burned with indignation, but he tried to check the other man's torrent of protest.

"I can't believe it. There's some mistake. Maybe they've made him the secretary of the department or something."

"No, they haven't. They've throws him out. They've downed him be cause he tried to head off some thiev ery of coal mines in Alaska." man was ready to weep with chagriand indignant sorrow. His voice choked, and he turned away to con ceal his emotion.

Cavanagh put the letter back int his pocket and mounted his har "Well, go on back to your wer Swenson. I'm going to town to g the supervisor on the wire and fin out what it all means.'

He was almost as badly sturned b the significance of Swens nis news Swenson himself. Could it be possib that the man who had built up th field service of the bureau-the um whose clean handed patriotism ha held the boys together, making then tle army of enthusiasts-could it be possible that the originator, the or ganizer of this great plan, had been stricken down just when his influence was of most account? He refused to believe it of an administration pied ge to the cause of conservation,

As he entered the town he wa struck instantly by the change in the faces turned toward him, in the jocu lar greetings hurled at him. "Hello Mr. Cossack! What do you think of

your chief now?"



DAVANAGH PENNED HIS RESIGNATION AN!

have a man in there now who know. the western ways and who's willing to boom things along. The cork is ou of your forest bottle. Gregg was most offensive of all

"This means throwing open the for; to anybody that wants to use it means an entire reversal of this for policy."

"Wait and see," replied Cavanag But his face was rigid with the c ression of the fear and anger he fe With hands that trembled he openhe door to the telephone beeth, class t carefully behind him and called he supervisor's office. As soon Redfield replied he burst forth question, "Is it true that the chief

Redfield's voice was husky as he r plied, "Yes, lad; they've got him." "Good Lord, what a blow to the s: ice!" exclaimed Cavanagh with groan of sorrow and rage. "What the president thinking of to throw of the only man who stood for the farms -the man who had builf up this corp who was its inspiration?" Then after : pause he added, with bitter resolution "This ends it for me. Here's where I

"Don't say that, boy. We need you now more than ever."

"I'm through. I'm done with Amer ca-with the States. I shall write my resignation at once. Send down another man to take my place." Redfield's pleadings were of no avail. Cavanagh went directly from the booth to the postoffice, and there, surrounded by jeering and englant citizens, he penned his resignation and mailed it. Then, with temptuous face, he left to ing no reply to the jours of his enemies, and, mounting bis chanically rode away our upon Well, that chap is wanted by the plains, seeking the quiet, open places had trailed across the line of his pur- 1 22 2t, Pexas authorities. Mr. Haines here in order to regain calmness and de- suit.

away from Lee Virginia, but as he entered upon the open country he knew that he was leaving her as he was leaving the forests. He had cut himof her father and her mother, was self off from her as he had cut himself off from the work he loved. His heart was swollen big within his breast. He longed for the return of "the colonel" to the White House. "What manner of ruler is this who is ready to strike down the man whose very name means conservation and who in a few years would have made this body of

> fury of his indignation. "Dismissed for insubordination," the report said. "In what way? Only "> making war on greed, in checking graft, in preserving the heritage of the

forest rangers the most effective corps

of its size in the world?" He graned

again, and his throat ached with the

The lash that cut deepest was the open exultation of the very men whose persistent attempt to appropriate public property the chief had helped to thwart. "Redfield will go next. The influence that got the chief will get Hugh. He's too good a man to escape Then, as Swenson says, the thieves will roll in upon us to slash and burn and corrupt. What a country! What a country!"

As he reached the end of this line of despairing thought he came back to the question of his remaining persona obligations. Wetherford must be carec for, and then-and then-there was Vir ginia waiting for him at this moment For her sake, to save her from hu miliation. I will help her father to free

This brought him back to the hide ous tragedy of the heights, and with that thought the last shred of faith i: the sense of justice in the state van

"They will never discover those mur derers. They will permit this outrage to pass unpunished, like the others. 1 will be merely another 'dramatic inci dent' in the history of the range."

His pony of its own accord turned and by a circuitous route headed a last for the home canyon as if it knew its master's wavering mind. Cava nagh observed what he was doing, bu his lax hand did not intervene. Help less to make the decision himself, h welcomed the intervention of the hom ing instinct of his horse. With ben head and brooding face he returned the silence of the trail and the lone! ness of the hills.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAVANAGH'S LAST VIGIL BEGINS. N his solitary ride upward at homeward the ranger seared his heart and found it b ter and disloyal. Love h interfered with duty, and pride h checked and defeated love. His par no longer clear and definite, loop away aimlessly, lost in vagu . obs v meanderings. His world had suddet grown gray. He had no trade, no bu ness, no special skill save in the wa of the mountaineer, and to return his ancestral home in England at t noment seemed a woeful confession

It was again dusk as he rode up is own hitching pole and slipped fro the saddle.

Wetherford came out, indicating ! his manner that he had recovered ! onfidence once more. "How did ye and things in the valley?" he inquir is they walked away toward the co

"Bad," responded the ranger.

"In what way?" "The chief has been dismissed, a: Il the rascals are chuckling with gle ve resigned from the service."

Wetherford was aghast. "What for "I will not serve under any oth nief. The best thing for you to c s to go out when I do. I think b teeping on that uniform you can ge o the train with me."

"Did you see Lize and my girl?" "No; I only remained in town a mi ite. It was too bot for me. I'm dor with it. Wetherford, I'm going bao civilization. No more wild west for ne." The bitterness of his voice touc ed the older man's heart, but he con idered it merely a mood. "Don't lose your nerve. Mebbe thi

ends the reign of terror." "Nothing will end the moral shif essness of this country but the deat of the freebooter. That job was do: by men who hated the dagoes-hat em because they were rival claiman for the range. It's nonsense to empt to fasten it on men like N Ballard. The men who did that p! of work are well known stock o

"I reckon that's so." "Well, now, who's going to con

them? I can't do it. I'm going to out as soon as I can put my books shape, and you'd better go too." They were standing at the gate the corral, and the roor of the mor tain stream enveloped them in a clo

Wetherford spoke slowly: "I hate ! lose my gir' now that I've seen h but I guess you're right. And Liz poor old critter! It's a shame the wa I've queered her life, and I'd give m right arm to be where I was twelv rears ago, but with a price on my her and old age coming on I don't see m self ever again getting up to par. It's a losing game for me now."

There was resignation as well as despair in his voice, and Cavanagh felt it, but he said. "There's one other question that may coine up for decision. If that Basque died of smallpox you may possibly take it." "I've figured on that, but it will take

a day or two to show on me. I don't

feel any ache in my bones yet. If I do come down you keep away from me. You've got to live and take care of Virginia. "She should never have returned to this accursed country," Cavanagh harshly replied, standing back toward

The constable, smoking his pipe h side the fireplace, did not present anxious face. On the contrary, seemed plumply content as he replies to the ranger's greeting. He represented very well the type of offiwhich these disorderly communities produce. Brave and tireless when working along the line of his prejudices, he could be most laxly inefficient

pany at Rickory Opera House

Popular Prices will Prevail for Lyery Night Next Week.

'The Warlpool," a strong estern come cy drama will be e play to le offered at the pe a I ou e Monday, Feb. 26 by Car. Sisters and their sociate par ers. This attraca is said to be one of the best to kind in w touring the South e the pres las been unanims in their , sise of this com-. y. The I lowing plays will e presented uring the week, 1z;-Monday "The Whirlpoot," esday "For Her Brother's rtee," Fire y "Wife in Name .y,' and Sa urday "Panama." diaties to ween the acts wil given by Carleton Sisters.

and Bobby Parkinson. ormance Saturday iternool. I ices at night 15, o. 25 and 50. Seats on sale aturday at Grimes Drug Co.

ellie I ver Healy, Russell Dunr

Theatrical News

onday, Feb. 16 e Carista isters and then clate pay rs will open & ek' eigagen ent at the Opera puse wi a thrilling comedy ama er t.t 30 'The Whirlpool.' sacue play that will eet the pape. r demand. Tie medy eleme sare modern and aithiuily grave and the story as a pless e natural flavor. our big vaudeville feature in be mu ced during the tion of the | y. The company iudes suc Il known people Hazel at. Dazie Carleton, the Lyons 1 aly, Edwin Varv, Boilly arkinson, J. J. lyn, Edmund Moses, Russell rns, Ben Wells, . N. Monige, ery and others. ne prices or his engagement il be 15, 25, is and 50 cents. ats on sale Saturday at Grimes

Catawia Items.

u, Co.

Derespondence of the Democrat. atawba, February. 21 ir and Mrs. Robey Chie f Asheville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cline. Mrs. J. F. Gilleland and Ezra Herman, of the Southern

pent Sunday at home. Mr. L. W. Poor ey, of His ory was in town Monday a

l'uesday on business. Miss Hellen Long, of Newton, spent the week-end with er cousin, Miss Laura Low-

Mr. Ross Smith, of Newton pent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Smith.

FREE IF IT FAILS.

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We are so positive that our remedy will permanently relieve constipation, no matter how chiese it may be, that we offer to furnish the medicine at our expense should it fail to produce satisfactory results.

It is worse than useless to attempt to cure constipation with cathactic irugs. axatives or cathartics do much narm. They cause a reaction, irritate, and weaken the bowels and tend to nake conscipation more chronic. Besides, their use becomes a habit that is

Constipation is caused by a weakness of the nerves and muscles of the large ntestine or descending colon. To exect permanent relief you must thereore tone up and strengthen these organs and restore them to healthier activity.

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FARM for sale-40 acres within one mile of incorporate limits, good orchard, stone potato house, 3 room cottage, 2 small barns. 2 when his duties cut across his own or his neighbor's interests. Being a catsprings and a well. Half woodtleman by training, he was glad of the land, Beautiful mountain yiew. red herring which the Texas officer Ideal for poultry farm.

Our Panama Stea

The latest sensation is the letter of the Colombian minister at Washingtoh, Serger Omina, saying that Secretary of State Knox s Evening Service contemplated visit to Columbia, ou his South American tour, would not be very acceptable in view of the fact that the United Petition" States had taken part of his country for the Panama Canal Zone, and had never answered any requests of his country to arbritrate the matter.

Rev. J. H. Wannemacher Pastor, Sunday School - -Chief Service -Junior League -Morning Theme: "Jesus Tempt-

Lenten services each Wednesday evening. Interesting at edge of town. Real nice 6 room dwelling. \$3000. Easy terms. John E. Haithcock.

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There is nothing that pulls a girl up the social scale more than music and it will balance a large number of "short comings, in other respects

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Give a girl a chance to be reined (music) and she will

home institution and, like the lot in West Hickory. Price investment of a lifetime.

The piano is essentially a nome itself, is purchased as an \$1100. East terms.

it sevident then, therefore, 8 room nice up to date dwellthat something exists in the ing and large lot, city water, purchase of a piano, more bath, electric light, macadam than a mere commercial trans-s3500. on easy terms. action because the quality of an instrument depends upon the re lability of its makers.

In the final analysis it is upon the manufacturer that in responsibility must be placed for the consumers enin y all ite nosic in the

We most natural appeal to your judgment as to the merits . i.e Kinnall I ano rough f. cts-not through urely seek refined associates claims-and we know it is more out nobody will stay long in profitab to huse a family of that L. E. Zerden at the Unociety for which they are not than to nurse a family of



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CAST OF CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

THE OF CHIMICIENO IN ORDER OF AFFEAR	WIACE
Peggy Baxter	Daisy Carleton
Mildred BaxterMiss	Hazel Carleton
George Milton alias Dr. Grimes	Edwin Varney
Charles Baxter	J. J. Flynn
Sam Jones	Ben Weils
Dr. Billy Moser Rob	t. T. Parkinson
Polly Jones. The Little Mother Miss Nell	lie Lyons Heaty

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. - Parlor in Baxter's Home, New York. ACT II -Interior of the Hunter Ranch, Montana ACT III. -Same as Act 2. ACT. IV.-Interior of Hunter's Ranch.

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