

LIFE AT THE CAPITAL

BILL NYE TELLS OF THE THINGS THAT HAPPEN THERE.

The President and His Reception and Some of the People Who Drop In on Him—William Ascends the Washington Monument—To Correspondents.

[Copyright, 1895, by Edgar W. Nye.] WASHINGTON.

It is said that there are 5,000 tons of money in the vaults of the treasury building here at the present time, and yet one hardly dares to say he has any ready money on hand for fear that the government will want to borrow it.

I have never been so thoroughly demoralized myself since the time I lectured under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian association at Honolulu. I had expected that the door re-

House look as cozy and homelike as the Brooklyn bridge.

I would hate to keep house there, and that is one reason why I have so persistently rejected all overtures from my friends which in any way associated my name with the presidency.

The other day among those waiting to greet the executive and shake him by the hand was a plain man with pallid eyes and 18 carat hair. He had brought his wife, and she had brought the baby. The baby was a new thing even to the parents, and it was trying to crawl sternly at the chandelier, but its neck was so limber that every little while the object escaped.

The child had evidently been conveyed for a long distance through the cold, for its chin was completely raw from exposure. It had a bottle with nothing in it but space, and ever and anon the poor thing made a hungry grab at the cork, while the mother looked over the costumes of other callers and mentally put a price on them.

Mr. Cleveland no doubt enjoys meeting his fellow citizens, but as a general thing he does not expect them to report to him as soon as they are born.

Of course society in Washington must of necessity be somewhat mixed, especially where it is of an official character and subject to almost constant change, but even here I think the line should be drawn somewhere, and it would be a good plan to admit no one into society till after christening.

At the president's New Year reception this year one gent appeared in a neat fitting swallowtail and full evening dress. It is only fair to say here that even the servants at the White House declined to recognize him.

We must do something to suppress this sort of lawlessness, or other nations will poke fun at us. I attended a funeral once when one of the pallbearers, a young man who had not yet matriculated very much, wore tan shoes, a silk hat and a sweater.

Such things as that awake the derision and contumely of effete dynasties and reveal the fact that our ancestors in Great Britain, prior to the invasion by the Romans, ran wild in the marshes where London now stands, ate snails, shells and all, wore nothing but a fur boa (in winter) and shot each other with cross-guns.

Let those who wish to do so trace with patient industry their wavering and wobbly lineage back to the Mayflower; but, as for me, I am mighty willing to let bygones be bygones.

Ever since the nuptials of Pocahontas there has been a strain of Indian blood among the F. F. V.'s, and doubtless nobody born under a republican form of government could be more haughty on slighter provocation than those who traced their lineage back to the tepee of Powhatan, or the original life saving station established by Pocahontas.

Pocahontas, it is said, never wore corsets, never shut off the view of the stage by means of a war bonnet, with the carcass of a dead bird in it, never bought Christmas presents for people whom she loathed, nor loaded a Christmas tree with glucose candy and ash receivers for the poor. She never waited till her husband got into bed and then asked him to bring in the oleander. After Mr. Rolfe got bald she did not use his hairbrush and leave her long dark tresses thereon to tickle his phrenology.

Colonel Cornucopia J. Wigwam of Virginia claimed to belong in a distant way to the Pocahontas band of hostiles, and one day he said in an impressive way to Major Borax, a rival who belongs to the other family of which Virginia is composed:

"Sir, I have the blood of Pocahontas in my veins!" "Never mind, colonel," said Borax, "I shall honor your confidence, sir. I shall never repeat it to any one, sir."

"I am a native of Virginia," said a very bright Washington woman the other evening, "but I am white."

Last week I ascended the Washington monument. I do not claim any special credit for doing so, because there is an elevator which goes to the top every half hour, and I rode.

The top of the monument on a crisp winter morning is a good place to go and cool one's fevered brow.

The site for this great obelisk was chosen by Washington himself. The monument is hollow inside, and it will



THE PRESIDENT RECEIVING.

no doubt some day be worked up into flats. It is the only place in Washington, except the dome of the capitol and Washington's tomb, not utilized for lodgings. In a morning paper you see such little adlets as these:

"Furnished room, cor. W st. and Arizona avenue, northwest. Nice, quiet place, facing the cemetery. Good board with the family if desired. Advantages of home life and interchange of views with intelligent people. Only \$18 per month. Suitable for member of congress."

Or, if this room would not suit, here is another one:

"Nice, quiet room, with use of sewing machine. Handy to Mount Vernon. Good, quiet forest near by, in which to rehearse speeches. Teams passing every little while, offering good facilities for riding down town. Home cooking. Suitable for senator. Terms, \$20 per month, in advance. Address B., this office."

In closing this letter, allow me to say that correspondents who write me anonymously, inclosing money, do so at their own risk. One can have no idea of the temptations which beset one who spends the winter here at the capital, where everything is so expensive. In North Carolina I get the common Yancy county quail for \$1 a dozen, while here one cannot get a quail's gibles for that.

So those who send money to me anonymously, to be used for various philanthropical purposes, are placing temptations about me which may prove my overthrow. I am a good man, but I have embezzled more postage stamps sent me by autograph people than one would believe to look upon my pure young face.

Bill Nye

False Alarm.

Mr. McSwat went home late from a club dinner the other night, and in his haste he forgot to remove his gloves when he went to bed. About 3 o'clock a. m. he aroused Mrs. McSwat with the agonizing cry:

"Lobelia! Lobelia! I believe on my soul I'm getting paralyzed! There isn't a bit of feeling in my hands!"—Chicago Tribune.

An Incentive.

Mrs. Robbins—John, I don't think I will get up today. I feel too weak to move.

Robbins—I'm awfully sorry, dear. By the way, some one has taken the house across the street and is going to move in this morning.

Mrs. Robbins—John, I guess I will get up after all.—Harlem Life.

Taken From Real Life.

Briggs—Old man, what is the proper way to leave a drawing room?

Griggs—Just watch the way a girl gets off a street car in motion, and you'll have it.—New York Herald.

Sociological.

Professor—Marriage is a very close relation.

Miss Oldie—Indeed? I have found it to be quite a distant one.—Exchange.

No Wonder.

When a man is informed there are triplets in his family, he can hardly believe his own census.—Richmond Dispatch.

Modern Man's Soliloquy.

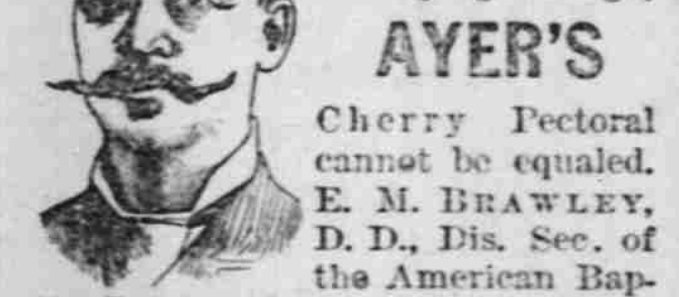
The bloomers add no beauty to the female form divine. But these new fashioned women will advance, if emancipation notions ever strike that wife of mine. She is welcome to my Sunday broadcloth pants. She can have my broadcloth breeches, she can have my coat and vest. She can have my laundered linen and all that. She can have my standup collars and new necktie and the rest. But be darned if she can have my stovepipe hat.

"I must wear something."—Nebraska Journal.

The action or the non-action of a Democratic Congress does not change the principles or the politics of an intelligent and genuine Democrat.

THE OLDEST AND THE BEST

Cough-cure, the most prompt and effective remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs, is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. As an emergency medicine, for the cure of Croup, Sore Throat, Lung Fever and Whooping Cough,



AYER'S Cherry Pectoral cannot be equaled. E. M. BRAWLEY, D. D., Dis. Sec. of the American Baptist Publishing Society, Petersburg, Va., endorses it, as a cure for violent colds, bronchitis, etc. Dr. Brawley also adds: To all ministers suffering from throat troubles, I recommend

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Awarded Medal at World's Fair. AYER'S PILLS Cure Liver and Stomach Troubles.

WILL COST MILLIONS. Ground to Be Broken For the Waldorf Addition.

New York, Feb. 9.—Ground will be broken for the \$8,000,000 addition to the Waldorf Hotel next week. It will front on Thirty fourth street, and be so large that the present magnificent structure will be the annex. Three years will be required for the building, but when built it will be the biggest in the world. Meanwhile they say Delmonico is trying to get the Manhattan Clubhouse for a new restaurant on a grand scale.

Fourth class postmasters were appointed to day by the Postmaster General as follows:

At Dallas, Mecklenburg county, S. I. Price, vice J. A. Thomason resigned. At Flinty, Yancey county, E. O. Cox, vice H. E. Cox resigned.

At Ray, Madison county, Levi Hamilton, vice J. S. Gader resigned. At Yadkin College, Davidson county, Lillian Thompson to succeed her father, M. L. Thompson, dead.

The star route for carrying the mail from Morganton to Lenoir has been cut out, this causes the mail from Lenoir to Morganton to go over fifty miles and cause only one mail where before there were three.

Perfect Health.

Keep the system in perfect order by the occasional use of Tutt's Liver Pills. They regulate the bowels and produce

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For sick headache, malaria, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases, an absolute cure TUTT'S Liver PILLS

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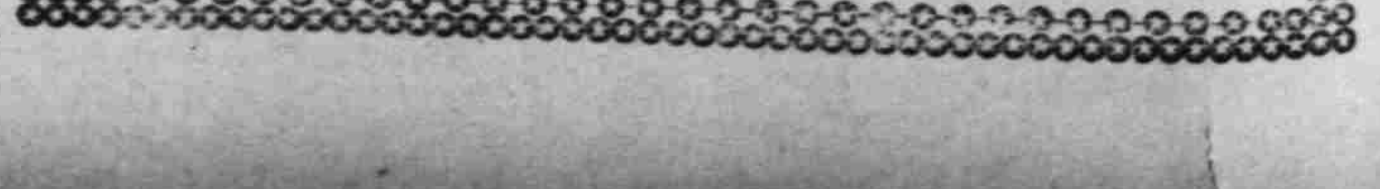
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give you in THE COSMOPOLITAN 1536 pages, with over 1200 illustrations.

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THE COSMOPOLITAN'S NEW HOME.

WOMEN OF ALL AGES. And conditions in life are liable at times, to need an invigorating Tonic; a Regulator of the natural, periodical function, and a Soothing and Bracing Nerve. For this purpose Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine so certain in its curative action that it can be guaranteed. Your money is returned if it does not cure. In Maidenhood, Womanhood, and Motherhood, it invigorates and braces up the exhausted, run-down, overworked and delicate; always banishes all Nervous Weakness, Pains, Spasms, Hysteria, Chorea, or St. Vitus's Dance; corrects all unnatural irregularities of monthly function and cures Periodical Pains, Weaknesses, Bearing Down Sensations, Backache, Catarrhal Inflammation, Ulceration and kindred maladies. For those about to become mothers, it is a priceless boon, for it lessens the pains and perils of childbirth, shortens the labor, and the period of confinement, and promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING. \$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. \$4.95 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.95 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50 - EXTRA FINE. \$2.17 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES. \$3.95 - \$2.17. BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS. Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes. All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform, stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can. Sold by Shuford, Setzer & Co. Hickory, N. C. Moore & Hoke, Granite Falls, N. C.

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