

Watauga Democrat.

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KEPHALINE TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. A. G. Corpening North Catawba Caldwell Co. N. C. says, "I write this to say that the little bottle of medicine called Kephaline is a splendid remedy for headache my whole family use it and all say that it relieves them."

Mr. Wilson Lanton, Kings Creek, Caldwell Co. N. C. says "I have used Kephaline for headache, toothache and neuralgia and have never failed to be relieved. I have also used it for Colic in doses of one and two drops with great benefit."

Cottonwood, Idaho.

April 26, 1889.

To the DEMOCRAT.

I would like to say a few words in your noble paper rather as a congratulation to Messrs Patty and Osborn who ticketed my crowd, which consisted of eight persons, to Uniontown, W. T. on the 14. of April. My crowd was not large enough for them to go through with us, but they sold us tickets at the lowest rates and took a great deal of care in instructing us concerning the trip, and also telegraphed to every change, had us well cared for and showed us every kindness we could ask. I would say to those in N. C. who contemplate going west to buy their tickets of Messrs. Patty & Osborn to save money, to get the best accommodations and to go over the best line of R. R. in the Union.

J. Roby Howell.

Linville, May 8 '89.

Editor DEMOCRAT.

It seems to me that, between emigration from your county to the great west and northwest and into this town of Linville, Watauga is about to be depopulated. The laborers come here in droves. Wm. Beach came some time ago, and has rushed up a brick yard, and is going to make lots of brick, from the best of clay. He employs a number of Wataugans.

I informed you that the Company was going to erect a large hotel, and that your countyman, M. F. Presnell, was to boss the job. He was on the ground at work with a number of hands, week before last, when he left to go home. Arriving there, he went to feeling of the clog in his plaining machine and his fingers went a little too far forward when off came three of them. So he had to give up his job here, and another of your countymen, G. W. Council, came over to take his place. This afternoon Capt. William Hodges came here. He is going to work on the hotel.

The first lot selected by any one, since the town was surveyed and laid out as Linville, was the one on the corner of Watauga and Mitchell Avenues by D. F. Richie, which avenues are a hundred feet wide. This is one of the most eligible lots in the whole town. On Friday last forest trees were standing on it; now the trees have been cut down, the stumps have been grubbed and the most of the timber, (which was sawed by Bryant & Church) is on the ground. So is Charles Moody, (Wataugan,) who is going to erect the first framed two story dwelling house in the town.

And the above named are not near all the Wataugans here. In fact, they are so numerous I have not learned all their names. J. S. W.

Wants The Negro To Go.

(From Progressive Farmer.)

The writer has naught but feelings of kindness for the negro race. He will not attempt to discuss the negro problem here. The negro is here not by his own seeking. He did not ask to be brought here. His bearing has been commendable, and we most cheerfully bare testimony to it, but in the light of our surroundings, we feel that it would have been far better for our race and for our dear Southland, if the first ship that brought him to our shores had come laden with war, pestilence, famine and death. It is not his freedom, not his social or political status that is the trouble, but his PRESENCE, for none of which is he to blame. He is here an incubus—a solid, dead barrier to our progress, and keeps the white man away. He is, and will ever remain, so long as he stays, a running, festering sore on our body politic. The Progressive Farmer, therefore, would hail with delight and rejoicing his peaceful departure, and would pray God's blessing to attend him.

An interesting case of suspended animation has occurred in Chicago. On Sunday week Wilhelmina Stahl, a beautiful German girl, apparently died. Preparations were made for the funeral, and the mourners assembled at the house, when just before the service the members of the family began to express doubts as to their daughter's

death. Physicians were summoned, the body taken from the coffin, and a slight movement of the muscles was detected. The family are still watching the body and no change has yet occurred in its condition.

Advertising is the life of business. Now is the season when the people in town and country are looking about for a suitable place to purchase Spring and Summer goods, and the merchant who would catch the public eye and turn the trade to his place of business must make known what inducements he can offer. The people are on the look-out for them every day. A little money invested in printer's ink will go a long way toward making your trade better. The business man cannot afford to do business without advertising. It is the life of business.—*Gram Gleaner.*

Jefferson Davis's Romance.

The first marriage of Jefferson Davis was of somewhat a romantic character. After graduating at west point he was ordered to Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien, Wis. The post then was commanded by Col. Zachary Taylor. The daughter of the latter, Miss Sallie Knox Taylor, at once fell in love with the handsome and intellectual young lieutenant, and the affection was reciprocated, but the old Colonel was averse to any matchmaking under the circumstances and peremptorily forbade Davis from visiting his quarters except in an official capacity. The lovers managed to see each other by strategem, however, and one morning at daylight they were missing.

The household was instantly aroused, the servants interrogated and search made, but nothing was elicited save that the door of the stable was open, four horses were gone, and their tracks indicated a hasty departure. Further examinations of the premises showed that Lieut. George Wilson, brother of T. S. Wilson, of Dubuque, Ia., and Miss Street, daughter of Gen. Street, had likewise suddenly disappeared. There was but one conclusion, and in less than an hour every man, woman and child in the village, knew all about the runaway match.

Col. Taylor was enraged and declared with an oath, as strong as he ever used, that under no circumstances would he forgive Davis or become reconciled to his daughters disobedience. Sixteen years passed. "Old Zach" was in command of the United States Army in Mexico, and serving under him, was Colonel Jefferson Davis at the head of the famous First Mississippi Rifles. At the battle of Buena Vista this regiment covered itself with glory, but Davis, while leading one of its charges at a critical moment, fell severely and, it was supposed, mortally wounded. He was borne from the field and that evening Gen. Taylor, mounted

on Old Whitey, paid him a visit. Dismounting, he stepped to the Colonel's cot and extended his hand.

"Jeff," said he, "you have saved the day with your glorious rifles; now let bygones be bygones; Knox, (the name by which he always called his daughter) knew your worth and metal better than I did."

From that moment, through the war, indeed until the death of President Taylor, the warmest friendship existed between the old companions in arms.—*Philadelphia News.*

We clip the following communication from "W. H. C." in *The Montgomery Vidette.*

He says it is good to have an enemy, in that case, most of us are well off:

HAVE AN ENEMY.

It is said that "if you wish to succeed in life always keep on hand an active enemy." Having one is proof that you are somebody. Wishy-washy empty people have no enemies. People who never move, never run against anything; and when one is dead and buried nothing ever runs against him. If we are run against it is proof of existence. To run against something is proof of motion. An enemy is not apt to flatter you; he is not partial to you; he will not over-estimate your virtues, and he will be very apt to magnify your faults. Hence we see, that this is of some benefit. It makes you see that you have faults, and are therefore not an angel. It also makes them visible so you can manage them. Of course if you have a fault you would like to know it, so you can correct it. So you see your enemy does work for you which your best friend does not do.

And, another thing, your enemy will keep you awake. He will not let you sleep at your post of duty. It is said "that there are two that always keep watch, the lover and the hater." Your lover watches while you sleep. He keeps silence, excludes light, adjusts surrounding, so that nothing may disturb you. Your hater on the contrary watches that you may not sleep. He keeps your faculties on the alert. He is a good detective. Through his agency you can discover who your friends are, and also your enemies, and those who occupy neutral ground. When your enemy assaults you, those on neutral ground will have nothing to say; but your friend will defend you instantly. He will deny everything and insist on proof, and proving is hard work. "There is not a truthful man in the world that could afford to undertake to prove one tenth of his assertions." The next best thing to having a hundred friends, is to have one open enemy.

An old fashioned house wife in a Clifton, Pennsylvania, farm-house will never permit her husband to be without at least one black

sheep in his flock. She has a notion that it is not healthy to wear stockings with any kind of dye in the wool, and as she dislikes to wear white hosiery, all her stockings are made out of natural black wool. She cards the wool into rools by hand, just as the people did three or four generations ago, spins the rools herself, and knits her own stockings. Once a tree fell on her only black sheep and it killed it, and her husband had to hustle around and find another. It took him 3 days, and miles of travel, but he finally came across a black ewe lamb, fifteen miles away, and bought it.

A queer old man died recently in Stewart Co. Georgia. For thirty years, he has done all his plowing with one old mule, raising crops large enough to support a large family. Every year during that time he mortgaged the animal to buy supplies. Belonging to the family, of which he is the head, are three old maid daughters, who have not been seen by masculine eyes for years. Men have tried, repeatedly, to catch a glimpse of them, but the women manage mysteriously to disappear.

A NATIONAL DISGRACE.

A Chicago syndicate, which bought the old Libby Prison, has dispatched a man to Richmond to superintend the tearing down of the building and its transportation to Chicago. Every brick, every plank, every piece in its construction, is to be marked with the utmost particularity, so that when it is re-erected in Chicago it will be just as in now stands in Richmond. It will require 130 cars to transport it at a cost of \$10,000. It is estimated that it will cost \$75,000 to get the work ready for the public gaze.

Rome, in the grandeur of her noble character, forbade the erection of any monument, or the preservation of any memento that was calculated to perpetuate the memory of her internal dissensions. So-called Americans, purely and only for the sake of dollars and cents, would paint it in its most horrible form the saddest and the most repulsive features of the late war and imprint them in all their most hideous coloring on the minds of coming generations! What a humiliating contrast! We hazard nothing in the assertion that not one of that syndicate ever heard the whistle of a Confederate bullet. That old prison will stand in Chicago, a monument of shame and reproach to the city of Richmond, that it should have allowed it to be removed and appropriated for any such vile and degrading purpose. Thank God, the boys and girls of the South are not permitted to visit at pleasure, the dungeons and cells of Johnston's Island, Point Lookout and Fort McHenry and Fort Delaware, to en hale the atmosphere, laden with the poison

of the sufferings of their fathers.

The men who strive to keep alive the animosities and bitter recollections of the late war, are enemies to our liberties, to our country and to mankind.—*Progressive Farmer.*

On the very heels of the above comes this good news while the building was being conveyed to Chicago. (Error.)

Chicago, May the 7.—A dispatch from Maysville Ky., says that the freight train which was transporting the famous Libby Prison from Richmond to Chicago was wrecked seven miles east of that place yesterday by the breaking of an axle of one of the cars. The remains of the war relic were profusely scattered about and people flocked to the scene all day to secure old bricks and lumber as mementoes. No one was hurt.

The *Marion Times-Register* of May 3rd makes the following statement concerning Mr. Dixon C. Horton, who is widely known in this, and adjoining counties:

Mr. Dixon C. Horton, about whom there were many wild rumors afloat on the streets Wednesday, has been seen by Mr. E. L. Greenlee, since parting with the negro man, Ed. Banner. He passed Mr. Greenlee's house enquiring the way to William's distillery, and it is reported, and generally believed, that he boarded the west-bound train at Old Fort. Mr. Horton, will in good time, turn up all right.

We clip the following little paragraph from the *Henderson Gold Leaf* which expresses the sentiments of the DEMOCRAT to a "gnats heel":

This paper is published "for revenue only." Gold, not glory, is what we are working for. We say this for the benefit of those who think a newspaper is published simply for the fun of the thing.

A very large mad dog was killed by Rev. W. H. Canter & W. W. Adams one mile south of the city yesterday morning.—*Tennessee Tomahawk.*

A bed of pure rock salt 300 miles long, 25 miles wide and 400 feet thick has recently been discovered in Kansas. If, as scientists declare, salt is conducive to longevity, then Pence De Leon's "Fountain of Youth" is at last a reality, and Rider Haggard's "Pillow of flame" is nothing more or less than a scientific prophecy.—*Orphan's Friend.*

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court the undersigned commissioner in the case of Thos. Bingham vs Charles M. Bingham and Etta Bingham for sale of real estate.

I will sell, for cash, to the highest bidder, on the premises, on Wednesday the 12th day of June, '89, the lands described in the petition containing 50 acres more or less, lying in Watauga Co., and in Laurel Creek township, and adjoining the lands of Calvin Ward and others. This is at 28th, '89. Thos. Bingham.

Commissioner.