

Watauga Democrat.

VOL 2 BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER, 10, 1889. NO. 15

A DEMOCRATIC family newspaper devoted to the interest of its County, State and Nation.
Published Every Thursday at Boone, Watauga County, N. C.
D. B. DOUGHERTY, Editor.
R. C. RIVERS, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

1 copy 1 year.....\$1
1 " 6 months.....50c.
1 " 3 months.....35c.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 inch 1 week.....75c.
1 " 1 month.....\$1.75.
1 " 3 ".....\$3.
1 " 6 ".....\$5.
1 " 1 year.....\$7

1 column 1 week.....\$9
1 " 1 month.....\$13.50
1 " 3 ".....\$25
1 " 6 ".....\$37.50
1 " 1 year.....\$50

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Sands N. C.
Oct. 4th '89.

To the DEMOCRAT:

During the whole of President Cleveland's Administration, the national debt decreased from eight to ten millions of dollars per month and all the obligations of the Government were met; all honest and deserving pension claims were allowed and paid with great dispatch, while all thieves and fraudulent claimants and combinations to rob the Treasury were detected and exposed. Large sums of money was expended in building up our decaying Navy. New and splendid ships of war built, and others left in process of construction, and a healthy, high toned, honest and business-like atmosphere prevailed every department of the Government. And all the while, the money in the National Treasury constantly increased. Trust monopolies, combines and syndicates, organized by lawless corporations for the robbery and oppression of the poor and toiling millions were badly denounced by an honest and faithful Chief Magistrate. Indeed it may be truthfully said, that for the first time in a quarter of a century, the cause of the poor had pressed, and almost disheartened farming and laboring classes have had an advocate in the Presidential chair. And the great body of the people were quiet, contented and happy.

How stands the matter now, with only a little more than six months of Harrison's Administration completed? Commenced as it was under such favorable conditions, what do we find? The public debt still decreasing? No. But we find, notwithstanding the immense taxation now going on, that within the last two months the public debt has increased seven millions of dollars. We find an extravagant and reckless adventurer in the office of Commissioner of Pensions, who was not asked to resign until he became a national scandal. We see the President of the United States, contrary to the teachings of Washington and Jefferson, and all the old patriots, appointing his relatives to office, and almost every one of his appointees, appointing their relatives to office by his example, until even

an able Republican paper in this State is made to say: 'Is public office a public trust, or is it a family roost?' We see the business of the country entirely stagnated in every department of trade. We see the arms of individual effort and enterprise as it were completely paralyzed. We see discontent, unrest and distrust, caused by the scarcity of money on every hand. We see that values have shrunk on all kinds of property. We see our fellow citizens all over the manufacturing states compelled to submit to a reduction of wages, or have their places filled by the pauper labor of Europe; we see all these things but there are a few things we cannot see, we cannot see why any considerable number of our farming and industrial classes should by their votes uphold and try to perpetuate such a condition of things; so manifestly contrary to their own substituted interest. We can not see why a man should be led by blind partizan zeal to support men and means to his own injury. It is a condition that confronts us, not a theory, and I ask the readers of the DEMOCRAT, without regard to party, race, color or previous condition of servitude to look at the two parties and solemnly ask themselves the question, whether Grover Cleveland was not the friend of the people?

ALEXANDER BILL.

The Throne of Iniquity.

Nations engaged in war do not usually legislate until the smoke of battle has cleared away and the roar of the cannon and the rattle of musketry have ceased. But in this case, like, Nehemiah and his Noble band of Jewish patriots, we must wield the trowel with one hand and the sword with the other while we build the glorious temple of sobriety. We must legislate on the battle-field. And I tell you this is no mimic fight—no holiday tournament.

The foe is formidable, vigilant and wily. He is Argus-eyed and wields tremendous money power. More than seven-hundred millions annually flow into his exchequer. Let us not underrate the skill, the might and numbers of the enemy. Let every good man and woman come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. "Curse ye Me-roz."

At the battle of Trafalger the immortal Nelson said to his troops, England expects every man to do his duty today." Let every man in the State do his duty and prohibition will triumph here as it did in Iowa.

When Patrick Henry saw the storm of revolution coming he said, "Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace." In these United States the great disturber of the peace is the whiskey power, and until it is crushed there can be no abiding peace.

Reader, have you considered the magnitude of the

liquor business? Let us walk about its manufactories, mark its huge warehouses, and the number of its summering, seething, hissing stills. Of these black, lurid, livid fountains of death there are five thousand four hundred and forty-four licensed by the government. Illust distilleries are left out of the calculation.—What a lava-tide of ruin is poured forth by these seething, fiery Etnas! More than ninety-one million gallons of intoxicating liquors are manufactured and sold every year.

The brain grows dizzy in the contemplation of such stupendous figures. You understand it better when I tell you that these ninety-one million gallons would make a canal six feet deep, fifteen wide and three hundred miles long.

What becomes of this river of liquid fire? Speaking of the gospel river Ezekiel says, "Everything shall live whither the river cometh." It covered the barren desert with verdure, beauty and glory; but this fiery stream blights and withers and blasts wher-it goes. Every year it sends sixty thousand men reeling to untimely graves from its fatal brink.

It costs the people a great deal to keep this canal. Besides seven hundred millions of dollars, the nation lose annually sixty thousand years of productive labor, not counting the loss of the productive labor of one hundred and fifty five thousand eight hundred and fifty retailers who deal out its water to the people.

Look at these figures. Look at the army of retailers. Parents may well tremble for their sons and their daughters too.

Last summer Judge Merri-mon made prohibition speeches in the good old north State, and among other things he said, "I never had any thing to do with whisky and yet it has made my son a vagabond and a drunkard and has broken my wife's heart. When we thought he was asleep in his room the whisky men were making him a drunkard."

Some one who has made the calculation tells us that there is one licensed drinking house in the United States for every 288 of the population, counting every man woman and child. There are one thousand one hundred five drinking saloons in the National Capitol right under the noses of our Solons. That reminds me of the Yorktown Celebration. Our Congressmen spent on that occasion for bad whisky, brandy, rum and wine—tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon—more than seven thousand dollars—and the people foot the bill. At the burial of Garfield the same scene was exhibited almost literally.—Selected.

Harrison's Alabama plan.

There was a very wordly deacon who confessed in his declining years that he had tried to serve God and Mam-mon for forty years, but he had found it mighty hard

sliding. Colonel McKee's article on the Harrison policy Alabama shows that the President is finding that the effort to solidify the colored vote, and at the same time divide the white vote is mighty hard sledding. Of course if the Republicans believed what they said and did what they promised, the matter would be comparatively simple. The bulk of the Republican party in the South, being colored, pretty much all offices, would be given to colored men, and all hope of dividing the whites would be abandoned. If there were not enough colored men to give the Republicans a victory, troops would be sent down there and the colored candidates installed in office. But President Harrison and Secretary Blaine, and other Republicans, many of whom, have invested capital under the protection of Southern State government, have not the slightest notion in the world of setting the colored men up in a place where he can make laws, assess taxes and disburse public money. They are trying to recognize the colored man and give him petty offices, just enough to keep him in a State organization as a Republican voter, but not enough to threaten the security of Northern investments in Southern industries. Naturally enough in this effort to deceive both sides, the President is deceiving no one, and is creating black enemies without making any white friends. It is a very simple thing to give one Federal office to Mosley, and another to Parsons, but to keep the colored voters organized just enough for political effect in the North, and not enough to effect anything political in the South, is going to prove mighty hard sledding.—National Democrat.

A LADY 102 YEARS OLD.

FIVE GENERATIONS IN A SINGLE HOME.

The modest, yellow frame house standing at No. 509 Eighth street southeast shelters five generations of the same family. The eldest, Mrs. Agatha Rabaza, is 102 years of age, while the youngest is a little Miss of two months.

In the month of May 1787, when the Island Monaca, off the coast of Spain, was looking its brightest, Agatha was born. When only sixteen years of age she was married to a Spaniard named Rabaza, and a daughter was the result of their union. When the girl was between thirteen and fourteen years of age she met a young officer in the United States Navy named McLane. The young man at once fell in love with Catharine, but as he was unable to speak Spanish his love-making did not progress as rapidly as he desired. He began to learn Spanish. In this he was successful and his love suit prospered in proportion to his ardor. He soon succeeded in winning the girl's love, and they were married when Catharine was only

fifteen years old.

Almost immediately after the marriage McLane's vessel was ordered to the home station, and he and his young bride came over on it. In 1847, after they had been in America some time, they paid a visit to the old Spanish homestead, and when they returned brought Mrs. Rabaza over with them. She remained in New York about two years, and then came with her daughter to Washington. In the meantime the Mexican war broke out and McLane served through it with distinctions. In 1839 he was killed at the Washington Navy Yard by the bursting of a gun. Mrs McLane had a daughter, Also named Catharine, who at a very early age married Thomas W. Heinline, who was also in the Navy, and was a member of the jury that tried Giteau for shooting President Garfield. Their eldest child married Mr. R. H. Holland, of Annapolis, Maryland. Mrs. Holland has two children, both girls. The eldest, Mary is five years, and the youngest Nina, is only two months, and these children enjoy the distinction of a great, great-grandmother and two great-grandmothers living in the same house with them.—Washington Star.

Death of Davy Crockett's Last Son.

Granbury Tex., Sept. 30.—Col. Robert Patton Crockett died at his residence, on Rucker's creek, last Thursday, in 73d year of his age. He was one of Hood county's pioneer settlers, locating here in 1854. His death removes the only remaining son of Davy Crockett. Immediately after the fall of the Alamo and the massacre of his father by Santa Anna's brutal soldiers he left home in Tennessee and joined the Texas revolutionists. After peace was declared and victory achieved by the Texans he returned to Tennessee, where he married and settled down. In 1854 he moved to Texas, bringing with him his aged mother, Elizabeth Crockett, who died here in 1860. On the evening of August 11th, he sustained serious injuries by a frightened team running away with the wagon and suffered intensely till his death.—Ex.

A Pennsylvania editor answers a correspondent who pro-pounded the query, "Did you ever see a bald-headed woman?" in the following strain. "No, we never did. Nor did we ever see a woman waltzing around town in her shirt sleeves with a cigar between her teeth. We never saw a woman go fishing with a bottle in her hip pocket, sit around on the damp ground all day, and go home 'booze' in the evening. Neither have we seen a woman yank off her coat, spit on her hands and swear she could whip any man in town. All of the foregoing 'privileges' are reserved for men."

UNION MEETING.

The Union Meeting of the

Three Fork Association, appointed at Brushy Fork Church, had no session on Friday. Elder J. M. Harman who was appointed to preach the introductory sermon, having failed to come, the small crowd dispersed and the good sisters took their large and well filled baskets of provisions back home.

Saturday, Sept. 28th. Met at the Church at 9:30 a. m. E. F. Jones read Scripture and lead in prayer. Organized by electing J. F. Davis Chairman and J. J. T. Reese Secretary. On motion took up the subjects and programme assigned to speakers who were present. The 7th subject was handled very skilfully by E. F. Jones. Speeches by Sherwood, J. F. Davis and D. C. Harman.

D. C. Harman having arrived, the 5th subject was taken up and opened by him. Speeches by J. F. Spainhour, Sherwood and Jones. The brethren becoming enthused on the subject, a motion to adjourn for one hour and cool off, by E. F. Jones.

Met pursuant to adjournment. The 9th question was opened by J. J. T. Reese—speeches by Jones, Harman, Spainhour and W. S. Farthing.

The 10th question was opened by J. F. Spainhour—speech by Sherwood. This subject being the last to which speakers assigned, were present, a question box was opened and some very interesting questions were discussed.

The next meeting to be held at Howards Creek Church in December. J. F. Spainhour, W. W. Presnell and L. N. Perkins, were appointed a Com. to arrange the programme. The preaching of the meeting was done by arrangement of the brethren, by E. F. Jones on Friday night and Sunday at 11 o'clock.

J. J. T. Reese, Sec.

J. P. ROBBINS,

—SUCCESSOR TO—

Robbins Bros,

Shull's Mills N. C.

Keeps constantly on hand, and will sell at "Rock Bottom Prices," for cash or country produce, such as Boots, Shoes, Hats Caps, & ect. A special line of

LADIES DRESS GOODS.

Hardware, Groceries And Drugs.

A FULL LINE OF BEST READY—MADE

Clothing ever brought to this County, and in fact, everything kept in a first-class country store, can be found here. All I ask is a trial.

Your friend,
J. P. Robbins.

J. F. SPAINHOUR

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Boone, N. C.

Special attention given to the collection of claims.
July 4th 89—1 y.