

Watauga Democrat.

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VOL 1

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WATAUGA DEMOCRAT.
A DEMOCRATIC family newspaper devoted to the interests of its County, State and Nation. Published every Wednesday at Boone, Watauga County, N. C.

J. F. SPAINHOUR, Editor.
JOHN S. WILLIAMS, Publisher.

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A Proclamation by the President.

Washington, Nov. 1.—Constant thanksgiving and gratitude are due from the American people to Almighty God for his goodness and mercy, which have followed them since the day he made them, and vouchsafe to them a free government. With loving kindness He has constantly led us in the way of prosperity and greatness. He has not visited with swift punishment our shortcomings, but with gracious care He has warned us of our dependence upon His forbearance and has taught us that obedience to His holy law is the price of a continuance of His precious gifts. In acknowledgment of all that God has done for us as a nation and to the end that on an appointed day the united prayers and praise of a greatful country may reach the Throne of Grace, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of Nov. instant, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be kept and observed throughout the land.

On that day let all our people suspend their ordinary work and occupation and in their accustomed places of worship with prayer and songs of praise, render thanks to God for all his mercies, for the abundant harvests which have rewarded the toil of the husbandman the year that has passed, and that have followed the labors of our people in their shops and their markets and traffic. Let us give thanks for peace and for the social order and contentment within our borders, and for our advancement in all that adds to national greatness.

Mindful of the affliction which a portion of our land has been visited, let us, while we humble ourselves before the power of God acknowledge His mercy in setting bounds to the deadly march of the pestilence, and let our hearts be chastened by sympathy with our fellow countrymen, who have suffered and who mourn. And as we

return thanks for all the blessings which we have received from the hands of our Heavenly Father, let us not forget that He has enjoined upon us charity; and on this day of thanksgiving let us generously remember the poor and needy, so that our tribute of praise and gratitude may be acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

Done at the city of Washington, on the first day of November eighteen hundred and eighty-eight and in the year of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and thirteen.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto signed my name and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President:

T. F. Bayard,
Secretary of State.

IT WAS TERRIBLE.

St. Louis, Nov. 12.—Dispatches from Pittsburg, Kansas, give the following as some of the incidents of the mine horror at that place. For hours after the explosion which snuffed out the lives of nearly a hundred men, the scene at the pit was distressing. Poorly clad women with babies clasped to their breasts came through the darkness by the light cast from bon-fires like haggard, uncanny beings from another world. Some shrieked above the storm, and muttered as they fell helpless on the shoulders of strong neighbors. Still others were mad in their despair and tore their hair and garments, and would have dashed into the tomb headlong but for the strength exerted by the miners from other shafts.

One poor woman, whose husband and two sons were in the pit, lay her three youngest children besides the blazing fire and then fell in hysterics among them. She lay unnoticed in this position until morning, when she was removed to her home a raving maniac. At one time the crush of women and children at the shaft was so great that it was feared that violence would be necessary in order to clear the way for the rescuers. The poor creatures fought each other in their despair, and in some instances inflicted severe punishment. As night wore on the work of recovering the bodies continued, until the floor of the engine house was strewn with mangled men. These bodies were placed in rows upon the ground, where the rain and snow beat upon them. Most of the victims were shockingly mutilated, some were so disfigured as to be unrecognizable; all were covered with blood and dust and many were almost stripped of their clothes.

Many of the searchers fainted at their work and others stimulated by brandy and the entreaties of demoralized women, continued at their bloody task all through the night. As fast as the bodies were brought to the surface there was a rush made to identify them.

dozens of women in many cases being engaged at one time in scanning the bloody face of some unfortunate. There are still about fifty bodies in the lower levels. Some of the victims were found buried beneath immense weights of slate while others were discovered in groups and in all kinds of positions. Two men who have not been identified, were so tightly locked in each others arms that it was with great difficulty they were torn apart. Their eyes had been blown out by the explosion, and their faces so horribly crushed that the bones were ground into the flesh.

Two Kinds of Squeeze.

"James," said the father of the family, sternly, "your school reports have been anything but favorable this term. I suppose you failed in your examination as usual?"

"No, sir," protested the boy, "I passed, but it was a tight squeeze."

"Laura," continued the father, turning to his oldest daughter, "I think I heard voices in the hall late last evening. I have told you repeatedly not to let that young man stay later than 11 o'clock."

"It was just 11 o'clock when he left, father."

"That's so," testified James, coming to the relief of his sister. "I was at the top of the stairway and saw him go. He got away at 11 o'clock, but it was a tight squeeze."

"James!" shrieked Laura—*Chicago Tribune.*

Hereditary.

In an Italian garrison there was a private soldier named Ugolino. One of the officers took the soldier aside one day and asked him:

"Are you a descendant of the famous Count Ugolino, about whom Dante wrote?"

"No," replied the soldier, "all my ancestors were poor people."

"I refer to Count Ugolino who was starved to death with his sons in the tower of Pisa."

"If he didn't get enough to eat, very likely he was an ancestor of mine after all," replied the honest soldier.—*Texas Sittings.*

At The Seaside.

Dorothy—But, Herman I can't answer you now. I—I—give me time to think before I reply.

Herman (with rapturous passion)—Certainly, my own angel. But don't make it too long, because it costs me \$5 a day at this beastly hotel.—*Washington Critic.*

A Groveling Soul.

She—How immeasurably grand the ocean is! It always lifts me above myself and makes our own little lives and interests seem so petty and hollow.

Gustavus (who is feeling queer and has heard imperfectly) I don't mind being hollow if I only dared fill up again.—*Life.*

Fresh News.

"Any news in the papers?" asked Joe of his companion yesterday. "Yes, the Armada is smashed all to pieces." "That's old news; read about it in my school days." "I don't care, the newspapers have just caught on, and I thought it was something fresh."—*Boston Journal.*

A Literary Man.

Jones—I say, Smith I understand that Brown is something of a literary man.

Smith—Literary man, yes. Why, Brown writes for the waste basket of some of the leading newspapers and magazines in the country.—*New York Sun.*

Includes Everything.

Coldy—Why is it, Orson, that every time you meet Trombly you ask him, "How's everything?"

Orson—Why didn't you know that Trombly thinks he owns the earth?—*Once a Week.*

Infallible.

Ada—Why do you think Mr. Smith is in love with you?

Ella—He pays such polite attention to my ugliest sister.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Short Allowance.

Mrs. Nobby—How many servants do you take with you to Bar Harbor, Mrs. Tiptop?

Mrs. Tiptop—Only twenty-five this summer. You know I leave the baby at home.—*Boston Herald.*

QUIET CHUCKLES.

With defaulters it is fly time at any season of the year.—*Boston Post.*

If most people only knew as much as they think they know, they wouldn't talk so much about it.—*Somerville Journal.*

A fashion writer tells us that puffs are quite the proper thing in female attire this season. It is noticed that actresses continue to come to newspapers for them as heretofore.—*Boston Post.*

If the oyster could speak it would probably refer to the clam just now as it 'steamed contemporary.—*Boston Courier.*

The girl of the period is not unused to arms, though she may utterly fail in the art of self defense.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

A city young man who while summering a week in the country fell in love with a pretty dairymaid, proposed and was rejected, told his friends when he returned home that he only got one "milk shake" while he was away.—*Norristown Herald.*

You can tell when a dog is warm, the same as you can tell a dude when you meet him on the street—by his loud pants.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Some people have strange tastes, Hugh M. Brooks, in this weather, is pleased to stay thirty days over his time in a hot St. Louis jail. He might have been hanged a week ago.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

T. E. LATHAM.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Jefferson, N. C.
June 6 88. 1y.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office at Coffey's Hotel,
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June 12 88 6m.

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STOVES!!

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L. M. BANNER & CO.
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Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, Simmon's Liver Regulator, Warner's Safe Liver and Kidney Cure, Kephaine, Jackson's Magic Balsam, Dr. James' Medicines, Brown's Iron Bitters, Dr. C. C. Roe's Liver, Rheumatic and Neuralgia Cure and various other medicines too numerous to mention.

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