

Watauga Democrat.

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BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C. WEDNESDAY, DEC. 5, 1888.

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VOL 1

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.
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Boone N. C.
Nov. 30 1888.

For the DEMOCRAT.
Of hands adorned by poet's pen,
Of grandeur sung by tongues of men,
Of scenery pictured by the brush,
Of earth's expression in its hush;

Where is there now a land so grand,
Where can the vision ere expand,
To bring to sight of mortal man,
A land whose summits kiss the sky,
A land that brush and pen defy,
A land o'er which the Indian trod,
With tomahawk and fishing rod,
Where bounding elk the mountains scale,
With stealthy panther on his trail,
Where howling wolves and wild-cats scream,
To arouse the huntsman from his dream,
Where Bruin stalks the earth at will,
And deer are found by shady rill,
Where on the summit of some peak,
The eagle from his perch doth seek
Some weaker animal for his prey,
And there he feasts the live-long day,

T'was in Watauga these were found,
T'was here the red man bent his bow,
T'was here he searched upon the ground,
For trail of game or foe.
T'was here his campfire's ruddy blaze,
Fell on his game's bewildered gaze,
T'was here his arrows certain dart,
Transfixing the wild elk's beating heart,
T'was here he hunted Bruin down,
Whose path led up the mountain side,
T'was here he found him in the ground,
T'was here that Bruin bled and died,
T'was here the panther with

his scream,
Awoke the Indian from his dream,
T'was here the the Wild-cat rent the air,
T'was here the growl came from the bear,
T'was here the wolf with lonely howl
In darkest hours of midnight prowl,
T'was here the red-man saw the light
T'was here his eyes first met the sight.

Of the land of hills and valleys wide,
For which he fought, and bled and died,
T'was here the dusky Indian maid,
First learned the joys that love portrayed,
T'was here she pictured loves bright dawn,
T'was here her life was bright as morn,
T'was here she bid life's sorrow flee,
T'was here she wandered in her glee,
T'was here her lover brave and bold,
The story of his victories told,
T'was here he told of battles won,
T'was here he told of deeds he'd done,
T'was here the red-man and his wife,
Enjoyed their mode of savage life,
T'was here their rude, wild wayward life,
Terminated in deadly strife.
T'was in Watauga's river wide,
The speckled trout they there espied,
T'was on Grandfather's lofty height,
That Bruin first came into sight,
T'was on Rich Mountain oft did prow,
Wolves in the night with savage growl,
On Howard's Knob was seen the trace,
Of panthers in their stealthy pace,
And Elk Knob's sides could tell the tale,
Of many an elk which went that trail

.....
The time has passed—these things are gone!
They are numbered with the dead,
In place of bear we now have men,
In place of elk, have bread.

The hills are dotted now with farms,
No wild beast near our homes,
In place of Indian tents,
We now have churches' domes.

.....
Who was the first to enter in,
This land so wild and grand,
Who was the first to cast about,
To burst this Indian band?
One Daniel Boone his footsteps bent,
Toward Watauga hills he came,
He startled the Indian in his tent,
And on this town bestowed its name,
This mountaineer with sturdy stride,

And none to cheer his way,
At last roamed up the gushing Elk,
Which bears his trail this day
He fought the Indian, bear and wolf,
He trapped the panther, killed the deer,
And listened to the beast at night,
Without the slightest sign of fear,
This man our country first explored,
Although with dangers set,
He nerved himself up to the task,
And with the Indian met,
He hunted and trapped among our hills,
He camped in Dougherty's field,
A portion of his chimney yet,
The fact doth still reveal.
This country's changed its wolves are gone,
And in their places human forms,
Looms up the strangers eye to meet,
With welcome hand that stranger greet,
Our mountains in their grandeur stand,
And overlook the flower strewn land,
Where cottage neat and lawn so wide,
In which doth happy souls abide,
Yes here we rest from weary care,
And here we breathe the purest air,
And here the old grow young again,
And here we hope to e're remain,
Until the Savior calls again,
As the New York Times puts it: "The fact that Senator Quay and Gen. Mahone have put their heads together to concoct a scheme for preventing the democratic electors of Virginia from casting their votes in the Electoral College is strong presumptive evidence that the vote was free and the count honest at the recent election in the State of Virginia."

The Times goes on to show where to look for election frauds in earnest! It says: "Quay and Mahone propose to begin court proceedings in which fraud will be alleged, but if it were really their purpose to begin a hunt for frauds upon the ballot we think it is evident that they would institute a search first in Indiana, where Mr. Dudley's scheme for dividing the 'floaters into blocks of five worked with such precision and success that a State strongly against Harrison was carried for him by sheer weight of money, or in New York, where in some instances as large a sum as \$65 of good republican funds was paid for a single vote, rather than in Virginia, where no unusual expenditure has been reported or suspected. The Senator and the General are not likely to impress any court with the justice of their cause, but the attempt to deprive Mr. Cleveland of Virginia's electoral vote will furnish them for a time with a congenial occupation."—News-Ob's.

.....
DONT'S FOR GIRLS.
(Women's Work.)
Don't flirt.
Don't use slang,
Don't put on airs.
Don't seem cranky.
Don't try to arrest attention.
Don't make a drudge of mother.
Don't think it is pretty to be pert.
Don't say "no" when you mean "yes."
Don't devote too much time to novel reading.
Don't make a fright out of yourself to be in fashion.
Don't run down your friends in their absence. It is a mean trait.
Don't take up with every fellow that comes along; just because he has good clothes and talks nice.
Don't make up your mind to be sweet on everybody's brother but your own.
Don't be quick to throw away a friend whom you have tried and found true, for a new one.
Don't marry a man who has no evident means of supporting you. Love on starvation principles played out long ago.
Don't lose your heart on a thing now known as a "dude" Plenty of MEN want wives; wait and you will get one.

.....
T. J. Coffey & Bro.
WE KEEP IN STOCK AT THIS PLACE
Dry Goods, Notions,
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The most extensive line of
Medicines & Drugs
kept in Boone, such as follows:
Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, Simmon's Liver Regulator, Warner's Safe Liver and Kydney Cure, Kepheline, Jackson's Magic Balsam, Dr. James' Medicines, Brown's Iron Bitters, Dr. C. C. Roc's Liver, Rheumatic and Neuralgia Cure and various other medicines too numerous to mention.

All of the above will be sold
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Eggs,
Wax,
Wool,
Grain,
Gensing,
Honey,
Feathers,
Chickens,
Hay,
Hides &c.

.....
Charlotte, N. C., Nov. 26.—
Reports have come here of the brutal flogging of a Methodist preacher yesterday near Concord, in Cabarrus county. Rev. W. L. Garrison is a member of the North Carolina Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, and has charge of the circuit in Cabarrus county. About two months ago Garrison was tried by his church for conduct unbecoming a minister in reference to a young lady, and was acquitted as innocent. It then appearing to be a malicious prosecution on the part of the young lady and others interested. The matter was still discussed among certain parties, however, who determined Garrison should have a flogging for his conduct, and accordingly yesterday, when he had preached his farewell sermon to his congregation at Centre-Grove church, expecting to leave for conference he was told parties on the outside wished to see him. He walked out meeting a very large man just outside of the door who introduced himself as Dean Krimminger, and at once dealt the preacher a blow with his fist which knocked him to the ground almost senseless. Krimminger then jumped upon Garrison knocking him thick and fast until the congregation rushed out and pulled him off. The preacher was badly bruised up.—Dispatch.

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Oct. 1st. 1888. tf.

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June 7. 1888. 1y.

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