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KEPHALINE TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. James Onford, manager of the Caldwell Co. poor house, says: "I have used Kephaline in my family and can recommend it to be a good medicine."

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ABOUT WHISPERS.

In making out a catalogue of crimes and vices, who would ever think of including Whispers? But in Sacred Scripture it stands eminent among mischiefs, deemed worthy of a disgraceful priority. It is a sign of malignity. "All they that hate me whisper against me." "A whisperer spareth chief friends." Yes, more effectually than open assault. The imagination is the most glorious and dangerous of faculties. By its love is kindled, and rising airily, soars thro' all realms of peace and delight. But by the same power may be evoked dark suspicions, cruel surmises and unsettling doubts.

A downright blow dealt at our friend only moves us toward him for his defense. But a whisper—the sidelong thrust of a suspicion, subtle, witehing, provoking, that you can not grasp and can not reject; that hovers with a nameless pain or dread about the object of your friendship—who can speak the cruelty, the wickedness of such a weapon? It is not the definite and presentable charges that separate friends. These can be tried, explored, settled. But the whispering intimations poison the soul without a chance for an antidote.

"Where there is no whisperer, strife ceaseth." If men were open, frank, honest, there may be short quarrels, but no wrangling strifes. If one has cause of offense against any, let him go to him, and speak it out plainly, and that will end it. But if, instead, he goes to a confidential friend, and whisper it in his ear, and his friend whispers it to another, and they all whisper it together, of course a snarl is soon made

in the threads that unite the friends.

Whispering is a cowardly weapon; it is a safe method of assassination; it is a way of killing a friend or foe, without taking risk or responsibility. It is like the fabulous air-gun that carries a deadly bullet without report or noise. Whisperers are the worst kind of poisoners. They poison, not the body, but the soul and heart. They scatter their words like impalpable dust of deadly poison, and all who inhale it are filled with its mischief and malignancy.

Give us an open-faced enemy! We can honor him. His most wounding blows are not so provoking as the shy stabs of mean flatures. You may parry the stroke of an honorable antagonist, or interpose some shield. But who can defend himself against a look, a wink, a shrug, a stealthy smile, a soft word, a whisper? They e'ude you. They dance like motes in the air, or fill it with invisible influence. The husband finds himself suspected of his wife; the wife abhors the dark suspicion that seems to overshadow her soul, as if an evil spirit were above her, casting down a malign shadow. The brother and sister find sweet confidence melting away, nor know exactly who or how it fails. Confiding friends and years-long companions fall from mutual faith, grow watchful, interpret with suspiciousness. And Love, thro' all its life and members, feels the beat of this subtle poison, with strange pains and immedicable languors.

May Providence confound all nimble-tongued whisperers!—N. Y. Ledger.

Funny Sayings.

"Have you done anything for me?" asked the condemned man, in pitiful tones, as his lawyer entered the cell.

"Yes, indeed," said the legal gentleman, gleefully.

"Oh, what is it?" demanded the murderer, "a pardon?"

"No."

"A commutation of sentence?"

"No."

"Then, in mercy's name, what?"

"I have succeeded," said the lawyer, "in having the day of your execution changed from Friday to Monday. Friday is an unlucky day, you know."—Yankee Blade.

"You told me, darling," he said, "a week before Christmas that you wanted time to think it over, and that immediately after the holidays I should learn my fate."

"I know I did, Mr. Sampson," and the diamond ring which he had given her flashed merrily on her finger, "and I have considered the matter night and day. I regret to say that I cannot be your wife, but I shall always respect and admire you as a friend."—New York Sun.

Mother. What is the matter, my son?"

Adult Son. It's all up; no use struggling against fate. I'm bound to land in the poor

house.

"You! Why, my son, you are a plumber."

"Yes, but all hope of wealth is gone. My physician has ordered me to live in Southern California. Pipes never burst there!—Philadelphia Record.

Guest (to museum manager). I don't see anything peculiar about that man over there.

You don't? He's our greatest attraction.

What is remarkable about him?"

He has the papers to show that he refused an office on two separate occasions!—Nebraska State Journal.

The church was beautifully decorated with sweet spring flowers, and the air was very heavy with their fragrance. As the service was about to begin, small Kitty pulled her mother's sleeve and whispered, "Oh, mamma, don't it smell solemn?"—Harper's Young People.

In the shoe store. Mrs. Bascom. Young man, I want to get a pair of good shoes.

Clerk. Yes'm; what size, please.

Mrs. Bascom. Well, I kin wear fours, but I guess you may try me this time on sixes and a half.—Burlington Free Press.

An agreeable young man whom I often meet was calling with due ceremony on a nice Auburn girl the other evening, when her brother Tom, just arrived home from college, on the evening train, rushed into the room and embraced his sister.

"Why, how plump you've grown, Edith!" he exclaimed; "you're really quite an armful!"

"Isn't she?" exclaimed the agreeable young man, and then he felt a chill racing down his spinal column. "That is," he stammered, "I've no doubt of it—I!"

The brother looked earwing knives at him, and the maiden blushed furiously.

"I mean—er," said he, "I should judge so!"—Lewiston Journal.

Old man. If that young idiot in the parlor ain't got sense enough to make shorter calls he might as well be of some use. Ask him if he can spare me a postage stamp.

Daughter (after a trip to the parlor). He says he's very sorry, but he called at the post-office to-day to renew his supply of postage stamps, but he hadn't anything smaller than a five hundred dollar bill in his vest pocket, and they couldn't change that.

Oh? By Jinks! Well, you nunny, go back to the parlor. Don't you know better than to leave your company alone like that?—New York Weekly.

To a grocery store in a Massachusetts village there came lately an Irish woman who said to the grocer:

Mr. G—, shure and have ye niver an impty flour birrel that I can have to make a hen coop for me little hog?"

The grocer gave her the barrel.—Detroit Free Press.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

The last issue of the Arizona Kicker contains the following:

Nearing the limit.—We have been repeatedly asked why we did not open on the G. & S. railroad for its slow time, miserable cars, rough road, high rates and generally incompetent service. It is because we have been expecting an annual pass from the road. We applied for it three months ago, but have heard nothing as yet. We are nearing the limit. If that pass is not here inside of a fortnight we shall sound our bugle in a manner to make the officials of the road wish they never had been born.

Not our night.—Maj. Ratbone made a personal assault on us last Tuesday, as we were about to interview the prosecuting attorney in regard to the Keller affair. We presume it was because The Kicker of last week referred to the major as a liar and an absconder. We presume it was although he made no explanation. A minute before seized us we felt like fighting. A minute afterwards we were on the run. There are times we can fight to the death, and other times when we can outrun any coyote in the glorious west. The major happened to get us on our off night, or he would otherwise have been reduced to pulp. There is a good deal of winking and chuckling around town, but we don't see anything to laugh at. If we didn't have our off spell we'd be a veritable terror for the whole district. It's lucky for Arizona we were born that way.

Only our way.—We understand that Col. Colfax feels aggrieved because we referred to him last week as a dead beat bum who ought to be given a dose of White Cap medicine. The colonel should not be so thin-skinned. It's only our way of keeping track of the leaders of society.

A false alarm.—A Chicago correspondent dropped in on us the other day for a brief visit, and after showing him our Washington hand-press, six varieties of job type and two bundles of print paper, we took him out for a survey of the town. The news had gone abroad that he was a Chicago detective, and it was laughable to note the effect upon our leading citizens. A dozen or more broke for the sage brush, without stopping for clean shirts, and so many others cut off their whiskers or donned false ones that we walked the whole length of Apache avenue without meeting a man we could recognize at first glance.

While there is nothing mean about us, this is a feature we are going to work about twice a month on this town. It will keep the boys unsettled and anxious, and may be the means of converting some of them from the error of their ways. It's an awfully good feeling to feel that you are the only man in a town of 3,000 people whose liver don't kick the breath out of

him every time a stranger comes along and takes a second look at the bridge of his nose.

We come down.—We stated our belief last week that our contemporary, which is eternally bragging about its increase of circulation, did not print 150 copies weekly. We were honest in what we said. The old bristle-backed hyena who claims to be editor and publisher sent for us yesterday to examine his books and figure up his circulation. We made the astonishing discovery that he had a bona fide circulation of 163 copies. When we are right we stick to the limbs, at all hazards. When we are wrong we let go and come down. We were wrong in this case. We come down. The Howling Coyote and Weekly Wish-Wash will please accept our most humble apology.

Don't forget it.—In addition to the grocery in our front room, which is rapidly securing the cream of the trade, we have established a tin shop in the rear of the shanty and propose to do all sorts of repairing. Later on we may add a harness shop and other needed enterprises. If we build in the spring, as we now figure on, we shall put in a marble shop and furnish gravestones cheaper than has ever been heard of in Arizona. We may also add a grist mill.

James Gordon Bennett, Henry Watterson and Amelie Rives may have time to junket around the country and show off their clothes, but we haven't. We are always at home. The Chicago Times may ridicule our grocery in connection with The Kicker, but there are no flies on us. Six bars for a quarter, and a horn thrown in. "Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere."—Detroit Free Press.

FAR-OFF IDAHO.

[We copy the following letter from the Statesville Landmark, for the benefit of our friends in this county, who expect to leave for Idaho soon.]

Here, in far-distant Idaho, where, at this season, the north winds blow cold and drarily over the illimitable wastes of snow, and the whole face of nature, except in its mountainous aspects, presents the appearance of a Siberian tundra, a wandering son of the Old North State has established his domicile, and in the seclusion of his "little old log cabin on the claim" welcomes a weekly visit of the Landmark, bringing, as it often does, mention of friends and neighbors and reminders of scenes and localities familiar in the days of "lang syne."

A great deal in regard to a town or neighborhood is indicated by the general appearance and the make-up of its local newspaper, and judging from this test, I readily infer that old Statesville and the surrounding country have improved considerably within the six years since the time I last saw them.

During the past sixteen years I have led the life of a rambler, having, within that time, traversed all the States and Territories of the extreme west, and now, at last, I have come to what seems likely to be, though not so intended, a permanent location in this Lost River Valley of eastern Idaho.

To those of my old friends and schoolmates who, perhaps, are still struggling with a pine-ridge farm in the old Brushy Mountains for a living, I would say that, taking all things into consideration, I have nowhere found the conditions for the attainment of earthly happiness any better than there. The tie which binds the western North Carolina mountaineer to his native heather is, I believe, stronger than that of the people of any other locality. I have found representatives of the Old North State everywhere, and, though there are many exceptions, I have met with but few who consider that they have been bettered in all respects by emigrating.

I do not say that emigrating is a thing to be, in all cases and under all circumstances, discouraged; but, I do say, nevertheless, that there exists a species of human plant which will not take root and flourish in a different soil and under the different conditions to which it may be transplanted. The Brushy Mountain youth, to the manor born, who rambles off to the plains and deserts, the mountain wildernesses and the dismal solitudes of such a country as this, soon finds that he has torn himself away from far more than he ever intended. His mind will constantly revert to the old scenes and the old ways; he will often think regretfully of the corn huskings, the log rollings and quilting bees, the camp meetings, the possum hunts, the moonshine whisky episodes, etc., which afforded the necessary variety to his life there. No wonder that when he finds himself in a locality where none of these things exist; where every energy is bent in the direction of money-making rather than social amusement, and where religious services are never even tho't of, he is for a time, at least, like a three-cornered man thrust into a round hole.

The principal industry of this Territory is mining, and that is the one upon which all others depend. The farming area of Idaho is, comparatively speaking, very small, as it is only the valleys where water can be obtained for irrigation that can be cultivated, and, except near to some of the mining camps and settlements where a market can be found for his produce. The pioneer settler has a hard time of it in his efforts to avail himself of Uncle Sam's free gift of one hundred and sixty acres of land. Stock-raising and wool-growing are also carried on quite extensively here, and, in ordinary winters, cattle manage to subsist

(Continued on 2d page.)