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KEPHALINE TESTIMONY.

ALS.
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."

Sun-rise as Seen from the Top of Grandfather Mountain.

Sugar Grove N. C.

In the year 1862, a date memorable as the civil war, it was my privilege and good fortune to make a trip to this noted, far-famed and wonderful mountain. As usual we camped all night on top to see the moon rise at night, but more especially to see and enjoy the grandeur of a sunrise from the highest elevation of the Blue Ridge. The full moon in all its glory and mighty splendor loomed up in the eastern horizon with her shining face to illumine this dark globe of ours. Its grandeur and beauty inspired us with devotional desires to worship and praise the great Architect of this incomprehensible universe, who made the sun give light to make the day and the moon and stars to give light by night. No wonder the inspired poet sang, "and my soul mounted higher on a chariot of fire, and the moon it was under my feet." So it was with us, it seemed as if the moon came up from some deep cavern directly under our feet. We were up with the dawn of day, but alas! the mountain and deep valleys were shrouded with dark and lowering clouds, so light and vaporous that the gentle morning breezes stirred them up into all manner of comical and fantastical forms. First, the wind being east, we

see, as it were, great towns with their fine houses, cathedrals and streets, with the busy people going to and fro, hither and thither. Then the play stops, the curtain drops, the drama shifts and we see, as it were, great herds of all manner of beasts of the field in one heterogeneous crowd performing all manner of antic evolutions. And again the play stops, the scene changes and now we see great armies in military parade. All these representations were so vivid and natural that to our mind and imagination they seemed a reality. I have often been on Grandfather Mountain and have seen many sun rises yet I have never seen anything more interesting.

Farmers are now busy sowing oats, plowing for corn, and doing all manner of farm work preparatory for the coming crop, even all animated nature feels the renewing influence of genial Spring; the cows are lowing, the sheep bleating, the playful lambs skipping, (the very emblems of innocence) the hens cackling, the geese squalling, the frogs croaking, &c. &c.

"When the wicked rule, the people mourn" is a scriptural truth that all nations, in all the ages have realized. Are we living in an age of advanced thought and ideas? If so to what and where are we drifting as a nation, as a government, as a people. To my mind the tendency is very plain; we admit that in all the arts and sciences, manufacturing and mechanical industries, inventions &c. there is great improvement. But where will we find the patriotism of our forefathers who framed the best government known to the sons of men, and in power, wealth and prosperity we are without a rival in the history of nations. This is the bright side of the picture, a bright page in our history. Turn the lights on and let us see the dark side. First we have passed the age of patriotism and now we are at the zenith of our power and glory as a nation, or rather I should say a republic, for are we not drifting into a central, strong and oppressive form of government? Why is anarchy rampant? Why so many labor strikes? Why are the rich made richer and the poor made poorer? Why is the franchise a fraud and free and fair elections a farce, a failure. The echo of the answer gives no uncertain sound. The love of money, place and power, and their corrupting influences have corrupted the ballot box, demoralized legislation and promotes demagogues to office and what is the outcome of our late President election, have we a president of the whole people of our common country or have we a sectional president to favor and protect our manufacturers the capitalists, the monopolies at the expense and oppression of the people, can we tell which is president Benny or Jimmy? let the future records answer these grave and important questions.

Married the 20 inst. at the residence of the brides father Mr Wm. Farthing to Miss Laura Greene. Rev. Harrison Farthing officiating. Marion T Harman of Cove Creek was married to Miss Vicie Teague March the 24th at the home of the bride's parents. He brought his pretty wife home Monday for dinner when she was met and welcomed home as a daughter by the grooms parents. May the journey of their married life, be one of peace, prosperity and happiness. They were complimented with an old fashioned serenade in every conceivable way. R. V. W.

The Agricultural Editor.

Dike Fortescue rambled into the office of a rural newspaper, published in the interest of a small class of rural readers, and named "The Farmers' Friend and Cultivators' Champion." Dyke was fresh from Denver, where he had been doing local work on daily. He wanted a situation—he wanted it badly, and soon closed a bargain with the proprietor of the "Farmers' Friend and Cultivators' Champion." The proprietor intended to be absent for two weeks, and Dyke undertook to hold the journal's head steadily up the stream until his return.

"You will receive some visitors, quite likely," said the proprietor. "Take 'em in. Take 'em in in a manner that will reflect credit on the paper. They will want to talk stock, farming, horticulture, and etc., you know. Give it to 'em strong."

Dyke bowed, borrowed a half dollar, got a clean shave, a glass of beer, and soon returned to face the music and edit the first agricultural journal with which he had ever been connected.

I can feel that, with my journalistic experience, it will be just fun to run an agricultural paper," said Dyke to himself.

At 2 o'clock p. m. the first visitor showed up at the door of the office, and Dyke cordially invited him inside. The farmer entered hesitatingly, and remarked that he had expected to meet the proprietor, with whom he had an appointment to discuss ensilage.

"I am in charge of the journal," said Dyke.

"O, you are. Well you seem to have a pretty clean office here."

"Yes," replied Dyke. "But about this ensilage. Ensilage is a pretty good breed, isn't it?"

"Breed!" exclaimed the farmer,—"why—"

"I mean its a shore crop, something you can rely—"

"Crop! why it isn't a crop at all."

"Yes, yes, I know it isn't a crop at all, said Dyke, perspiring until his collar began melting down the back of his neck, "but you can do better and cleaner work with a good sharp ensilage on stubby ground than—"

"Take it for a sulky plow

do you?"

"No, No," said Dyke. "You don't seem to understand me. Now, if a farmer builds an ensilage on low ground—"

"Builds an ensilage! You seem to have the thing mixed up with some kind of a granary."

"Pshaw, no, continued Dyke: "I must make myself plainer. You see this ensilage properly mixed with one part guano, and the three parts hyphosphates of antimony, with the addition of a little bran and tan bark, and the whole flavored with chloride of lime, makes a top dressing for strawberry beds which—"

"Why ensilage isn't no manure."

"No certainly not said Dyke. "I know it is not often used in that way. You don't catch my drift. When I said top dressing I meant turkey dressing—stuffing you know—for Thanksgiving."

"Great Heavens, man! Ensilage isn't a human food!"

"No not a human food exactly," said poor Dyke grinning like an alms house idiot, "it isn't a food at all, in the true sense of the word. My plan has always been to lasso the hog with a trace chain, and after pinning his ears back with a clothes pin, put the ensilage into his nose with a pair of tweezers."

"My good lands! You don't use ensilage to ring hogs."

"I never believed myself that it should be used for the purpose, but when you want to ring hens, or young calves to keep them from sucking—"

The farmer slowly arose, and with some evidence of rheumatic twinges in his legs.

"Young man" he said solemnly, "you are a long ways from home, ain't you?"

"Yes," replied Dyke, dropping his eyes beneath the stern glances of the farmer. "In my ancestral halls in England, sad-eyed retainers wearily wait for my return."

"Go home, young man go home, to your feudal castle, and while on your way across the rolling deep, muse on the fact that ensilage is simply canned food for stock—put up expressly for family use in a silo, which is nothing less than an air tight pit where corn stalks, grass, millet clover, alfalfa and other green truck is preserved for winter use, as green and verdant as the sub-editor of "The Farmers' Friend and Cultivators' Champion."

And Dyke Fortescue sighed as he remarked to himself: "There ain't no sblamed much fun in running an agricultural paper as I thought."

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow; it strayed away one summer day, where lambs should not go. Then Mary sat her down, and tears streamed from her pretty eyes; she never found the lamb because she did not advertise. And Mary had a brother John, who kept a village store, he sat him down and smoked his pipe and watched the open door. And as the people passed along but did not

stop to buy. John still sat and smoked his pipe and blinked his sleepy eye. And so the sheriff closed him out but still he lingered near; and Mary came to drop with him a sympathising tear. "How is it sister, that these merchants here sell all their goods and pay their bills and thrive from year to year?" Remembering now her own bad luck the little maid replies: "These other fellows get there John, because they advertise"—Tyler Democrat and Reporter.

RELIGIOUS TOPICS.

J. S. Brown, a colored preacher of Arkansas, has been given a three years sentence for stealing a Bible from one of his flock.

"To know," said Tinker John Bunyan, "is a thing which pleaseth talkers and boasters; but to do is that which pleaseth God."

George W Rosure, the cowboy evangelist, is said to have an income of \$150.00 a day. It must be hard for him to preach from the Sermon on the mount.

The old man who stopped behind Will Adam's fodder pile, and took a big drink out of a bottle, though that no one saw him, but he is mistaken.—Industrial Banner.

Francis Murphy, the temperance orator, has decided to enter the ministry of the M. E. church. He has done so much good outside of the church that he cannot fail to be still more good in it.

"Madam, you are on the highroad to the Devil's headquarters," said Sam Jones to a Kansas woman who had a silk dress on, and she answered: "Then we shall probably meet again, sir!" At which Samuel turned a ripe strawberry color.

The life of a Minister of the Gospel is fraught with many disappointments, and if he wishes no have any pleasure in the world he has got to play his cards mighty fine. A parson out in Ohio has been suspended for being engaged to three women at one and the same time.

A GREAT SCHEME

An Austin man met a visitor from Northern Texas and asked him how a certain mutual friend was coming on.

He is doing well," was the reply. What business is he at?"

He has got the softest thing in the world of it. He bought a lot of donkeys at San Antonio for three dollars a piece, and taking them up to his ranche, he clears twenty seven dollars a head on them.

"Do they bring such high prices?" "No, but he lets the railroad trains run over them, and the company has to pay him thirty dollars a piece for them."

A DENTIST'S HOWL.

Friend—Well, Pullen, I suppose you are a happy married man

I'm nothappy as I might be.

"What's the matter?"

"My wife's relations are treating me very shabbily."

"How so?"

I've been married more

than thee weeks now, and as yet not one has come in and had a tooth pulled."

A DANGEROUS BUSINESS

Intruder—"Can't you get me a job?"

Clergyman—"I might get you a position as grave digger."

"I'd never take that if I starved to death."

"Why not?"

"Because the Bible says that he who digs a pit for another will fall into it himself."

ENFORCED PIETY.

"Are you going to keep Lent?"

"I've got to."

"How's that?"

"My landlady holds my trunk for board, so I have to stay right where I am. When it comes to fasting I've no choice in the matter."

Queen Natalie, of Servia is going to train up her boy herself in the way he should go, and when he is old enough he will probably go some other way.

An English art journal has offered a prize to any one who will discover the cause of baldness. Why seek to drag millions of family skeletons out into the garish light of day?

The girl who owns a fast horse and comfortable cutter, and who has a proper appreciation of the advantages of leap year should be a stranger to sorrow—Nebraska State Journal

An Illinois judge has ruled that what one sees through a key hole is not admissible evidence. But then Illinois has not risen to the height of the female suffrage law yet.—De Meill, in St. Louis Magazine.

The State of Sonora, Mexico levies a tax of two dollars on every baby born there and charges the farmer five cents for every chicken he raises and fifty cents for every sheep. The tax on raising chickens probably explains the total absence of the "culluk gemman" in Sonora.

"Highfartuten."

Persons of the least depth of thought are the ones that generally use the highest sounding words. They take sound for sense, and like an empty wagon, are heard at the greatest distance when the least filled. The Editor happened in Columbia, S.C., once when a dude who was attending the college there, was visiting his sweetheart at night, and wanted her to hand him the candle snuffers across the table. The following was his language:—

Will your ladyship, through an infinite and unmerited condescension, have the exquisite goodness to extend me that pair of ignipotent digesters that I may expurgate the excrecence of this nocturnal cylindrical luminary that the opular optics of its resplendent brilliancy may shine more potently."

It is said that the lady looking him full in the face replied: "Constantinople, sir." She ought have served him as Ded Sancepan served her fool beau, who was spouting round her while she was making up bread: filled his mouth with a pound of corn dough.—Rutherford College Gazette.