

Watauga Democrat.

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KEPHALINE TESTIMONIALS.

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."

The Last Dance.

"One, two, three, four, five, six." The town clock was telling the evening hour as the girl half-turned her head and listened.

"One, two, three, four, five, six," the pale lips counted softly, and the faintest glow of excitement shone a moment on the marble cheek.

"Six o'clock; I must be dressing for the ball; I wear my white silk, with lilies at the throat."

She was dreaming of the grand ball that was to have been that night, the last of the season.

"It will be my last dance this season," she whispered.

Ay, the very last; the watchers turned away to hide their faces from the agonized mother who bent sobbing above her dying child busy with her last toilet.

"Ah! the effect is good; those buds are fit to bloom in paradise. I look well to-night."

She was all ready now, and half waved her small, white hand, as in the motion of a fan, then said merrily:

"I'm coming Frank; almost ready."

She was going now; going down to meet her lover, and the careless lips were trying to hum a measure of the old Danube waltz, whose strains she had followed to the very

portals of eternity.

The watchers shivered with dread, while her mother hid her face in the pillow beside the fair girl dancing out to meet Death, and sobbed aloud. The revel was almost over, and the dying belle laid her hand on the bowed head beside her, and said:

"Frank do you hear that music? It is the last waltz. Hurry, or I shall miss it. Is it not lovely, that old Danube strain? Listen! how it floats away—away—away. Faster; you are lagging—away—away—away!"

The white arms were lifted for the lover's clasp, but Death was weary of the farce, and struck them down.

The dance was over; the lights of the ball-room were beginning to flicker, and the dancer was very tired. She moved uneasily, sighed wearily, and spoke more slowly and softly, the passion in the voice all gone:

"Frank, where are you? Home—take—me home. It is getting—dark—now."

Ay, dark! the watchers shuddered at the horror of it and the frantic mother put her hands over her ears when the girl said:

"Why don't the music stop? It is—out of tune."

Demons are twanging the chords which grate on dying ears.

The girl shivered, and whispered, "Cold—go faster—it is late."

Ay, late; too late! They were going fast; and the girl nestled close in the pillow and said, so softly they could hardly hear: "Nearly home-go fast—freezing—go—"

They thought she was dead, but she sighed, shivered, and said: "We stayed—too long—but—my last—partner—"

He had come to claim her; the belle of the ball was dead; and the last partner was Death; and they drifted out together to the music of sobbing and tears.

The fairy form was robed in the white silk, and lily buds nestled upon the lifeless breast; Death held her in a clasp, closer than the lovers had been; the ball was over, but he still held her; the music was ended, the lights gone but still the beautiful dancer lay quietly in the arms of her last partner—Death.

WILL ALLEN

OKLAHOMA.

Career of Capt. Payne, Founder of the New Territory.

The Various Attempts Which He Made at Colonization.

Capt. Payne will go down to posterity as the founder of the coming State of Oklahoma.

He was a Western adventurer—a bold and brainy man, full of schemes and expedients, and gifted with some of the magnetic qualities of leadership.

Some ten or a dozen years ago Capt. Payne took a trip through the Beautiful Land, as the Indians call it. He saw a fertile territory with a genial climate, where every prospect pleased, and where there was nothing vile but man.

Why not seize this attractive country, and turn it over to white domination? With this dazzling idea in his mind, this enterprising

filibuster harangued the people of Kansas until he had collected a crowd of boomers.

A land company was organized, and shares were sold at five dollars each. A colony company was also organized with two dollar shares.

Finally, in 1880, Payne made a break to Oklahoma with twenty-five men, and started a town. At the end of three weeks Federal troops marched in, captured the village and sent Payne and his men to prison. At the expiration of two weeks the boomers were discharged.

Finding that he was regarded as a hero, the Capt. organized a camp of 200 men on the Kansas border, and waited for another opportunity. For four or five years there were occasional invasions of Oklahoma. Squads of men would ship in, locate lands, and be followed by the troops and ejected, to begin the work over again.

In 1884, Payne carried a colony of 600 into the coveted land, built a town, with a newspaper, church and school. The soldiers broke up the settlement, and its founder went to prison again. He was released, and was getting ready for another expedition, when death struck him down in his prime.

But Payne's work went on. He had started the Oklahoma craze, and men continued to talk about it, and collect in camps on the border. The idea spread like a prairie fire, until speculators and statesmen gave themselves up to it, and at last Congress yielded to the pressure, and enabled Payne's followers to accomplish in a lawful way, what was unlawful during the life-time of their leader.

So the dead adventurer was the first Oklahoman. When his colony grows into a state it will honor his memory, and perhaps vote him a statue or a portrait in its Capitol. Although he knew it not, death overtook him just when success was about to crown his efforts.—Atlanta Constitution.

SERVE YOUR GENERATION.

Rev. W. B. Wingate preached an excellent sermon in the Baptist church last Sunday night, using the above caption as a subject, in which he gave his audience some food for thought. We have been talking about the sermon since we heard it. In his earnest manner the preacher advanced the thoughts we reproduce below:

"The Creator of us all constituted each one of us with an aptitude for some work. No man was created to do nothing. The generation in which we live demands service at our hands in turn for the service it does us. The world contains three classes of individuals. One whose influence is bad and often a curse to his generation, one who floats upon the tide of time like a piece of driftwood upon the smooth bosom of a stream, and one whose deeds have a salutary effect upon those with whom he comes in

contact, whose influence is a real blessing to his generation.

In order to serve our day properly we must sympathize with it. The woes of our neighbors must be our woes. When their harp strings are snapped, our piping must cease, or there will be a discord. Together let our tears fall, and together let our joys be known. Let not the mourner be alone at the grave, but be ready to prop the inward sinking, and rejoice with those who rejoice. This leads to the second thought:

We must know the needs of the world, and in order to do this we reach another idea—we must be one of the world of men and women by whom we are surrounded. No man can live to himself. Remember we are human, and we are surrounded by human beings no better or worse than our selves. Don't shut yourself up in the narrow shell of your own selfish self. Stir about and commune with others, remembering that you are one of your fellows. A man who communes alone with his own feelings and ideas of things will find his soul becoming dwarfish, sickening and dying, and will fill the unbedecked grave of a suicide, or go down beneath the SHAME OF INSANITY. Be liberal. Don't be afraid of dirt; for "dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return." "He that exhalteth himself shall be brought low."

Serve your generation, because it is the will of God that you do it. If the duty we owe to our fellow-men will not constrain us to serve our generation the unalterable duty we owe God will surely constrain us.—Yadkin Valley News.

A Young Man Without A Skin Baffles The Physicians.

Chicago Dispatch, 11th.

Wm. Crawford, the son of the well-known tug captain of that name, died Sunday afternoon. He bled to death at the nose, but had lost so much blood previously that the hemorrhage from the nose was not great. Mr. Crawford, who was but 22 years of age, was peculiarly afflicted. He had but one skin, which is to say he had no other skin at all. The veins stood out all over his body in the plainest manner possible.

From the time that he was six years of age he had been subject to bleeding spells, which were liable to break out at any time, and in any part of his body. He lost a vast amount of blood in that way, and was afraid of taking any exercise at all for fear of starting the bleeding anew. For the past two weeks the young man had been confined to his bed, being too weak to even sit up, and this morning, bleeding at his nose having set in, he soon passed away. Physicians were sent for from various cities in the East, but they could do nothing for him. A new skin could not be grafted on and it was but a question of a short time until the patient would bleed to death.

LOOK OUT, WE HAVE STRUCK BOTTOM!!

Standard Prints, 6 to 10 c. Worsteds 12½ to 22 cts. All kinds of dress goods at correspondingly low figures. Lawns from 6 to 10 cts. Men's wool hats 25 cts. to \$1. Fur hats \$150 upward. Hardware consisting of, plows, hoes, planes, chisels, saws, hammers, hinges, & etc., & Cutlery of all sort, at bottom prices. Crockery in endless variety, and as cheap as it can be found in the County.

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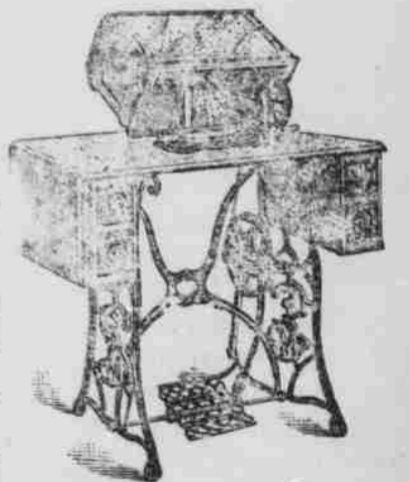
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