

Watauga Democrat.

VOL. 2

BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1889.

NO. 10.

A DEMOCRATIC family newspaper devoted to the interest of its County, State and Nation.

Published Every Thursday at Boone, Watauga County, N. C.

D. B. DOUGHERTY, EDITOR.
R. C. RIVERS, PUBLISHER.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

1 copy 1 year.....\$1
1 " 6 months.....50c.
1 " 3 months.....35c.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 inch 1 week.....75c.
1 " 1 month.....\$1.75
1 " 3 ".....\$3.
1 " 6 ".....\$5.
1 " 1 year.....\$7

1 column 1 week.....\$9
1 " 1 month.....\$13.50
1 " 3 ".....\$25
1 " 6 ".....\$37.50
1 " 1 year.....\$50

For intermediate rates correspond with the Editor.

Local notices 5 cents a line. Subscription invariably in ADVANCE and advertisements payable on demand.

KEPHALINE

A safe and reliable remedy for HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE and NEURALGIA. A few drops passed over the painful surface gives immediate relief, with termination of the attack. Price 25c. and 50c. per bottle. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Prepared only by the KEPHALINE DRUG CO., Lenoir, North Carolina.

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."

A TRIP THROUGH ASHE.

Boone, N. C.,
Aug. 23, '89.

To the DEMOCRAT:

Last Sunday morning with Capt. Lovell I started for Jefferson. The Capt. was going to attend court at that place, while I was on a pleasure trip. We met quite a crowd gathering for worship at Three Fork Church, after that scarcely a person was seen stirring. On the top of the Blue Ridge a fine view was obtained. Far below us lay the valley of Yac kin Elk, while in the distance curved the Brushy Mountains, (curved by the extent of vision). A Northern gentleman is talking of building a fine summer residence commanding this scenery.

We were soon at Gap Creek and stopped for dinner and to feed our horse, at the hospitable home of A. D. Cowles. While dinner was being served I went to the mine about 1/2 mile from the store, and thoroughly examined the whole outfit, machinery, ore and all, and sampled some of the brightest looking pieces. The company is doing a lot of work there with ten hands and two large engines; one for drawing up the ore, and the other for crushing it up for shipping. A shaft has been cut eighty feet deep, striking a vein of copper, silver and gold. The ore has been anal-

ysed and proves to be very rich. I returned to the store, with my hands full of ore, and met Mr. Calvin J. Cowles, who is an expert in mineralogy, and a large share owner in the mine, and he took it piece at a time and told me what they contained, giving me a very interesting lesson in mineralogy, till we had to leave for Jefferson.

Driving up New River we noticed that very few of the meadows were cut, and corn was not very good. We reached Jefferson at sunset, and found quite a number of lawyers and citizens in town. Capt. stopped with 'jolly' Mart Hardin, I with my grand father, E. C. Bartlett.

Monday morning court was called at the usual hour. Judge Phillips made the plainest charge to the jury I ever heard. There was the usual large docket, with a murder case ready for trial. There was not quite so much drinking in town as there usually is at court. Monday evening I rode into the country with Joseph Dougherty, who lives at Linton, on No. 10 Fork, near the foot of the Three Top Mountain, a country that is unrivaled for magnificent scenery. There rises the Three Top Mountains like three sentinels overlooking the North Fork of New River on the north, to the south Long hope, which falls 212 feet, then runs through a low marshy country for several miles they guard the grandeur and beauty of those romantic mountains. Many beautiful and interesting legends are told of this section; of numerous finds of silver mines, but nothing has ever been found to substantiate them. An old trail is tracked through these mountains believed to have been the oldest road through the mountains to Tennessee, and no doubt many an Indian squaw has carried her papoose along this trail from the Yac kin to neighboring tribes in Tennessee. Elk Knob, made famous by the pen of A. M. Dougherty, is not far distant and true indeed.

Thou standest like a pyramid, Grand, silent, and alone.

An Indian's grave was lately washed up by the river and numerous Indian relics uncovered. As I turned my back and started for Jefferson the words of that poem brooded on my mind, The red man, Oh! where is he, That hunted down thy game, Before whose chase the elk did flee.

And left to thee his name, No sacred urn to mark the spot, Where the poor Indian sleeps, His memory vanished and forgotten.

Without a friend that weeps.

Wednesday, with my uncle, E. P. Bartlett I went to the Thompson Spring, 9 miles east of Jefferson. This spring was discovered 5 years ago, by a Mr. Barker, who was working near by in a new ground. His hands were sore and burnt. In the edge of a branch he found a little dream which he cleaned out with his hands. The next day his hands were much better, and

he continued washing and in a few days they were entirely well. His daughter, who was an invalid, used the water curiously curing her. From then on, the spring created a wonderful excitement. Often 4 or 5 hundred people would gather there of Sundays and drink of the water. So famous became the spring for curing every ailment the human flesh is heir to that the bald headed men would wash their hair in the hope of growing a new growth of hair. A rich company was formed to utilize the water. Analyses were made which proved the water to contain principally Bromine and Arsenic which gave it the name of Bromine-Arsenic Spring. A large hotel and several cottages have been erected for the accommodation of guests who wish to spend their time at the spring.

The water is shipped in large quantities to all parts of the world. A bottle and packing house is built near by and the water is piped into them. The spring is walled with marble and a house built over it. They use half gallon bottles for shipping which sell for 50 cts. each. The spring runs a gallon per minute. They often employ 50 wagons to haul the water to the rail road at Marion, Va., from which point it is shipped. Mr. Parmer has bought the interest of his partners and owns it exclusively. He has lately sold the Salt works at Saltville, Va., for a million dollars and claims the spring to be worth far more.

There are several other springs in the Co. which have been analyzed equally as good and some better than the Thompson. Phummer's, one half mile from Thompson's, is in operation shipping water. Ashley's, in the western part of the Co. has also been worked some, and several others in different sections of the county.

Ashe is also rich in iron, copper, mica and many other metals which will, in a short time, bring to them a railroad.

Mr. Clayton, who formerly worked Ore Knob was in town several days during court wanting to buy all the iron property in Ashe. He represents a very rich syndicate—worth two hundred million—and they are interested in Ashe and if they can secure enough property will build a rail road to it.

Thursday morning I left for home, arriving late that evening.

D. D. D.

CROSSING THE RUBICON.
The Rev. Hue McMillan, D. D., L. L. D.,
P. R. S. E., in the quiver.

In every human life there is a Rubicon to cross. A critical moment comes, sooner or later, in which we have to pass from the old life to the new by an act which decides our fate and determines the whole nature of our future. There is no career so quiet and uneventful but this fateful moment occurs in it. It will come in the shape of temptation, or sorrow, or change; and the way in which the crowning trial will be met, will be determined by the

training that has been received from the previous routine of ordinary life. We have in little things the lesson which becomes of power, of use in great events; and acquire in resistance to daily petty temptations a self-reliance of character which is to be called out into resolute vigor in critical experiences.

The best preparation for the crossing of any Rubicon is wrestling with God beforehand in prayer, like Jacob. If we succeed in getting the blessing of the Lord, we know that our path will be a victorious one, that our foes will become friends, and the things that were adverse, favorable. We shall pass over into the new circumstances knowing, it may be but dimly what shall befall us, but having already in possession wrought out in the very texture of our soul, through the trial in which we have been victorious, that faith in God which is the ground of our most absolute confidence and our largest hope. But it may be that our Rubicon is of a different nature. It may be like David's a flight from the consequences of our sin. We cross the brook of sadness because we have planted in our life some seeds of evil, and are now reaping its bitter fruit. We have found that sin breaks the ties and sweet associations of life, and drives the soul into a dreary and lonely desert. The curse rises from the ground, and like Shimei's becomes articulate to us. We pass through the valley of the shadow of death, but such a crossing over the Kidron of the soul will be blessed, if it leads as in David's case, to heartfelt and abiding repentance; for the sin that creates a breach between us and others, will create if we are truly penitent, a deeper friendship between us and Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin, and whose love makes the sinner's sorrow—which would have been unavailing if it were only the sorrow of the world that worketh death—the strait and narrow way to higher holiness and purer happiness.

If the crossing of the stream has been to us, as to Jacob and David, a decisive change of character and purpose, the waters will be a very baptism of purification, in which our old life will be carried from us down into the Dead Sea, and our flesh will come again like unto the flesh of a little child. We shall pass over to a Mahanaim, the Lord's host, from the valley of the shadow of death lead across the dark waters of sorrow to God's heart and to God's throne; and shall acquire, in the wrestling of the Jabok, the earnest of the inheritance of the saints in light.

The passing through any trial that is sanctified to us, is a crossing of the brook Kidron to the Gethsemane of the soul with Christ. Why is all sorrow so lonely? Why does it make a solitude around us and with us? Why does it withdraw us from our

fellow-creatures, and lead us into the desolate wilderness, where common experience and ordinary sympathy are unavailing? Is it not that we may be brought into nearer and tenderer relationship with Him who has felt the awful burden of human woe as no human being has realized it, and in all our afflictions is still affeted? We are made capable of feelings which we can not utter, and of pains and sorrows which we can not share with others, because Jesus is the interpreter of our feelings and the sharer of our sorrows.

The cloud that shuts us out from the world, shuts us in more closely with Him; and in the very core of the cloud's darkness and loneliness, we behold the transfiguration of sorrow—a beauty and a glory such as we see not in all the fairest and brightest hours of life. The wilderness where human help is furthest off, is the place where heavenly help is nearest; where the ladder is set up that reaches from earth to heaven, and the angel appears in the bush and ministers tenderly to our necessities, under the shadow of the juniper where we have lain down to die.

Life knows not such peculiar and gracious revelations of Divine love, as the solitude of suffering into which we are withdrawn from our fellow creatures to be more entirely alone with Himself. We have not to say to Him, "Couldst thou watch with me one hour?," He is with us,—a very present help in time of our need. It is no angel that strengthens us, but the Lord Jesus himself. The sorrow with which no stranger can intermeddle, may weep its self out on the bosom of the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. For us there is no lonely, forsaken place in God's universe. We can say, "Alone, yet not alone for the Savior is with me," as we pass over the brook Kidron to share in the Gethsemane of the soul, the fellowship of his sufferings, as he shares the fellowship of ours.

Our own pain and sorrows will give us a fuller understanding of the sufferings of the Man of sorrows, and bind us more closely to him; for nothing brings two beings nearer than a shared sorrow. And having thus drunk at the brook sadness with him by the way, we shall yet lift up our heads with him in bliss. We shall be with him, when "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Corporal Tanner is reported as saying to the soldiers, "I told Harrison to let me alone and I would attend to my own business." He added that he was now debating whether he would ask Congress for one hundred and fifteen millions or one hundred and ten million as against the present appropriation of eighty millions. Considering that this pension business is Tanner's, the won-

der is that he proposes to ask Congress any thing about it. It is his business—and he will attend to his business, he says, if Harrison will let him alone. That is pretty high ground to take; but if he takes it, we think he ought to pay the money out of his own pocket. The people have nothing to do with it. The President has nothing to do with it. It's the Corporal's business, and we are entirely in favor of his running the thing to his own account.—*Observer.*

The movement toward free trade, towards loosening the fetters that bind our commerce, while limiting the safe production of goods, is progressing with some rapidity. Additional momentum is given to the ball as each month passes, and more failures in manufacturing circles, bring distress to the business men of the East. The number of disasters that have occurred among the woolen manufacturers puts everybody on the inquiry as to the cause, and the ruined men have not been backward in saying that the cause was the tariff on wool.

About a week ago we printed a list of recent failures in that branch of business. Since then other mills have succumbed. In Rhode Island the Wauregan Company which had two mills, employed 1,600 hands; the Nottingham Mills, and the Thornton worsted Mills, the British Hosiery Company and others, have either suspended or are involved.

In Philadelphia several woolen failures have also occurred. The Philadelphia men do not attempt to conceal the cause, but publicly ascribe it to the tariff.

The iron men of Massachusetts are in a like bad cause. We think it very probable that the influence of these embarrassments will tend to promote a revision of the tariff, and the drift will be toward the democratic doctrine of free raw material. Sooner or later it will come. The wisdom of our policy will receive the sanction of beneficial experience, and the Democratic party will be justified for its devoted adherence to sound principles of political economy.—*Observer.*

The number of persons killed by trains within a few hours of each other is worthy of remark. It is reported that on Saturday night three negroes were killed on the Richmond & Danville road. Another was killed on the same road in Charlotte the same night, and two white men the same night just this side of Durham. Two white men were killed on the Air Line, 50 miles from Charlotte on Sunday.

The accidents are frightful. It is not to be understood, however, that the rail roads are to blame. The unfortunate men virtually committed suicide when they placed themselves on the track at night.

T. B. FINLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Wikesboro, North Carolina.