

# Watauga Democrat.

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### Ingersoll on Whiskey.

I am aware there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe that from the time it issues from the coiled, and poisonous worm in to the distillery until it empties into the hell of death dishonor and crime, that it demoralizes everybody that touches it from its source to where it ends. I do not believe anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against the liquor crime.

All we have to do gentlemen is to think of the wrecks on either bank of the stream of death; of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the destitution, of the little children tugging at the faded and weary breasts of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread, of the talented men of genius it has wrecked, the men struggling with imaginary serpents, produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffolds, upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this stuff called alcohol.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength and age in its weakness. Breaks the fathers heart, bereaves the darling mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachments, blights parental hope and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength, sickness not health, death not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans; fathers fiends and all of them paupers and beggars. Feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, misery and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses and supplies your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots. It crowds penitentiaries and furnishes victims to your scaffolds. It is the life blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances

the liar, respects the thief and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud and honors infamy. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband massacre his wife and the child to grind the patrician axe. It burns up men, it consumes women, detests life, curses God and despises heaven. It stubbornly witnesses, curses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors statesmen, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame not honor; terror not safety; despair, not happiness; and with the benevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolation and unsatisfied with its havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidences, slays reputation and wipes out national honors. It curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

It does all that and more—it murders the soul. It is the son of villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of abominations; the devils best friend, and Gods worst enemy.

### 'Our Dead Boy.'

The following is reproduced in the Messenger because it contains deep, heartfelt pathos, and by itself is a gem of pure English idiom:

"I saw my wife pull the bottom drawer of the old bureau this evening, and I went softly out and wandered up and down until I knew she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have something laid away in that drawer that the gold of kings could not buy and yet they are relics that grieve us until our hearts are sore. I haven't dared to look at them for a year, but I remember each article. There are two worn shoes, chip hat with the brim gone, some stockings, pantaloons, a coat, two or three spools, bits of crockery, a whip and several toys. Wife, poor thing, goes to that drawer every day of her life and prays over it, and lets her tears fall over the precious articles, but I dare not go. Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. Sometimes when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child will call out in the street as our boy used to, and we both will start up with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever. It is still quite now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout, his ringing laugh, but there is no sound. There is no one to search my pockets, and tease me for presents, and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, or ropes tied to the door knobs. I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulders, to lose my

axe, to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there when I come, to call 'good night' from the little bed now empty. And wife she misses him still more. There are a little feet to wash, no prayers to say, no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, sobbing with pain from the hurt toe, and she would give her life almost to wake at midnight and look across the crib and see our boy as he used to be. So we preserve our relics, and when we are dead we hope strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.—*Messenger*

### Thanksgiving Proclamation, North Carolina.

Executive Department.  
Whereas, in the preamble of our State Constitution it is declared that we, the people of the State of North Carolina, are grateful to Almighty God, the Sovereign Ruler of Nations, for the preservation of the American Union, and existence of our civil, political and religious liberties, and acknowledge our dependence upon Him for the continuance of these blessings to us and our prosperity; and,

Whereas, the Governor is directed by statute to set apart, by proclamation, a day in every year as a day of solemn and public thanksgiving to Almighty God for past blessings and of supplication for his continued kindness and care over us as a State and Nation; now, therefore, I, Daniel G. Fowle, Governor of the State of North Carolina, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 28th of November, 1889, as a day of solemn and public thanksgiving and supplication, and I earnestly invoke the people of the State devoutly to assemble themselves together on that day in their respective places of worship, and supplicate for us the perpetuity of our institutions and the continuance of God's blessings to us; and whilst thus engaged, let us not forget to ask His blessings upon the poor and needy amongst us, and to contribute liberally to the helpless orphans that are dependent upon our care and to the institutions which have been organized in our midst for their maintenance.

Done at our City of Raleigh this 2nd day of November, One thousand eight hundred and eighty nine, and in the One hundred and fourteenth Year of our American Independence. By the Governor:  
DAN'L G. FOWLE.

### Vacant Farms in Vermont.

A rather sad story is told by Mr. Valentine, a Vermont official, about the desertion of that beautiful State by its former inhabitants. Standing with other officials on a hill in Bennington county, and looking over the valley of the West river, a tributary of the Connecticut, they counted fifteen contiguous farms, of perhaps a hundred acres each, all fenced, and with dwelling houses and barns in at least tolerable condition, without a single inhabitant. Beyond toward the Connecticut, but hidden

by the maple groves in the valley, were, as they knew, fifteen more, also deserted, yet all well situated and still showing signs of their former fertility. Statistics show that a similar condition prevails all over the State. In Windham county alone are more than forty thousand acres of land, once cultivated but now deserted, and in the whole state the number of abandoned farms, complete with houses, fences, barns and outbuildings, must be several thousand. Yet Vermont is one of the pleasantest, healthiest, most fertile and most civilized states in the Union. In its river valleys is no malaria, while its hills are covered to the summit with vegetation. The reckless agriculture which agriculture which has made portions of the South nearly barren has never been favored in Vermont, where a century or more of stock farming has rather enriched than exhausted the soil; yet the people who once found happy homes there have crowded into the towns or have left the State altogether. In thirty years, from 1850 to 1880, the increase in population in Vermont was five per cent, while the population of the whole country more than doubled, and that of the adjoining State of Massachusetts increased by nearly eighty per cent. Not pretending to any ideas on political economy we will not try to account for this strange condition of things, but it is certainly curious that a region so favored in climate and position should be retrograding so rapidly.—*American Architect*.

### Beware of the Quiet Man.

A big, burly man, with the form of a heavy-weight pugilist was making himself exceedingly objectionable to the passengers on a Sixth avenue train about 2 o'clock yesterday morning. He sat stretched with his long legs clear across the aisle, his hat forward over his eyes, and a look on his face which seemed to declare:

"I'm a bad man, see! I'm looking for trouble, and I don't care where it comes from."

Several passengers were unfortunate enough to stumble over the man's feet and in return were profanely abused for doing so. There was not a man in the car who did not feel inclined to punch the fellow's head—but he looked too formidable. At Thirty-third street, however, the bully met his match.

A quiet looking little man, with the appearance of a prosperous young clerk, but who, in reality, was a well known teacher of fencing and boxing, entered, and, as he made his way to one of the cross seats encountered the outstretched legs of the objectionable person. Very politely the new-comer turned to him and said:

"Sir will you kindly draw in your feet so that I can

pass?"

The bully looked up to see who had made such an impertinent request, and said to the inoffensive-looking man, after a string of oaths: "I do nawthing, see! If yer wants ter get by you'll step over dose feet, and if youse good sense you'll be careful how you does it."

The little man's eyes flashed, and he said, in a tone very different to that he had previously used:

"Sir, draw in your feet!"

An oath was the only response, and the little man with a "then take that," gave the big man a magnificent kick in the shins. The big fellow then jumped to his feet to annihilate the little one—but he didn't. Hardly was he out of his seat before a sledgehammer blow under the chin knocked him flat on his back, and there he lay. The blow knocked him out.

The passengers fairly cheered; but the quiet little man was not looking for glory. Going to his seat he had selected before the encounter, he sat down unconcernedly pulled out a news paper and began to read. The guard and one or two of the passengers roughly jammed him into a seat. His dazed senses soon began to return, but he said not a word, and at Fifty-ninth street he meekly left the train.—*New York Times*.

### The Mormon's Strategems.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 3.—A party of Mormon Elders created considerable excitement in the northern part of Fayette county last week and narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of the indignant citizens. A young woman was going through the country preaching Mormonism and made a number of converts. She was accompanied by two elders who kept in the background and had little to say. A few days ago it was discovered that the eloquent preacher who was teaching Mormonism was not a woman, but a young man disguised in female attire. This discovery caused great excitement among the country people, especially those who had entertained the disguised preacher at their houses. Friday night a committee of citizens waited on the three elders. Some wanted to lynch them on the spot; others proposed a coat of tar and feathers, and the three elders were badly frightened. Cool heads ruled the angry mob, and the elders were allowed to depart on their promise to leave the county in twenty-four hours never to return. They were warned that they would meet with summary punishment if they visited that locality again.—*News-Observer*.

### The Goose Bone Prophecy.

The true bone is the sharp blade from the breast of a goose that was hatched in Spring and has a trace of wild blood. A row of dots around the keel of the bone forecasts the weather. The darker these spots the colder

the weather will be. Contrary to corn husk law, the goose bone says there will be a very mild winter. "There will not be many days in which running water will freeze." The coldest weather will come the latter half of January, and the coldest day of will be January 27. The January thaw will come in February, and there will be disastrous floods and dam bursting and the fiend to pay generally. After that we shall have an early Spring. We ought to.—*Buta (Me) Times*.

### Montana Goes Republican.

Helena, Mont., Nov. 4.—The State Canvassing Board met at 10 o'clock today finishing the canvass of the State vote. Silver Bow county was counted as canvassed by its board thus electing ten entire Republican State ticket except Toole for Governor. The Supreme Court and six out of the eight district judges are Republican. The Senate is a tie with the Republican Lieutenant Governor to give the casting vote. The Republican majority in the House is six. In the contest in Jefferson county the Republicans expect to gain one member in the House which will give them a majority of eight on joint ballot. There is a tie for a joint member of the House in Beaver Head and Deer Lodge counties which will necessitate a re election. Out of 22,000 votes cast only 1,800 are against the adoption of the constitution.—*News and Observer*.

### Drinking A Farm.

My homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in a ten-cent glass of gin, let me give a fact to wash down with it. You say you have longed for years for the free independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get money enough together to buy a farm. But this is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of 100 square feet at a gulp. If you doubt this statement figure it out for yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating for convenience, the land at \$43.66 per acre, you will see that it brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now pour down the fiery dose and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in your friends and have them help you gulp down a 500 foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there's dirt it—100 square feet of good rich dirt, worth \$53.56 per acre.—*Bob Barlette*.

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