

Watauga Democrat.

State Librarian

VOL 4

BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1891.

NO. 21.

PROFESSIONAL.

W. B. COUNCELL, JR.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Boone, N. C.

W. B. COUNCELL, M. D.
Boone, N. C.

Resident Physician. Office
on King Street north of Post
Office.

E. F. LOVILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Boone N. C.

DR. L. C. REEVES.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office at Residence.
Boone, N. C.

L. D. LOWE,
Attorney at Law

AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
BANNER'S ELK, N. C.

J. Q. WILBAR,
DENTIST,
ELK PARK, NORTH CAROLINA.

Offers his professional services
to the people of Mitchell,
Watauga and adjoining coun-
ties. *No Lad material used
and all work guaranteed.*
May 11 y.

J. F. MORPHEW,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARION, N. C.

(-o-)

Will practice in the courts of
Watauga, Ashe, Mitchell, McDow-
ell and all other counties in the
western District. *Special atten-
tion given to the collection of
claims.*

Ed M. Madron,
DENTAL SURGEON,

Rosee, North Carolina.
Offers his professional services
to the people of this and adjoin-
ing counties. All work promptly
done and satisfaction guaran-
teed.
Oct. 27, 3 mo.

NOTICE.

Hotel Property for Sale.

On account of failing health
of myself and wife, I offer for sale
my hotel property in the town of
Boone, North Carolina, and will
sell low for cash and make terms
to suit the buyer, and will take
real or personal property in ex-
change. Apply soon.
W. L. BRYAN.

Notice.

For sale, 900 acres of land,
on Rich Mountain, Watauga
County, on which is asbestos,
and fine land for sheep ranch.
Sales private. L. D. Lowe &
J. T. Furgerson, Ex'trs. of
Mrs. A. P. Calloway, decd.
Banner Elk, Nov. 15 '90..

Money to loan.

Persons wishing to bor-
row money, who can secure
it by mortgage on good real
estate, can be accommodated
by applying to
J. F. Spainhour, Boone N. C.
or A. J. Critcher, Horton N. C.
4. 24.

NOTICE.

Parties putting papers in
my hand for execution will
please *advance the fees* with
the papers and they will re-
ceive prompt attention, other-
wise they will be returned
not executed for the want of
fees. D. F. BAIRD SHEFF.

Wrong Complaints.

For more than two hun-
dred years the cry in Eng-
land was high taxation. France up to the French Rev-
olution was literally despoil-
ed, crushed, ruined by taxes. Shakespeare measured their
true worth. He satirized and
denounced them again and
again. He said that taxat-
ion even reached the woods—
"We take from every tree,
top, bark, and part of the
timber, and though we leave
it with a root, thus hacked,
the air will drink the sap." He says of taxes, that "all
their curses now live where
their prayers did," and "all
are in uproar, and danger
serves among them."

But the complaints of the
centuries were wrong and il-
l-founded, and showed ingrati-
tude. The true way to na-
tional prosperity and bless-
ing, as we have seen, is by
the smooth, lawn-like, flower-
strewn way of taxation. Make the taxes high enough
and everything prospers at
once. This is the Harrison
curative for all political ills.

Pile up the taxes and you
make the people happy.
If you would let the great
American Republic outstrip
all rivals and become a land
of milk and honey, with gold-
en rivers running everywhere
and a bucolic people happy
beyond the race, all you have
to do is to strengthen the
bonds of taxation and levy
contributions upon the poor-
er classes for the special ben-
efit of nabobs and Million-
aires. This is the sum of the
wisdom of the Harrison-Reed
McKinley gang who are the
agents and exponents of the
half million rich men of their
party. The higher the taxes
the happier the people. What
a commentary upon common
sense!—Wilmington Messen-
ger.

Inevitable With an It.

Chairman Clarkson of the
National Republican Com-
mittee says the renominat-
ion of Harrison is inevitable
and that this will be accepted
as a fact by all within the
next sixty days. Clarkson ad-
mits that Harrison is not his
choice, but he, in common
with other Republicans, must
take his medicine. This, com-
ing from the head of the Re-
publican machine, seems to
be authoritative, but there's
many a slip 'twixt the cup
and the lip, especially when
Blaine is within reaching dis-
tance of the cup.—Kansas
City Star.

Speaker Crisp has an un-
usually difficult task arrang-
ing the committees of the
House. There is a very large
proportion of new members
and the traditions of the
House are opposed to giving
them prominence. It is clearly
a case where tradition
should be put aside and the
members be assigned accord-
ing to their ability and fit-
ness to serve the House and
the party. There are old
members enough for the re-
sponsible positions, but the
"filling" should be done from
the best material available.
N. Y. World.

A terrible massacre of Chris-
tians and converted natives
has taken place in northern
China. The Belgian mission
station was burned.—Press
and Carolinian.

THOSE STOLEY GRAPES.

BY MAY THOMAS.

"Oh, mamma! see what I
have brought you," exclaimed
Willie Warner, as he ran in
the neat little cottage he called
home.

"Where did you get those
lovely grapes?" said a weak,
thin voice within.

"I don't know," said six-
year-old Willie. "Jim Hook
told me he knew where there
were such nice grapes that
we could easily get, so he and
I agreed to go and get some.
After we had gotten them, he
said we had better not let
anyone see them. I don't
know why, but I suppose he
thought they might take
them from us," said innocent
Willie.

The sick woman was on the
point of scolding Willie and
telling him he must take them
back, when a heavy knock
was heard at the door.

Willie answered the knock,
and before him stood an an-
gry-looking farmer.

"Good morning," was the
surly salute.

Willie looked innocently in-
to his face and said, "Good
morning, sir."

"Where is your mother?"
"In the next room. Step
in, sir," said polite Willie.

"Good morning, Mrs. War-
ner, I just come ter tell ye
that I am goin' ter have yer
boy 'jerked; I'll 'arn him ter
steal my grapes, the young
rascal."

"Why," replied Mrs. War-
ner, "I don't think Willie stole
them purposely."

"Yes, he did not mean ter
steal them, that is always
the cry. I'll 'arn him."

"Mamma, I did not take the
grapes," said Willie. "Wait,
Mr. Grover, I'll tell you all
about it."

"Jim Hook told me about
such nice grapes; he said he
would take me along to get
some for mamma, for she was
sick, and I tell you, Mr. Gro-
ver, I would do anything for
my mother. This morning
we started to get those grapes
and he told me not to let any-
one see me. I asked him why,
and he said 'keep quiet,' and
I thought he was afraid some-
one would take them from
us, but I did not know they
were stolen grapes."

Mr. Grover arose, a tear
glistened in his eye, and in an
unsteady voice he said: "I
once had a mother, too, my
boy; and I believe you have
spoken the truth."

He started toward the door,
but stopped and said: "Mrs.
Warner, where is yer friends?"

Tears came to Mrs. War-
ner's eyes, and in an unsteady
voice she said, "I have no
friends."

"How strange," thought
the farmer, "I once had a
daughter, she ran off with
the man she loved, and we
never forgave her, so she
passed out of our lives until
my wife died, and on her
death bed she made me prom-
ise to hunt and never give up
till I had found her."

Mrs. Warner sprang from
the couch and threw her arms
around him and sobbed,
"Father!"

All he could say was, "Daugh-

ter! my lost Ethel!"

Her story was soon told.
Her beloved husband had
been killed and she was too
proud to write to her friends
for aid. At last they moved
away from the old place, and
she lost all trace of them, un-
til the meeting of father and
daughter as above.

At the Thanksgiving dinner
the reunited family looked
happy, but as they looked
around the table, they saw
an empty chair—it was the
mother's.

"SOMEBODY ELSE MIGHT."

A lady was quietly walking
along a city street not long
ago when a door flew open
and a boy shot out with a
whoop like a wild Indian.
Once on the pavement, he
danced a double shuffle all a-
round the curb-stone, and
then reached the street in
great haste, for it was evident
from the books under his arm
that he was going to school.
She was thinking what noisy
thoughtless creatures health-
y boys are, when just a few
yards before her she saw some-
thing yellow lying on the
stones. Coming nearer, she
fancied it a pine shaving and
looked after the boy again.
She saw him stop short in a
crowd of people at a crossing
and come back as fast as he
went, so that just before she
reached the shaving he dived
and picked it up, not a shav-
ing at all, but a long slimy
banana skin. Flung it in-
to a refuse barrel he only
waited long enough to say:
"Somebody else might have
slipped on it", and was off a-
gain.

It was a little thing to do,
but the one glance of the boys
clear, gray eyes made the la-
dy's heart warm toward the
noisy fellow. He did not slip
himself; he was far past the
danger, and when one is in a
hurry it is a great bother to
go over the same ground
twice; but the 'somebody else'
might slip, so for the sake of
this unknown somebody the
hurrying boy came back, and
it may be saved the life or
limb of a feeble old man or a
tender young child.—Angelus.

If membership in the alli-
ance does not interfere with
a man's politics or religion
how is it that the so-called
"Reform Press" feels at lib-
erty to bully Congressman
Branch, Grady, Williams and
Alexander for having gone
into the Democratic caucus
and voted for Crisp for Spea-
ker?

If membership in the alli-
ance does not interfere with
a man's politics or religion
how was it that Mr. J. S. Bell
did not feel at liberty, on ac-
count of his position as State
lecturer, to sign the Demo-
cratic address?—Landmark.

Prayer and study are the
two hands of the ministry.
Prayer the right hand, study
the left. One armed people
have not power to accom-
plish much. Both arms, both
hands must be active. Much
prayer is the preacher's duty;
much study, not little. One
alone is not sufficient. Faith
comes from the sermon, but
the sermon must grow out of
the ground of study and be
aromatized with much pray-
er.—[Familien Freund.

FOR DYSPEPSIA,
Indigestion, and Stomach Disorders, use
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
All dealers keep it. 25c per bottle. Beware of
counterfeit and cheap imitations.

The Real Australia.

Among the tacit misconcep-
tions into which distant crit-
ics are most likely to fall a-
bout antipodean affairs is that
which is based upon ignor-
ance of the enormous area
and possibilities of the colo-
nies. Especially is this likely
in the United States, where
the assumption may be that,
as the population of Australia
is about the same as that
of the thirteen original sea-
board colonies of America,
the surface over which they
are distributed is also ap-
proximately the same. As a
matter of fact, there is no
such proportion. New South
Wales alone is as large as
they were; Tasmania, the R.
I. of Australia, is as large as
large as that State with New
Jersey, New Hampshire and
Massachusetts added; Victo-
ria, the smallest colony of
the continent, is equal in size
to Great Britain; Queensland
surpasses the united area of
Australia, France and Ger-
many; South Australia, one-
third greater than Queens-
land, is nearly as large as
Western Australia, which of
itself has nearly four times
the extent of Texas, while the
two colonies together are lar-
ger than the whole of Europe
without Russia. The seven
colonies between them oc-
cupy a territory greater than
that of the United States ex-
cluding Alaska. It is true
that at present Australia has
barely four million inhabi-
tants, but these immense ar-
eas represent a potential pop-
ulation to which it is impos-
sible to set bounds. No part
of the continent is so hot and
so unhealthy as to forbid
white settlement, and if the
strip of low-lying coast-lands
in the north be omitted there
is no part of it yet colonized
in which Europeans can not
work. Port Darwin, the coun-
try about the Gulf of Carpen-
taria, and an indefinite belt
toward the northwest lie with
in the tropics, and are suit-
able for tropical productions;
but the high plateau of nor-
thern Queensland, which runs
close to the sea, is found
thoroughly healthy for Eng-
lish miners and graziers, and
enjoys a bracing winter. The
back country, though water-
less by comparison with the
Mississippi Valley, is able to
carry stock well in most sea-
sons, and with wells, tanks
and dams may be made to
do so in all years. The desert
country of Eastern Australia
has yet to be found.—Scrib-
ner.

The Editor's Diary.

Tim Johnson: Paid. Died
feeling merry. Gave him a
free obituary. Joe Jenkins
skipped and much did vex us;
Was shot for stealing horses
in Texas. The Widow Brown
paid up with laughter; Got
married twenty days thereaf-
ter. Old Col. Brown refused
to pay; Shot gun; Small fu-
neral yesterday. Young
Jones refused to pay in full;
Killed by John Spradler's
Jersey bull. Judge Smith
paid cash without reflection;
Will run for Congress next e-
lection. Still in our boots
and linen duster; We'll run
this paper till we bust her.
—Bristol Courier.

The Unknown.

Death is not a thing to be
fearful of. It is not a painful
process. The only terror it
has is the cessation of all that
we enjoy in life. Death itself
is a passive condition and no
more to be dreaded than the
condition we came from when
life began. Before we were
born we did not suffer on ac-
count of not existing; and af-
ter death the surroundings
will be the same.

Of course life is pleasant
and we like to retain as long
a hold on it as possible. Yet
when we lose our grip on it
we merely lie down to an ex-
aggerated sleep.

The man who sleeps and
does not dream is in a condi-
tion fully as unsatisfactory
as the man in the tomb. The
man who sleeps renews life.
That's all the difference.

It is disagreeable to face
the inevitable and to know
that you must leave your
wife and babies, your friends
and neighbors, but it is great-
er loss to them than it is to
you, for they realize the sor-
row of parting and they miss
you, but you miss nothing ex-
cept the good time you might
have had if you had continu-
ed to live.

Therefore, when death star-
es you in the face accept it
gracefully, satisfied that you
are the gainer over the man
who was never born at least,
and that you have had a pret-
ty good grist of pleasure out
of life even if it does not last
forever.

However, it is just as well
meanwhile to stick to life
while it lasts, and to make it
as enjoyable as possible, for
you will have all the rest of
eternity in which to be dead.
—Bradford Era.

The New York Herald now
approves of the policy of the
Democratic party as under-
stood to have been outlined
by the leaders in Congress. It
says:

There will be no attempt
at Washington this winter
to pass a radical and sweep-
ing tariff bill. Such is the
sensible course decided upon
by the conservative element
which will rule the great Dem-
ocratic majority in Congress.
The defeat of Mr. Mills pre-
vents the Democrats from
making a serious mistake.
He and his friends would
have insisted upon the pas-
sage of a radical measure
which would not only have
disturbed business but would
have been absolute insanity
from the standpoint of party
politics.

Our Washington correspon-
dent informs us that the Dem-
ocratic leaders have decided
to attempt at present no
tariff revision, but will try to
achieve a few substantial re-
sults in the obliteration of
duties upon raw materials
through separate bills. This
will leave the party in posi-
tion to attack the McKinley
bill next fall if it chooses and
will prevent it from having a
bill of its own in attacking
which the Republicans would
put it upon the defensive. In
the meantime business will
not be disturbed by tariff
tinkers, and the party will go
into its fight unhampered by
demagogues.

The Herald saw the broad
guaged road which the defeat
of Mills would disclose and is
rejoiced to see that the Dem-
ocratic majority in Congress
intends to travel in it.—News
and Observer.