

Watauga Democrat.

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PROFESSIONAL.

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Boone, N. C.

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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 End material used
and all work guaranteed.*
May 11 y.

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

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. Maeron,
DENTAL SURGEON,
Foscoe, North Carolina.

Offers his professional services
to the people of this and adjoining
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. Ferguson, Ex'trs. of
Mrs. A. P. Calloway, decd.
Banner Elk, Nov. 15 '90..

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 SHFF.

NOTICE.
The laws of the State re-
quire all weights and mea-
sures to be sealed, and I here-
by notify the people that I
am prepared to do such work.
You will find me in Boone at
the residence of D. B. Dough-
erty. J. H. COOK,
Standard Keeper.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Mr. Harrison has more
trouble in his official family,
as if the Blaine shadow, which
crosses his path at every
turn, were not cross enough
for any ordinary President
to bear. Secretaries Foster
and Elkins, who have jointly
managed Mr. Harrison's cam-
paign for re-nomination up to
this time, now threaten to
desert him and cast their in-
fluence with the opposition.
The cause of this revolt is the
return to this country of
John C. New, who comes for
the purpose of taking the full
control of the Harrison force,
making Foster and Elkins
merely subordinate figures
during the remainder of the
fight. If the threat is carried
out, goodbye to Mr. Harri-
son's hopes.

The sudden death of Sena-
tor Barbour, of Virginia, on
Saturday morning from heart
failure, is a loss to his
State, his party and his
country, that will long be
felt. As a party leader he
has had no superior in his
State, and few in the nation;
as a Senator his long experi-
ence in public life gave him a
prestige which the ablest men
can in no other way acquire,
a prestige that was valuable
to his State and to his party,
and which was never used for
his personal advantage. Per-
sonally he was, as Senator
McMillan said, "My ideal of
the perfect gentleman," and
liked by all who knew him.
Funeral services were held
over the remains this after-
noon in the Senate chamber.
The names of Gov. McKinney
and ex-Gov. Fitzhugh Lee
were spoken of as candidates
for the vacancy in the Sen-
ate.

Chairman Springer is again
at work and he expects sev-
eral new tariff bills, including
free copper and iron ores and
a reduction in the duty on
steel rails, to be reported to
the House shortly. Free
binding twine is finding some
friends among the republic-
an Senators from the West
and a move is on foot to
yoke it with free refined sug-
ar and push it through the
Senate.

There is a marked differ-
ence of opinion among demo-
cratic Senators as to the pol-
icy the party should at this
time adopt in dealing with
appropriations for new ves-
sels for the navy. Senator
Gorman takes the ground
that the country should have
a navy to be proud of, and
that the cry of economy
should not prevent the spend-
ing of a liberal amount of
money in building new ships.
Senator Mills, on the other
hand, says he is opposed to
a government which would
to-day, if it were a private
corporation, be in the hands
of a receiver, spending mon-
ey that it has not in its treas-
ury, for something that is
not absolutely necessary, and
favors striking out all appro-
priations for new ships and
letting the government come
back to the lesson that gov-
ernments, like individuals,
must live within their in-

comes. There was the same
difference of opinion when the
naval appropriation bill, now
being considered by the Sen-
ate, was before the House,
and the bill as passed by the
House, was a compromise be-
tween those who wished to
appropriate a very large am-
ount for new vessels and
those opposed to making a
any appropriation for that
purpose.

So far the much-advertised
battle-royal between Civil ser-
vice commissioner Roosevelt
and Post Master General
Wanamaker has got no fur-
ther than the harmless "you
are another" stage.

Secretary Foster has at
last concluded to assume re-
sponsibility for the expendi-
ture of immigrant head money
upon the improvement on El-
lis Island, and, in a letter
that will probably bring
forth a reply, he has so in-
formed the House and Sen-
ate committees on Immigra-
tion, which are jointly inves-
tigating the subject. His as-
suming the responsibility for
this expenditure of several
hundred thousand dollars
does not, however, make the
expenditure legal, as he may
learn before Congress gets
through with the investiga-
tion.

Gov. McKinley sneaked in-
to town last week for the pur-
pose of conferring with some
of his friends who want him
to formerly enter the presi-
dential race, and the fact that
he tried to keep his visit a
profound secret by failing to
register at the hotel, and
that he neglected to call on
either Mr. Harrison or Mr.
Blaine, makes it look as tho'
the Maj. was lending a will-
ing ear to the siren voices of
the anti-Harrison men.

Said Senator Hill to one of
his friends: "If I attempt to
deny every news paper 'fake'
that is printed about me, I
should have no time for any-
thing else. You may always
put down as untrue any pa-
per statement pretending to
say what my future actions
will be on any subject. I see
no reason why the public
should believe that any pub-
lic man would be so silly as
to announce through the
newspapers his intentions,
thus giving his opponents an
opportunity to defeat his
plans; but evidently the edi-
tors of some papers believe
they do, or they would not
print the columns of non-
sense about the presidential
candidates that are sent out
from Washington."

Base Ball vs. Religion.

TOLEDO, Ohio, May, 17.—
Mayor Emick has declared
himself in favor of Sunday
base ball, as he says it would
keep men and boys out of the
saloons. Every preacher in
the pulpit has denounced him
and the religious people are
very indignant.

The ball lovers had an in-
dignation meeting last night,
at which the action of the
ministers of the gospel were
condemned, and both sides
will attend a public meeting
Wednesday night, when the
question will be settled.

The DEMOCRAT twelve
months for one dollar.

Democracy Newly Defaced.

Wilmington Messenger.

What is a democrat and
how? The answer may be
given according to recent de-
velopments as follows: He is
a man who secretly strives to
injure and split the old party
with which he has been
identified; who favors trans-
forming the national govern-
ment into a huge pawn bro-
ker's shop to lend money at
2 percent to farmers upon
perishable property, when
said government is already
heavily in debt, and paying
4 per cent interest on hun-
dreds of millions of dollars;
who favors class legislation
in essence; who goes for a
consolidated strong govern-
ment with all his might; who
believes it is constitutional,
right, just, honorable, safe,
and wise to take possession
of twenty thousand million
dollars of private property
and let the great centralized
power and despotism own it
after issuing bonds to pay for
it to run through the ages;
who believes it is right to
thus rob and oppress one
great class of people number-
ing a million or more, in-
cluding the employees of the own-
ers; who believes in piling up
several hundred millions of
debt upon North Carolina—
so poor now it cannot edu-
cate its children, but play at
it—to give the ownership of
railroads, etc., to the giant
Federal government; who be-
lieves in oppressing many
classes of people for the sole
benefit of one class; who be-
lieves in paying the Federal
soldiers who fought the South
in gold; who think it for
the good of the South to divide
the sole constitutional Union
party in the South—the
grand old democratic party—
that the republican oppress-
ors, who favor grinding tax-
es and Bayonet bills for the
South, may again triumph
and hold the control of the
government in perpetuity;
who think it the sublimity of
patriotism, the perfection of
loyalty, the acme of honor,
the most admirable exhibi-
tion of judgment, sense, wis-
dom and sagacity to split up
into antagonizing factions
the White Man's Party in
North Carolina that the ne-
gro party and their scall-
wag wire-pullers may once
more ruin the State, oppress
and rob the whites, and play
over again the old game of
spoliation and great debts
that was successfully play-
ed in the carpet-bag days be-
tween 1866 and 1872.

That is clearly a needed
definition of democracy now.
There are men, no doubt, in
every county in North Caro-
lina, former democrats in
name, who are illustrating ev-
ery particular named above
in their communistic, wild
and schemes of wrong. They
pass as democrats to-day.
This is to pervert all truth
and all language and to make
a great mockery of all pre-
tense as to principles of hon-
or.

When Arnold was plotting
to ruin the American cause
in the dark days of the War
of Independence he was doing
the devil's work, and he reap-

ed a harvest of eternal infam-
y. When the Buffaloes and
others in North Carolina in
the South's Second War of
Independence sought to help
the enemy and to ruin the
people among whom they lived,
they revealed the utter
baseness of their black hearts
and fallen natures, and heap-
ed up wrath and indignation
against the day of wrath.

What shall be said of men
who march under democratic
colors to the old, old music
of principles and reform, and
are plotting treason in se-
cret conclave, and are pre-
paring by a *coup d'etat* to
betray their party and bind
it to the car of folly and de-
struction? Shall they be hon-
ored or despised? Let free
and honorable men answer.

Let no innocent man say
this is meant for him or de-
scribe his case. It will hit
no one but the guilty one.
The cap cannot fit the wrong
head. It will only be the "hit
dog who will howl," to quote
the well known saying of Sam
Jones.

Col. Dickinson's Prophecy.

CHICAGO, May, 13.—Don M.
Dickinson, of Michigan, ar-
rived here this morning, and
is stopping at the Riehelen.
In conversation he declared
that New York's ballot would
be cast for Cleveland, and
that the ex-President would
be nominated on the first bal-
lot.

"The New York situation
has been greatly exaggerat-
ed," said he, "and there is no
quarrel there. Tammany is
not fighting Grover Cleve-
land. When the time comes,
you will find the New York
delegation supporting Cleve-
land."

Mr. Dickinson declined to
answer the question whether
he had met any of the New
York leaders, but his manner
indicated that such a confer-
ence had taken place. The
inference is that the New York
row has been patched up.

His Own Grandfather.

A man named Wm. Har-
man, in Titusville, W. Va.,
committed suicide a few days
ago having gone insane over
the idea that he was his own
grandfather. Fortunately, he
can scarcely be blamed for
killing himself under the cir-
cumstances. Here is his let-
ter:

"I married a widow with a
grown up daughter. My father
visited our house very of-
ten, fell in love with my step
daughter and married her.
So my father became my son-
in-law, and my step-daugh-
ter my mother, because she
was my father's wife. Some
time afterward, wife had a
son—he was my father's
brother-in-law and my uncle,
for he was the brother of my
stepmother. My father's wife,
i. e., my stepdaughter, had
also a son. He was, of course,
my brother, and by the mean-
time my grandchild, for he
was the son of my daughter.
My wife was my grandmoth-
er, because she was my moth-
er's mother, I my wife's hus-
band and grandchild at the
same time. And, as the hus-
band of a person's grand-
mother is his grandfather, I
was my own grandfather."—
Exchange.

Prudent Questions.

Who caused the universal
intimidation and bribery?
Who subsidized or muzzled
the newspapers?
Who prostrated business?
Who covered our homes with
mortgages?
Who impoverished labor?
Who concentrated the land
in the hands of capitalists?
Who has made it necessary
for urban workmen to or-
ganize for self protection?
Who imported pauperized
labor?
Who gives employment to
this hireling army which
shoots down workmen?
Who stole the fruits of the
loil of millions to build up
colossal fortunes.
Who has bred these two
great classes—paupers and
millionaires?
Who created money to en-
rich bondholders?
Who demonetized silver to
enhance the value of gold?
Who abridged the currency
to fetter the usurper, bank-
rupt enterprise, and enslave
industry?
It was the Republican par-
ty.—Wilmington Star.

A Ghastly Wager.

"I've read about a great
many instances of coolness
in the face of death," said
the stranger from Montana,
"but I saw an occurrence two
years ago in Denver which
surpasses anything of the
sort I ever met in print. Sam
Coleman was a happy-go-
lucky sort of a chap who was
not at all quarrelsome, but
he always hung about sport-
ing resorts, and in some un-
accountable way had been
mixed with three or four
shooting affrays in which the
stranger had to officiate after
wards. A friend of his—Dick
Adams—warned him to quit
his associates or he would die
with his boots on.

"Die with my boots on?"
cried Sam. "Well, I guess
not. I'm going to die. I don't
mind it, but my boots off."
"I'll bet you \$50 that you
die with your boots on."
"I don't."

"The money was deposited
with a bar tender. About
two weeks afterwards Cole-
man was in Buck Allen's sal-
oon when a drunken cowboy
ran amuck and sent a bullet
through his lungs. Sam
managed to pull his gun and
at the first shot dropped the
cowboy dead in his tracks.
Coleman was picked up and
laid upon a billiard table.

"Boys," he whispered in a
hoarse voice, "pull my boots off. Pull
'em off—quick!"

"It was done. Just then
Frank Coleman, Sam's broth-
er, came in. The dying man
raised himself on his elbow,
pointing to his feet and said:
"Frank, old boy, collect \$50
of Dick Adams. He said I'd
die with my boots on and I've
fooled him."

"He had scarcely uttered
these words when he fell back
—dead!"—Chicago Mail.



Small text at the bottom right corner, possibly a printer's mark or advertisement.