

# Watauga Democrat.

VOL 6

BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1893, NO. 3.

## PROFESSIONAL.

W. B. COUNCILL, Jr.  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Boone, N. C.

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

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

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

L. D. LOWE,  
Attorney at Law

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

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.

Dr. J. C. Butler. Dr. T. C. Blackburn.  
Trade, Tenn. Zionville, N. C.

Butler & Blackburn,  
Physicians & Surgeons.  
Calls attended at all  
hours.  
June 1, '93.

E. F. LOVILL. J. C. FLETCHER.  
LOVILL & FLETCHER,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
BOONE, N. C.

Special attention given  
to the collection of claims.

L. L. GREENE, & CO.,  
REAL ESTATE AGTS.  
—BOONE, N. C.—

Will give special attention  
to abstracts of title, the sale  
of Real Estate in W. N. C.  
Those having farms, timber  
and mineral lands for sale,  
will do well to call on said Co.  
at Boone.

L. L. GREEN & CO.  
March 16, 1893.

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.  
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.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Money to loan at 2 and 3  
percent, with mortgage on  
good real estate, on five or  
ten years time.

A. J. CRITCHER.

THE GREAT PROGRESS OF ELECTRICITY.  
DR. SNELL'S  
Medical & Surgical Institute  
for the Treatment of Chronic,  
Nervous, Venereal, Syphilitic,  
Pituitary, Gonorrheal, and all  
Surgical Diseases. CURE  
GUARANTEED in all cases  
arranged and taken. Send four  
cents in stamps for book on  
above diseases and how to  
cure them. Call or address,  
DR. ALBERT F. SNELL & CO.,  
Lynchburg, Va.

## A Stranger in Watauga.

For The Democrat.

On the 7th of July, when King Sol was laying his day-wearied head upon azure pillows in the Hesperian sky and "Night was drawing her dusky mantle o'er the earth and was pinning it down with a star," and after a very pleasant journey over verdant mountains, decked with beautiful laurel and ivy, productive meadows and vales that were crowned with plenty from abundant Summer's liberal hand, I reached my destined abode, the commodious residence of Mr. E. H. Dougherty. Its portals are ever thrown open to the weary traveler, and the way-faring man. Beneath its hospitable roof, the sojourner may ever find a "Highland Welcome." Its inmates, from the smallest to the largest, vie with each other in seeing who can lavish the greatest kindness upon those whom fate has favored, by allowing them to find so favored and charming a "haven of rest."

I anchored in this part and for two months my ship rode, not safely only, but delighted and charmed upon its enchanting waters. Each day was replete with pleasure, each sun looked upon some new expedition projected by manly voices and girlish laughter. I have viewed the grand and majestic mountains in all of their different phases. With a gay and gallant Mr. Lad by side, I reached Rich Mountain, 5,300 feet high, and from its prairie pinacle viewed far in the distance, the hazy, misty Smokies; the beautiful Howard's Knob, made famous in story by the talented bard of the mountains. The winding Beech, the lofty Roan, the beautiful Elk Knob and the Snake Mountain. Rising like a misty pillow heavenward far off in our sister state rises the regal peak of King's Mountain, ever a grand, imposing, majestic landmark, towering far above any of its kindred mountains. Rearing its stately and patriarchal head to the blue vault of heaven, stands the Grandfather, and stands as if a fitting guard for the smaller mountains. Through ages unknown he has remained unchanged, as he weathered the cold chilling blasts of Winter's icy fingers, or been kissed by the genial and balmy rays of a smiling summer sun, and while the verdant and fertile shores of fair North Carolina are washed by the surging and toasting billows of the turbulent Atlantic, and the gross enameled borders of the far distant west are caressed and bathed by the calm and languid waves of the broad Pacific, will the Grandfather ever stand and rear his head more and more reverentially as if trying to teach "The Hand that framed us is divine."

We quenched our thirst from the cooling crystal water of an icy spring bubbling from near the summit of the mountain, and as we cast our eyes westward we saw the mountains of Tennessee rearing their peaks to a great

altitude in the blue ether.

But grander and more sublime was the thunder storm we witnessed raging between the summit and the valley below. Old Sol was still monarch of the day on the mountain, while Boreas was waging a regular warfare with the elements below, and warlike Mars thrust thunderbolt after bolt from his fiery realm; lightnings flashed, the forests were lashed in fury as they swayed and groaned beneath the burden of the storm, while all was serene and quiet a few feet above.

With a merry party I visited the charming little town of Zionville. It is like a picture in a frame, not of gilt, or antique bronze, but like a native chestnut growing on the surrounding mountains. We had the pleasure of meeting among the hospitable townsmen and popular merchants, Mr. John Jones, who has ever-ready wit and humor to entertain the brain, and luscious confections and fruits to tempt the palate of the most fastidious. Truthful Esculapius, Dr. Blackburn, has a pleasant smile and cheerful word as he passes on his round of duty to his fellow-man. With many regrets we left the little town, and as we bade adieu to her churches and her spires, we saw the world clothed and wrapped in mellow beauty, as "Luna, the fair Queen of Night," looked down from her bar of aerial home in the distant azure vault of the sky, as an ever-ready sentinel keeping vigil, while her children are wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, and are meandering in mystic devious windings in enchanting, happy Dream-land. It was thus I beheld the Queen of Night.

I was mounted on a superb dark bay horse, my escort, on a fiery and noble sorrel. We had been cantering over the beautiful road with the balmy zephyrs fanning our cheeks, while we chatted most gaily, we turned a curve in the road by a mountain, at whose feet rippled the laughing waters of Cove Creek and rising between two walls of mountains. The Goddess of Night here hung her silver crescent. Here I stopped with wonder and admiration, as the soft rays touched the dew-drops on the leaves, and they sparkled and blazed like rare gems. I wished for the tongue of some of some of our American poets, when I grew more ecstatic as the rays at our feet kissed the rippling waters, and they seemed turn ed into diamonds more pure, sapphires more brilliant, rubies more bright, emeralds of deeper verdure, turquoise of deeper azure, topaz of more golden hue, than all than all the untold and hidden gems of Golcondas unrivaled mines. Few nights have I ever beheld to equal this in beauty and sublimity.

One bright morning in Indian summer I found myself before the grand entrance to the palatial home of the "Bard of the Mountains." It is situated in the eastern part of Johnson county, Tennes-

see, in the broad and beautiful valley of Roan's Creek, and is surrounded by eight hundred acres of the most fertile and productive land in East Tennessee. It is owned by Messrs. I. and A. M. Dougherty. The residence is built on the improved city style, of native oak and cherry, large and commodious, making an ideal home for a poet. Here too, hospitality has spread her wings, and the voice of welcome rings out on the balmy air, and kindness is not only shown in theory, but in practice.

From here we visited many lovely homes on the banks of the beautiful Roan's Creek, and at last find ourselves in the village of Butler, Tenn., and here we visited Holly Spring College. No longer are we surprised at the intelligent, highly learned Mountaineer, when we see such educators as Profs. Smith, Hill, Dougherty and Baker, presiding over colleges and schools.

But here we turn back to Watauga. She abounds in high schools to train her boys and girls. She has numerous and well-built churches, and learned ministers. Her people are intelligent, kind, loyal, true, honest, upright, noble, good and very hospitable. Watauga is a paradisaical home. She has everything calculated to charm the eye or please the heart of man. Her towering and majestic mountains are covered with medicinal herbs; her broad and sweeping valleys covered with rich and golden grain and waving grass, with many winding rivers and bubbling streams, through whose crystal waters the silvery trout may be distinguished. Numerous are her icy cold springs bubbling from the sides of the mountains. The atmosphere is all that could be desired as an appetizer or an invigorator.

I had seen the mountain daisy, but never until I visited Watauga, had I seen entire fields of them. The fruit is luscious, vegetables excellent, and of fine flavor. The beef can never be surpassed by the soft, juicy steak from the ranche of the westerner. Among the many charming homes, one can spend a pleasant night at the home of Mr. Jim Council, on the banks of Brushy Fork. His drawing rooms are daily and nightly the scenes of music, pleasure and mirth; also is the home of Shff. Baird, on the banks of the beautiful Watauga, and the hospitable home of Mr. Joe Shull has a fame all its own.

But Boone, "What village would boasting claim, to wear the mighty hero's name?" At Bryan's hotel you will find at almost any hour an excellent repast. At another house the most excellent Coffee is served. If involved in law, Mr. Fletcher will conduct you safely through. Or, if you wish to place an "ad" or read a good newspaper, consult the editor of the DEMOCRAT. At present he is enjoying a state of single blessedness, but can entertain you grandly single-handed in his

home.

Blowing Rock, the ideal resort for the gay pleasure-seekers. Here, Terpsichore holds high carnival nightly, and those who like to indulge in tripping the light fantastic toe, may do so, to the soft low steams of "Home sweet Home." Or those of more rollicksome nature, can play tennis or croquet on the lawns of velvety tufted grass, or those of maturer age, can roll ten-pins, or take a quiet game of whist, in the numerous and airy parlors of the commodious Green Park hotel, on the Sky-land house. Ye seekers of pleasure oppressed by the heat, come to this region, 'tis a pleasant retreat. Ye ones who are feeble, why linger and die? Come up to this beautiful Land of the Sky."

The Blue Ridge, stands as an impregnable breast work to protect the mountaineer, from the shame-debit, avarice, cold heartedness, envy, strife, and the selfishness of the outer world. As they one-by-one, leave their native homes, and go out into the world, pure and un-sullied, may their spotless purity never be contaminated by the profligacy of the tempting world. It was with a parting fraught with sadness, I bade adieu to lovely Watauga, her people and her scenes. I love them all. Although my heart seems to pulsate in dear old Mecklenburg, I fear a large portion of it lies beyond the Blue Ridge, in a lovely valley "Among Watauga's fertile hills, where music flows from crystal rills."

When the sun of another year has reached the zenith of his glory may I find myself again in the land I love, with the people I adore.

MARIE JEAN O'NEIL.

Morganton Herald: We do not understand this. An exchange says: A young man who persisted in singing "After the Ball," was arrested at Herkimer, Kansas, and fined \$10. We want to know first what tune he was singing and secondly we want to know why it is that the people of Kansas who can stand Mrs. Mary Lease's speaking, can't stand any other vocal performance that can be gotten up, including the screeching of a wheel and the cheerful hum of an expectant gallinipper.

## Progressive Womanhood.

The idea of progressive womanhood have taken firm hold among the fair ones in Mississippi, as the following from the Columbus Dispatch indicates: "The girls of Columbus deserve a great deal of credit for their energy and anxiety to make their own livelihood. We noticed several young school girls out on Monday collecting for relatives who are members of well-known business firms." This causes the Memphis Commercial to remark that "no matter in what sphere she is found, the Southern girl always takes the lead."

One dollar pays for the Democrat one year.

Asheville Citizen: Truth, And once upon a time it could n't pass a force bill because it couldn't "govern it."

Landmark: The Senate sets itself up as one of the governing departments of the United States, and lo! it cannot govern itself.

Jonesboro Journal: It does seem that an immediate compromise on the silver question should be affected so that vexing question can be got out of the way. The Senate must repeal the election laws.

Hicks says the winter will begin about the middle of November with storms, some of them very severe. He adds this advice: "We candidly think the man who begins early and prepares for a disagreeable winter will have no regrets, but causes for rejoicing."

Newbern Journal: What are whitecaps? They are the followers and base imitators of bands of murderers who some years ago terrorized neighborhoods, seized and punished men and women according to their own caprice, and wearing white caps as their insignia. They are confined to no special locality, but have a habitation and a name wherever ruffians wish to wreak vengeance on the defenceless and shelter themselves in the folds of night. The strangest thing about it is the impunity with which they commit their outrages. Entire communities are completely terrorized by them.

There is more foreign capital coming into the South. Every week or two we see mention of investments here and there. German capitalists, Scotch capitalists, Northern capitalists are seeking to invest money in enterprises in this favored section. Let them come. The field is wide and promising and the time may be auspicious too. North Carolina presents advantages second to none. There is very great diversity both of soil and climate in our State. The advantages are not half-way utilized. More enterprise and energy are very much needed.—News & Observer.

Messenger: Senator Daniel was waited upon by representatives of the Richmond and Alexandria Chambers of Commerce who urged him to vote for the pending unconditional repeal bill. The great Virginian heard them courteously and then firmly declined to submit to dictation, but told them he would stand by his anti-repeal speech. He says the people of Virginia are with him. Senator Hunton on the other hand is hot for the demonetizing bill. Somebody badly misrepresents Virginia.

Messenger: An exchange says there is "plenty of currency." But not in the South and by a very great deal. In North Carolina there is a great scarcity—not more perhaps than an average of \$3 per capita. France has about \$38 to each head.