

Watauga Democrat.

VOL 6

BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1893, NO. 6.

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.

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

Will practice in the courts of
Watauga, Ashe, Mitchell, McDowell
and all other counties in the
western District. Special attention
given to the collection of
claims.

r. J. C. Butler. Dr. T. C. Blackburn.
Tada, 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 AG'TS.
—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.

FOR SALE
In the town of Boone, a com-
fortable dwelling house with
6 rooms and five fire places,
with nine acres of land, good
spring, some apple, peach and
chestnut trees, situated some
300 yards from Main street.
It is a desirable private resi-
dence. The place will be sold
cheap on terms to suit the
purchaser. For further par-
ticulars apply to I. W. Thom-
as, Hibriten, N. C., or W. B.
Councill, Boone, N. C.

A Mob and a Mother.

It is a bright, serene and
marvelous clear day in North
Dakota. The prairie is check-
ered with grass and grain-
fields. The little clumps of
hand-planted trees are toss-
ing their branches in the am-
ber air. Now and then a
bird chirps its roundelay, or
a vagrant butterfly reels
down a sunbeam and lights
upon their leaves.

The little village where I
am sojourning for a few brief,
delightful days, lies steeped
in sunlight, and a broad,
brave sweep of undulating
years lies between me and
the hour when I was here be-
fore. Oh, that hour! It is
branded as with burning
irons into my brain, my
heart, my soul!

I sat, that day, of all days
in my life, at the door of the
Northwood Headlight—a pe-
per I was editing then. Sud-
denly I heard a cry of rage,
pathos, despair, and spring-
ing to my feet I looked down
the road to the westward,
from whence it came.

A block of 50 men were
standing in front of the jail
—50 men in granger garb—
50 men, with a hellish, terri-
ble purpose in their hearts.
They had taken a prisoner
from his cell. They had pul-
led him over the threshold
into the street, where he laid
on his back, panting with a
rope round his slim, white,
throat.

I remember that I stood as
if one transfixed and turned
to stone, while the mob start-
ed off, voiceless, dragging its
victim through the dust.

Not a word was spoken—
not one. The only sound
that started the silence was
the tramp, tramp, tramp, of
the avengers and the awful
moans of the poor, bloody,
foaming creature haltered at
their heels. Men women and
children rushed to doors,
windows and porticos as the
hateful procession passed their
lips sealed in speechless awe,
their faces blanched at the
atrocious spectacle.

Sick at heart, I turned back
into my office, but when I
went to my hotel in the twi-
light I saw a ghastly thing
that God had made high
swinging from a sycamore.

A storm sprang up at mid-
night. Lightning tore the
skies into slivers of flame.
Thunders shook the world.
Rain fell in fury, and the
winds went shuddering
through vast black voids.

And through it all the ghastly
thing that God had made
upon its gibbet swung!

In the midst of the tempest
a train rolled up to the depot
and left one passenger in this
little town—an old woman,
with soft, white hair, bloomy
cheeks and sweet, bright,
kindly, eyes. She went to
the one hotel, registered and
retired. The landlady met
her in the morning and re-
marked.

"I hope you rested well,
madam, for it was a rowdy
storm we had."

"Oh, yes," said the old wo-
man, with a sunbeam smile.
"I rested well, though it was,
as you say, a rowdy storm.
But I took a happy heart

with me to bed, and it is a
happy heart I have this morn-
ing, for I will meet my son
today—my Cyril, whom I
have not seen for seven years."

"Have you traveled far?"
"Yes, ma'am from Massa-
chusetts," she said, running
to the door. "But what is
that?"

"Oh, it's a young man
they lynched yistidy—a boss
thief, they said—an they'er
kerryin his body to the cor-
oner's. 'Twas a shame, his
hangin, fur he was a real
handsome feller, perlite and
clever, an I sez to Jeremiah
—that's my husband—I sez
to him this very mornin, that
I didn't believe as how the
boy had done it an—"

The four men carrying the
dead upon a stretcher, were
passing the door. The body
was covered with a cloth, but
one hand fell below its folds,
and on that hand there spark-
led a quaint hoop of twist
gold, clasping a staropal that
glittered in the sun.

The old woman saw it, her
face grew gray. A maniac
light leaped into her eyes, and
tearing the cloth from the
corpse she shrieked:

"My son! My Cyril!"

The men laid the burden at
her feet. She knelt over it,
tangled her fingers in the
golden locks and pressed her
lips upon the beautiful dumb
lips of her dead boy.

Silence.
The landlady leaned for-
ward with tears running
down her face, and sobbed.

"Come with me, ma'am."

Silence.
"Ma'am do—do come with
me."

A doctor stepped forward,
lifted the bent brow and
whispered lustily, "She is
dead!"

I hate a mob with a hatred
that burns in every atom of
my sense and soul. It is
Christless as it is cruel—cruel
as it is cowardly. The rav-
ing devils who compose it are
craven all. Not one of them
dare meet single the victim of
its wrath. Not one of them
dare risk singly the conse-
quences of its crimson crime.
W. H. K. in Saturday Blade.

Reidsville Weekly: The strug-
gle is over, so far as Congress
is concerned. The silver men
have made a gallant fight.
They have a right to be
proud of their course. The
people will stand by them. Of
this we have not the least
doubt. They have stood firm
against tremendous pressure
brought to bear upon them.
Senator Vance gave some idea
of it in his speech at the
State fair in which he told
how he had been begged and
threatened and worked on by
the lobbyists sent to Wash-
ington by the bankers and
gold-bugs. With all the pat-
ronage at his disposal, great-
er than that of any ruler on
earth, the President has not
been able to carry his party
with him. "You have dicta-
ted the terms to us," said
Senator Gorman, an Admin-
istration leader, addressing
John Sherman and his repu-
blean allies in the Senate last
Saturday. A Democratic Ad-
ministration led by John
Sherman! What a humiliat-
ing confession for a demo-
cratic Senator to make!

Nearly Ten Centuries Old.

The Great Age of a Washed Ashore on
the Pacific Coast.

The largest whale which ever
entered this harbor, and one
of the largest ever seen
on this coast, washed ashore
at Tokeland Monday, says
the South Bend Herald. The
news was immediately brou-
ght back by one of the morn-
ing steamers, and the after-
noon passenger boats were
crowded to their greatest ca-
pacity by the throngs who
were anxious to see the mon-
ster.

The fish came in on high
tide, and lies just below the
bath house of Charles Fisher.
It was alive and kicking and
did not finally surrender its
lease on existence until Tues-
day about noon. County At-
torney M. D. Edgbert had ta-
ken along a tape line and
carefully measured the mon-
ster. The line showed the ex-
treme length of 174 feet and
8 inches, with a 'waist mea-
sure' of 161 feet and 6 inches.
County Surveyor L. C. Vick-
rey figured on the weight of
the 'animile' and pronounced
this member of the balenoid
family to weigh forty-seven
and one-half tons, and the
blubber and whale bone to
be worth at current prices,
oil, \$9,795; bone \$1,000; mak-
ing a net total of \$10,795.

Attorney L. E. Grinn at-
tempted to compute the age
of the subject under consider-
ation, and concluded from
the transverse lines on the
baleen that this fish had ex-
isted for 986 years, lacking
but fourteen years of having
lived the longest term of
whale life. The pectoral fins
are twelve feet long and sev-
en feet broad; the mouth is
twenty-four feet long, the
blow holes eighteen inches in
length, and the half hundred
bathers in the water at the
time it came ashore say the
nose of spouting was deafen-
ing and the spray ejected at
least fifty feet in the air. The
thrashing of the tail in the
water in the struggle to re-
gain the channel was heard
at McGowan's cannery at the
month of North River, four
miles away. County School
Superintendent L. W. Faus-
cher furnished some histor-
ical facts in regard to the
whale. Alfred the Great had
been dead but six years when
his whale-ship began to navi-
gate the waters of the earth.
The old boy was 120 years
old when William the Con-
queror was born, and may
have been playing off Eng-
lish shores when he was made
king. He was on earth at the
time of making the great
charter at Runnede, he was
middle aged when the pil-
grims landed at Plym-
outh Rock, and probably
looked upon the wars of Na-
poleon, the American Revolu-
tion and Civil War with
many a sad sigh and shake
of the head for the ruthless
slaughter of humanity.

Charlotte Observer: Twen-
ty-seven years ago a lady
moved away from Charlotte
leaving a large wash pot
which she owned in charge of
a neighbor. The neighbor
heard nothing of her after

she left, until yesterday she
wrote a postal asking that
her wash-pot be shipped to
her right away. She made
no inquiry for any one of the
family, all she was interested
in was the pot. It was ship-
ped her forthwith, with no
extra charge for storage.

The President's Thanksgiving Proclamation.

President Cleveland last
Friday issued the following
Thanksgiving proclamation:
While the American people
should every day remember
the praise and thanksgiving
the divine goodness and merc-
y which have followed them
since their beginning as a na-
tion, it is fitting that one
day in each year should be
devoted to the contemplation
of the blessings we have re-
ceived from the hand of God
and to the grateful acknowl-
edgment of His loving kind-
ness.

Therefore I, Grover Cleve-
land, President of the United
States, do hereby designate
and set apart Thursday, the
30th day of the present
month of November, as a day
of Thanksgiving and praise
to be kept and observed by
all the people of our land.
On that day let us forego our
ordinary work and employ-
ment and assemble in our us-
ual places of worship, where
we may recall all that God
has done for us, and where
from grateful hearts our uni-
ted tribute of praise and
song may reach the Throne
of Grace. Let the reunion of
kindred and the social meet-
ing of friends lend cheer and
enjoyment to the day, and
let generous gifts of charity
for the relief of the poor and
needy prove the sincerity of
our thanksgiving.

Witness my hand and the
seal of the United States,
which I have caused to be
hereto affixed.

Done at the City of Wash-
ington on the third day of No-
vember, in the year of our
Lord eighteen hundred and
ninety-three, and of the inde-
pendence of the United
States the one hundred and
eighteenth.

GROVER CLEVELAND.
By the President:
WALTER Q. GRESHAM,
Secretary of State.

Landmark: Judge Richard
Clark, of the Georgia Super-
ior Court bench, has aban-
doned the practice of swear-
ing jurors and witnesses on
the Bible. Witnesses and
jurors, when they are sworn
in Judge Clark's court, sim-
ply raise their right hand. The
departue is a commendable
one. A witness intends swear-
ing a lie will not be deterred
by the fact that he has kiss-
ed a Bible. Further, this
practice of kissing a Bible,
which is kept in court and
kissed by all classes and con-
ditions of people—until it is
slick with grease and filth—is
dangerous to health and re-
pugnant to the feelings of
people who have a proper re-
gard for cleanliness. The
Superior Court judges of
North Carolina would do
well to emulate the example
of Judge Clark.

WOMAN'S WORK AT HOME.

A man in New York who
never heard the song of "Old
Grumble" asked his wife how
she occupied herself during
the day. As to the house-
work and domestic duties
the man declared it would
take him about a half hour
daily to perform it all. The
young woman writes to a
newspaper for advice as to
how she is to convince her
husband that her life is not a
primrose path of dalliance.
She explains that she has
three children to take care of;
the oldest four years old and
the youngest eight months
old; six rooms to clean and
arrange, besides general
housework, washing and iron-
ing and sewing for the fam-
ily. The woman is of the op-
inion that her husband
could not do all this in half
an hour. "Old Grumble, and
his wife lived in the country.
Mrs. Grumble had no chil-
dren to mind, but she had
various other live animals
which were nearly as trouble-
some, and when Mr. Grumble
declared that he could do
more work in a day than his
wife could do in three, she
quietly assented and went
to the field to plow, leaving
the old man to perform her
work. He first went to milk the
cow but she would not stand
still and finally kicked the
pail over and spilled all the
milk. Then he fed the pigs and
struck his head against the
beams and the hair began to
fly. He forgot the fat on
the fire and it went into
flames. He went to wind the
bobbin and forgot the old
speckled hen and she laid as-
tray. After many other mis-
adventures he began to look
up at the sun, thinking that
it was a very long day and
his wife would never come.
She came at last, however,
and when her weary and de-
pressed spouse told her all
his trouble she gave him no
other sympathy than the ex-
pression of the wish that it
had been double. The result
of the experiment was that
Mr. Grumble vowed by all the
stars in heaven that his wife
could do more work in a day
than he could in seven. This
is a valuable suggestion to
the young woman in N. Y. If
she would go out one day
and leave the partner of her
joys and sorrows to nurse the
baby he would probably ar-
rive at Mr. Grumble's conclu-
sion.—Baltimore Sun.

If a proper recognition of
silver and a material reduc-
tion of the tariff are not se-
cured during this administra-
tion, a union of the South
and West will not be difficult
to effect. Such an alliance
may bring about results that
will cause gnashing of teeth
on Wall street. Those of the
Sherman law may not have
reckoned the cost of the ac-
complishment of that end.
It is all well enough if a sub-
stitute is supplied, otherwise
who can foretell the result?
One possibility that hovers
ghost-like over the maybe
grave of silver is abating to
behold. May we never come
to witness reality to which it
seems to beckon us on.—Lin-
ton Democrat.