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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.

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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 exchange. Apply soon.

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Parties putting papers in my hand for execution will please *advance the fees* with the papers and they will receive prompt attention, other wise they will be returned *not executed* for the want of fees.

**D. F. BARD SHRE.**

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

President Cleveland, who has a fine sense of humor, will doubtless smile when he returns from his hunting trip and get a glimpse of a bill that has been evolved from the brain of Mr. Bailey, the brilliant young Texan, whose devotion to the Constitution has earned him fame in the House. A preamble to the bill recites the charges that have been made of the encroachment of the executive upon the prerogatives of the legislative branch of the government, and the bill provides for a cessation of such encroachment by relieving Senators and Representatives from all participation in the making of appointments. It provides further that whenever the President desires information not contained in the papers of applicants for office he must get it from some one who is not a member of either branch of Congress. While Mr. Bailey's bill has some desirable points, the country, to say nothing of Congress, is hardly educated up to such a high standard yet. Congress would be sure be purer and more patriotic if its members had no dealings with patronage, until there is a decided change in human nature Congress is not likely to deprive its members of the privilege of trying, if they do not always succeed, to get offices for those who help them to get into Congress.

Although it took more than two weeks to get a voting quorum on the floor of the House to pass Mr. Bland's bill for the coinage of the signiorage, the quorum did not stay two days. True, there is no especial need of a quorum to consider the pension appropriation bill, which is now before the House, but that is no good reason why so many members should be absent. They are sent here and paid to attend the sessions of the House and they should either do it or resign and allow some one else to do it. No business transacted by Congress is of more importance than the making of appropriations, and that for pensions is the largest of them all.

The expressions of pleasure from men of all shades of politics at the news of the convalescence of Chairman Wilson speak volumes for the esteem in which that gentleman is held by all who know him. He never forgets that he is a democrat of democrats, nor does he ever forget the courtesy due from one gentleman to another, not even in the midst of the hottest political wrangle on the floor of the House; hence his deserved popularity.

Secretary Herbert's official statement of his having compelled the Carnegie Company which has the contract to make the steel armor for our new war ships to pay \$140,484.94 to the government, on account of defects in armor furnished last year, was

not news to those democrats who enjoy the confidence of the Secretary, but it was a new departure on the part of the Navy Department that must have very much surprised Mr. Carnegie and his associates, who have been so long accustomed to being able to "fix up" any charge that happened to be made against them in connection with their dealings with the government. In fact, they tried to "fix up" this matter by appealing from Secretary Herbert to the President, but the President stood by the Secretary and the cash had to be plunked down. No amount of influence can get any crooked business approved by this administration, except it be done through the connivance of some of the hold-over minor officials who are still occupying place that ought to be filled by democrats and who are in the pay, indirectly, if not directly, of some of the old contractors.

It is expected that the Senate will take up the bill for the coinage of these signiorage until after the tariff bill has been passed.

Senator Voorhees says he did not over work himself as much during the long silver fight at the extra sessions as he has done since the Democratic caucus returned the Wilson tariff bill to the Finance committee for revision, and the other Democratic members of the committee have worked just as hard. The sentiment of the Democratic Senators is unanimous for harmony, but the trouble is that some of them have so far refused to harmonize unless given their way about several schedules of the bill. If there is a way to revise the bill so that it will get every Democratic vote in the Senate the committee is determined not to abandon its search until it has been found. Members of the committee now decline to name a time for the reporting of the bill, contenting themselves with saying that not one hour shall be unnecessarily lost. No one can possibly be more anxious for speedy action on the bill than are the members of the committee, and it is only fair to say that the bill would have been reported two weeks ago had it not been for oppositions outside the committee.

Detroit Evening News: In arguing a point before a judge of the Superior Court, Col. Folk, of the mountain circuit in North Carolina, laid down a doubtful proposition of law. The judge eyed him a moment and queried: "Col. Folk, do you think that is law?" The colonel gracefully bowed and replied: "Candor compels me to say that I do not, but I did not know how it would strike your honor." The judge deliberated a few moments and gravely said: "That may not be contempt of court, but it is a close shave."

One dollar pays for the Democrat one year.

## SULPHURETTED OYUM WILSON.

Charlotte Observer.

Nothing since Our Noble Order went into politics has so wrought its brow with glory as its latest achievement. In its recent glorious career it has inspired so many aspirations, it has accomplished so many remarkable things, it has so completely and exhaustively categorized the whole outfit would be too voluminous to mention. A few laurel wreaths, however, may be lent at, leaving the reader with an extra-handful of laurel to fill in all gaps. Our Noble Order has given the world the sub-Treasury scheme—a system of political philosophy at once pungent, potent, and fragrant with the aromatics of olden oak; it has sent the S. O. Wilson to the Lower House of Congress with orders to seek it to both democracy and republicanism, without discriminating much in favor of republicanism; it has substituted, in the Senate, a set of Esolian harp whiskers for a scintillating brain with a red neck-tie hung a flapping pennant to its flagstaff and sent sister Mary Helen Lease flitting through the South flopping it in the face of the Southern Democracy, yelling "in hoc signo," and things like that (In Hoc Signo is at present writing, we are reliably informed, lying up for repairs—it has been expressed, post paid, to Mr. Lease with orders to wash the egg-nog stains out of it the next time he washes the baby's over-clothes and other clothes too insignificant to mention in a production of the order.) Our Noble Order has produced one of the most remarkable Governors of the century, he of Colorado, whose highest ambition is to ride in blood up to his horse's bridle (very few, even of our best Governors, are capable of such rank, nephitic, jimson-weed aspirations as that); Our Noble Order has retired from the Senate of the United States, from the State of Calhoun and Hayne, a man who gave the best efforts of his life for the preservation of the liberties of his State, as he believed, and in his place has put a man who tries to kill cabinet men when he gets drunk; in the same State it has subverted one of the fundamental principles of freedom and admits spies into men's castles, into the very holy of holies of the home.

These be some of the diamonds that sparkle in the Populist diadem. But lusterous as they are they fade into rhinestone compared to the last, crowning, towering, climax capping, dazzling, be-gone-me! achievement of the Populist party, to wit: sending S. O. Wilson over the State of North Carolina telling the farmers how to ship eggs! Oh, transcendent undertaking; oh, superhuman endeavor! What a source of wealth egg shipping will now become to the agriculturists of North Carolina! With prophetic vision we look in-

to the future and see, at no great distance either, our State studded with the country mansions of hen-fruit and bonfires! And when the announcement of this egg-shipping news makes our barnyard welkin ring what a stimulant it will be to our hens to lay! The very knowledge that their best efforts will be sent to market under the S. O. Wilson method will incite the hens of this section to such unprecedented activity that they will have to be requested not to over-exert themselves. Who knows but what eggs shipped by the S. O. Wilson process may come high, and the farmers be enabled to get a corner on eggs—to form the Tar Heel Egg Trust, thus avenging themselves for being ground down by the tobacco trust and the other concerns of this character and disposition. Oh, what a glorious day becoming by the time S. O. Wilson gets thro' with his egg shipping lecturing tour! By the time posterity comes on, every farm house will have upon its walls a portrait framed with golden eggshells—the portrait of a benefactor, the great Gideonish chief and egg shipper, S. O. Wilson.

This is a pleasant picture. Would that we could allow it to hang there undisturbed. But Sulphuretted Oyum Wilson, (some times spoken of as S. Orho or Solho,) must be shown up. He is dealing in eggs, but not as he represents. He's the great Alliance incubator. Everywhere he goes he drops an egg—an added Alliance egg of discord with its yolk of strife, its white of discontent and its shell of agitation. And after awhile these eggs will hatch. After awhile, under the poisonous influence of this arch incubator, these eggs will incubate. All over the State there will be a popping, popping, popping, and little ugly, nasty, long-legged, half-fledged, pop-eyed chickens of hate and murder and spite and anarchy will break loose. And they'll grow fast and larger and uglier. Look out! Look out for Sulphuretted Oyum Wilson! Look out for the eggs he's shipping. They are rotten.

## Curious Relationship in McDowell.

Marion Record.

James Polk Gillespie is Sam O'Dear's father-in-law, and Sam O'Dear is likewise James Polk Gillespie's father-in-law. James Polk Gillespie is also Sam O'Dear son-in-law, and Sam O'Dear is likewise James Polk Gillespie's son-in-law. This is a very remarkable state of affairs, but the records in Register Brown's office prove it true.

Gillespie and O'Dear were both married some years ago and after several children had been born to each family Mrs. Gillespie and Mrs. O'Dear both died. Sam O'Dear afterwards fell in love with one of James Polk Gillespie's daughters and took her for his second wife, unbeknownst as it were, to Polk. O'Dear also had a good-looking daughter, and James Polk

retaliated by stealing her from Samuel, and they were married a few days ago.

You may say, O'Dear, this is funny, but we assure you we are not trying to Polk fun at you, but facts. All the above parties live in the northern part of this county, a few miles from Marion.

## The Epilogizer.

A Western judge was listening to an attorney who had a mean habit of interpolating remarks into the proceedings of the court. What he said was scarcely ever heard by any one, as he mumbled rather than spoke and would never repeat a remark. One day he said something which nobody heard except the judge, who at once became exceedingly angry. Turning to the court bailiff he thundered out, "Adjourn court!" Then, as soon as the bailiff had done his duty, the judge stepped from the bench, beckoned to the lawyer to follow him and entered the clerk's office. The lawyer went along. So did two or three other people.

As soon as the judge got fairly into the room, he seized a lawbook, and turning upon the lawyer he fairly screamed: "I was on the bench awhile ago, and you insulted me. I was a judge then. I am a man now, and the man will have an apology for the judge, or he will take it out of your hide. You might make an apology to the judge, but you would not mean it. Now, however, the case is more serious, and unless you give me what I ask I will smash your head." The lawyer made a most object apology which the judge accepted, and then the party went back to the courtroom and resumed business.—San Francisco Argonaut.

According to a correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle an exhibition of exceeding interest has just been opened at the Vienna Museum. This consists of a collection of upwards of 10,000 Egyptian papyrus documents, which were discovered at El Fayum, and purchased by the Austrian Archduke Rainer several years ago. The collection is unique, and the documents, which are written in eleven different languages, have all been deciphered and arranged scientifically. They cover a period of 2,500 years and furnish remarkable evidence as to the culture and public and private life of the ancient Egyptians and other nations. They are also said to contain evidence that printing from type was known to the Egyptians as far back as the tenth century B. C. Other documents show that a flourishing trade in the manufacture of paper from linen rags existed six centuries before the process was known in Europe. Another interesting feature in the collection is a number of commercial letters, contracts, tax-records, wills, novels, tailors' bills, and even love-letters dating from 1200 B. C.—N. O. Chronicle.