

Watauga Democrat.

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NO. 37.

Women are suspicious of men because men don't what they have troubles.

All except bad ones!

There are hundreds of cough medicines which relieve coughs, all coughs, except bad ones! The medicine which has been curing the worst of bad coughs for 60 years is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Here is evidence:

"My wife was troubled with a deep-seated cough on her lungs for three years. One day I thought of how Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved the life of my sister after the doctors had all given her up to die. So I purchased two bottles, and it cured my wife completely. It took only one bottle to cure my sister. So you see that three bottles (one dollar each) saved two lives. We all send you our heartfelt thanks for what you have done for us."—J. H. Buzas, Macon, Col., Jan. 13, 1899.

Now, for the first time you can get a trial bottle of Cherry Pectoral for 25 cents. Ask your druggist.

PROFESSIONAL.

J. C. FLETCHER,
Attorney At Law,
—BOONE, N. C.—

Careful attention given to collections.

E. F. LOVILL,
—ATTORNEY AT LAW,—
—BOONE, N. C.—

Special attention given to all business entrusted to his care.

8-23, 1900.

J. W. TODD. GEO. P. PELL.

TODD & PELL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
JEFFERSON, N. C.

Will practice regularly in the courts of Watauga. Headquarters at Coffey's Hotel during court. 5-4-99.

E. S. COFFEY,
—ATTORNEY AT LAW,—
—BOONE, N. C.—

Prompt attention given to all matters of a legal nature. Abstracting titles and collection of claims a specialty.

8-23-1900.

DR. J. M. HOGSHEAD,
Cancer Specialist,
BANNER'S ELK, N. C.
No Knife, No Burning Out.
Highest references and endorsements of prominent persons successfully treated in Va., Tenn. and N. C. Remember that there is no time too soon to get rid of a cancerous growth—no matter how small. Examination free, letters answered promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Nature's Semmon.

The world is never lonely to those who can read its great lessons. The student of nature has a field for deepest and widest study. When he studies its great languages, he is the best linguist. When he really appreciates those pictures upon the world's great canvases he becomes the greatest artist. When he studies the wondrous temples and all the delicate forms of beauty and of grace, he is the divinest sculptor, and as he listens to the world's melody in brook and stream, and the wonderful harmony in the chorons of the song birds, he is nature's noblest musician. The world is one of beauty to him who loves to live. The greatest pictures the world has ever produced are naught compared with the glories that are painted every evening in the shadows of twilight and Eden's first morning combined no more splendor than the traceries of beauty which we behold every morning in an Indian summer's dawn. The glory of the rainbow that hangs upon the storm clouds has the same delicate colors that are hidden in the folds of the most delicate flower.

When we walk through an old cemetery with its weather beaten slabs and its costly monuments; when we read the dates that have been chiseled in the marble marking the time when the sleepers laid down their burdens, some 100 years ago and some yesterday, some where the moss and ivy have wound their delicate tendrils above the dreamless dust and honey-suckles have grown and lived and died during many decades; some whose hearts have scarcely grown cold and flowers that were placed there by loving hands still hold their living glory; our hearts are softened by a silent and pensive sorrow and our eyes grow dim with unshed tears. The world once held for those who sleep many sweet welcomes and life was a pleasant drama of story and song.

A thousand sad farewells are said in silence at its close but the dust contains no heart aches and no tears. Life is short at best. Its longest day is but the story of a dream, but its brevity is the greatest lesson that we know which teaches us that we shall live again, we know not where nor how, but sometime the flower that blooms at dawn and dies at midday will greet another dawn, and after a while the earth worm will change its form, and from the dust of its low estate will spring an immortal glory.

No science can prove the reverse of things which we feel and know. A delightful autumn day makes us feel that all of God's great kingdom was made for man, his use, his delight, and we are less inclined to question the mysteries that lie in the winter beyond.

The roses bloom in beauty and cast their burden of fragrance upon the breeze. A thousand dewdrops hold the glories of the sunbeam, and while happy hearts are sing-

ing God's praises in choral song, some modest pansy is laughing in sunlight, while listening to a flock of nature's musicians, in their morning serenade, and ten thousand wild bowers are leaning toward the light.—Bristol Courier.

It Happened in a Drug Store.

"One day last winter a lady came to my drug store and asked for a brand of cough syrup that I did not keep in stock," says Mr. C. R. Grandin, the popular druggist of Ontario, N. Y. "She was disappointed and wanted to know what cough preparation I could recommend. I said to her that I could freely recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and that she could take a bottle of the remedy and after giving it a fair trial if she did not find it worth the money to bring back the bottle and I would refund the price paid. In the course of a day or two the lady came back in company with a friend in need of cough medicine and advised her to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I consider that a very good recommendation for the remedy." It is for sale by Blackburn.

The news from Asheville is that H. F. Jones, the convicted perjurer, is to be retained in the revenue service. Of course Prichard & Co. are taking care of Jones after the 1896 affair in Alleghany. Moral: If you want to be sure of a revenue job, pretend to be an independent democrat with an understanding that you will help the Radicals when needed, and then get convicted of perjury.—News and Observer.

"For three days and nights I suffered agony untold from an attack of cholera morbus brought on by eating cucumbers," says M. E. Lewther, clerk of the district court at Centerville, Iowa. "I thought I should surely die, and tried a dozen different medicines but all to no purpose. I sent for a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and three doses relieved me entirely. For sale by Blackburn.

An English nurse home from South Africa, tells a good story, the hero of which is, of course, an Irishman. The man had the novel experience of having been shot through the heart and recovering from it. The shot penetrated the apex of the heart, where the muscular walls are extremely thick and the titulus healed without injury. The nurse was talking to him of his very wonderful escape when the soldier replied: "Ah, sure, I know how it was; my heart was in me mouth at that minute."—Savannah News.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware the
Signature
of
J. C. FLETCHER

THE HAGUE MCCORKLE DRY GOODS COMPANY,
—IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALERS—

—GREENSBORO, N. C.—

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS AND HATS.

We solicit trade of merchants only, and sell nothing at retail. We cordially invite all merchants to call on us when in Greensboro, or to see our travelling salesmen before placing orders elsewhere.

S. L. JENKINS, Jr., Salesman.

The Negro Soldier.

Colonel Bullard, late of the Thirtieth Volunteer Infantry contributes to the Journal of the Military Service Institution an interesting article on the negro as a volunteer. During the war with Spain Col. Bullard commanded the Third Alabama volunteers, composed entirely of negroes with the exception of the regimental officers, who were Southern white men. The negro volunteer is found to be a good natured, happy person, who is not worried by climatic discomforts. He is not lazy, and works the better for the judicious praise. As individuals negroes trifle, but in masses they are efficient. "They crave society," it is stated, "to such an extent that it becomes almost impossible to have sentinel duty properly discharged. The light heartedness and good humor makes the negro complainer a rarity. The negro starts, too, with a proper appreciation of the respect due his commissioned officer. It seems to be inborn knowledge, and as a general thing he lies up to his disciplinary quality. He does not, however, readily lend himself to the authority of the non commissioned officer. A difficulty in punishing negro soldiers comes from their stubbornness, and it is even necessary in order to make punishment effective, to have it carried out with the ridicule of comrades."

On the other hand the negro soldier, according to Colonel Bullard, is characterized by "a certain common lack of honor." He thives a good deal. "There is no special rectitude in the observation of financial obligations, and any amount of falsification is considered excusable in defeating an effort to collect borrowed money; but the negro is a good soldier, in the sense that he is obedient, and a splendid fighter when he is under intrepid officers who are also disciplinarians. There is an irresistible propensity for carrying concealed weapons, and those in authority have found it almost impossible to break up this practice. Negroes 'take sides' in any row of which they happen to be the observer; just as a certain frivolity is a predominant trait." There is no lack of courage, if the leader is brave; the negro regular in Cuba showed he would face an enemy. Upon the whole the negro is considered to be better fitted for the subordination of the modern soldier than is his white brother. As Colonel Bullard sums it up: "By character more submissive to discipline, by nature more good humored and happy, from social position more

subordinate to superiors, from poverty more used to plain food, fewer clothes and comforts, the average negro volunteer comes to the colors with more of the first urgently needed qualities of the soldier and reader for service than the white."—Baltimore Sun.

He Wanted His Leg.

News and Observer.
About sixteen years ago Dr. James A. Burroughs, of Asheville, was called professionally by another physician to see a twelve year old boy and requested to amputate the leg. The boy had tuberculosis of the bone, rather a peculiar case, and he took the amputated limb to Asheville for future examination and preserved the leg in alcohol. The family made no objection, says the Asheville Citizen.

In 1796, while the colored porter was moving some medical cases in Dr. Burroughs' office, the case containing the leg was broken and the limb was then buried. In 1898, thirteen years after the amputation, Mr. Miller called on the doctor and asked to see his amputated leg. When told that under the circumstances his request could not be granted brought a suit against Dr. Burroughs for five hundred dollars "for his lacerated feelings to offset the mental anguish he sustained on account of the loss of the leg and the uncertainty as to the present whereabouts of said limb." The jury promptly decided that the young man, who had waited sixteen years to bring his suit, had not suffered "laceration" of the kind that could be compensated in this world.

If the doctor had kept the leg in alcohol, he would have been able to say to the plaintiff: "Here's your leg; I have kept it good and sound all these years for you." But the accident compelled the burial of the leg, over which no monument was erected, and Mr. Miller felt mental anguish because he foresaw that the lost leg when the angel Gabriel calls him forth on the Resurrection Day. That anguish, however, has no compensation this side of the grave, but St. Peter may be depended upon to make everything right for Mr. Miller if he is fortunate enough as to gain admission to the New Jerusalem.

Tot Causes Night Alarm.

"One night my brother's baby was taken with croup," writes Mr. J. C. Snyder, of Crittenden, Ky. "it seemed it would strangle before we could get a doctor, so we gave it Dr. King's New Discovery which gave quick relief and permanently cured it. We always keep it in the house to protect the children from croup and whooping cough. It cured me of a chronic bronchial trouble that no other remedy could relieve." Infalible for coughs, colds and throat and lung troubles. 50c. and \$1. Trial bottles free at Blackburn's.

An anarchist in Chicago, whose house was robbed by burglars, has appealed to the police for redress. Will he be converted by the logic of his own argument?

"Jack" Chin's Button.

New York Times.
Colonel "Jack" Chins was standing in the corridor of the Hoffman House talking to some friends when a stranger was introduced. In the course of the conversation that ensued the new comer said to Chinn:

"That's an odd looking button you wear, Colonel," pointing to a Confederate Veteran's button on the lapel of coat.

"Yes, you don't see many of them," replied the Kentuckian.

"What kind of a button is it?" asked the stranger.

"Well, sir, that is a button that no negro can wear, and that no man who draws a pension ever did wear."

The Snake Crop.

Jacob Malcom, a live stock dealer who has just returned to Waterloo, Iowa, from a long visit to Nebraska, tells this story:

"A snake den is located seven miles south of Imperial, the county seat of Chase Co. Mr. High, living this side of the creek, about eighty rods from the den, told Mr. Malcom that in the past two years he has killed 1,500 rattlers and blue racers, mostly rattlers. Last fall between Oct. 1 and Nov. 15, when they were returning to the den for winter quarters he killed 750.

"The snake den is known all over the west and South. Mr. High tried to blow it up with dynamite but failed as the bill that the den is in is sand and slacked limestone, not solid enough for the dynamite to do much good. The entrance to the den is about two feet wide and eight inches deep."—Home Life.

When you have no appetite, do not relish your food and feel dull after eating you may know that you need a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Price 25c. Samples free at Blackburn's.

Time takes heavy toil as we pass, one after one, the Janus gated years, but he goes bravely on who bears with him the perfume of his Eden, and the romance of the morning and the lavish heart of truth.—B. F. Taylor.

Wise is the girl who possesses such an unromantic thing as an appetite if she marries a butcher instead of a poet.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmor, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this paper, use offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmor & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and one dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.