

# Watauga Democrat.

VOL. XVI.

BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY AUGUST 18, 1904.

NO. 23.

## PROFESSIONAL.

**Frank H. Stinson,**

**SURVEYOR.**

BANNER ELK, N. C.

FINE INSTRUMENTS.

**L. D. LOWE,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BANNER ELK, N. C.

Will practice in the courts of Watauga, Mitchell and adjoining counties. 7-6-'04.

**Todd & Ballou,**

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

JEFFERSON, N. C.

Will practice in all the courts. Special attention given to collection. 1-6-4.

**F. A. LINNEY,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BOONE, N. C.

Will practice in the courts of this and surrounding counties. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims and all other business of a legal nature. 6-12-'04.

**EDMUND JONES,**

LAWYER

LENOIR, N. C.

Will Practice Regularly in the Courts of Watauga, 5-1-'03.

**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. 1-1-'04.

**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. 1-1-'04.

**DR. R. D. JENNINGS,**

[RESIDENT DENTIST.]

BANNER ELK, N. C.

Nothing but the best material used and all work done under a positive guarantee. Persons at a distance should notify me a few days in advance when they want work done. After March 1st, I have arranged to be at the Blackburn House in Boone on each first Monday. Call on me. 1-28.

**W. H. BOWER,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Lenoir, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Caldwell, Watauga, Mitchell, Ashe and other surrounding counties.

Prompt attention given to all legal matters entrusted to his care.

**Dr. J. M. HOGSHEAD,**

Gance Specialist,

BANNER'S ELK, N. C.

No Knife No Burning Out.

Most 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. Sufferers removed promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.

## A TERRIBLE CHARGE.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

A solemn hush fell over the crowded courtroom, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for an answer to the judge's question.

Will the prisoner answer? Is there nothing that will make him show some sign of emotion?

Will he maintain the cold, indifferent attitude that he has shown through the long trial, even to the place of execution?

Such were the questions that passed through the minds of those who had followed the case from day to day.

The judge still waited in dignified silence.

Not a whisper was heard anywhere, and the situation had become painfully oppressive; when the prisoner was seen to move, his head was raised, his hands were clinched, and the blood had rushed into his pale, careworn face. His teeth were firmly set, and into his haggard eyes came a flash of light.

Suddenly he arose to his feet, and in a low, firm, but distinct voice, said:

"I have Your honor, you have asked me a question; and I now ask as the last favor on earth, that you will not interrupt my answer until I am through."

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the willful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard, and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful, cowardly and inhuman deed, I have no right to complain or condemn the verdict of the 12 good men who have acted as jurors in this case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence."

"But, it may please the court, I wish to show that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife!"

This startling statement created a tremendous sensation. The judge leaned over the desk, the lawyers wheeled around and faced the prisoner; the jurors looked at each other in amazement, while the spectators could hardly suppress their intense excitement. The prisoner paused a few seconds and then continued in the same firm distinct voice:

"I repeat your honor that I am not the only one guilty of the murder of my wife. The judge on this bench, the jury in the box, the lawyers within this bar, and most of the witnesses, including the pastor of the Old Church, are also guilty before Almighty God, and will have to appear before His judgement throne, where we all shall be truthfully judged."

If twenty men conspire to

gether for the murder of one person; the law power of this land will arrest the twenty and each will be tried, convicted and executed, for a whole murder and not one-twentieth of the crime.

I have been made a drunkard by law. If it had not been for the legalized saloons of my town, I never would have become a drunkard; my wife would not have been murdered; I would not be here now, ready to be hurled into eternity. Had it not been for the human traps set out with the consent of the government, I would have been a sober man, an industrious workman, a tender father, a loving husband. But today my home is destroyed, my wife murdered, my little children—God bless and care for them!—cast on the mercy of a cold and cruel world, while I am to be murdered by the strong arm of the State.

"God knows, I tried to reform; but as long as the open saloon was in my pathway, my weak, diseased will power was no match against the fearful, consuming, agonizing, appetite for liquor. At last I sought the protection care, and sympathy of the Church of Jesus Christ, but at the communion table I received from the hand of the pastor who sits there and who testified against me in this case, the cup that contained the very same alcoholic serpent that is found in every bar-room in the land. It proved too much for my weak humanity, and out of the holy place I rushed to the last debauch that ended with the murder of my wife."

"For one year our town was without a saloon. For one year I was a sober man. For one year my wife and children were supremely happy and our little home was a perfect paradise."

"I was one of those who signed a remonstrance against re-opening the saloons of our town. The names of one-half of this jury can be found today on the petition certifying to the good, moral character (?) of the rum-sellers, and falsely saying that the sale of liquor was necessary in our town. The prosecuting attorney on this case was the one that so eloquently pleaded with this court for the license, and the judge who sits on this bench, and asked me if I had anything to say before the sentence of death was passed on me, granted the license."

The impassioned words of the prisoner fell like coals of fire upon the hearts of those present, and many of the spectators and some of the lawyers were moved to tears. The judge made a motion as if to stop any further speech on the part of the prisoner, when the speaker hastily said:

"Not on your Honor, do not close my lips; I am nearly through and they are the last words I shall ever utter on earth."

"I began my downward career at a saloon bar—legalized and protected by the yo-

ters of this commonwealth, which has received annually a part of the blood money from the poor, deluded victims. After the State had made me a drunkard and a murderer, I am taken before another bar—the bar of justice (?) by the same power of law that legalized the first bar, and now the law power will conduct me to the place of execution, and hasten my soul into eternity. I shall appear before another bar—the judgment bar of God—and there you, who have legalized the traffic, will have to appear with me. Think you that the Great Judge will hold me—the poor, weak, helpless victim of your traffic, alone responsible for the murder of my wife? Nay, I, in my drunken, frenzied, irresponsible condition have murdered one but you have deliberately and wilfully murdered your thousands, and the murder mills are in full operation today with your consent."

"All of you know, in your hearts, that these words of mine are not the ravings of an unsound mind, but God Almighty's truth. The liquor traffic of this Nation is responsible for nearly all the murders, bloodshed, riots, poverty, misery, wretchedness and woe. It breaks up thousands of happy homes every year, sends the husband to prison or to the gallows, and drives countless mothers and little children into the world to suffer and die. It furnishes nearly all the criminal business of this and every court, and blasts every community it touches."

"You legalize the saloons that make me a drunkard and a murderer and you are guilty with me before God for the murder of my wife!"

"Your Honor, I am done. I am now ready to receive my sentence, and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of this State. You will close by asking; the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open your blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic.—Tallie Morgan in Domestic Journal.

## A SWEET BREATH

is a never failing sign of a healthy stomach. When the breath is bad the stomach is out of order. There is no remedy in the world to equal Kodol Dyspepsia cure for curing in digestion dyspepsia and all stomach disorders. Mrs. Mary S. Crick, of White Plains Ky., writes: "I have been a dyspeptic for years; tried all kinds of remedies but continued to grow worse. By the use of Kodol I began to improve at once and after taking a few bottles am fully restored in weight, health, strength and can eat what I like." Kodol digests what you eat and makes the stomach sweet. Sold by M. B. Blackburn.

A man's house is his castle unless it is in his wife's name.

## THE DEATH PENALTY.

A little thing sometimes results in death. Thus a mere scratch, insignificant cuts or puny boils have paid the death penalty. It is wise to have Bucklen's Arnica Salve ever handy. It's the best salve on earth and will prevent fatality, when burns, sores, ulcers and boils threaten. Only 25c. M. B. Blackburn.

## History Will Repeat Itself.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

The Liquor Dealers Association of North Carolina at a meeting in Greensboro this week decided to go into politics. They demand "modifications" of the Watts law.

The only "modifications" they desire is to be permitted to re-open their saloons.

The Democratic Legislature enacted the Watts law. The Democratic State Convention emphatically approved the principle upon which it is based. The Democratic candidates will stand firmly by the law. There will be no compromise, no step backward.

The challenge of the liquor dealers is accepted. They will find that history will repeat itself. In 1882 the liquor dealers joined hands with the Radicals to defeat the Democrats because the question of prohibition had been submitted to the people. There were 100,000 negro voters then and they nearly all lined up for the Red Eye. And yet the crowd calling themselves Liberals, were defeated.

History will repeat itself. The Rads and Liquor Dealers will miss the 100,000 negro voters when they march to the polls in Nov.—News and Observer.

Rev. J. W. Lee, who several years ago had a wide reputation in Greensboro and the State as the Irish evangelist and anti-saloon apostle, was brought to Greensboro this week from Philadelphia, and carried to the home of his wife and children on a stretcher. He has been living in Philadelphia for several years and recently in a hospital there, suffering from tuberculosis, and is now in a critical condition. Formerly a man of robust build and strong physical development, he weighs now but little over 100 lbs and his condition excites the commiseration of all who knew him.—Ex.

## END OF BITTER FIGHT.

"Two physicians had a long and stubborn fight with an abscess on my right lung" writes J. F. Hughes of DuPont Gap and gave me up for lost. Everybody thought my time had come. As a last resort I tried Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. The benefit I received was striking, and I was on my feet in a few days. Now I've entirely regained my health." It conquers all coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. Guaranteed by M. B. Blackburn. Price 50c, and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

Speaking of disappointments, how about a man who walked 6,000 miles from Costa Rica to St. Louis to win a \$1,500 prize that was not offered?

## A SUMMER COLD

A summer cold is not only annoying but if not cured relieved Pneumonia will probably be the result by fall. One minute cough cure clears the phlegm draws out the inflammation, heals soothes and strengthens the lungs and bronchial tubes. One minute cough cure is an ideal remedy for the children. It is pleasant to the taste and perfectly harmless. A certain cure for croup, cough and cold. Sold by M. B. Blackburn.

## LIVER TROUBLES

"I had Theford's Black-Draught a good medicine for liver disease. It cured my son after he had spent his with doctors. It is the medicine I take."—MRS. CAROLINE MARTIN, Parkersburg, W. Va.

If your liver does not regularly go to your druggist and secure a package of Theford's Black-Draught and take a dose tonight. This great family medicine frees the constipated bowels, stirs up the torpid liver and causes a healthy secretion of bile.

Theford's Black-Draught will cleanse the bowels of impurities and strengthen the kidneys. A torpid liver invites colds, biliousness, chills and fever and all manner of sickness and contagion. Weak kidneys result in Bright's disease which claims as many victims as consumption. A 25-cent package of Theford's Black-Draught should always be kept in the house.

"I used Theford's Black-Draught for liver and kidney troubles and found nothing to equal it."—WILLIAM COFFMAN, Marshfield, Ill.

## THEFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

A Grasping Minister.

Have you a good minister, asked a summer visitor of a rural resident in New England.

"Waal, he would if he warn't so graspin'."

"How does he show that he is graspin'?"

"Waal, last winter when we gave him a donation party an' carried him a lot of vegetables an' other truck an' \$40 in money he warn't willin' that the money should go on his salary."

"But I suppose that he doesn't get a very large salary."

"Purty fair—a hundred an' fifty dollars a year."

## SUICIDE PREVENTED.

The startling announcement that a preventive of suicide had been discovered will interest many. A run down system, or dependency invariably precedes suicide and something has been found that will prevent that condition which makes suicide likely. At the first thought of self destruction take Electric Bitters. It being a great tonic and nerve will strengthen the nerves and build up the system. It's also a great Stomach, Liver and Kidney regulator. Only 50 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed by M. B. Blackburn.

## Over-Work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes.

The kidneys are your blood purifiers, they filter out the waste or impurities in the blood. If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work. Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney troubles.

Kidney troubles causes quick or unsteady heart beats, and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is ever-working in pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood through veins and arteries.

It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail. Write to Dr. Kilmer, free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.