

Watauga Democrat.

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BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY AUGUST 8, 1907.

NO. 14.

PROFESSIONAL.

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 real estate law and collections. 6-15-'06

J. E. HODGES,

Veterinary Surgeon,
SANDS, N. C.
Aug. 6. 1y.

EDMUND JONES

LAWYER—
LENOIR, N. C.—
Will Practice Regularly in the Courts of Watauga, 6-1 '05.

F. A. LINNEY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BOONE, N. C.
Will practice in the courts of the 13th Judicial District in all matters of a civil nature. 6-11—1906.

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.

A. A. Holsclaw,

ATTORNEY AT LAW—
Mountain City, Tennessee.
Will practice in all the courts of Tennessee, State and Federal. Special attention given to collections and all other matters of a legal nature.
Office northeast of court house. Oct. 11, 1906, 1y.

E. S. GOFFEY,

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-'07.

R. Ross Donnelly,

UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER
SHOONS, --- Tennessee,
Has Varnished and Glass White Coffins; Black Broadcloth and White Plush Caskets; Black and White Metallic Caskets Robes, Shoes and Finishings.
Extra large Coffins and Cases always on hand. Phone orders given special attention.
R. ROSS DONNELLY.

NEW JEWELER'S SHOP.

I will be located in Boone by June the first, 1907, prepared to do all kinds of watch and clock repairing on short notice. My work is all guaranteed and no work is charged for unless satisfactory to the owner. Bring me your work and I will give you a first-class job.
Office up stairs in Critcher brick row.
SILAS M. GREENE, Jeweler.

FARMING.

(By Joe T. Ray, Elk Park.)
There is a profession in which every man may engage, no matter how poor or unlearned he may be. That profession is farming.

I am not an old or experienced farmer, but I was reared on the farm and learned to till the soil and get joy out of the ground. In my opinion, farming is the grandest, the most inspiring, the most noble and independent of all the professions. The farmer is the solvent, the independent and happy man. The merchant may see his goods go up in smoke; the bank president may abscond with a handful of stolen money; the millionaire's money may take wings and fly to parts unknown; and reduce him to beggary in a single day. The politician is a pusillanimous wretch. The minister is a walking pity. The office-holder is a public pack horse. Let the brainless tadpole duds scorn the farmer. I had a thousand times rather be an independent farmer, and know that my soul is erect and free, than to be President of the United States without independence, feeling of the popular pulse, inquiring about the wind of opinion, filled with fear and trembling.

There is a quiet about the life of a farmer and the hope of a serene old age, that no other profession or calling can give. The professional man is doomed some day to feel his power waning; he is doomed some day to see younger and stronger men pass him in the race of life; he is doomed some day to take his seat and be last where once he was first. The business man's nights are filled with worry; his dreams are filled with spectres and goblins, but the kind old farmer, like the eternal hills, when the storms of panic howl around, and the business tides ebb and flow, he remains practically unharmed, towering above the fogs of turmoil, and quietly breathes the atmosphere of thrift and progress. He owes no man anything except good will. If any man comes to his door, he is not afraid it is an officer, and always greets you with a hearty "come in." His nights are filled with sleep and rest. He hears the refreshing rain falling upon the waving corn and listens to the zephyr's whisperings in the vine-clad trees above him, and breathes the sweet perfume of roses wafted in through his open window.

When the winter winds begin to blow, his crops are gathered and his barns and cellars are filled. He looks forward to three long months at home with wife and family, three months of rest around his own fire side, three months of leisure in which to read and inform himself, three months of solid comfort. It is not only the inalienable right of every man, but his indispensable duty to choose the calling or profession, the pursuit of which will bring the most possible happiness. If the people were educated to believe that it is honorable to be useful, and disgraceful to be idle and useless, and demand a higher standard of manhood, there would not be so many beggars, thieves and robbers in the land, and more respectable citizens. The people ought to be taught that the farmer is the father of all industry, and that the venerable old gentleman ought to be respected.

There is a host of people in the land, many of whom are graduates of good colleges, who shun work, and especially the farm, as they would a leper. They are willing to do any thing that is not regarded as labor; anything

that can be done in the house or in an office. Even some of them are willing to go about like a gang of hungry wolves trying to sell sewing machines, life insurance, patent churns, peanuts, cider and every other trash on earth. They seem to think work very disgraceful to a man who has a little knowledge of the three R's. "Read, Rite and Rithmetical." Such people are simply ruined. They are educated wrong. The popular pulse is depreciating the standard of manhood.

The greatness and glory of our land depend upon the number of people who own their own homes. It elevates a man and instills patriotism in him to own a home. He who has sat by his own fire-side, with wife and family, has had a blessing obtained in no other way. Few men have ever been patriotic enough to take up a gun in defense of a boarding house. Every man without a home, feels more or less like a vagrant. The farmer is a prince. He owns a home, and if no more, he is a rich and happy man, because he is contented there. Oh, let me retire to the quiet old farm, where my soul may rest and live.

The world hath gone astray, and sin is abroad in the land. Money is a grim monarch, and holdeth man in its hand.

Not long ago, I stood in St. Louis, and watched the rushing throng, until I was almost choked by smoke, and deafened by the roar of the town, I thought to myself,

Oh take me far back into the woodland hills and vaults sublime, Mid majestic birch, oak and pine Evergreen laurel and swinging vines.

By the rippling streams and crystal springs, Where the wild turkeys gobble, and the nightingale sings.

Where the squirrel in the tree-top dreams of no harm, 'Till the mountaineer's rifle rings out the alarm.

Yea, take me still farther on the mountain towering to the sky Upon her grassy summit so very fine and high,

And may I never, never see Another drunken rushing crowd, Or in a city be

I can imagine no sweeter way or place to end ones days, than in the quiet of the country down on the old farm, where our boyhood days were spent in childish plays; where we caught the tadpoles by the tail, and stole the peaches and plums; where we have strolled down in the meadow and breathed the sweet scent of curing hay, and listen to the mocking bird in the weeping willow, and the katy-dids song as the evening stole on. Surrounded by pleasant fields of waving grain, far from the madning crowds ignoble strife, where fools strive for the worthless praise of other fools; secure from the ingratitude of an ungrateful world.

Down in the old farm-house, covered with vines and robed with flowers; surrounded by loved ones faithful and true, we hope to pass away as serenely as the Autumn dies.

Endorsed By The County.

"The most popular remedy in Otsego county, and the best friend of my family," writes Wm. M. Dietz, editor and publisher of the Otsego Journal, Gilbertsville, N. Y. "is Dr. King's New Discovery. It has proved to be an infallible cure for coughs and colds, making short work of the worst of them. We always keep a bottle in the house. I believe it to be the most valuable prescription known for Lung and Throat disease." Guaranteed to never disappoint the taker by all druggists. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

The President's Surrender.

(New York Times.)
Governor Glenn knew the man with whom he had to deal. Theodore Roosevelt is lion-hearted in the battles of actual war, in personal controversy he is full of pluck and manhood. In the strifes of politics he has abundant courage when the issues are to his liking, but it has become notorious that when the interests of party or his own personal advantage and popularity are at stake he is much inclined to wave the glory of the front attack, to cut across the corners of principle, and to content himself with compromise and adjustment reached through indirection and avoidance.

In the very beginning of the North Carolina trouble he showed that he was afraid of it. He sent a Federal agent upon a mission of compromise, though the matter was one that premitted only a strength course, an inflexible performance of duty. Governor Glenn apparently saw his advantage. As the President weakened and faltered, the North Carolina Governor towered and grew insolent. He resisted, disobeyed and defied the orders of a Federal judge. The President continued to seek a "peaceful settlement." Governor Glenn has triumphed at all points and the completeness of his victory is the measure of the President's shameful defeat. It is a surrender for which no parallel can be found in the history of the Republic.

There is a foolish rumor that President Roosevelt begged the authorities of the Southern railway to cease their resistance to a law declared unconstitutional by Judge Pritchard lest through a continuance of the controversy he might be compelled to send Federal troops into a Southern State, thus rendering certain the election of Mr. Bryan next year. Not Mr. Bryan—oh, no, he. William J. Bryan is an insufferable bore, absolutely the most tiresome biped in the United States. His record is altogether made up of failures and defeats. Robert B. Glenn, of North Carolina, is the man. He is victorious and prevailing. He has just triumphed over law and order, over the Federal judiciary, over the President of the United States, the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy. The Democracy has been looking for a Southern candidate. His tremendous victory in the rate bill controversy has made Governor Glenn for the moment the most conspicuous man in the country. His availability is immensely enhanced by the obvious fact that he saw his point of advantage. The commander who shrinks in the skirmish will run away in the battle. Gov. Glenn knew that the issue he had raised was not at all to the President's liking, so when compromise was proposed from Washington he saw his chance and his party's chance. Men of that force and quickness are not to be lightly passed over by conventions. But if Governor Glenn is to be the man for the Democrats, manifestly Mr. Roosevelt is quite out of the running for the Republicans. Surrender and defeat do not constitute availability—particularly when the oath of office, the laws of the land, and the Constitution have been abandoned in the fight.

The matter is, beyond all question and comparison, the most serious and disquieting of all the disturbing incidents of the Roosevelt administration.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware the Signature
J. H. Fletcher

Carrie Nation.

(Hickory Democrat.)
Carrie Nation delivered two of her lectures in Wesleyan Methodist church of Hickory last Friday. A fairly good sized audience greeted her at the first lecture, but at the second performance the crowd was small. Mrs. Nation is sixty-one years old and is well preserved. She has an attractive face and impresses one most favorably. She told part of her history. She was born in the South and has been twice married. Her first husband died a drunkard and she knows what it is to be a drunkard's wife and a drunkard's widow.

Her second husband sought and secured a divorce from her because she would not give up her work of smashing saloons. She claims to be called of God for this special work; that she has seen visions and that the prophet Isaiah had her in mind when uttering certain prophecies. She is a fanatic.

Her first lecture was on the ideal woman and contained many wise suggestions for the young girls and mothers. She warned the young girls against tight lacing and her tribute to motherhood was fine. At night she told how she smashed and why she smashed. She was severe on coca-cola and cigarettes as well as Hickory. She praised Hickory for the stand taken on the prohibition question, but said that we had some sneaks around here who were hauling the accursed stuff around in their buggies and selling it. We do not know who had been telling Carrie tales, or whether she just jumped at that conclusion.

She praised Governor Glenn and said that she hoped the people would send him to the United States' Senate; that just such a man as he is was needed in Washington. The Republican and Democratic parties received respectful attention at her hands and the Chief Executive of the Nation was not forgotten. Incidentally it might be remarked that Mrs. Nation sells hatchets and a paper called the Hatchet and a copy of her life for fifty cents and that she does not forget to mention this fact in her address.

We do not think that any town is the worst for having Mrs. Nation visit it. She stands for virtue, temperance and religion. She exalts virtue and denounces vice. The language used may seem severe in some cases, but she is in dead earnest and her soul is a fire with zeal for her cause. Money spent for her hatchet is better spent than money spent for cigarettes.

CARRIE NATION'S SAYINGS.

God made the skunk to smell, but He never intended that man should rival him in this respect. Shame on you girls who go to hugging schools.

What would you think of the hen that would turn her chicken over to the old rooster to raise. That is what some of you women are doing.

I have a great deal of respect for a dog because he will not smoke.

No truly great man was ever born from a society girl. You society girls are not fit to become mothers.

Bull Durham and Duke's Mixtures are the appropriate emblems to place on some churches.

"Everybody Should Know"

says C. G. Hays, a prominent business man of Bluff, Mo., that Buckless Atica Salve is the quickest and surest healing salve ever applied to a sore, burn or wound, or to a case of piles. I've used it and know what I'm talking about." Guaranteed by all druggists, 25c.

You May Need It

Ask your doctor about the wisdom of your keeping Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, ready for colds, coughs, croup, bronchitis. If he says it's all right, then get a bottle of it at once. Why not show a little foresight in such matters? Early treatment, early cure.

We publish our formulae
We banish alcohol from our medicines
We urge you to consult your doctor
Ayer's

Many a boy is called dull and stupid, when the whole trouble is due to a lazy liver. We firmly believe your own doctor will tell you that an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills will do such boys a great deal of good. They keep the liver active. Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Somebody has defined a Republican as "one who believes in the greatest good to the smallest number." Nothing could be more exact.

The Limit of Life.

The most eminent medical scientists are unanimous in the conclusion that the generally accepted limitation of human life is many years below the attainment possible with the advanced knowledge of which the race is now possessed. The critical period, that determines its duration seems to be between 50 and 60; the proper care of the body during this decade cannot be too strongly urged; carelessness then being fatal to longevity. Nature's best helper after 50, is Electric Bitters, the scientific tonic medicine that revitalizes every organ of the body. Guaranteed by all druggists, 50c.

A very severe hail storm passed over Orange county recently, doing great damage to the tobacco crop.

The secret of fashionable beauty, I asked the question of a beauty specialist. In order to be round, rosy and very stylish, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, 35 cents, Tea or tablets, M. B. Blackburn and Blowing Rock drug Co.

The Cosmopolitan Shipping Co. of Philadelphia protests to the Interstate Commerce Commission that the Hamburg-American Packet Co. is maintaining a monopoly of land and sea transportation for the shipment of goods between the United States and Europe. No wonder our ship trust is demanding a subsidy.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.
Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalence of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patient and physicians, who content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease undermines the system.

What To Do.
There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or had effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Bugliantoni, N. Y. When writing mention this paper and don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.

Home of Swamp-Root.
Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.