

Watauga Democrat.

VOL. XX

BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY APRIL 22, 1909.

NO. 48.

J. P. COUNTELL, J. H. HARDEN
COUNCELL & HARDIN,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
Limestone, Tennessee.

Write us what you want in the way of farming lands in this fertile country and we will do our best to please you. 9-10.

SMALL FARM FOR SALE.
One and one half miles west of Boone N. C. good location convenient to first class school. For terms and particulars, address G. R. LONG, Williamsburg, Butte, Mont.

PROFESSIONAL.

NAT T. DULANEY, M. D.,

-SPECIALIST-
Fourth St. Bristol Tenn.-Va.
Eye and Throat Diseases.
Refraction for Glasses.

L. D. LOWE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BANNER ELK, N. C.

Will practice in the courts Watauga, Mitchell and adjoining counties. 7-6-07

EDMUND JONES
—LAWYER—
—LENOIR, N. C.—

Will Practice Regularly in the Courts of Watauga, 6-1 '08.

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. 6-11-1908.

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

Careful attention given to collections.

W. R. FOVILL
—ATTORNEY AT LAW,—
—BOONE, N. C.—

Special attention given to all business entrusted to his care. 7-9-08

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, 1907, 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 speciality. 1-1-'09.

R. Ross Donnelly,

UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER
SHOUN'S, --- Tennessee,
Has Varnished and Glass White Coffins; Black Broad loth and White Plush Caskets; Black and White Metallic Caskets; Robes, Shoes and Finishings,
Extra large Coffins and Caskets always on hand. Phone orders given special attention.

R. ROSS DONNELLY,

A Pay Sermon on Hell.

S. H. V., in Charlotte Observer.

There is no sadder and more indisputable truth than the sin carries its own punishment; that a man is his own judge; that he must inevitably pay as he goes; that as he sows so shall he reap. Needs no preacher to prove to us this proposition. It is written large in every human experience. It is not a law of the church; it is the unalterable decree of Nature and Nature's God. To say nothing of the hell hereafter, of which we know so little and talk so much and so understandingly, the man who fails to maintain his moral perpendicular and sinks his soul to planes of uncleanness carries an unending perdition in his own heart. His burnings are unquenchable and eat their lurid way into every fiber of his being. Its marks are left ineradicably upon his countenance, the scars deep upon his soul. The self-condemnation, the loathing of heart, the quailing of spirit, the sickening of mind, the losing of the power to make a worthy fight, the feeling of being overcome, the sense of utter defeat—is this not hell? The power that we call the Devil for want of a better name, begins to get in its work long before the king called Death sets in. And death does not begin with the grave always. There is a death in life when the finer powers and forces are subverted to ignoble uses and no longer assert themselves. Moral decay is death. The process is only continued after the dissolution of the physical being and the kind of hell a soul makes for itself there is enlarged and made more utterly hopeless beyond the charnel house of the body. "A hell that burns forever?" Yes it burns and tortures and consumes and destroys without even making destruction complete. And the flames are something lighted in this world; to what extent they may go is another, only the All-knowing may know.

"Go to hell when I die?" a fine young fellow once said to me. Why man, I've been in secret hell, with raging fires of hot despair for ten years or more. The best part of me is already dead. I fear that there is no resurrection for the good and pure in me. I may suffer more in some future state, I ought to and doubtless will, but my mind cannot conceive of a more torturing punishment than that which already has me in its grasp.

And as I saw the lines of weakness about his once superb face, the scars which his own cruelty to himself had left upon him; the indecision and the fear and the doubt that had taken the place of the early straight gleam in his eye; the very cringing of his soul—I was horribly sure that he was right. It only remains to put on the finishing touches that never finish; to meet the flames with a little more despair; to give the spirit a little more of the realization of supreme defeat and desolation, a consciousness of final separation from the things that are lovely and of good report, from the All-pervading Life and Light to which instinctively turns—and the work is done, or rather just fairly begun.

Is it not hell? The literal blazing fire may be there; we do not know, and it is not necessary for us to know, but it is hell!

Up Before the Bar.

N. H. Brown, an attorney at Pittsfield, Vt., writes: "We have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for years and find them such a good family medicine we would not be without them." For Chills, Constipation, Biliousness or sick headache they work wonders, 25c. at all druggists.

When the farmers of the South and the business men of the South, say the word funds will be immediately available in sufficient volume to place the great industry of cotton production forever on a stable foundation, free from the chance fluctuations of the market, relieved of the attack of manipulators, and leaving the gigantic crop monopoly of this section to respond, unembarrassed and unrestricted, to the legitimate laws of supply and demand. The result should mean to the South an annual cash saving ranging from \$150,000,000 to \$250,000,000.

In these terms Daniel J. Sully who drove cotton to its highest market price since the Civil War, outlined the purpose of his visit to the South.

Sully Has Great Plans.

Concluding, Mr. Sully said his plan contemplates "the creation of an irrefragable business system, which shall do away with the annual necessity of the farmers sacrificing debt, congesting the market, hammering down prices, upsetting the reign of supply and demand and losing to this section the tremendous sums that are its due return for the one crop indispensable to the needs of civilization.

"I do not ask one penny from the Southern people; I do not ask the pledging of one bale of cotton until I have given ample good faith of sufficient financial backing, from sources that are unquestionable to carry every detail of the plan into effect, and to safeguard the interest of every farmer in the South.

"A minimum sum of \$10,000,000 subscribed by the most conservative financiers of the United States as available to be invested in such ironclad securities as shall insure the responsibility of the plan's promoter, to redeem their promises and obligations to the last details.

"The people of the South will be given the first opportunity to invest in this project, if upon rigid examination, it commends itself to their judgment.

"The backbone of the plan is a chain of bonded warehouses throughout the South, sufficient in number and capacity to house one third, as has been demonstrated, will be the balance of power which will render market congestion impossible, and insure the disposal of the crop in strict conformity with the laws of supply and demand."

In borrowing money on his warehouse certificates, Mr. Sully said, the farmer does not surrender the equity in his cotton.

"It is his to sell whenever he pleases, or to hold as long as he pleases, with, with the plain, business exception the certificate he may have used as collateral for the loan is a prior lien upon the bale, which must be satisfied out of the sale of the bale when that culmination is reached."

The company will be paid a nominal fee for each bale of cotton handled, and in this way, Mr. Sully figures, a fair profit will be realized on the investment.—Ex.

Swept Over Niagara.

This terrible calamity often happens because a careless boatman ignores the river's warning—growing ripples and faster current, Nature's warnings are kind. That dull pain or ache in the back warns you the Kidneys need attention if you would escape fatal maladies—Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's disease. Take Electric Bitters at once and see Backache fly and all your best feelings return. "After a long suffering from weak kidneys and lame back, one \$1.00 bottle wholly cured me," writes J. R. Blankenship, of Belk, Tenn. Only 50c. at all druggists.

Temperance Tide Still Flows.

Danville Register.

The prohibition tide continues to spread over the country. In addition to states like Maine, Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, and others that are "dry" by statutory enactment, and in many others liquor is sold in only a few counties or cities, and the number of license cities and counties are steadily decreasing. Whether one welcomes this result or not it is useless to deny or suppress the facts. For years a great growth of temperance sentiment has been worked throughout many portions of the United States and the reaction, if there is to be any and has not yet begun.

In the state of Michigan a few days ago twenty of the twenty-seven counties voting banished the sale of liquor, the local option plan being operative there. The announcement is made now that Missouri is soon to be the scene of a strenuous fight between the pro-liquor and anti-liquor elements, but whether by statute or under the local option plan is not made clear. Recently a number of Illinois counties voted on the same issue and the great majority joined in the anti-liquor column. In Arkansas liquor is sold in but few counties in the entire state, and the same is true of the Southern states, and of various trans-Mississippi commonwealths.

When one harks back twenty years to the time when the proposition to prohibit the sale of liquor in communities by local option was first agitated and contrasts conditions and the agitation, excitement and favor such contests caused them, with conditions now, one must admit, whatever his point of view, that the sentiment against intemperance has grown by leaps and bounds and that it is still making tremendous strides. The people have a right to rule in this as in all other matters, and most people have realized the folly of resisting the public will when sustained by a strong public sentiment and have accepted the situation philanthropically in some of the larger cities where the patronage is sufficient to make it safe from the standpoint of finance and policy, the press has taken sides on this burning issue, and has fought the battle for or against the licensed sale of liquor with vigor and sometimes with bitterness. There is good reason to believe, however, that with the present intelligent electorate the people do their own thinking and are but little influenced by the press in their views on this subject. The growth and education of public sentiment have been so gradual that their extent was hardly appreciable until a test was made. The people read and vote to suit themselves on this subject pre-eminently.

Will there be an ebb to the tide?

Words To Freeze The Soul.

"Your son has consumption. His case is hopeless." These appalling words were spoken to George E. Blevins, a leading merchant at Springfield, N. C., by two expert doctors—one a lung specialist. Then was shown the wonderful power of Dr. King's New Discovery. "After three weeks use," writes Mr. Blevins, "he was as well as ever. I would not take all the money in the world for what it did for my boy." Infallible for coughs and colds, its safest, surest cure of desperate lung diseases on earth, 50c. and \$1.00. Guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottles free at all druggists.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Gears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Gears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Anniversary of Appomattox.

Memphis News-Scimitar.

Forty-four years ago today, the Army of Lee, a handful of heroes, beaten back by an enemy which had every advantage of numbers and resources, capitulated at Appomattox, and the great civil war came to an end. No such fighting was ever done as did the army of Lee in those final days of the great struggle. Every battle was a victory and every victory was really a disaster. Lee had no reserves, and while he killed many more of the soldiers of the opposing army than he himself possessed his own forces were gradually shrinking away. Grant kept calling for reinforcements, and when one of his men was shot down another stepped promptly into the ranks and filled the gap. Those were days of daring and of glory. No southerner, but knew the finish of the struggle. Overpowered, beaten even in victory, hungry and almost naked, its valor was never surpassed and it wrapped its loving arms about the heart of the great commander and begged him to fight on and on. There were no cowardly retreats in that army, there was none to shrink from the battle's fiercest perils. Aft the ragged remnant, all hands bore the bloodstained banner of a cause which was not in heaven's wisdom to be saved, and with the rebel yell fought as sublimely as ever soldiers fought. Glorious army of Lee-Grand old Lee, Down through all the ages, history's most splendid story will tell of that army's deeds. In fame's valhalla the name of Lee will forever shine. He gave up when it were wrong to fight longer. A generous foe granted to him liberal terms of capitulation. He sent his soldiers of their terms of capitulation. He sent his soldiers to their homes with a patriotic advice to them, and with a Christian warrior's prayer. He himself put aside all offers of great honors and riches for the name and the fame which was his, and set for the South an example of sincere submission to the decrees of fate, a loyal adherence to the terms of peace and a dedication of his life to labor in a field of genius usefulness to his people, his section and the undivided nation.

No grander story was ever told than that which has its culmination in Appomattox. The north can without anger listen to its recital and the south without shame.

"I'd Rather Die, Doctor."

than have my feet cut off," said M. L. Bingham, of Pineville, Ill., "but you'll die from gangrene (which had eaten away ten toes) if you don't," said all doctors. Instead, he used Bucklen's Arnica Salve till wholly cured. Its cures of Eczema, Fever Sores, Boils, Burns and Piles astounded the world, 25c. at all druggists.

Says the Nashville (Tenn.) Banner: William Arnold Greene, of Mitchell, South Dakota, writes the Memphis Commercial Appeal that he has in his possession a Bible taken from the body of a dead Confederate soldier on the battle field of Lookout Mountain. On the front page is the name 'Hattie Hamlin.' Mr. Green wishes to return the Bible to any one who can establish a proper claim. The Bible carries a pathetic story, and its restoration to the relatives of the dead Confederate would be a touching instance of restored good feeling between the sections.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Gears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

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The Kind You Have Always Bought
Gears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Alcohol not needed

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is not a strong drink. As now made, there is not a drop of alcohol in it. It is a non-alcoholic tonic and alterative. Ask your own doctor about your taking this medicine for thin, impure blood. Follow his advice every time. He knows.



Ask your doctor, "What is the first great rule of health?" Nine doctors out of ten will quickly reply, "Keep the bowels regular." Then ask him another question, "What do you think of Ayer's Pills for constipation?"

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

Watch Repairing.

Many good watches are ruined in the hands of inexperienced workmen than in any other way. A watch is too costly an article to entrust to any one who may claim the title of Watchmaker. During my many years of business I have always given the closest attention to the careful repairing and adjusting of watches brought to me and have bought none other than the best material. My charges are never excessive; only enough to cover the cost of the work; neither do unnecessary work, nor charge for work I do not execute. Don't wait until your watch refuses to run before having it cleaned, adjusted and freshly oiled.

J. W. BRYAN,
Graduate Watch-maker & Jeweler

The Charlotte Observer.

THE LARGEST AND BEST NEWSPAPER IN N. C.
Every Day in the Year \$8. a Year.

The Observer consists of 10 to 17 pages daily and 20 to 32 pages Sunday. It handles more news matter, local, State, national and foreign than any other North Carolina news paper.

THE SUNDAY OBSERVER, is unexcelled as a news medium and is also filled with excellent matter of a miscellaneous nature.

SEMI-WEEKLY OBSERVER, issues Tuesdays and Fridays, at \$1. per year, is the largest paper for the money in this section. It consists of 8 to 10 pages, and prints all the news of the week—local, State, national and foreign.

At press, THE OBSERVER CO., CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Don't worry about what may happen: just as like as not it won't.

Do You Get Up With a Lame Back?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everyone knows of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because of its remarkable health restoring properties. Swamp-Root fulfills almost every wish in overcoming 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 bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during the night.

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 thoroughly tested in private practice, and has proved so successful 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 generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Home of Swamp-Root, Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles are sold by all druggists. Don't make any mistake but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

