

Watauga Democrat.

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BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1911.

NO. 42.

FOLEY'S URINO LAXATIVE FOR STOMACH TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION BOONE FURNITURE COMPANY.

Go to the Boone Furniture Company for anything you want in the line of House Furnishings. We have a new and up-to-date line of furniture, Bed Springs, Mattresses, Comforts, Blankets, and various other articles needed in the home. Be sure and give us a call and get prices before buying elsewhere. Store in Bank Building. Very respectfully,
BOONE FURNITURE CO.

PROFESSIONAL

Dr. E. M. MADRON.

— DENTIST. —

Sugar Grove, North Carolina.
All work done under guarantee, and best material used.
4-13-11.

Dr. NAT T. DULANEY.

— SPECIALIST —

On INTERNAL MEDICINE and diseases of the EYE, EAR, NOSE and THROAT. Eyes examined for glasses.
At Mountain City first Monday in each month.
36 Fourth St. Bristol, Tenn.

L. D. LOWE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BANNER ELK, N. C.
Will practice in the courts of Watauga, Mitchell and adjoining counties.
7-6-10

EDMUND JONES

— LAWYER —
— LENOIR, N. C. —
Will practice regularly in the courts of Watauga.
5-1-10

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.
3-11-1910.

J. C. FLETCHER,

Attorney At Law,
— BOONE, N. C. —
Careful attention given to collections.

W. R. LOVILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
— BOONE, N. C. —
Special attention given to all business entrusted to his care.
7-9-10

E. S. COFFEY,

— ATTORNEY AT LAW. —
— BOONE, N. C. —
Prompt attention given to all matters of a legal nature. Abstracting titles and connection of claims a speciality.
1-1-11.

Physicians Advise

the use of a good laxative, to keep the bowels open and prevent the poisons of undigested food from getting into your system.
The latest product of science is VELVO Laxative Liver Syrup, purely vegetable, gentle, reliable and of a pleasant, aromatic taste. Velvo acts on the liver, as well as on the stomach and bowels, and is of the greatest possible efficacy in constipation, indigestion, biliousness, sick headache, feverishness, colic, flatulence, etc. Try
VP 1

VELVO LAXATIVE LIVER SYRUP

A PICTURE OF GOD. (Published By Request)

It is fairly pathetic what a stranger God is in His own world. He comes to His own, and they who is His own kinsfolk keep Him standing outside the door while they peer suspiciously at Him through the crack at the hinges.

To know God really, truly, is the beginning of a normal life. One of the best pictures of God I ever saw came to me in a simple story. It was of a man, a minister, who lived in a New England town. He had a son, about fourteen years of age, going to school. One afternoon the boy's teacher called at the home, and asked for the father and said:

"Is your boy sick?"
"No. Why?"
"He was not at school today."
"Is that so?"
"Nor yesterday."
"You don't mean it!"
"Nor the day before."
"Well!"
"And I supposed he was sick."
"No, he's not sick."
"Well, I thought I should tell you."

And the father said, "Thank you," and the teacher left. And the father sat thinking. By and by he heard a creak at the gate, and knew the boy was coming, so he went to open the door. And the boy knew as he looked up that he knew about the three days. And the father said:

"Come into the library, Phil. And Phil went, and the door was shut. And the father said: "Phil, your teacher has been here this afternoon. He tells me that you were not at school today, nor yesterday nor the day before. And we supposed you were. You let us think you were. And you do not know how badly I feel. I have always trusted you. I have always said I can trust my boy Phil, and you've been a living lie for three whole days. And I can't tell you how badly I feel about it."

Well, that was hard on Phil to be talked to quietly like that. If his father had spoken to him roughly, or—had asked him out to the wood shed for a confidential interview, it would not have been nearly so hard. Then, after a moment's pause, the father said: "Phil, we'll get down and pray." And the thing was getting harder for Phil all the time. He didn't want to pray just then. And they got down. And the father poured out his heart in fervent prayer. And the boy knew as he listened how badly his father felt over his conduct. Somehow he saw himself in the mirror on his knees as he had not before. It's queer about the mirror of the knee joints. It does show so many things. Many folks don't like it.

And they got up. And the father's eyes were wet. And Phil's eyes were not dry. Then the father said:
"My boy, there's a law of life that where there is sin there is suffering. You can't detach those two things. Where there is suffering there has been sin somewhere. And where there is sin there will be suffering. You can't get those two things apart. Now, he went on, "you have done wrong. And I am in this home

like God is in the world. So we will do this. You go up to the attic. I'll make a pallet for you there. We'll take your meals to you at the regular times, and stay up there as long as you have been living a lie—three days and three nights."

And Phil didn't say a word. They went up stairs, the pallet was made, and the father kissed his boy and left him alone with his thoughts. Supper time came, and the father and mother sat down to eat. But they couldn't eat for thinking about the boy. The longer they chewed upon the food the bigger and dryer it got in their mouths. And swallowing it was clear out of the question. Then they went into the sitting room for the evening. He picked up the evening paper to read, and she sat down to sew. Well, his eyes weren't very good. He wore glasses. And this evening he didn't seem to see distinctly—the glasses seemed blurred. It must have been the glasses, of course. So he took them off and looked them very deliberately and then found he had been holding the paper upside down. And she tried to sew. But the thread broke, and she couldn't seem to get the needle threaded again. You could see they were both bothered. How we do reveal ourselves in the details!

By and by the clock struck nine, and then ten, their usual hour for retiring. But they made no move toward retiring. She said: "Aren't you going to bed?" And he said, "I think I'll not go yet a bit; you go." "No, I guess I'll wait awhile, too." And the clock struck eleven, and the hands worked around toward twelve. Then they arose, and locked up, and went to bed, but—not to sleep. Each one made pretend to be asleep, and each one knew the other was not asleep. By and by she said (women are always the kinder) "Why don't you sleep?" And he said gently, "How did you know I wasn't sleeping? Why don't you sleep?"

"Well, I just can't for thinking of the boy up in the attic."
"That's the bother with me, he replied. And the clock in the hall struck twelve, and one and two. Still no sleep came.

At last he said, "Mother, I can't stand this any longer. I'm going up stairs with Phil." And he took his pillow and went softly out of the room, and up the attic stairs, and pressed the latch key softly, so as not to awake the boy if he were asleep, and tiptoed across the attic floor to the corner by the window, and looked—there Phil lay wide awake, with something glistening in his eyes, and what looked like stains on his cheeks. And the father got down between the sheets with his boy, and they got their arms around each other's necks for they had always been the best of friends, father and boy, and their tears got mixed up on each other's cheeks. Then they slept. And the next night, when sleeping time came, the father said "Good night, mother, I'm going upstairs with Phil." And the second night he slept in the attic with his boy. And the third night again he said, "Mother, good night. I'm going with the boy again." And the third night he slept in the place of punishment with his son.

You are not surprised to know that today that boy, a man grown, is telling the story of Jesus with tongue and life of flame in the heart of China.

Do you know, I think that father is the best picture of God I ever saw. God could not take away sin. It's here. He could not take away suffering out of kindness to man. For suffering is

The New Way of Tax Listing.

The Waxhaw Enterprise says: Doubtless much dissatisfaction will arise from the new plan of tax listing. The old method of listing has been very suddenly changed and that too without warning. Machinery Act," the name given this bill, was not even mentioned during the last campaign. So it is naturally surprise to the tax payers. Taxpayers have heretofore valued their own personal property and made oath that the same was correct. But now the assessor will visit your home, inspect your household and kitchen furniture, go with you to your pasture, count your hogs, cows, sheep and other animals and then place a valuation on them. If you have a watch he will have to examine it, see what kind of movements it has and how many jewels it contains.

Possibly the people who planned this legislation understand it, and are ready for the change, but the great majority of the people know nothing of it and are greatly embarrassed with such radical change without notice.

Brother McNevy is, we think, mistaken in his view of this subject. The fact is that there is but one change from what the law has been, and that is in favor of the tax-payer. That change is the simple requirement that the list-taker will visit the people, instead of the people going to the list taker. The law has always required that property be listed at its true money value. No honest man will be put to any trouble whatever, as the law still requires him to furnish a list of his property as heretofore. Of course where a man desires to conceal his property, he is less likely to succeed if the assessor is at his house.

Esquire A. C. Johnson, an old list taker, says that the only change he sees is that the tax assessors will be put to the trouble and expense of making the visits than he was before.

Of course the Machinery act was intended in this respect for the purpose of getting on the tax books property that heretofore has not been on or has been undervalued, but the honest taxpayer should not complain at this since the dishonest one has been getting an advantage that he should not have had. Any change of this kind that is meant for good should not be condemned before it is tried just because it is a change. People should support a measure that is honestly intended as a betterment, till the time has been time to see whether it is a good or a bad change.

Do you know that of all the minor ailments colds are by far the most dangerous? It is not the cold itself that you need to fear, but the serious diseases it often leads to. Most of these are known as germ diseases, Pneumonia and consumption are a part of them. Why not take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and cure your cough while you can? For sale by all dealers

sin's index finger, saying, "There is something wrong here." So he came down in the person of His Son, and lay down alongside of man for three days and three nights. That's God—our God. And beyond that He comes and puts His life alongside of yours and mine, and makes us hate the bad and long to be pure. To be on intimate terms with Him, to live in the atmosphere of His presence, to spend the day with Him—that is the true moral life.—S. D. Gordon in the Soul Winner.

In Loving Memory of M. S. D. C. Dugger.

On Sunday morning, April 10, the community around Willowdale was shocked when it became known that Mrs. D. C. Dugger had passed away during the previous night. Truly a cloud of sadness and gloom has settled over the homes of many in this vicinity, for to many it was like the passing away of a sister.

"Aunt Mary" was a woman of sterling worth, and purity of character. As a neighbor she was kind and obliging; as a friend, she was devoted and true. She was ever ready to lend a helping hand in time of trouble, and to do anything in her power for those in distress, and ever ready to contribute to the wants of the needy. She had, for years, been a great sufferer, and many times we thought her near death's door but the good Lord saw fit to restore her. But for the last two or three years her health had improved, and she was able to attend to her household duties, which she so much enjoyed. On the morning of the 9th, after having finished her morning's work, she paid a short visit to a relative near by, and on her return home was taken violently ill, and from that moment she suffered intensely until about 2 o'clock Sunday morning, when her suffering ceased and her gentle spirit winged its way back to the God who gave it.

Her work on earth is done; the toil and suffering are at an end, and we feel assured that she now dwells in the presence of her Savior, who redeemed her soul from death, and kept her through the many years of her Christian life. She professed religion and joined the Brushy Fork Baptist church about 33 years ago. Later she moved her membership to Cove Creek church, and about two months ago, when the Willowdale church, so near her home, was constituted, she was one of that number, and was the first of that band to pass from the church militant to the church triumphant.

Her home is left desolate, and will never be the same to her many relatives and friends who often went there, seeking her advice and friendly counsel. To her devoted husband the light of this world has gone out, the sun has set to rise no more on this life. "Uncle Dave" and "Aunt Mary" were simply devoted to each other. Her last thoughts were for his comfort, while she was his whole delight. Nothing can ever fill the vacant place in the heart of him who had so long walked by her side. Sad indeed is he who has been bereft of the dearest of earth's treasures. All hearts go out in sympathy to the sorely bereaved husband in this his greatest of earthly trials, and to the two sisters and brother who are left behind to mourn her sudden departure. She was in her 57th year.

Weep not, dear friends, for while she can never come back to us, we can go to her for if we are faithful to Him in whom she trusted. We will sadly miss her pleasant face and kindly greeting, as we go through this life, but let us strive to be ready when the summons comes to us, and take comfort in the assurance that she is happy in that home above, and will ever be looking this way, waiting for her loved ones to join her on that happy shore where pain and death can never come.

A FRIEND.

When you have rheumatism in your feet or instep apply Chamberlain's Liniment and you will get quick relief. It costs but a quarter. Why suffer? For sale by all dealers.

Congressman Webb's Bill.

Charlotte News. Congressman Webb has introduced a bill in Congress which would stop the shipment of liquor from wet sections into dry territory.

It is the "across the line" business which goes far to handicap the enforcement of the prohibition law and if this bill passed this hindrance would be removed.

But will it pass? The High Point Enterprise thinks such a law would be in direct opposition to the rules governing interstate commerce. Then why not change those rules? It should not be the purpose of one law to make inoperative another? The "laws governing interstate commerce" which permit the flooding of dry territory with liquor, are in open hostility to the expressed wish of the majority of voters in the dry territory who voted for prohibition, and this, too, in a democracy where majority rule is the cardinal principle of government.

Is there not something radically wrong when federal laws render largely futile state laws? The Webb bill would permit dry sections to enforce their laws, but it will hardly pass for Uncle Sam is in the liquor business himself, granting federal license to practically all applicants, no matter whether they reside in prohibition or wet territory.

Still this does not make his rules "regulating interstate commerce" either just or fair.

Warning to railroad Men.

Look out for severe and even dangerous kidney and bladder troubles resulting from years of railroad work. Geo. E. Bell, 639 Third St., Fort Wayne, Ind., was many years a conductor on the Nickel Plate. He says: "Twenty years of railroad left my kidneys in a terrible condition. There was a continual pain across my back and hips and my kidneys gave me much distress, and the action of my bladder was frequent and most painful. I got a supply of Foley Kidney Pills and the first bottle made a wonderful improvement and four bottles cured me completely. Since being cured I have recommended Foley Kidney Pills to many of my railroad friends." M B Blackburn.

How it does jolt a man when his long-suffering wife fails to notice one of his unusually bright remarks.

A Fierce Night Alarm

is the hoarse, startling cough of a child, suddenly attacked by croup. Often it aroused Lewis Chamblin of Manchester, O., [R. R. No. 2] for their four children were greatly subject to croup. "Sometimes in severe attacks," he wrote "we were afraid they would die, but since we proved what a certain remedy Dr. Kings New Discovery, is, we have fear. We rely on it for croup and for coughs, colds or any throat or lung trouble." So do thousands of others. So may you. Asthma, Hay Fever, LaGrippe, Whooping Cough, Hemorrhages fly before it, 50c and \$1.00 Trial bottle free. Sold by all druggists.

People who are never in a hurry to begin, believe in the theory that it is never too late to mend.

Has Millions Of Friends.

How would you like to number your friends by millions as Bucklen's Arnica Salve does? Its astounding cures in the past forty years made them. Its best Salve in the world or sores, ulcers, eczema, burns, boils, scalds, cuts, corns, sore eyes, sprains, swellings, bruises, cold sores. Has no equal piles. 25c at all druggists.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR BACKACHE, KIDNEY AND BLADDER