

# Watauga Democrat.

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BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, THURSDAY, JUNE 1 1911.

NO. 47.

**FOLEY'S ORINO 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 Watauga, Mitchell and adjoining counties. 7 6-'10

**EDMUND JONES**

— LAWYER —  
— LENOIR, N. C. —

Will Practice Regularly in the Courts of Watauga. 6-1 '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.  
6-11-1910.

**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 special ty. 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 VF 1

**VELVO LAXATIVE LIVER SYRUP**

## Editors Always Under Fire.

By J. E. Junxin.  
Journalism is indeed a funny business; there's no other in the world like it. Lawyers, doctors, merchants, mechanics and unskilled laborers all have their holes, but there is no place for the editor to lay his head. When he is in trouble he has no hole. After the smoke of the battle has cleared away, after the spring election is over, the doctor goes back to his pills and no one seems to bother him again; the lawyer slips into court and what he said is forgotten; the other classes and conditions of men fade into the background and become part of the landscape. But the editor sticks up like a sore toe in a high wind. What he said and what they thought he said and what he should have said and never said, and what he might have said, but didn't, assume a historic importance, and men lay awake at nights hating his internal arrangements.

If he stands by the ticket he is accused of bossing the town; if he takes to the brush, he is called a coward who is playing both sides; if he clearly indicates that he doesn't care a tinker's obstruction whether school keeps or not both sides claim that he is secretly helping the other side.

It's a funny business. In times of great public stress over the election of a member of the school board or the choosing by a sovereign people of a candidate for the council the editor, whose real business is to furnish a reliable medium for the purveyors of prunes and farm implements, drugs, paints and spiral corsets to advertise his wares, editor becomes a storm center. Nay more, he is a door mat, a kick post, a red rag and a casus belli all wrapped in one neat package and sold at a dollar a year. He has no right, title or interest in his own opinion, his soul is mortgaged, and he can't breathe without a meter or think without having his motives set upon by the coroner and subjecting his afterthought to cross examination.

In such times as these some men whom he has lived with as neighbor and friend for thirty years takes the street like a mad dog, yelping and kidding in rage. He carries the paper folded to show the infamous item; he points the finger of scorn at it and yells like a circus calliope at the wrongs and injustices of his miserable lot. He digs up some old three line item printed in the big corn year of '89 and holds it up, "though lost to sight, "though lost to sight, to memory dear" and you'd think that fellow and the editor had been bitter, burning enemies for a long hateful generation instead of old friends.

What though he walk his feet off wear his fingers out, yell his lungs loose for his home town does it make any difference when an old friend takes the street? Not a bit. His grievance breeds others. Smoldering embers of other differences are uncovered, the dead past exhumes itself, and he walks down the street a human pariah. He is the social and moral leper. He is the

## North and South Carolina.

Charity and Children.

Lying side by side, and bearing the same honored name, the people of the two Carolinas are more widely different than the people of North Carolina and New York. We do not think alike upon public questions, and we are no nearer together now than we were fifty years ago. The reason for this difference is easy to see. In South Carolina there are two classes of white folks; in North Carolina, speaking broadly, there is only one. There is solidarity and unity in North Carolina; in the Palmetto State there are sharp divisions and bitter antagonisms. The "upper class" ruled the state with a rod of iron. They held the offices, made the policy and administered all the affairs of the government. For a long time the common people bore with the arrogance of their masters, but in due season a one-eyed farmer, named Ben Tillman, who was himself a large landowner and an upper class man, but a shrewd and wily demagogue, arose and tore the scepter from the hands of the partisans. Some of us remember how the leaders stood aghast when Ben Tillman entered the Senate to which only the blue blooded aristocrats from South Carolina ever went, and how they predicted Tillman's downfall and disgrace in that August body. But he did not fall down and he was not disgraced. He held his own with the best of them and was the most influential Senator South Carolina has had since the war, and perhaps the brainiest. The success of Tillman gave the common people hope, and ever since they have figured conspicuously in South Carolina politics. They are not always wise. They are not half so fit to administer public affairs as the aristocrats. They elected Cole Blease for Governor. They have elevated many incompetent men to office; but the aristocrats have themselves to blame for this deplorable situation. They gave no quarters and received none. The history of North Carolina is wholly different. In this state men from all the walks of life have been chosen to high positions. Nathaniel Macon was the plainest of men. Zeb Vance was a poor mountain boy. Charles B. Aycock never owned a slave. Judge Pritchard was a printer in his youth and never saw a college. The spirit of Democracy has always characterized the people of North Carolina, and this accounts for the happy condition of our public affairs. The sharp division among the people of South Carolina accounts also for their unhappy situation. There are no finer people to be found than the upper class of South Carolinians, but they do not so well and truly represent the real American spirit as their brethren of the Tar Heel State.

J. M. Howell, a popular druggist of Greensburg, Ky., says, "We use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our household and know it is excellent. For sale by all dealers.

pink whiskered disturber of the public peace. He is the tountain of all the troubles, all the troubles, all the misfortunes, all the tribulation to which to which the town has been heir in thirty years.

And yet journalism is the greatest business in the world. It is full of large opportunities and deep red overdrafts, rife with glory and prone to sorrow as sparks fly upward. But nevertheless and howsoever it's funny business.

## The Good Old Days of the Long Ago.

(By Charles W. Bell.)

How would you like to return to "The Good Old Days" before the bill collector was turned loose upon an innocent, unsuspecting, and unprotected public?

Before a person knew that he had concealed within his anatomy that dreadful and worthless piece of machinery known as the veriform appendix?

When every doctor had his saddle-bags with him, and no matter what ailed you, gave you calomel and quinine?

Before we were informed that countless death-dealing microbes lurk in everything, from Love's first honeyed kiss to a hunk of Limburger cheese?

When an invitation to a wedding didn't have to be responded to with a seventeen dollar cut-glass punch-bowl, or a twenty-three dollar chating dish?

When a girl could make up her bed and sweep her room without having nervous prostration?

When a boy could split a little kindling and carry in an armful of wood without having a pain in his side or the headache?

When you didn't have to sell a good horse to buy your wife a hat, and two, to buy her a coat suit?

When a boy at Christmas time was satisfied with a package of fire crackers and three hog bladders; and a girl was delighted with a china doll and a candy sheep?

In the Good Old Days if you had a pin-scratch, or a sore toe, it was not deemed essential to send for three doctors and two trained nurses and sterilize every thing on the place, from the baby's rattle to the bath-room out fit.

In the Good Old Days girls wore sunbonnets that were as sweet and simple as they were in expensive. I can explain the mysteries of the Aurora Borealis. I can analyze the rings that encircle Saturn; I can solve the intricate problems of Algebra, Geometry and Calculus, and demonstrate the Fourth Dimension; I can compute the return of Halley's comet, and explain the gymnastic stunts performed by its evanescent tail; I can even forecast with comparative accuracy what a small boy is most likely to do under given conditions; but I cannot tell you why a young woman, married or single, or even a woman whose age is enshrouded in a halo of mystery, will gad about the streets, take horse-back or auto rides in all sorts of weather with nothing on her head but a collection of store hair; while that same maiden or matron will attend church wearing a hat so large that a full-grown man has to stand on the back of the bench to see the preacher. Neither can I explain why she will appear on the street with her sleeves rolled above the elbows as if she had just been washing dishes and forgot to roll them down, while the same day she will attend a pink tea, nobody present but women, with gloves on as long as a parasol handle.

In the Good Old Days mother made cherry preserves, peach preserves, pear preserves, quincy preserves, plum butter, apple butter, peach marmalade, blackberry jam, raspberry jam, nine kinds of jelly and several varieties of sweet pickles, sour pickles and catsup. Nowadays a loving wife hurries home from the whist club and sets before her hungry husband an attractive layout consisting of baker's bread, canned salmon, a factory made pie, and some sliced bananas or dried prunes.

And now I want you to return with me to the Good Old Days, and pay a visit to the old home-stand. Yonder is the pool where you used to fish and go in swimming. Hard by is the woodland where in your boyhood days you hunted squirrels and possums, gathered haws, wild grapes, and pawpaws, and dug ginseng. But what changes have taken place! The old log stable where you used to hunt eggs, turn "somer-sets" on the hay, and have cob-fights with the neighbor boys on rainy days has been torn away and replaced with a modern barn. The well with its quaint windlass and old oaken bucket has been filled up and a cistern dug in its stead. The mulberry tree whose luscious fruit you used to dispute with the "yaller hames," the robin, and the blue jay, the old grape-vines where you swung out over the bluff, and the cluster of persimmon trees that you watch with longing eye, "when the frost was on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock," are all gone. The big fireplace, around which father, mother, and all the children were wont to gather and eat apples, nuts and popcorn, and sing songs and hold evening devotions, has been closed up and an airtight stove substituted. As you view these changes, a food of thoughts came over you. It seems but yesterday when you were a little boy standing at mother's knee. You can never forget that sweet face as she sits in the old arm-chair reading the family Bible and singing the old, old songs.

"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old  
arm chair?  
I have treasured it long as a sainted  
prize,  
I've bedewed it with tears, and  
embalmed it with sighs;  
'Tis bound by a thousand bands  
to my heart,  
Not a tie will break, not a link  
will start.  
Would you learn the spell? a  
mother sat there;  
And a sacred thing is that old  
arm chair."

Saved Child From Death.  
"After our child had suffered from severe bronchial trouble for a year" wrote G. T. Richardson, of Richardson's Mills, Ala., "we feared it had consumption. It had a bad cough all the time. We tried many remedies without avail, and doctors medicine seemed as useless. Finally we tried Dr. King's New Discovery and are pleased to say that one bottle effected a complete cure, and our child is again strong and healthy. "For coughs, colds, hoarseness, la-grippe, asthma, croup and sore lungs it's the most infallible remedy that's made. Price 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free. For sale by all druggists.

A Caldwell county man was surprised last week to see Catawba wheat heading up so rapidly, and was equally surprised to find the corn so backward. In his county these conditions are reversed. Catawba wheat is good this year; there are poor crops here and there—always are; but where farmerz have done well their part of the deal, the grain is first class. Mr. Wallace Reinhardt makes claim to the best in the county, and it is fine. They are guessing 40 and 50 bushels for it.—Catawba County News.

Do You Have the Right Kind of Help?

Foley Kidney Pills furnish you the right kind of help to neutralize and remove the poisons that cause backache, headache, nervousness, and other kinds of bladder ailments." M B Blackburn.

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## Misrepresenting Facts.

Charlotte News.  
The last legislature has been criticised in certain quarters, usually by men who were just biding their chance to criticize, no matter what happens. And the critic of this type usually gets facts crooked, and don't care if he does. The Greensboro Record and Statesville Landmark have taken occasion to show one instance of misrepresentation. Says the Record:

"What would the kicker and the carper do if they could not practice their profession? It has been printed a number of times that the last legislature greatly increased the expenses of the State by the change made in the appointment of assessors. It has been charged that the legislature created 100 new officers at \$1 per day for each office. It is just as easy, and much better every way, to keep the facts straight, says the Statesville Landmark, and tell the truth. Under the old system of assessing property a list taker was appointed for each township, and when real estate was to be reassessed, as is the case this year, two assessors were appointed for each township, and these, with the list-taker, made the assessments. In Iredell, for instance, 32 men were appointed—and had to be paid, of course—to assess the real estate. Under the new law one man, the county assessor, takes the place of two in each township—takes the place of 32 men in Iredell. The one assistant assessor in each township takes the place of the list taker and these and the one county assessor do the work. Under the change the assessment work in Iredell disposes of the services of 31 men; and instead of two men in each township in the State—several thousand—there is one to each county—just 100. It has always been so, and always will, we suppose, that many people prefer to misstate facts rather than speak the truth. And they will keep on at it."

Do Ghosts Haunt Swamps?  
No, Never. It's foolish to fear a fancied evil, when there are real and deadly perils to guard against in swamps and marshes, bayous and lowlands. These are the malarial germs that cause ague, chills and fever, weakness, aches in the bones and muscles and may induce deadly typhoid. But Electric Bitters destroys and casts out these vicious germs from the blood. "Three bottles drove all the malaria from my system," wrote Wm. Fretwell, of Lacuma, N. C., "and I've had fine health ever since." Use this safe, sure remedy only. 50c at all druggists.

Comfort will be found, and only found, in keeping steadily, courageously, resolutely on with life. The way to light lie through the shadows; the way to life through death. Light and life will not come to you; by pressing forward you will come to them.—Lyman Abbott.

Warning to Railroad Men.

E. S. Bacon, 11, Bast St., Bath, Me., sends out this warning to railroaders: "A conductor on the railroad, my work caused a chronic inflammation of the kidneys, and I was miserable and all played out. A friend advised Foley Kidney Pills and from the day I commenced taking them, I began to regain my strength. The inflammation cleared and I am far better than I have been for twenty years. The weakness and dizzy spells are a thing of the past and I highly recommend Foley Kidney Pills. M B Blackburn.

He who seeks a wife without fault will remain a bachelor.