

Watauga Democrat.

VOL. XXIII

BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, THURSDAY, MARCH 28 1912.

NO. 85

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR EXHAUSTED KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

Furniture

Having purchased all the stock in the business of the Boone Furniture Co., I am prepared to sell you anything in my line at a very reasonable figure. Dressers, Bureaus, Chairs, Bed Stands, Bed Springs, Mattresses, etc. Give me a call when in need of anything in the line of furniture.

Store in Watauga County Bank Building.

Respectfully,
JESSE F. ROBBINS.

PROFESSIONAL

VETERINARY SURGERY.

I have been putting much study on this subject; have received my diploma, and am now well equipped for the practice of Veterinary Surgery in all its branches, and am the only one in the county. Call on or address me at Vlas, N. C. R. F. D. 1.

G. H. HAYES,
Veterinary Surgeon.

5-17-'11.

Dr. E. M. MADRON.

— DENTIST. —

Sugar Grove, North Carolina.

All work done under guarantee, and best material used.
4-13-'11.

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 specialty.
1-1-'11.

Dr. Nat. T. Dulaney.

— SPECIALIST —

KEY, EAR, NOSE THROAT AND CHEST BY EXAMINATION FOR GLASSES

FOURTH STREET

Bristol, Tenn.-Va.

EDMUND JONES

— LAWYER —

— LENOIR, N. C. —

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

L. D. LOWE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BANNER ELK, N. C.

Will practice in the courts Watauga, Mitchell and adjoining counties. 7-6-'11.

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. 6-11-1911.

J. C. FLETCHER,

Attorney At Law,

— BOONE, N. C. —

Careful attention given to collections.

E. F. Lovill

W. R. Lovill.

Lovill & Lovill

— ATTORNEYS AT LAW —

— BOONE, N. C. —

Special attention given to all business entrusted to their care. 7-9-'10.

Millions Suffer For Food.

The Landmark has been receiving voluntary contributions for the China famine sufferers. A writer in a issue of The Continent, who had experience some years ago with a famine in China, gives some idea of the unspeakable conditions.

"There is nothing in an American's experience," he says "that enables him to understand a famine. Hungry individuals he knows, and even hungry families, but tens of thousands or even millions of persons actually suffering for want of food—this passes his imagination.

"Instead of becoming emaciated, the victims of famine were often swollen, as with dropsy. The Chinese persistence and ingenuity and the universal love caused the people to grub for roots of grasses and bark of trees. Everything edible, and much that was not, was eaten."

"When the horrible monster famine, began to stalk through the land the menaced families commenced to flee toward the cities to the south, veritable cities of refuge. The boats on the canal and river were loaded to the gunwales with refugees. Along the banks men trundled wheelbarrows containing the few family effects and perhaps a child or two on top of them. Sometimes the mother would be missing from these pathetic groups; sometimes the father.

"Over and over again children were offered for sale and the mother would feverishly 'kotch' on the ground—as she implored the foreigner to accept her child. With the maternal instinct that is stronger than life, she sought the child's salvation even at the cost of separation from herself.

"Outside the city walls the refugees encamped. The more fortunate among them sheltered themselves beneath an arch of matting, for the famine blight is in winter in North China. All sat or lay on the bare ground. Some poor creatures had no shelter at all. Cold, hunger, hopelessness, homesickness—all assailed the unfortunates at one and the same time.

As he drew near the famine camp outside the wall of Nanking, the Wayfarer heard and shuddered to hear, the wailing of little children. They wanted food—they wanted food—they knew naught about floods and famine and migration; they only knew that they were hungry, and since food came not to their lips, they cried as long as strength held out. Small wonder that some mothers gave their children a weed which made them so ill that they lost the craving for food. God pity the little children tonight—the children whom the mothers carry beneath their clothes, close to their bare flesh for the sake of warmth. How many other children are there like the family beneath the mat at Chinking, crying because the mother did not answer their pleas and the baby seeking food from a breast that never more would give milk!"

Urging prompt and generous response to the appeals for the starving Chinese. The Continent says editorially: "Mr. Ray never required swifter feet than this terrible human crisis; and the man who delays to give what he can afford to is hardly better than a murderer."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The Pistol "Toter."

The "pistol toting" habit, one of the greatest evils with which our courts have to contend, is thus aired by Dr. J. O. Atkinson, of the Christian Sun, and he hits the nail on the head every lick. Hear him:

We just want to write these few lines to let Col. Wade Harris, of the Charlotte Evening Chronicle, know that we are with him all the way up and down, in and out, through and through, on the subject of "pistol toting." If this evil habit is not the "abomination of desolation," we don't know. It is born of vanity to start with reared in the spirit of braggadocio and nurtured in cowardice. If you see a pistol toter, put him down as a bally, a braggart or a coward, usually all three. A brave man or boy, with three grains of common sense, knows full well that a person in this land, where people are civilized and protection is ample, has about as much use for a pistol as a hog has for dynamite. To our mind it is the puniest, silliest, most cowardly habit in all the broad land.

Colonel Harris calls attention to the shooting in Concord the other day in which a clerk in one store drew his pistol and shot down the owner of an adjacent store with little provocation, and suggests that the clerk had the nefarious habit of pistol toting.

We see in the papers where a mayor of a town last week had to go into the high school and threaten to enforce a law against pistol "toters," there being some four or five boys in the school between 15 and 17 years of age who were habitual pistol "toters," now isn't that a picture for you?

No wonder our courts are busy trying men for their lives, men who, on some small provocation, drew their pistol and shot down their antagonist. We are going to keep on hearing of those murders and shameful tragedies as long as pistols are carried in the pocket as if they were pen-knives. Pistol carrying makes life cheap and death too quick and easy. We wish the public sentiment were so strong against it, and it deserves to be that the man or boy who carries a pistol should not be allowed in the company of good and decent people. It is a cowardly and dangerous habit that should be condemned everywhere. It is small, mean, useless and dangerous. Lets away with it.

Glorious News.
Comes from Dr. J. T. Curtiss, Dwight, Kans. He writes: "I not only have cured bad cases of eczema in my patients with Electric Bitters, but also cured myself by them of the same disease. I feel sure that they will cure any case of eczema." This shows what thousands have proved, that Electric Bitters is a most effective blood purifier. It's an excellent remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates the liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion, builds up the strength. Price 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by all drug gists.

The most honorable family tree is the one that supplies the switches to help bring up the children right.

You judge a man not by what he promises to do, but by what he has done. That is the only true test. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, judged by this standard has no superior. People everywhere speak of it in the highest terms of praise. For sale by all dealers.

THE OLD WASH PLACE

Houston (Texas) Post.

She was such a little mother, so absurdly young that while tears are trembling on my lashes at her memory I smile. At the very youngness of her; just a little girl she seems, smiling at me from the distance, singing to me in my dreams. Lullabies we all remember; but I most fully see her face.

Smiling through the clouds of steam that 'most hide the old wash place. Sometimes in my dreams a dogwood blossom glimmers in her hair, and I hear a residual whistle, and the dream is free from care— Then a man comes in the picture like a dream, and goes away, waving to the little mother from the ranks of men in gray; and from then the dogwood blossoms never glimmer any more. And the reddish sings no longer round the wash place as of yore. Three of us—and just the little bit of mother to the brood!

Singing while her heart was breaking in the woodland solitude. With the homely tubs and kettle and the soap suds and the stick—the old battling stick! The memory catches at my throat so quick that I scarce can choke the sob back at the picture of the face. Smiling bravely from the distance thro' the steam of the wash place.

Yes, I carried water for her, while the baby went to sleep. With the songs that sister sung her where the wash lay in a heap. And I sought dry sticks and piled them 'neath the kettle—all my joy in the dreams that come back to me is that I was born a boy. And could help the little mother, and was glad to help her, too. In the tasks about the wash place where there was so much to do.

Can we babies understand it—when a heart's about to break? We were babies, but we seemed to know, somehow, for mother's sake we could not comprehend. And our puny arms about her seemed to strengthen her and lend her strength no little bit of mother could have got elsewhere. As she toiled about the wash place with her heart bowed down with care.

Some days tasks seemed overdone, and the hours seemed overlong— But she'd catch our eyes fixed on her and would tremble into song. But the world of heartbreak trobbing thro' the counterfeited joy. Somehow would play on the heart-strings of the little girl and boy. And the little baby sister, and we'd snuggle face to face.

Heart to heart, her arms about us kneeling at the old wash place. Then one morning came a message— came in with the morning's gleam. How it came is lost or hidden in the shadows of the dream. But with it hope went out from her, and she seemed to hark no more. For a voice across the distance, for a footstep at the door; And she knelt there in the wash place, kneeling with sister girl and I.

And I know now that moment was her soul's Gethsemane! Then the washings came more often, there were other heaps of clothes; Day by day the clouds of dusky steam from the old kettle rose, Day by day her love grew stronger—in the worry and the smart. Of her headache she would rush to and would clasp us to her heart, And she'd strive to coax her lips to curve into a snatch of song— But the wash place called and called her, and its tasks were hard and long.

Not long since I heard a woman say, in sneering tones and low: "Hah! his mother did our washing, my own mother told me so!" Whiter than the dogwood blossom— sweeter than it e'er could be— Shone the truth of that vile whisper, for she did it all for me. And for sister girl and baby! Oh, the whisper—it was base! But a soul was born to heaven from that lowly old wash place.

Why, it doesn't seem that mother was quite grown up when she died! Such a little bit of mother! Oh, the years we long and wide. Since she went away and left us, with the old smile on her face. Leaving us but just a memory of the homely old wash place; I know father beckoned to her—by the look that overcast. Her sweet face—but we still miss her, shall as long as life shall last.

A Cold, Grippe, then Pneumonia is too often the fatal sequence, and coughs that hang on weaken the system and lower the vital resistance. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is a reliable medicine that stops the cough promptly by healing the cause; soothes the inflamed air passages, and checks the cold. Keep always on hand. Refuse substitutes. For sale by all dealers.

Has you any auricular trouble, Mrs. Smith? Oh, dear, no, sir, nothing so serious as all that. I'm just a little deaf, that's all.—Baltimore American.

The Way to Paint a Barroom.

If I had the decorating of a bar-room, it should done in this way: On one side of the room I would paint "Death on the Pale Horse," his arms controlling the thunder-bolt, the fiery hoofs of his flying steed treading down everything fair and lovely; the Garden of Eden before him, a blackened waste behind him. On the other side, I would draw the picture of a wretched cottage, once a happy home, the roof broken in, the windows stuffed with rags and in the doorway the weeping wife with ragged children clinging to her skirts, pitously beseeching her for bread. In the distance should be seen the once happy husband and father, now a reeling drunkard on his way to the hut he calls his home.

Back of the bar, in full view of the bloated creatures that stand with the cup to their lips, I would paint a company of Demons, in the death dance of fiendish gavity around the fire kindled with the flames of alcohol, and over it I would write, in lurid letters I would write the words: "Moderate Drinking Lights the Flame that Burns to the Lowest Hell."

Opposite the bar should be a lonely Dishonored Graye; a lightning-blasted tree spreads its leafless branches over it; and on some withered branch is perched the melancholy owl, hooting to the misty moon. At the foot of the grave kneels the angel of Mercy, with hands and eyes upraised to the pitying heavens; and at the head of the grave is the angel of Justice, carving with stern and relentless hands upon the tombstone these terrible words of doom: "No Drunkard Shall Ever Inherit the Kingdom of God."

In the intervening space should be, here a broken heart, and there a shattered hour-glass a stranded boat, a torch extinguished in the darkness; while over the doorway and from the ceiling should look down all kinds of woeful human faces; pale, imploring, watchful, deadly and despairing.

The walls of the room should be shrouded in sack cloth, and the floor covered with ashes, the bar wreathed in weeping willows and cyprress while all the vessels that held the poisonous fluid, should be black—black as the very gates of hell. Then I should call the rumseller, if he would, to take his place behind the bar; and although a few infatuated wretches hardened with crime might stagger up to the bar and drink defiance to their fate, I should hope that the young, the pride of mothers and light of the home, might turn away as though they had caught a glimpse of the infernal world— Dale Myers, Indianapolis.

Repe's Attack of Death.

"Five years ago two doctor told me I had only two years to live." This startling statement was made by Stillman Green, Malachite, Col. "They told me I would die of consumption. It was then up to me to try the best lung medicine and I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery. It was well I did, for today I am working and believe I owe my life to this great throat and lung cure that has cheated the grave of another victim." It's folly to suffer with coughs, colds or other throat and lung troubles now. Take the cure that's the safest. Price 50c and \$1.00. For sale at all drug gists.

Along with the money a man inherits he usually inherits a passion to go through it.—New York Press.

Husbands Must Support Wives.

Judge Cook this afternoon took steps to have some of the delinquent husbands against whom divorce proceedings have been brought arrested for non-support and infidelity to the marriage vows.

The occasion for the action of Judge Cook is the large number of actions for divorce which are now on the docket. At the last term of court a total of 14 divorces were granted by Judge Cook in one week. The divorce will begin to grind again today two having been granted this morning. One was granted Monday. The ground of action for a number of the cases has been desertion and non-support. Judge Cook today declared his intention of having the delinquent husbands brought before the grand jury and cases made against them in criminal court.

The divorces granted today that of Eshe Neal from her husband Luther Neal, and Laura Burnett from Henry Burnett.

In the case of White vs. Laws which involved the possession of a piece of property in Hall, owned by the Knights of Labor, the verdict was in favor of the plaintiff. In the case of the James Lumber Company against W. H. Mann a verdict of \$173 was awarded the plaintiff.—Durham Sun.

C. A. Glossner, 24 Ontario, St., Rochester, N. Y., has recovered from a long and severe attack of kidney trouble, his cure being due to Foley's Kidney Pills. After detailing his case, "I am sorry I did not learn earlier of Foley's Kidney Pills. In a few days time my back-ache completely left me and I felt greatly improved. My kidneys became stronger, dizzy spells left me and I was no longer annoyed at night. I feel 100 per cent better since using Foley's Kidney Pills." For sale by all dealers.

FOLEY'S URICACID

FOR GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM AND CALCULI

MUSTANG LINIMENT

CURED A BAD SPAVIN.

Mr. B. H. Ivoy, Marion, N. C., writes: "My horse had a very bad case of spavin and nothing did any good until I used your Mustang Liniment. I could not move frequently with the limiment and soon saw an improvement. I did not think it for some time a day and my horse was completely cured. It is sure to cure if properly used."

MUSTANG LINIMENT

FOR HORNET STINGS.

Mr. S. J. Hudson, Newbern, N. C., writes: "I have used Mexican Mustang Liniment for different ailments and have found it an excellent remedy. At one time my mare was badly stung by a hornet. My yearling foal was also stung. I did not think it for some time a day and my horse was completely cured. It is sure to cure if properly used."

MUSTANG LINIMENT

CURES SWINNEY.

Mr. R. S. Shelton, Hill, N. C., writes: "I used Mexican Mustang Liniment on a very valuable horse for swinney and it cured it. I always keep it in my stable and think it the best liniment for rubs and galls. It contains no alcohol and so cannot sting in cases of open wounds or burns. Soothes and cools at once. Just try it."

MUSTANG LINIMENT

FOR BURNS AND BRUISES.

Mr. W. V. Clifton, Raleigh, N. C., writes: "I keep a bottle of Mexican Mustang Liniment in my house for general use. It is the best thing in the world for cuts, burns and bruises."

25c. 50c. \$1 a bottle at Drug & Genl. Stores