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Hunting Experience Of Harrison Aldridge.

[By L. D. Lowe.]

While spending the night alone under the hanging cliff, young Harrison thought if he intended to spend many nights in the wilds of the mountains, it would be well to convert this cliff into more comfortable quarters, so he returned in a short time for the purpose of spending two or three days. He collected a lot of flat stones with which he built a fire place with a flue to carry the smoke away, then he fixed a place for a bed large enough to be occupied by two or three men besides himself; and after getting his temporary home in order he placed a quantity of dry wood and bark under the shelving cliff for use in case of emergency.

It is not to be supposed that the first settlers devoted the greater part of their time in hunting, however. It was necessary for them to supply their tables with vegetables and bread, look after their cattle and sheep during the summer months, as well as to prepare forage for the winters; and during the summer months they killed very few animals except squirrels and fished for mountain trout with which the streams were crowded to their utmost capacity.

During the early fall after Harrison had prepared his temporary abode, he began to look around for deer and wild turkeys, and he soon discovered abundant evidence that there was plenty of both in the section near the cliff. Within a short time he returned to the cliff late one afternoon with the intention of spending another night, but just before reaching the cliff he sighted a large deer just as he was passing over the turn of a sharp ridge, but as the wind was gently blowing from the deer toward the young hunter the animal did not observe the intruder; Harrison hurried on until he was within easy reach and at the crack of the rifle the mighty deer lay prostrate on the ground. The young man dragged the deer down under the cliff, and as it was then getting dark he had to build a fire to make a light to enable him to see how to dress his large game. After spending the night he felt that he had been fully repaid for his time and that he then had all that he could manage to get back home with, he retraced his steps back toward his home, next morning, carrying the venison and hide across his shoulders.

After spending the remainder of the fall in gathering his crops and preparing a supply of wood for at least a portion of the winter, the hunter started out toward the cliff with the intention of taking in a wide stretch of territory the following day, carrying his two hunting dogs with him, and just about dark as he was nearing the edge of the cliff his two dogs began to whine and look back at their young master. He knew that some wild beast was near, but as it was then too late to investigate he spoke in a low tone to the dogs and they desisted from their strange conduct. Harrison soon kindled a fire by means of his knife and flint and after preparing his night meal and dividing with his faithful companions, he told his dogs to remain quiet by the fire and he returned. By day-light the next morning he and his dogs were ready to make the investigation which aroused his curiosity only a few hours before. Upon reaching the same spot at which the dogs appeared to be excited as they approached the cliff the night before, they again exhibited the strange conduct, so

the alert hunter began to look about, and soon found that the leaves had been raked up and small twigs and bushes had been bitten off, so he felt sure that a bear had taken up his winter quarters somewhere in that cliff. After looking around for some time he observed a large flat rock well up under the ledge, with a hole large enough for a big man to crawl through near the main cliff, but when he looked into the opening it was so dark that he could see nothing but darkness within. Finding that he could not see the bear, he made a hasty examination along the outer edges of the large stone and he could see fresh leaves and small sticks protruding toward the edge of the rock, and they appeared to be packed from within the cavity. After letting the light in through the packing he again went to the mouth of the cave and he could then see the eyes of the mighty monster shining like balls of fire, and when the bear found that he had been discovered he became enraged, and began to pop his teeth together. Harrison began to give expression to his pent-up violence; the dogs showed more excitement and growled with rage, so the man of the forest thought it time to be ready for the fray. He made a hasty examination to see that the powder was in the pan of his trusty flint-lock and that his tomahawk and dirk were in his leathern belt, so he heard a mighty rush and bruin was crawling out at the mouth of his cave in attempting to make a dash for liberty, but just as he cleared the mouth of the cave the hunter fired and the ball entered the side of the head, but the shot did not prove fatal and the bear started off down the side of the mountain. The two dogs followed in hot pursuit, and as the bear was fat and heavy, the dogs soon overtook him and began to snap his hams; the bear would wheel but the trained dogs would escape from his clutches, and in the mean time, Harrison had re-loaded and was following closely behind. The bear was making toward a dense bed of laurel, but the dogs annoyed him to such an extent that he could not make very rapid progress. The blood was oozing from the wound he had received and every now and then he would stop to shake his head, and in the meantime the dogs would snap him from behind. After reaching a large rock the bear stopped and concluded to act upon the defensive, so he raised himself in an erect position to deal blows to the dogs, and while in this attitude Harrison approached near enough to shoot him under the left fore leg and the ball went crashing through his heart.

After taking off the hide the young man carried it and the meat to the cliff where they were suspended until he could return home and get two horses and help to carry in the result of his hunt.

[To be continued.]

New Solicitor.

Mr. R. L. Huffman, of Morganton, who has been appointed Solicitor of this district to succeed the late Thomas M. Newland, began work in Caldwell Superior court here Monday morning. Mr. Huffman is a native of Catawba county, but has been engaged in the practice of law in Morganton for about ten years. He is a brilliant young attorney and will no doubt prove an efficient prosecuting officer. He has served several terms as reading clerk in the lower house of the general assembly.—Topic.

The Good Roads Question Again.

Editor Democrat: I read with interest the letter of my young friend, R. W. Maltba, on the subject of good roads in The Democrat some time ago, and am pleased to get his ideas on the subject, also the figures he gave, which I know to be reliable.

I certainly agree with him that good roads are of more importance now than a railroad, for railroads are coming in on all sides, making our traffic heavier and the roads cannot be kept up under it without some different system of working them than we now have. Most of our roads should be rebuilt before any more labor and money is wasted on them in their present condition.

Mr. Maltba gives the estimated cost of traffic over each mile of bad roads and the annual expenditure of time and energy added to the cost of keeping up the bad roads, makes a total of \$73,000. Besides this, we are paying, as he says, many thousands of dollars of tolls and other expenses that might be credited to the "mud tax". By the "mud tax" I mean the loss of time and energy to teams and owners, or actual cost of using bad roads, and the hindrance to church and social life, which would make many thousands of dollars more. I think we can well consider the questions Mr. Maltba asks, "Are we not too poor to afford such a waste, and what can we do about it?"

Also, in a recent issue of The Democrat I read with interest a "Good Roads Talk" by friend John H. Bingham, who also emphasizes the importance of the good road question and urges steps for permanent improvement of roads; and closes with the question, "What are we going to do with the subject?"

If you will permit me, Mr. Editor, in answer to these letters, I will give a few suggestions, and will be glad to hear from any one who doesn't agree with me. No doubt our people have read the account an interview with Congressman Doughton in which he gave provisions of law lately enacted by Congress to aid in the construction and maintenance of public roads throughout the country. This law appropriates the vast sum of \$74,000,000 to be apportioned among the states for improving and maintaining public roads over a period of five years. The first \$5,000,000 is available this year, beginning July 1, and has already been apportioned to the States, North Carolina's part being about \$115,000. This will be given to the counties making provisions for its use by our State Highway Commission. I think we should have a law that would secure complete co-operation with the Federal Good Roads Law, by creating a County Highway Commission, a road fund by levying a reasonable tax on property and polls and providing for maintenance of all roads after construction.

As I have said heretofore, personally I believe in a bond issue to make good roads in any county, but some of my friends are opposed to this method, though they would advocate a small tax for road purposes. However from the above figures we see that bad roads are costing us a large sum of money every year which we might reduce very materially by taking steps to construct good roads.

Referring to the act of the last Legislature, we find that a road law was passed for Watauga county, but it is not effective un-

The Dead Dog's Place.

The shepherd of a Cleveland, Ohio, park whose dog has died, says it is no small matter to buy a new one. Anyone who has ever tried to buy a dog to take the place of one that has endeared itself will know how true this is. A good dog is considerably more than a piece of merchandise.

Bones and flesh and blood and hair can be bought, and, maybe, you think that these, in their right proportions and places, and animated make a dog. But they don't. Any man who knows dogs knows that it takes far more than three to make one. You can't buy devotion can you? You can find men without devotion, without gratitude, without fidelity, but you can never find a dog without these qualities, for without devotion you haven't got a dog.

A dog will die for his master, even though he starves and beats him, while man—divine man—has been known to sneak away from a friend in trouble, disavowing all obligations.

The dog is always genuine, always frank and honest and faithful. He shows more sincerity in one wag of his tail than some men do in a whole life time. Speechless he can express more love than a man can and he never expresses it falsely.

Men can clap hands and pledge loyalty. The dog can't. He does not need it. His pledge of loyalty is in his every act and instinct. He has no other pledge to give and he knows no other loyalty.

The dog can't laugh, yet he can radiate more joy than a man can. He has the manner of a true optimist. He can see good in a man when other men can't. He can find love for the lowest and meanest, and his love survives kicks, curses, desertion—everything.

The dog grows into the life of the man he loves, and becomes a part of him—very often the best part. Properly trained, he unerring performs parts of his master's work, and more—he does work that only a has intellect and faithfulness to do.

And when a man has lost this part of himself can he go and buy it again?

Not much! God is all-powerful among men, but it will not buy a good dog. It will buy friends, as friends go, by the scores, and hundreds; it will buy human loyalty, as human loyalty goes; but it will not buy a dog that can fill the place of the faithful one that has died.

For Summer Troubles.

Hay fever afflicts thousands and asthma sufferers endure torture. Foley's Honey and Tar gives relief. It allays inflammation, clears air passages, cures rasping cough, soothes and heals. This wholesome family remedy contains no opiate—a bottle lasts a long time. For sale by M. B. Blackburn.

til ratified by a majority of the voters at the next general election. I am not familiar with this law, but it may be the law that we will need with possibly a few amendments which could be made by the next Legislature, and I trust the people will study it so they may act intelligently on the question. I hope that we will soon have a road law that will obtain for us our part of the great Federal appropriation, for I will be pleased if our young and middle aged men can escape from service on the roads, and all receive benefit from them, as intended.

J. C. HORTON.

Boone, N. C.

Are You Boss Of Your Whole Self, Or Boss Of Only Half.

In connection with all of our advocacy of education, we want to keep emphasizing the fact that education is not something for young people in schools but for people of all ages in all lines of work. And no matter how deficient a man's school advantages were, he can make himself an educated man if he only has will power and self-mastery.

A man must be boss of himself however, boss of his whole self. And this saying calls to mind an old memory. We were standing at the gate of the old country church and two of our neighbor farmers were talking. "I am not lazy with my muscles; I don't mind doing any hard work that comes to hand," said one of them "but I do mortally hate mental work. When it comes to sitting down and figuring and studying out some problem, I always dodge it if I can."

It has been many years since we heard this conversation (the writer was a mere boy at the time,) but it lingered in our memory every since. This man was one half boss of himself—boss of his muscle but not of his mind. And one great reason why farming doesn't pay better and progress is that too many farmers are like our neighbor. The man who is to succeed at farming or anything else must be boss of himself—boss both of his muscles and his mind, neither lazy-bodied nor lazy minded. He must be able to look at any necessary job on the farm and say: "This job ought to be done," and straightway make himself do it; and he must be quite as ready to say of some matter about which he needs information, "This lesson ought to be learned," and straightway make himself learn it.—Progressive Farmer.

Going Back on the Women.

The Western women are seeing the light. They are growing suspicious that Candidate Hughes has meant to fool them. At any rate the interpretation some of them would place on his Spokane speech is that he does not mean, if elected, to go beyond the platform declaration. He said at Spokane that he does not propose "to attempt to add and could not add to the platform declaration of his party," and that when he stated the amendment should be submitted and ratified, he was stating only his "personal conviction." The fact is now dawning upon the women that he did not mean it. He now says that he is tied to the platform, taking the same position that President Wilson took and from which he could not be moved. The Hughes suffrage amendment bubble was a mighty pretty thing while it floated, a toy that delighted the feminine eye, and while it might not be quite an elegant bit of speech, it is nevertheless true that its collapse left some of the militants as mad as a passel of wet hens. It was a very beautiful yet exasperating bit of hedging on part of their erstwhile valiant chief and champion.—Charlotte Observer.

His Backache Gone.

Just how dangerous a backache, sore muscles, aching joints or rheumatic pains may be is sometimes realized only when life insurance is refused on account of kidney troubles. Joseph G. Wolf, of Green Bay, Wis., writes: "Foley kidney Pills relieved me of a severe backache that had bothered me for several months." Take Foley Kidney Pills for weak lame back and weary sleepless nights. For sale by M. B. Blackburn.

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