

# Watauga Democrat.

VOL. XVIII.

BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY MAY 2, 1907.

NO. 52.

**PROFESSIONAL.**

**L. D. LOWE,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BANNER ELK, N. C.  
Will practice in the courts of Watauga, Mitchell and adjoining counties. 7-6-'04

**Todd & Ballou,**

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
JEFFERSON, N. C.  
Will practice in all the courts. Special attention given to real estate law and collections. 6-15-'06.

**J. E. HODGES,**  
**Veterinary Surgeon,**  
SANDS, N. C.

Aug. 6. 1y.

**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. 6-11-1906.

**EDMUND JONES,**  
LAWYER,  
LENOIR, N. C.

Will Practice Regularly in the Courts of Watauga, 6-1-'06.

**J. C. FLETCHER,**

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

**E. F. LOVILL**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BOONE, N. C.  
Special attention given to all business entrusted to his care. 1-1-'04.

**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, 1906, 1y.

**F. M. MADON, D. L. S.**  
BALD, N. C.

I am now located here for the practice of Dentistry, and am making Bridge and Crown work, the most intricate work known to the profession, a specialty. My work is all done under a positive guarantee—no satisfaction, no pay. Nothing but the best material used in the execution of any of my work.

**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 specialty. 1-1-'07.

**W. H. BOWER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Lenoir, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Caldwell, Watauga, Mitchell, Ashe and other surrounding counties. Prompt attention given to all legal matters entrusted to his care.

**THE APPALACHIAN FOREST RESERVE.**

EDITOR DEMOCRAT: As this bill has created considerable excitement and talk, I wish to give expression to my views on the subject, if you will allow me space in your columns. So far as I have been able to learn everybody is much interested either for or against it. I am at a great loss to know what seized the minds of the greatest men whom we have chosen to lead us and watch our interests, that they should want to assassinate joy and murder happiness in the sanctuary of love. If we understand the English language, we are inclined to believe that no man who understands the bill and understands the country, and understand the people in this country, and have a single vestige of patriotism and love of home and native land, is in favor of the bill in question.

The bill is a republican measure, and therefore the republicans feel a little backward to raise their voice against it. Then some of our democratic leaders have endorsed the measure, and therefore democrats are afraid to oppose it—consequently there is more excitement than talk.

We are opposed to every clause of this bill, first, last and all the time, but will only call attention to a part of Sections 1 and 3, which reads as follows:

"That the Secretary of Agriculture is hereby authorized and directed in his discretion, to acquire by purchase, condemnation, gift or otherwise, lands suited to National forest reserve purposes. That when the owners of lands sought to be acquired for the purpose of this Act are unwilling to sell the same on terms satisfactory to the Secretary of Agriculture, condemnation proceedings for the acquirement of such lands shall not be had so long as the said owners protect and perpetuate the forests on said lands, under such legislation as may be prescribed by the Secretary of Agriculture."

This is written in the English language, so whosoever can read let him read and be judge. Why should the great men upon whom fortune has smiled, who have never traveled the thorny path-way of poverty, why, we say, should they envy 'ur humble mountain homes? Why disturb us peaceful mountaineers? Why convert our fine fruit gardens and beautiful grassy slopes into a lonely forest filled with wild animals? Why exchange our democracy for a military government? Why fetter the feet of liberty, crucify hope in our breast and leave our future without a dawn, without a star? Why clog the wheels of prosperity and smite the house of contentment with the rod of destruction? What sin have we committed that we should be driven from our peaceful mountain homes which God has given us and willed that they be our own—like Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden, and the Acadians from the land of Acadia? These hills, these mountains, these streams, these flowers, these vines, this sunshine, this air, are all sacred to us. We love them. This is our home. Home! The last place of retreat, the last stand of defense, the last place where friends are found, the last place of contentment and love. Destroy the home and patriotism, hope, liberty and love will stand out without any meaning. Home is not merely a staying place, neither is it necessarily a temple; but rather the place where contentment, peace, joy, liberty and love dwells. These are the characteristics of almost every home in the mountains, whether it be a magnificent mansion, or whether it be a hut. A hut with contentment and love, is fit for the Gods, while a temple without

it is not fit for a decent dog.

We would have the world to know that we are not savages dwelling in huts, caves and dug-outs as has been represented to our northern brethren by some hellish hypocritical heretics pretending to raise missionary funds to send some idiotic, howling, slobbering hypocrite among us to teach us some damnable heresy. We would have the world to know that our mountain people are respectable people, with hearts as open as the sky above their heads; their love is as immeasurable as the sunshine around them and as pure as the snow that caps our mountain peaks.

We stand upon the topmost peak of man-hood and womanhood the peer of anybody. Here among the mountains, away up near the heavens, where we can almost hear the rustle of the angel's wings, where the air is so pure, the sun so bright, the water so clear, the flowers so sweet, is a good place to raise fine men and women. No man never has nor never will become great or good only in proportion to the extent that he is free. If we are not a free people now, we don't know where to go in order to be free. Every body woods and forests are our hunting grounds, every body waters are our fishing streams. We have no locks on our doors, no bars over our windows. Our doors are ever open inviting whosoever will, to come in and sup with us. It is here that the hungry is never turned away, and the weary traveler can always find rest—and in the majority of cases without money and without price. It is in our veins that the best blood flows, because we are freest from other races. It is in our breast that the bravest hearts beats. Brave because we have been pioneers for 200 years, and have been educated by the stern teacher of nature. In time of peace we are on the mountains clearing the forest, or in the valley plowing the field and watching the cattle feed upon the slopes. In time of war you find our boys on the field of battle in defence of home and country, to the last drop of blood in their veins. In time of peace you find our beautiful daughters at home like the rose that cluster about the door, giving forth sweetness and perfuming the atmosphere in which they live. Then while their loved ones are gone in their defense, their hearts go along to cheer them, while they still remain at home and battle with any obstacle that may appear. Such is the people of western North Carolina and east Tennessee.

While there is many a genius, statesman and poet among us, the writer has recorded the tourist has told tales, and the poet has sung of the beauty and grandeur of Switzerland, and the luxuriant vineyards of the sunny hills of Spain, but they are not interesting to us, because we only have to turn our eyes westward to behold the balsome clad mountains towering away to the skies, with their waterfalls and catarnacts as grand as Switzerland ever dare to be. Then we turn to the eastward and behold these Mountains making away into the hilly regions of the Piedmont belt with their plunging crystal streams, furnishing water power sufficient to run the machinery of the whole South.

From the mountains to the sea we find almost every conceivable form of nature, beauty and grandura. From the snowy cotton fields to the vine-clad hills to the grassy slopes, to the flowery plains, to the mountain peaks. This is the health resort of the world. The fruit garden of the

world. The home of the pleasure seeker, as well as the pioneer. Away up among the mountains we find great plains with many springs of ice cold crystal water, with their natural grassy surface as sooth as a lawn, with their blankets of daisies and violets and touch-me-nots, and herds of fine cattle are seen grazing in perfect pence. While the neighboring landscape makes away into a giant forest, whose vaults are filled with the aroma of wild flowers, the song of the birds, the chatter of the squirrel, the hum of the bee and the music of the streams, which are filled with the charming mountain-trout.

Then we pass over to the other side and there is the old farmhouse, with the old dog to greet us with a bark of joy, and the meek-eyed cows mooing at the gate, and the vines clustering over the door, and the roses over the window, through which the sun strikes in on the baby's face in the cradle. Oh, contentment, what a jewel thou art. Oh, happiness, where art thou found? On, strike with a hand of fire, worried musician thy harp string with Apoleo's golden hair! Fill the vast cathedral isles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft touchers of the organ's keys! Blow bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moon-lit waves and charm the lovers wandering mid the vine-clad hills! But know your sweetest strains are but discord compared with the quietude and happiness of a mountain home! Free from the rustle and bustle of the busy world; free from the roar and smoke of the town; free from the sickening sting of disappointments in business; free from the withering touch of the corruptible hand of society; free from the slimy kiss and keen dagger of ingratitude of a public life. Oh, rippling river of contentment. Oh, fountain of joy. Oh, streams of peace! We are groaning under the yoke of a business world; we long to shake off the fetters of a worry life and fly away to your sunny shores, and bathe our weary souls in the sunshine of love and peace. Why convert these happy homes and fine summer resorts into a den of wolves and wild-cats?

He who maketh mankind happy is great, but he that maketh mankind miserable is a thief and a robber. Fine hotels are beginning to dot our hill-tops, railroads are beginning to plow their way through the mountains, trading posts are established at almost every door, our streams are being bridled and turned into power, smoke stacks are puffing forth the breath of industry and the whistles are sending up shouts of joy. The long-looked-for development of the mountains is now about to take place. Is it possible that the command is about to come, "Let him that is on the housetop come down and take out his goods?" Is it possible that the men whom we thought were our friends, the men that we have trusted to lead us and watch our interests are about to turn traitors and advance to stab us?

We don't know what the proposed bill would look like after it passes through the workshops of all who might wish to add a trophy to its Federal diadem, but we do know that we don't want our liberties fettered, prosperity crucified, nor the star of hope extinguished. We simply want to be let alone to enjoy what God has given us. We want liberty, we want freedom, we want peace! Let us alone, let us alone! "To make a happy fire-side cline To weans and wife, That the true pathos and sublime Of human life."

JOE T. RAY.  
Elk Park, N. C.

**What of the Weather?**

Charlotte News.  
The New York Commercial, than whom there are few better posted on the industrial condition and outlook of the country at large; gives us a little philosophy on the results of the weather on vegetable crops. For days news reports have been sent out from various communities and States relating to the depredations made by freezes, snows and frost on the early crops and the agricultural world is growing alarmed. Nor is the alarm so narrowly confined, for the interests of every one are involved.

So changing and unusual has been the course of Nature in April that even the emotionless "weather man" takes on a sober look.

The Commercial soliloquizes thus on the outlook:

"What is going to be the outcome of this cold weather? It is a question that is asked with a great deal of seriousness just now by the horticulturists and the farmers of the country. It is the most unseasonable April in many years. The lapse into winter last week, while apparently being of a purely transitory character, bore destruction on its breath in many quarters. Nor is there any assurance that the milder atmosphere of the present day may not be shrouded by another snowfall or a nipping frost before the week is done. It does not require the unflinching testimony of "the oldest inhabitant" to assure us that it is almost remarkable. Nature in the ordinary course of events had, as usual, provided for the regular rotation of the seasons. To all intents and purposes Spring had come. The sap went up in the trees, and the buds sprouted forth. The result is that the fruit crop of 1907 is going to be inexpressibly short. In some localities there will be nothing of it. It will be an utter failure. Truck gardens, promoters of early fruits and vegetables, are the most direct and immediate sufferers. Their losses amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars; nor can they well repair them. Transition from Winter to Summer is likely to be sudden. As to the effect of the snows and cold on the general agricultural situation of the country, that remains to be calculated. It is not of consequence, if the finale has been reached; but if we are to be the recipient of renewed samples of hold-over Winter weather, the general crops can hardly escape its ill effects.

Torture By Savages.  
"Speaking of the torture to which some of the savage tribes in the Philippines subject their captives, reminds me of the intense suffering I endured for three months from inflammation of the kidneys," says W. M. Sherman, of Cashing Me. Nothing helped me until I tried Electric Bitters, three bottles of which completely cured me." Cures Liver complaint, dyspepsia, blood disorders and malaria, and restores the weak and nervous to robust health. Guaranteed by all druggists. Price 50 cents.

Buried to their necks in mud in the basin of an old reservoir in Philadelphia, three boys had a narrow escape from death. After playing near the reservoir for several hours the three boys thought they would run up and down the reservoir embankment. Although the smooth mud looked safe to them, the minute they stepped on the mud they began to sink. The operatives in a mill nearby, as they were going home from work heard the boy's screams and quickly got ropes and pulled them out.—Ex.

**Throat Coughs**

Ask your doctor about these throat coughs. He will tell you how deceptive they are. A tickling in the throat often means serious trouble ahead. Better explain your case carefully to your doctor, and ask him about your taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.



Who makes the best liver pills? The J. C. Ayer Company, of Lowell, Mass. They have been making Ayer's Pills for over sixty years. If you have the slightest doubt about using these pills, ask your doctor. Do as he says, always. Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



If you want to see dollars grow, feed your fields with Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers. They will "increase your yields per acre," and thus bring down the cost of production, even if you use fewer teams and less labor. We have thousands of strong testimonials from farmers who have tried other makes of fertilizers and assert that Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers are by far the best. They will give you crops that will make more money for you. Buy no other, even if a meagre dealer endeavors to get you to buy some "cheap" brand just because he may make a little more profit on that. Of course, that would be to his interest—not yours. VIRGINIA-CAROLINA CHEMICAL CO., Richmond, Va., Norfolk, Va., Durham, N. C., Charlotte, S. C., Baltimore, Md., All cities, Ga., Westmoreland, Pa., Memphis, Tenn., Cincinnati, O.

If a man kills himself he is called a suicide; if he kills a brother he's called a fratricide; if he kills some one of no kin he is a homicide, but if he kills his town by sending away to buy things he ought to buy at home he betomes the entire lot of "cides" mixed in to one. We wonder if people who continually buy goods a way from home ever think of the tendency of this nefarious practice. They are helping to kill the town in which they live by destroying its business and lowering the price of its real estate and driving out its population. Enough people in this business will depopulate a town in a short time.—Ex.

**Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.**

How To Find Out.  
Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What To Do.  
There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing 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 during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, bottles free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention this paper and don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.