

THE DEMOCRAT.

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WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

W. H. Kitchin, Owne.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 37.

The Arm-Clutch.

"Oh, shame! where is thy blush?" A few evenings since, while winding our way toward home, it was our fate to meet a young couple affectionately joined together with the so-called arm-clutch. We were shocked beyond measure, as we knew the parties to be respectable. A stranger would have properly thought otherwise. We interviewed the young man when next we saw him and asked the question direct as to what his feelings would be should he casually meet his own sister in the identical predicament. He indignantly answered that his sister had never not wined, under any circumstances, do such a thing.

Much has been said by pulp and press relative to this reprehensible and we might add, indecent practice, and we are glad to add that but few girls in our midst have the temerity or the natural disposition to further defy the laws of propriety by a continuance of this indulgence. We have before commented severely, editorially and otherwise, in regard to this shocking exhibition of female frailty; and we had begun to congratulate ourselves that the last vestige of this gross impropriety had vanished from our midst. But alas! we found that our fond dreams of reform in that particular were not absolute, but only partial. We regretfully find a few yet remaining utterly regardless of maidenly modesty and public opinion, expressed through the agency of the pulpit and press, who still wautonly persist in defying the rules of maidenly propriety by unblushingly permitting this familiarity. Young woman, do you know what you are doing? Do you know that you are tottering on the brink of a precipice from which you may fall? Are you not aware that one familiarity, submitted to on your part, engenders another in an advanced degree?

Are you not aware that the very identical man with whom you submit to this privilege would never ask you in sincerity to be his wife? Are you not aware that the most precious jewels possessed by woman are modesty and virtue? Can you afford to jeopardize either?

We will now dismiss the subject by adding, in conclusion, that the waltz, racquet, and other round dances are had enough, but the disgraceful arm-clutch should be forever banished from good society. And if any persist in the continuance of this disgusting practice, they should suffer the consequences of their folly, even to that extent of ostracism from society.—*Gen. Republican.*

NOT ENOUGH WHITE FOLK.

So they Turn and Rend One Another.

"I ain't gwine ter stay in dis heah country no longer den I ken he'll," remarked an old negro, whose general good humor and satisfied condition rendered his observation significant.

"What's the matter, Eli?" some one asked.

"Nebber mine whut's de matter, I kain't stay in dis country."

"Anybody been abusing you?"

"Yas, sah, da is."

"Infringe on your rights?"

"Sah?"

"Trample upon your rights?"

"Yas, sah, da did. Tramped on me wud bo' feet."

"Tell me about it."

"Wall, yer know, sah, dat I see er mighty han' fur chillun. I see got some twelbe or fifteen at my house, yer know. Dis mawnin' while da wuz all out in de yard it stuck me dat dar wuz er powerful chance of them, so I ginter count. Wall, sah, I counted twenty-three. Look heah, wife, s'I, how come all dese chillun in heah?" She sorter vaded de subject, but at las' knowledgeable dat de extra chillun "louged ter her sister what wuz dan run away. Now, boss, how long does yer reckon I had beeu er toatin' dat extra load?"

"I have no idea."

"No, sah, I doan 'spose yer has. I'd been feedin' dem chillun fur two munt's, sah, I thought dat it tuck a powerful chance ter eat, but I didn't think, sah, dat my wife was er stuff in de ballock box dat er way. Nor, sah, I ain't gwine ter stay heah."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A workman by the name of Bradley, while repairing the tank at the trestle bridge over Contenten Creek, on the Railroad below Wilson, Monday, fell and seriously injured himself. The attending physician could not declare what the result of his fall may be, but the injured man was taken to his home in Toisnot, and we hope is recovering.—*Advance.*

LITTLETON.

Baptist Union—Clever People—Pretty Girls.

There was a general mass meeting of the Union Meeting of the Tar River Baptist Association, held with the Church at Littleton, which began on the 23d ult., and continued four days. Rev. A. G. Wilcox, of Brinkleyville, was made Chairman and Mr. R. B. Owens, of Scotland Neck, was made Secretary. It was the writer's pleasure, after three weeks rest at his old home in Harnett county, to step off at Littleton on Friday afternoon and spend the time there during the remainder of the meeting.

There had been planned for the occasion an interesting programme in the way of discussion of different subjects relative to the cause of the Church generally, and as the speakers were all present, with some few exceptions, the programme was very well filled up. Rev. Mr. Woodson, of Enfield, preached on Thursday night. On Friday morning the subject of Colportage was discussed by Rev. J. M. McMannaway, of Wilson, and others. On Friday afternoon the subject of Religious Literature had been assigned the writer, on which he made some remarks, followed in interesting speeches on the subject by Rev. C. T. Bailey, of the Biblical Recorder, and Hon. W. H. Kitchin, of the DEMOCRAT.

At night, the subjects of Hindrances and Helps to the Church Growth were discussed in order, by Revs. C. A. Woodson and J. D. Huffham.

On Saturday morning there was an hour's prayer meeting, conducted by Rev. C. L. Dowell, of Scotland Neck. Then followed in order, able discussions on the Relation of Education to the cause of Christ and Religious Enthusiasm, by Revs. J. M. McMannaway and R. E. Peele.

In the evening the Baptist Orphanage was discussed by Dr. J. D. Huffham and others, and there was a collection of pledges to be paid for that institution by 1st of October, amounting to something more than three hundred dollars.

At night, Dr. Taylor, President of Wake Forest College, spoke briefly but pointedly on the subject of Christian Education, and Mr. J. E. Ray, Secretary of the Baptist Home Missions, also spoke.

On Sunday morning there was a Sunday School Mass Meeting, conducted by the writer, and in which all the Sunday Schools of the town were represented. There were short but interesting Sunday School speeches by Messrs. Jenkins, of the Methodist Church in Littleton, J. N. Holding, and J. E. Ray, of Raleigh, Prof. F. P. Hobgood, of Oxford, Revs. G. M. Duke, W. B. Morton, C. E. Taylor and J. D. Huffham.

At 11 o'clock Dr. Huffham preached at the Methodist Church, and Rev. J. M. McMannaway at the Baptist Church. He said that we should follow Christ in three ways, suggested by the text:

1. Jesus Christ lived as putting the highest possible value upon time. 2. Jesus Christ lived as putting the highest possible value upon men. 3. Jesus Christ lived as putting the highest possible value upon Heaven.

In the afternoon there was an interesting Praise Meeting conducted by Mr. J. E. Ray. At night Rev. G. M. Duke preached an interesting sermon, elaborating the thought that the "fruit of the spirit is love, joy." All things considered, this was one of the most interesting religious meetings of any kind the writer remembers ever having attended.

LITTLETON AND ITS PEOPLE.

Littleton is a beautiful little town which but a few years ago was only a station on the railroad. It has now a number of large stores all doing a thriving business in the hands of merchants as clever as the town is beautiful and delightful.

Shaw's All Healing Springs about half a mile from the town is a place of rare beauty and of picturesque scenery unsurpassed by any the writer has ever seen in the State east of the mountains. The springs are more than a dozen in number, bubbling up in a beautiful mountain like dale, and a sloping hill-side all around, completely shaded by great forest oaks, makes it all that the weary traveler or the gay pleasure seeker can wish for in the way of a cool and restful retreat.

Then there are the noted Panacea Springs about five miles from

the town, just far enough for a morning, (or evening) drive.

The water of these springs is said to contain properties of great healing power, especially to dyspeptics. Hon. W. H. Kitchin, with the writer and other visitors, enjoyed, in the homes of the Littleton people, hospitalities unequalled if possible on any similar occasion any where. Among the families that opened wide their homes to the visitors were those of Messrs. Brown, McCraw, Shaw, Rasberry, Spruill, Ferguson, Perry, Johnson and others whom the writer could not have the pleasure of visiting.

It was the writer's pleasure to share, with Messrs. Biggs, Bailey and others, hospitalities in the well furnished hotel of Mr. Spruill.

Littleton has its pretty girls in numbers and gallant young men not a few. There are fine prospects before the churches and community there, with the good pastors, Mr. Bonner for the Methodists and Mr. McDuffie for the Baptists. Prof. L. W. Bagley will soon open a school for boys and young men, also, which is quite an acquisition to the town.

Littleton is the most pleasant summering place I have seen east of the mountains; and the writer thought, as he bade the good people farewell, that it was a most fitting place and time, and among the very people to end a summer's travel and a vacation's rest.

E. E. HILLIARD.

A CHOLERA CURE.

Gen. Clingman's Remedy.

GLEN ALPINE SPRINGS, July 25. EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—By a letter received from one of my sons I learn that a great number of logs in the Scotland Neck section are dying with cholera. Casually mentioning this in the presence of Gen. Clingman in Asheville, a few days ago, with much animation, he exclaimed: "Fools, why don't they cure them by drenching them with tobacco juice?"

My reply was, that perhaps they had never heard of the remedy, and if they had many put no faith in it. He then asked me if I would send him my pamphlet upon the "Tobacco Remedy," to my nearest newspaper and request the editor to make such extracts from the testimonials as would bring the remedy to the knowledge of those who were suffering from this scourge.

In accordance with this promise made to him, I send the pamphlet by to-day's mail, with such parts as refer to this subject marked, which you will please copy and publish. Gen. Clingman is too well known to need any endorsement. I am confident that what he has published on this subject has been in the cause of suffering humanity and not for emolument.

Very truly &c.,

RICHARD SMITH.

The handsome young lady and the awkward man of pretended sentiment sat on a moss-covered bank. All day he had annoyed her with attentions.

"Miss Mabel, do you not like poetry?"

"Yes."

"I worship it; I live on it. See the pick-nickers, out there. They shout and romp as though the air itself were not full of sentiment—of soul breathings."

"What business are you engaged in?" she asked. She knew but wanted to hear him say.

"My business is perhaps more lucrative than congenial. I operate a bone mill."

"What?"

"Yes. I grind up bones. The pulverized bone is used upon the land. It makes the flowers brighter, the corn more luxuriant. Miss Mabel, you remind me of spring."

"Why?"

"You are so gentle."

"You remind me of spring," she said.

"I do?" he leaned forward to catch her words.

"Yes; you are so green."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Not long since a small partridge, not much larger than one's thumb, was noticed following an old hen and chickens at Mr. Ezekiel Sells, which remained several days, but the cat found it and took it for her own. The next day another came up with the hen and was also "taken in" as a breakfast for the cat. While with the hen they seem to be perfectly at home.—*Kernersville News.*

LABOR.

Honorable in the Sight of Our Maker.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DEMOCRAT.]

God has so arranged and ordered the destiny and course of the human family that a large majority must and ought to cultivate the surface of the earth. Therefore He has honored that profession above all others. In the beginning it was not so indispensable to cultivate the soil for a living as it is now. Then the earth belonged to the few inhabitants who would take and possess it, and the natural productions, fruits, grasses, grain, and wild game, furnished without labor more than a supply for the demands of the world. And yet while there was no immediate necessity for man to cultivate the lands, God decreed that from the earth he should get his living.

From pastoral and plantation life God has almost invariably taken those he constituted his types, and shadows of things that were to be. From this same class He chose His Prophets and Apostles, and Disciples principally. And even in this day of civilization, christianity and advancement not many of his truly called and great ambassadors are taken from other professions and other callings. He has time and again called man from the field to command his armies and lead them to victory. In short, His eye, His loving kindness, and His ever-lasting mercy is on, with and around the honest hearted tiller of the soil.

Therefore we say, He has honored and exalted the calling of the farmer above all other professions. Still we see young ambitious men, as well as indolent worthless young men, running from and flying from the noblest, most manly, dignified, honorable, independent profession among men. Stop young man, consider your ways. It is no more honorable and manly to fill the chair of state, sit upon a throne, or be crowned a King in the eyes of our God and good men, than to hold the plow handles, to work with your own hands for an honest living. God decreed in the out-set, that all men should labor with their own muscles and brains for a competency, and that it should be no disgrace but a glory to Himself and an honor to man.

He also decreed that he who reaped without sowing, or he who reaped where others sowed, or gathered his substance from the toil of others, either by cheating, defrauding, stealing or sponging upon others, should receive His condemnation, and the condemnation of good men in this life, and without repentance, a crown of eternal darkness in the life to come.

From the very nature of man, and the very structure of the earth, all men of common intelligence must see and know that Providence designed men to labor. In the sweat of his face shall he eat his bread, said the Creator of all things. Then why trim, why dodge it, why not face the music like a man, and work, that your days may be long and prosperous? The man who labors lives longer than a man who lives in idleness. He lives easier, happier, and more honest, and nearer to his God; and when he departs this life his chances for a crown in the kingdom above is ninety and nine to one, for the indolent, the laggard, the drone.

A Close Run For It.

Girl—I will look at your ham-mocks, please.

Dealer—Yes, Miss. Now, there is something nice. Not expensive, and at the same time pretty and strong.

Girl—It doesn't look very strong.

Dealer—I will guarantee it to sustain a weight of three hundred pounds.

Miss.

Girl—Let me see—one hundred and twenty and one hundred and sixty-five would be just two hundred and eighty-five—very well, I will take that one.—*New York Times.*

Greensboro has had a disastrous fire. Loss about \$40,000.—*Franklin Weekly.*

ASTRONOMY.

Astronomy is Iderful. And interesting, 2; The car 3 revolves around the sun Which makes a year 4 you.

The moon is dead and can't read By law of physics great; It's 7 where the stars alive Do nightly scintillate.

If watchful Providence be With good intentions fraught Did not keep up its grand design We soon would come to 0.

Astronomy is wonderful.

But it's 2 so 4

I man 2 grasp, and that is why

I'd better say no more. —Ex.

They Had Better Stay Away.

"I like to know about some office under Cleveland!" he said, as he beckoned a lawyer across the street from the door of his saloon.

"Well, what is it?"

"I like to know if I vhas to haf some office. My blace vhas head-quarters last fall for some Cleveland surs, and all der boys tell me I vhas surs of something fat."

"Then you are looking for some thing."

"Vhell, I dunno. Vhen Cleveland vhas elected der boys begin to drop in here, One of 'em he says: 'Vhat a Bostmaster you will make for Detroit. By George, I vish I vhas you!' Vhell, dottickles me, you know, and I treat der crowd to beer. Pooty soon ander crowd comes in, und one of der poys calls out: 'Let dis convention come to some order. We vhas now in der presence of der next boss of der gustom-house, I calls for dree cheers for Karl Dunder!'

"Vhen he says dot I feels goot all oafar, und it seems right to set oop der peer."

"See."

"Vhell, almost eafery night a gang comes around to my blace to shake me by der hand und somepody he says:

"Hip! hip! hurrah! Karl Dunder vhas solid mit der coming administration! He picks out der fattest offices for himself und he remembers his friends mit der lean ones!"

"Vhen somepody talks like dot I feel shmlly und soft, und I tap a new keg of lager. Now, I like to ask you if I vhas right. My poy Shake says I doan't got so much as shmall of office, and my old woman says der poys make a fool of me."

"I guess they are right."

"Don't you belief I vhas get der gustom-house?"

"No sir."

"Nor der bost-office?"

"No, sir."

"Don't I half some blace at \$2,000 a year?"

"I doubt it."

"Vasn't I even envited down to Washington to see Cleveland go mit der White House?"

"Not unless you invite yourself."

"Vhell! vhell! So Shake und der old woman vhas right, und der boys vhas putting some soft soap on me? Say!"

"Yes."

"Dot vhas all right, but I like to say something, und doan't you forget him! To-night dot same growd comes around here, and somepody vill begin to hurrah for der next bost-master. You ought to be here! Der dog vill be loose, und I shall haf two glubs handy und you vill see fifteen men in sooch a hurry to get out doors dot you belief some earthquakes vhas shaking oop Detroit! Shust come around und see how a disabolted office seeker vhill handle two glubs und a pull-dog!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE SMALL BOY UP TO SNUFF.—A New York Sunday school teacher told her pupils that when they put their pennies into the contribution box she wanted each one to repeat a Bible verse suitable for the occasion.

The first boy dropped in his cent, saying: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." The next boy dropped his penny into the box, saying: "He that giveth unto the poor lendeth to the Lord." The third and the youngest boy dropped in his penny, saying: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

THE LESSON LEARNED BY EXPERIENCE.

At a negro wedding, when the minister read the words "love, honor, and obey," the groom interrupted him and said:

"Read that ag'in, sah; read it wunce mo', so's de lady kin ketch the full solemnity ob de meanin'." I see ben married befo'."—*New York Sun.*

The President's Policy.

The office-seeker has gone. The President has at last worried him out and all that is now left is the echo of the anathema. The President cares nothing for this. The aim of his whole course is to keep company with his mugwump allies, and so long as these appear he cares nothing for the heart-burnings and disappointments in the Democratic camp. He is now moving slower than ever. He is not inspired by party consideration or personal appeals; he is seized of the estate for four years. He knows it well, and has mapped out a course which he thinks will build up the truly good into a god and morality party.

The President has a positive contempt for Senators and Representatives. He would rather keep this class in suspense than grant their request. His aim is to ignore the Representatives in Congress, so that if they antagonize when Congress meets by holding them off they may be glad to come to him submissive.

On his table now are a number of unsigned commissions. These he holds until he can see the appointees.

His aim is to see those to whom he gives the places so that he can weaken the Congressman's influence by having it appear that the beneficiary is not under any obligations to any intermediary. The new party, which the President is anxious to build up, will indeed be a strange one.

His plan seems to be to have a grand army of political enunchs.

That is, he takes the faithful worker in the Democratic party, and when he gives him an office emasculates him in a political sense. He tells him not to be "offensively partisan" or "I will flip you out." A party thus recruited will have as much force in a campaign as would a blowpipe against the Rock of Gibraltar. Not to mince matters, such a course, if adhered to, will weaken, if not destroy, the Democratic party. There are those who have the faith that he will yet change front. The President gives no evidence that he will, but, on the contrary, that he will not.

Yet they hope on, hope ever, and crawl up to the White House in pursuit of phantoms. It is an astonishing fact that not a Representative in Congress has been able to control the patronage in his own district. It is moreover a fact that for the smallest favor received, the congressman receiving it is made to understand that it is not a favor from the Democratic party, but rather from Grover Cleveland. More astounding, indeed, is the fact that the leaders of a party who draw inspiration from Jefferson and from Jackson are content to be denominated by a new dispensation of Democracy patented by the present Democratic President of the United States, who was never elected to any office in his life solely by Democratic votes. To all and singular who growl and kick, Mr. Cleveland with arms akimbo says: "What are you going to do about it?"—*Special dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

Culled from our Exchanges Throughout the Country.

"Have you an extra umbrella I could borrow?" asked a man in a friend's office. "I have an umbrella," replied the friend, pointing to a weather beaten, rock-ribbed piece of rusty calico in the corner, "but I don't think you will find it anything extra."

He spoke the truth, but the umbrella never came back all the same.—*Merchant Traveler.*

"Yes," said Mrs. Catchem, "those are my daughters over there on the sofa; they have half a million between them." It was not until after they were married to those daughters, that the two young men who overheard the above remark found out that Mrs. Catchem referred to the rich old codger who sat on the sofa between the girls. Mrs. Catchem couldn't tell a fib, but she knew how to speak the truth advantageously.—*Boston Transcript.*

ON THE INSTRUCTOR.—A sharp boy at a commercial college had addressed a letter to a firm as "Gents."

"You mustn't do that," said the instructor.

"Why not?" asked the boy.

"Because 'Gents' is vulgar. Don't you know that invitations to negro balls are always addressed that way?"

"Well no; I never got one," replied the boy, with such significance that the instructor blushed and hurried to the next desk.—*Merchant Traveler.*

An Umpire's Valedictory.

And umpire went sallying out into the east, Out into the east ere the sun went down.

He thought of the club that loved him least, And the quickest way to leave the town.

But men must chin and boys must cheer, And the umpire's lot is hard and drear. Along with the crowd and its groaning, A man stood up and called out Foul!

And called out Foul! with an angry frown; Then made for the gate with a sudden howl,

While the mob with bricks tried to knock him down. For men will fight and boys will jeer, And luck is best when the gate is near.

To escape from the crowd and its groaning, A doctor was working the best he knew

how, The best he knew how, as the sun went down. He thought as he plastered the broken brow

Of the awful yells and the missiles thrown. For clubs will play and mobs will fight, And the umpire's lucky if he lives till night

To escape from the crowd and its groaning.—

The White Race.

We have never had any fears of the negro supremacy in this country which certain sensational writers for sensational magazines have proved by figures to be a possibility if not a probability. The white race is bound to "survive" all others as "the fittest." Malays, Mongols, Negroes, and Indians, must in a thousand years or more give away to the Caucasian. So far as this country is concerned, we have more than once given facts and figures which ought to satisfy any one that even in the sunny South the whites must in a few decades be vastly more numerous than the negroes.

Our attention was recalled to this subject by an interesting article of the London Spectator, in which it is shown that whereas two hundred years ago the whites constituted only about 10 per cent. of the population of the globe, they now constitute about 33 per cent. When we consider what countries and what sort of countries contain these inferior races, we must be convinced that already the white race dominates the globe.

The Spectator says:

"They [the whites] have, moreover, if anything, increased in physical strength, and have so developed in brain, and consequent power of organization, that it may be doubted if the whole remainder of mankind, even if all were reduced to equal weapons, could seriously injure the white tribe, which again, if it chose to act together and employ without pity the weapons its intelligence has enabled it to construct, could in a few years reduce the remainder of the world to an uninhabited desert."

"The Chinese are the only great race remaining which can be said to be truly independent and free from the predominating influence, more or less directly exercised, of the energetic white men, who pour in increasing streams over the remainder of the earth's surface. They, indeed, alone traverse the ocean. The Chinese keep a few ships; and a few small vessels, manned by dark sailors, mostly pirates or slavers, or pilgrim carriers, still hang about the coasts of Southern Asia or Eastern Africa, but the fighting navies of the world, and its great transport ships, and its mercantile marine, are all alike white. No dark race could bombard a white harbor or transport an army across a hundred miles of sea in the face of prohibition from white men."

"At their present rate of increase they [the whites] will in 1984 be a thousand millions, or much more than half of the then existing mankind."

"This world is the heritage of the white man, but there is a lesson which Englishmen will do well to think over patiently, and, if they can, without hatred in their hearts. They have no right to anger with the visible will of God. There is but one race on earth with whom it behooves the Teuton in all his branches to keep friend. The supremacy of the white man will in the end—and, recollect, children may be born to-day who will see the end, and then be younger than Sir Moses Montefiore—be the joint supremacy of the Teuton and the Slav. In 1984, when the world contains 1,000,000,000 white faces, 600,000,000 of these will be English and Germans, and 300,000,000 will be Slav."—*Dispatch.*