

# THE DEMOCRAT.

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WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

W. H. Kitchin, Owner.

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## HOW KATE WON A MATE.

She came to our far-a-way, quiet, mountain-flanked village in early summer, and, stopping first at the hotel, she registered her name Kate Burbank, of New York. She might have been 22—not older than that—and was very pretty.

But she did not remain long at the hotel. She brought letters of recommendation to the rector of our parish, and was soon admitted a member of his family. She was an orphan without brother or sister. She possessed property enough to support her in an humble way, until she could turn her hand to some profitable and pleasant employment.

Toward the end of July the rector's nephew, Arthur Grafton, came on a visit. He had graduated at college, had studied law and had been admitted to the bar, and now before commencing practice, he had come to the mountain village for recreation. He was 24 years of age tall and strong.

Certainly Arthur Grafton had never before met a woman to him like this woman. How bright and joyous were the days, how sweet and enjoyable were the evenings! Arthur resolved that he would know his fate.

Before that night came Arthur and Kate in their rambling met Charles Dabney, of New York. Dabney had been Arthur's classmate in college. Kate's hand trembled on her companion's arm as he advanced to speak with his friend. She turned away and waited for him until he came back.

"Dear old Charlie!" he said, "We were chums in college. I must run over to the hotel and see him after tea."

After tea Arthur went over to the hotel as he had promised. A brief interchange of fraternal greetings and then Dabney burst forth.

"Look here, old fellow how in the name of wonder did you manage to get the heiress under your wing?"

"The heiress?" repeated Arthur wonderingly.

"Aye—Miss Cornelissen—the lady you were with this afternoon. She didn't recognize me, though I'm sure she knew me."

"Miss Cornelissen!" echoed our hero. "What do you mean Charles? You saw in my company this afternoon Miss Kate Burbank, of New York, an orphan whom friends recommended to my uncle, the rector."

Charles Dabney drew a long breath and then whistled.

"Forgive me Art. Perhaps I've put my foot in it: but it can't be helped now. I will tell you the truth and you can govern yourself accordingly. It may be well that you should be on your own guard. Her mother's maiden name was Burbank. Miss Kate Burbank Cornelissen was the lady I saw upon your arm. Her father was Hedrick Cornelissen, the old East India trader and ship owner, who died four years ago, leaving his only child heiress to three millions. A year ago she came in full possession, and she has fled to this secluded nook to escape the sycophants and noodies that beset her on every hand. I understand it now."

Arthur Grafton returned to the rectory in a daze. He knew that Dabney had told him the truth. On the following morning, as Katie looked out her chamber window, she saw Arthur walking in the garden. His step was slow dragging, his head was bent and his hands folded behind him. Certainly he looked far from happy. When she came down into the little sitting room where the piano was she found the rector and his wife there, looking strangely uncomfortable and perplexed.

"Something has happened—we don't know what," said Mr. Edgar, in answer to her earnest questioning. "Arthur is going back to New York at once—he says to-day."

"But I thought he was to stay until September."

"So he had planned, but something has changed him."

A great weight sank upon Kate's heart and a choking was in her throat. She turned away and thought. Arthur had discovered her secret and was afraid of her. But, had she

gained his heart? And, if so, should she lose him? Should she without one struggle, surrender the only promise of joy, true and pure, that entered her life since her father had died.

"Arthur Grafton, standing beneath a drooping elm, himself also drooping, felt a light touch upon his arm. He turned and looked into the sweet earnest face of the beautiful being who had been occupying all his thoughts.

"Arthur, your uncle tells me that you think of leaving us." She spoke with a calmness that cost her a mighty effort.

"Yes," he answered, in a voice that sounded hollow and distant.

She stood back and looked at him with prayerful earnestness.

"Arthur, will you answer a few questions truly and frankly?"

"Yes."

"If you had not met Charles Dabney yesterday the thought of leaving us to-day would not have entered your mind?"

He hesitated and considered. Surely it would be honorable to answer with the simple truth.

"It would not," he said.

"Charles Dabney told you who my father was?"

"Yes."

"And what my family name was?"

"Yes."

"And he told you that I was very, very wealthy in the possession of money?"

"Yes."

"Arthur, in the great city I was hunted for my wealth. I grew sick and tired of the dreadful indiction, and resolved to escape into a purer atmosphere, and, if possible, leave all trace of my poor wealth behind me. Good friends, fully appreciating my purpose, assisted me. Dropping my well-known family name, I came hither, recommended chiefly by one who had been your uncle's college mate in other years. And here I found peace and sweet content. By and by you came to share the life with me. Never mind how I discovered it, but the knowledge came to me that you were a true and noble man. And soon—soon—I believed you loved me. My heart bounded with gladness when I thought that a true, strong and generous man had fallen in love with poor, simple Kate Burbank. Can you doubt whether my heart was tending?"

"Arthur, I love you with my whole heart. If you loved me as I had hoped, you shall not go away from me. I will not lose my brightness of life for the lack of a few honest words."

In a moment more she was gathered in the strong, sheltering embrace of a man who could not speak for joy.

—Ex.

## READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

**Called from our Exchanges Through-out the Country.**

"How is Jim Bullard getting on?" asked a stranger at the railroad station of a Dakota town.

"Jim committed suicide 'bout a month ago," replied the native.

"Committed suicide? How did he commit suicide?"

"He called me a liar, stranger."

"How are times down in the country, uncle?" asked a white man of an old negro.

"Porely, sah, porely."

"What is the cause?"

"It's de comin' in o' dese Yankees sah."

"How did they cause hard times?"

"By 'tarin' down all the old smoke-houses, sah."

"Why did that make any difference?"

"Whut? Why did dat make any difference! Confoun' em, sah, da tore down all de log houses an' built brick ones in dar place. Da needn't be so pertiklar. Nobody wasn't gwine to steal nothin'!"—*Arkansas Traveler*.

## As Others See Us.

The Scotland Neck DEMOCRAT is a good home-spun paper; now—*Topic*.

The Scotland Neck "DEMOCRAT" one of our best exchanges, came to us last week in a new dress with both sides printed at home.—*Little Clipper*.

The last issue of the Scotland Neck DEMOCRAT came to us both sides printed at home, which adds wonderfully to its appearance.—*Herald*.

The Scotland Neck DEMOCRAT comes to us greatly improved in its typographical appearance. The paper is also edited with more than ordinary ability.—*Messenger*.

The Scotland Neck DEMOCRAT has put on a new face and is able now to better battle for its cause. Mr. Kitchin is a good writer on political questions.—*Tar River Talker*.

The Scotland Neck "DEMOCRAT," we are glad to see has dropped its patent outside and comes to us now as a neat and valuable all-home paper. We wish it success.—*Rocket*.

The Scotland Neck DEMOCRAT now comes to us as an out and out home printed paper. It is an excellent paper and we are glad to note this improvement.—*Reflector*.

The Scotland Neck DEMOCRAT comes to us in a new dress this week. Bro. Kitchin sees the importance of printing both sides at home. He will make the DEMOCRAT a good and useful paper to the party.—*Franklinton Weekly*.

The Scotland Neck DEMOCRAT came out last week in home print, with new types, &c. Friend Kitchin has displayed considerable energy in the running of his paper, and certainly deserves success.—*Kernersville News*.

That excellent paper, the Scotland Neck DEMOCRAT comes to us much improved. It has dropped its patent outside, and it looks so much better. May success attend the editor's efforts.—*Clayton Bud*.

**AN IMPROVEMENT.**—The Scotland Neck DEMOCRAT came to us last week in an entire new dress of type, printed all at home. An indication of prosperity which we are glad to note. Well and ably edited, the DEMOCRAT is a credit to its section and deserves a liberal support as a reward for its service in behalf of its people. We congratulate our young friend Kitchin on the very handsome and improved appearance of his sheet.—*Gold Leaf*.

The Scotland Neck DEMOCRAT has put on a new outfit. It is greatly improved. Success.—*Gleaner*.

The Scotland Neck DEMOCRAT has thrown away its patent outside and comes to us in a new dress of type. It shows signs of prosperity, and its editor has our wishes for a continuance of the same.—*Franklin Times*.

The Scotland Neck DEMOCRAT came to us last week all in home print and greatly improved. It represents a splendid section of the state and we are glad to see it enter on a career of enlarged usefulness.—*New Era*.

The Scotland Neck "DEMOCRAT" has improved wonderfully since it shed its patent outside. It is one of the most outspoken journals of the State.—*Free Press*.

**THE DEMOCRAT.**—The DEMOCRAT came to us last week all printed at home. It has discarded the patent outside which was probably necessary in the first years of its existence. We cordially welcome this evidence of prosperity in our neighbor and sincerely hope that it will for a long time continue the course of usefulness which it has filled under its present management. Its editorials are Democratic to the core, are fearless in their expressions of approval or disapproval. The *Roanoke News* is sincerely pleased at the success of the DEMOCRAT and says so honestly. It has no jealousy towards its contemporary but will join it in every good work.—*Roanoke News*.

"Are you fond of autographs, Mrs. Startup?" "Laws, I should say so. Miranda has a splendid collection of the handwriting of celebrated folks. But some of 'em was such poor writing that we had 'em all copied off in a big book. They look so much better."—*Chicago Rambler*.

—Subscribe for the DEMOCRAT.

## A NEW CEREMONY.

**Amending the Marriage Service After the Style of the Revised Version.**

In the Northwestern part of Sumner county, Tennessee, lives an Irish magistrate, a man of liberal education and a full quota of that mother wit for which his nation is so remarkable.

A short time ago a colored pair named Jim and Bet called upon the squire to be united "for better or worse," probably the latter. Having had some notice of their coming, he prepared and actually used the following ceremony:

Jim, will you take Bet Without any regret, To love and to cherish, Till one of you perish And is under the sod; So help you God?

Jim having given the usual affirmative answer, "Squire R— turned to Bet:

Bet, will you take Jim And cling to him Both out and in, Through thick and thin Holding him to your heart, Till death do you part?

Bet modestly acquiesced, and the newly-married couple were dismissed with this "stopper over all."

Thro' life's alternate joy and strife, I now pronounce you man and wife. Go up life's hill till you get to the level, And salute your bride your rusty black devil.—Ex.

## WON HIS BET.

The other morning two gentlemen were looking out of the window of a house when the observed a cabbage roll off a market wagon that was passing. Instantly over a dozen well-dressed and apparently sane persons began yelling after the wagon, as though the vegetable had been a gold watch. The driver stopped, looked back at the cabbage, yawned and drove on.

"What an absurd fuss people in the street make over trivial occurrences," said one of the gentlemen. Now, I'll bet a silk hat I could get a crowd of 500 persons around that cabbage inside of thirty minutes and not leave this room."

"I'll take the bet," said his friend, pulling out his watch. "Are you ready?"

"Yes; give the word." "It is now 11:30. Go!"

The proposer of the wager led his friend to the window, threw up the sash, and taking a cane, pointed earnestly at the mud-covered cabbage with a terrified expression. Presently a cab-driver noticed the action, and began to stare at the vegetable from the curbstone, and then a boot-black stopped, then a bill poster, a messenger boy and a merchant.

"What's the matter?" inquired a German, approaching the innocent base of his national dish.

"Don't touch it! Look out there! Stand back!" shouted the gentleman at the window.

At his horror-stricken tones the crowd fell back precipitately, and formed a dense circle around the innocent cabbage. Hundreds came running up, and the excitement increased rapidly.

"Look out there!" frantically exclaimed the better, waving his cane. "Take that dog away quick!"

Several stones were thrown at a dog that was sniffing around the cabbage.

"Take care!" shouted the cab-driver to a policeman, who was shouldering his way through the mass. "It's an infernal machine, nitro-glycerine—or something."

Meanwhile the pavement was blocked, the street became impassable, women screamed and rushed into the shops, and a shop-keeper began to tie a bucket on the end of a long pole with which to pour water on the fire-breathing monster. The crowd by this time numbering over a thousand, the two gentlemen moved away from the window and sat down. In a few moments there was a hurried rap at the door, and there appeared a man who had been sent as a delegate from the mass meeting outside.

"I should like to know, gentlemen, what the facts are," he said.

"What facts?"

"What there is peculiar about that cabbage out there?"

"Nothing in the world," was the soft reply, "except that it seems to be surrounded by about a thousand of the biggest fools in town. Do anything else for you?"

The man reflected for a moment, said he thought not, and retired.—*Ex.*

## GOOD FOR BURGLARS.

It is well known that the Americans are a very practical people, even in their religion. One of them has just invented a burglar-proof safe, which, when tampered with, suddenly extends a powerful pair of tongs, or grippers which seize the malefactor and hold him in a firm embrace. There is nothing extraordinarily new in all this, but there is something further. Nearly always, safes that are likely to be visited by burglars are in buildings unoccupied during the night, and its only the next morning that the captured robber is carefully released from the trap to be duly imprisoned. This is, of course, time lost, which the religious inventor desires to utilize.

He has, therefore, had prepared by an eloquent preacher a very long and remarkably forcible sermon, in which the rights of property, the disgrace of stealing, and the dangers attendant on it, both in this world and the next are set forth in the most touching language. This sermon, stored in a phonograph, is set off at the same moment that the pinners operate, and the homily is rolled out in the ears of the "patient."

The monotonous nasal tone peculiar to the phonograph renders the illusion perfect: the unfortunate robber believes he hears the voice of the preacher himself, and in the morning when the police arrive they find him thoroughly subdued and repentant.—*Ex.*

**Small versus Large Farms.**

Our own notion is that small farms well cultivated, are almost invariably the most profitable; and hence, we believe (what has so often been asserted), that if many a farmer would sell half or two-thirds of the acres he now occupies, and poorly tills and manages, and devote his entire time and energies to the care and cultivation of the remainder, he would derive far more profit from his labor and investment, with much less vexation of spirit. The fact is as somebody truly asserts, we have too many farmers who are "land poor"—who have so much land they cannot make a living. Paradoxical as this may appear, it applies truthfully to many a naturally fertile and productive locality. When such farmers have learned that it is not economy to own more land than they can till in the most profitable manner so that it pays the money expended in keeping it free from taxes, weeds and other incumbrances, they will have solved the problem of ease in practical rural life. The happiest and thriftiest farmers we have ever known lived on farms of only ten to one hundred acres, every foot of which was made to count. On the other hand, the farmer who has so many broad acres that he cannot walk over them daily—where rods of fence corners are never cultivated or otherwise utilized—lives a life of anxiety and worry. Instead of working like slaves and living in a miserly manner, in order to "run a big farm," or purchase "all the land that joins them," it would be wise for hosts of farmers to sell some of their broad acres, concentrate their efforts upon limited areas, and look more to the comfort and happiness of their households, and the proper education of their children. Even if large farms were the most profitable—which we deny—small ones are to be preferred for many and cogent reasons, not the least of which are this comfort, peace and general welfare of the owners and their families.—*Ex.*

"Just look at this coin. It is more than a hundred years old," remarked Mrs. Yerger to Kosciusko Murphy.

"That's nothing. I've got one at home that's a great deal older than that. It's more than two thousand years old."

"Look here. When you lie, why don't you lie so it will sound probable. Don't you know it is utterly impossible for a coin to be two thousand years old?" observed Mrs. Yerger, pleasantly.

"Why is it impossible?"

"Because this is only eighteen hundred and eighty-five. In fifteen or twenty years from now you may have a coin two thousand years old. A coin could not have been made before the beginning of our time."—*Texas Siftings*.

## CHEATING THE MINISTER.

**How City Clergymen Sometimes Fare at Weddings.**

"Here in Brooklyn," said the minister, "and in large cities, marriage fees form no mean part of a minister's income. We receive all the way from \$5 to \$100 per marriage generally, although in many instances we are 'beaten clean out' of the fee. In the first place, there's the envelope dodge. One night a happy, loving couple awoke me in the middle of the night and wanted me to marry them. I arose dressed myself and performed the ceremony. As the parties turned to leave the groom hunted through his coat-tail pocket, and when the bride's head was turned he superstitiously handed me a well-filled envelope. I bowed them out, thinking I had been well paid for my trouble. I hurried to my room and told my wife she could have the new bonnet she had been plaguing me about. I tore open the envelope, and what do you suppose was in it?"

"Hundred dollars or so?"

"Ten sheets of reporter's 'copy paper.' I think that fellow was a member of the press."

"Then, there's the marriage-certificate dodge. It's a good one. I've had it played on me and I know of a number of others who have suffered. Here is my case: An apparently well-to-do couple came to my house and I married them. After the consummation of the ceremony the groom said he wanted a handsome certificate with a costly frame.

"Let it be nice; anything below \$50 will suit. Call it twenty-five," said he stroking his moustache pompously. "When can I have it?"

"I told him if he'd call in the latter part of the week I'd have a nice one for him. The certificate cost me \$17. They were gorgeous. That's the friend up there around my grandmother," said minister, sighing. "The certificate can be purchased at cost price."

"Another case is fresh in my memory, as it is recent date. After I had married a couple the groom jingled the contents of his pockets and then withdrew his closed hand. As I bowed with him from the front door he got between me and the bride, and shaking my hand warmly, placed a large coin in it as he had me a hearty goodbye. I have that coin yet. Here it is." And the dominie produced a leaden sinker that had been beautifully rounded and sand-papered to make it resemble a \$20 gold piece.

"Checks drawn on broken banks or banks that never had any existence, or banks where they never heard of the drawer, cannot be cashed under that head. The ministers of our cities could furnish a fine collection of these if they were called upon to do so. The effrontery of these depraved beings always takes the form of baseness. They make believe that they are too bashful to offer the money in the presence of the bride. Whenever I hear a bashful man jingling in his pockets, I am not certain that his pocket does not contain nails or keys until he produces a coin, and I am not certain of the genuineness of the coin until I have tested it with my teeth. An honest, God-fearing man comes out boldly, and in presenting his offering makes a joke about his bride being worth it, or something of that kind. That makes us all happy and there is no need of fracturing one's teeth."

"However, I was once fooled by a man who did this very same thing. He had neglected to provide a ring and I loaned him one I always had on hand. After the ceremony he returned it, asking me what my charge was. I told him we made no charge but if he felt inclined to remunerate me he could do so. He joyously remarked that he guessed his bride was worth \$25, and if she proved good he'd send \$25 on every anniversary of the wedding. He called for pen and ink and filled out a check. He insisted upon my praying for their welfare before they left, and I did so. They had never heard of him at the bank where the check was drawn."

"And you was a prayer out?"

"One minute! I really felt like amending the petition, for it was a fervent \$25 one. I trust the wayward youth was benefited by it. He needed all the prayers he could obtain by false pretences. The ring he handed back to me was not mine. When he felt into his pocket for the check he exchanged it for a five cent brass one. I have used it ever since when occupation required."—*New York World*.

## THE TIGER AND THE PEASANT.—A

Tiger suddenly Appeared before a Peasant one day, and asked for a Certificate of Character, explaining that he Desired it to help him better his Fortunes.

"But what can I say Good of you?" Protested the Peasant.

"Why, man, I've had a dozen Chances to down your whole Family, but have never even Bitten one!"

"Moral—We don't know how Thankful we ought to be to the Burglars who don't Burgle."—*Detroit Free Press*.

**SWEET REVENGE.**—Mr. Vanspook—"My dear, I wish you would let Sallie take music lessons."

Mr. Vanspook—"But, dear, what's the use? She don't know 'Yankee Doodle' from Old Hundred."

"I can't help that; just start her in and do it soon."

"But why, dear?"

"Old Kinks, next door, has his daughter practicing five hours a day and I want to get even with him"—*Call*.

A man whose storehouse had burned down stood sorrowfully looking at the smoking ruins.

"That was an awful mistake," he said to a friend.

"A sad loss," the friend replied.

"It shows the evil result of a bad memory."

"How so?"

"Why if I hadn't forgotten that the insurance had expired I would not have left a candle burning in—oh, well it's too sad to talk about; it's criminal neglect."—*Arkansas Traveller*.

**A CURIOSITY IN MECHANISM.**—A very creditable piece of mechanism is on exhibition in the show window of Mr. G. W. Huggin's jewelry store on Market street. It consists of a panoramic view of a lake scene in Italy. On one side of the lake is a grist mill with its water wheel revolving, while on the opposite is a tall castle, which is very handsomely made. In the castle is a small watch which is running, keeping perfect time, and is intended to represent a large clock. In the rear of the lake a steamboat, about six inches long is plying to and fro across the water and at stated intervals a train of cars runs from the rear of the castle to the mill and is then lost to sight until it again makes its appearance behind the castle. The whole thing is run by clock work and fills up about one-half of the window. It is the handiwork of Mr. E. V. Richards and should be seen to be appreciated.—*Star*.

In a certain backwoods community a suspicious character had been arrested for cattle-stealing. The general impression in the community was that he had stolen the cow, and public sentiment was strongly against him. The unfortunate fellow sent to a neighboring town for a lawyer, and when his trial came up he was represented by able counsel. The judge looked upon the lawyer with suspicion, and seemed to feel that his presence was entirely unnecessary. He assumed an unusual amount of dignity, and called the court to order. Having been in the Superior Court a few times, he had caught an idea of how criminals were tried there. So he arraigned the prisoner, and demanded "Guilty or not guilty?"

The prisoner responded, "not guilty!" whereupon the justice looked him squarely in the face and said: "Now, see here, you know that's as black a lie as you ever told." The lawyer suggested that the Court should not pass judgment before hearing the evidence. The Court intimated mildly that he knew his own business, and needed no assistance. As soon as the evidence was concluded the justice proceeded to pass judgment. "Stand up," he said to the prisoner. "It is ordered by the court that the defendant be confined in the chain-gang at hard labor for twelve months."

"Hold on, your Honor," said the lawyer. "You have no jurisdiction to pass such a sentence as that. You can only bind the prisoner over to answer for the crime at the Superior Court. You have no right to sentence him to the chain-gang." "Now see here, young man, this court thinks she knows her self, and will stand you in hand to keep your month shut. If I bear another word out of you I'll give you six months in the chain-gang." The lawyer collapsed, and the Justice proceeded with the call of his docket.—*Ex.*