

THE DEMOCRAT.

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WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

W. H. Kitchin, Owner.

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SCOTLAND NECK.

Its Advantages, Location and People.

This section has more real advantages and fewer drawbacks than any section in the State. We have no towering mountains and no rushing springs for the sight-seeker and invalid to seek to gratify his fancy and heal his malady. We have no mountain fairs with ravines, gorges, and rocks. No, we can't climb on the rugged peak, where sky and land kiss, and go one eye on the old and the other on the new Jerusalem. No, we have no hills here where we can burn from heat on one side and freeze from cold on the other side. But we have that which is just as good. We have pure air and water as good as in any section of the State—two great life and health giving elements, indispensable under all circumstances. The doctors all agree and all others who are informed, that Scotland Neck is as healthy at least as any portion of the State. We have five doctors in or near this place and from the health of this section they have all been reduced to hall rations, and if the health of the community increases from what it is now, they will be compelled to starve, emigrate, or draw upon their reserve funds.

We are not jesting when we assert without fear of refutation, that this is the healthy part of North Carolina. We are located between the Tar and Roanoke rivers, right on the backbone of the highlands between the two. The water that falls from the clouds in the town runs about half to the Tar, and the other half to the Roanoke. Before the war this was the most wealthy and intelligent part of the State. It took its name from the first immigrants who settled here from Scotland, and from the fact that all this section known as Scotland Neck is in the bend of the Roanoke river and opposite the bend. The bend of the river is very much in the shape of a horse shoe and the town is located about three miles from the heel of the shoe. This is the finest cotton producing section in all the cotton belt of the State, and the Roanoke lands could be made the granary for all the State. We have some of the most enterprising merchants anywhere to be found. D. Edmondson & Co., N. B. Josey & Co., M. Hoffman & Bro., F. Stern and E. B. Higgs & Co. are fine business men, and full of push and drive, and are making a reputation among our people for fair dealing and business qualities unsurpassed. The first three firms mentioned are among the most thrifty, public spirited, enterprising men in North Carolina. Some of these firms actually sold meats here for less than it could be bought in Richmond, Norfolk or Baltimore. Our other merchants, who did not handle meat by the car load bought of them, because they could save by so doing. Not only can we buy some things cheaper than we can North of us but we can sell our cotton here to these same men and others who buy, for more money by two or three dollars a bale, than it will net us when we ship to Commission Merchants. It is useless to enumerate the advantages of our section in the way of business. They are unsurpassed. We have direct communication with the outer world, by rail, water, telegraph and mail. Can hold conversation with all the business centres of the world. No community has more facilities and advantages for social enjoyment, moral and religious development, and literary attainments. We have more pretty ladies (and they don't arm-clutch either) and handsome boys than any other section in the State. We furnish husbands from a mule driver up to the legal profession, and we can supply wives fit to grace a King's palace or a peasant's cottage. As to churches and schools we stand in no need. We have within the corporate limits one very fine mixed school, taught by Miss Sallie Speed, than whom there is no better in the State. Then we have Vine Hill Academy, presided over by Professor Hilliard, one of the most promising young teachers and leaders of advanced thought in all the State. This school is for males only. Then we have a female Academy presided over by Misses Lena Smith and Eunice McDowell. Two young ladies more accomplished, refined, and qualified to discharge the duties devolving upon them, are not to be found in

this wicked world of ours. These are some of our school facilities. Now, if you are not too choice in your religious notions, we can satisfy you as to Church. Do you believe in apostolic succession, with a show of leap to make the link connect from Christ to this writing? Then we can accommodate you. Our Episcopal brethren are ready with arms outstretched to receive you. And you could not fall in better hands, for none are more generous, kind, hospitable and clever. They have since the old Church was burned down, rebuilt the same; and now have nearly completed in the town one of the most substantial, commodious, and handsome Churches in the State.

Do you believe in sprinkling and working for dear life to gain a glorious entrance without a spot or blemish into the kingdom above? Then our Methodist brethren are ready, anxious and waiting to greet you, and have you join in the heaven inspired song:

"We need thee, we need thee every hour." And no better people, more earnest, patriotic and religious, live in any section. Do you believe in Calvin's theory of predestination, that God decreed and foreordained all things to come to pass as they do come to pass? Then we can most assuredly satisfy your conscience. Here is our Old Side Baptist brethren and Presbyterians. Honest, faithful, upright, God loving, God fearing. The best people in the world to pay their honest debts and go to Church on Sunday. They too will give you a cordial shake and a kind welcome.

Do you believe in Baptism by immersion and salvation by grace, through faith, and election by the foreknowledge of God, and then the most incessant work and desperate struggle to come out victor in the end and receive the crown? Then here stands the Missionary Baptist to greet you with smiles and hand shakes and join in with you in the song "Glorious Hallelujah." Now if any one is not yet located in life, we don't think he or she could do better than come and make our home his or her home, our interest his interest, our God his God. That is if there is any grit in your craw, and mettle in your make-up. If you have neither of these qualities stay away from this place, we would prefer your room to your company. There is no better people on God's foot-stool than the Scotland Neck people. Even our colored people are a great deal better citizens and neighbors than any where else in the State we have been.

On the Rail.

"Keep a sharp lookout while on the run?" echoed an engineer. "Should say we did. The man that tries to run an engine without keeping his eyes peeled gets left sooner or later. I've heard about fellows out west that would start out on a run with a board reaching across from the driver's seat to the fireman's, and a deck of cards, but I never tried that. Just to show you how necessary it is for a man to keep his eye on the rails ahead of him let me tell you a little story.

"I was running along one night in Ohio some years ago. It was a blowy, rainy, nasty night, and in times like that a man is doubly watchful. For hours I never took my eyes from the wet, glistening rails ahead of me, except, of course, when we stopped at stations. All at once I saw in front of me—how far ahead I couldn't tell—a glimmer of light. It was just a spark. I barely saw it before it disappeared. Was it a lightning bug? I hadn't seen any that night. What was it? That I couldn't answer. But my instinct told me to stop the train, and stop I did. It was mighty lucky I looked at it that way, for that glimmer of light commenced the oddest way. You couldn't guess it in a week.

A farmer was walking along the track when he discovered a short bridge so badly washed out by the freshet that to run upon it meant a wreck. He tried to start a fire with papers and his clothing but couldn't do it. He had one match left. He kept that till I got close to him, his plan being to strike that match, hold it in his hat, and wave it across the track as he had seen the brakeman do when they wanted to signal stop. It was his hope that I would see the blaze before it was blown out.

"He no sooner struck the match than out went the blaze. It was merely a flint, but I saw it and the farmer had saved the train. What if I hadn't made it a rule to keep my eyes peeled along the rails every minute while running?"—Chicago Herald.

AN ACCOMPLISHED THIEF.

She landed at the hotel of our quiet village on a Saturday morning. She appeared to be a young lady of two or three and twenty, slightly above the medium height, of perfect form, with large, piercing black eyes, and a wealth of raven tresses floating over her shoulders. A large canvas-covered trunk followed her in to the hall, and after she had been shown into the parlor, the register, with pen and ink, was brought for her signature. She nodded pleasantly—nodded with a smile that completely captivated the impressive clerk—and then, in a very pretty Italian hand, she wrote her name—"Miss Clara Dubois, Philadelphia, Pa."

Later, as the landlord politely escorted her to the supper room, she informed him that she had heard of his house—that it was quiet and well kept, and that she had come for a short rest and respite from the din and turmoil of the great city.

The good host was grateful and very glad the young lady had honored his house with her presence. He would do what he could to make her stay comfortable and agreeable.

Very soon Miss Dubois got acquainted with the guests of the house and proved herself as intelligent and entertaining as she was pretty. She played well upon the piano-forte, but did not sing. She played chess, too, though there was only one person in the house to play with her.

Boarding at the hotel was Mr. Aaron Huntley. He kept the principal store in the village, and was our postmaster. He was a man of five-and-forty, rotund, and good-looking, and had been a widower ten years. He had been a successful trader, and had been careful of his money, which he worshipped.

And it was Mr. Huntley who played chess with Miss Dubois.

One evening Aaron Huntley came from the parlor where he had been playing chess, radiant. He had proposed and had been accepted. He managed to keep the secret, blessed secret for four-and-twenty hours, and then he let it out to the landlord and was congratulated. The storekeeper was happy. He walked as one who treads on air. He was smiling and gracious to his customers and even generous.

After this Miss Dubois was much at the store, and, in her playful, happy way, she assisted often in the postoffice, which was a square room partitioned off in one corner of the building.

And so the days went on and Aaron Huntley was certainly the happiest man in the village. But one morning a thunder-clap fell upon him. He went to the store finding the rear door ajar. He went to his safe and found that it had been opened and the money all taken—the savings of years! Fully \$10,000 had been stolen from the safe.

Miss Dubois was early at the store and when she heard of her lover's loss she endeavored to console him.

"Don't worry, dearest," she said. "When my father comes I can help you, if this loss cripples you it shall be only for a time."

"But, Clara, I would not have it appear that I married you for your—"

"Naughty man, hush! Will you not let me love you a little?"

What could he say more? When the stage arrived that evening an old gentleman, with white hair and beard and wearing an enormous pair of green spectacles, was helped out and, leaning heavily upon his stout oaken staff, hobbled into the hall. He signed his name upon the register in a trembling, straggling hand: "Dr. Seth Bumpus N. Y."

When supper was finished Miss Dubois took Mr. Huntley's arm and retired to the parlor, and presently afterward the white-haired man named Dr. Bumpus followed them. The two had seated themselves upon the sofa, and the latter took a seat on a chair between them and the door, and at the same time a stout, dark-faced man, in a free-and-easy suit of dark flannel, had stopped upon the threshold and was standing in the open doorway.

Miss Dubois saw these two men—saw the position they had taken—and her teeth came together with a snap and her lips were compressed and pale.

"Sir," said she, addressing the white-haired man, "you stare at me as though you had met me before."

And, as she spoke, her right hand stole down by her side toward the pocket of her dress.

"Look, my dear, and see if you don't remember me." With this the white wig was lifted off, the green spectacles and the white beard removed, revealing a compact, sinewy, keen-eyed man of about 40.

In the next instant Miss Dubois had a pistol in her hand, and was cocking it; but the man in the chair and the man at the door had both been watchful of her. They were upon her before she could do any mischief, and after a sharp, furious struggle—a struggle in which the two strong men had severe work to do—a pair of ratchet irons were upon her wrists.

Mr. Huntley for the second time that day had been thunder-struck, so completely struck that all power of defending his promised wife was lost to him, and he did not even recover his power of speech until the ignoble irons had been snapped upon her wrists.

"In the name of mercy," he at length gasped, "why do you treat a lady thus?"

"A lady! That's good! Say, you are Aaron Huntley, ain't ye?"

"Yes, sir."

"You was robbed last night?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"Well, I am Capt. Joyce of the New York detective force, and this fair companion of yours has been giving me considerable of a waltz lately, as he can tell you."

"He!"

"Yes, sir—he, Didn't ye ever hear of one John Ropert, otherwise called Liverpool Jack?"

"I have read in the papers of a big reward having been offered for Liverpool Jack," answered Mr. Huntley, wondering.

"Well," returned Capt. Joyce, "here we have him as large as life, and he would be full as natural if it wasn't for this feminine masquerade. Oh, he's a keen one, he is, sir; but I fancy we'll sing him a song of Sing Sing now, and, if I ain't greatly out, we'll find your lost money for you."

And so Aaron Huntley lost a wife, but he regained his \$10,000, though it was a long, long time before he regained anything like his old pride and self-complacency, for he had, indeed, for four weeks, been wasting the love of his tender heart upon one of the most accomplished rogues that ever crossed the Atlantic to America.

DISENCHANTMENT.

She stood on the cool piazza As the shades of evening fell, And I gazed on the lovely maiden, Entranced by her beauty's spell.

The balmy evening zephyrs Played with each golden tress; And her azure eyes were swimming In a sea of tenderness.

Her lips just slightly parted, Were tinged with the coral's flame, And I thought that her cheeks' bright blushes The hue of the rose would shame.

While gazing in admiration On the rare and radiant lass, I thought sweetest music only Through those coral lips could pass.

But a sudden change came o'er her, Gone was the smile so bland; And she smote in sudden anger The back of her lily hand.

And she cried, "Ha! ha! I've got you, You'll trouble my peace no more; You're the same darned old mosquito That I tried to mash before!"

An Arizona editor publishes this prospectus:

Any galoot who wants the Rip-snorter for a year can have it left at their bar-room on payment of three red chips in advance. News's year time to chip in. Boys, she's a dandy.

Advertisements will be stuck in at liberal terms, and dust and mules taken in exchange.

You ducks who haven't paid up your subscriptions want to hustle. We warn you that we know who you are and we are going out collecting in a day or two with a new force of Colts ready for all slow customers. We mean business.

Funeral notices must be accompanied by the address of the corpse, not for publication, but as a guarantee of prompt payment.

We are personally responsible for all news published in these columns. Office hours from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.

Jack JOSLYN, (alias strapping Jack.)

Mr. Abe Lee, of Adams Creek, sent up a boat load of fourteen hundred acid rind watermelons yesterday, consigned to Hugh J. Lovick.—New Berne Journal.

THEY HADN'T CAUGHT ON.

We first came upon a young farmer afoot and in somewhat of a hurry. Two or three of the fingers on his right hand were badly shattered and he had not stopped long enough to envelop the hand in a rag. He said something about "three miles and the doctor" as he passed us.

Driving along for about half a mile we came upon a dead mule in harness, with a great splinter driven clear through him. There was a boy about 12 years of age seated on a pile of rails near by, but he was wiping blood off his heel and didn't seem to hear our questions. Half a mile beyond this was a log cabin. One side was bulged in, the windows shattered and the door in kindling wood. There was a dead dog and four or five dead chickens between the door and the gate.

"Hallo! the house!" called the Colonel as we halted at the gate.

After a long minute a woman came out. She had several loose teeth, which were bleeding freely, and she had the frightened look of a school ma'am treed by a bear.

"Been a cyclone here?" asked the Colonel.

"No."

"Somebody shooting?"

"No."

"Can't be no political meeting?"

"No."

"Well, what in Halifax is the row, then?"

"Nuthin'"cept the old man and the boys has got some dynamite to blow up stumps with, and they're sort of green at the bizness."—Ex.

A Good Fish Story.

On the boat coming down from the Flats the other evening was a young man and a black bass. They were a pair. That is, the young man had in some way accumulated the fish, which was dead. He was such a guileless-looking young man that several parties thought to guy him and his catch. The fish was hanging to a peg, and with it a pair of small balances which enable a fisherman to weigh his victims, providing they don't go over twenty pounds.

"Catch it all alone?" asked one.

No reply.

"Pull very hard?" asked a second.

No reply.

"Were you very much over three days about it?" queried a third, and so it went on for ten minutes, while the fisherman had nothing to say. At length one of the crowd remarked:

"That bass will weigh all of half a pound."

"I doubt it," replied another.

"Say, fisherman, what are the figures?"

"Two pounds," was the solemn answer.

"Get out?"

The man pulled a \$10 bill from his vest, and laid it on his knee and said:

"If he don't, the money is yours. Put up!"

After some hesitation, a shake purse of \$10 was raised, the fish hung to the scales, and he showed an ounce over. The crowd kicked on the scales, and the fish was weighed in the steamer's pantry. The figures held good, but he was weighed over again when the boat landed, and the money had to be passed over.

"How did you do it?" asked a policeman when the crowd had dispersed.

"Simply poured seventeen ounces of bird shot down his throat," was the reply; and he let the fish's head drop and the shot pattered out on the wharf like a young hail storm.—Ex.

We are glad to know that the flag for the military company has arrived. The flag is a beauty and the company have good cause to feel proud.

It cost \$122.50, which amount was raised mostly by the young ladies of the town. It will be presented to the company in a formal way next Friday evening. We have not learned who will make the presentation speech.—Greenville Standard.

One of the Eastern county papers told us the other day of a leaf of Granville county tobacco which was 32 inches long and 18 broad. The Rev. T. M. Myers tells us of one he measured yesterday, on the farm of Mr. J. W. Smith in Madison. This was 35 inches long and 20 wide. And when the leaves on either side were stretched out in opposite directions they measured six feet from tip to tip.—Asheville Citizen.

The Scotland Neck DEMOCRAT has thrown away its patent outside.—Dollar Weekly.

THEY MET.

In driving out into the country on the Grand River road a few days ago a Detroit lawyer encountered a horse and buggy driven by a woman. As she was driving on the wrong side of the road he made up his mind not to give up his rights. As a consequence the two horses finally came to a stand-still with their noses rubbing each other. The lawyer stared at the woman, and the woman started back. Then he pulled a newspaper from his pocket and began reading. In a minute she had her knitting out and was industriously at work. Ten long minutes in a broiling sun passed away and the lawyer looked up and asked:

"How long are you going to stay here?"

"How long are you?"

"All day."

"And I'll stay here a whole week."

He read and she knit for another ten minutes and then the lawyer called out:

"Do you know that I'm a lawyer?"

"I don't care for that," she replied.

"No, I'm the wife of a Justice of the Peace."

"Ah—Ah—excuse me, madam! Really, but if I'd known you belonged to the 'parfesh' this would not have happened. Take this side, madam—take the whole road!"

"Oh, no, no, no: I'm sorry I detained you. Here—drive on, and excuse me if I have been guilty of unprofessional conduct."—Detroit Free Press.

A GROWN EVIL.

Under the heading "JUSTICE," the Lexington Dispatch of last week has a well written and entirely just criticism on the way justice is not administered in our superior courts. Of twenty-five cases disposed of on the State docket, at the last term of Davidson Court, it says seventeen were discharged upon payment of costs. The same has been noticed in other courts until an impression is gaining upon the public mind that solicitors are using criminals as a sort of semi-annual source of revenue. The law breakers have themselves come to look at it in this light, and as soon as court comes they hasten to the solicitor's room and submit. True, as the Dispatch says, people are asking what is the use of having laws and courts where the majority of the law breakers go unpunished? Bad men are very quick to avail themselves of any lenity extended to them and equally quick to try their chances for a second escape from justice in case they are overtaken in crime. There are cases where such exercise of mercy are appreciated but they are growing lamentably scarce. The solicitor cannot know all the facts, and men don't care to make enemies of the criminal class by becoming voluntary informers. There should be some change in the law to remedy this growing evil. Who can suggest the best?—Hickory Carolinian.

During July only ten convicts escaped, of all at work on the roads in the western part of the State.—News-Observer.

A large amount of freight passes through, and from Durham daily. We certainly need another road.—Durham Recorder.

Mr. Corneilus Stephens comes to the front with the largest watermelon we have seen this season. It tipped the beam at 49 pounds.—Reflector.

The deer are so thick in some sections of Craven County that they hang out scarecrows to keep them out of the melon patches and the peas.—Reidsville Dollar Weekly.

One day last week two very dark cullud gemmen, were in conversation near our office, when one said to the other; "Is my face smutty?" The other replied; "What you talkin' 'bout nigger, somebody done ben' gone marked your face wid a chalk."—Rocky Mount Clipper.

Mr. C. F. Finch was in the Advance office Saturday and informed us that he had an oil well on the land near his mill in this county. He has not bored for the oil yet but he says the indications are sufficient to convince him that he has "struck it." If true, this will be one of the most valuable pieces of property in the county.—Wilson Advance.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

Called from our Exchanges Throughout the Country.

PAID.—A lawyer, and sometimes a doctor, settle a bill in an unexpected way:

A butcher enters a lawyer's office.

"Sir," he asks, "when a dog does any damage, is not his owner responsible?"

"Certainly."

"That being the case, as your dog has just carried off a magnificent leg of mutton from my shop, you owe me two dollars."

"Nothing could be more just," replied the lawyer; "and fortunately, that is exactly the price of the consultation I have just given you."

A PACK OF CARDS WELL EARNED.—"Why do you pick that up?" asked a reporter of a man who had just stooped down and taken a fugitive nine of clubs out of the mud. He was carefully cleaning the card with his pocket-handkerchief.

"It's a habit I've contracted," he said, laughing. "Long ago I noticed that a day rarely passed that I did not see a playing-card lying in the street, I wondered if it were possible to make a whole pack by picking up all I saw. I went to work to try it. At first it seemed easy enough, and I picked up plenty of cards of different kinds, but as my collection grew larger the task became more difficult, and I found cards of the same sort over and over again. It took me twelve years to find the last four cards I wanted—the five of diamonds, the eight of diamonds, the king of spades, and the four of hearts. Two of these years were spent in looking for the eight of diamonds, which was all I wanted to complete this pack. I found it three months ago in an ash barrel on Baxter street, and I have now the entire pack. I was just eleven years and two weeks collecting it, and I would not sell it for \$1,000."—New York Sun.

HE WANTED A THUNDER ROD.—"You see," said the farmer to the lightning rod agent, "it ain't lightning that I'm afraid of, it's thunder, Thunder allers paralyzes me. I don't want no lightning rods."

"Well," admitted the agent, "I think myself that thunder is more dangerous of the two. What you want is thunder rods."

"Have you got thunder rods?"

"Oh yes; the brass-tipped rods are for lightning, and the nickel-tipped for thunder; but the latter cost a little more."

"I guess you kin put up a few of them thunder rods," said the farmer. "I don't mind payin' a little extra so long as I feel safe."

Mr. Thomas, of the civil service Examining commission whose most marked characteristic is firmness gave some applicants for office the other day a question like this, "What is the compound interest at 9 and three elevenths per cent per annum on \$3, 479, 216, 788, 462, 044, 556, 497, 241, 728 for 3 years, 9 months 7 days, 19 hours, 47 minutes, and 23 and one nineteenth seconds?" He ought to be hanged.

FIXING TOO HIGH A VALUE.—Wife—I wish you would get your life insured for \$5,000, my dear!

Husband—I was thinking of getting it insured for \$10,000.

Wife—Do you think you can?

Husband—Certainly. Why not?

Wife—I supposed the companies refused to insure anything for more than its worth.

Mr. Wm. P. Robbs, in Spartanburg county while hauling logs last week near upper Island Ford, on Main Broad River, met with an accident which resulted in death. He left home at 7 o'clock in the morning, at 10 o'clock he was found with a large log on him, which had slipped from the wagon while he was trying to fasten it. It caught him and he was unable to extricate himself. He died the same evening. Mr. Robbs was a good citizen and his death is greatly lamented. He had relatives in this county.—New Era.

Mr. Rabb, while unloading stocks from his wagon at a saw mill in Spartanburg county, S. C., on last Saturday, was crushed to death by the stock rolling over him down the incline plane. He died in a few minutes after being crushed by the log.—Shelby Aurora.