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WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

W. H. Kitchin, Owner

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THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

An Old Mystery in a Fair Way of Being Unravelled at Last.

A Shirleysburg (Pa.) telegram says: Nearly thirty years ago a young man named John R. Hicks, hailing from New York, came to Shirleysburg, and being a potter by trade, he soon found employment in the pottery of Samuel Backus, in the upper end of town. He was a steady and industrious young man, and readily won the esteem of the people of Shirleysburg, and particularly of the family of Squire Backus, whose daughter in course of time he wedded. Shortly after his marriage he engaged in business and prospered. He was seemingly bappy and contented. He had become a leading and honored member of the Baptist Church, at that time the wealthiest and most influential denomination in the place. His seat in the house of worship was never vacant, and his duties as superintendent and teacher in the Sabbath school were never neglected. Suddenly, however, he disappeared and was never more heard of, though his friends and the authorities exhausted every available means to learn something of his whereabouts or probable fate. Previous to his disappearance he was known to have received a considerable sum of money, and it was finally concluded that he had left the country for some unknown and unexplained reason.

Now, after a lapse of almost thirty years, comes a startling revelation that may possibly be the means of clearing away the mystery. Mrs. Mary Beatty, an old lady who lives at Vineyard Mills, but who resided near Shirleysburg at the time of Hicks's disappearance, has made a statement in the presence of Samuel Baird and his family wherein she alleges that John Hicks was murdered and that his body was concealed in a lonely spot among the rocks in a piece of woods in Germany Valley, this county, and that his bones remain there to this day. Mrs. Beatty states that previous to Hicks's disappearance two strangers stopped at her father's house in search of lodging. They purported to be drovers, and displayed large rolls of money. Both of the men spoke German fluently. They remained in the neighborhood for several days and succeeded in gaining the confidence of John Hicks. When not scouring the country they could be seen in his society.

On the night preceding the disappearance of Hicks one of the men took his departure. On the following night the other one also left. After the lapse of several days the appearance of Hicks was still the general topic of conversation, and again secured lodging at Mrs. Beatty's home. The flimsy partition separating her room from their sleeping apartment enabled her to hear all that they said, and before they left finally she discovered that they had murdered Hicks and also where his body was hidden. Being of an exceedingly nervous temperament Mrs. Beatty refrained from speaking of her awful discovery lest she, too, might suffer the terrible fate of Hicks. For almost thirty years she has withheld the secret of the murder, and now that she is nearing the grave she wishes by the tardy disclosure to relieve her mind of its unbearable weight. Steps are being taken to thoroughly investigate the matter and, if possible at this late day, to bring the perpetrators of the deed to justice.—*Dispatch*.

Far Sighted Generosity

"Say, Charles," said Mr. Buysell to his clerk, "if you will buy a seal-skin saccue for your wife I'll give you \$25 toward the purchase."
"I will do it," replied the clerk.
"But Mr. Buysell, why this burst of liberality?"
"No liberality about, my dear boy. If your wife comes out in a seal-skin, don't you see it will save me the expense of having to buy one for Mrs. Buysell."
"How so?"
"Why, you don't suppose she'd wear the same kind of clothes as my clerk's wife wears, do you?"—*Es.*

There are many kinds of meanness, but the man who steals a fan takes the palm. Noah got off his joke, and it is repeated here as an interesting piece of ancient history.—*Bull. American.*

Subterranean Forests.

"If you want to see something curious," said a friend who was a member of a government survey, "go down with me to Woodbine". Four miles beyond Woodbine, out on the sand stretch of old sea bottom or beach, that is termed the Cape May peninsula, we came upon Dennisville, where all the Denniseses of all time had evidently settled.

"We're all in the loggin' business," said a tall, thin Dennis, yet as far as the eye could reach not a tree could be seen standing that would make even the ghost of a fair log. "They're underground. We dig for them, as you might say. Here's the tool," and stepping into a low hut he brought out a crowbar that, like everything else, seemed attenuated, out into a long, slender pointed rod. "We wade along," continued the man, "and probe with this feeler, and when we strike a log we feel around, and if it's a big one we dig it up, and if ain't we let it soak: that's about the way of it."

"So down in Jersey you burrow for your logs?"
"That's about it," replied the man. "You know we're obliged to be a whit odd or so; we've got the name of it anyhow."

"The secret of this business," said my friend, the geologist, "is that ages ago all this area was covered with a fine growth of large trees, and the same are found growing in some parts of the swamp yet, but they have died out and fallen down and sunk into the soft mud, and so been covered up by mold and mud, until many other layers have grown over them; but in some remarkable way the wood is preserved and these sunken ancient logs are just as good for shingles and other articles as they were when alive; hence for many years there has been a steady hunt for them, and Dennisville is a result of the industry. To the botanist the tree is the evergreen white cypress, and the numbers once grown over this swamp and that have been entombed are beyond conception. The trees upon or near the surface are the only ones available and fortunately are the best, but far below there are probably myriads of others turned to stone and representing the past geological ages of the earth. The logs are worked out by the men, who are nicknamed 'Swamp-poolers,' and who live in the midst of the malarious district all their lives. When a log is found a ditch is made about it, into which the water soon flows. A great saw is then applied and the roots removed, and as a rule the log will rise to the surface and can be cut up and carried off, though in many localities the shingles are made right on the spot and dragged over the swamp on roads in many cases made of boughs and twigs. This curious business is not confined to New Jersey, but over in Delaware and Maryland there are similar swamps, where the shingle business has been carried on for years. One of the swamps in Delaware extends over twenty-five square miles, and hardly a house in Sussex county but what is shingled from the ancient deposit.—*Phila. Press.*

At a negro baptizing in an Arkansas bayou, a rather small preacher conducted a rather large brother down into the water, but only partly succeeded in immersing him.
"Look heah," said the large brother, drawing himself up, "is dis all de baptizin' what I see gwine ter git?"
"Ain't dis eruff?" the preacher asked.

"No, it ain't."
"Why so, sah?"
"Case, wid dis little de debil will git me sho'. I see prowled eroun' too much to hab my sins washed er-way by dis little dip."
"Come on, brudder, yer's been baptized eruff. Ricollect dat it am de faith 'stead o' de water dat do de good."
"Dat's all well eruff. Come, souse me under heah er'gin."
The preacher soused him again. Arising, he began to shout with a loud voice: "Oh, I see got de ole debil by de ho's dis time. Gwine up yander whar—" he suddenly stopped. The preacher asked the cause.

"Oh, don say nuffin'. Dar's er white manout yander whut am er er'gin' ter cuze me er stealin' his coat. I neder seed him afore, but I jee' know dat he am er gwine ter do dat fact."
—*Arkansas Traveler.*

—Old Judge Sanders is a great brag, and has told about a dozen stories in regard to the weight of a certain big catfish that he caught. A friend, trying to entrap him, asked: Judge, what was the precise weight of that big fish you caught?

THE SPOILS AND APPOINTMENTS.

"That party is not worthy of existence if it depends on the spoils of office for vitality and strength. Without those spoils, and with the whole power of the Government and its ten legions of office holders exerted against it, the Democratic party elected its candidate for President in 1876 and again in 1884."—*Charleston News and Courier.*

That the Democratic party does "not depend on the spoils of office for vitality and strength" may be true but has not been proved. If it had been announced in the Democratic platform at Chicago in 1884 that the 111,000 Republican office holders would all be retained in office, except a few known corrupt officials or manifest incompetents, in case of Cleveland's election, who believes that Blaine would not have been elected by a large majority? We believe that New York would have gone overwhelmingly for Blaine, and that the South would not have been "solid," and by a great deal.

The spoils are not principles but they are looked for when one party turns another party out. In South Carolina how many Republicans are in office under the State Government or in any place controlled by the State Democrats? The last man that was in office when Hampton was elected we suppose went out. Theoretically it is very magnanimous to keep in your political enemies and to be above the enticements of "spoils." But we doubt if any party can win that will give out in advance that the opposition will be retained although it may triumph.

We are glad to know that President Cleveland has no fine-spun theory about Civil Service. He is for maintaining the law that applies to some 15,000 officers. As to the remaining 96,000 he does not hesitate to supersede, decapitate or suspend. Thus far some 6,000 or more Republicans have been asked to leave. If the "spoils" system is not right how is it that none but Democrats are put in control of the Departments or are sent abroad as Ministers or Consuls? The President believes enough in the "spoils" system to turn out "offensive partisans" and put in men of his own party. Men may speculate and theorize about the baleful influence of the spoils but no party in this country is strong enough to dispense with them. The life-time tenure of offices is not adapted to the genius and theory of our republican form of Government. It suits a monarchy and an hereditary nobility. The doctrine of the fathers was frequent elections. But if all officials are to be retained why have the elections? Turning out a President and electing another man will not bring about any great results or changes as long as all other officials are retained.

The President is giving satisfaction to most of the Democratic party. He is showing himself to be watchful, laborious, painstaking, and anxious to elevate the civil service, and, with some exceptions, his selections have been good. He will carry on the good work of reform and will reduce the expenditures as far as is consistent with efficiency. Judge Thurman says he is making changes in the service as rapidly as possible with safety.—*Star.*

CUFFEE'S MATHEMATICS.

A good story is told of a farmer in Schley, who rented some land last year to a colored man for a third of the crop. When the drought came on, his corn and cotton were affected by it. He gathered two bales of cotton and two wagon loads of corn. The latter he penned up for his own use and the cotton was sold. When his landlord called for his share he was told that there was none for him. He was thunderstruck and asked: "Didn't I rent you the land for a third of the crop?" "Yes, boss," said the darkey, "but you see dere was no third. Dere was only two bales of cotton and two loads of corn; all mine and auffin' for you by de contract."
And the landlord could not make cuffee believe any other way.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

—A clergyman preached on the sin of attending to money matters on Sunday, and when the deacon passed the contribution plate not a person would put a cent in it. And some how the preacher didn't feel flattered at the effect his sermon had produced.—*Texas Sittings.*

What a Small Boy Could do.

In one of our largest oil houses is employed a boy somewhat under size, whose duties are to keep the office clean and make himself useful. One day the senior member of the firm happened to chaff the little fellow about being so small, and said to him:

"You will never amount to much, you are too small."

The little fellow looked up from the work he was doing and said:

"Small as I am I can do something that no one else about this place can do."

"Oh, what is that?" asked his employer.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied.

But the employer being anxious to know urged him to tell what he could do that no one else about the place was able to do.

"I can keep 'from swearing," said the little fellow.

There was a flush on more than one face present and no anxiety for further information from the very small boy.—*Phil. Oil and Paint Reporter.*

—I don't understand how the railroads can afford to reduce the fare to one cent a mile.

Oh it's very simple.

They have to make up the loss in some way.

They do.

How?

They make the sleeping car porter divide with the company.—*Es.*

An old negro whose raiment bore evidences of a recent hand to hand encounter called on the Secretary of State.

"Well," said the official, "what can I do for you?"

"Yer kin hab er mean man errested, dat's whut yer kin do."

"This office has no police jurisdiction, old man."

"Er haw, haw," laughed the old fellow shaking his head, "er haw haw. Ju'disdiction—er he he. W'y, sah, yer puts me in mine o' de fack dat I see er skuller an' er genneman. Now dat's de way ter talk ter er pesson. I wuked fur er pesson las' yeh, an' durin' de whole time he didn't say er word like dat—didn't treat me wid de right sort o' 'spect, sah; but dat ain't de business in han' dis mawnin'." Dis am it: "Er while er ge er man named Lige King come ter my house, called me out on de commons, an' almos' whupped de life outen me."

"Well, we haven't anything to do with hat."

"De debil yer ain't?"

"Of course not."

"Ain't dis heah de State-house?"

"Yes."

"Wall, doan I lib in de State?"

"Oh well," the secretary pleasantly replied, "you ought not to grumble about a whipping. A great many men are killed, and I think that you have gotten off well."

"Oh, it ain't de whuppin' dat I mines so much, sah."

"What is it, then?"

"W'y, de fernel soundrel called me outen my house an' den whupped me. De whuppin' wuz all right, but whut make him want ter 'sturb' er genneman whut am at pra'r? Doan de law o' de lan' say dat de 'ligous worshop mus'n' be 'sturbed'?"

"Yes."

"Wall, den, dat pusson 'raptured me while I wuz at worshop. Oh, I see able ter stan' de whuppin', but when er pesson comes er roun' an' 'noys me when I see 'munin' wid Peter an' Paul an' Silas an' nigger Demus, w'y it fings me all outen 'jint, sah. I bids yer good mawnin', sah."

WILD BOAR HUNTING.

Exciting Sport in good Old Oktibbeha County, Mississippi.

Three of us were on a deer drive in good old Oktibbeha county, and bordering on Trincane swamp. A few miles west and north of Stackville lies a beautiful egg-shaped prairie, about one mile across and two the longest diameter; perfectly level, and at the time one mass of brilliant flowers and wild strawberries. A gray horse in the company looked as though he had walked in blood fetlock deep, just from the strawberries crushed in riding over

the prairie. As we rode through the center we met a hunter on horseback, carrying a wounded hound before him on a saddle and in his arms, and upon inquiry we learned that the monarch boar of all that country had attacked and nearly killed his favorite dog, and he was hurrying home to have him attended to—at the same time, with a hearty oath, he wished we would go back with him and kill the brute.

After attending to his bleeding hound, we mounted and rode back with him, calling in all the dogs (we had ten or twelve splendid ones) except one, a pup that we had lost an hour before, that was still behind. An old boar, monarch of a gang of hogs, running wild all his life, as they do in the swamps, is a dangerous enemy to meet, for with his cimeter-shaped tusks and stubborn courage he feels himself able to cope with the largest gray wolf, and never fails to attack on sight. The one we were in search of had ripped the shoulder and neck of the poor hound open with a deep and fast-bleeding gap eight inches long.

After riding a mile we found him backed into a clump of small pines, growing very thick, with his head just out of it and his body partially protected. He sat on his haunches champing his jaws and with the white foam gathered in great flecks over his breast and forelegs. The hounds gathered baying around him, of which he seemed wholly unmindful and gave no evidence of watchfulness, except from the vicious look of his devilish eyes and an occasional swift movement of his head when an unwary hound came too near him. But while we sat on our horses and consulted whether we had better shoot him as he sat we heard far back of us and coming over the prairie the full-mouthed cry of our pup we had lost some hours before, and now was on our track hunting us up.

As he came near enough to hear our dogs and our voices he raised his head while in full run, and seeing the boar facing out of the clump of pines, without an instant's hesitation he charged directly upon him and leaped squarely upon his head. Instantly, and before we could think for a second, every dog was upon him, and he striking and cutting with all his fearful power. The whole scene was one of wild confusion and in a second of time Calvin, our stoutest and bravest, was off and on to him, and holding him down. It was a fearful fight for six or seven dogs. The poor pup, whose inconsiderate courage precipitated the fight, did not suffer so much as some others, having only been cut through the side about four inches.

But we had the boar down and were sitting on him. Now what to do with him was the question. I measured his tusks and found them five inches and a half long, white as ivory and sharp as a knife. We broke the points off and concluded after a council of war that we would let him live, if none of the hounds bled to death right there. But we were tying up the wounds and stanching the blood in the meantime, and found that all would get well with care. So we let the monster go. Even then we were careful to mount and call off the dogs out of his reach; but he simply rose and sullenly stood his ground, while we rode off and left him, the fight not all out of him yet.—*Forest and Stream.*

Civil Service.

There is no use in mining terms about this civil service reform. It must always be more or less a humbug under republican institutions, unless political parties are divided upon great and vital issues, so as to array the voting classes zealously on one side or the other. Without some stirring question is to be decided at the polls, the masses of voters will not vote. You must have "workers" to bring them out, and this is too practical an age and the Americans are too practical a people for "workers" to labor and spend their money without the hope of some return or recognition from the Administration in the event of success. Indeed, it is not reasonable to expect them to do so when there is no great issue at stake. It is well to prate about patriotic duty and the necessities of economic Government, and all that, but the burden of abuses is pretty well distributed in this country, and it is rarely more to the

interest of one man to exert himself at the polls or in inducing others to come to them, than it is to another. If it is not absolutely unjust, therefore, to demand such service from men when they know they will get no credit whatever for their efforts and sacrifices from the Administration, but are likely to see the drones who either did not go to the polls at all, or did not induce any one else to go—appointed to the most important and lucrative positions under the Government, without having any superior claims to them whatever, it is certainly very foolish to expect it.

Whether justly or not, the fact must be admitted that the present Administration appears to have a downright prejudice against democrats who have been known as organizers and "workers," and has sought to make most appointments from a class of drawbacks and drones, upon the plea that they are "business men" and not politicians.

We take it that this is unjust and ungrateful. Men who have spent their substance in a cause; who have labored for its triumph year after year through the dust and heat of the conflict; who have clung to the democratic party through evil and through good report, and who have never wavered in their loyalty or zeal during the darkest hours of its history, are certainly entitled to more consideration from a democratic administration than the time servers who constantly consulted their own selfish aims, who deserted or straggled when they were most needed, and who played fast and loose with both sides, waiting for others to decide a contest in which they were too proud and too cowardly and too selfish to participate.—*Commercial.*

HAY.

The season for hay-cutting is at hand, and the greatest efforts should be made everywhere to harvest a large amount. Time cannot be spent more profitably than in cutting and curing hay. The native grasses—and especially crab grass, which abounds in every section—make excellent and nutritious forage, as does Bermuda, which has spread over a large portion of the South. Of course the cultivated grasses and clover will be made into hay, where they are not pastured. The practice of stacking hay in an open lot and leaving it there exposed to the sun and rains is one that should in every instance be abandoned. The waste in quantity and nutrition amounts to fully one-third when it is thus exposed.—*Es.*

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Army Officer (at Washington)—Yes, I have been in the service nearly ten years.

Young Lady—I suppose you have had some very narrow escapes?

Army Officer (turning pale at the recollection)—I had a mighty narrow escape only a short while ago.

Young Lady (breathelessly)—What was it?

Army Officer—I came near being ordered West.—*Es.*

AMONG THE DERRICKS.

"I say, conductor," remarked a passenger as he boarded a train on a narrow-gauge railroad in the oil country, "which is the shady side of this car?"

"Thar hain't no shady side," replied the conductor, who was born in that region and knows how to speak the language.

"No shady side?"

"No, sir. Thar's so many curves and twists on this road an' the train runs so fast that the sun shines on both sides at the same time.—*Es.*

Judge Sanders (to colored writer.) I say, Bob, what did I say yesterday that catfish weighed?

What time yesterday, boss—in de mawnin, at dinner time, or after supper?—*Christian at Work.*

—Summer resorts and hotels are putting on big adjectives and otherwise keeping apace with the season; Mosenbaum, who keeps the "Boulevard," was taken to task for stretching his advertisement too much. Hi there, Mose, said a friend, I see you advertise that your rooms have been enlarged. So dey haf. But there have been no carpenters at work on your place! No! Wait till I tote you. I haf scrape der paper off dose walls. See?—*Hartford Post.*

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing Ever made by the Hand above— A woman's heart and a woman's life. And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing As a child might ask for a toy. Demanding what others have died to win. With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out, Manlike you have questioned me; Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot, Your socks and your shirts shall be whole; I require your heart shall be true as God's stars, And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef; I require a far better thing; A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts— I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home, And a man that the maker, God, Shall look upon as he did the first, And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the roses will fade From my soft young cheek one day; Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves, As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean, so strong and deep I may launch my all on its tide? A loving woman finds heaven or hell On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true, All things that a man should be; If you give this all I would stake my life To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook You can hire with little to pay; But a woman's heart and a woman's life Are not to be won that way.

—*N. C. Times-Democrat.*

EASILY PLEASED.

"I must congratulate you on your marriage, Mr. Pugsly. Your wife is a charming woman."

"She is, indeed; loving, amiable, and accomplished, and so easily pleased."

"Oh, I knew that when I heard that she was about to marry you.—*Phila. Call.*

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

"Well, my little man," said the Bishop to Bobby, "do you remember me?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied Bobby. "You stopped with us when you were here before. Pa thinks it can't cost you much for hotel bills."—*Es.*

Fred. Douglas, the champion of the colored race, yet who married a white woman, in a speech made in the Lincoln Memorial Church on April 16th, Emancipation Day, used the following language:

Mr. Douglas eulogized Col. Bob Ingersoll and said, "that the negro love was a better test of Christianity than the love of Jesus."

Hereafter all the converted sinners should be asked:

Do you desire to enter the church? Yes.

Do you love the negro better than Christ? Yes.

Then enter into the congregation of the Lord.—*U. S. Democrat*

—The Catcher's wife—"Home again, paddy? Well, what luck?" The Catcher—"Immense; wiped 'em out." "The score, Paddy—the score." "Six to nix." "And you, Paddy? Did you—?" "Did I distinguish myself? Look at them, my love!" (Lays three finger nails and one tooth on the table.) "The ampire?" (anxiously.) (Solemnly.) "He sleeps." "Did you pluckily continue?" "No, I pluckily retired. And now, darling, to hash.—*Phila. Call.*

Fifteen marriage licenses—12 for white and 3 for colored couples—were issued from the Register's office during the month of August, being an increase of one over the preceding month.—*Asheville Tribune.*

—One of the ugliest things that a gentleman can do is to receive a newspaper a whole year, and then deny that he ever ordered it, to keep from paying a dollar and a half.—*Methodist Advance.*