THE DEMOCRAT.

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TOGETHER.

The winter wind is wailing, sad and low.
Across the lake and through the rustling sedge;
The splendor of the golden after-glow,
Gleams through the blackness of the great yew hedge;
And this I read on earth and in the sky—
"We ought to be together, you and I."

Rapt through its rosy changes into dark,
Fades all the west; and through the shadowy trees,
And in the silent uplands of the park,
Creeps the soft sighing of the rising breeze;
It does but echo to my weary sigh,
"We ought to be together, you and I."

My heart is lonely for your clasping dear,
My ear is tired, waiting for your call;
I want your strength to help, your laugh to cheer;
Heart, soul and senses need you, one and all;
I droop without your frank sympathy—
"We ought to be together, you and I."

We want each other, so to comprehend
The dream, the hope, things planned, or seen, or wrought;
Companion, comforter, and guide and friend,
As much as love asks love does thought need thought.
Life is so short, so fast the lone hours fly—
"We ought to be together, you and I."

—*All the Year Round.*

[A REPLY TO THE ABOVE.]

WE CANNOT BE TOGETHER.

Yes, far across the lake and on the beach
The weird winds sob, and dying sob again,
And to my heart they speak with saddest speech
And murmurs full of bitterest pain.
A sad, low voice, seems ever whispering nigh—
"We cannot be together, you and I."

What though the rosy day has changed to night,
And sceptre-like, appear the shadowed trees;
And birds ceasing singing, as out died the light?—
My soul's in sympathy with all of these
My hope is dead, I can but sadly sigh—
"We cannot be together, you and I."

I echo every loving wish of thine,
And warmly long your friendly hand to clasp,
But well I know, although I sadly pine,
'Tis far, yes, far behind what I can grasp.
To still my weary heart I vainly try—
"We cannot be together, you and I."

Although we want each other, what of that?
No wants, or aching hearts can alter fate.
The chair stands vacant, where of old you sat;
No more you enter through the garden gate.
I sit alone, and hear the winds sweep by—
"We cannot be together, you and I."

—*Annie Wall,*
Montfort, Wis.

A CURIOUS LETTER.

We give below a letter which was written from Texas to a lady of this vicinity some weeks ago. We do not vouch for these discoveries, but if real, and why should we doubt it, they are certainly worth your attention. The author formerly lived in Kentucky:

MY DEAR COUSIN: Recently I have devoted some leisure moments in the examination of the Antiquities of Ky. the evidences of a Prehistoric race of people. Louisville, Ky., is situated at the falls of the Ohio River; at the foot of the falls the head of navigation a little town sprang up in the first settlement of the country, called Shippings-port. Two Frenchmen of means bought property about eighty years ago to build a mill. In preparing the foundation it was necessary to dig up a large oak tree six feet through, in removing the stump and roots they found an ax seven feet deep in the ground immediately under the center of the tree, it was made of a flat bar of iron bent in the middle leaving a round hole for a handle, the two ends nicely welded together and made sharp for cutting purposes. By examining the rings of the great tree it was passed to be six hundred years old. A scientific gentleman from New York in 1813 visited the Mammoth Cave and made many wonderful discoveries. I will give you his report from short memorandums made in the Cave at the time. Some workmen in removing the earth inside of our cave found a flat rock six inches under ground; this rock was four feet square, when they raised it there was a pit three feet square and three feet deep found, a woman sitting erect in it, her hands were crossed, tied together with a small piece of twine, the hair on her head one eighth of an inch long, except the back of her head near the neck a patch one inch long; she had a mantle wrapt around her made of two deer skins the hair cut off close and nicely dressed, differently from any other dressed by the indians and was neatly painted in vines and flowers. Paint used was perfectly white and beautiful, the hair was a reddish brown, her skin was dark not black, her flesh was dry and hard and solid. A large sheep wrapped around this lady woven or knit, made of the inside bark of some tree, perhaps lime, was beautifully decorated with vines, leaves and wild flowers neatly worked on it. Her teeth were all sound and while I discovered no blemish on the body except a wound between two ribs near the back bone, and one of the eyes had also been injured, the fingers and the nails were perfect and long, the features were regular, the bone in the arm from the elbow to the wrist was 10¼ inches long. From the examination of the whole frame I judge it to be that of a very tall woman, say 5 feet 10 inches. At the side of the body lay a pair of moccasins, a knapsack, and a reticule. The moccasins were knit or woven of bark like the robes I have described. Around the top was a border to add strength or ornament to the moccasins, of small size for a lady. The knapsack was knit or woven out of bark like the shoes. It had a deep strong border around the top and was about the size of a knapsack used by soldiers. The workmanship of it was neat and such as would do credit to workman of the present day. The reticule was also made of bark knit or woven. The shape was very much like the horseman's valise opening its whole length at the top, on the sides were two rows of loops. A couple of cords were fastened at one end and laced up like a lady's shoe. The edges of the reticule were strengthened by a deep border of fancy work, the articles contained in the knapsack and reticule were numerous as follows, one night cap with border made of bark cloth, seven head dresses made of the quills of large birds and put together some what like our feather fans. Except the tips were not drawn together but spread out in strait lines the top. This was done by perforating the quills in two places and running two cords through the holes then winding a fine cord around each quill and fastening so as to keep each quill in its place. These cords extended some length beyond the quills, so placing the feathers erect the cords would be tied at the back of the head together, this would enable the wearer to present a beautiful display of feathers standing erect extending a distance above the head, these were splendid head dresses and would make a magnificent ornament for ladies of to-day. This is evidently a reminder of one of the prehistoric races Kentucky abounds with. Evidences of them are remarkable that they had no war like implements of any kind; how they were destroyed and the animals we cannot tell, but we are left without a doubt that a very different race of people and animals once inhabited this country. That history gives no account of these things gives food for thought, from whom did these people descend, by whom were they destroyed were they descendants of Adam? No! No! Were they destroyed, by a flood? No! No! From all I know or see I am inclined to think it was for the want of water that men and animals died. It is around large springs that we find the most bones of the prehistoric races. It is near water courses. In river bottoms we find many burial grounds, the mound builders as we call them as they bury all their dead in mounds, who inhabited Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota, Illinois, Arkansa, were giants. We find relics in New Mexico, Texas, and old Mexico of a different prehistoric race. The latter was a smaller race of people with long heads like the Asiatics and neither of the races was a warlike people as no implement of war has ever been found in or with relics of either. In 1853 I made a cistern in my yard twenty four feet deep by sixteen, the last eight feet I had to blow out rock, in doing so I blew out a human skull. In Texas in fifty miles of me last summer a man dug a well, at forty feet he came to a human skeleton petrified. Marvelous are the many discoveries made and still being made.

The Eyes.

THEIR COLOR, SIGNIFICATION OF CHARACTER, DISPOSITION, AND TEMPERAMENT.

The colors most common to the eyes are brown, gray, hazel, and black, or what we call black, for those eyes which appear to be black will generally be found to be of a deep yellowish brown when looked at very narrowly; it is the distance only which makes them appear black, because the deep yellow-brown color is in such strong contrast to the white of the eye that it appears black. There are also eyes of so bright a hazel as to appear almost yellow; lastly, there are eyes that are positively green. Very beautiful, too, are some of the eyes of this color when they are shaded—as is very often the case—with long dark eyelashes: but, though beautiful, they are not indicative of a good disposition.

Clear light blue eyes, with a calm, steadfastness in their glance, are indicative of cheerfulness of disposition, of a serene temper, and a constant nature. These eyes are peculiar to the northern nations; one meets them among the Swedes, and also sometimes among the Scotch. The blue eyes we see among the rare blondes of the south—that is, in Italy and Spain—have among them eyes in which are some greenish tints; and such eyes, though often called light blue, have none of the qualities of serenity and constancy which belong to the light blue eyes of the north. Neither must the pleasant light blue eye with the honest glance be confounded with another sort of eye of a pale blue, almost steel-colored hue, which has a continually-shifting sort of motion both of the eyelids and the pupils of the eyes. People with such eyes as these are to be avoided, as they are indicative of a deceitful and selfish nature. Very dark blue eyes, with something of the tint of the violet, show great power of affection and purity of mind, but not so much intellectuality. Blue eyes are more significant of tenderness and of certain yieldingness of purpose than either brown, black, or gray eyes. Blue-eyed people are not inconstant, like those of the hazel and yellow eyes, but they yield from affection.

Gray eyes of a somewhat greenish gray, with orange as well as blue in them, and which are of ever-varying tints, like the sea, are those which denote most intellectuality. They are especially indicative of the impulsive, impressionable temperament—a mixture of the sanguine and the bilious—which produces the poetic and artistic natures. In England, where there are more varieties of tints in eyes than in any other country, the poets have almost always gray eyes. A biographer of Byron speaks of his "beautiful, changeful gray eyes." Shakespeare also had, we are told, gray eyes; Coleridge, eyes of a greenish gray. Among the artists, too, eyes of this color abound.

Black eyes or what are considered such, are indicative of passionate ardor in love. Brown eyes, when not of the yellowish tint, but pure russet brown, show an affectionate disposition; the darker the brown—that is, the more they verge on to that deepest of brown which in eyes we are in the habit of calling black—the more ardent and passionate is the power of affection. The brown eyes which do not appear black—that is, which are not dark enough to appear so—are the eyes of sweet, gentle and unselfish natures, without the inconstancy of the light brown or yellow eyes, "golden eyes," as they were called by a lady novelist, and which are very often to be trusted than the green eyes.

Green eyes, although their praises are often sung in Spanish ballads, show deceit and coquetry. We sometimes see eyes which are a combination of yellow, orange and blue, the latter color generally appearing in streaks over the whole surface of the iris, while the orange and yellow are set in flakes of unequal size around and at the same time little distance from the pupil of the eye. Eyes of this variety of tints show intellect or at any rate a certain originality of character. No commonplace nature has this sort of eye. Hasty, irritable persons have frequently eyes of a brownish tint inclined to a greenish hue. Although the purely green eye indicates deceit and coquetry, the propensity to greenish tints in the eyes is a sign of wisdom and courage. Very choleric persons, if they have blue eyes, have also tints of green in them, and when under the influence of anger a sudden red light appears in them.

There are eyes which are remarkable for being of what might be said to be of no color. The iris has only some shades of blue or pale gray, so feeble as to be almost white in some parts, and the shades of orange which intervene are so small that they can scarcely be distinguished from gray or white, not withstanding the contrast of colors. The black of the pupil is in these eyes too marked, because the color of the iris around it is not deep enough, so that in looking at them we seem to see only the pupil. These eyes are expressionless, for their glance is fixed and dead; they invariably belong to persons of the lymphatic temperament, and they indicate a listless and feeble disposition, incapable of enterprise, and a cold and indolently selfish nature.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

CHICAGO FEET.

A SANDUSKY, OHIO, YOUNG LADY WHO WEARS AN EIGHTEEN-INCH SHOE.

"Here is the exact size of the sole of Miss Fannie Mills' shoe," said a well known shoemaker to an *Enquirer* reporter yesterday, at the same time exhibiting a large piece of paper with the sole of a shoe sketched upon it.

"Who is Miss Fannie Mills?"

"Why, Miss Mills is the owner of the largest pair of feet in the State of Ohio, or perhaps in the United States"

"Do you know the size, &c., of her shoes?"

"Yes! They are eighteen inches long and eighteen inches wide, measure nineteen and a half inches around the instep. The ball measures nineteen, the heel twenty three and a half inches, and eighteen around the ankle, and they are still growing. Miss Mills, who is the owner of these feet, is a resident of Sandusky, Ohio, and is now twenty five years old. Her feet were once written up by the *Enquirer*. She is very prepossessing in appearance, and has no difficulty in walking; as one would suppose a person would have with such large shoes and feet. All of her 'cast offs' are sold to a New York museum manager at twenty-five cents a pair, and are highly prized by him as curiosities.

A Snake's Revenge.

"Speakin' o' snakes," said the Texas frontiersman, "reminds me of a little adventure me and a chum had with rattlesnakes that made me respect the rattlesnake ever since."

"What kind of an adventure did you have that makes you respect the rattlesnake?" asked a St. Louis man.

"Well, one evening just before dark out among the Rio Grande canyons there came the all-firedest rain you ever seed. Before we could get out the water had risen, so the only way to escape was to cross a canyon about thirty feet wide and five hundred deep.

"When we got to this canyon we found about one million rattlesnakes there. They recognized me as their friend, it seemed, as I tried to keep my chum from shooting into the mound of 'em, for they crawled around me and looked into my face, as much as to say; 'You can help us over, if you will.' I noticed that the snakes paid no attention to my chum, except a big rattler my chum wounded would look at him, and then go around to his followers and seem to tell them something.

"Well, I tied a knot in the tail of a big rattler and then got another and looped his neck into this, and so on until I had a snake rope about sixty feet long. Then I coiled it in my hand as I would a lariat and throwed it across, and the head of the snake that was on the other side caught hold of a tree, and the tail one on this side did the same. I had my lot of snakes to go over first, and then I went over on this snake rope bridge. The last snake let go of the tree, and he crawled up and the others followed until all were across.

"My chum had done as I did, but he let the big wounded rattler have himself made the last snake and tie himself around the tree, so when all his snakes were over and my chum was going over as I had done, that big wounded rattler seemed to grin—showed all his teeth—and let go. Of course the whole shebang went down with 'swish,' and my chum was throwed off and smashed into jelly, and—" but the crowd had scattered and left the big Texan to himself.

He muttered: "I don't keer, these fellers think a rattlesnake is the deadliest enemy of mankind. He is not as poisonous as the copperhead and always rattles a warning before he strikes. He is my friend, anyhow."

The "Tramp Printer."

A BRILLIANT TRIBUNE TO THE BEDOUINS OF LITERATURE.

"Wyer-Bryer, limberlock,
Seventeen geese in a flock,
One flew east and one flew west,
And one flew over the cuckoo's nest."

Whiff! whizz! Presto change! Ever shifting, always shiftless. Wheel about and turn-about, and ske-doodle every which-a-way. Tramping yesterday, working to day, drunk to-morrow. Now in the city, where the ponderous, eight cylinder, self-paster and folder, mingles thunder and lightning, ink and cheap bombastic stupidity at chain lightning speed; and anon in the backwoods village, where the antiquated lemon-squeezer hand-press squeaks and wheezes under its weekly burden of ignoramus politics, thanks for the pumpkins and turnips, rural rhymeste doggeral to some freckle Nancy Jane or the memory of some infantile victim of whooping cough or green-aple colic, murdered English, massacred grammar and smashed orthography. Here a dandy, there a ragamuffin, everywhere a philosopher and a vagabond. The Bedouin of civilization, Ishmaelite of Christendom, stamped by the finger of omnipotent destiny with the Cain-like brand of ceaseless unrest, the seal of perpetual motion. The world owes much of its light to him. A vast amount of its science, its art, its literature and its religion would be yet buried in impenetrable obscurity but for him.—*Col. Pat Donan.*

Guessed Him.

"Speaking of General Stonewall Jackson's peculiarities," said an ex-Confederate, "why, sir, a whole book might be written about 'em. One time—I never shall forget it—we were on a forced march in Virginia. I was hungry as a wolf, and I had begun to grow tired of the Confederacy. Fighting for a principle was all well enough, you know—but I am drifting from my story. Well, we were marching along. I was a lieutenant and I had not been long with that division of the army and but few of the officers were known to me. Well, the rain was pouring down. One of my wagons got stuck fast in the mud. Oh, but I was mad and I couldn't help swearing. Pretty soon and old fellow came riding along.

"'Say,' said I, 'you needn't sit there looking at the wagon. Get down and help the men haul it out.'

"He got down without a word of protest, put his shoulder to the wheel and tugged away. I didn't pay any particular attention to him, aside from seeing that he was doing his duty. After awhile, when the wagon was rolled out, I felt sorry that I spoke so harshly to the old fellow. Well, to make a long story short, I'll bet you the drinks that you can't guess who that old fellow was."

"I'll take you," said one of the company. "He was Stonewall Jackson."

"No, sir; he was old Ben Bailey a noted chicken peddler. Here, bring us the drinks."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

TWO OLD CARRIAGES FOR SALE BY W. H. KITCHIN

SEVENTEEN MULES For Sale by W. H. KITCHIN.

—Remember that I call sell you buggies as cheap as you can buy anywhere in the world, I sell the celebrated Wrenn work.

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HEADQUARTERS FOR

Pant Goods of all kinds, and Hardware of all kinds, including,

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of every description,

POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY, TRACE CHAINS, LOG CHAINS, ROPE AND TWINE, BOLTS SCREWS AND FILES, HOLLOW-WARE AND WOODEN-WARE, SHOVELS, PLOWS, SPADES AND FORKS,

And five thousand other articles.

:o:

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Linseed, Cylinder, Machine Oil and the Oil of Gladness.

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My Gristmill, Wheat Mill, Saw Mill, Cut off Saw and Lath Saw, all at work every day, turning out the best Meal and Flour made in the country. Lumber and Lathes always on hand. Can get your Meal, Flour or Lumber at any hour in the day. Black Smith Shop connected with mill. Work done at low rates for CASH. Horses and Mules shod. This is the place to bring your work, if we can't do it, Pearce, one of the best Smith's in the State, just twenty steps distant, in Peter Smith's shop, can.

CARTS and WAGONS

Always on hand and also made to order as cheap as you wish.

We also have on hand cheap for CASH, one Forty horse Tanner Boiler good as new, one twenty-five horse Engine. Also one *Two-Year-old* first class Tanner Engine and Boiler twelve horse power, ready for work Also one Tanner Rachet Saw Mill, Saw and Carriage.

Also one twenty horse power Talbot Boiler, Engine, Saw Mill, carriage with screw head blocks.

Also one driving wheel eight feet in diameter, twelve inches on face, six inches bore in hub, weighs three-thousand pounds, good as new. Also one driving wheel ten inches on face, eight feet in diameter, four inches bore in hub. Also one driving wheel, seven feet in diameter, ten inches on face, five inches bore. Weights of last two seventeen and thirteen hundred,

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DENNIS & HORN.

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100 Heifers Wanted from one to three years old. Also, 100 Steers from one to three years old. All persons wishing to sell will please call on

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Roanoke Steamer Plymouth to Edenton, thence over Norfolk and Southern R. R. to Elizabeth City and thence by Old Dominion S. S. Company's Steamer Shenandoah every Saturday.

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Fare from Tarboro to Nag's Head and return $4.00. Tickets Good for the season. The Conductor on Albemarle and Raleigh Railroad will sell tickets on train to parties getting on cars at stations below Tarboro, at same rates as from Tarboro.

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Scotland Neck, N. C., June 25, 1885.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE.

:o:

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Respectfully,
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