

THE DEMOCRAT.

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WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

W. H. Kitchin, Owner

VOL. 1.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1885.

NO. 45.

FIRES.

There are faces as cold as the ice,
And faces as warm as the sun;
There are faces all marred with vice,
And faces we ever shun;
There are faces vacant of thought,
Fair faces, but nothing more;
There are faces with sunlight fraught,
Sweet faces we half adore.

There are faces so hard, we shrink
To greet with a word or kiss;
There are faces from which we drink,
And faces we ever miss;
There are faces as dark as a cloud,
Portending a storm of rain,
And faces that are gay and proud,
Revealing a soul all vain.

There are faces with a love
That reflect the love benign—
The love that shines from Heaven above,
And is of a friend the sign,
There are faces that wear a frown,
Driving the world away;
And faces that tell of a crown
As bright as a cloudless sky.

There are cynical faces mean,
That sneer with many a word,
And faces composed and serene
By the power of the truth once heard;
There are beautiful faces soft,
But not of the chalk or paint;
There are faces pure and soft,
The faces quite of a saint.

We chisel our thoughts in the face,
Emotions paint unawares,
With our minds and hearts ever trace
Our joys and griefs and cares;
It is love, it is hate, we write,
Whatever we think or feel;
It is doubt, it is faith, or light,
Whatever is woe or weal.

DONE BY A YANK.

I must tell you my mother lived in the Luray Valley of Virginia, close upon the great caves which had become so famous during the war. We had a comfortable cabin, and I went away to war leaving a brother about fifteen years old to look after things. He fell sick and died in 1862, and from that on the poor old woman was all alone, and had to manage the best she could.

You must know that the Luray, as well as the Shenandoah Valley, was early occupied by the Federals. These valleys were fighting grounds. The Federals would come up and the rebels would come down, and there was hardly a week that the valleys were not changing hands. You may guess that, between the two armies and the camp followers and guerrillas of both, the women and children fared pretty hard.

Along in the spring of 1864, while I was attached to Lee's command as a scout, I was sent to the Shenandoah with dispatches to Early, and given permission to visit my old mother in Luray. I had not been home for night on to eighteen months, and you may reckon I was in a hurry to get there. Once in a great while I had received a letter in mother's old-fashioned, scrawling hand, conveying good or bad news, but it had now been seven or eight weeks since I had received word or line.

Well, not to bother you with details, let me say that I reached a cross roads within three miles of home one afternoon just at dark. Spring was just setting in, and the rain came down in a steady pour, and there was mud wherever there was dirt. There used to be a sort of tavern here, but I looked for it in vain. The few blackened timbers left on the site told the story of fire.

I was ready to push on again, when a cripple named Seth Smith, whom I had known for many years, came down the road on his mule. I halted at him, and he halted back, and then he calls out in the darkness:

"John Williams, I reckon I know yer voice?"
"It's me, fur sure."
"Goin' home?"
"Yes."

"Well, I'm afraid ye'll be too late. Four or five Yankee foragers and bummers rid up the road about an hour ago. They is stealin' an' plunderin' and doin' wuss. They shot the old man Davis up thar by the hangin'-rock, and I seed 'em fire three or four times at the Widder Scrivens, kase she fought 'em away from the corn-crib, I reckon they'll pay yer poor old mammy a visit."
"They won't dare to harm her."
"Mebbe not, but don't you depend on it. I reckon they may be Yankee deserters. Leastwise, they are full o' whisky and mischief, and dare do anything. Better push right along."

I didn't stop to ask any more questions, but pushed right along on a dog trot. It was a horrible road, but I let nothing stop me. I found two dead mules on the road—the critters havin' been shot down by the raiders—and I had to pass three barns which they had set on fire. Half a mile from home I heard the

crack of carbines and revolvers, but I was so badly done fur that I could go no faster. When I finally did reach the gate I found two dead horses lying beside the fence. As I entered the yard I stumbled over a dead man. Half way to the door was a second, and almost on the door-step was a third. The door was shut and the house dark, but the first thing I knew there was a blaze of light, and a bullet passed through my hat not an inch above my head. I dropped to the ground mighty fast, and I did a heap o' thinkin' fur the next three minutes. At the end of that time I called out:

"Hello! the house! Hello! Mother! I heard a move inside right away, with the song of voices, and when I had called ag'in my blessed old mother sang out:

"Praise God! but is that my son John?"
"Aye, mother, it's me."
She struck a light and opened the door, and next minute I was inside and she was crying on my shoulder. What do you reckon I saw as I looked around? No more nor less than a Yank in full uniform, sittin' on a chair in front of the window, revolver in hand, head bound up, face white but full o' grit, and one leg useless, with a bullet in it.

It took me some little time to untangle the skein. It seems that the Yank was a scout. He had stopped at the house for a bite to eat, and when the raiders came in and began to cuss and threaten and lay violent hands on my old mother, he gets up and orders 'em out. That brings on a fight, and he just dropped three o' 'em as dead as crowbars and killed two of the hosses. The rest of the gang didn't want any more of that and got out. Afraid they would return to play him some trick, that plucky Yank, all wounded and bleeding as he was, insists on standing sentinel at the window, and it was him who mistook me for one of the raiders and sent a bullet fur my head.

You can imagine my astonishment, indignation and gratitude. In an hour we had him comfortably fixed up, and durin' the rest of the night I stood sentinel without bein' disturbed. Next mornin' who should come ridin' up but a squad of Early's men. They buried the corpses and I gun them all the perticklers, and what did they do but demand the scout. There he was, painfully hurt and helpless as a child, but they were going to take him away as a prisoner. Did they? Well, not much! There were seven o' 'em, but I had a Winchester and two revolvers, and they hadn't the sand to face 'em.

Howsomever, they rode away to get more help, and I realized that I must make some other arrangements to keep the Yank out o' their hands. He was just as cool and nerry as an old veteran, and it didn't take long to fix up a plan. I had the back door off in a jiffy, and we laid him on it and propped him up as well as we could. Then mother and I picked him up and toted him fur half a mile up the side of the mountain and left him in a cave. We fixed him a comfortable bed, left food and drink at hand and were back at the house by the time the soldiers came. There was a hull company this time, and there was a high old time fur awhile. They took me prisoner and carried me off to Early's headquarters, but they couldn't find the scout. I was held prisoner for two weeks, and they tried hard to make out some sort of a case agin me, but finally I was released and sent back to Lee. This left mother alone to care for the scout, but he was not neglected. They got spies to watch her, and they scouted the neighborhood fur days, but they had their trouble fur their pains. It was night on to ten weeks afore that Yank got well 'nuff to walk off to his lines, but he got there safely, and from that time on mother was protected by Sheridan and the pantry kept supplied by his Quartermaster.

MR. HENDRICKS.
Your Uncle Thomas Hendricks is a constant source of trouble to the Civil Service reformers. One good thing about Hendricks he is not a hypocrite. He believes in the doctrine, "To the victors belong the spoils," and he talks it right out in meeting.—Chicago Mail.

Another Strong Convert.
The New York Graphic is the latest Democratic journal of standing and influence to aver its belief, backed by solemn argument, that the Civil Service law is unconstitutional and void.—Rochester Post-Express.

The Boys Would Get Their Due.
Wonder how the boys would like to have Hendricks in charge of the appointment machine while Cleveland rusticates in the Adirondacks?—Galveston News.
"That's a pretty dress that Mrs. Brown has on," remarked Mrs. Fogg; "beautiful color, is'nt it? It bears on a green." "I don't know," replied Fogg, glancing at the dress, which was unnecessarily low in the neck. "I should say that it bares on the shoulders."—Boston Transcript.

The Gamblers' Victim.

The steward said it was quite like old times. In the main cabin were five or six card tables and there was a crowd at every one. When the play grew hot the gold and greenbacks began to show up and by and by there was from \$300 to \$1,000 on every table. One of the player attracted especial attention. He was a man of about 30, genteel and well educated, and he bet with a recklessness to astonish everybody. Somehow we all began to feel personally interested in his luck and when he won we rejoiced as much as if he agreed to divide up pro rata. In two hours he was \$2,000 ahead, but then his luck changed and before midnight he was dead-broke. Then his watch and ring and pin went, and he rose up as thoroughly cleaned out as a gambler could be.

"Gentlemen," he said, as he turned to us, "I am much obliged for your words and wish each one of you well. I have lost \$600 entrusted to me to deliver to a party in New Orleans, and I shall not go any further. Good bye!"
He was on deck like a flash and we heard a splash in the water as we ran after him. None of us returned to the cabin. We sat down to talk it over and for an hour we felt bad—real bad. We erected a monument and carved an epitaph, as it were, and every man went to bed sad-hearted.

Well, next morning, when the boat reached Natchez, I ran across to the captain and remarked on the sad occurrence.

"See that chap?" he replied, pointing to a man climbing up the hill.
"Why, that looks like the very chap!"
"Certainly it does, for it is!"
"But he went overboard."
"Bosh! He tossed over a chair and then slipped down below!"
"And he didn't lose \$600 which was entrusted—"
"Lose nothing! He is a capper for the gamblers and played to induce greenbacks to come in!"—Detroit Free Press.

Not So Warm

One of the hottest days this summer a suburban granger came into this office, and the editor remarked, in his usual original style:
"Is this hot enough for you?"
"Oh, I don't know," was the off hand reply, "there was ice at our place this morning, when I got up."
"No!" said the editor, in surprise, wiping off the perspiration with his sleeve.
"Yes," continued the visitor, confidently.
"Much?"
"Not much. About five pounds. The ice man brought it."—Merchant Traveler.

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RICHMOND AS A COTTON MARKET.

Its Advantages Growth And Prospects In This Direction.
When our friends in the North desire protection for any special enterprise or article, even if its establishment or origin ante-dated the war of 1812, they speak of it as an "infant industry" and clamor for its encouragement. Judging by this standard, surely the cotton trade of Richmond might properly be called one of its infant enterprises. If so however, it has thrown off its swaddling clothes, over-leaped the days of its youth, and at one fell bound sprung into a very lively manhood.

This article is written in no strain of over-confidence and with no desire to exaggerate. It contains only facts that can be solidly substantiated. A State representative this morning had a conversation with Col. W. A. James, largely engaged in the cotton trade, and gleaned some readable encouragement, and truthful items. Cotton is beginning to come in very well, and a big trade is expected after October. The receipts in Richmond are heavier this year than for any previous one. Most of the cotton handled is from North Carolina, but shipments from the far South are in future expected.

Richmond is now the second cotton market in the State, and prices range from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cent higher than at any other market.

The demand for spinners in the city is good—in fact, the supply is not equal to the demand. There have been no receipts for the past few days, owing to an accident on the Piedmont Air-Line near Charlotte, N. C. By this the delivery of a number of bales has been delayed. Much more cotton could be handled in Richmond if dealers could have rapid transit and manufactures rates.

Cotton can be shipped from Richmond in the evening and delivered in the Baltimore mill-yard the next morning with out breaking of bulk or extra handling, and at a less expense than from other market.

AN ACCESSIBLE POINT.

In addition to the local and Baltimore demands inquires are being constantly made by large shippers, Richmond is a most accessible point for such shipments, and it is an enterprise that will not down. The quality of cotton handled is remarkably good, and shippers may rely on quick and profitable sales and prompt returns. To-day a shipment was being made to Baltimore. This shipment, no unforeseen accident occurring, will be delivered in the Monumental mill-yards to-morrow early, well conditioned, and right side up with care. Upon the whole the outlook is not only encouraging but bright. It is hoped that the effort to make Richmond a first class cotton market will be successful. Richmond enters into a generous rivalry with her sister cities. It is in no mercenary spirit but a single desire to enlarge her resources, and a desire not to be confined to any branch of business. Let there be an emulation without envy. There is enough traffic for all and to spare. Richmond while doing as well as she can for herself will rejoice at the success of the cities by the sea, the sprightly Cockade, and all other cotton marts.

IT ONLY NEEDS ENCOURAGEMENT.

In addition to Mr. James, there are several other parties engaged in handling cotton in a smaller way, and all give encouraging reports as to the advantages, growth prospects of Richmond as a cotton centre. This enterprise only needs encouragement.
Richmond flour ranks A No. 1 in all markets. The Indians of Calcutta, the Dutchmen of Amsterdam, Rotterdam and other places pay tribute to her matchless tobacco; her iron goods of all descriptions, her paper, her woodenware, are all sought after, and the trade in each is constantly increasing now; let us make her one of the greatest cotton markets in the country.

After having made a brilliant start let not the sun of its glory set while it is still day. But metaphor aside and coming down to practical talk, the cotton trade of Richmond is progressing, and with proper encouragement it will not alone be as a flour and tobacco centre that Richmond is famous, but her trade in cotton will be by no means the least important factor in her onward progress to future wealth and prosperity.—Richmond State.

A WOMAN'S SHREWDSNESS.

HOW A YOUNG LADY EXPOSED AN IMPOSTOR AND THIEF.
"I'm a man of feeling and I'll do anything for a person in want, but just now I feel like giving you the slickest thrashing you ever got." The speaker was Mr. William Pulley, who shook his rather muscular fist under the nose of a cringing man in the parlor of his residence, No. 302 east Pratt street, yesterday morning. This was the end of a story, the first chapter of which began on Saturday. On the morning of that day a respectable man, of pleasant address, and clean-shaven face, called at the coal office of Pulley & Maxwell, 110 Boston street. He said his name was William Pulley, and wrote his address as 124 Capital St., St. Paul, Minn. His story was that his father had emigrated from Virginia to Ohio, and thence to Minnesota. His business in Baltimore was the search for a brother who had left home in May, and his mother was so worried at not hearing from her son that she prevailed on the other to visit Baltimore to seek him. Mr. Pulley remembered that he had relatives who also had left Virginia for Ohio some years ago and had drifted into Minnesota. Suspecting that his visitor was perhaps a relative, he offered the hospitality of his home.

The visitor thanked him, and said he would make a thorough search of the hotels for his missing brother before accepting the offer. About noon he returned and said it was too hot to continue, whereupon he accompanied Mr. Pulley to his residence, was introduced to the family and asked to feel at home. In the evening Mr. Maxwell, partner of Mr. Pulley, escorted him about town. Next morning Mr. Pulley took his new friend to Washington-St. Methodist Protestant church where he placed a dollar in the collection for the winter's coal. Mr. Pulley saw in this act the open-heartedness peculiar to the Pulley family, and thought it another evidence of their relationship.

The same evening there was company at Mr. Pulley's, among whom was Miss Coleman, residing on Exeter street. After awhile, Miss Coleman who is evidently a judge of human nature, remarked to Miss Pulley that she did not like her guest. She was sure he was crooked. "Are you sure his name is Pulley? Have you looked in his hat?" asked the suspicious maiden. Miss Pulley could not venture an opinion about his name, and had not looked into his hat.

"I am going to look into it," said Miss Coleman. "Men carry their names there." Both ladies started and found the hat, but no name was visible. Miss Coleman's fingers passed around the inner band of the head cover and found a piece of paper upon which read the following, written in pencil: "Consolidated Loan Company. Lewyt & Salabes, Name, J. Ward. One overcoat, \$3." The ladies told Mr. Pulley, who, however, said nothing. There was little sleep among the Pulley family that night, as all expected to hear their guest move in some mysterious way. Mr. Pulley's custom is to go to his office early in the morning, but yesterday he remained home until his guest came down. Smiles and pleasant words were profuse from the visitor, who, after breakfast, walked out of the front door, intimating he would return. Hardly had he gone half a square when one of Mr. Pulley's daughters announced that her bureau had been robbed of a small sum of money. Mr. Pulley put on his coat and started in pursuit. He saw his man going leisurely towards Broadway. Discovering Mr. Pulley behind, he turned up Register street. Mr. Pulley hastened his steps, suspecting the fellow had taken his heels. When Register street was reached the thief was not to be seen, but Mr. Pulley detected him in a plumber's shop at the northeast corner of the street. He walked in, collared the man, and made him march back to where he had stolen the money. Mr. Pulley was waiting a report from the family, who were all engaged in finding out what their losses were, when he expressed himself as stated in the beginning. The man said he had taken only the amount missed, and appeared very penitent. It was an irresistible impulse, he said, he could not control. Mr. Pulley ordered him out, and gave his description to the police.—X

Prohibition's Obstacle.

We allude to the little brown jug.—Atlanta Journal.

Extracts From Cleveland's Letter To Eaton.

"Executive Mansion, Sept. 11, 1885.—Hon. Dorman B. Eaton—My Dear sir: I am in receipt of your letter tendering your resignation as a member of the Board of Civil Service Commissioners. I cannot refrain from expressing my sincere regret that you have determined to withdraw from a position in the public service where your intelligent performance of duty has been of inestimable value to the country, and all those who desire good government fully appreciate your devotion to the cause in which you early enlisted; and they have seen, with satisfaction, that your zeal and faith have not led you to suppose that the reform in which you were engaged is unsuited to the rules which ordinarily govern progress in human affairs; or that it should at once reach perfection and universal acceptance.

Reasonable toleration for old prejudices, graceful recognition of every aid, sensible utilization of every instrumentality that promises assistance, and constant effort to demonstrate the advantages of the new order of things, are the means by which this reform movement will in the future be further advanced, the opposition of incorrigible spoliemen rendered ineffectual, and the cause placed upon a sure foundation.

"You will agree with me, I think, that the support which has been given the present administration in its efforts to preserve and advance this reform, by the party restored to power after an exclusion for many years, after participation in the places attached to the public service; confronted with a new system precluding redistribution of such places in its interest, called upon to surrender the advantages which perverted partisanship had taught the American people the suspicion always raised in such an emergency that their rights in the conduct of this reform had not been scrupulously regarded, should receive due acknowledgment, and should confirm our belief that there is a sentiment among the people better than the desire to hold office, and a patriotic impulse upon which may safely rest the integrity of our institutions and the strength and perpetuity of our government.

"I have determined to request you to retain your present position until the first day of November next, at which time your resignation may become operative. I desire to express my entire confidence in your attachment to the cause of civil service reform, and your ability to render it efficient aid; and I indulge the hope and expectation that, notwithstanding the acceptance of your resignation, your interest in the object for which you have labored so assiduously, will continue beyond the official term which you surrender.

"Yours, very truly,
"GROVER CLEVELAND."

The Mugwump Pedigree.

The Mugwumps were sired by George William Curtis and damned by the Democracy.—Chicago Tribune.

He Will Be.

As Ohio is between Foraker and the Deep Sea, Hoarly is apt to be the next Governor.—St. Louis Republican.

"Prisoner," said his Honor, "the evidence is conflicting, but you were evidently drunk, and I fine you \$25." "Thanks your Honor," replied the prisoner. "May I ask a favor of you?" "What is it, said the Judge, good naturedly. "I would like some tobacco before I go." The Judge was taken aback, but said with his smile: "Do you prefer any particular kind?" "Yes, your Honor," returned the prisoner, with a grin. "I would like my fine cut." His Honor saw the point and made it \$10.—Boston Courier.

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.
G. W. DUNN.

HODGES & HODGES,

WHOLESALE
HATS,
49 COMMERCIAL STREET, NORFOLK, VA.

GREENWOOD SCHOOL.
—THE FALL TERM—
Of Greenwood School will begin on the 1st Monday in August, 1885.
MISS SALLIE SPEED, PRINCIPAL.

DENNIS & HORN
Keep constantly on hand Buggies, Wagons, Carts, &c., which they will sell cheap for Cash, or on time to responsible parties. We are thankful to our friends for past favors and hope a continuance of the same.
DENNIS & HORN.

LOOK HERE! STOP!
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
W. H. KITCHIN,
Scotland Neck, N. C.

NAG'S HEAD.
—1885.—
Splendid and safe Sea Bathing, Fish and Game in abundance. Kitty Hawk, Roanoke Island, and other Historic Surroundings easily accessible. The only reliable route to this delightful seaside resort is via the
ALBEMARLE & RALEIGH R. R.

Renoque 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.
Schedule for 1885 in effect Thursday, June 25. Passengers will leave Tarboro every Friday at 6 p. m. on regular train, arriving at Nag's Head on Saturday at 6 p. m. Returning the Shenandoah leaves Nag's Head every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday morning, making close connection at Elizabeth City with train for Edenton.
Fare from Tarboro to Nag's Head and return \$1.00. 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, upon same terms and conditions as from Tarboro.
J. H. PETTY, Gen. Supt.
T. J. CHANDLER, Gen. F. & P. Agt.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

RAILROAD HOUSE.
SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.
MRS. LAURA BELL, PROPRIETRESS
Good beds, polite and attentive servants, the best table, the market produce, and good water. Neatness one of its special aims. Stop at the Railroad House.

DAVID A. MADRY,
BRICK MANUFACTURER.
Will take contracts for furnishing Brick as cheap as the next man, and give better work. Satisfaction guaranteed. The best brick in the market made by him at lowest prices. Give him a trial.
Brick always on hand and for sale in any quantity.
Scotland Neck, N. C., June 25, 1885.

LIFE and FIRE INSURANCE.
I am representing the strongest, most liberal, prompt and reliable companies in the U. S. Call at my office, take out a policy and secure your property. A policy in the Aetna Life Co. is more secure than all the Banks in the Union.
J. H. LAWRENCE,
Scotland Neck, N. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE.
33 YEARS AT THE BUSINESS
Look to your interest and don't be deceived.
NEW MAN but an OLD BUSINESS.

—R. B. Pierce can be found at Mr. P. E. Smith's shop where he has a Good Stock of the best Material which he will make up in Buggies, Wagons, Carts, &c. at short notice, and offer the most reasonable Terms, Horse Shoeing a
SPECIALTY
Call and see me, it will be to your interest.
Respectfully,
R. B. PIERCE, E.

W. H. KITCHIN. W. A. DUNN,
KITCHIN & DUNN,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Scotland Neck, N. C.
Office on 10th Street, first door above Main!
Another car load of Stoves just received at P. Sterns.