

# THE DEMOCRAT.

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

W. H. Kitchin, Owner.

Subscription \$1.50 per year.

VOL. 1.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1885.

NO. 46.

## A WOMAN'S WAY.

Young man with the strangely troubled face.  
And the footsteps sad and slow.  
Be not cast down by a girlish frown  
And a softly whispered "No!"  
Her sweet blush tells me a different tale;  
There is hope for you to-day.  
In your hour of bliss remember this:  
It is only a woman's way.

She must not be too easily won.  
She thinks in her maidenly pride;  
So she lifts her eyes quite in surprise  
When your arms are opened wide;  
And when you offer your heart and hand,  
Then she begs for more delay.  
In her lover's need she would have him  
plead—  
It is only a woman's way.

If a maiden ever adores a swain,  
In this vale of smiles and tears,  
Who her heart hath stirred by loving word,  
'Tis the man that perseveres.  
She hates a coward whose heart is faint,  
Like the zephyr in odorous May;  
Who will drop his lance, at a maiden's glance—  
It is only a woman's way.

'Tis all the same throughout the land,  
In the palace and the cot,  
That maidens are shy and men must try  
For the blessings they have not.  
For the helpmeet Heaven doth mean for  
all,  
To cheer till the head grows gray;  
With the soft caress, and the power to  
bless,  
In a woman's pleasant way.

## The Sleeping Car Genius.

He slept days and made up berths  
at night. Truly, he began making  
up berths at Jersey City, and when  
he got through, about daylight, it  
was time to begin to unmake them  
again. All night I could hear him  
opening and shutting the berth like  
a concertina. He sang softly to  
himself all night long.

You must camp a little in the  
wilderness  
And then we'll all go home.  
And played his own accompani-  
ment on the berth.

When in repose he was generally  
asleep with a whisk broom in one  
hand and extended with the palm  
up, waiting for a dividend to be de-  
clared.

He generally sat with his mouth  
open, so that you could read his in-  
most thoughts, and when I com-  
plained to him about the way my  
bank felt he said he was sorry, and  
wanted to know which cell I was  
in.—*Bill Nye in Boston Globe.*

## The Bet Was Off.

A few days ago, after a couple of  
esteemed citizens, who are close  
neighbors, had arranged to pass a  
few days with their families at a  
lake in Oakland county, one of them  
offered to wager a box of cigars that  
he would catch the largest fish. The  
wager was promptly taken, and next  
day one of the gentlemen put in an  
appearance at a fish stand on the  
market, and said to the dealer:

"Have you got a fresh pickerel  
weighing about fifteen pounds?"

"I have, sir?"

"Well, I want you to put him on  
ice and ship him to me at — Lake.  
I propose to catch him on a hook out  
there."

"Very well, sir. I think I'll ship  
the two together."

"The two?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. — [mentioning  
the other esteemed citizen] was here  
an hour ago, and bought one weigh-  
ing twenty pounds. It will take less  
ice to pack the two in the same box!"

The fish were paid for, but the bet  
was declared off.—*Detroit Free  
Press.*

## Curiosities of Nature.

A lemon weighing four pounds  
and thirteen ounces was recently pick-  
ed at Panasoffke, Fla.

On recently cleared land in Kan-  
sas red clover has grown this season  
that was seven feet high, and white  
clover five feet six inches high.

A Holstein calf belonging to E.  
W. Alberty, of Pittsburg, Kan., has  
grown one hundred pounds in the  
last month, which is fifty-three  
ounces per day, or over two ounces  
per hour.

## That Owl.

Two of our townsmen uptown saw  
an owl on a telegraph pole on Mon-  
day night, and, procuring an air-gun,  
fired about forty shots without bring-  
ing down the bird. A boy climbed  
the pole and ascertained that the  
supposed owl was an insulator a lit-  
tle out of place.—X.

## Is Popular Government a Failure?

A friend sends us a copy of the  
Charleston News and Courier with  
an editorial on the above subject in  
which the writer endorses the words  
of Secretary Bayard, that "Popular  
government is a failure, if a party  
is to administer the government  
only to put its followers in office."  
Mr. Bayard may be right if there is  
any party in this country likely to  
get in power, that wants to admin-  
ister the government only to put its  
followers in office. But if Mr. Bay-  
ard thinks that the democratic party  
can successfully administer the gov-  
ernment by letting its enemies hold  
the offices, he will most certainly  
find that the party is a failure, if  
popular government is not. "Party  
organization and party work are in-  
dispensable to success, but the most  
effective work is not always obtained  
from the persons who expect offices,"  
says the News and Observer, but  
we quote further from the News and  
Courier's article:

There is some basis for action and  
for confidence as well, when a party  
appeals to the public spirit and patri-  
otic feeling of the people, telling them  
that the business affairs of the gov-  
ernment should be administered as  
a citizen administers his private  
affairs, and that a political party  
serves its purpose only when it  
serves the public.

Precisely. What citizen will em-  
ploy a man to attend to his business  
when he knows that man's views,  
concerning the business are in direct  
conflict with his own? If a party has  
principles distinct from another  
and it is intrusted with the adminis-  
tration of the affairs of the govern-  
ment, it will be expected to carry  
out those principles, and it will be  
held responsible by the people for  
the manner in which the work is  
done. Is it wise to leave the work  
of carrying out these principles with  
the men who fought them? But if  
there is no vital difference in the  
principles of the parties, then what  
is the basis of action if it be not to  
obtain the offices? Does party suc-  
cess simply mean to change the  
head of the government? Away  
with such nonsense. Democratic  
success means that the government  
will be administered by democratic  
officers. Republican success means  
that the government will be adminis-  
tered by republican officers. Call it  
the "spoils system," if you please,  
but it is the common sense system,  
and without it popular government  
will indeed be a failure.—*New Berne  
Journal.*

## A Sound Civil Service Reform.

A great deal of ingenuity and  
agility has been expended of late in  
making democratic platforms about  
the civil service, but we have not  
seen one anywhere that contained a  
really constructive idea.

Something like the following would  
be an improvement upon any of  
these efforts that we have recently  
had a chance to study:

Whereas, President Cleveland is  
greatly taken with civil service  
examinations and non-partisan ap-  
pointments; and whereas we do not  
want to say anything that would hurt  
his feelings or prevent any democrat  
from getting a good appointment  
from him, we hereby renew the de-  
claration of the National Democratic  
Convention of 1884 in favor of an  
honest reform of the civil service;  
and we adopt that declaration as  
part of our platform.

Resolved, That in our opinion  
honest reform of the civil service  
requires that all applicants for ap-  
pointment to minor offices should be  
examined to test their capacity to  
perform the duties which they desire  
to assume; and no man should be  
appointed who cannot pass such an  
examination.

Resolved, That every executive  
department or bureau should have an  
Examining Board of its own appoint-  
ed by its head from among its em-  
ployees. This Board should examine  
every applicant in reading, writing,  
arithmetic, and whatever other  
branch of knowledge may be requisite  
for the correct performance of the  
work to be done; and the members  
of this Board should have no extra  
pay for their services.

Resolved, That competitive ex-  
aminations and the invariable ap-  
pointment of the individuals who  
succeed in them without regard to the  
judgment or preference of the appoint-  
ing authority, are anti-democratic and  
anti-American; and we are opposed

to them entirely.  
Resolved, That the head of every  
department should have power to  
dismiss any employe whose work is  
unsatisfactory, without any trial or  
investigation or any other reason than  
that in his judgment the good of the  
service requires it.

These resolutions embody the  
principles of an honest civil service  
reform, and we commend them to  
future Conventions that may be de-  
sirable of expressing themselves  
frankly and squarely upon this sub-  
ject.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## No Luck.

"Just my luck!" growled a pas-  
senger on a train down in Ohio. "I  
believe I am the unluckiest man off  
earth, anyway. Nothing goes right  
with me, and I'm about discour-  
aged."

"What's the matter now?"  
"Well, you see, I have been the  
Postmaster down at the corners for  
nigh on twelve years. My first  
boy I named Ulysses Grant Snyder,  
the second Rutheford Hayes Snyder,  
the third, James Garfield Snyder,  
and last week we took my fourth  
boy to church and had him christ-  
ened Grover Cleveland Snyder. I  
paid the editor of our county paper  
\$5 to put in a long article about it  
and send a copy or two marked to  
Washington."

"But where does the bad luck  
come in?"  
"Why, the day after I mailed  
those papers I got an official letter  
from the department. It was my  
discharge, and now they've got a  
measly Democrat in my place!"—*Chicago Herald.*

## Texas Doctors and New York Doctors.

Why New York doctors charge  
a great deal more than do the  
Texas doctors. Col. Sumpter McBride  
Sumpter of Austin, who was quite  
ill during his recent visit to New  
York, is authority for the assertion.

He was in bed three or four days  
at his hotel, and when the bill was  
presented he took a piece of paper  
and a pencil and figured out how  
much more he had to pay in New  
York than he would have had to  
pay in Texas for the same amount  
of indisposition. Having got  
through his calculation, he folded  
his hands saying:

"I am lucky in being sick here in  
New York instead of being laid up  
in Texas."

"Ah!" said the doctor.

"Yes," responded Sumpter, "for  
all this money I'll have to pay you  
I'd have had to be sick in Texas for  
more than two months."—*Texas  
Siftings.*

## All for Love.

"Good night," he said, as he at  
last tore himself away and stepped  
out upon the porch. "Wait a min-  
ute," she said "until I chain up the  
dog. It is about time for the milk-  
man, and they are not the best of  
friends."—*Saratoga Eagle.*

## Not Dead, But Speechless.

"Is he dead?" was the inquiry  
made about an Irishman who, in  
company with a hod of bricks, had  
fallen to the bottom of the ladder.  
"O'm not dead," explained the in-  
jured man, feebly, "but o'm knock-  
ed spaihellus."—*New York Times.*

"Say," said the editor's smart little  
son, as he entered a store, "do you  
keep knives?" "Oh yes," responded  
the storekeeper, "we've kept them for  
years." "Well," returned the boy,  
starting for the door, "you ought to  
advertise, and then you wouldn't  
keep 'em so long."—*Boston Journal.*

"Do you buy your music by the  
roll?" said a gentleman to the de-  
acon's daughter.

"No, sir," she sweetly replied; "I  
always wait until Sunday, when I  
can get it by the choir."—*New York  
Journal.*

"I say, Bobby," whispered Feath-  
erly, "was your sister pleased to  
learn that I had called upon her?"

"Yes indeed she was," replied Bobby.

"When mother told her that Mr.  
Featherly had called while she was  
out she said, 'Thank heaven!'"—*New  
York Sun.*

## Anchoring A Button.

He drifted into a sample saloon  
the other day, wiped his forehead,  
felt around in his pocket, and said  
with a pleasant smile:

"Well, as it seems I have jus one  
ten-cent piece left to-day, I'll take a  
drink."

When the four fingers of Antioch  
nerve-tangler had been secreted in  
his remotest recesses, the customer  
fumbled among his keys and laid  
something on the counter. As he  
did so he said:

"Great Scott! just look at that  
now!"

"I see it," said the barkeeper,  
scornfully regarding the alleged  
dime. "It's a suspender button.  
What of it?"

"Why, I didn't look at it, you  
know. I just felt in my pocket,  
and I'm blamed if I didn't think it  
was a dime. Ahem! I suppose  
you'll have to put it on the ice un-  
til to-morrow. I'll drop in and fix  
it."

"Oh, of course you will. Take  
this and fix it now." And the cock-  
tail dispenser handed over a needle  
and thread.

"What's that for?"  
"Why, for you to sew that button  
on with, right now. You may make  
the same mistake somewhere else;  
sew her on strong."—*Detroit Free  
Press.*

## Mistakes of Great Men.

In another column will be found  
the Eaton-Cleveland correspondence,  
whereby the President lets one  
weary Civil Service bird go free.

Let us look at a few of the salient  
points each presents.

Eaton says that changes made in  
the law by the President have added  
to their force and efficiency. By  
what right under the law does the  
President make changes of laws and  
rules? Every change is in-fraction  
upon law. If the President can cut  
from the corners he can cut from the  
center, as well.

Eaton speaks of the examination  
of candidates all over the Union, to  
see if applicants are fit to hold office.  
No one objects, but all favor the  
examination of candidates as to their  
fitness to hold office under the gov-  
ernment. But what sense in having  
a government, then having a com-  
mission to govern the government?  
Why not abolish the government  
and turn all this matter of selection  
and examination and appointment  
over to this new-fangled returning  
board newly-named Civil Service  
Commission?

We contend that when the people  
elect a Congress, a Senate, a President,  
they have put in motion sufficient  
machinery to do all the threshing  
required without the necessity of  
having a little government-for-a-cent,  
to act as a dog for a blind man,  
when the man is not blind and  
knows the way quite as well as does  
the dog.

Eaton himself declares that the  
Civil Service Commission is intend-  
ed to jerk the government away from  
Congress, and to prevent the Presi-  
dent being controlled by that body!

That buck won't ram. It signifies  
a new wheel—a new form of govern-  
ment.

When we, the people, desire to  
change our form of government, we  
will give due notice and make the  
decision known by means of the bal-  
lot. For several years the govern-  
ment ran on without any power be-  
hind the curtain to hand in names to  
the President except the power of  
Senators and Congressmen and well  
informed people generally, and we,  
the people, will not have any third  
party to control the will of the peo-  
ple as expressed at the ballot box.

The Civil Service system is no es-  
toppal of the spoils system. It is  
simply taking the rights of those  
who are duly elected entirely away  
from them, and converts political  
parties into cats-paws, for roping  
chestnuts out of hot fires for the  
delectation of Civil Service monkeys.

Come we now to President Cleve-  
land. In the first place, his election  
as an expression of Democratic sen-  
timent, told plainly that the people  
were tired of Republicans and their  
applicants and appliances.

That the people had confidence in

him as a man of honor, courage and  
regard for constitutional Democracy.

That the people were willing to  
trust him, but that he is not willing  
to trust the people. If he is  
willing to thus stand before 56,000,  
000 of sovereign citizens, law mak-  
ers in their own right, so be it.  
Presidential terms are shorter than  
is the life, the backbone, the courage,  
the patriotism and intelligence of  
any one man who becomes a Presi-  
dent.

If President Cleveland is really  
earnest in this matter and in favor of  
Civil Service Reform as he calls it,  
let him issue a proclamation in which  
shall occur this paragraph:

"I, Grover Cleveland, President of  
the United States, being of sound  
mind and fair understanding, as  
certified by a civil service commis-  
sioner in order to carry out to the  
full extent the aim and idea of civil  
service reform, do hereby forever re-  
nounce all right to appoint any per-  
son, whomsoever, to any position  
whatever. And I do hereby give  
over, and peaceably surrender all right  
to appoint a cabinet, foreign minis-  
ters, postmasters, etc., etc., that the  
entire business of appointing to office  
and selecting government agents may  
be taken out of politics and turned  
over to a civil service commission,  
contending myself with drawing my  
salary, signing pardons and acting  
as a figure head! I also wish to  
thus express my opinion of the mil-  
lions of Democrats and others who  
elected me, and I hereby favor the  
giving of all matters pertaining to  
the government over to the rear guard  
of the Republican party, in proof  
that the people do not know enough  
to elect, and the elected does not  
know enough to appoint to fill vacan-  
cies! In consideration of the superi-  
or fitness of the head of the Civil  
Service Commission to officer and to  
man the ship of State, I hereby ask  
him to come up higher and take hold  
of the reins of Executive Govern-  
ment while I step down and inform  
the Democratic party that neither I  
nor the government have any further  
use for it."

If Mr. Cleveland is tired of being  
President, let him resign!—*U. S.  
Democrat.*

## INHABITANTS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

A more remarkable or unique race  
does not exist on the continent of  
Africa—indeed, I might safely say  
in the two hemispheres. In their  
physique, manners and customs  
and religious beliefs they are dis-  
tinct alike from the true negroes and  
from the Galla and Somali: They  
are the most magnificently modeled  
savages I have seen or even read of.  
Beautifully proportioned, they are  
characterized by the smooth and  
rounded outline of the Apollo type,  
rarely showing the knotted and  
brawny muscles of the true athlete.  
The women are very decently dressed  
in bullock's hide. They wear by way  
of ornament, from 20 to 30 pounds of  
thick iron wire coiled round the limbs  
arms and neck, besides a great as-  
sortment of beads and iron chains.  
The men wear only a small kid skin  
garment round the shoulders and  
breast, that being of somewhat more  
ample dimensions among the mar-  
ried men. The most remarkable dis-  
tinctions characterize the various  
epochs in the life history of the Masai.

The boys and girls up to a certain  
age live with their parents, and feed  
upon the curdled milk, meat and  
grain. At the age of twelve with  
the girls, and from 12 to 14 years  
with the boys, they are sent from the  
married men's kraal to one in which  
there are only young unmarried men  
and women. There they live till  
they are married. At this stage the  
men are warriors, and their occupa-  
tion is cattle lifting and amusing  
themselves at home. The young  
women attend to the cattle, build  
the huts, and perform other house-  
hold duties. Both sexes are on the  
strictest diet. Absolutely nothing  
but meat and milk passes the lips.  
Spirits and beer, tobacco and veg-  
etable food are alike eschewed. So  
peculiar indeed are they in their diet  
that they will not even eat the meat  
of any wild animal. Moreover the  
meat and milk are never taken to-  
gether. For several days the one  
is their diet, to be followed by the  
other after partaking of a powerful  
purgative. On killing a bullock  
they drink the blood raw, which  
doubtless supplies them with the  
necessary salts. In eating meat they  
always retire to the forest in small  
parties, accompanied by a young  
woman. So pleasant does the Masai  
warrior find this life that he seldom  
marries till he has passed the prime  
of life and begins to find his strength  
decline. The great war spear and  
and heavy buffalo hide shield the  
sword and knobby are then laid

aside. For a month he dons the  
dress of an unmarried woman,  
and then becomes a staid and  
respected member of Masai  
society. He goes no more to war,  
but devotes himself to the rearing  
of a brood of young warriors. His  
diet changes with his mode of life  
and he may indulge in vegetable  
food, drink beer or spirits, and  
smoke or chew tobacco. At death  
the body is simply thrown out to the  
hyenas and the vultures.—*Through  
Masai Land—Joseph Thomson.*

## SAVED BY A JACKAL.

"Jackals are at once the bane  
and the blessing of India," said a  
gentleman whose face, either through  
a disorganized liver or from a quar-  
ter of a century of steady curry-eat-  
ing under an eastern sun, or in con-  
sequence of both, had acquired a  
rich yellow hue. "They banish  
sheep with their nightly howling,  
and sometimes they carry off a  
child, but they are the scavengers of  
the plains, which, I think, would  
hardly be habitable without them.  
Let me tell you a curious story about  
one of the brutes saving a child."

"I had better say at once, to  
check undue sympathy, that the  
jackal which rescued Lal Chokro,  
acted purely as an involuntary agent  
for he certainly intended to eat her.  
The little girl's name given to her  
in England a year previously, was  
Mabel Stern. Her father Col. Stern,  
whose regiment was in India, was  
on leave of absence in his native  
land when little Mabel was born  
and three months later rumors of  
the coming mutiny in India began to  
be heard. Col. Stern was ordered  
to rejoin his command, and with his  
wife, who insisted on accompanying  
him, his infant daughter and an  
ayah, or native nurse obtained with  
some difficulty in London he turned  
his face eastward. When he stepped  
ashore in Calcutta the country was  
in a flame of insurrection, and the  
colonel learned that his own regiment  
composed of Sepoys, recruited chief-  
ly in the northwest, had been among  
the first to turn the arms they had  
obtained and the arts they had  
learned from their English masters  
against their teachers. He was or-  
dered to do general duty with the  
forces at Delhi and still accompanied  
by his wife and child, through the  
ayah refused to go any further, he  
went up the country.

"The last scenes of the mutiny  
were being played. Their horrors  
and those that preceded them are  
too well known to need description.  
Col. Stern and his little family, with  
another ayah, were living in a bung-  
alow, or Indian house, a few miles  
from Delhi, and keeping a careful  
watch at night time, for parties of  
disbanded mutineers were still prow-  
ling about actuated by one prevailing  
purpose, to murder white men, wo-  
men, and children whenever they  
could do so with a fair chance of  
escaping with their lives: The col-  
onel was an old Indian campaigner,  
and was apprehensive of an attack.  
It came at last in broad daylight,  
and when the master of the house  
and his wife were absent in the city  
for an hour, and nobody was in the  
bungalow except the ayah and the  
child. When the colonel and Mrs.  
Stern returned Mabel was gone, and  
the ayah, who seemed half-distracted,  
told the story in her native tongue.  
"They came Mem-Sahib," she said  
excitedly addressing Mrs. Stern,  
'so quickly that I heard no noise until  
they were in the room. Where is the  
Sahib Logue? said one of them. I  
told them the colonel had gone out  
and would not be back before night.  
They wanted to know where the Mem-  
Sahib was. I told them you  
were with him. Great Allah! said  
the leader, nobody to kill! Then a  
dirty little fellow, who lives by rob-  
bery and mutinied but never fought  
said:

"There is still the chokro."  
"Oh! Mem-Sahib! I put my  
forehead to the ground to them. I  
said: Kill me, but spare the chokro."  
At last they said I should not see the  
baby die. The leader asked her  
what her name was, and I said Ma-  
bel Stern. "That will not do, said  
the man. She must not meet Allah  
with such a name as that. The  
country is still red with blood. Let  
us call her Lal Chokro, (Red Girl).  
Then they took her away.

"Mrs. Stern shrieked and rushed  
toward the door. The colonel stop-  
ped her.  
"What will they do with our ba-  
by? he asked the ayah.

"The woman bowed her head  
sorrowfully.

"Sahib," she said, "I know them  
well. The leader will take her home  
and let her lie an hour with his own  
little girl. I have seen her—a child  
a year old, with a great scar on her  
forehead. This child will get all  
the good fortune that might have  
come to yours had she lived. Then  
he will take her to the river, and  
leave her lying on a pillow on the  
shore until the tide rises. It will be  
full at 9 o'clock."

"There may be time yet," said  
the colonel, looking at his watch-  
Mabel, you may stay here. Ayah  
do you know where the leader's  
bungalow is?"

"Yes, sahib she said. 'I will  
show you. It is only half a mile  
away, and perhaps many men will  
not be there. Take your pistol and  
come.'

The colonel followed her pistol  
in hand. But they had not come a  
quarter of a mile before both stopped  
as they heard the noise made by  
some animal approaching them.  
Then, under the bright moonlight  
and only a few yards away a great  
gaunt jackal passed them, going at  
a labored trot and carrying some-  
thing in his mouth. Both saw plain-  
ly what it was—a native child—with  
a great scar on his forehead.

"The colonel raised his pistol  
and was about to fire at the brute  
when the ayah stopped him with a  
hasty grasp on his arm.

"Stay, sahib," she whispered.  
That is the leader's child. The Jack-  
al may have taken yours first and  
then gone back for the other. Let  
us follow him. He is not going  
fast."

"Acting on her advice, they fol-  
lowed until they saw the jackal stop  
and drop his burden under a tree.  
The next moment he fled, snarling  
like a hunted cur, into the jungle, and  
the colonel lifted his daughter, fast  
asleep and unarmed, from the side  
of the Hindoo baby just laid down.  
While Mabel was transferring her  
fortunes to the leader's child, and  
the family were waiting patiently at  
the rear of the bungalow for the  
completion of the operation the jack-  
al, coward and sneak-thief of the  
wilderness, had carried off the white  
baby, and deferred his supper until  
he had returned for the black one.

"A year afterward Col. Stern and  
his wife stood at the window of her  
home in England, smilingly watch-  
ing two children on the grass below.  
One was Mabel Stern, and the other  
a dusky little girl with a scar on her  
forehead, and a faithful and remark-  
ably intelligent ayah was taking care  
of them both.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Remember that I can sell you bug-  
gies as cheap as you can buy anywhere  
in the world. I sell the celebrated Wrenn  
work.  
C. W. DUNN.

## RAILROAD HOUSE.

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

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Will take contracts for furnishing Brick  
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Brick always on hand and for sale in  
any quantity.  
Scotland Neck, N. C., June 25, 1885.

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I am representing the strongest,  
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office, take out a policy and secure  
your property. A policy in the Ethna  
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 BUSI-  
NESS

—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

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Call and see me, it will be to your  
Interest.  
Respectfully,  
R. B. PIERCE.

Another car-load of Stoves just receiv-  
ed at P. Stern's.