

# THE DEMOCRAT.

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WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

W. H. Kitchin, Owner.

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NO. 47.

## FOR ALL WHO DIE.

[The following poem was regarded by Edgar A. Poe as the most beautiful and touching of his kind in the language:]  
It hath been said for all who die  
There is a tear,  
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh  
O'er every bier;  
But in that hour of pain and dread,  
Who will draw near  
Around my humble couch and shed  
One farewell tear.

Who'll watch the fast departing ray  
In deep despair,  
And soothe the spirit on its way  
With holy prayer?  
What mourner round my couch will come  
In words of woe,  
And follow me to my long home,  
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my earthly bed  
In icy sleep,  
Who then by pure affection led  
Will come and weep?  
By the pale moon implant the rose  
Upon my breast,  
And bid it cheer my dark repose,  
My lonely rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping  
Low in the ground,  
One faithful heart would then be keeping  
Watch all around,  
As if some gem lay shrouded beneath  
That cold sod's gloom,  
'T would mitigate the pangs of death  
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel  
From the halls of gloom,  
And beauty's pressure one would steal  
In secret;  
And come and sit or stand by me  
In night's deep noon,  
Oh! I would ask of memory  
No other boon.

But Ah! a lonelier fate mine,  
A deeper woe;  
From all I've loved in youth's sweet time  
I soon must go;  
Draw round me my pale robes of white  
In a dark spot  
To sleep thro' death's long, dreamless  
Lone and forgot.

## A TURTLE "AS IS A TURTLE."

A MARINE MONSTER WEIGHING SEVENTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS CAPTURED AT THE HEADS.

Yesterday afternoon a two-horse express wagon drove up in front of the Call office on Montgomery street containing a load, covered with canvas, and six Italian fishermen. Removing the covering one of the largest turtles ever seen in San Francisco was displayed to the view. The monster was alive, and was tied to the floor of the vehicle with ropes. It was nine feet long and seven and a half feet around the girth. Its head was larger than that of a man, while its flippers looked like large hams. Its weight was seventeen hundred pounds. The turtle is of the leather-back species. On Thursday noon, as the fishermen's smack Catalina was cruising outside the Heads, near the whistling buoy, the turtle was observed floating, asleep, on the surface of the water. The six fishermen in the boat immediately set about its capture. The end of a boat-hook was driven into one of its hind flippers, while a running noose was fastened on one of the front ones. The turtle now awoke, and a desperate fight immediately ensued. In the melee before the turtle was landed on his back on the deck of the craft, the mast to which the end of the rope was fastened was broken, and one of the fishermen was knocked over with a left-hander from the turtle's flipper. A blow from an ax on the creature's head finally so dazed it that it gave up the struggle. The turtle was fully alive and vigorous by the time it got ashore, and more difficulty was experienced in getting it into the express wagon. It handles its flippers like a marine John L. Sullivan.—*San Francisco Call.*

## Uncle Isom and the Ghosts.

Uncle Isom was whitewashing an old, dilapidated house on Whitehall street yesterday. The interior had a ghostly appearance, and a gentleman said to the old negro:  
"Isom, ain't you afraid of ghosts?"  
"No, sah; dat I ain't, young marse-ter," was the reply, as the old man's face loomed up with a smile.  
"You are not?"  
"No, sah. Dar ane no ghosts."  
"How do you know?"  
"Case, sah, when a pussun dies dey goes to heaben or purgatory, one."  
"Yes."  
"An' ef dey goes ter purgatory dey can't get er way; an' ef dey goes ter heaben dey don't want er get er way an' cum back 'er scollipin' 'roun dis wud. I see too ole fer to let dat kind er mesmerisin' bizness bodder me."—*Con.*

## The Severn Tunnel.

The recently completed Severn tunnel is one of the greatest engineering works of the age. It was built by the Great Western Railroad Company of England, to give a direct communication between their British line and South Wales. It is unique as a work of the kind, inasmuch as it passes under an arm of the sea. The tunnel extends from New Passage to Portskewett, a distance of about two and one half miles under the water, its entire length, exclusive of approaches, being about four and one half miles. The work has been in progress for thirteen years, and the total cost cannot fall below \$8,000,000. The principal difficulties encountered in the work were not from the water of the estuary itself, but from subterranean springs in the rock itself, through which borings were made. Several times the works were filled with water. On one occasion a body of water which gushed forth at the rate of 27,000 gallons per minute was met. Pumping apparatus, however, capable of carrying it off was erected and the difficulty obviated. The tunnel opens a new chapter in engineering of this class. It may furnish the suggestions upon which a tunnel under the Hudson can at last be successfully bored.—*Con.*

## How Plug Hats Are Made.

To make the silk stove-pipe hats, a large square of muslin is dipped into shellac, wrung out and then stretched over a wooden frame to dry. After drying it is cut up into sizes and shapes suitable for the various parts of the hat. Some pieces are put on the bias for the crowns of hats, others are stiffened particularly for the brims, while the muslin for the central cylinders, which are the sides, is cut into oblong squares. The material for a dozen of these hats is then given to a workman, who draws the frame of the hat together around the block and fastens it by means of a hot iron.

The shell of the hat, as it is called, is then varnished and then dried, making it stiff, and then the silk plush is put on, a man ironing it to the shellac-covered shell and sponging it with every stroke of the iron. Girls sew in the crown and the brim after the sides of the shell have been fastened, and then the seams are gone over with a hot iron, which conceals all traces of them. The brim is then curled, as in the case of the felt article, and then the hat goes away to the luring machine, where polish brushes, revolving rapidly, give it a high polish. From the luring machine it goes to the hands of a girl, who trims it and puts in the lining.—*Chicago Journal.*

## The Effect Somewhat Marred.

When Vestryman Green bowed his head to read the responses of the litany last Sunday, he was very drowsy indeed, and he had repeated, "Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners" but three times when he fell fast asleep. His wife nudged him with her parasol without success. When the minister reached "And now, seven times, my beloved brethren," Vestryman Green awoke, and being unconscious of the lapse of time, responded in a sonorous and fervent voice:  
"Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners."—*New York Times.*

## He Paid.

"I notice by the papers," he said, as he waited for the froth on his beer to settle, "that a man in a Chicago saloon fell dead just as he finished drinking a glass of beer."  
"I see dot same thing in der papers, too," replied the saloonist.  
"Curious, wasn't it?"  
"Vhell, I don't think so. You see he drank oop dot beer und said: 'Sharge it to me!' und der bartender he prings out his club und taps him on des head. It vvas almost eafery day somebody drops dead here!"  
He laid a hickory club on the bar and looked the man full in the eye, and the beer was hardly down before it was paid for.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## What Did Mr. Cleveland Whisper?

The crowd at the President's reception yesterday was not so large as usual. In the middle of the stream of visitors was a small, rather loudly dressed lady of uncertain age who was leading a little girl baby by the hand. The little thing stood scarcely two feet high. The mother smiled sweetly upon the President as she grasped his hand, and the President smiled upon her. Encouraged, perhaps, by this, she stood still, and then remarked, indicating the two-foot-high cherub: "This is my baby."

"And a pretty little thing it is, madam," replied Mr. Cleveland, the smile still visible around his lips. "And it's only 2 years old," persisted the mother. "Won't you kiss it?"

## Family Trouble.

A boy 12 years old reported to a policeman the other day that a robbery had occurred at a house under very mysterious circumstances. The sum of \$25, which was in a china vase on a bracket, had taken wings. "Were any of the doors or windows found open?" asked the officer.

"No."  
"Any visitors in the house who might have taken it?"  
"No."

"And you haven't picked up any clues, eh?"  
"That's the trouble, sir—there's clues until you can't rest. I want to go off and camp out, and dad thinks I cribbed the money. Dad wants to go to Chicago, and marm thinks he's got the boodle. Marm wants a new summer wrap, and dad says she clawed them ducats for sure. The hired girl is going to be married next week, and dad and marm and me believe she raked in the stake to go on a bridal tour. Tell you what, mister, when I see how many clues can be picked up on a little case like this it makes me anxious to know which of us will come out on top."—*Con.*

## Preserving one's Health.

Physician (to patient)—You should take two grains of quinine every hour or half hour.

Patient—Great Scott! doctor isn't that rather often?

Physician—No. Take it in a little whiskey.

Patient—All right. Two grains every—how often did you say?

Physician—Every hour or half hour.

Patient—All right, doctor. Two grains every half hour.—*New York Sun.*

## Two Kickers.

"Just my luck!" he groaned as he came down stairs.  
"Lost anything?"  
"Everything! I wanted Brown, on the third floor, to sign a note with me. When I got to the second landing I met a dog coming down."  
"And you raised your hat?"  
"Alas! No! I raised my foot."  
"It was Brown's dog?"  
"It was, and he was looking over the railing."  
"Why didn't you plead ignorance?"  
"I did, and so did Brown. Hanged if he didn't kick me three times and then pretend to find out who I was! Under the circumstances I couldn't ask him to sign, you see."—*X*

## A Child's Prayer.

A Texas lady said to her little daughter:  
"This is your grandfather's birthday, Mamie. You must pray that he will live to an old age."  
Mamie—"No, ma; he is old enough already. I'll just pray for him to grow younger instead of older."  
—*New York Telegram.*

Four brothers, who have been in business together ever since 1850 without keeping elaborate books or any accurate account of the money each has drawn from the enterprise, have filed a deed in San Joaquin county, Cal., providing that, as it is impossible to straighten out their affairs, their heirs shall never ask for an accounting, but divide the property equally.

## Afraid He Would Shoot Himself.

"Now that I have bought a pistol, wife, we need have no fear of burglars. Have you placed it in a convenient place?"

"Yes, I've locked it up in my empty trunk, and I've thrown away the key."

"What did you do that for?"  
"Because I was afraid you'd shoot yourself."—*Boston Courier.*

## The War Ended.

"Ye don't mean ter say that the rebellion is all crushed out, do you?" said a surprised old fellow from Wayback.

"Certainly."

"No fightin' nor nuthin' going on?"

"No."

"Well, I swan! I've been readin' the *Trybune* for a good many years, but I never saw nuthin' in it 'bout the war bein' over."—*Con.*

## DEAF.

How Peter Duffy Was Saved From Going Into the Army.

During the darker days of war, when its holiday features had given place to genuine blood and universal sorrow; when the dazzling uniforms had been dragged through the mud and dust of many campaigns, and the soil of the southern state had swallowed up the dear dust of brothers and sons, and when the roll of drums and the flash of swords no longer won new fruits to death's grim carnival, there came the draft, with all of the horrors, but none of the dearly-bought glory of volunteer service.

Peter Duffy, an Irish blacksmith with a young wife and large family of helpless little children, was among the first in southern Wisconsin to draw a sorrowful prize. He felt that he absolutely could not go. He tried every way to evade the call to certain death, but met with nothing but chagrin, ridicule and defeat.

One day Hon. James H. Earnest was speaking in the state senate, when a messenger came and told him that a man outside the senate chamber wished to see him. Owing to some misunderstanding, Mr. Duffy was ushered in the room. He had a good deal of hair, which he allowed to grow in wild profusion. He did not hold himself responsible in any way for that hair. His head looked like an old hair mattress that had been turned wrong side out by a cyclone and deserted by its friends. He became the cynosure of all eyes. The speech lost its interest and came to a close.

"Now, Peter," said Mr. Earnest, "what is the matter with you?"  
"Sinator, I'm kilt, I'm a cold corpse. Me wife is a widdy. They do have me drafted, Jim. There's only half a moile betwene me and paradise. I want you to see the President or Jiff Davis, or General Mick Lillian, or some of them byes and save me loife. If ye can't do it Jim I'm gone oop, and me wife is a weepin' widdy bound for the poor house beyant. Hilt me out, Sinator. Pass a bill making it a felony on the high saxe to draft an Irish oradan into this general massacre. Do that Jim and I'll pray for you all me loife, and the Lord knows you made it, too and I'll do all your blacksmithin' at half price."

Mr. Earnest thought all those things were impracticable.  
"Peter," said he, "you seem to be elected by an overwhelming majority and I'm afraid your resignation would not be accepted. Unless you fail to pass the medical examination you'll have to go, I guess."

Then Mr. Duffy thought of something.  
"Sinator, to tell the trooth, I can't hear very well meself. Whin I was an apprentice a red mool kicked the daylights out of me and impaired me listeners."

Mr. Earnest had never noticed this, but he really didn't want to see Duffy go and in the kindness of his heart he encouraged the idea a little. He even went over to see Dr. Hoyt at Camp Randall, and while they made some scientific experiments with lemons and sugar and spirits, he drew the conversation toward Mr. Duffy.

The next day Mr. Earnest told Peter to come down to the Park Hotel and visit him at his room. At the appointed hour Senator Earnest produced a list of questions and told Mr. Duffy that he would have to answer these satisfactorily. Patiently they set to work like a class of students who have secretly secured a list of queries prior to the day of examination. Every day after the legislative session had closed, Mr. Earnest would repair to his room in company with Mr. Duffy

and they would go through the rehearsal. Finally, the time for Duffy's examination came, and Senator Earnest had to go to Camp Randall to assist. A question would be propounded to Peter, and he would turn with great gravity and earnestness to Mr. Earnest, who sat by him, and ask:

"What do he say Jim?" Then Jim would bowl the question into Duffy's office. The examination went on first rate, only that Earnest nearly died trying to keep a straight face. Finally came the last test, which generally caught the impostor. Dr. Hoyt turned with great disgust to the examining surgeons and said:

"Gentlemen, we don't want this bump on a log. He can't hear anything. I think we had better leave the blankety-blank wooden-head at where his family could attend to him and see that he don't miss the resurrection."

This was said in a low tone of voice to catch the unwary Irishman, but slowly he turned to Senator Earnest and gravely inquired:

"What do he say, Jim?"

Then Earnest red in the face with suppressed emotion, bellowed into Duffy's best ear:  
"The—doctor—says—you—can't—hear—anything. He—thinks—you—had—better—stay—here—where—your—family—can—call—your—attention—to—the—resurrection!"  
—*Bill Nye, in New York Mercury.*

## The "Dude" Is Judicially Defined.

"Let me state to you first, Judge that I am a dude, and I am proud of it. You ought to use moderation in my case on that account. I plead guilty, but I think, sir, that the justice you dispense should be highly seasoned with mercy, for I am a dude and not entirely responsible."

The foregoing statement came Edward Pekins, whom the old sailor officer with ships and things done in blue on his wrist had just led up to the bar of the Yorkville police court yesterday morning, charged with larceny. He was a dude that had seen a good many hard winters, and had a suit of clothes that had evidently reposed in an ash barrel.

"Of course you know what a dude is, Judge," he continued.  
"I do," replied Justice Gorman, "but it don't bear a red nose, nor a week's growth of beard like you. A dude is a good suit of clothes, with nothing in them. You are not a dude and you are held."—*N. York World.*

## Good Advice from a Hummerist.

To young men Bob Burdette has this to say:

You take a basin of water, place your finger in it for twenty-five or thirty seconds, take it out and look at the hole that is left. The size of that hole represents about the impression advice makes on a young man's mind.

Don't depend too much on your family—the dead part, I mean. The world wants live men; it has no use for dead ones. Queen Victoria can trace her ancestors back in a direct line to William the Conqueror. If you cannot get further back than your father you are better off. Your father was a better man than old William; he had better clothes to wear, better food to eat, and was better housed.

If you are a diamond, be sure that you will be found. Check, brass or gall never gets ahead of merit.

If you are a young man who is straight forward. Ask for what you want. If you want to marry a rich man's daughter or borrow \$500 from him, ask him for it; it amounts to the same thing in the end. It is always better to astonish a man than to bore him.

Remember that in the morning of life come the hard working days.—Hard work never killed a man. It is fun, recreation, relaxation, holidays that kill. The fun that results in a head next morning so big that a tub could hardly cover it is what kills. Hard work never does.

You can't afford to do anything but what is good. You are on dress parade all the time.

Don't be afraid of pounding persistently at one thing. Don't be afraid of being called a one-idea man or a crank. If you are a one-idea man or a crank you are more than most men. It takes a smart man to be a crank.

## Kissed the wrong Katie.

A certain lady near here suspected that her husband was in the habit of

kissing the cook, a pretty girl, by the by and resolved so detect him in the act. After watching four days, she heard him come in one evening and gently pass through into the kitchen. Now, Katie was out that evening and the kitchen dark. Burning with jealousy, the wife took some matches in her hand, and placing her shawl over her head as Katie often did, she entered the kitchen by the back door, and was almost immediately seized and embraced and kissed in the most ardent manner.

With her heart almost bursting with rage and jealousy the injured wife prepared to administer a terrible rebuke to her faithless spouse. Tearing herself loose from his embraces, she struck a match and stood face to face with Katie's bean, one of the neighbor boys. Her husband says his wife has never treated him so well since the month they were married as she has for the past week.—*Danbury Post.*

## Bad Penmanship.

In spite of theory of a bad penman who wrote a sprawling hand (was it not the first Napoleon?) that the poorer a man's handwriting is the more character it has the majority of letter-writers, authors, scholars and journalists are envious of the clerk and copyist with their art for writing a clear and beautiful hand. As a nation, we have sadly degenerated in the art of using the pen. Comparing the beautiful and uniform handwriting of the last century with the skim-along spider-track rail-fence style of the present day, one almost regrets the fact that the goosequill has gone out of fashion and a stiff and awkward writing implement been substituted in its stead.

A fortune awaits the man who will invent a flexible writing-stick—not a gold pen tipped with platinum—of some noncorrosive material. It is so hard to break in a pen; and having worn down the points to suit your style, they are likely to snap or splutter before you have tossed off a dozen pages of manuscript. Then there is the annoyance of getting a fiber between the nibs, analogous to that of getting a bit of meat between the bicusps at the dinner table; and nine persons out of ten will wipe the pen frantically on the occupant to rid of the filament—and catch a hair! A new steel pen is as awkward as the phenomenally stiff collar, or a pair of new shoes; and, moreover, as the average penman is in a continual danger of "impaling himself on his own pothooks," perhaps the only relief is found in the type-writer, which seldom betrays one into a loose and slovenly style of handwriting.—*H. Van Santvoord in The Current.*

## The Girl at the Gate.

Heaven bless the girl at the front gate with peach bloom on her cheeks and love light in her eyes. Men would shut her out of our literature, but I am not one of them. The girl at the front gate can never grow old to those who have been there with her. Years may come and go, but the music of the low voice at the front gate will not be stilled and the memory of the cherry lips we kissed at the front gate will hold out faithfully to the end. What if the old gate does sag and its hinges rattle and its latch refuse to hold it shut? What if the posts are shaky and some of its pickets are gone? We love the dear old relic still. We love it for the sake of the girl who used to stand out there by it with roses on her cheeks and nectar on her lips. We held the gate and counted the stars and bade good-by and then counted the stars again. How many times of a night was good-by said?—How many times did lips meet o'er the old dear gate? The old gate knows but it will never tell. The old front gate may have counted the kisses, but I never did. And I am not sure that the girl with the peach bloom cheeks never did. And what of the girl with the peach bloom cheeks? Ah, me! She married another. She forgot her vows at the old front gate, as some girls will, and married a richer, and hand some man. And I? Well, I went

to another front gate, where there were other peach bloom cheeks, and other lips as sweet and just so many stars to count. And now I have a front gate of my own and a girl of my own with peach bloom cheeks, who counts the stars with the boy of the girl whose vows made with me at the first front gate were broken. But he is a true, good boy, and my girl is a good, true girl, and Heaven bless them both as they stand to-night at the old front gate.—*St. Louis Magazine.*

## Wild Horses of the West.

The wild horses of Wyoming and western Nebraska are compact little animals, weighing 800 to 1,100 pounds. The majority of them stand fourteen hands high. In color they are usually brown, sorrel or bay. A grey is seldom seen, unless it is a horse that has strayed away from civilization. Their tails grow long, frequently dragging the ground, but their manes are like those of other horses and not flowing to the knees as are represented in some books. The eye, probably from being constantly on the watch, is larger than the eyes of the domestic horse, and even when tame the eye remains a distinctive mark of the horse's origin. Wild horses, when captured or tamed, are superior to horses of the same size. Many of them are used by the cowboys, and others are broken to harness and driven as carriage horses, being entirely trustworthy.—*Scottish Agricultural Gazette.*

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

### BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.  
For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.  
MRS. LAURA BELL, PROPRIETRESS  
Good beds, polite and attentive servants, the best table the market affords, and good water. Neatest one of its special times. 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.

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

C. W. DUNN.

Another car-load of Stoves just received at F. Steggs