

THE DEMOCRAT.

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VOL. 2.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1886.

NO. 8.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE

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PERMITS FANCIES.

TO ANXIOUS MISS.

I hardly know how you may show Affection modestly. Your woman's heart Must know some art, Or while it seems to me, Tough question this, Most lovely Miss: And is I solve correctly, Can you be With subtle wife, And do it circum-spectly? If he is fond, And can't respond, Then, I fear of bashfulness, When next he's by Begin to sigh In counterfeit distress. A tear or two Must steal in view, You best must be leaving: Then presently You're sure to see Him nervous at your grieving— The old, old tale; I cannot fail, For tears and sighs will move him. You'll be at rest Upon his breast; He'll ask you if you love him— Say not a word— Be that inquired— Put in your eyes the answer! If a tear is, He wants a kiss, Insignificantly, "You can, sir!"

A Sleeping Car Incident.

(Scene—Sleeping Car. Hour—Midnight.)

"I beg pardon, sir, I believe you are in the wrong berth."

"You will excuse me, sir, but I know I am in the right berth."

"I am sorry to trouble you, sir, but I am positive I engaged the lower berth."

"There must be some misunderstanding, sir, for I engaged the lower berth."

"I want you to understand, sir, that I am a gentleman, and not in the habit of telling lies. That is my berth, sir."

"I wish you to also comprehend that I am a gentleman, and—"

Voice from across the aisle: "Well if you are both gentlemen, why in thunder don't yer shut up, turn in, and give the other gentlemen and ladies in the kear a shazer ter sleep!"—*Drake's Magazine.*

ABOUT EDUCATION—IV.

Responsible or Not.

While there is always some one upon whom rests the responsibility of the influence of every teacher, not both present and future influence—yet it is not always an easy thing, indeed, not always a possible thing to determine upon whom this responsibility rests.

The young man who could have done well for himself, but by following his own inclinations, failed to do so; and the young man who failed to do well for himself, but by reason of poverty was not able, will be a man in a measure, at least, not rise above the mediocre at all.

Sometimes the former remains below the mediocre, and sometimes descends far below simple obscurity.

This is not worse than we may be prepared to see in one who has not enough manhood in him to withstand his inclination to ease in his earlier days, and is dangerous bent toward pleasure. We may not be surprised to find him retrograding.

And, too, it is possible—does sometimes occur—that the latter is found far below what we would at first have expected of him. The boy who once wished good for himself and who had some pulsating desire for reaching out after that which is noble and true, may have these feelings so completely choked out by disappointments and neglect that he sinks down under the depression, and lives out a miserable existence which God has never designed for one of his creatures.

On a bright Sabbath morning, as I was hurrying along the street in answer to the welcome call of the melodious tones of the church bell, I saw one turning in from a back street to what seemed to be the place where he was accustomed to lodge at nights. His step was unsteady;

his face was dusky, his voice would have been hoarse had he spoke, and his eyes told too well the tale of how but a few hours before, he had been "threading dark-eyed night" from the house of revelry and the home of wretchedness.

And I asked myself if years before he had not been that young man who preferred to remain at home and enjoy ease and seek pleasure with his father's money which he could have used in acquiring an education which would have, on every Sabbath, given him the best seat in the house of God, a noble human respectability and the heaven's congregation of the righteous on earth?

Here was one of respectable parentage and capacity enough for a life immeasurably higher, living in "Abraham of darkness." With the education which it was once possible for him to obtain, he might have disciplined himself to ever remember the admonitions of his mother to "Look not upon wine when it is red." That admonition has been forgotten; and now, although his love for the wassail in the house of revelry will not let him realize it, there is a certainty that "Into danger he's been led."

While I did not question the fact that this victim of ill fortune must himself bear all the consequences of his recklessness, yet I wondered if all the responsibility of the causes of his course rested with him.

Do not parents and guardians sometimes see the boys whom they could have forced or influenced into the way of a higher life growing into fullage of manhood and into life's decline shadowed by a gloom that will perhaps become denser to the close of life. And I could not some of these boys have been educated to a higher life if the proper authority had been exercised over them relative to the education which could have been had for the seeking?

Do parents and guardians who leave this matter of obtaining an education entirely to the choice of their boys, realize how much they are hazarding by so doing?

Does not sometimes in these cases the voice of blood cry from the ground?

I stood near the prison house. Through pity for the inmates, I was irresistibly drawn nearer. There stood one on the outside reading from the Bible, and the careworn prisoner within was peering out through the bars with anxious, saddened look, seeming to say in his very resignation; "Oh, if I could have learned of higher things in the days of my youth!" As I watched and listened, the question came to me whether or not these into whose care his early training was committed had done all they could towards developing in him the higher and better part of his nature.

Perhaps not many find themselves in the prison house through neglect on the part of those who ought to have guided them better. But many a young man finds himself far behind in the race, who if his parent or guardian had forced him to do what he did not wish to do or had given him a little encouragement when the great decision of life was about to be made, would have been a peer among the leaders of thought and enterprise of his community.

Sometimes where the boy shows unmistakably that he desires to be educated, the aspiration is choked out by the persuasion that the sacrifice is too great.

A boy thus treated ought to rise up in rebellion in his own mind when he becomes a man, he ought to override such persuasions by dint of his own perseverance and energy in rising to that station among men of knowledge which it is possible for him to reach if he will try. And it is to be feared that far too many parents excuse themselves for not doing what they might for their boys and say that if there is much such as is in the boy's disposition he will reach these things when he becomes a man.

Do not the poets words, "Ye knew your duty but did it not,"

apply too often to parents who let their boys follow their own inclination? And can those feeble who see their boys forever in bonds of ignorance and the depths of "lowest life" for the wants of some encouragement which could early have been given?

But yesterday I heard a son of toil say that he could not read a word. And he said he did not blame his father for not educating him. I know not whether his father still lives or not; but if he does, and should ever realize how many and how great are the inconveniences of his son in consequence of his lack of an education, surely he would reproach himself.

This is only one of the thousands of such unfortunate in our land. To be sure, some of the uneducated men in the country have no one but themselves to reproach for their ignorance.

I know a few men whose fathers did all in their power to persuade their boys to remain at school. And I know that those very boys who are now men grappling with disadvantages which they would never have met had they followed the persuasions of their fathers. And I know now that these very parents regret now that they did not force their boys to do what they wished them to do.

However, I believe that the majority of cases where we see active, energetic, earnest men held down below their true spheres, by reason of ignorance, are living monuments of parental indifference; and that in one way or another the causes of their ignorance and obscurity may be traced to where the weight of responsibility will rest with parents. Every parent is called upon to do the very best he possibly can in educating his children. It is but home training, let them be educated if possible. Do not the wise man's words, "train up a child in the way he should go," enjoin intellectual as well as moral excellence?

E. E. HILLIARD.

A MERMAID STORY.

"About mermaids" said the old sea Captain as he sat upon the capstan of a Palmyra store and surveyed the landlubber, with a look of pitiful condescension: "Way I've seen the most wonderful things in that line. One beautiful moonlight night we were well off the Formosa Group, in the China sea I was roused from my watch below by the mate singing out 'Mermaids aboard,' and going on deck I found about a dozen of the largest mermaids I have ever seen flopping about the deck, two of them had got all the sailors in a corner and were kissing them. The mate had taken to the rigging. After having made your selves at home ladies says I, and you bet your bawlers they did, they quit flopping about the deck and all got on the rail side by side, holding their tails in their hands, and commenced singing, talking about your operas, they cannot be compared to the songs of these mermaids. They took several turns in the Reel, White and Blue, slewed to port on 'A Life on the Ocean Wave,' and scudded before the wind on the 'Sweet bye and bye' in beautiful style, about four bells in the mid watch they bid us good bye, after refusing refreshments, dropped over the side and disappeared. About three days after that we were becalmed, not a breath of wind, and whistling for it did no good, I was madder than a stuck whale as I wanted to make a quick passage home. Hearing a commotion in the water I looked out and saw a dozen of them all in a row, they were all in a line and we whistled you into a wind. We threw them a line, when they all got in their teeth, about fifty of them and towed in right along until we struck a wind. I was so obliged to them that I went down in the cargo and brought them out a lot of bucking brushes, blacking, combs, hair brushes, looking glasses, and clocks, which I threw to them, they

thanked me and disappeared. "Did you ever see them again?" asked Mot Srawde, one of the land lubbers, 'yes' says I, about a week after that we were becalmed again, I was wishing I could see the mermaids when looking over the side, I saw them all close alongside making their morning uniform in their glasses. They had all their clocks slung around their necks with a piece of sea grass. "Hey!" says I, "how in a breeze will you," when they all pulled their clocks around in front of them and looking at them said, "Excuse us captain but we see it is just time to keep an appointment below, and wish my twilights if they didn't all disappear."

DON ARTURO, NIMROD, THE FIRST.

The earliest hunter of whom we have any accurate knowledge figures in history as Nimrod. When Nimrod was quite a small boy, wearing knee pants buttoned to his jacket, his grandfather, Ham, perceived in him signs of great activity, which activity in after years when Nimrod was grown and began to tramp around caused the old man much trouble, for Nimrod left him and went out far away from home on the frontier and there gave himself up to hunting, building towns, and other outdoor sports.

Nimrod was strictly temperate. He did not use tobacco in any way. When he died there was no family physician with the temerity to attribute his early death to the effects of the "evil weed" and there was no temperance lecturer, and no prohibitionist to stand up boldly and eloquently say that drinking and keeping late hours hastened the end of his earthly career. If he ever had the delirium tremens his friends kept the matter secret. No one was left to tell his successors that he was a disobedient boy and his morality has stood for several years unchallenged. We are told of no revenue officers, of no temperance society, no prohibition and no anti-baconist therefor I infer that his death was all right and not very characteristic.

But I have digressed. The scenes of Nimrod's childhood were dear, very dear to his heart. And frequently, when his hair had become silvered, he could be seen silently shedding tears and then he was thinking of Sunday P. M.'s long ago when he was a little barefooted boy living with his old grand parent, Ham. For then on the summer Sunday after noon, Ham would cut his old spotted hound and his two pointer pups and then catch hold of little Nim's hand and go down to the pasture. And there Ham would perch himself upon the fence and watch his grandson hunt rabbits. Nim was a good rabbit hunter when he was even a boy and one gifted with fair insight into the future would have seen in the young rabbit hunter the germ of the great, wide world renowned hunter that we know Nimrod was. Ham sitting on the fence took great delight in hearing the exultations of Nim whenever old Spot would jump the hare, and as the chase progressed he would see Nim cast aside his hat and leap ditches bareheaded with his autumn locks ruffled by the breeze follow the hound ahead of the pointers. Old Ham told his neighbors of Nim's fondness for the chase and Nim before he was fourteen years old was known all over the county as a sportsman. Ham made for the boy bean-shooters and crossbows. He was afraid to trust him with his rifle and his breech loading gun. He seemed to think Nim too careless to be trusted with firearms so the boy had to be satisfied with light arms.

But when Nimrod became twenty one he put aside his boyish arms and chased the untamed animals of several states. His forte was hunting and he was highly respected; he belonged to one of the best families in Assyria. I do not think Mr. Nimrod hunted with fire much, because among the ruins of his old home we find no coon skins, no other hides, and no "possum bones," but there is every evidence that he

was a daylight hunter for we find that his hat racks were buck horns, his shoes buffalo hide, his pants deer skin and his overcoat was the hide of a grizzly bear. He was a terror to wolves, and his settlers, shepherd dogs, grey hound and pugs sold at the highest price in the markets, I must close. For a more extensive view of the life of this great hero, see Webster's Unabridged and Fox's Book of Martyrs. Nimrod's children were very neglectful, for they did not even raise a monument to his memory. They even squandered his property and had the family name changed, for what reason I have not been able to discover. I have been incited to the writing of this brief sketch of a once illustrious person, by no selfish motives. No hope of pecuniary reward rankles in my bosom. I hope his friends will pardon it. They have appeared to wish his name buried in oblivion and though it requires much courage and self-denial I have decided to use my humble influence in his behalf. My friends have often remarked about my love of justice. I do not mean to flatter myself in any marked degree. "Justice argues me to give historic characters their right places and to bestow upon them due honor. Therefore have I written.

Respectfully,
WILLIAM THURSDAY.
BILLY NIM'S BUDGET.

Probably few people have been more successful in the discovering line than Christopher Columbus. Living as he did in a day when a great many things were in an undiscovered state, the horizon was filled with golden opportunities for a man possessed of Mr. C.'s pluck and ambition. His life at first was filled with rebuffs and disappointments, but at last he grew to be a man of importance in his own profession, and people who wanted any thing discovered would always bring it to him rather than take it elsewhere.

And yet the life of Columbus was a stormy one. Though he discovered a continent wherein a millionaire attracts no attention, he himself was very poor. Though he rescued from barbarism a broad and beautiful land in whose metropolis the theft of less than half a million of dollars is regarded as petit larceny, Christ himself often went to bed hungry. Is it not singular that the gray-eyed and gentle Columbus should have added a hemisphere to the history of our globe, a hemisphere, too, where pie is a common thing, not only on Sunday but throughout the week, and yet that he should have gone down to his grave pieless?

Such is the history of progress in all ages and in all lines of thought and investigation. Such is the meager reward of the pioneers in new fields of action. I presume that America to-day has a larger pie area than any other land in which the Cockney English is spoken. Right here, where millions of native born Americans dwell, many of whom are sabbards of the fact that they were born here, and which shame is entirely mutual between the Goddess of Liberty and themselves, we have a style of pie that no other land can boast of.

From the black and acid dried apple pie of Maine to the irrigated mince pie of the blue Pacific, all along down the long line of igneous volcanic and stratified pie, America, the land of the freedom bird with the high instep to his nose, leads the world.

Other lands may point with unadmitted pride to their polygamy and their Cholera, but we reach not. Our polygamy here is still in its infancy, and our leprosy has had the disadvantage of a cold, backward spring; but look at our pie.

Throughout a long and disastrous war—sometimes referred to as a fratricidal war—during which this fair land was drenched in blood, and also during which a forward war numerous frightful blunders were made, which are fast coming to the surface—through the courtesy of participants in said war who have patiently waited for those who blundered to

die off, and now admit that said participants who are dead did blunder exceedingly throughout all this long and deadly struggle for the supremacy of liberty and right—as I was about to say when my mind began to wobble, the American pie has shown forth resplendent in the full glare of a noon day sun, or beneath the pale green of the electric light, and she stands forth proudly to-day with her undying loyalty to dyspepsia untrammeled, and her deep and deadly gastric antipathy still fiercely burning in her breast.

That is the proud history of America—be Powers, principalities, kingdoms and hand made dynasties may crumble, tyranny may totter on its throne, but the American pie does not totter. Not a tot. No foreign threat has ever been able to make our common chicken-soup quail. I do not say this because it is smart; I simply say it to fill up.

But would it not do Columbus good to come among us today and look over our free institutions? Would it not please him to ride over this continent, which has been rescued by his promise of mind from the thralldom of barbarism and forked over to the genial and refining influences of prohibition and pie.

America fills no mean niche in the history of nations, and if you listen carefully for a few moments you will hear some American, with his mouth full of pie, make that remark. The American is always frank and perfectly free to state that no other country can approach this one. We allow no two-for-a-quarter monarchy to excel us in the size of our failures, or in cash and self poised deliberation with which we erect a monument to the glory of a worthy citizen who is dead, and therefore politically asleep.

The careful student of the career of Columbus will find much in these lines that he has not yet seen. He will realize, when he comes to read this little sketch, the pains, the trouble and the research necessary before such an article on the life and work of Columbus could be written, and he will thank me for it; but it is not for that that I have done it.

It is a pleasure for me to hunt up and arrange historical and biographical items in pleasing form for the student and savant. I am only too glad to please and gratify the student and the savant. I was that way myself once and I know how to sympathize with them.

P. S. I neglected to state that Columbus was a married man. Still he did not warmer or repine.—CON

THE COW PEA AS A FODDER CROP.—The cow pea is one of the most valuable fodder plants for the South. We have seen a crop of peas which yielded four tons to the acre of most excellent fodder, and it left the ground in the best condition for sowing wheat. Another farmer sowed peas among his corn, at the last plowing, covered them with the plow, and we should estimate the yield on the ground, of both crops, at a ton and a half of corn equal to thirty-five or forty bushels to the acre, and a large quantity of pea straw, which make's good feed. The common opinion that the South is not a stock country, is entirely unfounded. With the long growing season, the really rich, but badly managed soil, and the great variety of fodder crops and feeding stuffs, it is not at all exaggerating the matter to say, that beef cattle can be reared to one thousand pounds weight in 3 years, at a cost of about one cent per pound net weight, and in addition, there is a large quantity of mature left, which is really invaluable to the Southern farmer.—*American Agriculturist.*

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Will cure Cough, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, and all other ailments of the Throat and Lungs. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold everywhere.

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