

THE DEMOCRAT.

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NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning.
Every morning is a world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sighing
Here is a beautiful hope for you.
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tears are dried and the tears are
shed.

Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
Yesterday's wounds which smarted
and bled,
Are healed with the healing which
might has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a scroll which God holds
tight.

With glad days and sad days and bad
days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom
and their light.

Their influence of sunshine or sorrow
is left.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve
them,
Grieve not and do not lament;
God in his mercy never forgives them
Only the good days are our own.
Today is ours, and today alone.

Here we smile all burnish brightly,
He rears the spirit earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the
morn.

In the charism of dew and the mist of
dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning:
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of sorrow and other sinning,
And puzzles, fore-cast and possible
pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin
again.

— Susan Goddaly.

THAT OVERWORKED "I."

Curiosities of the Heavy Strain on This Much Used Pronoun.

A recent number of the *London Queen* contains an article on "The First Person Singular." The writer asserts, and without doubt the assertion is well grounded, that the letter "I" is the boundary of the whole world of sensation and the mirror wherein are reflected all outside phenomena. We live and think and understand by its realization, and through its power of absorption we are in the "I" of others. It is the Alpha and Omega of all speculation—the sunbeams of light in the midst of universal darkness. In its nature is focused and all life is presented. * * * "What the 'I' does not know has no existence for man." "What the eye does not see the heart does not create" and "What the 'I' does not know the hand cannot accept" are truisms. That which some organisms feel and believe are non-existent for others. A person who has always been blind can have no perception of color, a deaf person no idea of harmony. This is the metaphysical aspect of "I." The "I" of everyday life is in some persons the most objectionable sign, just ever set up to the highway of life. It meets one at every turn, and seems to obstruct the way to every other domain. What I think and what I do—where I have been and what I have seen, is the strong on which is sounded the everlasting monochord of egotism; and it never occurs to these self-contained narcissists that others may weary of the sameness of their tune.

Nor do they think that anyone has known aught of which they themselves have been ignorant until now. They discover things which have been public property for centuries, even to facts of Greek and Roman history. If they go over to Paris for the first time they discover Paris, and give their neighbors who have lived there for some years the benefit of their experiences in the cafes, and news of the conduct of the crowds in the streets, and the queered at the doors of the theaters. If they take up a new study they instruct the expert—if they have adopted a new fad they convert the hierophants—or it may be set forth as incontrovertible the superficial reasons why such and such a fact should be accepted to one who has gone down to the roots and rejected after profound examination. These intellectual egotists never discriminate. Their "I" dominates their judgment, and what they hear and learn, if it strikes their fancy, they hold fast to, sure that their great expensive "I" cannot be deceived, and they have no need of caution. The ranks of the superstitious are recruited from those of the intellectual egotists, and the people who accept as gospel every folly about are those who are so sure of themselves that they take no precautions against

blundering. To be sure, among the swiftest of quacking ducks are the absolute simple and non-egotistical. But their fault is folly, not presumption—want of proper self-assertion—not too much arrogance.

The writer continues: People who live in their own "I" are prone to consider themselves slighted, now or later to accept as supreme honor the commonest courtesies and the smallest civilities. Everything unusual they take as something done in their honor, and things which have no kind of reference to themselves they accept as their deserved homage. This had an illustration of a sort when Cato the younger took the demonstration of respect and greeting made by the Amphibians as witnesses to the wisdom of his policy. It was an example of the flag. This—what we should call self-deception—was waiting for De Witt, Pompey's freedom, or Cato's own time looking in their eyes. We say this was an illustration in a sort, for Cato the younger was by training an egotist, and the mistake was not unusual. And, telling of ancient matters, it was Pompey's father who first gave that useful advice against egotism in speech, bidding his famous son always say "we went," "we saw," "we did," even when his colleague should chide to be absent, and never to push forward that obtusely "I," which some people seem to think the note of admiration of the universe.

"I" has also become a universal form of locution. Young girls who travel are prone to disdain the modesty of the collective pronoun "we," and from their conversation it might be gleaned that they spend their lives in going about the world alone and unattended, it is not a nice form of speech, but it belongs to the intense individualism of the time. Self-assertion is the fashion, but it will pass away if we wait in patience. This self-sustained worship of the "I" has received many a hard knock from poet and philosopher, yet it still survives. "Sic volo, sic juro," stands as a kind of monumental warning to the way of arrogant speech; and "I am, Sir Oracle, and would I were not," ever yet saw the man who did not posture to much and speak to little," the old French humorous philosopher goes on to say, and his sarcasm, combined with all in it, those who worship their own "I," and believe in themselves rather than in volume, by which we mean a reasonable knowledge.—Ex.

"Bill Nye" Has a Cow for Sale.

"Owing to ill health," says Bill Nye, "I will sell at my residence in town 29, range 18, west, according to government survey, one crushed raspberry colored cow, aged 6 years. She is a cow of unlauded courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present, by means of a trace chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one fourth short horn and three-fourths heysen. Purchaser need not be identified. I will also throw in a double barreled shotgun which goes with her. In May she generally goes away somewhere for a week or two, and returns with a tall red calf, with long waddly legs. Her name is Rose, and I would prefer to sell her to a non-resident.—Ex.

FOREST DESTROYERS OF AUSTRALIA.

The crop destroying rabbit appears to be not the only animal plague in Australia. The decay of the forests is traced by Rev. P. Macpherson of the Royal Society of New South Wales, to the opossums. After much investigation it was ascertained that a single animal would devour about 200 leaves of the Eucalyptus, or blue gum tree, in a night; proving that the 18,000 opossums killed annually in the colony of Victoria were sufficient to destroy upward of 13,000 trees and lay bare a space of 700 acres, or more than a square mile.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

A Terrible Panther.

For the past two weeks the inhabitants of the secluded village of Humphrey, near O'Leary, have been terror-stricken by the almost nightly visits of a huge panther. The hamlet is situated in a valley almost completely surrounded by mountains covered with dense forests. A large number of sheep, logs and calves have been destroyed by the panther, and several persons narrowly escaped with their lives. A farmer named Whitney was imprisoned in a small outbuilding one night and nearly frozen. The panther stood guard at the door while devouring a sheep. Whitney's family heard his cries for assistance, but dared not venture out of the house. A church congregation which had assembled at the schoolhouse, one evening last week, was imprisoned for three hours by the panther. All the male inhabitants packed up courage last Tuesday and armed with ancient shotguns, rusty rifles and various other weapons, and led by a monger pack of dogs, they hunted the panther. The dogs discovered the beast in a ravine in the dense woods, three miles from the village. He took refuge in a tall hemlock, but not before he had killed two of the most courageous curs. Then from a safe distance a volley of market balls and buckshot was fired into the tree where the animal was partly hidden from sight. Some of the balls took effect and with a scream of pain the

Lost a Fortune.

Some one once told John Jacob Astor about the largest sum of money he ever made at any one time in his life. He said in reply: "The largest sum I ever missed making was in reference to the purchase of Louisiana by contract with DeWitt Clinton, Gouverneur Morris and others. We intended to purchase all of that province of Emperor Napoleon and then sell it to President Jefferson at the same price, merely retaining the public domain, charging two and one half per cent. commission on the purchase." It fell through, however, for some trifling cause or other. Had that succeeded, Mr. Astor estimated that he should have made \$30,000,000.—*Dry Goods Chronicle*.

YOUNG MR. VEST WON THE JACK POT.

Years ago Senator Vest, when a young man, occasionally indulged in the fascinating game called draw poker, a game which we know is thoroughly understood in all its details in Clinton County, Mo., more especially Lathrop. Well, once on a time Vest had tried a case in a little county seat, and received a large fee for clearing his name. So much money in the hands of the young lawyer was as tempting to the denizens as a cool watermelon to a hungry negro. The result was, a game of poker was gotten up. The boys intended to fleece Vest, and of course stacked the cards. They had no place to play in but a little shed that had no door but some fresh dry wheat straw. It was a five-handed game, and a dry goods box served as a table. It happened to be a jack pot, and Vest opened it on three queens. The cards being fixed, the other fellows had better hands, and of course raised before the draw. Vest stood the raise and drew two cards. As luck would have it, he got the other queen. The betting commenced and grew exceedingly warm. They would raise the young lawyer and he would see them and go a little better. An outsider, who stood in with the gang, looked over Vest's shoulder and saw what a formidable hand he had. He held up four fingers, shook his head, and another was tried to warn his friends. But to no purpose. He saw that Vest would break the crowd, so he lit a match and set the straw floor on fire and told them to run for dear life. That cool head which serves him so well now, and which never lets him become rattled, did not desert him then. With one hand he reared in the middle, with the other he exhibited his lovely queens, and as he went out of the door, with his coat tail on fire, he said:

"Let her burn the pot is mine."
—From the *Lathrop Monitor*.

ASTROLOGY AND PHOTOGRAPHY.

Can you wonder if astronomers should already boldly ascertain the thought of making a complete survey of the heavens by means of photographs. Admiral Mouchez has shown that in the course of ten years fully 15,000,000 of stars might be made to record their exact position and true relative brightness in a series of large photographic charts! Nothing do any man since astronomy was a science can be compared with such a work as this, which yet may be well accomplished in a few years. But even all this, wonderful as it is, seems less impressive than what has been done and what astronomers are even now planning to do, in applying the photographic eye of science to analyzing the structure of remote suns. Already they make the wave of light from many of the leading stars record their story on the tiny shore of photographic film, after journeying millions of millions of miles through space. But now a complete survey is to be made in this way. A giant eye so constructed that not only will it gather, but it will split the light from multitudes of stars, it will be directed in succession toward different parts of the heavens. For an hour at each view will this monstrous eye, more wonderful by far than the mytho-saurian eye with which we began, gaze analytically on many hundreds of stars, at once leaving on record at the close of its survey the photographic spectra of all those stars, by which the elements present in them, may the very condition in which these elements exist, will be written down in letters and words which (for the astronomer) are there is no mistaking. Truly a wonderful era of astronomical research is now beginning. Probably the next half century will reveal to us about the millions of millions of tenants of interstellar space than all the years which have elapsed since Hipparchus, noticing a new star, was led to form the first of all known star catalogues.—From the *Cornhill Magazine*.

DEMOCRATIC SENTIMENT IN INDIANA.

Although it is some time until the Presidential campaign, there can be no harm in canvassing the fitness of men to head the national Democratic ticket in 1888. At that time the man for whom the support of the rank and file of the Democracy of the United States is asked must be a Democrat, not a Mugwump-Democrat nor a Lemercat-Mugwump, but a Democrat in the full sense of the term. If some of the mossback proclivities and ideas cling to him, so much the better. He must have the backbone to ignore the Mugwump element and let it go to the devil—where it belongs. No good has ever come to anybody except Republicans by a Democratic chieftain training in a Mugwump camp. We've had enough of that sort of thing. There must be a man to whom the laborers of the country are not averse; one to whom labor can turn with every assurance that its claims will be heard and respected. These elements are a necessity in the leadership of '88. Nothing short of this will suffice. No half-way business will do. From present appearances the man who can fill the entire bill to the satisfaction of all concerned is David B. Hill, Governor of New York. In him Democracy with the

AN HONEST FARMER.

How He Managed to Sell a Lot of Poor Wood at a Good Figure.

A woman was standing with her arms resting on the front gate when a spirit of old fellow wearing a conventional suit and a top hat, and carrying an enormous ox whip came along and asked:

"Have you seen anything of a little boy street roundly?"

"No."

"He's with a white shirt in his forehead."

"No."

"Scatter him up with the left hand foot, but pretty peart taken aback."

"I tell you no," the woman snapped.

"Fetch er load of wood in this mornin' an' old Derb the's the best name—got out in the wagon and an' 'd'ance' his't. It's the steel I bought from Pen Herd n' has fall—lean Pen. Yer know him, I reckon?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, rest easy erout it for it ain't your fault, koss! Bin gins acquainted with mighty nigh ever' woman he ken. I don't know whar he got the steer, but that ain't none av my business. Ah! seed none av my yet?"

"I tell you no!" the woman almost screamed.

"I don't know but he would er come this way, fur that ain't no telling whar he'll go when he gits a chance. Went over to old Jim McLaughlin's place one day an' fell in the well. Don't know old Jim do yer?"

"No, I don't, and more than that, I don't want to know him, no you, either. Go av away from here!"

"O, yer ougher talk thister way erout old Jim. Wh's he's the man that diskered the personum gu'din'. Ain't seed nuthin' av the steer, yer say?"

"If you don't go on away from here I'll call a policeman."

"O, don't put yer self ter no trouble on my account, I may be hoary looking, but I ain't no fool. I married the puttiest woman in all our neighborhood, an' when I have home I alius tells my wife that I find a puttiest woman than she is, that—well, I n'v' expected ter see one, whar that's all, but I have, Madam!" taking off his yellow slouch hat and making a bow "you air that lady."

"O, what an old fool you are!" the woman laughingly replied.

"Yes, madam, I am er fool; er fool erout b'anty, but not erout nuthin' else. Some men air er-ferred ter tell er woman that she's putty, but I ain't. That never wuz nuthin' erwardly erout me. Ter tell yer the truth, I ain't lost no steer, but when I seed yer I had ter trump up some sort av er yare. I've got er cord av er half av wood round here on er wagon that I'm goin' ter sell, but ferse I've been fall'n' ter yer I've forgot all erout the wood. Yer'll ev' er excuse me fur talkin' ter yer so, fur I am an old man whar yer air young ermaf ter be my daughter. Yer'll pardon me, won't yer?"

"O, cert'ly. What do you ask for your wood?"

"Yo may have the cord av'er half fur five dollars."

"All right," the delighted woman replied. "Bring it around here and throw it over the fence."

He drove around, threw over a quarter of a cord of green pine poles, collected the five dollars, bowed to the woman and went away.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT MARKET.

A Procession of Buyers, Who are on the Lookout for Bargains.

On Saturday nights the pressure is terrible. About 8 o'clock the procession of buyers commences, composed entirely of people who must have things cheap and who will not buy unless assured by cheapness. On such occasions the objects on the sidewalk are largely reinforced. The stoemakers spread before their eyes large assortments of artificial flowers and also those counterclock compounds which the Boston girls musically term gums. These are at diverse rates, some 35 cents, some 55, some 99. The dealer knows the fascination upon the large level 99 cents" says upon his customers. It seems to say that the living price

THE GOLD LOU IN THE SEA BY WRECK.

The memory of the vessel *Centurion* is still fresh in the minds of the crew of the *Pyralis* of passage on the night of Oct. 2, 1879. At first she was reported to have had six hundred gold pieces at it, but this was soon corrected. This was afterward found to be a mistake, and the gold was found to be worth only \$100,000. The vessel was wrecked on the coast of South America. The vessel was a *Centurion*, and she was a *Pyralis*. The vessel was a *Centurion*, and she was a *Pyralis*.

A GIRL, A DOG AND AN ALLIGATOR.

One sultry summer afternoon a young daughter of an aristocratic southerner, in the lower part of Alabama, took a towel and soap and went to a cool and shady spot, formed by a creek which emptied into the Alabama river. After she had sported in the water for half an hour or more, she had robed herself and crawled to a hammock; swimming daintily above the water, a few inches and fell asleep. Presently a large Newfound dog stepped out from the bushes, snatched at his mistress's wig, wagged his tail in pleasure, and laid down at the foot of the tree. In half an hour a splashing was heard in the creek farther off, and presently huge waves broke the coast, and the waters disturbed and rolling, made a noise that caught the dog's attention. A second or two later the ugly nose of an alligator appeared above the water a few feet off from the foot of the sleeping girl. The hungry beast saw the tempting morsel, and his greedy eyes sparkled in anticipation of his share; least with his mouth open, teeth gleaming, and eyes afe in anticipation. The faithful dog saw the peril of his mistress, and with one wild bark that awakened the quiet echoes of the woods, leaped himself full at the open mouth of the alligator. The dog's warning caused the girl to jerk up her foot, but the dog and alligator met in a death struggle. They ceased as they met, and the girl was drawn from the hammock to the bank, but the gallant dog went for that gator, and having a good hold on him he didn't care to turn loose. They were first in the water, then on the bank, the struggle went on while the girl's screams soon brought her assistance. The gator was finally killed, and measured seven and a half feet in length. The girl says she loves to swim, but never goes in a larger pool now than can get in a tub, and the water is strained before it goes there.—*American Ga. Record*.

ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.

First William the Norman,
Then William his son,
Henry, Stephen and Henry,
Then Richard and John,
Next Henry the Third,
Edward the first, second and third;
And after, after Richard,
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
I mightily guess;
Two Henrys, Satchel Level,
Queen Mary, Queen Boiss,
Then Jamie the Scotoman,
Then Charles whom they slew,
Yet received after Cromwell
Another Charles too.
Next James the Second
Aceded the throne;
Then God William and Mary
Together came on.
Bill, Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all past,
God sent Queen Victoria,
May she long be the best.—*Continuation*.

Wife (4 a m.)—I 8 o'clock think you would be ashamed to hear the crows crow on your way home.

Her husband—"I went 't'bed (sic) five o'clock, I'd erow too, that's kind of rooster I am.—*Peck*.