

# THE DEMOCRAT.

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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. FRIDAY MARCH 25, 1887.

NO 20.

### TOWN GOVERNMENT.

DR. N. P. BODDIE, Mayor.  
Noah Blyess, J.  
G. S. White, J.  
J. H. Allbrook, Commissioners.  
W. H. Smith, Jr., J.  
J. L. Dunbar, Chief of Police.

### METHODIST CHURCH.

1st Sunday, William's Chapel 11 a. m.  
2nd " " Palmyra 7 1/2 p. m.  
3rd " " Scotland Neck 11 a. m.  
4th " " Palmyra 7 1/2 p. m.  
5th " " Palmyra 11 a. m.  
6th " " Scotland Neck 7 1/2 p. m.  
7th " " Palmyra 11 a. m.  
8th " " Scotland Neck 7 1/2 p. m.  
T. P. BONNER, P. C.

### HELD BY DEMOCRATIC INFLUENCE

#### Republicans Who Are Kept in Office by Democratic Congressmen.

To the Editor of the Star—Sir: For the last eighteen months we have heard from Congressmen and read in Democratic newspapers denunciations of President Cleveland for his lack of activity in making removals of Republican officeholders, and yet we have to hear of any denunciation of Democratic Congressmen who use their influence to retain Republican officeholders. It is well known in this city that any attempt to remove a Republican from office is offset by suggestions of Democratic Congressmen to have the Republican retained. Editors of Democratic papers know this, unless they are misled by their Washington correspondents, and if they know of this they are to blame for not denouncing Congressmen for doing that which they denounce President Cleveland for. Of course it appears to me that President Cleveland is the best to blame. His reason for not carrying on a wholesale slaughter is that such a course would work an injury to the public service, inasmuch that he would be forced to replace experienced with inexperienced persons, and that it is about time to teach that a change of administration means something better than a mere scramble for offices. Not a bad reason, considered in the abstract.

But what reasons do our Democratic Congressmen give for retaining Republican officeholders in office, and the Republicans for whom they are working need to shoot marbles or play base ball with Democrats together? President Cleveland said in his inaugural address that "public office is a public trust."

What is the matter with Democratic Congressmen is not that a Democratic House and having been entrusted to the honor for whom we voted, what right have they to let us patronize upon such unwarranted and unjust grounds? It is a public trust. Do they believe, with Richard Hill, in the play, that we can feed the army and afterward fight him? Do they believe that personal feeling has more than party interest? Do they consent to President Cleveland for doing that which they are doing every day in this city. Do they believe that the mass of the Democratic party are so blind that they cannot see, in the jobbing independence of officeholders that they will accept as leaders those who betray the trust confided to them. Or are they misled by the notion that the masses of the Democratic party will always endorse a regular nomination, rather than vote the Republican ticket? Can they not see that the Republicans have furnished a noble ground for disaffected Democrats, for what other construction is the formation of the Labor party capable of?

It is a fact well known here that the more energetic the Democratic party demands help upon the Democratic press. If they will be bold in their denunciations of recent Congressmen as they are to Mr. Cleveland there will be less discontent among the masses of our party. If some Democrats would but secure copies of the application of Republicans with Democratic endorsements and publish the same, some members of the Fifth Congress would not be on the pay roll of the Fifty-first.

### RESPECTFULY YOURS,

#### PORTLAND.

Washington, March 13.  
The above is taken from the N. Y. Star. This letter would have been treason in our paper if it were not by us. It strikes Cleveland as vigorously as we ever struck him, and it says no more about Congressmen than we have said here and again. We indignantly denounce as undemocratic the retention of Republicans in office under a Democratic administration to the exclusion of honest, competent Democrats.

But if it is a sad truth as charged or alleged by the Cleveland supporters and charged by Leggils, Plummer and others in the Senate that there is not material of the right kind in the North nor South to replace the Republican officeholders, then we shall have more to report of in the future. We admit we read thought all this time that the Democratic party possessed qualifications, credits and status in the government to which a Republican administration was an error of judgment. We are now in favor of free nation for Democrats, exclusively until they get on a level with Republicans in education at least.

### FRIBBLES OF A CANDIDATE.

As your paper is altogether devoted to the legitimate interest of the tillers of the soil in suggesting and pointing out the best means of promoting prosperity and comfort of farmers' families, by improving and

beautifying their homes and farms, while in consideration of this, I, a farmer's daughter, have taken the liberty of stating the unfortunate condition of our family, and soliciting your advice. I am prompt to adopt this course by reason of the conviction reposing in my mind of the universal confidence in relation to your opinions entertained by the community wherever the "Home and Farm" circulates; consequently what you may express in response may perhaps be the very best I receive. My father from the commission of a second error, which is pending over him and his family, that may result more fatal than the first, which have most peculiarly ruined us.

This much in advance: I now approach the point. My father is a farmer, so were his ancestors. He is a man of indefatigable energy, and as long as his attention was directed to his farm success crowned all his efforts. He possesses a fair English education and enjoys an average share of common-sense. The family consists of three daughters and four sons. When we moved from Alabama to Texas we had money sufficient to pay for 320 acres of land. We were all trained to habits of industry and frugality; mother, aided by her daughters, made all the clothing requisite for the family, while father and my brothers opened the land and prepared it for a crop, but in busy times when the grass and weeds were likely to gain an advantage, I and my two sisters would take the hoe, and work late and early in connection with the others, until we had rendered them into submission. In the fall season all with the exception of mother assisted in picking out the cotton crop.

We sold what we had to spuds of chickens, butter and eggs, and the consequence was in a few years my father purchased and paid for three hundred and twenty additional acres of land, and built an elegant and comfortable frame house, embellishing and improving the surroundings. He had horses, oxen, cattle, hogs and sheep to sell every year, independent of the crop, and paid the money for everything he bought. We were truly in a happy and prosperous condition, if we could have appreciated it; for, at this period, we had no aspirations beyond a honest industry, morality and intelligence. We attended church regularly on Sabbath, and when crops were cleared, went to school, where each of us attained a common education. When we dressed, as was the custom with people in our circumstances, in plain, genteel calico, while my father and brothers wore good home-made clothes. We were indeed a happy and contented family, until some designing evil spirits crossed our threshold and fled my father's ambition by persuading him to become a candidate for a prominent county office.

As soon as he consented to become a candidate the feelings of his family underwent a great revolution; our domestic affairs were entirely changed; our ideas magnified the important social position in which his office would place his family; our former industry and frugality were exchanged for waste and carelessness. My father, set as if he were really in possession of his office; he calculated how much the office would annually be worth, and would say that as we had hitherto worked hard we would now ease off. Our house prior to the election was crowded from day to day with pretended friends; indeed, it resembled a free tavern, but they generally brought him the most flattering intelligence of the wonderful justice he was certain to have on the election day.

His friends would ask favors of him, which, if he had not been a candidate, he would without any ceremony have promptly denied. They borrowed his money, never intending to repay. He could not presume, at this season, to vote a debt. He lost time in attending different meetings and in electioneering; so that his farming interest was wholly neglected. From the favorable reports in respect to my father's popularity, brought by those who visited our house and ate our meat and bread, his ambition swelled and magnified out of all reasonable proportions, which feeling rapidly spread through the entire family, inasmuch that he hinted to us his next step of advancement might be a seat in Congress. This idea of preferment elevated our

views of coming grandeur to the same degree as his; hence an artificial change of manners and dress, pretensions and affections succeeded as a natural result. The election was to take place in November. The cold weather had already commenced. It had been usual for former times to have for my father's and brothers' Sunday wear coats and pantaloons of warm home-made jenns at this season of the year, and for mother and sisters-in-law, with fancy stripes of red, blue and white. This description appeared, since my father had come out a candidate, was cast aside, with supreme contempt, as only suitable for vulgar people. He and my brothers now wore broadcloth, and mother and daughters were arrayed in merino.

Finally the election day came. This was a day of great excitement to the whole family. My father was in high spirits, confident of his success; but on counting the polls he was defeated by a small number of votes. This was received as a death blow to all our fine prospects, yet my father did not succumb; he rose superior to the disaster, and applied himself to recovering what he had lost by retiring on his previous economy and perseverance, and requiring us to do the same. This took place four years ago, and we have nearly recovered the shock by resorting to our prior habits.

You will discover from the foregoing that, for the pleasure of father being a candidate, for four months, cost us four years more severe labor than we had ever performed. My father, I thought, was cured of being a candidate, as he is again asked to take the field, and for fear he might, I have given you facts and desire your opinion.

MARY FOUNTAINE,  
Calloway, Upshur County, Texas.

[You but give the experience of thousands of others who neglect their legitimate calling to chase the delusive honors and emoluments of politics. We have ourselves been through the mill and come out tolerably well satisfied. Now that we ever aspired to an office, but our "dear friends" were in the breach, and had to have help. Political honors in these days are of very doubtful worth, and obtained at the sacrifice of true manhood in a vast majority of cases. Like all other evils of the world, this can be met and conquered by a stern "Get thee behind me, Satan" resolve, and in no other way.—Ed. Home & Farm.]

### Prolific Author.

It is wonderful, says a writer in the Philadelphia Call, how much literary work can be done in an ordinary life-time. To convince you of this I will mention some of the prolific writers, ancient and modern, and give you a fair conception of their work. Thomas Miller, author of "Fair Rosamond" and "Lady Jane Grey," etc., wrote 100 volumes in twenty years. Theodore Hook produced thirty-eight books in sixteen years, and as he was an editor of a paper during that time and a contributor to the magazines he may well have been considered an indefatigable worker. Baxter was one of the most voluminous writers in the English language. The remark of one of his biographers that his works are sufficient to form a library of themselves, is scarcely an exaggeration. The catalogue of his works contains no fewer than 168 separate publications. Dr. Owen, as an industrious writer. He published 8 v. volumes in folio, twenty in quarto, and about thirty in octavo. He wrote too rapidly and his works lacked vigor.

Samuel Clark was an indefatigable worker. His splendid editions of "Caesar's Commentaries," his seventeen sermons, his twelve books of the "Eliad," etc., prove the fact. Among the prolific writers of religious literature of our country were Mr. Albert Barnes, Dr. Jacobus and others.

Fecundity is especially notable among writers of fiction. Scott and Dumas each wrote one hundred volumes, Dickens wrote 30, Thackeray 20, Bulwer 70, James 75, Cooper, 32, Irving 16, Mrs. Southworth, well, I'll not say anything about her until she's done writing em. Among playwriters Lope De Vega no doubtless carried off the cake. He was contemporary with Shakespeare and wrote 1500 dramas, 518 of which are still in print. Jacob Abbott,

author of the Rollo books, wrote more than 100 volumes for his juvenile series, and Oliver Optic has done nearly as well. Ah, the graybeard, remember the Rollo books, the Jonathan books, the Franconia stories of their childhood! Ah, out went a literary hack; he was an artist; vivid in his transcriptions of nature, and I think it is to be regretted that his children's books are not read with the avidity with which they were read almost a quarter of a century ago.

We read of ancient authors leaving behind them hundreds of volumes. The works of Epicurus amounted to 300 volumes; those of Chrysippus are said to have reached 700 volumes; Varro wrote 400. "Why, if this is so," I hear you say, "when the ancient writers were far more prolific than modern writers?" No, they were not. You must remember that in their day a mere essay or treatise was called a volume. "I never heard of those three writers," you say. Well, may be not. Of all they wrote very little has come down to our day, with the exception of Varro's "De Re Rustica," and the Herulian fragments of Epicurus.

In the time of Pliny the work of transcribing books was carried on upon a very large scale. He speaks of his friend Regulus getting a thousand copies transcribed of a book which he had written. The number of copies of the false Sibylline books which Augustus ordered to be burned amounted to 2,000. As I do not believe that any "manifold" process was then in vogue, each copy must have been transcribed for itself. This involved great labor, and yet you do not see it will be surprised when you hear how cheap they were in price. The first book of Martin's Epigrams (219 in number) in MS. and handsomely bound was sold for five denari (within a fraction of three shillings), and in cheaper binding for a shilling (one and eight pence). At that time the trade price of MSS. mainly depended on the number of sheets, the sixteen sheet of six leaves being commonly valued at two or two and a half soldi. Many old MSS. still contain the trade price as originally marked upon them.—Ex.

### MR. CLEVELAND AND THE SECOND TERM.

The President has at last reached the mood of reflection. The time has about come to set the machinery in motion for a renomination, and this is specially covered by him. To be a little retrospective, the outlook from the Presidential eye cannot be a roseate one. Let the mind travel in any direction and the conditions of two years ago have almost magically changed. In his own State of New York, instead of being the idol of his party he is antagonized by the present Governor of the State, who has leaped into popular favor and the Democratic eye, solely because in everything which applies to practical politics Governor Hill is the very antithesis of Grover Cleveland.

Let the eye go East a little to New England. In the late National Democratic Convention ex-Senator Bannum, to-day the most active of Democrats, was a laboring oar for Cleveland's success. In return he has received no recognition. On the contrary, he has been treated with contumely. In Maryland, Senator German was a power in Cleveland's interest. He, too, has tasted of the Lead Sea apple, and has been piloried as a spoils hunter, the inspiration coming from the very threshold of the White House.

In Louisiana, Senator Eastis, a man of resources politically and otherwise, seconded by Editor Burke, gave Mr. Cleveland the solid support of the delegation. In spite of this, all of the patronage of the Pelican State has been turned over to his enemies. The condition of affairs in the Democratic State of Indiana would hardly now exist had the administration given the Democracy a tub to its calves (the aid and cooperation it had been led to expect, and had the right to expect.

On the other hand, upon whom does the President rely for aid? The effeminate Mugwump will not count, for he will be on the curbless carried off the cake. He was contemporary with Shakespeare and wrote 1500 dramas, 518 of which are still in print. Jacob Abbott,

his servants so vehemently claim his renomination.

Again the question suggests itself. Why should Mr. Cleveland be renominated? A second term of the Presidential office is only given to a incumbent as a reward. The logic follows with the query: For what is the Democratic party under obligations to reward him? Has he increased the party strength? This might be answered "No" from the Democratic standpoint, and "Yes" from the standpoint of the Mugwump.

If he abandons the mugwump, their cry will be that he is not a true reformer. If he keeps them to his confidence, he drives away the Democrat who does not believe and cannot be made to believe the necessity for a political entangling alliance. It is a race between ambition and the record thus far made up. The divorce must soon come.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

"Let me put my name down first—I can't stay long." It was a blue ribbon necking, and the man was a locomotive engineer, bronzed and strong, and having eyes full of deep determination. He signed his name in a bold, plain hand tied a blue ribbon in his button-hole, and as he left the hall he said: "As the Lord looks down on me, I'll never touch liquor again."

"Have you been a hard drinker?" queried a man who walked beside the engineer. "No, I have never been drunk in my life. I've swallowed considerable whiskey, but I never went far enough to get drunk. I shouldn't miss it or be the worse off for an hour, if all the intoxicating drink in the world was strained into the ocean."

"But you seemed eager to sign the pledge?" "So I was, and I'll keep it through thick and thin, and talk temperance to every man on the road."

"You must have strong reasons?" "Well, if you will walk down to the depot, I'll tell you a story on the way. It hasn't been in the papers, and only a few of us know the facts."

You know I run the night express on the B— road. We always have at least two sleepers and a coach, and sometimes we have as many as two hundred passengers. It's a good road, level as the floor, and pretty straight, though there is a bad spot or two. The night express has the right of way, and we make fast time. It is no rate thing to skim along at the rate of fifty miles an hour for thirty or forty miles, we rarely go below thirty. One night I pulled out of Detroit with two sleepers, two coaches, and the baggage and mail cars. Nearly all of the berths in both sleepers were full and most of the seats of the coaches were occupied. It was a cold night threatening all the time to rain, and a howling wind whistled around the cab as we left the city behind. We were seventeen minutes late, and that meant fast time all the way through.

Every thing ran along all right up to midnight. The main track was kept clear for us, the engine was in good spirits, and ran into D— as smooth as you please. The train coming east was to meet us fifteen miles west of D—, but the operator at the station had failed to receive his usual report below. That was strange, and yet it was not, and after a little consultation the conductor sent me ahead. We were to keep the main track, while the other trains would run in on the side track. Night after night our time had been so close that we did not keep them waiting over two minutes, and we were generally in sight when they switched in.

When we hit D— we went ahead at a rattling speed, fully believing that the other train would be on time. Nine miles from D— is the little village of Porto. There was a telegraph office there, but the operator had to night work. He closed his office and went home at nine o'clock, and my messages on the wires were held above or below until next morning. When I sighted the station I saw a red lantern swinging between the rails. Greatly astonished, I pulled up the heavy train, and got a bit of news that almost lifted me out of my boots. It was God's mercy as plain as a big depot. It was the operator who was swinging the lantern. He had been

aroused from his sleep by the whistle of a locomotive when there wasn't one within ten miles of him. He heard the tool tool too! While he was dressing and all the way as he ran to the station, thinking he had been signaled. Let there was no train. Every thing was as quiet as the grave. The man heard his instrument clicking away, and leaning his ear against the window, he caught the words as they passed through to D—: "Switch the eastern express off quick! Engineer of the western express crazy drunk, and running a mile a minute."

The operator signaled us at one. We had left D— nine miles away, and the message couldn't have caught us any where except at Porto. Six miles farther down was the long switch. It was time we were there lacking one minute. We lost two or three minutes in understanding our situation and consulting, and at last got ready to switch in where we were when the headlight of the other train came in view. Great heavens, low that train was flying, and the whistle screaming, and no man could raise his hand. We stood there on the main track still-bound, as it were. There wouldn't have been time, anyhow, either to have switched or got the passengers out. It wasn't over sixty seconds before the train was upon us. I prayed to God for a breath or two, and then shut my eyes and waited, for I hadn't strength to get out of the cab.

Well, sir, God's mercy was revealed again. Forty rods above us the locomotive jumped the track, and was piled into the ditch in an awful mass. Some of the coaches were considerably smashed, and some of the people bruised, but no one was killed, and our train escaped entirely. The Almighty must have cared for big Tom, the drunk engineer. He didn't get a bruise, but was up and across the fields like a deer screaming and shrieking like a mad tiger. It took five men to help him after he was run down, and to-day he is the worst lunatic in the State.

Tom was a good fellow," continued the engineer after a pause, "and he used to take his glass pretty regularly. I never saw him drunk, but liquor kept working away at his nerves till at last the tremore caught him when he had a hundred and fifty lives behind his engine, and steam turned on, and then Tom danced and screamed and carried on like a fiend. He'd have made awful work, sir, but for God's mercy. I'm trembling yet over the way he came down for us, and I never think of it without my heart jumping for my throat. Nobody asked me to sign the pledge, but I wanted my name there. One such night on the road has turned me against intoxicating drinks, and now I've got this blue ribbon on, I can talk to the boys with a better face. Tom is raving as I told you, and the doctors say he'll never get his reason again. Good night, sir; my train goes in ten minutes."—Occident.

### Practical Household Hints.

In ventilating a room open the windows at top and bottom. The fresh air rushes in one way while the foul air makes its exit the other. Thus you let in a fresh and expel an enemy.

Face may be washed by winding it around bottles or sewing it on muslin and boiling it in soft water with white castile soap. It should be rinsed in soft water after removing it from the sud.

A damp cloth enveloping the broomhead will be found desirable in removing the dust from a carpet in a room where there may be many small articles to catch the dirt raised by an ordinary sweeping.

Preserving jars should be sterilized by their heads for at least an hour after washing, when the liquor will evaporate if the jar contains air. Or cherry jelly mixed with cold water makes a refreshing drink for the sick.

Silver should be washed with a chamisso skin, saturated with silver soap, each time after use, thus avoiding a general cleaning. Windows should never be washed while the sun shines upon them, as it is impossible to polish them without leaving blue streaks.

To clean kid gloves rub them with very slightly dampened crumbs of bread; or scrape French chalk up

on them while on the hands, and wash them in a basin containing diluted spirits of ammonia. Some gloves can be cleaned with milk, with rich pulp or with turpentine.

Disease often lurks in a dirty dishcloth, a grassy sink, an unclean teakettle and a poorly ventilated room. Flannels should be washed in hot soap suds, and rinsed in hot water containing soap enough to soften it a little. A carpet sweeper is invaluable in a dining room where small children eat, but should never be used for general sweeping.

If you are troubled with moths in your leather boots, boil the feathers in water for a six or ten minutes, and then put them in sacks and dry them, working them with the hands all the time. Silk dresses should never be brushed with a whisk broom, but be carefully rubbed with a velvet matten kept for that purpose only.

To prevent the juice of ryes soaking into the under coat, beat the white of an egg and brush the crust with it. If the oven is too hot when baking, place a small dish of cold water in it. Well ventilated bedrooms will prevent morning headaches as far as possible. Powdered rice, sprinkled upon hot and applied to fresh wounds, will stop bleeding. A candle or piece of tallow wrapped in tissue paper and laid among furs or other garments, will prevent the ravages of moths.

Soda will clean tarnished tin, vinegar and salt will clean copper. Butter is the best wash to put into stains. Baking soda put on a burn will take out the heat. A heated knife will cut hot bread without making it soggy. Oil of cedar is sure death to worms which infest chambers. Toilet sets and all chamber articles should be cleaned in cold water. White lead will cement broken crockery; a tannin bath lasts for a year. A small pan of trash should be used in cracks and crevices while dusting a room.

A simple way of loosening a rusty screw is to apply heat to the head of it. When the burners of lamps become clogged with dirt, boil them in strong soap suds. By using soda water as a wash you can clean ceilings that have been smoked by a kerosene lamp. If you drop soot on the carpet, cover dickerly with salt, and it may be swept up without blackening the carpet. A few oyster shells mixed with the coal used for furnaces or large stoves will prevent the accumulation of dirt. To clean brass bird cages and tables, spoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of vinegar; beat and apply with a piece of flannel and rub till dry.—Good Housekeeping.

To wash silk handkerchiefs, soak them first in cold salt water for ten minutes, or longer, then wash out in the same water and iron immediately. Carpets may be greatly brightened by first sweeping thoroughly and then going over them with a clean cloth and clear salt and water. Use a cupful of coarse salt to a large basin of water. Salt in whitewash will make it stick better. Wash the men of the stove doors with salt and vinegar. Brass work can be kept bright fully bright by occasionally rubbing with salt and vinegar. To clean willow furniture use salt and water. Apply it with a nail brush scrub well and dry thoroughly.—New Era.

### So Soon Forgotten.

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is fit to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate. "I'll never forget you," he says, "and if death should claim me, my last thought will be of you." "I'll be true to you," she sobs, "I'll never see anybody else or love any more long as I live." They part.

Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party, between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really I don't know," he says, "probably my brother." The conversation ends.—Ex.