THE DEMOCRAT.

W. H KITCHIN, OWNER

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 PER YEAR

VOL 3. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., FRIDAY MAY 20, 1887. NO 28.

State Library

TOWN GOVERNMENT.

Capt. A. White, - - - Mayor.
T. H. Smith, Jr.,
J. W. Savage,
R. M Johnson,
W. A. Dunn,
Commissioners.

METHODIST CHURCH.

1st Sunday,	William's Chapel	11, a. m.	
"	"	Palmyra	7½ p. m.
2nd	"	Scotland Neck	11, a. m.
"	"	Palmyra	7½ p. m.
3rd	"	Palmyra	11, a. m.
"	"	Scotland Neck	7½ p. m.
4th	"	Hobgood's	11, a. m.
"	"	Scotland Neck	7½ p. m.

T. P. BONNER, P. C.

A Name in the Sand.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One thought remained, but one alone,
A wish that none might read in vain,
And so I left it there.

[illegible]

Alone with him who counts the sands,
And checks the waters in his hands,
But owns lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name;
Of this mortal part has wrought,
And this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

[—George D. Prentice.]

A Coquette.

She's a flirt and she knows it,
Expert, and she shows it
In each word and act.
She laughs and she chatters,
She chaffs and she flatters,
Mankind to distract.

Her shy little glances
I try as she dances,
To follow—in vain!
Each man she entrances—
Who can her advances
Enchanting disdain?

I sigh; she is tender;
I dare to defend her
From trouble or harm.
She smiles, and I woo her,
Her wishes bring me to her,
Subdued by her charm.

She's a witch, and she knows it,
She's rich—who'd suppose it,
So simple her art?
I loved her—confound her!—
And hover around her—
But has she a heart?

—*Chicago Spirit.*

[illegible]

[illegible] people chuckle that won't [illegible] the flower seeds in the [illegible] get wallow in the fresh [illegible] beds, nor fly over the gate [illegible] take the lickers, nor let the [illegible] that young [illegible] two [illegible] I would say that won't [illegible] and will also [illegible] [illegible] from [illegible] I worship, to take issue with the [illegible] and because he said that [illegible] President was not the sort of a [illegible] and the people of North Carolina liked, and a paper at least has the temerity to say that he misrepresents them.

We suppose that after this and similar utterances Senator Vance ought to retire to Gombroon and remain quiet until he is needed in Washington City to represent this State, as no other citizen has done so well, and as a majority of Democrats believe, no other citizen can do so satisfactorily. That this gentleman who has personal acquaintance with nearly every Democrat in the State, and whose opportunities of finding out, knowing their sentiments and who possesses their confidence to a degree probably never attained by any other leader could or would misrepresent them is simply incredible. Judging from the tone of the State press and the utterances of our public men, we should say that the Senator was right by a large majority.—*Argus.*

* * *

"Senator Vance misrepresents the Democrats of North Carolina and his attitude is unworthy of them."

The above sentence is the close of a column and a half leader in the last issue of the *Tobacco Plant* on Cleveland and Vance, and the only proof given of its truthfulness is that when all the other Democratic Senators praise President Cleveland, Vance does not say "me too."

Senator Vance has said that he and the President differ as widely on several National issues as it is possible for two persons belonging [illegible] every night helping my chaps to prize it open, but we generally succeed and I reckon it is all the better that way. I do hate to have to surrender to these children. It is a confession of judgment when I can't do a sum or parse a sentence or translate their Latin. When I get all tangled up in figures or in algebra and can't untangle and say, "Well children these modern books are all new to me. We don't figure now just exactly like we used to. I studied Smiley's arithmetic, which had the single rule of three and double rule of three that did most every sum in the world, and I studied Murry's grammar and Day's algebra, but now-a-days they have got new books and short cuts and stem winders and all sorts of readers and electics and dialectics and eclectics and other complicated machines that I don't exactly understand". And so get out of it without losing very much parental prestige. But the fact is I have forgotten about as much as I know—and perhaps more and still I must keep pegging away.—Ex.

VANCE.

All hail to Zebulon Baird Vance! We care not what others say of him, we will follow him to the "Ultima Thule" of the political world, if need be. Nor will we denounce him, no matter what others do. We regard him as the great Democratic Moses to lead us out of the wilderness into which we have been falsely led by a Mugwump President and his lesser dupes. We believe that the great masses of the people are opposed to all such nonsense. We believe that Z. B. Vance alone can lead the people to victory in our next election.

By following the lead of lesser lights and political and editorial fledglings the State was nearly lost last election.

We do not say that Vance should be retired from the Senate and put at the head of our ticket, but we do say, that North Carolina must not throw cold water on her great Senator. Listen to him, ye editors and politicians, follow in his lead. He hath never made a political mistake, and the hearts of the people best in unison with the great and manly heart of Vance. So unite the party at once. Fire hot shot and shell into the ranks of Mugwumpism, for verily if we wish to succeed in 1888, we can only do so by a straight-out manly fight, and not by the attenuated moonshine of a divided Democracy.—Windsor *Ledger.*

* * *

Some weeks ago Senator Vance was interviewed by a reporter on the present Administration, and as is usual with that distinguished statesman and square toed Democrat, he expressed his opinion in unequivocal terms. It has pleased some of the young brethren of the State press whose morals of public service are not anchored by the years of his leadership, to take issue with the Senator, and because he said that President Cleveland was not the sort of a Democrat that he and the people of North Carolina liked, one paper at least has the temerity to say that he misrepresents them.

We suppose that after this and similar utterances Senator Vance ought to retire to Gombroon and remain quiet until he is needed in Washington City to represent this State, as no other citizen has done so well, and as a majority of Democrats believe, no other citizen can do so satisfactorily. That this gentleman who has personal acquaintance with nearly every Democrat in the State, and whose opportunities of finding out, knowing their sentiments and who possesses their confidence to a degree probably never attained by any other leader could or would misrepresent them is simply incredible. Judging from the tone of the State press and the utterances of our public men, we should say that the Senator was right by a large majority.—*Argus.*

* * *

"Senator Vance misrepresents the Democrats of North Carolina and his attitude is unworthy of them."

The above sentence is the close of a column and a half leader in the last issue of the *Tobacco Plant* on Cleveland and Vance, and the only proof given of its truthfulness is that when all the other Democratic Senators praise President Cleveland, Vance does not say "me too."

Senator Vance has said that he and the President differ as widely on several National issues as it is possible for two persons belonging to the same political party to differ, and forthwith the *Plant* says he misrepresents the Democrats of North Carolina and his attitude is unworthy of them. Does the *Plant* know the sentiments of the Democrats of the State better than Senator Vance, who not only reads the newspapers of the State, but is in constant communication with representative men from every section? What evidence has the *Plant* that the Democrats of North Carolina do not agree with Senator Vance on the National issues that divide him and the President?

The people of North Carolina love Vance for his frankness and courage. He has never deceived them, and they have never turned their backs on him. He represents truly the Democrats of North Carolina, that is, a large majority of them, and his conduct is worthy of the highest praise.—New Bern *Journal.*

* * *

At the conclusion of his speech on the 30th of July, 1886, in the United State Senate—the question being the adoption of the Home resolution to apply a portion of the surplus in the treasury to the payment of the national debt, Hon Z. B. Vance of North Carolina said:

"They tell me that this is my administration; that I helped to make it, am responsible for it, and should sustain it. So I do wherever it is right, but *never* when the Chief executive is wrong. His best friends would be glad if they could endorse him oftener. But I claim to be not only a Democrat but an honest man."

The man who gave utterance to such true sentiments as the above, North Carolinians can afford to trust.—Fayetteville *News.*

Mr. Faulkner's Anger.

Chester R. Faulkner, chief of the records division of the Pension Office, is an Indiana Democrat, and as a consequence is not in harmony with the advocates of civil service reform. In fact he dislikes both the service and the commission so heartily that he never neglects an opportunity to show it. Mr. Faulkner calls the clerks in his division "them hands of mine," and works them after the manner of a mate deck hands on a Mississippi steamer; with the exception that he does not drive them by cursing them.

Commissioner Edgerton is a fine old American gentleman of the old school. He wears a silk hat made after the pattern of fifty years ago. His linen is faultless and his neck stock such as Webster used to wear. In deportment he is dignified, and his wit has the flavor of old age. It is garnished by apt quotations from Shakespearean and other authors, and these have all been made popular by him. He has used them so often that his friends know them by heart, and know, too, when to expect them in his conversation.

When Mr. Faulkner met the Indiana Civil Service Commissioner, as previously stated, the following brief but spirited conversation occurred. Said Mr. Faulkner:—Them rules of your'n, Commissioner Edgerton, ain't what they ought to be. They're all wrong, and you ought to change them."

"It is just possible," said the Commissioner in his lightest, and dignified manner, "that you do not understand 'them rules.' You know, Faulkner, that even you don't know everything."

"That's so," retorted Faulkner; "I don't know everything, just as you say; but I'll tell you how it is, Edgerton. You and me together do know everything. You by yourself know it all but one thing, and that is that you are a d—d fool, and I know that, and that's how me and you together know everything."

Upon this these two distinguished Indianians parted in anger. The entente cordiale at last accounts had not been restored.—Ex.

A Jay Gould and the Brakeman

"Can't allow that, my dear sir," said a brakeman on one of the Wabash lines the other day, rather sharply, to a passenger who was trying to crack a pecan on the end of a car seat.

The offender, a small man of quiet demeanor, looked up and remarked that he was not hurting the seat; he was hammering on cast iron.

"I can't help that, sir," said the brakeman. "Suppose we let every body crack nuts on the car seats; don't you see it would deface them? I tell you it won't do. You'll have to stop it.'

"I'll pay for all the damage I do," said the little man, bringing his knife hard'e down on the nut again.

"You'll get out of the car if you don't quit: that what you'll do," quoth the exasperated brakeman.

"Oh, no, I think not," said the little man. "I'll try to put up with the injury to the car. I can stand it." And he handed the brakeman a card inscribed thus:

JAY GOULD,
New York.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gould," exclaimed the employee, humbly, lifting his cap and turning red and pale by turns.

"That is all right, my good man. You were only doing your duty. No need to ask my pardon. I have no better right to abuse the property of the road than any other passenger would have. Always do your duty regardless of persons. I'll keep an eye out for you."

An hour later the great railway magnate left the train.

"Do you see that little fellow?" said the brakeman to an acquaintance. "That's Jay Gould. I'm solid with him and my fortune's made."

"That Jay Gould?" was the reply. "Not much. That's Smith Henry of Bushnell, Ill. He looks like Jay Gould, and whenever he travels he carries a pocketful of cards with Jay Gould's name on them. Been giving you one, has he? Oh! Aha!"

A wild-eyed brakeman on one of the Wabash lines travels back and forth on his run, performing his allotted duties in a mechanical way, and possessed of one absorbing, consuming desire. He wants to meet Mr. Smith Henry of Bushnell once more before he dies.—Chicago *Tribune.*

Brightest Woman in Boston.

We are drawn and attracted to certain people, and we at once invest them with those qualities which please us, for nothing is more natural than to see the best in those we like. It is unconscious self flattering. One of the most brilliant Bostonians, or rather, cosmopolitans, after living all over the world returned here not long ago, and, in course of time, met numerous leading society women who have been heralded as worth knowing. He was not struck by the mental or physical charms of any of them. At last a quiet, unobtrusive little person, whose husband carried this citizen of the world home to dinner one day, became suddenly elevated to the rank of "the brightest woman in Boston." Her sayings were quoted far and wide; whenever any one else managed to let fall a pearl it was snatched up and fastened to her newly acquired reputation for making droll, exaggerated speeches.

By and by this citizen of the world couldn't afford his native land longer and he flew back to more congenial Europe, leaving the brightest woman to fight out this battle of wit by herself. The consequence was obvious. She ceased to say smart things. Her inspiration had flown; the mind that had acted on others like flint on steel disappointed itself in other circles and drew sparks from quick witted Parisians instead. I have always surmised this temporary cleverness of Mrs. Humdrum was in reality the witty reflections of this thoroughly witty fellow. He thought she said the bright things, while he was really the perpetrator. At all events, it was one of the curious psychological studies which now and then creep in among and enliven the common place facts and issues of the day.—Ex.

A Conjurer's Clairvoyance

But how shall we explain the "second sight" of our dark cabinet wizards, or that much more undoubted faculty of "seeing in the dark" which a Samarkand conjurer proved to the satisfaction of a rather skeptical modern traveler, Professor Americus Vambery, the foremost Orientalist of our century. The wizard's sanctum was a tent erected among the bazars of the open market place, but so well draped with shawls and mats that not the faintest gleam of light could penetrate the gloom of the interior. An English officer, who had thought it worth while to invest the small entrance fee, attested that in that absolute darkness of his den the wizard had been able to distinguish the printed from the blank leaves of an open book; but remembering that white paper might shine with a light of its own, Professor Vambery proposed a more critical test, and got his servant to procure a piece of charcoal and a small board. After waiting in vain for his eyes to "get used to the darkness," which; at the end of five minutes, seemed as absolute as ever, he put the board on his knee and softly marked it with fourteen black spots and then held it up over his head: "Count that, oh, Hakim." "Half a score and a fourth" (fifteen spots), said the seer after a minute's pause. "You guessed it very near!," laughed the professor, "but there are only fourteen, if my memory serves me right."

"It doesn't, then," was the reply, and, withdrawing one of the shawls, the wizard admitted light enough to reveal the disputed fifteenth spot—a small knot hole in the center of the board. The second and third time he discounted that center spot, and when Professor Vambery left the tent he admitted that its proprietor must have either a gift of divination or a pair of owl eyes.—Felix L. Oswald in Cincinnati *Enquirer.*

WESTERN WILD GOOSE STORY.

"I want to tell you a little story about my boy out in Newbraskey," said an old farmer in the smoking car to the party of drummers who had been telling him some pretty tall yarns. "My boy is a good deal of a genius in his way, lemme tell you and none of 'em gets ahead of him. Tother day he rigged up a kite. It was the biggest kite I'd ever set eyes on. It was about six feet wide, an' twice as long an' on the top of it my boy placed a few green branches which he'd cut from a cottonwood tree. 'What's them for?' I inquired. 'Never you mind dad,' says he: 'I know what I am about.' And by gosh! he did. He flew that kite up in the air, an' stood watchin' of it for a long time, when I says to him: 'You'd better pull that thing down, now, an' get to your work.' 'Lemme alone, dad' he replied. 'I'll git thar yet.' And, by gosh! he did. The next time I took a look at him he was a-hauling in on the kite line, with a smile on his face as broad as a furrer. When the kite came down near the ground I saw what he was a smiling at, an' it was enough to make a body smile too. Any you fellers want to guess what it was on that kite?"

None of the drummers wanted to guess and the old man continued his story:

"Wall, sir, a sittin' on the top o' that kite was eleven o' the purtiest wild geese ye ever saw. Yes sir, eleven on 'em. You see, the geese was flyin' north putty thick an' my boy had got up this scheme to catch 'em. There ain't many trees out our way, an' after a flock goose has been flyin' purty steady all day he gits kinder tired like an' looks around for a place to set down an' rest. That's jist what my boy was countin' on when he built that kite. By offerin' the geese a place to stop an' rest an' by-mearin the top o' the kite with tar so their feet would stick so fast they could not get away' he did the business. By gosh! but it was fun to pull them geese in. Just as fast as we could send the kite up an' pull her down again we got from ten to a dozen geese, an' in four days we captured six carloads, an' I'm takin' 'em to Chicago now to sell. None o' you smart, story tell' fellers don't happen to know what wild geese is worth now in the Chicago market, do ye?"—Chicago *Herald.*

COMMERCE.

Egypt, by common consent and tradition the mother of art and sciences, was also the mother of commerce, which was thence diffused along the shores of the Mediterranean. Phœnician commerce gave letters to Greece, and Greek traders and merchants created the spirit and nursed the men that fought at Salamis. The splendid career of Pericles, the golden age of Grecian art and genius, was the result and consequence of commercial enterprise and progress. It was Athens, the most commercial of the Grecian States, that still ruled the world by her genius and the rich legacy of thought and mind she had bequeathed.

Rome, in her origin and early career, more rude, warlike and autocratical than Greece, yielded at length to the elevating and refining influence of commerce, and only distinguished herself in the world of mind after thus becoming commercial. The great code of law, the most lasting result of Roman civilization, was developed by the wants and necessities of commerce. What remains now of old Rome thus attests the ennobling, dignifying and vivifying spirit of commerce.

The discovery of the India passage by D. Gama, and the still more brilliant discovery of a new and untried world by the adventurous merchant and navigator of Genoa, mark the age when mind first began to throw off fetters that had weighed it down for ages, and to this age the origin of modern commerce may be assigned. Spain and Portugal, soon losing the lead which circumstances had given them in the commercial world, were reached and surpassed by more fortunate rivals.

The sturdy Hollander had not only enriched a country by the tributes of commerce, but by the very wealth furnished by the sea, had protected and defended that country from the sea.

With the wreck of the Armada disappeared the naval superiority and championship before held by Spain. And from that period dates the modern life and awakening of English commerce. English merchants, still more than English soldiers, have carried the meteor flag of England around the globe, and sylladled the English tongue amid the roar of all seas and waters. Questions of property, or in other words, questions of commerce, originated the great revolutions which have given shape and value to the English constitution. While coming nearer home; we find the merchant of Boston raising the first cry for American Independence, heard from Faneuil Hall, and the merchants of Charleston first and foremost among the "rends of '76." The revolution over, and independence achieved, it was commercial necessities and the recognized need of a regulated system of a foreign intercourse that originated the Constitution, so that our present Union may be considered as pledging the States first forming it to the dignity, importance and influence of commerce.—Ex.

A Change of 'Coons.

A negro with an ax in his hands, stood beside the highway skirting a Mississippi swamp and as we came up he said:

"Gem'ler, he run'd up dat ar' gum tree."

"What did?"

"A 'coon, sah. If you has got pistols maybe you kin fetch him down for me. De family am powerful hard up for meat jist now."

We dismounted and took a survey. An animal of some sort could be dimly made out hugging a limb high up. We popped away, but without doing any damage, and as it moved along the limb, the Colonel observed:

"That may be a 'coon, but I don't believe it. I'd sooner think it was a 'possum."

"Hu! but if dat ain't a 'coon you kin call dis chile crazy!" replied the man.

We rode away leaving him to chop the tree down. It was about three hours before we returned, and then we found him seated on the fallen trunk. Beginning at the top of his head and extending to his ankle bones were bloody scratches. His garments were rent and tattered, his hands were covered with blood, and he was trying to bind some leaves on a bad wound on his left arm.

"For the land's sake, but did the tree fall on you?" exclaimed the Col.

"No, sah; I war fell on by de anamile."

"Which was it—a 'coon or a 'possum?"

"Neither one, sah; it happened to be a wildcat!"—Con.

Another Fortune Made

Omaha man—"Are you making a fair living out of your Kansas farm?"

Kan as man—"Living! why, I'm rich. You see there was a little piece of poor ground back of the dugout which was not fit for anything. Well, one day brother Jack dreamed there was gold under it, and the next morning he offered me $100 for it on long time of course, for he hain't any money, and I sold it."

"Yes".

"Well, brother Bill heard of Jack's dream and bought the lot of him for $1,000, in the same way, you know. Then I got scared and bought it back for $5,000. Then I sold it to Bill for $10,000, and so it went until a few days ago when I got the lot and sold it to Jack for $100,000. Just thing of it. No more farming for me."

"But what security have you to show for all this value if Jack has no money?"

"Why I've got a mortgage on the lot."—Omaha *World.*

THE COLOR OF THE EYES.

Hazel-eyed people are rarely jealous, and you must be prepared for surprises when you have to deal with them.

Blue eyes take care of their friends, brown of their enemies, gray of their countries, black of their pleasures, and green of themselves.—Ex.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

"I have a pleasant surprise for you, my darling," he said as he lowered the gas indeference to the old man's pocketbook; "something that you will be glad to hear, I'm sure. I have made a payment on the house we are to live in at a certain little delightful event takes place."

"Oh, where is the house, George? In Fifth avenue?"

"No, it's in East Newark."

"You needn't turn the gas any lower, George."—*Sun.*

A HEART WORTH WINNING.

"And do you love me so devotedly, dear," he said, "that you will give up home and friends and all that makes your young life bright and happy to become my wife and go with me to the uttermost ends of the world if necessary?"

"Yes, George," she whispered softly, "when I am your wife your thoughts shall be my thoughts, your hopes my hopes, your religion my religion; and if you should want me to go to the uttermost ends of the world why you I will go, ah, so gladly, George. I do so love to travel."—*Sun.*

WILBUR VOTED AYE.

The Minneapolis *Journal* tells this for a true story:—

Everybody in Dakota knows Wilbur F. Steele. He was a member of the Legislature from Steele county. There is an incident in Steele's legislative career that goes very far to show his character in the regard for his wife. He has one fault, however. He takes no stock in woman suffrage—except when he is obliged to. On the occasion in question the Woman Suffrage bill was before the House. Major Pickley was championing the cause of the fair sex in eloquent words when a call was made for a vote, and the Clerk proceeded to call the roll. When Steele's name was reached he rose with the dignity of a Demosthenes and commenced:

"Mr. Speaker, I am sorry that I cannot support this bill, but——"

At that moment a well-dressed lady was seen to bend over the gallery rail. In a loud voice she exclaimed:

"Wilbur!"

He glanced upward. It was enough. He turned and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I vote aye."

The lady was Steele's wife.

ADVERTISE

IN THE

DEMOCRAT.