

# THE DEMOCRAT.

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VOL 3.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., FRIDAY MAY 27, 1887.

NO 29.

### TOWN GOVERNMENT.

CAPT. A. WHITE, Mayor.  
J. H. Smith, Jr., J. Y. Savage, R. M. Johnson, W. A. Dunn, Commissioners.

### METHODIST CHURCH.

1st Sunday, William's Chapel 11 a. m.  
Palmyra 7 1/2 p. m.  
Scotland Neck 11 a. m.  
Palmyra 7 1/2 p. m.  
Scotland Neck 11 a. m.  
Tobago's 11 a. m.  
Scotland Neck 7 1/2 p. m.  
T. P. BONNER, P. C.

### A THOUGHT.

BY FATHER RYAN.

The summer rose the sun has flushed,  
With crimson glory may be sweet;  
'Tis roses for what its leaves are crushed  
Beneath the winds' and tempests' feet  
The rose that waves upon its tree  
In life sheds perfume all around;  
It is roses for what its leaves are crushed  
Beneath the winds' and tempests' feet  
The waving rose with every breath  
Scented carelessly the summer air;  
The wounded rose bleeds forth in death  
Its sweetness far more rich and rare,  
It is a truth beyond our ken,  
And yet a truth which all may read—  
It is with roses as with men,  
The sweetest hearts are those that bleed.  
The flower which Bethlehem saw bloom  
Out of a heart full of grace,  
Gave never forth its full perfume  
Until the cross became its vase.

### THE RIVERS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Carolina, land of waters!—Here the  
strongest rivers are:  
Ararat, and Alligator, and the famous  
stream of Tar;  
Even Folly here is running as a river to  
the sea;  
There's a river flat and floundering as a  
water well could be,  
Broad and Rocky here are rivers—here  
are rivers old but new—  
Yellow, Black, and silver Green, and  
White Oak, Bay and Roanoke, too.  
Here the whirling wild Watoga, leaping  
likewise and proud,  
French Broad, (once the Tannastal) and  
the wingless Pigeon's flow,  
Tennessee, and Hiwassee,—gulfward all  
through mountains go,  
Where the Cherokee still linger is the  
nimble Nantahala;  
In the land of Junaluskee is the Vallee  
gurgling gaily;  
In the dismal swamp-land is the viney,  
fustian Sumperton;  
In the cloud home and the sky-land, Swan-  
son skips along;  
In the pine-lands over marshlands roly,  
A mobile Casate creeps;  
In the fern-lands north the balsams, Tuck-  
er's orange grandly leap—  
Here Oconee lute laughs, and wee-  
wee-ooe frets and clashes;  
Mother towering canyons, Linville's sil-  
very spray sports and splashes;  
And the John o'er sands all golden meath  
the rhododendron dasties,  
From Virginia come Meherrin, Nottoway  
the deep and slow;  
In the grey and yellow hill-lands where  
the tobacco golden grow,  
Tumbling Dan and Mayo, Fisher, Mitchell  
and the Roanoke;  
Here is Yadkin, (once Saponi) winding  
with a thousand hites;  
Here's Catawba, pebbly, pebbled, from a  
thousand braiding rills;  
Here's a wharrie with its harry; here the  
lazy Waccamaw,  
Here are heard the humming spindles on  
the busy Deep and Haw;  
Here is wide and swamp and forest the  
the Lumber and Pee Dee;  
And, borne upon her breast, Cohera, Col-  
on, and the Mingo wee,  
Cape Fear's storied waters—and these  
only—grandly go to open sea;  
Here Contentnea and Trent pouring into  
Newse, hind Okraokee;  
Where the herring comes in spring time  
are Chowan and broad Roanoke,  
North and Newport, Yeopon, Pungo,  
Pasquotank, and Pamlico,  
Pantego, and queer Perquimans—how  
the waters come and go!  
Dripping, gurgling, gushing, rushing,  
tumbling, creeping—so they be—  
Carolina's matchless rivers from their  
fountains to the sea.  
—M. V. Moore, in Lenoir Topic.

### A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF GEN.  
CULLEN A. BATTLE, AT TUSCUM-  
BIA.

During the winter of 1863-'64 it  
was my fortune to be President of  
one of the courts martial of the Army  
of North Virginia. One bleak Dec-  
ember morning, while the snow cov-  
ered the ground and the winds  
howled around our camp, I left my of-  
fice to attend the session of the  
court. Winding for miles along  
uncertain paths, I at length arrived  
at the court ground, at Wood Oak  
Church. Day after day it had been  
our duty to try the gallant soldiers  
of that army, charged with violations

of military law; but never had I on  
any previous occasion been greeted  
by such anxious spectators as on  
that morning awaited the opening  
of the court. Case after case was  
disposed of, and at length the case  
of "The Confederate States vs. Ed-  
ward Cooper," was called—charge,  
desertion. A low murmur rose  
spontaneously from the battle-scarred  
spectators, as a young artillery-  
man rose from the prisoner's bench,  
and in response to the question,  
"Guilty, or Not Guilty?" answered  
"Not Guilty."

The Judge Advocate was proceed-  
ing to open the prosecution when the  
Court, observing that the prisoner  
was unattended by counsel, inter-  
posed and enquired of the accused,  
"Who is your counsel?" He replied  
"I have no counsel." Supposing  
that it was his purpose to represent  
himself before the court, the Judge  
Advocate was instructed to proceed.  
Every charge and specification  
against the prisoner was sustained.  
The prisoner was then told to intro-  
duce his witnesses. He replied, "I  
have no witnesses." Astonished at  
the calmness with which he seemed  
to be submitting to what he regarded  
as inevitable fate, I said to him,  
"Have you no defence? Is it pos-  
sible that you abandoned your com-  
rades and deserted your colors in the  
presence of the enemy without any  
reason?" He replied, "There was no  
reason, but it will not avail me be-  
fore a military court." I said: "Per-  
haps you are mistaken; you are  
charged with the highest crime  
known to military law, and it is your  
duty to make known the causes that  
influenced your actions." For the  
first time his manly form trembled,  
and his blue eyes swam in tears.  
Approaching the President of the  
court he presented a letter, saying as  
he did so, "There, General, is what  
did it." I opened the letter, and in  
an moment my eyes filled with tears.  
It was passed from one to another  
of the court until all had seen it and  
those stern warriors who had passed  
with Stonewall Jackson through a  
hundred battles wept like children.  
Soon as I sufficiently recovered my  
self-possession, I read the letter as  
the defence of the prisoner. It was  
in these words:

My Dear Edward—I have always  
been proud of you and since your  
connection with the Confederate  
army I have been prouder of you  
than ever before. I would not have  
you do anything wrong for the world;  
but before God, Edward, unless you  
come home we must die! Last night  
I was aroused by little Eddie's cry-  
ings. I called and said, "What's the  
matter Eddie?" and he said, "Oh,  
mamma, I'm so hungry!" And  
Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy;  
she never complains, but she is  
growing thinner and thinner every  
day. And before God, Edward, un-  
less you come home we must die.  
—YOUR MARY.

Turning to the prisoner, I asked,  
"What did you do when you received  
this letter?" He replied: "I  
made application for furlough and it  
was rejected; again I made applica-  
tion and it was rejected; a third  
time I made application and it was  
rejected, and that night as I wand-  
ered backward and forward in the  
camp, thinking of my home, with the  
mild eyes of Lucy looking up to me,  
and the burning words of Mary shak-  
ing in my brain, I was no longer the  
Confederate soldier, but I was the  
father of Lucy and the husband of  
Mary, and I would have passed those  
lines if every gun in the battery had  
fired upon me! I went to my home,  
Mary ran out to meet me, her arms  
embraced me; and she whispered,  
"O! Edward, I am so happy! I am  
so glad you got your furlough!"  
She must have felt me shudder, for  
she turned pale as death, and catch-  
ing her breath at every word, she  
said, "Have you come without your  
furlough? O, Edward, Edward, go  
back! go back! Let me and my  
children go down together to the  
grave, but O, for Heaven's sake the  
honor of our name! And here I  
am, gentlemen, not brought here by  
military power, but in obedience to  
the command of Mary, to abide the  
sentence of your court."

Every officer of the court martial  
felt the force of the prisoner's words.  
Before them stood, in beauteous vi-  
sion, the eloquent pleader for a bus-  
band's and a father's wrongs; but  
they had been trained by their great  
leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the  
path of duty, though the lightning's  
flash scorched the ground beneath  
their feet, and even in his turn pro-  
nounced the verdict, Guilty. Fortu-  
nately for humanity, fortunately  
for the Confederacy, the proceedings

of the court were reviewed by the  
Commanding General and upon the  
record was written:

HEADQUARTERS, A. N. V.  
The finding of the court is approved.  
The prisoner is pardoned, and  
will report to his company.

R. E. LEE, Genl.  
During the second battle of Cold  
Harbor, when shot and shell were  
falling "like torrents from the  
mountain clouds," my attention was  
directed to the fact that one of our  
batteries was being silenced by the  
concentrated fire of the enemy. When  
I reached the battery every gun  
but one had been dismantled, and  
by it stood a solitary Confederate  
soldier, with the blood streaming  
from his side. As he recognized  
me, he elevated his voice above the  
noise of the battle and said: "Gen-  
eral, I have one shell left; tell me  
I have saved the honor of Mary and  
Lucy?" I raised my hat. Once  
more a Confederate shell went  
crashing through the ranks of the  
enemy; and the hero sank by his gun  
"to rise no more."

Heaven knows; my countrymen,  
I loved that lost cause, but this in  
which we are now engaged, is no less  
sacred. We will do our whole  
duty in this campaign, and if need  
be, in the moment of death, fire the  
last shot in our battery for the hon-  
or of Mary and Lucy.

### VANCE AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

We see that our exchanges are  
much exercised over Vance's civil  
service ideas. The Durham Tobacco  
Plant goes for him with gloves off;  
while Mr. Kitchin the able editor of  
the Scotland Neck Democrat re-  
fends him in no uncertain way. We  
confess ourselves, Vance men, and  
heartily agree with brother Kitchin.  
The ones who attempt to drive  
Vance out of the Democratic party  
are simply attempting to bury the  
Democratic party of North Carolina  
in a grave so deep, and so obscure  
that no issues and no efforts of the  
ablest men could suffice to resurrect  
it. Senator Vance is the emanation  
of North Carolina Democracy and as  
brother Kitchin truthfully remarks,  
"no hundred men in our State have  
succeeded in doing for Democ-  
racy what he has." He is the  
"Pillar of the Democracy of our  
State, and deservedly so."  
A party is bound to have a head,  
What would become of any business  
without it had a central source from  
which all its directions came? And  
it is even so with a party. Organiza-  
tions would be entirely destroyed  
were the components to war with  
each other. A party without organi-  
zation is no party, and those who  
wilfully strike at the root of the or-  
ganization of the Democratic party  
in our State, can hardly be termed  
North Carolina Democrats. While  
we would despise those who im-  
peached the Democracy of any one,  
yet we cannot comprehend a true  
Democrat seeking to dismember his  
party, seeking to weaken the influ-  
ence of the brightest star in the  
party constellation, seeking to "lead  
out of the party" him who is dearer  
to the hearts of his fellow Democrats  
than any other who has ever borne  
its standard, in triumph, to victory.  
This indeed, surpasses our com-  
prehension.

As long as the civil service law  
is on the statute books of our nation,  
we favor the official, be he Demo-  
crat or Republican, who shall have  
the manhood to abide by that which  
he has sworn to see executed, but we  
do not favor the law itself. Yet  
while we do not agree with the DEM-  
OCRAT on civil service as executed  
by Cleveland, yet we do join it in  
according to Vance, a man the peer  
of any who has ever yet discussed  
his position on that measure in our  
State, the right to think as his judg-  
ment, by years of public service  
faithfully performed, dictates. And  
we are not ashamed to acknowledge  
that we have a great regard for, and  
confidence in his opinion, and feel  
that we as well as many of our  
brother editors, are much more li-  
ble to err in the merits of the law  
and its execution than is North Car-  
olina's spotless Senator—Zebulon B.  
Vance.

If there resides in our State any  
man who feels that he is powerful  
enough to displace Zeb, and take the  
vestments of office from his should-  
ers, we are sorry indeed for his stu-  
pidity and feel that his cheek will  
receive a slap that will teach him  
that Zeb is still "there." That re-  
sult can be accomplished in but one  
way—by the defeat of the Demo-  
cratic party and by the election of a

Republican Legislature. Can he be  
a Democrat who would strive for  
such an object? We ween not. We  
surely hope the exp. will fail to fit  
any one in our good old Tar Heel  
State, but if it should fit, we can  
only recommend a change in the  
size of the head, of him who would  
do it.

Not many months have passed  
since a certain brother of the quill  
in our State, saw fit to severely  
criticize the claimed violation of his  
pet civil service law, by the distin-  
guished ex-Congressman from our  
district, who, tho' defeated at Clin-  
ton for a re-nomination by maneuvers,  
consummated by a bosom friend of  
the brother above mentioned, yet  
has no stain on his conscience. This  
gentleman then in his chagrin at  
failing to nominate his candidate—  
Mr. W. T. Denton—after getting  
out of the District, sought to  
vent his spleen and at the same  
time to stir up his civil service theo-  
ries by showing that had Pays  
etville's P. obeyed those laws,  
the result of that convention might  
have been different. At the time  
the brother found out that others  
were posted as well as he, and the  
owner of the paper which he had  
just commenced editing in such an  
aggressive manner did not exactly  
care to have his paper embroiled in  
the manner that his fey young edit-  
or seemed to desire; consequently  
two replies, to that unfeeling at-  
tack, remained unanswered; and we  
would advise the use of prudence  
again by the same individual. Vance  
cannot be harmed and others might  
be.—Leading News.

### New Styles in Cane.

"No change in canes? Ah, that's  
where you are mistaken," said Mr.  
Smith. "There are few more neces-  
saries of dress that change more fre-  
quently than canes, as any young  
man who keeps well up with the  
fashions can tell you, for I'll wager  
he has stored away in 'closet or hall'  
a collection of some ten or fifteen  
which are out of style. A man to be  
in fashion changes his cane as he  
does the style of his spring coat or  
a lady does her bonnet."  
"Just now large canes are the  
swell thing—the larger the better.  
A policeman's club would be the  
correct size if it was lengthened out  
with a corkwood. Another  
one is a stick of the man  
singular fit for the swell."  
The larger is the cane he carries,  
the larger cooked handles are also the  
style. They are of fancy silver—  
that is, a deposit of silver over wood  
—or bakhorn or ivory. The bak-  
horn is an old revival in cane han-  
dles, and was very popular, combined  
with hickory, during Johnson's Ad-  
ministration.

### St. S. Prentiss, the Southern Tre- ator.

Prentiss served but one term in  
Congress, but his voice was heard  
in behalf of the Whigs in every cam-  
paign until his death in 1849, at the  
age of 41. He was the principal  
speaker at the great Whig meeting  
at Nashville in 1834, when his idol,  
Henry Clay, was a candidate for  
President.

His speech on the occasion was  
doubtless his masterpiece on the  
stump. When he closed he fell back  
in a swoon in the arms of James C.  
Jones, himself a magnificent orator,  
who hugged him to his bosom and  
exclaimed in an ecstasy of enthusi-  
asm:  
"Die, Prentiss, die; you will never  
have such another glorious opportu-  
nity."  
It was at the close of his great  
speech in ramet Hall in 1844 that  
Edward Everett asked Daniel Web-  
ster if he had ever heard such a  
speech before, and the answer was:  
"Never, except by Prentiss him-  
self."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Napoleon's Impetuous Temper.

With Napoleon no idea was sim-  
ply speculative. It needed instan-  
taneous realization and his thought,  
as said by the Poet, became a pas-  
sion as it grew. On one occasion,  
when discussing the terms of the  
concordat with Volney, he gave the  
Senator a kick in the stomach  
which sent him to bed for a week.  
When suddenly surprised by Jose-  
phine at St. Cloud with a lady he  
dashed after his wife, who had only  
time to escape, and in the evening  
showed his anger by breaking the  
furniture near his hands. On an-  
other occasion, before the empire,  
he treated Berthier in a scurrilous  
manner in the presence of a room full  
of people. Tallyrand, in his quizzical  
way, told Berthier that his master  
was thinking of proclaiming himself  
king, whereupon the ill-advised  
courtier went over to compliment  
the First consul. Napoleon's eyes  
darted fury at the word king, and  
putting his fist under the chin of the  
unlucky Berthier, he pushed him  
toward the wall, saying: "Idiot,  
who sent you here to raise my bile?"  
He swore and stamped while dictat-  
ing to his secretaries, and, in dress-  
ing himself, often dug his clothes  
in the fire if they did not suit him.

### From a Medical Editor.

Dr. Pratt, of the Journal, at Corning,  
N. Y., thus jabs the heart of  
Mrs. Cleveland's husband over a de-  
wise and pours hot goose grease in  
his Mugwump ear, and works it in  
with his forefinger in this manner:  
"If the President needs exer-  
cise as a Washington medical man  
last week said he did, he can find

plenty to do. He could, for instance,  
apply his colossal toe to his Pan Elec-  
tric Attorney-General and thus free  
his Administration from scandal.  
Or, he could bounce the thousands  
of Republicans yet holding office,  
and fill their places with old-time  
Democrats. The latter form of exer-  
cise would strengthen him immen-  
sely with his party, and if in so  
doing he happened to knock down a  
few Mugwumps, who would shed a  
tear? There is a contest coming on  
with Governor Hill which may try  
his powers to the utmost. He will  
find in his antagonist a trained Dem-  
ocratic athlete who possesses ten  
times his suppleness. If the Presi-  
dent intends to get into proper  
shape for the struggle he ought to  
begin at once. When the clash of  
arms comes in the Democratic nomi-  
nating convention, Mugwump muscle  
can never win the day. The con-  
test will not be governed by Mug-  
wumpian rules. To defeat his wily  
Democratic rival, the President will  
need every particle of Democratic  
fire at his command, and the sooner  
he confines himself to a rigid diet of  
straight-out and old-fashioned De-  
mocracy the better his chances of  
success."—Brick Pomeroy's Democrat.

"The public roads of the State  
will be worked by taxation in less  
than ten years, we believe. That  
is the only just way to work the  
roads. Let a 'wheel tax' be levied  
for the purpose of working the roads,  
we say. We shall elaborate this  
subject in the future."—Wilson Ad-  
vocate.  
A wheel tax indeed! We are op-  
posed to all such legislation. There  
has been pandering enough done to  
the lazy, thriftless class who never  
owned a wheel or any thing else, and  
many of whom if they could live to  
the age of Methuselah would not own  
one. Put no more premiums on vice  
and laziness, but make these able-  
bodied fellows who loaf around the  
smaller towns and cross-roads put  
their shoulders to the wheels and do  
their part. Working roads is as  
honorable as "pressing brick" any  
time.—Windsor Ledger.

Only a few months ago, in India,  
in a certain planting district there  
was a notorious man eater. Two  
gentlemen, A and B, residing on an  
estate, had had, besides other em-  
ployes, two chowkears, or native  
watchmen, within a few days, and  
the unfortunate men had been actu-  
ally carried off out of the veranda of  
the bangalow. A and B therefore  
determined to clothe themselves like  
natives, and sit during the night,  
armed, in the veranda, in hopes they  
might be able to get a shot at the  
man eater, who, they thought, might  
probably return to the spot which  
had already provided him with two  
victims.

### Saved from a Tiger's Jaws.

They proceeded to carry out this  
intention, and sat up till about 2  
or 3 A. M., but nothing appeared. A  
then said, he should not stay up any  
longer, as he did not believe the ani-  
mal would come; but B announced  
his intention of waiting half an hour  
longer himself. There were large  
win-look openings down to the floor  
of the veranda, and through one of  
these A retired, and after entering  
his room, had just closed the win-  
dow, and was going out for an in-  
stant, when he saw a dark mass  
land in the veranda, right up to his  
friend, then heard sounds of a scuffle  
and a cry for help. Seizing his rifle,  
to which a sword bayonet was at-  
tached, and flung up the window,  
he rushed out in time to see B walk-  
ing down the steps that led up to the  
veranda alongside of the tiger with  
his hand in the latter's mouth.  
A was afraid to fire lest he should  
hit his friend, so, running after him,  
he, with admirable presence of mind,  
went up to the tiger and plunging  
his bayonet into the animal's body  
at the same time fired. There was  
a roar and a scuffle, and B took ad-  
vantage of the moment to release  
his hand, and the tiger, after tum-  
bling, died. B's hand was terribly  
mauled.—Court Journal.

### Swimming among Sharks.

A traveler whose vessel had an-  
chored off the coast of Arabia, two  
days off the distance down the Red  
Sea, describes in the Youth's Com-  
panion a perilous game of the ar-  
chons of that region. Going on deck  
in the morning he noticed some bob-  
bing black objects in the water, and  
said to the Captain: "What are those  
things swimming? Sharks, I  
suppose?"  
"Well, land-sharks you might call  
them, 'praps. Take my glass and try  
again!"

### THE OUILOOK.

It is very evident to a thinking  
mind that the Democratic party  
will soon be on the verge of a crisis.  
A large faction of the party headed  
by the President of the United  
States and all manner of office-  
holders are running after a strange  
god known as Civil Service Reform.  
These have forsaken the fountains  
of living waters, and hewed out for  
themselves broken cisterns that hold  
no water.  
On the other hand, the hearts of  
the great Democratic masses are  
beating true measure to old fash-  
ioned, time honored Democratic  
music. D. B. Hill, of New York,  
seems to be the man on whom all  
eyes are turned to lead the party to

Manuscript over 120 Years Old  
Found in the Heart of a Tree.

On the farm of John Guinther, in  
Rockland township, Berks county,  
Penn., a chestnut tree was recently  
cut down, which for size is prob-  
ably not excelled by any other in the  
State. It measured 40 1/2 feet in cir-  
cumference, 10 feet 2 inches across  
the butt, and yielded 12 cords of  
firewood. It was solid to the core  
yet, and only last season a crop of  
about 3 1/2 bushels of chestnuts was se-  
cured from it. The concentric  
rings in the wood were clearly  
marked, and possessing an inquir-  
ing mind the owner counted them,  
and this established the fact that  
the tree sprang from the parent  
chestnut about 250 years ago. The  
most remarkable fact in connection  
with the old forest monarch, how-  
ever, was the discovery, in splitting it  
up, of a small hollow metal tube  
solidly imbedded in the wood of the  
trunk about three feet inward from  
the outer surface, and which upon  
examination was found to contain a  
strip of paper on which was written  
with ink in German, the following  
inscription: "Johann Jacob Waltz,  
Fulda, Kingdom of Wurtemberg,  
Auro 1765." The supposition is  
that the tube was for some mysteri-  
ous purpose bored into it with an  
ordinary size of boring into it, with  
an augur and then plugging it up,  
and that after wards the puncture  
was grown over.—N.

### Victory in 1887. A straight out Democrat, Governor Hill has not thing in common with the flabby di- luted moonshine of Mugwumpism. Our own Vance, danger to the hearts of the people of the Old North State than anyone within her borders, says touch not "the unsac- red thing." Kingsbury and Kitchin, two of the ablest Democra- tic editors in the State, are on the side of right. Both sides are gath- ering together their forces for the coming fight, which will only be de- termined at the next National Dem- ocratic Convention which will take place a year hence. We call upon our friends of the north to stand steadily. The sunny south is with you. Repudiate the plank of Civil Service Reform and all go well. Recollect the south can not stand upon it and you can not afford to give us from your political fire- side. To this and the Southern states will present a solid phalanx at the next national election, and united country will swell high the anthem of praise over the elec- tion of a true and tried Democrat as President of these united States.— Windsor Ledger.

### Swimming among Sharks.

A traveler whose vessel had an-  
chored off the coast of Arabia, two  
days off the distance down the Red  
Sea, describes in the Youth's Com-  
panion a perilous game of the ar-  
chons of that region. Going on deck  
in the morning he noticed some bob-  
bing black objects in the water, and  
said to the Captain: "What are those  
things swimming? Sharks, I  
suppose?"  
"Well, land-sharks you might call  
them, 'praps. Take my glass and try  
again!"

### Saved from a Tiger's Jaws.

Only a few months ago, in India,  
in a certain planting district there  
was a notorious man eater. Two  
gentlemen, A and B, residing on an  
estate, had had, besides other em-  
ployes, two chowkears, or native  
watchmen, within a few days, and  
the unfortunate men had been actu-  
ally carried off out of the veranda of  
the bangalow. A and B therefore  
determined to clothe themselves like  
natives, and sit during the night,  
armed, in the veranda, in hopes they  
might be able to get a shot at the  
man eater, who, they thought, might  
probably return to the spot which  
had already provided him with two  
victims.

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again!"

### THE OUILOOK.

It is very evident to a thinking  
mind that the Democratic party  
will soon be on the verge of a crisis.  
A large faction of the party headed  
by the President of the United  
States and all manner of office-  
holders are running after a strange  
god known as Civil Service Reform.  
These have forsaken the fountains  
of living waters, and hewed out for  
themselves broken cisterns that hold  
no water.  
On the other hand, the hearts of  
the great Democratic masses are  
beating true measure to old fash-  
ioned, time honored Democratic  
music. D. B. Hill, of New York,  
seems to be the man on whom all  
eyes are turned to lead the party to

### ADVERTISE

IN THE

DEMOCRAT.