THE DEMOCRAT.

W. H KITCHIN, OWNER

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

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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.

The Bells of Earth.

The bells of earth go sounding on
From many an ancient steeple,
Telling their tales of joy and woe
To all the waiting people;
In merry strains of festal mirth
They cheer our hours of gladness,
Or wail their cry when midnight flames
Are raging in their madness
So on they ring, these bells of earth,
With note that never changes,
But over all the chords of life
Their mystic music ranges.

To-day they mourn a nation's loss
In heavy moans of sorrow,
But chant the tripping wedding march
In gladsome tones to-morrow;
To-day they sing of victory,
With banners gayly flying,
To-morrow requiems for the slain
On all the winds are sighing.
So on they ring, these bells of earth,
With note that never changes,
But over all the chords of life
Their mystic music ranges.

How gently on the morning air
The Sabbath bells are calling,
How softly at the hour of prayer,
When evening dews are falling;
But when death's sad procession moves
And bells are slowly tolling,
How mournfully upon the ear
Those waves of sound come rolling!
So on they ring, these bells of earth,
With note that never changes,
But over all the chords of life
Their mystic music ranges.

Their note is one! but human souls,
All thoughts and passions blending,
Can turn the music at their will,
To each emotion bending;
These songs from turret and from tower
Which o'er the land are ringing
Are echoes from the self same song
Which every heart is singing.
So on they ring, these bells of earth,
With note that never changes,
But over all the chords of life
Their mystic music ranges.

INCREASE N. TARBOX.

FEMININE PLUCK.

The Bad Luck of Three Outlaws Who Carried off a Woman.

Men are accustomed to look upon women as frail, tender, and without pluck, but the bravery and heroism of the female sex, when forced to face the inevitable, shine forth in instances which men may have equaled, but never excelled.

In June, 1878, three ruffians, one of whom was a half-breed Indian, rode up to the pioneer cabin of Henry Clark, situated near the State line between Kansas and Nebraska, due north of Smith Centre, and on the bank of the Republican River. It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and Clark was in Marysville, Kansas, on business, leaving the wife, who was a robust woman of twenty-five, alone on the place. Hospitality is the rule of the West, and when the men asked for breakfast she could not well refuse, although she made up her mind at first glance that they were bad men. They said they were looking for stock, and seemed to be interested as to Clark's absence. All were heavily armed and rode good horses. While Mrs. Clark was very much frightened and annoyed at their presence, she made a pretence of being cool and brave, and this probably put the climax off for some time. She prepared a good breakfast, and the men sat down to eat, but it was easy to see that they were not hungry. They only made a pretence of eating, and when they got up two of them seized her and rushed her out of doors, and the third, who had already mounted, received her on his saddle. In speaking of this act, Mrs. Clark explains:

"I had been expecting just such a move, and was in a measure prepared for it. We had no neighbor nearer than three miles, and I felt that only in being taken away from the house was there any chance of rescue from their clutches. Men were constantly riding about the country looking for land or stray stock, and I had strong hopes of meeting some party before we had gone far. Therefore when they seized me I made but little resistance, and, apparently to their great surprise, I did not scream nor faint."

The men rode off at a gallop up the river, skirting the edges of the timber, and in three quarters of an hour reached a cabin which had been abandoned in the spring by a family named Miller. The settler's wife had died, and he had removed to Red Cloud. The cabin was a small and snug affair, having a heavy door with a bar to it, and two windows provided with almost bullet-proof inside shutters. The men rode straight to the cabin and dismounted, Mrs. Clark being assisted off the saddle before the man who rode the horse with her got down. As she struck the ground she grabbed for the butt of a revolver which stuck out of the holster of the man who helped her down, and what happened in the next two or three minutes she relates herself:

"I was and am a fair shot with rifle or revolver. I first seized the weapon with the idea of committing suicide, but changed my mind in an instant, pulled up the hammer, and shot the man in the leg before he had taken his hands off me. Then I darted for the cabin, carrying the smoking weapon in my hand. The half-open door was only ten feet away, and I was inside and had the door bar in place in a few seconds. Indeed, the man whom I have wounded had scarcely cried out before I was in the house. My action was so sudden and unexpected that not a hand was stretched out to stop me. Fortunately for me, the bar stood on end just behind the door, and as I slipped it into place I felt that I had been saved. Two or three years of pioneer life give a woman courage and confidence, and I knew I had disabled one of the men and had five bullets left for the other two."

The wounded man received the bullet in the left leg just at the knee, and made a serious matter of it. He fell to the ground and cursed and groaned in a terrible way, and vowed that the woman should be burned alive at the stake to pay for his injury. His companions were at first inclined to ridicule him and to admire the pluck of the woman; but when they realized that he would probably lose his limb, and that the trio had a peck of trouble on hand, their anger became frightful. They made a rush for the door, evidently expecting to easily lay hands on the woman and drag her out, but they found it barred. When they turned to the windows they found them also well secured. It became plain to them that she meant determined resistance, and they gave up their efforts and retired to consult. From what Mrs. Clark overheard she was convinced that the two men wanted to help the wounded one off and leave at once, but he obstinately refused to move an inch until he had been revenged on the woman. He called their attention to the fact that it was a lonely neighborhood, not likely to be visited by any strangers before night, and that they should batter in the door and secure their victim. When they referred to his wound as evidence of her bravery, he fiercely shouted:

"It was an accident shot, she's got my revolver, but she won't dare fire it to save her life. Get a log and burst in that door."

The men hunted about until they found a large limb which had been trimmed up, and they seized this and made a rush for the door. The woman knew just what they were preparing for, and she softly unbolted one of the blinds and swung it back until she could see them. One of the panes of glass was gone, and she rested the revolver in this opening, took deliberate aim at the man nearest her, and when she pulled the trigger he fell down and expired with scarcely a kick, having been shot through the heart. The other immediately ran away, but took a circuit and came back to the wounded man. Then the cursing, raving and storming were renewed, and the wounded man dropped himself up and emptied the contents of his Winchester and his revolver into the door and window blind. Mrs. Clark had warning, and she sat down on the floor in a corner. Some of the bullets fell inside, but she was in a safe place. When the wounded outlaw had exhausted his ammunition he called upon his companion to beat the door in with a rock lying near by, and threatened him with death if he did not. Mrs. Clark was looking out of the window, and she says:

"The man was thoroughly afraid of me, more so than of his friend, and he refused to obey, saying there had been nonsense enough, and he would now help the other way. He stood looking toward the cabin as he talked, and I saw the wounded man slip a cartridge into his revolver and raise the weapon and fire. The bullet was meant to kill, but it did not even wound, and the man turned, drew his own weapon, and fired three bullets into the would-be assassin's body, causing his death in a minute or two. He did not go near the body, but waved his hand to me as a token that I was not to be disturbed, and then got the horses together, strapped the rifles to the saddles, and rode away as hard as he could go."

The woman soon left the cabin and took her way homeward, but was met by her husband and three cattle hunters about a mile away. The three latter pursued the fugitive for miles, securing two of the horses, and exchanging several shots, but he finally got safely away.—Ex.

FACES FOR THE STAGE.

Behind the scenes of a theatre is not an interesting place, usually, and its inaccessibility is a good thing in preserving the air of mystery and ideality so essential to stage work. But on the occasion of the Couldock benefit the actors employed were so famous, and the rules so relaxed, that a moderate company keenly enjoyed the meeting of Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barret, John Gilbert, Joseph Jefferson, C. W. Couldock and a number of lesser dramatic personages. Much of their talk was commonplace, of course, but at length somebody spoke of an account, published that morning, of Richard Mansfield's attempt to represent the dual character of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The former is a good and rotund man in the story, you will remember, with a benevolent sort of face, while the latter is a wizened scoundrel, with an ugly, evil visage. It was said that Mansfield had undertaken to show the contrasted faces by means of contortion alternated with calm placidity. In the slang of the stage he had "mugged it." Mr. Booth remarked: "I remember that my father always urged actors of 'character' parts to rely as little as possible on 'make up,' and to practice the right expression by an artistic control of the muscles of the face, even when the expression was one which had to be steadily maintained throughout the play. He did so very generally himself. As Sir Giles Overreach he did not line his face at all, and about the only paint he used was for the production of the desired complexion—not for expression."

"That is good art, certainly," said Mr. Jefferson, who stood there in the guise of Bob Acres, ready to appear in "The Rivals," "but when you play juveniles at my age it is the obliteration of lines, not the making of false ones, that requires the brush. Speaking of your father's idea, though, reminds me of an actor in his company who found it extremely difficult to obey the rule. He could put his mobile face into the correct grimace at the outset, before the glass in the dressing room, but could not hold it persistently. He would be a most atrocious villain at first sight, but when the audience got well acquainted with him, and the action of the drama required him to get wickeder and wickeder, his face would steadily smooth out. Many a time your father scolded him for this, and at last permitted him to paint on the necessary lines."

"My experience has been singular," said Mr. Gilbert. "I began to play old men right from the commencement of my career, and, being boyish then, I had to paint my face for age very thoroughly. I am now made up for Sir Peter Teazle, as you see, but, alack! the wrinkles are all natural. One after another, during about half a century, I have left off the artificial lines, until at last I have caught up with my stage age."

Mr. Barrett told about an actress whom he would not name, "But she had a pretty as well as mobile face," he said, "and that is a combination not often found. Strong expression does not commonly go with lovely features. However, it was so in this instance. The lady prided herself a deal on her facial delineation, but she had the same difficulty mentioned by Mr. Booth—she couldn't be sure of just what she was looking like when away from her glass. So she always had a tiny mirror about her toilet—in a fan, as an adornment at her wrist, or in some other place where the audience would not detect it. Whenever she would become in the least uncertain of her face she would glance into the mirror and readjust her features. It was a good, practical idea."—New York Cor. Chicago *Herald*.

PIONEER DAYS IN OHIO

The western reserve of Ohio received in its settlers the best blood of New England. Those men journeyed thither in springless wagons, or in sleds, following through the woods trails which were so narrow that a passage for their teams had to be cut. Months were occupied in the fatiguing, uncomfortable journey, during which the emigrants encountered sickness, hunger, wild beasts, and wilder Indians. When "the land of promise" was reached, a log hut, with greased paper for windows, a door of split boards and a rude door, was run up. The inmates of one log cabin hung up a quilt, and that, with a big bull dog, constituted the door. Wooden dishes and bowls were used for years after the arrival of the settlers. When yellow clay dishes and bowls were made the hardy housewives looked upon them as luxuries.

The pioneer mothers were gifted with a "faculty." They made mince pie of pumpkin instead of apple, and with vinegar in place of wine and cider, and they used bear's meat instead of beef. These pies were sweetened with wild honey, and seasoned with pulverized pepper.

Salt was brought from Onondaga, N. Y., on ox teams or pack horses, and cost $20 a barrel. Later on a salt spring was discovered, to which people from all parts of the reserve repaired in the spring with a kettle, to manufacture their own salt.

Corn bread, baked on a clean board before a roaring fire, was the staple article of diet. It was served smoking hot, and with it a bowl of milk and a wooden spoon. The corn was ground in the hollow of an oak stump; the grinding was accomplished by pounding with a stone pestle; hung to a spring pole. Afterward hand mills came into use, which required two hours of steady turning to grind meal enough to supply a day's food to one person.

The annals of one of the old families of the reserve record that for three months a younger son looked after the supply of corn meal. He had chills and fever, and the nearest hand mill was at a neighbor's five miles distant.

He harmonized his work and his "shakes." In the morning, as soon as the first "shake" was over, he walked to the neighbor's carrying a peck of corn. He would grind his grist, wait until the second "shake" had passed, and then walk home.

Another family, whose head was away seeking food, lived for three days on boiled beech leaves. On the fourth day the smallest son, 12 years old, rushed into the cabin, crying, "Give me the gun! I can shoot a deer!"

The mother took down the gun from the rack, gave it to the boy, and bade the children hush and listen. The report and the shout told of the boy's success, he had killed a fine deer.

The father of another family went twenty miles to buy provisions. His wife and three children were so destitute during his absence that she emptied the straw of her bed on the cabin floor, and picked it over to obtain what wheat she could. She gathered a handful, which she boiled and gave to her children.

A wild turkey approached the cabin; she heard it call, and took down her husband's rifle, which she had been taught to handle. There was but one charge of powder in the house, and that was in the gun. She realized the situation, but, controlling her nerves, crept near the bird and fired. The turkey fell dead, and she had food for her little ones.

Bears and wolves were numerous, and every cabin had its wolf or bear story. There was scarcely a pioneer but could brag of having been chased up a tree by a black bear. The women could tell of their rude strategy to keep the many wolves from the door.

One woman burned gunpowder in a spoon, held through a crevice in her log cabin, to frighten away the wolves. Another kept the spinning wheel going all night so that her little one would not be scared by the howlings of the hungry wolves.

Women had to be brave. One woman heard in the evening the howling of wolves. She had a few sheep and having put the children to bed, she lighted a torch and sallied forth. She found the sheep, huddled together in the pasture, and saw the dark forms of the skulking wolves. The sheep followed her home, where she built a large fire, and thus kept the beasts of prey at bay.—*Youth's Companion.*

WEATHER BUREAU SIGNALS.

The cautionary signals of the weather bureau are of two kinds: 1. Those premonishing dangerous winds to blow from any direction, and (2) Those premonishing off shore winds likely to drive vessels out to sea. Both kinds are needed and used on the shore of seas and lakes for the guidance of mariners. These signals are only used where wind storm of at least thirty-five miles an hour is approaching. The first, known distinctively as the "cautionary signal," is a red flag with a black square in the center in the day time and a red light by night. The second, or cautionary off shore signal, is a flag with two stripes of black and white, indicating direction of the wind by its position with reference to the cautionary signal always displayed with it, and also by position of the stripes. That is, the black stripe is above the white when northerly winds are expected, and below for southerly winds, and the direction signal is shown above the cautionary signal when easterly winds are impending and below for westerly winds. These are all day time signals; there are no night signals for wind direction, though a white light above a red light by night indicates that while the storm has not yet passed the station, and dangerous winds may yet be felt there, they will probably be from the north or west. There is also an on shore wind signal which is hoisted only on the lakes when a wind on the water of twenty to thirty-five miles an hour may be expected to blow on shore, a wind dangerous to small vessels, barges, and towns. This is a flag of four alternate squares of black and white. In the night time this is represented by a white light.—*Inter Ocean.*

A CAR COUPLER WANTED.

Among railroad men it is universally admitted that the common method of coupling cars is about as primitive and as dangerous to life and limb as can be devised, and that the man who invents the proper substitute for it will reap both fame and fortune. The patent office has issued over 3,000 patents for improved and automatic couplers, and yet none has been invented which seems to be perfect under all the requirements of railroading. Many men have spent the best portions of their lives in devising couplers only to find when they were subjected to practical use that they had defects that were fatal and could not be corrected.

Said an inventor: "There are plenty of couplers that are practical and safe, but the great trouble is that their first cost is a little more than that of the ordinary man killer and as money is dear and brakemen are cheap they won't adopt them."

"I hardly think that it is fair to the railroads," responded a third. "In my opinion, the great obstacle to the adoption of automatic couplers is the lack of uniformity in the height of cars. The master car builders have adopted a standard, but they have no means of enforcing it on roads. If all the cars could be made of one uniform height, there would be but little difficulty in devising an automatic coupler that would work; but at present you might as well try to make a straight stick without two ends as a coupler that will do the work required by present circumstances."—New York *Sun.*

THE RUSSIAN AND HIS RATION.

The simplicity of diet to which the Russian is accustomed gives him a great advantage in enduring the privations of a campaign. Where an Englishman would be half starved the Russian finds his ration sufficient. According to the "Armed strength of Russia," the men receive a mess allowance which is calculated to give them one-third of a pound of meat on one hundred and ninety six days of the year. The remaining one hundred and sixty-nine days are observed as fasts, according to the rules of the Greek church. In addition, about two pounds of flour, which the men bake into bread for themselves, or one pound thirteen ounces of biscuit is issued per man, and to this is added four and four-fifths ounces of salt, four-fifths ounces of groth, and for every one hundred men eleven and seven-tenths ounces of tea and two pounds three-tenths ounces of sugar.

As against this, the daily field ration of the British soldier is one pound of meat, one and one-half pounds bread or one pound biscuit, one-third ounce coffee, one-sixth ounce tea, two ounces sugar, and one-half ounce of salt, and when hard work is being done another half pound of meat is added if possible, and it is also usual to serve out two ounces compressed vegetables or four ounces preserved potatoes.

At home Groceries and vegetables are not issued as rations, but a sum not exceeding three pence a day is stopped out of the men's pay to form a mess form, out of which they supply themselves with such extras. The difference in the fare of the two armies is sufficiently striking; and the thought immediately arises, how could the multifarious wants of Englishmen have been supplied in the snowy passes of the Balkans, or how would the British soldier have worked on Russian rations? The weight of the English daily ration is about three and one half pounds, that of the Russian is about two pounds. Every Russian regiment has on hand eight days' supply of biscuits, which is renewed once a month. When marching five days supply is carried with the regimental wagons and three days' allowance by the men themselves.—*The Argonaut.*

A Democratic Journalist who Will Speak Frankly About Brother Cleveland.

The Nashville *American* grows needlessly pathetic over certain criticisms which the *Courier Journal* has felt it a duty at times to pass upon the President. Well, we said nothing about him which was not true, and never hit him a lick amiss, or struck him below his ample belt. He is old enough and ugly enough, we suppose, to stand it, and just as much more of the same sort as we may hereafter feel it a duty to say. That, if occasion requires, we shall say it, our esteemed neighbor may be perfectly sure. The President is for a season. He is here to-day and gone to-morrow. He is not, except as he is right, a conscience keeper or an issue maker. Truth is for all time, and the *Courier Journal* shall print it as it sees it, taking the consequences and shrinking from no part of them, and giving in every case reasons for its beliefs. Let our esteemed Nashville contemporary have a care lest it commits itself too positively to the Administration. It will find some cats in that tub of meal when Congress meets; and they won't be all of them black cats either.—*Courier Journal.*

Brother Burchard's Alliteration

A notable instance of the influence of the press in shaping great events was that in connection with the noted alliteration of the Rev. Dr. Burchard during the last Presidential campaign. The Republican managers had arranged to have Mr. Blaine meet a number of distinguished clergymen in New York city to help along his boom, after the manner of workingmen's clubs, and business men's societies, recently introduced into our national political campaigns. Mr. Blaine found himself surrounded by a most enthusiastic and ardent set of friends. But Dr. Burchard, not being a practical politician, indiscreetly denounced the Democracy as the party of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." The quick-witted newspaper man instantly caught the alliteration, and before one hour Dr. Burchard's blunder had been telegraphed to ever newspaper office and political leader in the country. The campaign had almost closed. Republican State Committees had figured out their probable majorities, and had every reason to feel jubilant. But in the few short days before the first Tuesday of November the newspapers had rung the changes on "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" so successfully that 10,000 Catholics in the State of New York alone who had avowed their intention to vote for Blaine, on account of his sympathy with the cause of Ireland, cast their ballots for Mr. Cleveland, the Democratic candidate, who received the insignificant majority of less than 1,200. But for the newspapers Mr. Blaine would have carried the State by 20,000 majority.—From Mr. Feeny's Lecture on Newspapers and their Influence.

MR. CLEVELAND'S PLANS.

It is no longer a secret that if President Cleveland goes West this summer to see St. Louis &c., he will make a clean circuit of that section of country. It is his intention to visit nearly all of the central and western States, and I have it from a reliable source that Mr. Cleveland has privately accepted more than a dozen invitations to attend fairs, celebrations, &c., and is considering the advisability of being present at many more. A number of county fairs have not been advertised because their officers, who expect to have the President in attendance, have not received his reply, and therefore do not know when he will be on hand.—Baltimore *Journal.*

WATER WILL NOT BURN.

It is a matter of general belief that by certain chemical processes water can be made to burn. Now, combustion, in almost every instance, is a process of combination of oxygen, and water is a completely oxidized body; that is, all the affinities of the hydrogen have been combined with an equal number of those of oxygen. The chemical reaction which would be accompanied with heat and light has already taken place, and cannot be repeated. It is true that we can decompose water into its constituent gases, and produce the phenomenon of combustion by recombining them, but it is not the water which is burned in such a case, but the hydrogen gas obtained from it. The man who "was born to set the river on fire" must be classed with other mythical personages.—*Popular Science News.*

Tobacco and the Eyes

"Cigarette smoking is doing more injury to the eyes than anything I know of," said an optician recently to a reporter.

"Smoking pipes or cigars is bad enough, but there is something in the paper with which the cigarette is rolled that is very injurious to the eye-sight. There are more men and boys wearing glasses now than I have ever known before, and I attribute it all to excess in tobacco smoking. Nine out of ten Germans wear spectacles. They are inveterate smokers."—New York *Mail and Express.*

Justice in Persia.

A traveler in Persia relates the following incident; I was on a visit to a judge when a man was brought in who stoutly denied the offense with which he was charged. The beglerbeg (judge) sent for a whip. "I vow I am innocent," said the accused, as he crossed his hands over his breast, at the same time stretching forward one of his fingers. The minions of justice stood ready to strike at a signal from the judge, who fixed his eyes on the breast of the prisoner and exclaimed: "You are guilty!" "By the venerable head, I vow I am not guilty!" protested the accused, now raising two fingers. This process was continued until he at last stretched out five fingers, when the beglerbeg remarked: "Good; let him go; he is innocent." I learned afterward that by raising his finger the prisoner meant the judge to understand that he offered one toman (about ten shillings) for his release, and had been compelled to raise the amount by successive bids to five tomans (£5) in order to satisfy the demands of Persian justice.—*The Argonaut.*

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