

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 JULY 1, 1887.

NO 34.

TOWN GOVERNMENT.

CAPT. A. WHITE, Mayor.
R. H. Smith, Jr.,
J. M. Johnson, Commissioners.
W. A. Dunn,
R. L. Allsbrook, Town Constable.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Services, William's Chapel 11 a. m.
Palmira 7 p. m.
Scotland Neck 11 a. m.
Palmira 7 p. m.
Scotland Neck 11 a. m.
Palmira 7 p. m.
Scotland Neck 11 a. m.
Palmira 7 p. m.
Scotland Neck 11 a. m.
Palmira 7 p. m.
T. P. BONNER, P. C.

The Returned Letters.

Released from the galling fetters
Of love that never was true!
Do you smile at the sight of the letters
That I now return to you?

The present is waking from sleeping;
The past is a romantic dream.
But to me, in my passionate weeping,
How real does the present seem.

The past and its by-gone hours,
Its rhythmic, magical days,
Like a tree in the desert towers
O'er the burning and desolate ways.

To the past my eyes ever lifted,
Of the present I try to forget;
But the past and its pleasures have
Left only a bitter regret.

Does a smile on your scornful lips hover,
Or does a tear steal into your eye,
As you read the old love letters o'er
And think of the days gone by?

As you sit there quietly reading
The words that made my heart beat,
Do you think how that heart is now
Beating only a bitter regret.

Do you sigh as the bright flame flashes
And curls round the words you once
Penned
And naught is left of the past but the
ashes

Of a love that is dead and at end?
—Richard Buckner Allen in *Courier-Journal*.

The Two Glasses.

There are two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim,
One is ruddy and red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother—
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each
other,
I can tell of banquet, and revel, and
mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on
earth

Fell under my touch as though struck by
light
Where I was a king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the
crowns;

From the heights of fame I have hurled
men down,
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame.

I have tempted youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste,
Far greater than a king am I,
For that any army beneath the sky.

"I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail.
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet
to me.

Fortune said, behold how great you feel!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before
you fall,
For power might and power are over all."

"Oh, paler brother," laughed the
wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as
mine?"

Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of a crown, or a throne, or a murdered host,
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By the crystal drops made light and
glad."

"Oh, wine," I quenched, of brows I've
dried,
Of lips I've cooled, and souls I've
glad;
I've led you through the valley, dashed
down the mountain.

Flow in the river and played in the
fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from
the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape
and eye.

I have eased the hot forehead of fever and
pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow
fertile with grain.

I have led of the powerful wheel of the
mill
That ground out flour and turned at my
will.

I have led of manhood debased by you,
That lifted up and crowned anew,
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of maid and maid;
I set the wine chain captive free.

And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and its paler brother—
As they sat together filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table rim to rim.

—The Maine Farmer.

STATE FAIR OF 1887.

The premium list of the twenty-seventh annual State Fair, to be held in Raleigh, commencing on the 18th of October next, and continuing for the week, has been issued.

As usual, the fair authorities have offered some very handsome premiums, which will no doubt secure a large attendance of farmers, stock-raisers, etc., etc. Some of the most important premiums are as follows:

Cotton.—For largest yield from five acres of land, \$40; for best bale, \$30. The aggregate of the premiums for cotton is about \$350.

Tobacco.—For best ten pounds bright lemon wrappers, \$20; for best ten pounds mahogany wrappers, \$20, with smaller premiums for other grades, all amounting to about \$350.

For corn, wheat, oats, rye, rice, peas, seeds, etc., etc., the premiums are very liberal; some of them being as high as \$40. In these departments the premiums aggregate \$250.

Hay.—For the largest yield from one acre, the handsome premium of \$30 is offered.

Horses.—This is an attractive portion of the premium list, especially to the owners of fine horses. About three hundred and fifty dollars are offered in this department. There will be no competition from horses from other states, but all competing for premiums must have been owned in the state at least six months preceding the fair. The fair authorities have in view the encouragement of horse raising in our own state. This is as it should be, and since our people have gone into the grass growing business so extensively, there is no reason why as fine horses should not be raised in North Carolina as any other State in the Union.

Cattle.—The cattle raisers will be especially pleased with the handsome premiums offered in this department, the amount aggregating about six hundred dollars, divided between Jersey's, Guernseys, Devons, Ayrshires, Short Horns, Holsteins, Herefords, and grades or natives. In this department, cattle competing for premiums must be owned in the state. And just here, we would suggest to the executive committee that the time has about arrived when this department should be confined to cattle raised in the state. Nowhere in the South can be found finer cattle than right here in Wake county. The recent cattle show by the Wake County Cattle Club would have done credit to any state.

Sheep and swine.—In these departments, handsome premiums are offered, also in the poultry department, in which several new strains have been introduced.

In the other departments—orchard products and floriculture, pantry supplies, manufactures, mercantile displays, ladies' work, fine arts, paintings, &c., agricultural implements and machinery, liberal premiums are offered. The department of paintings &c. offers special inducements to home artists, and indications are that this department will be well patronized.

The races.—There is at least one excellent change in this department. The running races which I have been objectionable to some of our people, have been entirely omitted, and the trials of speed will be confined to trotting and to horses owned in the state. In the past much of the money paid in this department has been taken out of the state to the great dissatisfaction of some of our own citizens. The executive committee has acted wisely in providing that this shall no longer be the case.

Racing is intended chiefly to amuse visitors, and while the purses should always be sufficient to pay the owners of horses for the trouble and expense of attending, the fairs, they should not be large enough to encourage this spirit of racing merely for the amount of the stakes.

Satisfactory rates have been secured from the railroads, and if our people are blessed with good crops, of which there is now every indication, there will be a larger attendance at the next fair, than has ever been present on any similar occasion.

The excellent and progressive president of the society, W. G. Upchurch, Esq., with his usual energy, is pushing matters, and if the next fair is not a success, it will not be owing to his indefatigable exertions, and that of his progressive executive committee, and the active and efficient secretary, Hon. Jno. Nichols, who are so closely identified with

him in his efforts to build up this great state institution.

Persons wishing copies of the premium list can obtain them, post-paid by addressing John Nichols, Esq., secretary of the society, at Raleigh. —News-Observer.

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

"The foundation on which every sharper works is avarice," said the same fakir after lighting a fresh cigar, "and he is as apt to catch the citizen of a big town as the farmer living by himself. I was attached to a circus for several seasons, and my statistics proved that the biggest share of my money came from townspeople. I had a wheel of fortune, two or three patent medicines, a prize drawing, etc., and I have taken more money at once out of a lawyer or merchant than out of a countryman. It is curious how all sorts of people will invest their money on a wheel of fortune. There never was one made which did not give the operator seventy-five per cent. advantage to begin with, and by trickery this advantage is increased fifteen or twenty per cent. You must know that the operator has things so fixed that he can stop the wheel at will. In a town in Rhode Island a member of the common council who was accounted one of the sharpest men in the locality left \$200 with me before he quit my wheel. If there is any raffle or dice shaking it is all fixed, of course. In the prize drawing you may find gold and silver watches and sums of money displayed, but these cannot by any possibility be drawn.

"I know a Scotch man who has grown rich and retired from business on the sale of liver invigorators and consumption cures. Both remedies are made of the same materials—two wits, water, whisky, and one or two extracts. In Dayton, Ohio, a fakir connected with our show sold 150 bottles of liver invigorator and 208 bottles of consumption cure in four hours, and not over one quarter of the lot was sold to farmers. When you appeal to a man's avarice you hit him hard; when you get him to thinking his liver is out of order, or that he is consumptive, you can take his last cent. You have seen the glass tubes filled with reddish fluid which fakirs claim to test the blood with? Any one of average sense must know they are frauds, but I have seen the best physicians in a town pay their ten cents with the rest. About the only thing connected with the outside of a circus which is not a fraud on the public is the electric battery. That's all right, and the owner will give you all your money calls for, and sometimes more.

THREE CARD MONTE.

"Now take the three-card monte business or thimble rigging. Those two games have been worked for the last fifty years all over the United States, and the public has been warned against them tens of thousands of times. They are still the most profitable games to be worked. Even old gamblers are enticed to bet. Several years ago, while I was taking a vacation at a health resort in Wisconsin, a couple of the fraternity called for my assistance to help 'work' a farmer. The intended victim was a sharp, keen man, about 30 years old. He had been everywhere and was up on all dodges. He had been tried with the gold brick and treasure dodges, but had refused to bite. We held a council and decided upon a plan. He had three or four fine horses for sale, and the trio of us drove out to his place to make a purchase. We were Illinois stock raisers and horsemen, and it was sharp practice that he sized us up for sharp fellows. One of my companions, whom I will call Jim, did most of the talking, and he alone desired to do the buying. Jack and myself sat down on an old hay rack in the barnyard, and scarcely noticed the horses as they were paraded up and down in front of us. At the proper time Jack took out his cards and began to show me how it was done. I bet him that I could pick out the card, and we began to talk in loud tones and attract attention.

"The farmer finally came over. He knew all about the game and smiled in pity at the idea of being caught, but in less than ten minutes, and that without any urging from any of us, he had bet and won \$10. That was the entering wedge. He was allowed to win \$30, and then cleaned out of \$40. His spirit of avarice was now thoroughly aroused,

and I'm telling you the solemn truth when I say that he put up the horses and walked into the house and brought out a bag containing \$900 in gold. He sat down with greedy eyes and pale lips, and was lost until we had his last dollar. There was no explosion when he had parted with his last gold piece. On the contrary, he volunteered the statement that all had been fair and above board. An afterclap always accompanies such events, however, and we got out of the state just as he had secured warrants for our arrest.

"The safest game worked in the country to-day is the counterfeit money dodge, and a goodly number of fakirs are rolling up fortunes by it. I supply myself with a lot of new greenbacks—ones, twos and fives—and then appear in some small town as an agent, or detective, or a stranger seeking recreation. It requires only a few days to size up the people. In every town of 3,000 inhabitants there are half a dozen men who are ready to deal in the queer if it can be done safely. The money I have with me is your understanding, perfectly good. When I have selected my man I exhibit the money as counterfeit. I am quietly supplying the 'stuff' to a few good fellows at so much on the dollar. Before he buys I give him a bill to take to the post office or bank. It passes without question and he is elated. I am ready to leave a dollar bill with him as a sample, but if he gives me an order to be filled two weeks later he must pay me a certain sum in advance, say \$10 on the hundred. To prove to him that I have his interests and safety at heart, I produce a paper in which he makes me his financial agent to receive and receipt for all moneys. Then I give him my note of hand, due some weeks ahead, for whatever money he pays me, and he rests assured that the law cannot trouble him. His order is never filled, of course.

"Suppose he kicks. He has given me power of attorney. I have not had a dollar of the queer in my possession. The document is an effectual bar to his recovering or prosecuting. I have seen two or three tests of it, and the fakir came out with flying colors in each instance. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, however, the victim loses whatever he has advanced without a thought of raising a row. He has been caught in bad company. He intended to swindle his neighbors. He is amenable to the law. He is glad enough to let the matter drop and say no more about it, and the fakir goes from pasture to pasture and rolls up a fat bank account. When you read in some newspaper of the sharpness and cuteness of the American people, just remember what I have told you. No people are swindled often, and I am hungry so badly for the fakir and his tricks."—New York Sun Interview.

A Circus Green Room.

The performers sitting around upon their trunks, dressing, are a cosmopolitan lot. Native Americans, Yankees, wild westerners, Mexicans, Indians, half breeds, Germans, West Indians, South Americans, English, Scotch, Irish, and representatives from all the nations of continental Europe, and excepting only Russia and Turkey. How they manage to live together in peace and harmony is more than one can quite understand, but quarrels are rare among them. They are great boasters, however, these circus performers, and I often engage in friendly contests of skill or strength to back up their pretensions, and even we look a veteran of the ring is showing his companions how he used to balance himself while standing on his head in midair. Many of these are old round performers. Athletes while young, advancing years and failing strength of suppleness have compelled them to cut their work according to their physical ability. Thus they take up one thing after another, pertinaciously sticking to the business, and willing to be dog trainers at \$25 a week if they can not tumble at \$50, ride a pad at \$100 or do the bareback at \$200 to \$250. Circus performers are essentially itinerants. Not only are they continually traveling from one city to another, but they visit nearly all the countries of the earth. After a performer has made the rounds of America for two or three seasons he finds it advantageous to make a trip to Europe, thus avoiding what is

termed "wearing out" with the circus going public. Three out of four of these men can speak four languages, and some of them twice that number. The general idea is that circus performers are a dissolute lot. But this is a mistake. Canvassers and bill posters may be addicted to the use of red eye and inclined to engage in free fights with country toughs or with themselves, but the performers are quite different. They look down upon the bolters and help-ers as actors look upon stage hands, and associate but little with them. The incessant demands of his profession upon his time and strength are so great that the average performer finds dissipation well nigh impossible. Perhaps a majority of the "artists" save money each season, and many of them are men of family, owning losses in their native country.

Notwithstanding the better opportunity for rest and sleep afforded by railway transportation, show life is anything but play, as is quickly discovered by the silly boys who run away from home to "follow the circus." Even the performers, excepting only a very few, are required to play many parts in the circus. They appear five or six times in the ring during an afternoon, and an equal number of times, of course, during the evening. This means ten or a dozen changes of costume, these changes to be made in a hurry, and often while standing upon wet, cold ground, with a rainstorm beating upon the tent overhead, and the temperature as chilling as a lakeland May day.

There is a ladies' dressing room, too—a smaller tent wherein a score of women, parade riders and performers, gather to prepare themselves for the public eye. Of course no masculine feet are allowed to enter these sacred precincts, but press agent Day seizes the opportunity to impress upon his listener's mind the fact that all circus women are ladies, and they are at all times carefully protected from insults. "Just as soon as a lady performer begins to develop in her specialty her services become valuable to somebody, and that somebody sees that she is taken care of. Contrary to the general impression, almost innumerable safeguards are thrown about the persons of women who earn their livelihood in circuses, differing widely in this respect from the conditions met with on the stage."

Just without the dressing room, and near the curtain through which the performers make their entrances and exits, is a tented ante room. Here the performers gather in groups to await their call. Here the trained horses are brought to be expariorated for their appearance before the multitude. A lady in pink tights and spangles and with a pint of paint on her face picks her way daintily over the turf to the entrance and stands beside the horse she is soon to ride, leisurely reading a fashion paper. Another pauses for a moment to hush her babe's cries by cooing the wee thing in its mother's bosom. Near by sits the placid and specialized wardrobe woman, sewing away at a rent garment. Unmindful of the restless horses tramping near her and seeming not to hear the screams and shouts and shots of the mimic Indian battle going on in the larger tent. She and all about her become interested when the word passes that one of Custer's men has been shot in the eye by a Sioux brave and the member badly injured. These ladies are eagerly watched by those who have to perform with them. The maid in this instance is inclined to be too realistic in her own work, becoming much excited and altogether too earnest.

"Blast them in Buns," says a young country fellow who does duty as one of Custer's soldiers; "they 'pear to think they're actually in a fight, and they want to kill somebody in dead earnest. We boys are fearfully afraid they'll load their guns with balls sometimes and do us up."

Press Agent Day volunteers the explanation that a large majority of the employees of a circus are genuine horse lovers. "They are largely boys who were brought up on farms," he says, "where they learned to love horses. It beats all the number of opportunities we have to hire young fellows in the country. I suppose a hundred a day is about the number who offer their services to us at any compensation we see fit to pay. Nine out of ten of them are lovers of horses. The horses in a circus like this, and we have 250, are all well treated. The hostlers can't

do too much for them, and even the driver of the commonest wagon team is ready to fight for his horses if any one speaks ill of them. You would be much amused to hear a lot of these drivers boasting of the accomplishments of their steeds. They are worse than the performers."

"These young ladies who ride in the procession, do they get pretty good pay?"

"Yes, better than ballet girls. The fact is, there are very few girls who can ride well enough to suit us. A good horsewoman is not sufficient, she must have unlimited courage and a good deal of muscle, for the dangers of street parading are great. Runaways often occur, and horses are likely to become excitable and stampede. Women equal to these emergencies are not easily found."—Chicago Herald.

THE BOOMING SOUTH.

It appears that the great booming section of the United States at this time lies around the Southwestern end of the Appalachian mountains. If that is not true there are many lies about it. We don't know whether the really booming places lie there, or they really lie about the booming places.—Scotland Neck Democrat.

Whatever is fashionable is popular without regard to whether it be founded in truth or fitness, or the contrary.

This truth finds a good illustration in the generally accepted belief that the South is enjoying an unexampled prosperity. It has become fashionable to claim that our whole section is on what is savorously termed "a boom," and paper after paper takes up the refrain and goes a booming over the continent. There is very little foundation for the claim. Taken as a whole, the South is in the midst of dire poverty. Money is scarce, provisions are dear, the rate of interest is high, mortgages cover farm and dwelling houses, losing has become one of the most popular of the professions and listlessness of purpose and feebleness of effort characterize thousands of those who give themselves to toil in the varied department of active life. That isn't a hopeful picture, but it is a real one.

Here and there may be found exceptions to the rule. An active, rushing phase of life is to be seen in portions of the coal and iron regions of Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia. In a few of the large cities there is some evidence of growth in manufacturing industries, and a rapid growth in population indicative of country decline and depletion. Occasionally one hears of a farmer who has put under foot the delusion that the road to agricultural prosperity lies to and through the neighborhood supply store, and who, in making the farm supply all its wants as nearly as possible, has attained to a state of decided prosperity. Now and then one may find a merchant who has prospered by dint of wise forethought and prudent boldness. But these cases constitute the exceptions that prove the rule. The general lot of the people is one of hardness, privation and uncertainty. Not more than one in twenty of the heads of families in North Carolina is out of debt and in easy circumstances; and there are idlers enough in the State to eat up all the provisions that will be made in it during the year, and go to bed hungry half the time at that. Idleness, extravagance, four-story notions in ground-floor concerns, wasteful methods on the farm, and the neglect of the provision crop render any boom but that of hard times an utter impossibility.

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Whatever is fashionable is popular without regard to whether it be founded in truth or fitness, or the contrary.

This truth finds a good illustration in the generally accepted belief that the South is enjoying an unexampled prosperity. It has become fashionable to claim that our whole section is on what is savorously termed "a boom," and paper after paper takes up the refrain and goes a booming over the continent. There is very little foundation for the claim. Taken as a whole, the South is in the midst of dire poverty. Money is scarce, provisions are dear, the rate of interest is high, mortgages cover farm and dwelling houses, losing has become one of the most popular of the professions and listlessness of purpose and feebleness of effort characterize thousands of those who give themselves to toil in the varied department of active life. That isn't a hopeful picture, but it is a real one.

Here and there may be found exceptions to the rule. An active, rushing phase of life is to be seen in portions of the coal and iron regions of Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia. In a few of the large cities there is some evidence of growth in manufacturing industries, and a rapid growth in population indicative of country decline and depletion. Occasionally one hears of a farmer who has put under foot the delusion that the road to agricultural prosperity lies to and through the neighborhood supply store, and who, in making the farm supply all its wants as nearly as possible, has attained to a state of decided prosperity. Now and then one may find a merchant who has prospered by dint of wise forethought and prudent boldness. But these cases constitute the exceptions that prove the rule. The general lot of the people is one of hardness, privation and uncertainty. Not more than one in twenty of the heads of families in North Carolina is out of debt and in easy circumstances; and there are idlers enough in the State to eat up all the provisions that will be made in it during the year, and go to bed hungry half the time at that. Idleness, extravagance, four-story notions in ground-floor concerns, wasteful methods on the farm, and the neglect of the provision crop render any boom but that of hard times an utter impossibility.

"Blast them in Buns," says a young country fellow who does duty as one of Custer's soldiers; "they 'pear to think they're actually in a fight, and they want to kill somebody in dead earnest. We boys are fearfully afraid they'll load their guns with balls sometimes and do us up."

men who make the sale of such boxes as a specialty. Their places of business are to be seen in all quarters. Generally they choose some piece of property, which, through litigation or other causes, has not been built upon, where the rent is trivial and the lease of short date, and buy up all the old boxes they can lay hold of. These they patch up and sell at a considerable advance. There are others in the business, however, who are, in the true sense of the word, manufacturers. Some of them conduct a safe and profitable business upon a small scale, while others launch the thousands of dollars in the enterprise. These latter are mostly men residing in Michigan, who buy lumber by the wholesale. The have saw mills of their own, in which they manufacture the parts of a box complete, according to careful measurement. The different portions are numbered and sent to eastern ship-pers, who have only to nail them together according to directions to have a perfect packing box. Such boxes can be produced at remarkably low prices, and the dealers in this city cannot successfully compete with their western rivals. In fact, the business has grown to such proportions in Michigan that several firms have invested thousands in forest lands in order to procure timber at the lowest possible cost.—New York Mail and Express.

FARMING IN THE SOUTH.

The farmer from England, Scots land or the North would find himself amazed at what this soil is ready to do for him. The southern farmer has improved much in the last five years, but he is a long way behind his northern friend. He scratches up the soil where he ought to plow it. He is shiftless in taking care of his crops, and his personal property. While he admits that he could raise from a total to one-half more than he does, he also admits what he charges against him. It is a new deal all around, and it is hard work to get out of old habits. It makes a northern man laugh to see how some of these agriculturists go at things, and is good-natured enough to laugh with you. Whereas perhaps an exception on, but any other cereal, or any vegetable which can be named, will produce here if given the slightest show. Lands worked by negroes as help is simply tickled with the plow and hoe. Gumbo must grow to it whether there is any need or not, and the Alabama farmer will go off to town and buy gumbo when he has a barn yard full of the richest compost. He does better than his father did, but his method is very poor work in comparison with the northern farmer. The more plenty of good lands for sale near Selma, and there are good cash markets for everything which the farmer wants to sell.

As an instance of what may be done, a Wolverine who used to live at Oxford, and who is now in business in Montgomery, was telling me of a man who bought a large farm on the Alabama river and burdened himself with a debt of \$20,000. He agreed to pay this sum and interest in eight years. He had every dollar paid in less than seven, and the money came from the sale of the products of his farm. Hay can be grown here 50 per cent. cheaper than in the north, because three and four crops can be cut, but four-fifths of the hay is imported. It is the same with corn and other things. When you ask a man why he doesn't grow these things he replies:

"Oh, I know I could, but I've dun got into the other way. I reckon I'll change next year."

There are some few farmers here from the North. They like the climate and the people and they are fast getting rich. They make a plow walk into the earth in a way to astonish the natives, and they harvest crops which are the talk of whole counties.