

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 8, 1887.

NO. 35.

TOWN GOVERNMENT.

W. H. KITCHIN, Mayor.
J. H. Smith, Jr.,
J. M. Johnson, Commissioners.
W. A. Dunn,
R. B. AINSWORTH, Town Constable.

METHODIST CHURCH.

10 Sunday, William's Chapel 11 a. m.
11 " " Palmyra 7 1/2 p. m.
12 " " Scotland Neck 11 a. m.
13 " " Palmyra 7 1/2 p. m.
14 " " Palmyra 11 a. m.
15 " " Scotland Neck 7 1/2 p. m.
16 " " Scotland Neck 11 a. m.
17 " " Scotland Neck 7 1/2 p. m.
T. P. BONNER, P. C.

The points of difference are plainly stated, and in the same proportion as men accept them as lines of separation between the Democratic and Republican parties, will they consider Vance or Cleveland the better Democrat. We favor the double standard of gold and silver; we favor the payment of the public debt administered in the hands; we favor the "honest civil service reform" that the Democratic party demanded and voted for in 1884; we favor "home rule," or that self-government which our forefathers fought for and endeavored to secure to their posterity in the Federal Constitution, and we vote for Vance.—*Hollyhock Corollaria.*

That is a sound doctrine. We are with you.—Ed. Dem.

That sterling journal the Scotland Neck Democrat in its last issue contains two able letters from prominent Democrats, the one in Pender county, endorsing the straightforward cause of its untried editor. We think we recognize both writers; the letter from Pender makes it plain for us to mistake the identity of the distinguished writer, one of the most prominent physicians of our State, as well as a freer Democrat. Both writers are outspoken in their defense of the position taken by the Democrat and endorsed by the *Ledyer*, and we venture to add the name and life of the party in our State. It is gratifying to us to see that there is life in the old land yet, and that the State has not wholly gone over to Magwampsey as the advocates of this latter day, ring-billed streaked and striped parties would have us believe.—*Public Ledger.*

We thank the *Ledyer* for its handsome endorsement of our position. We agree with the *Ledyer* and our correspondents, that the people are wrong. We can't see how they can be otherwise, if they are Democrats, for we occupy the same position now that we have occupied ever since the war. We have not changed one thousandth part of an inch. If the Democratic party has been found since the war in this State, we are right now. If any man in the State will show one untried doctrine we have ever published, we will give our paper the next day.

We are with the people and we are determined to stand by them whether they desire or not.

REJECTED SUITORS.

A woman never quite forgets the man who has once loved her. She may not have loved him, she may indeed have given him the "no" instead of the "yes" he hoped for; but the remembrance that he once said a "yes" always softens her thoughts of him, and should make him a friend forever. There may be a few who make a jest of discarded suitors; but they are generally very ignorant and the wrong has been done that did not betoken the depth of tenderness. There are necessary offers, too, that only come in scorn and hate in the woman's hand for many and not for herself; but really to have touched a man's hand is something not to be forgotten while she lives. Always she remembers how his eyes looked into hers; how perhaps he touched her hand with his, offered her all he had, and how her heart ached when he went away without that which she could not give him. Perhaps she loves someone else. Some other man has to have the truth of her soul—and always will have—but she cannot forget the one who turned from her and went his way and came no more. She is glad when she hears of his success, grieves when she hears that he has suffered, and rejoices when she hears that he is married—she who would never have married him—is she glad then? I do not know. A woman's heart is a strange thing. I do not believe she knows herself. Glad? Ah! but she can never forget.—Ed.

THE HAND OF DESTINY.

The little brook rushed headlong over its stony bed, the tall trees, with their garlands of moss and wild grape vines, bent lovingly over this noisy waters, while the audacious zephyr saucily brushed the face of the girl who lay upon the sloping green bank. She was so still that a dating bird came curiously near, and an adventurous squirrel crept up slowly, his bright eyes glancing from side to side, seeming to regard with wonder the figure clad in the plain white gown.

Suddenly two little feet protruded from the full skirt, and with a decided jump, and a shake of the dark curly locks, Hazel, their rose, and swinging her broad garden hat by its string started through the woods, when a shrill whistle sounded. With a mischievous smile, the girl hastily threw her hat on the grass, and seizing a low hanging grape vine, swung herself by it on to a large branch, where she seated herself, quite hidden by the clinging moss and thick leaves.

In a moment a boy with a crop of yellow hair, honest blue eyes and a smiling mouth, and wearing a straw hat carelessly on the back of his head, came into sight, looking on either side as he whistled.

"Hazel! Hazel!" he called, adding in an undertone, "Where is the girl? Gone off to walk, I believe, when I'm—Hullo!" as a smothered laugh betrayed her. "Now say, Hazel, that's too bad; joking, when you're going away so soon. Come down, and let's have one jolly talk."

"I was just thinking how lonely I should be, and how I should miss you, and these lovely woods, and the brook, and—everything," answered the girl, as she came swinging down on the little vine, dropping on the grass beside her companion. "Nortie a girl is will be shocked at my oops, and no one will be as good company as my old Bob, bless you," she continued, embracing the boy with the untroubled freedom of childhood, for though nearly 15 she had never been taught conventionalities or had her impulses restrained.

A slight color filled Rob Stevens' brown cheeks, and he unclasped the sun thrown round his neck, and raised the curly hair on his shoulder, and said, seriously: "Hazel, dear, that is—well, I wanted to say something to you, that very thing. We've been friends a long time, haven't we?" "Of course," and Hazel looked at him wonderingly. "And, well, brother, say you won't forget me, will you, Hazel, and you know what you promised me down by the old magnolia?" "I remember," she answered, "I said I'd never care for any one as much as for you, and I'd wait until you were old enough, and then we'd—"

"An' right, never mind saying it, if you'll remember, and keep your promise; and say, Hazel, you know girls don't usually hug the fellows, so be careful. Praps you'd better not say more." The dark eyes opened wide and the sensitive mouth quivered. "No, Bob, I won't, only I thought as long as it was only you it was no harm. I'll try and remember."

They sat there by the cool stream until a clear bell warned them that the evening meal was being prepared in the big house, which could just be seen through the trees, and away they scampered, and in hand, up the long, green slope.

Judge Thair was a wealthy planter, but also an educated gentleman, and he realized the importance of sending his motherless daughter away to better schools than those in the "sunny south." The poor man tried to perform his duties of mother and father, but he was sadly deficient sometimes, and felt himself so lately as he saw his "baby" growing into a tall girl. He noticed her increasing familiarity with Rob Stevens, the son of his nearest neighbor, and, indeed, the only white child for some miles around, and not daring to put new ideas into her mind, deemed it advisable to place her in more experienced hands. So early the following Monday a northern aunt took Hazel to her own home, and three weeks from the day on which she bade Rob an affectionate farewell saw her fairly established in a fashionable school.

For awhile, to Hazel's wondering eyes, everything seemed like a fairy tale, and being very susceptible, she conceived violent attachments on all sides; but her busy brain soon went

to work, and she began to distinguish between the false and true, and got over her first trial with the shallowness of human nature with only a slight heartache.

Rob wrote every week, telling her of the things that interested her at home, and at first she answered in her old affectionate way, until the girls teased her about her devoted admirer. Then Rob noticed that her letters sounded forced, though still friendly, and missing the sisterly confidences, he wondered, then longed to see her, and finally went north, and in due time presented his card at the door of the boarding school. As he stood in the long reception room, waiting for his old playmate to come, and wondering if she would throw her arms about his neck and kiss him as she used, he saw a tall, graceful figure in a long gown of clinging white stuff, with dusky hair gathered in a loose knot on the top of her head, and dark, starry eyes, standing at the door; he heard a rustle of sweeping skirts, then a sweet voice, and Hazel cordially shook hands, assured him how glad she was to see him, and offered a chair, with a pretty motion of one white hand. Self-possessed and gracious, she made poor Rob feel ill at ease, and like such a little boy, as he fingered the blue felt hat he brought to please her, and answered her questions in monosyllables.

But when he rose to go he made a desperate effort, and begged her to say "goodby" in the old way. She dashed, in such a dainty way, he thought, then said, hurriedly: "I hoped you'd never think to that folly again. You were the first to tell me that it wasn't quite good form, and since then I have been grateful to you for not taking advantage of a child's impulsiveness. I think I have, to a great extent, outgrown the old impetuosity, and I fancy I shall never again be guilty of being the center of such a tableau as that at the depot when I left you," and she laughed at the remembrance of the scene which Rob had cherished tenderly.

So they said "good after noon" calmly and quietly, and when Rob reached his hotel he picked his grip-sack and left the city with a shuddering heart, resolved to put the face of the fair girl behind him, to work hard and forget the pang caused by her indifferece. And as for Hazel, she went to her room with a bright face, but suddenly catching sight of the little bracelet Rob had given her so long ago and the worn pile of letters tied with a faded blue ribbon, she threw herself down on the bed and cried penitently tears at the thought of the honest lad whom she had hurt so cruelly.

The papers were eagerly sought; all over the school were anxious faces, and more than one group was gathered in various corners, talking over the latest bulletins. For Sam's for had been attacked. The war had begun.

Telegrams were constantly being delivered, for fathers and brothers had enlisted, and daughters and sisters must bravely bid them "farewell" and God speed.

Hazel had been the first to go, for popular sentiment turned against her as a rebel, and she gladly went to help her father, who was mastering forces and drilling recruits. Camp life suited him, in the field he seemed in his element, and the prudent farmer became a brilliant officer. Always foremost in the fight, he won respect even from his enemies, who, while they admired his fearlessness and energy, congratulated themselves that there were very few Confederate generals like him.

It was one of the fiercest struggles of the civil war that he fell, fighting bravely, killed by one well aimed charge. When his body was brought home, Hazel received the sorrowing soldiers without a tear, and when some one roughly accused her of heartlessness, she answered, with the spirit of a true soldier's daughter:

"If papa had died ignobly I should weep for the disgrace, but they tell me he fell fighting, honored even by those who struck him down. I shall mourn for my father, but he would have me give up my soldier as bravely as he gave his life."

The weary months crept on. Waiting safely, far from the struggle, with her aunt in the north, was out of the question, and Hazel begged so hard to be allowed to follow her own inclinations, that permission was granted, and she joined the little band of helpful women who were go-

ing to nurse the poor fellows dying for want of proper care.

In the hospital the dark eyed, pale faced nurse soon became popular, for she was as strong as she was tender, always willing to undergo all the hardships for the sake of the suffering soldiers.

She often found friends of her father among the wounded, and her eyes grew bright as she listened to the stories his admirers told of his manly courage and tender sympathy.

One day she was looking over the list of "Killed and Wounded" in the morning's paper, and saw the name of Maj. Robert D. Stevens among the others.

As she read there came a flood of old time recollections, memories half forgotten, and then a vague wonder stole into her heart. Did her old playmate remember her with the same tender longing?

She thought of his call at the school. She had dressed herself with care to receive him, but she had seemed cold and distant, and he had gone away.

She had only heard rumors of him since. He had begun the study of medicine, and had gone into the office of a celebrated old doctor in a northern state, and during the war had gained honors in the Federal army, and now she doubted not that he had forgotten her, as she had tried to put him out of her mind. Her heart ached with an unaccustomed pain, and as she went about her daily duties, her patients missed her attentive sympathy, for though she performed all her tasks, she was pre-occupied, busy with her own thoughts.

Toward noon the doctor called her, and said: "I have a new patient for you. He will need constant care, for he is in a fever, and it will take good nursing to bring him round." And leading the way to his own private office he added, "I've got him here, for the present. He was a pupil of mine, and I feel a great interest in him."

The man turned restlessly on his rough couch; his haggard face was turned to the wall, the blue eyes glanced vacantly about the room; and the tawny hair was pushed back from the hot forehead; one arm lay useless, and as he moved a little low moan escaped his tightly closed lips. "It is Major Stevens," said the doctor. "He's in a bad way, isn't he? Good fellow! We'll bring him round, if possible." Tears came to Hazel's eyes as she answered fervently, "Praise God, we will!"

Through the days of hopeless waiting and the nights of suspense, Hazel was constant and faithful, always ready with a cheerful word or smile in the rare intervals of consciousness; working or watching when death seemed near, and hoping for, yet dreading, the time when Rob should recognize her. Admiring his brave endurance of the pain that it is harder to bear than danger in the midst of excitement, and reviewing her girlish regard for her boy friend, she had come to love the honored major with tender affection, that grew daily, and occasionally frightened her with its depth.

At length the old doctor joyfully gave a glimmer of hope; then again came the dull despair, and a long fierce struggle between death and life.

As the first gray light of dawn showed in the sky, Dr. Helmes turned to the pale girl and said: "He is sleeping. We can tell nothing till he wakes; so go and rest, for if he begins to improve you'll have your hands full, and, any way, you mustn't get ill." With a faint remonstrance Hazel obeyed; and lay down on a couch near the doorway, not to sleep, but to listen intently for every sound.

All was still, save for the quiet, regular breathing that made her heart rejoice, and the ticking of the tall clock. When a straggling beam of sunlight fell through the window, she stole quietly into the room, where she stood by the bedside, anxiously regarding the worn yet peaceful face of the sleeper.

Suddenly his eyes flew open, and looking wonderingly at the two sober faces before him, he held out his hand to Hazel, saying helplessly, "You have come to say 'goodby.' Don't be cold, Hazel; let me leave the world with a pleasant remembrance." The pleading tone and look were too much, and she leaned down and kissed the pale face, saying heartily, "It is not 'goodby,' but a welcome back to life and happiness." The astonished doctor, beginning to comprehend the situation, went soft-

ly away, cautiously wiping his eyes as he thought of his own youth.

Asking no questions, the weak man held Hazel's hand, and opened with eager eyes, as she told him of her longing for him, and her fears that she had forgotten his love. Finally she said, "I seem to do all the wrong, but you'd forgive me, dear heart," and as he drew her down to look the passion that he could not speak, the sun burst from the clouds and cast an effulgence of light through the room, shedding his blessing on the heads of the happy lovers.—"H. M. J." in *Boston Budget.*

Some Protection Fallacies.

The Protectionists, in their eagerness to uphold their crumbling theories, very often prove so much as to disprove their own claims. One of their favorite devices is a table in which they make a comparison between the rate of wages in some callings in this country and the rate of wages in some callings in some European countries, claiming that the greater rate of wages in this country is due to protection. This is a flagrant confusion of the principles of *post hoc* and *propter hoc*, as can be clearly demonstrated. According to this table, the average rate of wages per week and in a number of callings in England is about \$630, whilst in the same number of similar callings in Germany the average rate per week is \$425. But England, he it remains, is a free-trade country, whilst Germany is protective, and as there are more people in England and Wales per square mile (446) than there are in Germany (213) the demand for employment is greater. Yet in free trade England the average rate of wages is greater than in protected Germany. Protection, therefore, does not make wages higher in the country to which it is not applied. We must look to other causes than protection for the greater rate of wages in the United States than in European countries. The protectionist, in handling this table, only disproves what he tries to prove. For England and Germany, by ratio of population, are more easily comparable, the one with the other, than either of them is comparable with the United States.

Another gross inconsistency presented by the protectionist's table is that a large number of the callings enumerated are not "protected" callings, such as those of brick layers, masons, carpenters, butchers, &c. Still another proof of the fallacy contained in such reasoning is seen in the fact that in those callings, which it is claimed, are protected, such as the cooper and laborer (some of the latter of which are "protected") and some of which are not the proportion of wages in Germany to the wages in England is no greater than that of the wages of the non-protected in England. This proves of course that the wages do not depend upon tariff but, as the State has always claimed, upon the law of demand and supply, modified only so far as the wage-workers agree together as to the price of their labor. Protection is only a "hoaxery, a delusion and a snare."—*Richmond State.*

LAZY FARMERS.

I used to get out and do all the work when the Yankees said that southern people were lazy. But I have had to acknowledge the fact. It's true it is not real pleasant to think so, but facts are stubborn things to get around. And for twenty years stubborn facts have been accumulating that from beyond a doubt that we, as a people, are lazy and thoughtless.

Now here are some of the facts. Since 1865 the people of the cotton States have sent to the north for meat, bread, vegetables, horses, and mules—\$300,000,000 for just such things that, had they been as energetic as people should be, would have been raised at home. The State of Georgia alone has sent \$100,000,000 to pay for meat which could easily have been raised at home.

Now, if every farmer in the cotton States had raised all he needed, and then enough to sell the people in the cities, all this money would have been kept at home, and what cotton we had would have brought double the money. Had this been

done my brothers, do you think that there would have been a very all over the land about the merchant?

I have said that every man who farms can raise all his family consumes. For the fatter, who moves from place to place, this may be difficult, but for the man who owns his land there is no earthly excuse for not having plenty of sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes, peas, beans, carrots, pumpkins, turnips, and dried fruits; and during summer he can and should have as many vegetables as his family can consume besides enough to feed one pig for each member in his family, and then raise plenty of corn to feed all his stock.—*Correspondent Home and Farm.*

Make Your Own Fertilizers.

I have been experimenting for the last 35 years. I bought my farm over 40 years ago; it was then badly run down so that I could not keep what stock I wanted without buying hay, a practice farmers can't afford to indulge in. I first brought the manure from a hotel with good results; next I bought a ton of crushed bone and could see no good from it, and then bought a ton of Peruvian guano that did well for a little while, but did not last. At last I put a collar under my barn and always have good strong manure now, that I can see the effect of for a number of years. I have experimented with the different phosphates, and find they are dear manures. I make from one hundred to 500 bushels of fertilizer that I sell as good if not better than any phosphate. I have used it for this crop as it makes tubers scabby, so I do not use it. It is good for everything else that I have tried. Two years ago I tried three brands of phosphate and the best manure, did as well as the best, and I could not see much difference in the phosphates.—B. Buffum, Worcester county, Mass.

When once you get a good set of clover on a piece of land, you may make that piece rich, by judicious management, with very little additional expense. But if, as soon as it is large enough for a calf to bite it, you turn stock upon it, and keep it grazed closely all summer, instead of improving your lot, you have impoverished it, and at the same time you have not realized one-half the benefit from it you would have done had you kept the stock off, and laid mowed one good crop and fed to them, leaving the second crop to plow under for crop food. When continually grazed upon, the tender plants, being daily nipped by the cattle, and bruised by their hoofs, spend much of their force trying to heal the wounds thus so frequently made.

Much damage is also done the land by being trampled heavily when very wet, rendering the surface quite compact and incapable of absorbing much valuable material from the air. My experience is that one acre of clover cut and carried to the stable will keep two cows in better condition than it will one cow grazing upon it. Besides the quantity of valuable manure that can be accumulated from two cows, well fed, and carefully attended to, with an abundance of bedding, is worth the fee of one cow, which is largely lost by grazing. So I really get three cows' feed by cutting and feeding to the stable, where I would get but one by grazing. Try it, and you will not graze much clover afterward.—*Progressive Farmer.*

Don't Pasture Your Clover Lot.

Many people seem to forget that character grow—that it is not something to put on ready made with no manure, but that by doing, and a little and the calf will grow with growth and strengthen with strength, and, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—practical, reliable, conscientious, yet cheerful and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When was he born? Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays and studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, who he never so small, and then expresses himself by saying, "I forgot, I don't think," will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the reading of weaker things, will never be a noble, generous, kind man.—*A. W. Robinson.*

How to be Happy.

Keep your temper. Practice strict temperance. Never be in an undignified hurry. Persevere against discouragement. Rise early and be an optimist of time. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride. Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or insignificant. Manner is something with everybody, and everything with some. Preserve self-possession, and not be talked out of conviction. Be practical and methodical in business and never procrastinate.—*Spectator.*

FEW ACRES WELL TILLED.

The farmers in the Northwest, who are making money, are not by any means confined to the "bonanza" class, there are many instances here in which a few acres, well tilled, give far better results than a larger farm receiving less attention and care. Up in Todd county, Minn., there is one farmer who sends us some figures illustrating results obtained on his small farm which he has occupied for sixteen years. At first he broke up four and a half acres, then was taken sick, and found himself unable to do much until 1878, since which time he has broken up one, two or three acres per year, as it was cleared. He says: "My oldest

Will do better