

THE DEMOCRAT.

W. H. KITCHIN, OWNER

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

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NO 36.

TOWN GOVERNMENT.

CAPT. A. WHITE, Mayor.
 R. H. Smith, Jr.,
 J. Y. Savage,
 R. M. Johnson,
 W. A. Dunn, Commissioners.
 B. L. ALBROOK, Town Constable.

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.
 " " Palmyra 11 a. m.
 " " Scotland Neck 7 1/2 p. m.
 " " " 11 a. m.
 " " Scotland Neck 7 1/2 p. m.
 T. P. BONNER, P. C.

A TEMPTATION.

I.

In 1856 I was the one-half owner of a daily newspaper in Davenport, Ia. I had just left college; I was hopeful, enthusiastic, and the prospects were rose hued and enchanting. A year later a great financial crisis swept over the country and wrecked my journalistic venture, leaving me a bankrupt without any available resources.

There was a man living in Davenport at that date named McGuire. He was connected with a family of some wealth and had been a steamboat man for many years, and had closed his career in that line through the loss of his eyesight. Although totally blind, he preserved his energy and somewhat of his ambition, and determined to earn his own living. Many schemes were devised and discussed, and finally one was adopted. It consisted in a panoramic exhibition. The Mormon matter was at that time one of considerable prominence, and it was believed that the public interest in the history of the saints might be depended on as a source of profit. Accordingly McGuire ordered the painting of a panorama in which, in a series of pictures, there were presented the principal events in the career of the Mormons.

McGuire needed some one to oversee his movements and to act as the lecturer. It was offered the position at the then magnificent salary of \$50 a week, to be paid in gold, with the promise of a lavish share in the prospective inevitable profits of the enterprise.

Albeit somewhat given to pessimistic views of life and inclined to despondent conclusions, I became enthralled over his brilliant colorings of the future, and saw myself the possessor of unlimited wealth.

II.

The opening night of the panoramic venture was in June, 1858. There was a fair audience, who listened patiently as I waded for three hours through a paper which I had prepared for the occasion, and which was in the main a young man's average denunciation of the persecutions of the unfortunate saints.

The next night we gave an exhibition at Rock Island, across the river. The attendance was light, and as I had cut my lecture to one-half its original dimensions, I had reason to think that the audience was at least better pleased with this feature of the exhibition. A blind musician named Parker was the orchestra for the evening.

A couple of days later we were on both sides, and made our first trip toward Geneseo. The audience did not number more than a score. At La Salle it rained as if the foundations of the great deep had again been broken up, and the attendance in the cramped and foul smelling room in the court house, which we had secured for the exhibition, could have been tallied by one's fingers.

At Kalamazoo we had Fireman's hall and ten people present, three of whom were deathcasts, with the result that McGuire was unable to pay the bill rent, and the proprietor held his pictures as security.

There is a little town a few miles beyond Kalamazoo on the Michigan Central railroad.

Immediately at the close of my lecture at Kalamazoo McGuire gave me thirty-five cents to pay my fare to this town so that I might distribute the handbills of the panoramic exhibition. He did not then know that his appliances would be held. I left toward midnight, and that was the last I ever saw of the panorama and its proprietor.

I secured the little hall contained in the town, and distributed printed advertisements. The trains came, but no panorama. Two days thus passed, when a letter from McGuire informed me that he was about to return to Davenport to obtain some

more money, and that he would come back in a few days.

III.

When, after some time had elapsed, and the promised panorama did not come, I began to feel my situation embarrassing. The hotel proprietor had accepted my explanation of a lack of funds, and readily agreed to await the arrival of McGuire. At the end of a week matters began to change. There was no McGuire, and I was not the possessor of a single nickel. I was ashamed to write for assistance to any of my friends; in fact, I could think of none of them that would probably respond to a request for money, under the circumstances. I became despondent; my bright promises of a year before had all faded, and I felt myself an absolute failure. I was a wretched castaway in a strange region without a friend, or resource, or hope.

One day, while sitting in a bowling alley and watching a game between a couple of local experts, a stranger entered, and after looking around in an indifferent manner, finally, as if by accident, dropped into the seat adjoining mine. Some peculiar stroke by one of the players elicited a remark from me, to which he responded. This grew into a conversation, and later into an intimacy. He was a tall man, about 30 years of age, with a smooth, open face, keen brown eyes, dark hair and a physique indicating the possession of great strength. He was very sociable in his methods, treating freely at the bar, and had at his command a large supply of money, especially in the shape of gold coin, a handful of which he was in the habit of pulling from his pocket when he had to pay for some purchase.

He seemed to take a liking for me. He cultivated my acquaintance. He had been about the world a good deal and knew many curious people and wonderful things. In my loneliness he was a welcome distraction, and I became attached to him and we were inseparable.

IV.

One bright Sabbath he invited me to take a walk into the country. We strolled along the wagon road for a mile or so, and then turned into a meadow near the center of which was a large tree. To this he led the way, and when we reached it we sat down within the grateful shade. My companion seemed unusually happy. His head ran on the splendors of wealth, the glory of travel, the favors of beautiful women, and other matters kindred in their rosy suggestions. At length his thoughts drifted insensibly, as it were, into the far east. He seemed familiar with ancient history and the legends of the fabulous wealth of the oriental rulers and princes, of their excesses, their armors, and their luxurious dissipations.

He related many curious legends, among which Solomon was a principal figure. Finally he told me the following:

"Some fifty years ago there was a traveler engaged in examining the ruins of the temple in Jerusalem. He was a man of great learning, especially in antiquarian history and in chemistry. For many weeks he searched through the foundations of the temple, carefully examining every foot of its accessible surface. He consulted constantly during his search a small diagram made up of puzzling lines.

"One day, in a remote recess which had apparently been concealed for ages, he closely examined the wall, and on one of them found some mysterious characters. This moment he saw these he commenced a minute inspection of the floor, in one corner of which, after a long examination, he found imbedded in the stone an iron ring.

To make the story brief, he said that the old man discovered a narrow stone stairway beneath the stone in which the iron ring was fixed, and at the bottom a small apartment, in which was a chest, from which he took a metal plate engraved with hieroglyphics. This he concealed about his person, and after carefully replacing the stone and filling up the entrance to the recess with rubbish, he disappeared.

"I asked, 'what became of him?'"

"Well, I asked what was the mysterious plot?"

"He looked all round as if there might be a listener, and then whispered: 'It was a recipe of a formula for the making of gold.'"

"And the old man, what of him?"

"See here, let me tell you something," and here his voice sank so low as to be almost indistinguishable. "Up in the peninsula of Michigan, in a place surrounded for miles with rocks and timber, there lives a man so old that nobody can guess his age. He has surely lived more than 100 years. He is entirely alone, and no one, so far as the world knows, has ever visited him. Once a year he appears at some point, purchases some supplies, and then disappears. What he buys he pays for in gold pieces—always \$20 pieces, bright and new, just like one of these," and he pulled a handful of double eagles from the pocket of his trousers.

"Are these made by him?" I asked. "Every one of them," he replied, as he tossed a handful of them into the sunshine, letting them fall in a shimmering cascade, whose golden waters mingled with the green grass.

"Why, that is counterfeiting, isn't it?"

"No, sir! There is no difference between these and those coined by the government. If they are exactly the same, who is defrauded by their circulation? No one."

"I still expressed some doubts as to their being so like the government coinage that the difference, if any, could not be detected.

"Wait till to-morrow, and I will convince you," was the answer.

V.

The next day he purchased tickets for Battle Creek and we went to the place on the first train. We first went into a shoe store, where he purchased a pair of shoes, and in payment threw down a double eagle. The proprietor took it and gave him the proper change without any hesitation. "He may not be a judge of coin," I said after we left the store.

"Well, let us try some one that is an expert." We entered a bank and he threw several of the pieces on the counter and said:

"Please give me change for one of these, and be good enough to examine them closely, as I have reason to suspect they may be bogus."

The banker weighed them and then applied an acid test. "They are all right," he said, "and if you are afraid of them I will take all you have off your hands and give you currency in their place."

"No, thank you. I only wished to be satisfied they are good."

I was astonished and convinced that the money was as good as the genuine.

And now a new phase in the conduct of my associate was developed. At first he began to enlarge on the splendors of career with unlimited wealth at one's command. And then he advanced a step, and suggested that we should obtain some of this gold, and then go our way through the world rejoicing. He was in a position to obtain all that we required at a mere song. I had told him about the panorama venture, and he proposed that we should redeem it, purchase a wagon and horses and go through the country, ostensibly giving panoramic exhibitions, but in reality distributing the coin.

"I tell you," he said, "I know how we can carry all the gold we want. We will bore full of holes the bar that crosses under the box and fill the holes with \$20 pieces. Nobody would ever think of looking for it in any such place."

Thus did he ply me for several days. I listened to him with a lively curiosity. His plan seemed safe, feasible, and certain to be productive of unlimited wealth. Often in looking back at this period of my life I wonder that I did not yield to his glittering promises. I was entirely alone. I had failed disastrously in business, and saw no hope in the gloomy future. I was in that condition when I cared for nobody and nobody seemed to care for me. For some reason, however, I never reached the consenting point. I was interested and delighted, and without any conscientious scruples heard him discuss measures for placing his gold on the public which I knew, whatever the assertions of the tempter and other evidence, to be counterfeit.

One morning he was missing, and I learned that he had left on an eastern train.

How I extricated myself from the difficult position in which I was placed, through lack of funds, need not be related farther than to state that I raised money enough to leave the place by pawning a valuable society pin, the badge of a college fraternity.

VI.

One day, during the war, while riding along the lines between Shiloh and Hamburg, I came across a sutler's tent, and dismounted to get something to quench my thirst. There was a man inside whom I at once recognized as my old Michigan associate. At first he denied knowing me, but at length admitted that he was the man.

"How is the gold business, and the old man up in the depths of the wilderness in the peninsula; and are you still pushing the double eagles?"

"Oh, all that be d—d!" was his answer.

"What do you mean?"

"Are you a fool? Haven't you tumbled to my racket up in Michigan?"

"I can't say that I have even yet."

"You must be the biggest fool in creation!" he answered with a look of contempt. "Honest, now, don't you know what I was up to?"

"Honest, now, I don't. What was it?"

"Well, that beats me! I'll tell you, although it doesn't seem possible that any man with a pinch of sense would have failed to have got on to my work. At that time Michigan was flooded with counterfeit money, especially along the line of the Michigan Central railway. You came to town an entire stranger, and were looked on with suspicion. I was in the secret service and was down to look you over."

"And the bogus money?"

"All genuine government coin. Of course the bank found no fault with it."

"And the venerable antiquarian up in the woods?"

"Only a blind. I'll be plain with you. I intended to get you to go in to the business of my shoving the queer. If you had agreed to it, I should have seen you get a supply, and as soon as you had started in the business I should have pinched you. And then the consequences would have been that you now would be serving about your fourth term in the penitentiary."

I was enlightened. When I think of my position at that time, the inducements offered by the consciousness seconded, and all the surroundings of the case, I sometimes wonder that I am not in the penitentiary.

I gave my old Michigan friend a piece of mind in the most vehement English at my command and then rode away. I will add that all stated in this sketch are facts in my own personal experience and took place exactly as stated.—"Pohuto" in Chicago Times.

VALUE OF LIME ON LAND.

Much of the unproductiveness of the light, sandy lands of the South is owing to the want of lime, which is an element needed in every soil; and if it is not there naturally it should be applied. The difficulty with most of our farmers is that lime is expensive, and they are unable to obtain enough to be of much benefit. But near lime kilns the material may be had cheaply, and in these parts farmers cannot do better than apply it liberally. It matters not much how it is got into the soil the main point is to get it there, where it will gradually dissolve and do its own good work.

The addition of lime to land has prevailed in nearly all well cultivated countries for a long period. In Europe its use is almost universal; and its value is recognized here by our ablest farmers. In all soils its effects are to promote the decay of vegetable matters and manures, and also to actually contribute to the formation of the plants themselves. In tenacious and clayey soils it also disintegrates the particles, renders them more easily worked and less liable to be packed by the heat of the sun.

While there is no element more necessary to the fertility of soils, and which should always be applied whenever it can be had, still it must be borne in mind that lime is not of itself a fertilizer in the sense that guano is; its effects are more mechanical. Therefore, too much dependence upon it alone will lead to disappointment; and it is this that has given rise to the proverb, "Lime enricheth the father, but impoverisheth the son." Laid on in repeated doses, and for a length of time, the luxuriant crops it causes at first gradually fall off, until even with the stimulant of larger doses the soil refuses to respond.

A like result may be observed from the frequent application of gypsum, salt or potash. Their good effects are apparent for a few years, but gradually grow fewer, less to act, and the land seems weaker and becomes really productive than at first. One reason of this is that crops extract nearly a dozen times as elements from the soil, lime being one of these, and the one in which many soils are the most deficient.

When this deficiency is supplied, the crops become luxuriant, and the improvement is properly attributed to the lime. But the addition of this substance alone, year after year will not keep up the production, because the crops are extracting other substances also from the soil, and unless these are restored the yields must diminish. While lime is essential to all land, the farmer who hopes to make his fields produce large crops by the continual application of this one substance will be disappointed. Any treatment that crops extract from it, will ultimately make it poorer.

It is often observed in the South that cow pens do not thrive on certain sandy lands, but die out soon after they have become four or six inches high. This is owing to the want of lime in the soil, and we have found, in our own experience, that a liberal application of lime to such land invariably produced a good crop of peas. This is a matter of importance, as it is only by the use of cow pen vices that large tracts of such poor lands can be brought up to fertility.—A. P. F., in Farm and Fireside.

HOW TO KEEP MANURE.

A great deal of needless expense and trouble is incurred, by attempting to shelter the stable and barnyard manures from the rain, composting it, keeping it in cellars, &c., all of which necessitates the construction of extra buildings and greatly increases the labor of handling, and consequently the cost of the manure. All this trouble and expense is easily avoided.

The place to keep stable and barnyard manure is where it will do the most good, and that is in the fields where crops and fruit trees grow. As fast as this manure accumulates, carry it to the field and spread it upon the land, or put it under or around some crop. So long as you keep it in the barnyard, in cellar, or under shed it is doing no good but harm rather, and it cost something to get it there. It is not until it is got upon the land that it begins to accomplish any good for the farmer therefore the sooner it is put there the less trouble it is and the sooner it will begin to pay.

As often as the stalls are cleaned be once a day or once a month, have the carts standing by to receive the manure, and carry it direct to the field, or to the fruit orchard, if you have no other immediate use for it, and spread it upon the land. It will not be wasted, the ammonia will not be lost, it will do good, and it will be cheap manure because there is no extra handling, no cost for sheds, &c.

Of course we would not put the manure down on an open unutilized field or orchard, if there was any other place or use for it at the time. And there is most always such a place, no matter how often it may be necessary to clear the stalls. All through the year there is some crop that may receive the manure, either in a row or about it something like potatoes, corn, or clover, turnips, &c. to plant, or a grass, clover, or grain field to be top-dressed.

A farmer had better let the accumulations lie in the stalls until he does have occasion to apply the manure under some crop, even though the bulk gets troublesome for the want of removal, than subject himself to the cost and labor of repeated handling necessitated by composting, cellaring, or shelving. The manure seldom hurts much in the stall.

But if the stalls must be cleaned, and there is no crop to be planted or fertilized to which this sort of manure is suited, we insist upon it that the material had by far better be carried direct to the field, and at once spread upon the land, than to incur this expense. The loss, if any is very trifling, and certainly it is nothing like the cost of keeping it under shelter. We say, then, the place to keep stable manure is in the field where crops are growing or are to grow. Used thus, it is cheap

manure; cellared, it is costly.—Selma News.

Elevating Farm Life.

A very important element in the work of elevating and broadening farm-life is in connection with the boys and girls of the farm. The difficulty of keeping them in the country has been a favorite topic of farm journalism. It is plain that it can only be accomplished by making a rural career attractive. How? The distaste for it has been acquired from the hardships and limited range of mental and social experience hinted at in the foregoing paragraphs. It can only be cured by the avoidance of them. The advance in popular intelligence and general culture, mental and aesthetic, is felt by the young people of the farm, and the fallness of opportunity for social experience enjoyed in the city is coveted. Compensating advantages, similar in tenor and effect, must be given them, and an opportunity for the development of individuality and a proper sense of independence. The perpetual grind of routine labor is peculiarly irksome to the young, and the necessity for judicious frequent relief all the greater. A program of recreation would cause no diminution of the results of labor, but would be attended with greater willingness, diligence and intelligence. The boy of the farm should understand that the dole of the family is no longer considered the most eligible candidate for succession to the management of the farm. It is now appreciated that a calling in which all science, varied culture, business aptitudes and social graces have an appropriate and helpful place, stands on a par in dignity and desirability with any other in which a bread-winner can gain a living. There are now graduates from our highest institutions of learning, who have chosen the farm as the theater of their future career. Nor are they lost to the world of culture or of society by their choice. When the physical, mental, and social capabilities of boys of the farm have adequate and equal opportunity for development there will be no complaint of their distaste for agriculture.

It would be quite impracticable, in a brief article, to indicate the myriad forms which the idea of rural recreation might suggest. The opportunities are limitless; any view of them must be kaleidoscopic. In the winter, the season of comparative leisure, the young people are at no loss for amusement, with sleighrides, parties, singing schools and social gatherings under various conditions. There should be a due admixture of instruction with amusements during the long wintry season, else recreation might degenerate into dissipation, two ideas which are essentially opposites in any true analysis. Reading clubs, literary or dramatic societies, lectures, would be in order, in some of which old and young might participate. It is very desirable that the elders should be aroused from the lethargy of a sometimes stupid quietude, and the entire household, the whole community, feel the effects of a social and intellectual awakening.—Farmers' Friend.

THE ALLIANCE, POLITICS, AND PARTISANSHIP.

The South West has received several communications recently in reference to the discussion of political questions in the alliance and the attitude of the order to politics in general. It would appear that much confusion still exists in the minds of many even of the members on those questions. The South West cannot see why any misapprehension should arise in regard to them. The cause of all this trouble, feeling, contention and distrust is in confounding politics with partisanship; confounding political questions as abstract principle with partisan measures of party policy. Partisan fealty has so long held such supreme sway over the masses of men, and partisan prejudice born of party hatreds distorted their views that many cannot discuss an economic or public question without associating it in their minds with their party position thereon or with partisan politics in general. It is time that the members of the order at least should learn to discriminate in this, and avoid that blunder. It is time that they grasped the facts that the alliance is a political

organization that makes legislative demands. But it is not a partisan organization. It has nothing to do with any party. It is organized for special purposes, and one of these, and the principal one, is to instruct its membership in the science of government; to instruct them on political questions. But when they are so instructed, or think they are they must go chiefly outside the order to find means to carry their views into practical effect. Within the organization there is no political question that cannot be discussed; and the more thoroughly and earnestly they are discussed and studied the better. Men of all parties are there, and they are there not as partisans, but as men and workers pledged in the search after truth in an unprejudiced, unpartisan, fraternal spirit. All acknowledge that something is wrong, that many things are wrong; they are there to find if possible the remedies. They are there to study political economy. They are there to study alike their duties and rights as citizens, as workers, as men. It will take time to accomplish all this. The results of years of apathy and inaction cannot be overcome in a few months of desultory effort.

But some in their zeal to correct the current and glaring abuses, and impatient at the apparently slight progress made, ask: What the workers in the industrial organizations do not vote united and by a united action secure legislative relief.

They will vote united when they believe alike through the thorough understanding of true principles. This will follow as a natural and inevitable effect follows cause. Teach the truth, disseminate correct principles and the results will take care of themselves. This is the work in which the alliance and kindred organizations are engaged. This is why these educational organizations are superior to parties. This is how they are distinct and should be kept distinct from parties.

If the members will by a little momentum of mental effort grasp the real objects of the order, there need be no trouble over political purposes. There is no occasion, no excuse for introducing parties or partisanship in the order. Neither is there any excuse for any man in failing to vote his convictions or in failing to make the proper effort to vote aright. When the people understand the questions they are now studying and rise to the plane of intelligent citizenship no party can live which will not rise to the same height.—South West.

SEEDING WHEAT.

A Frenchman experimented on the depth for planting wheat. He made thirteen beds, and planted one hundred and fifty grains in each, at depths beginning of seven inches, decreasing to the surface. In the seven inch bed five grains out of one hundred and fifty germinated. They gave fifty three heads, with six hundred and eighty-two grains. This return kept on increasing for each bed as it decreased in depth at which the seeds were planted. At three and three-quarter inches deep ninety-three seeds sprouted, with nine hundred and two heads, yielding eighteen thousand five hundred and thirty four grains. At one and three-fourth inches, sprouting 143 seeds, there were 1,600 heads, containing 35,816 grains. On the surface only twenty grains germinated, yielding 1,500 grains. The greatest returns in grains and straw was attained by the one and three-fourth inch bed. The sower should therefore endeavor to cover the seed not more than two nor less than one inch.—Ex.

REDDEN THE LINE.

A Texas editor announces himself as follows: "We were born on the Texas frontier, have been reared on the broad prairie; have plowed, herded cattle, kept store, run a mill, practiced physic, lectured on parasitology, edited a newspaper and run a drug store, but we have never been whipped, and when any person under akes it he will be pretty certain to regret it till he dies, 'prise God!' as the Irishman said, 'that he lives that long.'" We can be slandered, cursed, abused and ridiculed, but we draw the line at whoop!

Advertise in the DEMOCRAT.