

THE DEMOCRAT.

W. H. KITCHIN, OWNER

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. FRIDAY AUGUST 5, 1887.

NO. 39.

TOWN GOVERNMENT.

CAPT. A. WHITE, Mayor.

B. H. Smith, Jr.,
J. V. Savage,
R. M. Johnson,
W. A. Dinn,
R. L. ALSBROOK, Town Constable.

METHODIST CHURCH.

1st Sunday, William's Chapel 11 a. m.
" Palmyra 7 1/2 p. m.
2nd " Scotland Neck 11 a. m.
" Palmyra 7 1/2 p. m.
3rd " Palmyra 11 a. m.
" Scotland Neck 7 1/2 p. m.
4th " Scotland Neck 11 a. m.
" Scotland Neck 7 1/2 p. m.
T. P. BONNER, P. C.

The heads ripen, the percentage of woolly fibre in the plant steadily increases. Cut as soon as the earliest blossoms begin to form, it is more troublesome to cure than if cut later; but this is more than compensated for by the greater value of the second crop, whether it is cut for hay or feed. When cut at the right season, and well cured, the nutritive value of clover hay is fully equal to that of Timothy, and is greater in many good combinations, on account of its higher albuminoid ratio. Clover is injured by too much sun. A very hot sun is not desirable, as it 'burns' the clover, making the leaves so brittle that they will break off in handling. It allowed to get too ripe before it is cut, or if cut when the dew is on, the effect is of the same nature. It will cure not a little in the cock, and this curing is more desirable than sundrying. The less handling necessary the better. The best weather for clover-hay making is when the sun is not very hot and the air is dry. The worst weather is—unfortunately, not uncommon—hot sun and moist atmosphere; then the hay 'burns out,' and sudden showers may be expected.

Clover hay will not keep in a stack, unless the stack is protected by better material. In the West, where most of the hay is stacked, this is accomplished by putting timothy on the top. Large barracks—open sheds—are often used. These cost but little, and afford good protection. But nothing else equals a good stack, and nearly all the value of clover hay depends upon its curing and keeping. *American Agriculturist.*

PRECIOUS DEPRAVITY.

At Ramwell, S. C., Saturday, Judge Hudson sentenced Alexy Chieri, a colored girl twelve years old, to be hanged on the third of Friday in September, for the murder of the infant of Mr. Amos Williams, of Attleboro, in Barnwell county. The child was sent by her mother to act as nurse for the Williams baby. She peeked around the house and attended to her duties in so negligent a manner that she had to be constantly scolded. After a scolding one day she was overheard muttering to herself that she was not going to bother with that baby much more. A few days after this, concentrated lye was used in scouring the floor, and when Mrs. Williams left the room for a few minutes she told Alexy that the lye was poisonous and that she must not touch it. On her return, Mrs. Williams horrified to find her baby's mouth full of concentrated lye. Alexy ran out of the house, saying as she left, 'I don't reckon I'll have to nurse that baby much longer now.' The young murderer all through her trial seemed to have no idea of the terrible nature of her deed, and when she was sentenced to be hanged, she gazed stupidly at the judge, and grined as she played with the buttons on her dress. As she was being carried back to jail she saw her father, and made an effort to go to him. She cried for the first time when she was told that she could not go home, but must go back to jail to wait the day for her execution. *Richmond Whip.*

WHY.

There is no plausible reason under the heavens why Republican subordinates should be retained in office under a Democratic administration for two years after the election in which the Democrats gained the victory. We have always claimed that the Democratic party had the enlightened and cultured element in its ranks, and if the Republicans learned the great (?) art of managing 'Uncle Sam's' affairs, pray tell us WHY, YES, WHY, can't Democrats, after twelve or eighteen months' training under these very efficient (?) and trust-worthy (?) Republicans, learn the same? If after all this training, they are so dum-headed that they can't learn, and the heads of the departments can't show them, in the language of John Lolo, 'bring in another horse.' Mark our prediction, one of these days you are going to hear something 'drap.' *Greensboro Patriot.*

DELIGHTING A FARM.

My homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a hint to wash down with it. You say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get enough money together to buy a farm. But this is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good hundred feet at a gulp. If you doubt this statement figure it for yourself. An acre of land contains forty-three thousand five hundred and sixty square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at \$43.56 per acre, you will see that this brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now pour down that fiery dose and just imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that five hundred-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long it takes to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin! There is dirt in it—one hundred square feet or good, rich dirt, worth \$43.56 per acre. *B.*

THREE BALES TO ONE ACRE.

In the last number of the *Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer*, Mr. C. B. Ferrel, of Montgomery, Ala., states emphatically that he made three bales of cotton on one acre of land last year, averaging 500 pounds each. Mr. Ferrel says his land was sandy with clayey soil, to which he applied 2,000 pounds of compost (Ferrel's Formula) and 200 pounds of what he calls Alabama fertilizer. He says:

"The compost used was made of stable manure, cotton seed meal, acid phosphate and kainit, as I prefer the meal to the seed. The year before I took five acres of very poor sandy land and fed it as I cultivated it, and made four bales weighing 500 pounds each. I plant my cotton in checks and cultivate exclusively with the plow, except in bringing it to a stand. It is better never to permit a hoe in it at all. Thin out by hand. It is the hoe that eats up the profits of cotton." He says also:

"The trouble with the Southern planter is that he plants too much land and cultivates it too little. My seed were the improved 'Jones' variety. I had an exhibition at the State Fair, one stalk of cotton eight feet high and eight feet in diameter with 130 open bolls on it. It was seen and examined by thousands of visitors, who perceived that some of the bolls were nearly or quite as large as turkey eggs."

CURING CLOVER HAY.

Clover hay, when properly cured and taken care of, is one of the finest articles of forage that can be grown, but when poorly made and made in a hurry, it is not fit for a horse to eat. Now, while it is true that very much depends on the weather, yet it is equally true that good clover hay may be made almost any year. It is impossible, however, to make good clover hay without having two clear days in the session, unless you provide yourself with water-proof caps. But say you have two fair days in succession from the time you commence cutting—and which should be when about one-half of the bolls are turning brown—the mowing should be started as soon as the morning as the dew is off, and kept running until you have barely time to put it all in winrow before night, the larger the winrows the better, as they hold more heat, and it is the heat that does the curing while in winrows.

When the crop has been cut with the hot sun shining thereon for a few hours, it will have absorbed heat enough to almost cook it during the night. Then in the morning as soon after breakfast as possible the winrows should be gently loosened up with forks to allow the air free access through them until noon, by which time the hay will be ready to put in the mow. It is better, unless rain is very imminent, never to put clover hay into cock, but haul it in direct from the winrow. The curing is then done in the winrow over night. No salt should ever be used on clover hay, especially when putting away in the mow. Salt draws

moisture from the atmosphere, and as a consequence will cause the hay to mold more readily to heat and become musty. It is always best, however, to have water-proof caps on hand in case you should find necessity for using them, in which case good bright clover hay can be made in almost any kind of weather. To make them, water-proof material is of course the best, but unbleached coarse cotton will answer the purpose almost equally well. If made of the latter, procure it five feet wide, i. e., sheeting cotton; tear it into five-foot lengths, and with a sewing machine, hem in a good stout cord along each edge, leaving a small loop at each corner. Then make four pins, some eighteen inches in length, of any kind of hard wood for each cap, and, after adjusting these coverings in place, pin down each corner securely to the ground, to remain until all danger of rain is over. *Baltimore Sun.*

BAD NEWS.

One day last week Mrs. Nancy Allen, wife of Joseph Allen, Esq., while ascending the stairs of her house, fell and broke an arm. The same day Mr. U. Staton, while driving, fell from a wagon loaded with oats and broke an arm.

The wind, accompanying the rain, was terrific Tuesday night in some sections, but the only serious damage which we have heard of was near New Forestville, below Lenoirville. The barn of Mr. Adam Clark, a most substantial structure, was blown over and a valuable horse was killed. *Ex.*

FIGHTING WITH SNAKES.

One day last week, while Jerry Brady was harrowing in one of Joe. H. Strickler's hill fields, a monstrous black snake jumped out of a stump and proceeded to attack the mules. The mules kicked and pawed at the snake, and Mr. Brady threw a lump of ground at it until it turned upon him. He took to his heels and ran probably twenty yards until he reached a pile of stones, when he stopped and began firing upon his black enemy that was cooing nearer and nearer. One stone fortunately landed on the snake's back, after which it was soon killed. Our reporter did not know the exact length of the snake, but thought it was about 12 feet. He also states that out of ten snakes found by Mr. Brady in the same locality, nine were killed, some of which were copper snakes. The snakes are said to be unusually plentiful throughout that part of the sand hills this summer. *Midleton Press.*

THE WICKED TWIN BROTHER.

Aramo, Ia., has a case of twins that is exciting a good deal of interest. A man is confined in the penitentiary there for the crime of bigamy who claims that he is the victim of circumstances. He says that the offense was not committed by him, but by his twin brother, who looks so much like him that they were always compelled to go about labeled so that each could tell himself from the other. The woman in the case thinks they know what they are talking about, but a great many people think they do not, and that really some one has snatched these babies up.

A number of letters have been written to the *World* from parties who plead for the twin, as they say, who is unlawfully confined, and condemn the heartlessness of the other twin, who has escaped. Some letters purporting to be from the missing brother have also been received at the penitentiary. But experts say they are all in the same handwriting. An appeal was made to Governor Larrabee in behalf of the prisoner, but after considering the he refused to interfere, although admitting there are circumstances which cast doubt on the justice of the punishment. *Omaha Republican.*

SCHOOLS.

Too many are flatter themselves that they have another farm underneath that they can draw upon at any time after they have exhausted the one now on top. This is, doubtless, a pleasing thought to the man who is cropping his land with wheat year after year. But it is a delu-

sion, my friends, it surely is a delusion. You'll earn all you get from down below, mark my word for it. I believe in cultivating to a moderate depth. For some crops I believe in having a good deep soil, but I do not believe in this indiscriminate advocacy of deep cultivation. Some advocate the plowing of all lands to the depth of twelve inches or even more. Now some crops upon some soils may demand such deep plowing, and for other crops upon other soils such following often proves most detrimental and injurious. The wheat crop, for instance, needs but a shallow soil. Six inches of cultivated soil is a great plenty for a crop. The addition of more to this would not only add to the expense of the culture, but would prove an injury to the crop.

Some soils can be cultivated to the depth of a foot or more, while others cannot. Our deep loam will stand deep cultivation, while our sandy loams cannot. The soil proper in many localities is not over six inches deep. Now what will be the result if a furrow ten or twelve inches deep be turned here? Our six inches of good surface soil is thrown under, and from four to six inches of worthless subsoil brought up over it. Yes, it is worse than worthless. It sometimes ruins a field for a crop for years to come. A naturally weak and shallow soil cannot assimilate and fertilize such a dose of cold sour subsoil. It is, indeed, in need of help itself, perhaps, and to help it we must give the original six inches of soil more plant food in the form of manures, instead of diffusing and overwhelming the already scant soil in so much more raw subsoil.

Yet the fact remains, that some soils need deepening, and such of course, can be deepened to the farmer's advantage. *Winter and Stockman.*

SOLACE FOR THE AGED.

One of the lamentations of old age is that no new friendships are formed. It is a rather mournful fact that most persons who pass fifty years lose the gift of pleasing. The sparkling eye, the merry laugh, the hearty speech, the sympathetic manner are all gone and in place of these a guarded bearing and a sober habit of thought and judgment. Good-looking young people with their pleasant faces and enthusiasm, win friend off hand, but the saddened and mature man gets more and more isolated. Those of our own kind give only what they receive, and the young shrink from him. He has lost the glow of youth and the conquering vivacity of youth. He estimates the pursuit of life with frigid skepticism, and those who still delight in collecting the dust in the race course are offended at him. He may be ever so just and kind, but his exterior bears the scars of pain, and the average man or woman instinctively draws away from an invalid. If he be wise he will fall back upon books and fishing rod in season and make friends in heaven, for his chance of making any down here is decidedly slender. *Pittsburg Chronicle.*

DON'T PASTURE ON YOUR CLOVER LOT.

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 live on, you turn stock upon it and keep it grazed close, all summer, instead of improving your lot, you have impoverished it, and at the same time you have not realized one-half of the benefit from it you would have done had you kept the stock off, and had 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 braised by their force trying to heal the wounds thus so frequently made.

Much damage is also done the land by being trampled closely 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 feed of one cow, which is largely lost by grazing. So I really get three cows fed by cutting and feeding at the stable, where I would get but one by grazing. Try it, and you will see how much clover afterward.—E. K.

WHERE WE EACH.

Many people, I have often noticed, have a foolish fashion of praising all that is English and deprecating all that is American. English coats and English manners, English pronunciation and English umbrellas, English books and English habits—all seem in their eyes to be superior to our own. They fancy it very fine to be taken for Englishmen; and of late there is even talk of superior comfort of traveling in England.

Never was there a greater mistake. We have our faults here, of course; but there are no railways like ours, in all the world. Every year improves the condition of the American traveller, and it is a matter in which we women have at least our equal rights.

A woman who travels by rail in America is perfectly safe and comfortable—as much so, at least, as any man is. She is in no danger of being insulted, because she is under the protection of every decent man in the car. If she asks a question, she will doubtless be answered civilly. If she needs assistance, it is offered. She can go from Maine to California without any annoyance whatever.

In England the apartments in the coaches of a train contain but a few people, and are looked after by a guard who carries the key.

A young girl traveling alone may be, and has been, looked upon with a thief or a ruffian. All sorts of crimes, including murder, have been committed in these coaches, and there are some in which many travelers can be down at night. He actually needs his bags, umbrellas, and a lantern. Moreover, there are no baggage checks, and "boxes" must be picked out from great piles of the journey. There is no water on the train—not a mouthful for a fainting person. At a station, one may see a "guard" bringing some that lead.

In England, no civility is offered any stranger by another man. If an American should ask an Englishman in the same coach a question, such as an American would answer decently, he would receive no reply, or at best, a cold "Inquire of the guard." The frozen civility of England requires that a gentleman shall know another before he speaks to him. One who does not consider himself a gentleman may reply; but he requires to be paid for it. In fact, even a necessary question, will not be offered by the "guard" unless you cross his pole with silver. Imagine offering one of our conductors a pound note for being civil!

It is true that every American undertakes that we travel better in our own country than in England; and in their little ones that the employees of the road are a finer set of men; and that the travelers themselves own and their neighbors, comfort by an amount of consideration and politeness, and of courtesy to all women, never dreamt of in England. *N. Y. Ledger.*

THE FOURTEEN GREAT MISTAKES.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops in the ocean or sands on the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate. Here then, are fourteen great mistakes that are a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own, to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; to yield immaterial trifles; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything.—N. Y. Star.

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