

THE DEMOCRAT.

W. H. KITCHIN, Owner.

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE

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"What is Friendship?"
I've been reading of friends whose earnest eyes
Would search my spirit through,
To the question asked by you,
And ponder it well; for the fable
A subtle meaning bears,
To guide through life's temptations,
And show those its hidden snares.
Where the polar star looks coldly down
On the land of the eternal snows,
Neath the glittering iceberg's concealment
From
The "Española" grows,
Each leaf of exquisite beauty
By its king's gem-embossed;
Each leaf, and branch, and petal
Are formed of glistening frost.
Mid the dazzling stillness of Arctic day
A phantom flower it gleams
In the pale sunlight's frozen rays,
Like a symbol of both and dreams
Should a dew-drop fall over its wreath
Or the sunbeams warmer grow
It folds its filmy petals
And vanishes into the snow.
And yet who would pluck this enchanted flower
Or gaze on its beauty frail,
Must have his hands as clean and heart as pure
As the Knight of the Holy Grail.
Doxon says, oh, friend, the meaning
Of this fable I've told to you:
That he who would hope for friendship
Must, himself, be pure and true.
To a flower that will drop 'neath passion's glow,
In darkness as fades away,
For the blossom of friendship will only grow
In the calm, fair light of day,
Let your life be true and noble,
As your heart is true and true,
And the exquisite blossom of friendship
Will always bloom for you.
—EDNA C. JACKSON.

"KEEP YOUR PROMISE."

Commodore Vanderbilt, as most people know, did not take very kindly to removing from Staten Island to New York City, when his affairs began to prosper but was compelled to do so in order to be near his business. He bought a house just in the outskirts of the city where he thought he could be sure of comparative quiet. He found a comfortable place close by a graveyard, with not many houses about him and settled down.
The first night he spent in the new place was a terrible revelation to him. Instead of the absolutely quiet surroundings of his island home, he had an atmosphere of noise with the yells of what seemed a thousand cats. The neighborhood must have been a convulsion, a favorite resort for all the cats in the city. They roamed about in the graveyard, and looked on his back fence, and perched on his shed roof and caterwauled madly all night long. He slept scarcely five minutes at a time. The next night it was repeated, and the next, instead of getting used to it the commodore was getting more and more nervous and sleepless and less. The wear and tear began to tell on him.
Vanderbilt had his boot, blacked every morning by a lad who had stationed his box not far away, making an arrangement with the boy in order to get the shine reasonably cheap. One morning he sat down in the boy's chair with such a weary air and with so haggard a look on his face that the boy asked sympathetically—
"Well, mister, customer?"
The commodore, for want of a better confidant, opened his heart to the boot-black and told him the harrowing tale of the cats.
"Well, 'll yer give me, boss," said the boy, "I'll clean out all de cats for you?"
"When 'll I give you? Why, 'll give you a dollar apiece for every cat you kill 'n my yard," said the commodore.
"All right, customer," said the boot-black, "I'll be there tonight."
That night the commodore slept as he had not slept since he left Staten Island. It woke in the morning with the delightful sensation of having slept only about fifteen minutes, and yet knowing that he had slept soundly all night. When he went out to his boot-black sitting on the front step.
"How'd you sleep, boss?" asked the boy.
"Splendidly, young man, splendidly."
"Hear any cats?"
"Not a cat. How much do I owe you?"
"Come round in the back yard and we'll see," said the boy.
They went around to the back yard. There were two rough-looking youngsters sitting on the fence, and on the ground was a pile of dead cats that made the commodore turn pale.
"For heaven's sake, how many cats have you there?" he asked.
"Well, 'll 'row 'em over in another pile, boss," said the boot-black, "an' you kin keep 'em up."
The boy began to boss the cats over deliberately, and the commodore counted until he had got up to fifty. Then he called out—
"Hold on! That'll do. See here, 'll give you three dollars just five dollars apiece. That's big pay for a night's work."
"Can't do it, boss," said the boot-black. "I've made de arrangement with dese gentlemen here, an' de understanding is a dollar apiece for de cats."
"Well, I won't give you but five dol-

lars each all around," said the commodore.
He pulled out the money and shook it in their faces, but the boys refused to take it. Finally they withdrew in silence, leaving the commodore, aroused and ill-natured, with his cats. They formed a resolve to "get even with him," and made their plans accordingly.
That night the commodore had not been asleep very long before he was roused by the most unearthly caterwauling that he had ever heard in his life. He woke with the impression that there was a stack of cats on the foot of his bed. Then he fancied they were at the window sill of his room. But presently he became aware that they were somewhere in the yard near his window. He could stand it no longer, and seized a loaded pistol that was in a bureau drawer and blazed away, one, two, three shots, at what seemed to be the centre of the disturbance in the yard. Then he heard a cry and groan of anguish from some human being. He dressed partially and went out into the yard, and found there, writhing in pain, the policeman on the beat, with a ball from the commodore's revolver in his leg. He also found a large gunny-bag in which was a wriggling, plunging mass of cats, all of them howling now with a fury redoubled by the episode of the shooting. The policeman was able to explain that he had seen what seemed to be a wild animal of extraordinary proportions, which made a noise like a hundred cats, plunging around on the commodore's lawn, and had come over to investigate; and no sooner had he discovered that the object was a big gunny-bag full of cats, and had prepared to release the animals, than the commodore had opened fire on him from the window, with disastrous effect.
The policeman sued Vanderbilt for damages, and the commodore had to pay him a thousand dollars to settle—a fact which became quite generally known. As to the cats, he knew where they came from, but the peculiar and unfinished nature of the transaction with the boys prevented him from mentioning it, or from breaking his former contract with the bootblack, who continued to shine his boots as of yore. The day after the commodore had settled with the policeman the boy looked up from his box and remarked: "Sleep well, last night, boss?"
The commodore only grunted in response.
"Any cats, now-a-days?"
The commodore jumped up from the chair.
"See here!" he exclaimed; "how many cats did you kill that night?"
"Ninety-three, boss."
The commodore pulled out his check-book and hastily drew a check.
"Here's a check for \$100," said he, "and now don't you ever say cats to me again in your life, nor talk about this thing to nobody else, or 'll break every bone in your body."
"Agreed, boss," said the boy, as he pocketed the check.

"KEEP YOUR PROMISE."

This story recalls another that is somewhat like it with a different flavor and local color, however, and quite as authentic. It happened down on the Cape in a time now well gone by, when Benjamin C. — was a prominent man down there, wealthy, and foremost in a good many business enterprises. Old Mr. C. — was thrifty, like most of the Cape people with a high regard for the almighty dollar. He had a lively, freckle-faced grandson, as agile as a squirrel, who was named for him, Benjamin C. D. —, since a man of a good deal of prominence on his own account, and who lived with him. The old gentleman's barn, as a good many other old places have done, became terribly infested with rats. The old gentleman was so greatly annoyed that he offered the boy fifty cents a piece for all the rats he would catch and show to him, alive on the premises, a provision to prevent sharp practice on the part of the youth. After two or three days little Benjamin came to old Benjamin and asked him to step out into the barn. He did so and was conducted to a big disused molasses barrel that stood in the middle of the barn floor and asked to look into it. And there on the bottom was a wriggling mass of rats, three or four deep, struggling vainly to get out of the barrel.
"My gorry!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Where'd you get all these rats?"
"Caught 'em here in the barn, gran'sir."
"How many be they?"
"Eighty. That's just \$40, gran'sir."
"Forty dollars! Why, I ain't goin' to pay you all that money."
"Ain't you? didn't you agree to, gran'sir?"
"Well, yes, but I hadn't no idee when I did that you'd catch such a tar-nation lot."
The boy looked up. There was a rope dangling down from the beam above, that was used to help in climbing up to the hayloft. Benny pulled himself up hand over hand on the rope until he hung suspended over the barrel.
"Ain't you goin' to give me that \$40 you agreed to, gran'sir?" said the boy.
"Never!" said the old man, "looking

into the barrel with its spinning mass of rats.
"Well, then, here goes!" said the boy. With a lively kick of his foot he upset the barrel in the direction of his grandfather. The multitude of rats poured out around the old man's feet. He leaped wildly up and down in terror, and sprang through the mass to a ladder that stood near. Then he ran up the ladder with an agility that he had not equalled for fifty years. And the rats resumed possession of the premises.
The fable doesn't that venerable men of wealth had best keep their honest engagements with small boys, even if the small boys turn out to be much smarter than the venerable gentlemen took them to be, and greatly exceed expectations in their performances.—(Boston Transcript.)

Japanese Children.

The children are a great feature of Japanese life. They swarm everywhere; the houses are full of them; the streets overflow with them. They seem a blessing vouchsafed in a peculiar degree to the Japanese. Little tots hardly able to walk themselves carry, fastened to their backs, tiny infants, for whose heads I often trembled, as they are allowed to hang down in such a fashion as to seem on the point of breaking off any minute. The rising generation of Japan seems to delight in mere existence; these tiny atoms of humanity sport in the sunshine, as a rule most scantily clad, roll over in the dust, run and skip, all overflowing with the jolliest mirth. Their parents seem to idolize them; nowhere have I seen so many men occupying themselves with children as I did in Japan. The whole character of the people is child-like, especially in the interior, where they have had no chance to be infected by the superior knowledge of their western brethren.
In the villages men can be seen carrying in their arms babes, leading one or two at the same time. The smallest hamlet has shops where nothing else is sold but toys, and these luxuries are lavished on every Japanese baby. The children are, as a rule, pleasant to look upon, with their little round and plump faces and short hair—which on boys' heads is allowed to grow all around the head short to about two or three inches in length, with a round spot in the centre on the top of the crown shaved bare. The dolls that come to our toy stores from Japan are faithful images of their children. Flipping paper dragons is one of their favorite games, and the skill expended on the ornamentation of these is astonishing. A peculiar custom is the hoisting of an immense paper fish, painted elaborately, on a pole in front of a house where a baby is born.—(The Overland Monthly.)

TOMATO CANNERIES.

Progress of the Tomato From Field to Consumer.

One of the Great Industries of New Jersey.

What the peach orchards are to Delaware the tomato fields are so much to Salem and Cumberland counties, says a letter from Salem, N. J., to the New York Times. The tomatoes are picked in the regular Delaware peach baskets and loaded on wagons purposely arranged for the purpose. The farmer takes the load to the can house and is met by a "wagon master," who assigns him a place in the procession and he puts his wagon in it. If he is a prudent and industrious farmer he unhitches his horses and returns to his farm with his team, for he can, in all probability go home, gather another load, and return to the canning house before his first load is wanted at the "scalding."
Long lines of farm wagons loaded with this fruit may be seen around each of the great establishments. The farmers in most cases have gone home and left their wagons unguarded. They are perfectly safe. Tomatoes are so abundant that not even the street gamin will molest them. Sometimes 24 hours pass between the time a wagonload is delivered to the wagon master and its delivery to the scalding. The scalding is the primary machine in the canning factory, unless the scales be classed as a part of the factory. The scales are in the street, but the register is inside of the office. The farmer, who, by the grace of the wagon master has the next turn at the scalding, is told to pull his wagon on to the scales, and the wagon, basket, and man are all weighed together. Then he is told to "pull up" to the scalding. This scalding is a large box tub, made square, into which there is turned a steam pipe by which the water may be kept hot. Inside of the scalding and working on hinges there is a half round iron basket that will hold the tomatoes. This basket is so arranged that a man with a rope running through a block can lower the tomatoes into scalding water or lift them out at will. Usually two baskets are put into the scalding at a time, and by the time the farmer can walk the four or five steps backward to the wagon and return these two baskets of tomatoes have been scalded and by a movement of the rope sent into tubs, and it is said that they are washed at the same time that they are scalded; but, as the water in which they are scalded is generally so muddy as to make it impossible to see a tomato a hair's breadth under the surface, I rather question the cleaning process.
Some of the factories are more cleanly than others, but there is not a factory that has so far overcome the difficulty of washing. And so far as I have seen, that is the feature of the packing that is not perfect, excepting that none of the factories wash their cans before using them. The women who "skin" the tomatoes might come into the factory with unclean hands, but in five minutes' work the hand of the tidest and most cleanly woman in the place would be no cleaner than those of the most untidy, so rapid is the action of the tomato acid, in taking the dirt from the hands. After the tomatoes have been "skinned" they are thrown into buckets, and whenever a woman fills an ordinary water bucket she is given a check which entitles her to 3 or 4 cents. Many women here will "skin 50 buckets per day or 5 an hour."
When the buckets are filled a man throws them into the hopper of a machine called a "stuffer." These machines are usually operated by steam power, and a pressure of the feet sends a can full of tomatoes into a can, seldom failing to fill it. To prevent having light cans, each one as it is taken away from the "stuffer" is passed to a woman termed a "finisher," and she sees that it is properly filled. In several of the factories that I visited there was being successfully operated a machine by which by the use of unskilled labor the caps could be soldered to ten cans at one operation, but most of the caps are soldered by what is commonly known as chub irons, and one cap is finished at a time. The cans are then put into large trays made of iron, and these trays, piled one upon another, are put into large tubs filled with hot water and scalded for upward of an hour, when they are taken out and piled over the factory floor, and sometimes outdoors, where they may best be cooled. The next day they are carefully inspected, and those not properly "processed" are taken out and reprocessed.
A few days after the cans have been corked they are ready for labeling and packing into cases for shipping. In many of the larger factories these operations are to be seen at one visit. There is one canning establishment here in Salem where preparations were made to can about 1,800,000 cans, or 150,000 dozen. That quantity of tomatoes will sell this season for upward of \$150,000.
"With all this false I love the still," quoted the husband as he stroked his wife's store hair.

Inns in the Orient.

South of the Balkan Mountains, says Thomas Stevens in the New York Sun, the traveler bids farewell to hotels for the time being, except at such points as Constantinople or Philippopolis. The melana of the Orient, with all its discomforts and abominations, takes the place of the European village inn. One now finds himself among people who know nothing of Western comfort. At the wayside melana the accommodations are of the roughest kind. Instead of a soft bed, the traveler may consider himself fortunate if he can obtain a tattered quilt or blanket in which to curl himself up on the floor, or on a bench. He may consider himself more fortunate still if these casual articles are reasonably free from vermin. All of them are tenanted more or less, and extraordinary precautions must be taken for self-protection. The food obtainable at the melana is equally abominable. Black bread, sometimes so hard that it has to be soaked in water before it can be eaten, a jar of malarious substance supposed to be soft cheese, and villainous spirits called mastie is the regular stock-in-trade of the melana cuisine. If the fates are propitious, one may perchance be able to obtain an egg or two, or a chicken, and small cups of strong black coffee are usually to be had also. The proprietor, a grumpy, sheepskin-clad individual, will undertake to cook the eggs or chicken if requested. If left to follow his own devices, he will beat the eggs hard and cut the chicken up in little pieces and stew it. The reasoning will be a small chunk of rock salt.
After crossing the Bosphorus into Asiatic Turkey, there is a change of name from melana to klan, but there is little or no change in the institution itself. The klan exists only along the regular post routes. In the remote villages one has to depend entirely on the hospitality of the people. To the credit of the Turks, let it be said that no matter what their shortcomings may be in other directions, they are always hospitable. The Reis, or head man of the village, is always ready to do the honors of the occasion upon the arrival of a traveler. In his rude house, often but a mere mud hut, with stable and dwelling rooms all beneath the same low flat roof, the stranger is sure of shelter and the best food the village affords. No payment is exacted for this, but the proper thing is to make presents of money to the Reis's children in return for what one has received.
Fishing for a Cow's Cud.
"There is great excitement on the place when a cow loses her cud," said the old farmer. "The boys run as fast as they can for the cow doctor, and we all turn out and get things ready for him. The cow stands with her head down and neck stretched out, and is altogether the most woe-begone animal you ever saw."
"What will happen if she doesn't find the cud?"
"She will starve to death. You see a cow has four stomachs, and what she eats through the day goes into the first one. And at night she brings up some of the food from the first stomach and masticates it. This is called chewing the cud. After she has done this, it goes to the second stomach and is digested. If she loses her cud, she can't pass the food from the first stomach to the second, and it is bound to starve."
When the doctor arrives he slips the cow's sides, twists her tail and looks in her mouth. Then he calls for a piece of salt codfish and puts it in her mouth. If that fails to bring out the cud he rubs her throat and calls for slippery elm. He puts a wed of it into her jaws and tries to get her to chew. That failing, he tries a bunch of grass and a wed of willow leaves. If all fail, a live frog is brought and started down the cow's throat. This never fails. The cow gives a heave when the frog tickles her windpipe, and up come frog and cud."
—(Mail and Express.)

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A halstone with a nucleus of gypsum, probably sucked up by a water-pour-fall in a recent shower in France.
A German photographer, Herr Ottomar Anschutz, has succeeded in preparing photographic plates so sensitive that an exposure of one five-hundredths of a second is sufficient.
During a trial in hot weather, a car of a Prussian railway was kept about sixteen degrees cooler than the air outside by receiving its ventilating current through an ice tank in the roof.
Cicero relates that the Chaldeans and Bactrians claimed celestial observations for 470,000 years; but, taking a day as an astronomical period, it becomes 1,300 years, or taking a moon phase, 32,000 years.
The printing of vines has been investigated by H. Madler, who finds that the proper time is while the fruit is ripening, and that the young shoots should be cut, as their development requires much sugar.
At various magnetic observations on the continent of Europe slight disturbances were registered, which apparently were connected in time with the late earthquakes. M. Mascart believes that a more careful examination of the records of different observations will show the connection which may exist between the two disturbances.
A professor claims to have discovered that a grain of alum in a gallon of water will reduce the colonies of bacteria if the water is sufficiently filtered (from \$100 to about 80) and that the remaining bacteria will be the large ones and can easily be taken out by filtering. The required amount of alum, he says, is too small to be detected by taste and is not harmful to health.
A series of experiments recently made by a French metallurgist are stated to have proved that steel loses weight by rust about twice as rapidly as cast iron when exposed to moist air. A deflagrated water was found to dissolve cast iron much more rapidly than steel. This would indicate that steel bridges are less affected by the acids contained in the smoke of locomotives than iron ones.
Nine-tenths of wild animals in confinement are said by a medical writer to be subject to heart disease, but all animals have their peculiarities. Elephants are subject to many diseases, the most common and fatal of which is rheumatism. Monkeys and baboons generally die from bronchial affections and heart disease, and suffer much from epiphoid fever. Animals of the feline race are most subject to dysentery and heart disease; and their prey, deer, antelope, etc., are most liable to the same affections. Animals of the canine tribe are the healthiest, but too many wolves must not be kept together, or they will eat one another.
Afghan Love Songs.
Love songs are plentiful with the Afghans, though whether they are acquainted with love is rather doubtful. Woman with the Afghans is a purchasable commodity; she is not wooed and won with her own consent, she is bought from her father. The average price of a young and good looking girl is from about 300 to 500 rupees. To obtain the ideas of an Afghan upon that matter would be a desperate task. When Said Ahmed, the great Wazir leader, the prophet, leader and King of the Yusufzai Afghans, tried to abolish the marriage by sale, his power fell at once, he had to forego his life, and died an outlaw. There is no song in the world so sad and gloomy as that which is sung to the bride by her friends. They come to congratulate you, to console her, like departed souls; they go to her, sitting in a corner, and sing:
"You remain sitting in a house and are as what can we do for you?
Your father has received the money."
All of love that the Afghan knows is jealousy. All crimes are said to have their cause in one of the three—zeal, zamin or zom, money, earth or woman—the third is in fact the most frequent of the three causes. Contemporary Review.
The Inventor of Shorthand.
It has recently been ascertained that the credit of inventing the first system of shorthand writing by sound belongs to the Rev. Phineas Bailey, a native of New Hampshire, who had settled in Vermont, and published a book setting forth his system in 1819. This was eighteen years before Mr. Pitman's "Stenographic Shorthand" was first published, but to the latter it, nevertheless, accorded the credit of being the modern father of shorthand.—The Epoch.
When the Tide Goes Out.
A physician living on the seaboard thus writes: "Within the last five years, in a district embracing sixty square miles or so by the sea, I have noted the hour and the minute of no less than ninety-three demises in my own immediate practice, and every soul of them has gone out with the tide, save four who died suddenly by fatal accident."—[Medical Press.

A Song.

Fade, flowers, now
Scatter your snow
Over the dying grasses,
Twill not be long
If you, kind, your song
To the rude north wind pass.
Tress' you have played
At masquerade,
Till it is time to end,
Dance away waves
A blanket of leaves
Within your hues are hidden.
Sings' you aloud
Fret me each cloud,
March the stars in your breast,
Dance while you may,
Toss your white spray,
So will come the season of rest.
—[Amy E. Leigh in Young People.

HUMOROUS.

Drowning and thirsty men clutch at straws.
A joint debate: A quartet for the prime cut of the fowl.
The English sparrow can only get in to the best society as a free bird.
About two pounds of matter, liquid and solid, are daily cast out of the system by the skin.
A man may be behind in his work and still show push. This is so if he is wheeling a barrow.
It has lately been discovered that the reason that boys are so impetuous is because they are so frequently strapped.
A professor claims, when he found that he could not reach his hat hanging high on a nail, "I am too short at both ends."
"I wonder what makes those buttons burst off?" exclaimed a holy petulant. "Force of habit, I should think," he said softly.
A little girl who was looking at a pea-cock for the first time, was enthusiastic. "Oh, mamma," she said, "what a beautiful bustle!"
Dude, sir—How do? Have you got hold of anything fresh lately? Faded Why, Tommy, when I have just shaken hands with you?
"Did the wedding go off smoothly?"
"About as smoothly as such affairs always go off. The only hitch that occurred was when the pair stood up to be united."
A Magnificent Gift.
The Nazamul Hyderabad has offered a splendid gift to the Indian government. Impressed with the idea that the expenditure of the Indian empire goes on growing, mainly in consequence of outlay on the defenses of the frontier, and wishing to resist the aggressive designs of Russia, his highness, "as the oldest ally of the English in India," proposes to give £200,000 a year for three years toward strengthening the northern border. His highness, we imagine, has an eye to investment, and has an intention of asking one more for the restoration of the Berars, which, he thinks, would be greatly facilitated by a display of practical loyalty. There is no reason to doubt, however, that he is heartily opposed to a Russian invasion, though his people being Sheraks, he is not exactly the grand Mussulman prince the Times chooses to believe—and it is neither generous nor wise to inquire too closely into motives. The gift is a great one, and we trust will be accepted with warm thanks, and employed in consistent efforts to protect our own line of defence, the Indus river. It may not can float and move so much the better. We are too slow in commencing a gift-work, probably because the ruling policies are all in favor of adjoining beyond our proper boundary, seizing Candahar, and fighting the great battle within Afghanistan itself. That might be the wiser course if our business in India were not governing, but the viceroys have to think of sparing English soldiers, and keeping the burden on the treasury within reasonable bounds.
—London Spectator.
"Glass-blower's Check."
Though the wages of remuneration in glass-blowing are very high, the industry is not popular. Its unpopularity is no more than natural, the labor being severe and exhausting, the pain and discomfort great, and the healthfulness being so conspicuously small in those engaged. It has a characteristic disease—the glass-blower's check, just as the white lead and spindle-makers industries have their specific ailments. From long continued blowing the cheeks at first swell, grow thin and lose their elasticity; they then begin to hang down like inverted pockets and finally grow so insupportably unsuitable. It is a matter of record both here and in Europe that glass-blowers have blown holes through their cheeks, but no living cure of this sort can be found at the present time. Philadelphia Telegraph.
Changing a "Ten."
"My dear, can you change a ten for me?" asked the wife of a generous husband when company was present.
"Yes," he answered, with a wild, dazed look, not understanding how his wife was possessed of so much money, "will you have it in small bills?"
"I want a ten-cent piece," she said quickly. Tableau.—Detroit Free Press.