

# THE DEMOCRAT.

W. H. KITCHIN, Owner.

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**Love's Triumph.**  
When the moon broke clear and the sun rose bright,  
And the sea, which had tossed through that terrible night,  
Ceased to surge and swell in waves mountain high,  
Ceased to toss its foam angrily up towards the sky,  
Ceased its horrible roar,  
Then she stole from her cot, with her babe closely pressed,  
Gains her heart, which had wildly throbbled in her breast,  
Through the wearisome night;  
And she moved to the cliffs, which stood high and steep,  
And, with wistful eyes, looked out on the deep  
In the clear morning light.  
That velvet sea was as smooth as a lake that's at rest,  
Not a wave could be seen upon its broad breast.  
As it rolled to the land,  
Yet it silently swept far up on the beach,  
Every time it came up striving higher to reach  
Upon the bleak strand.  
For a moment her heart was filled with a fright,  
While the gaze on the sea, lit by morning's clear light,  
And saw far and near,  
On the breast of the deep, bits of hull and of mast,  
Which told of the tempest that o'er it had passed  
In that night bleak and drear.  
Twas her fisherman husband for whom she feared;  
For his boat on the ocean she eagerly peered,  
But no sail was in sight,  
Then her eyes glanced to turn from the sea to the land,  
And she saw a man's form lying still on the sand  
In the clear morning light.  
Something strange in that form for a breath stopped her heart,  
Something known in that form caused the life blood to dart  
Through her bosom once more;  
For a moment she scarcely could gather her breath,  
For a moment her face was as ghastly as death,  
As she gazed at the shore.  
Then she rushed to her hut, took the babe from her breast,  
And, leaving the child in his cradle to rest,  
She hastened to go  
Down the path, that was cut in the cliff's rugged side,  
To the sands where the ocean's still rising tide  
Came steady and slow.  
With a fast beating heart along the dry beach,  
Which the incoming tide was trying to reach,  
She flew o'er the ground;  
In the form which lay there, as if dead, on its side,  
In the spot where 'twas left by the last rising tide,  
Her husband was found.  
At his side in an instant she dropped on her knee,  
And eagerly peered at his features to see  
Were he living or dead;  
But she saw that his face was as ghastly as death,  
And there came from his lips not even a breath  
As she lifted his head.  
Then the shirt o'er his breast she tore quickly apart,  
And her quivering hand she placed on his heart.  
For a moment's brief space;  
As she felt his throbs, uncertain and slight,  
Her breast filled with joy, her eyes shone with light,  
Which transformed her face.  
He was ghastly and cold as he lay on the sand,  
At the spot unto which he'd been swept on the strand  
By that terrible storm,  
But her heart leaped for joy in the breast of that wife,  
For she felt his blood throbs and she knew there was life  
In that almost dead form.  
With the strength of a giant, born of her love,  
She carried that form to the cliff top above,  
From the surf-beaten shore;  
And she dared on the way not a moment to rest,  
Lest the heart that so faintly beat in his breast  
Should cease evermore.  
To their cot, near at hand, her burden she bore,  
And, though her frame shook as she entered the door,  
Her heart did not quail;  
Yet she sighed when she'd placed his form on the bed,  
For his eyes were wide staring as if he were dead,  
And his face ghastly pale.  
With the courage of love she fought for his life,  
With the vigor of love she entered the strife  
And conquered grim Death;  
For she saw, in good time, light gleam in his eye,  
And she heard with delight from his bosom a sigh,  
And she felt his faint breath.  
Love had won, as oft times it had won before;  
Love had won, as it will till our loving is o'er.  
Till we pass from this earth;  
Strength had come to her arms as her husband she bore,  
Strength had come to her frame that she'd never known before  
Till love gave it birth.  
—[New York Graphic.

**A Little Hercules.**  
Away back in the sixties I was financially interested in two or three Texaco enterprises with a man named George Sloane. That was his right name, but in many localities in Texas he was known only as Nerry George. I have seen a great many statements concerning his adventures in print, but all more or less exaggerated. Some of the adventures which came about while we were in company I will now give to the press for the first time.  
Sloane was an Ohio boy, and I made his acquaintance and chummed with him in Andersonville prison. We went West together after the war, and at that time he was only 27 years old. He was 5 feet 7 inches high, weighed 160 pounds, and was the strongest man I ever saw outside of a professional wrestler or cannon-ball tosser. His flesh was so hard that he could crack a walnut on his leg. On two or three occasions I knew him to break the bones in a man's hand by a single grip. He took no training of any sort, but the strength and ruggedness were born to him. As if not satisfied in making him a young Hercules, nature gave him the most wonderful nerve and courage. He once told me that he would give \$100 to realize for five minutes what fear was. I saw him in some of the hottest places a man could get into, and I never saw him falter or hesitate or make a mistake in doing just the right thing.  
One afternoon, after we had finished up some business in Dallas and were ready to go, we entered a saloon. It was full of gamblers, cowboys and rough characters generally, and every man wore a revolver in plain sight. We were sipping our drink when a burly, big ruffian, who was a fighter from way back, intentionally fell against Sloane with considerable force, and then stood off and leered at him and said:  
"I'm waitin' fur ye to ax my parding for that, banty."  
Sloane never carried a weapon of any sort while in town. He looked the fellow over in a cool and quiet way, and finally asked:  
"Did you intend to insult me, sir?"  
"Insult ye?" echoed the other. "Who talks of insults? Why ye little gamecock from somebody's barnyard, I'll give ye two minits to get down on your knees to me."  
"If you do not beg my pardon before I finish this glass," replied George, "I will make a wreck of you."  
By this time everybody in the saloon had crowded around us, and it was easy to see we had no friends there. There was something in Sloane's eye and tone which cautioned the big fellow, and if left to himself he would have retired from the scrape. But he was egged on and braced up by the crowd who wished to see a row, and he stepped back a little, drew his revolver, and growled.  
"Now, banty, get down on your marrow bones, or you'll take a dose of lead."  
Sloane leaned on the bar with his elbow and sipped his wine slowly, paying no further attention to any one. He was, perhaps, a minute and a half finishing his glass, and during the last half minute he was covered by the man's revolver. When he set the glass down he wiped off his mouth, returned the handkerchief, and then turned and advanced upon the ruffian. The man fired point blank at his head, cut off a lock of hair, and the bullet killed the bartender. Before he could fire again George seized him, one hand on his throat and the other on his knee, lifted him high in the air, and held him thus for ten seconds. Then he gave the body a fling upon some whiskey barrels ten feet away. It was an astonishing feat of strength, and the silence of death fell upon the room. When it was broken it was by a man who had tipped over to the barrels to look at the ruffian, and who hoarsely whispered:  
"Great heavens! Tom is as dead as a fish!"  
So he was. The iron fingers had choked the life out of him as he was held aloft, and when he struck the barrel almost every bone in his body was broken. George stood there for two long minutes, looking from one to the other, and then asked:  
"Does anybody else want me to go down on my knees?"  
Never a man replied. Never a hand was lifted and we went slowly out and mounted our horses and rode away unmolested.  
A month or so later we were at Waco, and one night attended the performance at a concert hall. A rougher crowd couldn't have been brought together. In the first five minutes of our stay, I saw three tumbler's beer shot out of the hands of waiters, and a hat was knocked from the head of one of the stage performers by a bullet. I scented a row and wanted to go, but George asked me to wait a bit. Directly in front of us sat an outlaw from the Indian Territory. He was in an ugly frame of mind and anxious for blood letting, and pretty soon he turned on us with:  
"Which of you vermin spit on my hat?"  
"Neither of us, sir," politely answered my friend.  
"You are a liar!" shouted the man, as he rose up.  
"No shooting! No shooting!" called a hundred voices, and the stage performance was suspended to see the row out.

**Patagonia.**  
A South American Country That Exists Only in Name.  
How Its Marauding Savages Were Severely Punished.  
There used to be a place called Patagonia. It appears on our geographies now as "a drear and uninhabitable waste, upon which herds of wild horses and cattle graze, that are hunted for their flesh by a few bands of savage Indians of immense stature." I am quoting from a school-book published in 1886, and in common use in this country. The same geography gives similar information about "the Argentine Confederation." It makes the Argentines roar with rage to call their country "the Argentine Confederation." A bitter, bloody war was fought to wipe that name off the map, but our publishers still insist upon keeping it there. It is not a confederation; it is a Nation, with a big "N," like ours—one and inseparable, united we stand, divided we fall, and all that sort of thing.—the Argentine Republic. To call it anything else is an insult to the patriots who fought to make it so, and a reflection upon our own intelligence.  
Several years ago Patagonia was divided between Chili and the Argentine Republic, the Ministers from the United States to those two countries doing the carving. The summits of the Cordilleras were fixed as the boundary lines. Chili took the Strait of Magellan and the strip along the Pacific coast between the mountains and the sea, and the Argentine Republic the pampas, the archipelago of Tierra del Fuero being divided between them. Since the partition ranchmen have been pushing southward with great rapidity, and now the vast territory is practically occupied. There are no more wild cattle or horses there than in Kansas, and the dreary, uninhabited wastes of Patagonia have gone into oblivion with the "Great American Desert." The remnant of a vast tribe of aborigines still occupies the interior, but the Indian problem of the Argentine Republic was solved in a summary way. There was considerable annoyance on the frontier from bands of roving savages, who used to come north in the winter-time, steal cattle, rob and despoil, and the outposts of civilization were not safe. General Roca was sent with a brigade of cavalry to the frontier, to prevent this sort of thing. East and west across the territory runs the Rio Negro, a swift, turbid stream like the Missouri, with high banks. Fifty miles or so from the mountains the river makes a turn in its course, and leaves a narrow pathway through which everything that enters or leaves Patagonia by land must go. Across this pass of fifty miles General Roca dug a ditch twelve feet deep and fifteen feet wide. The Indians, to the number of several thousand, were north when the work was done, raiding the settlements. As spring came they turned to go south as usual, in a long caravan, with their stolen horses and cattle. Roca galloped around their rear, and drove them night and day before him. When they reached the ditch they became bewildered for they could not cross it, and after a few days of slaughter the remnant that survived surrendered, and were distributed through the army as soldiers, while the women were sent into a semi-slavery among the ranchmen who had robbed. The dead animals and men were buried together in the ditch and there has been no further annoyance from Indians on the frontier.  
The few that remain seldom come northward, but remain around Punta Arenas, the only settlement in the Strait, hunting the ostrich and other wild game, trading the skins for whiskey, and making themselves as wretched as possible. The robes they wear are made of the skins of the guanaco, a species of the llama, and the breasts of young ostriches. There is nothing prettier than an ostrich robe, but each one represents the slaughter of from sixteen to twenty young birds, and they are getting rare and expensive as the birds are being exterminated, so our buffaloes have been.—[Harper's Magazine.

**Stowaways.**  
Stowaways trouble English steamers more this year than ever before. To find ten or fifteen of them is a common thing. They make friends with the men who load the vessels, and are put away wherever they can be secreted. In vessels that bring over brick the loaders will build up a little room around two or three men, and in several cases from a dozen to two dozen men have thus been secreted. Most of them are tramps. They only remain in their hiding places till the vessel is well out to sea, when they make their appearance to be supported during the rest of the voyage.—[Philadelphia Call.

**The Tired Boots.**  
A little Boston boy, aged six, is of a very imaginative temperament. Quite recently his mother noticed that at bedtime each night he laid his little boots together upon their sides, instead of setting them upright.  
"Pray tell me why you always place your boots that way?" said mamma; and the child replied:  
"Because they must be tired walking so much all day; I lay them sideways so that they can rest."

**A Characteristic of Fish.**  
"Fish make very poor correspondents," observed Squidding.  
"Wherefore?" asked McWilliam.  
"They are never anxious for any one to drop them a line."

**Scientific Scraps.**  
**Pelicans Robbed by Sea Gulls.**  
Two immense pelicans found their way in through the Golden Gate on Thursday morning, and immediately commenced fishing operations off Fort Point. They were apparently very successful for a while, and had it all their own way. Their sense of sight must be exceedingly keen, as they rose in the air to quite a height, then gradually descended until they saw a fish, when they suddenly descended, and like a flash, thrust their bills into the briny deep, seldom failing to secure a catch. They evidently thought they had a good thing of it, but as with mortals sometimes, the good thing did not last long. A small flock of voracious sea gulls observed the pelicans at work, and flew toward them to share in the plunder. As soon as a pelican lowered for a fish and caught it, the sea gulls swarmed about the fisher, and with ear-splitting clatter attempted to seize the game, in which they were usually successful. Other gulls, attracted by the struggle, continued to gather, until a large space in the bay was literally covered with them. Some sharp practice then commenced, forcibly reminding the observer that "the struggle for existence" was as bitter on sea as on land. At times a pelican would rise with its plunder and soar away up in the air to enjoy it, but 100 gulls followed in close pursuit, and being evidently swifter in flight than the pursued, soon overtook the larger bird, and encircling it literally tore the fish to pieces. The struggle lasted quite a while, the gulls in the meantime screaming themselves hoarse. They kept worrying and attacking the pelicans until the latter seemed to leave in disgust, and sought peace from their tormentors by flying out to sea. The sea gulls act as if they had a monopoly of the bay, and every intruder from the ocean is jealously watched and either driven out or actually worried to death.—[San Francisco Examiner.

**First Run on a Bank.**  
The extravagant luxury of the court of Charles the Second, combined with its utter want of principle and incapacity to carry on the memorable contest with Holland, purchased the first run upon bankers that ever was made. The extravagance of the court had dissipated all the means which parliament had supplied for the purpose of carrying on offensive hostilities. It was finally determined to wage only defensive war; but even for that the vast resources of England were found insufficient. The Dutch insulted the British court, sailed upon the Thames, took Sheerness and carried their ravages to Chatham. The blaze of the burning ships was seen in London; it was rumored that a foreign army had landed at Gravesend, and military men seriously proposed to abandon the Tower.  
The people, accustomed to the secure reign of Cromwell, were in consternation. The moneyed portion of the community were seized with a panic. The country was in danger, London itself might be invaded. What security was there then for the money advanced to the Crown? The people flock to their debtors and demanded their deposits. London now witnessed the first run upon the bankers.  
The fears of the people, however, proved groundless, for the goldsmiths, as the bankers were then called, met all demands that were made upon them. Confidence was restored by royal proclamation that the demands on the exchequer should be made as usual, and the run collapsed.—[Free Press.

**The Land of Toys.**  
The vicinity of the Black Forest, says the American Agriculturist, is a veritable land of toys, while the pleasant town of Sonneberg has been termed the great toy-capital, nearly everyone of the inhabitants being engaged in the manufacture of playthings. Wooden toys are the specialty, and each family has its own particular branch. Thus one makes nothing but animals, another nothing but wagons, etc. Each toy passes through half-a-dozen hands, and even the toddling little ones share in the work. Half a million dollars' worth are shipped from there every year, and as they come to us through Holland are called "Dutch toys." Hence the old couplet:  
"The children of England take pleasure in breaking  
What the children of Holland take pleasure in making."

**Not on an Empty Stomach.**  
Anxious Arkansas mother.—"Tommy is that a green persimmon you air eatin'?"  
"Yes, maw."  
"Don't you know it ain't healthy to eat green persimmons on an empty stomach?"  
"I ain't eatin' this green persimmon on an empty stomach. I ate a peck of 'em before I tackled this one."—[Texas Siftings.

**Six Months After Marriage.**  
She—Why do you look so unhappy, George? Don't you know we are one, now?  
He—Yes, I've heard that before, but when it comes to paying the weekly board bill the Lord don't seem to think so.—[Siftings.

**Not Too Old.**  
Farmer—I guess that hog's too old to eat. What shall we do with him?  
Hired Man—Too old to eat! Not much he ain't. He eats more'n more every day.—[New Haven News.

**Humorous.**  
We are all fortune-tellers. That is, we can tell a fortune when we see it.  
Women are the best detectors of counterfeiters when the counterfeiters are not men.  
The price of rubber goods remains very firm. One would think that it would be elastic.  
A law prohibiting the intemperate hoarding of wealth might prevent money from becoming tight.  
It is said to see family relics sold at auction but the most painful thing under the hammer is generally your thumb nail.  
It is no use for a piano to be square or upright. Mr. Talmage is authority for saying that there will be none of them in heaven.  
Statistics show that girls who work in a match factory do not get married any quicker than those who work at other places.  
The most dull and sickening thud is that produced by the dropping of an old-fashioned copper cent into a church contribution box.  
The boy who quails at the sight of a mustard plaster is the same lad that goes fearlessly forth to tackle a bear's nest with a handful of willow switches.  
In his valentiny the retiring editor and proprietor of a Nevada journal says: "Thanking an ever-indulgent public for not having mobbed me long since, I am sincerely theirs to serve," etc.

**A Distinguished Family.**  
"So your sons are all through college, are they?" asked Mrs. Smiley of Mrs. Lofly.  
"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Lofly.  
"The dear fellow! I am so proud of them! Each of them made his mark. Only think of it! George won the gold medal for being the best polo player in his class!"  
"Indeed!"  
"Oh, yes, and Harry was never beaten once at lawn tennis during the last two years he was in college. He has ever so many badges and medals."  
"How justifying to you!"  
"Indeed it is! And my son Will went ahead of his whole class at base ball and is regarded as the most promising first base the college ever turned out! We are all so proud of him! But all our hopes are centered in our son Leo, who graduated two years ago. He has come out winner in every boat race he has rowed; and, only think of it, we used to really fear that it was a waste of time and money to send him to college at all. He seemed so indifferent about a college education. But he has turned out grandly! We are so proud of all our boys."—[Detroit Free Press.

**A Brilliant Light in Alaska.**  
The aurora on the Yukon river in Alaska, during the winter months, is said to be very brilliant and remarkably beautiful. It commences in the early fall, and lasts with more or less brilliancy, throughout the long Arctic winter. It generally commences at the setting of the sun, though in midwinter it has at times been so bright that it was visible at noon while the sun was shining brightly. The rays of light first shoot forth with a quick, quivering motion, are then gathered and form a great arch of fire spanning the heavens. It glows for an instant like a gridle of burnished gold; then unfolding, great curtains of light drop forth. These royal mantles, of bright orange, green, pink, rose, yellow and crimson, are suspended and waved between heaven and earth, as with an invisible hand, and form a spectacle of extraordinary power.

**A Machine to Set Type.**  
A machine to set type, or rather by the use of dies prepare a matrix ready for stereotyping, is described in Wood and Iron. The dies, ninety-one in number, comprising all the characters that would be used in a printed article, are impressed against the matrix by electricity. The machine is something like a type writer.—[Detroit Free Press.

**Tommy Knew.**  
"Yes, Tommy," said the teacher of the infant class, "that is right; vegetables come from the ground; and now can Willie Waffles tell us where meat comes from?"  
"Yessum," responded Willie, with the air of one familiar with the subject, "meat comes from 'the butcher's.'"  
—[Epoch.

**Humorous.**  
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