

THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 PER YEAR.

VOLUME IV.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1888.

NUMBER 23.

Sergeant Jasper at Fort Moultrie.
When Charleston built for the Britons
The sprang, hardy palmetto fort,
And the ships with their topsails taut and
thin
Stormed over the bar at break of day,
Gun and sword and cut-throat
Shouting their murderous roundelay!
When the hissing shot was immured for
good,
Time after time, in the soft, sly wood,
A venturous shell, from the Moreland's deck,
Struck the patriot staff, and snapped it
quite,
Not in the middle, without one shock,
And whirled the flag from the ramparts
height.
But William Jasper saw from his post,
And his young blood seething, still as a
ghost,
Straight through the perilous fire leaped
down,
Leaped down, and back, by a leopard spring,
The smoke in his eyes, erect and brown,
All in the heat of a swallows' wing.
And held aloft, close, as he climbed alone,
The banner starred and overthrown;
And quick, with that steady hand of his,
Nothing he loaves on his mural brow,
With a "By, my beauty!" and one frank kiss,
Flung it again to the glad, free air!
Then the friendly tides turned ebbs about,
And slipped from under the frigates' stout,
As if Sir Peter Parker's emptied fleet,
With its disembarking, terrified crew,
Groped and fumbled, and got its feet,
And rolled off into the sea's anew.
The tide it takes, how once set down,
At dusk in their fair, belted-down town,
We bid their valor, repeat their vows;
We kiss their memories erst and west;
We sing their praise through the happy
hours.
But of Sergeant Jasper, who knows the rest?
Who asks? Peace to his ashes cold
The Carolina grasses fold!
To the fond boy heart, in its little hour
Symbol and vision of boyhood,
Hallowed! The root whereof he flows,
Bears him levels, happily, such as he.
Let emperors sleep in their gorgeous fame;
For us, forever, some quiet name,
In which no martyr's skill is versed,
To mock at history's calendar.
And open through its ordered page to
harm.
Like a herald, glorious August start—
—[Louis L. Guiney in Boston Post.

Fate of John Ramsay, M. D.

BY W. H. S. ATKINSON.

I am a physician. I have made a life-long study of the human brain, and may, perhaps, be pardoned if I say that my opinions upon diseases of the mind now carry considerable weight among members of the profession.
It is only a week or two since I was called to a large asylum for the insane in Northern Ohio to examine a case which baffled the skill of the local doctors. After disposing of that matter I took an unprofessional stroll through the institution in company with my old friend, the superintendent.
The asylum over which I now made a tour of inspection was a most beautiful building, resembling in its appointments the homes of the wealthy and opulent. We wandered through room after room and along successive halls and corridors where men and women in every stage of insanity passed the time in various harmless amusements, or were restlessly confined in the care of wardens and nurses. Of all the misfortunes to which humanity is heir, this loss of reason, to my mind, the saddest by far; and, though I might be expected to have grown hardened by long years of familiarity with all phases of weak intellect, I never cease to feel devoutly thankful for that greatest of all benefits conferred upon men by a beneficent Creator—a sound brain.
We had passed through the greater part of the enormous institution and were approaching that portion of the building set apart for the residence of the superintending physician—my friend, Dr. Habershon. Taking from his pocket a key, Dr. Habershon inserted it in the keyhole of a door. Before turning it, he looked at me in a strange manner and said: "If you were not an old med., Hartly, and as familiar with strange cases as I am myself, I should warn you to keep your countenance and betray no surprise on entering here. And I speak, anyhow, so as to be on the safe side." So saying he turned the key in the lock and opened the door. We quietly entered a very neat but plainly furnished room, and I confess that, although I have witnessed queer, weird, wild, and oftentimes blood-curdling sights, I never felt so startled in all my life as I did at that moment. The room was not by any means dark, for it was well lighted by a large window running all along one side, but placed above the reach of a man, even though he should stand upon a chair, yet at the farther end of the room I noticed a student's lamp burning over a plain pine-wood table, upon which rested a human skull and some writing paper. Seated at this table, pencil in hand, was a man about the same age as myself and Dr. Habershon (40 years) gazing intently upon the skull. What startled me so severely was the fact that when I had last seen that man more than fifteen years since—I had seen him in exactly such a position, with precisely similar surroundings. And yet, what a difference! Then he had just graduated

at the head of his class from our college, and was looked upon as one of the most promising young physicians in the country—now, he was a helpless maniac!
"Ramsay?" I involuntarily queried, only partially believing my own eyesight. Habershon nodded. "You need not speak to him; he won't reply. It is just 6 o'clock. He will sit at that table gazing at the old skull until daybreak and then he will throw himself upon his bed and sleep until noon. That's the way he used to do, you know, and humor him all I can. Poor old Ramsay; I owe him a good deal, you know, Hartly. You remember all about it?"
"Yes I remember the story, though I had almost forgotten it."
Ramsay, Habershon and myself were all students together in Philadelphia. We were in the same classes in college and jointly occupied the same suite of rooms. Furthermore we were all making a specialty of studying the human brain, and the only point wherein we materially differed from each other was that Ramsay knew more than we two fellows together.
True, Ramsay was, in regard to his theories and speculations, what many people would call a "crank"—but then successful cranks are esteemed to be geniuses, and certainly Ramsay was, in my judgment, quite as near the one as the other.
We three fellows all fitted in the same social set, and although both Ramsay and Habershon knew good and beautiful girls by the score, the fates decreed that they should fall in love with the same young lady. And yet, strange enough, they never displayed bad feeling toward each other, nor ever sought to make the lady's position an unpleasant one on account of the rivalry. It seemed to me, an onlooker, as though there was a tacit understanding between them, that no undue influence should be brought into play, but that, knowing how both loved and admired her, the object of their admiration and esteem should be left quietly to choose between them.
Grace Thornycroft was a most beautiful and estimable girl and, though I have been an old bachelor all my days, I do not wonder that any man should have sought her for his wife.
One day Grace, with her father, mother and a brother, were down to Atlantic City, where they took a sailboat and went out. A sudden squall overtaking them the frail pleasure boat was upset and Grace was the only member of the party who escaped with her life. She was picked up in a fainting condition and tenderly cared for, but when restored, physically, it was found that her mind was shattered—she was insane. All that wealth, combined with skill, could do was done for Grace, but it availed nothing and the physicians and friends at last gave up the case as hopeless. Habershon was himself almost crazy with grief and could not bear to go near the poor girl. As for Ramsay, he shut himself up in his den—a small, barely furnished room where he was in the habit of pursuing his studies and experiments. There was a determined expression on the fellow's face and when I looked in on him (which was seldom) he was always busy with his papers and books—sometimes engaged in dissecting the brains of dogs and other animals, and once examining a human brain.
He seldom spoke or even so much as remarked my presence, though once he said in an excited tone: "I shall cure her, Hartly—it shall be done at any cost."
So for days and weeks he sat over that bare pine table gazing at the skull in front of him—ever and anon rapidly penciling diagrams of the human brain and of the nervous system.
Late one evening I was sitting with Habershon when there came a rap at the door and Ramsay entered. He was very quiet, but knowing him as well as I did I could tell he had something beyond the ordinary on his mind.
"Boys," he said, "I think I have found what I have been searching for—I think I can cure Grace. I say that, because, after all, it is only a theory of mine and may utterly fail, but I think not. Perhaps you say I should not theorize and experiment on a woman whom, as you know, I love. Well, it won't do her any harm to her and it may do her all possible good. To-morrow morning I shall try to do the work."
Then turning to me particularly to Habershon, he continued: "El, you and I both love Grace Thornycroft. Now, in the presence of Hartly, here, I want you to promise me that, whatever the consequences of my operation, you will care for Grace as long as she lives, and, if necessary, care for me, too."
I think neither Habershon or myself understood the purport of these words, when they were spoken, though their meaning was clear enough later on. However, Habershon gave the requested promise and we parted for the night.
The next day, in the forenoon, Ramsay, in the presence of the two physicians who had been in charge of Grace, began his operations. I was an interested observer from a distant part of the room, but Habershon could not be induced to be present. Ramsay told

the older doctors that if his theory proved perfectly successful in practice he would be able to give his method of cure in writing for the benefit of the medical world—at present, he said that it was utterly impossible for him to intelligently explain his ideas. However, he guaranteed that the attempt would be perfectly harmless to the patient and the doctors stood by ready to prevent any undue or dangerous experiment. For myself, I have not the least idea of this day just what the means were which Ramsay employed to produce the end he had in view, nor have I any theory to advance. The whole thing was a strange affair to me then and appears just as strange when I look back upon it from the present moment, with all the experience which I have gained with fifteen years' practice.
Ramsay first of all administered a draught to Grace Thornycroft, who was seated in a reclining chair. A few moments later he made a small incision in an artery in the patient's right arm, which movement he followed by making a similar incision in an artery of his own left arm. The two arteries he then connected by means of a small silver tube. Facing his subject, Ramsay tapped her head, near the base of the brain, two or three times with his knuckles, and then gazed into her eyes. Ten minutes passed slowly by and no perceptible difference was noticeable in Grace's condition. Ten more minutes, and a gleam of intelligence seemed to be forcing its way into the face of the poor girl—but, strange to relate, a wild, far-away look was settling upon Ramsay! Another ten minutes, and Grace Thornycroft recognized every one in the room, including myself, while John Ramsay was led away from the newly conscious girl, a raving maniac!
As I have before remarked, I have no explanation to offer—I can only chronicle bare facts. Ramsay was a man of genius, surely, though in the one act of his life in which he proved that genius, he partially failed; and, in that by losing his mind he was unable to give his theories to the world, his genius will never benefit posterity.
Habershon married Grace Thornycroft two years later, and they have always taken the best care of the man who saved a woman's reason at the expense of his own.—[Detroit Free Press.

A NORWEGIAN SPORT.

The National Pastime of the Sturdy Norseman is "Ski."

Binding on the "Skis," He Glides Down the Mountains.

"Ski" running is to the Norwegian what base-ball is to the American, or cricket to the Briton—the national sport. It is also something more; it is a necessary and practical mode of locomotion, as is skating to the Dutchman, and snow-shoeing to the denizens of the Canadas. Broken by hills, and crossed by valleys, the Norwegian fatherland when wrapped in its winter mantle of deep snow presents difficulties to travelers requiring extraordinary means to surmount. Heavily drifted, the roads become well-nigh impassable to horses for long periods, and then the only means of communication from farm-house to farm-house and hamlet to hamlet is pedestrian. In this strait the sturdy Norseman binds upon his legs his long fleet "skis" and flies easily and gracefully over the drifts and shoots like lightning down the hills and steep mountain sides, and out of stern necessity has learned to draw a vigorous amusement. The history of the "ski" is the history of the wonderful people who use it as a livelihood. Norse mythology is full of it, and some of the most stirring passages in Norwegian history draw their romance from the bold and daring feats of hardy "ski" runners.
The "ski," pronounced softly and defiantly "sh," familiar and dear to the runner as his sweetheart oftentimes, is a long and narrow strip of wood, often pine, better of hard wood, made with a curling nose to override the snow, and bearing near its centre a strap and rest for the foot of the rider or "runner." The length varies according to the strength of the runner and the purpose of the "ski," seldom exceeding ten feet, however. For mountain and dense forest traveling they are made shorter and for military maneuvers, when worn by soldiers, are of unequal length to facilitate turning readily. Generally they present only the wooden surface to the snow, but sometimes, especially when designed for travel where many hills are to be ascended, their bottoms are covered with deer hide, the hair pointing backward, and acting as a secure anchor against retrogression. They solve the problem of walking on the snow on the same principle as the more clumsy and slower plaited snowshoes familiar in American forests, by dividing the weight of the wearer over a large surface. The American snowshoe is also in use in Norway, but, as was remarked by an expert runner, "it is too slow for men, and we give it to old women and put it on horses."
The feats of speed and dexterity performed on their "skis" by expert runners are wonderful. On a level surface they move as fast as a good horse, but it is coming down hill that they show their mettle. Curving gracefully over the crest, as the slope grows steeper they gather speed like lightning, until, with full headway, they shoot through the air with the speed of a railroad train, fairly taking away the breath of the daring runner with the rapid motion. A well authenticated account is current in Norway that one Finnish woman, a very expert runner, one day tried the descent of a peculiarly steep mountain side, and attained such fearful speed that when those who awaited her at the end of her bird-like flight received her, she stood bolt upright on her "skis," dead, the breath literally ravished from her lips by her rapid descent. The "hop" is the most difficult and dangerous of the many feats of the "ski" runner. In descending hills, broken spots and small precipices are often met with, and over these the careful and the timid runners simply slide, but expert and venturesome runners augment the danger and the excitement at the same time by leaping into the air just at the verge of the cliff, landing far beyond the point where the sliding runner would alight. In the races and games with the "skis," a "hop" is generally made by building up a cliff with snow at some convenient point of the declivity, and this is made high according to the skill and daring of the runners. One moment on the earth, a sudden spring, and away he flies through the air, 50, 70, 100 feet, enough of a fall, one would think to break every bone in his sturdy body, but landing safely and gracefully and shooting away on his course.
As a national pastime "ski" running has attracted the widest attention in Norway, the royal family lending the enthusiasm of their presence to the yearly carnival. In this country it is only recently coming into notice, and Minneapolis is entitled to the meed of having been the home of the first "ski" club ever organized in America.—[Minneapolis Journal.

The Wild Animal Trade.

"There is scarcely anything going on in the trade this year," recently observed Mr. F. J. Thompson, who is perhaps the largest wild animal dealer in the United States, and who resides in New York. "You see, this year," he continued, "is the presidential year, and like theatrical business, our trade is seriously affected. In of years erases and other shows put in their heaviest work, while in years like this the countrymen, when they have a holiday, instead of going to the circus go off to a mass meeting or to see the parade."
"But the wild animal trade has never flourished as it did before 1873," added Mr. Thompson. "It was during the war times and immediately after, when every one was flush of money, that the greatest seasons were experienced. Then there were hundreds of circuses, big and little, and various side shows, which patrolled the country from ocean to ocean. Out in the west, too, many of the small shows had gambling attachments, which helped materially to rake in the money. A proprietor of one of these thought nothing of paying \$1000 for any animal which happened to strike his fancy."
"But many of these parties made money so fast that they shortly closed up business and quit. Then came the financial crash of 1873, and the stagnation of every kind of business, and the failures of most of these circuses and showmen remaining. Then the new men who came into the business did not have much money, and could not afford to buy large numbers of animals or very valuable specimens. So it has been ever since, with a consequent stagnation in animal trade."
Another thing which has affected the business a good deal is the growing scarcity of certain kinds of wild animals, and the closing of some of the depots for their collection and exportation. Nubia and upper Egypt, for example, for a long time were the great headquarters for the supply of giraffes, elephants, hippopotami, and many other wild animals, but since the troubles there, subsequent to the death of Gen. Gordon at Khartoum, absolutely nothing has been received from this region, which is now barred, for an indefinite period by the impending Italo-Abyssinian war. And then again the depot in South Africa are beginning to close because the hunters have to go such immense distances before they can reach the lairs of the wild animals, hundreds of miles from their former haunts. The cause of this is the extermination of all kinds by the so-called sportsmen, who pour into that region like they did into the United States when the buffaloes roamed the plains.—[New York Sun.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Diedrich and Gretchen.
Sat a prince within the castle,
And a lady and a lover,
Far beneath a winding river
Danced and shone
"Ah" he sighed, "I wish and pray
I were happy now as then
Your passions on their way"
Tossed a peasant, pally humming
Simple song,
Gleaming upward toward the noise
Of arms and strong
"Would that I were there," said he,
"Ah, how happy I should be,
Feasting, singing merrily!"
"Nay," said Gretchen, now beside him
"Darest not,
You art happy, honest, Diedrich,
In thy lot,
God hath given thee thy place,
Castle walls would pale thy face,
Waste thy strength and hear thy grace!"
Sunday came and bells were tolling
Soft and low,
From the castle walls a squire
Moved, and slow
—Diedrich, said fair Gretchen, "see!
Whom thou enviest as, 'tis he,
Whom thou dost prize of Diedrich be!"
"Diedrich ever with my Gretchen,
By my side,
In the end of that will grow he,"
He replied,
"Yes," she whispered, "thine command!"
Then he slipped a golden band
On the blushing maiden's hand
—[M. J. Adams, in Overland.

HUMOROUS.

A hotel call-boy never takes affront when the clerk says, "Front!"
The English language sounds odd to a foreigner, as when one says, "I will come by-and-by to buy a bicycle."
Did you ever see a doctor kick a banana peel off the sidewalk, or tell an acquaintance that he was sitting in a draught?
A laundry which stands in the shadow of an east-side church, Buffalo, bears the appropriate legend on its sign-board "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."
A sportsman is a man who spends all day away from his business, \$2 for powder and shot, and comes home at night tired, hungry and ugly, dragging a fourteen cent rabbit by the ears.
A scientist says: "If the land were flattened out the sea would be two miles deep all over the world." If any man is caught flattening out the land shoot him on the spot. A great many of us can't swim.
Timid Young Suitor (who has won consent of papa): And now may I ask you, sir, whether or not your daughter has any domestic accomplishments? Papa (sarcastically): Yes, she sometimes knits her brows.
Charming young hostess: "Why, Major, you are not going to resign?" Major (who prides himself on being one of those fine old-school fellows who can say a neat thing without knowing it): "Soon? Madame, it may seem soon to you; but it seems to me I have been here a lifetime."
"I saw you looking on at the toboggan slide in the baseball park on the west side yesterday," said Brown to the Chinaman who had just brought in his tobogganing. "John?" "What do you think of tobogganing?" "What?" "Well, it's a nice, warm, back-to-back!" said the Chinaman.
The man who makes your knuckle's snap
And says, "I'm glad to meet you,"
Is very frequently a chap
Who'll readily forget you.
The First Razor.
The earliest reference to shaving is found in Genesis xiv, where we read that Joseph, on being summoned before the king shaved himself. There are several directions as to shaving in Leviticus, and the practice is alluded to in many other parts of scripture. Egypt is the only country mentioned in the Bible where shaving was practiced. In all other countries such an act would have been ignominious. Herodotus mentions that the Egyptians allowed their beards to grow when in mourning. So particular were they as to shaving at other times that to have neglected it was a subject of reproach and ridicule, and whenever they intended to convey the idea of a man of low condition and slovenly habits the artists represented him with a beard. Unlike the Romans of a later age, the Egyptians did not confer the privilege of shaving their slaves to slaves both beard and head. Shaving the head became customary among the Romans about 360 B. C. According to Pliny, Scipio Africanus was the first Roman who shaved daily. In France the custom of shaving arose when Louis XIII. came to the throne young and beardless. The Anglo-Saxons wore their beards until, at the conquest, they were compelled to follow the example of the Normans, who shaved. From the time of Edward III. to Charles I. beards were universally worn. In Charles II's reign the mustache and whiskers only were worn, and soon after this the practice of shaving became general throughout Europe. The revival of the custom of wearing the beard dates from the time of the Crimea, 1854-55.—[Penman's Journal.

Indignant.

After church:
Spoggs—Was it not disgraceful, the way in which Smiggs snored in church to-day?
Stiggs—I should think it was. Why, he woke us all up.

Rubber Overshoes.

"What becomes of all the rubber overshoes?" The factories in Naugatuck alone turn out 15,000 pairs of shoes daily, or, counting 300 working days in the year, 4,500,000 pairs. Considering what rubber shoes are made of now-a-days, perhaps it is not so remarkable, after all.—[Ansonia (Conn.) Sentinel.

How It Happened at Last.

"Have you heard that Lily is engaged to young Fiedgely?" asked Maud.
"No," replied Ella. "I thought he was too bashful ever to propose."
"Oh, but it's leap year you know,"