

THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

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The Kettle on the Crane.

How many pleasant pictures does the recollection bring
Of home and bygone pleasures that around
The fireside cling?
What tender reminiscences come thronging
On the brain,
When in dreams I hear the singing of the
kettle on the crane—
Hear it singing, singing, singing,
Loud and merry, fast and slow;
Hear it murmur, murmur, murmur,
Soft and low.
There's the broad, wide open chimney, with
its roiling, crackling fire,
Built up with logs of generous size to make
the flame leap higher;
And near the waiting table stands, spread
beautiful and plain,
What cheerily the kettle sings and sings
upon the crane.
Hear it singing, singing, singing,
Loud and merry, fast and slow;
Hear it murmur, murmur, murmur,
Soft and low.
Grandmother in the corners sits and softly to
and fro
She rocks, and dreams of friends and scenes
In days of long ago;
Her face grows sweet and tender as the past
comes back again,
While listening to the singing of the kettle
on the crane.
Hear it singing, singing, singing,
Loud and merry, fast and slow;
Hear it murmur, murmur, murmur,
Soft and low.
I see the children caper, as with gleeful
laugh and call
They watch the dancing pictures of the
shadows on the wall,
And hear the baby cooing to the mother's
low refrain
That follows the soft music of the kettle on
the crane.
Hear it singing, singing, singing,
Loud and merry, fast and slow;
Hear it murmur, murmur, murmur,
Soft and low.
And, ere the evening hour is done, with
lingering step and slow,
A youth and smiling maiden come, and in
the embers glow
The air of the future story, and they see a
wedding train,
And bells chime with the singing of the
kettle on the crane.
Hear it singing, singing, singing,
Loud and merry, fast and slow;
Hear it murmur, murmur, murmur,
Soft and low.
These precious old-time memories, they hold
me like a spell—
The clock upon the mantel, where I learned
the time to tell;
The simple, homely furniture, the keepsakes
few and plain,
And the murmuring of the kettle as it hung
upon the crane.
Hear it singing, singing, singing,
Loud and merry, fast and slow;
Hear it murmur, murmur, murmur,
Soft and low.
Oh! there's bliss supreme in home, when its
joys are pure and sweet,
And life's most sacred memories around the
heartstrings meet,
And the tenderest thoughts and saddest ones
come borne upon the strain
Of the singing of the kettle as it hung upon
the crane.
Hear it singing, singing, singing,
Loud and merry, fast and slow;
Hear it murmur, murmur, murmur,
Soft and low.
—Barbara Deane.

RICHARD OGDEN'S DUTY

Mr. Wagner was superintendent of the great Bessemer Steel Works in Pennsylvania. One morning, about ten years ago, a young man came into his office whom he recognized as Richard Ogden, assistant book-keeper in a Philadelphia importing firm. Mr. Wagner shook hands with him heartily.
He had known Ogden since he was a boy, and liked him thoroughly. He was a keen-eyed, doggedly honest fellow, and unlike most young men, always hard at work. He had married lately, too. Mr. Wagner had been in his little house and seen the wife and baby.
"Hello, Ogden! How came you here? In the busy season, too?"
"It is not busy for me, sir," said Ogden, gravely; "I am discharged. The firm, like all other Philadelphia firms, found it necessary to lessen expenses, and discharged one-fourth of their men. I was the youngest book-keeper, and had to go of course."
"That is bad—bad." (It was in the days when the hard times were hardest.) "What are you going to do, Richard?"
"I can find nothing to do in Philadelphia. There are twenty thousand men there looking for work. I came to ask you for it."
"Me? My dear boy, our book-keepers have been with us for years!"
Richard laughed. "I did not come to out them from their desks, Mr. Wagner. I do not hope to get any work for my head. I must put my hands to it now. Is there no place in the mill for me?"
"Among the hands? You do not mean that, Ogden?"
"Yes, I do," coloring slightly. "A man is a man, no matter how he earns his bread. I cannot afford to be idle a week. With the wages which you pay your puddlers or firemen, I can support Mary and the boy in this village, where living is so cheap, at least until times mend."
"Very well, my lad," said Mr. Wagner, after a moment's hesitation; "you are right. I'll find a place for you tomorrow. By the way, you used to be a good deal of knowledge of chemistry, eh?"

"Yes, I thought of teaching it after I left college."
"Very good; I'll put you near Mr. Ferris. He can probably give you a few hints which may be useful; a son of Judge Ferris, you know. Educated as a mining engineer, but he has gone into the works, like any poor lad, to work his way to a practical knowledge of the business. He has charge of the converter," he added, with a tone of respect, to which Ogden, never having heard of the converter, listened with indifference.
The next morning Ogden, in a workman's clothes, presented himself at the office, and Mr. Wagner himself took him into the mill and gave him his work, introducing him to Mr. Ferris in the tone which he would use in speaking of an equal. The familiarity was kindly meant, but injudicious.
"Who's that young cub old Wagner's making much of?" said Jake Crawford to the man at the coal heap beside him.
"Dunno; one of his pets, I reckon."
Jake was one of the most drunken and vicious men in the works. He scanned Ogden's gentlemanly bearing and white hands with a scowl of contempt, which changed to a positive glare when Mr. Wagner shook hands with him saying, "Good-by, my lad, and good luck!"
From that time Jake set down the young fellow as his enemy, whom he was bound to overturn. Ogden presently noticed that this man shoved him unnecessarily when he passed him in the throng, and swore at him under his breath, but, supposing him to be a drunken fellow, thought no more about it. His indifference to the angry Crawford met the more. Poor Richard, whom he met on Sundays dressed like a gentleman, going with his wife to church, became in his eyes the embodiment of the "bloated aristocrats" whom he hated so heartily.
"I'll fix his lordship for life!" he said every day, and watched his chance to do it. Ferris, on the contrary, as Mr. Wagner had foreseen, was attracted to the young man, and gave him work near to him, frequently explaining the processes to him. Ogden's previous knowledge of chemistry made him an intelligent helper.
The "converter," of which Mr. Ferris had charge, is an enormous pot in which the molten metal and carbon is subjected to the force of a terrific blast by which the carbon is dissipated. At the instant when the right amount is left, the huge vessel is overturned into a pit, where it flows into tubes prepared for it.
Ferris's duty was to watch the lurid flames of the metal, and when, by the change in their tint, he saw the moment had come, to press on a lever which, by hydraulic machinery, overturned the vast converter.
Every time this was done, steel to the amount of six thousand dollars was made. If he missed the time, was a second too early or too late, the firm were losers to that amount.
The men were not allowed to speak to him as the moment approached. Ogden always stood near, disabled by the thunderous roar of the blast, but watching Ferris's pale, intent face.
After a few weeks Ogden learned to distinguish the subtle change in the flame which marked the critical moment.
He told Ferris so one day, jokingly adding, "I can take your place now, on an emergency."
"I hope I may not have to call on you," said Ferris, laughing.
Jake Crawford was behind the two men. His cunning eyes sparkled. He followed Ogden home in the dark, loitering about until he saw Richard's wife run down the path to meet him.
"How is Ben?" said Ogden eagerly.
"Better. I think it is not croup, only an ordinary cold."
"Ben's the baby! Ah!" muttered Jake. "I've got it, I'll settle his lordship, now," thumping his fist on his leg and chucking drunkenly.
Ogden's watch began at 2 o'clock the next morning. Little Ben was coughing and choking all night; his father sat beside his crib until it was time to go, and then set off with a heavy heart.
"What is the matter?" said Ferris, passing him.
"The boy is threatened with croup. I think I could not live, Ferris, if I should lose that child," said Ogden. Crawford overheard, nodded, and laughed.
At nine o'clock that morning there was a blow to be made. About eight Ferris stepped aside to eat his breakfast, which was placed in a tin pail on a barrel. He had some cold coffee, which he set in a tin cup to warm beside a furnace.
"Look to that, Crawford, will you?" he said, and Jake assiduously bent over the cup. Out of his dirty pocket he took a white paper containing, not poison, but a nauseating medicine, slow and sure in action. This he hastily shook into the coffee.
Ferris made a wry face, but gulped it down. He was hungry and cold. A little before nine Mr. Berringer, the principal owner of the works, came in and stood near Ferris. He never wearied of listening to the roar of the

blast, or of watching the great machinery in motion, and the rush of white liquid metal from the cauldron.
"Are you ill, Ferris?" he said, coming up to the young man, as he sat with his hand upon the lever and his eye upon the fiery fluid. "Your lips are blue."
"Yes," said Ferris curtly. But I'll see this through."
Mr. Berringer watched him closely. "You can't do it! You are near fainting now. How long will it be until it is ready?"
"About ten minutes," gasped Ferris, with a shudder of pain.
"Is there nobody who can take your place?"
"I—I don't know," he said dully. Then he dropped the lever, and staggered forward. "I—I cannot see!" he cried.
"Great heaven! What is to be done?" cried Mr. Berringer.
A quiet voice was heard from among the startled men, "I think I can take Mr. Ferris's place, if you will trust me."
"Ogden? Yes; try Ogden," said Ferris, as he sank down. Some of the men carried him out. Richard Ogden stepped up to his platform and put his hand on the lever which the mill owner held.
"I'll try you, young man. It's all I can do. Remember if you fail by an instant, it is a loss of several thousand dollars to us."
"I know, sir, I'll do my duty as well as I can," said Ogden calmly; but he breathed a hurried prayer to God for help.
The frightful roar of the blast drowned all sounds, the curious workmen gathered around, watching Richard's eyes fixed on the flickering flame. It seemed to him as if the beating of the blood in his veins kept time with the fire. Suddenly, distinct and sharp, he heard, outside of the window near which he stood, his boy's name.
"Beany Ogden, he's dying of croup, where's his father?"
"Great God!" He started wildly forward; then grasped the lever again with strained eyes and clutched teeth. His duty. He had promised he would do his duty. The next instant, the flame as if in pity for man changed its hue, and the lever sank. Out from the converter rolled the fiery flood, Richard sprang down from the platform, white and trembling.
"Is it Benny you're going to?" said Dan McCarthy. "I'm just after seeing the bye go past the mill with his mother, an' it's well and hearty he is. It wuz Jake Crawford as played that dirty trick on yees, zur," turning to Mr. Berringer; "an' it wuz him as dosed the coffee for Mister Ferris."
Mr. Berringer was a man of few words. "Send for a policeman for Crawford. Young man, the firm owes you something, and we will pay it as best we can."
They did pay it. This was four years ago. Mr. Ferris has been promoted in the works and Richard Ogden holds his place at a high salary. In one of the prettiest cottages in the village you may find Mary and Ben, who is the big brother of two youngsters as fat and chubby as himself.—[Youth's Companion.

MADSTONES.

One Which Earned a Fortune for its Owner.

Curing the Most Virulent Type of Hydrophobia.

One of the most celebrated madstones in this part of the world, says the Des Moines (La.) Leader, is that belonging to Turner Evans, of Paris, Lin county, this state. This valuable little stone was formerly owned by a gentleman in Virginia, where it is said to have effected wonderful cures during the past 130 years. It has been in the hands of the present owner for over thirty years. During this time it has been tested several times and has always given entire satisfaction, never failing to effect a cure. The word "cure" is perhaps not the word to use in this connection, for if I am rightly informed it is always made a point to use the stone as a preventive of hydrophobia before the actual appearance of the rabies. During the past thirty years this stone has been tried on not less than 750 persons, and as Mr. Evans charges \$10 for a trial and \$50 if it sticks fast to the wound, which it is said to do if there is hydrophobic poison in the system, his income from this source must be considerable. In 1880 a gentleman with whom the writer was very well acquainted, was bitten by a dog thought to be suffering with hydrophobia. I refer to D. C. McGilgen, who formerly worked in a harness shop in this city. Inquiries were made immediately as to where the possessor of a madstone could be found. As soon as this Lin County man was located McGilgen started on his race with death having no doubt that awful disease (hydrophobia) was at that moment sowing its seeds of death in his system. He arrived at Cedar Rapids the same night, was hurried into a carriage and taken to the "madstone man" as soon as possible. After his return he gave the writer most of the facts which have been embodied in this article. He said that as soon as he arrived Mr. Evans scratched his arm with a pin (he had been bitten in the hand) and applied the stone. Before this, as a sort of prologue, Mr. Evans had informed his patient that if the hydrophobic germ was in his system the stone would hold fast to the spot which he had scratched; but if he had not been inoculated with the fatal poison, it would not stick. In this case my informant said "it stuck like a leech," and that when removed it was full of a greenish fluid that looked "like semen on a pond in August." This the operator said, was the poison virus which had been taken from the system. When the stone had been soaked for a few minutes in a bath composed of about one part milk and three of water it was again applied. This operation was repeated for about seven hours, after which the stone would not adhere, and the operator pronounced the patient out of danger. McGilgen described the stone as a whitish, spongy looking little thing, not larger than a filbert, cone-shaped and full of fine pores. A Mr. Bunce of Mechanicsville, this state, had the stone applied something like seven hundred times before all the poison was drawn from the system, the time consumed for these operations being something like twenty-three hours.
J. M. Estes of Osceola, it is said, is the fortunate possessor of one of these wonderful stones.
Another is in the possession of John Nelson of Savannah, Mo.
In May, 1883, Frederick Remy, of Red Oak, was bitten by a mad dog, as were also six others of the same city, all of whom went to try the virtues of the Missouri stone. I believe Remy was the only one that died of hydrophobia. He was bitten May 18, and showed no symptoms of the dread disease for thirty-four days, or until June 21. He died after three days of terrible suffering. I am unable to tell you where the madstone is found or how procured, that is, to any degree of certainty, but believe it is found in the bladder of deer and other animals of that kind, perhaps in the gall-bladder instead of the bladder. At any rate, I think it is found some place under the skin of that class of animals who I found at all. It is rarely found, however. Thomas Padden, one of the best-informed men in the south, says that it is frequently found in the south, but that most of the so-called madstones are of a very low grade, and are used on the bites of snakes and other stings of poisonous insects. He also leaves the reader in blissful ignorance of where the stone is found.
A Substitute for the Switch.
One day Ernest had been seriously lectured by his mother, and finally sent to the yard to find a switch with which he was to be punished. He returned soon and said: "I couldn't find any switch, mamma, but here's a stone you can throw at me."—[Harper's Magazine.

The Career of "Boss Tweed."

William M. Tweed was born in New York City in 1823 and died in Ludlow Street Jail April 12, 1878. After receiving a common school education he learned the trade of chair making. In 1832 he was made an alderman of New York, and was soon after elected to congress, where he served from 1833 to 1855. In 1856 he became a supervisor of New York and chairman of the board. He was a school commissioner in 1856-57 and a deputy street commissioner from 1861 to 1870. From 1870 to 1871 he was a state senator. In 1870 he was appointed commissioner of the department of public works in New York City. It was while he was in this office that a corrupt "ring," of which he was chief, was formed, and vast sums of public money were appropriated to private use. The building and furnishing of the new court house in New York were taken advantage of for these speculations, and the money represented to be spent on this work amounted to many millions of dollars more than was actually devoted to this purpose. These corrupt practices were exposed, and in October, 1871, Tweed was arrested in a civil suit on charges brought by Charles O'Connor in behalf of the city. Bail was fixed at \$1,000,000, and was promptly furnished. Soon afterward, Tweed was again elected to the state senate, but did not take his seat. In December, 1872, he was arrested in a criminal action on charges of fraud, but was released on \$5000 bail. In January, 1873, he was brought to trial, which resulted in a disagreement of the jury. In the following November he was found guilty of fraud, and was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island; also to pay a fine of \$12,550. In April, 1875, suit was commenced in behalf of the people for the recovery of \$6,000,000, and judgment was entered for this amount, with interest. The view was sustained by the supreme court that the cumulative sentence of twelve years' imprisonment on twelve counts of the indictment was contrary to law, in June, 1875, who said the sentence was not lawful beyond one year. Tweed's release was therefore ordered. He was, however, held in bail to the amount of \$3,000,000, and in default of this he was committed to Ludlow street jail. On December 4th he escaped from the custody of two keepers with whom he had been permitted to ride in the Park and visit his residence. He remained concealed for several months, and then succeeded in reaching Cuba, whence he went to Spain. Here he was arrested by the Spanish government, and delivered to officers of the United States. Late in the autumn of 1876 he was brought back to New York, and again confined in Ludlow street jail, where he died on the date above mentioned.—[New York Dispatch.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

An English pathologist thinks that cancers may be developed by arsenic eating.
Baths, gymnastics, and mountain climbing are prescribed by German physicians for heart disease.
It is noted that timber that has been floated down rivers is not subject to dry rot. The water dissolves the salts and albumen.
A new invention, called the "telanograph," has recently been exhibited in Paris. It is authoritatively stated that it can reproduce by telegraph any kind of document in the handwriting of the sender.
A new method of welding metals has been invented by Nicolas von Brunnard of St. Petersburg, Russia. It is done by direct application of the electric arc between a pencil carbon for one terminal and the metal to be welded for the other.
The possibility of infection from disease germs escaping from hospital windows is attracting some attention, and a special inquiry is recommended. Hospital ventilation might be so arranged that the foul air would be drawn through a furnace before mingling with the outer atmosphere.
Prof. Tumas, a European physiologist, has shown that vomiting is the result of irritation of a space in the medulla oblongata about one-fifth of an inch long and one-twelfth wide, and believes that the brains of ruminants, rodents, and other non-vomiting animals lack this "vomiting center."
Experiments are being made on Prussian railways with axle boxes fitted with bearings of vegetable parchment in place of brass. The claim is made that these compressed paper bearings make a tough material that is superior to metal. Such bearings are also in use in a German saw mill, with satisfactory results.
A powerful disinfectant, adapted to all purposes, has been obtained in Paris from coal-oil. It is a syrupy brown liquid, of a not disagreeable odor, resulting from a peculiar saproonification of the oil by caustic soda. It destroys moss and fungus on trees, and sponging with a weak solution keeps flies from horses.
While considering it doubtful whether ants and bees can hear, Sir John Lubbock believes it to be quite possible that they may hear sounds so shrill as to make an impression on the human ear. A like fact may be true of their perception of colors. To insects the world may be full of music we cannot hear, colors we cannot see, and sensations we cannot feel.
Torpedo boats find it difficult to conceal their approach to the object of their attacks owing to the large volume of smoke which comes from their funnels. At Nantes, France, an invention was successfully operated recently by which the smoke was so reduced in temperature as not to rise, but to spread over the surface of the water. It acts as a veil to conceal the boat from view.
The annual loss caused by insects in the United States is estimated at about \$150,000,000, not on cotton alone being \$15,000,000. The insects increase with the advance of civilization, on account, doubtless, of the greater abundance of the food furnished them. Every vegetable product and every variety of fruit and flowers are attended by special parasites, each of which thrives on its respective food-plant.
The process for the manufacture of celluloid is little known, yet very simple. Paper is sprayed with acids until thoroughly saturated, then compressed and washed with water and reduced to a pulp. It is next bleached, mixed with camphor, colored, ground and spread in thin layers on slabs. Finally it is placed under hydraulic pressure and pressed between heated rollers, coming out in elastic sheets.
Rats Tap a Money Trail.
John Beck, a druggist of Pittsburg, has been the victim, from time to time during the past seven years, of systematic and mysterious robberies. The thieves, however, have now been discovered. They were rats. At the back end of the money drawer an opening of about two inches from the top of the counter, and through which a small-sized rat could climb, was found. Near it was a bed or nest made of a pile of greenbacks and other small articles, occupied by eight small rats, which were too young to make their escape. Several hundred dollars are supposed to have been lost in this way.
House Poison.
If the condensed breath collected on the cool window panes of a room where a number of persons have assembled be burned, a small as of single hair will show the presence of organic matter; and if the condensed breath be allowed to remain on the windows for a few days, it will be found, on examination by a microscope, that it is alive with animalcules. The inhalation of air containing such putrescent matter causes untold complaints which might be avoided by a circulation of fresh air.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

Her Dough Was All Wedding Cake.

In Brown, Ireland, upon the stool in the kitchen:
Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks all aglow,
Her hair was coiled neatly, when I, indifferently,
Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the dough.
Now, who could be meaner, or brighter, or sweeter,
Or who hum a song so delightfully low,
Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender,
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?
How duffly she pressed it, and squeezed it, caressed it,
And twisted and turned it, now quick and now slow,
Ah! me, but that madness I've paid for in wisdom,
Was my heart she was kneading as well as the dough.
At last when she turned from her pan to the dresser,
She saw me and blushed, and said shyly "Phoo-oo."
Or my head I'll be spoiling, in spite of my toiling,
If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading the dough."
I begged for permission to stay—she'd not listen.
The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir, no!"
Yet when I had vanished on being thus banished,
Heart stayed with Nancy while kneading the dough.
I'm dressing, sweet Nancy, and we you in fancy,
Your heart, love, has softened and pined my way;
And we, dear, are rich in a dainty, well-kitchened,
Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the dough.
—Brooklyn Citizen.

HUMOROUS.

Rabid transit—Mad dog on the B.
Shake-spear experts—The early Romans.
The only dairy which does not use water to excess is the dromedary.
Locomotive engineers are not dissipated, although it is notorious that they lead a fast life.
If the pen is really mightier than the sword, we wonder why it doesn't turn on some of the poets and stab them to death.
"Now, my dear," said the teacher, "what is memory?" The little girl answered, after a moment's reflection, "It is the thing you forget with."
"There is another fashionable jestification that should be sat on," said the lecturer on hygiene, "and that is the 'tustle.' And every lady in the audience gave vent to an audible titter.
Minister: "So you go to school, do you, Bobby?" Bobby: "Yes, sir."
Minister: "Let me hear you spell kitchen." Bobby: "I'm getting too big a boy to spell kitchen. Try me on cat."
Clara—Have you noticed the complete control that cross and uncle of Hattie's has over her? What a will he must have! Julia—Is that indeed, and Hattie's awfully afraid she'll be left out of it.
A correspondent wants to know where to go to take lessons on the accordion. Go down in a diving bell a mile or two, though that will be pretty rough on the innocent fishes, but it won't bother your neighbors.
Citizen to Coal Dealer—Say, I want a ton of coal. Coal Dealer—All right. Shall we send it up right away? Citizen—Oh, no. If it's anything like the last, I'll just call for it on my way home and carry it up in my overcoat pocket.
A Box on the Ear Lands a Trout.
Trout Creek is quite a paradise for anglers. The fish are large, and become quite plentiful when the waters of Lake Anahis are sufficiently warm to cause them to seek a cooler retreat in the flowing stream. One half of the stories which are told of the catches at this place would fit volumes, but none of these has yet reached the sublime height of what is claimed for a small lake near Gaysboro. The narrator's hero is himself. He says that one winter, being tired of salt beef and wanting trout for a change, he cut a hole in the ice on the lake. He had evidently selected a good day, for the fish took his bait so rapidly that it was downright hard work to keep pulling them out. So eager were they, indeed, that they would jump for the bait before it had even touched the water. Our sportsman was an inventive genius and decided to profit by this phenomenal appetite. Getting down on his knees, he dangled the bait about a foot above the hole and awaited further developments. Almost immediately a fine trout jumped for it, and promptly received a dexterous box on the ears which landed him far out on the ice. So numerous and so hungry were the fish that the angler's hand was kept constantly busy slapping them as they jumped for the alluring bit of red pork which hovered over the opening in the ice. Every slap yielded a fish. This continued until sheer fatigue put an end to the novel pastime. A conservative estimate placed the quantity of fish at somewhat over four barrels.—[American Magazine.