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### The Lost Child.

I've lost a child—O, tell me, did you meet My little darling in the sunny street, With wind blown hair, bright eyes and flying feet. Like swift winged birds. How large was she? Why, just a tiny thing. 'Tis such a short time since I used to sing Low, sleepy songs, and feel her soft arms cling. About my neck.

"How old is she?" Why, really I forget, Just old enough to love and kiss and pet Only a merry little maid, and yet Not quite a child.

It seems but yesterday I saw her go, Leaving her playmates in a laughing row; If you had met her you would surely know Her smiling face.

You thought her older, more than twelve, you say? That cannot be until another May opens the buds and brings the happy day That gave her life.

"Is not she there?" Almost a woman grown She holds her girlish head high as your own; Some one will find her though she goes alone; You need not fear.

I know she's tall and comes no more for toys— That's Harry with her making all this noise; Why don't he go and play with other boys, Talk like to me?

'Tis five years since her twelfth birthday was given. With tender leaves, and all the months between Have slipped away till she is seventeen— The child is lost!

### His Chance Acquaintance.

"Please let me assist you?" There was no response to my request, but I knew that in this case silence gave consent.

The words were addressed to a prepossessing young woman as I was about to get aboard a west bound train at Binghampton one morning. Her satchel had slipped from her hand while she was waiting to be helped up the car steps by the attending porter. Its overcrowded condition caused its clasps to give way and out rolled a half dozen articles, combs, brush, drinking cup and such things as ladies invariably carry with them when traveling, and which no unmarried man will attempt to remember.

She scrambled after the things herself, and I did my share in a race after a round box of tooth powder that rolled along the platform like a steam roller. It did not get away, however, and I got back with it in time to pick up a gilt-edged volume of Whitlitt, which, with the somewhat soiled box of tooth powder, I presented to the fair lady with my most grateful bow. Of course she said, "Thank you!" I can see her now—a handsome brunette, in plain but tasteful attire. She did not shoot me with that cold, heartless, abbreviated and expressionless expression, "Thanks!" Her reward was a modest look of the eyes, a faint blush on the cheeks, and in a sweet voice, "Thank you!"

She packed the riotous articles back into her satchel, and I relieved the small hands that endeavored to bring the two sides together, grappling the bag with sufficient muscle to close it and fasten the clasps firmly.

"Won't you let me carry it into the car for you? It is very heavy."

There was another modest look, bluish! "Thank you." When does a man feel happier than when contributing to the comfort of an appreciative woman? If it is right in his way to be of assistance, and the woman is young and more than ordinarily attractive, so much the happier is he. Have you not seen a man carry a woman's weighty satchel a half dozen blocks when it had been his own an expressionist would have received a quarter for the service? There is a deal of importance in the ownership of a satchel. The bag in my hand seemed then as light as a toy balloon, but now in my thoughtful moments I am sure that there were in it several changes of attire in addition to the traveling outfit already mentioned.

I confess that I was pleased to find the car well occupied and only one seat entirely vacant. The experiences had made acquaintance easy, and after giving her the place next to the window and depositing the bulky satchel at her feet, I made inquiry if I would be intruding if I took the remainder of the seat.

"Oh, no sir. I am all alone. I shall not need it at all. You have been very kind."

"How beautiful the September mornings are!" I said by way of opening a conversation.

"Aren't they lovely! After the sun has swept away the fog the Susquehanna valley is as picturesque as one could wish to have it. I do dislike fogs. I think when I find a place where there are no fogs I shall engage a building lot. How far is it from Elmira to Buffalo?" she asked.

"A hundred and forty-six miles," I replied with the celerity of a schoolboy who had learned it in his lesson. "Are you going so far?"

"Yes," she replied, "I am going to visit a friend. And you?"

"To Buffalo also. Do you think you can endure my company for so long a distance?"

### Captive Soldiers.

How They Are Punished For Desertion and Other Crimes.

A Prison With Considerable Freedom for the Prisoners.

Situated on the highest point in Fort Leavenworth, Kan., and overlooking the Missouri river is the United States military prison—the bottom to which the drags of the army settle. The law says the prison is "for the confinement and reformation of offenders against the rules, regulations and laws for the government of the army of the United States, in which shall be securely confined and employed at labor and governed in the manner hereinafter directed, all offenders convicted before any court martial or military commission in the United States and sentenced according to the law to imprisonment therein."

Unlike institutions of similar character, all possible liberty is allowed the convicts. The "silent system" is not in vogue except in working hours, and even then speech is allowed between the men on matters pertaining to their tasks. The use of newspapers and books is not denied at times when prisoners are not employed and unofficial visitors are admitted to the prison two days a week. The prisoner may communicate with his friends on the outside by letter and receive mail subject to inspection by the chaplain. Once a week the convicts must bathe, and they are supplied with an unlimited quantity of clean clothing. This clothing is a uniform of gray, the distinctive marks being a large red number placed on the back.

When a convict enters the prison he is treated much in the way usual to such institutions. His face is shaved and hair cut; he is bathed and given a number, which, while he is confined, is his only cognomen. Henceforward he is no longer Smith or Jones, but (say) "No. 260." The prison physician then takes him in hand, and even the most minute personalities are noted.

Once in the prison the convict is in charge of the provost guard, a party of men assigned by the secretary of war or enlisted under his direction, and selected with a special eye to their fitness for the duty. Few of them are under six feet in height and a majority are men who have seen years of hard service. These are the subordinate officers, and the only ones, excepting the chaplain, surgeon and commandant. The latter is Captain James W. Pope.

Despite the easy discipline there are few escapes from the prison. Perhaps the law has something to do with the vigilance of the guards, as it makes the escape of the prisoner a penal offense for the guard.

Although there are 496 prisoners confined, there are but thirty-six cells, two of these being dark. These dark cells are the only punishment inflicted on the prisoners, further than the cutting off of "good time."

New men are first placed in the cells. If, after a while they merit the favor, they are sent to the dormitories, where greater freedom is allowed them. Prisoners are divided into three classes, each class being designated by a distinctive badge attached to some conspicuous part of the outer garment of the prison dress. On being assigned to a class the prisoner is made acquainted with the rules relating to the conduct and treatment of prisoners. Prisoners of the third class whose conduct may warrant it are promoted after ten days to the second class. Prisoners of the first class are those whose quiet, orderly habits and general good conduct in class second has gained them the confidence of the officers. Promotions are made by the commandant.

The dormitories differ little from the quarters of common soldiers. A row of iron cots, around which a broad aisle runs, and separated from each other by a space of two feet, constitutes the furniture. During the day the beds are made up. Each prisoner is allowed to keep a box, provided by himself, in which he places such mementoes from the outer world as he chooses, besides some articles of apparel other than those furnished by the prison. A grating cuts off the guard room from the sleepers, and at the same time furnishes an easy view of the whole sleeping room.

During the day the prisoners are employed as the commandant may elect, but the greatest number at one employment are in the shoe shop. This is in a long room in the third story of a building two hundred feet long. There is made all the footwear for an army of fifteen thousand men. The enormous number of shoes consumed may be seen from the number made last year, when 11,700 pairs of boots and 65,421 pairs of shoes were turned out. A pair of cavalry boots costs the government about \$3.70, and a pair of brass screwed caisson shoes \$2.72.

Next in order comes the harness shop, where Uncle Sam's ambulances, riding saddles, wagon saddles, and incidentals are made. The tin shop turns out tin plates, cups and all the ware needed by

### Land in India.

The results of the survey and last census of India are that the area of the Peninsula of Hindostan is 1,382,624 square miles, and the population 253,891,821. Although immense tracts of country are annually cultivated, according to the most recent survey 10,000,000 acres of land, suitable for cultivation, have not as yet been plowed. At the same time, 120,000,000 acres are returned as waste land. —[Public Opinion.]

### The Old Clock.

"Oh! the old, old clock, of the household clock. Was the brightest thing and nearest; Its hands, though out, had a touch of gold, And its frame ring with the jeweled, And its dial, too, with the work done low. Victory lives, though nations wheel, And its voice, still strong, waivered all and young. When the voice of friendship faded, To the old clock, 'tis said, a quick, quick, and bold, To ring, I've given a warning. To ring, I've given a warning. You'll never see me in the morning!"

"A tiny voice, was that old, old clock, As it stood in the corner smiling. And I'd closed the door with a merry rhyme, To wintry hours, long, long. But a voice, old and low, was that wondrous clock, As it called at dusk, the night. When the dawn looked gray over the misty way, And the early air blew coldly. 'Tis the clock, 'tis said, a quick, quick, and bold, To ring, I've given a warning. To ring, I've given a warning. You'll never see me in the morning!"

"Still hourly the sound goes round and round, With a tone that comes never. While tears are shed for bright days that, And the old friends, lost forever. Its heart beats on, though hands are gone, Its hands still move, though hands we have. Are clasped on earth no longer. 'Tis the clock, 'tis said, the happy and best. The grave hath given warning. To ring, I've given a warning. To ring, I've given a warning. You'll never see me in the morning."

### Scientific Scraps.

The old idea that suffers from heart disease should avoid physical exertion has been dispelled.

A thread has been produced from the common nettle so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs only two and one half pounds.

Paper containing ligneous substances, such as straw, wool, and jute, is rapidly discolored by electric light. The yellowing is due to the phenomenon of oxidation.

The force exerted during storms by waves has been found to be three tons per square foot. At Zealand, blocks of stone weighing 3½ tons have been quarried out of their beds by wave action, although eighty feet above high water.

A curious phenomenon is reported by its sole observer. In an atmosphere near freezing point, the drops from a moisture-laden pine's lower branches reached the ground in a liquid state, while those from the upper branches, ten feet higher, froze during the fall.

The insect world is vast almost beyond our conception. President Sharp of the London Entomological Society states that while Linnaeus knew only 3900 species of insects 129 years ago, the collections of the world probably include at present 295,000 or 250,000 species.

That able physiologist, Plateau, of Belgium, is continuing his studies on the powers of sight in the lower animals. As the result of ingenious experiments on vision in centipedes and other myriapods he proves that their simple eyes enable them merely to distinguish light from darkness.

It is well known that under the microscope steel is found to be an agglomeration of crystals, and that upon the difference in these crystals the quality of the steel can be more or less determined. Mr. Waddington, to make the observation more complete, heated steel to whiteness, and as the use of the microscope under such circumstances was impossible, he photographed the metal and subjected the negative to microscopic examination.

The influence of the moon upon vegetation is an interesting problem awaiting solution. A recent writer upon the subject mentions that woodcutters in Cape Colony and in India indicate that timber is full of sap and unfit to cut at full moon. Another observation of lunar influence in Cape Colony is the rapid spoiling of meats and other provisions when exposed to moonlight, though this may be due to the fact that the light serves as a guide to insects.

Sedentary occupations are reputed to be attended by maladies too numerous to mention, but even the out-door work of the long-lived farmer is not a perfect guaranty of freedom from all ailments. A potato-diggers' disease, which has been investigated in Prussia, results from a strained position of the legs in gathering potatoes. It affects the nerves of the feet and legs, producing coldness, numbness and pain, with a clumsy and limping gait. It may continue for years.

A curious incident is reported by Mr. William Burgess, proprietor of the Midland Counties Fish Culture establishment. He states that a pond constructed by him, measuring 50 feet by 30 feet, which is entirely isolated from other similar ponds, was shortly after its formation found to be populated with trout fry in their alevin stage. No fish of any kind had been placed in the pond and none could have entered it, the inlet and outlet being blocked with perforated zinc of a very fine mesh.

### Friendship.

A friendship is a precious gift. But friends are very rare. Who, when you chance to need a lift, Have got a five to spare. —[Merchant Traveler.]

"Your money or your life?" demanded a footpad of a pedestrian who at a late hour one night was threading his way along a dark and narrow street. "I've more life than money," replied the pedestrian, and proceeded to demonstrate his possession of the former in such a manner that, an hour later, when the would-be robber gathered himself up from the dust, he felt his body all over to assure himself that he was something more than a suit of cast-off clothing. —[Harper's Bazar.]

### The First Phonograph.

A gentleman recently repeated to me an account given him by Thomas Edison of the making of the first phonograph. Edison was engaged in innumerable things, Mr. Edison carried in his mind for a long time the idea of the phonograph, turning it over and over, and from time to time jotting down sketches and memoranda concerning its construction. At length he said to an old German machinist, who made models for him, that he wanted a machine constructed in a certain manner, but for the use of it he gave no hint. Now and then, as the work went on without seeing the model, Mr. Edison ordered certain changes, which, of course, were duly made.

Finally the German was told to bring the machine for examination. Mr. Edison fitted into it the sheet of tin foil, and turning the crank spoke into the funnel the somewhat familiar voice of Mary and her little lamb. The German regarded him as if he thought he had gone mad; but when Mr. Edison reversed the motion and the phonograph pipingly repeated his stanza, the old man threw up his hands in the utmost astonishment. —[Providence Journal.]

### Daniel Boone's Death.

The Bourbon (Ky.) News publishes from old copies of the Paris Citizen dated in 1815 and 1816, a notice of Daniel Boone's death, as follows: "As he lived, so he died, with his gun in his hand. We are informed by a gentleman direct from Boone's settlement in the Missouri, that early last month Colonel Boone rode to a deer lick, seated himself within a blind raised to conceal him from the game. That, while sitting thus concealed with his trusty rifle in his hand, pointed toward the lick, the muzzle resting on a log, his face to the breach of his gun, his rifle cocked, his fingers on the trigger, one eye shut, the other looking along the barrel through the sights—in this position, without a struggle or motion, and, of course, without pain, he breathed out his last so gently that when he was found next day by his friends, although stiff and cold, he looked as if alive, with his gun in his hand just in the act of firing. It is not altogether certain, if a buck had come into the range of his gun, which had been death to thousands, but it might have intuitively obeyed its old employer's mind and discharged itself.

### Barber (to customer).

"Have you heard of the bad scrape young Brown has got into?"

Customer: "Why, no; when did you have him last?" —[Epoch.]

### A Child's Victory.

A child was more fond of candy than her mother thought good for her. What was thought a proper share was doled out to her one day, and the rest put away on the high shelf of a cupboard beyond the child's reach. Her mother cautioned her not to attempt reaching it, then left the room.

Returning after a while, she looked into the room, standing where the child could not see her, and surveyed the scene. There stood the child, her feet on the first shelf, to which she had climbed by aid of a chair, and her hand grasping the candy, which she had reached to her lips. There it passed for a moment, the little face bent in earnest thought. Suddenly the candy flew from her lips and into the bag again as the child leaped from the shelf on to the chair and thence to the floor, where she struck an attitude and shouted exultantly: "There, God! I didn't eat it after all!" —[Boston Record.]

### He Was Full of Life.

"Your money or your life?" demanded a footpad of a pedestrian who at a late hour one night was threading his way along a dark and narrow street. "I've more life than money," replied the pedestrian, and proceeded to demonstrate his possession of the former in such a manner that, an hour later, when the would-be robber gathered himself up from the dust, he felt his body all over to assure himself that he was something more than a suit of cast-off clothing. —[Harper's Bazar.]