THE DEMOCRAT.

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VOLUME V. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1888. NUMBER 4.

PROFESSIONAL.

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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.
Practices wherever his services are required. feb13-1y.

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Office: Corner Main and Tenth Streets. 15-1y.

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THANKSGIVING DAY.

Beneath the homestead's sloping eaves,
We gather round the board,
And for the golden harvest sent
Give thanks unto the Lord,
But from the bursting barns and bins
Oh spare a thought I pray,
For those who kept in wintry woods
The first Thanksgiving Day!

The face of heaven was veiled and dark,
And all the world beneath,
Of withered wood and wold, lay hid
Within a snowy sheath.
They shivered in the bitter blast
For thinly clad were they;
The pilgrim fathers long ago,
Who kept Thanksgiving Day.

With all his train of feathered dames
Behind him in a row,
They saw a lordly bird with plumes
Like polished metal go.
The aim was sure, the bullet true,
In throes of death he lay;
And feasting on his dainty flesh,
They kept Thanksgiving Day.

The graves wherein their fathers slept,
The fields and fells of home,
Were leagues beyond the forest dark,
Across the wintry foam.
Though want and fear abided there,
And peril barred the way;
Yet, lonely in a lonely land,
They kept Thanksgiving Day.

In all the pleasant fields about,
Upon the frosted vines,
Sweet Cinderella's fairy coach,
The yellow pumpkin shines;
And still with all his train of dames,
The turkey struts away;
As in the winter-whitened woods,
That first Thanksgiving Day.

Our fathers' graves are on the hill,
The children at the knee,
The storehouse full of goodly things,
How grateful they should be!
They thanked the Lord for perils passed,
And for the right to pray;
Then let us loudly thank Him now,
For this Thanksgiving Day.

—*Minnie Irving.*

THANKSGIVING.

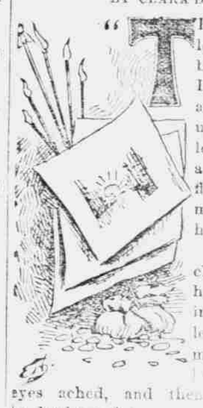
For the hay and the corn and the wheat that is reaped,
For the labor well done, and the barns that are heaped,
For the sun and the dew and the sweet honeycomb,
For the rose and the song and the harvest brought home—
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in our land,
For the cunning and strength of the working-man's hand,
For the good that our artists and poets have taught,
For the friendship that hope and affection have brought—
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are blest,
For the season of plenty and well-deserved rest,
For our country extended from sea unto sea,
The land that is known as the "Land of the Free"—
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving.

HOPE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY CLARA DAVIS.



"THERE is nothing left in my life to be thankful for," Hope Grey felt, as she climbed up the stairs that led to her mite of a room on the top floor of the tenement she called home.

All day, with a choking sob in her throat, she sat in a damp, cheerless room trimming hats until her head and eyes ached, and then—night, to be discharged because a tiny drop of blood from her pricked fingers fell on a bit of velvet! To the friendless orphan girl it was a bitter misfortune and her whole nature rebelled against the injustice.

Poor Hope! The past ten years had been to her a continual struggle for existence. In this time she had seen her mother laid in the grave and herself left alone in the world, with only her own labor between starvation and life.

She was a slender, graceful girl, whose resolute, cheerful spirit shone through her clear, brown eyes; but to night the brown eyes were dim with unshed tears, and as she sat by the window and gazed out into the drizzling twilight she gave herself up to the memory of the past.

Far back in that past she was a child again, surrounded by all that loving parents could provide, and as she dreamed of these days the tears rolled down the pale cheeks and the sensitive mouth quivered with emotion.

A few years had brought great changes. The precious loving mother had slowly died of want and sorrow, and the helpless child could only weep in bitter anguish at the loss which left her utterly friendless. From the day the earth hid her mother's tender face from view, Hope knew she stood alone in the world.

Slowly and painfully the terrible dark days came back to her as she sat in the deepening gloom.

The father had liked the social glass, and then followed an unconquering thirst that had literally drank up business, home and manhood.

Again Hope could see the sad pleading eyes of her mother and the growing poorer and poorer until the deepest poverty was coupled with the keenest anguish of disgrace.

Then followed the secret hurrying away of the husband and father, who in an hour of terrible temptation had thrown away his honor and principle.

Branded with the crime of forgery the poor wreck of humanity fled to a distant State, and nothing was heard of him for two long agonizing years. At last came the tidings that he had been killed in a drunken brawl in San Francisco. The shock was too much for the feeble wife, and Hope saw her mother laid away in her last sleep, a young woman yet, but with hair as white as the purest snow.

The poor, tired body had found rest, but for Hope there was no such escape. She was young and strong and must live on in a continual struggle for a life that was filled only with bitter memories.

As it grew darker she arose from the window and, lighting her lamp, she began counting the money in her purse. It was a little sum, and it brought more vividly before the lonely girl her forlorn situation.

"Oh! what will become of me when this is gone?" she asked herself, as she walked nervously up and down the room.

Suddenly she stopped before a little stand, as though some plan had come into her busy brain.

"If I could only sell it!" she said aloud as she took up a small, unframed painting. It was a bit of lowland, with the sea shimmering in the distance, on which could be seen the white sail of a ship homeward bound.

Her mother in the happier days had been skillful with brush and pencil, and had taught the little that she knew to Hope. It had served to brighten many a weary hour for both mother and daughter, and after the mother's death Hope had gone on in her own way painting all the old scenes she could remember, often denying herself many comforts that she might buy the few touches of color.

Youth easily takes courage, and the picture brought new life to Hope. The next morning, with the picture tied up in paper, she set out for a certain picture dealer, whose windows had often attracted her attention.

She tried to still her wildly beating heart as she entered the store and inquired if they bought paintings.

"Have you one for sale?" asked the clerk, looking curiously at the shabby, slender figure.

"Yes," returned Hope, beginning to untie her parcel.

"Mr. Darwood attends to that business," said the clerk, and before Hope could reply she was ushered into Mr. Darwood's office. A tall, fine looking man arose at her entrance and politely inquired what he could do for her. With trembling fingers Hope took off the paper and handed him the picture for inspection. After what seemed to her an age, during which time she had vainly tried to read his decision in his face, he turned and glanced at her with a look of interest. The pale, delicate face, with its look of trouble, told more plainly than words the need that had brought her there. Moreover the quick glance had shown him that the brown-eyed girl was a gentlewoman.

"The picture is well done," he said, all the while thinking what lovely eyes she had and wondering who she could be. "We are giving five dollars apiece for such painting, and I will take this at the same price if agreeable to you," he continued.

"Agreeable to her!" To Hope it was a fortune, and after being told that anything she could do in the same line would be paid for, she went home to look and look at this money, which had been earned so pleasantly and that would open to her a new way to earn an honest living.

"Jasper, where did you get this picture from?" asked Mr. Newton that afternoon of his head clerk.

Mr. Newton was the proprietor of the art store where Hope had sold her painting.

Jasper Darwood hurried to his employer's side to see which picture was meant.

"Oh, that one," he replied as he caught sight of the one the old gentleman was looking at so earnestly. "I bought it this morning of a lady. It is a very good one," he added.

The clerk thought he was examining it as to its commercial value, but Mr. Newton's next question showed this had not entered his mind.

"Is that the lady's name or the title?" he asked abruptly.

"The title, Mr. Newton; the lady's name was Grey, and——"

But Jasper Darwood never finished his sentence, for old Mr. Newton had grasped the back of a chair and would have fallen but for the timely aid of his clerk.

As soon as he recovered he began to question Darwood. Did he know the artist's address? and question after question followed, but the clerk could tell him almost nothing.

"The lady had called in the morning and offered the picture for sale. He had liked the picture and bought it. The lady had given her name, but the address he did not know."

"Jasper, every one in the store must be questioned," said the old gentleman, as he wrung his hands in evident anguish, and so the astonished clerk set about asking every man and boy in the place if he knew any one named Hope Grey. It would have seemed ludicrous to Darwood but for the distress of his employer.

He met with no success until he came to one of the little boys who dusted the counters.

Yes, he knew a Miss Grey. She lived next door to him, and when his mother was sick Miss Grey came in and—— but Mr. Newton didn't listen to any more. Having checked the boy and found out the name of the street and number of the house, he hailed a cab and was soon on his way to the place.

It never occurred to him that this might not be the Hope Grey he sought. Some instinct told him his long search was ended.

Hope sat alone in her little room, when she was startled by a loud knock, and a moment after the door opened and the long separated father and daughter were face to face.

It took some time to tell the story of John Grey's wanderings.

He had not been killed in the drunken brawl, but it had been in this same place that he had first awakened to a sense of his terrible position.

To return home was dangerous, for the shadow of the law hung over him; but after amassing a fortune the longing for his family became so strong that one morning he set off for the East, ready to face the danger of imprisonment if he could but see his loved ones again.

There was no need to have changed his name. No one would have recognized in the fine-looking gray-haired man the forlorn creature who had crept away so miserably ten years before.

But the coming home had been almost useless except for the one result which had lifted forever from him the stain of crime. Every dollar had been paid back and he stood once more a free man, but of the wife and child he had left in poverty and shame he could find no trace.

The belief that both were dead had finally been yielded to, when Providence had placed in his way the object of his search.

The wife lay in her narrow bed, and that darkness could never be taken out of his life, but the child was left to him, and he thanked the Father of the fatherless who had protected her all these years.

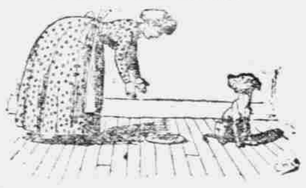
The next day was Thanksgiving Day, and no three people were happier than the three who ate their turkey in John Newton's home.

Jasper Darwood was there, too, for the old gentleman maintains that but for his buying the picture Hope would never have been found, but Jasper Darwood knows that Hope's brown eyes had a great deal to do with the purchase.

A Runaway Couple.

The night before Thanksgiving.

A Strike For Turkey.



Roast beef, indeed! "You forget this is Thanksgiving. Where's your turkey?"

She's a Treasure.

The wife who makes a good mince pie,
Digestible, rich, juicy, prime,
The apple of her husband's eye
Is always at Thanksgiving time.

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Two hundred acres, two miles from Scotland Neck. Eighty acres Fresh Land. Good Dwelling, some out-houses and orchard, and good water.

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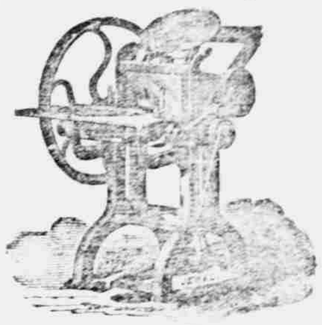

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