

THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

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VOL. V.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1889.

NO. 16.

STATE DIRECTORY.

Daniel G. Fowle, of Wake county, Governor; salary \$3,000.
Thomas M. Holt, of Alamance county, Lieutenant-Governor and President of the Senate.
William L. Saunders, of Wake county, Secretary of State; salary \$2,000.

George W. Sanderlin, of Wayne county, Auditor; salary \$1,500.

Donald W. Bain, of Wake county, Treasurer; salary \$3,000.

Sidney M. Fieger, of Catawba county, Superintendent of Public Instruction; salary \$1,500.

Theo. F. Davidson, of Buncombe county, Attorney-General; salary \$1,000, and Reporter to Supreme Court; salary \$1,000.

Johnstone Jones, of Buncombe county, Adjutant-General; salary \$600.

J. C. Birdsong, of Wake county, State Librarian; salary \$1,000.

J. D. Boushall, of Camden county, Chief clerk to Auditor; salary \$1,000.

GOVERNOR'S COUNCIL.

Secretary of State, Auditor, Treasurer and Supt. Pub. Instruction.

STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor, Supt. Pub. Instruction, and Attorney-General.

SUPREME COURT.

William N. H. Smith, of Wake, Chief Justice. A. S. Merrimon, of Wake, J. J. Davis, of Franklin, James E. Shepherd, of Beaufort, A. C. Avery, of Burke, Associate Justices. Salaries of Chief Justice and Associate Justices each \$2,000.

Supreme Court meets in Raleigh on the first Monday in February and last Monday in September.

REPRESENTATION IN CONGRESS.

Senate.—Zebulon B. Vance, of Buncombe; term expires March 4th, 1891; Matt. W. Ransom, of Northampton; term expires March 4th, 1889.

House of Representatives.—First District, T. G. Skinner, Dem.; Second District, H. P. Cheatham, (col.), Rep.; Third District, Chas. W. McClammy, Dem.; Fourth District, B. H. Bunn, Dem.; Fifth District, J. M. Brower, Rep.; Sixth District, Alfred Rowland, Dem.; Seventh District, John S. Henderson, Rep.; Eighth District, W. H. H. Cowles, Dem.; Ninth District, H. G. Ewart, Rep.

Halifax County Directory.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Senate.—T. L. Emry.
House.—W. H. Anthony, T. H. Taylor.

Will A. Daniel, County Supt. Public Schools.

W. F. Parker, County Treasurer.

B. I. Allsbrook, Sheriff.

L. Vinson, Register of Deeds.

J. T. Gregory, Clerk Superior Court.

W. B. Whitehead, Coroner.

BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS.

Dr. W. R. Wood, Chairman; W. E. Bowers, Sterling Johnson, H. J. Pone, J. H. Whitaker.

W. A. Dunn, County Attorney.

INFERIOR COURT—Thos. N. Hill, Judge; E. P. Hyman and S. S. Norman, Associate Justices.

S. M. Garg, Clerk of Inferior Court.

J. M. Grizzard, County Solicitor.

TIME FOR HOLDING SUPERIOR COURT—March 4th, May 13th, Nov. 11th.

March and November Courts are for civil cases only except jail cases.

Scotland Neck—Town Directory.

A. White, Mayor. C. W. Dunn, Town Co. stable.

TOWN COMMISSIONERS—J. Y. Savage R. H. Smith, Jr., Dr. R. M. Johnson, W. A. Dunn.

CHURCHES.

Episcopal, Rev. Walter Smith, Pastor.

Baptist, Rev. J. D. Huffman, D. D. Pastor.

Methodist, Pastor in charge.

Primitive Baptist, Elder A. J. Moore, Pastor.

THE LEGISLATURE.

SOME THINGS THAT ARE DONE AND SAID DAILY IN THE LEGISLATURE—HOW THE LAW-MAKERS DEMEAN THEMSELVES—BRIEF COMMENTS ON PASSING EVENTS.

MONDAY 11TH.

SENATE. Bills on second reading: To amend section 2566 of the Code so as to require the rudiments of agriculture taught in the public schools of the State; to make four and a half feet a lawful fence in certain counties; to incorporate the town of James City in Craven county; to incorporate the Bank of Rocky Mount.

A bill to promote the efficiency of the State Guard coming up on its third reading acted as a declaration of war. General Stubbs had charge of this bill as chairman of the committee on military affairs. The first skirmish was made by General Lusk, on the side of those opposed to the bill, but he was met by flank movements under Colonels Payne and Means and repulsed. Col. Barber threw out his forces in support of General Stubbs and was met by an opposing skirmish under command of Colonel Blair. The two lines being drawn up for final action the commandant ordered a roll call and the battle was won by General Stubbs by 23 yeas, 14 nays.

HOUSE.

Some bills of general nature were introduced.

A bill compelling clerks of Superior Courts to take bonds before the issue of summons.

TUESDAY 12TH.

SENATE. Bills passed their reading: To establish public schools for the town of Littleton.

SPECIAL ORDER.

The bill of Senator Williams, of Pitt, to prevent the buying and selling of futures, was taken up.

Mr. Williams, in support of his bill, said he championed the bill as a farmer and in behalf of the farming classes as well as for its purpose to elevate the morals of the State. He thought the system of gambling in the necessities of life and products of the soil was a curse to our land. Mr. Williams was not well and could not make a lengthy speech on the merits of his bill. The measure does not apply to manufacturers who may contract for the actual future delivery of cotton. It is intended to affect the margin business, where there is no intention of any delivery.

The bill was equally as strongly opposed as it was supported. Sundry amendments were submitted, among which was one that "this act shall not apply to future contracts of marriage." The bill passed its second reading on a call of the roll—yeas 37, nays 3. The bill also passed its third reading.

HOUSE.

Committee on railroad commission reported with discussion.

WEDNESDAY 13TH.

SENATE.

Nothing of special importance transpired in the Senate. The bill for changing the Constitution to establish corporal punishment failed to pass its readings.

HOUSE.

The bill compelling bucksters to keep a record of the ear marks and brands of stock purchased passed its third reading.

THURSDAY 14TH.

SENATE.

Nothing of special interest transpired in the Senate.

HOUSE.

A resolution was introduced instructing the judiciary committee to prepare and report a bill directing the establishment of a whipping post. Placed upon the calendar.

[The proceedings of Saturday, Monday and Tuesday will be found on 2nd page.]

DOUBLE HEADED WOMAN.

Last Saturday a double-headed negro woman came through Charlotte on the C., C. & A. train. Her name is Margaret and she carries on two conversations or drinks two cups of coffee at the same time. She has two heads, one body and our legs. The two heads have and of their own, for what one says gets. In other claims, also. She can accept an offer with one tongue and reject it with the other. She is a wonder, and kept on through to her home in Whiteville N. C.

Charlotte Democrat.

A SKINNING FOR LOAFERS.

Phrenology and Things Generally Pitched into.

(Shelby News Era.)

Here I am on time and at the bat, ready to make home hits or any other kind of hits that actually hit the nail square on the head so far as the plain, unvarnished gospel truth is concerned.

Don't Shelby beat the world for taking to its bosom and hugging with a kind of insane delight all of the old, unmitigated frauds that come along? There ain't but one way to explain it. There are so many outrageous frauds and peripatetic humbugs in this community that when another of the same cloth comes into their circle, there is a grand feeling of kinship between them.

Now just take that old head-examiner for instance. Who would have thought that this town had so many fools? Why every man could raise twenty-five cents had his noggin felt and those who were flattered in an extra way by the examination squandered as much as a dollar for a chart. Poor fools! A chart of idiocy! A signboard of conceit and overbearing vanity. Yes, quack doctors, bob-tailed lawyers, sanctimonious sky-pilots, debt dodgers and nobodies in general just flocked around the professor and said swindle us, humbug us, cheat us, tell sweet complimentary lies to us and pile it on thick, for we can stand a heap of it. And didn't he size them up for what they were worth and bleed them too? Told them of propensities that would have made Brigham Young turn green with envy, made them think they were walking miracles of sense and, as a final straw to break the camel's back, he pronounced nine out of ten of his vacant minded subjects suited to the profession of law because he knew the narrow little souls had no better sense than to consider lawyers whales.

I saw him examine the head of the meanest man in town—of a man who knew he was so all-fired mean that he shook in his very boots for fear of exposure. This fellow is notoriously crabbed and cross-grained. And stingy, just don't talk! His mental horizon is no bigger than is that of a worm in a chestnut. His very scrawny old face marks him to be the meanest man in town and nobody here is one bit deceived about him. Well, he was made a paragon of virtue. The old "prof" laid it on thick because he knew it would take a heap to satisfy his peevish subject that he had his twenty-five cents' worth.

There was a cymblin headed old fellow, with no sense now, none in the past and entirely devoid of hope for any in the future. His head is as slick as a gourd—not a bump, not anything upon it to indicate talent of any kind. Well, I confess it tickled me when he struck this subject. If there was anything in the science of phrenology, this fellow's head would have been a stunner. But the old war horse was equal to the emergency. He made him out about as good as anybody else. This fellow is so lifted up that I know he will at once try to buy a patent warranted to make brains out of mush.

Now there was one man whom I thought he did an injustice to. This man tries to preach sometimes. I don't think he is much pumpkins on a preach and he has got a bid case of bighead, but still I know he is not very vicious. The old quack mistook his man when he came to him. Just because his subject didn't happen to have on his Sunday clothes and because the bridge of his nose was broken by reason of a railroad accident and he had the appearance of a dissolute man, why he said all kind of mean things about him, put his spirituality down forty degrees below zero and made him out a regular reprobate. This example is positive proof of the worthlessness of the science of phrenology and the cursed imposition of the science's representative that was lately in our midst.

Did you ever think about how many people here never do anything? Get up any morning and you will see a forty-foot row of niggers backed up against some wall or sunning. They won't work for you or pay, and they have lots of white cousins. The number of able-bodied men and boys in this town who do nothing or next to nothing for a living day after day is legion. How can a

town prosper when half of its population are dead beats and loafers? The workers are kept scratching to keep up the non-workers. And if this crowd of lazy male hussies don't get to work, I'll single them out.

Last week's piece, I hear, was ascribed to "Taumany Jim." No, sirs. The man who writes this don't have to walk with a stick. Before I get through, this town will find out that "Taumany Jim" is not the only mean man in it. That old sinner has enough sins of his own to answer for without you saddling any of mine on to him.

FLAW PICKER.

Old Mortality

Some points in the History of a Noted Woman who Sailed From Wilmington in 1864 For Foreign Lands, but was Captured and Court Martialed.

There has been a great deal of tohanting regarding the life and history of Belle Boyd, the famous female Confederate spy, who was during the war, a conspicuous figure, and has since led a life remarkable for its ups and downs, its dash and pepper, and, if the record be correct, its tragic end. A dispatch from Fort Smith, Ark. under date of the 6th inst., announces that this remarkable woman was fired upon from ambush and killed on the 31st inst., near Enfield, in the Indian Nation. She was at the time of her death the wife of the famous Jim Starr, her former husband Sam Starr, having been killed by her side whilst returning to their home in the Choctaw Nation, from attendance at the United States Court at Fort Smith, some three years ago.

Belle Boyd was born at Martinsburg, now in West Virginia, in 1846, and lived there until 1861. Her father was a merchant, her mother a handsome woman, of good family, and the girl's associations and education excellent. During a visit to the neighboring town of Winchester, after war had been declared, this dashing young horsewoman heard of Federal movements which threatened her "beloved South" as she called it. She galloped by night to Stonewall Jackson and told him what she knew. From that time she was "attached" to the Stonewall Brigade with more or less regularity. She rode across the battle field of Front Royal and carried to Jackson dispatches which sent him in pursuit of Banks. She soon became known as "Belle Boyd, the famous rebel spy." At that time she was a girl of strong aquiline features, coal-black eyes and hair, a magnificent figure and the physical strength and elasticity of an Amazon. Martinsburg was most of the time within the Union lines, and Belle Boyd's secret service was of much value to the Southern commanders. On a particularly daring expedition she was captured and sent to Washington. Here she became quite as much of a favorite with some of the young Federal officers and with some Congressmen as she had already been with the soldiers and public men of the South. She hesitated at nothing to make a stroke for the Confederacy.

This remarkable woman was six times married, first to Col. Corcoran; then to five others; amongst the number one of the Young Brothers, of Missouri, and since to Sam and Jim Starr, of Texas, and the Indian Territory. Previous to her wild career since the war, Belle Boyd was in Wilmington for three or four days, and made herself conspicuous by her splendid equestrianism. She came here to sail for England with important dispatches alleged to have been entrusted to her by President Jefferson Davis. It is not known exactly upon what one of the many blockade runners leaving this port in those stirring days she took passage upon, but she sailed from here on May 8, 1864, either upon the "Pet," "Advance," "Tristram Shandy," "Banshee," or "Colonel Lamb." She was captured, however; taken to Boston, court-martialed, and finally went to England and created a great sensation when (August, 25, 1864) she married her captor, Lieutenant S. W. Hurling, of London. Her husband lived only a few months, and the young widow made her debut on the stage in England. The war over she returned to private life. Subsequent to her second husband's death, about seven years

ago, she started out as a lecturer as a means of maintaining her three children, two of whom are in a convent. Soon afterward she married her third husband, Mr. High, and made Detroit her home.—*Will Messenger.*

SOUTH CAROLINA FARMER ON WEATHER.

FORT MOTTE, S. C., March 13th, 1888.

For the benefit of my brother farmers, I will give publicly my experience of many years practice, in regard as to how to tell when it is going to rain, and when the rain will stop. I put this in plain words. Something I know the average farmer will readily understand. I will say that my rule to judge requires some practice, and by a close observer, it is a great relief and of very great benefit to know these facts, it is also money in the farmer's pocket, to be able to say boys the hay must be stacked this morning as it will rain before three o'clock, and the hay lost, or to say wife don't go visiting to-day, or to town as it is sure to rain to-day. The rule holds good winter and summer, but we care but little about the winter rains. Many will say this is an old story, and they know it before. There is nothing new under the sun, but there are a few left that don't know it all and I am telling it for their benefit. During winter months we generally have three cold, fair frosty mornings after a rain. The fourth is changeable: the wind is apt to get to the South; if you find it blows brisk from the South, or a little west-south, without varying, you may look for rain at, or about twelve o'clock; if it rains on until three it will rain on or be showery until the next twelve; if the rain stops after three that is the end of this wet spell, as the wind then leaves the southern point.

Turn your back to the South with your hat off, or so that your temples and cheeks may feel the wind; this will show you exactly how to place your back to the wind. Throw the left arm straight out and you will have the point the cloud will rise from, and by a little practical and close observation you can soon learn to tell whether you or your neighbor will get the cloud. You can tell whether it will go North or South of you, as the cloud will rise at your left hand, or in that direction.

We often see a cloud rise and think, and hope it is directly for us when it is growing and rapidly moving in the opposite direction. A rain at sunrise is apt to be over in a short while, and fair weather before twelve to remain so for some days, the slightest wind of north wind is a sure sign the rain is over, at least until it returns to the south, a rain from the east is apt to continue for several days. These are the principal and reliable signs for the weather, and seldom fail, though it is said that all signs fail in dry weather.

I noticed these signs in 1881, we all remember that year, the wind did not blow from the right quarter during that continued and destructive drought. As for the moon and stars, I know nothing about them and don't believe they have any thing to do with the weather. Notice and practice my signs with care and patience my before you condemn me as a fraud.

Yours truly,
JAS. A. PETERKIN.

SAM JONES IN LOS ANGELES.

"Blessed is the girl," said he, "that never bears the attractions of the theatre or dance. I am 41 years old, and I have been in thirty-five States, and I never talked with a woman who had lost her character, but told me that theatre, the ball-room and the wine cup was the initiative step. A lady once said to me: 'Mr. Jones, I play cards with my husband evenings; it's the only way I have to amuse him.' In every lunatic asylum you find a deck of cards in each room. Why? To amuse the idiots and insane. But they are not all in the asylum. 'I'd rather see my girls in their graves than married to one of the nineteenth century dudes. Some mothers are always pushing their daughters forward. Why, they'd never get married if they don't go out to balls and see society, and then we'll have them old maids on our hands.' Bless you mother, I'd rather have a dozen old maids in my house than half a dozen no account

sons-in-law."

The speaker then drew two pictures of home life, and closed his remarks by saying:

"The memory of a sweet, pious mother has followed me all through my wayward life—thank God for a mother who started me right! Its thirty years ago since I repeated after her that sweet prayer she taught me, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' but I think I'd know her voice clear across the streets of the New Jerusalem, and I can never be satisfied until I have had my mother's arms about me in heaven. May the words I have spoken this afternoon make you a better mother, a better wife, a better daughter."

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A FEW EARNEST KICKS FROM THE ENTERPRISING JOURNAL.

We take the following extracts from a late issue of the Arizona Weekly Kicker:

"APOLOGICAL.—We are compelled to apologize to our subscribers for the typographical appearance of the present issue. Owing to the snow blockade, a keg of ink which we ordered weeks ago failed to reach us, and rather than miss an issue we compounded a substitute. We don't seem to have hit the right proportions, or else molasses and lamp-black are not the proper substitutes. 'As it will be impossible for subscribers to make out any of the reading matter, we will solace them with the statement that there is little or nothing worth reading. We hadn't much time to give to the paper last week, and it is just as well that we hadn't. It would have been time thrown away."

"THE USUAL REWARD.—We understand that Arizona Joe, Col. Hilton, Dick Fenshaw and other ingrates are going about with the statement that we were horse-whipped by the Widow Burnham one day last week. When we refer to these by-gones as living liars, we do so in all gentleness. We can't afford to get mad and kick such freaks of nature. Arizona Joe is wearing a collar we lent him from our slim stock, and if any one will rip the colonel's coat down the back he will find one of our undershirts surrounding the ingrate's body. When Dick Fenshaw struck this town he hadn't eaten anything but pig weed for three days, and he was trying to make a pack of cards cover his nakedness. We filled his stomach, gave him a coat and lifted him out of the slough. This is our reward. Sick transit! Sick gratitude! Sick hyena!"

"WELCOME BACK.—Professor Whit water entered the Kicker office day before yesterday with beaming smile and extended hand, after an absence of about ten months spent in the penitentiary. He was unfortunate enough, it will be remembered, to hurt some one in a little dispute, and the court thought it best for him to take a little vacation.

"The professor returns home looking in good health and filled with enthusiasm over the progress the town has made during his absence. We welcome him. A little state prison experience hasn't hurt him, or won't hurt any of our townsmen."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"A Little Nonsense Now and Then"

EVIL ASSOCIATIONS.

Mrs. Nibbs—I am shocked, Willie Bibbs, to hear you use such awful language, positively shocked. I think it's high time your mother took you in hand.

Willie—Yes, m'm, she has. She told me this morning I must stop sociating with your little boy, because he was making me as bad as himself.

"NEARING THE POINT.

Anxious mother—"Has Mr. Bashful proposed yet?"

Daughter—"Not exactly; but last evening, when I was holding little Dick on my lap, Mr. Bashful went to the piano and sang: 'Would I were a boy again.'"

"Did any one in this car drop any money?" called the conductor, as he opened the door.

There was a painful silence for half a minute and then a man held up his hand.

"How much was it?" asked the conductor.

"I dropped \$45 at fare last night, but I can't expect to get it all back. Give me \$25 and let the rest go to experience."

PROFESSIONAL.

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