THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor. WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE. Subscription $1.50 per Year.

VOL. V. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1889. NO. 18.

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. Finger, 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.

James D. Glenn, of Guilford county, Adjutant General; salary $600.

J. C. Birdsong, of Wake county, State Librarian; salary $750.

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. Pope, 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. Gary, 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 Constable.

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

CHURCHES.

Episcopal, Rev. Walter Smith Rector.

Baptist, Rev. J. D. Hufham, D. D. Pastor.

Methodist, Rev. Mr. Harrison, Pastor in charge.

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

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DRUNK IN THE STREET.

Drunk, your Worship," the officer said:
"Drunk in the street, sir." She raised her head--
A lingering trace of the golden grace
Still softened the lines of her woe-worn face,
Unkempt and tangled her rich brown hair,
Yet with all the furrows and stains of care—
The years of anguish and sin and despair—
The child of the city was passing fair.
The ripe red mouth, with lips compressed—
The rise and fall of the heaving breast—
The nervous fingers, so taper and small,
Crumpled the fringe of the tattered shawl,
As she stood in her place at the officer's call.
She seemed good and fair, she seemed tender and sweet,
This fallen woman found drunk in the street.
Does the hand that once smoothed the ripple and wave
Of that tangled hair lie still in the grave?
Is that mother who pressed those red lips to her own
Deaf to the pain of their smothered moan?
Has the voice that chimed to the lisping prayer
No accent of hope for the lost one there,
Bearing her burden of sin and despair?
Drunk in the street-in the gutter found—
From a passionate longing to crush and down
The soul of the woman she might have been—
To fling off the weight of a fearful dream,
And awake again in the homestead hard by,
And wooded mountain that touched the sky;
To linger awhile on the path to school
And catch in the depth of the limpid pool,
Under the willow shade, green and cool,
A dimpled face and a laughing eye,
And the pleasant word of a passer by.
Ye men with sisters and mothers and wives,
Have ye no care for these women's lives?
Must they starve for the comfort they never speak?
Must they ever be erring and sinful and weak—
Staggering on with weary feet,
Stained in the gutters and drunk in the street?

—Good Templar.

Senator Vance's Knowledge of Scripture.

Vance is a North Carolinian, now in his 59th year, and in his tenth year in the Senate. Before he was elected to the office he now holds he had served two years in the house and had held a number of offices in his native State, and had rendered valiant service to the cause of secession, rising to the rank of major-general. He was in Lee's army at the surrender at Appomattox. Vance is rather large in build and heavy in form, with silvery white hair and a stubby mustache of the same color. His voice is rather rapish and nasal, and he might be regarded as a down East Yankee from the tone of his speech, but he is a Southerner, with all the Southern traits strongly marked in his character. His humor, of which he has a very abundant fund, is of the Southern type. Vance evidently comes from a family that was very religious and devout. His language at many times is strikingly like that of the Bible. Phrase after phrase of his speeches are well known texts of Scripture. His similes are often derived from Holy Writ, and there is a strong religious coloring in all his remarks. The principal characteristic of his mind, however, is his humor. He is the funny man of the Senate. He has an inexhaustible storehouse of anecdotes which he relates cleverly and always with aptness. He has lightened up the dull and dry details of the tariff with humor and wit, which has many times provoked a hearty laugh in the Senate; but his assault on the system of protection is hardly regarded as serious. It is good humored and sophistical. Vance is a Southerner in his politics. There is no taint of mugwumpery about him. During Cleveland's administration his chief occupation in the Senate was to ridicule and make sport of the civil service system, which Cleveland had promised to support. Vance selected his choicest stories to illustrate what he considered the absurdities and incongruities of civil service reform.—Charlotte *Democrat*.

The Nashville *Argonaut* in a neighboring county says:

Our climate is better and more equable, and all kinds of farming can be conducted more profitably than in Southern California, where they ask thousands of dollars an acre for the lands.

We have more opportunities for men with capital and energy to make big money in safe investments than any other place in America.

"Flaw Picker" Gives the Editor Some Advice.

(Shelby *New Era*.)

My Dear Clarency:—Keep a stiff upper lip and dont get skeered. Flaw Picker will stand by you. He weighs not less than one hundred and sixty pounds, is all wool and a yard wide and warranted to rip and tear as much as he pleases but never to take to his heels. I'd sign my name and take all the cussin, but I havent got time to whip every man in town. If I could live without work, like some of these infernal deadbeats, I'd just open up a shop and ask the old soreheads to come right in and have the flies minded off of them. I wouldnt mind doin up a couple old cranks anyway, but before I get through, I'll have twice forty men in a fighting humor and I cant take the contract without pay. I cant fool away my valuable time punching the heads of all the old molly-coddlers and watery-brained sponges I tackle in this corner.

Clarency, I do feel a little bit sorry for you. It seems I am giving you an unsavory notoriety. I'd hate deucedly bad to be the cause of sending you to jail. I am afeard crossbars wouldn't suit your complexion and penitentiary stripes aint cut enough in the latest agony to become such an all-fired promising dude as you are. But dont get skeered, Clarency. Remember you belong to the old established firm of Keep, Cool & Co, and let them bow their backs and bristle their tails. They will simmer down soon. This rattling of dry bones is bound to do good, and if you do have to go down, you'll be a martyr to a glorious cause. But you are not a goin down—at least not afore Flaw Picker gits the whole hog skinned and makes a little more sausage meat and chitlins out of some of the dod-rotted old orang outangs of this community.

Clarency, you are young and fresh and mighty allfired green. You don't know how to run a real, live, booming newspaper. You'd do pretty well to go round and ask the old loafers and chronic gas bags if they have got any news; but when it comes to the scientific management of a paying village sheet, Clarency, you aint there. You need advice. Bring your old oyster shell ear down close and I'll tell you a tale that will lift you out of the kinks. If the "trained journalist" wont stay at home and show you how to run a first-class newspaper, I'll do it for him. I've got the dots down fine. I'll hold up this week on the old Egyptian mummies, the ganderfied mossback fossils, the howling hyena cussing fiend, the ring-streaked-striped court house sinecures, the antideluvian mortar-pestlers and pill givers, the strutified brass-buttoned peacocks, the measly prohibition cranks, the red-eyed whisky goozlers, the big legged pantalooned dudes, the mucilaginous button-holing bores, the conceited pharisaical tooth-exterminators, the breech loading, double-barreled setter-pupped antiquaries, the Pecksniffian, mildewed, oily-tongued insurance agents, the bandy-shanked, "Before Taking" J. Gould and the pusillanimous, rattle-brained, smarter-than-anybody-else wiseacres in general, and I'll put you on the hot trail of success in the newspaper art. These bright and shining lights can wait. In due season and in mine own good time I'll reach out and demolish them.

* * * * * *

And lastly, Clarency, it's a good idea to run a newspaper in a town where there are lots of folks who are so dod-rotted mean and stingy that they always borrow somebody else's paper to read. These deadbeats hang around and get the news read to them on somebody else's money. The'll squeze a nickle to death and when they die, they'll quarrel with the devil over the price for shoveling coal. But you want to run a paper where there are lots of such fellows. It may not help your pocket, but it will do your patience a thundering sight of good. Besides, what do you print your paper for, if you dont want it read?

Follow this advice, Clarency, and more that I'll give you in private and the *New Era* will become a regular howler, its fame will go abroad and money will flow into your coffers and you can smoke twofers three times a day. And whenever the Bugle Horn of Liberty toots, the small fry will look out.

There are some folks who are deucedly anxious for Flaw Picker to write them up. They are just itching for it. They are so cussed worthless they want to get a little prominence by being stuck in this corner. Well, they are goin to be sadly disappointed. There are men in this town that Flaw Picker wouldn't dirty his pen with. Flaw Picker, like Deth, loves a shining mark. He dont propose to bother himself with the rag-tag and scum of creation. He will give particular mention only to them people who could be something if they would, and about the scum he will preserve a silence so profound that it will be painful to their vain, besotted souls. And for many a day yet he hopes to live and sign himself. Yours, in sympathy,

FLAW PICKER.

What the South Wants.

At a banquet in New York city the other day, Governor Lee, of Virginia, made a speech. He said what the South wanted was to be let alone, and the Southern States be allowed to govern themselves without interference from the Federal government. He further said the Southern white people had made up their minds to rule their States, and were going to do it Federal interference or no Federal interference; that they preferred military rule to negro supremacy.

Governor Lee has come prominently to the front of late as a strong and determined advocate of the cause of the people of his section, and in the above mentioned speech he uttered the sentiments of the white people of the entire South. We do not expect any favors from the Republican administration; we do not want any. All we want is for Mr. Harrison to attend to his business as President of the Union, and let us attend to ours as citizens of sovereign States. Mr. Harrison will save himself a great deal of trouble if he will take these words of Governor Lee as gospel truths, and govern himself accordingly.

The constitution under which we live says all men are created equal. 'Tis true the negro is our equal as to all rights guaranteed under the constitution; he is as free as we are, but the Southern States will never allow the constitution to be so construed as to place the negro over the whites; for there is a law higher than any created by man that prohibits this. We are glad to think, though, that the better element of the Northern Republicans are in favor of leaving the race problem to work itself out at the South without their interference, and if the Republican politician will just let the matter alone and stop trying to stir up strife by means of the negro question all will be well, but it is the interference of the miserable politicians that we are to fear.—Durham *Plant*.

To Prove That the Earth Moves.

If any one doubts that the earth "do move," let them try the following experiment, and its careful test will prove convincing: Take a good-sized bowl, fill it nearly full of water, and place it upon the floor of a room which is not exposed to shaking or jarring from the street. Sprinkle over the surface of the water a costing of lycopodium powder--a white substance which is sometimes used for the purposes of the toilet, and which can be obtained at almost any druggist's. Then upon the surface of this coating of powder make, with powdered charcoal, a straight black line, say an inch or two in length. Having made this little black mark with the charcoal powder on the surface of the contents of the bowl, lay down upon the floor, close to the bowl, a stick or some other straight object, so that it will be exactly parallel with the mark. If the line happens to be parallel with a crack in the floor, or with any stationery object in the room, this will serve as well. Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours, and then observe the position of the black mark with reference to the object that it was parallel with. It will be found to have moved from East to West--that is to say, in the direction opposite to that of the movement of the earth on its axis. The earth in simply revolving has carried the water and everything else in the bowl around with it, but the powder on the surface has been left behind a little. The line will always be found to have moved from East to West, which is perfectly good proof that everything else has moved the other way.—Wilmington *Messenger*.

Don't Be Envious.

There is a great deal of envy, hatred and uncharitableness in this world proceeding from the assumption that the distribution of the gifts of fortune is very unequal. And yet it needs but a slight experience of life to convince any thoughtful and observant man that this inequality is oftentimes more apparent than real. The idea is nothing less than a delusion—persistent and widespread, but still a delusion--that wealth or rank or power is a necessary adjunct to happiness. There are New York millionaries who take less enjoyment out of life than a day-laborer, and there are noblemen and princes who have succeeded merely to a heritage of splendid misery. Who was there, ten days ago, beyond the limited circle of his intimates, who did not regard the Crown Prince of Austria as occupying a most enviable position? Who is there, today, who would have cared to stand in his shoes? Whether by suicide or assassination, his end was as vulgar and despicable as any tragedy of the slums. Whether by inherited or acquired viciousness, his life was as ignoble as that of men who are wearing the garb of a felon. He had tastes of the lowest kind and he had the means of gratifying them to the full. This very power to minister to his passions must have very early bred satiety and must have made death, for him, an easy release from a world whose truest happiness he probably never tasted. --*The Epoch*.

Want of Courage.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them making the first effort—and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, in order to do anything in this world, that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the brink and think of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. There is such little time for over squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of his life, at which man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of little violence done to feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation. Whatever your hand finds to do, do with all your might.—*Selected*.

The Gimlet Peddler.

"I should like to sell you a gimlet," said a careworn looking man, as he walked into the office the other day.

"We have no use for one," replied the cashier.

"But you should always look into the misty future," went on the fiend demurely, "Next Winter you will want to make holes in your boot heels so you can get your skates on."

"I use club skates—no straps required."

"You may want to screw some boards together some time. The old fashioned method of driving screws in with a hammer is pernicious, as it deteriorates the tenacity of the fangs of the screws, as it were."

"Nothing to day, sir,"

"The gimlet also acts as a cork screw——"

"I don't want it."

"It may be used as a tack-hammer, a cigar holder and also a tooth brush."

"I don't want it."

"It has an eraser, a pen, an inkstand, a table for cumputing compound interest and a lunch box attachment."

"I can't help it; I don't want it."

"I know you don't. You're one of those mean men that won't buy a gimlet unless it has a restaurant, a trip to Europe and an Italian opera company attached. You're the kind of a man that would live near an electric light to save a gas bill."

And the peddler walked out with his mental plunge on the perpendicular.—*Texas Siftings*.

Cotton is king, but hay and stock constitute the sinews of war, for the perpetuation and maintenance of his dominion. Cotton farmers in Eastern Carolina can in no way as surely enrich their farms, and consequently themselves, as by paying reasonable attention to grass growing and stock raising.—*Messenger*.

The Old Senate Desks.

"What has become of the desks you used to have in the old senate chamber?"

"They are all use now. The desks used by Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Douglas and all the famous men of years ago are used by the present senators, but I am the only man living who knows where those desks are. The relic hunters used to chip pieces and splinters off the desks used by the most famous men, and the senate carpenter was kept busy repairing them. One day Judge John Davis, who was comptroller of the treasury under Washington in 1795, and afterward president of the New England Historical society, told me I had better put my private marks on those desks and 'lose' them among the others. I followed his advice and I have memoranda concerning those desks locked up in my iron box. Not one of the many senators who have used the desks of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton and Douglas ever knew they were enjoying that honor. All I can say is that Webster's and Douglas' desks are on the Republican side of the chamber, and the oth on the Democratic side?"—Interview with Isaac Bassett.

Peach Stones for Fuel.

It has been demonstrated in Vaca Valley that peach stones will make as good a fire for household purposes as the best kind of coal in the market. The fruit-growers, instead of as heretofore, throwing the pits away, dispose of the stones at the present time at the rate of $6 a ton. A sack of the stones will weigh about eighty pounds, and will last as long as an equal number of coal, and give a greater intensity of heat. At many of the orchards in the valley may be seen great stacks of peach and apricot stones, which will eventually find their way to San Francisco and other places to be sold for fuel. The apricot stone does not burn as readily as the peach, and will not command as good a price. The fruit-raisers will undoubtedly be pleased to learn that they now have another source of revenue open to them. A large number of peaches are dried during the season for shipment. As soon as the owners find they have a market for the stones, a greater number of pounds will be dried.--Ex.

MEDOC VINEYARD.

This property situated about twenty miles from Nashville, is one of the best equipped and best paying vineyards in the South. The property consits of 654 acres of land, one hundred of which are in cultivation as a vineyard, a majority of which is North Carolina's world famed Scuppernong. Sixty to a hundred thousand gallons of wine are manufactured a year, which finds ready sale, principally in the South. The vineyard yields an annual profit of about $20,000 a year, which with enlarged facilities could be greatly increased. In connection with this we would further state, that this can be made one of the grape and fruit growing countries of the world. We have every advantage in soil and climate to make it such. All we need is capital and energy.

We clip the above from the Nashville *Argonaut*.

We are prepared to endorse all that our neighbor has said of the Medoc Vineyard. We have once had the pleasure of looking over the vineyard and the farm attached.

It is situated in Halifax county a few miles from the W & W Railroad, and is one of the best managed enterprises in the country. Mr. H. S. Harrison is the energetic proprietor, and any information can be had concerning his business, upon writing to Medoc, Halifax Co., N. C.

[H. E. DEMOCRAT.

The Right Way.

One of the wealthiest men in the United States, made an "everlasting" fortune, by just attending to his own business, and letting everybody else's alone. Now you go and do likewise, and quit meddling with other people's matters, and maybe you will get rich too, some of these days." Try it awhile, and if it don't work well, let us know, and we will see what further can be done for you.—Ex.

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