

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, MARCH 14, 1889.

NO. 19.

STATE DIRECTORY.

Daniel G. Powle, of Wake county, Auditor; salary \$3,000.
Thomas M. Holt, of Alamance county, Lieutenant-Governor and President of the Senate.
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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. Chestnut, (col.) Rep.; Third District, Chas. W. McClary, 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.

Falifax County Directory.

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House.—W. H. Anthony, T. H. Taylor.

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W. F. Parker, County Treasurer.
B. I. Allsbrook, Sheriff.
L. Vinson, Register of Deeds.
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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.

TIMES 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.
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Baptist, Rev. J. D. Hoffman, D. D. Pastor.
Methodist, Rev. Mr. Harrison, Pastor in charge.
Primitive Baptist, Elder A. J. Moore, Pastor.

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What I Have Seen.

I saw a mother give wine to her boy—
The rain drops fall and fall;
The pit of his parents, a household joy,
A mother's blessing, her all.
I saw the cheek of the youth grow red—
The rain fall over the sea,
The light of his eye shown like jewels,
They said,
It spoke of ruin to me.
I saw the youth drink again and again—
The rain falls heavily and fast,
I saw the mother's brow furrowed with
pain,
She was weeping her harvest at last.
I saw the youth go staggering by—
The rain drops beat and beat,
Dull was the light of his beautiful eye,
I saw him fall in the street.
I heard the rabble cry shame! oh, shame!
The rain drops sob and sob,
I heard the drunkards' once honored name
Shout aloud by the mob.
I saw the youth carried home to his door—
The rain drops sob and sob;
I saw the friends shun him who sought him
before
Saw him sink lower and die.
I saw the stone that bore only his name—
The rain drops chatter and rave,
I saw the mother with sorrow and shame,
Bowed to the brink of the grave.
—Ella Wheeler.

"FLAW PICKER" NETTLES "YOUNG AMERICANS" WELL.

(Shelby News Era.)

I am persecuted more than anybody and I'll be goldfired if I'll submit to it. Now, if I would pull a nail bag over my head and ram my ears full of cotton and spile the olfactory nerves of my nose, then perhaps I could get along peaceful and my nerves might not be overstrained to go to all this trouble and I hope I may be quartered and stuck up on a high pole if I don't make some of these fellows howl yet if they persist in being unmilitated nuisances and don't hush their big talk.

I hear that quite a number of people were indignant with me because they found my letter to Clarence very tame. Disappointment is just what they deserve. Probably they would have enjoyed the piece better if they had subscribed for the paper and paid their subscriptions like white men. Besides, I want it distinctly understood that I'm not writing to please people and if they don't like what I write, or haven't got sense enough to see the point in what I say, let 'em quit dead beating the paper and stop reading it. If I want to write a sympathetic letter and be calm and serene, I am going to do it and its none of their dad-shrivelled business, that's all.

I hear that Mr. Windy Bag and Guzzler Goody and Dr. Licker Squire and one or two other bull-faces have offered to wager their seedly louse caps and their slick trousers and five dollar bills that belong to somebody else that "Flaw Picker" hasn't got money enough to pay his debts. Now these lunatics meant that as an insult, but I need not take it as such. For I know lots of good men whose whang leather they are not worthy to untie, who can't pay their debts and it's just because such bad months as these have humbugged them out of their cash. I advise these Vanderbilts and almighty doctrotted prompt (?) debt set lers to take better care of their dingy old duds, for if they are took up on their bet, they will lose the last rotten rag they've got. I've not only got the stuff to pay my debts but I actually do pay 'em and I don't cheat people and I don't buy votes and I don't tell lies and I don't drink Icker behind the door and I don't set the streaked liver hypocrit.

The subject of my text this week will be the Young Americas and the Old Americas. The Young Americas are as numerous as flies in Las pestiferous as fleas. They have a lot of traits in common, the most conspicuous of which is the awful abundance of infernal mean traits and the terrible deficiency of good ones. Who swaggers about the streets on Sunday and loafs on the corner to see the girls go by? The Young Americas.

Who spends his last nick for a smoochert and stretches along the sidewalk smoking big as a watch? Young Americas.

Who standeth with stiff legs and his feet wide apart, his hands in his pockets and trying to say the powerful smart thing? The lousy Young Americas.

Who esteemeth himself the boss dog in the kennel, the ball of the woods and the cock of the walk? The yaller dog of a Young Americas.

Who adreth the walkin red nosed

whiskey barrel? Who fancieth his high boots and loveth his broad trim white-hat? Who worshipeth his checked clothes, who admireth his reckless foot ways and length to be like him? The hopelessly insane and rattle-brained Young Americas.

Who straddlith a fast horse and, thinking himself so dolgasted graceful, drawth a tight rein and splitteth the street wide open that people may behold his excellency? Why, nobody but the ram-shamfied pig-con-toed, good-for-nothin Young Americas.

I say, who grineth at the girls all during preaching and, at the close of services, blockadeth the doorway and gazeth like a set of gibbering fools at the young ladies as they come out? The pop eyed Young Americas, of course. This conduct makes me so affixed mad, I just can't hardly keep from ringing off their heads like I would a chicken's. It's do varight impudent and idiotic in them and it makes the girls feel uncomfortable to be stared at as if they were a ten cent side show. I tell you, I am a friend to the girls. When I started in to writin I did not bargain to get after them, bless 'em. They are all too good for the professional gazers. They are naturally obliging and those stinken Young Americas take a mean advantage of their good nature. Of course, these dear little eschio angels feel duty bound to do about promiscuously and lie up like the very old chickens to be gazed at. How much time they do waste and how much expense they do go to all to please and fascinate those worthless young whelps! All their frizzin and bangin and tuckin and powderin and paintin and squeezin into tight things and robbin birds of their tails and buildin up here and producing fashionable deformities and cuttin away there and catchin cold in consequence—all these are the direct results of this unmanly gazin. If the young ladies just only knowed what a blasted rotten set these grinin', gizzlin idiots are, they would'n't feel under obligations to return their sheepish glances, and sickening shallow brained smiles.

Again, pray tell me, who doth scribble mighty smart things and hart mekin' sentiment in the back of the church hymn books? Now who do you reckon could be so zealous of fame, so devoid of common sense, and propriety, so supremely green, so forgetful of the ordinary principles of decency? Or, in other words, who could nut such a billy bodadslammed fool but the Young Americas?

I can't stand the hymn book scribbles. It makes me writ all over to see one. I saw one hurn in a hymn book not long ago and if I hadnt a-clutched the seat of the bench with both hands and bit the back of the bench till the effect wore off, I just know I should have holler'd and cussed right in the meetin house and I would have beat that Young Americas till his hide would hold yaller cotton. I have instructed my doctor that if I am ever in desperate need of an emetic that he shall first try me on hot salt water, then on mustard, then tartar emetic, then ipecac, then louse soup, then green fly jax and then dog tick jelly and if these don't fail to stir my stomachs, as a last resort, let me read the composition that some Young Americas has wrote in the back of a hymn book and if there is no upheaval, he may as well give me up for dead. If there ain't a mighty reformation among these upstarts in the future, the jig's up in this country certain and shure.

The Old Americas, like the buffalo and the ground hog and the hippopotamus, are very rare and fast becoming extinct. We tolerate them merely as curiosities. I always had too great a reverence for old age to say very hard things about this class as long as they will let me alone. I have the profoundest respect for gray hairs—excepting the few that decorate my own cranium. I have so much Irish blood in me that I never like to jump on a man who is already down. Old Daddy Time is guttin' a-straddle of these old sinners so fast it is hard for me to do them full justice; but Flaw Picker aint to be backed out.

The chief point about these Old Americas is that they are the boss fogies of creation. They cherish old ideas like a green fly loves old butter and they stick to ancient, worn out customs as tight as the skin to a nigger's heel. They call modern improvements extravagancies and they are as skeery of a new institution as

if the institution was the devil and they the rankest sinners unbang. They are eternally and everlastingly a-talkin about the good old days of economy when 'becker was cheap and licker plentiful and calico was high and brown jeans was scarce, when the grown folks went to meetin bare footed and with their coats off and the young uns went in their skirt tails and they call these the halcyon days of yore. They get mad and rare because society calls upon them to come out of these old savage customs and tomfooleries. Now there aint no sense in their way of doin. They ought to understand that this here life is a race and we are the horses. They run pretty well when they were in their prime, but now some of them are wind broke, some have got the swinny, some have got the distemper, some the blind staggers and are out that's all. The great fault I find with you, Old Americas, is that you imagine you really are upon the race and you give the younger fellows the discredit of having no sense. You are too biggity and need singling out.

I have in mind an ancient landmark who is familiarly known as Old Dem. I suppose Dem is a short way of saying demagogue. This old America holds to bygone dead and rotten notions like a possum to a persimmon tree. Just let him put on that "dagged" red lined overcoat and stuff a whole twist of tobacco in his "dagged" fly trap and let him manufacture a good supply of steam and then get into one of his weavin ways and you will hear some of the mustiest and startlinest fogizms that ever was gnawed by the tooth of time.

Then not far off, in another part of our town museum, you will find another Simon pure specimen of fogysim known far and near as the stiff necked Durham bull. Flat headed is a feeble expression to describe him. He is chock full of old timey notions and when he does take up a cranky idea it is petrified in him. He is "consarned" if you might as well try to chew whip leather or try to civilize the red headed and scackle faced boss bird hunter of Shelby or try to puke our big insurance agent through the eye of a needle as to try to change his opinions. He shuts his eyes and holds on like a mull turtle and wont let go till it thunders.

One step further and you will arrive at the cage of the world renowned, lynx eyed, heavy browed, scowlin Igar. Don't go too near his cage. Beware of the Igar, lest you stir up his anger. The Igar has but to collect his massive brows, rattle his broad forehead and bring to bear his piercing eyes upon the hardest granite and give one roar and it busts asslar. To hear him and Old Dem in mortal combat is awe-inspirin. When an unusual hullo hellow is heard in their part of town, like a team runnin away with a wagon or a dynamit explosion the people dont concern themselves but take it for granted that Old Dem and the Igar have disagreed. The night when the earthquake occurred, many people all over town were heard to exclaim: "There, Old Dem and the Igar are at it agin."

These are not all the Old Americas, but as I said before, I can only afford to deal with the shining lights. This I have to say as a word of parting advice: Don't allow yourself to grow old and crusty, maintain your temper when somebody younger than you claims to have some sense and don't get too tarantled biggity. Imitate Flaw Picker, when, although he has grown a little aged is as cheerful and light hearted and merry as a lark. Get that fool notion out of your gourd that new things are not better than old, disty, dried up, moth eaten ones. Good by for today, old fogies and young upstart splatter dashers. Flaw Picker.

The Hatter Had Some.

This mad-tongue of Bulber's is unquestionably a genuine one. It was found in the "light" of a deer that was killed in the mountains, and is of a very peculiar formation, being egg shaped. It is composed of porous layers. Some time ago the outside layer was broken, and it fell off like the shell of a buckeye. The stone has been applied to hundreds of bites, and good results have always followed. After it drops from a wound, it is boiled in milk, and the milk becomes green. Butler has refused an offer of \$500 for it. This stone is beginning to attract the attention of scientists and medical men. It is claimed that it will cure a snake bite without the aid of whiskey.—The Charlotte News.

GENERAL NEWS.

WHAT IS PASSING IN AND OUT OF THE STATE, AS GULLED FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Belden Texas Monitor: The queerest Sunday service held in Maine, or perhaps in the country, is that of the liberal fraternity which meets every Sabbath afternoon in a hall in Portland, Me. Here infidels, agnostics, Spiritualists, Buddhists, and thinkers of various shades of heterodoxy come together and do battle. The service generally consists of a free discussion, in which every man is invited to expatiate upon his creed; but occasionally some clergyman or speaker of reputation is invited to address the assembly. The strangest of no ions get an airing here, and sometimes provoke a heated controversy.

Greenville Reporter: There was quite an affray near Five Points Monday afternoon. Policeman Cherry attempting to arrest a negro, Wright Blount for disorderly conduct and finding him hard to take summoned Mr. C. F. White to his assistance. When he went to assist the officer another negro, Joe Hardy, came up and interfered. He tried to cut Mr. White and the latter used a stick on him. Others rushed up to take part on both sides and a scuffle followed for a few moments. A negro named Shade Adams came behind Mr. White and caught him around the neck, when he drew a pistol and reaching behind him shot Adams in the leg. In the scuffle Hardy was cut. Blount was carried to the lock-up. Hardy went for medical attention and Adams was taken to trial for trying to resist an officer.

Tarboro Southerner: MOST READY.—Before the Southerner is issued again cotton will be started in the machines at the cotton factory and may be spun. The spinning machines are being placed in position and next week men to place and arrange the spooling and warping machines will be here from Lowell, Mass.

By the end of week after next one section of all the machinery will be at work. Then each succeeding week another section will be made ready. In all, there are six sections. Another affair near at hand, is the building of the weaving addition to the factory. Messrs. Farrar and Fountain are enthusiastic for it. Subscriptions to the amount of \$40,000 have been promised. Only \$35,000 are wanting.

Lexington Dispatch: Judge Brown makes a very favorable impression on the citizens of Davids town. His charge to the grand jury, though somewhat out of the usual line, was an improvement in that respect, as it informed the jurors on some points in regard to which many grand juries have been left in ignorance.

Windsor Ledger: On Thursday last about noon Mr. W. D. Hayes, of Caleraine, committed suicide by hanging in a room of his residence. He leaves a wife, one son and one daughter to mourn his death. He had been in a demented condition for some time. He was about 80 years of age at the time of his death.

New Berne Journal: In response to the enquiry, "Does farming pay?" we give the following from the Home and farm: "W. E. Taylor of Masen county, is one of the successful farmers of Georgia. Last year he made with eleven plows, one hundred and eighty-three bales of cotton, three thousand and three hundred bushels of corn, three thousand bushels of oats, five hundred bushels of peas, and a large supply of fodder, pumpkins, ground meat, etc., and a liberal supply of wool in his smoke house."

On arriving at the house, which they had securely locked before leaving, they found the house broken open and pillaged.

Lenoir Tapper: On Tuesday evening of last week while Mr. Elkannah Steele was driving a cow he happened to an accident which proved fatal. He was riding and while trying to head the cow she ran under his horse, throwing him down, the horse falling on Mr. Steele. He lay unconscious for several days and died last Sunday.

Wilson Mirror: Besides the activity of our enterprising merchants who by the way, with a few conspicuous exceptions, seem not to care for publicity through the papers, there are important and town building enterprises here which do much for the material advancement of our town. First in importance is the corporation known as "Wilson Cotton Mills," giving employment to a large number of operatives, feeding more than five hundred men, women and children. Next, is the establishment of Hackney Bros, the largest carriage manufactory in the State, the buildings covering nearly a quarter of an acre of land, fronting the Briggs Hotel, three stories high, of brick; machinery run by a fifty-horse-power steam engine; giving employment to 30 operatives, feeding over two hundred men, women and children.

Jeff Davis on Race Conflicts.

In a personal letter to Sidney Root, Jefferson Davis alludes to the so called race trouble in Mississippi as follows:

"The tendency to change seems to grow upon the negroes with the indulgence of their right to leave at will. The accounts of riots in this State have been greatly exaggerated. Though it may seem singular, it is true that race conflicts generally occur where the negroes are few compared with the whites, and the personal association much closer than on the plantations. On our island we have 500 or 600 negroes; and may ten or a dozen whites—there has never been a disturbance among them. We, for several years, had a negro magistrate. He has now gone away, but before his departure a well-behaved, sober young man defeated the negro in the last election contest, which, at least, shows that the negroes are willing to trust a white man."—Ex.

Gave Himself Away.

"How did I get this black eye?" repeated the drummer, as he buckled the straps to his satchel. "Well, I tried to be smart."

"How?"

"I was at Seymour, Ind., and in a hurry to get my railroad ticket. So was another chap. The ticket seller was slow, lazy and impudent. The other man pulled his gun shoved it into the window and got his ticket in ten seconds later. It was a hint for me."

Novel Wedding.

A novel wedding in Richmond colored society took place at the church of Rev. John Jasper, the famous author of "De sun do move" theory. The bride wore a hat of purple, while ten virgins with their lamps burning went down the aisle to meet the groom, who stood at the door. As they walked the lamps of five foolish virgins went out, whereupon they were summarily expelled from the building, and were forced to stand on the pavement outside during the entire ceremony. This was, of course, according to the programme. Then the five wise virgins, whose lamps were burning brightly, escorted the groom up the aisle, where he was met by the bride, while the choir sang, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!"—Leaksville Chronicle.

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