

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 28, 1889.

NO. 21.

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.
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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. Chesnut, (col.) Rep.; Third District, Chas. W. McClammy, Dem.; Fourth District, R. 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.

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Halifax County Directory.

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S. M. Gary, Clerk of Interior Court.
J. M. Grizzard, County Solicitor.

TIME FOR HOLDING SUPERIOR COURT.

March 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th, 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. Huffman, D. D. Pastor.
Methodist, Rev. Mr. Harrison, Pastor in charge.
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The Farmer's Decision.

"Well, wife, I have studied it over, I've given it a good deal of thought, I've reckoned the cost and requirements, the trials which at ease will be fought; I've looked over the pages of trouble, and jotted the items all down, and at last I've decided we'd better be moving off to town.
"I know the old place is a relic that we always intended to keep, and we shall, for we'll rent it to some one who knows how to plow and to reap; Yes, we'll rent the old homestead, not sell it, so you needn't begin with a frown.
Then, after the thing is all settled, we will take our departure for town.
"This matter I long have considered, and now then I think it is best, that we rent out the lands and the house, and seek this new Eden of rest.
We must try to be up with the fashion—O, pshaw! we're not any too old, I'm sixty and you're about fifty. Not a very big figure all told.
"I've purchased a house of a townsman, 'tis fully two good stories high, I got it at pretty low figures, so I thought it would be best to buy;
There's every convenience we're wanting both inside the mansion and out, The whole thing was bought at a bargain, for I think I know'd what I was about.
"You see we can take up our quarters, and you, if good fortune attends, Can put on your best new apparel and call on your fashionable friends;
While I, with my latest cut trousers, and you with your new pin-back gown—Why the papers are bound to take notice, and say we're residin' in town.
"To be sure! we'll be ever so tony—I guess that's the word that they use; They'll invite us to dinner and supper, and be mad if we dare to refuse.
We'll rent a new church-pew and buy new books, and should the good people desire Our assistance, we'll lend to the calling and send forth our notes in the choir."
So the farmer, good soul, found a tenant, a man that "could see to affairs," And he rented the premises safely and dropped agricultural cares.
He drew up the rentable papers and creased them off in his book, And now that the business is settled, let's go into town for a look.
"Why, Solomon! what is the matter, is there anything out of the way?
I've been thinking I'd tell you of something, and I guess I will do it to-day; You know I attended the social—they didn't give me an invite, And my feelings were never so shattered as they were on that very same night.
"I heard one proud feminine critter make different remarks about my face, and one of 'em said how my speeches didn't fit in their natural place; I never 'd sleep with a grammar, so I tried to keep perfectly cool, But I guess how I'd dare say it, I could 'ot hold which of us was the fool."
And the farmer agreed with his helpmate, he'd a trial of a similar kind, He said it had badly hurt, and was preying just then on his mind.
And taking affairs altogether, combining the grammar and face,
Why, he thought that "if Betsy was willing" they'd just move back on the place."—Ex.

A Boy's Composition on Girls.

Carriage Ride.
The following amusing composition written by some one of the smart youths of Carthage, and which was doubtless intended to be read at school, was picked up on the street last Friday by a *Blade* reporter: "Girls is strange animals, not so big as their mamma's, least ways they aint fill they get grown. Most of them awful stuck up and wears busses and cozzets. Their busses is sometimes bigger'n they is, and I never could see no good in em, cepten to set down on. Girls thinks they is mighty smart, and they get grown at 12, and chews chewinggum and looks sorter like a cow clawing her end. Some girls is pretty and some is ugly, mostly ugly. But all of them think they is pretty and puts on airs and powders and paints and wants to get married. Girls aint got much sense cause they loves boys and boys dont care nothing bout them. I'm mighty glad I aint a girl cause they cant go in swimming and have fun like boys. And this is all I no about girls' cept my girl and she's a daisy."—Clipped from Sanford Express.

The Judge was Puzzled.

The following from the Wilkesboro CHRONICLE appeared in the History Carolinian last week:
"A witness was called on to testify as to the solemnity of a certain party on a certain occasion, in the court room last week. The witness answered that the party was 'as sober as a Judge.' There was a giggle in court, and the witness, remembering where she was, turned round, looked at his Honor, and then as if to recant her former declaration, said very plainly, that the party was 'perfectly sober.' His Honor is considerably puzzled to know whether the debate reference was intended as a compliment or not."

BILLYE'S WOES.

SOME OF THE CHAMBERMAIDS ONE MEETS ON THE ROAD.

I had a very trying experience last week. It was painful, but not fatal. I had been traveling all the night before, and fatigue and brain fag were together fighting for my very existence. I got a room when I arrived and retired to seek much needed rest. I had just retired, in fact, having carefully locked the door and left the key in the lock that the curious could not look in through the keyhole and see me as I lay there asleep and make a \$5,000 painting of me.
Just then there was a slight rattle at the door, such as you hear when a chambermaid attacks it with a pass key and comes in the room to sweep holes in the carpet and fill your lungs full of debris. I smiled to myself, for my own key was in the door, and I said softly, as I barked my blushing features in the pillow: "Aha! aha! she cannot enter now." But she continued to rattle away with her key, and I soon saw, with horror, that my own was beginning to lose its grip, and finally it fell to the floor with a loud report, having been pushed out of the lock from the other side.
I can hardly describe the horror of my situation. I thought of handing my handkerchiefs and perfume over the transom to her, and begging her, if she had a mother or any other relatives in whom she had any confidence whatever, to go away. I thought of going to the door and telling her that we had better go through life as nearly as possible by separate routes, and that I needed rest really more than I did society, but I did not dare to get out of bed for fear the door would open, and I was wise for it did not burst open, as I had feared, and a fall girl in the prime of life, with flashing eye and distended nostril, came into the room. With a wild shriek I covered my head with the bedclothes, shuddering till my teeth, which were in a tumbler of water near by, chattered together.
"Go away, you hateful thing," I said, "and never, never come back again any more."
"But I want to change them sheet," she said.
"Go away," I said again. "Even your voice is hateful in my sight. Take my beautiful Seth Thomas silver watch if you will, but oh! go away, and heaven will reward you even better than that."
She then slunk from the room, but it was a long time before I could go to sleep. Even then my dreams were troubled and my mind filled with apprehension. I thought I was being pursued by a red eyed unicorn with a navy blue stomach and a Chinese lantern tied to his tail. I tried to shake him off, but I could not. He led me down into the infernal regions, and insisted on showing me the iron bridge and the high school, and spoke of the great progress of the place, and said that they were likely to get a new and competing road in there this summer; and he showed me the library and walked me out to the fair grounds and down on the lake shore, so that I could take a sulphur bath, and spoke of the desirability of the climate for people with bronchial affections and wanted me to speak of it in my letters to the press, and said he would pay me well for it.
Just then I heard a knock on my door. I was so glad to have any body knock, instead of picking the lock, that I asked: "Who's there?" A rich, manly voice replied, "Me." I was glad to hear the welcome voice of one of my own sex, and so I undid the door for the gentleman with great alacrity. Just as I was bounding lightly back towards my couch with a merry laugh, the party strode into the middle of the room bearing a small but rare selection of clammy, mucilaginous towels. She was a heavy set chambermaid with terror coiter hair and a bass voice.
I do not complain. I do not murmur. I do not repine. But I say that a chambermaid ought not to do that way. A chambermaid who has a bass voice ought to seek out some other calling. She may put a guest's slippers so far under the bed that he cannot get them without calling out the hook and ladder company. She may weep over his letters from his wife, or drown her sorrows in his bay rum, but she ought not to take a bass voice into a hotel and expect to escape criticism.

Mayor Weston, now of Grand Rapids, before he became wealthy was a newspaper man in Denver and used to stop at the old Planters' hotel. He had a mining deal to write up for the paper, and connected with the deal was a Georgetown superintendent whom we will address as Julius H. Cavvyo. Mr. Cavvyo was to furnish the particulars to Mr. Weston, but early in the day he began to meet old acquaintances and to cement their friendship by means of a powerful solution known as embalming fluid.

So, at 11 o'clock, Mr. Weston put Julius H. Cavvyo to rest on his own little bed at the Planters' and went out to prosecute his researches in relation to the Hold Up Mining and Improvement company. The old Planters' hotel was not exactly like the Hoffman house or the Gilsey house. You could tell the difference almost as soon as you sat down at the table. If you spoke to the waiter about the tenacity at the steak or the longevity of the butter, he would give you a tart reply, and you would have to get along with that for dinner. One man murmured about the steak and said it was too tough, so therefore he would not eat it.
"You won't eat it?" calmly replied the loose jointed waiter. "You say you won't eat it?"
"I say so because I can't cut it. No man can cut that steak. You can't cut it with acids. So I won't eat it."
"Well, you will eat it," said the waiter, reaching around as if in the act of adjusting his bustle. "You will eat it or I'll wear it out on you!" He ate it.
But among other things there was a big alarm bell in the tower of the Planters', which was wont to ring for fires, funerals and other entertainments. The posse hung in the hall and when the help of the populace was required in order to suppress a fire or a riot, the first man to the bell rope saluted the snowy summits of the Rocky mountains with this wild alarm.
While Mr. Weston was getting his information on the streets, the great bell awoke the echoes in the fastness of the canyons twenty miles away, and the excited populace swarmed to the Planters' to learn what great calamity had befallen the new city. Mr. Weston got there at last, and, out of breath, rushed up to his room. In the hall he found Julius H. Cavvyo ringing the bell. His suspenders were draped and oozing were dripping from his chin and the tip of his Venetian red nose.
"What has happened?" panted Weston. "What are you ringing that bell for, John?"
"Well, what do you s'pose I'm ringing the bell for? I am ringing for a clean towel or a funeral. If I get the towel there will be no funeral, but if I fail, you just wait here a minute and I'll give you the first view of the corpse for your bright and racy paper."—Bill Nye in New York World.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

SOME FINE SPECIMENS OF UNADULTERATED FRONTIER JOURNALISM.

OUR CIRCULATION.—There are newspapers which do more blowing about their circulation than we do, and there may be a few who add more subscribers in a single week, the *Kicker* gets there just the same. We began on a circulation of two (2) copies, one of which we carried about in our own pocket; and the other went as a detail ad to the post master. We now work 198 copies which are paid for in advance. This is an increase of 91 per cent. in seven months, and we've got a dollar which says no other newspaper in the world can equal it. We don't claim that the *Kicker* makes Kings and Emperors tremble on their thrones, or that it has battered the moral standing of the American masses a thousand per cent, but we do know that we have made life worth the living for a good many people out this way who were ready to hang themselves when our first number was issued, and that every new subscriber who comes has faith that we will make a better man of him.
OUR EXCUSO.—We have been severely criticised because we refused to attend the funeral of old Pete Shibly, who died on the street of too much whisky one night last week. It is claimed that Old Pete was our creditor in the sum of twelve dollars, and that it was shabby in us not to

see him planted. In the first place Old Pete owed us two dollars borrowed money; instead of our owing him. In the next our Sunday pants-loans needed a patch about four feet square at the end opposite the bow, and we did not care to subject ourselves to ridicule for the sake of showing off. We can keep our back behind us in our own office until better times arrive, and that's what we are trying to do. We have sent to San Francisco for a patch the color of our pantaloons, and when it arrives and is welded on to the spot, Richard will be himself again, and ready to rustle at funerals or address a public meeting on the topics of the day.

MUST TAKE THEIR CHANCES.
Three times during the past month we have surprised ourselves and the public by mopping the floor with assailants, while on two occasions we have ignominiously took to flight. We state it as a physiological fact that there are times when we had as lief fight a dozen men, and other times when we'd run from a good sized boy. Parties planning to lick us must be prepared to take their chances. We may fight like a lion or run like a jack-rabbit.—Ex.

GENERAL NEWS.

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

The Wilson Cotton Mills will soon be enlarged.
Windsor Leeper: Mr. Scot Griffin, of Woodville, has a setter pup three months old, which is considered by sportsmen to be the most precocious canine youth they have ever seen. Points well, and is an excellent retriever. Mr. G. could be induced to part with him only at a fancy price.
Durham Plant: Rev. R. T. Vann says: The man that dies a swearer in this world, will be a swearer in the other world, and the man who dies a drunkard in this world will have the same appetite in hell; but let me tell you that you need not want to go to hell, for I can assure you that hell is a dry town.
Goldsboro Argus: Last Sunday there was a general meeting of the O. S. Congregation of this city, and although their Rabbi's term does not expire until next September they unanimously re-elected him for another term, at the same time giving him a Summer vacation of three months, which Dr. Moses will spend in Europe. This speaks well for the Doctor's popularity among his people.
Nashville Argus: We learn that the Rocky Mount Cotton Mills, in this county, are making rapid progress in enlarging and increasing their capacity. A track is being laid from Rocky Mount to the mill so as to give better facilities for shipping. The splendid success of this mill serves to illustrate the extraordinary advantages this locality affords for cotton manufacturing.

A Darling Burglar.

(Wilson Advance.)

Wednesday night of last week the boldest robbery, perhaps, in the history of Wilson was perpetrated. The house of Dr. N. B. Herring was entered and \$90 in bills, some specie, two or three dollars, a gold watch and chain, a pocket knife, and a case of surgical instruments were stolen from the Dr's room. The circumstances were as follows: Dr. Herring went home about 11:30. His room is on the second floor. The hall lamp was burning and he entered his room, undressed and retired without striking a light. Between twelve and one o'clock he was aroused by a noise below as if some one was leaving the house. He stepped out into the hall way and saw the front door open. Slipping back into his room his trunk standing open attracted his attention. An examination revealed the losses already enumerated, all the articles being removed from the pockets of his clothes. The trunk key has been taken from his pocket, and the trunk opened, but the contents had not been disturbed. It was a bold and daring burglary, and there is no clue to the guilty party or parties.

Bishop Lyman discovers a remedy for Insomnia.

(From *Nashville Argus*.)

RALEIGH, N. C., March 19.
I think I have made a very valuable discovery, and I am anxious that others should also enjoy the benefit of it. For nearly two years I have been suffering greatly from sleeplessness at night, and frequently have not been able to sleep more than one or two hours during the night. I have tried a great number of proposed remedies, some of which have helped me a little, but not for any length of time. A little more than a fortnight ago, while staying at the home of a friend in the country, my good hostess brought into the parlor, quite late in the evening, a beautiful supply of freshly roasted peanuts. As I am very fond of them, when they are not too much cooked, I ate quite freely on them, and soon after retired to bed. I found the next morning that I had enjoyed the best sleep I had experienced for over a month. I attributed this at once to the peanuts and determined to try them again the following evening. I did so, and also drank a glass of fresh, sweet milk after I had finished the peanuts. First night I slept still better, and now, for a fortnight, I have partaken of the peanuts and the milk every night, and have not only slept remarkably well, but have also fully recovered from a slight attack of indigestion which had troubled me before. I now find that peanuts carefully roasted and not over done, so as to be at all burnt, are surely a remedy for sleeplessness, and also for that form of indigestion which is one of the producing causes of sleeplessness.

There is a popular impression that peanuts are indigestible, but I have never found them so, unless they were too much roasted, or had been roasted many days before. When too much cooked, or when stale, they certainly are indigestible, but when carefully roasted and fresh, they promote digestion. They should be eaten shortly before going to bed, and not more than a half pint should be taken. They should be roasted before they are shelled, and shelled only as they are eaten. A half pint of shelled nuts would be too many.
I commend this remedy, with great confidence, to those who are afflicted with insomnia, particularly if indigestion is, in part, the cause of it. The peanut is a very valuable article of food, when carefully roasted, and partaken of in moderation. I hope none of my readers will imagine that I started a peanut farm, and am wishing to create a boom in that article, but I shall be rejoiced if what I have written should be the means of bestowing on any others the great benefit which I have derived from this simple agency.

A Green Attorney.

(Greenville Reporter.)

A good one is told on a Greenville lawyer. He owns some land over in Bethel township near the line of the railroad upon which some timber had been cut to use in construction. Learning this he approached the contractor who was in Greenville, and said his land had been trespassed upon and the timber cut without any authority, for which he proposed to bring suit. "My friend," said the contractor, "I know my business, and would advise you to consult an attorney before you get too heavy." About that time somebody whispered to the contractor that he was talking to a lawyer and it was a blank looking crowd.

A Little Nonsense Now and Then.

Two Pieces of Pie.

"Ma, can I have another piece of mince pie?"
"No, my child, you'd dream of your grandmother."
"I like to dream of my grandmother, ma. She used to give me two pieces of pie."—Chicago Herald.

THE EFFECTS OF MARRIAGE.

Teacher—"Who was the first man?"
Pupil—"Adam."
"Who was the second man?"
"Adam."
"How do you make that out?"
"Because he got married, and pa says that always makes another man of a fellow."

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