

# 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, APRIL 4, 1889.

NO. 22.

## 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.  
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Theo. F. Davidson, of Buncombe county, Attorney-General; salary \$1,000, and Reporter to Supreme Court; salary \$1,000.  
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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. Chesnam, (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.  
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S. M. Gary, Clerk of Inferior Court.  
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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.  
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Primitive Baptist, Elder A. J. Moore, Pastor.

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## BEN HAZZARD'S GUESTS.

Ben Hazzard's hut was smoky and cold. Ben Hazzard, half-blind, was black and old. And he cobbled shoes for his scanty gold. Sometimes he sighed for a larger store wherewith to bless the wandering poor. For he was not wise in worldly lore; The poor were Christ's, he knew no more. One night a cry from the window came— Ben Hazzard was sleepy and tired and lame—

"Ben Hazzard, open," it seemed to say, "Give shelter and food, I humbly pray." Ben Hazzard lifted his woolly head. To listen, "'Tis awful cold," he said, And his old bones shook in his ragged bed, "But the wanderer must be comforted." "Come in, in the name of the Lord," he cried, And he opened the door and held it wide. A milk-white kitten was all he spied. Ben Hazzard, amazed, started up and down; The stout house-doors were carefully shut, Safe bolted were all but old Ben's hut. "I thought that somebody called," he said, "Some dream or other got into my head; Come then, poor puss, and share my bed." Then out from the storm, the wind, and the sleet, Puss joyfully lay at old Ben's feet. Truly it was a terrible storm, Ben feared he should never more be warm.

But just as he began to be dozy, And puss was purring soft and cozy, A voice called faintly before his door, "Ben Hazzard, Ben Hazzard, help, I implore! Give drink, and a crust from out your store." Out from his bed he stumbled again; "Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said, "With such as I have, thou shalt be fed." Only a little black dog he saw, Whining and shaking a broken paw. "Well, well," he cried, "I must have dreamed; But verily like a voice it seemed. Poor creature," he added, with husky tone, "Thou shalt have the whole of my marrow-bone." He went to the cupboard and took from the shelf The bone he had saved for his very self. Then, after binding the broken paw, Half dead with cold went back to his straw.

Under the ancient blue bedquilt he crept, His conscience was white, and again he slept. But again a voice called, both loud and clear, "Ben Hazzard, for Christ's sweet sake come here!" Once more he stood at the open door, And looked abroad, as he looked before; This time full sure 'twas a voice he heard, But all that he saw was a storm-to-sea bird. "Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said, Tenderly raising the drooping head, And, tearing his tattered robe apart, Laid the cold bird on his own warm heart. The sunrise flashed on the snowy thatch, As an angel lifted the wooden latch. Ben awoke in a flood of golden light, And knew the voice that called all night. "A voice happy is he that blesteth the poor, The humblest creature that sought thy door For Christ's sweet sake thou hast comforted." "Nay, 'twas not much," Ben humbly said, With a rueful shake of his old gray head, "Who greeth all of his scanty store. In Christ's dear name, can do no more. Behold the Master who waiteth for thee, Saith: 'Giving to them thou hast given to Me.'"

Then, with heaven's light on his face, "Amen, I come in the name of the Lord," said Ben. "Frozen to death," the watchman said, When at last he found him in his bed, With a smile on his face so strange and bright. He wondered what old Ben saw that night. —ANNA P. MARSHALL, in the *Congregationalist*.

## A Judge's Decision.

One of the keenest things ever said on the bench is attributed to Judge Walton, of Georgia. While holding a term of Supreme Court at Augusta he sentenced a man to seven years in prison for a grave crime. The prisoner's counsel asked for a mitigation of the sentence on the ground that the prisoner's health was very poor. "Your Honor," said he, "I am satisfied that my client cannot live out half that term, and I beg of you to change the sentence." "Well, under those circumstances," said the Judge, "I will change the sentence. I will make it for life instead of seven years." The prisoner chose to abide by the original sentence, which the Judge permitted him to elect.—*Macon Telegraph*.

## GUARD AGAINST THE STRIKE.

And always have a bottle of Acker's English Remedy in the house. You can't tell how soon Group may strike your little one, or a cold or cough may fasten itself upon you. One dose is a preventive and a few doses a positive cure. All Throat and Lung troubles yield to its treatment. A sample bottle is given you free and the Remedy Guaranteed by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

## CENTRALIZATION.

By Hon. W. H. Kitchin.

We saw an extract a few days ago from the *Charlotte Chronicle* purporting to be the avowed principles of Sid Alexander, the head and front of the Farmers Alliance. The extract declared that Sid Alexander was in favor of a R. R. commission and also in favor of the Federal government taken possession of all railroads and controlling and running the same. We hope and trust that these are not the views of Mr. Alexander. If they are, then he can no longer be considered the leader of the North Carolina democracy. Of if he is a true type of democracy, then our democracy has degenerated into republicanism of the rankest and most odious kind. It is the glory and honor of the democratic party that it has "time out of mind" fought against centralization and consolidation. It is the bed rock upon which the party has ever stood unmoved and immovable, and when it ceases to stand upon that foundation it will and ought to go to pieces. To take charge of the railroads, creatures of the States, chartered by the States, by the Federal government, would be the quintessence of centralization. It would be terrorism, despotism, republicanism, and usurpation. What possible right has the General government to take charge of the railroads within the States? Why not take charge of all the wagon roads, cart paths, and byways? Why not take charge of all the steam-boats? Why not take charge of all the stage coaches and stage ways in the States?

At the time of the adoption of the constitution by the States, all the commerce between the States was carried on by means of wagons, carts, stage coaches, and pack mules. The idea of a railroad reaching from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific ocean, and from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, with iron-horses, puffing fire and smoke, drawing fifty billions of commerce between the States yearly, never entered the brains of the builders and framers of the constitution.

It never could have been contemplated by the master builders of the organic law of the land, that the General government could at its pleasure and in its discretion take charge of the public roads leading in and out of the States and fix the rates each wagoner, should charge per hundred pounds from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Petersburg, Charleston, or Spartanburg, to Raleigh, Asheville, or Statesville. Why not say what Bill Smith shall charge Tom Jones for hauling in his wagon a barrel of flour from Richmond to Greensboro, as well as to say what the R. & D. Railroad shall charge for the same. All that could possibly have been meant by the fathers of the country in that clause of the constitution which says, "The Congress of the United States shall have power to regulate the commerce between the States" was that no State should have power to lay a duty on goods brought from other States. In other words that clause in the constitution meant that if any State should attempt to discriminate against its sister State by taxation or otherwise, the Congress of the United States should have power to prevent such discrimination, and compel an absolute free trade between the States. For these reasons we have always believed the inter-state commerce law unconstitutional. Congress has power, under this clause of the organic law, to say that no State shall charge a duty or lay an embargo upon the goods and products of another State shipped into that State. And when Congress has established absolute free trade between the States, its functions under that clause of the constitution is at an end. Yet many so called democrats take or hold exactly the opposite view. Mr. Alexander is not alone on this point. A man can be honest, upright, and a gentleman and entertain these views; but how can he be a simon pure, old-fashioned democrat from the bottom of his heart is beyond our comprehension. We believe in a rich people and a poor government, a strong people and a weak government. Withhold the power from the government and give it to the people. Let the people control the government and not the government the people. Let the people who chartered the railroads govern and control them, and not the people. We believe the power is innate and indefeasible in the States to control the railroads,

the creatures of their own creations. We don't believe the Federal government has any jurisdiction whatever over any railroad in the United States, save and except roads chartered by Congress in the territories and the District of Columbia. Nor do we believe Congress has any power, under the constitution, to touch any railroad in any State in the Union. And it seems to us time to call a halt.

And especially does it seem time to call a halt, when so distinguished and prominent a man, who stands at the head, and is recognized as the leader of the farmers of the State, as Captain Alexander gives utterance to such un-republican and undemocratic doctrines as referred to. Captain Alexander was the farmers' candidate for Governor, as well as for United States Senator, and he is their chief captain and foremost leader; and they are controlled in a great measure by what he says. Therefore it behooves all democrats in this State and lovers of liberty to measure and weigh well the public utterances of Captain Alexander. If he is wrong the people ought to know it. If he is right they ought to know it. From our stand-point he is off the democratic track, and we would like to see him switch on again, for we consider him a very good pure, honest man.

In order to fully realize the results of placing all railroads in the hands of the Federal government, just imagine fifteen Republican Presidents, fifteen vice-presidents, fifteen superintendents, fifteen assistant-superintendents, fifteen Auditors, fifteen Superintendents of Transportation, and fifteen thousand other agents, such as conductors, engineers, road-masters, machinists, station agents, attorneys, and others, besides an army of laborers all in the employment of the Federal government in this State, and especially in the employment of the political party in power. Under such a State of affairs, what would become of freedom in this land? What would become of private individual rights? When that day arrives let us all put our necks under the yoke and bow to the powers that be. But we would prefer to see the land drenched in blood and the General government blotted from the map of nations rather than to see it exercise more power in the States than it now has, and we shall, and every body ought hereafter to fight against men as well as parties who are in favor of any further surrender of the sovereign powers of the States to the Federal government.

Since writing the above we have seen the *Charlotte Democrat*. Here is S. B. Alexander's words as to railroads and Senator Kerr's allegations as to his being opposed to a railroad commission. "But to get the full protection that is necessary for their (farmers) welfare, the only way is for the general government to own every foot of railroads in the United States and organize the transportation department, as suggested in the address, so as to free it from politics. As to proving that I was opposed to a railroad commission, by nameless men, I may have said I was opposed to a commission, meaning a particular bill or plan of commission, but I am confident I never stated to any one that I was *per se* opposed to a commission."

These are his words, and we must admit, and we think all fair minded minds will admit, that they don't sound much like Mr. Alexander was a very strong enthusiastic advocate of a railroad commission. And being the head of sixty thousand farmers clamoring for a railroad commission it does seem to us that he ought to have spoken out during the sitting of the Legislature, if he favored a commission, in no uncertain sound, so that no man, though a fool and blind, could have misunderstood or misconstrued his position. But we are off of our subject. The idea of organizing a department of transportation by the Federal Congress, "so as to free it from politics" might well be put down as the thirteenth wonder of the world. The idea of the administration of a Republican form of government being non-partizan sounds very funny as well as very strange to a man who is a republican or democrat from principle. None but mugwumps or non-partizans like George William Curtis or Cleveland can entertain such notions from our stand-point. There is but one thing in the administration of a republican government that is non-partizan; and that is corruption.

We believe this damnable curse, this foule stain upon republican government, in these modern degenerate times, is common to all political parties. More than one million voters would be controlled and influenced by the party in power to vote for the retention of that party, in order to be sure of retaining their places as officers, placemen, agents, employees of the government.

To cut a long matter short, the 140,000 white farmers of this State, who are looking to S. B. Alexander as their Moses to lead them from darkness to light, from poverty to affluence, from oppression to freedom would become so many slaves, and with all the balance of the farmers of land would ever thereafter be slaves of wood and drawers of water, if their leader could have his will; and there never would be any more changes of administration or officials in this country.

## FLAW PICKER GENERALIZES.

(Shelby Non Era.)

As I intimated in my last article, I'm gittin' dogged tired of this mess. I'd made up my mind to rise this week and explain the wherefore of the whenceness of all this stir and then flop my old churn and gracefully take myself out of the sight of that crowd of my fool admirers who stand around with popin-mouths and in open-eyed wonder to hear the dirty things I've said. But while I'm disgusted, ding my old buttons if there aint a heap of folks that aint. They just swallow what I say in great big gulps and yell for more. And more you shall have. I'll lop it off in great big lunks for you.

When a child loses its taste for nice and decent things and wants to eat dirt and won't have anything but dirt, old Flaw Picker thinks the best way to cure him is to stick him chock full of black mud and give him the colery morbus. Blamed if there aint a sight of these Shelby folks just like a little tallow-faced, dirt-loving brat. Nuthin but a first class attack of colery morbus will cure 'em. And old Flaw Picker is just the cat to furnish the stuffin of black mud. When they get sick, he'd stop, but until then the good work's bound to go on. Flaw Picker is still in the ring and ready to mutilate the first man that crosses his path. His motto is "Measly, sickly charity for no man's slaking of dry bones for all." And the dry bones shall continue to rattle for yet a season. He proposes to generalize a little this week and will discuss under the following sign-board:

THE WISE LOOKING FOOLS.

There's some fellows I've been a settin' for and they are the wise lookin' fools who mosey around these streets trying to make folks think they've got some sense when their old craniums are emptier than a gourd after the seeds have dried up. Dog if they aint curiosities! If old Pet Barnum could lay eyes on 'em he'd call 'em some sense when their old craniums are emptier than a gourd after the seeds have dried up. Dog if they aint curiosities! If old Pet Barnum could lay eyes on 'em he'd call 'em some sense when their old craniums are emptier than a gourd after the seeds have dried up.

But there's one thing these old cranks never suspect, drat them! They never suspect that a man who always thinks his neighbor is doin' something mean and is always accusin' improper motives to other folks, is just about forty-seven times meaner himself than his neighbor. Because if they did suspect this, true to nature, they'd at once firmly believe, and then when they found out what reveals they were themselves, dogged if they wouldn't have a little more charity for other folks.

THE OLD WISE WAYS.

These are the most disagreeable lot of all. They are just stuffed full of gas and wind and it never gives out. They ain't like the wise lookin' fool. They talk all the time and tell a darn sight that they don't know. They show their ignorance by too much talk. They just pull and snort and prance around like a wild and brayin' jackass at everybody's get to stop and listen to the braying. They never let any body check 'em talkin'. Nary time they've got all the sense—other folks have got none.

And some of these wise looking lubelices are mighty fond of settin' around drug stores. When there aint any extermination goin' on, he'll always be found right there, thereabouts. He's a kind of a hanging camp follower of a certain pill-giver and trots around after him like a little lice does his master. He thinks the pill-giver has got lots of sense and he imagines folks will credit him with havin' some brains too, if he patterns after the p. p. He is thought wise on no other principle than that which makes folks think the owl is wise—because he looks wise; but he's a darn fool just like the owl and if he don't mind he'll do like the owl and twist his head square off some of these days following round after the pill-giver's heels.

THE SUSPICIOUS CRANKS.

These old Spookendikes are just saturated with suspicion. If one of them sees his neighbor's nigger gon' up street with an oil can, he knows 'nabe' is sending after a gallon of pop-squall, 'cause what in the thunder would he be sendin' for oil in a can for? If he sees a yard-stick furnished gon' into a lawyer's office in the fall of the year, he knows that yard stick is gon' to bust, 'cause what in the nation does he want with a lawyer unless to write his assignmen' if he happens to see a sweet little angel, who is passing up street, give her friend a pleasant smile, why the old suspicious crank knows at once that some foul entourage is on foot, 'cause what right has an angel to innocently smile upon her acquaintance? And the cussed thing about this class of folks is that just to suspect a thing is to be convinced that it is so. If old Suspicion comes floppin' around and lights in their crazy parts, I'll be dogged if that aint 'em. If all the mean things they suspect folks of was so, dogged if this whole country ought to be tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail.

Two of these kind of fellows hang around the drug stores. Dowe me, if these drug stores don't harbor as many disreputable characters as a first class barroom could do. One of these fellows thinks that there is a squad of little germs floatin' around us who kick up a heap of devilmint and are responsible for the necessity of these measly worthless pill-givers and mortar pestles. Now he don't really know there are any such things, but just because he suspects it, he believes just like he did know. And he don't know that these little things would do anybody any harm, but it's his nature to think mean of everybody and so he saddles even these dogged little critters with awful crimes. He's always nosing round trying to run a foul germ. They say his dreams are so disturbed by the sight of germs that in wild delirium, he rouses up in the middle of the night and shoots bed-bugs, mistaking them for overgrown germs. It's a great wonder to me, he don't get a place as general agent for "germ-exterminator." Dog my buttons if he couldn't talk a deaf man to death on its merits.

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Some of 'em like to corner one man off and bore him to death talkin' about fever and drawin' beautiful little diagrams of the human anatomy and others like to have a whole crowd around them to bore. These latter belong to the I say class—big I and little say—and they are responsible for more silent cursins than the old devil himself. I saw

a piggy one of a poor cuss who had been talked to death. Dog me, if these old wind bags oughtn't to have these pictures drawn on them every time they open up. We've tried the chestnut bell and that won't work. Blame me, if I think anything will work except a hot iron bar in the graveyard. But these old wind bags are nuisances, and a persecuted public have demanded that Flaw Picker rise up and say so, and if they don't take warnin', I'll write 'em up plainer than this.

Flaw Picker wants a distinctly understood that he shudn't lose any of his piece last week. Those pieces scattered round here were put out by some fellow who's tryin' to steal Flaw Picker's reputation. Old Flaw Picker's got too much sense than to give himself away in such style as that.

By gosh, I've just found out why we have so many rainy Sundays in Shelby. The Lord gettired of 'em muckin' on the street corners and I'm much obliged to 'em as carried on by them dirty, filthy, worthless crowds who congregate there and he sends the rain to drive them home to their wives and children and to their daddies. They aint much use any where, but they are regular eye-sores on the street corners. The mayor had better be tryin' to drive these Sunday nuisance home and making our streets respectable on Sunday instead of tryin' to open up barrooms. May be that's the reason he wanted barrooms, 'cause he wanted some where to put these fellows on Sunday. If that's so, old Flaw Picker is with him. Yours till I come again.

## A CHILD KILLED.

Another child has been killed by the use of a toy gun given in the form of a Southern exchange. Why mothers give their children deadly toys is something when they care for the child of its peculiar troubles by the dog Acker's Baby Saver. It cures the Opium or Morphine Habit. See the Whittaker & Co.

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