THE DEMOCRAT.
The Advertiser's
FAVORITE.
RATES LOW.

THE DEMOCRAT.

THE DEMOCRAT.
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

E. E HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

Subscription $1 50 per Year.

VOL. VI. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1890. NO. 19.

DON'T MARRY HIM TO REFORM HIM.

"Don't marry a man to reform him!
To God and your own self be true,
Don't link to his vice your virtue;
You'll rue it, dear girl, if you do.

No matter how fervent his pleadings,
Be not by his promises led;
If he can't be a man while a-wooing,
He'll never be one when he's wed.

Don't marry a man to reform him--
To repent it, alas, when too late;
The mission of wives least successful
Is the making of crooked limbs straight.

There's many a maiden who has tried it,
And proved it a failure at last;
Better tread your life's pathway alone, dear,
Than wed with a lover that's fast."

Mankind's much the same the world over,
The exceptions you'll find are but few;
When the rule is defeat and disaster,
The chances are great against you.

Don't trust your bright hopes for the future,
The beautiful crown of youth,
To the keeping of him who holds lightly
His fair name of honor and truth.

To "honor and love" you must promise;
Don't pledge what you cannot fulfill,
If he'll have no respect for himself, dear,
Most surely you then never will.

'Tis told us that the frown of a woman,
Is strong as the blow of a man,
And the world will be better when women
Frown on error as hard as they can.

Make virtue the price of your favor;
Place wrong-doing under a ban;
And let him who would win you and wed you
Prove himself in full measure a man."

Gloves of Human Skin.

(Phil. Record.)

Gloves which are sold as kid are often made of human skin," said Dr. Mark L. Nardyz, the Greek physician, of Philidelphia, the other day. "The skin on the breast," continued the physician, "is soft and pliable, and may be used in the making of gloves. When people buy gloves they never stop to question about the material of which they are made. The shopkeeper himself may be in ignorance, and the purchaser has no means of ascertaining whether the material is human skin or not. The fact is, the tanning of human skin is extensively carried on in France and Switzerland. The product is manufactured into gloves, and these are imported into this country. Thus, you see, a person may be wearing part of a distant relative's body and not know it."

Then the doctor drew from a drawer a brand new pair of gloves.

"There," he said, "is a fine article made from the skin of a child. As the hide of a kid compares with that of a goat, so, of course, does the skin of a child compare with that of an adult, and it is much sought in France for glove purposes."

Newspapers in Public Schools.

(Miners' Journal.)

The teacher who takes his text from the newspapers will enlist another powerful ally, and that is the parents and families of his pupils. The business man who can find no time for books eagerly peruses his daily paper, and takes keen delight in discussing its news or its politics. Children who find it difficult to attrac their fathers' assistance in their studies will find him immediately interested when the news is the subject of their inquiries. Another feature of a good paper, which should commend itself to the teacher as an assistant, is the moral training which it inculcates. All great reforms, all philanthropic movements, all patriotic projects, find in the newspapers their strongest advocates. Virtue is everywhere praised, and vice held up to obloquy, and the qualities of energy, activity and industry, as exemplified in the career of successful men, clearly portrayed as the secret of their success.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time or money refunded. Trial bottles free at E. T. Whitehead & Co.'s drugstore.

A STORY.

HOW BESSIE BRAVED THE BLIZZARD.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

(New York Ledger.)

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring!"
—BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Bessie, "how dreary it all looks!"

And indeed the view seen from the window of the big, white, Western farm house was anything but cheerful. Bare, brown, treeless prairie all around; a sullen, wintry sky overhead, and not a living creature in sight, except a distant speck of scarlet down in the "draw"—Baby Willie at play.

Indoors it was pleasant enough. Bessie was a brisk and tidy little housekeeper. When, immediately after dinner, her father had brought round the team, and he and her mother had driven off to town to do their regular weekly shopping, or "trading," as they called it, Bessie had bustled about at a wonderful rate. She had washed the dishes, and put them in a shining row on the yellow pine dresser; she had polished the stove, and brought in water; she had swept the room, and straightened the rocker cushions; she had set "sponge" for the bread that was to be worked at night, and baked early in the morning; she had shaken the gay strip of rag carpet, and dusted the clock-shelf, and ranged the chairs by the wall with mathematical precision. Then she had washed her face and hands in the bright tin pan kept for that purpose on a backless chair near the door, and brushed and braided her soft, brown hair. She took off her apron of blue-checked gingham, put on one of snowy nainsook, hung a clean roller towel on the rack, and put a kettle of water on the fire. Then she had taken up her one dear story-book, and sat down to read.

It was a tremendously attractive book to the girl who had been brought up in the tameness and monotony of prairie life; it was all about great, good and brave women; about Florence Nightingale, and Joan of Arc, and Grace Darling, and Ida Lewis, and heroines of every time and place. A beautiful book! But Bessie laid it down with the consciousness that she had been intruding, that the company in the brilliance of whose deeds she had been basking was altogether too lofty and magnanimous for her.

So she went over to the window and leaned her head against the pane, and thought how hard it was to be a heroine in Nebraska. There was no war here, no plague, not even any Indians now. And nothing ever happened.

And pondering over this had caused her to give a long sigh, and voice her discontent over the dreariness of all crettion.

It was no wonder her life was a wee bit lonely. The nearest neighbors lived a mile away. Willie was too young to be company for her. What did he care about her vague, delightful dreams—about her heroines? And her parents had decided she was not strong enough to go to school that winter. Indeed, were she permitted to do so the girl would find it a recreation; merely that. For she knew quite as much as her rather inefficient young teacher could attempt to teach her.

She was a slender, delicately formed girl of sixteen. Her hair, of a crispy silkiness, was parted over her forehead in old-fashioned style. Her eyes—large, hazel, dreamy—had a certain quiet, direct way of regarding one. Her rather clumsily made gown had a frill of home-made crochet at the neck and wrists.

How the windmill was creaking! And how the bare, snow-ball branches in the front-yard were rattling! and what a brisk tattoo the skeleton sunflower by the back door was playing on its panels!

But Baby Willie was enjoying himself. She could see him running up and down the "draw," dragging his little wagon after him.

She turned away. She sat in the big wooden rocker. She curled herself up like a comfort-loving kitten. And rocking and thinking, somehow or other, she rocked and thought the cozy kitchen away. She didn't live in Nebraska, within five miles of the town of Bubble. She was not Bessie Linard at all. She was a brave woman in a frail boat, out on a stormy sea. She was a helmeted heroine, leading hosts to battle. She was—

What a deafening noise! Was it the clang of a coming army? Was it the beat of drums, the clamor and clash of swords, the tread of marching feet?

No, not any of these. Only the creaking of the fan of the windmill which was whirling at an astonishing rate. Only the noise of shaking window frames. Only the clatter of milk-pails piled outside the door.

Slam? Bang!

Bessie sprang from the rocker. Erect she stood, dazed, bewildered, still half asleep. A shutter had been blown violently against the window. Had a storm begun while she slept? She rushed to the casement, looked out—rather, she strove to look out. Ten feet beyond the pane she could see absolutely nothing. The whole world was white, wild, whirling.

"A snow-storm!" gasped Bessie.

But it was no ordinary snow-storm that had blown up. It was the terrific, the memorable blizzard of March 12, 1888.

Suddenly she cried out, such a frightened, quivering cry:

"Willie! Baby Willie!"

Quick as a flash she flung a heavy old shawl of her mother's over her head, and unlatched the kitchen door. The furious wind tore it from her hold, and dashed it fiercely back against the wall. Vainly she strove to close it behind her. The snow was driving in, swirling over the floor. She loosened the storm-door. That, the wind dashed into place just after she had made a frantic plunge into the storm. Oh, such a storm! Bessie had lived on the prairie since she was a baby, and seen the elements in their many moods and caprices. But she had never seen or imagined anything like this. From the four quarters of the earth the wind seemed blowing. The snow had not the softness one associates with snow. It was a dense, enveloping, impenetrable cloud, filled with particles, icy, stinging, sharp as needle points. The cold was intense. Objects ten feet away were absolutely indistinguishable. Ten? Nay, they were mere shapes at five—at three.

From the rear of the house a narrow wooden sidewalk ran down, past the barn, past the paddock, towards the "draw."

In that direction fled Bessie. The shawl was torn from her head. She held it in her fingers as she ran. She would need it when she found Willie. But soon she was off the walk, and floundering along through rifts and drifts of blinding snow.

Where was the barn? She strained her eyes to make out the familiar structure. It was blotted out. All the world was blotted out. She could feel nothing, see nothing but snow—nothing. Where was the paddock? She was answered by running into a barrier. She flung out her hands as the shock sent her reeling. Her palms were cruelly lacerated by contact with the barbwire which formed the pasture fence. She knew now where she stood. About two yards to the left began the descent of the bluff, in the ravine of which she had last seen the child she sought. Her shawl wound itself around her body in a manner which impeded her progress, as she stumbled on. She could feel she was going down the "draw;" feel, for sight was useless in such a storm.

The dear little lad! if she could only find him! She imagined him crouching down, trembling, sobbing, frightened; and growing stark and helpless with cold.

She tried to accelerate her speed—to rush down the incline. She tripped, fell; but she was up again in a second, and battling on.

Down at last. Here, in the hollow between the prairie slopes, the blizzard raged less fiercely than above.

"Willie!" she called.

She could hardly hear her own voice.

"Willie!" she shrieked.

But the wind swept the word from her lips, and its sound was soft as a sigh.

If she could only see! She put up her hand and rubbed her eyes. The lashes were wet with freezing sleet. Her hair was one stiff, matted mass. Her feet ached with the sharp, biting cold. She tried to pray. "Dear God, Baby Willie! Oh, dear God, Baby Willie!" That was all she uttered.

All at once she stumbled over something—something scarlet in the snow. Eagerly she grasped it. She dragged it up to her breast. She wrapped, as best her cold hands could, the shawl around it. Dead? Oh, no, no! She could feel the shivering pressure of the little limbs as she cuddled them to her.

Oh, for strength to reach home! Or would they both freeze, and die down here, and be buried in the snow?

A heavy burden for her slight arms, for her freezing hands, the sturdy baby she carried; a burden made still heavier by his present semi-stupor. She gripped her numb fingers around him. She bent her head. Beaten, swayed, buffeted, she made her way up the hill. She reached the level. She could not go much farther. Her hold of Willie was relaxing. He was slipping from her, or so she fancied. The bitter, bitter cold! her very heart was paining with it. Her whole slender, unprotected body was racked with its agony.

Was that the house? Directly before her something dark had loomed up. She tottered against it. A haystack. As its base she sank exhausted. One step farther would be simply a physical impossibility. Tighter she wrapped Willie in the shawl, and held him to her. Then, with her back against the haystack, her head bowed forward, her face hidden, she crouched there in torture, which drifted into drowsiness—drowsiness that was deadly as delicious!

"Willie!"

That was the first word she said, endeavored to say, when the long, wretched delirium of fever was over at last. Where was she? Not out on the prairie! Not in that awful white whirlwind! Not at the foot of the haystack! Surely this was her mother's room! Surely she was in her mother's bed. The brilliant patchwork quilt, she knew that. The fire of corncobs in the tiny stove smelled familiar. And the voice was her mother's. She could not dream a voice.

"He is well, darling, safe and well. Hush! you must not talk yet."

When she woke again, Doctor Henderson was standing by the bed, and just behind him was Willie's wee, rosy, roguish face.

"You will be better soon now," the doctor said, "though it is a wonder you lived. You were unconscious when your father found you on his return from town."

Just then her father came in. He said very little, but he stroked tenderly the thin hand on the gay calico counterpane.

"And—and Willie?"

"He was not much the worse, thanks to you. You had him well protected. Come here, Willie."

He lifted the little chap on the bed. She smiled as she felt the clasp of the small, strong arms.

"Is it--snowing—still?"

The doctor laughed.

"Dear child, it is May," he said.

She looked bewildered.

"It was an awful blizzard," the doctor went on, 'the worst ever known in the West. The papers were full of it. Many perished. Some people were very brave and unselfish, and saved the lives of others. Their deeds, at least those that came to public knowledge, were praised all through the country. Yours was as grand as any. You are a heroine, Bessie."

He was a young man, a good-looking man. "A powerful smart doctor," averred the Western people, among whom he had elected to practice. It had taken the exercise of all his skill to save Bessie Linard's life, and now he felt correspondingly elated.

"Oh, no!" said Bessie very slowly and seriously; "I—thought no one could be a heroine in Nebraska."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Doctor Henderson, and he looked gravely at the wan sweet face on the pillow.

"Besides," she went on, meeting his glance with that quiet, direct, convincing gaze she had, and with just a flicker of rose-bloom coming into her cheeks, "heroines do something very wonderful, and I—I only did my best!"

That was two years ago. Bessie is eighteen now, and taller, healthier and prettier than ever. She and her mother are busy sewing; for this year there is to be a wedding in the old farm-house. When it is over Bessie Linard will not be Bessie Linard any more, but Mrs. Doctor Henderson. If they were fashionable people Willie would be pressed into service as a page. But as they are not anything of the sort, he will figure in the important ceremony merely as a boy, in a new corduroy suit and blue silk necktie; a boy who possesses a fond pride in his sister, and a tremendous appreciation of wedding-cake.

NOT PAUPERS.

SEED CORN ENTERPRISE IN THE SOUTH.

A HARVEST EXPLOSION.

(N. Y. Herald.)

MR. BLAIR'S BOOM BILL.

This Blair Education bill does not seem to thrive in Congress. Its chances grow leaner and thinner every day, and by and by will become the ghosts of their former selves.

Mr. Blair argues interminably in favor of his offspring, but the more he argues the worse off he is. Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, hammered its head yesterday afternoon without mercy. He voted for the thing once, but since then his eyes have been opened and he will vote for it no more.

The hard pan fact is that the bill is an insult to the whole people of the South. No one, of course, refuses money, or asks impertinent questions when it is offered. It is human nature to take all we can get and demand for more if we see a pile being distributed with lavish hand. But money must come in the right way if it is to produce any lasting good, and the South is beginning to see that the Blair way is the wrong way.

A State must preserve its self-respect first, and after that get everything within reach. This self-respect is the barrier between Blair and the best portion of the South. They are not paupers, down yonder. On the contrary they are mightily prosperous and are bound to be a very rich section of this country in the near future. The enterprises innumerable which have been begun are only seed corn and in twenty or thirty years from now the people will reap a heavy crop of dollars. To offer such muscular, adventurous folk, settled on the banks of the best rivers in the world and on land as rich as any to be found, a miserable dole out of the public treasury to build school houses with—is to question their honor and their business capacity. They can build their own school houses, educate their own population and need ask no odds of any one.

The Blair bill is a very stupid affair and should have been buried under the snow banks of New Hampshire instead of introduced in Congress.

Mr. Ricks as a Farmer.

One of THE DEMOCRAT'S best patrons is Mr. R. H. Ricks, of Nash county. The Wilson *Mirror* says the following of him:

'Mr. John Robinson, the Commissioner of Agriculture, has visited the fine farm of R. H. Ricks, near Rocky Mount in Nash county, and has the following to say about that successful farmer: "Mr. Ricks had the past season in tobacco, forty-five acres. The average production per acre was 725 pounds, for which he will realize at least forty-five cents per pound. He sold half his crop, forty-five cents being that average. What he has to sell is equally as fine, if not better. Seven hundred and twenty-five pounds per acre, at forty-five cents per pound, is a calculation easily made, and shows an income which surpasses anything connected with farming that has come under my observation in the State. Mr. Ricks informed me that he had a white man employed for the past five years as a tenant, and that this tenant had saved from his part of the crop during that time $5,000 in cash, with which he now wishes to buy a place of his own.

Mr. Ricks manures his land very heavily using from twenty to thirty dollars' worth per acre. He considers the use of five or six two-horse wagon loads of stable manure indispensable to successful tobacco growing which is included in the above amount of cost per acre."

PHENOMENON.

A STRANGE SIGHT IN THE HEAVENS.

(Enfield Tapic.)

On Monday about one o'clock there appeared in the heavens a phenomenon that was a new appearance to us but that may be easily explicable by the scientists. It was an immense circle, with a white, misty circumference, drawn upon the Northeastern heavens with the sun located upon its Southern circumference. Around the sun was a smaller, but still large, circle, the circumference of which had all the colors of the rainbow in it. There were other circles and parts of circles, with circumferences only partly defined, in which the rainbow colors commingled, concentrical with the large rainbow circle around the sun. At the points where these circumferences and parts of circumferences crossed the great white circle, whose Southern edge seemed to cover the sun, the effect in color was beautiful. This was not what is popularly styled "the sun drawing water," for the sun is always the centre of the circle that draws water. The sun was on the circumference of a large white circle and was only the centre of the smaller rainbow circle. The day was clear—not cloudy. There were slight accumulations of haze about in the heavens, but the sun shone brightly through the thickest of it gathered together in the circumference of the circle. The curious sight attracted many attention from the crowds in town and caused many an eye to water from strain. We suppose that the appearance was general and was not local to any part of this State even.

Wherever the circumference of one circle crossed the periphery of an other a bright point was manifested, which was so glaring that it hurt the eyes to look at it and it was evidently a picture of the sun mirrored forth from the cloud. There were a half dozen of these solar photographs and that fact made the whole thing in science very difficult to observe. It was thought by some that they observed the rainbow circle, surrounding the sun and cutting the great circle at two points reproduced twice around the great circle, making three rainbow circles grouped around the circumference of the great circle. But, if this was a fact, the two secondary, photographic rainbow circles were much less distinct than the fully developed one around the sun. It is true that there were a number of segments of rainbow circumferences visible but part and all of them were so indistinct that we are not able to say whether they were exact reproductions of the full, perfect one. The whole picture was visible for about a half hour, gradually fading away.

More or Less?

(Wake Forest Student.)

A discussion is now going on as to whether the bulk of ocean water increases or decreases as the years pass. One side contends that inasmuch as the moon was once a portion of the earth, and all water has disappeared from the face of that body, it is to be expected that the earth will have a similar history. On the other hand, it is contended that the constant addition made to the bulk of ocean water from the interior of the earth, cannot but increase the bulk. Other reasons are urged by both sides.

The question is an interesting one, and there are learned men on each side of it. It is not for us to say, however, that any definite conclusion will be reached, since any one who thinks about the matter at all, will have an opinion to suit best his peculiar fancy.