

THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

"EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO.

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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1891.

NO. 27.

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"Breakers."

I hold a shell unto mine ear,
I hear the murmurs of the sea,
And to mine inward vision clear,
Rise the far days that are to be.

The waters tumbling 'neath the sun,
The snow-white caps upon the wave
The full rigged ship, the tiny one,
The porpoise leap, the swimmers brave.

The morning light upon the sea,
The light-house gleam a twilight fall,
They are so beautiful to me,
The walks upon the beach, and all.

Where'er we be our breakers high,
Our pulses bring the ebb and flow,
Sometimes a smile, sometimes a sigh,
The minutes come, the hours go.

We hope to go unto that shore,
Where jewels lie along the strand,
Where earthly tempests are no more,
Where peaceful beauty rules the land.

The heavenly breakers meet the sky
With solemn music as they roll;
No more earth's life and heart storms
high,

We'll watch them with a quiet soul.

A True Story.

(Printers Album.)

In a country office was a studious young man beginning the trade at \$2 per week. At the end of three years his pay was double this sum. At the same time there was a fifteen-dollar-a-week pressman employed in the office. In the course of events it became necessary to remove a cylinder press. The pressman confessed his inability to take the press down and set it up again, and his employers were contemplating sending to the city for an expert workman to do the job. At this juncture the young man stepped forward and offered to effect the removal, asserting that he could do it properly and well. His employers were astonished at his presumption, but finally consented. The press was taken down and removed and again set up, entirely under the supervision of the young man, and it was found to run better than before. The result was that the young man's wages were at once advanced to \$10 per week, while the pressman was sent to a black seat with a reduction of one-half in his pay.

The same young man has, in his old time, built and furnished a seven room house, doing all the carpenter and mason work with his own hands; and experts in such matters say to work it as well done, in every respect, as if it had been executed by trained workmen.

This true story points its own moral.

Talking of patent medicines— you know the old prejudice. And the rotters—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure everything—and so, between the experiments of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you lose faith in everything.

And you can't always tell the prescription that cures by what you read in the papers. No, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, than to tell the truth about it, and take the risk of its doing just what it professes to do.

That's what the Worlds Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., do with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

If they don't do what their makers say they'll do—you get your money back.

Little Girl's Experience In A Lighthouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich, and are blessed with a daughter, four years old. Last year she was taken down with Measles followed with a dreadful cough turning into a Fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones."—Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial for the free at E. T. Whitehead & Co's Drugstore.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at E. T. Whitehead & Co's Drug Store.

WATERBURY'S

WATERBURY'S

WATERBURY'S

THE TEACHERS.

A TRIBUTE TO THEIR POWER.

TALMAGE COMING.

(Charlotte Chronicle.)

The North Carolina school teacher has done more to bring North Carolina forward within the last half dozen years than any other class of men. He works assiduously all fall and winter, to teach the people how to read, and in the summer spends his little salary in advertising the state and attracting people of distinction into it. That is his unselfish record.

For a number of years the teachers have gathered in assemblies in numbers and culture that surpass the representatives of any other class of men and they know how to entertain one another for a longer time on less money than other folks, the editor not excepted. Two years ago they advertised the old North State in Europe, the first time the name of the state has been heard in London and Paris since it was named after Charles V. This year Dr. Talmage has accepted an invitation to attend their assembly at Morehead City in June and who ever heard of Dr. Talmage going to a place and the world not finding it out? The patent side of every county newspaper in the Union will print what he will say at Morehead and the city dailies will give it fresh. This is a great scheme to advertise North Carolina. It will beat the State Exposition or the State's exhibit at the World's Fair in 1893 and is worth extended notice and sincere congratulation by all the papers and the people.

A WIDE RANGE.

It is claimed that in almost and Madeira not culture, the Pacific coast bids fair to surpass the world.

The "Badischerwalthoetogekiettes" is the name of a new benevolent order recently established at Evansville, Ind.

BARNUM & BAILEY, the showmen, pay \$1,000 a day rent for their winter quarters in Madison Square garden, New York.

The palisades on the western bank of the Hudson river vary in height from three to five hundred feet, and they extend about twenty miles.

The English telephone patents have expired, and the monopoly there has come to an end. The Bell patents in this country have still three years to run.

CHARLES D. YOUNG, a Denver boy of fifteen, has built the smallest coal-burning locomotive in existence. It is about five feet long and weighs two hundred and thirty-five pounds.

The Weimar society for the circulation of good literature has distributed since last March 300,000 copies of wholesome tales and novels. At the same time it has increased its membership to 5,000 and has laid by \$10,000.

The reverse side of a printed page for the blind looks not unlike a cribbage board. After the page has been indexed with these points the paper is hardened and sized by a special preparation. Such a page will last, with constant use, for years.

THERE are, still, vacant public lands in the United States amounting to 550,000,000 acres, exclusive of the undesirable domains in Alaska, and not counting the Indian reservations, some of which are already falling into the general territory of the nation.

CURES FOR THE BLUES.

FISH are water drinkers as a rule, but the shark never objects to taking a nip.

JINKLE—"Do you think Miss R. would marry me if I should ask her?" Van Binks—"Well, she looks like a smart sort of girl—still, she might."

SIGN PAINTER—"Now, Missus Johnson, what does you want on dis yer sign?" Missus Johnson (after a moment of deep thought)—"I guess 'Go in' or 'scrubbin' done in here' will do."

"A good deal depends on the seasonableness of a thing." "So it does." "How different is a man who takes a drop morning in from an eavesdropper?"

EDITOR—"James, what is that moving in the wastebasket—a mouse?" James (examining basket)—"No, sir; it's one of them throbbing, passionate poems, sir." Editor—"Pour some water on it, and throw it in the ash barrel. The place isn't insured."

Mrs. BLANK—"My dear, during the summer you said the only reason you went to the races was because the country air was so cool and pleasant. Why do you go now when the thermometer is almost at zero?" Mr. Blank—"Um—er—I go now, my dear, because the excitement of the races warms me up."

"Every Spring."

Says one of the housewives in New England, "We feel the necessity of taking a good medicine to purify the blood, and we will take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It keeps the children from humors, my husband says it gives him a good appetite, and for myself I am sure I could never do all my work if it was not for this splendid medicine. It makes feel strong and cheerful, and I am never troubled with headache or that tired feeling, as I used to be."

Use none but Hood's Sarsaparilla Powders.

OLD-TIME ETIQUETTE.

How a Selfish Diner Was Treated by the Carver.

The custom has not yet entirely been abolished in some out of the way hotels of electing some one guest at dinner to carve for the others at table.

Forty years ago the practice was the rule rather than a rarity. It was considered then in the light of a compliment and not as an imposition, as it would most certainly be regarded today. At that time men prided themselves on their ability to dissect a joint or a fowl, and accepted the task of carving for twenty people most graciously.

A prominent hardware merchant in the city, who in early life traveled for the house of which he is now the senior member, bears testimony to the truth of the above-stated condition of things, and relates one of his early experiences in connection with it as follows:

"I was traveling from Buffalo to Detroit by steamer, a favorite method of making that trip in the early days. At dinner time the captain asked a prominent hardware manufacturer of Troy, N. Y., to carve for the passengers.

"The gentleman thanked the captain for the honor and proceeded to carve a wild turkey, which was by no means a rarity in the western part of this country thirty-five or forty years ago.

"He carved exceedingly well, and was very just in the service of individual portions. He helped himself first, and placed on his plate a tidbit of the turkey, which morsel was at that time considered the carver's honorarium.

"As he was about to take his seat—men stood to carve wild turkeys then—a drunken and quarrelsome gambler, who had caused us great annoyance with his oaths and importunities to play ever since we had left Buffalo, reached over from his seat and said: 'Excuse me, sir, but you have on your plate a portion of the turkey of which I am very fond.'

"As he made the remark the blacking attempted to remove the tidbit with his fork. The Trojan had not as yet surrendered the carving utensils. As the gambler's hand approached the morsel the carver made a sudden jab at it with the heavy fork. The prongs of the latter passed through the bird and pinned the gambler's hand to the table.

"It was rather an unpleasant sight for a dinner table," continued the speaker. "We all expected that the injured man would resort to his dagger or pistol, but he did not. He slunk away to his stateroom, where the wound was dressed, nor did he venture among the other passengers during the remainder of the entire trip."

"Did not the passengers consider the act excessively brutal?" the gentleman was asked by his auditor.

"Not in the slightest," was the reply. "On the contrary, everyone applauded him for his courage and quickness of action. It was justified by the rude surroundings and the ideas governing the table etiquette of the time and place."—N. Y. Herald.

A LANGUAGE OF MUSIC.

The Association of Certain Arts with the Different Nationalities.

We may call "music" the language of the world, for it speaks as many idioms as there are nations, races and even individuals. One single detached note, intoned by different voices or instruments, will convey as many meanings as there may be ears to hear it. It may mean "march," "trumpet," "sylvan upon the horn," "feminine upon the clarinet," naive upon the "hautboys," sublime upon the "organ," mysterious upon the "solian-harp," prosaic upon the "street organ," and common upon the "banjo." The specific timbre of these instruments and their handling may invest that one tone with volumes of images and poems, to a certain degree akin among educated listeners, and quite contradictory to others.

Sweetest remembrance may be recalled by it upon the banjo, tearful sighs and inspirations roused upon the street organ, and a chorus of angels may descend from it upon the worldly cornet-a-piston. The simplest song, although provided with words, will scarcely ever reveal so many analogous sensations in the same audience, in which traditions, associations, historical or national influences, will more or less increase or lessen the receptive powers. Adding to this the numerous conditions under which the performance of that song may take place—such as the singer's voice, disposition, art and personal magnetism, the audience's number and kind; the locality, its atmosphere, light, etc.—it is evident that if the *en effet* may be of a homogeneous nature, in details it will be quite kaleidoscopic.

The "bibroch," the "Marsellaise," "Die Wacht am Rhein," the "Rakoczy March," speak each its own special language, untranslatable in its real essence. It takes a Scotchman, a Frenchman, a German, and a Hungarian to understand their full meaning, although their governing spirit may be valued by everybody. This is, of course, more applicable to national than to cosmopolitan music, which may be also the subject of local, political, or other influences. National music, the source of all cosmopolitan music, is in the same measure attached to language and poetry as race characteristics, fine arts and sciences depend upon climatic, geographical and political conditions. Thus it is a nation's language which generates its musical rhythm; its poetry which creates its melody; and its temperament, mirth, sadness or flightiness, whichever may express the respective people's national character.—Francis Korby, in Harper's Magazine.

Insisting on Accuracy.
The prize fighters were in their corners, awaiting the call of time.
"May the best man win!" yelled an excited man in the crowd.
The referee, a man from Boston raised his hand authoritatively.
"Hold!" he exclaimed in a voice of thunder. "I cannot permit that to pass uncorrected. May the better man win! Proceed with the contention, gentlemen. The moment has arrived."—Chicago Tribune.

Only a headache cure. The only headache cure, but the infallible headache cure is Bradycrotine.

Use none but Hood's Sarsaparilla Powders.

LEARN TO SAVE.

AND DO GOOD WITH THE SAVINGS.

OLD CLOTHES.

One of the trestles of old proverbs is "Waste not, want not." We are familiar with it from our earliest days, and wrote and rewrote the simple words a score of times at least, in the long since laid-by copy-books, which, with the maxim itself, are only too frequently set aside on some old dusty, musty shelf, and together forgotten. That one is in the closet, and the other in some part of what, for want of a more definite term, must be called the inner consciousness, does not change the fact that for all practical purposes of this everyday life they are both equally nagatory. Each day of our lives something is wasted, and so surely the something is wanted, "Waste and want"—cause and effect—two grim, gigantic skeletons, linked together, stalk this weary world of ours; and to think how much of this evil is preventable!

Permanent good is not to be attained by big spurts of charity, taking the shape of handsome donations given when some cry, louder and sharper than the average, pierces the comfortable lethargy in which we enshroud ourselves. A vast plan is now being freely discussed for alleviating the most hopeless misery of thousands; but even if its sanguine founder's highest anticipations are realized, still the old truth remains—as true now as when it was first uttered, nearly 4000 years ago—"The poor shall never cease out of the land." To assist these, it is not always necessary to give up any of the daily luxuries that society, in many instances, makes almost indispensable, but to turn our disused luxuries to account. It is not money that is needed, but time and thought. If mothers would only teach their children, or let them be taught, to mend and renovate their own cast-off clothing, so as to make it suitable for poor children of their own age, it would prove an incalculable source of good—perhaps not less to the giver than to the receiver.

The worn-out schoolroom frock, with probably little holes just beginning to peep at the elbows, neatly patched (and any superfluous trimming, unfit for the recipient, removed) would prove a blessing of inestimable magnitude to many a shivering wite. Of course, the kindest little hands could never make a silk frock serviceable or suitable for such wearers, but out-grown coats, worn out blergarments and the boys' cast-off clothes, would be far more welcome and useful than treble their money value. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is through their small value that they are so valuable. It is no temptation to the most degraded drunken father or mother to pawn or sell what would hardly fetch the price of one of their favorite drinks. Again, if the proper methods for distribution are taken, the offender could easily be detected, and the necessary means used to prevent a repetition of the offence.

Women hardly yet understand how strong they are to do good in their own true sphere and to mitigate the fearful misery by which they are surrounded. It is the steady, constant help, given with discrimination and sympathy, that is required, and it lies in woman's power to assist her. For the little ones special pleading has been given, but how many a poor mother, recovering from illness, most of whose clothes have been pawned to meet the extra requirements of such times, would receive with heartfelt gratitude the bundle of warm, if worn, garments! The bread-winner would be spared many a rough and guff dismissal in his search for employment if, perhaps, his toes would not show so ostentatiously through his boots; and then possibly the first lazy habits of slothful around public-house doors would not be engendered.

HOW'S THIS.
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. DENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

West & Truxex, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, Ohio, Walding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. 4-10-1m.

It Deserves Your Support.

Every year every local paper gives from 100 to 5,000 free lines for the sole benefit of the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The local editor in proportion to his means does more for his town than any other ten men, and in all fairness, man with man, he ought to be supported, not because you happen to like him or admire his writing, but because a local paper is the best investment a community can make.

It may not be brilliant or crowded with great thoughts, but financially it is more of a benefit to a community than the preacher or teacher. Understand us, now; we do not mean morally or intellectually, but financially, and yet on the moral question you will find the majority of the local papers are on the right side of the question. Today the editors of local papers do the most work for the least money on earth. Subscribe for your local paper; not as a charity but as an investment.—Selected.

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I keep on hand at all times the best of

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which I will sell at the Lowest

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Call at the BRICK MILL and be surprised how cheap you can buy I am also prepared to grind wheat and make good flour.

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On improved farm lands in sums of \$200 and up with Loans repayable in small annual instalments through a period of 5 years, thus enabling the borrower to pay off his indebtedness without exhausting his crop in any year.

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LEADING BUTCHER

Has moved up town to his old stand on Main Street near the Brick Mill.

Fresh supplies always on hand. Old customers invited to call. 1-1-91 ly.

H. C. JONES,

Contractor and Builder,

Contracts taken for ALL KINDS OF building, BRICK OR WOOD, or same superintended by the day. Estimates, Plans and Specifications carefully made and furnished at short notice.

Prices made to suit the times. Brackets of all styles, Fancy Scroll work of all descriptions gotten up a short notice at VERY LOW PRICES. I have employed a FIRST CLASS tinner and when in need of anything in that line I would be glad to give you prices.

H. G. JONES.

10 24 th. P. O. box 57,
SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA SUPERIOR
HALIFAX COUNTY COURT

Felicia Taylor } NOTICE
Zachariah Taylor } DEFENDANT.

To the defendant Zachariah Taylor: You are hereby notified that the plaintiff has commenced the above entitled action in this Court for the purpose of obtaining an absolute divorce from you on the ground that you have separated from her and lived in continuous adultery. Therefore you are hereby notified to be and appear before the Judge of our Superior Court, at a