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 No. 10 South 9th St. (bet. Main & Cary Sts.)
 RICHMOND, VA.
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 Gives personal and prompt attention to all consignments of Lumber, Shingles, Laths, Etc. 4-17-90 1 y.

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 LEADING BUTCHER
 Has moved up town to his old stand on Main Street near the brick mill.
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B. B. B.
 Balaio Blood Balm
 It Cures SCROFULA, ULCERS, SALT RHEUM, ECZEMA, every kind of skin disease, itching, eruptions, boils, abscesses, etc. It restores the constitution, when impaired from any cause. Its almost magical healing qualities testify to its being a cure. It is guaranteed to cure, if directions are followed.
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FOR MEN ONLY!
 THE GREAT REMEDY FOR ALL THE DISEASES OF THE MALE SEX.
 It is a powerful and reliable medicine for the cure of all the diseases of the male sex, such as Gonorrhea, Syphilis, etc. It is a great blessing to all who are afflicted with these diseases.
 BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.
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Plant a Tree.
 He who plants a tree
 Plants a hope.
 Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
 Leaves unfold into horizons free.
 So man's life must climb
 From the clouds of time
 Unto heavens sublime.
 Canst thou prophecy, thou little tree,
 What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
 Plants a joy;
 Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
 Every day a fresh reality.
 Beautiful and strong,
 To whose shelter throng
 Creatures blithe with song.
 If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
 Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee.

He who plants a tree
 He plants peace.
 Under its green curtain jargons cease,
 Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
 Shadows soft with sleep
 Down tired eyelids creep,
 Balm of slumber deep,
 Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
 Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
 He plants youth;
 Vigor won for centuries, in sooth;
 Life of time that hints eternity!
 Boughs their strength unpear,
 New shoots every year
 On old growths appear.
 Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
 Youth of soul is immortality!

He who plants a tree
 He plants love;
 Tents of coolness spread out above
 Wayfarers, he may not live to see
 Gifts that grow are best;
 Hands that are blest;
 Plant; Life does the rest!
 Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
 And his work its own reward shall be.
 LUCY LARCOM.

Boys, Don't do it Again.
 (Durham Sun.)
 In passing along one of our streets yesterday afternoon, we were deeply grieved to overhear a group of boys, not yet out of their teens, giving vent to the most profane language. Now boys don't be guilty of such expressions again. All the words needed to express indignation and wrath are found in our language and we resort to such profane and vulgar language. Perhaps you think it is mainly to make use of such words but you are very much mistaken. An oath never strengthens or emphasizes an assertion and swearing is a dreadful habit that will grow upon you as you get older. Once into its clutches it is an exceedingly difficult matter to free yourself from its iron grip. It is extremely wicked, but leaving the wickedness out of the question, it is useless and irrational, for it brings no pleasure nor comfort. It is imagined by some of our youths that occasional oaths and a little vulgar language gives spice to a conversation—it may be so if you are talking to profane and vulgar minded persons, but such expressions are quite offensive to people of refinement. You would be disgusted with yourselves if you should happen to see your conversations in print with the coarse and vulgar words and oaths all along the line of your remarks. It is just as cheap to express your thoughts with chaste and simple language and certainly more becoming to boys of your age.

Wycliffe's Bible.
 The first complete translation of the Bible into the English tongue was effected by John Wycliffe about 1350. This was the Lollards' Bible and a large number of manuscript copies must have been written and circulated, for 170 copies are still in existence. There were also many transcriptions of certain books, as well as the whole Bible. Wycliffe could not go to the original texts, so he translated from the Vulgate, or accepted Latin version. It was not a perfect performance; but the reformer was prevented by death from reversing it, as he doubtless intended to do.
 The revision therefore, was undertaken by John Purvey, and completed in 1388. It is curious that Wycliffe's Bible was not printed as one book until 1860, when it was published under the editorial care of the Rev. Josiah Forshall and Sir Frederic Madden—Chambers Journal.

Merit Wins.
 We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. E. T. Whitehead & Co's Druggists.

Cutting it Close.
 A man was selling flowers at the corner of Broadway and Canal street the other day when a married couple came along and stopped a moment to admire the roses.
 "Will ze laidee haf a bootful bokay for only ten cents?" asked the dealer.
 "I'd like one very much," she replied.
 "Well z: bootful laidee won't get one!" blantly added the husband.
 "When a feller has come to New York and bought a wagon load of gimcracks for eleven children, a present for the schoolm'am and a jackknife for the hired man, and won't have but two cents left after buying tickets for home, his bootful laidee has got to be satisfied with snuffing at the weeds along the railroad track. Come along, Nancy!"
 —New York World

One Old Fire Company.
 "That was a gay old company that we belonged to, Joe; away back in '68, when you and I 'ran with the machine. Do you remember that big fire in Hotel Row, one freezing night, when fifteen people were pulled out of their burning rooms and came down the ladder in their right clothes; and how 'Dick Greene' brought down two kids at once—one in his arms, the other slung to his back? Poor 'Dick'! He got the catarrh dreadfully, from so much exposure, and suffered from it five years or more. We thought once he was going in consumption, sure he was; but finally, he heard of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and tried it, and it cured him up as sound as a flint. I tell you, Joe, that catarrh remedy is a great thing. It saved as good a man and as brave a fireman as ever trod shoe leather."

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR DEAR BOY ROBERT.
 Fell asleep in Jesus on the 11th day of June, 1891, Robert E. Lee, son of L and T. D. Vinson aged 5 years, 9 months and and twenty-four days. Only about two weeks previous to the death of little Robert had the writer been suddenly summoned to the bedside of his dying mother. As we stood by her bedside and watched her life ebb away and knew that she was gone from earth, we felt that our cup of sorrow was full even to overflowing. But, alas! scarcely had we realized our loss in the death of our mother, when the Angel of Death entered our home and laid low the brightest jewel of our household—our little Robert, our pride, our joy. Ah, surely then did we think the "burden laid upon us was greater than we could bear." How much we loved him God alone knows. His many little loving ways, deeds of kindness and sweet little words that so endeared him to us while he lived and made our home so pleasant and bright—these little remembrances of him, now that he is gone, are the daggers that seem to pierce to our inmost heart,—the knives that cut so deeply.
 Why? Oh why! was he taken from us? Can the world explain this mystery?
 Why was this pure innocent little child snatched so suddenly from the loving arms of his fond parents? The world can give no explanation, the infidel, the skeptic can offer no boon for our wounded hearts. But we turn to the word of God, our lamp and our guide and we read there: "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him. For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."
 Here we find the key that unlock the mystery—Gods love for us. He saw that we were not serving him as we ought. We were thinking too much of the things of earth, we must be humbled and brought nearer to Him.
 It was His great love for us, it was not His pleasure to use the rod, that prompted Him to visit us with this affliction. "Judgment is His strange work." Therefore do we bow in submission to His holy will and may the merciful Savior bind up the broken hearts of the sorrowing parents, and may He send His Holy Spirit to "gently lead them through this changing world."
 So when called to cross the cold river of Death they may join little Robert at the Beautiful Gate of Heaven, where he will be "waiting and watching for them."
 He is not dead, the child of our affection,
 But gone unto that school
 Where he no longer needs our poor protection,
 And Christ himself doth rule.
 In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
 By guardian Angels led
 Safe from temptation, safe from sins pollution,
 He lives whom we call dead.
 And though at times impetuous with emotion,
 And anguish long suppressed,
 The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean,
 That can not be at rest—
 We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
 "We can not wholly stay;
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing
 The grief that must have way."
 "PAPA."
 A prominent Railroad Superintendent, living in Savannah, one suffering for years from Malarial and General Debility, says, on having recovered his health by the use of P. P. P., thinks that he will live forever, if he can always get P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium). This party's name will be given on application.
 Cure Your Coughs By Using
 Abbott's East Indian Corn Plaster for Coughs, Bronchitis and Warts, it is great.
 How I Was I Cured of So-Called Cancer.
 LILLINGTON, GA.
 DEAR SIR—This is to certify that I was a sufferer with a place on my underlip for fourteen years, and was under treatment of different physicians, but they done me no good. I had lost hope of being cured by medical treatment. I then went to a doctor living in Florida who treated them by art. After going to him it got well, apparently, for a while, but returned as bad as ever. I then concluded to try P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium), and after taking five bottles (pink size) was cured. I also find it to be a good medicine to give a good appetite and to give proper digestion.
 Yours truly,
 L. J. STRICKLAND.
 Every one should use P. P. P., because at this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize and enrich the blood.
 Old papers for sale at this office.

TOO TRUE.
THE SAME OLD STORY.
The Curse of Drink.
 A GENTLEMAN TURNED TO A TRAMP.
 (N. C. Baptist.)
 Last week an old man presented himself at my door in the garb of a tramp with a tinker of whiskey in his pocket and asked for entertainment either at my house or at some boarding house, at my expense.
 He announced his name and wished me to read some letters of introduction which he carried in his dirty coat pocket. On glancing at the envelope I saw the familiar name of an accomplished school teacher whom I knew in the days of my youth—one who had taught in my father's family several years before the war, and I realized that the old man before me was the same person. He was then a fine singer and composer of music. He wrote beautiful sonnets and set them to music. He was also the author of two or three books of fiction. He got on a spree and suddenly disappeared from the county. In about a year we heard of him as principal of a flourishing academy in Piedmont, N. C. He disappeared from there and I knew nothing of him for more than thirty years.
 Now there stood before me an old gray-haired deaf and penniless tramp in the place of a friend of my younger days. He would not go to the table. He begged that the ladies be not allowed to come into the room where he was and that he go in after the family had dined and eat at the second table. I took his dinner into the library where he reclined on the lounge and found him drunk on his own liquor, and mumbling over his hard lot. How my heart bled at the sight—a brilliant young man—a college graduate, a teacher of eminence, a sweet singer—a man of cultured manners—sunk to the low level of a hungry tramp! All the work of whiskey!

Boys, boys! Let the accursed thing alone. It ruins manhood, debases womanhood, beggars households, induces to every species of crime, drags the bodies of men down to the mire and sends their souls reeking with crime into an endless hell. Let it alone, boys; let it alone! Were I to give the name of the poor drunken tramp described above, many prominent citizens of North Carolina and of other States would be shocked by the disclosure, for the songs which he composed and taught his pupils to sing thirty-five years ago still linger in their memories, and some of them have been sung by fathers and mothers to their children who are now grown men and women.
 But for his habits of drink, he could now, in his old age, find a comfortable home in the family of many an old pupil and friend. C.

Be a Hero.
 (Am. Farmer.)
 "One cannot always be a hero, but one may always be a man."—Goethe
 The great need of the world is for more men, more manly men—for manhood in its highest sense is descriptive of a being Godlike. Goethe truly says that one may always be a man, no adversary, no oppression and no trial need rob the real man of the virtue of his manliness for manliness is virtue, and is attained by sacrifice and unselfish devotion to others. Uprightness, truthfulness, honor, pure living bravery, steadfastness, strength, sympathy, kindness, gentleness, unselfishness, reverence, affection, all contribute the garlands of virtue which grace manhood.
 Finally, man has a spiritual nature, and unless the soul has been stirred, manhood lacks its chiefest, highest charm. From the fountain of the spirit alone can come the leaves which leaveneth all the dross of his nature, which makes it possible for man to conquer himself.
 Mr. J. H. Estill President Morning News Co., Savannah, Ga., says: "A member of my family who has been a martyr to neuralgic headaches for twenty years, has found in Bradycerone an infallible remedy."
 A Safe Investment.
 Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case. When used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon.
 Trial bottles free at E. T. Whitehead & Co's Drugstore.

THE ORIGIN OF "JACK THE RIPPER."
 (Monthly Union.)
 I wonder if one person in 10,000 who reads "Jack the Ripper" knows the true origin of the term. I know the London correspondent of the St. Louis Republic. I think not. I did not myself until to-day, when Mr. Brisbane, who was a London journalist at the time of some of the most atrocious Whitechapel murders enlightened me. The story of the title," said he, "and all of the Ripper literature is a curious tale of an Englishman's enterprise and has never been told. When the Whitechapel murders began the Central News and the Press Association were two rival London companies, bitterly fighting each other in the work of supplying news to English publications. The Press Association was much the older, more powerful and more widely known, until one fine morning a postal card came to the Central News written in blood, telling in free language what the Whitechapel fiend's future plans of slaughter were, and signed "Jack the Ripper." The afternoon the famous name "Jack the Ripper" was in everyone's mouth. The big Press Association was compelled humbly to get the "Jack the Ripper" postal cards as fast as they came in from their young rival and to advertise everywhere the name of the Central News. The Central News advertisement was complete when the police authorities reproduced the Ripper postal cards, Central News address and all, on a gigantic scale and plastered the walls of all England with them. Somehow it did not seem strange to the English public that an ignorant Whitechapel murderer should write his communications to a news agency which he could not possibly know anything about, instead of to the Pinkie, or to whatever was his favorite publisher. It was observed by some of the friends of Mr. John Moore, manager of the Central News, that "Jack the Ripper" postal cards did not seem to surprise him as they might have done, but only gratified him, and investigation revealed the interesting fact that "Jack the Ripper," through illiterate, wrote a hand marvelously like that of the refined Mr. Moore. Mr. Moore was no criminal, but he was "Jack the Ripper." This fact was not mentioned in London, as public feeling would not have endured being imposed upon to that extent nor have accepted business enterprise as an excuse.

Why Charlie Lost His Place.
 Charlie was whistling a merry tune as he came down the road, with his hands in his pockets, his cap pushed back on his head, and a general air of goodfellowship with the world. He was on his way to apply for a position in a stationer's store that he was very anxious to obtain, and in his pocket were the best of references concerning his character for willingness and honesty. He felt sure that there would not be much doubt of his obtaining the place when he presented these credentials.
 A few drops of rain fell, as the bright sky was overcast with the clouds, and he began to wish that he had brought an umbrella. From a house just a little way before him two little children were starting out for school, and the mother stood in the door smiling approval as the boy raised the umbrella and took the little sister under its shelter in a manly fashion.
 Charlie was a great tease, and like most boys who indulge in teasing or rough practical jokes, he always took care to select for his victim some one weaker or younger than himself.
 "I'll have some fun with those children," he said to himself; and before they had gone very far down the road he crept up behind them, snatched the umbrella out of the boy's hands.
 In vain the little fellow pleaded with him to return it. Charlie took a malicious delight in pretending that he was going to break it or throw it over the fence; and as the rain had stopped, he amused himself in the way for some distance, asking the children to run after him and plead with him tearfully for their umbrella.
 Tired of this sport at last, he relinquished the umbrella as a carriage approached, and leaving the children to dry their tears, went on towards the store.
 Mr. Mercer was not in, so Charlie sat down on the steps to wait for him. An old gray cat was basking in the sun, and Charlie amused himself by pinching the poor animal's tail till she mewled pitifully and struggled to escape.
 While he was enjoying this sport, Mr. Mercer drove up in his carriage, and passed Charlie on his way into the store. The boy released the cat, and following the gentleman in respectfully presented his references.
 "These do very well," Mr. Mercer said, returning the papers to Charlie. "If I had not seen some other references, I might have engaged you."
 "Other references? What do you mean, sir?" asked Charlie in astonishment.
 "I drove past you this morning when you were on your way here, and saw you diverting yourself by teasing two little children. A little later a dog passed you, and you cut him with the switch you had in your hand. You shied a stone at a bird, and just now you were delighting yourself in tormenting another defenseless animal. These are the references that have decided me to have nothing to do with you. I don't want a cruel boy about me."
 As Charlie turned away, crestfallen over his disappointment, he determined that his wanton cruelty, even though it seemed to be only "fun," should not cost him another good place.—Sunday School Times.

Confederate Money.
 Wanted for each lot large amount of old and good greenback, including the late 1861 issues. Also Sixty and Broken Bank Notes of every description.
 GEORGE WINDHURST A SON
 Dealers in Way Belts, Stamps, etc.
 103 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.
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 The Boys' Own
 Catalogue
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 & CO.
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 REMOVES CORNS, BUNIONS AND WARTS
 UPON THE FEET
 For sale by
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 I am prepared to fill all orders for anything in the
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 line. Being a practical undertaker myself you can always rely on getting prompt what you order.
 After January 1st, I shall open a full line of all kinds of
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 in my house in Scotland Neck.
 Orders filled at any hour day or night.
 Address
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 WITH LATEST IMPROVEMENTS
 For sale by
 H. W. HUBBARD & SONS
 3 Ton \$35. 4 Ton \$45. 5 Ton \$55.
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OSGOOD'S U. S. Standard WAGON SCALES
 Sentinal, freight paid. Fully warranted.
 3 Ton \$35. 4 Ton \$45. 5 Ton \$55.
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SAVE YOUR CHILD'S LIFE!
 Beldin's **GROUP** Remedy
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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. C. JONES,
 P. O. box 57,
 SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
 The Brain Remedy
 In this world, says J. H. Hoffer, of Harrison, N. Y., in the following language: "I have been suffering for three years with a nervous condition, and have tried every remedy known to me, but have not been able to get any relief. I have been advised to try your Nerve Tonic, and I have done so, and I feel that I have been cured. I have been able to do my work, and I feel that I have been restored to my former health. I have been cured of my nervous condition, and I feel that I have been restored to my former health. I have been cured of my nervous condition, and I feel that I have been restored to my former health."
 Dr. J. H. Hoffer, Harrison, N. Y.
 "I have been suffering for three years with a nervous condition, and have tried every remedy known to me, but have not been able to get any relief. I have been advised to try your Nerve Tonic, and I have done so, and I feel that I have been cured. I have been able to do my work, and I feel that I have been restored to my former health. I have been cured of my nervous condition, and I feel that I have been restored to my former health."
 Dr. J. H. Hoffer, Harrison, N. Y.

FREE
 Diseases sent free to any address, and your name and address will be kept secret. This medicine is of great value, and is prepared under the supervision of the Druggist, and is guaranteed to cure, if directions are followed.
 KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
 Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. Large size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9. 6-11-1 y.

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 "ANKER-PAIN-EXPELLER" gives instant relief and is an infallible cure for Piles. Prepared by Druggist, and is guaranteed to cure, if directions are followed. Free. Address "ANKER-PAIN-EXPELLER," 202 N. 3rd St., New York City.