

THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1891.

NO. 40

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Satisfaction guaranteed to patrons. Corner North and Main Streets, SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. Jan 6 1/2.

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Gives personal and prompt attention to all consignments of Lumber, Shingles, Laths, Etc. 4-17 1/2.

A Household Remedy
FOR ALL
BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES
B. B. B.
Botanic Blood Balm
It Cures SCROFULA, ULCERS, SALT RHEUM, ECZEMA, every form of malignant SKIN ERUPTION, besides being efficacious in toning up the system and restoring the constitution, when impaired, from any cause. Its almost supernatural healing properties justify us in guaranteeing a cure, if directions are followed.
SENT FREE "Back of Woollen" BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.
1-15 1/2.

FOR MEN ONLY
FOR LOSS OF PALENESS, WEAKNESS, AND ALL THE SYMPTOMS OF DEBILITY, DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR MEN ONLY is the only remedy that will cure you. It is a powerful tonic and restorative, and will give you a new lease of life. It is sold by all druggists and is guaranteed to cure you. Price 50c per bottle. Dr. King's New Discovery for Men Only, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. D. HILL
LEADING BUTCHER
Has moved up town to his old stand on Main Street near the Brick Mill.
Fresh supplies always on hand. Customers invited to call. 1-1-91 1/2
SUBSCRIBE TO THE DEMOCRAT, \$1.50 CASH IN ADVANCE.

Something Great.
The trial was ended—the vigil past, All clad in his arms was the knight at last. The goodliest knight in the whole wide land; With face that shone with a purpose grand. The king looked on him with gracious eyes, And said, "He is meet for some high emprise." To himself he thought: "I will conquer fate; I will surely die or do something great." So from the palace he rode away; There was trouble and need in the town that day: A child had strayed from his mother's side Into the woodland, dark and wide. "Help!" cried the mother with sorrow wild— "Help me, Sir Knight, to find my child! The hungry wolves in the forest roam; Help me to bring my lost one home!" He shook her hand from his bridle rein; "Alas! poor mother, you ask in vain, Some meager succor will do, maybe, Some squire or varlet of low degree, There are mighty wrongs in the world to right; I keep my sword for a noble fight. I am sad at heart for your baby's fate, But I ride in haste to do something great."

One wintry night when the sun had set, A blind old man by the way he met; "Now, good Sir Knight for our lady's sake, On the sightless wanderer pity take! The wind blows cold, and the sun is down; Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town." "Nay," said the knight, "I cannot wait; I ride in haste to do something great." So he rode in his armor bright, His sword all keen for the longed-for fight. "Laugh with us—laugh!" cried the merry crowd. "Oh weep!" wailed others with sorrow bowed. "Help us," the weak and weary prayed, But for joy, nor grief, nor need he staid. And the years rolled on, and his eyes grew dim, And he died, and no one made moan for him. He missed the good he might have done; He missed the blessings he might have won. Seeking some glorious task to find, His eyes to all humbler work were blind, He that is faithful in that which is least, Is hidden to sit at the Heavensly feast. Yet men and women lament their fate, If they be not called to do something great.

FLORENCE TYLOR.
BOSSING THE JOB.
IT WASN'T SO MUCH THE MONEY HE WANTED AS TO HAVE SOME AUTHORITY.

(M. Quad in New York World).
A coal cart had backed up to the curbstone in Waverly place, and the driver had removed the cover from the coal-hole and was about to upset his load when a man came rushing up and asked him to hold on a moment. He ran up the steps and pulled the bell, and when a gentleman came to the door the caller said: "I want this job outside, sir." "But there is no job?" "I mean the coal." "But the driver will dump it into the coal-hole without any assistance. There is no shovelling or carrying or anything of that sort." "But I want the job of bossing the driver, sir," persisted the man. "I've been in New York three weeks and this is the first easy thing I've struck. I'll take it for a quarter. "There is no need of—"

"I'll say fifteen cents, sir." "But as I told you—"

"Well, make it ten. It isn't throwing money away or giving it to charity. It's simply encouraging a hard-working man who has met with misfortune."

The gentleman handed him a dime, and he pocketed it and ran down the steps and called to the driver: "Back'er up a little more! Easy as you go! Keep'er there! Now pull the pin and let'er flicker!"

Those who believe that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure them are more liable to get well than those who don't.

If you happen to be one of those who don't believe, there's a matter of \$500 to help your faith. It's for you if the makers of Dr. Sage's remedy can't cure you, no matter how bad or how long standing your catarrh in the head may be.

The makers are the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y. They are known to every newspaper publisher and every druggist in the land, and you can easily ascertain that their word's as good as their bond.

You wind your watch once a day. Your liver and bowels should act regularly. If they do not, use a key. The key is—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a dose.

POWER OF SONG.

HOW IT WILL CONTROL WILD BEASTS.

A TRUE STORY.

(Youth's Companion).
An English woman visiting in Colorado has sent to *Chambers Journal* rather an exciting experience of her own with wild cattle, in one of the lovely mountain parks of that Western paradise. She says that in her quest for sketching ground it was her fashion to start off on long expeditions by herself, after having been once assured that no Indians were within thirty miles, that bears seldom came down from the mountains so early, and rattlesnakes were fast disappearing. But one morning, walking down a narrow part of the valley, she found her head disputed by some fifty mountain cattle, which had come down to graze, and were clearly puzzled at her appearance.

They formed in line, and for a few minutes we stared at each other. I had no weapon more formidable than a paint-brush, and was fortunately too frightened to run away. An inspiration came to me, and, warily watching my enemies, I struck up a stirring melody. The effect was delightful. The creatures listened attentively for a few minutes, and then one after another quietly fell to grazing, while I walked through the midst of them singing as I went.

A few days later I was returning to supper, when about a mile from the ranch, I saw a large number of cattle massed across the way I had to go. Remembering my late experience, I marched on, nothing daunted, and when within easy hearing, struck up my song. As before, the animals all faced about and gazed at me, but instead of dispersing, they came slowly towards me, like a moving wall. Louder and louder I sang, until, looking beyond and around me, I saw cattle everywhere, all moving in my direction, up the slope from the river, down the mountains on my right, slowly but surely closing me in.

They were not fierce in aspect, but still they came nearer, a vast, noiseless audience. I dared not stop singing, as I saw clearly my song was a charm, without which I was but an ordinary human intruder, and to be treated as such. On the other hand it was evident that the more I sang the more the herd gathered. Closer and closer they came, until I could feel their hot breath like a cloud about me, and then a gentle poke in the back or shoulder from their long horns.

For a moment I despaired, then, with some difficulty, from lack of space, I opened my parasol, whirled it round and round before me, with all the strange shouts I could invent, and charged straight at my foes. To my grateful surprise the bewildered animals gave way one by one, and fairly made a lane down which I rushed, brandishing my weapon. When free of them I looked back to find them steadily staring after me in dull amazement; but not one moved a step in pursuit of me. Some weeks later, when I was telling the story to a Nebraska farmer, he informed me that the danger had been extreme; only a week before, he and some other mounted men had barely rescued alive a new-comer who had incautiously strayed into a cattle run. From the fact that they are invariably driven by mounted men, the animals seem to have lost their respect for humanity on foot, and treat it with slight consideration.

Guaranteed Cure For Lagrippe.
We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with Lagrippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer, because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free at E. T. Whitehead & Co's Drugstore. Large size 50c. and \$1.00.

Harnett County Matrimony.

AYERSBORO TOWNSHIP BEATS THE RECORD SO FAR.

(Dunn Times).
Last Sunday afternoon beats the record in this section for marriages. Notwithstanding the rain was coming down in torrents Mr. Wm. Clifton just over in Sampson, stole Miss Sallie Lee near here, and brought her to the residence of Rev. R. A. Johnson, where they were united in the holy bonds. Next was Mr. Richard Nordau to Miss Francis Stewart, Daniel Ivey J. P. welded the matrimonial ties. To keep the ball moving, Mr. Lemuel Draughan then with Mrs. M. J. Barfoot, and soon two souls were but a single thought, and two hearts beat as one. Still the good work was not finished. Mr. Albert Lee brought up the rear with Miss Lauretta Fart, and stood before G. R. Hodges, J. P., while he delivered the solemn ceremony, and thus it was that eight souls were made happy on one Sunday.

What to do With a Bad Temper.

(Selected.)

Starve it. Give it nothing to feed on. When something tempts you to grow angry, do not yield to the temptation. It may for a minute or two be difficult to control yourself; but try it. Force yourself to do nothing, to say nothing and the rising temper will be forced to go down, because it has nothing to hold it up. The person who can and does control tongue, hand, heart in the face of great provocation is a hero. The world may not own him or her as such, but God does. The Bible says that he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.

What is gained by yielding a temper? For a moment there is a feeling of relief; but soon comes a sense of sorrow and shame, with a wish that the temper had been controlled. Friends are separated by a bad temper, trouble is caused by it, and pain is given to others as well as to self. That pain too often lasts for days, even years—sometimes for life. An outburst of temper is like the bursting of a steam boiler; it is impossible to tell before what will be the result. The evil done may never be remedied. Starve your temper. It is not worth keeping alive. Let it die!

Remedy For Trouble.

(Selected.)

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses you don't want to lie awake and think about them. You want sleep, calm, sound sleep—and eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work, and go loafing all day to tell Tom, Dick and Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake and keep your wife awake by your tossing, spoil your temper and your breakfast next morning, and begin to morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day. There are some great troubles that some time can heal, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, if you are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficiency since first Adam and Eve left behind them, with weeping, their beautiful Eden. It is an efficient remedy. All good physicians prescribe it in cases of mental and moral diseases. It operates kindly as well, leaving no disagreeable effects, and we assure you we have taken large quantities of it with most beneficial results. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the materia medica, and comes nearer to being a "cure all" than any drug or compound of drugs in the market. And it will not sicken you if you do not take it sugar coated.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.
as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Sold by Druggists, price 75 cents per bottle.

PLACING MONEY.

MUCH ABOUT SOUTHERN STATES.

WISE CAPITALISTS MAKING HEAVY INVESTMENTS.

The *Manufacturers' Record* of July 25th says: Shrewd financiers who recognize the fact that the time to make investments is during periods of depression caused by monetary stringency, and who also appreciate the facts that this country has not stopped growing, and that industrial development, instead of being overdone, is still in its infancy, as compared with what the future will show, are quietly laying their plans for important operations. Their wisdom will be seen when activity returns, for then their enterprises will be all ready to take advantage of prosperous times. The movements of capitalists in this direction are illustrated by reports in the *Manufacturers' Record* of the purchase for immediate development of 25,000 acres of iron and timber land near New Castle, Va., at an advance of 200 per cent. over the price which it sold for last September; the decision of the owners of about 70,000 acres near the same place to commence its active development and to construct a ten-mile railroad for this purpose; the purchase of 6,000 acres of iron ore property near Fredericksburg, Va., the purchase of the Columbia (S. C.) canal for \$260,000 by New England capitalist, who will utilize its great water-power by building cotton mills, etc.; the purchase of 600 acres of land near Baltimore by Pittsburg manufacturer, who will build a manufacturing town; the full organization of a \$3,500,000 company at New Birmingham, Texas, composed largely of English capitalists interested in Middleshorough, Ky., to build an iron making town; the organization of a \$2,000,000 mining company to operate Liano, the great Bessemer ore center of Texas. These are a few of the big things reported for the week that indicate the tendency of capitalists to be on the lookout for good investments despite financial stringency. Among other enterprises reported in this week's issue of the *Manufacturers' Record* is a \$1,000,000 salt company in Kentucky; a cotton mill at Charlotte, N. C.; an \$89,000 contract for water works engines at Savannah; an \$80,000 rolling mill and cotton tie company at Denison, Texas; a \$300,000 sale of phosphate land in Florida; an increase of \$500,000 in the capital stock of gas and water works company at Macon, Ga., for enlargement; a \$500,000 phosphate company in Florida; a \$50,000 woolen mill company in Texas and a \$100,000 lumber company in the same State; a \$200,000 company in West Virginia; a \$75,000 improvement company at Florence, S. C., and a \$30,000 company at Raleigh, N. C.; \$500,000 voted for public improvements at Knoxville, Tenn.; a \$1,000,000 construction company in West Virginia; a \$100,000 improvement company in Manchester, Va., one of \$50,000 in Basic City, Va., one of \$40,000 in Louisville, Ky.; \$25,000 water works in Brunswick, Md.; a \$25,000 cotton seed-oil mill company in Texas; large fire-brick works in South Carolina, etc. For a midsummer week, with Europe and America puzzled over financial matters, this summary shows a really remarkable degree of activity in Southern development, and indicates what may be expected this fall and winter with a return of confidence to the business world.

Ten Years of Life Lost.

The result of some investigations made in England with reference to the effects of the use of alcohol upon the body have just been made public. The observations made included over 4,000 cases in all walks of life, and the report showed conclusively that men over twenty-five years of age the immoderate use of alcoholic drink cut off at least ten years. The report also showed that those who indulged in excess were liable to diseases of the liver and kidneys, and that pneumonia, pleurisy and epilepsy were also ill to which drinkers were unusually susceptible.

Mr. A. B. Lorraine, Boston, Mass., says: I ordered and distributed one dozen large bottles Bradycrotine among my friends afflicted with headache, and in every case it has afforded almost instantaneously relief.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a similar vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Acute by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper W. A. NOYES, 520 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Mother to an In-temperate Son.

(N. Y. Observer.)

"MY DEAREST—It is only by God's mercy and help that we have gotten through this dreadful time, and you are given, once again a grand chance for a new beginning. Keel down, dear, night and morning, and pray—even if you don't believe God hears you. He will hear you, and will increase your faith every time you kneel down, and use the words, "O, God, keep me from falling. O, God, envelop me with Thy care. O, God, teach me by Thy Spirit; for I come to Thee, because, through Christ, our Lord, Thy Son, Thou biddest me come."

"Now, are you determined that the first drop shall never, never, never again pass your lips? In that alone is safety under God. Not one drop! We are all impoverished, and nearly ruined, and only by the merciful help of friends, moved by God, to do 'in His name' have we got through—so mercifully. If you lift now the first drop to your lips, wife, children, mother and yourself will suffer frightfully, perhaps beyond recovery. Here is your chance. Doing your noblest and best (with such friends ready to help you) prosperity will begin to creep into your little home; the children can be taught, and all will recover, mother and all. Grant us this consolation, my son, after all that we have suffered together.

"I want you to make this new beginning with a mighty determination to God. Hold His hand tight and you cannot fall; ask His envelopment and temptation cannot penetrate it; open your soul wide to Him and He will find it, and there will be no room for the drink demon. "So, uplifted in God, have a dignity in your contact with the new man in this way. If occasion comes, if any of them ask you to drink, even if you be, say quietly, firmly, and with that dignity which commands the respect that lets one alone—I do not drink! Give no other answer. Let no one guess your past. I have great faith in you, in your new determination. But neither you nor any one is safe except in God.

"I give you a motto: 'God! My darlings? And no first drop!' Our future depends now on you. If you rise, we rise. If you go down again this world is over for us. "Now to the battle! Conquer! Forever, mother."

THE BANG.

(Chicago Tribune.)

It came to stay, and stay it will. And yet did anything or anybody ever receive more broadside abuse than that "bang" and the woman who wears it? Why has it held its own and increased its wearers until to be boldly conspicuous is to draw the hair plainly back from the forehead and disapprove of the bang? Simply because the artistic feminine eye discovered in the early days of its advent that it was becoming, and it takes much more courage to sacrifice beauty than it does to do away with a prejudice—whether the prejudice belongs to yourself or someone else doesn't count. One thing must be said for the bare-forehead-bang-wearer—she is brave. She is courageous to cling to the minority, and she is more so not to take advantage of a prevailing style to soften the outlines and shadow a little some expressions of the face. The hair is to the face what a frame is to a picture—a finish. Without this finish lines are deepened, features become angular, and even the delicate half-lights of a fine complexion are lost in the harshness of unrelieved brilliancy. Nature may not have intended that the hair should cover the forehead to the eyes, but Miss Priscilla, Miss Ruth or Miss Prudence herself could not decline that nature provided for its being skinned back the other way.

What of The Future?
(Tribune's Advocate).
Plain facts from every quarter show that now, the South is increasing in wealth and influence, more than any section of country in the world. The civil war shook her to the foundations, but in a way laid a second foundation more solid and substantial, upon which the Southern people are rearing a structure, that is astounding the world. The South since the war, has been called upon, not from the people or any great discoveries that have been made, but simply from a new system that has been inaugurated. The abolition of slavery has changed everything. The whole social and commercial world has faced about and all things are new. No other country in the world has experienced such a turn-about, and at the same time preserved its equilibrium. It is neither the land nor the climate, but it is the people who are making the South blossom as a rose.

ANOTHER BLUNDER.

The Clinton *Chronicle* improperly gives credit to the Scotland Neck *THE DEMOCRAT* for the following, but as we endorse it all, though not knowing the writer, we print it for what it is worth: "We have heard a great deal of complaint this year about the grass. We think it would be good for the country if we had more grass. We don't mean to say, growing in our crops. Of course it would do injury there; but there is a time and place for everything. North Carolina is naturally one of the best grass countries in the world, yet our people depend upon the North for most of the hay used. Just think of our farmers, who with a little trouble, could raise sufficient fodder for themselves and have plenty to sell as well, buying hay, sent here from the New England States, which has been raised, in a great part, among hills and rocks, in a country so rough that they have to sharpen the ends of the sheep's nose, so as to enable them to pick a living from between the rocks; yet these people through energy and perseverance, not only raise enough to keep their own flocks and herds through the winter, but also a surplus to send down here and sell to our farmers, for from twenty to thirty dollars per ton, when in a great many cases, all that is necessary for us, is to cut it, nature supplying us with abundance of natural grass of the very best quality. We remember while on a visit last summer to the beautiful town of Washington, in the eastern portion of our State, that after going to bed, tired from wading all the afternoon through vast fields of most succulent natural grass, which had grown after the grain crops had been cut off, we were awakened in the morning by the creaking of machinery, and looking out of the window, we saw that the noise proceeded from a coasting schooner, unloading hay, which we afterwards ascertained, was brought from Vermont. Just think of it, bringing hay from the rocks of Vermont, here to raise it, required careful and expensive cultivation, to a country where a bountiful nature had furnished it already for the scythe."

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