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# THE DEMOCRAT.

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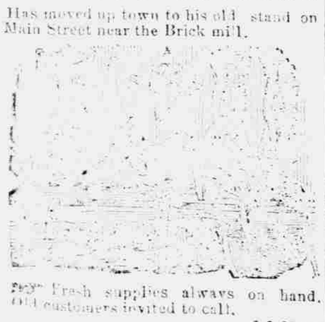
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## The Dying Soldier.

"The bravest are the truest;
The loving are the daring."

Col. Christie, of North Carolina fell mortally wounded at the battle of Gettysburg while gallantly leading his men against the enemy's breatworks. He was taken to Winchester where he was nursed tenderly until his death. He longed to see his young wife, his darling Lizzie, but when she reached Winchester he was dead. His last words were, "Kiss me for Lizzie."

The following beautiful and touching lines on the incident were first published in the Richmond Christian Advocate. They are worthy of preservation for the style in which they are written and for the sentiment which they breathe.

I am dying—is she coming? Throw the
the window open wide,
Is she coming? Oh! I love her more than
all the world beside;
In her young and tender beauty, must,
Oh! must she feel this loss?
Savior, hear my poor petition, teach her
how to bear this cross.

Help her to be calm and patient when I
moulder in the dust;
Let her say and feel, my Father, that thy
ways are true and just.
Is she coming? Go, and listen—I would
see her face once more;
I would hear her speaking to me ere life's
fevered dream is o'er;

I would fold her to my bosom, look into
her soft, bright eye;
I would tell her how I loved her, kiss her
once before I die.
Is she coming? O 'tis evening and my
darling comes not still;
Lift the curtain—it grows darker—it is
sunlight on the hill;

All the evening dews are falling—I am
cold—the light is gone;
Is she coming? Softly, softly comes death's
silent footsteps on.
I am going, come and kiss me, kiss me
for my darling wife;
Take to her my parting blessing, take
the last warm kiss of life,

Tell her I will wait to greet her, where
the good and lovely are.
In that home untouched by sorrow, tell
her she must meet me there.
Is she coming? Lift the curtain—
Let me see the fading light;
O I want to live to see her, surely she will
come to-night.

Surely, ere the daylight dieth I will hold
her to my breast;
With her head upon my bosom, I could
calmly sink to rest,
It is hard to die without her; look! I
think she's coming now;
I can almost feel her kisses on my faded
cheek and brow.

I can almost hear her whisper, feel her
cheek upon my cheek—
Hark! I hear the front door open; is she
coming?—did she speak?

No! Well, drop the curtain softly, I will
see her face no more,
'Till I see it smiling on me on that bright
and better shore.

Tell her she must come to me in that
Eden land of light;
Tell her I'll be waiting for her where
there is no death—no night;
Tell her that I called her darling, blessed
her with my dying breath;
Come and kiss me for my Lizzie, tell her
love outliveth death.

## Emergencies.

(Youth's Companion.)

It has been truly said that the luxuries of one age are the necessities of the next, and it may be added that the luxury of one man is the necessity of his neighbor. In fact, the two mingle so completely that it is difficult to draw the line between them.

At a meeting of the Board of Aldermen in a Western city, the presiding officer took occasion to reproach the members with laxity of attendance.

"At the last meeting," he said, severely, "only three members were present. Now, gentlemen, the city pays you to attend to your duties, and I hope to see a resolution passed defining what is a proper excuse for non-attendance."

Debate followed, and finally a motion was made defining a reasonable excuse for non-attendance as "death or serious illness in the family, illness of a member, or absence on municipal business."

Then a serious-looking member arose, and said, with the greatest apparent anxiety:

"But, sir, what is a member to do when there is a base-ball game?"

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## SPEAK KINDLY.

### A RULE FOR HOME, BUSINESS AND EVERY PLACE.

IT COSTS NOTHING AND SAVES MUCH.

(Independent.)

Why not? Why should not husbands and wives bound together as they are in the most intimate of all earthly relations, and necessarily in constant intercourse with each other, consecrate and hallow the sacred relation, and bless themselves, by always using kind words when they speak to each other? Where is the place for hard words, angry words, and words of reproach and bitterness? Such words always leave a sharp sting behind them. They are not the words of affection, and become neither husband nor wife.— They contribute nothing to the happiness of either, and are the prolific source of a large amount of misery. The husband who abuses the wife by his words, and the wife who snaps and snarls at her husband, are alike untrue to their marital pledge, and really in a very bad way. Such husbands and wives ought at once to repent of their sins against each other, and acquire better affections and better manners.

Speak kindly. Why not? Why should not parents always speak in this way to their children, and why should not children always so speak to their parents? If parents thus speak, children will naturally learn to do the same thing. The example by the parents will reproduce itself in the practice and habits of the children; and the latter will grow up into manhood or womanhood with a gentleness and softness of manners, and a carefulness in the use of words that is characteristic of refined and cultivated beings. Authority, when exercised through kind words, is scarcely felt simply as authority.— The element of severity is withdrawn from it, and obedience to it is secured by love. Parents who allow themselves to get into fits of passion with their children, and then thunder and storm at them in the language of vehemence and anger, are making a grave mistake in the family government. Such parents need first of all to govern themselves and put their own passions under healthful restraint.

Speak kindly. Why not? Why should not brothers and sisters living in the same house, eating at the same table, and fed and clothed by the same bounty, always speak to each other in this way? By so doing they will minister to each other's happiness, avoid petty quarrels, make home pleasant, cultivate good affections, gratify their parents and please God. As they become men and women they will be scattered hither and thither; and when thus scattered it will be pleasant for them to look back to their childhood days, and remember that their intercourse with one another was kindly and affectionate. The friendship then formed will follow them through life.

Yes, speak kindly. Why not?— Why should not men who are associated together in business, study and practice the law of kind words towards each other? Why should not the master speak kindly to his servant? Why should not one speak kindly to a stranger who may ask him a question? Why should not those who differ in opinion address each other in the use of respectful and kindly words? Why should not those who oppose moral evils temper their language with the law of kindness in the form of utterance? Why should not the minister of the gospel, the doctor and the nurse in the sick room, the buyer and the seller, the banker and the merchant, the governor and the governed, the judge on his bench, the warden of a prison, and indeed, every man and every woman, on all occasions, in all circumstances, and under all provocations, both study and practice the law of kind words in the total intercourse of life from the cradle to the grave.

We would like to have our readers, each one for himself, ponder these questions; and also the title placed at the head of this article. There is an amazing power for good or evil in words. A large part of human influence is exercised through this channel. What one is in life, how he affects others, and how they feel toward him, depends very greatly upon the use he makes of his tongue. If he goes through life with a lawless and acrid heart, hurling epithets right and left at others, blistering the sensibilities of his fellow-men by his own vehemence, and disgusting them with his vulgarity, he may set it down as a fact that he will make himself a nuisance in the social system. Everybody will be afraid of him, and manage, as far as possible, to keep clear of him. If, on the other hand, he sweetens his own life with kindness of words, he will always be a pleasant person to meet, to talk with, and be acceptable and agreeable anywhere and everywhere. Society will find good use for such a person, and will use him to its advantage and to his advantage. Kind words are the cheapest, and, at the same time in practical power for good results, the most potent words that one can use. Reader, speak kindly. You will thereby avoid saying what might be offensive to others, and while making yourself happy also make others happy.

## Spurgeon Says Hats Off.

(Contemporary Review.)

Mr. Spurgeon has always been perfectly appalling in his readiness to deal with insolence in the house of God. The finest case on record is, perhaps, one in which three young fellows came in and settled themselves conspicuously in the gallery with their hats on. In vain the officials requested them to uncover.

Of course Mr. Spurgeon's eye was soon upon them, and leading his discourse around to the respect which all Christians are bound to show for the feelings of others, "My friends," he said, "the other day I went into a Jewish synagogue, and I naturally uncovered my head; but on looking around I perceived that all the rest wore their hats, and so, not wishing to offend against what I supposed to be their reverent practice, though contrary to my own, I conformed to Jewish use and put on my hat. I will now ask those three young Jews up in the gallery to show the same deference to our Christian practice in the house of God as I was prepared to show them when I visited their synagogue, and take of their hats."

He would indeed be pedant and a prig who could refuse a sympathetic smile of approval, even in the sanctuary, to a rebuke so genial, so witty and so just!

## Advantage of Total Abstinence.

(Mail and Express.)

It has often been noted that moderate drinking lowers the vitality and resisting power of the system. This effect of alcohol shows itself when a moderate drinker falls with an attact of pneumonia or meets with an accident such as breaking his leg. In a large proportion of cases delirium tremens will develop and greatly diminish the patient's chances for recovery. The delirium is not due to alcohol, but to the fact that alcohol lowers the resistance of the nervous system, and the shock causes delirium. This is especially so in those exhausting diseases such as pneumonia and typhoid, in which recovery depends so much on the vitality of the patient, and the readiness with which stimulants act in moments of heart failure. If the system is used to alcohol, even in small doses, the effect will not be so marked when it is used as a medicine in sickness, and the chances for life will diminished.

## 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 wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remey for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alterative. 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.

"He kissed me, mother;"
Soft I heard her speak.
"And you? What did you do?"
I asked.
She said: "I turned the other cheek."

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co's Drug store, Scotland Neck. 9 1 1y

## ABOUT PAIN.

### ITS GREAT ECONOMY.

LUXURY OF WOE AMOUNTS TO DISSIPATION.

(Helen Jay in Harper's Bazar.)

Mr. Howells says "we are all blinded, we are all weakened by a false ideal of self-sacrifice." Even a cursory glance at ourselves and those about us confirms the truth of this statement. In some way we have so misinterpreted the Bible as to believe that pure religion and undefiled consists in ignoring common sense. We do not dare trust our own judgement in the crises of sorrow and disaster, and imagine that the most painful course, by reason of its very pain, is the one we ought to follow. Many of our funeral customs, through a false idea of what is due the dead, become barbarous inflictions upon the living. We are wanting in feeling for those whom God has taken, we believe, if we do not torture ourselves by every sight and sound calculoted to increase our suffering. It is a remnant, perhaps, of the savage idea that a grave must be heaped with sacrifices.

There is such a thing as a luxury of woe amounting to dissipation. It is quite as selfish as any avoidance of pain, and more injurious to others. Children are dressed in mourning garments, the significance of which they cannot understand, and depressed by darkened windows and hysterical outbursts of grief. Sometimes they grow to hate the very name of the dead, whom in their ignorance they hold accountable for the dreariness of their lives.

Often entire families have been sacrificed through a mistaken conception of the rights of one member. Blood is thicker than water, the adage runs, and hence to the black sheep are offered up all the fatlings of the flock. Sentiment says we have no right to deny the shelter of the home to the prodigal, no matter how vile and impenitent he may be. We forget to ask where the gain lies in allowing the son who has wasted his substance in riotous living to squander the inheritance of his brother.

The young girl insists upon giving up the man she loves and who loves her, in order that he may marry some one he does not care for. Three lives are thus ruined instead of a possible one.

The altars of philanthropy are wet with the blood of women who have both gratified and sacrificed themselves in excessive zeal in behalf of orphanages and reformatories. Their own children are left motherless just at the time when they need careful training most.

In cases of illness there appears to be an idea that it is quite praiseworthy for those caring for the invalid to wantonly overtax their strength, and so expose themselves, that the logical consequences is an increase of suffering all around.

The question where does our duty to ourself end, and that to others begin, is so subtle that it divides the joint and marrow. To quote Mr. Howells again: "It is the economy of pain that naturally suggests itself, and which would insist upon itself if we were not all perverted by traditions which are the figments of the shallowest sentimentality."

A Georgia editor who is also a real estate agent, a building and loan association director, an attorney at law, clerk of the town council, and pastor of the village church, was recently called upon to perform the marriage ceremony. He was in a great hurry: in fact the couple surprised him in the middle of a heavy editorial tariff. "Time is money," said he, without looking up from his work. "Do you want her?" The man said yes. "And you want him. The girl stammered an affirmative. "Man and wife" cried the editor. "One dollar. Bring me a load of wood for it—ore third pine, balance oak."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had 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 fellows. Acuated 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 perparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper W. A. NOYES 820 Powers' Block Rochester, N. Y. 3-91-1y

## A Fortune For A Word.

(Standard.)

Fifty-thousand dollar fees are common, says the New York Morning Journal. They are often paid by big corporations for legal advice, the correctness or faultness of which means a gain or loss of millions. No lawyer will give his advice in an affair involving enormous sums of money or the existence of a great corporation without receiving remuneration in proportion to the amount or interest involved.

The personal liberty of a wealthy man is often worth $50,000 to him and a first-class criminal lawyer who succeeds in securing to a wealthy client his personal liberty, or his acquittal, on a grave charge, expects remuneration in proportion to the wealth of his client. He gets it, too.

There are several instances of $250,000 having been paid to lawyers as a single fee. The most startling case was that in which ex-Senator W. H. Evarts, of Evarts, Choate and Beaman, received a quarter of a million dollars for an opinion on a ticklish legal point. A great corporation sought his advice. The lawyers stated the case and added that the opinion of Senator Evarts would be final with them, and they would adopt their future course according to his advice. He then put a question to which the ex-senatar answered, simply:

"Yes."

His bill was $250,000.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for just one word! Yes, and cheap at that price. Had the corporation gone to a less reliable lawyer and received "no" for an answer, it would have cost them many millions.

There is another unique feature of this instance. It is the only case on record in which ex Senator Evarts is known to have said simply "yes." His sentences are usually long and involved, but in this case one word sufficed, and he earned his enormus fee.

Another fee of $250,000 was paid by the sugar trust to John E. Parsons for drawing up the agreement under which they reorganized under the laws of the State of New Jersey. This was also a case that needed a lawyer who could not make a mistake. The smallest error would have been fatal to the trust. It may have been an easy matter for Mr. Parsons to draw up that agreement or it may not, but supposing that it was, the long years of tedious training and study which were necessary before he arrived at the state of proficiency which enabled him to draw up a document that was fire proof in every way must be taken into consideration in computing the value of his services.

That the agreement was cheap at the price was abundantly demonstrated by the futile efforts of the senate investigating committee to gain any more information about the trust's affairs than the officers of the trust saw fit to give them. An agreement of that sort is worth paying well for.

## Conscientious.

(Youth's Companion.)

Many a good story is told of a school where the boys are remarkably conscientious. One day the principal was lecturing them on the subject of cleanliness, and asked, "Is there any boy here who has not taken a thorough bath this morning?" One lad only, a pattern of neatness, pleaded guilty.

"You, Harris," said the teacher "I am surprised."

"I tried, sir," said Harris, stoutly, "but there's one spot under my shoulder blade that I'm not sure I touched. So I can't call it a *thorough* bath."

*Harper's Magazine* tells a story of an equally good little girl.

Marion, a child of six or seven years, attends the primary school. She was reciting in mental arithmetic, and the the teacher told the class to write the answers on their slates. Finally, there came a hard problem:

"Add four and three."

"I couldn't do it, mamma," said the child, as she afterwards related the incident, "till I put down three straight marks on my slate, and said, '*Four*, five, six, seven.' But then I thought that wasn't mental. So, though I knew the answer was 'seven,' I wrote down '*five*.'"

## "DIDN'T THINK."

### SPOILS MANY A LIFE.

Maims Many a Handsome Form.

ENDS MANY A LIFE.

(Durham Sun.)

We should like to put this picture here: an ugly little dwarf with mischief and malice in every feature, yet so small you would never suspect he could make so much trouble in the world. He seems to have the faculty of being everywhere at once; and we could not begin to tell you the mischief he can do in five minutes.

Didn't think threw the end of a match on the floor and burned up a whole block of houses; he shook the ashes from his pipe into the prairie grass and started fire that swept away the barns and harvests and homes for half a township.

He dropped a fire-cracker on the fourth of July, and left a great city in ashes.

He played with a railroad switch and sent a crowded express train to destruction.

He pointed a gun at a playmate for fun, and killed him instantly.

He left an open knife where the baby found it, and crippled one little soft hand forever.

Didn't think loses things by never putting them in their places; breaks and ruins things by taking them for improper uses; comes late to church and late to school; and in fact is always in trouble and disgrace, and considers himself abused and badly treated. If you take his word for it he never in his life meant to do a wrong thing; and ugly as he is the boys and the girls of whom he takes possession, will always defend him, and make excuses for him. They don't believe it. Don't think he is a bad fellow after all; he is only a thoughtless, good-natured idler, who means well enough.

How the wretched little cheat must laugh as they try to screen him from blame. He knows well enough he is a shabby rascal, and the only chance of keeping up his power lies in persuading his subjects that he is a good fellow.

We are going to expose him. He does not belong to royal family, he has no right to rule over a single subject. He is a son of Don't care, and we can tell you, boys and girls, if you submit to be ruled by him, the first thing you know he will bring you under the dominion of his father.

## To One Contemplating Suicide.

(N. Y. Herald.)

Dear boy, if you really must put an end to your life don't do it in one of the public parks and mess up the clean grass which never did you any harm and which other people like to look at.

Don't do it in a hotel, either. It isn't fair to the landlord, unless he has overcharged you and you are bound to get even with him. Besides, no other fellow wants a room that has been used for such a purpose.

Don't do it with a pistol. Our word for it, a hole in your head or some scorched rag over your breast can't be becoming to your peculiar style of beauty.

Don't kill yourself because nobody cares for you. Stir around first and make friends with somebody. You can't imagine how the loafers near the Morgue talk about a "stiff" who has no friends, nor how bad you'll feel if your spirit hovers about your body at the sorry figure you'll make on a marble slab.

Don't blame circumstances or persons for your untimely end; lying is cowardly business at any time, and beneath a man who has pluck enough to kill himself. Tell the truth about it; blame yourself for everything, and get even with yourself before you go; then you'll make up your mind to stay, you'll save somebody your funeral expenses, and save the newspapers a few lines of space for some more entertaining topic than "Another Suicide."

"Mary," said her mother, "you'll have to make that Mr. Golosh leave earlier."

"It's not my fau'lt' mama."

"Not your fault? Didn't I hear you last night at the front door say, stop, Edward,' half a dozen times? If he wanted to go why did you want to stop him?'—Phil. Times.