

THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

"EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO.

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NO. 51.

A Lesson.

I stood in the cell where Poverty's hand
Was holding and swaying the scepter of power—
Was crushing, it seemed, by a demon's command.
The spirit of all and the joy of each hour—
And I thought, as I gazed on the floor
And the walls,
How bitter—how cruel is Poverty's sting,
How barren this cabin compared with the halls
Where Wealth is the master, the ruler—the king!

But, lo, as I mused, there entered the room
Sweet Love and Content in their beauty and pride,
While Courage was holding the hands of a groom,
And Hope was inspiring the words of a bride.
Enraptured I gazed on the beautiful scene,
The bride and the groom at the earnest command
Of Love, who was crowned as the ruler supreme,
Were breaking this scepter in Poverty's hand.

I stood in the cabin each day as the years
With all their trouble were hurrying past
And saw through the dangers the cares and the fears,
That Love will be loyal if Courage will last,
The scepter was broken, and Poverty's power
Was forced from the cabin the bride and the groom
With Hope and Content, each moment and hour,
Were aided by plenty in filling the room.

The cabin has fallen; the bride and the groom
Now live in a mansion that's stately and grand,
The beauty adorning the walls of each room
Tells plainly that Love is still holding command.
With Courage and Hope and with Love and Content,
With hearts that were fearless and hopeful and true,
They met all the dangers with change less intent,
And so taught a lesson to me and to you.

E. E. C.

A MISHAP.

"TRIED TO LOVE SALLIE."

HE KNOCKED THE CHIMNEY DOWN AND CAUSED CONFUSION

"I knew there was a pretty girl living on the other side of the hill," said the deputy collector, as he squared himself back to tell his story, "and I insisted on riding that far before we stopped for the day.

"We had made a successful, but very laborious raid, and we intended to rest for the remainder of the afternoon and lay plans for the final blow, which we expected on the morrow to give to the most desperate moonshine neighborhood in the brassy district of Tennessee.

"It was nearly nightfall when we arrived at the house designated, but I had enough time to renew my acquaintance with the pretty girl and continue my old flirtation.

"We were all gathered around the fire after supper, and under the watch of the old people I saw a chance of love-making slipping away.

"I edged up to her side while Tom was spinning one of his long yarns, and whispered:

"I'd like to talk to you, Sallie."

"Talk on," she replied, not unpleasantly.

"But I can't do any good talking here in the crowd—suppose we go for a walk," I continued.

"She didn't think the idea would suit.

"Then I remembered that I had seen a ladder against the end of the house, and a brilliant plan came into my mind.

"You go up to your room," I said to her, "and I will climb in at the window, we will get ahead of the old people that way, I reckon."

"She didn't answer, and turned to hear the end of Tom's yarn. But five or ten minutes afterward, when I was talking to the old man, who I



"I GAVE IT A TERRIFIC SWING."

knew to be one of the most dangerous old scoundrels in the mountains, I saw Sallie get up and climb the ladder that serves for a stairway in the cabins.

"I forgot what I was talking a

"She said something about being sick.

about in the excitement of seeing her yield to me in this way, for she was a stunning fine girl, and I had great hopes, not unmixed with fear, in paying court to her.

"Tom had no sooner got started on a new story before I excused myself to take a little walk up the road.

"The mountain cabin always has a considerable space around it called the yard, although it is usually unfenced. This is perfectly bare of grass or weeds, and the white earth is, as a rule, kept clean by industrious sweeping.

"I had no trouble in walking over the soft earth noiselessly, and by the sounds within I could tell that the family were deeply interested in Tom's story.

"The ladder I had seen on the outside, leaning against the end of the house, was a half of a black jack tree, with cleats nailed to the side where it had been split in two.

"It was heavy as the devil and awkward to manage, and I had to get it on the other side of the chimney and daubed chimney where the window of Sallie's room opened with a silent invitation to me.

"I began to raise the bottom of it from the ground, slipping the top higher up the wall.

"I was so determined to make a killing of those big, blue eyes of Sallie's that I did not realize at the time how heavy the ladder was.

"It was no easy job, even with the intoxication of a love affair in my veins, and the precaution ne-

cessary only added to the labor.

"Finally I had raised the ladder so I could support the bottom in my belt and then I attempted to act as a pivot and derrick the top of the thing around to the window.

"I gave it terrific swing in order to get the proper momentum, and then there was a crash.

"The ladder pushed me like a kicking gun; I heard a scream from Sallie's window; a cloud of smoke and dust and sparks rose up in the moonlight and I thought the whole house had fallen in.

"I turned and ran as if I had been shot.

"I had knocked the whole chimney down clean to the pen for the fireplace, and I reckon it scattered fire all over the inside of the house.

"They were hollering fire and murder in there, and when they rushed out I saw them knocking at their clothes as if they were on fire.

"I lay low in the bushes behind the fence on the other side of the road.

"It wasn't long before I heard Tom coming in my direction.

"When he began to climb the fence I heard him swearing to himself.

"I whistled and made myself known to him.

"What in the creation has happened, Tom? I asked. I heard all that noise and ran because I thought you had got into a fight."

"The blamed chimney has fallen down," he answered, "and mighty near all our clothes are burnt off. I'll be doggoned if I haven't ruined these breeches!"

"We hurried away, Tom swearing at every step, and me laughing fit to kill myself every time he swore.

"What in the damnation are you laughing about, Jo? he turned and asked me all at once.

"Oh, I'm just a laughing," I replied.

"Again he stopped and said:

"Jo, I believe you knocked that chimney down, dog take you, and if I was certain of it, I'd lick you till you couldn't stand."

"I have been back in that country since," said the deputy collector, as he laughed for the hundredth time over his friend's burned trousers, "but I never tried to court Sallie again."

Sound Doctrine.

(Webster's Weekly.)

The Democratic party must close its ranks. All its differences must be settled. The quarrel between Alliance Democrats and non-Alliance Democrats must cease. There is no difference in the ends that they desire to accomplish. Why should they quarrel over the means? If the sub-Treasury plan is objectionable or is not the best means by which the end can be accomplished, let its opponents devise something better. A measure that will give the people more money, abolish national banks, break up trusts, put silver on an equality with gold and stop money in circulation without the intervention of banks, will cover the points that the sub-Treasury plan proposes to attain. There is no room for difference on these things, for they are vital Democratic doctrine.

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LITTLE JEFF.

GRANDSON OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

HIS NAME CHANGED BY THE LEGISLATURE.



JEFFERSON HAYES DAVIS.

Jefferson Addison Hayes, of Mississippi, has been made Jefferson Hayes Davis, by act of the legislature. The president of the Southern Confederacy had sons, but they left no male issue. His daughter Margaret married a Mr. Hayes, and when it became certain that no male Davis was to remain, they had the name of their first-born changed. Young Jefferson Davis is a bright and healthy boy, with many of the characteristics of his grandfather and namesake.

A Touching Incident.

(Selected.)

There is a family in one of our large cities dependent upon a little child for their present sunshine. A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die. It was so sudden so dreadful, when the grave family physician called them together in the parlor, and in his solemn, professional way intimated to them the truth—there was no help.

Then came the question who was to tell her. Not her doctor. It would be cruel to let the man of science go to their dear one on such an errand. Not the aged mother who was to be left childless and alone. Not the young husband, who was walking the floor with clenched hands and a rebellious heart. Not—there was only one other—and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with, unnoticed by them all, and asked gravely:

"Is mamma doing to die?"

"Then, without waiting for an answer, he sprang from the room and up the stairs as fast as his little legs would carry him.

Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his little head on his mother's pillow.

"Mamma, is you fraid to die? he asked in sweet, caressing tones. The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

"Who—who—told—you—Charlie?" she asked faintly.

"Doctor and papa and gamma—everybody," he whispered. "Mamma, dear, little mamma, don't be afraid to die, will you?"

"No, Charlie," said the young mother after one supreme pang of grief, "no, mamma won't be afraid."

"Just shut your eyes in the dark, mamma; keep hold of my hand—and when you open 'em, mamma, it will be all right there."

When the family gathered around the bedside Charlie held up his little hand, saying solemnly: "H-u-a-h! My mamma doing to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more."

And so it proved. There was no heartrending farewell, no agony of parting, for when the young mother awoke she had passed beyond, and, as baby Charlie said—"It is all right there."

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Drunkness in Society.

"I can find no stronger word in our language than brutizing to convey to your minds the hideous and poisonous nature of intoxicating drinks," said a zealous temperance lecturer recently. "Composed of ingredients, which by nature are oftentimes rank poison, it is not surprising that liquor, when consumed in large quantities, produces a most baneful effect. It inflames the imagination, stupifies the will, and stagnates the reason, it wrecks the system, corrupts the heart, in a short time makes man a mere mass of brutalized humanity. Man's system, being composed of a most delicate organism, has therefore great need of man's utmost care and consideration. When well protected, man enjoys a most perfect state of health and happiness, but when abused and neglected, it becomes in a short time a curse and burden to its unhappy possessor; once diseased or corrected, it now demands a long series of medical investigation, it pants for every possible care and solace, but alas! for the body ruined by the excesses of intoxication there is but one remedy, the cold and silent grave. True it is, there have been cases in which medical aid has given solace to a despondent patient, but then the system, was only injured, was not destroyed, but once the vitals of our nature have devoured by intoxicating liquors. None but the great physician, its Creator, can give it the desired and wished for salvation. Hundreds of cases could be cited to prove what I have said; hundreds who now fill drunkard's graves would bear me out in my assertion, and even today in our own city, there are hundreds of men and women, who have tremulous and wrecked constitutions, and all this because they have come to the ground all their self-respect and shame, to become slaves and dopes to the intoxicating cup."

Uses For Paper.

(Selected.)

Most housekeepers know how invaluable newspapers are for packing away the winter clothing, the ink acting as a preservative to the stoutest moth as successfully as camphor or tar-paper. For this reason newspapers are invaluable under the carpet laid over the regular carpet-paper. The most valuable quality of newspapers in the kitchen, however, is their ability to keep out the air, says *Farm & Home*. It is well known that ice completely enveloped in newspapers, so that the air is shut out, will keep a longer time than under other conditions, and that a pitcher of ice-water laid in a newspaper, with the ends of the paper twisted together to exclude the air, will remain all night in any summer room with scarcely any perceptible melting of the ice. These facts should be utilized oftener than they are in the care of the sick at night.

To be a Good Neighbor.

(New York Ledger.)

To be a really good neighbor demands the possession of many excellent qualities—tact, temper, discretion and consideration for other people's feelings and if we possess all, or some of these qualities, innumerable and never-ending are the benefits we may confer on each other, and a great deal of pleasure will be the result. But, because we are neighbors, we need not necessarily be close friends. We may be friendly enough to enjoy the pleasure of doing them little kindnesses and receiving the same in return. Being kindly disposed to all by no means implies that our house is to be open from morning till night to visitors. The typically good natured person, who is at every one's back and call, is likely to be greatly imposed upon and to please no one really; every one most really be able to say "No," and decline being made use of by every one.

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 fellow-men. Sent by mail by addressing a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, 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; \$20 Powers' Book Rochester, N. Y. 3-91-17

FARM VILLAGES.

SMALL AREAS FOR FARMS.

OUR SYSTEM OF FARMING MUST BE CHANGED.

(Southern Cultivator.)

Our system of farming, for many reasons, must be changed. We will be compelled to come down to small areas if we increase our population needs to be increased not only for the material benefits to the State, but to furnish the coming generation with social, religious and educational training.

Another reason for small areas is the management and control of the labor. Present indications warrant me in saying that the day for large farms, demanding large labor forces, has passed away. Our labor is no longer content to work in large numbers on our farms for wages. They will work only for stipulated rent or on shares with the landlord. The large farm is now a thing of the past, it to be relied upon as a success. When labor is abundant and the profits well assured, in many of our best farming States at the South large farms may succeed, but as a rule, we must come to small areas unless for the reasons above suggested.

The above article is to suggest a means of getting at this policy advisably.

It would be well if farmers would catch on to the methods of business men. Occasionally in different sections in all the Southern States we hear of a new town begun and built up as if by magic for mercantile and manufacturing purposes. Many of these towns built upon such ideas succeed and become prosperous. Some enterprising individual, or company, or syndicate will buy a suitable portion of land, project and lay out a town, and advertise and sell lots right along, and the public in a few months are amazed at the birth of a magic city. These towns are built for mercantile and manufacturing purposes.

Why not lay off, advertise and build towns for agricultural purposes? This ought to be done by counties as a matter of public interest and general development. Let the people of a county come together in mass meeting and discuss the location of farm villages, and counsel as to their building and improvements.

For instance, a farmer owns 1,000 acres of land and his neighbor 1,000. If the "Improvement Committee" appointed by the mass meeting would suggest the proper division of these lands into suitable farms, and aid in the proper location of a village of farmhouses fairly accessible to the different farms, it would be just as easy, and I am inclined to believe, much easier, to build villages on an agricultural basis as for mercantile and manufacturing purposes.

If the matter cannot be managed under suggestions to come from a convention of the people through the public spirit for improvement, the next best thing will be the organization of a real estate and improvement company in the county that will undertake the laying out of farms and the proper location of villages, and the advertisement and sale of such property for an agreed compensation. Under the control and management of good business men with the cooperation of the farmers who own the lands, farm villages can be built to great advantage and profit to our agriculture.

Possibly a better method than either of those suggested would be to have the farmers themselves, as such manage the whole thing. The farmers are now organized, and this would be a good project for them to consider.

Farmers need to come together in villages or nearer connection of some kind so as to secure, as stated in the beginning of this article, social, religious and educational advantages. Just a very little public spirit and enterprise in the different sections will secure all these advantages, and build up the State. Our population is now so scattered that we are almost entirely deprived of educational and other facilities.

The territory over which we travel for market advantages is so extended that we cannot afford to keep in order the public highways. The great distance between homes makes society in the country an impossibility and destroys half the pleasure of life.

Let us divide up our lands into farms like business men divide up a piece of land into lots, and then locate a village for the residence of the land owners, convenient to the farms laid out, and we will begin to get matters into business shape for the improvement of our people and the development of our section.

W. J. NORTON.

COTTON MILLS.

AN ARGUMENT FOR SOUTHERN COTTON MILLS.

TEAM POWER AS GOOD AS WATER POWER.

THE MANUFACTURER'S RECORD quotes a letter from Columbus, Ga., to the United States Investor, of Boston. From the published letter we take the following:

"To build a cotton mill in the South at one time seemed a paradoxical necessity to build a stream large enough to afford the motive power, and four of the largest mills in Columbus, Ga., and nearly all the best in Augusta are run by water today. It does not need good any longer, however, and we can give the subject intelligent direction by quoting freely from the utterances of our best authority, Mr. John Hill, the efficient superintendent of the Eagle and Patrick mills of this city, beginning at an early age to master the problem of cotton mills and cotton manufacturing, he stands today without a peer in this section for ability in this department. We adopt his assertions and conclusions as our own, unhesitatingly. Mr. Hill was asked for an opinion as to the practicability and advisability of erecting a mill at Montgomery, Ala., also for such other facts as to cost, size and equipment of a paying mill. From his published reply to this committee draw these conclusions.

"The improvement and employment of water-power for running a cotton mill is a thing of the past, and this opinion is established by those best posted on this subject. Water-power is usually inconvenient, expensive and unreliable. During one winter and spring our water mills lost 13 days from flooding of river.

"In Augusta it might prove an exception, where fuel is expensive and where the city has, at great expense, prepared a very fine water-power for her mills at a moderate cost. Where coal is abundant and can be had close at the mill for \$2.50 per ton, it would be financial and general development. Let the people of a county come together in mass meeting and discuss the location of farm villages, and counsel as to their building and improvements.

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W. J. NORTON.

La Grippe Again!

During the epidemic of La Grippe last season Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, proved to be the best remedy. Reports from the many who used it confirm this statement. They were not only quickly relieved, but the disease left no bad after results. We ask you to give this remedy a trial and we guarantee that you will be satisfied with results, or the purchase price will be refunded. It has no equal in La Grippe, or any Croup, Chest or Lung Trouble. Total bottles free at E. T. Whitehead & Co's Drug Store; Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00

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The Pittsburg Baron Munchausen

(Ed. etc.)

A certain young lady of Pittsburg, who has not yet reached her third birthday, makes her papa's life a burden by her persistent demand for "stories."

"Tell me a story, papa," she will say, and papa has to submit.

Under the encouragement of his little daughter "papa" is developing into a Baron Munchausen of no mean calibre. One day not long ago, in response to an urgent invitation, the following "story" was told:

"Once there was a mosquito. This mosquito had a family of three young mosquitoes in a nest up a big tree. The little mosquitoes said to the mamma, 'We're very hungry.' Then the mamma mosquito went to a house where there was a nice fat baby asleep in the crib. The mamma mosquito carried the baby off to her nest and divided it up among the children.

"Two of the little mosquitoes had a leg apiece, and the mamma mosquito and the other little baby mosquito each ate an arm. After these were eaten the rest of the fat baby was put away for supper. That's all of that story."

When the narration was completed the unsatisfied infant remarked:

"Tell me a bigger story than that, papa."

"I have found your Brayerotine a sure cure for headaches. A. R. Hacks, Mountain Peak, Texas.

Happy Mothers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ia., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicine combined for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie Bremer and stockman, of same place, says: "Kid Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle at E. T. Whitehead & Co's Drug Store.

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