

THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 52.

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The Slipping Years.

(New York Herald.)
They are slipping away these swift sweet years.
Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past:
As light as the breath of the thistle down,
As fond as a lover's dream,
As pure as the fish in the sea shells' throat,
As sweet as the wood bird's wooping note,
So tender and sweet they seem.
One after another we see them pass
Down the dim lighted stair.
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since
Dead,
As beautiful and as fair.
There are only a few years left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty ways of life?
There are only a few swift years. Oh, let
No envious taint be heard.
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's
sweet wine,
But never an angry word.

Be Sincere.

(American Farmer.)
One of the most appreciated but least cultivated virtues is sincerity. The habit of saying things we do not mean and which are really untruths, is sadly prevalent. One's friends grow discouraged if they are compelled to constantly ask, "do you mean that?" Sincerity and honesty are closely allied. Insincerity, deceitfulness, intrigue and dishonesty are all synonymous.
Insincerity is an insidious evil, and it steals into the mind, thence to the heart, where it pollutes the living waters of a pure life and poisons the fountain head of existence. The world's best pattern, Christ Jesus, was always sincere. Let us strive to be like Him. Though "a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief," He was ever steadfast and true.
We cannot be perfect, but we can be sincere, and by so doing gain new friends and more firmly cement the bonds of the present friendship. To the man it adds nobility and strength of character, and to the woman a grace and charm which is inestimable. It is worth trying.
H. F. H.

A Man With a Wonderful Touch
Connected with the United States Treasury is one of the most remarkable coin experts in the world. He is the coin examiner, and has the remarkable gift of discerning the slightest fraud in specie without being able exactly to tell how it is done. If a counterfeit piece be concealed in a heap of money he will detect it bladdfolded. He runs his fingers through the mass, and in a few minutes every coin is tested. This is the result of that remarkable power of touch which is only perfected by long practice.

Paid In Kind.

A Hoosier lad of twelve years was industriously at work upon a pile of wood in his mother's back yard, when he was approached by a playmate.
"Hello, Ben," said the youngster, "do you get anything fer cuttin' the wood?"
"Well, I reckon I do," replied Ben. "Ma gives me a cent a day fer doin' it."
"What you goin' to do wid yer money?"
"Oh, she's savin' it fer me, and when I get enough she's goin' ter get me a new axe."

No one doubts that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy really cures Catarrh whether the disease be recent or of long standing because the makers of it clinch their faith in it with a \$500 guarantee, which isn't a mere newspaper guarantee, but "on call" in a moment is when you prove that its makers can't cure you. The reason for their faith is this: Dr. Sage's remedy has proved itself the right cure for ninety-nine out of one hundred cases of Catarrh in the Head, and the world's Dispensary Medical Association can afford to take the risk of you being the one hundredth.
The only question is—are you willing to make the test, if the makers are willing to take the risk? If so, the rest is easy. You pay your druggist 50 cents and the trial begins. If you're wanting the \$500 you'll get something better—a cure!

ONE AND INSEPERABLE.

PRINCIPLES MUST BE MAINTAINED.

LET US FIGHT THE COMMON ENEMY.

(New Bern Journal.)
Whatever differences may exist as to measure, in principles the North Carolina Democracy is one and inseperable. This was abundantly shown in the late conference at Raleigh.
There is no question of the existence of an evil that imperatively demands redress: the only controversy relates to the means and measure of relief.
There are some men who, under the sway of inordinate ambition and self-adulation, assume to be the leaders of revolt; but the real agricultural reformers are as firm and immovable as their native hills.
The right to think is inalienable, and liberty of speech is the birth-right of every American citizen. One Democrat thinks that the Ocala platform is the perfection of wisdom; another believes it to be superlative folly; but both of them are willing to abide by the decision of the State Convention; the great appellate court of the Democracy.

Relief is what is needed, and it matters not whether the method of its accomplishment is formulated in a council of farmers, in a conference of mechanics, or is the spontaneous outburst of public sentiment.

The Raleigh conference is the rainbow that spans our skies, prophetic of concord and victory. Its representative men are Alexander and Jarvis, shaking hands over the dead body of Faction.

A sacred duty devolves upon the press of the State. The press, always potential, is at this time emphatically the leader of thought; not that it arrogates for itself superior wisdom or superior patriotism, but because other influences are comparatively dormant, while every day and hour the press of the country is speaking to the people. "Blessed are the peacemakers." Let conciliation and harmony be the object of the Democratic papers of North Carolina. Men of high metal may show their fire in the presence of personal affronts, but let it be remembered that charity is the highest Christian virtue and no man can be indifferent to its benign influence.
Let our weapons be used against the common enemy. Heaven forbid that any Democratic blade shall be tarnished with the blood of a brother Democrat.

Principles are always to be maintained, but personal preferences and predilections must yield to the superior claims of the public at large.
We may not suppose that there will be perfect agreement on measures until the argument is exhausted in the high court of appeal but when its decision is rendered, when the Convention announces its platform, the several banners under which we have fought will be woven into one glorious ensign which shall be a standard for the people.

LEMON ELIXIR.

Placid, Elegant, Delicate.
For biliousness and constipation, take Lemon Elixir.
For fevers, chills and malaria, take Lemon Elixir.
For sleeplessness, nervousness and palpitation of the heart, take Lemon Elixir.
For indigestion and foul stomach, take Lemon Elixir.
For all sick and nervous headaches, take Lemon Elixir.
Ladies, for natural and thorough organic regulation, take Lemon Elixir.
Dr. Mozley's Lemon Elixir will not fail you in any of the above named diseases, all of which arise from a torpid or diseased liver, stomach, kidneys or bowels.
Prepared only by DR. H. MOZLEY, Atlanta, Ga. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle, at druggists.

LEMON HOT DROPS

Cures all Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Hemorrhage and all throat and lung diseases. Efficacious, reliable.
25 cents at druggists. Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozley, Atlanta, Ga. 1-30-91.

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, C. H. or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs & Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at E. T. Whitehead & Co's Drug Store, Large size 50c. and \$1.00.

A Hog's Soliloquy.

(Prairie Farmer.)
Standing near a hog-yard, one day last summer, I noticed a fine porker wallowing in a filthy mud-hole, grunting away, as I supposed with contentment, when suddenly the ears of my understanding were opened, and this is the substance of the animal's soliloquy: "Yes, here I am wallowing in the filth because no clean place is provided. People curl up their snouts (noses they call 'em), and talk about hogs being such nasty creatures, and plenty of them have decided that we are not fit for food (wish they'd all come to that conclusion.) I don't mind being eaten, but the injustice is what rises me. Here we are shut up in this hot, barren yard without water, and there is no creature more sensitive to heat and cold. Nature demands that we have a cool, wet place in the summer to wallow in, but no one ever thinks of scooping out a hollow in the earth, and applying it with clean water; no, we must take a nasty, foul place, and return to it day after day. But it is enough better than we get in winter; then we are all huddled into the dirtiest little pen, where we have to lie in a pile to keep from freezing. People think we are only hogs, I suppose, but I wish they knew how much we need clean quarters and fresh straw beds: Now I don't think we are as dirty as some animals that nobody thinks of calling filthy. If I had my way, I would be clean. And then, there is all this howl about trichinæ. Who is to blame, I wonder? One thing I do know—we don't hatch the creatures, whatever it is, ourselves, and if people took care of us we would not have had it. Rats and mice, they say are alive with them, and so long as they build our pens so that they can come in and eat up our corn, we are bound to eat them up; so of course get the trichinæ; and when people eat us they get it—serves 'em right, too. Then if a sick hog or cow or anything of that kind dies, they feed us with the diseased meat. "Anything is good enough for a hog," they say, and it makes me smile, knowing that we are fatted for their table. We are naturally hearty eaters, and our susceptibility to cold makes us glad to eat anything to keep up heat in winter. And then our drinks! O me! the wash of everything, and the milk all spring from a sick cow. They said the milk wasn't fit for anything but the hogs. Don't see why they mightn't as well drink it as to give it to us, and then eat us, only in one case they would blame themselves, in the other they can put it on—the hog. How often have I watched people caring for their horses, and thought of the difference in their treatment and ours. Their house is cleaned out every day. They have the cleanest water to drink and the cleanest straw to lie on, and besides they are combed off (curried, I think they call it) and sometimes washed. Now if a hog had such a chance as that, he might be somebody, too. Well, well! and then his swineherd buried his nose in the mire, and I heard no more.

Whiskey Did It.

(Youths' Companion.)
Seldom have Shakespeare's words, "Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" been so strikingly illustrated as in a touching incident:
One of the best Greek scholars in New York is a gardener on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road. Not long ago a famous professor in one of our leading universities published a volume on certain features of the ancient Grecian dialects, of interest only to scholars. The L. guard referred to above wrote to a New York newspaper, pointing out several errors made by the professor in his book. He signed himself "Sixth Avenue Elevated Guard, No. —."
For a month, writes the Pittsburg Dispatch's New York correspondent, I watched the badges of the guards on that road as I made my daily trips back and forth. One morning I was rewarded by finding the learned man I sought.
"How does it happen," I asked, showing him my card, "that you, a Greek scholar of first rank, should be doing such work as this?"
He looked at me sadly, and his red face grew more flushed than usual. "I was the Hellenist of my year at Dublin," he said. "My Greek is still what it used to be, but my career has been ruined by whiskey."

LEARN IT BETTER.

THE FORGETFUL PUPIL.

BY DR. ABRAHAM S. ISAACS.

There once lived a man who possessed such a lovely garden that it was his greatest pleasure to watch its growth, as leaf and flower and tree daily seemed to unfold to brighter bloom. One morning, as he was taking his usual stroll through the well-kept paths, he was surprised to find that many of the blossoms were picked to pieces. It was not long before he traced the mischief to a little bird, which he managed to capture and was about to kill, when it exclaimed: "Please do not kill me. I am only a wee, tiny bird. My flesh is too little to satisfy you. Set me free and I shall teach you something that will be of much use to you."
"I would like to put an end to you," replied the man, "for you are spoiling my garden, but as I am always glad to learn something useful, I shall set you free." And he opened his hand to give the bird more air.
"Attention!" cried the bird. "Here are three mottoes which should guide you through life: do not cry over spilt milk; do not desire what is unattainable; do not believe what is impossible."
The man was satisfied with the



advice and let the bird escape, but it had scarcely regained its liberty, when, from a high tree opposite, it exclaimed:

"What a silly man! The idea of letting me escape! If you only knew what you have lost!"

"What have I lost?" The man asked, angrily.

"Why, if you had killed me, you would have found inside of me a huge pearl as large as a goose's egg, and you would have been a wealthy man forever."

"Dear little bird," the man said, in his kindest tones, sweet little bird, I will not harm you. Come down to me and I will treat you as if you were my own child, and give you fruit and flowers all day."

But the bird replied: "What a silly man to forget so soon the advice I gave you! I told you not to cry over spilt milk, and here you are worrying over what has happened. I urged you not to desire the unattainable, and now you wish to capture me again. And, finally, I bade you not believe what is impossible, and here you are imagining that I have a huge pearl inside of me, when a goose's egg is larger than my whole body. You ought to learn your lessons better in the future," added the bird as it flew far away.

A Sometime City Now a Corn Field.

(St. Louis Republic.)
Hindustan, Martin County, Ind., in 1820 was an important manufacturing and trading post. Eastern capitalists owned all the business and the town was settled by Eastern people. In 1823, when it was made the county seat, it had a population of 6000. An epidemic, thought to be cholera, carried off the people by scores. The town was soon depopulated, and where once the town stood is now a field of corn.

Mr. S. Lane, general manager Georgia Southern and Florida Railroad, says: "I was entirely relieved of headache by Bradrucyrtin in fifteen minutes. It is the only thing that relieves me after the pain commences."

Domestic Life in Paris.

Life in Paris means what it does in all large cities—the good and the bad—writes Edward W. Bok in a recent number of *Ladies Home Journal*. The casual tourist sees, as a rule, only one side. As a race, the French are merry making people; their very natures seek and crave enjoyment. But their amusements are, therefore, not necessarily of an order below the ken of respectability. It has been my pleasure to see something of French domestic life, and to hear more of it from sources away from prejudice. The affection which exists between the French father and his daughter is beautiful and almost spiritual. Home and family means as much to him as it does to the resident of any other city under the sun. The French mother is not only a cook par excellence, but a perfect type of housekeeping. By nature she is quick, and she accomplishes much more with less exertion than does her English sister. The education of her children is as a gospel to her. Her religious faith is strong, and she instills it into her children at the domestic board and at bedtime. The parents live out of doors, but it is rare, indeed, that you see children on the streets of Paris after reasonable hours. They are taught to find their chief amusements in the home; and every thing is done by the French father and mother to see that the home is attractive to their children. One of the most beautiful sights in the world is to see a well regulated French family, where you will find the atmosphere redolent with domesticity.

The Elephant's Memory.

(New York Advertiser.)
The elephant has an excellent memory. It recollects friends well and it rarely forgets an injury. It is recorded of one that it smashed a cocoanut upon its driver's head, and smashed the man's head at the same time, because the lazy, thoughtless fellow had broken a cocoanut on its skull the day before. A quartermaster engaged in superintending the removal of baggage in the camp by means of an elephant, became angry at the creature's refusing to carry more than a certain weight, and foolishly flung a tent-peg at its head. Some days afterward the elephant overtook the quartermaster as he was going through the camp, seized him with its trunk and neatly placed him among the branches of a tamarind tree, leaving him to reach the ground again in the best way he could.

4,500,000 Years Hence.

(Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.)
A French geologist has made a careful calculation of the amount of solid matter yearly carried off into the ocean by the action of the rivers of the world and other causes. He estimates that the reduction of the average height of the surface of the solid lands is .006 inches each year. Making allowance for the corresponding rise in the bed of the ocean, and taking no account of the occurrence of volcanic and other exceptional phenomena—the general tendency of which is to hasten the process of disintegration—the period at which the solid land will have ceased to exist and the surface of the earth will be covered with water has been estimated. As, however, that period is 4,500,000 years distant, the prediction need cause no immediate disquietude.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

A. O. S. physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a similar vegetable remedy for this 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. 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 preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper W. A. NOYES, 520 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. 3-9-15

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sore, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 5¢ per box. For Sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

GOOD HINTS TO FARMERS.

PARAGRAPHS WORTH READING AND REMEMBERING.

(Southern Cultivator.)
Farming does not furnish all the failures. Merchandise, law, medicine and manufactures furnish a larger percentage of failures than farming does.

We cannot raise too many oats. Every farmer in the State ought to raise enough to supply his own farm and have a small surplus for sale. We hear that there is a disposition to shorten the oat crop, the excuse being that the cotton is still in the field. The farmers will be unwise if they let anything stand between them and their oat crop.

A farmer should permit no crop to become his master, but should hold his hand the product thereof subservient to his will and judgment, as far as in his power lies.

If repeated failures in planting nothing but cotton have proved to him that the highway to prosperity and independence cannot be entered thereby, he should seek it by adopting other methods—methods that may be experiments to him, but which are relieved of all uncertainty by the example and experience of thousands of his fellow agriculturists. The experience of the past proves conclusively that the farmer of the South will never become wholly absolved from dependence and debt so long as they permit King Cotton to reign over them therefore it is the part of wisdom for them to derobate the unstable monarch and change places with him for a spell. Every owner of an acre of tillable land should be king unto himself.

A fine appetite is absolutely indispensable to the cow that expects to produce a great quantity of rich milk.
A good looking horse will always sell well. But it has the desirable combination of both good looks and speed he will be doubly saleable.

In the hall where the Wisconsin dairymen's association holds its meetings they have put up a great sign on the wall, "Always speak to your cow as you would to a lady."

It would be economical from every point of view if one cow could be made to eat ration of 20, if she would, as a result, give the return in milk and butter of 20.

It is very essential that there should be a workshop on the farm. It is not possible to have a separate building or room, then put a work bench in the stable or granary.

Wood ashes are as beneficial to sheep as to swine. They expel worms, and improve the general health. As a rule, however, good food and care are better than physic for the flock. Oats excel.

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