

# THE DEMOCRAT.

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**Scientific Blood Purifier**

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## ODE TO COLD WATER.

O, fair is the virginymph, fresh from the fountain,  
Sleeping in crystal well,  
Leaping in shady dells,  
Orissing clear from the depth of the mountain.

Sky-mated, related, earth's holiest Daughter!

Not the hot-kiss of wine  
Is half so divine

As the sip of thy lip, inspiring Cold Water!

As chaste as the snows on the sky-piercing

Alpine top—  
Now sparkling in dews,  
Now nearing the hues

Of the rainbow, born of the ray and the rain-drop,

In health and in sickness, all seasons, all weather,

Men may quaff thee, and laugh, and be happy together.

O see, how all Nature claps hand and rejoices!

What greenness and gladness,  
For brownness and sadness!

What music and mirth from infinite voices!

Herds lowing, cocks crowing, ten thousand birds singing.

Sweet murmuring rills,  
And splashing of mills,

And foaming cascades, gems and jewels sparkling

The winds, all the leaves from their sick slumbers waking.

With whispers and kisses,  
And breathing of blisses,

From the blooms all perfumes on the breeze air shaking;

New beauty returning to grass, tree, and flower,

Sosness as the thirsty earth drinks in the shower.

The great gift of God, and the joy of creation—  
As useful as air,  
Like it everywhere.

As essential, potent, its blest operation—  
The innocent source of health and hilarity;  
The friend of long life,  
The foe of all strife.

The pledge of good fellowship, friendship, and charity.

Is Water, pure Water—it makes the heart gladlier

Than wine the fierce talker,  
The merciless mocker,

That bites like a serpent, and stings like the adder;

For darts of revel, and hollow brief laughter,  
Havenshings of teeth and wailings hereafter.

**He Knew The Class It Belonged To.**

(Chicago Tribune.)

The old professor is a little near-sighted and the boys thought they would fool him. They got pieces of cloth and fixed them up in the shape of a most wonderful bug.

Then they got some real bugs and brought the whole lot to the professor.

He examined first one and then the other and gave the popular and scientific names of each, together with a little talk about the peculiarities of each, and the boys appeared grateful in the extreme.

Then he came to the cloth bug.

He looked at it in a puzzled way for a moment and then went to the cabinet for his microscope, but the boys had removed it. He came back to the table, adjusted his glasses, and scrutinized the bug more closely than before.

"Is it a rare specimen, professor?" asked one of the boys innocently.

The professor said he couldn't remember that he had ever seen its like before.

"Still," said he, looking extremely wise, "I notice certain peculiarities that convince me that I know the class to which it belongs."

"But you wouldn't care to give the bug a name, would you?" asked the boy solemnly, while the others tried to look solemn.

"Why, yes," said the professor, blandly. "For such an examination as I am able to make without a microscope I should class it as a humbug."

Then the boys looked at each other and solemnly filed out without answering the professor's invitation to enter again when they secured another rare specimen.

**A Wonder Worker.**

Mr. Frank Hoffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio, states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians, and used their treatment until he was not able to get around. They pronounced his case Consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption.

He found before he had used half of a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it and to day enjoying good health. If you have any Throat Lung Trouble try it. We guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free at E. T. Whitehead & Co's Drugstore.

## SCARED BY A BEAR.

**ADVENTURES OF A PRINTER IN THE GEORGIA WOODS.**

HE WILL BOLDLY KICK THE PANTS OFF THE NEXT BEAR HE MEETS, AND IS ALSO SORE ON THE ITALIAN.

To start with, let me say that I am not a professional tramp. I am only a printer. But the war tax on whiskey keeps the most of the type-stickers in a chronic condition of poverty. So that when a yearning desire comes over one of us to visit some other town, he is usually compelled to travel by hand.

When the adventure I am about to relate befell me, I was on my way from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

I had arranged with a brakeman at Boyce to occupy a section of an empty fruit car as far as Atlanta for a consideration. The brakeman drank the consideration in two immoderately large doses, and betrayed affairs to the conductor.

At Calhoun the conductor came back for a little consideration himself, but his subordinate had gotten away with everything in sight except the cork. He was disappointed and indignant, and remarked that he didn't like to have men bribe his brakemen. When people wanted to ride they ought to see him, from which it may be inferred that if that conductor were to quit railroading in Georgia and begin the practice of politics in Pennsylvania, he might attain to high distinction as a tarpon fisherman himself.

He then delicately inquired if I had any "stuff." I had no "stuff," whereupon he requested me to vacate. I am a Presbyterian by descent, and take pleasure in reflecting that the odds are about 19 to 1 in favor of that conductor having been foredoomed ages ago to eternal trouble.

I started down the track on foot, intending to walk to a water tank and then lie in ambush for another train, upon which I hoped to execute a skillful flank movement and capture a ride. A man whom I met volunteered the information that the next tank was "about three miles."

The man was a simple-looking fellow, and I am persuaded that he had never had any advantages other than the limited ones to be found in the woods. But he had cultivated his opportunities with care, and, adding to great natural qualifications, had graduated as an enthusiastic and finished liar. I walked three miles, and I walked ten more on top of them, and still no water tank. By this time the twilight was beginning to gray about the Georgia hills, so I made a bed of a lot of pine needles beneath the noble tree which had shaken them down and soon fell into that dreamless sleep that waits on a man who is tired and has no conscience to speak of.

There is no bed so sweetly soft as those of pine needles. The balsamic perfume is as refreshing as a well-mixed cocktail the next morning, and the red bugs that build mounds all over one's anatomy, and construct plans of the ancient catacombs under one's hide, are not thoroughly appreciated until the day following.

So I slept until the sun poked his jolly red face above the rim of the east, and a scared lizard ran up my right trouser's leg. Then I awoke, rolled over, and by the big fish I saw a bear as big as a mountain. At least, I have seen mountains that didn't look half as big as that bear.

Now, I've shot a bear in my time. I shot one up in the Blue Ridge mountains when I was only a boy and didn't know any better. I was agitated and embarrassed, and shot into him an unnecessary number of times, and so ruined the market value of his hide. But I killed him. I think it was thirty-six holes my uncle counted when he skinned the carcass. So I am not afraid of bears when I have any show for my white alley. With a Gatling gun and proper infantry support, I will engage to face any bear, and to give directions to the man in charge of the gun without a tremor.

But there I was face to face with a genuine wild bear, and the only weapon I had about me was a copy of the Albany Argus. Even that might fail to put a bear to sleep. Evidently, fight was out of the

question. Flight alone remained to be considered. I can smile now, but right then I was scared. I looked up at the pine tree under which I was lying. The gigantic trunk was bare of limbs to a height of forty feet. One of our Simian ancestors, of whom we read in the gospel, according to Darwin, might have climbed it. Unfortunately, my name is not Simeon. I gave the pine tree up as a bad job. There was no chance. I was laying at the head of a slight depression in the ground, which deepened as it receded. On one bank of this little gully, about thirty yards away, stood a sapling which I believed I could climb, were I near it, before his bearship could weigh anchor and get under sail.

I was anxiously measuring the distance with my eye, when a fly stung the bear's snout and he sleepily brushed it off with his paw. That settled it. I knew enough of fly nature to be well aware that that fly would never leave off tickling that snout until the bear woke up and put an end to his playful and indecorous attentions by paralyzing him. I immediately started backward down the gully. Did you ever crawl backward on your stomach over ground covered with pebbles, pine straw and blackberry thorns? If so, I know that you sympathize with a cat whose fur is stroked the wrong way.

I had covered some twenty yards in this painful style, when the fly again jabbed his proboscis into that of the bear, whereupon bruin awoke from his deep dream of peace and fetched a mighty blow at his tormentor. Simultaneously with this move on the bear's part, I broke cover and put for my sapling. I am conscious only of touching the ground once in the remaining ten or

twelve yards. My only reason for not going faster was the reason of the soldier who was rapidly making his way to the rear during a hot engagement in the late war. "Hi, there!" shouted an astonished superior whom he sped past. "What the devil are you running that way for?" "Cos I ain't got wings, you darned fool!" yelled back the scared conscript, as he dived into the tall timber.

But I am not sure that I could have bettered my time if I had had wings. When I got nearly to the top of my sapling and looked down to see my infuriated pursuer gnashing his teeth beneath me, he wasn't there at all. He was sitting on his haunches right out in the same old place. Presently he moved a little closer and sat down again. Just then it flashed over me that a bear can climb a tree when he wants to about as quick as a cat.

The cold sweat broke out all over me. I said a brief prayer and looked up the sapling to see how much higher I could go if the bear started up. And then I recalled a long-forgotten character in one of Sut Lovingood's stories who rode a wild bull over a precipice into a river and was last seen having climbed to the end of the bull's tail as they cleft the air in their downward flight, reaching vainly for more tail to climb! I laughed right out, and the laugh did me good. I wasn't half as nervous afterward. The bear sat still and so did I. I began to think over all the bear stories I had ever heard. I dimly recalled one I used to hear in Sunday-school about young David—how he rent a bear which came nosing around his father's sheep one morning, and I thought how gladly I would rent my bear to any responsible party who would take immediate possession and move in. Just as I reached this point in my train of reflection the bear fixed his cold little eye upon me and opened his mouth to his very widest extent. I took a casual survey of his interior works,

and immediately moved several feet farther up the tree. In doing so I committed a fatal error. The

sapling, though tough, was slender. My weight so far up disturbed the center of gravity. The top sagged and bent. My feet lost their grip, and I hung suspended, some fifteen feet from the ground.

In vain I struggled to regain my foothold. I was too far from the slender trunk. I strained every muscle in the attempt to get my feet around the tree, but I flopped my legs wildly and vainly. Once I caught a glimpse of the bear. He had risen to his feet, and I actually thought I saw a look of astonishment creep over his features as he gazed upon my startling gymnastic evolution in mid-air. It was evidently his first circus, and he was plainly enjoying it. I ceased kicking and began to hold on for dear life.

I knew that it was only a question of time until I dropped like a ripe persimmon into the bear's mouth. I thought of a great many things while hanging there. I remembered that I had a Chattanooga union card in my pocket and it made me very mad to think how tickled two or three of those fellows would be over the fact that my undertaker had bought all the financial expenses even to a free cemetery lot, and so saved them an assessment. Then I reflected how pined my form would be when Gabriel played the thirteenth trumpet, provided the bear ate and digested me and should afterward be killed himself and distributed around the neighborhood to be eaten and digested by ever so many people—some of them black, at that! These thoughts combined with the strain on my arms to make me tired. I felt my fingers slipping, slipping, and my hair began to crinkle. I was infernally scared. I will leave

it to anybody who has never sat up on a petit jury if he would not be scared at the prospect of dropping out of a tree and confronting a hungry bear with no other weapons than his teeth and toe nails. I felt that I could hold on no longer. I let go and dropped—not into the mouth of the bear but into a lot of dead black berry bushes.

Ferocious reader, you have heard of the sharp arrows of remorse. You may have felt their sting. If you ever drank Macon Whiskey you have. Well, the sharp arrows of remorse are not a patching to the sharp thorns on a dead blackberry bush. It was absolutely agonizing the way in which these thorns sought out the tender parts of my system. They jabbed into all the nerve centers and sent thrills of acute pain chasing each other all over my frame. But I didn't dare move, for the bear was still sitting there, and I knew my only chance now was to feign death.

I was just at the point of swooning away with fright and pain, when I heard a shout and a wild fire, waving a tremendously long club, leaped upon the bear. In the excitement of the moment I rose to my feet. The wild looking man had seized the bear by the ear, and was buckling a large brass collar around his neck, addressing to him at the same time selections from a choice stock of assorted English and Italian profanity. Then the truth flashed over me, and I came out of those bushes. The bear which had caused me all this anguish of mind and body was only a tame dancing bear—one of three or four which some strolling Italians were exhibiting through the country. He had slipped his collar during the night and ran away from camp.

I went over to that dago and offered him millions of prospective wealth and present payment of a plug of tobacco to allow me to take his pole and hammer that bear to my heart's content. He gazed upon my bleeding hands, torn clothing and wild features, and uneasy. At last he remarked, "Me no 'speaks English,'" addressed another short ovation in Italian to the bear, hit him a few cloths over the head with his pole, and, picking up the chain, disappeared with his captive at a rapid gait.

As for me, if I ever again find myself face to face with a sleepy looking bear in a Georgia wood, may the gods grill me if I do not walk up to him and kick him through his pants. And if that particular dago and that particular bear ever come through my town when I am home, Rufus will have a chance to demand another indemnity of this government.

JOS. LOTT.

**A CASUAL SURVEY OF HIS INTERIOR WORKS.**

**BROKE COVER.**

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**SOLID SOUTHERN GROWTH.**

**New Movements That Tend For Southern Advancement.**

**HEAVY GRAIN AND COTTON EXPORTS.**

**MANY NEW INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISES ORGANIZED.**

The Manufacturers' Record, of Baltimore, of October 31, in reviewing the industrial progress of the South, says:

"The business situation throughout the South continues to improve, and the outlook for the future is very promising. Speculative operations are not in much favor, but the work of solid business development is commanding increased attention. Shrewd capitalists, realizing the intrinsic value of good mineral and timber properties, are making a number of purchases, and mainly for immediate development. In West Virginia some large sales of coal lands have been made, and in other States ore and timber lands have changed hands. The phosphate interests in Florida show increased activity in the sale of lands and in the organization of mining companies, even new companies having been reported during the week with capital stock of from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000. In Alabama a very important contract was closed, securing the building of a railroad from the Warrior coal fields to deep water river navigation at Tuscaloosa, which will open a water transportation route for Alabama coal to the Gulf; this contract also calls for coal mining and coke making operations at Tuscaloosa. At Galveston the contract has been closed for building a 1,000,000 bushel grain elevator at a cost of \$250,000, and large engagements have been made for grain shipments from New Orleans this winter, while at Baltimore the grain trade is so active that on two days of this week alone charters were made for the export of 2,500,000 bushels to Europe. The cotton movement continues very happy, due in large part to the perfect weather for gathering the crop, and Southern ports are crowded with vessels loading for Europe. In general industrial matters there is steady progress, and among the new enterprises reported for the week are \$100,000 water-works company at Helena, Ark.; acid and chemical works at Portsmouth, Va.; \$250,000 development, mining and manufacturing company in Florida; a \$50,000 and a \$100,000 manufacturing company in West Virginia; a \$20,000 knitting-mill company in Norfolk, Va.; a \$30,000 compress company, Americus, Ga.; a rolling mill and a saw and door factory at Tyler, Texas; a 20-barrel flour mill, Baltimore; a \$102,000 development company at Chester, S. C.; large lumber mills at Irvine, Ky.; a \$500,000 general manufacturing company at New Orleans; a \$1,000,000 ordinance company, Alexandria, Va.; a \$50,000 automatic-sprinkler company, Columbus, Ga.; a \$100,000 development company, Richmond, Va.; a 50-ton ice factory, Mobile, Ala.; and one of same size at Fort Smith, Ark.; refrigerator works, Hot Springs, Ark.; water works, La Grange, Ga.; tobacco factory, Greenville, N. C.; a \$25,000 cotton seed-oil and manufacturing company, Corsicana, Texas; a \$100,000 electric light manufacturing company, Cumberland, Md., etc.

"This summary shows a steady, solid growth all along the line, and indicates a very healthy development activity that promises well for the rapid increase in the progress and prosperity of the South."

**A Hard Corner.**

The age of 30 is a hard corner for a woman to turn, and 35 is still harder. She feels that she is fast leaving her youth behind. But there is no reason why a woman should be faded and pass at 35 or even 45. The chief cause of the early fading of American women is found in the fact that many of them suffer from some form of female weakness or disease which robs the face of its bloom, draws dark circles about the eyes, brings early wrinkles and sallowness, and stamps the face and figure with signs of ill health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure all these troubles by bringing back the lost bloom, and removing the signs and ailments which make women grow old before their time. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or price (\$1.00) refunded.

**FITS.**—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**HERE'S A NEW DEVICE.**

**TEETH MAY BE SO MANUFACTURED AS TO PREVENT BLOWING CIGARETTES.**

(Chicago Herald.)

"Did you ever hear of a woman wearing cotton balls in her mouth to prevent her cheeks from appearing unkept?" asked a State St. dentist. "I have such a customer," he continued. "She came to see me recently, and she is rather handsome, very stylish and her home is a Prairie avenue palace. She said she wore cotton balls in her mouth to even out her cheeks, which showed a slight tendency toward a president that though she had used them for four years her husband had not discovered them; that she carried them especially for his benefit. The loose cotton balls became annoying at times and she gave me an order for two teeth, one on either side of the upper jaw, and asked me to build a bulge on each to take the place of those cotton balls as cheek-swellers. She had one tooth missing, so she had me pull a sound tooth opposite it to make a place from which to build out this cheek bulge. I took the impression for the teeth and the measure for the swellers on the side. The cheek-distenders I made of the same material as the frame in which the teeth were set.

"When she came in to get her teeth she removed the cotton balls and her cheeks were so swollen that even a casual observer would have called her thin featured.

"When she put in the amended teeth she became full-faced and the former swollen cheeks showed pretty dimples when she smiled. I was astounded at the marvelous change. It was almost great enough to be called a disguise. I am proud of that work. I begin to think that I am the restorer of youth, the effacer of the footprints of departed Time and the restorer of beauty once admired, though no one but a woman would have ever thought of thus changing a swollen cheek into a swelling denture—count her smiles."

**LEMON LIXIR.**

Pleasant, Elegant, Refreshing.

For biliousness and constipation, take Lemon Lixir.

For fever, chills and malaria, take Lemon Lixir.

For sleeplessness, nervousness and palpitation of the heart, take Lemon Lixir.

For indigestion and foul stomach, take Lemon Lixir.

For all sick and nervous headaches, take Lemon Lixir.

Ladies, for natural and thorough organic regulation, take Lemon Lixir.