

THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

"EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO.

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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1891.

NO. 3.

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Gives personal and prompt attention to all consignments of Lumber, Shingles, Laths, Etc. 4-17-90 14.

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES
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Botanic Blood Balm
It Cures SCROFULA, ULCERS, SALT TYPH, MALIGANT SKIN ERUPTION, ETC., every case of these diseases, in tearing up the system and restoring the constitution, when impaired from any cause. Its direct supernatural healing properties justify us in guaranteeing a cure. If directions are followed.

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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. Old customers invited to call. 1-1-91 14

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BRASS STEEL & RUBBER STAMPS.
Richmond, Va.

MY STORY, MARM?

My story, marm? Well, really, now, I have not much to say; But if you'd called a year ago and then again to-day, No need of words to tell you, marm, for your own eyes could see How much the Temperance Cause has done for my dear John and me.

A year ago we hadn't flour to make a batch of bread, And many a night these little ones went supperless to bed; Now look into the larder, marm,—there's sugar, flour and tea; And that is what the Temperance Cause has done for John and me.

The pall that holds the batter, John used to fill with beer; But he hasn't spent a cent for drink for two months and a year; He pays his debts, is strong and well as any man can be; And that is what the Temperance Cause has done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the streets, feeling so mean and low, And he didn't like to meet the folks he used to know; But now he looks them in the face, and steps off bold and free; And this is what the Temperance Cause has done for John and me.

A year ago these little boys went strolling through the streets, With scarcely clothing on their backs, and nothing on their feet; But now they've shoes and stockings and garments as you see; And that is what the Temperance Cause has done for John and me.

The children were afraid of him—his coming stopped their play; But now when supper time is o'er, and the table cleared away, The boys all frolic round his chair, the baby climbs his knee; And this is what the Temperance Cause has done for John and me.

Ah, those sad days are o'er of sorrow and of pain; The children have their father back and I my John again! I pray excuse my weeping, marm—there're tears of joy, to see How much the Temperance Cause has done for my dear John and me.

Each morning when he goes to work, I upward look and say: "O, Heavenly Father, help dear John to keep his pledge to-day!" And every night, before I sleep, thank God on bended knee For what the Temperance Cause has done for my dear John and me.

"Yankee Doodle."

(Golden days.)
History tells us the origin of our national march—the famous "Yankee Doodle." For one hundred and thirty-five years it has been a historic air. Few perhaps remember that to an English wit and musical genius we are indebted for the old tune. But true it is, although it was composed in a spirit of raillery, awakened by the sight of the "Yankee Doodles who came to town" in answer to General Amherst's appeal to the colonies for aid.

It was in the Summer of 1755 that the British army was encamped on the bank of the Hudson, a little below Albany. They were to open campaign against the French Canadians, and the well disciplined and uniformed troops awaited the arrival of the volunteers. In they came, a motley crowd, old men, middle-aged men and young men, but all with brave hearts beating, and strong arms ready to do battle. Some were mounted on ponies, others on old farm horses, taken from the plough, and many, with a zeal which knew no fatigue, hurried in on foot. Each carried his own outfit and provisions. No two were dressed alike; there were long coats and short coats, and no coats at all; there were high hats and low hats, covering closely cropped heads, or wigs with flowing curls. In they marched, and the regular soldiers made merry at their expense. Even the officers were not better mannered, and the surgeon, Doctor Shackburg, entertained his friends at mess by playing "Yankee Doodle," which he had composed in derision of the volunteers.

Greatly to the amusement of the British officers, the Provincials received the tune in good faith, when Doctor Shackburg gravely assured them that it was a "celebrated air of martial music," and daily it was heard played in their camp. Little did those merry Englishmen realize that the time would come when to those ringing notes the same colonies would march to freedom. Twenty years later "Yankee Doodle" cheered the heroes of Bunker Hill; and later still, more than ever endeared to American hearts, it was exultantly played as Lord Cornwallis's army marched into Washington's camp at Yorktown.

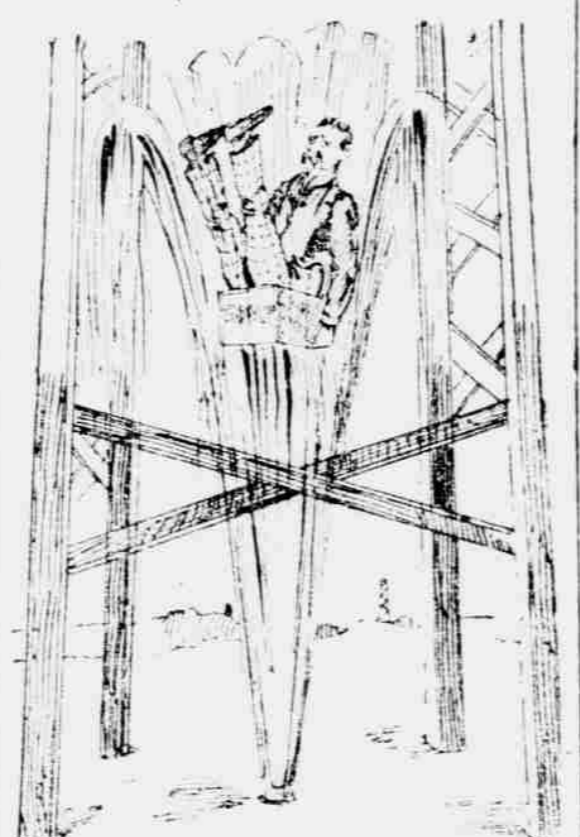
ON A JET OF WATER.

JOE ENGLISH'S EXPERIENCE IN THE OIL FIELDS.

HE SAT DOWN ON AN ABANDONED OIL WELL TO DO SOME FIGURING, AND GAVE AN IMPROMPTU DANCING-BALL ACT.

"I was about 20 years old when the oil excitement broke out in our country, and was leading the uneventful life of a farmer's son," said Joe English, a well-known Pittsburg contractor to a party of friends who were telling of experiences in the oil fields. "We lived on a farm of 140 acres, within two miles of a prosperous town of Pennsylvania and there was little excitement for any of us until some of the oil men from Oil City came down and built a rig on the Davis farm, about a quarter of a mile from our place. The greasy fluid was struck in paying quantities. I believe we drilled four wells, and all very good producers. No. 3 acted strangely. The day it came in it filled two 250-barrel tanks in four hours, and we lost considerable oil because of a lack of tankage. The well settled down, however, to about 300 barrels a day, and kept flowing at that rate for about five days, when it petered out altogether. Just twelve days after that well quit flowing I had the strangest experience that ever fell to the lot of man.

"One day I was walking about the farm when some delayed figure-work occurred to me, and I resolved to do it then and there. The abandoned well was near by. Knowing that I would be secure from intrusion there, I walked into the derrick. An empty candy-box, which I placed over the casing head, furnished a good seat. Producing pencil and paper, I proceeded in my own way to solve the problem of petroleum production. In just about two minutes the well began spurting salt water at a furious rate, and with such tremendous force that I was hurled high into the air, box and all. There is



I WAS HURLED HIGH INTO THE AIR. No use trying to describe my feelings. I was too thoroughly frightened to have any. All I know, a man of 170 pounds was lifted violently heavenward.

"The column of water evidently struck the box exactly in the center, for we went up as straight as a plumb line. What is more, I never changed my seat, and in the very nature of things it was impossible to do so. The spurting water was of sufficient volume to entirely fill the box and send a pretty heavy aqueous wall on every side into the bargain. The box was not large, and, of course, my feet would naturally hang over under ordinary circumstances, but in this case the water threw my legs upward. This put me in a peculiarly uncomfortable, yet singularly safe, position. I sat there, head and legs inclined, so that I resembled the letter Y, and was firmly held in that position by the out pouring current.

"I must have gone up fully forty-five feet, but the initial force carried me higher than could hold me, and I settled back about fifteen feet, all the while maintaining the same position. When I reached that point where the attraction of gravity exactly counters the force of water I stopped. The point was fully thirty feet from the ground. It was impossible for me to fall to either side, and equally impossible to fall straight down, for the spraying water played into that box with terrific force. The only movement I felt was the alternative rising and falling of the box occasioned by the contention between the attraction

of gravity and propulsive force of gas and water. The only pain I experienced was in my legs, which soon became numb from the constant pounding of the water.

"The roar and the spurting water soon attracted the attention of the folks at the house, and after them came the neighbors, oil operators and others, until there was a crowd of several hundred people standing around within safe distance of the descending water. I couldn't see much of them, and, of course, couldn't hear a word they said. Gradually the pain seemed to grow less, and the next I knew I was in bed, and in a dreamy way saw the folks standing around.

"They told me how my final rescue came about. The well ceased flowing gradually, and finally petered out altogether. As the column of water dropped, the box with its now insensate burden, came down with it and rested exactly over the mouth of the well whence it started. I fell over on the derrick floor and was picked up and carried out, and then into the house."

Curiosities About Gold.

(Rehoboth Sunday Herald.)
Gold is so very tenacious that a piece of it drawn into wire one twentieth of an inch in diameter will sustain a weight of 500 pounds without breaking.

Its malleability is so great that a single grain may be divided into 2,000,000 parts and a cubic into 9,523,809,523 parts, each of which may be distinctly seen by the naked eye.

A grain and a half of gold may be beaten into leaves of one inch square, which if intersected by parallel lines drawn at right angles to each other and distance only the one-hundredth part of an inch, will produce 25,000,000 little squares, each of which may be distinctly seen without the use of a glass.

The surface of any given quantity of gold, according to the best authorities, may be extended by the hammer 310,185 times. The thickness of the metal thus extended appears to be no more than the 568,020th of an inch. Eight ounces of this wonderful metal would gild a silver wire of sufficient length to extend entirely around the globe.

Our dear little daughter was terribly sick. Her bowels were bloated as hard as a brick. We feared she would die. Till we happened to try Pierce's Pellets—they cured her, remarkably quick.

Never be without Pierce's Pellets in the house. They are gentle and effective in action and give immediate relief in cases of indigestion, biliousness and constipation. They do their work thoroughly and leave no bad effects. Smallest cheapest easiest to take. One a dose. Best Liver Pill male.

A girl in Pennsylvania keeps six pet rattlesnakes; a cow in Missouri eats young chickens, and there is a 13-year old boy in Arizona who weighs 350 pounds.

LEMON ELIXIR.

Pleasant, Elegant, Reliably.
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.
Prepared only by Dr. H. MOZLEY, Atlanta, Ga. 4-30-91

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a singular 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. Acuated by this motive and 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, 220 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. 3-61-14

NOBLE NERO.

A TRUE STORY.

HOW HE SAVED BABY'S LIFE AND WAS HONORED FOR MANY YEARS.

(Harper's Young People.)
In the year 1871 the steamship "Swallow" left the Cape of Good Hope bound for England. Among the passengers was a child of two years, and a nurse. The old lady had also brought with her a huge, handsome Newfoundland dog.

The voyage had lasted about six days. No land was visible, and the island of St. Helena would be the nearest point. The day was a beautiful one, with a soft breeze blowing, and the sun shining down brightly on the sparkling waters. A large and gay company of the passengers were assembled on the deck; merry groups of young men and girls had clustered together; now and then a laugh rang out, or some one sang a gay little snatch of song, when suddenly the mirth of all was silenced by the loud piercing scream of a woman.

A nurse who had been holding a child in her arms at the side of the vessel had lost her hold of the leaping restless, little one, and it had fallen overboard into the sea—into the great, wide Atlantic Ocean. The poor woman, in her despair, would have flung herself after her charge, had not strong arms held her back. But sooner than it can be written down, something rushed quickly past her; there was a leap over the vessel's side, a splash into the waters, and then Nero's black head appeared above the water, holding the child in its mouth.

The engines were stopped as soon as possible, but by that time the dog was far behind in the wake of the vessel. A boat was quickly lowered, and the ship's surgeon, taking his place in it, ordered the sail-ors to pull for their lives. One could just make out on the leaping, dashing waves the dog's black head holding something scarlet in its mouth. The child had on a little jacket of scarlet cloth, and it gleamed like a spark of fire on the dark blue waters.

The mother of the child stood on the deck, her eyes straining anxiously after the boat, and the black spot upon the waves still holding firmly to the tiny scarlet pet. The boat seemed fairly to creep, though it sped over the waves as it never sped before.

Some times a billow higher than others hid for a moment dog and child. But the boat came nearer and nearer, near enough at last to allow the surgeon to reach over and lift the child out of the dog's mouth then a sailor's stout arms pulled Nero into the boat, and the man rowed swiftly back to the ship.

"Alive?" shouted every lip, as the boat came within hail of the steamer and, as the answer came back, "Alive!" a "Thank God!" came from every heart.

Then the boat came to the ship's side. A hundred hands were stretched out to help the brave dog on board. "Good Nero," "Brave Dog," "Good Fellow," resounded on every side. But Nero ignored the praise showered so profusely on him. He trotted sedately up to the child's mother, and with a wag of his dripping tail looked into her face with his big, faithful, brown eyes, as if he said, "It is all right; I have brought her back safe."

The mother dropped on her knees on the deck, and, taking his shaggy head in both hands, kissed his wet face again and again, the tears pouring down her face in streams. Indeed, there was not a dry eye on board. One old sailor stood near with the tears running down his weather-beaten brown face, unconscious that he was weeping.

Well, Nero was for the rest of the voyage the pet and hero of the ship and he bore his honors with quiet dignity. It was curious, however, to see how from that time on he made himself the sentinel and body-guard of the child. He always placed himself at the side of the chair of any person in whose arms she was, his eyes watching every movement she made. Sometimes she would be laid on the deck, with only Nero to watch her, and if inclined to creep out of bounds, Nero's tect, fastened firmly in the skirt of her tress, promptly drew her back. It was as though he said, "I have been lucky enough Miss Baby to save you once, but as I may not be

so lucky again, I shall take care you don't run any such risks in the future."

When the steamer reached her destination, Nero received a regular ovation as he was leaving the vessel. Some one cried, "Three cheers for Nero," and they were given with a will. And "Good-by, Nero," "Good-by, good dog," resounded on every side. Every one crowded around to give him a pat on the head as he trotted down the gang-plank. To all these demonstrations he could, of course, only reply with a wag of his tail and a twinkle of his faithful brown eyes. He kept close to the nurse's side, and watched anxiously his little charge's arrival on dry land.

He was taken to the home of his little mistress, where he lived, loved and honored, until he died of old age, with his shaggy gray head resting on the knee of the child, (now a woman) that he had saved. His grave lies in an English churchyard, in the burial plot of the family to which he belonged, and is marked by a fair white stone, on which is engraved, "Sacred to the memory of Nero."

His portrait hangs over the chimney piece of an English drawing-room, beneath which sits, in a low chair, a fair haired girl, who often looks up at Nero's portrait as she tells how he sprang into the Atlantic Ocean after her, and held her until help came.

RIVALRY OF SHANG AND ENGLAND.

TWINS WITH ONE BODY, TWO LEGS, FOUR ARMS, AND TWO HEADS.

The twins of Lacona, rivals of the famous Siamese pair, have just arrived in New York. They are known as the Tocci brothers, and were born in Lacona, Italy, July 4, 1875. They have one body, one pair of legs, four arms, and two heads. One head is of fair complexion, resembling the mother, and speaks Italian and French. The other head is of dark complexion, like the father, and speaks German and English. The twins are in charge of Mr. Frank Uffner, who exhibited the late Lucia Zarette, the Mexican midget.



THE TWINS OF LAONA.

The Tocci brothers usually eat with both mouths, although one can provide nourishment enough for the entire organism. During their first week in New York they are to be exhibited privately to medical men. After that they will be on public view at Worth's Museum.

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

Dead as a Door Nail.

What is the origin of the expression, "Dead as a door nail?" asks a Sun reader. The door nail is the nail upon which the door knocker best, and constant beating was supposed to have killed the nail pretty thoroughly. Shakespeare uses the term, but it is much older than his time.

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

TRUE GENIUS.

THERE ARE MANY HIGH WAYS TO IT.

WE BEST DO WHAT WE BEST LIKE.

(Old Homestead.)
In each human life is planted some natural aptness. If it is intense men call it genius; if it appears in a lesser degree it is known as talent, which, with energetic cultivation, often outstrips indolent genius. Our inborn gifts should be very dear to us—so dear that we must not fold them away for safety, thus proving ourselves unworthy of them, but bring them out; let them see the light of day and give them every advantage for perfect development. Work for them with a will, and if your efforts are true and persistent your gift, whatever it may be, will repay you a thousand times. It will illuminate your ideas, your influence, and your life with its brilliancy and make itself part of your own personality.

Action is a necessity with perfect beings, and progression is a law of God; so at first there may be no visible sign of genius, no tangible proof of what we feel that we can do, yet persistent daily effort, with your soul in your work, will unfold your talent day by day as the flowers open their leaves to the sun, and if we grow not weary of patient endeavor we shall see our highest dreams fulfilled. Aside from the duty of making the most of the possibilities which God has planted in us, striving always to give to them the best part of ourselves, the return is ample, and there is no ingratitude from those toward whom promptings. As soon as we have put our shoulder to the wheel a feeling of love arises in our hearts for our work, and it seems to smile back at us as it grows more shapely and perfect in our hands. Music, painting, sculpture are not the only highways of genius and talent; more homely and useful ways they often take.

If the woman who has a natural aptness for dressmaking and the dainty handling which such a calling demands, instead of getting so tired and wishing she was not obliged to work, would only love her work a little and try to realize the fact that she possesses a spark of genius, her happiest hours would be those spent in her workshop amid the tools and trappings of her trade. So it is with anything we really wish to do.

Some one has said that "our desires are presentations of our capabilities." We may each prove this by working faithfully to accomplish that which we most desire, and the measure of diligence will be the measure of our success.

CLAIBORNE KLATCH, Macon, Ga.

A Sunny Face.

(Selected.)
Wear it. It is your privilege. It has the quality of mercy; it is twice blessed. It blesses its possessor, and all who come under its benign influence. It is a daily boon to him who wears it, and a constant, ever-flowing benediction to all his friends.

Men and women, youth and children, seek the friendship of the sunny-faced. All doors are open to those who smile. All social circles welcome cheeriness. A sunny face is an open sesame to hearts and homes. If it banishes care, dispels sorrow, banishes, and hope made to reign triumphant, where fear, doubt, and despondency, held high carnival. Your own life will be sweetened, your own hopes quickened, your own joys heightened by your perennial, heaven-gladdened, sunny face. Get the glow and radiance from such nearness to the throne as God permits to his own. Bring from a holy and divine communion a face luminous with light and let it glow and shine on all around.

A little child on the street of a great city, wishing to cross at a point where the surging throng and the passing vehicles made the feat dangerous to the strong, and especially so to the weak, paused, hesitated, and then asked a sunny faced gentleman to carry her across. It was the sunny face that won the child's confidence. Childhood runs into the arms of such.

Rich on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Wool-ord's Sanguary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co's Drug store, Scotland Neck, N. C. 10 8 14