

THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOL. VIII

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1892.

NO. 23.

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THINK GENTLY OF THE
ERRING.
N. S. B.

Keep back the words thou faint would'st
speak
Against the erring one;
Reverent thoughts and scornful words
Will never cure the evil done.
Remember, we ourselves oft err.
And oft from duty's path depart:
Against the weak and erring one
O, harden not your heart!

Think over all the trials borne.
The struggles and unrest;
Be not too hasty to condemn,
Have pity—that is best.
Another's faults oft seem so great,
When placed beside our own.
"Let him who is without a sin
Be first to cast a stone."

Uplift the fallen and the weak,
Bid them look up and live;
Tell them of him who on the Cross,
Died so that they might live.
O lead them gently by the hand.
Till darkened roads are passed;
Then Jesus, who forgives thy sins,
Will lead you, too, at last.
—Christian Herald.

CITY OR COUNTRY.

WHICH IS THE BETTER FOR A MORTAL
TO PASS HIS DAYS IN?

It is no advantage to live in a
city where poverty degrades and
failure brings despair. The fields
are lovelier than paved streets, and
the great forest of oaks and elms
are more poetic than steeples and
chimneys. In the country is the
idea of home. There you see the
ring and setting sun; you become
acquainted with the stars and clouds.
The constellations are your friends.
There you are an aggregation
of atoms in the city you are only
in contact with an aggregation.
ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

THE OTHER SIDE.

This is all very beautiful, Colonel,
but how did you like it on the old
homestead, where you had to run
the band saw through the hickory
logs, milk the cows and chase the
hens out of the potato patch? The
fields are beautiful, particularly
when you have to spend ten or
twelve hours a day in running a plow
through a miniature quarry of bow-
lers. The rain on the roof is de-
lightful, but how about it when you
are under the grand old trees, five
or ten miles from the kitchen stove?
While you were looking up at the
constellations did your neighbor's
bull terrier ever interrupt your as-
tronomical studies. I prefer rural
life. MANHATTAN.

About Gambling.

(Statesville Landmark)
"Was ruined by Gambling," was
the big headline in a daily paper
one day last week. The story was
that Wm. A. Loxey, a well known
Brooklynite, whom his friends trust-
ed and the world esteemed, was
in a prison cell for robbing his em-
ployers of over \$31,000. All of
which suggests the observation that
all the bad things in this bad
world the very worst is gambling.
Men who, this passion aside, are as
honest as the day is long, have been
known to appropriate trust funds
in their hands to gamble on. They
expected to win, of course, and
maybe they did win for awhile; but
after a little time they lost the money
they had expected to replace and
the brand of the thief was put upon
them. Don't do wrong at all, boys,
but above everything don't gamble.
You cease to be responsible when
you become a gambler and are no
longer to be trusted.

Do Keep Clean.

(Exchange.)
It has been often said that the
scratch of a finger nail is poisonous;
there is, however, no reason to sup-
pose that the danger lurks in the
finger nail itself, but rather in what
it conceals. According to the Brit-
ish Medical Journal, the examination
of the dirt under seventy-eight finger
nails, made in the laboratories of
Vienna, revealed thirty six kinds of
micrococci and eighteen of bacilli.
It is therefore the deposit of these
germs in the wound made by the
nail that works the mischief. Clean-
liness is always physical sanctifica-
tion, and very often it is physical
salvation.

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. Sent to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE "NEGRO
SCARE" OF 1831.

ITS EFFECTS IN MECKLEN-
BURG AND CABARRUS

MEASURES OF DEFENSE SUDDENLY
IMPROVED—THE "DOG WOOD
GUN"—A POET "MADE"

(Cor. of The Charlotte Observer.)

On Sunday, August 21, 1831, oc-
curred, in Southampton county, Va.,
the noted "Nat Turner Negro In-
surrection." Some vague scheme
of a greater "rising" had probably
been planned, but the immediate
cause of the dreadful outbreak and
massacre was a small "Sunday
picnic," then allowed, and quite
common on the large farms of
eastern Virginia. Nat Turner, up to
this time, had a good name; was
only 31 years old; was an intense
Bible student, and was often called
"Prophet Nat." When he and his
six confederates then resolved to
"strike," so swift and irresistible
was the blow, that in 24 hours, 55
men, women, and children, were
indiscriminately massacred! The
"black forces" were rapidly gather-
ing, when a single mistake brought
the whole bloody movement to a
sudden close, and to a terrible retri-
bution. Every leader was soon
caught excepting only Nat Turner
himself. In ten days or two weeks
hundreds of the guilty and many
of those only suspected were shot
or hung. But for two months the
whereabouts of the "Prophet" baffled
all efforts alike to find or
capture him. The news of the hor-
rible massacre spread with the
terror of many battles. But all this
was naught compared to the dread-
ful fact that "Nat Turner" was still
alive, and might at any moment
strike another blow in the wide
extent of his deep-laid plot.

No human mind can at this re-
mote day form any idea of the ter-
rible, intense, ever-growing fear,
this feeling produced. It was
everywhere and took all conceivable
form. I was then a boy of
only 10. But my father had a store
at his beautiful, well known resi-
dence at Poplar Grove, in Cabarrus.
From all-white and black alike
the talk was "Bloody Nat," and
"the next negro rising." In the
very height of this excitement, a
courier reached Gen. Paul Barringer
at Poplar Grove an early Sunday
morning about the 3rd of October
(1831) bearing a relay dispatch
forwarded at full speed and on
padding horse, containing the
awful tidings that "the negroes had
risen on the Great Pee Dee, and
were then marching, 5,000 strong,
up its right bank—no doubt aiming
for the rich and prosperous up-
country!" This section—especially
Cabarrus—was then noted for its
"fine military," and the call was
"Help! help—quick and strong!"
Gen. Barringer himself had largely
discredited the sensational rumors
ever abroad. But here was a state-
ment in black and white he could
not wholly ignore. To my mind the
most true and faithful man I ever
knew was "Uncle Joe," the head
waggoner of all Dutch Buffalo. In
a few moments "Uncle Joe" was
mounted on "Simon," the swiftest
of all the horses and off at full
speed for Concord, with orders and
suggestions to the proper authori-
ties; but to them only. How the
news got out I could never learn,
but in less than three hours the
yard was full of soldiers, from Con-
cord, from Mt. Pleasant, and from
all around. But in the very midst
of the excitement, came another
corner, on foaming steed, up the
long, red lane, shouting: "All a
mistake! false alarm! a damned white
lie!"

But the fire had been lighted.
That night many families came in-
to Concord for safety and protec-
tion. The military was out, senti-
nals were stationed, and it was
agreed that in case of alarm the
men were to rendezvous at "head-
quarters," with any kind of arms.
The women were, in case of alarm,
to rush to the court house. All
went well till the hour of mid-
night, when the sentinel at the
Presbyterian grave yard heard the
rustle of an old dead bush; he im-
agined he saw an armed negro and
fired! Then such a scene! A few
days after I was in Concord, and
heard the description. It can
never be made to speak in cold
type, or in any written words.

What took place in Concord was
repeated, to a greater or less extent,
all through the South—sometimes
with very tragic results and most
frequently with a spirit of jest
and humor singularly comic and
laughable. Here in Mecklenburg
the militia was called out, several
negroes arrested, and one harmless
old negro preacher, "Polipore,"
disrobed.

In the gallant, spunky little
county of Cabarrus the whole thing
took an amusing turn from the
singular conceit of an alarmed, but
resolute farmer named Sidney Mc-
Kinley, and a wag of a boy by the
name of Albert Wallace. McKinley
was short of arms and ammunition,
except a good supply of powder.
In his extremity he bethought him
to utilize a large hollow dog-wood
near his home by loading and
mounting it as a cannon. When,
in a few days, the welcome news
came that Nat Turner had been
caught, had confessed, and was
hung; and that the insurrection
was now done for, McKinley was
vain enough to call in some of his
"frocked friends," with a view of
starting another "scare," and show-
ing his own skill and valor. Con-
trary to all expectation, the old dog
wood gun, (though strengthened by
many bands and in many ways),
flew all to flinders, and in all di-
rections. It nearly knocked down
two of the rickety old houses close
by—when McKinley himself broke
and ran. Young Wallace was then
a student of the Poplar Tent Acad-
emy of the famous Dr. John Robin-
son. The thing struck his youthful
fancy, and he described it very
graphically in some doggerel verses
known as the "Dog-wood Gun."

Their touch and sentiment may be
gathered from these four lines:
"Immortal will their memory be,
Who fought and bled for Liberty;
But greater fame hath he acquired,
Who first of all the 'Dog-wood' fired."

This was too much for McKinley.
He got angry, and foolishly sought
a quarrel with Wallace. But this
only brought the poor boy more in-
to notice, and awakened interest in
his behalf. A fund was raised to
enable him to complete his educa-
tion and he was afterwards known
as the Rev. James Albert Wallace,
D. D., of Alabama, a scholarly
writer, whose son adorned the pre-
sidency of "King College," Bristol,
Tenn.

From this mis-called "insurrec-
tion" of Nat Turner and the "big
scare" it created, may be dated the
real beginning of that reaction
against "gradual emancipation,"
then full under way, and which
culminated in the sudden and
sweeping freedom of 1863-5. At
that time, the finest looking "young
fellow"—Andy—was offered at
\$300. In 1860 he would have
brought full \$2,000. But where is
now this untold wealth! Alas! for
mere human wisdom!

R. B.

Let's reason together. Here's a
firm, one of the largest country over,
the world over; it has grown, step
by step, through the years to great-
ness—and it sells patent medicines!
—Ugh!

"That's enough!"
Wait a little—
This firm pays the newspapers
good money (expensive work, this
advertising!) to tell the people that
they have faith in what they sell
so much faith that if they can't help
it or cure they don't want your
money. Their guarantee is not in-
definite and relative, but definite and
absolute—if the medicine doesn't
help your money is "on call."

Suppose every sick man and every
feeble woman tried these medi-
cines and found them worthless, who
would be the loser, you or they?
The medicines are Dr. Pierce's
"Golden Medical Discovery," for
blood diseases, and his "Favorite
Prescription," for women's peculiar
ills. If they help towards health,
they cost \$1.00 a bottle each! If
they don't, they cost nothing!

My Neighbor's Boy.
HE GETS UP EARLY AND MAKES AN
AWFUL NUISANCE OF HIMSELF.

I always make it a rule to get
along with my neighbors without
engaging in any belittling quarrels
or disputes with them, save a writer
in the Detroit Free Press. I will
put up with a good deal before I will
descend to the vulgarity of a quarrel
with any one, and I don't intend
having a row with any one now, but
if my neighbor's boy should dis-
appear suddenly and never be heard
of any more, or if he should be found
with his neck broken, I will perhaps
have been at the bottom of it, and
no honest jury in the land will do
anything with me for it.

The boy is ten years old. His
name is Horace Walpole Gladstone
Smith, but they call him "Teddy."
He has taken to getting up at five
o'clock these fine mornings, and his
parents encourage him in such idiosy-
crasy by bragging around "how smart our
little Teddy is."

Ten minutes after Teddy is up he
is racing along in front of my house,
drawing a stick over the palings of
the fence under my bed room win-
dow. Then he walks up and down
singing "I want to be an angel." He
knows but one line of it, and he
screeches that out over and over
again until—well, you know what I
wished as I lay in bed, gnashing
my teeth, with no hope of getting
my morning snooze.

By-and-by, at about 5:30, he
brings out a wagon made out of a
wooden box and four creaking, wab-
bling, solid wooden wheels, and he
races up and down the wooden pave-
ment, dragging that noisy, noisome
thing after him. Then he gets under
my open bedroom window and be-
gins screaming to a boy who lives
half a block away:

"Jimmy! O-o-o-h Jim! Say, Jim
Jones, I'm up and you a-t-a-n't!"

Then he goes through a series of
yells, cat-calls, and dog-barks, end-
ing with frightful screeching of "Annie
Rooney!"

This is followed by another wildly
screaming out tant to Jimmy Jones.
"S-a-y, Jim! Beat ye up! I've
beat ye up, sleepy head! O-o-o-h,
Jim!"

You thrust your head out of a
window and say coldly:
"Stop that noise!"
He looks up at you placidly and
says:

"I guess I can make all the noise
I want to in my father's own yard,
so I can." And he makes more
noise than before, while you bounce
back to bed feeling pretty sure that
the command to "hush thy neighbor
as thyself" did not mean thy neigh-
bor's boy.

A Good Platform.

(Southern Cultivator.)
This is a year when all sorts of
presidential tickets will be suggested
on all kinds of platforms. We pro-
pose the following:

For President: INDUSTRY.
For Vice-President: ECONOMY.

Electoral Ticket:
1. Hog, hominy and hay.
2. Grain and grasses.
3. Cotton and the cereals.
4. Home-raised products.
5. Improved labor-saving machine-
ry.
6. Intensive culture.
7. Fields terraced and tilled.
8. Improved stock raised at home.
9. Improved public highways.
10. Smaller farms and more
thorough tillage.
11. Homes made more attractive.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Queen Victoria Restricted.
NO PERSONAL LETTERS AND GIFTS
ARE ALLOWED TO BE RECEIVED
BY HER.

Queen Victoria, not being born a
Queen, probably learned to read
just like other persons. But after
she became afflicted with rheu-
matism she found that a Queen is not al-
lowed to have a great many privileges
that the humblest of her subjects
can boast.

For instance says a writer in the
Philadelphia Enquirer, she is not al-
lowed to handle a newspaper of any
kind, nor magazine, nor a letter
from any person except from her
own family, and no member of the
royal family or household is al-
lowed to speak to her of any
piece of news in any publication.

All the information the Queen is
permitted to have must be
strained through the hands of a
man whose business it is to cut out
from the papers each day what he
thinks she would like to know.
These scraps he fastens on a silk
sheet with a gold fringe all about it
and presents to her unfortunately
Majesty.

The silken sheet with golden
fringe is imperative for all com-
munications to the Queen. Any one
who wishes to send the Queen a
personal poem or a communication
of any kind (except a personal let-
ter, which the poor lady isn't al-
lowed to have at all) must have it
printed in gilt letters on one of
these silk sheets with a gold fringe,
just so many inches wide and no
wider, all about it.

These gold trimmings will be re-
turned to him in time, as they are
expensive, and the Queen is kindly
and thrifty, but for the Queen's
presence they are imperative. The
deprivations of the Queen's life are
pathetically illustrated by an in-
cident which occurred not long ago.

An American lady sent Her Ma-
jesty an immense collection of the
flowers of this country, pressed and
mounted. The Queen was delight-
ed with the collection and kept it
for three months, turning over
the leaves frequently with great
delight.

At the end of that time, which
was as long as she was allowed by
court etiquette to keep it, she had
it sent back with a letter saying
that, being Queen of England she
was not allowed to have any gifts,
and that she parted from them
with deep regret.

Boy Character
(Louisburg Times.)
It is the greatest delusion in the
world for a boy to get the idea that
his life is of no consequence, and
that the character of it will not be
noticed. A manly, truthful boy will
shine like a star in any community.

A boy may possess as much of noble
character as a man. He may so
speak and so live the truth that there
will be no discount of his word.
And there are such noble christian
boys, and wider and deeper than
they are apt to think is their in-
fluence. They are the king boys
among their fellows, having an im-
mense influence for good, loved and
respected because of the simple fact
of living the truth.

Dear boys do be truthful. Keep
your appointments at the house of
God. Be known for your fidelity
to the interest of the church and
Sabbath school. Be true in every
friendship. Help others to be and
do good.

Deafness Can't be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot
reach the diseased portion of the ear.
There is only one way to cure deafness,
and that is by constitutional remedies.
Deafness is caused by an inflamed
condition of the mucous lining of the Eu-
stachian Tube. When this tube gets
inflamed you have a rumbling sound or
imperfect hearing, and when it is en-
tirely closed, Deafness is the result and
unless the inflammation be taken out
and this tube restored to its normal con-
dition, hearing will be destroyed forever;
nine cases out of ten are caused by cat-
arrh, which is nothing but an inflamed
condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars
for any case of Deafness caused by cat-
arrh that we cannot cure by taking
Hill's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars
free.

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