

# THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 36.

## Heirs to an Enormous Estate

(Roanoke News.)  
The Dupre family in the United States are said to be heirs to an enormous estate in France valued at forty million dollars. These heirs are scattered throughout the Southern States. The Dupre family was banished from France by Louis XIV. and came to this country. Some of the Dupres returned to France and recovered their property while others remained in America. Those who returned to France have become extinct and the estate reverts to the American branch of the family. Among the heirs are Mr. M. M. Dupre, editor of the *Virginia People*, published at Charlottesville, Va., and a Mr. Dupre, of Birmingham, Ala. Among the heirs also are Dr. J. E. Shields, of this place; W. D. Shields, W. M. Shields, Mrs. Harper Alexander and Mrs. Gibson Lamb, of Scotland Neck, children of Mr. W. H. Shields. Their mother was a DuPre. We sincerely hope they will come into their own again at no distant day.

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## A WOMAN'S FIDELITY.

A sad woman paced the old rickety floor,  
The cold wind swept under the rattling door;  
As the fire burned low, she hugged to her breast  
The sick little one she was coaxing to rest.  
Her husband lay piled in a stupor so deep,  
That it seemed rather death, than a mere drunken sleep,  
And the poor woman thought of the old home so dear,  
Of which she had once been the light and the cheer;  
Of the day when that father she rashly defied,  
And ran off, to become handsome Willie Brown's bride.  
She placed her sick child in the woe cradle nigh,  
And sank to her knees with a pitiful cry:  
"Oh God! I can bear to be hungry and cold;  
I don't mind my garments so tattered and old,  
But oh, for mine own sake, in mercy God give  
Both clothing and fire that my baby may live.  
The old door is tapped; then it swings open wide  
And an old man—fur-coated—steps softly inside.  
"Kittie!" "My father!" with quick bated breath,  
Each stares at the other as pallid as death.  
The old father sees the young husband arise,  
And gaze at him dully, in stupid surprise;  
He sees the wan face of the sick, sleeping child;  
His Kittie's brown eyes, so pathetic and wild,  
He opens his arms, and his girl's head is pressed  
In passionate sorrow to her old father's breast.  
"Come home with your baby, dear, never again  
Shall you or he know aught of poverty's pain."  
Then he turned in his wrath on the wretched young man:  
"You miserable sneak, look at me if you can!  
You stole my sweet child like a thief in the night,  
Then sacrificed her to your cursed appetite!"  
"Hush, father!" the woman with flashing eyes cried  
As she sprang from his arms, to her young husband's side.  
"Nay, Kittie, my darling, he is speaking the truth;  
I have ruined your life; I have spoiled your bright youth,  
You must go to your father, and try my poor wife—  
To forget all the pain I have brought to your life,  
And say to me, Kittie, before our good bye,  
That 'twas the liquor that starved you, not I."  
The girl stole again to her old father's side,  
"I love you! I thank you, dear papa," she cried;  
"Take baby; his young life with every good fill;  
But father, I'm going to stay here with Will.  
For better or worse," father, that was my vow.  
My love is the only thing left to him now."  
The old man's dim eyes and the younger one's met,  
"Such love should," he whispered, "make a man of you yet."  
"Wont you kneel," plead the woman, "and help me to pray  
That the cloud o'er our home may be taken away?  
That God will lay hold on this fierce appetite?"  
And the three humbly knelt in the gloom of the night,  
The father and daughter are standing once more  
But the husband still bows, motionless, on the floor.  
"Good-night, little daughter, to-morrow shall bring  
The food and the fuel you need—every thing."  
Then he goes. The wife kneels by her young husband's chair,  
And caressingly strokes his disheveled brown hair.  
Through the night thus they kneel, mute and still as the dead,  
Till the dawn through the casement her pale light has shed.  
Then the man kissed his wife with the old country grace,  
And went off to work with a calm, happy face.

Since that day, years have flown; and now Willie Brown  
Is a prosperous, trustworthy man in his town.  
He is trusting for help in a power above.  
He is saved by God's grace and a true woman's love.  
—Western Christian Advocate

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## FAMILY RELIC,

### AND A STORY OF LOVE.

#### THE OLD CLOCK BY THE STAIRS.

(Southern Cultivator.)

There is ever some tender association connected with a family relic, some interesting tear-stained story. An old table, a stand, where the family Bible lay, an old chair that was put into the attic by indifferent hands, and rescued by a loving child placing it reverently at the honored seat by the fireside; although it looks homely and crude, amidst the modern furniture upholstered in satin and velvet, it was father's or mother's, and nothing could be dearer to the child's heart than that memorial chair.

I remember a touching incident. A mother was taken to her eternal home leaving behind a baby boy. Sometime after her death friends were examining her wardrobe. Coming across and old faded maning-gown they laid it aside, and, after replacing her clothing, took it up intending to put it in the rag bag. The child who had been playing with toys in another part of the room, had been an unobserved spectator. Going as quickly as his little feet could travel he took hold of the tassel that hung suspended from the waist of the old gown, and bursting into a passion of tears lisped the word—"Mamma, mamma."

No costly robe, with lace or ermine trimming was dearer to that lonely baby's heart than the faded garment of his mother.

My grandfather's clock stands in the family sitting room, beside the stairs, in my dear old home. It is a dignified, venerable looking piece of furniture, tall as a good sized man. Its solid mahogany case is now almost blackened by time; the works are brass, it is substantially made as things were in those days before ours of cheap competition.

Its face is white, at the top of which its forehead as it were, is a ship attached to the pendulum within. This ship rocks backward and forward upon a sea of dark blue waves, in ever advancing or receding, as it notes the fleeting time. It was brought to our home by my father when he married my mother, and was a valued and useful ornament in the young people's home, witnessing many important events in their married life. First, the time of their first born, their summer child, who came amidst the roses of June in the summer of their youth and happiness. How gaily the old clock ticked the hour of his birth.

Years passed, the frosts of winter blighted that bud, almost before it blossomed. Sadly, like a funeral knell it tolled the hours when the little slumberer lay in his coffin, his golden head and pallid face turned like a broken snowdrop all aside. No more the tender blue eyes would look up to watch and wonder at the mysterious ship, which had recorded the time as his young life passed away, ticking on, as they bore him out into the storm and sleet of the winter day, to place him in the silent city where the inhabitants need no clock to tell their hours, their time being eternity.

How I used, when a child, to sit at my mother's knee and watch that sailing ship. What strange pictures my childish imagination painted there! I sometimes wondered if it was bound for a tropical shore, a land of singing birds and blooming flowers with skies of sapphire hue, where in the distance the feathery leaves, of the tall cocoa palm seemed outlined against the cloudless sky—eternal summer lands, which in our fancy we blend with visions of Paradise. I would ask mother innumerable questions, "If there were any little boys and girls on board, and if they were not weary, and cross and naughty at never being permitted to come on shore." At other times my reflections would be more serious, and seeing no signs of people upon board, I would be certain they had encountered a terrible storm and had been washed overboard into the cruel sea; or perhaps a disease had broken out among them and the messenger of death had left none to tell the story of their woes, and the charnel ship, with pestilential breath, would cause death and sorrow if it came to harbor, and I hoped a merciful Providence

would keep it ever out at sea.

Thus my childish imagination pictured it with visions which artist never dreamed of.

Time rolled on, and with the change from childhood to womanhood other associations, more important, connected themselves with the old clock by the stairs.

The twelve numbers weave themselves into a diary, each leaf a tablet recording some important family event.

A bright day in leafy June. At the hour one the old clock noted the birth of the first child in the home, the one over which the moss is mingled with buttercups and daisies, kept fresh with dew drops, like tears in the sweet springtime.

Sometime later, at two o'clock in the morning, when the storms were ushering in the spring, a daughter, like a sunbeam, came to fill the place of the loved and lost with her smiling presence.

When she grew to womanhood it was at ten o'clock one bright mid-summer day when the marriage bells chimed sweetly upon the fragrant air, proclaiming her a bride. She left the family nest, the sweetest bird that ever journeyed to southern climes, with a missionary husband, for the salvation of souls in a benighted land.

Two years after at seven o'clock one dark, stormy morning my sailor-brother left his home to voyage upon the sea in quest of fortune and adventure. One year later, when the earth was covered with a deep December snow, the chilling news came over the wires, of the sinking of his ship, with the loss of all upon board.

The old clock struck eight that evening when the sad news came. Alas! his fair form sleeps beneath the coral reefs in a countless grave in the mighty deep.

At nine o'clock, months after, on a misty morning my second sister, a girl of sweet sixteen, left to join her married sister in her christian work in a distant land.

Shortly after departure, at three o'clock in the morning one mid-summer day the messenger of death came and claimed my baby brother. How well I remember the weeping and sorrowing for the little boy that died.

The following year, when the orchards were made pink and white with apple blossoms, my eldest living brother took unto himself a wife, bringing his charming bride to visit us, entering the hall as the sinking afternoon sun was gilding the sigh of its decline upon the wall as the clock struck six. How we regret a few weeks after their departure, as they left us for their new home away amidst slumbering savannas, in that land where magnolias bloom, in the sweet sunny South. When the clock struck eleven a year after, the news came one morning telling us an angel had come to fold its tiny wings within their southern nest.

At five o'clock one autumn afternoon, at nearly the same time, when the leaves, storm-tossed, were falling upon garden and lawn, the news came from a foreign shore telling us of the marriage of my pretty youngest sister.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Govt Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

## Royal Baking Powder

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into port. The visionary ship that the hopeful expect, laden with treasures which always disappointed them. Oh! the mystic land of the future with singing birds and crystal fountains, who ever finds it?  
The old clock before me is a record. As I gaze at it now it causes me in memory to review the events of the bygone years, sacred to me with their joys and sorrows. It is as dear as an old family friend as it goes on ticking, patently ticking in its place in my dear old home beside the stair.

## Faith and Works.

A peculiar sort of person in a Highland glen, much given to contradiction, was debating with a boatman one day while crossing a small river, about faith and works, says the Scottish-American. The minister contended that "Faith without works was good." "Nay, na," retorted the boatman with much seriousness, "faith without works" no do. I'll gie you an instance. We'll ca' this our "faith" and thither our "works." Very well. Tak "faith" first; and while rowing walk it alone the boat went round around. "Now," said the boatman "let's tak' work" next; and rowing with it alone the boat went round the other way. "We will now," continued the boatman, "take 'faith' and 'works' together. Now," exclaimed he triumphantly, as he rowed with both oars at the same time, "we can get over the water; and this is the only way that we can get over the troubled ocean of the world to the peaceful shores of Immortality."

Don't do it.

Do not laugh at the drunken man reeling through the streets, however ludicrous the sight may be. He is going home to some tender heart that will throb with intense agony; some doting mother, perhaps, who will grieve over the downfall of her sinless boy; or it may be a loving wife, whose heart will almost burst with grief if she views the destruction of her idol; or it may be a loving sister, who will shed bitter tears over the degradation of her brother, shorn of his manliness and self-respect. Rather drop a tear in silent sympathy with those hearts so keenly sensitive and tender, yet so proudly royal that they cannot accept sympathy tendered them either in word, look or act, although it might fall upon their wounded and crushed hearts as the summer dew upon the withering plant.—Ex.

## A Philopiternal Family.

Amelia has pimples, and sores in the head.  
From humor, internal her nose has grown red;  
She's a boil on her neck that is big as a ball.  
But in other respects she is doing quite well.  
And pa has dyspepsia, malaria and gout,  
His hands with salt Rheum are all broken out;  
He is prone to rheumatics that make his legs swell.  
But in other respects he is doing quite well.  
And ma has night-sweats and a troublesome cough,  
That all our doctors can't seem to drive off;  
She wakes every night and coughs quite a spell,  
But in other respects she is doing quite well.

There is nothing like philosophy to help one bear the ills of life, but in the case of this family what is most needed is a good supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It would cleanse Amelia's bad blood, cure pa's ailments, and check ma's cough. The "Golden Medical Discovery," by its action on the liver, cleanses the system of impurities. It cures humors, clears boils, scrofula, salt-rheum, erysipelas, and all kinds of sores and swellings. The only guaranteed blood-purifier.

## Long Skirts.

(Annual Hygiene.)  
In these days of sanitary enlightenment, when the gospel of cleanliness is so widely received, when a social reform expresses his conviction that "sanology and scrubology" are equally as efficient, if not more so, in the elevation of fallen humanity than is theology, in these days, when so many of the dictates of fashion are in accord with the teachings of hygiene, we are at a loss to understand what diabolical motive has induced woman to make of herself a street cleaning machine.

We are, however, gratified to learn that the supreme sanitary council of Hungary has put its foot on these filthy trains and absolutely torn them off by issuing an edict absolutely forbidding their use. What folly it is for our women, most of whom walk to take up a fashion originating in a country where walking is, practically, a lost art. A long skirt in a carriage may be a nuisance, on the street it is a filthy abomination. Let us appeal to the good sense of our countrywomen that the reign of the long skirt shall be a short one.

## Electric Light For Trains.

LANSING, Mich., June 37.—It is announced that Prof. J. E. McElroy, for several years Superintendent of the State School for the Blind in this city, has solved the problem of lighting trains by electricity in a successful and economical manner.  
The machine devised by Prof. McElroy is cylindrical dynamo in itself, which is attached to the forward axle of the locomotive. The armature is fastened immovably to the axle, and this revolves in contact with the other parts of the dynamo which rest upon roller bearings at the end of the cylinder. The lights are incandescent, and each car can be illuminated to whatever extent is desired.

There is a device to retain light in the cars at a standstill. In each car is a small battery, and while the train is in motion these batteries become charged. When the train stops the power from the dynamo ceases, but automatically the storage batteries come into play, and the lights will be in service for six or more hours.

The headlight of the locomotive and every light in the train will be electric, and the cost of the system is less than the ordinary lights now in use.

## Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. E. T. Whitehead & Co. Druggists.

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