THE DEMOCRAT.

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HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. Life is passing! Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so, and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the golden opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. Money may be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, free. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free, by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

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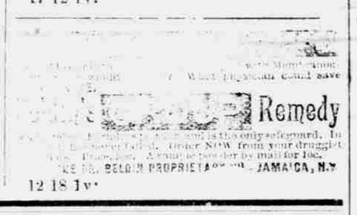

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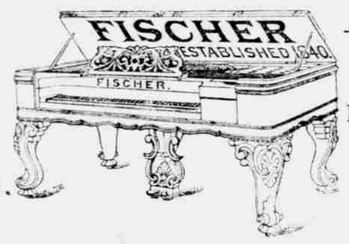

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THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

(Wilson Mirror.)

"When a man has been railroadin twenty long years
He gits kinder hardened an' tough,
An' scenes of affliction don't trouble him much,
'Cause his natur' is coarse like and tough.
But a scene that took place on my train one cold night
Would a' melted the heart of a stone,
An' among the adventures which I have been through
That night jist stands out all alone.

'Twas a bitter cold night, an' the train was jam full,
Every berth in the sleeper was taken;
The people had jist turned in for e night,
An' the train for New York was a makin,'
When jist as the people to a snore had begun,
An' I with a satisfied sigh
Had sat down on a chair for a short rest, I heard
The sound of a young baby's cry.

"It was one o' those loud, aggravatin' like yells.
O' the pattern that makes you jist itch
For a gun or an axe an' excites up your mind
With mild thoughts o'murder 'an sich,
It went through the car, and I need't remark
That the snorin' stopped right there an' then,
An' the sleeper was filled with a bilin hot crowd
O' mad women and wild, swearin' men.

The curtains jist then that—concealed berth 16
Were open an' out come a man,
As fine a young feller as ever I seen,
But his face was all white like an' wan.
He carried the kid that was raising the row,
An commenced walkin' down through the aisle
A tryin' to stop its loud screechin'—but phsaw!
It seemed to get wuss every mile.

"An idea seemed to strike one old feller jist then
An' he said to the pale faced young man,
'It seemes to me stranger, that kid could be stilled
By a simple an' feasible plan;
The noise that its makin' betrays what it needs—
The child wants its mother, that's plain;
An' why don't you call her? Ten chances to one,
She's sleepin' somewhere on the train.'

"A look then came over that young father's face,
A look full of anguish an' pain;
A look that will haunt me as long as I live,
As long as I work on a train;
An he answered that man, in a hoarse stifled voice
That sounded as though from afar;
'Her mother is sleeping on board of this train
In a box in the baggage car.'"

Exum and the Negro.

The following telegram from Goldsboro shows Exum's political inclination:

GOLDSBORO, N C., Aug 25.—Several prominent Democrats, when reviewing here this evening in the presence of "Governor" Exum the good done in this State under the past and present Democratic administration and the danger that threatens us in the event of Harrison's election, which undoubtedly means a Force bill and negro supremacy, received the following response from the Weaverite candidate: "I rate r would prefer negro rule or anything to the rule we have had heretofore." These are the exact words uttered by Dr. Exum, and will be substantiated by the editor of the Goldsboro Head Light, C. J. Riverbank, Goldsboro; Jas. M. Oliver, Princeton; G. W. Pegram, Petersburg, Va. and others. Since its utterance the Doctor is sick, politically sick.

Our Old Fire Company.

"That was a gay old company that we belonged to, Joe, away back in '68, when you and I ran with the machine. Do you remember that big fire in Hotel Row, one freezing night, when fifteen people were pulled out of their burning rooms and came down the ladder in their night-clothes; and how 'Dick' Greene brought down two 'kids' at once—one in his arms, the other slung to his back? Poor 'Dick'! He got the catarrh dreadfully, from so much exposure and suffered from it five years or more. We thought once he was going in consumption, sure. But, finally, he heard of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and it cured him up as sound as a flint. I tell you, Joe, that catarrh remedy is a great thing. It saved as good a man and as brave a fireman as ever trod shoe leather."

IT TELLS.

WORK IS THE THING.

NOTHING ELSE CAN DO IT.

Selected.

This world is run in a great measure by work. The farmer, mechanic, lawyer, and all the other men who amount to something on this mundane sphere, have worked. It may be with the hands or with the head, that is immaterial. The young man who starts out in life with the idea that father has done his share for him, will find out his mistake, especially after father dies. The young girl who is continually idle will never amount to anything. It is a recognized fact that a girl has her place in the world as well as her brother, where that place shall be is determined to some extent by herself. All rich men's daughters are not idlers, many are trying to do something in some particular work for which they have ability.

The student sometimes longs for the bustle and activity of outside life, yet he is as truly a worker, if he attends to his studies, as any in life's crowded arena, he is preparing for a life of usefulness. There are so many kinds of work that we are often in doubt as to what is best adapted to our needs and means. Did you ever think of it? What a vast amount of work is going on in this world every day? And the number of idlers sometimes frightens me; many of them with strength and talent enough to make themselves famous. This age might almost be called a lazy one! Perhaps you are not surprised, but look at the people who try to amass fortunes without work; who speculate in ways all more or less dishonorable; who scheme for power. It isn't work which wears such people out, but excitement. The true worker is never satisfied with himself, but constantly sees something beyond which seems better than anything he is capable of doing. "Do the duty that lies nearest you," doesn't mean the first agreeable duty, but is generally found to be a disagreeable one.

I don't believe in overwork; "burning the candle at both ends," as it were, that isn't a duty, it isn't dealing fairly by yourself. Life wasn't meant to be all work; no indeed! we should grow old before our time if that were the case. Rest and play are essential to keep brain and hand quick and capable, if not constantly strained they will soon break and become worthless.

Work for independence, for power, for fame, for the loved ones, no matter, so long as the object and the means taken to attain that end are fair and honorable. Who are the great in the world? Great in literature, music, the arts, great discoursers, reformers, philanthropists? Those who have dug and delved in one way or another for years and years.

But you will say, "I may not see the results of my labor till my figure is bowed with age." It is no such thing; you are reaping the results day by day, if you will only notice them. "Rome wasn't built in a day,' but each day something new and beautiful was added, till she reared her proud head in finished grandeur. Thus in life, each day something is added, till, ere we know it time flies so swiftly, our part of the structure is completed, and the implements of toil are laid down to be taken up by other hands.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen,s Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen,s Arnica Salv cured him entirely. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co's Drug Store

LADIES

seeking a tonic, or children who want building up, should take

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgia

Whooping up Massacre.

Richmond (Va.) Christian Advocate.

Albion W. Tourgee, known as the writer of a number of books abusive of the South, and the originator of a magazine that was a miserable failure, consuming in its collapse all the money he had made by his vile writings, now prophesies that the negroes will rise and butcher the Southern whites, justifies the massacre and joys in the prospect of the slaughter of men, women and children. The negro is not so superlative a brute and demon as this white savage.

Tourgee is an ex-convict, and drifted down to North Carolina with the carpet-bag scum of "Reconstruction Days"—a period that makes an American blush at its mention. This penitentiary felon sets up for a "Judge." If any person cares to canvass the career of the "Judge," let him pass a day at Charlotte N. C., and listen to any respectable citizen. The "Judge" was a thief on the bench, squeezing purses far and near, under pretense of arresting evil-doers. Whoever had any ready money would soon find himself in jail as a "KuKlux," and only to get out when his wallet was emptied.

The "Judge" antagonized some other member of his band, who at once obtained all the "papers" in the Judge's trial, crime, conviction and service in the public work house of a Western State, and read them in the presence of the "Judge," who never uttered a word, but sat with a bang-dog look to the end of the story.

Such is Albion W. Tourgee.

He is now out of pocket, out of a job. Why should he not crave another upheaval of society at the South? This cormorant, hungry and greedy, croaks and clamors for shipwreck, slaughter; prey that he may gorge again on human woe. He has been found out at home, and is loathed by the pure and honorable. The exigencies of his decayed fortune have maddened him, till, like the starving castaway, he seems to banquet on feasts that once delighted his palate. Hence the ravening creature sees in his wild wishes, and shouts over "a massacre such as has not been paralleled since the French Revolution." The hideous crimes of the wretch have seized him, torn off the veil from this "Prophet of Khorassan" and invited the world to spit on his forbidding ulcerous, stripped soul.

Rather Late.

Norfolk Virginian.

Rather late in the day, Whitelaw Reid has taken Horace Greeley's advice and gone West. He will visit the old home down on the farm, and talk over the stone bruises of boyhood days, but they were not a circumstance to what next November's frost bites will be to him.

BEARS WATCHING.

(Norfolk Virginan,)

The Washington Post thinks there is abundant evidence that the Third party in North Carolina is especially hostile to the Presidentiel nominees of the Democratic party, and the Post is right. The State convention recently held at Raleigh manifested this hostility as well as an utter indifference to the risk of relegating the State to Republican rule. When Harry Skinner declined to accept the convention's nomination for Governor except upon the condition that, "if the new movement should form a basis for a Republican conspiracy to get control of the State he should be left free to vote the straight Democratic tiket." a scene followed, the like of which has never been witnessed in the old North State, and as a result Col. Skinner's nomination was withdrawn and another more willing than he to see his State disgraced was selected.

* * * * * *

The action of Colonel Skinner for the time being, was reassuring to the Democratic party, and he was applauded for the stand he assumed in the premises. But his subsequent action in accepting the nomination as an elector has greatly diminished Democratic confidence, as the Post says, and it goes without saying that Harry Skinner should be watched. It is plainly evident that the Third party people in Carolina are hostile to the Presidential nominees of the Democratic party and that Skinner is with them to the end.

EXUM RICH.

VOICES FROM HIS HOME.

"A PROPHET IS NOT WITHOUT HONOR, ETC."

[Goldsboro Argus.]

It is an old adage, we believe, and is so written, that "a prophet is never without merit save in his own county," which is generally interpreted, that sometimes a man stands a chance where he is not known—and this is why Dr. Exum succeeded to getting the Third Party nomination for the first place on their State ticket up at Raleigh. But before the Ides of November Dr. Exum will be known throughout the length and breadth of North Carolina—he will "tell it himself:" and then the people will not want him for Governor and consequently will not vote for him. He has gone West now to begin his boom.

Dr. Exum is a man of wealth: according to his own statement he carries around often as much as six thousand dollars on his person as mere pocket change, not to speak of his resources in reserve—such as twelve hundred bales of cotton brought over from other years, twenty-five hundred goats that he keeps purely for fertilizing purposes on his farm, and among other things, too numerous to particularize, a fabulous yoke of oxen that can pull 40,000 pounds on a wager.

Dr. Exum, himself, is a man of strength—a modern Milo, who was just a little less strong than Samson. He can lift a thousand pounds, with his own weight on top of it.

With so much wealth and so much strength the Doctor can readily meet all the *demands* of his Third Party constituency, and, therefore, the perplexing question of campaign funds, etc., etc., etc., is at once settled:—The Doctor "he can pay the bills."

But to come right down to real serious consideration of the Third Party State Convention and the ticket they have put out, headed by Dr. Exum, it out-Radicals Radicalism in its balmiest days of supreme sways over the destinies of North Carolina. It is made up—this ticket is—of some of the very Radical thugs, that in those days, that "tried true men's souls," were in league with negroes and carpet-bag harpies from the North for spoils—and for spoils only: and into this gang as a confrere and leader, whose purpose is to disrupt and destroy the Democratic party, Dr. Exum has gone, who then stood with us for white supremacy and the untrameled rights of Southern, men as against the encroachments and thievings and disfranchisements heaped upon them by the Republican party, with the power of its voracious greed and sectional hate.

Why Southern Farmers Should Vote Against Harrison.

[Appeal-Avalanche.]

Because Benjamin Harrison is the father of the force bill. In his first official communication with Congress he advocated the Federal control of elections and it was his suggestion that inspired Lodge, Reid and others to attempt the passage of the force bill. It means the minority control of elections in the South. It means absolute minority rule from which the majority has no effective appeal. It means the appointment of republican chief supervisors and republican canvassing boards. It means two out of the three supervisors at every polling place in the South will be republicans. It means even the appointment of non-resident supervisors. It means that United States deputy marshals, and even the United State army can be summoned to uphold the authority of these non-resident supervisors if the people should rebel against them. It means the enslavement of the South to a party having a minority in the South. It would revive the outrages of reconstruction. Neither by word nor sign has Benjamin Harrison recanted his allegiance to the force bill. Where is the Southern farmer who thinks he can afford to make such a measure possible by his vote?

Proof Positive.

(Roxboro Courier)

If any one doubts that Elias Carr is a good man, and one in all ways fitted to be Governor, he can have his doubts removed by reading the Progressive Farmer, and the Clinton Caucasion just after the May Convention. Blessed and happy is the man who even meets the approval of his enemies.

IN MEMORIUM.

At the regular communication of Davie Lodge No. 39, A. F. A. M. at Roxobel, N. C., Friday the 19th day of August A. D. 1892. The following resolutions were unimously adopted:

To the Master, Wardens and members of Davie Lodge No. 39 A. F. M:

Your committee to draft resolutions of respect to our deceased brother J. S. Griffin, beg leave to submit the following:

Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has seen good to remove from our midst our beloved brother John Samuel Griffin, who after an illness of a few weeks, died at his residence in Lewiston, Bertie Co., N. C., at 15 minutes past 2 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, August 13th, A. D., 1292, in the 47th year of his age.

The termination of his earthly existence was not unexpected to himself, and during his illness, he bore his bodily sufferings with christian patience and resignation, looking forward hopefully to the hour when the allwise and merciful Father should call him hence, to that temple, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

An honest and useful citizen, a skillful physician, a true friend, ever ready to do a neighborly kindness or deed of charity, a devoted husband and kind and affectionate father, a worthy mason, an earnest and steadfast christian. His many generous deeds of charity will long live in the hearts and be cherished in the memories of those who knew him as he was. Faithful to every trust and worthy of every confidence reposed in him, his spirit has passed from among us and returned to the God who gave it. And while we bow in humble submission to the will of an allwise, just and merciful God, we can but deplore our loss of so worthy a brother, so good and useful a man and citizen. And while we grieve that he is no longer with us, we will ever cherish in our hearts the memory of his many virtues as a man, a mason and as a christian.

Resolved, That in the death of brother Griffin this lodge loses one of its most worthy members, Masonry a faithful votary, the medical profession a zealous advocate, the State an honorable citizen, the poor a true and generous friend, his family a kind and affectionate patron and the christian church, a devoted follower.

Resolved, that we tender to his family our heartfelt sympathies in this bereavement, and offer for their consolation, the reflection that He who wept at the grave in Bethany will not forget them in the hours of their affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Lodge, and a copy be sent to THE DEMOCRAT for publication, and a copy be forwarded to the family of our deceased brother.

Respectfully submitted.

T. F. Lee, Committee.

Bohemian Women's Club.

The woman of Bohemia have about 160 different club and societies organized for the advancement and aid of woman in different lines of work. One of the clubs or societies, numbering 600 members, is for the purpose of protecting young girls. A home is provided for them and opportunites for study in the schools afforded until they are old enough to go out to service. Another club, the Minerva, is devoted to raising the standard of education for Women by founding schools and securing admission of women students to the universities, and in four years the University of Prague will be open to them.

Empty Spools.

[Selected.]

I want to tell you some uses for empty spools: For closets, try putting a spool on the nail, and then drive it in the wall. This will prevent the nail from breaking down even when quite heavy things are hung on it. They are nice to use on a screen door when the goodman has forgotten to get the knob you asked him to get in town. We all cannot have many conveniences that we would like, so these makeshifts may suggest to others a way to get along till better days arrive.

IF YOU HAVE BACK ACHES

Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing it is generally the liver. Try

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It will cure you, and give a good appetite. Sold by