

State Library

ADVERTISING IS TO BUSINESS—WHAT STEAM IS TO—Machinery,

THAT GREAT PROPELLING POWER. Write up a nice advertisement about your business and insert it in THE DEMOCRAT, and you'll see a change in business all around."

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. W. O. McDOWELL, Office North corner New Hotel, Main Street, Scotland Neck, N. C.

DR. FRANK WHITEHEAD, Office North corner New Hotel, Main Street, Scotland Neck, N. C.

DR. A. C. LIVERMON, DENTIST, OFFICE—Over J. D. Ray's store.

DR. J. H. DANIEL, —DUNN, N. C. Makes the disease of cancer a Specialty.

DAVID BELL, Attorney at Law, ENFIELD, N. C. Practices in all the Courts of Halifax and adjoining counties and in the Supreme and Federal Courts.

W. A. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. Practices wherever his services are required.

W. H. KITCHIN, Attorney and Counselor at Law, SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. Office: Corner Main and Eleventh Streets.

I. J. Mercer & Son., 626 East Main Street, RICHMOND VA. LUMBER COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Jewelry Store After six years experience, I feel thoroughly competent to do all work that is expected of a WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

Repairing & Timing Fine Watches A SPECIALTY. I also carry a full line of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND FANCY GOODS.

The Standard Sewing Machine THE BEST ON EARTH. SEWING MACHINES CLEANED AND REPAIRED.

J. H. LAWRENCE, Dealer in GRAIN, MILL FEED, HAY, CLOVER AND GRASS SEEDS. Improved Farm Implements

THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor. "EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00. VOL. X. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1894. NO. 9.

Burdette's Message to Boys.

Home Journal. My boy, the first thing you want to learn—if you haven't learned how to do it already—is to tell the truth.

And then it is so foolish for you to lie. You cannot pass a lie off for the truth, any more than you can get counterfeit money into circulation.

And, finally, if you tell the truth always, I don't see how you are going to get very far out of the right way.

We don't have to say, "Sure?" "Are you sure now?" when he tells anything.

All these things will soon be righted. The worst whipping that can be laid on a boy's back won't keep him out of the water in swimming time more than a week.

Monarch of all he Surveys.

N. Y. Herald. Somewhere between the Pacific and the Atlantic, on his way to New York for a brief visit, is a man who enjoys the unique distinction of being in his own way a king without crown or court.

The name of this modest monarch is James Millar, a Scotchman by birth, and his kingdom consists of Prince of Wales Island, which lies about three miles off the coast of British Columbia.

This island is extraordinarily rich in timber, the varieties of commercial value including fir, spruce, hemlock, yellow cedar and a magnificent red cedar, all of which grows to an enormous size and in great profusion.

Mr. Millar and his family are the only white people on the island. They rule everything—business, education and social affairs, such as these are.

"The island has never been surveyed nor explored, and some day it must prove, I think, a most inviting field for exploration.

"Though Prince of Wales Island has many resources, I do not think it will be of any use for agriculture.

"My nearest white neighbors are at the Presbyterian missionary station of Howkan, twenty-five miles away.

White Feet.

Our Dumb Animals. From an interesting article under the above heading, in which Hallerton tells in the Wisden (Conn.) Herald how he relieved a stray horse from the great suffering of a cruel check-rein.

"I patted his side. He said 'thank you,' and 'God bless you!' and we fell into the following conversation: 'But what is the matter with your eyes? how they weep! they look as if cataracts were growing over them; how red they are! and your nose! what is that sore?'

"Yes, it is. I can remember when I used to look into the brook, and my eyes were dark and lustrous; my neck was an arch. I was a handsome colt, and not the object I am now."

I tore a leaf from my memorandum book and wrote to the President of the 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,' in Boston, and tucked it into his thick mane.

Reprints.

He makes no friends who never made a foe.

Humbugs, like the rest of the bug family, are short-lived.

When he speaks without thinking is like a sportsman who fires without taking aim.

He who does a service ought to forget it; he who receives it ought to remember it.

The wages of sin is not paid in trade dollars. Old Nick'll pay them in his own coin.

If nobody noticed you, you must be small; if nobody envied you, you're a poor elf.

Honor is like a diamond; the least flaw spoils its beauty and takes away almost all its value.

When at out to take any step a man says "What shall I say?" a woman "What shall I wear?"

When people are desperate and discontented, where do they defy the law and attack society? In town, always; in the country, never.

There are hundreds of thousands of people in the United States now out of work or barely eking out an existence, who should study these pointers and draw a profitable lesson from them.

Washington's State Dinners.

N. Y. Herald. Washington's State dinners must have been exceedingly solemn affairs, if they were at all like the description of the following, which is found in the ancient diary of Senator MacKay, one of the first two representatives of the State of Pennsylvania in the United States Senate.

"Thursday, August 27, 1789—A little after four o'clock I called upon Mr. Bassett, of Delaware State, and we went to the President's for dinner.

"The company were President and Mrs. Washington, Vice President and Mrs. Adams, Governor Mifflin and his wife, Mr. Jay and wife, Mr. Langdon and wife, Mr. Dalton and a lady—perhaps his wife—Bassett, myself, Lee Lewis and the President's two secretaries.

"First were soup, fish, roasted and baked meats, gammon, fowl, &c. This was the dinner. The middle of the table was garnished in the usual tasty way, with small images, artificial flowers, &c.

"The ladies sat good while and the bottle passed about, but there was a dead silence almost. Mrs. Washington at last withdrew with the ladies.

"The President kept a fork in his hand when the cloth was taken away. I thought for the purpose of picking nuts; he ate none, but played with the fork, striking on the edge of the table.

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When the coldest days of the winter are upon us, where do people freeze to death? In town, as a rule; hardly ever in the country.

When hard times pinch the nation, where do people beg in vain for work, and sleep in hallways and churches and even seek shelter in jail? In town, as a matter of course, and not in the country.

When Bradstreet last week reported "an almost unexampled number idle and suffering," where were they? In town, as might have been expected; such reports never come from the country.

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whose labor is his only capital can get steady work and make enough to provide him and his family with shelter, food, clothing and fuel.

The farmers in the country are far from enjoying their old time prosperity, but they can at least hold their own. With hard work, economy and diversified crops they can live and keep the sheriff at a safe distance.

The man who is out of a job these days with nothing in sight, makes a great mistake if he turns his back on the country and expects to make his living in town.

These bitter truths will come home to thousands of unfortunates before the winter is over, but it is not too late for many to choose the path of safety—the road leading to the country.

When times are hard, try the country; when business and industry are booming, try the town.

Mrs. Whitford Killed a Deer.

New Bern Journal. A Bogue sound correspondent sends us the following good items regarding game in that neighborhood:

"Talk about killing deer! Mrs. Elizabeth Whitford, an old lady living on the water near here killed a fine deer the other day with an ax.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Don't Be a Grumbler.

Exchange. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things.

IT FOLLOWS AFTER—a disordered liver—that you're subject to attacks of cold or chills on slight exposure. You get "tired" easily. The feeling is accompanied by a "tired" digestion, which fails to assimilate the food.

IF YOU ARE A HUSTLER YOU WILL—ADVERTISE—YOUR Business. SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT IN NOW. THAT CLASS OF READERS THAT YOU Wish your Advertisement TO REACH is the class who read THE DEMOCRAT.



The Old Friend And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmons Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people should not be persuaded that anything else will do.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases." Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children.

English Spanish Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Caloused Lumps and Clems from horses. Blood Spavin Swells, Splints, Sweeney, Ringworm tides, Sprains, and Swollen Through Coughs, Etc.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails.

Central Market.

I have just opened at my old stand and ask the patronage of the public. I shall keep Beef, Pork, Fresh Fish And Oysters in season.

NICE FAT STOCK. Respectfully, K. ALLSBROOK, 8 31 3m Scotland Neck, N. C.

LAND SALE. By virtue of an execution in my hands from the Superior Court of Halifax county in the case of David Bell, administrator of D. B. Bell against L. H. Whitaker and John R. Whitaker, I will on Monday the 5th day of February 1894, expose to public auction the highest bidder for cash, in front of the court house door in the town of Halifax, in said county of Halifax, all of the said L. H. Whitaker and John R. Whitaker's interest in and to that tract or parcel of land situated in the county of Halifax and State of North Carolina, lying on Fishing Creek, and bounded by the lands of J. A. Parker, F. H. Whitaker, R. A. Pittman, the late Mrs. E. Whitaker and others and containing one thousand and more or less. This 1st day of January 1894. B. I. ALLSBROOK, Sheriff. 1 4 4t per S. J. Clark, D. S.