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—Dealer in—

GRAIN, MILL FEED, HAY, CLOVER AND GRASS SEEDS.

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THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

"EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00.

VOL. X.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 8th, 1894.

NO. 14.

FOR A LITTLE FELLOW.

Say, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller. With pop and mam a-readin' all the while. An' never sayin' a-thing to cheer ye. An' lookin' if they didn't know how to smile; With hook an' line a-hangin' in the woodshed. An' lots o' forms down by the outside celler. At Brown's creek just over by the mill dam— Say, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller.

Why, Sunday's lonesome for a little feller. Right on from sun-up when the day commences; Fur little fellers don't have much to think of. 'Cept chasin' gophers 'long the corn-field fences. Or diggin' after moles down in the woodlot; Or climbin' after apples what's got meller. Or fishin' down in Brown's creek an' mill pond—

But Sunday's never lonesome for a little feller. When he is stayin' down to Uncle Oris; He took his book onct right out in the orchard. An' told us little chaps just lots o' stories; All truly true, that happened onct fur honest.

An' one 'bout lions in a sort o' cellar. An' how some angels came and shut their mouths up. An' how they never teched that Dan'l feller.

An' Sunday's pleasant down to Aunt Matilda's; She lets us take some books that some one gin her.

An' takes us down to Sunbay school 't the school house; An' sometimes she has nice shortcake fur dinner. An' onct she had a puddin' full o' raisins. An' onct a frosted cake all white and yeller. I think, when I stay down to Aunt Matilda's, That Sunday's pleasant fur a little feller.

—Michigan Christian Advocate.

A Boy Giant in Virginia 15 Years Old and Weighs 535.

Wytheville, Va., Letter Richmond Times.

Wythe county numbers within its population the greatest man in the commonwealth, if one considers his dead weight. Melvin Grubb, whose wondrous girth and ponderous limbs make him the daily wonder of his neighbors. He was born something more than fifteen years ago, and has ever since that event kept his neighbors wondering at his growth. Each year since he was ten, has seen from fifty to one hundred pounds added to his weight, until he is believed now to be the heaviest youth alive; and should his avoirdupois appreciate at the same rapid rate, he will soon break all the heavy-weight records since Adam. At thirteen years of age, he weighed 410 pounds; at fourteen, 450 pounds; and now at fifteen, the scales creek at 535 pounds, and the end is not yet.

Grubb is not merely a mountain of flesh, but an active and intelligent boy. He can follow a plough all day without unusual fatigue, and is a bright and intelligent pupil of the public school near his father's farm at Walter's Bridge, about two and a half miles west Wytheville.

They are Coming South.

Springfield Republican.

To those over-confident people who have been claiming all along that New England has nothing to fear from Southern competition in common manufacturing, the report of correspondent to the American Wool and Cotton Reporter will prove disturbing. He has been visiting the mills in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia and finds them nearly all running on full time and earning handsome profits on the investment. Textile manufacturing in the South has suffered less from the depression than anywhere else, and the number of new mills being built and old ones extended is reported to be surprisingly large. As to the claim that the South will never get beyond the manufacture of the coarser grades of cotton goods, this correspondent notes a steady tendency everywhere toward the manufacture of the finer grades. It is stated that nearly all the cotton mills in North Carolina have reported dividends of from 8 to 16 per cent on the operations of the past year.

T. B. REED.

CLARK HOWELL UNCOVERS HIM.

Still Hates the South.

New York Herald.

Since the Presidential aspirations of Thomas Brackett Reed have passed the chrysalis state and he has blossomed into a full grown republican candidate for the Presidential nomination, his recent Philadelphia speech possesses a deeper significance than appears on the surface. Indeed, that speech was delivered more in behalf of Thomas Brackett Reed than of that distinguished republican veteran, Galusha A. Grow, the republican candidate for Representative at Large, in the interest of whom Mr. Reed took the stump in Philadelphia.

The keynote of Mr. Reed's address was his attack on the South. He has always been a South hater, and his political career has been characterized, more than by anything else, by the persistence of his assaults on Southern interests. He is the prince of the rapidly diminishing band of South haters—the unquarreling pirate, who yet sails under the Bloody Shirt, pursued by the civilized and conservative sentiment of a generation which looks upon his sectional buccaneering pretty much as it would upon the reappearance of Captain Kidd upon the high seas.

But this savagenemy of the South, this sectional desperado, surpassed himself in the hostility of his warfare on the South in his Philadelphia speech, and his wonderful ingenuity was never more clearly manifested than in the adroit plan of his campaign, as appears between the lines of that address. The following paragraph of the speech, which can be taken as the text of the whole address, is a fair sample of his revised plan of attack on the South:

"Are the people no longer the rulers of this country? How much longer are we to have over us a set of irresponsible tyrants? Why is it that this country is in the hands of one-fourth of its citizens? I will not be accused of sectionalism when I say that the Southern men are in control of the Democratic party, for I am simply saying the Lord's truth."

This is misleading from beginning to end! It is the most unjust extreme to which even Mr. Reed has yet resorted in the long series of his Quixotic attacks on the South. As an humble but devoted Southerner I protest against it, and the sentiment of every Southern State will repudiate the charge that the Southern influence is responsible for the policy which has dominated the administration since it came into power a year ago. It is quite ingenious in Mr. Reed to justify his long warfare against the South by holding it responsible before the country for the evils which have resulted, not from carrying out, but from repudiating the most salient obligations of the democratic platform.

It is true the South played a conspicuous part in the making of the platform, but it is equally true that it is not responsible for the breaking of it. And yet it will be hard to convince the country that the evils which have visited us like the plagues of Egypt, for in the hands of such astute republican leaders as Mr. Reed, circumstantial evidence will be used with powerful effect before the national jury.

"Look at the Cabinet," they will say, and emphasizing the fact that three out of eight of its members are from the South, they will ask if Southern sentiment is not largely responsible for shaping the policy which is the outcome of Cabinet deliberations, and the voice of the dissatisfied and the discontented throughout the North, unfamiliar with the facts, may be inclined to affirmative response. For when the pinch comes will those democratic Representatives who have repudiated democratic obligations and by co-operation with the republican minority in Congress have succeeded in outnumbering the democrats who have stood for party honesty be brave enough and candid enough to say to their constituents that the South does not merit the responsibility which partisan prejudice seeks to place upon it?

It is true that three of the eight members of the Cabinet are from the South, but there is not one of the three

who did not surrender, lock, stock and barrel, and burn the incense of his convictions upon the altar of Cabinet promotion. What better evidence can there be of the fact that Mr. Cleveland was not looking for representatives of Southern sentiment in making up his Cabinet, than his choice of three Southerners whose chief qualification was their readiness to co-operate in the establishment of the single gold standard, notwithstanding the fact that the States from which they were appointed were practically unanimous in their opposition to the consummation of the outrage?

Since the democrats came into power nearly a year ago Southern sentiment has been persistently ignored in shaping the policy of the administration, and Mr. Reed knows it. In the successful campaign for the establishment of the gold standard and the complete demonetization of silver, the representatives of the South were helpless against the combined forces of republicans and democratic repudiators, led in the House by Mr. Reed himself. There never was a day in that long contest when the democrats who were co-operating with Mr. Reed would have been willing to subject the settlement of this vital question to a party caucus.

Why not? Because the South stood like a rock wall between them and the consummation of the conspiracy to reduce valuations to the gold standard basis, and to hold the currency of the country to the contracted limit of the grasp of the money power.

If, as Mr. Reed charges, "the people are no longer the rulers of this country;" if "we have over us a set of irresponsible tyrants;" if "the country is in the hands of one-fourth of its citizens;" it has been because this alarming condition has been brought about in spite of protests from the South. Southern men are not in control of the Democratic party, and Mr. Reed does not "simply say the Lord's truth" when he charges it. Southern men are not responsible for the appointment of mugwumps and republicans to the highest offices within the gift of the administration. Southern men are not responsible for the indifference which such appointments have created in the ranks of the organized democracy throughout the country.

If the country is dominated by a "set of irresponsible tyrants" they are not from the South. If Mr. Reed tries to make a sectional issue out of this argument he will soon find himself in deep water, for in the general complaint which has followed the repudiation of democratic obligations none is more emphatic than that which comes from the South.

Mr. Reed's revised plan of attack on the South should have at least one good effect. It should put every democratic Representative from the South on notice that the South is to be held responsible for whatever is or is not done. They should therefore be prepared to accept accountability, and the only way to do so is to stand to the Democratic rack and carry out every pledge of the Democratic platform, with or without the consent of the element which is being used by the republicans as a cats-paw to do that which even the republicans when in power dared not do.

Mr. Reed has sounded a note of warning to the Southern Representatives in Congress, and if they do not take advantage of it it will be their own fault, and the South will have to pay the penalty. The situation is assuming a serious stage now, and the result depends entirely upon the determination of the democrats to carry out the pledges of their platform.

ATLANTA, GA. CLARK HOWELL.

Choice Bits.

A woman's age is one of nature's secrets.

Whenever good Gospel seed is sown God sees to it that some of it reaches good ground.

There is more power in gentleness than there is in dynamite.

When you try to be good try to be good for something.

THE MAN IN THE MOON;

Or, Sensationalism Run to Seed.

BY REV. R. E. PEELE.

Written for THE DEMOCRAT.

It is a sin to speak in this age of words unless one has something to say. Surely men never talked so much and said so little. The truth is, we think so little and say so much, that the few thoughts we have are lost in a labyrinth of words. Nothing so surely measures a generation as its speech. "By thy words thou shalt be justified; and by thy words thou shalt be condemned;" "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he" and "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." So we see the lightness of our speech indicates the poverty of our character. This is why we are blown about by every wind of doctrine. We have fed on chaff until we have become like it, we have given our sap to leaves until we are nothing but leaves.

Our want of thought shows itself again in our sensational methods. We seek to hide our shame by painting our hide. We endeavor to make up in form what we lack in truth. We talk bluster for knowledge and noise for progress.

I do not mean by what I have said, or shall say, a wholesale condemnation of our literature or generation, but only a part of both, herein described. Literature was never stronger and the world never better than now, but vice versa also. Nor am I an enemy to every sensationalist, but only to him who lives without a purpose, except to glorify himself. By all means make a sensation, if thereby you can benefit your race, but otherwise don't. Boil the pot but boil something in it, make a racket if you must, but make something else, if you please.

To be sure, the man whose character we wish to portray is unreal, but his character is a sad reality. Indeed, the unreal reality is the meaning of our subject.

Let me say, then, in the first place, that our mutual friend is a most notorious personage, but what for and why, I defy the world to answer. Everybody has seen him and he is in everybody's mouth, yet nobody knows him. He lives to himself and for himself and yet succeeds in interesting all in himself. He is not wicked in what he has done, but rather in what he has not done. He always has a move on him but never moves anything; eternally acting he is never active. He burns with zeal but never makes anybody zealous,—always blazing he never sets anything afire.

Our brother's second characteristic is that he shines in a borrowed light, but don't he shine though! He compasses sea and land to get his light but he gets it. He don't say where it comes from, but my soul, don't it come! He pours it upon you as freely as if it were his own, perhaps more so. He has as much mouth as a funnel and more freedom; and like a funnel he gives as he receives. He blazes like a flame, but is as cold as a wedge. He is as bright as a dollar, but as dead as a door-nail. He appears like velvet, but is as hard as a flint. He seems very near, but you can never get at him. He is a veritable will-o-the-wisp, ever leading you on to a winding—nowhere.

Then in the third place our fellow citizen is monstrous variable, he news, quarters, halves, or falls according to circumstances. He is anything you want and yet nothing you would have. He is all things to all men that he might by all means save himself. He is either a demagogue or a gold bug, neither or both. He is a sucker, a parasite, a scoundrel and all the other "cuss" words in all the other languages.

Once more and lastly our fellow-countryman is censorious. He makes faces at everything and frowns at everybody, not knowing that what he sees in others is the reflection of his own wickedness. He complains that the sun is too pale and that the stars are too few, though he neither looks at the one nor counts the others. He wants to paint the sky and white-wash the pearly gates and coal-tar the roof of that house not made by hands. Indeed he is a self-

constituted reformer and would begin with the Almighty.

He scents the evils of to-day from afar and exposes his own meanness in cataloging the sins of others. He stirs up a stench and lives in it and has no faith in anybody, because he is never beyond the scent of his own fith. He loves darkness for himself, but light for others, because he likes to see, but not to be seen. He is like the fool who thought nobody could see when his own eyes were shut. He is like the owl—the more light he has the blinder he is. He wants to make a compromise between light and darkness and reconcile God and the devil. To sum up, he is the incarnation of all the devilment in the world and Satan's last miracle—a veritable Judas Iscariot on wheels, run by a combination of steam and electricity.

The most disastrous fact of all is, that some of our weak-minded sisters have fallen in love with this man in the moon and are going to marry him soon. To be sure they will get a good deal of moonshine but I don't envy them their honeymoon.

If any one is desirous to further identify this distinguished personage, we can only say, he is very numerous and that his name is Legion.

What the World Eats.

St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The world's crop of cinnamon is 16,000 tons.

France raises and eats every year 5,000 tons of radishes.

Last year the Italians exported 480,000,000 dozen of eggs.

Paris killed last year 11,862 old horses for roasts and soup.

The world's oat crop every year exceeds 15,000,000 tons.

Our beet sugar crop last year was 8,000,000,000 pounds.

The English eat every year 95,000 tons of American apples.

The restaurants of Paris sold in 1891, 18,000 dozen frogs' legs.

The world raises and eats every year 29,000,000 tons of rye.

This country's crop of beans is estimated at 70,000,000 bushels.

The average man uses twenty-nine pounds of sugar per annum.

Only 10 per cent. of the sugar we consume is grown in this country.

Europeans every year eat 6,470,000 tons of beef, mutton and pork.

The estimated yield of peacans in this country 8,000,000 bushels.

There are 50,000,000 bushels of peas annually grown in this country.

We produce and eat every year about 340,000 tons of beet-root sugar.

A grocers' journal estimates the world's crop of cloves at 5,000 tons.

The French raise and consume every year 350,000 bushels of mussels.

The annual value of the world's coconuts is estimated at \$20,000,000.

Our imports of fruits and nuts last year exceeded \$20,000,000 in value.

The parsnip yield of this country is estimated at 40,000,000 bushels.

One district in New York raises 20,000 pounds of parsley every year.

The world annually makes and eats 1,946,000 tons of butter and cheese.

Last year London consumed with more or less relish 20,000 tons of fruit.

The almond product of the world is estimated to be worth \$5,000,000.

The Best Investment a Community Can Have.

Governor Francis of Missouri.

Each year the local paper gives from \$500 to \$5,000 in free lines to the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The Editor, in proportion to his means, does more for his town than any other 10 men and in all fairness with men he ought to be supported—not because you like him or admire his writings, but because the local paper is the best investment a community can make. It may not be brilliantly edited or crowded with thought, but financially it is of more benefit to the community than the teacher or preacher. Understand me, I do not mean mentally or morally, but financially, and yet on the moral question you will find most of the local papers on the right side. To-day the editors of the home papers do the most for the least money of any people on the face of the earth.

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. It is the King of Liver Medicines; is better than pills, and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

—EVERY PACKAGE HAS THE Z Stamp in red on wrapper. J. M. BROWN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

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 while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, always all pain cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by Druggists in every part of the World. Twenty five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Clemsies from horses. Blood Spavin Swells, Splints, Swellings, King-worms, Sprains, and Swellings Through, Coughs, Etc. 25c. 50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Remedy ever known. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co., Druggists, Scotland Neck, N. C. 10 1 ly.

Itch on human and horses, and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Wood-ford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co., Druggist, Scotland Neck N. C. 11 4 92 ly.

—NEW—

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.

I will pay highest cash prices for

NICE FAT STOCK.

Respectfully,

K. ALLSBROOK,

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300,000 BRICK NOW ON HAND.

Contracts taken for all kinds of brick work. Contracts taken to make brick anywhere in Halifax or adjoining counties in lots of 50,000 or upwards. 20,000 FEET OF LUMBER, 8,000 SHINGLES FOR SALE. —PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.— ORDERS SOLICITED.

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Hall, Creagh & Co.,