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THE DEMOCRAT, PROFESSIONAL.

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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. Claims collected in all parts of the State. 3 8 ly

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W. H. KITCHIN, Attorney and Counselor at Law, SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. Office: Corner Main and Ely-cuth Streets. 1 5 ly

Joseph Christian, P. St. Geo. Barraud, Late Judge Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia.

CHRISTIAN & BARRAUD, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Will practice in all the Courts, State and Federal, in the city of Richmond. Office Room 10, Chamber of Commerce Building. 4 5 ly RICHMOND, VA.

I. J. Mercer & Son, 626 East Main Street, RICHMOND VA. LUMBER COMMISSION MERCHANTS. Gives personal and prompt attention to all consignments of Lumber, Shingles, Laths, &c. 4 17 99 ly

NEW JEWELRY STORE After six years' experience, I feel thoroughly competent to do all work that is expected of a WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER. WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER. Repairing & Timing Fine Watches A SPECIALTY. I also carry a full line of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS AND FANCY GOODS. Spectacles and Eye Glasses Properly Fitted to the Eye.

The Standard Sewing Machine THE BEST ON EARTH. SEWING MACHINES CLEANED AND REPAIRED. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. H. H. JOHNSTON, Next door to N. B. Jorgy. 10 6 gm

# THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor. "EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00. VOL. X. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1894. NO. 19.



## 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.

Has the Z Stamp in red on wrapper. J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

**OVER IT ALL.**  
ANNIE WILSON SIMMONS.

Over it all—the care and the fret,  
The mixture of joy and sad regret,  
The anxious thought and the burdened heart,  
The bitter loss and the cruel smart—  
Over it all—this prizing dream—  
His glad love shines with holy beam.

Over it all—the hope and the fear,  
The struggle for right when wrong is near,  
The kind intent, though the words be cold,  
The prayer for patience and love's sweet hold—  
Over it all His justice lies  
Unchanged by sudden or dark surprise.

Over it all—the day and the night—  
The hours of dark, the seasons of light,  
Mistakes and blunders and faults and all,  
The pitiful cries from those who fall—  
His kindness waits to help and bless  
With a father's touch of tenderness.

And He sees it all and reads aright  
As we cannot do with blinded sight,  
And we dare not blame, we dare not chide,  
When others' father to turn aside—  
We see in part, we know but in part  
The human thought and the human heart.

And 'tis well to leave to His own care  
The open judgment—it must be fair—  
And give him thanks that over it all  
His mercy answers His children's call.

## How a Popular Song Was Made.

The Musical Messenger, of Cincinnati, quotes a song-writer's account of a well-known melody.

"I had been in Chicago and had danced all night at a ball on the West Side. I reached home, Milwaukee, the next day tired out, and was lying in my room when one of the amateur minstrels came in to see me and said he wanted a brand new song for the show. I told him I had some good songs already written, but he didn't want any of them. He wanted a song that no one had heard. I told him I was so used up after the ball that I didn't feel like writing, but he told me to get up something. After he went away I tried to think of a subject. My head was full of the music and waltzes of the night before. It struck me all at once that 'After the Ball' would be a good title. I mapped out the simple story and began to improvise a tune on the piano. In thirty minutes I had finished the whole thing and sent it to my amateur friend. It did not occur to me that the song would be popular, in fact I did not have a very high opinion of it. I simply rushed it through to oblige this friend of mine. At present the song is being sold everywhere in the world. The total of sales to date is not far from eight hundred thousand copies, and can you figure for yourself that I have made a neat bit out of it?"

So he was tired when he wrote it? Perhaps that accounts for the weariness many have felt in hearing it. Yet who wouldn't write such a song, with its golden results, if he could?

The men who cultivate the soil are really one-half of the whole body of the people. That which impoverishes them, that which denies to them a full reward for their labor and their investments in land and tools, inflict hurt upon the nation, as a whole with the same certainty that injury to the limb of a man fills his entire body with pain.

### TWO WESTERN GIRLS.

#### A Story of Pluck and Independence.

BY "NEBRASKA."

It was in the early morning of a dusty summer day that I entered a Pullman car at Chicago, bound for New York, by limited train. There were but three passengers in the car when I entered, one man and two young ladies. My section was the one next back of that occupied by the ladies.

I noticed that they eyed me sharply as I donned my duster and smoking cap. They were both fine appearing, and had a look indicating intelligence. One had dark brown hair, and the other quite light. In age I judged them to be near the middle of the twenties. They seemed to take no further notice of me; my white hair, I suppose, was the passport, they talked on as glibly as if in a private parlor.

I could not help hearing what they said, for their voices were clear and musical. All they said would fill a book and there was good sound sense mixed in all along. Some of the things are worth repeating and remembering.

I soon learned that one was from Kansas and the other from Nebraska, and that their acquaintance was only an hour's length, since meeting in the depot. They knew all about each other's State, had travelled over nearly the same ground in different parts of the world, and had read the same books.

The Nebraska girl was a Blaine Republican, the other an Independent. Neither of them was a "slouch" in politics. The Nebraska girl was the light haired one, and I could tell when she was talking, for she motioned it out with her head. I never heard two men discuss political issues more intelligently in my life. I learned many things I never knew before, especially about the West.

These ladies were both on their way to Chattanooga, for the purpose of spending a month in camp, and were to stop at Jamestown. No other passengers entered our car till toward night, so no reason was afforded for suspending freedom of expression. I would have joined them in conversation but I was too much interested in their talk. Tariff, currency, and railroads were discussed. I thought the Kansas girl was a little too much for her opponent on tariff, when she asked what benefit the tariff was to the West, that we should pay the East two prices for everything we buy of them. The only answer made was that it keeps our money at home if it is all kept in the East.

Their conversation soon turned upon the subject of marriage. "No," said the Nebraska girl, with a toss of her light hair, "I never had a genuine offer of marriage in my life, and have my opinion of girls who boast of having had a dozen offers. They either fib or they are heartless flirts. Men of sense do not propose unless there is reason for believing that they will be accepted. A fool only would propose to the Statue of Liberty from the Brooklyn Bridge. I like to see girls who encourage the attention of men for a while until marriage is proposed, and then send them adrift—I say I like to see such girls paid off in their own coin. They are the worst ones to whine and snivel then, but they get no sympathy from me.

"How do I work it to let them know I am not in market? Well, I have a method of my own. I have one of father's pictures in a locket, taken when he was twenty-four. I work it so as to let that fall into his hands; he is sure to open it and ask who it is, or suggest it is my brother or, if not, I ask if it does not resemble him? I then put on the serious and remark, 'He is dearer to me than a brother.' We then can continue to be friends with no disappointments on either side.

"No, it is not money that I am looking for. Had I met a man who filled the bill, years ago, without a dollar, I would have married him and trusted to four willing hands and two loving hearts for success; but now, of course I shall marry, if at all, a man about my own age, and he must have laid by at least as much as I have, or I will not

marry him. I never could love or respect a drone or a spendthrift, and if he has not laid by anything at twenty-five or thirty he never will. I can support myself, and my savings invested are worth four thousand dollars, but I never will support a man for the sake of having a husband.

"Yes, I met one man that I did not show the locket to. I could have reciprocated his love, but circumstances separated us, and we have not met for years. I suppose he had a friend, or has found one since, dearer to him than a sister. I still have a desire to meet him again. I had rather look for a diamond all the days of my life and never find it than to load up with common dirt the first day of my search."

The story of the dark-haired girl was more pathetic. She had had an offer, had been engaged, and was really now under engagement. "When I was at Wellesley," she said, "I spent my last vacation with a chum in New York. There I was introduced to a man, and really fell in love with him, as the story goes, and I love his very image yet. I believe he loves me. He was intelligent, handsome, and rich. I found by his own talk that he knew all about me, and that some intimate acquaintance of mine had posted him. That I did not care about, but at the same time it suggested to me to do the same thing. This was about three months before our set wedding day. I went to my old pastor, told him my story, and asked him to assist me. He cheerfully volunteered to take my case. Years before he had lived in New York, had many acquaintances there, and could get at the bottom of matters. Afterward I felt almost guilty, for it implied doubt toward the one I loved.

My pastor wrote several letters and received several, but nothing resulted excepting clear evasions on the part of two or three writers. At last, bottom facts came. My expected husband was a moderate drinker and addicted to occasional drunken sprees. He never had come into my presence with the least taint of either liquor or tobacco on his breath. It was then only a little over a week to our wedding day, and the invitations were out. I decided to lay the letter before him, and afterwards, so I telegraphed him to come the day before. He came, and I laid the letter before him. He read and reread, blushed, bit his lips, his hand trembled, the paper shook so that it rattled. It was more than five minutes—it seemed to me an age—before he raised his eyes. "What do you plead," said I. "Guilt," said he; the letter is true every word of it."

"Then," said I, "your engagement is broken. I never can marry a man who even tipses. I know the fearful danger and the sad consequences. My father was a drunkard." "Is there no way of holding over this cheat?" said he, as for the first time he looked me squarely in the face. "None whatever, now," I answered, "but come five years from today. My hand shall be free, and if you can then say that not a drop of intoxicating liquor has passed your lips during that time, and will give me your pledge for the future, we may be married." "He returned to New York on the next train. He writes me occasionally, and I answer his letters with equal coolness. Do I love him yet? Yes, I love him as I do my eggs, but not well enough to become a drunkard's wife. Do I believe he will come back? Yes, if he loves me as I love him, and if he don't love me I don't want him to come. You don't catch me marrying a man just through fear of his marrying some one else. Do I believe he will keep his pledge? Yes, I sincerely, as his life or honor. He will continue to tell me the truth."

About this time a dozen or more of passengers entered the car, and the drama ended. Who either of those girls were, or their names even, I have no knowledge of, but from their talk I judged them to be teachers.—*The Voice.*

Rolling or hilly land is the best situation for the poultry-house. Sandy and gravelly soils are also to be preferred.

### Origin of Familiar Quotations.

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**Dangerous When he ate Cheese.**

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"I'll tell ye what Maria means. Ye see about a week after I'd left the ship, we were visitin' our daughter Jane, in the city, and one night we had for supper some cheese or good deal like this, and as I like cheese, I ate quite er lot on it. Wall, after I'd gone ter bed I had th' greatest dream you ever heard tell of. I dreamed that I was aboard the old ship an' there cum up such er storm as ye never see. I see there wasn't but one thing ter do, so I yelled for th' first mate: 'Heave over th' bow anchor.' Wall, he tried, but somehow he couldn't do it; whereupon I sprung and yelled, 'Stand aside, ye land lubber an' see mee heave it,' and arter tugging a good deal over it went. But would ye believe me, that ol' bow anchor began ter boiler: 'Sam Pemberton! Sam Pemberton, what be yew er-doin' of? That waked me up, and what dew ye spouse I'd did?  
"Instid of throwing over the bow anchor, I'd pitched Maria out of bed!"

Old Newspapers at this Office.

### An Abandoned City.

The Philadelphia Times tells of a party of archaeologists just returned to that city from the northeast corner of North Dakota, who tells a thrilling story of the abandoned city of West Lynne, in that State.

This is the same city about which the Virginia wrote at length a short time since upon information furnished by the Brooklyn Eagle. The Times says the city is desolate and going to decay. No traffic goes on in its streets. No homes are in its dwellings. The streets are graded, have sidewalks and trees and shrubbery flourish in the yards surrounding the residences, but all is silence and loneliness.

"The town is opposite Emerson, just across the Manitoba line from St. Vincent. There, on two sides of the Red river and within an area of four square miles, are four towns—Emerson, West Lynne, Winston and Pembina. West Lynne is on the west bank of the river. The history of the place is one of the romances of town building in the boom period, when Winnipeg was the metropolis of the North. Some schemers with more fertility than scruples plotted and exploited a city on the river at a point where they claimed the Great Northern was to cross. Eastern capitalists were becoming interested and money was plenty. There was no sham about the actual construction of that town, but a substantial reality."

A man named Murray, of Chicago, was agent. He sold at auction lots for \$5,000 each. While he would be selling, a telegram would come notifying him of the sale of a certain plot, and it would be withdrawn. Then he sold adjoining lots at advanced prices. That was the broker feature. Meantime, building was progressing. No board shanties, wood walls, nor canvas shells, but handsome structures of brick or lumber, thoroughly finished in approved style, were erected, and today the town is a handsome but useless monument to the credulity of some and the hardihood of others. It has houses which cost from \$5,000 to \$10,000 and a bridge that cost \$200,000, and is capable of holding a population of 20,000, and yet not a human being lives in it."

**Waterproof Masonry.**  
*National Builder.*  
What was at first considered a doubtful experiment, viz., the use of coal tar as a means of rendering masonry impervious to water, especially in positions exposed to direct contact with the latter, has proved a practically valuable resource. Used as a coating for masonry built up of very porous stone, tar renders it quite impervious, even at a depth of some fifty feet of water, and according to the opinion of those whose experience has been extensive with it the article should be utilized in all public buildings, particularly those designed for the preservation of works of art. The dissolving action of water, even upon mortar of superior quality, being well known, and also the unfavorable effect of the exudation of water charged with lime salts from the mortar. Two methods of using the tar are named, viz., in a boiling state in one or several layers, this being suitable for surfaces exposed to the air; or it may be made to flame up before using being appropriate to surfaces which have to be covered up. It is stated that when boiling coal tar is employed in three coats on masonry the result is a black and very brilliant varnish, which perfectly resists the action of frost, water and sun, being likewise absolutely impervious; and the tendency of the black coating to absorb heat may be overcome by white-dusting the whole before the tar is quite dry.

Varnish for scratches in horses is recommended by a correspondent. He says that by washing the diseased part thoroughly with warm suds, applying a coat of coach varnish, a speedy cure is effected.

A farmer's wife says that three table-spoonsful of ground Java coffee given to a cow in a mess will cure the scours and a less quantity given to a calf or pig will never fail to accomplish the desired result.

Send Your Advertisement in Now.

THAT CLASS OF READERS THAT YOU Wish your Advertisement TO REACH is the class who read THE DEMOCRAT.

Miscellaneous.

Do not rub flames on the wash board. All wool flannel will shrink badly if rubbed, and squeezing between the hands will remove the dirt quite as well.

When you take pigs from the oven, press the crust down upon the filling to insure it from drying, as it will if the air is allowed to remain there. The pie will not be soggy, but will keep more moist in consequence.

When potatoes are thoroughly baked, burst the skin, and you will have delicious, nutty potatoes that will be eatable for an hour or more, if kept in a warm place. If you are not in the habit of doing this, you do not know what an excellent thing a baked potato really is.

A tiny electric light fastened to the end of a pencil is a recent invention to enable reporters to make notes in darkness, and find the keyhole when they reach home.

**AN A CLEANSER** of the blood, nothing sweeps so clean as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It purifies the blood as well as cures it. The truth is, an emulsion of cod liver oil is good for building up fat—but no doubt about it. But, such a weak stomach loathes it.

Fortunately, there's a teaspoonful for that—even better for making healthy flesh. Pleasant in taste, effective in result. That's the "Discover-ery." It goes to work in the right way, by regulating, cleansing, and repairing all the organs of the body.

When the germs of disease are round about us we do not get them. Why? Some of us are in too good a condition. The germs of Consumption, Gripes, Malarias, and all the infectious diseases, pass you by if you are strong to resist their attack. Remember, your will governs your blood and liver in a healthier state, if you are strong to resist their attack, if the "Discover-ery" fails to benefit or cure, your money is returned.

No other medicine of its kind can be sold so.

**FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS**

**AN OLD AND WELL-THELT BEMERY** 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, allays all pain caused by wind-colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It 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 Spain Liment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Cleanses from horses' Blood Spavin Swells, Splints, Swellings, Ring-worms, Itches, Sprains, and "Swollen Thorough Gores, Etc. Saves 50% by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Remedy Cure ever known. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co., Druggists, Scotland Neck, N. C. 10 1 1 ly.

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

**FITS**—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use for Males and Females. Treatise \$2.00 trial bottle free in FIT cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**SUNNYSIDE FLORAL NURSERY**  
**JAMES M. LAMB, Proprietor,** FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

We have Magnolias, Cape Jasmines, Camilla Japonicas, Pines, Spruces, Arborvitsae, Flowering Shrub, Roses, Green house and bedding plants, bulbs for summer flowering, etc. Dwarf Pearl Tobacco—blooming bulbs 25 cents per dozen.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST. 3 22 lf.

—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, 8 31 3m Scotland Neck, N. C.

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