THE DEMOCRAT.

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BABY'S COMPLIMENT.

His father and mother were both away,
And baby and I had been friends all day,
Many and gay were the games we played;
Baby ordered, and I obeyed.
We cared not at all for the rainy sky;
We built us a blockhouse three feet high;
We threw pine knots on the nursery fire
And watched the flames mount higher and higher;
We hid in the most improbable nooks,
We looked at the pictures in all his books;
We ran in "tag" till his cheeks were red,
And his curls were tangled about his head.
So when the twilight was closing down
Over the fields and the woodland brown,
And nurse declared he must say good-night,
He clung to me still in the firelight—
He trampled my gown with his rough little feet,
He climed on my lap and kissed me sweet,
And then he scrambled from off my knee,
"You'd make a good mother," said Baby to me.

I have had compliments, now and then,
From grown-up women and grown-up men;
Some were commonplace, some were new,
Never was one of them rung so true,
Never was one seemed half so real—
Baby compared me to his Ideal!

—*S. S. Lawrence.*

When Milking Time Comes.

The Atlanta *Journal* tells the following of Col. Ham's anecdotes:

"These Populists make me tired," continued the Snollygoster, shifting himself in his chair, "They remind me of a story I heard. A little, one gallus fellow way out in the country was driving a cow and and a calf down the road. It was one of these here little hard, nubbin-looking calves. The little fellow drove the cow and calf without any trouble until he met a big old steer in the road. The three passed the time of the day and then when the boy tried to drive the cow on the steer drove too. He tried to run the steer back and finally got him away from the cow, but the calf followed him. Then he tried to head the calf off, but the old steer struck into a trot and the calf, with tail in the air, lit out after him in a dead lope. The boy was unable to catch him, and as he fired a parting rock at him, he yelled out, 'go it, you durn little fool. I guess you'll learn some sense when milkin' time comes.'"

"When I see some of these fellows running around the state, after the Populist steer, leaving the Democratic cow, I feel like saying, 'Go it durn you, I reckon you'll learn some sense when milking time comes.'"

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised Druggist and get a Trial Bottle, Free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life, Pills Free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, Free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing at E. T. Whitehead & Co's Drugstore.

The Popular Woman.

Harper's Bazar.

That person in society who wishes to be popular will—unless her own remark is wonderfully pert, her own story wonderfully good, her own song supernally sweet—allow another to make the remark, to tell the story, or to sing the song. Always assuming that it is poupularity she looks for, then the report of her sweetness, her interest, her amiability, will stand her in far more stead that any report of her brilliancy, her wit, her repartee.

The woman who has all her resources at command, a story apropos for everything, a cutting sarcasm, a stinging jest, a smiling retort, can pass away the hour for a stupid man; but it is doubtful if, when he goes away, he is not conscious that he has made a poor figure in her society, and it is tolerably sure that he does not feel well enough pleased with himself to be pleased with her. A brilliant woman may cut a great dash at a dinner party, but it is not impossible that she is hindering some one else from cutting a dash, and it is no better for her in the end than if she had been a little dull. She who crams for a dinner party, gets up her subjects with all the information to be had, and jokes and anecdotes to correspond, and then leads the conversation to them, and sets them all off in a fine *feu de joie*, makes a great mistake, so far as it is an attempt for popularity, even if her information be new and her *mots* have all the air of spontaneity; much of her effort goes for little or nothing; she would really do better to hold herself in reserve merely to fill the gaps and to keep the ball rolling.

Popularity may be poor stuff and not worth having in this light. It has to be confessed that it is an unworthy thing to strive for, even though it involves the love of our fellows, for it is a love sought unworthily and for selfish ends and without a return of equal love; the desire for it is only another form of self love and vanity. It is quite aside from any effort after it that an altruistic view of life comes in. For there is surely a sort of selfishness in always saying the bright thing; there is even a form of good-breeding in giving others the opportunity of saying it, in not allowing them to feel themselves outshone very pre-eminently. It is the grace of the golden rule, indeed, that is sometimes evinced in declining to take the lead entirely; and the woman who is always putting the shy and awkward at ease, who is trying to bring out the best in others, is really more gracious, better remembered and loved, than if she had shown all the wit of De Stael or the intellect of Marian Evans. If one sees how much better the conversation would go if one could have one's say, and yet forbears, in order that others may have their say, such as it is, so long as they enjoy saying it, one is certainly exercising a virtue, and every time the virtue is exercised its possession is strengthened; for certain truths hold good in the moral life as much as in the physical.

There is really such a thing as being too smart, of over-reaching one's self. No one who is too smart is loved, and most people of the sort are disliked. There is a golden mean in the matter, and it is so rarely reached that perhaps its attainment might be intellectually, not to say morally, an equal achievement with the exhibition of an excess of brilliancy. And yet does it undo all that has been said to remember how one has admired some witty woman making a rapt circle listen to her with gay admiration, while her sallies came as the water comes down at Lodore, and all her air seemed to say, "This is my throne, let kings come and bow to it"?

Plastering 125 Years Old.

Washington Gazette.

Mr. James H. Woolard has presented to the *Gazette* museum some pieces of plastering from the old Trinity church at Chocowinity, said to have been put on these old walls 125 years ago. This plaster was made up with pine straw. He also gave us some of the nails, made by a blacksmith, with which the old church was nailed.

Fat and Lean.

Youth's Companion.

Fat people are supposed to be good natured, and yet it is well known that they are much more sensitive about their bodily condition than extremely lean ones. Thin men are regarded as fair prey for jokers; concerning very fat people, care must be exercised. But a French writer who has collected some anecdotes of fat people relates an authenic incident of Voltaire which shows that he, at least, deeply resented an unintended imputation on his extreme leanness.

Voltaire lived, in the old age, in his chateau of Ferney. He was at this time a mere living skeleton, with a long nose, and intensely black eyes peeping from beneath a wig. He took great delight in a certain tame young eagle that he had about the place, and which was almost as emaciated as he was. One day this eagle became engaged in a combat with two young cocks in the poultry yard, and was very roughly handled.

Next morning as soon as Voltaire made his appearance he asked Madelene, one of the maids, how the eagle was. The girl smiled and said:

"He won't fight any more sir!"

"What do you mean?"

"He's dead, sir."

"Dead! and you announce the news to me with a smiling face!"

"O sir!" said the maid, still smiling, he was so dreadfully thin—he might as well have been dead!"

"Well, well!" exclaimed the philosopher; "he was thin, eh? And consequently might as well have been dead? And what about me? Are fat people the only ones who have a right to live?"

He was so angry that he discharged the girl, but by a ruse his sister, after some weeks, got her back again. But Voltaire never saw her about the house without growling:

"Thin, eh? And so I suppose I should be killed because I am thin!"

It is related that Napoleon I. who was extremely thin in the early years of his generalship, though he afterward became somewhat stout, was once present at a bread riot during the last days of the revolutionary period. The mob was led by an extremely stout woman, who, seeing Bonaparte and his staff ride up, called out to the mob:

"Down with the shoulder strappers! Down with these chaps who feed and fatten while the people are dying of hunger!"

"Come, come! my good woman," said Napoleon, "look at me, and tell me which of us two is the fatter."

The laugh which followed disarmed the mob much more completely than a cavalry charge could have done.

The same collection of anecdotes records what it assumes to be the first authentic cure of obesity. A powerful French magistrate of the seventeenth century, M. de La Reynie, travelling to Paris once from the country, fell in with an enormously corpulent person who was going to the capital for two reasons—to prosecute a lawsuit and to reduce his obesity.

Without revealing his identity, La Reynie took the fat man to his own house, and there—such things could be done in those days—shut him up in a single room, in which a loaf of coarse bread and a bottle of water were hung by strings from the ceiling in such a way that when the man sprang up to get them they could be jerked a little higher.

La Reynie kept the man here for many days, stretching and jumping for every bit of food that he got, and getting nothing but bread and water.

At length, when the man was reduced from corpulence to thinness, La Reynie set him at liberty. He proposed to have the magistrate arrested at once; but when La Reynie showed him papers which proved to him that his lawsuit had been won meantime, and reminded him that his obesity was cured, the man acknowledged himself grateful and departed.

It is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness not to know when we have got it—that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible measure of it.

Thunder-Storms.

Selected.

It is not altogether unreasonable or unnatural that we should sometimes be seriously affected by thunder-storms. A severe storm brings us near the possibilities of disaster, and that thought is sufficient to intimidate a nervous or a delicate woman.

Some women—who under far more trying circumstances show great nerve and self-control—are almost prostrated from nervousness and excitement during a storm, and can find no closet dark or safe enough in which to conceal themselves and alleviate their fears.

Very often the electricity in the atmosphere has an uncontrollable influence upon the nerves, and women are hardly responsible for what they do.

It certainly makes it easier for them and for those around them, if they act as they feel. At the same time they should remember the example they show to others, and how easily those who are ignorant, and especially the little children who are around them, will partake of their fears.

Every day we are exposed to dangers more serious than those caused by thunder-storms. The accidents from lightening are very few. The fact that the storm is beyond all human control, and so awe-inspiring to see and to hear, is the foundation of our fears.

The accidents that may occur on the railroad trains, the street cars, and in riding and driving we rarely stop to consider, and yet we are exposed to them far more often, and under many more chances of danger, than we are in the rare occurrence of severe thunder-storms.

In an ordinary house one place is as safe as another during a storm. To sit on a feather bed in the middle of the room is an old-fashioned idea, for if the lightning strikes the top of the house, it is apt to take a direct line down the side until it reaches the ground. So to be away from the wall is considered a safeguard. It is useless to sit and watch for the flash of lightning that you think is going to strike you—as many do—for that is the flash you will never see. The real danger lies where you never can see or know of it until it is over and gone.

So it is best for the women who suffer from such nervousness to show as much courage as they do in the other circumstances of life—which generally is a great deal—and to remember that every cloud has a silver lining, even the clouds that gather in a thunder-storm.

Even The Birds Go Crazy.

Selected.

Whiskey is an enemy of the whole animal kingdom. It governes the most resolute when it gets them in its clutches. Men, beasts and birds become crazy when under its influence.

"According to the Galveston (Texas) *News* the English sparrows have proved a nuisance in the cotton country. It says that as soon as the bolls open they pick the cotton and carry it off, and that some planters claim that they have lost hundreds of pounds in this way. One De-Witt county planter, when he fonnd the sparrows were committing depredations, procured a quantity of wheat, soaked it in sweetened whiskey, and strewed it along the rows. The sparrows found and ate it greedily. The *News* says: 'In fifteen or twenty minutes there was the tipsiest lot of English sparrows ever seen on the face of the earth. They rolled about the ground, falling on their sides and backs and kicking their heels into the air like a parcel of drunkards, all the while uttering the most comical squeaks.' The first day two bushels of these drunken sparrows were gathered into bags, and subsequently converted into potpie. The experiment was several times successfully repeated, but the *News* adds: 'The survivors have come to regard the plantatation as hoodooed, for now very few come about.' The surviving sparrows, at least, show more sagacity than some men, in avoiding the whiskey that overcame their fellows, and brought them to grief and ruin."

Administrators' Notice.

The undersigned, having qualified as Administrators of B. D. Gray, notify all persons holding claims against his estate to present same to them at Scotland Neck, or to their Attorney, W. A Dunn, on or before the 21st day of September, 1895. We will be glad if all persons will present their claims at once as payment may be made without delay. This September 20th, 1894.

MARY E. GRAY,
E. T. WHITEHEAD,
9 20 6t Administrators.

Executors' Notice.

The undersigned, having qualified as Executors of the last will and testament of D. Edmondson, notify all persons who have claims against said testator to present same to them at Scotland Neck, or to their attorney, W. A. Dunn, by or before the 21st day of September, 1895. This September 20, '94

MARY P. EDMONDSON,
R. C. JOSEY,
THOS. E. POWELL,
9 20 6t Executors.

Executor's Notice.

Having qualified as executor under the will, on the estate of Jno. R. Herring deceased, I hereby notify all persons having claims against said decedent to present them to me for payment within twelve months from this date. All persons indebted to the estate will please make payment. This Sept 18th, 1894. RICHARD H SMITH,
9-20-6t. Executor.

NOTICE!

NORTH CAROLINA,
HALIFAX COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT,
Sept. 10, 1894.

Hattie Stamper, vs. Alexander Stamper. } Divorce.

It appearing in this action that a summons has been issued for the defendant, notifying him of this action, and the sheriff has returned on the summons that the defendant was not to be found in Halifax county. It is therefore on motion of J. M. Grizzard attorney for the Plaintiff, ordered by the court that publication be made once a week for six successive weeks in THE DEMOCRAT, a newspaper published in Halifax county, notifying said defendant to appear at the court house in the town of Halfax, N. C., on the tenth Monday after the first Monday in September 1894, and answer the complaint of the plaintiff which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior court of said county, and let the defendant take notice that if he fails to answer the said complaint within the time required by law, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint

Given under my hand and seal of said Court at office in Halifax town this the 10th day of September 1894.

JOHN T. GREGORY,
J. M. GRIZZARD, Clerk Sup'r Court.
Att'y for Plaintiff. 9 13 6t

Notice!

NORTH CAROLINA,
HALIFAX COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

ARCH MARTIN, vs. LIZZIE MARTIN, } The State of North Carolina to Lizzie Martin:

1. The purpose of the above entitled action is to obtain an absolute divorce from the defendant by the plaintiff.

2. To obtain a divorce from bed and board.

The defendant Lizzie Martin is notified to be and appear before the Judge of our Superior court, at a court to be held for the county of Halifax at the Court House in Halifax, on the 10th Monday after September 1st, 1894, and answer the complaint which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior court, and let the defendant take notice that if she fail to answer the complaint within the time required by law, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief described in the complaint and the cost of this action to be taxed by the clerk.

Given under my hand and the seal of said court this the 3rd day of September 1894.

JOHN T. GREGORY,
9 6 6t Clerk Superior Court.

Hog Cholera.

The famous Major Hog Cholera Cure, which cures and prevents cholera in hogs and poultry is on sale at N. B. Josey's and at E. T. Whitehead's Drug Store. The medicine is highly recommended by many western farmers as a sure cure. Try a package. At N. B Josey's and Drug Store.