THE DEMOCRAT.

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NOT UNDERSTOOD.

Not understood. We move along asunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years. We marvel and we wonder
Why life is life, and then we fall asleep.
Not Understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall, and live and die
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision,
Oft measured giants by their narrow guage;
The poison shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age,
Not undeastood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,
Are disregarded. With self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbors, and they often go
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!
The thoughtless sentence and the fancied sight
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight,
Not understood.

Not understood. How many hearts are aching
For lack of sympathy! Ah, day by day,
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!
How many noble spirits pass away
Not understood!

O God, that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly when they can not see;
O God, that men might draw a little nearer
To one another! They'd be nearer Thee.
And understood.

—*Anonymous.*

A Dry June Never Begs Bread.

Economist.

This is one of the agricultural aphorisms that has perhaps more universal currency than any of the agricutural maxims relating to seed time and harvest. The June aphorism is founded not only upon the experience of agriculturists but also upon the wisdom of observation. June is the month in which plant life is most active and makes the most strenuous efforts to maintain the mastery over the artificial products of the fields. A dry June accompanied with a torrid June gives the plow and the hoe the advantage over the efforts of nature to supplant the artificial work of man. Then, this unprecedented hot June is a safe augury of a good crop. It is a pledge of a well cultivated crop. A hot June is almost necessarily a dry June. So, take courage men of the plow and the hoe, the foundation rock upon which the whole social and industrial fabric is builded. Strike while the June solstice is at hand, while the early and the latter rain refuses its sustenance, while the parched earth withholds its comfort, and when every blow bids nature be still until August, the weedy month, comes with overpowering effort to re-establish the native growth after the ripened fruits are ready for the abundant harvest.

ABOUT BOYS.

ALL WORTH SAVING.

Handle Carefully.

Selected.

One of the most difficult problems presented to a parent is how to deal with an unruly, disobedient child who has, unnoticed, grown to be refractory from small beginnings and has become a problem only when he has outgrown the usual simple correctives. There are many quacks ready with their specifics, but their advice is not appreciated very highly by the thinking parent. When his valuable watch gets out of order he does not (unless he is a watchmaker) think of repairing it himself, nor does he take it to a blacksmith or machinist for repairs. He entrusts it only to a skilled watchmaker, who is fitted by long experience, to deal with the delicate mechanism.

Now, a boy, viewed merely as a physical machine, is an almost infinitely more delicate organism than a watch. If he gets out of order it is the part of wisdom to employ only physicians of high skill to put him again in working condition. When, however, the boy is regarded as a human being—a machine in one aspect, but a machine guided by will-power, emotions and passions—the task of putting him in order after he has begun to go wrong is often beyond the skill of the wisest physician. Many remedies may be tried, but one can not be sure of finding a specific, so much depends upon the nature of the individual as well as upon the character of the disease or fault.

Discipline is highly recommended, but discipline is certain to be effective only with the lower natures that can be cowed into submission. Those that are better worth saving rebel against it, and something else must be tried. The bad boy who is not actually depraved is usually one whose energies have been diverted to wrong channels. He may be redeemed if gently led back to something that is wholesome, and that at the same time interests him. It is scarcely worth while to try to force him where he does not want to go. Sometimes a change of associates will effect a cure, for it is true in a much broader sense than is implied by the copybook that "evil communications corrupt good manners." But it is impossible to suggest a cure-all for the disease or fault that is both deep-seated and obscure. Only the quack has a remedy suited to all diseases and all constitutions.

The aim of all parents should be to prevent the occurrence of disease, to prevent the child from unconsciously growing unruly, willful and disobedient. For this, wisely administered discipline begun at an early age and never relaxed, is as good a specific as quinine for malaria. But it must be taken in time. The parent who thinks his pert child amusing, who is foolishly indulgent or carelessly indulgent for several years during which the child is gathering deep-seated impressions of life, should not be surprised if pertness should develop into impudence and lack of restraint beget resistance to discipline. To this the boy comes when he is too old to be disciplined in the good old fashioned style and when to put great restraints upon his freedom is to invite an open rebellion from authority.

It is too late then to apply a sure remedy. The wisest know too little of human nature to make the needed repairs. The best that can be done is to "assist nature," as physicians do who have cases they do not understand. Some of the methods of assisting nature in the reclamation of a wayward boy have been suggested. It should always be remembered that the "bad boys," if not hopelessly depraved, are well worth saving, for they very probably have originality and more spirit than their good brothers. The best time to save them, however, is before they have become infected, and this can be done through gentle but firm discipline begun in their earliest years and maintained until they have learned that the world is even more exacting than the sternest parent and demands prompt and cheerful obedience to all of its many laws and rules of conduct.

A Negro's Gratitude.

Youth's Companion.

A wealthy slave-owner of the cotton belt entered the Southern army, fought bravely and brilliantly, and died in one of the closing battles of the war. His widow was left penniless, with large plantations encumbered with mortgages, and a hundred or more emancipated negroes who had ceased to be her property.

Her business affairs were mismanaged by agents and lawyers, and she lost one plantation after another. Her health failed, and in her old age she became wholly dependent upon one of her former slaves.

This negro was grateful to her for having given him a start after the war. Learning from experience that she could not manage her plantations successfully, she had rewarded the fidelity of a small group of emancipated slaves by deeding over to them outright small farms. This negro received in this way a farm of twenty-six acres with a cabin.

He prospered from the outset. He made a living out of his ground, and saved every year a little money. In the course of a few years he bought another farm and doubled his resources. Other purchases followed, until he was a truck farmer with considerable wealth.

He did not forget his old plantation mistress in his prosperity. When she had lost all her property, and there was no other friend to take care of her in her old age, this negro rescued her from destitution. He became her most faithful friend.

Both are still living. On the first day of every month the negro farmer draws a check for one hundred dollars, and sends it to the aged lady whose slave he was in his boyhood. At first she was unwilling to become his pensioner, but he pressed help upon her with tears in his eyes, telling har that we would never have got on in the world if she had not generously aided him by giving him the first farm.

His bounty is now her only resource, and no millionaire in the land is happier than he is when "pay-day" comes around, and he can send his check to his kind-hearted "old missis."

The other negroes whom she befriended after the war have been either improvident or ungrateful, but one at least had the energy and thrift required for making him a well-to-do farmer, and the heart to take compassion on a friendless and unfortunate woman who had once been kind to him.

This is a true story, which illustrates the tender feeling sometimes existing betwen the negro and his former master, and the gratitude which good treatment may inspire even in a despised race.

What Caused the Hard Times.

Conductor and Driver.

Judge Hubbard, of Iowa, says it is the existence of co-operations.

George Gould says it is the hostility to corporations.

The farmer says it is the low price in wheat.

The silver men say it is the action of Wall street.

The Wall street men say it is the action of the silver men.

The manufacturer says it is the fear of free trade.

The consumer says it is the fear of free trade.

The debtor says it is the creditor.

The Democrats say it is the Republicans.

The Republicans say it is the Democrats.

The Populists say it is both.

The Prohibitionists say it is whiskey.

The preacher says it is the devil.

Now, what is your idea?

The earliest shoes were simply pieces of hide or skin drawn in purse fashion round the ankle with a string.

BAD ICE.

GUESTS LEAVE A HOTEL.

A Rumpus in Winston.

The Charlotte *News* said a few days ago:

"Mr. George W. Kittrelle, formerly proprietor of the Buford House in this city, but who has been proprietor of the Phœnix Hotel in Winston for three years past, yesterday made an assignment to D. H. Browder. He turned over all of his property, including hotel furniture, etc., to his creditors, the largest one of whom is said to be W. A. Eyler, butcher, who holds a claim of $576. The amount's due other creditors in Winston aggregate several hundred dollars.

It is said that Mr. Kittrelle's assignment was precipitated by a sensation which developed last Friday night, when a number of the guests left the hotel. The cause of the sensation was the charge that the ice upon which the body of the late Charles Johnston was placed was afterwards used in icing the tea and water for the guests of the hotel. It was claimed, we hear, that a rubber sheet was between the ice and the body, and it was as pure as any that could have been used, but the fact of it having once been used in cooling a corpse was more than the guest could stand and they were not slow to raise trouble. Mr. Kittrelle came to Charlotte from the North, and is remembered here as one of the best hotel proprietors ever located here. During his proprietorship of the Buford he was a model landlord in all respects and kept an excellent hotel."

Thursday's *News & Observer* of Raleigh, published an interview with Mr. E. B. Jones of Winston concerning the matter. It said:

"It all hinges, says Mr. Jones, upon a question of veracity between Mr. Kittrelle and his negro porter.

Mr. Kittrelle wholly denies the statement. He says he passed along by the room, after the corpse had been removed, and saw the tub in which the ice had been placed. The room had not been cleaned up, and he called the colored porter, Frank, and told him to clean up the room and take out the tub.

"Before tea that night, Frank, the negro porter, told one of the guests, that under instructions of Mr. Kittrelle, he had placed the ice used in the room where the corpse lay, into the refrigerator, from which refrigerator the ice to be served in the tea and milk would be taken. Frank was called upon to state whether he had any witnesses who could corroborate his statement. He named two chambermaids who he said heard Mr. Kittrelle give the order. One of them said she heard Mr. Kittrelle tell Frank to take the ice out of the the room and put it in the refrigerator. The other said that no such order was given. Frank contended that both women were present and heard Mr. Kittrelle.

"For the present the hotel is in charge of the hotel. At first there was some feeling against Mr. Kittrelle, but there has been a change in public sentiment, and a majority of the people prefer to take the statement of Mr. Kittrelle."

Why he Wanted it Printed.

Youth's Companion.

Compositors are supposed to be able to decipher all kinds of handwriting, even that of editors and ministers. On this point Mr. Robert Clark, the Edinburgh printer, used to tell a story.

Prof. Lindsay Alexander came into our office one Friday with the manuscript of a sermon.

"You must let me have proofs of thi to-morrow," he said.

I told him the time was too short. He must give us a few days longer.

"No," he said, "I must preach this sermon to-morrow. It is a special sermon. I wrote it ten years ago, and now I can't make out a word of it."