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VOL. XI. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1895. NO 46.

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Look for my big watch sign at the New Drug Store.
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Be sure you get it. The Red Z is on the wrapper. J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia.

DO THE BEST YOU CAN.

Now, when the race is just begun,
With all its warmth and zest,
And twice the needful gifts and powers
Are trembling in your breast,
While fortune beckons just before,
While hope is in the van,
Resolve with all your strength and soul
To do the best you can!

The best you can! The time will come
When that will seem too small—
Ambition scarcely worth the pains,
So grievous is its fall;
To pick the scattered fragments up!
Accept the altered plan!
It almost needs a hero's heart
To do the best you can!

Dangers and downfalls lie in store
For every soul alive,
And life, in truth, is not a case
Of three and two are five,
But trust me, he, and only he,
Is wiser than the rest,
Who puts his shoulder to the wheel
And simply does his best.

Some chance is always left at hand,
If not the chance we sought,
And none can tell what good may fall
From the least deed or thought.
Then take the troubles as they come,
Acquit you like a man,
Accept your part with all your heart,
And do the best you can!

Comfort at Home.

N. C. Farmer.

A powerful attraction to home is the cultivation of a spirit of neatness and elegance throughout all its arrangements. The eye scarcely ever wearies of a beautiful prospect, or a pleasing picture. The aspect of a home should resemble the latter; it should tell its own tale; its atmosphere should breathe of comfort, and its quiet, simple ornamentation delight the eye. There is a brightness about a well-kept home which neither wealth nor magnificence can impart, unaccompanied by taste. To keep best rooms, or best anything, to be used only for visitors' accommodation, is not the wisest policy for a wife to adopt; on the contrary, company contrasts too greatly with daily living rooms, and suggest unpleasant comparisons. Neatness and elegance should go hand in hand; one cannot exist without the other; but it must be neatness far removed from formality, and elegance independent of costliness and profusion. Every article should appear as if intended for use, and every right article in its place. The very chairs and tables should be suggestive of comfort; not arranged with stiff precision, but in such way that the attractive portions of a room shall be visible to their occupants.

The Shakers have made a great hit. Their Digestive Cordial is said to be the most successful remedy for stomach troubles ever introduced. It immediately relieves all pain and distress after eating, builds up the feeble system and makes the weak strong.

The fact is, foods properly digested are better than so-called tonics. The cordial not only contains food already digested, but is a digester of other food. Food that is not digested does more harm than good. People who use the cordial insure the digestion of what food they eat and in this way get the benefit of it and grow strong.

The little pamphlets which the Shakers have sent druggists for free distribution, contain much interesting information on the subject of dyspepsia.

Laxol is not a mixture of drugs. It is nothing but Castor Oil made palatable.

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.

Written for THE DEMOCRAT.

TRAVEL NOTES.

WRITTEN FROM LOUISVILLE.

Rev. W. R. Cullom Writes of Atlanta, Chicamauga and other Places.

I am back in Kentucky again with many and pressing duties crowding upon me. In the midst of them all, my mind runs back to Scotland Neck semi-occasionally, and I feel that the memory of my short sojourn (for it seemed very short to me) in your delightful community will follow me as a sweet benediction all my life.

I have touched several points of interest since I left you—Wake Forest, Raleigh, Atlanta, Chattanooga, Nashville and Louisville.

A DAY IN ATLANTA.

Perhaps no better illustration of southern thrift and progress can be found than the city of Atlanta itself, not to speak of its great exposition which is now in progress. It is really hard for one to realize that just thirty-one years ago this great city was nothing but an unsightly mass of chimneys and charcoal, with only six inhabitants to look regretfully over the smutty ruins. But alas, for Sherman's awful march to the sea! To-day the city boasts of a population of more than a hundred thousand, with as clean and well shaded streets, as beautiful flowers and as magnificent residences as any city in our land. The arrangement of the city is very irregular, suggesting the work of nature rather than that of art. Lack of time forbade my visiting any of the parks or public buildings, but they are said to compare favorably with the city in general; which is saying enough.

Of course the exposition has the right of way now. The grounds are well laid off in a two-hundred-acre enclosure, about three miles N. E. of Union depot. There are twelve main buildings, not to speak of the various side issues, such as the streets of Cairo, Japanese Village, China Town, German Town, &c., &c. The whole affair presented a very incomplete appearance when I was there, only two of the buildings having been completed. All the others were in a more or less unfinished condition, but the work was rapidly progressing, and I suppose it is much better by this time. The day I spent there was the day of the "Blue and Gray." Speeches were made by the Mayor of Atlanta, Generals Lewis and Longstreet, Governors McKinley, Morton, Howard and Holt; and others whose names I did not catch. These speeches had in them the ring of true American patriotism; and it seems to me that this exposition is calculated to do a great deal of good in bringing about a better mutual understanding and a higher mutual appreciation between the two great sections of our commonwealth.

The day in Atlanta was profitably spent, and any one in North Carolina who may feel able to visit the exposition this fall will be well paid for his visit.

I stopped in the private boarding house of Mrs. A. L. Winter, at 61 North Forsyth street. She charged me $1.25 a day, and I found her house very comfortable and home-like.

I left Atlanta for

CHATTANOOGA

where I spent a very pleasant Sunday. The ceremonies in connection with the dedication of the Chicamauga battle field were all over with, but there were still thousands of old veterans in the city. It was interesting in the extreme to note the eagerness and enthusiasm of the old men from either side as they met and talked and joked and wept over "the little unpleasantness" of the sixties. One could see that the rocks and trees, the hills and valleys, and everything around brought up floods of memories which words could never express. But in the midst of it all, there was the kindest of fraternal feeling manifested, and I was made to feel as never before that the war had ended indeed, and all the unpleasant memories are fast being relegated to the graves of those who sleep around Chattanooga, Richmond, Gettysburg and other similar places; while the generation that now steps upon the threshold is determined that, if there be any further strife between the two great sections of our country, it shall be that we will strive to see which can do most to develop our common resources, to unify and uplift our heterogeneous population to true ideas of American citizenship and patriotism, and to exalt the honor of our common flag.

I visited Look Out Mountain, took in a few draughts of its cool, bracing air, looked upon some of the most wonderful and beautiful scenery that God has given us in this great world of ours, heard them talk about the battle which was fought right there "above the clouds," was made to feel smaller and that I knew less than ever before in my life, resolved to study and know more of my own country—its eventful past, its critical present, its (I hope and believe) glorious future. I came down from the mountain and boarded the train for

LOUISVILLE,

coming via Nashville!

Such crowds were leaving that it took two or three trains to bring us out. But the people were orderly and well behaved, and each seemed anxious to do all in his power to help the others. The road from Chattanooga to Nashville is historic ground, and the old men were continually going to the doors and windows, and pointing out to their wives and children and friends the very spots on which they had fought and suffered; doing this always in the kindest spirit.

The racks in the cars were loaded with relics in the way of sticks, rocks and various other things. I understand that there is a factory in Cincinnati engaged in nothing else but manufacturing war relics!

It was in the night when we passed Nashville; so we came right on through to Louisville. I could almost hear the echo from the foot fall of the Grand Army of the Republic marching up and down its streets. But I have said enough about armies and battles.

On Tuesday I went out to Irvington, Kentucky, where I have served as pastor of a noble little band of Christians for two years. They gave me a very warm, cordial reception. They had been holding daily services for three days awaiting my coming. I preached for them every night until last Monday, when I came to the Seminary. Our labors together were really blessed, and I return to my work in the Seminary leaving the church united and determined to press on in the Master's work.

Our school opened on Tuesday, Oct. 1st. Two hundred and twenty young preachers were here on the first day, being an advance of forty over anything in the history of the institution. Each day brings in more men, and we expect to go to three hundred before the close of the session.

A hard session's work is ahead of me, but I hope to have health and strength to prosecute it faithfully and well, and then return to the people in North Carolina to see what we can do in bringing our dear Old North State to the very forefront along all lines of worthy progress. I am sure THE DEMOCRAT is doing a great work along this line already. May its power and usefulness go on deepening and broadening until its highest ideals for our people shall have been more than realized.

Very cordially,
W. R. CULLOM.

Dentistry in Oregon.

Selected.

"When I was traveling through southeastern Oregon last month," said Attorney W. W. McNair to a San Francisco Post writer, "I found myself in a small village and with a large toothache. I found the local dentist, with his whirligig engine that resembled a small lathe, at the livery stable chipping a horse.

"'Do you treat teeth?' I asked.

"'Course! What do you suppose I'm here for?' he replied in a nettled tone.

"'Want it pulled or plugged?' he asked.

"'I want it treated. How do you treat a tooth that is aching?'

"'Pull it or plug it.'

"'I think this could be saved if it had proper treatment.'

"'Want it plugged, then? What is it—jaw tooth or gnawer? And he tried to force a finger that was covered with dirt and horsehair into my mouth. I had grown a trifle suspicious of him, so thought I would find out what sort of work he did.

"'Do you do bridgework?' I asked.

"'Not since I been practicin'. I did build a bridge across Cow Creek when I was ranchin', but I mostly confine myself to draggin' fangs, doctorin' horses an barberin'.'

"'Do you ever transplant teeth?'

"'Say, I tried that onct, but she didn't work. Ole Bill, Robison had a tooth that was achin', an' he wanted it pulled. I got the wrong tooth. I tried to put her back, but Bill hollered an' cut up so that I thought I'd try to transplant it.'

"'I sawed off the snags an' rivited it to Bill's plate o' false teeth, but she wouldn't work. The first time Bill bit a bone with it the tooth swung around in the rivet, an' he bit a hole in the roof of his mouth as big as a hazelnut.'

"I concluded not to have my tooth treated. The dentist was sorry and told me that 'if it was holler to heat a knittin' needle hot an' poke it in the tooth.'"

Lady Customer—Gracious! Why do you make me such a plain bonnet?

Milliner—Entirely for the contrast, miss.—Detroit Free Press.

IS IT WISE?

MISSIONARIES TO CHINA.

Shall We Keep Sending Them?

BY REV. N. H. D. WILSON, CLARKSTON, N. Y.

The recent anti-missionary riots in China have caused many thoughtful people to ask "Is it wise to send more missionaries to these people around Heaven's throne?" To him who accepts the command of Christ, and who views the questions of this world in the light of eternity, there would seem but one answer. But Henry Charles Denby, Minister to China, viewing the matter as a government official and therefore only in the light of humanity and civilization, says unhesitatingly and emphatically, Yes! He says among other things: "I think that no one can controvert the patent fact that the Chinese are enormously benefited by the labors of the missionaries in their midst." "As far as my knowledge extends, I can and do say that the missionaries in China are self-sacrificing, that their lives are pure, that they are devoted to their work, that their influence is beneficial to the natives, that the moral sciences and civilization are greatly spared by their efforts, that many useful Western books are translated by them into Chinese that they are the leaders in all charitable work, giving largely themselves, and personally distributing the funds with which they are intrusted; that they do make converts, and such converts are mentally benefited by conversion." "In the interest, therefore of civilization, missionaries ought to receive protection to which they are entitled from officials, and encouragement from other classes of people."

All this, written by an able and careful government official, is a carefully weeded report to the Secretary of the Treasury, settles beyond doubt the question, shall we send missionaries to China? Philanthropy demands it. Civilization demands it. But more Christianity and eternity demand it.

The Walnut Growing Business.

The editor of the Hickory *Press and Carolinian* has just sold a single tree for $30. What kind of a tree was it, and have you many more like it, esteemed contemporary?—Mt. Airy News.

Being away from home, the above and other State news between September 11th and 25th escaped attention.

It was a walnut tree. We have others, some better even, but none for sale. Plant some walnuts, brother, plant walnuts. You can plant 160 trees on an acre and never interfere with farming. In 20 years time the trees will be worth $75 a piece. You can get one year's growth by placing the walnuts in single layer on smooth ground and covering with thin layer of dirt; then, when they have had about two good freezes they will crack open; then the first warm spell plant them in spaces in an old field, 160 to the acre. The walnut enriches the soil and soon you will have a fine field fit for cultivating, and your walnuts will also be increasing in value at the rate of ten cents per tree each year to a certain period when it is augmented in almost geometrical proportion. Finest business in the world, "Saxie?" A big field of walnuts planted now will be more value to your boy when you die than a big bank account. North Carolina is the home of the walnut.—Hickory *Press*.

The Value of Books.

"All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been, is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books."—*Carlyle.*

"It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all."—*Channing.*

"Remember, we know well only the great nations whose books we possess."—*Bacon.*

"We prize books and they prize them most who are themselves wise."—*Emerson.*

"In proportion as society refines, new books must ever become more necessary."—*Goldsmith.*

"Hark, the world, so loud, and they, the movers of the world, so still! There is no past as long as books shall live."—*Bulwer Lytton.*

"A good book is the precious life blood of a master-spirit."—*Milton.*

"You despise books, you whose whole lives are absorbed in the vanities of ambition, but remember that all the known world, excepting only savage nations, is governed by books."—*Voltaire.*

"I never read but the head-lines of a newspaper; it is a waste of time. Give me a book.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Openings in North Carolina.

[illegible] people [illegible] industries and going into manufacturing on a wider scale. [illegible] there are openings and [illegible] for many industries [illegible] business [illegible] Cotton, the factory, pottery [illegible] tobacco, [illegible] tobacco factories, the factory, pottery [illegible] cotton mills [illegible] tobacco factories, fertilizer factories, terra-cotta works, paint factories [illegible] and building up. Remember that Little Connecticut is easy, with [illegible] from [illegible] and well [illegible] in industries.

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TUMORS, Cancerous, Bloated or Gland and many others are removed by Electrolysis also other surgical operations avoided.

PILE TUMORS, however large, painlessly removed the most delicate organs without pain or danger to the patient.

RUPTURE, or Hernia, Hernia radically cured without the knife and without pain. Truss can be thrown away.

STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is painlessly broken and washed out and safely removed without cutting.

STRICTURES of Urinary Passage also removed without cutting or bougie in a few days.

For Pamphlet, testimonials references and all particulars, send ten cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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