THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor. "EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.00.

VOL. XI. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, NOvEMBER 14, 1895. NO 49.

WRITE HER EVERY DAY.

Comrade have you got a wife?
Write her every day,
Half the joy is out her life
When you are away;
Write her from a speeding car;
Never mind the thump and jar
Which your loving letters mar—
Write her every day.

You are in the stirring world,
She at home must stay,
Conscious you are being whirled
Farther yet away.
There she's watching, waiting, lingering,
With heart beating, with eyes glistening,
Quick to catch the postman's whistling,
Write her every day.

Would you some kind service render,
Sweet attention pay?
Then a loving letter send her,
When you are away.
Would you her home life brighten!
Would you all her sorrows lighten!
Bonds of sweet affection tighten?
Write her every day.

And, however far you wander,
I am sure 'twould pay,
Could you see her read and ponder
Over what you say;
Have your tablet in your grip,
Fountain pen charged to the tip,
Then don't let the chances slip,
Write her every day.

If you chance to gush a little,
And perhaps you may,
She will grant you full acquittal,
It is safe to say:
Write her genuine love letters,
Riveting anew love's fetters,
These are Cupid's best abetters,
Write her every day.

—*Selected.*

She Had Nothing to Do.

Greenville Reflector.

A busy wife, tired of hearing her husband declare that women had nothing to do, made up a little statement of the way she spent her time of one year. She had two children and two servants. Here are a few only of the items which silenced the husband once for all: Number of lunches put up, 1,157; meals ordered, 963; desserts prepared 172; lamps filled and trimmed, 328; rooms dusted (a nine room house), 2,259; dressed children, 786 times; visits received, 879; visits paid, 168; books read, 88; papers read, 553; stories read aloud, 234; games played, 329; church services attended, 125; articles mended, 1,236; articles of clothing made, 120; fancy articles made, 56; letters written, 429; hours at the piano, 204; hours in Sunday school work, 208; sick days, 44; amusements attended, 10.

The Mount Lebanon Shakers have recently perfected an ingenious cure for dyspepsia. Their Digestive Cordial contsists of a food already digested and a digester of foods happily combined.

The importance of this invention will be appreciated when we realize what a proportion of the community are victims of some form of stomach trouble. Thousands of pale, thin people have little inclination to eat, and what they do eat causes them pain and distress.

The digestive cordial of the Shakers corrects any stomach derangement at once. It makes thin people plump. Every one will be greatly interested to read the little book which has been placed in the hands of druggists for fsee distribution.

What is Laxol? Nothing but Castor Oil made as paletable as honey. Children like it.

ABOUT CUBA.

ITS GREAT INSURRECTION.

Our Knowledge Meagre.

Youth's Companion.

Our knowledge of the facts of the insurrection now in progress in Cuba is far from satisfactory. While one can hardly pick up a daily newspaper without finding some despatch concerning the struggle, it is impossible to determine how far the published statements have been colored by the authorities, Spanish or Cuban, by whom they have been prepared.

The salient facts of which we may be sure are that the insurrection has been in progress for a number of months, and has extended over a large part of the interior of the island; that Spain has sent over her ablest general, with tens of thousands of soldiers, to crush it; that the insurgents, far from yielding, have adopted the constitution of a republic, and chosen a President and other officers.

When we remember that a previous effort to achieve the independence of the island resulted in a war of twelve years' length, filled with atrocities hardly paralleled even in similar conflicts, the immediate outlook is not inviting to the lover of peace.

The history of Cuba in this century is little more than a dreary record of unsuccessful attempts at liberty. At first the attempts were peaceful. The constitution set up in Spain in 1812, as a result of the Napoleonic wars, guaranteed a certain representation to the Cubans. Through the successive defeats of the Liberal party in Spain, this provision was never enforced; and when, in 1836, Queen Isabella finally accepted the constitution, the Cortes voted by an overwhelming majority that Cuba should enjoy none of the privileges which it extended to the Spaniards themselves.

Since then, to most Cubans, liberty and independence have meant the same thing. The rule of the governor-general has been absolute to a degree which it is hard for an American to realize. It is true that a small party has continued to hope that some measure of self-government might be gained without separation from the mother country. But the concessions by which the long insurrection of 1868-1880 was brought to a close proved of no practical value. The grasp of Spain on the colony planted nearly a hundred years before the settlement of our own Jamestown has remained firm while both the Northern and Southern continents of America have been freed from European control.

Whatever one's views as to the right or wrong of the present uprising, its general similarity to the struggle that resulted in our own independence can not be denied. In the matter of grievances, in fact, most of us will be inclined to think that the Cubans have even greater right to complain than did the British colonists in 1776. The character of their warfare, with its numerous small engagements and its slow progress, is also not unlike the earlier campaigns of the Revolution.

Now, as then, the sea-power is almost entirely in the hands of the mother country, and consequently the insurgents are mainly confined to the interior. The advantage of a disciplined soldiery is on the same side. The climate of the island is, however, a help to the insurgents such as our fathers did not possess; for we see it constantly asserted that the yellow fever is proving far more fatal to the troops from Spain than all the bullets of the rebels.

This similarity of the Cuban struggle to the Revolution, the nearness of the island to our shores, and the intimacy of its commercial relations with this country have made the Cuban question a matter of practical political importance with us. That the sympathies of most Americans are with the party of independence is evident to every one. It is further asked, however, whether this sympathy may not properly be expressed by some act of our government. The contention that the United States should at least recognize the belligerent rights of the insurgents draws a certain strength from the fact that Spain accorded such recognition to the Southern Confederacy within forty days after the firing on Sumter. But we should not repeat, in retaliation, what we then regarded as a most unjust and unfriendly act.

Some competent judges are of the opinion that the according of belligerent rights to the Cubans by a first-class power would turn the scale in their favor. It seems certain that the Cubans themselves are looking to us from their mountains with some expectation of encouragement, if not of active help.

Saved by His Eloquence.

New York Sun.

James Johnson, a middle-aged Negro, was arraigned yesterday in Jefferson Market Court for being drunk in Bleecker street on Monday night. He wore a black Prince Albert coat and patent leather shoes. His trousers were yellow and tight fitting. Each leg was adorned by a big red stripe. His black derby hat had a white silk band around it. His vest would have put a prize cake-walker to shame. It contained all the colors of the rainbow.

When Magistrate Crane gave him an opportunity for explanation he grabbed the iron railing to steady himself, and said in a loud voice:

"Your Honor, the ability to write poetry and the power to abstain from intoxicating beverages are gifts, neither of which I possess. I admit that I sought oblivion in the flowing bowl last night, but I did it to soothe the stings caused by the outrageous shafts of fortune. I'm in hard luck. I belonged to that unparalled aggregation of histrionic talent known to an unfeeling public as Comstock's Mastodon Genuine Colored Minstrels. We had a two week's career which I might call meteoric. Then our lights went out, figuratively speaking, and we, the only genuine colored minstrels, were left stranded high and dry. I got tired of being dry and got drunk."

"Your Honor," continued Johnson, getting his breath, "this happened at Port Jervis, N. Y. After many vicissitudinous experiences, too numerous to mention, I reached this city last night. I met several of my friends, and they were so overwhelmed with joy at my safe return that they treated me not wisely, but too well. This is the result.

"These garments in which I stand before your honor, covered with confusion and shame, were worn by me in our unparalled street parades, which electrified all beholders and several times compelled street cars to take another route. If your honor will let me go I'll promise you that you won't see me again unless you honor me by coming to witness my unparalled performance as the unapproachable interlocutor in the mammoth aggregation of Ethiopian wonders—a company I am now forming."

Johnson was discharged.

Extravagance Our Dangerous Fault.

In editorially discussing American generosity, Edward W. Bok, in November *Ladies' Home Journal*, declares that the American is never so unnatural as when he is saving money, and never is he quite so much himself as when he is spending it. Hence, he has been the most unnatural mortal on earth for the past two or three years. But now, with the lifting of the gloom, and the sun of prosperity shining directly in his face, he is taking courage and heart. Once more he is going to spend. Thanksgiving means more to him this year, and thousands of thank-offerings will have a ring of earnestness in them this month that they have not had for several years. Our hearts are most thankful when our pockets are fullest and our bodies best fed and clothed. Generosity is a synonym with the word American. The American dearly loves to spend, and be it said to his credit, he spends with equal pleasure upon those he loves as upon himself—and sometimes even with more. It is the American trait not only to be generous, but to wish to see others happy amid personal happiness. The American is willing to work hard, but he must spend. All this is good: generosity broadens men, just as penuriousness contracts men. If we stopped at generosity all would be well. But Heaven knows we do not. Years ago we passed the line of generosity, and if there were another line beyond extravagance we would have passed that long since. But there is where we halt at present: at extravagance. We are known to-day as an extravagant nation, and our most dangerous weakness as a people lies in extravagance. No lesson seems severe enough for us to remember: within a year the most of us will have forgotten what we passed through in the two or three years which now lie before us. We have rallied from the shock, and this is commendable; but to forget its lessons would be a misfortune. Let us be known as a generous people but not as a generation of spendthrifts.

When in need of first class job printing remember that THE DEMOCRAT Job Office does work of that kind.

COTTON FUTURES.

OUR EDUCATION INCONSISTENT.

Is It a Game of Chance?

Biblical Recorder.

The office of Censor is not to be desired. The fault-finder is never a welcome guest. To a generous spirit it is more pleasing to approve than to disapprove—to point out beauty rather than ugliness. And yet, he who loves his neighbor can not be silent, when the social machine is laying upon that neighbor burdens that are unnecessary, unreasonable and unjust.

Let us consider those contracts for the sale of cotton, not intended to be delivered by the seller to the purchaser, which have passed into our commercial language as "cotton futures." Let us consider them in the light of the open air exhibition which has been given us in New Orleans and New York.

It is conceded that the cotton crop of the present year will yield much less, in quantity, than the crop of last year. The producers were advised, when the season of planting began, to reduce the area of this crop, that the diminished yield might bring them better prices. This was done with unexpected unanimity. The seasons have been so far unfavorable that they have added greatly to the decrease in quantity. The producers enjoyed a reasonable expectation that this diminished yield might be compensated by a corresponding increase of price. This expectation was realized. The price advanced steadily and with equal step as the diminished yield became more and more an ascertained fact. The producer might rest content, whatever his disappointment, when he saw the produce of his toil pass into the markets under the equal and impartial law of supply and demand. But he is not allowed to remain content. Suddenly, as if stricken by a blow in the face, he is told that he is the unwilling victim of a game of chance, whose furious excess and heartless consequence make the wildest orgies of Monte Carlo appear but trifles.

But this is not all. This loss of the innocent victim, hard and serious as it is, may be measured by the standard of money, and is the least significant consequence of the game of chance. Who can measure the full outflow of its influence and results? The press has given us scenic views of the game and the players. The Bull and the Bear have been brought, all too vividly, before our astonished eyes. We have not been advised, it is true, to adopt the colors of either one of these noble beasts; but the story of their combat has been told to us with such charm of language as to thrill, and, may we not add, fascinate us? What ambitious youth, with the fog of battle in his heart, under these seductive influences, can fail to be either a Bull or a Bear?

And yet we have been educated to believe and to hold that games of chance are wrong; nay more, that games of chance, in public places, are crimes, because they do violence to the peace and dignity of the State. We have gone so far, in our education, as to declare that the presence of a lottery ticket will pollute our mail pouches. We have driven from our midst those quondam caterers to our ruder taste, the cock-fighter and the prize-fighter. We are improving in our education, and growing better as the years go by. We are becoming more sensitive to the deformities of crime. We no longer tolerate vice when it comes into our presence as a monster of "frightful mien." We require it to comb its hair and put on a decent dress.

But are we not inconsistent in our education when we drive from our midst the cock fighter and prize fighter, and denounce as a criminal the man of cards who plays his game of chance before the public eye, while we repeat, with glowing phrase, the exploits of the man of "futures," who heralds his victories from the house tops? Is not "futures" a game of chance? Is it not played in a public place? Was there any privacy in the recent maddening game at New Orleans and at New York which has inflicted such mischief upon the toil of the produce? Is there any moral defence of this game of chance? Is there one single element of virtue in it? Is it not more fascinating, more maddening, more wide-spreading in its ruinous influences and results than all other games of chance combined? Apart from good morals, is it not conceded that it dominates the market and sets at defiance the equal laws that govern price? And yet when our keener sense of virtue recoils from its presence, we put on our softest gloves that we may not touch too rudely the rich drapery of its person. We shall remain inconsistent in our education until we learn to rate this gigantic game of chance with all other offences against the peace and dignity of the State.