THE DEMOCRAT.

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

VOL. XII. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1896. NO. 10.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those in houses glass,
Should never throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man,
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
The old as well as young;
We may, perhaps, we ought to know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well;
To try my own defects to cure,
Ere I of others tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do,
To those we little know;
Remember curses sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home;"
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

A Protest from Honeycutt's.

To the Editor of the New York *Sun*:

I notice that in speaking of the Hon. Marion Butter, the Endless Chain of Honeycutt's township, you spell "Honeycutt's" as if it were two words, thus, "Honey Cutts." If you have any special reason for this, of course it is all right, but that spelling doesn't go down here in Tar Heeldom. If you connected the two words with the car-coupler of the English language, the hyphen, we North Carolinians would understand that in spelling this mellifluous word you were going on the principle of "linked sweetness long drawn out," but you do not use the hyphen, and, therefore, there is a strong feeling in these parts against your mode of handling this time-honored North Carolina name.

Your spelling is additionally offensive because of the cap C in the middle of this word. One of the recent fusion legislators in our State (and who, by the way, helped to send the Endless Chain to the Senate) in a bill he introduced looking toward agricultural "relief," spelled chicken with a capital C in the middle—chiCken—and ever since a cap C in the middle of a word has been a stench in the nostrils of all good North Carolinians, who abide by the teachings of Webster's old Blue Back spelling book. Hence the uproar in the Old North State over your style of rendering "Honeycutt's" with the capitalization of the C, even though you stand off the "Cutts" some distance from the "Honey." You should make the C lower case, and let there be fusion between the words. And furthermore, though there is no map of Sampson county easily accessible the prevailing impression is that this word ought to be rounded off with an apostrophe and an s, since "Honeycutt" is a familiar patronymic in this State, and any township named for a Honeycutt ought consequently to be in the possessive case.

SPELLING BEE.

Coddle Creek, Cabarrus Co., N. C.

The Monroe Doctrine in Song.

Indianapolis Journal.

"Now is the time," said the patriotic border, "for some one to get up a National air that shall be distinctly American."

"What is the matter already," asked the Cheerful Idiot, "with 'You Can't Play in Our Yard?'"

FOR GIRLS.

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Advice to Women.

Selected.

It isn't often a man comes forward to offer advice unsolicited on how to choose a husband—when one does, women ought to give his remarks attention, for the suggestions he advances are sure to be interesting if not convincing.

WHOM TO AVOID.

"Don't marry any man," says a masculine philosopher, "without duly considering his tastes and habits, for they offer a pretty sure estimate of the individual's temper and bent of his character. Refuse a man of letters, though his genius may promise to produce the book of the century. Shakespeare himself was not a satisfactory life's partner and authorship is a sedentary, brain wearing, dyspeptic profession. He who bends over a desk coining fine sentences will likely scowl when the baby wails, quarrel with his food, want peace when the children romp, suffer from insomnia and live chiefly on the nerves.

"Refuse him." Mr. Stevenson continues, "just as you would the musical genius, or even the vocalist or instrumentalist who has too much talent. Men of that stripe always sacrifice everything to their art, which leaves, you see, very short commons for the wife. Your embyro Wagner is apt enough to be full of crochets as his scores. He is always up in the clouds or plunged in abysmal depths. The neighbor's practicing daughter keeps him on the wrack, his hours of composition or protracted practice sap all the harmony from his mind and body, while ambition rides him like a nightmare.

ARTISTS ARE SAFER.

But if you must have a husband in the arts try a painter or an architect. An artist is the only man who knows how to make poverty picturesque and accept it with philosophy—dabbing colors on canvas, or drawing stately lines is somewhat a soothing occupation to the mind. There always lingers a halo of romance around the velveteen coat and tall easel, and artists are, by the requirements of their profession, more patiently hopeful than feverishly ambitious.

JOURNALISTS PASS MUSTER.

There is really much excellent material to make a good husband to be found among the journalists. A capable journalist is eminently a good tempered fellow; cheerful, energetic, has a keen understanding of human nature, comprehends the philosophy of making the best of a bad bargain, leads a busy, healthy, varied life and as a husband stands a better chance of succeeding than, for instance, a physician.

OTHERS GOOD AND BAD.

It's doubtful if the popular doctor is much of a comfort to his wife. He has too little leisure; his professional chains are carried everywhere with him, he is preoccupied, scarcely ever a good business man; but a lawyer is to be highly recommended and politicians have their strong virtues.

Never marry a man who has very few friends. There is undoubtedly a big flaw in his character somewhere, but remember, if a rather stern reserved individual is found to practice such pretty tastes as collecting or painting in water colors, he is likely to have nice soft spots in his nature somewhere, amenable to the right influence.

A man who is fond of fishing is worth cultivating. It shows a contemplative mind open to convictions. Remember that the bachelor who boasts he has no small vices, must needs be suspected, for human nature is true to herself and abhors a vacuum. It's a wise wife who cheerfully tolerates a pipe; who only lifts her eyebrows at muddy boots, who doesn't ridicule her husband's clumsy efforts at carpentry mending around the house, who often admits the dogs to the sitting room, and lets an occasional extra man friend in for dinner without rebuke or apology. These are little things but they all go toward keeping a cheerful husband inside the garden gate and tend to firmly establish domestic serenity."

FANNY ENDERS.

What Wall Street Really is.

Tribune.

Wall street is nothing but a lending shop for the money of the continent. If nobody sent money here to be loaned, in order to get safer business than he could get at home, Wall street exchanges would shut up and Wall street banks would get out of business.

More than half the loans made by all national banks in New York are, in fact, made by them only as agents for various country banks. Out of $364,000,000 loaned, according to a quarterly statement, $266,000,000 was due to other national banks. The money is sent here to be loaned because the New York banks have the confidence of their correspondents all over the country, are known to be conservative and prudent, and in a better position to foresee trouble than bankers anywhere else, and have larger opportunities to make safe loans than can be found any where else. Your crazy, wildcat borrower, whether in Florida or Oregon, gets his loan at home, if he can, while the man who has something solid to justify a loan goes straight to Wall street, because there he can get money cheaper than anywhere else on such property. Men are not fools for sending their money here. It is handled more safely in the long run, and with less percentage of loss, than anywhere else in the country, and for that very reason at lower rates of interest. Whatever they feel willing to risk on various shady ventures bankers elsewhere risk at home, but the money they put into Wall street they count as their surest reserve.

This money comes largely from the West and South. The good farmers and merchants of those sections, who have money lying idle which they do not want to tie up in permanent investments, get something for the use of it often, and get it protected and guarded always by their local banks only because those banks can use a part of their reserve in New York. Since they must have something here to meet demands at this momentary centre, and can use money here more safely than anywhere else, they send as much here as they conveniently can.

The money comes here because caution and conservatism usually control the financial institutions of New York. Sitting always in front of measureless disaster, if Berlin or Paris or London, South Africa or Turkey, Washington or Albany, make mischief, the great managers of institutions here are forced to keep their eyes constantly open to all sorts of possibilities. They compete with each other so sharply, when there is any chance to lend or invest with safety, that they crowd down as far as possible the lending rate for the whole continent, and that they could not do, if the West and South were not all the time trusting over $200,000,000 to their judgment, experience and wide knowledge, because the money is safer here, although it actually earns less, than it would be anywhere else. Through their loans the most important productive industries of all Western and Southern States have been developed. Through their loans the railroads, which have more than doubled the value of land in all Western and Southern States, have been constructed and maintained.

Stock speculators, grain and cotton speculators, exist in New York as in other cities, but they are not the men to whom the whole nation intrusts its last reserve. Wall street is trusted because it is trustworthy, and makes money only because it performs for the whole nation a service more safely, cheaply and profitably than anybody else could perform it.

Over Historic Ground.

Charlotte Observer.

Liberty Bell has made three journeys in its old age, once to New Orleans, again to the World's Fair at Chicago, and last to Atlanta, the trip to the latter city being through Virginia and Tennessee. But never has it passed over more sacredly historic soil than on its recent homeward-bound journey—past Cowpens, King's Mountain, Charlotte, within sight of Trading Ford (just beyond Salisbury) where the rising of the Yadkin cut Cornwallis off from pursuit of Greene; on to Guilford Court House, and then on home to the Quaker city through the Old Dominion, lingering briefly by Jefferson's grave at Monticello. The return of the bell over this historic territory on the line of the Southern Railway is due to the urgent insistence of Senator Butler.

WHOM TO KICK.

DON'T STARVE PREACHERS.

Bob Burdette's Advice.

Selected.

My son, when you hear a man growling and scolding because Moody gets $200 a week for preaching Christianity, you will perceive that he never worries a bit because Ingersoll gets $200 a night for preaching atheism. You will observe that the man who is unutterably shocked because F. Murphy gets $350 a week for temperance work, seems to think it all right when the barkeeper takes in twice as much in a single day. The laborer is worthy of his hire, my boy, and he is just as worthy of it in the pulpit as he is on the stump.

Is the man who is honestly trying to save your soul worth less than the man who is trying his level best to go to Congress? Isn't Moody doing as much good work as Ingersoll? Isn't John B. Gough as much the friend of humanity as the bartender? Do you want to get all the good in the world for nothing, so that you may be able to pay a high price for the bad?

Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are the cheapest. Spring water costs less than corn whiskey; a box of cigars will buy two or three babies; a gallon of fine brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a "full hand" of poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years; a State election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in a church every Sunday morning if you are mean enough to deadbeat your lodging, but a nap in a Pullman costs you two dollars every time. Fifty cents for the circus and a penny for the little ones to put in the missionary box; one dollar for the theatre, and a pair of trousers frayed at the end, baggy at the knee and utterly bursted as to the dome for the poor; the dancing lady gets $600 a week, and the city missionary gets $600 a year; the horse race scoops in $2,000 the first day, and the church fair lasts a week, works twenty-five or thirty of the best women in America to death, and comes out $10 in debt!

Why, my boy, if you ever find yourself sneering or scoffing because once in a while you hear of a preacher getting a living or even a luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out in the dark and feel ashamed of yourself; and, if you don't feel above kicking a mean man, kick yourself. Precious little does religion and charity cost the old boy; and when the money he does give is flung into his face, like a bone at a dog, the donor is not benefited by the gift, and the receiver is not, and certainly should not be gratified.

And then, remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheel-barrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you, son, you will see the men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work, are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with work, son. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but its because they quit work at 6 p. m., and don't get home until 2 a. m. It's the interval that kills. Work gives you an appetite for meals; it lends solidity to your slumber; it gives appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men that do not work, my son; but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as old so-and-so's boys.

A tenth of the world is still unexplored.