

# THE DEMOCRAT.

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

W. H. Kitchin, Owner

Subscription \$1.50 per year.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1885.

No. 50.

## HER OPINION OF COURSHIP.

"If she loved you?" Of course you should know it! Think that you must be blind! I've seen a man I would show it, and once I was sure of my mind; but you must wait till you're certain. You men are so awfully proud, with your lips closed by fear like a curtain.

When you ought to be speaking aloud. Don't you think that it's dreadfully silly that we girls can't show what we feel? I'm sure that it could work illy. And 'twould simplify things a great deal; for she was single for life.

Of fitness and of fears, and all that; but I see the full pect beauty, and that is enough to look at. No doubt you're convinced you know better. With that very superior air; but it don't change my distum one let. Because you condemn it—so there!

What sort of a man would I fancy? Well, one who has spirit and dash; but I'm sure that much I can say—And—oh! yes—he must have a mustache. Rich or poor? Either way's not alarming; of course, one needs dresses and gloves; but it is so romantic and of arming. To be poor with the man that one loves.

But if a real lover came to me, I wouldn't wait all of his life, not daring to openly woo me. No, he'd ask me if I'd be his wife, and I'd know that his bias was toward me. First, as well as when he had proposed what I must know? Three years you've adored me! I never supposed—

Daisy Drumington.

## THE TRAINED FISH WON.

EXTRAORDINARY YARN BY A SAILOR WHO HAD BEEN SHIPWRECKED.

A South-street ship-chandler was showing how many tricks a bright little black-and tan dog with a high forehead could do yesterday in the front part of his store, while half a dozen sailors looked on admiringly. When the dog had ended his performance by rising on his hind legs and bowing around to each of the spectators, his owner said:

"You see what a little perseverance will do. Six months ago that pup didn't know any more than a fish."

Everybody smiled approvingly except one old sailor, who meditatively chewed a bit of rope-yarn. He said:

"Nor a fish, did you say, sir?" "Yes."

"Well, it may be as some fish don't know nothin', but others has more sense nor any dog that ever walked on four legs, or two either. Fish is the knowinest critters there is, only nobody never tries to teach 'em nothin'. They never has any perseverance served out to 'em like dogs has. Why, a fish once earned £100 for me. It was when I was in the Samanthly Abbott, after she was dismantled. You remember her, don't you, captain? Had the sticks taken out of her when we was three days from Matanzas with a load of staves."

The ship-chandler said: "If you'd been left twenty-four hours longer on the wreck your recollections wouldn't be told here, I guess."

"True for you, sir," said the sailor. "Me and Jersey, the youngster as was makin' his first trip into her, had a close call, but we weathered. Jerry Jones that ere time, while the best of the men didn't. As I was sayin', when the squall had passed and there weren't nothin' left of the schooner, only a waterlogged hulk, and no shipmates left neither, me and Jersey got up a bit of canvas on the stump of the bowsprit to attract the attention of any ships as might happen along in sight, and then we sat down to meditate. When we see the sun risin' next day, and the weather comin' off hotter'n ever, we didn't feel no better nor we did the day before. There wasn't a breath of wind, but pretty soon I sees a ruffin' of the water off to eastward, but 'twas only a school of dolphins chasin' a lot of flyin'-fish, and I know'd that there wasn't no hope of any vessels happenin' along while that ere condition of affairs lasted. So me and Jersey watched the flyin'-fish and the dolphins and the boobies what was a hoverin' over 'em, sorter listless like, and wished we had one of the dolphins."

"Pretty soon they got so close we could hear the buzzin' of their wings when they riz outen a wave, and the dolphins was a-leavin' a fathom or more into the air after them. They didn't none of 'em pay any attention to us no more than if we'd been logs of wood a-rollin' in the water. Then the first thing we knew there was a shoal of the flyin'-fish a-sailin' right over us. Jersey was for knockin' some of 'em down with his son'wester, and I'd a mind to help him, when kerslap a big dolphin landed right on the deck of the schooner, which it was easy enough to do, because she 'was waterlogged and didn't have no bulwarks on to her."

"The dolphin struck right abaft the forehatch, and as I was a leftin' my knife into 'im I looks into the water, as was almost up to the hatch comb'n in the hull of her. There I see half a dozen of them flyin'-fish as the dolphin had been chasin'. When they see me they huddled together on the fur side of the hatch. I didn't know it, hen, but they were consultin' together over the predicament they was into."

"Meantime Jersey he had sliced the head of the dolphin, and stood it on end on the corner of the hatch. With that the flyin'-fish seemed to tumble to what had took place. Here was a dolphin as had had justice for the persecutin', he'd done to 'em all his life. The way them flyin'-fish acted was astonishin'. To say that they was grateful ain't no name for it, and we wasn't no time makin' such friends with 'em that they'd follow us when we walked around that ere hatch like dogs follers meat as is afore 'em, and we didn't have to feed 'em nothin', neither. Seein' they was so familiar like, me and Jersey made up our minds we'd encourage 'em and set about trainin' of 'em, and aside of two days they'd go through more evolutions nor a squadron of frigates. The excitement of seein' 'em so wonderful smart and a lookin' so grateful every time they see that 'ere dolphin's head was all that kept me from sinkin' durin' them lays."

"I don't rightly remember whether it was four or five days we'd been driftin' about, but one mornin' we woke up about daylight to find ourselves right in the middle of a fleet of spongers. They hadn't paid no attention to our old hulk till 'they saw me and Jersey movin' about, and then one of their scooners came alongside. They passed us a packin' of water the first thing, and then the skipper says:

"Well, shipmate, can you get over the rail alone, or shall I lend a hand?" "With that I thanked him polite like, and says, 'I'll be with you as soon as I gets my pets,' and begins scoopin out the flyin'-fish."

"What the devil do you want of them 'ere flyin'-fish?" says he. "'They's trained,' says I. "'What can they do?'" says he. "'They can outfly any other flyin'-fish as ever beat the air for a hundred pounds,' says I."

"The sponger he was a Britisher and game to back his opinion, and he says: "'Put up your spondalix, and I'll rake in one as will outfly your'n by a cable's length.'"

"I'll admit I was a little skeered at that, 'cause I didn't know but he might have some of his own as was trained better nor mine. However I had a matter of a couple o' hundred pounds as had been left by my skipper into his chest afore he was washed overboard, and I counted out the money into the taffrail of the sponger. It was soon covered, and then the sponger he begins scoopin' for flyin'-fish when a school showed up. He caught several of 'em, and an able-bodied bonito besides."

"What did he want of the bonito?" asked the ship-handler, "He put it in a tub. We were to drop our flyin'-fish into the tub, and we lowed the bonito would make them hump themselves in the send-off. So me and Jersey picked out our favorit as we'd been trainin' and the sponger he picked out a wolloper and we turned 'em loose in a tub with the bonito."

"You mayn't believe it captain, but when our flyin'-fish riz outen the water and see the tother one maked' off over the port rail while he was head in, to starboard, he just came about on the port tack and overhauled that ere wild, untamed, airy steed like it had been anchored. That's how I made the hundred pounds I was tellin' you of."

The ship-handler took out his pen-knife and began trimmin' his thumbnail, while silence fell on the little group. Finally he said: "'Say, Jack have you got any consuls' certificates about you to prove that story?'"

"Certainly, sir," said Jack cheerfully, as he pulled what looked like a smoking herring from a diddy-box on the floor beside him. "Here are the skin of that very flyin'-fish. He was so very confident of his strength that arter he sailed across the bows o' that fell widdow come right back and plumped hisself down into the tub for to wet his whistle, and the bonito in less 'in three minutes, but it was too late. He was alive yet, but he just rolled his eyes up at me kind of pitiful like, and then died. It broke his heart to think he'd made such a fool of his self arter all I'd done for him."—*Con.*

## Home Life of the Ancients.

It was a dismal rainy day in December. Socrates, who had no umbrella, stood on the front steps of his house, drawing his cloak around him, before venturing down the street. From the opposite side of the street his friend, Therenenes, passing by, familiarly hailed him as "Soc," and shouted:

"Blustery this mornin'." "Yes," replied the philosopher, "it's cold."

"Hey!" suddenly shot the voice of Xantippe, from a second story window, what's that?" "I said," exclaimed Socrates, promptly throwing up his guard and backing prudently into the door-way, "I say it's cold."

"Say what?" was the sharp rejoinder. "You say that again, and say it slow."

"It's cold," repeated the philosopher; "it's cold, it's cold; it's cold as ice I said."

There was a moment's silence during which Xantippe appeared to be buried in profound thought, while the great disciple of Anaxagoras occupied the painful interval by girding up his loins and tucking his trousers in the top of his boots and making other preparations for a lively run. Presently there came from the window:

"You hold on there a minute, young man, till I come down; I want to see you a second before you go down town."

There was a fierce flopping of attic sandals upon the wet pavement, the wild rush of a cloaked figure through the pelting rain, and ten minutes later Socrates was explaining to Plato and Xenophon that he had chased a street car all the way from the Peirae gate and was clear out of breath.—*Burdette.*

## They had Forgotten it.

"Say," shouted a boy in front of the City Hall the other afternoon. "Somethin' like fifty men came to a dead halt."

"Say! your wife said I was to tell you not to forget to bring home tea!" continued the boy, in a louder voice.

Forty-five men wheeled, slipped their legs and grunted out: "Hanged if I hadn't forgotten all about it!"—*Free Press.*

Foraker, Republican Governor elect of Ohio, is canvassing New York for Davenport.

"One step, and then another, and the largest walk is ended; One stich and then another; And the largest rent is mended; One brick upon another, And the highest wall is made; One flake upon another, And the deepest snow is laid."

"Little moments make an hour; Little thoughts a book; Little seeds a tree, or flower; Water drops a brook; Little deeds of faith and love Make a home for you above."

## [For the Democrat.] ABOUT EDUCATION—I.

### School or Business?

"Shall I go to school again or shall I go to business?" This question is being asked almost continually in the country by boys and young men who have more or less of the responsibility of this decision resting upon themselves. A more important question they never have, nor ever will face in their lives. Happily for many boys,—although, in their worry about school discipline and hard study, they wish it otherwise—they do not have the decision left to themselves; their fathers and guardians make it a matter of duty in deciding that their own boys, and others under their care, shall go on to school till they have taken the course their circumstances enable them to take and demand that they should take.

While these boys have nothing to do with deciding this question, the willingness with which they follow the directions of their fathers greatly affects them. If they go to the academy and the college against their will they are not likely to make the progress, and to develop into the men they would if their hearts were in the work to which they are almost driven. But there is another class of boys and young men to whom this question comes with much force; and, withal, great perplexity. That is the class of boys and young men whose parents or guardians leave it to their own choice whether or not they will pursue and complete their course of education, or go at once to business and money-making.

There is, perhaps, no class of boys more perplexed by this question than this. It is a hard thing for them to decide. A boy of 18 summers, thus left to choose for himself a series of years in school, or to start at once with a tolerable stock, as he thinks, of practical, common sense to make his fortune in imaginary ease, is not to be envied.

He has candor enough to own up to himself that he has some aspirations for that higher life of thought which he will be able to enjoy with a collegiate or university education; but the prospects of present pleasure and an earlier start in the world sometimes drive out these aspirations forever. At home, he has a horse to ride and drive when he pleases. And he thinks that a day or two, or a week, now and then spent in visiting and hunting is just the thing for him. But from what he has heard other young men say about the hard work that is to be done at the college, and from what he has seen in the catalogues and the requirements there, he knows full well that if he continues in the academy till he is well prepared for college, and goes on through the course of training necessary to graduation, he must be deprived of all these home pleasures.

He thinks how easily he can drift into business with his father or uncle and have pleasant time meanwhile, grow large and be a fine looking young man by the time he is "free." He contrasts himself thus with the pale, lean fellow he would be at the end of the same four or five years if he should go to college.

He has not learned that "the great blessing a young man can get is an education, whether in college or in a technical school, or wherever or how ever acquired."

And, too, he does not know the truth in the poet's words: "We're I so tall to reach the pole, Or grasp the ocean with my span, I must be measured by my soul; For 'tis the mind that makes the man."

—But who wonders that the boy or young man does hesitate to tear himself from home and its happy surroundings, when it seems to him that his education is already sufficient for practical purposes?

He hears some business man say that behind the counter and at the desk, and not at the business college, is the place to learn business successfully. The boy may look around him and see that the man with the most money is the man who stopped when he knew about as much as he knows. He thinks that perhaps he would do well to act likewise.

It is hard for him to decide; but

too often he decides to leave off studying and to go to pleasure or to business. Alas! how many such mistakes are made. In most cases it is better for a boy to be forced to his decision, forced by parent or guardian or forced by circumstances. And circumstances give more powerful impulse to aspirations and action than the commanding dictates of parent or guardian. Young man, is this question facing you? Be careful how you decide. You may make a good clerk or a good merchant without your thorough education.

But is that all you want to be? Perhaps it is, but it is not all you ought to be. It is a high and worthy attainment for some men to be good merchants, good agents, good mechanics, considering their opportunities; but with the choice before you which I have mentioned it is not all you ought to be. With this choice before you, it is too small achievement for you to simply make a living in the world, or even a fortune. It is your privilege, and ought to be your aspiration, to fit yourself for something more than the routine work or business of the ordinary man.

It is yours, if you will make the effort, to enter into the world's thought, and to get broad views of life, and thus know more of what there is in it besides the bare gain in dollars and cents. Thousands would rejoice to have the choice left to them that is left to you.

It is excusable in one who sees no chance to rise to hesitate to make an effort, but it is unmanly in those who may have opportunities not to make the best of them.

E. E. HILLIARD.

## What Water Will Cure.

Uncle Zack Baker, of Benton county, is interested in a mineral spring. He has not attempted to introduce a bill offering the spring as an amendment to the constitution, a piece of legislation, though, which may be expected of him.

"What is the water good for?" asked the Speaker of the House. "Good for everything. It will cure any case of yaller janders in the world. Tell you what's a fact. A fellow came along some time ago with a yaller dog. He was the yalloyest dog I ever saw, but he fell in that spring, and when he came out he was as white as a sheet."

"How is it for rheumatism?" "I'll tell you what's a fact. Do you know young Alf Wilson?" "I think so."

"Well, Alf had the rheumatism so bad that he had to carry one leg on his shoulder. He drank that water for three weeks and can now jump a ten-rail fence."

"Will it cure lying?" "Will it! Tell you what's a fact. A Little Rock newspaper man came up there some time ago, and now you can almost believe half of what he says."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

## How wars Originate.

"Papa, how do nations get into war?" asked Tommy Seasonby. "Sometimes one way, sometimes another," said the father. "Now, there are Germany and Spain—they came near getting into war because a Spanish mob took down the German flag."

"No, my dear," put in Mrs. Seasonby, "that wasn't the reason."

"But, my darling," said Mr. Seasonby, "don't you suppose I know? You are mistaken. That was the reason."

No, dearie, you are mistaken. It was because the Germans—" "Mrs. Seasonby, I say it was because—" "Peleg, you know better. You are only trying to—" "Madam, I don't understand that your opinion was asked in this matter anyway."

"Well, I don't want my boy instructed by an old ignoramus."

"See here, you impudent—" "Put down your cane you old brute. Don't you dare bristle up to me, or I'll send this rolling-pin at your head, you old—" "Sever mind," interrupted Tommy. "I guess I know how wars begin."—*Chicago News.*

## Before and Behind The Scenes.

To show more clearly the comicallities and absurdities of stage life we cite a few incidents, which are the results of personal observation, and which, to the unthinking, show the vast difference between the relations of professional people before and behind the scenes.

Before the scenes—Hero: For years I have followed you as the relentless tiger followed his prey, and your crimes deserve. Thus do I bury my knife again and again in your craven heart, thus do I satiate my direst vengeance.

Villain: With my dying breath I curse you. (Dies.) Behind the scene—Hero: Say, Curly lend me a collar button; some fakir has collared mine.

Villain: That's an old guy. But here you are. Don't be ashamed to return it.

Before the scenes—King: Down, slave, and beg my royal pardon. Slave: Yes sire; most humbly do I crave thy clemency.

Behind the scenes—Slave: Here, your royal dummy with the fake on, pull off my boots, will you? I can't stoop over this pad.

King: Why, cert, Jimmy. Before the scenes—Hero: Thus do I endow thee with a royal ransom. Take this package. Within it you will find \$40,000, and if you need more you have but to send word to my lawyer.

Behind the scene—Hero: (who is also manager)—I am very sorry, Lillie, but I can't pay you your salary this week. Here is a dollar; make that go till we strike better business. That's a good girl.—*Rehebeboth Sunday Herald.*

## Why the Democrats Should Have the Offices.

When the people of the United States, in November, 1884, voted to put the Republicans out of the Democratic power in the national Government, did they mean to have the change limited to the Presidency, the Cabinet, and the most prominent places in the public service, or was it their wish to bring about a more radical and thoroughgoing reform by putting in new men generally?

It seems to us they wanted to leave the whole lump with Democracy. We are unable to see why a Democrat who seeks a small office should be characterized as an impudent spoilsman any more than a Democrat who seeks a great office; or why either of them should be subjected to this reproachful appellation.

The Democrats want the offices because they think they can serve the public better than the Republicans.

If they can, they should have the offices. If not, the Republicans should be permitted to keep them.

There is nothing in this notion at all inconsistent with the frequently expressed idea of President CLEVELAND that public office is a public trust.

All that the Democracy asks is that when ever a new trustee is to be appointed, a Democrat shall have the opportunity to prove that he will make a more competent and faithful trustee than any Republican that can be selected, or than any Mugwump.—*Sun.*

## THE EDITOR AS A COMPOSITOR.

A Western editor has recently discharged all his compositors because he thinks the wages demanded a new imposition, and hereafter intends doing his own type setting. In the next issue of his paper he says: "Owing to the exorbitant wages demanded by printers we have concluded to do our own type setting in the future; and although we never learned the business! we do not see why it should be a mystery in the art."—*X.*

## John O. Gamage & Sons.

100 & 102 WATER STREET, NORFOLK, VA. SHELL AND BUILDING LIMES, CEMENTS, LATHS, BRICKS, HAIR, TAR, FIRE CLAY, &c., &c.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**THE ACME PENETRATIVE.**  
GREATLY IMPROVED.  
POSITIVELY BURNS STUMPS.  
No crude petroleum, sulphur, saltpeter or explosives, but is a compound, which, if put in the stump and set fire to, will burn it, ROOTS AND ALL, GREEN OR DRY.  
Send \$1.00 for enough Penetrative to burn 12 large or 24 small stumps. Satisfaction guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded. Send for illustrated circular, &c.  
Agents Wanted. Address F. E. Fross & Co., Lock Box D, New Carlisle, Ohio.

## BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

W. H. KITCHIN. W. A. DUNN.

## KITCHIN & DUNN

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Scotland Neck, N. C. Office on 10th Street, first door above Main

## RAILROAD HOUSE.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. MRS. LAURA BELL, PROPRIETRESS. Good beds, polite and attentive servants, the best table the market affords, and good water. Neatness one of its special aims. Stop at the Railroad House.

## DAVID A. MADRY.

BRICK MANUFACTURER. Will take contracts for furnishing Brick as cheap as the next man, and give better work. Satisfaction guaranteed. The best brick in the market made by him at lowest prices. Give him a trial. Brick always on hand and for sale in any quantity. Scotland Neck, N. C., June 25, 1885.

## LIFE and FIRE INSURANCE.

I am representing the strongest most liberal, prompt and reliable companies in the U. S. Call at my office, take out a policy and secure your property. A policy in the Aetna, Life Co. is more secure than all the banks in the Union.

J. H. LAWRENCE, Scotland Neck, N. C.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## NOTICE.

53 YEARS AT THE BUSINESS. Look to your interest and don't be deceived. NEW MAN but an OLD BUSINESS.

R. B. Pierce can be found at Mr. P. E. Smith's shop where he has a Good Stock of the best Material which he will make up in Buggies, Wagons, Carts, &c. at short notice, and offer the most reasonable Terms. Horse Shoeing a SPECIALTY.

Call and see me, it will be to your interest. Respectfully, R. B. PIERCE.

## DENNIS & HORN

Keep constantly on hand Buggies, Wagons, Carts &c., which they will sell cheap for Cash, or on time to responsible parties. We are thankful to our friends for past favors and hope a continuance of the same.

Remember that I can sell you buggies as cheap as you can buy anywhere in the world. I sell the celebrated Wagon work. C. W. DUNN.

I have in store a cargo of Ice. Will deliver in town daily, except Sundays. Special Contracts made for large quantities. G. W. BRYAN.

Don't forget to call and see the Auburn Wagon when you come to town—it is the best wagon made. C. W. DUNN.

Save 25 per cent by calling at Peterson's old stand and examining the great bankrupt stock—Sol Rothschild, Salesman. To be snatched perfectly in spectacles or eye glasses, call on—J. A. Newell the Jeweler. FORT HERE! STOP!—Do Hoifers Wanted from one to three years old. Also, 100 Steers from one to three years old. All persons wishing to sell will please call on W. H. KITCHIN, Scotland Neck, N. C.