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WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

W. H. Kitchin, Owner.

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No. 2.

THINGS TO CHERISH.

The eyes that look with love on thee,
That brighten with thy smile,
Or merrily bid thee hope again,
Or thou art sad awhile;
The eyes that, when no words are breath-
ed,
Gaze fondly into thine—
Oh, cherish them, ere they grow dim;
They may not always shine!

Be faithful hearts around thee,
That glow with love and youth,
That time and care ne'er yet have scared,
Nor ravished of their truth,
That time and care ne'er yet have heard,
When throbbing near our own—
Oh! cherish them. Those beatings hush-
ed,
Earth's dearest tones are gone!

The days when there are hearts and eyes,
That throb and beat for thee,
The few short hours when life doth seem
Bright as a summer sea;
The thrilling moments when to speak
The full heart's joy is vain—
Oh! cherish them. Once gone, alas!
They ne'er return again.

(For the Democrat)

AMONG THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

"HILO."

Onward and onward the burning river rolled, until within five or six miles from the shore, its course direct for the town and harbor, with fewer obstacles in its way than had already been overcome, it seemed the fate of Hilo was sealed. Another fact is, that its near approach to the town of Hilo, its sanguinary glare its steady, resistless and relentless progress mocking the fear of the people, defying all human skill or power, and demonstrating to a mathematical certainty that, unless arrested by an unseen and omnipotent hand, the destruction of Hilo was only a question of time, produced among all classes a thoughtful seriousness, amounting in some instances to alarm. So nearly certain did it for some months appear that this fiery deluge would roll over the town, that many, probably most of the people, laid their plans and concerted measures to escape with such property as could be removed.

Under these threatening dangers prayer was offered without ceasing in the churches of Hilo. A day of solemn fasting and prayer was also observed by the people of Hilo both by natives and foreigners, and few even of the unbelieving class exhibited the least disrespect for the occasion. Most seemed impressed with the propriety and solemnity of the act.

On the 13th of February, 1856, six months from the commencement of the flow, and when the lower point of the stream was within six miles of the sea, and when to all human appearance, the action from the summit crater to the terminus of the flow was unobscured, suddenly and unexpectedly the fiery river ceased to flow longitudinally and from that day has made advance towards the coast. This was marvellous, because the great feeder on the summit crater was in full blast, and because the unmeasured floods of igneous minerals were poured down the mountain for nine months after date, lighting up the forests with a lurid glare and furnishing a scene of grand and sublime interest by day and by night. Thus for three fourths of a year the rocks were red, the hills melting and the mountains flowing down before the people, flashing in their faces, rolling, leaping, tossing, muttering and threatening to sweep over them while an unseen hand held back the burning torrent. That Hilo is not now sleeping under a pall of ebony blackness, that her glorious landscape is not blotched from the face of nature, her beautiful harbor choked with rocks, her songs hushed, her happy dwellings from view, seems a miracle. Mauna Loa, and Kilauea are still burning, since the great eruption mentioned above there have been several others less worthy of note.

Around the town can now be seen a wall of lava which has become hardened by age, and resembles rock.

Horses are very plentiful among these islands and can be hired at one dollar per day. There being a beautiful drive along the seashore, lined with cocconut and banana trees, horses are in great demand while vessels are in the harbor.

There are several other ports on this island which I think would interest our readers.

Kaalaekauka situated on the Western side of Hawaii was long cele-

brated as the residence of the early Kings of Hawaii. I saw in its neighborhood also that there existed the famous city of refuge, which afforded an inviolable sanctuary to the guilty fugitive who was so favored as to gain its precincts. To the man-slayer, the thief, and even the murderer fled from his incensed pursuers and was secure. Its gates were always open to admit the refugee. The village is located on the seashore and comprises about two hundred houses. In the farming districts, about three miles from the village quite a large number of foreigners reside, some engaged in raising coffee. There is also a number of orange groves yielding large crops. Sweet potatoes, pumpkins, squashes, melons, cabbage, oranges, bananas, and cocoanuts grow in abundance on this island.

Kawaihewa is also a small village on the western shore of this island. It has scarcely an object to attract a resident. Excepting a few cocconut trees which line the water's edge, there is hardly any foliage to be seen in the village or on the hills back of it. It derives its importance from being one of the finest agricultural districts of the islands.

Just back of the town there exist the ruins of one of those large heian or idol temples. It is the most perfect one now existing on the islands. It was this temple which the young Kamehameha II, on the death of his father went up to consecrate, accompanied by his chiefs.

The natives of these islands are expert swimmers, and at ports where the seas roll in very heavy they may very often be seen shooting the surf. This exciting evolution is performed by a native wading out three or four hundred yards from the shore armed with a thin board about five feet long and ten inches wide, when an extra heavy sea rolls in, they turn facing the shore lay flat on the board and are carried inshore with almost lightning rapidity. Sharks are numerous in these waters, and are often hunted by the natives, who do not fear them.

Molokai the smallest island of this group is inhabited by Ipers, of which there is a large number, mostly Chinese who brought this terrible malady among these islands. They are not allowed to leave this island during the remainder of their lives. There have been very few cases during the last five or six years as precautions are taken to prevent Chinese, afflicted with it from landing among the islands.

Having been to these islands twice and spent several months there each time I am able to give a much better description of them than I can of the other countries I have visited.

A. St. C. B.

Death of the Vice President.

The whole country will be shocked to hear of the death of Hon. Thomas Andrew Hendricks, Vice President of the United States. It occurred yesterday afternoon at Indianapolis and was very sudden and unexpected. At the hour we write we have but few particulars of the sad event.

A true man and a sound Democrat has fallen. He has served his country well and conscientiously, and there is no stain on his escutcheon. A man of decided talents; a man of courage and conviction; a man of sincerity and of principle, he has deserved well of his countrymen, and has been often honored with high positions of trust which he filled with fidelity, zeal and capability. He has shown himself to be a statesman who had opinions; he was not afraid to proclaim and uphold; a man of honor and scrupulous integrity under every trial; a man warmly attached to the great fundamental principles of the Democratic party, under whose banner he fought so many gallant fights and won so many victories; he deserved and received the confidence of his party. He was a strict party man, and people of all parties always knew just where Thomas A. Hendricks could be found. By his labor and talents and devotion to sound political principles he has de-

served well of his country and has been often honored. As Governor of Indiana; as a Senator in the United States Congress; as a statesman of true patriotism and broad views he has been identified with much of the history of his State and country. He has been a prominent leader for a most forty years.

He was born in Muskingham county, Ohio, the 7th day of September 1810, and was, therefore, in the 67th year of his age. He was carried to Indiana when but six months old. He was born in a log cabin and died Vice President of the United States. When in his twenty-fifth year he married Miss Lucy C. Morgan, a beautiful daughter of accomplished parents. He read law and soon achieved success. When twenty-eight he was elected to the Legislature. He was elected to the U. S. House of Representatives twice. He was nominated for Governor in 1855, but was defeated. He was elected U. S. Senator in 1862, and served six years. In 1870 he was again defeated for Governor. In 1872, he was elected Governor. In 1876, he was elected Vice President of the United States on the Tilden ticket. All know how he was defrauded. In 1884, he nominated in the Democratic National Convention Hon. Joseph E. McDonald, of Indiana, for the Presidency in a fine speech. He was nominated on the Cleveland ticket again for the Vice Presidency and was elected. His election was not only richly deserved but was retributive justice.

In a few days he would have presided over the Senate of the United States, but God has willed otherwise. The Democratic party of the Union is sorely bereaved. A champion of the people and a faithful exponent of genuine Democratic principles has fallen, full of years and full of honors. All good, true men will regret his death. We write too hurriedly to undertake a careful analysis or to express in fitting language our sense of the loss the country has sustained. An honest, upright, courageous expounder of sound political principles is forever lost to the party. It may be seen here after as events unfold themselves what is the magnitude and significance of the loss.—Star.

An Arab Horse.

A Bedouin, named Jabal, possessed a mare of great celebrity. Hassan Pasha, then governor of Damascus, wished to buy the animal, and repeatedly made the owner the most liberal offers, which Jabal steadily refused. The pasha then had retreats to threats, but with no better success.

At length, one Galar, a bedouin of another tribe, presented himself to the pasha, and asked him what he would give the man who should make him master of Jabal's mare?

"I'll fill his horse's nose-bag with gold," replied Hassan.

The result of this interview having gone abroad, Jabal became more watchful than ever, and always secured his mare at night with an iron chain, one end of which was fastened around his mares hoof the other, after passing through a tent cloth, was attached to the picket driven to the ground under the felt that served himself and his wife for a bed. But one midnight, Galar crept silently into the tent, and succeeding in loosening the chain. Just before starting off for the prize, he caught up Jabal's lance, and poking him with the butt end, cried out:

"I am Galar; I have stolen your noble mare, and will give you notice in time."

This was in accordance with the custom of the desert, for to rob a hostile tribe is considered an honorable exploit, and the man who accomplishes it is desirous of all the glory that may flow from the deed.

Poor Jabal when he heard the words, rushed out of the tent and gave the alarm; then mounting his brother's mare accompanied by some of the tribe, he pushed the robber for four hours. The brother's mare was of the same stock as Jabal's, but was not equal to her; nevertheless he outstripped those of all the other pursuers, and was even on the point

of overtaking the robber when Jabal shouted to him:

"Pinch her right ear and give her a touch of the heel!"

Galar did so, and away went the mare like lightning, speedily rendering further pursuit hopeless. The pinch in the ear and the touch with the heel were the secret signs by which Jabal had been used to urge his mare to her utmost speed, and indignant at his strange conduct.

"Oh, thou father of a jackass," they cried, "thou hast enabled the thief to rob thee of thy jewel!"

But he silenced their upbraidsings by saying:

"I would rather lose her than sully her reputation. Would you have me to suffer it to be said among the tribes that another mare had proved fleetlier than mine? I have at least this comfort left me, that I can say she never met with her match."—Raney's Art of Horse Training.

THE FASTEST TIME.

Recently in the rotunda of a Memphis hotel, a party of men were speaking of fast railway travel. One man said: "I was once a conductor of a train on a western railroad and I particularly remember one bit of fast travel. One day our engineer got drunk and the first thing I knew the telegraph poles looked like a picket fence."

"That was surely not strolling along," said some one else. "It reminds me of my experience. I once ran an engine on a southern road. One day, although I am ashamed to confess such recklessness, I put on every ounce of steam. You may not believe it, but the engine only touched the tops of the grades for the next twenty miles. I admit that this sounds like an exaggeration but I can prove it."

Colonel Bob Leech was one of the party. "Gentlemen," said he, "I don't know how fast an engine travel, but I'll give you an idea of how fast one did go. During the war I ran a scouting engine for the Confederate government. It was my duty to carry a telegraph operator, who, at different points would cut the wires and send dispatches. I had one bit of experience that makes my hair stand up when I think about it. We were running at a rapid rate, one day, when, upon rounding a curve, I saw a thousand gun barrels blaze in the sunlight. I also saw that a number of cross-ties had been piled on the track. To stop in time was an impossibility. To go on seemed certain death, for even if we escaped being killed by the wrecking of the engine, we would be shot to death for we were regarded as spies. I decided in a second what to do. Telling my companion to lie down in the tender, I seized the throttle and, in leonotative parlance, threw her wide open. The engine jumped like a rabbit. I threw myself flat on the tender, expecting, every second, to be hurled to an awful death. Bang, bang, bang! went the guns. Then all was silent, save the whir of the wheels. Could it be possible that the engine had knocked off the obstructions? I arose and looked out. We had passed the enemy and had scattered the ties. My companion, as much astonished as myself, got up. I looked back, and just above the tender I saw what I took to be a swarm of big black flies. I reached out and took hold of one. Gracious! I then discovered what they were. They were a shower of bullets that the enemy had fired after us. Well we ran along at this rate until the bullets all fell behind. Then we slacked up."

The gentleman looked at one another but no one disputed the statement.—Traveler.

Next Thing To It.

A woman ran out of a house on Beaubein street the other day crying "Fire!" as loud as she could yell. A pedestrian who was passing sprang up the steps and into the hall and, being unable to see or smell, he turned to the gasping and excited woman and asked:

"Where is the fire! I can't see any signs of one."

"I—I didn't mean fire! I—I mean 'murder'!" she replied.

"Is there a man in the house?"

"No, sir."

"Who tried to murder you?"

"Oh, I didn't mean murder, I guess; but the awfulest, biggest rat, you ever set eyes on chased our cat across the kitchen and then stood and glared at me like a tiger thirsting for blood! Oh, sir you'd better turn in a fire alarm, and let 'em kick in all the doors and break in all the windows and search the house. The rat must be killed before he commits some terrible deed!"—Detroit Free Press.

The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the foot. Whether it is slender or plump the rule holds good: any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins to the chin, is one-tenth

of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the to the middle finger is the same. From the top of the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eye-brows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., November 25. The most horrible railway accident that ever occurred in this section happened at 10 o'clock this morning on the Western North Carolina railroad at a point called Deep Water on French Broad river, near Wsrum Springs, resulting in the instant death of three men. The western bound freight train ran into an immense bonfire which rolled down from the overhanging mountain, and which owing to a curve in the road could not be seen until it was too late to stop the train. The train plunged into a whirlpool seventy-eight feet deep, carrying with it to instant death George W. Parrish, engineer; formerly of Lynchburg, aged twenty five; a negro named Whitney, of this city, fireman, and one brakeman, whose name cannot be gotten. None of the bodies have yet been recovered. George Parrish was to have been married on Christmas eve to a young lady in Lynchburg, Va.

The duke was visiting a charming young society lady, and as they sat on either side of an open grate fire, his heart was full of a burning desire to say something not only complimentary, but brilliantly suggestive. So after revolving the matter in his mind during a ten minutes' burst of silence he said:

"Ah, Miss Lillie, why are those fire-tongs so much like Frederick?"

He meant her to guess, or him to tell her "because they glowed in her service, or were prostrate at her feet," or something of the kind.

Miss Lillie, looking so solemnly denature that the clock stopped, said she didn't know unless it was because they had two thin legs and a brass head. He was groping blindly for the front door before she had recovered from the shock of her own volley.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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