

CORNWALLIS AT DIXON'S MILL, 1781

The following interesting bit in, gotten up in Rhyme, has been handed to us, and we reproduce it for the benefit of many who have never read it.

Simon Dixon's Song,
And it is five pages long.
Its about the army at Dixon's Mill

The time they camped on the northward hill.

It was March's twenty-second day
That here the British army lay,
Still covered with the bloody stains
Greene had given them on old Guilford's plains.

Towards even'g, when all tails were done,
A father thus addressed his son.
"Go thou with thy cousin John,
Take all the horses to the lawn."

A mile or two they took their forth,
And losing had turned back north,
Which was the way whence they had come
And with the bridles started home.

When, presently, there came a view
Three or four horsemen, dressed in blue,
Who when these boys they had espied,
They called and said "Those brides hide;

The red coats are about your home,
And you they'd take your horses from."
Admonished thus they crossed a bog
And hid them under an old log.

Now soon they see from off a hill
What does their mind with wonder fill.
One seldom such a sight enjoys
As burst a sudden on these boys;

Long lines of redcoats streaming on,
Their arms all glittering in the sun,
While o'er their heads a warning high,
The British colors proudly fly.

The rolling drum and piercing fife
To the grand scene adds a new life;
There trail along like branchless vines,
Three thousand men: two long lines.

They rise and fall and sweep around,
As bends the road or lies the ground;
The curves and waves together blend,
And to the scene enchantment lend—

It seems to them a mighty flood
Comes rolling on towards where they stood
While still further back beyond,
Where trees and hills flank the millpond,

Wagons and horsemen move up behind,
Their flags all fluttering in the wind.
They halt and now make a stand,
And having a good location scanned,

Prepare to camp upon the hill
That stretches northward from the mill.
Now as the host o'erspreads the plain,
A band of men come down the lane—

Whose equipment caps and swords
Proclaim them all official lords.
Arrived at the mansion, there they stop,
And nimbly from their horses hop.

They order out the landlords spouse,
And take possession of the house.
With this gay crowd two horses came,
Bearing along a wooden frame—

One in the rear, one in the van,—
On it there lay a wounded man,
An officer of a high rank,
Whose blood old Guilford's soil had drank.

In marked contrast he now appears
To his gay brother officers;
Yet scarce one week has passed away
Since that, to him, eventful day,

In which he led his comrades,
Where charging hosts made blood run
And his fate's only sad to tell,
One of a thousand there who fell.

The hill now groans beneath the tramp
Of thousands fixing up their camp;
They chose for it the fairest scene
A promising wheatfield clothed in green.

That which had been the farmer's pride
'Neath martial feet is now destroyed
A common fate whenever war's train
Is once let loose by wicked men.

Termin all they had desires,
Saw the rails to make their fires,
And to build a spacious pen,
That night to hold the cattle in—

Of which they took full many a score,
Outbreak of Feud Costs Four Lives

Sherman, Tex., June 20.—In a feud battle between the Sharp and Waldrop families at S. Perry's ranch here this afternoon four persons were killed and two wounded. Before she was slain, Miss Georgia Sharp killed one man and wounded another man and his wife.

The battle began when the Sharp family, consisting of Miss Georgia Sharp, her father, L. W. Sharp and her brother Walter, passed the home of the Waldrops. Apparently both sides began firing simultaneously.

Henry Waldrop killed Walter Sharp and his father. As they fell Miss Georgia Sharp seized her father's smoking magazine rifle and took up the battle. She killed Russell Waldrop, then shot his parents. Prone on the ground, Henry Waldrop returned the fire and shot Miss Shape. She died almost instantly.

Today's battle was the culminating of a long standing dispute between the two families.

Our souls must father tear our eyes can see.—Dryton.

And slaughtered here but eighty-four.
As Cornwallis lay in the big stone house,
'Twas here that good old Simon's spouse,

After the family went down the hill,
To take refuge in the fulling mill,
Thought to take the solace of a smoke—
What old woman wouldn't under such a stoke?

While over and around them their weapons it plied,
Threw mad and cold water on this and that side
Thus for near a half an hour such maneuvers they try.

"The thing is surely bewitched," some half credulous cry.

Now the sun had sunk down full low in the west,
And English cockades began to lower their crest.
They looked at each other and said "Give up we must."

And so their proud lion drops his tail in the dust.
America's eagle flaps her wings at the story.
For Britain succumbed—the old mill got the glory:
They gave up the contest and proclaimed aloud,
They had not a miller among their whole crowd.

It may be said of the battle of Dixon's mill,
Their foes blood in rain English arms did spill,
They were forced to make more use of their legs
Than they did when they fought at the battle of the kegs.

But disappointment was her lot,
She found her pipe she had forgot;
And though it was among the foes,
For to regain it up she goes;

And as she steps into the yard,
True at his post the watchful guard
Presents his bayonet, the triggers gripe,
Forbids her get even her old pipe.

She spoke; her words were overheard,
His lordship promptly interfered
And grants her what she did invoke,
The privilege to take a smoke.

Close to the race, above the mill
In form of a sweet 'tater hill,
In two large piles their arms they stow,
The muzzles down the butts below.

A lad draws nigh to view them here:
He's noticed by a guardsman near,
Who, as he looks addressed him thus;
"My boy; where's your blunderbuss?"

Now when they had got their arms all stacked
Some went to the mill and its contents ransacked
Seized all the cornmeal likewise the fine flour,
And would have taken more had it been in their power.

"See what a fine chance of grain we have found,
And a mill to grind it!" exclaimed all around
"Ho! ho! where's the miller?" their leader did cry
He looked but no miller his eyes could descry:

Says he: "Let out the water upon the old wheel.
And pour in the grain, we'll soon have the meal."
None seemed over forward to put forth a hand
And two or three times he urged the command.

Their line of business being to fight and to kill,
They knew next to nothing of tending a mill;
At length one is found to come up to the cistern
He poured the corn in the hopper, he stepped to hatch

For unlike the Dutchman when his stones are all dull
He never once thought of a little more toil:
For some time on the wheel the water had flowed,
Yet of moving around no signs had it showed.

For the miller when first their arrival was known
In stopping the mill let the lightening staff down,
Which letting both stones entirely together,
Now the runner was held fast by the other.

Draw, draw up the hatch let on some more water,
The hatch is clear out: what can be the matter?
Now a bunch of redcoats, as it still didn't move,
Sized hold of the arms to give a long shove:

Others step'd on that side where the water did flow
And thought by their weight to force it to go,
They pushed, shouted and hollowed, but still it stood still,
Which bro't many a curse on the rebel old mill.

Irshmen with their oaths kept a terrible chatter,
English, Scotch and Welch epithets rung out in clatter,
But still the old mill stood fast in its pride,
And all their rash oaths and mad efforts denied,

N. C. Delegation Meet and Organize

Baltimore, June 24—The North Carolina delegation met tonight at the Baltimore Business College and made the following assignments:

Former Governor Glenn, as chairman; W. C. Hammer, committee on credentials; R. A. Doughton, committee on rules; A. W. McLeon, committee on permanent organization; G. Lomb, committee to notify the nominee for presidency; John C. Mills, to notify the vice president.

Julion S. Caar was named as one of the Vice Presidents of the convention.

Josephus Daniels was re-elected national committeeman without opposition.

The only fight was over Dowd and Justice, that vote being 27 to 19, with General Carr absent and Mr. Glenn not voting.

The line-up was as follows: Dowd, McLeon, Justice, Dortch, Lamb, L. L. Smith, Aylett, Harding, Ransom, O'Berry, Hill, Daniels, Abell, White, Ramsey, O. L. Clark, Underwood, McQueen, McKinnon, Bailey, McIver, Blair Robinson, Doughton, Clement, Young, R. L. Smith, Brenizer, Weaver, and Dillard.

Justice, Dowd, Newland, Hammer, Hale, Finch, Rascoe, W. G. Clark, Howard, Cox, Graham, Hastings, Bryant, Hanes, Roberts, Self, Ervin, and Mills.

There are about 1,000 North Carolina people here. The hotels swarm with them. The North Carolina delegates are very much interested in the fight between William Jennings Bryan and Charles F. Murphy.

Josephus Daniels, national committeeman, voted against Parker in the Sub-committee and in the full committee.

The delegates 48 all told, with half a vote each, will split on temporary chairman when the fight reaches the floor of the convention. It will require a vote to tell how they stand.

There was a sharp quick contest between Dowd and Justice over the place on the committee on platform. It is stated that the delegation was afraid of Mr. Justice. It was feared that his views are most too progressive and therefore Mr. Dowd was elected.

Mr. Dowd said tonight that the platform would be progressive but not radical. He does not think that it will include planks for woman suffrage, the initiative referendum and the recall but will be stong on the tariff.

Burlington Was Selected
Raleigh June 13.—The North Carolina Building and Loan Association yesterday selected Burlington as the place for its next meeting.

At beginning of the session Burlington did not appear to be a very strong contender for the honor of entertaining the association next year, but her representatives put in faithful and efficient work which accomplishes the desired result. The association adjourned yesterday afternoon, after electing the following officers: President, E. L. Kessler of Charlotte, re-elected; first vice-president, John Dunn, New Bern; secretary, J. R. Peary, of Charlotte.

Though Mr. Taft is no politician he knows where to find a few.

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THE FARMERS VOICE
1861

Bloomington, Illinois.
Edited by ARTHUR J. BILL.
Is a semi-monthly farm paper published for the purpose of reporting, interpreting and teaching agricultural truth for the benefit of all who are interested in better farms, better homes, better schools, better churches, and a better and more satisfying country life. It is edited from the field, and is closely associated with the farmers, the Farmers' Institutes, the Agricultural Colleges, Experiment Stations, and all other organizations devoted to country life progress.

THE FRUIT GROWER
ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

Edited by JAMES M. IRVINE.
Is an illustrated National Farm Magazine for progressive farmers in all agricultural communities. It is authority on fruit culture and should be read by every farmer and gardener in America. If you expect to make a success of raising fruit it is necessary to have the best ideas of those who have succeeded. These will be found in every issue of The Fruit Grower.

Chicago, Illinois.
Edited by HERBERT KAUFMAN.

Gives more reading matter for the money than any monthly magazine printed. In it you will find history, travel, science, invention, art, literature, drama, education, religion and many useful departments of interest to almost every family, such as music, cooking, fashions, needle-work, hair-dressing, home dressmaking, health, etc. Woman's World is superior to most magazines selling for \$1.00 a year.

Three Magazines and The Semi-Weekly Observer for \$1.50, Worth \$3.00.
The Semi-Weekly Observer, one year . . . \$1.00
The Farmers' Voice, one year, (twice a month) . . . 50c
The Charlotte Semi-Weekly Observer
A Farm Paper as well as a Newspaper.
Formerly The Semi-Weekly Observer was merely a reprint of The Daily Observer. Now it is also a FARM paper, but still carries all the news, condensed and made a continued story of world events from day to day. This news is gathered from all parts of the world and paid for by The Daily Observer. The political news is an impartial chronicle of the events of the week without regard to party or faction.
THE SEMI-WEEKLY OBSERVER, Charlotte, N. C.

Bad Spells

"I suffered, during girlhood, from womanly weakness," writes Mrs. Mollie Navy, of Walnut, N. C. "At last, I was almost bed-ridden, and had to give up. We had three doctors. All the time, I was getting worse. I had bad spells, that lasted from 7 to 28 days. In one week, after I gave Cardui a trial, I could eat, sleep, and joke, as well as anybody. In 8 weeks, I was well. I had been an invalid for 5 weary years! Cardui relieved me, when everything else failed."

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Our souls must father tear our eyes can see.—Dryton.

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