

REMINISCENCES OF HARNETT CO.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said
This is my native land?

Several have asked where we got this stuff, and one has inquired if it was original. For fear others might think it is original we would state that for a quarter of a century we have been getting facts about the county from public and private records, neighborhood and family traditions, and the story of other days as told by the old settlers who have crossed the great divide.

Harnett began her existence under the most unfavorable circumstances and for years endured hardships untold. Many of her best sons and daughters went away and made good in other places that had better advantages, while others came in and filled the places they left vacant, and her early history did not appeal to them. Yet some time, after the facts are forgotten and the records destroyed, her people will like to know something about the past and those connected with it.

Foot says David Smith, his wife and two children, Malcolm and Janet, came over from Scotland and started up the Cape Fear to the McNeill settlement at the Bluff. On their way up the river his wife died, but he came on with his children and settled near the mouth of Little river. Here Janet married Archibald McNeill, a son of one of the first settlers, and by her energy and natural ability they became the wealthiest family in the country. Of fair complexion so characteristic to a Scotch lassie, she was known as Jennie Bax (Bax is the Gaelic word for white). The wealth of the pioneer consisted of cattle, as there were no vehicles and no roads to carry the produce to market, and cattle furnished their own transportation. Drove of them were carried as far as Charleston and Norfolk, while hogs, turkeys and even chickens were driven to the nearby markets of Fayetteville and Wilmington.

Jennie Bax acquired a very large number of cattle which she divided up and kept in different localities west of the Cape Fear, as far as the present Moore county line. She helped many a "newcomer" get a start by giving them employment on her ranches. Archibald Bax, one of the first elders of Barbours church, was a hardaman of hers, living on a ranch west of Pineview. She gave her personal attention to each, visiting them on horseback. When Cornwallis withdrew his army after the battle of Guilford, part of them came by where she lived and an officer rode up to her cattle pen to requisition a few horses for the military. Although a loyal Tory, she was unwilling to donate the amount of supplies that was needed and determined to outwit him. She directed a boy to let down a gap in the rear of the pen while she went to the front to remonstrate with the officer who was looking them over to select the best. While talking with him she gesticulated in an excited manner with her red kerchief which she held in her hand. This caused the cattle to stampede through the opening into the swamps, safe from the British bullets.

Her son, Daniel, after serving with the Royalists, went to Canada after the close of the war and married there. His descendants belong to the first families of Nova Scotia.

Her son, Hector, was with the Scotch company at the battle of Catin

before the fight old Hector had a presentiment that he would be killed the next day. He fell early in the Creek commanded by old Hector McNeill of Robeson county. The eve fight. This left them without a leader, and they would take orders from some but one of them. In the dilemma that followed someone shouted: "Hector is not dead, here he is ready to lead us," and Jennie Bax's Hector took command and saved the company from being demoralized by the death of their leader. It is told that he was engaged to a girl and her father objected to such an extent they had a fight about whether he would marry her or not. He struck Hector a blow in the eye that blinded him for life, but he whipped her father and married the girl. He afterwards wore a leather shade over the eye, and while his brother was called cunning John, he was known as "leather-eye Hector."

Many of the leading families in the county are direct descendants of this remarkable family. The only daughter, Margaret, was the great-grandmother of Dr. J. F. McKay of Bute's Creek.

Some time after the death of Jennie Bax an elaborate monument was ordered for her grave in the old McNeill graveyard near McCormick's bridge. The die was carried there, but the base was too heavy to carry across the country at that time, and was left at the wharf at Fayetteville where it was unloaded from the boat, and the monument was never erected. But her name will be known for years to come among the Scotch settlers of Harnett.

McD.

IF

Strikes, strikes! strikes!! Everybody striking!!! Even the cotton farmer is reported as having restricted his planting, not because there is too much cotton but in order to get the money without undergoing the trouble of producing the goods.

Now, if all the world is going on strike, how is the world's work to get done? And if it does not get done, how is production to be increased? And if production is not increased, how can prices come down? We are told that there is much food in America now as a year ago, there ought to be a good deal more—more not only because the world needs it and we need it, but because we have had a full season whereby to recoup ourselves.

If part of the world is always on strike, how can the rest of us work to advantage? And if it takes all that we can do even in peacetime to maintain the "sale of living" which we have developed, how can we produce enough food, clothing and shelter to catch up with ourselves and overcome the losses from war, should part of us lay off all the time? If we look only to the strike and other holdup methods to even up—or down—how and when shall we begin to produce and to overtake our shrinking supplies?

If the world had all it could do to feed, clothe and shelter itself well before the war—and it did—how can we get along now on part time, what-aver the wage, when millions of tons of food and clothing have been accidentally or purposely destroyed on land, and other millions sent to the bottom of the sea to rot? Eleven millions of tons of shipping on the floor of the ocean—the full equivalent of half the wheat crop of the United States! And we are largely idle while the Lord has been raining his sunlight on unproductive fields all summer as a mute invitation to work.

cause we have not produced enough cause we have not produced enough and not because wheat is \$2.25. In proportion as we strike we shall produce more.

If there is hoarding and profligating, it is the best evidence in the world of scarcity, because no man is fool enough to attempt to hoard or to speculate in face of an oncoming tide of plenty. On the other hand he will "unload" before the wave



Tested 250,000 Miles Three-Point Cantilever Springs Greatest Improvement Since Pneumatic Tires

OVERLAND 4 has been put through the most thorough and severe test possible. 250,000 miles of mountain trails, desert sand, heat, cold, mud and dust, demonstrated the quality of every part of the car long before we began manufacturing.

This remarkable test showed conclusively that Three-Point Cantilever Springs, exclusive of the greatest improvement in road riding since the introduction of pneumatic tires.

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greater comfort under all road conditions.

They do away almost entirely with side sway and rebound which twist and rack the car.

Diagonal attachment of the Three-Point Springs at both ends of a 130-inch Spring-base gives the steadiness and smooth riding of the heavy car of long wheelbase.

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PARRISH-DRIVER COMPANY, Dunn, North Carolina

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LIVE STOCK SALE

At Auction

Friday, November 28th, 1919

10 O'clock a. m.

at my home FALCON, N. C.

On the above date I will offer for sale at auction the following live stock:

Four thoroughbred Duroc Jersey Boars ready for service. Also one gilt,

One Duroc Jersey bred Sow.

One very fine Duroc Jersey herd Boar.

Four 3-months old Duroc Jersey Pigs.

Two Duroc Jersey Grade Sows and Pigs.

Two Milch Cows, both will soon be fresh. Also two Heifers.

One Good Plug Mule.

Will sell for cash or bankable notes.

REV. H. H. GOFF, FALCON, North Carolina

strikes him. If rents are too high, it is not because pork is twenty-two cents, but because we do not have enough houses for the people to live in. During the war rent was almost the only expense that fell. But poor men suddenly found themselves living on Easy Street, and instead of two families in one shack each rented one of its own. Those who had lived in shacks aspired to cottages; the cottages to a flat; and the flat dwellers to a real house. And so rents have risen; and the remedy is to build more houses, not to blow up and burn down those we have simply to spite the landlord. Even in times of plenty we do not burn the house for the sake of cleaning up the rate.

If we will all go to work and work as hard as we did when we were all seized stiff; then we shall soon dig out of the predicament we are in; but if we are to do it we must develop an esprit de corps and work together to a definite purpose as we did in wartime.

The Army succeeded only because the men worked together. If every man had been free to do that which seemed right; and expedient in his own eyes, we should still be working for many a year. Reconstruction is no more an individual problem than is war, and if we insist upon behaving foolishly as a man and ignoring plain economic facts as a people, no matter what our individual problem we shall all go to the borrows together.

But if we hang together and work together a little while, as we did in war, not for profit but to save ourselves, we shall speedily find that most of our problems have solved themselves and there will be no such thing as the high cost of living. Hoover was right when he said that Europe must go to work or starve; the same is true of us. If every man will set out deliberately to do his share in producing all that he and his wife to consume, not in money but in goods such as food, clothing, coal, houses, or the material, labor and transportation necessarily involved in their production, all will be well. If we will not do this, then, in spite of all the Ave or Otto, and all who have mourned, we have lost the war. Remember Russia.—Country Gentleman.

SURVEY OF BOLL WEEVIL INFESTATION COMPLETED
Raleigh, Nov. 12.—At present the boll weevil infestation of North Carolina is confined to Columbus, Brunswick and New Hanover counties, says R. W. Leiby, assistant entomologist of the State Department of Agriculture, following the completion of the survey of counties north of these three made during the past week. The counties of Pender, Bladen, Robeson, Scotland and Richmond were scouted at numerous places, the weevils

found only in the counties mentioned north of the Atlantic Coast Line railroad making good southern and Wilmington.

Officials of the division of entomology of the Agricultural Department are still looking for weevils, however, and have located a weevil nest approximately 20 miles west of the boll weevil line. The northern boundary of the safety zone extends from South Carolina at a point west of Lumberton in Johnston county, through the middle of Bladen county (about five miles north of Elizabethtown), across the southern end of Sampson county, crossing and being found in any of these Pender county at Watha, and strikes the coast at the junction of Pender and Onslow counties.

The creation of this safety zone is in line with the procedure of entomologists of state to the points which the weevil has already traversed. It is designed to hinder the artificial migration of the weevil northward by prohibiting the shipment of cotton seed, seed cotton, cotton seed balls, seed cotton bawling, or cotton in any form (except in compressed bales) from the weevil zone to any part of the state, and from the safety

zone to any part of the state, except the weevil zone.

The weevil will be strictly excluded from the zone of the division of entomology by the prohibition of the shipment of cotton seed, cotton seed balls, seed cotton bawling, or cotton in any form (except in compressed bales) from the weevil zone to any part of the state, and from the safety

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ERWIN CHAPEL

Mr. J. W. Ivory is visiting at Erwin Chapel. We are very glad to know Lelloy is improving. Bryan of Rocky Mount is visiting his sister, Mrs. R. L. Ford. Mr. S. Willford of Sampson was in Erwin Chapel Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Byrd and Miss Margaret Bryan are pleasant callers at the home of Miss Mary Johnson Erwin Chapel. Misses Mary and Laura Johnson gave a picnic for their Sunday school class on Saturday afternoon. Rev. Dr. John will preach at Erwin Chapel Sunday at 11 o'clock and at 4 o'clock. Come. A Box Party at Erwin Chapel Friday night, November 27. Everybody invited.

Her Fatal Admission.
After he had killed her and pressed her body against his and patted her soft, round cheeks she drew back and asked him: "Do you have yourself?" "Yes," he replied. "I thought so," she said. "Your face is the roughest I ever—" "I'm a she stopped, but it was too late, and he went away with a lump in his throat. Little ideas are usually expressed in big words.