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BLOOD LETTING IN KENTUCKY.

Five People Murdered at Different Times, all on Account of a Tripartite Family Feud.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 8.—Five lives have been sacrificed in the latest Kentucky feud on Yellow Creek, in Bell county. The trouble began this way: Lee Turner and Gen. Sowers were brothers-in-law and lived in sight of each other on Yellow Creek. They had some family differences and Turner waylaid and shot Sowers, but not dangerously. They made up and everything went well for a while. The quarrel broke out again at a school house gathering and Sowers went up to his father's house. Soon after Turner went up, and a lively shooting affair occurred. Turner being killed. A warrant was taken out for Sowers, but they have never caught him. Jim Ratus was a great friend of Sowers. A week or two after the latter was shot, Ratus was shot dead while walking along the road. Harvey Turner, a brother of Lee, was a slayer. The warrant sent out for the arrest of Harvey Turner brought on the next killing.

The Sowers' posse went up to Yellow Creek to make the arrest, and another shooting occurred. Turner's uncle, A. H. Sowers, was killed. They did not go far from a corn field, and the shooting began again. George Thomas, the Marshal of Pineville, was killed and this ended the fight.

It is thought that Jack Turner was in this last crowd, but he came to Pineville and gave himself up. He was released on \$5,000 bond and the grand jury indicted the Sowers for the murder of Thomas.

Jack Turner stayed around for two or three days and then went home for a day or two, when he came back, and one day as he was walking up the street he was shot and killed in front of the Monroe Hotel by somebody concealed in the upper window of the near building. Several shots were fired, and the man who killed him are supposed to be Sowers, Green Turner, and Morgan Turner. The latter, married Sowers' sister, and is a cousin of Lee Turner, the first man killed. He surrendered and was liberated on bond.

The man killed was Howard Moore, though it is reported that Lee Turner was shot in the back that same day. He belonged to the Turner crowd.

He went on Saturday week to the Myers' house about four miles from Cumberland Gap. Edith Turner, daughter of Jack Turner by his first wife, went with him, and while Moore was sitting in a chair talking to Edith Myers, after supper, was shot dead. The bullet came through the window and put out the light. Moore was a friend of Sowers, and some say that was the reason he was killed.

Edith Turner, who went with her lives in Kansas, but came back to get her share in her father's estate. Her father killed her mother's father a good many years ago.

No Confusion There.

Customer: "Will this wash?"
Clerk: "No, I don't think it will, never knew it to."

Customer: "If it would wash I would like it in yards."
Clerk: "That is what you mean. You simply confuse the transitive and intransitive verbs. Servant girls wash clothes can be washed. Do you catch my meaning?"

Customer: "I think I do. And you are an insolent idiot. Is that plain?"

Clerk: "Quite plain. Quite for you, and, grant me, absolute correct. No confusion of verbs here. Cash?"

Perfectly Useless.

Whisky: "I notice a chemist has discovered a new kind of whiskey that won't make a man drunk."
Whisky: "What on earth will a person drink it for then?"
Whisky: "I don't know."

TAYLOR AS A POLITICIAN.

Some Peculiarities About That Fine Old Man.

President Taylor was probably the only President to whom the presidency was an uncoveted and unsought for boon. Mrs. Taylor was so averse to public life that it was said she prayed every night during his candidacy for his defeat, and when told of his election, said: "Why could they not let us alone? we are so happy here.— Why do they want to drag us to Washington?" Who that ever saw Gen. Taylor at a levee could forget him? He grasped every new comer cordially by the hand, and saluted all, high and low, old maids, brides, young girls, all, with the words, "Glad to see you! Glad to see you! How's your family? Hope the children are all well."— His greeting was almost equal to Rip's toast, "Here's to you and your family. May you live long and prosper!" He hardly ever opened his mouth without making a mistake, and people laughed heartily. Still they loved him, trusted his judgment, and knew his heart and hand were true as steel; and when he died the whole nation was a mourner at his grave. When Major Donelson returned from Europe he introduced him at a dinner party as, "Mr friend Donelson, just from Berlin, Austria." During his candidacy Col. W., a State elector, after discussing several public topics, asked him what were his views on the tariff. "The what, Jack?" said Gen. Taylor who stuttered dreadfully. "The tariff, General," said Col. W.— "Why! what's that?" "It's a sine qua non," said Col. W., who was one of the greatest wags that ever lived, "that the people are much excited about now." "A sine qua non," said Gen. Taylor, slowly; "I believe, Jack, I saw one in Mexico, but I forget what it looks like; and I'll be blamed if I have any views on the tariff."

UNDOUBTEDLY INSANE.

Evidence Irrefutable of it.

Judge—You attacked your victim in a lonely spot.
Accused—Well, you didn't expect me to go through him in the middle of a crowded thoroughfare, did you?
"You robbed of everything he had except a gold watch, which probably escaped your attention."
"Great Scott! Did he really have a gold watch?"
"He did."
"Then you want to turn me loose?"
"Why so?"
"Because, if he had a watch and I overlooked it, I must have been out of my mind. I was not in a reasonable condition. It's a clear case of temporary insanity."—Texas Siftings.

RAISE WHAT YOU EAT.

That is the Only Way to be Independent.

Mr. A. B. Dawson of this county has declared his intention to quit raising cotton while he can quit. He says if he makes it many more years he will be in such a fix that he can't quit therefore he is going to quit while he can. He proposes to go into pony raising. Having investigated the matter he finds that it is cheaper to raise than an ordinary cow and one pony will sell for more than three ordinary cows. This is really a grain growing and stock raising section, and our farmers will sooner or later be compelled to abandon cotton and recognize the fact that they are not in a cot. to district.—New Berne Journal.

Try Building a Governor's Mansion.

Texas finds herself, in a financial way, in the same embarrassed position as is the general government. She has a revenue larger than there is any need for. Happily it will not be as hard to reduce the taxes in Texas as in the country at large, for they come directly from the people and not through custom houses. This surplus is in spite of the fact that Texas is building and paying for a very large and expensive State House at Austin.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

The Position a Nice Woman Would Occupy who Voted at the Polls.

A fine sample of wifely obedience surely would be the loud-mouthed female demagogue marching boldly to the polls lecturing and voting, possibly against her husband's interests and feelings. There is no telling the discord, the confusions and troubles which would arise from female suffrage in the family circle and elsewhere, and instead of being helpmate to her husband the wife would degenerate into a creature who would prove the bane of his existence. As for our part, we think the dear creatures were made for a higher, holier purpose than voting and politics. Woman is not physically qualified for many of the positions there would be reformers would place her in. Neither do our Southern women desire any such place, whatsoever the fussy, brazen-faced demagogue of the North say to the contrary.—Windsor Ledger.

Female suffrage in North Carolina would only please and suit negro women, who would crowd and push from the polls decent white women if any such desired to vote.—Charlotte Democrat.

A DIABOLICAL DEED.

A Wayne County Man Assassinated At His Own Fireside.

MT. CLIVE, N. C., Oct. 14.—One of the most diabolical deeds ever committed in this county was perpetrated about eight mile west of this place at an early hour last night, resulting in the instant death of Mr. Robert Padgett. He was sitting by his humble fireside when some unknown rascal poked a shot gun through a crack in the door and discharged the contents at his head. About a dozen buckshot entered his brain, causing instant death. No clue as to who the murderer is.—Wilmington Messenger.

"Salvation" Show.

Captain Ellis, of the Salvation Army, was married last night to a female of the army who came all the way from Augusta to be made Mrs. Captain Ellis. There ceremony was performed at the Academy of Music, and an admittance fee of fifteen cents was charged. The crowd rushed in, and had the privilege of seeing a very ordinary looking man married to a very ordinary looking woman. Before the crowd got out, the hat was passed around twice, and it was bombarded with shot from the size of a copper cent to a nickel.—Charlotte Chronicle.

A Sensible Man.

Omaha Lawyer—I have just heard of the death of your uncle, who, you know, was an old client of mine.

Nephew.—Uncle's dead, eh?—Smart man, that uncle of mine. Started on nothing and made million after million without half trying.

"Yes, he was a smart man, there is no doubt of that."
"Smartest man I ever knew. Saw him only a few months ago, and his brain was as quick as a steel trap, old as he was. You have charge of his will, I believe?"

"Yes, he left all his money to orphan asylums."
"He did? That won't stand.— He's been a half idiot these twenty years."—Omaha World.

A Singular Record.

Col. Frank Cox, of this State, has this comprehensive and impartial war record of any man in the country. He began service in the Southern army; then to protect his inheritance he gained the consent of the State authorities to procure a substitute and visit Pennsylvania. Arrived there, he was soon drafted into the Union army, but again procuring a substitute, and letting the two hired patriots fight it out between them, he went to Europe.— His record is thus succinctly summed up by a correspondent of the Boston Herald: "He fought on both sides simultaneously, and yet at the same time was in Europe.— He was killed in one army, wounded in the other, and yet never received a battle scar."

ANOTHER RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

In Which Between Twenty and Thirty People are Killed and the Same Number More or Less Injured.

Near Koutz, Ind., another railroad accident has happened, rivaling but not equaling the Chatsworth disaster. A passenger train had stopped at a water tank for a few minutes when a heavily loaded freight train crashed into the rear of it, telescoped three cars, set fire to the rest of them, and killed about 25 persons. The last car of the train was heavy Pullman sleeper. This, when struck by the freight engine, crushed three coaches in front and appears to have killed or wounded everybody in them. Seven persons were in the sleeper and all those escaped harm except from the shock. Accounts vary as to how the wreck caught fire. Some attributed it to the coal in the freight engine; but one passenger who was rescued from the crushed coaches says, that while fastened between two car seats, he saw the gas with which the car was lighted suddenly fill the upper part of the car with flame, the gas pipes having apparently been broken, and the escaping gas caught from the lighted burners. No evidence appears in any of the stories that a flagman was sent to the rear when the train stopped, or that any precaution was taken to guard against such an accident excepting that the night telegraph operator at Koutz says the rear brakeman on the passenger train hung out a red lantern when the train stopped. The men on the passenger train were fully aware that the freight train was following them.

NEGROES TO GO TO CALIFORNIA.

How the Rascal Abuses Our White People.

Rev. Mr. Petty, a colored divine, delivered a lecture to a large crowd of colored people at Zion Methodist Church, in this city, last night.— He appeared as a California pilot, and made eloquent arguments going to show why all the colored people hereabouts should pack up and go at once to that haven, "California," said the speaker, "is God's country," and to sustain this assertion he stated that colored hotel waiters out there received \$21 per week, and shingle makers \$60 per week. The speaker gave this out as a solid fact, and "being as it is so," we expect to see a big exodus of our colored population for the golden shore. Rev. Petty was exceedingly sarcastic in his remarks, and gave South Carolina a heavy lick. He said that God never made South Carolina and did not know anything about that State. "All the negroes east of the Wilmington & Weldon railroad," he declared, "are in a starving condition. They don't know what a biscuit is." To support this statement the Reverend divine explained that some days ago he was traveling along the road, when he met a little negro.— He asked the rising young ward of the nation if he wanted a biscuit, and the boy actually did not know what "biscuit" meant. Several white people were present, and they report that Rev. Petty's talk was anything but pleasant for the two races. However, they say that they hope all that believe him will follow his advice and emigrate to "God's country"—California.—Charlotte Chronicle.

REWARD FOR A MURDERER.

Murder Caused by One Man Saying "I'm an Eli."

Gov. Scales offers \$200 reward for the capture and delivery of Samuel Underwood, who fatally stabbed Luther Hicks, col., at Jonesboro, Moore county, the 10th of last September. In that vicinity there was a habit among a certain class of people of expressing their superiority in physical strength or ability to "clean out" a crowd in a free fight by saying "I'm an Eli!" On the day of the murder, Underwood, who is a white man, stepped out of a store and proclaimed to all bystanders that he was an "Eli."— Hicks, who was colored, echoed his words and said he was an "Eli" too. This led to some words between the two parties, which resulted in Underwood rushing on to Hicks and pouncing a knife into his breast, which killed him.

Requirement for Insanity.

There are some statesmen whose minds would be improved if they could have a well developed case of insanity.—Messenger.
During the last twelve months thirty-three cotton factories were established in the South, twelve of them in North Carolina. The average dividend on investment for all the mills has been about 20 per cent, and yet there are good business men in Raleigh who seem to think that a cotton factory would not pay here—at least they don't build one. Isn't it funny? Think about it, business men.—News-Observer.

NORTH CAROLINA REPUBLICANS.

They Work Day and Night, Year in Year out, Watching.

Republicans in North Carolina are just now particularly active. Whenever you see two of them together you may be certain that they are talking politics. With Democrats they will talk of business, farming, and sometimes even of religion, but whenever they get off together they drift back to politics. Politics is their business, and they pursue it with an earnestness which would win them success in any other line of activity. Their conception of politics is, however, with all of their talk and study a very narrow one. How to beat the Democrats and get the offices is the extent of their enquiry. "We want office," is their principle. With them office is the end, not the means. They adopt their platform with a view to getting office—they do not seek the office with a view to carrying out their platform. They are "all things to all men" in the bad sense of that much abused phrase. Without fixed principles themselves, varying with every wind of what they conceive to be popular opinion, they sneer and laugh at the principles of others and refuse to believe in them. This is our conception of North Carolina Republicanism, and with this belief we shall unceasingly and earnestly do battle against them and for the Democracy, which assures steady, conservative government because it has fixed principles and tries to live up to them. To be sure it fails sometimes, just as every good man fails at times to live up to his principles, but even as the good man of fixed principles generally does right so does the Democratic party.—Goldsboro Argus.

PITT COTTON PICKERS.

How the Strike in That County Terminated.

Six negro women and one man were indicted at the last term of Court for unlawful assembly. The evidence showed that some three weeks ago Mr. Marcellus Stokes, a farmer in Swift Creek township, refused to pay 50 cents a hundred for picking out cotton and being unable to get hands at that price in the neighborhood, got three men from Craven county who went to work at 40 cents. While they were at work in the field the six women and one man went to the fence and called them out. They told them that they should not work for 40 cents. That a meeting was held at Shiloh the night before and if they continued to work another would be held that night, and when they woke up in the morning their hands and feet would be tied and they would find themselves in judgment. The men were so much frightened they quit work. They found all the parties guilty. Judge Shipp stated to the defendants that in consideration of their being only tools of their husbands or fathers or of the Shiloh meeting and their ignorance of the crime they had committed, he would pass no judgment except to pay all the costs which amounted to about \$50.00.—Greenville Reformer.

Rigidly Enforce the Law.

Let our judges see to it, that he who violates the law against carrying concealed deadly weapons, will have time, while removed from the busy haunts of men, to reflect upon the beauties of correct moral principles, and he need have no fears, but that the law against carrying concealed weapons, will exert a wholesome influence upon the community, and do much towards reducing the volume of bloody crimes, that are doing so much to disgrace our sister State.—Ex.

The New York Star announces

that if the Platt machine succeeds in electing its State ticket this fall Roscoe Conklyn will be the Republican candidate for President in 1888.

SOUTHERN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

What our People are Doing for General Education.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat has been giving some interesting figures with respect to the money expended in the Southern States on their public schools. The aggregate sum spent annually by the several State governments for all purposes except schools is put at nine million eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars, while the amount expended on schools reaches eleven million five hundred and forty-five thousand dollars. Since 1880 the number of public schools at the South has been increased from forty-five thousand to sixty-one thousand five hundred and eighty-three, and the number of teachers from a little over forty-three thousand to sixty thousand less seven. The number of children enrolled in the schools reaches nearly a million. The number of normal schools has also been so largely increased that the principal difficulty now is to find proper teachers for them. Who shall say, after this exhibit, that the Southern States have not been making strenuous efforts to provide educational facilities for their children?—Baltimore Sun.

She Drow the Line.

A Clever Irish Rejoinder.

Our pantry is next to our kitchen, where Margaret received the visits of Mickey. One evening I went down to the pantry for something, and while there was an involuntary eavesdropper on poor Margaret. She had confided to me only a few days before that, shortly after Lent, we would have to look out for a new girl, and we consequently received Mickey with more good will than before he had declared his intentions, although we were sorry to think we would lose Margaret. On the evening in a question Mickey was in the kitchen, where Margaret was finishing up her work. After the rumble of a grid iron falling to the floor had subsided, I heard the following dialogue:
"No Mickey. No, you cannot."
"Ah, Maggie, dear, gi' me one kiss from those sweet lips."
"Mickey," replied Margaret, in a stern voice, "you must own the bowl before you claim the sugar."
—Ex.

HE KNEW.

Confidence in a Nigger a Humbug.

Colored confidence: Candidate—You live out in the colored settlement in the outskirts of town?
Negro Voter—Yes, sah.
Candidate—Well, there is going to be a ward meeting to-night, Jim, and I want you to be on hand with all your neighbors, and don't come without them.
"You kin jess bet dat all my nabors comes along wid me or I stays at home myself."
"How's that?"
"Ef all my cullud nabors comes wid me ter de ward meetin', den I'll know dat my four dimeinner hens and de rooster am safe. Ef I was ter go to dater meeting and leave jess one nabor at home I'd nebber see dem fowls no moab?"
"Have you no confidence in your own race?"
"Confidence en a niggab when dar's chickens in de coop and nobody in de yard wid a shot gun!— Why, karnel, yer must be a dreamin'."—Texas Siftings.

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