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BRAVE COWARDICE.

TIMID IN SMALL MATTERS, BUT RISKED HIS LIFE.

In the Heat of Battle, has Unflinching Courage, his Unricolored Gravery and Untiring Devotion to his Country, won for him Glory that Cancelled His Former Timidity.

I remember I woke up very early that morning with that dim sense of something important being about to happen which so often inserts itself into the brain of the partially-roused sleeper.

Without opening my eyes, I began drowsily wondering what it was. Did I expect my commission? No, that arrived three months ago. Was I to join my regiment? No, I had already done that, and was now settled in barracks in a small high garrison town with an unpromising name. Then I remembered I dozed off again, only to start up and wonder what on earth it was.

The start did it. I opened my eyes, and knew it was the 24th of June, the day our fellows had arranged to give their picnic in Arlingumick Wood.

Of course I had gone to sleep thinking of it, dreamt of it, and now all my plans rushed into my brain; how that I Lieutenant Erie Munroe, H. M. Forty-eighth Royal Glass, stood pledged—at any rate, in my own mind—on that day to go for my own the kindest little heart, the mostest blue eyes, the mostest lips in all the Emerald Hills.

That all these belonged to Norah O'Creagan I need not tell you; for if you have ever heard of that military town of Huntington, you have heard, too, of Norah.

Once I had fully comprehended all that was before me, I jumped out of my bed into my tub, singing, whistling and shouting, as is my wont during the progression of my toilet. Walls in barracks are notably not of the thickest, and I received many interruptions to my song.

"What and how shall I earliest meet her? What are the words she first shall say?"

"Mother you!" shouted Tompkins from the room on the left, and crash came a boot hurled viciously against the wall.

"By what name shall I hear-ri to greet her?"

"You idiot!"—this from Williams on the right, accompanied by tapping as of a brush. "Can't you let a fellow sleep?"

"I know not now, but shall know some day."

At this juncture my door was burst violently open, and in came Tompkins himself in an becoming state of address and another boot held menacingly up in the air. This, however, he dropped when he saw me already dressed and fixing a crimson rose-bud to my coat the exact shade of the silk handkerchief whose corners showed knowingly from my pocket.

"Whew!—whew!" he calmly remarked, seating himself on my bed. "Is that it? Poor fellow!" And he slowly inspected me from head to foot. "Don't you think," he continued, "that flower leans a little to much to the left? It ought fall out, you know, and then all the heavy work would fall on the handkerchief; you can't expect it to do the business unsupported. But stay, dear boy; after nothing. As you are, you are—"

But here I left the room. This man always irritated me almost beyond endurance, and I never could understand how any one in this wide world could find amusement in his foolish remarks.

I looked at my watch. Good gracious! It wanted still three hours to the time we were to start. Breakfast might be made to last one, but what to do with the other two rather puzzled me. I went outside and walked up and down, but was soon driven in again by seeing Tompkins's ugly face watching me with a broad grin from his window.

However, the time passed somehow, and I saw no more of Tompkins, and began to hope that after all he was not coming with us. This

The Dunn Signboard.

\$1.25 A YEAR.—

"IN GOD WE TRUST."

—N. R. RICHARDSON, Editor.

VOL. 1.

DUNN, N. C., OCTOBER 26, 1887.

NO. 9.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

A condensed report of the news as gathered from the columns of our contemporaries, State and National.

Saturday, October 29, is selected for the Confederate re-union at Lenoir.

English statesmen live longer than American statesmen, but they don't have so much fun.

"All But" is the title of a story by Rose Terry Cooke. Probably the history of a billy goat.

William Lee, a seventeen year old boy of Chicago shoots his father-in-law, for insulting his mother.

The policeman of Selma, the News states, was cut dangerously by a negro he was attempting to arrest.

The largest university in the world is Oxford, in England. It consists of twenty one colleges and five halls.

Stokes county will be one hundred years old in 1888, and we learn that it is to celebrate the event in grand style.

The Selma News says Wm. Johnson had his arm fearfully lacerated in cotton gin. The gin appears to be a fearful engine of destruction.

Rev. Theo. Whitfield, pastor of the Baptist church at New Berne, has been called to the pastorate of a church at Richmond. He will accept.

Marsall Holleman, of Pine Level, Johnson county, had his left hand so badly cut by a gun that it had to be amputated, we see from the News.

Newspapers are published in 70 of 96 counties of North Carolina.—There are 18 dailies, 1 semi weekly, 144 weeklies, 1 semi-monthly and 5 monthlies.

The cotton gin is getting in some deadly work all over the State. The Charlotte Chronicle tells of a man named Watts, who lost an arm last week.

The Reidsville Light Infantry are to have new uniforms. The captain of the Company has ordered them and will pay for them out of his own pocket.

It is rumored that Joseph Pulitzer recently offered James Russell Lowell \$10,000 a year to become literary editor of the World, but that Mr. Lowell declined.

The Tokay vineyard near Fayetteville has 125 acres of bearing vines, and is not only the largest in our State, but is the largest vineyard in the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains.

A serious railroad accident occurred twelve miles below Charleston last Thursday, caused by a defective switch. Three coaches filled with passengers were overturned and many seriously injured.

Very extensive purchases of timber lands in Onslow county are being made by a son of Col. Charles Lamb. He proposes to put thirteen large saw mills and engage in a regular slaughter of pecan timber.

The Nebraskans are calling that State God's country, but there are very few of them who would not stand up and howl if it were proposed to build a church on one of their lots without buying it at a handsome figure per foot.

Dom Pedro having expressed his determination to abdicate the throne of Brazil, the New York Herald might get in some fine work now by nominating Col. Henry Grady, of Georgia, for the position. He'd paralyze the Brazilians.

Mr. Edison, the electrician, having said that North Carolina is the greatest mineral State in the Union, is hereby assured that we have always believed him to be the best and most erudite inventor the world has ever produced. When it comes to a war of taffy we can dip the spoon in as far as anybody else.—Ex.

hope lasted until I was seated on the drag, when suddenly I heard his loud voice as he mounted the steps to the top.

"Never if I feel most like a circus or a bank holiday on this thing," he was saying.

And as his head appeared over the seat opposite me, and his eye caught mine, he paused, put up his eye-glasses and slowly surveyed me from my feet upward, until his eye rested on my rose-bud, when he gently waved his hand to intimate that it inclined too much to the left, burst into a loud guffaw and sat down.

This added to the annoyance I already felt, and declining to take any part in the fun that went during the drive, I arrived at the scene of the festivities in anything but an enviable frame of mind.

But soon I saw Norah standing with some friends in the shade of the trees, and the sight of her fresh, sweet face seemed to act like magic on my spirits, and blow all the cobwebs away. Heedless of the impudent smile on Tompkins's face that greeted my start of pleasure I made my way quickly to her side, and the shy, sweet smile that welcomed me more than repaid me for my late annoyance.

"They start at once for the ruins," I said. "Will you come too?" "I want first to finish my sketch," she answered. "I want in some cottle, and hear there are some fine oxen near. Could you show me the way?"

Now, I think, if Norah had asked me anything else in the world I should have jumped at the chance of doing it for her sake; but to face bullocks! From my infancy I have had an inborn dread of the whole race; even the homely and succulent cow of commerce is not exempt from my dislike; while the misnamed "monarch of meadows," the unmitigated bull, fills me with a feeling that hardly falls short of absolute terror! I did not answer; I could not!

"Please do not come, if you would rather go with the party to the ruins," Norah continued. "I will ask Captain Tompkins."

It was enough. Hardly considering the consequences, I exclaimed, "I will come with pleasure."

We started.

"What magnificent creatures!" she cried, when she reached the field. "Oh, and what a number."

There certainly was, and more than I cared for. Behind, below, on either hand they stood, grazing or lay down chewing the cud.

"Oh, do come closer! I must get that lovely group!" exclaimed Norah.

It was a group of four ferocious looking beasts, one standing, the rest lying in various attitudes around. One, a great black animal eyed us steadily, and slightly altered his position the better to see us. Norah sat down; I reluctantly did the same.

"Would you sharpen my pencil?" she asked.

She was looking at me curiously. I fancy she half suspected my nervousness; so, putting the best face on matters, I got out my knife and held out my hand for the pencil, and, as she held it towards me, I forgot all but her own sweet self and seized the little hand tenderly. She snatched it hastily away, and I think now she thought, as doubtless my attitude suggested, that I was about to pare her nails.

"I think, Mr. Maurice," she said gently, "I could manage better if you would not mind going the other side of the bullocks and attracting the notice of that black one in the other direction. They are looking the same way and it looks so stiff. If you held out some grass to him or switched your stick about it might keep his attention fixed."

I rose slowly and cautiously found my way to the other side.

It was quite needless to do anything to attract that monster's attention; his eye was on me. As I moved, so did he and, as I sat down, he turned his head right around the better to watch me. I was turning hot and cold by turns.

"That will do nicely, thanks.—Keep him in that position for a few minutes," called Norah. Then came a silence, broken only by the beating of my heart. The suspense grew unbearable, and the spiration began to pour down my face. I drew out my handkerchief to wipe my heated brow, when, with an angry grunt, the animal began to rise. I saw my fatal error; the handkerchief was red!

Rapidly the brute gained his feet and with head bent low advanced toward me. It was too much. All, all was forgotten but the fate that seemed before me. I sprang up—I blush to own it—I turned around and I ran!

Thud, thud came those hoofs behind me. Nearer came that snorting breath till I almost thought I felt it hot upon my neck. Faster and faster I flew—nearer and nearer came that frantic beast.

Just then I thought I caught a faint voice on the air—"Pray drop your handkerchief!" I did, for I found in my terror I had been waving it from side to side as I ran. Almost immediately the tramping of hoofs ceased, but without pausing to look behind I made straight for a fence just in front of me, which having vaulted, I found myself safe at last.

Then the whole absurdity of my position burst upon me. The ridiculous figure I must have cut before Norah, the contempt she must feel for my cowardice! Oh, what would I not have given to be able to wipe the last half hour out of my life.

After a great deal of consideration as to my future conduct, I determined to face the party at lunch when I could judge if my late exploit was known. When I joined them they were all seated on the grass. I noticed a decided pause in the conversation as I approached. Tompkins was busy helping Norah to some strawberries. His head was turned away from me, but when he saw me up went that detested glass, and the usual inspection began. When his eyes gained the level of my pocket, where the handkerchief had so lately shown itself, he looked suddenly full in my face and, calling to the carver, said: "Brett, Mr. Maurice will take some beef?"

A roar of laughter followed this sally and I felt all was known. I felt mortified, humiliated and without power to face it out, rose hastily and left them, returning at once to barracks.

I knew I had lost Norah O'Creagan. How could she ever care for a man whose conduct must have appeared so contemptible?

My life after this incident was not a happy one. As far as I could I passed the time alone, wondering how to retrieve the lost ground, and hailing with delight an opportunity which soon after offered itself of changing into another regiment, which was ordered abroad on immediate active service.

Time passed and once more I was on my native soil. We received a perfect ovation when we landed in dear old England.

Tel-el-Kebr was the subject of every one's thoughts, and sick and ill as I was my cheek flushed with honest pleasure as handkerchiefs were waved and welcomes shouted.

I was faint and dizzy; my arm had been amputated at the shoulder and I suffered acute pain, but it was a proud moment to me, all the same.

I was invalidated directly after, and weeks were passed in the sick ward of the Brighton barracks.

One day the door was suddenly thrown open and some of our fellows burst in.

"Cheer up, cheer up, old man!" cried one. "Hear this," skimming through a paper he held in his hand. "Conspicuous bravery, V. C." Why it's worth dying for!"

And as their cheery congratulations poured in upon me I felt it was worth living for.

I began to mend rapidly at this, and was soon able to go down to the sea in a chair.

One morning as I was lazily lying back drinking in the fresh salt air, I became conscious of a figure standing by my chair. I opened my eyes.

"Norah!" I cried—"Norah!"

Neither of us spoke for a few moments as I gazed fondly on her blushing face.

At last she said, "Oh, I am so sorry, and yet so very glad, so very proud!"

"Then tell me you do not think me a coward now?" I cried eagerly.

"How could I? Oh, do not ask me such a question!" she faltered. And as her eyes rested on the empty sleeve that was pinned across my breast I saw they were full of tears, and so were mine, but they were tears of joy, for as my hand closed on hers, I knew that for all time Norah was mine.

Advertising Rates

Table with 6 columns: Line, Time, 1 Month, 3 Mo, 6 Mo, 12 Mo. Rates range from \$1.25 to \$12.00.

Local advertisements or reading notices will be charged for at 10 cents per line invariably. Advertisements for one month or under must be paid in advance. Others monthly and quarterly.

JUDGE LYNCH HOLDS COURT.

A Large Crowd of Citizens Pursue a Gang of Robbers Who Show Fight. A Notorious Coon is Captured and Lynched.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., Oct. 16. Fully three hundred citizens started out yesterday morning after the robbers who murdered Mr. Ryan, near Walton, Roan county, last Thursday night. After the house was robbed and the old man was shot the robbers, thirteen in number, compelled the family to send him up stairs and to get breakfast for them. The officers and citizens ran into the robbers last night at George Duff's residence, eight miles from Sessonville, this county, and were warned to keep off by the robbers, who had taken refuge in a house fitted with port-holes and had made other arrangements for protection. The murderers fired upon the pursuers and Geo. Duff, Jr., was killed. After a very severe and determined fight, on both sides, Jake Coon was captured and lynched. Five of the officers and citizens were wounded. There are about twenty robbers in the gang, who have been carrying on at a high rate. E. M. Duff, Geo. Drake and Frank Shambling are prisoners, and await disposal by the vigilance committee. Coon is the man who killed Rev. Thomas P. Ryan, and shot five of the vigilance committee. It is believed that a full confession will be made and that the whole gang will be lynched. Vigilantes are still after the others, and it is said that a well known State detective is mixed up in the robbery.—Telegram in Messenger.

THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN.

He Arrives at Home Well Satisfied With His Trip.

The Presidential train drew into the Baltimore & Potomac depot Saturday morning at 6:40 o'clock, schedule time. From first to last the trip has been a success unrivaled. The President and Mrs. Cleveland are well pleased with what they have seen and the many acquaintances they have made. Mrs. Cleveland has been very little fatigued by her journey and has enjoyed herself hugely. There have been many amusing incidents along the route of travel (nearly all of which have been recorded from time to time), and also many impressive scenes. Doubtless none of the latter were more appreciated by the President and Mrs. Cleveland than the heartfelt congratulations showered upon them at different points by old ladies, who apparently had made their way to the stations for the first time in years, with a view of paying tribute to their nation's Executive. The President, during the trip, often spoke of the many elaborate decorations and illuminations of farm houses, and appeared to be especially pleased with the honor bestowed upon him by that class of people.

Married Against His Will.

An interesting case was tried in the Superior Court yesterday; Jno. D. Southerland suing for divorce from Melissa Southerland. The plaintiff in the case is quite a young man. He came to this county, where he became acquainted with Miss Melissa Turley. Young Southerland kept company with Miss Melissa for some months. Although he might have contemplated matrimony, he was rather dilatory about coming to the point, and Miss Turley's father thought it was advisable to hurry up matters.

It was alleged by the plaintiff that he was waylaid in the woods and captured, and with a pistol pointed at his head by the father of the young lady, was told that he must "marry or die." Seeing that there was no escape, Southerland reluctantly submitted, and was then and there joined in wedlock with the young lady by a justice of the peace, who was with the party that made the capture. Southerland, the reluctant groom, said that he accompanied his bride to her parent's home but left soon afterwards, and has ever since refused to live with her. The jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff, finding that he was forced violently and against his will to marry the defendant.—Washington Post, Dem.