



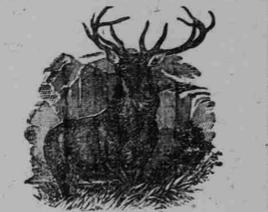
"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

Vol. 6.

DUNN, N. C., MAY 5, 1897.

No. 18.

ELK ELK ELK



When ever you see a can of Baking Powder with the name and picture of ELK on it, it is a guarantee of purity.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

E. W. POU, Attorney-at-Law. SMITHFIELD, N. C.

H. L. Godwin, ATTORNEY AT LAW. N. C. Office next door to Post Office.

W. E. Murchison, JONESBORO, N. C. Practices Law in Harnett, Moore and other counties, but not for fun.

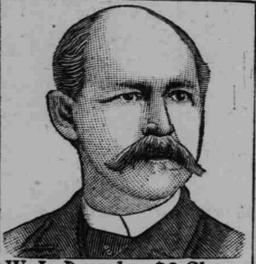
Isaac A. Murchison, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C. Practices Law in Cumberland, Harnett and anywhere services are wanted.

SEWING A CHINES.

I wish to announce to the people of Dunn and surrounding country that I am selling the Wheeler and Wilson No. 9, and the White Sewing Machines, which are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction on reasonable terms.

TOWN DIRECTORY.

Methodist Church.—Rev. E. C. Sell, Pastor. Services first Sunday night, and fourth Sunday morning and night, Praying meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, G. K. Grautham Superintendent.



W. L. Douglas \$3 Shoe. Stylish, durable, perfect fitting. Endorsed by over 2,000,000 wearers.

J. A. MASSENGILL & Co. DUNN, N. C.

STATE NEWS.

ITEMS OF NEWS GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE.

William White, a fisherman of Columbia, was drowned in Scuppernon river last week. He went out in his boat in an intoxicated condition and fell out of the boat. His body has not been found.

We are informed that a beautiful white baby girl was found last Tuesday in Smith Creek, just across the line in Virginia, wrapped in a guano sack and staked about two feet under the water. No clue as to who the fiend was that did this deed.—Warrenton Record.

Jim Thomas one of the gang of train robbers who held up an express train on the Louisville and Nashville railway near Calera, Alabama, last March, was arrested in Fayetteville Saturday by the chief of police. There was \$300 reward for him.

Last Thursday there were shipped from points along the Wilmington and Weldon railroad between Wilmington and Goldsboro 10,000 crates of Strawberries. The regulation crate holds 32 quarts and this would make the number of quarts shipped on that day 320,000.

The town of Wilson has succeeded in getting Prof. Kinsey to move his school "Kinsey Seminary" at Lagrange to that town and the contract for the building has been awarded to D. J. Rose & Bro. The building will be brick and heated by steam and have all the modern appliances.

The Concord Standard comes to the front with the most thrilling romance we have yet heard of in North Carolina. A young lady was engaged to be married but fell a prey to consumption. They were by a creek when she told her lover she did not expect to live long and there-fore must postpone the marriage. He demanded his ring, and finally did take it from her hand and toss it into the stream. Some time after she was fishing in the same stream and caught a catfish and in its gills she found the ring, placed it on her finger and died with it there, while her lover was in distant parts.

One day last week Mr. John J. Hestmith, of Hives, found a rat nest in a hollow sill under his stables. He made war upon the rats and killed one hundred and sixty grown ones and an unknown quantity of little ones.

A remarkable experience befell Will Register of South Clinton one afternoon last week. He was driving a mule in a cart along the Holmes lane near Mr. R. Page's when a swarm of bees seeking a home pitched upon the turnout. Willie was stung near "about all over," as he described it, and was soon after so badly swollen that he only knew himself by his feeling. The mule seemed unmindful of the bees and showed no signs of having been stung. An ox in a cart that was along was badly stung. The bees finally rose in a flight and went on in search of a home. Willie and the ox haxe since been laid up for repairs.—Sampson Democrat.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE LADIES, FURNISHED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT.

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND.

At the intersection of the busiest streets in old New Orleans, stands the only monument ever erected to a woman's memory in America. Surmounting the base, which bears the simple inscription "Margaret," is the seated figure of an elderly woman, plain of feature and attire, with a little child beside her, one of whose arms is thrown confidently around her neck. It is Margaret Haugbery, the "Orphans' Friend," and of whom, in answer to any query as to who she was, no more fitting words could be said than those of Lowell in the memory of Thomas Hood:

"Stranger, if to thee His claim to memory seem obscure, If thou would'st know how truly great was he, Go, ask it of the poor."

Among the names enrolled in the "Legend of Good Women," none better deserves to stand than that of "Margaret," by which affectionate title she was known to all New Orleans. She came of humble stock, being the child of Irish emigrants, both of whom, father and mother, died soon after their arrival in this country. Happily a friend was raised up for the little waif, thus separated from home and kindred by the great ocean. A Mrs. Richards, who had come over in the same ship with Margaret's parents, received the poor baby into her home and brought her up as her own child. While her tenderness and love for the daughter of her adoption were unfeigned, she still endeavored to follow out what she thought would have been the wishes of the child's own mother, and in pursuance of this object, although herself a Protestant, she brought Margaret up in the Catholic faith, in which she had been baptized.

Until she came to woman's estate Margaret continued to make her home with Mrs. Richards in Baltimore, only leaving her kind foster-mother to become the wife of Mr. Haugbery. Shortly after the marriage she and her husband moved to New Orleans, thinking the change might benefit Mr. Haugbery's health. It did not, however, and in obedience to medical advice he started on a sea voyage, during which he died. Before his poor wife had time to rally from this blow, another followed—the death of her little girl, her only child, and Margaret was left desolate indeed.

Work, however, is the greatest healer of grief, and Margaret found it to be so. Throw on her own resources pecuniarily, she took a position as dairy-woman in a Catholic orphan asylum. During the years she spent there she grew to dearly love the little ones, whose fringed condition had been her own before she endeavored to deal with them. Her heart seemed to have room for all the children in the world; self-sacrifice was nothing to her; she would rise at two in the morning to milch a cow for a sick child who needed the milk.

In time she extended her dairy business to outside custom and she drove about the city in her own cart, bringing in a rich harvest of money for the end she had in view—the purchase of the property and erection of a building for the New Orleans Female Orphan Asylum. By the united efforts of Margaret and the Sisters who had charge of the Asylum, this was done. In ten years the building was debt free, still owing in great part to the labors of Margaret, who had promised to work for that cause alone until the indemnity was lifted.

This purpose fulfilled, she opened an establishment of her own. Although her education was limited, and she could not "manage figures," she was yet so capable that her business increased wonderfully, as did her bank-account. But her heart,

as ever, went out to the unfortunate, and an unstinted supply of milk was daily given free to the orphan asylums of the city, and to all in any place who stood in need.

About 1860 she discontinued the dairy business, and established a bakery, which prospered as well as the other business had done. There was in all New Orleans no more familiar sight than Margaret Haugbery's bake-wagon, as it rattled through the street, its owner inside, dressed as was her custom (and as the statue represents her) in an unfashionable bonnet plain print dress, and shawl. And, it may be added, there was no sight which excited more respect; the whole city loved and honored her. She was called the "bread giver of New Orleans," her bounty to the poor being 300 loaves of bread a day. Creed and nationality were nothing to her; she gave to all who needed, and with a hearty good-will which embodied the spirit of the words in "Sir Launfal":

"Who giveth himself with his alms feeds three Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

The soldiers during the Civil War were supplied with bread by the same generous hand, and when the yellow fever broke out in New Orleans it was Margaret who first established the "free bread-carts." Her bakery prospered more and more, bringing her in a large income all of which, save what supplied her own simple needs, she devoted to charitable objects. Her last will left her fortune to various institutions for the destitute, including the Asylums of the city, which the "Orphan's Friend" never forgot.

At her death her remains were placed in state, and visited by thousands of sincere mourners. Her funeral was more largely attended than any other known to New Orleans, save that of Jefferson Davis. The procession of carriages, miles in length, included every religious order, every civic society, the clergy of all denominations, the inmates of all the asylums and the pupils of all the schools, all eager to do reverence to the memory of a woman, so uneducated that she could not write her name, so great hearted that she, if any, could merit the "Well done, good and faithful servant" from the lips that said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these little ones, ye did it unto Me."

Bride 35. Groom 17.

A Gretna Green affair occurred in the neighborhood country of Davie Thursday night that completely changed the natural run of events of this kind from the way they were conducted in the day of Ceryantes.

It is generally the rule for the gentleman to take the initiative, but in this instance the "Fayre Ladye" actually did the pilloing. She surreptitiously took possession of the wagon of a neighbor, drove seven miles to the home of her beloved, with the assistance of a rope ladder helped him to escape from his room. She then drove to Mockville, where they were married.

Our correspondent requested us to withhold the names. Truly this was a singular case, but like the last chapter in the yellow-back novel, where the hero and heroine ever live happily afterward. The age of the bride is 35 and the groom 17.—Salisbury World.

Mr. John Peterson, of Patoutville, La., was very agreeably surprised not long ago. For eighteen months he had been troubled with dysentery and had tried three of the best doctors in New Orleans, besides half a dozen or more patent medicines, but received very little relief. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, having been recommended to him, he gave it a trial and to his great surprise, three doses of that remedy effected a permanent cure. Mr. Wm. McNamara, a well known merchant of the same place, is well acquainted with Mr. Peterson and attests to the truth of this statement. This remedy is for sale by N. B. Hood, Druggist, Dunn, N. C.

What My Lover Said.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom In the orchard path he met me— In the tall wet grass with its faint perfume, And I tried to pass, but he made no room; Oh, I tried, but he would not let me go. So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red, with my face bent down above it, while he took my hand, as he whispering said, How the clover lifted its sweet pink head, To listen to all that my lover said! Oh, the clover in bloom? I love it. In the high wet grass went the path to hide, And the low wet leaves hung over, But I could not pass on either side, For I found myself when I vainly tried, In the arms of my steadfast lover. And he held me there and he raised my head, For I tried to go, and I would have passed, While he closed the path before me; And he looked down into my eyes and said— How the leaves bent down from the boughs overhead To listen to all that my lover said! Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me! I am sure that he knew when he held me fast, That I must be all unwilling; For I tried to go, and I would have passed, As the night was come with its dew so late, And the sky with its stars was filling, But he clasped me close, when I would have fled. And he made me hear his story, And his soul came out from his lips and said— How the stars crept out when the white moon fled To listen to all that my lover said! Oh, the moon and the stars in glory! I know that the grass and leaves will not tell, And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover, will carry his secret so safely and well, That no being shall ever discover. One word of the many that rapidly fell From the eager lips of my lover. And the moon and the stars that looked over Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell They wove round about us that night in the dell. In the path through the dew-laden clover; Nor the whisper that made my heart to swell As they fell from the lips of my lover. —Homer Greene.

HOW GRANT PROPOSED.

ROMANTIC STORIES TOLD ABOUT THE GREAT GENERAL'S COURTSHIP.

"I first met my husband," says Mrs. U. S. Grant, "in my father's house, White Haven, near St. Louis, and it was there General Grant proposed. As to what he really said to me or I to him—well I must not tell that just now. We were young—there was a long separation ahead—danger to the soldier for him and woman's usual part waiting for me. The most absurd stories have been published in regard to his proposal. One of them, and I think it about the most ridiculous, is that I had fallen down an embankment, and that he Julia Dent, at the time threw himself on the ground, reached down and, gathering me up in his arms, protested he would hold me so until I consented to marry him. Another is that I clung frantically to him while we were driving across a bridge on the Gravois, and that as we reached the opposite bank he proposed that I should cling to him always. I have often laughed at the absurdity of these stories no less than at the countless different ways in which writers have made the General propose."

General Grant's own account of the engagement is as follows: "There is an insignificant creek—the Gravois—between Jefferson Barracks and the place to which I was going, and at that day there was not a bridge over it from its source to its mouth. It had been raining heavily. I found the banks full to overflowing and the current rapid. So I struck into the stream and headed the horse toward the other bank, and soon reached it, wet through. I went on, however, to my destination, and borrowed a dry suit from my future brother-in-law. We were not of the same size but the clothes answered until I got more of my own.

"Before I returned I mustered up courage to make known, in the most awkward manner imaginable, the discovery I had made on learning that the Fourth Infantry had been ordered away from Jefferson Barracks. The young lady afterward admitted that she, too, although until then she had never looked upon me other than as a visitor whose company was agreeable to her, had experienced a depression of spirits she could not account for when the regiment left. Before separating it was definitely understood that at convenient times we would join our fortunes and not let the removal of a regiment trouble us. This was in May, 1844. It was August 22, 1848, before the fulfillment of this agreement."—Ex.

How "The Conquered Banner" was Written.

Many years ago a young lady gave Father Ryan as a Christmas gift a pretty little scroll of "The Conquered Banner." After thanking her she said: "Some people have said this is a great poem, but I never thought so, and but for a poor woman who had little education, but whose heart was full of love for the South, it would have been swept out of the house and burnt; and you would have never made this pretty book mark for me." He then told her the circumstances under which it was written. "I was at Knoxville," he said, "when the news of the surrender came. It was night, and many of the regiment of which I was chaplain were quartered with me in the old lady's house. An old comrade came in and said to me, 'All is lost; General Lee has surrendered.' I looked at him, and knew by his whitened face that the news was too true. I simply said, 'leave me alone,' and he went out of the room. I bowed my head upon the table and wept long and bitterly. Then a thousand thoughts came rushing through my brain. I could not control them.—That banner had been conquered, and its folds must be furled, but its story had to be told. I looked around for something to write on; but we were very poor in those days, and I could find nothing but a piece of brown wrapping paper tied about an old pair of shoes that a friend had sent me. I seized this piece of paper and wrote on it "The Conquered Banner." I then went to bed, leaving the lines on the table. The next morning the regiment was ordered away and I thought no more of them. What was my astonishment a few weeks later to see them, over my name, in a Louisville paper. The poor woman, in whose house we were quartered, had picked up the piece of paper and was about to throw it into the fire, when she saw some writing on it. She said she sat down and read it and cried over it, and then sent a copy of it to the Louisville newspaper. And that was how "The Conquered Banner" got into print."—Ex.

Wages in 1800.

What we call "workingmen," "the mechanic," had no existence as classes. Labor was performed almost exclusively in the south by slaves, and in the north very largely by men and women who for the time being were no better than slaves. All over the free states were thousands of Irishmen, Scotchmen, Englishmen, Germans, who in return for transportation from the old world to the new had bound themselves by indenture to serve the captain of the ship that brought them over. Soldiers in the army received \$3 a month. Farm hands in New England were given \$4 a month and found their own clothes. Unskilled laborers toiled 12 hours per day for 50 cents. Workmen or the turnpikes then branching out in every direction were housed in rude sheds, fed coarse food and given \$4 per month from November to May and \$6 from May to November. When the road from Genesee river to Buffalo was under construction in 1812, though which it went was the frontier, men were hired in plenty for \$12 per month in cash and their board, lodgings and a daily allowance of whiskey.—John McMaster in Atlantic.

"I like my sandwiches with the bread cut thin," said Mr. Googleby, "but I seldom try to make them that way myself, for them always make me angry, the bread crumbles and curls up so when I try to spread it. Mrs. Googleby has no such trouble, however, and this morning I discovered why; she butters the cut end of the loaf before cutting off the slice. Simple, ain't it? And Mrs. Googleby tells me it's as old as the hills."—Ex.

A BIG GAME PRESERVE.

PROPOSITION TO LEASE 212,840 ACRES OF SWAMPLAND.

An application has been received by the State Board of Education from Fayette C. Giles, of "Turf, Field and Farm," Park Row, New York, who desires to lease 212,840 acres of land in Eastern North Carolina, for the purpose of completing an association of Northern gentlemen for a game preserve and winter resort.

Mr. Giles, in making this application, is acting in behalf of the "Field and Shore Association," which was incorporated by the last Legislature. The objects of this association, as set forth in these articles of incorporation, are the preservation, importation, breeding and propagation of all game animals, birds and fishes of both Europe and America, which are adapted to the waters of the State, and to the different sections where the association may operate; the affording of facilities for hunting, shooting and fishing, on its grounds to its stockholders, and the issuing of permits to others, subject to its rules and regulations; the cultivation of forests, furnishing its stockholders and others with agreeable summer and winter resorts, respectable hotels, cottage houses and anything necessary or proper for their accommodation. The headquarters of this association are to be at the city of Newbern.

In this proposition for leasing this preserve, with an option of purchase, Mr. Giles sets forth that large bodies of land are necessary for game parks for deer, bear and other game, besides fields for good quail shooting, and season and lakes for ducks. These, of course should be easily and quickly accessible by water and land from headquarters, and they must be adapted to the purpose for which they are intended.

On behalf of the "Field and Shore Association," as lessor, Mrs. Giles asks for a lease of these lands and waters for a term of ninety-nine years, with an option of purchase at any time during the lease, or upon any part thereof. The purchase price offered is at the rate of fifteen cents per acre, for the amount purchased, for both land and water. The amount of annual rental to be paid by the lessee, for the first two years is to be the nominal sum of \$10 per acre. For the remaining ninety-seven years the annual rental is to be 5 per cent, upon the amount the lands and waters leased would amount to, computed at the rate of 15 cents per acre. For instance 300,000 acres at 15 cents per acre would amount to \$45,000, which, at 5 per cent would amount to \$2,250 per annum for rental.

The lessor does not, however, propose to pay any taxes except for such permanent improvements as may be put upon the property. This lease is to confer upon the lessor all the rights and privileges of ownership in and over these lands and waters, including the right to cut and sell timber and wood.

Mr. Giles says his association intends to bring into the State many hundreds of the wealthiest men from New York, Boston, Chicago and from all sections of the East and Middle States. They will be men who will have capital and will make such investments in the state as they deem advantageous.

These lands comprise eight tracts, as follows: (1) Carteret county open lands, between Core Sound, North River and Neuse River, comprising 106,000 acres; (2) White Oak Swamp in Onslow and Jones counties, 90,000 acres; (3) Long Lake in Jones county, 1,280 acres; (4) Ellis Lake, comprising about 1,560 acres; (5) Great Lake, 3,000 acres; (6) Catfish Lake, 1,000 acres; (7) Catfish Pocosin, in Jones and Craven counties, 8,000 acres; (8) Dover Pocosin, in Jones county, acreage unknown. —News and Observer.

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