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COUNTY UNION.

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

Vol. 6. DUNN, N. C., MAY 26, 1897. No. 20.

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Wherever you see a can of Baking Powder with the name and picture of Elk on it, it is a guarantee of purity and strength. Royal is the best and cheapest powder. It stands the highest Chemical analysis of any brand on the market. Give it a trial and you will be convinced. Sold by

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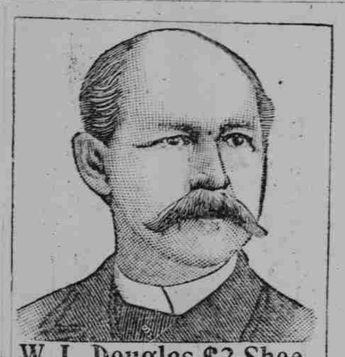

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Feb. 20 1896.

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TOWN DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Church.—Rev. E. C. Sell, Pastor. Services first Sunday night, and fourth Sunday morning and night. Prayermeeting every Wednesday night. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, G. K. Grantham Superintendent.

Baptist Church.—Rev. L. R. Carroll, pastor. Services every second Sunday morning and night. Prayermeeting every Thursday night Sunday School every Sunday morning, R. G Taylor Superintendent.

Presbyterian Church.—Rev. A. M. Hassel pastor. Services every first and fifth Sunday morning and night. Sunday school every Sunday morning, M. L. Wade Superintendent.

Disciple Church—Rev. I. W. Rogers, pastor. Services every third Sunday morning and night. Christian Endeavor Society every Thursday night. Sunday School every Sunday evening at 4 o'clock. Mell. Holliday Supt.

Free Will Baptist Church.—Elder R. C. Jackson, pastor. Services every second Sunday morning and night.

Primitive Baptist Church on Broad street Elder W. G. Turner, Pastor. Regular services on the third Sabbath morning, and Saturday before, in each month at 11 o'clock. Elder P. D. Gold, of Wilson, editor of Zion's Landmark, preaches at this church on the fourth Sunday evening in each month at 7½ o'clock. Everybody is invited to attend these services.

Young Mens' Union Prayer meeting every Sunday evening at 4 o'clock and Friday night at 7 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend these services. An invitation is extended to the visitors.

LODGES.

Dunnavow Lodge, No. 115, I. O. O. F. Lodge room over L. D. Barnes' store. Regular meeting every Monday night. L. H. Lee, N. G.; C. H. Sexton, V. G.; G. K. Grantham, Secretary. All Odd Fellows are cordially invited to attend.

Palmyra Lodge, No. 117, A. F. & A. M. Hall over Free Will Baptist church. F. P. Jones W. M.; W. A. Johnson, S. W.; E. A. Jones J. W.; J. G. Johnsen, Secretary. Regular communications are held on the 3rd Saturday in 12 o'clock A. M., and on the 1st Friday at 7 o'clock p. m. in each month. All Masons in good standing are cordially invited to attend these communications.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Sheriff, J. H. Pope.
Clerk, F. M. McKay.
Register of Deeds, J. McK. Byrd.
Treasurer, G. D. Spence.
Coroner, J. J. wilson.
Surveyor, J. A. O'Kelly.
County Examiner, Rev. J. A. Campbell.
Commissioners: J. A. Green, Chairman H. N. Bizzell and Neill McLeod.

TOWN OFFICERS.

H. L. Godwin, Mayor.

COMMISSIONERS

E. F. Young, J. J. Dupree, J. H. Pope and W. F. Pearson.

G. F. Snead, Policeman.

SEWING MACHINES.

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

The best machine oil, needles, fixtures &c., all ways on hand. I also repair machines at moderate cost. Work guaranteed. I have fourteen years experience in the machine business and am thoroughly acquainted with them.

My headquarters are at Mr. E. F. Young's store where I will be pleased to show my machines

Yours to please,
J. M. HAYES.
ap12tf. Dunn, N. C.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

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

THE VALUE OF A SIGNATURE.

One of the standard weeklies says pertinently:

"Do tell the women," begged a lady of great wealth the other day, "tell the women never to sign a paper the contents of which they do not fully understand. In the sorrow and excitement of a certain hour, I put my name to a document which placed my money and my affairs at the mercy of a money changer for a dozen years. Had I only told him that I would think it over before signing, I should have had fewer sleepless nights and fewer gray hairs. Why did my father or my husband never tell me this?"

To think over a paper, or at least to read it carefully before signing! This precept should be taught every girl and woman as the alphabet of business affairs. Many things may be safely left her to learn by experience, but not this. Too often it means her gentle acquiescence in a man's "Sign here," with a consequent adoption of other persons' obligations or the abrogations or the abrogation of her own perquisites and property.

A person's signature, standing before the law for one's self, is entitled to proper respect; and how to sign is scarcely less important than what not to sign. Everybody should adopt and cling to the use of a certain style of autograph. Women should use their Christian names, never their husbands', and omit Mrs. or Miss as a prefix. A signature should never be left carelessly on pieces of blank paper where unscrupulous use might be made of it, and it should be distinctly legible.

A woman should learn also to respect the signature of those of even our nearest kin. Messenger boys say that they are daily asked by ladies if they shall sign their own or their husbands' names on receipt books. The New York Tribune recently portrayed a pretty bride with no practical knowledge of a check book. The deliverer of a choice piece of bric-a-brac had insisted on payment at the door. The young woman explained that evening to her husband that, as she had fortunaaely remembered how he had drawn a check the previous day, and where he had left his check book, she made one out for the merchant, adding:

"You do not know how well Alonzo B. Tompkins looked in my handwriting!"

It is needless to add that no time was lost by this distracted young husband in recovering that most-innocently-forged check!

HOW TO PLEASE A WOMAN.

It pleases her to be called a sensible little woman.

It pleases her to be called a well-dressed woman.

It pleases her to be told that she is fascinating.

It pleases her to be told that she improves a man by her companionship.

It pleases her to depend on some man and pretend she is ruling him.

It pleases her to be treated courteously and with respect and to be talked to reasonably.

It pleases her to be treated sensibly and honestly; to be consulted and questioned, and not to be treated as a butterfly, with no head nor heart.

It pleases her to be loved and admired by a man who is strong enough to rule and subdue her and make his way her way; to lead her and take care of her.

And it pleases her especially to let him think he is having his own way when she is just leading him by the nose.—Boston Traveler.

FACES THAT MAKE GLAD.

There is a illtle poem afloat in the world, one line of which refers to "making a sunshine in a shadow place."

The shadiest spot, the sourest visage, the gloomiest temper cannot hold its own for long against the light of a cheerful countenance, the magnetism of a merry heart. If it could, there would be small hope for humanity.

The people who, with tongue, or pen, or daily living, preach cheerfulness as a religious duty are the beneficent saviors of the race. And the best thing about the blessed possession is that, like the widow's cruse, it increases the more it is used.

No one is more benefited by a happy disposition than the owner of it, great as is the good it may do to others. He—or she—trips over trouble, dances over danger, finds the coarse loaf changed to a banquet, the lowly room expanded to a stately hall, the narrow life rich in all glorious possibilities. Such a person's mind is a kingdom, though the body be clad in the raiment of humblest poverty.

Thewoman with a cheerful face, the infallible index of a happy heart, needs no jewels, no sweeping silken robes to enhance her attractiveness. The sparkle in her eyes dulls the ray of the diamond, the smile on her lips is truest beauty. She is always in demand by those who need consolation, hope and spurring of their energies.

If knowledge is power, so likewise in a scarcely less degree is buoyancy of spirit and looks,—the open sesame to the most desirable and valuable society, the fairy wand that turns all things to pearl and gold.

Offered up his Boy.

Oscar Williams, a couutry colored preacher, residing in a settlement four miles from Elba Ala., left home with his ten-year-old son Isaac. He told a neighbor as he passed that the Lord had appeared to him in a vision and commanded him to sacrifice his boy.

The neighbor thought but little of the old man's remark for the moment, but a half hour afterward recollected that he had the Sunday before preached on the story of Abraham and Isaac with singular earnestness, and expressed his willingness to obey the Lord's command to the extent that Abraham had done.

He followed the old man and came upon him in a thicket standing over his son's dead body, which was strapped to a log. He had a bloody knife in his hand and his eyes were raised heavenward. Blood still flowed from the boy's gaping throat, which had been severed from ear to ear. When asked why he had done the deed, the manaic declared that the Lord had commanded him to do so, and then turned and walked away, his neighbor being too dazed to stop him.—Ex.

THE COUNTY UNION is the only paper published in Harnett county. Subscription price $1. Subscribe now.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Ballade of Things Forgotten.

Who shall tell of the grass, green-bladed,
Dead in the June of long ago?
who shall bring me the cornsilk braided,
Tawny strands that I used to know?
I care not whether 'tis rain or snow.
All was lost with the passing year,
Ghosts of Laughter or wraiths of woe—
Gone with the loves that seemed so dear.

None will cherish the rose that faded
Long ere the north winds 'gan to blow,
None shall dream of the garden shaded
Soft by the broad leaves waving slow;
For these must pass—it was always so.
Frost nips keen and the buds are seer,
Sunlight, too, and the summer's glow—
Gone with the loves that seemed so dear.

Hearts that often our trials aided,
Hands that clung and were loath to go,
Hopes fulfilled or through fate evaded,
All at last is a fleeting show.
And red lips under the mistletoe,
Mirth and music and Christmas cheer,
Fled like a flute-note's tremolo—
Gone with the loves that seemed so dear.

ENVOY.

Prince, we are wish as we older grow,
which is better, a smile or tear?
Take them both for the friend or foe—
Gone with the loves that seem so dear.

—Ernest McGaffey.

A TRIP TO ENGLAND

As Seen by a Tourist on a Wheel

(Continued from last issue.)

It was not the cities we desired to visit most but the country so we soon set our faces for the South and the main road to London. At first it is a fairly good road, some parts being very loose when dry, and greasy and soft when wet. Tarporley is 10½ miles from Chester. It is a great Fox hunting centre. Of all English scenes a meet of the Fox hounds is one of the most picturesque. The splendid hunters, the redcoats of the farmers and gentry, many ladies being present, the baying of the hounds when the fox is found wake a scene that stirs the hearts of those of sporting tastes. We confess however to have felt a trifle nervous when we had once or twice to ride through these packs of hounds when met going to or from a hunt. It is a good undulating country as far as Nantwich, which is in the salt district and a town of narrow old fashioned streets. The sun was setting as we reached a village named Woove and we thought to put up at a large hotel there. It was one of those places which must have been a famous hostelry in coaching days but now looked like a derelict ship out of place in such a small village. The ambitious ones of our party decided to push on and all agreeing we were fortunate in doing so. A country man told us to hurry up or we would be too late. This was rather mystifying. Soon his words had some meaning for far off we could see a great blaze and it was not long before we were in the midst of a country frolic. It was what they called a "Wake" a kind of pleasure fair, where there were all kinds of amusement, dear to the rustic mind, such as hobby-horses, swings, games of chance and such like. There was not much of an Irish Wake about it as the corpse was wanting but the national beverage beer flowed like water and we reckon there were a few "dead men" next day. Every bed in the village public house was doubly occupied and we were at last after much groping about in the dark, able to find a nice clean lodging in a sort of Summer Hotel on the hamlet. We retired well satisfied with our first days ride, of about 50 miles, considering we had done well for persons just landed after a long sea voyage.

Next day we struck the road for Stafford (31½ miles), the route began to be hilly but the hills give good riding except the bottoms are gravelly and one must not have much speed on when one reaches the bottom. The fields and gardens along the route have hedge-fences of hawthorn. These often obstruct the view of some pretty country home or fine mansion. They fill a place well in the landscape where trees are few. Stafford is a centre of boot and shoe manufactures and we remember nothing particular about it but the excellent and cool ale we got at an inn just outside. The favorite beverage with cyclists is called a "shandy gaff" a methere of ale and lemonade which is very cooling. The weather was very hot for an English summer and as we rode in light clothing the sun soon began to make us look like boiled lobsters. Between Stafford and Litchfield the road passes through what is called a forest, now a forest no longer, but a wide open heath. There are many places like it where the old forest used to be. Litchfield was a place for a good rest at one of its good inns. In a town like it everything centres about the church. The Cathedral is the chief place. Those cathedral towns are often as quiet as a northern colony when the boomisoner. As usual the cathedral like most English churches has the big central tower with spire and two towers with spires at the main entrance. We cannot imagine anyone, even the most frivolous entering such a building without a deep feeling of reverence and wonder at the the patient work which must have been carried on there from year to year from age to age to create such buildings, such beautiful windows and fine carvings. The whole front is covered with niches and statutes, most of them worn and weathered by rain, wind and sun. It is an inspiring thought to think how many years the worship of God has been carried on there. The singing of the choir was beautiful. It was market day in town so there were considerable crowds from the country. There is a statute to Dr. Johnson in the market place whose birthplace this was. The George Inn is a good place for cyclists to stop at. It is listed by the Cyclists Touring Club an organization similar to the League of American Wheelmen.

After leaving Litchfield the cyclist enters the prettiest and most rural part of England. A little further west are certainly the manufacturing towns of "The Black Country" but if one keeps going south and avoiding the larger towns, it is country pure and simple. Through a number of large and small villages we pursued our way, the road being good and the country around very pretty. For about ten miles before one enters Coventry the road is lined on both sides with large forest trees which make a beautiful shade and form quite an avenue. It is common for trees to be lelt to grow, often at regular intervals in the hedgerows beside the road, so that one is not always exposed to the full blaze of the sun. Inbeed a wonderful amount of care and good taste has been spent on making the English gentlemen's parks so picturesque. We saw one which we suppose must have 500 acres all in grass dotted here and there with pine, peech and and oak trees with a long winding driveway up to the Castle or Hall. In Cheshire and Staffordshire almost every good country house is called a hall. At Coventry we finished our second days ride of 56 miles. Coventry is a large town, once celebrated for silk manufacture but now given up to bicycle industry. Here all the most noted cycle firms have their works. We found it a very dear town to stop in, hotel charges being too high. Beyond Coventry the roads are splendid and well shaded. After passing Dunchurch the road is good but hilly. Daventry is a town on top of a hill, which is a very common thing with the older towns. It is for that reason that the cyclist looks out for the church towers or spires to guide him, as the churches and probably the remains of some old castle are generally on top of a hill and the town clusters around on the sides. At the George Inn at Daventry cyclists receive every attention. At Weedon there are large barracks for British troops and there the order strikes into Watling Street, one of the old Roman Roads, which must have been used by unnumbered generations. The Romans when they made their roads, made them to pass over mountain and plain direct, so that one may often see the old road going straight over the top of the hill and a later made road going round the hill. How they drove the coaches down some of the hills the writer cannot conceive for they are so steep. After passing Towcester once the site of a Roman camp, the road is then very undulating and rather rough, through a thickly wooded country. At Hockliffe and from there on, one passes through the deep chalk cuttings up a gentle slope to the Chiltern Hills from whence there are grand views all around the country.

Dunstable is the place where they give a flitch of bacon annually to the couple who can prove that they have not had one cross word between them for a whole year.

After leaving that place we began to look out for the tower of St. Alban's Minister which is as usual, placed on top of a hill and at last saw it rising above the trees and we rode into the ancient town of St. Alban's. This is one of the oldest towns in the country having been founded in the Roman period. Outside the town are the remains of a small Roman amphitheatre and there are plenty of antiquities for the curious. St. Alban's is said to have been the first British martyr, hence the church built in his honor. The Abbey or Minister is a long massive building, said to have the longest nave of ony church in England. It has not half the carving that Lechfield Cathedral has and we suppose is of earlier date. The great philosopher Lord Bacon is buried in another church in the town and the present Lord Verulam's estate is not far off. St. Alban's is a town of same character as Lechfield, thought not so large. A quiet cathedral country town. A four-in-hand goes from there to London and back every day.

At a Temperance Hotel kept by two pleasant ladies we secured good quarters. From there the cyclist can ride to Hatfield and see Hatfield House and grounds belonging to Earl of Salisbury. This is the place where Queen Elizabeth was practically kept a prisoner and various sovereigns have been entertained by the Cecils, including Queen Victoria in 1887. In the slow-running streams and flat lands near St. Albans, water-cress is grown in great quantity for the London market. The best way to enter london is by the Edgware Road so we passed on through the villages of Edgware and Kilburn, seeing the smoke of the city in the distance and at last reached. The Marble Arch at entrance to Hyde Park and found ourselves in London after a long and pleasant ride of 192 miles from Birkenhead.

A Boy's Prayer.

The Boston Transcript tells a story of a little boy on a visit. He had not been taught to say his prayers, and when he saw the little boys of the house say theirs he had a sense of not being "in it" at all, and went to bed melancholy. The second night came and he heard the children once more go through what was to him their remarkable rigmarole, ending in "Amen:" and when they were done he said: "Auntie, I want to say my prayer too." "Very well, go on," she answered. The boy went down prettily on his knees, and rattled off: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his country-MEN!" Then he rose, proudly conscious of having done the right thing.

Why Orange Blossoms Are Worn.

Much uncertainty exists as to why the orange blossom has been so much worn by brides, but the general opinion seems to be that it was adopted as an emblem of fruitfulness. According to some authorities the practice has been derived from the Saracens, among whom the orange blossom was regarded as a symbol of a prosperous marriage, a circumstance which is partly to be accounted for by the fact that, in the East, the orange tree bears ripe fruit and blossoms at the same time.—New York Ledger.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and now list of one thousand inventions wanted.

Tetter, Salt-Rheum and Eczema.

The intense itching and smarting, incident to these diseases, is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25 cts. per box.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25 cents per package.

For sale by N. B. HOOD, Druggist, Dunn, N. C.

GENERAL NEWS.

NEWS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Christ Church in Savannah, Ga., the oldest church in that state, founded by John Wesley, was burned Saturday night.

The Barber Memorial School at Anniston, Alabama, recently completed was destroyed by fire Saturday morning. It was a school for negro girls and was the gift of a northern lady. The school had been in operation only eight months.

Italian laborers at Homestead, Pa., were attacked by a mob of idle works Friday night and a riot ensued in which several persons were hurt. The Italians were attacked because then were working cheaper than the idle men would work.

Judge Joseph H. Earle, United States Senator from South Carolina, died at his home in Greenville last Thursday afternoon. He was elected to the Senate last January. A committee from both houses of congress was appointed to attend the funeral.

Consul General Lee at Havana informed the State Department at Washington Saturday that there were 1200 Americans in Cuba that were in need of help. The government has sent him the $50,000 appropriated by congress for their relief.

The war between Greece and Turkey is about at an end. The Greeks have declared an armistice at the request of the powers but the Turkish troops are still aggressive and are pillaging and burning villages in parts of Greece which they have captured. The powers have requested the Turkish government to cease hostilities with no avail. Turkey wants the acquisition of Thessaly and an indemnity of 15 million francs from Greece.

Quite a row was created in the Spanish parliament when it heard that the United States had passed the resolution recognizing the Cubans as belligerents. The Conservatives and Liberals were thrown into a discussion and the Duke of Teutan and Senator Comas fought. It was thought a duel would follow but it did not. The Liberals will not sit in the sessions any more until the Duke of Teutan apologizes or resigns, so declares their leader.

The monument given by Charles Broadway Rauss to the Confederate Veterans Camp of New York and erected in Mount Hope Cemetery in Westchester county, was unveiled Saturday in the presence of several thousand people. The monument is sixty feet high and cost $5,000. It bears only this inscription: "Sacred to the heroic dead of the Confederate veteran camp of New York."

The resolution passed by the Senate last Thursday in regard to Cuban belligerency is as follows: "Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives that a condition of public war exists between the government of Spain and the government proclaimed and for some time mantained by force of arms by the people of Cuba, and that the United States of America shall mantain a strict neutrality between the contending parties, according to each all the rights of belligerents in the ports and territory of the United States."