



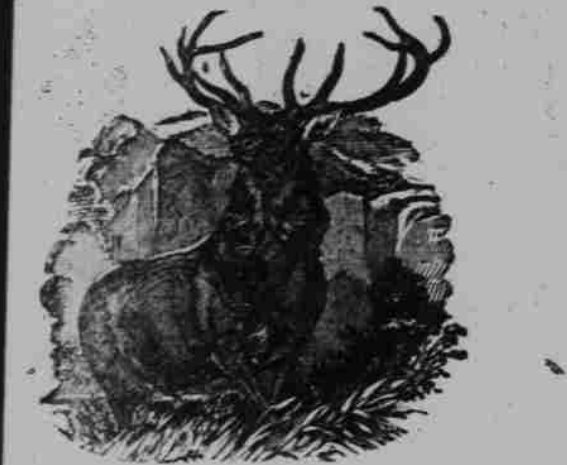
"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

Vol. 6.

DUNN, N. C., JUNE 2, 1897.

No. 21.

ELK ELK ELK



When you see a can of Baking Powder...

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

L. W. POU, Attorney-at-Law.

H. L. Godwin, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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TOWN DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Church - Rev. E. C. Sell, Pastor.

Baptist Church - Rev. L. R. Carroll, pastor.

Presbyterian Church - Rev. A. M. Hassel, pastor.

Episcopal Church - Rev. I. W. Rogers, pastor.

Free Will Baptist Church - Elder R. C. Jackson, pastor.

Methodist Episcopal Church - Rev. W. G. Turner, pastor.

Presbyterian Church - No. 17, A. F. & A. M. Hall.

Methodist Episcopal Church - Rev. F. M. McKay.

Methodist Episcopal Church - Rev. J. A. Campbell.

SEWING MACHINES.

I wish to announce to the people of Dunn and surrounding country...



W. L. Douglas \$3 Shoe. Stylish, durable, perfect fitting.

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

WHAT IS THE LAW?

INFANTS—THEIR ABILITY TO MAKE CONTRACTS.

An infant cannot make any contract that will be upheld either by a court of law or equity...

If an infant makes a contract, for instance executes a note, or mortgage, or other obligatory paper...

Men who can find their way through boundless forests and over trackless plains may easily be lost in the streets of a large city...

On a recent trip of the City of Mackinac with a cargo of horses for a local lumber firm...

"A conditional promise by one, after having reached his majority, to pay a note given during his infancy, the promise being hedged about with the statement that he would when he could do so without inconvenience to himself...

John L. Davis, a notorious moonshiner of Moore county, was convicted and sentenced to 14 months in the United States penitentiary...

ard, 88-650, which was an indictment for disposing of mortgage property, the Supreme Court held: that the defendant being under the age of twenty-one years when he executed the mortgage...

In Tillman vs. Bridges, 4 Jones, 1, which was an action brought against an infant to recover the value of timber furnished him to build a house on his land...

In the case of Skinner vs. Maxwell, 66, 45 it is decided that when an infant purchases a stock of goods for the purpose of trade or merchandise, and to secure the purchase money executes a note and mortgage of the stock of goods...

There is one contract that an infant can and often does make that is upheld by the law and as to where it is a necessary or not the reader is left to decide for himself. Marriage is termed in law, "A civil contract," and whatever hardship the law may seemingly put on those under twenty-one years it has never been so unkind as to tell the ardent lover that he and his best girl must wait till 21 years pass by...

F. P. J.

Lost.

Men who can find their way through boundless forests and over trackless plains may easily be lost in the streets of a large city, a truth of which the Toledo Blade gives an amusing example.

On a recent trip of the City of Mackinac with a cargo of horses for a local lumber firm came a backwoodsman. He had a great reputation, as a "land looker," without a compass, by the bark and moss on the trees, he had been known to traverse a quarter section without diverging 20 feet from the straight line from stake to stake.

He found work at once, his duties being to deliver lumber to the retail trade about the city. The first day a man was sent with him to show him the way about the town. The next he was sent out alone, and did not return, and in the evening was found on the outskirts of the town with his load of lumber so completely lost and unhappy that he had decided to stay there all night.

Three times he was sent to deliver lumber and three times he was found in another part of the city. Finally he asked his employer for transportation home. Said he, "I do not like these places where the sunchages its position every five minutes and one street is made to go in four or five different directions."

If we sell one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, we seldom fail to sell the same person more, when it is again needed. Indeed, it has become the family medicine of this town for coughs and colds, and we recommend it because of its established merit...

TRY.

FOR THE UNION. Try to live life in its fulness. And realize the beauty it holds. Try with thy might to lift the veil of the future. And grasp what to you it unfolds. Try with thy talent to live life right. Thy fault is cast upon you in the strife. Firmly stand and prove it in fight. In this is found the sweetness of life. Try with thy tongue to cast the truth. In every word, be it great or small; First learn to guide it while in youth; Then it will rise again though it may fall. Try thy character to make and keep white. So that the days the future may bring Will not be sorrow nor even dare to blight. The sweet songs hoary years may wish to bring. Try with kindness to make others happy. You can lighten their burden or pain By even smiling and saying to them This will be your eternal gain. Try with thy smiles to suppress sorrows; Even forget the past with all its wrongs. But now take up the work of the Master To whom it all rightly belongs. J. L. H. Falcon, N. C. May 26, '97.

America One Hundred Years Ago.

There was not a public library in the United States. Almost all the furniture was imported from England.

An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison. There was only one hat factory, and that made cocked hats.

Every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair. Crockery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country. A man who jeered at the preacher or criticised the sermon was fined.

A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his foot on the ground. Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.

A day laborer considered himself well paid with two shillings a day. The whipping-post and pillory were still standing in Boston and New York.

Beef, pork, salt fish, potatoes and hominy were the staple diet all the year round. Buttons were scarce and expensive, and the trousers were fastened with pegs or laces.

A new arrival in a jail was set upon by his fellow-prisoners and robbed of everything he had. When a man had enough tea he placed his spoon across his cup to indicate that he wanted no more.

Leather breeches, a checked shirt, a red flannel jacket and a cocked hat formed the dress of an artisan. The church collection was taken in a bag at the end of a pole with a bell to arouse sleepy contributors.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

During the summer of 1891, Mr. Chas. P. Johnson, a well known attorney of Louisville, Ky., had a severe attack of summer complaint. Quite a number of different remedies were tried, but failed to afford any relief. A friend who knew what was needed procured him a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which quickly cured him and he thinks saved his life. He says that there has not been a day since that time that he has not had this remedy in his household. He speaks of it in the highest praise and takes pleasure in recommending it whenever an opportunity is offered. For sale by N. B. Hood, Druggist Dunn, N. C.

John L. Davis, a notorious moonshiner of Moore county, was convicted and sentenced to 14 months in the United States penitentiary at the sitting of the Federal court last week. Davis is said to have been moonshining for 27 years and has six wives and thirty-nine children.

The Mission of Aeneas.

Aeneas was the son of Anchises and Venus, and the fame of the father has been thrown into shade by that of the son. Aeneas was ranked next to Hector the brave, and was engaged in the ten years struggle between the Greeks and the Trojans. Aeneas, though warned by the gods in the night when the Greeks entered Troy, to take his household gods and flee from the impending doom of the city, remained in the city until Priam fell. The last day has come, and the inevitable doom. The Troy of walls is razed to the ground. A great miracle is performed, the god of Aeneas, the god of the universe, will not permit his merciful intentions to be crushed by the disobedience and stratagem of the Greeks. By his infinite power the brave hero escapes the trembling walls of the burning Troy and wanders over some lonely path until he reaches the mountains of Phrygia where the woods are in their Summer beauty and the ground carpeted with a rich mosaic of flowers. He soon collects a fleet of twenty vessels and sets sail across the unknown seas. With tears, he leaves the shores and ports of his country, and the plains where Troy once stood and approaches a land inhabited by an unknown race.

His last view of his native land is the smoking Troy, which is the burial-place of his beloved comrades. There once was a Troy; Troy was, but is no more; the place is gone. The wondrous art of navigation might well seem nothing less than miraculous in an age when all the forces of nature were personified. So, when the great ships carried out their crew of ancient heroes on that first voyage of discovery, in their prow were set beams cut from the oak of Dodona which had the gift of speech, and gave the voyagers oracles in their distress. Aeneas and his fleet soon reached Sicily where his father died.

"Companion of the rocks the living night, He dreamed on the shore, but not at rest, With groans and tears and lingering, undelighted Gazed on the pulses of the ocean's breast."

The heart of Aeneas is in his native island; but sooth to say he makes the best of his present captivity. He decides to continue his destined voyage, and prepares to set sail a second time. Scarcely had the Trojans, losing sight of Sicily, launched out into the deep, Juno espied them. At her command zephyrus lets the winds rush forth at every vent, and scour over the lands in a hurricane. "They press upon the ocean and at once plough up the whole deep from its lowest bottom, and roll vast billows to the shores. In an instant clouds snatch the heavens from the eyes of the Trojans. Sable night sits brooding on the sea, thunder roars from pole to pole, the sky glares with repeated flashes, and all nature threatens them with immediate death."

"Aeneas groans, and spreading out both hands to heaven, exclaims: O, thrice and four times happy they who had the good fortune to die under the high ramparts of Troy." For seven long years he is tossed on both sea and land and encounters many pestilences and wonders of the sea. But hope is not yet crushed. Aeneas safely reaches Italy where he visits the Elysian fields.

"Thee to Elysian fields, earth's farthest end, Where Rhadamanthus dwells, the gods shall send; Where mortals easiest pass the careless hour No lingering winters there, nor snow, nor shower. But ocean ever, to refresh mankind, Breathes the shrill spirit of the western wind."

The great Cumaean Sibyl accompanies him to the dwellings of the dead, and there they meet Anchises again and receive intimations of their future destiny. Aeneas soon reaches the country of Latinus. Lavinia, daughter of Latinus, had been destined to marry a stranger, but her mother had promised to give her in marriage to Turnus king of the Bruttii. A mighty war ensued. Aeneas meets Turnus in single combat, in which Turnus is perished at the point of the poisoned spear of Aeneas. The war terminates in the marriage of Aeneas and Lavinia. Their son Aeneas Syllus the ancestor of the kings of Alba Longa and also of Romulus and Remus, who were the founders of imperial Rome.

Thus we see that Aeneas or his descendants were the beginners of the great Roman polity, just as Columbus' voyage to America led to the founding of the great American republic. But the founding of Rome by Aeneas is not accepted by some historians as true and real history, but only as an allegory. This voyage of Aeneas occurred in an age when all the natural forces were personified as living gods, an age when the gods walked the earth and mingled in the affairs of men. Aeneas established his little band of Trojans in Italy, and there the Trojans and the Italians blended and moved together in harmony. Aeneas' character presents an imposing combination of great qualities. Endowed with broad human sympathies, massive energy, manly and affectionate simplicity, and rich, if sometimes coarse humor, he is at the same time a great genius. He was a leader of men, and a soldier in the highest sense. His powers were fitted to his appointed task: a task of Titanic magnitude and he himself was a Titan in intellectual robustness and moral strength and courage. It was only the divine energy which swayed him and of which he recognized himself the organ, that could have accomplished what he did. "We are not born for ourselves alone." Aeneas was not, if he had been he never could have been called the founder of that family which is so well known to us in history, the members of which were Julius and Augustus Caesar who ruled in that empire which was once the proudest of all nations; that empire which produced such sons as the Caesars, Pompey, Crassus, Cato and Cicero; that empire in which lived the learned Varo, the "genial Horace," the "sweet strained," Virgil, the eloquent Livy and the polished Sallust. Aeneas was the mythological founder of the empire which only a "fanatical and partial patriotism" would deny the proud privilege of having most enriched the world with what the world values most. Neither Spain, nor France nor Germany nor even England can boast of having grafted civilization on conquest so successfully and so widely as Rome. Religion, science, art, literature, law, all have to trace their fertilizing streams back to Italy, and nothing is more astonishing than the persistent vitality of Italian civilization. Italians have had their periods of despondency, and even of degradation. What nation has not? But for night on three thousand years Italy has had its sculptors, its soldiers, its lawgivers, its poets, its searchers of the stars and its rulers of men. To every educated person, Italy is the old country; to every filial mind Rome is the "Alma genitrix." Only in Rome can we trace the majestic pageant of the centuries, following each other now with elate, now with faltering footsteps, but always contributing something to the onward, if at times devious march of man. When some other conception of society shall have created other Londons and another Paris, Rome will still be the foster-nurse of the Poet, the home of the Archaeologist, the goal of the artist, the "bourne of the pilgrim," and the sanctuary of the saint. Again Aeneas' mission was to vanish the belief in the existence of such gods as Jupiter, Mercury, Venus, and when done the battle of christian faith began and is yet to reach some parts of the world. —ROBERT L. GODWIN.

etter, Salt-Itheum 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.

He had a far greater mission here than to stand in Trojan ranks plunging his well aimed javelin into Grecian hearts, like his comrades who had fought and fallen by his side. Their highest aim was to do and die for Troy, a city, whose walls would soon melt to ashes beneath their enemies fire.

He came to found a city, whose power would be unconquerable, for it should conquer the world. In the walls of this city the gods of every race could claim a shrine. It should be the cradle of every industry.

There the greatest poets, statesmen, warriors, astronomers, and sculptors should dwell. There should reign rulers "who would set the rule of peace over the vanquished, spare the humble, and subdue the proud." But many trials were set as snares in his way, many a day of disappointment and sorrow would drag their slow length by, ere he could, reviewing his work say, "It is finished and is well." The future to some would have seemed like a vast sea of hopelessness upon which they must launch their helpless and hopeless boat. Not so with Aeneas, as he stood and saw Troy, the Troy for which he had so valiantly fought, sink into red embers before him.

No thought of despair entered his heart. He turned his back on Troy and the past, and began to think of a new home where peace and rest would be combined rulers. He at once built a fleet of twenty ships, and with his father and a few comrades launched out on the friendless bosom of an unknown sea. He sailed to Thrace, but does not remain there but goes to Delos to consult the oracles of Apollo mistaking Crete for this place he sails there, and begins to build a city. In a dream he is told by the Penates (household gods) that he must not stay here but must go to Italy, which they declared should be the future home of the wanderers. They again set sail and were driven by storm to the shores of Strophades, thence to Actium and after sacrificing to the gods, they sailed to Epirus and were gladly received by the King of the country "a Trojan by birth." From here they sailed to Sicily, but soon find that this place too is inhabited by the Greeks, their most dreaded enemy. They again launch out to sea like a hunted hare frightened from his hollow, at every bound hears the voice of his persecutor, at every pause for breath hears his foot fall.

They land at a port near Carthage after a long and stormy voyage by which many of their ship were destroyed. Soon after they had landed they went out to explore the country and enter the city of Carthage and are warmly welcomed by Queen Dido, who falls instantaneously in love with Aeneas. He captivated by the great love Dido, forgets the port which he is seeking. At length Jupiter sends his messenger bidding him depart. The unhappy Queen, frantic with grief and disappointment, slays herself with the sword of her lover.

Aeneas sailing on, comes to a land in which is the cave of Sibyl. He visits the cave and is taken by her to the dwellings of the dead. Here he sees many men who will play prominent parts in the future history of Rome, the city he is to found. After leaving this land he sails to Latin. Latinus, the King of the country, had an only daughter, Lavinia by name,

The famous Roman poet, Virgil, in his poem called the Aeneid, beautifully describes the wanderings of Aeneas, a Trojan prince, and the only one of the many who so bravely defended Troy that escaped Grecian javelins.

[Continued on fourth page.]