COUNTY UNION.

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

Vol. 6. DUNN, N. C., JUNE 9, 1897. No. 22.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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 Tuesday night Sunday School every Sunday evening at 3 o'clock, McD. 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 8 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend these services. An invitation is extended to the visitors.

LODGES.

Lucknow Lodge, No. 115, I. O. O. F. Lodge room over J. 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. 147, 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. Johnson, Secretary. Regular communications are held on the 3rd Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M., and on the 1st Friday at 7:30 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

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

G. F. Snead, Policeman.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

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

The Thwarting of Natural Aptitudes.

There is a slaughter of the innocents still going on in the world. Some parents who think they love their children are yet destroying them, or, at least, marring them. They strive to crush the first outcrop of genius or originality, as they would stamp out a deadly microbe. They seem to want their little ones to be like the well-trained, uniformly-clipped box of a respectable hedger forgetting that between two children of the same family there may be as wide a difference as between the simple brier rose, content to give sweetness to humble wayside fences, and the magnificent passion flower which drapes in purple splendor the walls of a stately dwelling.

Who have been the most beloved and successful educators? Those who studied each pupil's characteristics as they would the text of a rare foreign book or, better still, the nature and habit of a growing plant. They pruned this and fostered that, they picked off dead leaves and hurtful insects, they supplied air and sunshine, moisture and nutriment,—and the thirsty roots selected and absorbed the leaves transmuted the aerial elements into a green glory, the flowers expanded and gave forth perfume.

Parents, heed your responsibilities,—recognize your power-limitations. Let your little ones attempt the thing they aim to do, ninety-nine times, if necessary. The hundredth time may prove to the world that you have given it a new Shakespeare, a new Michael Angelo, a new Beethoven, a new Cushman or Siddons.

Not only refrain from discouraging or ridiculing them, but give them every active encouragement in your power. At the cost of everything but honor, see to it that they have a chance to follow the chosen career. Bid no young Keats "back to his gallipots," break not the violin or the harpsichord which is as the bread of life to your young Handel's soul.

The true genius, of course, will surmount every obstacle, —except superhuman ones—but take heed lest he have cause to summon his own parents to the bar of judgment.

To the youthful aspirant, boy or girl, I would say: Follow your Ideal granted always that it is a true and noble one.

If "the gray angle of success which is drudgery," stands at your bedside in the shivery dawn, and summons you to work, if the fare she holds out to you be but crystal water and a crust,—spring to obey her, take her offering and smile, for, lo! behind her and above her are the floating robes and shining wings of the great White Angle of Victory!

And when the day of triumph has dawned, and the plaudits of the multitude are still echoing n your ears and making your eart faint with exceeding joy, take a pen of gold and write above the door of your dwelling: "Through difficulties to the stars!" H. T. C.

WOMAN'S WIT.

Canny—"Is Miss Wilbur at home?"

Norah—"No, sorr."

Canny—"Well, go upstairs and ask her when she will be at home."

Norah (going)—"Yes, sorr." —Harper's Bazar.

He—"What are your views on matrimony, Miss Scraggs?"

Miss Scraggs—"Young man, I take a bird's-eye view. I look down upon it."—Brooklyn Life.

"I shall never marry," declared Miss Elderly, in a tone meant to be firm.

"Don't say that," answered her best friend, Florence. "Women older than you have had proposals."—Detroit Free Press.

He (telling a hair-breadth adventure)—"And in the bright moonlight we could see the dark muzzles of the wolves."

She (breathlessly)—"Oh, how glad you must have been that they had the muzzles on!"—Harper's Bazar.

They May Be Happy Yet.

The Atlanta Journal says: A marriage will shortly take place in Atlanta under the most novel circumstances. The lady in the case is now a widow, but the man who will wed her loved her before she married. She loved the other fellow and married him. Her persistent friend also married. Time wrought changes in the affairs of both, although both little dreamed else than that they had been separated for all time. The husband of the lady died. The wife of the persistent one died. When the proper time afterward came for a communication on the subject he wrote her he still loved her. She hesitated, however, and said she did not believe she cared for him yet. In despair, and being a marrying sort of a man, he won the affections of a certain young woman and the day was set for the nuptials. He wrote the long-time object of his heart of the event, and she changed her mind, as women sometimes do. She said, now that he seemed to go out of her life, she really thought she might love him. Forthwith he backed out of the other engagement, hastened to the foot of the lady, and now, after all these vicissitudes, after two marriages and almost a third, they will become man and wife.

Heard Baby's Cry 300 Miles.

"Last summer," says a telephone manager of Chicago, "a big, portly, smiling but excited man rushed in and asked if he could reach Evansville, Ind. by phone. He was assured that he could, and in about two minutes he disappeared in a booth to talk to his wife. Well, he talked about fifteen minutes. Finally he bounced out of the box, slapping his thigh. 'They're on me, gentlemen,' he said. 'I'll be right back.' He darted out, and in two minutes was back with a box of as good cigars as I ever smoked. 'It's a boy!' he exclaimed, 'and he's got about as good lungs as I ever heard at close range!' Then he told the story. He had to be absent from home, and a telegram had just come notifying him of the new arrival. He had rushed into the office, called up his residence and insisted that the nurse bring the baby to the telephone and make it laugh or cry. It cried, and he heard it three hundred miles away."

IN A QUIET HOUR.

FOR THE UNION.

BY I. N. M.

Listen merry heart and heed
Now the message which you read,

"All that pleases us must pass!"
Joys of home and love of friends,
All the good the best life sends:
Sunlight glancing on the leaves,
Song of birds, fair ripening sheaves,
Flowers that star our wayside path,
Hope's triumphant aftermath;
Voice of winds across the snow,
Hearth-stone fires that brightly glow,
Swiftly vanish all, alas!
That which pleases us must pass.

"All that troubles us must pass!"
Soul in sorrow's grasp to-day
Hearken to the words I say
Broken hopes and joys you lost
On life's billows tempest-tossed;
Bitter, bitter nights of pain
Wearing to dull day again
Long, long toil, unceasing fears
Memories too deep for tears
Griefs that cluster now, alas!
That which troubles you must pass.

Is there nothing then on earth
Lasting beauty has or worth?
Nay not so! for in a day
Earth itself shall pass away
Mortal things their swift flight take
Like a dream when we awake;
And the joy which no man mars
Is but found beyond the stars.
List then Soul 'twere wise indeed
Only the Eternal heed.

ZACHARY TAYLOR'S FACE.

It Appears Now as it Did When the Body Was Entombed.

On Tuesday, April 27, says the Milwaukee evening Wisconsin, while New Yorkers were doing honor to the memory of General Grant, a small group of friends of another President went to his tomb to look at his sturdy face and recall the stories of his stirring life, which went out almost a century ago. The few friends surrounded the modest tomb of old Rough and Ready Taylor in a graveyard scarcely a stone's throw beyond the limits of Louisville, Ky. Accompanied by a Louisville undertaker, they were making their annual visit to the tomb to inspect the metallic case to see that every joint was sealed so as to prevent the air from entering.

The glass covering the face of the dead executive is always exposed at these times. The face was wonderfully preserved, and the features looked, but for a few wrinkles, just as they did 47 years ago. The face was as white as marble, and everything about the body seemed to be unchanged and perfectly preserved.

The Taylor family burial ground is two miles northeast of St. Matthew's, a suburb of Louisville, on the short Line Railroad, and is one of the most beautiful in the State. Probably, with the one exception of the first President at Mount Vernon, none of the executives of the United States lies in a more beautiful spot than does General Zachary Taylor.

The burial ground is within 300 yards of the old Taylor homestead. It is within 200 yards of the Brownsboro pike, and occupies exactly an acre. It slopes to the east, and is surrounded by a 5-foot wall of stone. This wall has stood for many years, but not a sign of decay or carelessness in its keeping can be seen. It stands solid and firm and gives promise of standing for a century yet.

Just to the east of the entrance is the vault which contains the body of the ex-President. It is one of those old-fashioned, plain vaults, which are now seldom seen. A covering of myrtle keeps it green the year around.

Sloping toward the road the vault can be easily seen by travellers. The plain, solid iron door has no inscription, but on a marble slab above the door are the words: Zachary Tayloy, born November 24, 1786, died July 9, 1850.

REV. SAM JONES.

WRITES ABOUT "SOCIETY GAMBLERS" AND "STAGE ARTISTS."

The following lines were written by Sam Jones, while he was conducting a meeting at Augusta Ga., recently.

In Augusta, as in Atlanta, high society's gambling is written up with a great flourish in the society columns of our daily papers. The gambling of low society is quietly registered on the books at police headquarters. The high society gamblers exhibit their silverware, cut-glass vases and others so-called souvenirs of the game to their admiring callers. The gamblers of the lower circles quietly slip their money in their pockets. The high society gamblers teach the boys and girls of our best homes to gamble; the gamblers of the lower circles usually play only with confirmed gamblers. The gambler of the higher circles take the poor boys and girls from Christian homes, debaunch them by gambling and then drop them into the depths; the gamblers of the lower circles gamble with those who are already fallen. The gamblers of the higher circles teach our boys and girls to be drunkards, by sipping punch from cut-glass bowls; the lower order of gamblers continue this appetite with liquor from the old black bottle. The gamblers of the higher circles are toasted by the world, while the gamblers of the lower order are roasted by the authorities. We roast all gamblers alike. In Augusta, as in other cities, the commercial gambler of the higher circles gambles on cotton futures, grain futures and other uncertain markets, the commercial gambler of the lower order plays poker for the clean stuff.

In Augusta, as in all large cities, the higher circles of society feed their lusts in the licensed gilded theatres, as they look upon the nude forms of immoral women styled "stage artist;" the lower classes feed their lusts on the licensed houses of ill-fame by their association with lewd characters called "soiled doves." To the former place the husband takes his wife and pure children; to the latter place he goes alone. In the former place, our pure girls and innocent boys sit side by side to be debauched; from the latter place our pure girls are shielded and only a wayward boy is occasionally caught. In the former the wives and mothers of our country are debauched; by looking on immoral scenes as all kinds of domestic immoralities and lustful tricks and intrigues are presented upon the stage, suggesting tricks and plans and ways and means which have been the downfall of thousands of our once happy homes. In the latter, only the husband is debauched, while pure wife lingers at home with the children. In the former the impure woman is toasted by high society as an actress; in the latter the poor woman is roasted by the police as a "scarlet woman." The former feeds lust in its infancy; the latter feeds the full developed lust. The former intimates the innocent; the latter receives only the guilty: We roast the former, we pity the latter.

A New Cotton

We have received from T. A. Jackson, Atlanta, Ga., samples of his now famous cotton, which grows upon a single stock with few or no branches, the seed being a product of Egyptian soil. We have been unable to get any positive knowledge in regard to this so-called new variety of cotton. Mr. Jackson disclaims that it is the Bamian variety, which we have been inclined to think it is, but something entirely distinct from it. Mr. Jackson claims that the cotton is a genus of itself.—Textile Record.

HON. W. J. BRYAN.

That the popularity of this man is not decreasing is shown by the actions of the Kentucky Democrats in their state convention held at Frankfort last week. Only one dissenting vote in a thousand was cast against the following resolution:

"We endorse the canvass by William J. Bryan, the nominee of the Democratic party for the presidency in the late election. We commend its wisdom, approve it as just and fair to all parties and all interests of our common country. We recognize in him the fearless orator and statesman and the great champion of the people's rights against the monied power, monopolists, the syndicates and the trusts. We pledge him the support of a united democracy in our state."

[This cut of "Our Next President" was made by Mr. A. W. Gregory, of Barclaysville, one of Harnett's most enterprising young farmers, on a piece of peachtree wood with his pocket-knife. The cut of his O. I. C. pig on another page is also some of his work.—Editor.

DOG CARRIES A MESSAGE EIGHTY MILES.

FAITHFUL TO THE TRUST PLACED IN HIM BY HIS INDIAN OWNER.

Friday morning, when Landlord Joshua Hilton, of "Hilton's," near the Canada line, went to his front door at an early date, he found a half-starved dog lying on the piazza, says a Waterville (Me.) dispatch to the Boston Herald.

Attached to the dog's collar was a piece of oilcloth such as is worn nowadays by river drivers. This was rolled up and tied to the leather strap about the dog's neck. Inside the roll of oilcloth was found a piece of a paper bag, crumpled and soiled, on which was rudely printed in ink, or painted, the following: "Sefen Ilons is al din 28 folk is sik smalpox al sik foloe dog, jony wood."

Landlord Hilton stood astounded, but soon roused the house, and all began to study out the thing. The dog was not recognized, but the name, evidently that of "Johnny Woods," a half-breed Indian, was recalled, the owner having visited Hilton's on several occasions.

Mr. Hilton figured it out that the settlements known as Seven Islands was stricken with smallpox, and that Johnny Woods had written the message and sent the dog out to some settlement.

A party was at once organized to start an expedition from Hilton's up the Canada road into Canada, as far north as Ashburton, and then to proceed east of Seven Islands in Aroostook County to relieve the settlement.

The nearest settlement in Maine is Winterville, in Aroostook County, sixty-five miles distant. The next nearest is Seboomook, at the northern extremity of Moosehead Lake, and in Somerset County, seventy miles away. Ashburton, in Canada, is but forty miles off, but Hilston's in Sommerset County, and on the "Canada road," so called, is over eighty miles distant from Seven Islands.

Around about that section and between the points mentioned there is nothing but the virgin forest. The country is cut up by the tributaries of the St. John and the western feeders of the Allegish Rivers.

Seven Islands is inhabited by hunters, gum gatherers and by people who come from Canada. It is a place without a store, hotel, clergymen or physicians. It would not be at all strange for a case of smallpox to be there and the disease once started, from the condition of things, would spread through the settlement.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A sentinel angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard the shrill wail ring out from purgatory:
"Have mercy, mighty angel; hear my story!

"I loved, and blind with passionate love I fell,
Love brought me down to death, and death is hell;
For god is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against His high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be;
But for my love on earth, who mourns for me.

"Great spirit! Let me see my love again,
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel: "Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment."

But still she wailed: "I pray thee, let me go!
I cannot rise to pease and leave him so.
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar.
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
he rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed: "I found him by the summer sea,
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee——
She "curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept: "Now let my punishment begin."
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answeoed: "Nay, sad soul, go hither.
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

[The above poem was written by the Hon. John Hay, of Indiana, now Ambassador of the United States to England.—Ed.]

W. H. & R. S. Tucker and Company Assign.

A considerable surprise to nearly all the people in the State was flashed over the wires last Tuesday when the following dispatch was sent out:

"The business of W. H. & R. S. Tucker, established in 1818, and the largest dry goods house in the State, is in the hands of trustees for settlement. The co-partnership heretofore existing between Messrs. James Boylan, Theo. W. Dobbin and William Boylan, under the firm name, of W. H. & R. S. Tucker, has been disolved by mutual consent, and on account of the magnitude of the business, it was deemed best to turn everything over to disinterested parties with power to wind up the business by selling out the stock and paying the debts. With this object in view the firm to-day filed in the court house, a deed of trust to Ernest Haywood, Wm. B. Snow and William R. Tucker, with power to wind up business. Neither member has any homstead or exemption out of the firm's assets. The debts preferred amount to $31,316."

This firm was considered one of the strongest in the State and has probably done the largest retail and wholesale business of any firm in the State. The liabilities are said to be about $100,000 and the assets of the company about $130,000. This is another proof of the McKinley prosperity wave.

If you want to get the home news subscribe for this paper