



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

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\*\* In forty years the population of Ireland has decreased about half, due to the immigration principally to the United States. The Irish form the greater part of immigration to this country. Nothing attracts people who are civilized and intelligent so much as freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience.

\*\* In Iowa last week the democrats, populists and free silver republicans held their State conventions to nominate State officers. They made a ticket all through and put out a ticket composed of two democrats, two free silver republicans and one populist. The ticket will be headed "Democrat." The middle of the road populists got mad and withdrew from the convention. They did not want fusion in theirs.

\*\* The pardoning power conferred upon the Governor is being used quite freely by his excellency, Hon. Daniel L. Russell and nearly every week one or more criminals are freed from the State penitentiary by his executive clemency. Some of the papers have criticised quite severely some pardons that he has made. An innocent man in prison should be pardoned as quickly as possible. A guilty man should be punished to the extent of the crime committed. The enforcement of the laws makes a people respect the government.

\*\* Eugene V. Debs, the man who gained notoriety as the leader of the great strike in Chicago and who was subsequently sent to jail for contempt of court is now trying to organize a colony of unemployed workmen and their families and emigrate to some far western state and form a "social democracy" where all citizens will own everything in common. His idea may probably be a good one, but men who will not work unless they can get their price for it will hardly work in a "social democracy" clearing lands and farms, building houses etc. for nothing only what they eat and wear.

\*\* A populist candidate for Governor of Maine in the last election by name of Bateman has circulated reports with the idea of retarding the increasing popularity of W. J. Bryan. He has issued a statement that Bryan offered the national populist committee \$1,500 to be used as campaign funds provided the committee would endorse the nominee of the democratic party for president. This statement has been denied by Senators Allen, Butler, Teller and Stewart as utterly untrue. Mr. Bryan did tender \$1,500 royalties from the sale of his book to the populist committee, but it was declined by chairman Butler who says there were no conditions whatever expressed with the tender of the money.

\*\* England boasts that the sun never sets upon her possessions and points to this fact with pride, yet with all her great landed possessions she is nothing like so rich in natural resources as the United States upon whose territory the sun never sets for when the sun sets in western Alaska it has risen in eastern Maine. We have more miles of railroad, more banks, more manufactories, more schools, more churches, more libraries and the most contented people than any nation on the earth, all of which has been made in the last four hundred years, and principally since this century came in. See what a republican form of government has done in a little over a hundred years—from a small handful of people to the greatest nation on earth.

Friends and patrons of Wake Forest and Trinity who wish their boys to win first distinction at these colleges are solicited to send their sons to Horner School, Oxford, N. C.

MY KING.

You are all that I have to live for— All that I want to love, All that the whole world holds for me Of a faith in the world above! You came—and it seemed too mighty For my humble heart to hold, It seemed, in its sacred glory, Like a glimpse through the Gate of Gold, Like life in the parental Eden, Created, formed anew— This dream of perfect manhood That I realize in you.

God created me a woman, With a nature just as true As the blue, eternal ocean— As the sky that is over you, And you are mine until your maker calls you— Your soul and your body, Sweet! Your breath and the whole of your being, From your kindly hand to your feet— Your eyes and the light in them— Your lips, with their maddening wine, Your arms, with their passionate clasp, my king— Your body and soul are mine.

No power, whatsoever, No will but God's alone, Can take you from my keeping; You are his and mine alone!

I know not where, if ever— I know not when or how Death's hands may try the fetters That bind us here and now; But some day, when God beckons, Where rise his toadstool palaces, My soul shall cross the river And lay you in his arms; Forever and forever, beyond the Silent Sea, You will rest in the Arms Eternal, And still belong to me.

Severe Hail Storm in Kansas.

Topeka, Kan., June 24.—The worst hail storm known in the history of Kansas struck this city shortly after six o'clock tonight. Hail stones weighing 12 to 16 ounces stripped the trees of their foliage, smashed window panes on every hand, including the finest plate store fronts, cut down telegraph and telephone wires, riddled awnings and inflicted unprecedented damage throughout the city. Dogs were struck in the streets and instantly killed. Horses were knocked to their knees. Runaways occurred throughout the city. When the fury of the storm had passed, dead birds were found everywhere. A heavy wind and terrific lightning accompanied the storm.

Topeka to-night looks like a city that has withstood a siege of war guns. There are not a dozen buildings in the town that are not almost windowless and many roofs were caved in. The roofs of street cars also were pierced. The damage wrought can be imagined when it is known that the hail stones ranged in size from that of a hens egg to an ostrich egg, and that thirty minutes after the storm one hail stone was picked up which measured 14 inches in circumference. Surgeons are busy dressing the wounds of persons injured in the storm, and reports of injuries continue to be received. Many were hurt in runaways on the streets.

Just what has been expected all along from Capt. John Smith's policy of putting on negro guards and guards got to sleep while on duty, then taking off the balls and chains from convicts and finally giving them a dance, has happened. Here it is: "Thirty-five convicts, employed at the Castle Hayne Farm, made a break for liberty. Several were shot down though none were killed. The firing stopped a number of those who broke, but seven managed to escape."

There are those who predict that if the superintendent keeps up his present policy he will wake up one of these mornings to find himself and his sleeping guards the only occupants of the penitentiary. The birds they are put there to watch and guard will have vamoosed.—News & Observer.

\*\* Barnes Bros., printers of Raleigh, have been given the contract to do the State printing. It is said they will get at least \$20,000 more for the work, under the contract, than it is worth to do this work. They are populists and get this work for compensation for services rendered in helping the republicans to get control of the State government.

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

When Mr. Moody First Left Home. THE EVANGELIST TELLS OF HIS FIRST DREARY JOURNEY INTO THE BUSY WORLD.

"There are acts of love shown me when I was a mere child that have influenced my whole life," writes Evangelist Dwight L. Moody to his Bible Class in the July Ladies' Home Journal. "There were nine of us children, and my widowed mother had very great difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door. My next older brother had found a place for me to work during the winter months in a neighboring village about thirteen miles away, and early one November morning we started out together on our dismal journey. Do you know November has been a dreary month to me ever since? As we passed over the river and up the opposite side of the valley we turned to look back for a last look at home. It was to be my last view for weeks, for months, perhaps forever, and my heart well nigh broke at the thought. That was the longest journey I ever took, for thirteen miles was more to me at ten than the world's circumference has ever been since.

"When at last we arrived in the town I had hard work to keep back my tears, and my brother had to do his best to cheer me. Suddenly he pointed, to some one and said: 'There's a man that'll give you a cent; he gives one to every new boy that comes to town.' I was so afraid that he would pass me by that I planted myself directly in his path. He was a feeble, old, white-haired man. As he came up to us my brother spoke to him, and he stopped and looked at me. 'Why, I have never seen you before,' he said. He asked me about my home, and then, laying his trembling hand upon my head, he told me that, although I had no earthly father, my Heavenly Father loved me, and then he gave me a bright new cent. I do not remember what became of that cent, but that old man's blessing has followed me for over fifty years, and to my dying day I shall feel the kindly pressure of that hand upon my head. A loving deed costs very little, but, done in the name of the Christ, it will be eternal. This divine love is what the Church of God needs to-day. We discuss and argue over methods and means, but, after all, the solution of the problem is love."

Took 30 Drinks in 40 Minutes.

Winston, N. C., June 24.—Mr. W. B. Young, of Southern, Va., aged about 40 years, died from convulsions, produced by strong drink in the office of his physician, Dr. Fearington, at 5:20 o'clock. The deceased came to Winston six weeks ago and was employed by contractors to superintend the construction of a large dam across the Yadkin river. He had been drinking nearly ever since he arrived here. He owns the large Buffalo farm near Sutherland and is said to be the proprietor of the Star tobacco warehouse at Danville. He told his physician to-day that he took thirty drinks of whiskey in forty minutes and would die. His only brother, professor of English literature in Richmond College, died two weeks ago. Mr. Young requested that his remains be sent to his cousin J. R. Chaney, at Sutherland, and this will be done. When he came here he had \$600. About \$100 of this is supposed to be in the bank. It will require more than that amount to pay his hotel and other bills about town.—News & Observer.

J. Crawford Biggs led his class at the University, graduated with the highest average attained by any graduate since the war. He was prepared at the Horner School, Oxford, N. C.

WOMAN'S COLUMN. ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE LADIES, FURNISHED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

What shall I do lest life in silence pass? And if it do, And never prompt the pray of noisy What aell'st thou rue? (Dress, Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute; The shallows roar; Wo, th is the Ocean—Fame is but the Along the shore. What shall I do to be forever known? The duty ever. This did full many who yet slept un- Oh! never, never! (knowa— Think'st thou, perchance, that they re- main blown— Whom then know'st not? By angel-trumps in heaven their praise is Divine their lot. What shall I do to gain eternal life? Discharge aright The simple dues with which each day is Yea, with thy might. Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise Will life be fled. While he, who ever acts as conscience Shall live, though dead. (cries, —SCHILLER.

WHY DO NOT WOMEN SUCCEED IN BUSINESS.

The vexed question of the reason for women's non-success in business,—allowing what many will not admit, that she does not succeed,—is ably treated by Esther Lewis Jones in the Working-Women's Journal.

The rule is, she says, that women do not succeed in business. When they are forced to make their board and cloths, they do it with more or less comfort. Four walls, a seat or standing room, are offered for six days in the week to make a living for seven, by becoming a part of a curiously differentiated mechanism, which makes money for its projectors. Many there are who accept these terms—incarceration for a livelihood; wages, therefore, are low.

Your average woman has a reputation for being late. She has little idea of values of proportion, of the sacredness of appointments. Your average woman has also a reputation for crying when attention is called to her shortcomings. She has made this reputation for herself. The employer has a reputation for putting up with it; it saves emotions, it saves pennies. Her conscientiousness goads her to make up for her shortcomings by rushing. This is wearing to her nerves. Your average woman requires special treatment—concessions—on account of her sex; at least, so men say.

Your average woman will not take risks; she lets another take the risks and reap the benefits. Her bird in the hand is of more value than the two in the bush which might be hers, if she dared to use her first to catch the two she wants. She will not go into debt; and yet the business of the world is done on borrowed capital. How interesting statistics would be as to the number of women who, from their resources as wagners, are able to assume the responsibility of a three-thousand-dollar house, with all its expenses. A man is doing little if he does this. If a woman supports herself and another in rooms, the world says she is doing nobly.

Women's clothing—working women's especially—is adapted neither for use nor for beauty. It is intended for the latter, but it lacks fitness, an essential of beauty. Women's waists are to tight, their skirts are too long; they cannot be made use of as general factotums. How ridiculous to expect a slim-waisted be-frizzled, drapery-entrammled maiden to sweep the store, run errands, or work her way up to membership in a firm! They are generally "made places for" a little above errand boys, which they are known to retain till matrimony or death seizes them; such positions are so steady and ladylike.

Your average woman's interest in the future is but a dreary wondering as to how it will all turn out; she takes no active measures to make it turn out her way. Recall to women—one who has a plan and who works it out; another, who has no plan, though she work long and hard; you have your pict-

ures of the woman who succeeds and the woman who fails.

Your average working woman rarely saves. Gladly she saves for a wedding outfit; dismally and later in life to gain entrance to a Home, or to insure decent burial. Take your woman that saves—does she know how to invest her saving? Again, statistic would be interesting as to the number of women who have from few hundreds made thousands, millions. It would be refreshing, after the stories of vicious squanderings of inherited fortunes by men trusted of women.

Men's attitude towards women is quite as forbidable a factor to be overcome as their own lapse and laxness. Consider the men who were making an ideal life for wife and children; the men who are making homes for wife and children, mothers and sisters, and who, wisely or unwisely, are sorry for the other women who, from choice necessity, trudge along alone. Consider the men who take women as a joke, her efforts to be laughed at—the men who scorn and belittle her efforts. Consider also the men who are not fit even far business association with women; consider the composites, and how many are left to take a rational attitude? Men are chivalrous to men; they know how hard it is to support a family; therefore, the higher salaries are reserved for men with families to support.

Not to antagonize, not to placate, but to hold and enrich her own is women's work. Man's attitude will veer when occasion demands it, not before. It makes some men feel badly to see a lady making her own living, so they say. She must, however, be a lady to avoid hurt to fine feeling that one in one thousand is the ratio of women to men in places where it is worth while to be employed.

Men and women get what they are worth in this world, but to get it they must know how; must know exactly what their worth is, and how to make it more; must know what the world is, and what it wants, and then go to work to give and to get, and to give again. Accepting the fact that there is necessity for many women to earn their living. I leave out of the question all its social, economic domestic, and ideal phases. Woman's place in the world is wherever she chooses it; she has only to see that she fills it well and that she receives its recompense in full.

Murdered in Bed.

Lexington, N. C., June 23.—Another horrible tragedy has been committed in Lexington. At 3:20 o'clock this morning, a burglar entered the March House and shot and instantly killed Mrs. A. A. Springs, a most estimable lady, and wife of the proprietor, in her bed. The murderer escaped through a window in the office on the front side of the hotel. Mr. Springs was sleeping with his wife at the time, and was only aroused by the discharge of the pistol. The room was dark and he could not recognize the murderer, but thinks he was a white man of slender build. The building now used for the March House is the former dwelling of the late Dr. R. L. Payne, the new hotel not yet being completed.

Every effort will be made to capture the murderer. Parties at Charlotte and Burlington were wired for blood hounds, and at 3 o'clock this afternoon the dogs arrived from Burlington, and were at once put upon the track, which they followed for two miles and then lost it.

Another effort will be made to-night. If this devil in human form is caught, his time here will be short.—News and Observer.

The murderer has not been caught at this writing. The dogs could not follow the track.

Get Ayer's Cherry Pectoral "Get it honest if you can, but—get it." It cures all coughs and colds.

The Nation's Debt to Dolly Madison.

SAVED THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE FROM FALLING INTO BRITISH HANDS. The capture, invasion and burning of our National Capital by British forces under Admiral Cockburn are graphically recalled by Clifford Howard in the July Ladies' Home Journal in its notable "Great Personal Events" series. Mr. Howard lucidly tells of the incidents leading up to the invasion, and pictures the terror and excitement of the people of Washington, who fled shouting, screaming, jostling one another under foot, into Virginia as the enemy approached. President Madison had gone to the front, and his wife was anxiously awaiting his return in fear for his safety. The White House attaches had nearly all deserted their posts, but Mrs. Madison had packed all her husband's papers and records, and as she was about to abandon the house bethought herself of General Washington's portrait. The heavy frame inclosing it was broken by a servant with an axe, and she removed the canvas with her own hands, keeping it from falling into the hands of the enemy.

"It was then," writes Mr. Howard, "just as she was in the act of hurrying away, that Dolly Madison was seized with an inspiration that will ever cause her name to live in the heart of every true American. She stopped to think. What if the White House should be burned? Did it contain anything of value to the Government that she had neglected? The Declaration of Independence? In a flash she called to mind this most precious of all documents. Carefully treasured in a case apart from the other papers it had been overlooked in the worriment and confusion. It must be saved at all hazards! Without a moment's hesitation she turned and rushed back into the house. Stop! for Heaven's sake, stop! cried her friends, vainly endeavoring to intercept her. Regardless of their commands, regardless of her danger, the brave woman sped to the room containing the treasure for which she was willing to sacrifice her life. Without attempting to open the glazed door of the case she shattered the glass with her clenched hand, snatched the priceless parchment, and, waving it exultantly above her head hurried to the door, where she entered her carriage and was rapidly driven away in the direction of Georgetown.

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An Airship Takes Fire.

A dispatch from Berlin, dated June 12, states that Herr Woelfert, a noted aeronaut, and his assistant Knabe, made an experiment ascent in a steerable airship from the Tempelhof field. When the balloon, which had been filled at the military ballooning establishment, had reached a considerable height, estimates of which vary from 1,700 to 3,000 feet, a loud explosion occurred, and the next moment the balloon was seen to be ablaze. The car, which was also on fire, detached itself from the burning silk and fell with fearful rapidity to the ground. Both of the occupants were found to be dead. Their bodies were horribly burned. It appears that the benzine used in the sterling motor exploded, causing the disaster.

GENERAL NEWS.

NEWS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Last Wednesday at New Orleans the thermometer reached 96 degrees, and ten deaths and many persons prostrated by sunstroke were reported in the city.

The Japanese government has notified President McKinley that if Hawaii is annexed to the United States it will have to be done with arms as it will protect the interests of its citizens in the islands.

An insult was given the United States flag at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the Queen's jubilee day. A flag which was displayed from the residence of an American citizen was ruthlessly torn away and destroyed.

While all England and her colonies were celebrating the Queen's jubilee in great pomp the crown's subjects in India are starving from want of food and the plague. At Bombay two of the Queen's officers were shot, one killed and the other badly wounded, by some of the natives. Placards and small leaflets were distributed among the people denouncing the celebration of the jubilee and saying that "none but demons would celebrate the Queen's Jubilee when famine, earthquake and plague prevailed and while temples were being polluted by the plague officials."

The English government is considered the annexation of Hawaii to the United States with a view of creating sentiment against it. Mr. Becket, conservative in the House of Commons last week asked the government if it was aware that "Queen Liliuokalani has been deposited by a small body of Americans, who, without right or title, have assumed sovereignty over Hawaii, and now, to save themselves from the resentment of the people, have requested the American Government to annex Hawaii; and whether Great Britain proposes to allow this most important coaling station to pass into the hands of the United States without protest?"

She Objects to Snoring.

St. Louis, June 25.—Mrs. Mary Johns who lives at the Columbia Hotel, is afflicted with a husband who snores. He is no ordinary snorer, for when he sleeps his wife remains awake. At 3 o'clock this morning Mrs. Johns went up to the City Dispensary and asked Dr. Edger Thompson to prescribe something for her husband.

"I can't stand it any longer," she said. "I can't get no rest. His snoring is something frightful and I have tried all the remedies I ever heard of. I have rolled him over on his side, tied his jaw shut and tried to scare him by pushing him out on the floor but it does no good. He gets worse and worse. What can I do?"

The doctor said he could not advise her, and then she added:

"Well, I am going to file suit for divorce. I can't stand it any longer. I am dying for lack of sleep."

Frank Parham and S. R. Buxton graduated at Wake Forest at head of class of '95; the one being Valectorian and the other Salutatorian. Both were prepared at the Horner School, Oxford, N. C. Mr. Parham is now Professor of Greek in a college in Mississippi.

When Bely was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Mim, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

F. P. Hobgood, Jr., Professor in the Columbian College, Washington, D. C. graduated Valectorian of his class at Wake Forest College after being there only two years. He was prepared at the Horner School, Oxford, N. C.