State Library

THE COUNTY UNION.

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

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A COAST TRADITION.

IRENE NORMAN MCKAY.

Away on the desolate eastern shore
Swept by the Hatteras gales,
When the long day's work on the sea is
over,
The fishermen tell their tales;
And gathering close by the blazing
hearth
While the ocean looms afar
They whisper—all hushed is the children's mirth—
The story of Nag's Head bar.

Long, long ago to that barren coast
The murderous wreckers came
And many and many a life was lost
Because of a flickering flame
Which, moving slow on the sandy hill
And moved by the breezes breath
Rising and falling but never still
Was a Will o'the wisp of death

For how could the watching sailors
know
As it gleamed through the black
night red
They saw but a lantern's feeble glow
On a broker pony's head!
Or how could they guess in the heavy
gloom—
The story seemed past belief—
They were drifting on to a dreadful
doom
At the hands of the pirate chief!

So, seeing the flames as it rose and sank,
The helmsman would fearless steer,
By the beacon light as he thought the
bank,
With never a thought of fear.
But woe to the vessel sailing straight
Where the seething breakers comb!
And woe to the loving hearts that wait
For the good ship's coming home!

And even yet, the fishermen say
On many a Winter night
When the curlew's cry comes over the
bay
And the mad sea's crest is white
Borne on on the tempest's wailing
breath
You may hear though faint and far,
The shrieks of the sailors lured to death
On the treacherous Nag's Head bar.

What is News.

Recently The Augusta Chronicle contained an interesting article on "What is News?" and in reply there to, it answered its own query as follows:

"News is anything that the general public ought to know."

"News consists of events that are either very usual or every unusual."

"News is the daily record of the human race put into convenient form for the public."

"News is the panamora of the world every twenty-four hours in embryo."

"News is whatever the public will read and pay for."

"News is anything from Jones' arrival in town to the fall of an empire."

"News is the truth concerning men, nations, and things. That is truth concerning them which is helpful, or pleasant, or useful, or necessary, for a reader to know."

While on this subject our contemporary refers to the practice which people make of requesting that news concerning themselves be left out of the paper. They want all the news, but if it is about themselves or those connected with them, they ask that it be omitted, but if it is about other people they like to see it in print. In other words, "if the news is about us leave it out; if about the other fellow; print it, and be sure to give the full story."

This is about the idea which many convey to the newspaper man, and there is hardly a day that some request along the above line is not made of the daily newspapers.

It never occurs probably that the requests are embarrassing to the newspaper men, but all the same it is. As the Chronicle observes, "when it comes to eulogy and flattery, however undeserved and extravagant, these people are ready enough to see that in print; and it is astonishing how much it takes to satisfy them. As long as it is sunshine they will say publish it by all means, but when a shadow comes their way; when they violate law; when the aspect in which they will appear before the public is not complimentary, then at once they say: "Keep it out of the papers."

This is human nature. But should a newspaper publisher accede to the request? Is he dealing fairly with those who pay for the news? these are questions that persons who request the suppression of legitimate news items should consider.—Norfolk Virginian.

CASTORIA.

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

** The wreckers of the American National Bank at New Orleans, president and cashier, were last week sentenced to eight years each in the United States penitentiary. Prompt prosecution and conviction of bank defaulters will have a tendency to lessen the failure of banks.

* * *

** No increase in the revenue on tobacco will be made by the Dingley tariff bill—the old rate of six cents a pound will remain. Cotton bagging and cotton ties will remain on the free list. White pine lumber will be taxed at $1.00 per 1000 feet.

* * *

** President McKinley has been at the head of the government now 120 days and Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow has severed the official heads of more than 8,000 fourth class postmasters with his republican axe during this time. It is said that he is beating any predecessor in the number of removals and appointments to office.

* * *

** Shipping fruit from California to Europe is getting to be quite an industry. The fruit is shipped in cars across the continent to New York thence by steamer to London and Liverpool. The first shipment this season was six carloads started from Sacramento last Tuesday night for London which place the shippers expected to reach in twelve days.

* * *

** Senator Mills, of Texas, introduced an amendment to the tariff bill Saturday placing a tax of 20 cents a pack on playing cards, which was accepted by the Senate. This tax will raise considerable revenue to the government. It is an increase of 18 cents per pack, the tax under the Wilson bill being 2 cents per pack. This is a tax well placed and should be adopted by the House when the bill goes to it for concurrence.

* * *

** Building and Loan Associations in Kentucky are seemingly having a rough time of late in that State. Only a short while ago the largest Associations in the South with headquarters at Knoxville, Tenn., went into the hands of receivers, and now comes Louisville with four assignments in three days last week of the largest Associations in that city, and still Congress is debating the tariff and revenue and not doing anything to restore confidence in the money market.

* * *

** Postmaster General Gary is the only member of President McKinley's cabinet that is from the South and he being from Maryland is not a Southerner to hurt, but he has knowledge of the South enough to know that the people down here don't want negroes for postmasters. He is quoted as saying that no negro would be appointed to any postoffice where there had never been a negro postmaster. He said it was "a social as well as a political matter and that he would not inflict on any community a colored postmaster, provided it had never had one before."

* * *

The city of New York has been excited for the past week over one of the most brutal and fiendish murders known in the the catalogue of crimes. Parts of the body of a man was found floating in the river. The legs, arms and head were severed from the body and hid in different places. The head has not yet been found. The portions of the body found have been identified as the remains of a man named Guldensuppe who lived with a woman named Nack. The police have arrested the woman and the circumstances tend to show that she is the perpetrator of the crime.

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

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

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

GRACIOUSNESS OF MANNER.

Every woman in the world would like to possess a gracious and pleasing manner, but the impression seems to prevail that such things comes, as Dodberry thought reading and writing did, "by nature." To some indeed, it is given to have a winning sweetness of presence, and a tact that knows when and how to say the word in season but lacking this natural endowment much can be done to cultivate an agreeable manner.

The first requisite towards making one's self agreeable is unselfishness. Try to remember that the one absorbing topic of interest to every one is themselves, their houses, their servants, their children. No one is ever bored so long as you encourage them to converse freely and unstrainedly about themselves. When it comes to listening to you, that, as Mr. Kipling would justly observe, is quite another story. A clever woman of the world, a woman with infinite tact and vastly popular, once confessed that the only person she had ever met who was really interested in hearing about her own affairs, what she thought and felt, was her mother.

The fascinating woman, which is another way of saying the woman with agreeable manners, is never the woman who drags the family skeleton from its closet. She does not begrudge paying a friend a compliment. She acts like a tonic on those about her, stimulating them to healthy and cheerful enjoyment of the world.

One of the chief charms about her is that she understands the art of letting people be mistaken. She does not fancy that it is her duty to set the world aright. If her husband says he came home at 4 o'clock she does not say: "No; it was 3:55." If a guest says that Shakespeare wrote the "Psalms of Life," she lets it go that way. She does not point out to her friends who has bought a ready-made gown on the supposition that she was economizing that she might have had a tailor-built frock for the same money.

There is no other such intolerable nuisance in society as the woman who is always setting people right. She has all the dates in history at her fingers' ends. She is always correcting us, and worse luck, she is always aggravatingly right.

The agreeable woman takes the trouble to think out the subjects other people are most interested in. She realizes that nothing is more exasperating to a specialist, for instance, than to meet with some one who tries to inform him on subjects he has spent years in studying, and nothing more subtly flattering than to have others appeal to him for information on a topic on which he feels himself an authority.

So great and potent are the charms of an agreeable manners, so far do they go towards making or marring one's success in life, the subject is worthy of the most serious consideration by every woman. Not only should she cultivate agreeable manners herself, but she should see that the foundation of good manners should be laid in the nursery—not only the decencies of life but the graces should be taught to every child as soon as they are able to understand anything. In one well-regulated nursery known to the writer the children never receive a thing that is asked for in a cross or impatient voice. A common expression is "when you ask for it pleasantly, I will get it for you," and it is needless to say that sour looks and sulkiness are an unknown quantity in that home. More than that the children so taught graciousness of looks and speech from their very babyhood will go out into the world like rays of sunshine to be eagerly welcomed by all. A wise mother can give her children no better talisman than gracious manners to carry with them in their journey through life.—Picayune.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

If you speak the right word at the right time; if you are careful to leave a good impression; if you do not trespass upon the rights of others; if you always think of others as well as yourself; if you do not forget the courtesies which belong to your position, you are quite sure to accomplish much in life which others with equal abilities fail to do. This is where the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. It is where you make people feel that you are unselfish and honorable and truthful and sincere. This is what society is looking for in men and it is astonishing how much men are able to win forself-respect and usefulness who possess these qualities of good breeding. It is almost the turning point of success in practical life. People will not, in long run have about them persons who make themselves offensive, and they yield position and influence quickly and gracefully to persons who make themselves useful in a genial way. This is the point where friends are at once most forgiving and most exacting. They will overlook great neglects if they can be assured of the loving heart behind the outward sight; but the moment you do rude things in a rude spirit and with personal coldness and selfishness the friends make the bitterest enemies. It may be set down as a rule that one can never afford not to be a gentleman. It is best to learn this rule early and practice it late. it is not well to say mean things of another, because in most cases you will have to take back all in bitterness of heart when he does you an unexpected favor. It is not wise to treat anyone brusquely, because you cannot always judge a bird by the feathers it has on. It is not well to look down on anybody, because the time may come when he may look down on you. There is a certain selfhood in every one that should be respected. We have no right to infringe upon it. It is not a mere conventional rule; it is something in the nature of things, that you should always show a delicate regard for others. One who does not fail here is never known utterly to fail elsewhere.

SYMPATHY.

A little word from awarm heart to a fellow-being burdened with care, or sorrow,, how sweet it is! It is not from joyous, untried youth whence we may expect sympathy, but it comes as a reward to one who has learned to "suffer and be strong."

It is a reward, a rich gift, for it brings its possessor the sweet satisfaction of an unselfish desire to help others; and when to desire is added an accomplished deed, then reward is a fact and a blessed one. Like mercy its quality is not strained "but blesses him that gives and him that seeks."

There never was a man or woman so selfreliant, but what at some time the touch of this divine well-spring of humanity would not have been sweet and helpful. The cynic and hermit are made of the material which has not been permeated or made malleable by sympathy. Christ himself longed for it, as He showed by His "could ye not watch one hour?" in sad but gentle rebuke to the disciples whom He took into Gethsemane. He also possessed in a measure which no human being ever can attain; and He gave it unstintedly, always, everywhere. Even when suffering the cruel pangs of the cross, He recognized the agony in his mother's face and with that last touch of loving thoughtfulness said: "Woman behold thy son!" Then saith He to the disciple, "Behold thy mother!"

FLIES.

Flies! Flies! Flies!
Like the clouds that rise
Far in the skies.

Floating myriad,
Humming, drumming myriad,
Would you were buried

In the far blue sea,
Far, far from me;
Buried deep down in the sea!

Buried to rise no more,
Never to see the shore,
Nor hum as before.

Do you not hear me?
Should you not fear me,
Coming so near me?

Know that for relief
I'll take a handkerchief
And drive you all to grief.

Thrash you and drive you away
Beyond the light of the day
Where shadows forever stay;

And where you will stay too,
Scattered cold in the dew
For the deeds that you do.

Then, no longer tormented,
No longer prevented
I'll sit down contented,

Beneath the skies azure
And write out with pleasure
Your elegy's measure.

Write of your crimes,
And how many times
You spoiled my rhymes.

Write of your badness,
And tell without sadness—
Tell it with gladness.

The victory's won
The flies are done;
Killed, every one.

Nor for your elation
Give a word of laudation,
Torments of the nation!

—H. C. in Rowland Times

Pictures on Bank Notes.

An old woman in Scotland was living in abject poverty. Her neighbors thought it strange, knowing that she had a son in America reputed to be in comfortable circumstances. One day one of them ventured to ask her about the matter.

"Does your son ever send you any money?"

"No," reluctantly answered mother; but eager to defend him against the implied charge of forgetfulness and ingratitude, she added, "But he writes me nice long letters and sends me pretty pictures in almost every one of them."

"Where are these pictures?" queried the visitor; "may I see one of them?" And the old woman went to the old Bible, and there between the leaves lay the "pictures" that her son had been sending from America through all these years.

What were they? Nothing more nor less than bank notes each for a considerable amount. During all this time of need the woman had under hand a sum of money suffcient to satisfy her every want, and she did not know of it. She had looked at the pictures; they had been to her reminders of her far-off son and evidence that he had not forgotten her, and that was all. —Exchange.

Cadet Neil D. Emerson at Horner's.

The Oxford Ledger of yesterday, in referring to the closing exercises at Horner's school, pays the following deserved compliment to a Wilmington boy: Messenger.

"All the declaimers and essayists did splendidly as is always the case with the Horner cadets, but conspicuously meritorious was the declamation of Cadet Neil D. Emerson, of Wilmington, N. C. His subject was the 'Dream of Clarence,' and this young man spoke with a beauty, earnestness and eloquence that electrified all present, eliciting a storm of well deserved applause. His rare gifts will assuredly win for him future fame on the arena of eloquence if he will cultivate his native gifts in that direction. He was awarded the declaimer's medal and was fortunate as the recipient of many beautiful flowers."

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.

Hailstorms Scattered.

The principles of producing rain by means of powerful disturbances of the upper strata of air by means of explosions turned out to be unsuccessful, but the reverse principle, that of dissipating rain and hailstorms by means of explosions in the upper currents of air has proved successful. Unlike the rain-producing experiments carried out in this country which was conducted for the exposition of a scientific principle, the experiments which proved successful were carried out in Austria for the commercial purpose of protecting valuable vineyards from the devastation of hail storms which are of frequent occurrence in that section of country. Mr. Albert Stiger, Burgomaster of Windisch-Freistritz (lower Steinmark, Austria) owns extensive vineyards, situated on the southern slopes of the Bacher Mountains, a locality often visited by destructive hail storms. According to Consul Germain, at Zurich, having expended a great deal of money and labor on the improvement of his lands and in securing choice cuttings from which to raise his vines, he began to experiment to protect his crops from their worst enemy—hail. At first he purchased galvanized iron wire netting and stretched it over five acres of his best vines, but found the scheme too expensive for general application. He therefore, concluded to try the shooting or explosive system to scatter the clouds and drive away approaching hail storms. He erected six stations on the six most prominent summits surrounding the locality and commanding a territory of about two miles in extent. These stations, built of wood, shelter ten heavy mortars each. In the neighborhood of every station is a cabin, in which the necessary powder is stored.

A corps of volunteers, consisting of neighbors who are also owners of small vineyards, have been trained to handle the mortars at the slightest indication of an approaching storm. The mortars are immediately manned and loaded with about four and a quarter ounces of powder each, and shooting commenced simultaneously and continues regularly out of the sixty mortars until the clouds have scattered and the storm has blown over. These experiments were anxiously watched by the citizens of Windisch-Freistritz last summer. At the approach of threatening black clouds over the summits of the Bacher Mountains a signal was given and all the mortars were fired off, and the continuous detonations in a few moments caused a sudden reaction in the movements of the clouds. The cloud wall opened up funnel-like, the mouth of the funnel began to rise in the form of consecutive rings expanding gradually until all of the clouds scattered and entirely disappeared. There was no hail or even a sudden downpour of rain. The same experience was gone through six times last summer, and has without a single exception proven a successful preventive.—Philadelphia Record.

A volcano in the Phillippine Islands known as the Mayou sent forth eruptions last week for the first time since the year 1617 and 120 persons were destroyed with the village Liboug in the province of Albay.

CASTORIA.

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ONE KISS.

If we, who never met, should meet,
And after meeting, come to know
That, if we had but sooner met,
We might have loved each other so;

If, after meeting many times,
The thought should swell into regret
That God had not ordained it so;
That we in freedom could have met;

If, looking in each others eyes—
The while both knew the same sweet
care,
And all but passion—conquered—we
Should read the same thought written
there;

If, knowing then that we must walk
Henceforth in ways as far apart
As sea to sea, because each saw
What trembled in the other's heart;

Then, if for but one single time,
Well knowing, too, that it was wrong,
Our lips should meet in one last kiss,
Replete with passion, tender, long;

Would this, I say, be sin so black—
Let those all-sinless cast the stone—
That a whole blameless after-life
Could never for it quite atone?

—Ella Higginson in N. Y. World.

STATE NEWS.

ITEMS OF NEWS GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE.

A census, says the Argus, of Goldsboro shows 5,000 people and 150 dogs in the town's limits.

The Dispensary for Fayetteville began business on the first of the month and the twelve saloons that had been doing business in the town closed their doors.

The Park Hotel at Raleigh has been sold to Mr. J. C. Brown for $30,000. It is said that the Hotel cost the Page Lumber Company $75,000 to build it.

Judy Roberson, col., died on the Roberson farm in Belvoir township on the 13th of June, at the advanced age of 120 years. She belonged to the Roberson family, and a few years ago, before the death of Mr. John Roberson, son of her first master, the date of her birth was traced up and it is said that the above age is correct. She was able to do work up to this year. She picked a little cotton and did some other light work last year.

An earthquake occured here about 11:45 o'clock last Monday night. The shock was perceptibly felt in various parts of the city. It was not a severe shock but was deep and tremulous, lasting several seconds. In one part of the town a lady was frightened at the shock and jumped out of bed. In other parts of the city people were awakened from their sleep and thought burglars were trying to enter their homes. So far as learned no damage was done.——Conductor D. P. Estels and Engineer J. A. Shuman brought down on the Western yesterday morning six car loads of chickens, containing in all forty thousand. They came from Western North Carolina and Tennesse, and were shipped to the Northern cities. —Salisbury Sun.

An old bachelor who had lately been hanging the pictures of an exhibition, having rejected those of a certain painter, was waited upon by the painter's wife, to know why, when he had the courage to address the lady in the following terms: "Madam, the reason your husband's pictures were rejected was that they were as big as a tree; but if he will send us anything as small as you are, and as pretty, and as nicely framed, and as well painted, we'll hang it."

An engine on the Chicago and Northern Pacific railroad bursted last Thursday while running at full speed and pulling a train of cars loaded with passengers. The engineer and fireman were instantly killed being thrown fifty feet into the air. Three passengers were seriously hurt.

* Guilford county is reported to have more corporations and largest capital of any county in the State. The number of corporations doing business is 93 and the capital stock invested is $2,000,000.