



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

DUNN, N. C., SEPTEMBER 8, 1897.

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WOMAN'S COLUMN.

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

THE DAY WE GATHERED GOLDENROD.

BY HATTIE WHITNEY.

A day of glancing arrow-points, Yet swathed in shadows, olive-deep, When curling leaves were shaken down And drifted to a pungent heap; When scarlet flowers fell asleep, Each in a fluff pillow-pool, And all the world was half a dream— The day we gathered goldenrod.

AN OLD-TIME ACCOMPLISHMENT.

We are given to saying that a woman's chief charm is herself. Just why we say it I am sure I do not know, except that, speaking for the masculine side, there is pleasure in saying gallant things; and speaking for both sides, there is relief akin to pleasure in slyly putting aside a nut that is hard to crack. Perhaps, however, it is about as near the truth as one can come in a general statement, for it seems to be about settled that we must look for the secret of a woman's charms, not in any of those graces which shine out conspicuously like the diamonds upon her bosom, but in the blending of certain quiet qualities which have their home in the depths of her soul, and which unite their rays before they reach the surface—just as one must look for the charms of a woman's dress, not in any pretentious ornaments, but in the harmonious blending of quiet colors and easy lines.

Among those quiet graces which unite their rays to make the charm which, if it eludes our grasp, does not fail to make itself felt is the grace of thankfulness. I do not mean conventional thanksgiving or post-mortem appreciation. I mean that something within us which perceives, appreciates and adequately responds to a favor. This grace belongs to mankind in general, but it reaches its highest development in woman. A man may feel thankful, but he lacks that sensitiveness which makes one conscious of the smallest favor, and most of all the proper media for conveying one's thanks for a favor rendered. Only woman is fully equipped to express the thanks she feels; and the woman who gracefully discharges her debts of gratitude is called charming, though we may not think of her talent for thanksgiving as having anything to do with her charm.

We are accustomed to go back to the past for perfect specimens of almost everything. I hope that I may be able to call attention to this grace as it was developed in our mothers without exciting any of those feelings which are said to be excited when a man discourses upon the merits of his mother's pies. For with our mothers thanksgiving was an art, and with many of us I am afraid it is only a lost art. The more one studies the American girl of a generation ago, the more one is impressed with this wonderful, quiet talent which she so highly prized and so constantly used. I think that to us men it seemed the chief secret of her charm. It may be only because a man is selfish and likes to be paid for the favors he bestows, but the average man cannot help looking back to those days as in some sense brighter than these, though he would hesitate to say

that they were better. It is hard to forget the girl who never left unpaid a debt of gratitude. It is hard to forget the girl who thanked you so sweetly for the seat you gave up in the car that all the men got up at once to taste its sweetness. It is hard to forget the girl who never once abused your ears or your kindness with a "Thanks—awfully!" It was a great accomplishment in part, it is true, but back of the drawing-room was a heart. Our mothers were taught that it is thankfulness that gives the charm to thanksgiving, and they did not make the mistake of trying to be charming from the lips outward. That is why their thanksgiving was both reasonable and duly proportioned. The girl who has cultivated the spirit of thankfulness does not gush over at the gift of a daisy, and a snap an indifferent "Thanks!" at the man who has lost a day from the office to gratify her little whim. Of course, those mothers of ours had their whims, and exercised the priceless privileges of thoughtlessness and snapping now and then, as girls, and other than girls, have always done; but I think it cannot be denied that the girl of a generation ago had a conscience on the subject of debts of gratitude such as few have had since her day.

I have said that I am afraid that with many of us to-day it is a lost art. I am sure that it is not given that prominence which it once had, and that it is not cultivated with the enthusiasm with which it once was. Girls are taught what etiquette says about it, but etiquette deals only from the lips outward, and the result is that even our language tells the story of the decadence of thanksgiving. A traveler from Mars might hear our "Thanks!" a million times and never suspect that it was meant as an acknowledgment of a favor; indeed, I am afraid he would return home under the impression that our young people are sure that up to, say a dozen years ago, in those parts of our country where gallantry has held out longest, one could not give up a seat in a car without being sure of a full return in an acknowledgment that meant to acknowledge something; and that to-day the average man is utterly upset and undone when his ears catch the old sweet sound.

The spirit of thankfulness is a fragrance which belongs to woman in every stage of her development. There is nothing in the demands of modern culture inimical to the culture of thanksgiving. It is not a difficult art, and the girl of the period is as well supplied with the material as the girl of the past. It is useless to try to acquire the art by merely studying the forms of graceful expression. You cannot disguise the sounding brass of purely formal thanks with all the art in the world. To give thanks one must be thankful—full of thanks. And to be thankful one must be "thankful." There is no other secret. One must think upon favors bestowed—one must give as serious thought to the things which are desired, if the heart is to be kept full. Of course, one should begin at the beginning and learn the art of giving thanks unto Him who is always giving. That is real incense which both ascends and spreads in a circle.—EDWARD L. PELL in Ladies' Home Journal.

J. W. Baggett, of Oak Grove, Fla., had an attack of measles, nearly three years ago, and the disease left him with very severe pains in the chest. "I thought I would die," he writes "but to my great joy, I was saved by Chamberlain's Pain Balm." Pains in the chest nearly always indicate the approach of pneumonia may be promptly applying this liniment on a flannel cloth, which should be bound on the chest, an attack of pneumonia may be prevented. It is always prompt and effective. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Sold by N. B. Hood, druggist, Dunn, N. C.

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Dumped President Van Buren

OLD ELM WHERE THE JOKE WAS PLAYED HAS HAD ITS DAY.

Improvements are now being made which will remove the stately old elm on the National road, just thirteen miles out of Indianapolis. It has long stood a reminder of a joke played on President Van Buren, in which the President was unceremoniously dumped out into a mire. The incident happened late in the '30s. Van Buren had been occupying the Presidential chair some time, and internal improvements were the order of the day. Van Buren was not favorable to a reckless expenditure of money for roads and internal improvements, and had vetoed several bills which had been lobbied by contractors who were then, as now, quick to take advantage of the Government.

William Hale in charge of the stage line from Indianapolis to Terre Haute, was one of these men. The road was really in a bad condition. President Van Buren at last decided to make a trip overland to the Mississippi to make a personal investigation of the highways. He was to go over the road which led from Indianapolis to Terre Haute. Nothing could have pleased Hale better than the announcement that the President was to go over the line. It was in a frightful condition at many points, and by way of making sure of settling the President's mind he planned to dump him into the deepest mire along the road. Mason Wright, the driver of the stage, was consulted, and on promise of five dollars if he would dump the President in the mire at Plainfield he entered into the scheme. President Van Buren completed his business in Indianapolis and took the stage of Terre Haute. The ride out to Plainfield was fairly good. The driver, however, took care to give them all the mud possible, and he found a great deal of it. At last they approached the Quaker settlement. The village was reached at last and the driver pulled up his horses in front of a great mark in the road. He crooked his neck around and asked the President which way he would better go to get around the mire. The President looked out and indicated to the right. This was what Wright had anticipated. He followed directions, ran the wheels up over the great roots of the old elm, and with a crash the stage went over.

President Van Buren and his secretary shot through the stage door and into the mire knee deep. They wallowed in the black stuff, to pick themselves out at last thoroughly plastered. An old woman who was near took the President in charge and with a chip scraped the mud from his broadcloth clothes. He was taken to the old McCaslin Hotel and given a thorough rubbing and a bath.

Later he gave a reception. The President was the laughing stock of all and he took it good-naturedly. Many stories are told of how he was mystified by the old Quakers approaching him and calling him by his first name. He was quite nonplussed at first by this presumption as he took it, on their part.

From the day the President was dumped out into the mire to the present the old elm has been a sacred sentinel to the memory of the jolly President. The improvements that are being made around it have thus far left the tree whole, but its days are numbered, and the surroundings are so changed that there is little left to help recall the interesting scene.—Chicago Record.

The thickest known coal seam in the world is the Wyoming, near Twin Creek, in the Green River, coal basin, Wyoming. It is 80 feet thick, and upwards of 300 feet of solid coal underlie 4000 acres.

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

Stands in Fire And Does Not Burn.

SENSATION IN ROBESON.

About three miles from Pembroke, in Robeson county, lives Belle Oxendine with her husband, Wiley. Until quite recently, Belle has been in no wise noted, except for a deeply pious and religious nature. Since Sunday night, the 15th inst., though, her deeds, her sayings and the mysterious power, with which she seems to be invested, have created the wildest kind of excitement among the Croatan natives of the community in which she lives. Great crowds of people are flocking to see her, from every direction, and for miles around the inhabitants are filled with wonder.

For several months she has been deeply grieved on account of her husband's indifference to religious matters and his perverseness was a subject of great concern to her. About a week previous to the 15th it was noticed that she was, in some manner, strangely affected, but not until Sunday night did she give signs of the strange and supernatural power that had come upon her. She told her husband and family that she had just visited both hell and heaven, in spirit, and that God had bid her do some strange things to prove the truth of what she said. To show her power, she clenched her fists and the strongest men were unable to open them, nor could they bend her arms. After this, she became unusually quiet until Wednesday evening, when she told her husband that God had commanded her to prove that fire could not burn her. Building a light-wood fire, she stood over it, with both bare feet in the blaze, the flames going all over and around her, without even scorching her clothes or doing her the least harm. Then she pulled a stick of burning wood from the fire and lay down, placing her head in the flames and, greatly to the amazement of all around, her head was not even singed. Afterwards, she sat on the fire with the same remarkable result.

The woman's strange actions, her talk about the unknown world and the mysterious power she possesses, is a subject of the greatest wonder and there is no end to the consternation with which each person, who hears the strange story is filled. Several credible witnesses vouch for the truth of this statement and the Exchange reporter has it from the lips of a perfectly reliable white man, who has seen this woman of such strange and mysterious power.—Laurinburg Exchange.

Prize-Pants

The following composition by a little girl won a prize, a fruit cake, offered by a school miss:

"Pants are made for men and men for pants. Woman was made for pants. When a man pants for a woman and a woman pants for a man, they are a pair of pants. Such pants do not last. Pants are like molasses, they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. The man in the moon changes his pants during an eclipse. Men are often mistaken in pants. Such mistakes make breeches of promise. There has been much discussion as to whether pants are singular or plural. Seems to us when men wear pants it is plural and when they don't wear any it is singular. Men get on a tear in their pants and it's all right, but when the pants git on a tear it's all wrong."—Ex.

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The Garrote.

The Garrote by which the assassin of Canovas was killed, is named after its inventor, a Spanish ironworker, who witnessed a bungling execution of a relative on the gallows, which was the method employed in Spain up to about thirty years ago for carrying out the sentence of death.

Garrote wondered that a more expeditious and, therefore, merciful, method had not been discovered. The thought haunted him so long that at length he found it assuming form in his mind and in time the ponderous machine that has immortalized him came to be a fact.

The two points of excellence claimed for the garrote are: That it can be made with reasonable care to kill instantly and that it sheds not one drop of blood. Force that is measured by horse power is the agency it employs, and its aim is the breaking of the victim's neck.

The unfortunate is first made to sit in a chair directly under two heavy iron bars, one of which is adjusted on the back of his neck, and the other, vulgarly known as the corbatin, or necktie under his chin.

Then the executioner grasps the handle, gives a vigorous twist, and death is instantaneous. The entire machine is made of iron, and ordinarily weighs several hundred pounds. They are ordinarily of rough construction, thus adding to the horrifying impression which the circumstances connected with them cannot but leave in the mind of any observer.

Persons who have witnessed all sorts of capital punishment are unanimous in the opinion that garroting is the most revolting and appalling of all. It is not always as expeditious as its inventor made it possible to be. A vicious executioner can prolong it practically at will. Cases are citable in which the process was prolonged twenty, thirty minutes, even three quarters of an hour. The executioner merely gave twist enough to the lever to choke his victim. Then he turned it back and twisted again, this time a little more than at first, and so on until his spite having been satisfied, or his instructions, perhaps, obeyed, he gave one final turn and ended the tortured life. Such was the execution of Maloga, in Matanzas, Cuba, in 1888.—Philadelphia Press.

Horrors of a Flea's Bite

New York, Sept. 1.—Six months ago a flea bit the leg of Mrs. I. J. Pinkney, of West One Hundred and Thirty-second street. The bite grew first to be painful and then agonizing. Then the leg began to swell until it was twice its normal size.

The poison went throughout her system. Her hearing was affected. She suffered from insomnia, walking the floor almost constantly. Her hair turned from a beautiful natural golden to a pallid white.

At last the disease yielded to treatment. Her nervous system had suffered a shock from which it might never fully recover. A day or two ago she was taken for a drive. A gnat flew against her face. Mrs. Pinkney gave a scream of terror and fought off the harmless insect as if it was a venomous thing. After a short time she was seized with a nervous chill. Flies mosquitoes and other small tenants of the air possessed a real horror for the long-tortured woman.

Beauty is your Duty

Abundant, glossy hair, is beauty's crowning glory. To wear this crown, use

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.

How Queen Victoria Proposed.

It may not be generally known that royal etiquette forbids any royal personage of lesser degree to propose marriage to a female sovereign. Accordingly it became necessary that Queen Victoria should ask Prince Albert whether he would share her lot. For a young woman this was naturally an awkward and rather delicate duty, but the most trying ordeal was when the Queen had to make the announcement of her wedding to the privy council. At one time there was a possibility that the marriage would not take place, owing to the desire of the Queen that she should not be married too early. In 1839 Prince Albert confessed that he came to England with the intention of telling his royal sweetheart that if she could not then make up her mind she must understand that he could not wait for a decision as he had done at a former period, when the marriage was first talked about. It was at Windsor, at a ball, that the Queen broached the subject by giving the Prince certain flowers from the bouquet she carried, and her boy lover, understanding the significance of the gift, and being tightly buttoned up, from waist to throat, in a green ruffled uniform, made a cut in his tunic just above the heart and put the flowers within it. The next day the Queen put the critical question, and the contract was sealed from that moment.—London Telegraph.

They Traded Wives

Elmira, N. Y., Sept. 1.—Eugene Foster, who resides in the town of Catherine, was arrested yesterday at the instance of Superintendent of the poor Shulenberg, on complaint of his wife, who charged him with being a disorderly person.

Foster's lawful wife, a girl said to be 16 years old, was traded by him to William Hawkins about the middle of last month, Hawkins agreeing that Foster should have Mrs. Hawkins in exchange. Hawkins, however, later became dissatisfied with his bargain, and Foster, to compromise matters gave him a shot-gun of doubtful value. Still unsatisfied, Hawkins abandoned his newly-acquired consort, and she was at length forced to go to her relatives at Beaver Dams, where she later applied to Superintendent Shulenberg for aid, after telling him her story.

Foster was found in Catharine, where he was living apparently in bliss with the legal wife of Hawkins. The latter was at Foster's place when the Superintendent first called, but on learning that a warrant was out for him he disappeared and has not been seen since.—Philadelphia Record.

Heir to Two Millions.

Fred Horton a young miller of Los Angeles Cal. has fallen heir to a fortune amassed by his father Philip Horton, thenews of whose sudden death three weeks ago has been received by relatives in Oakland through the United States Consul at Guayamas.

The father and son have been separated for many years. The youth, now about 19, was a child when his parents were divorced. The mother, who subsequently remarried, took the boy with her, and the father left California. He settled in a Mexican town near Guayamas, and there established a flour milling business. By thrift and industry he accumulated a large estate, the value of which has been reported as \$2,000,000.

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