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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 4 o'clock, MeD. 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. B. Turner, Pastor. Regular services on the third Sabbath morning, and Saturday before, in each month at 11 o'clock. Elder D. D. Bond, of Wilson, editor of Zion's landmark, preaches at this church on the fourth Sunday evening in each month at 7 o'clock. Everybody is invited to attend these services.

Young Men's Union Prayer meeting every Sunday evening at 4 o'clock and Friday night at 7 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend these services. An invitation is extended to the visitors.

LODGES. Lockwood Lodge, No. 115, I. O. O. F. Lodge room over J. D. Barnes' store. Regular meeting on 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. 117, 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 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: E. F. Young, J. J. Dupree, J. H. Pope and W. F. Pearson. G. F. Sneed, Policeman.

THE COUNTY UNION is the only paper published in Harnett county. Subscription price \$1. Subscribe now.

CASTORIA. The reliable signature of Chat. H. Plitcher is on every wrapper.

MRS. MATTHEW WILDER DEAD.

That grim monster, death, which eventually calls on all alike, which knocks with equal certainty at the doors of the cottages of the poor, and the palaces of the rich, has invaded this community, entered a home, and made a victim of a much loved one there. He has laid his icy hands upon a precious wife, and mother, a dear friend, and devoted christian, and hushed forever in death, the musical tones of a sweet voice, a voice so often heard in prayer and song, in words of comfort to the poor and distressed, and in like manner, has sealed lips in endless rest, that were never stained with slander or gossip or reproaches against a neighbor, and with his freezing kiss emancipated a precious soul from its tenement of clay, leaving behind him, crushed bleeding hearts, an aged, but devoted husband, many loving children and a host of friends. Yes! "Mrs. Matthew Wilder is dead" was softly whispered last Monday morning from ear to ear, "was found dead in bed, retired in perfect health last night, this morning slept the long and dreamless sleep of death" were some of the things the messenger said.

Matthew Wilder, Esq., of Harnett County, near Winslow, N. C., is one of the oldest citizens of Hector's Creek Township. Years ago he brought his second wife to his home, and to be the mother of his children, and his comfort in his declining years. A purer, sweeter, better woman, the writer has never known, a woman against whom he has never heard one word. She was a member of the M. E. Church at Harnett's Chapel; was always promptly in her seat, when the preacher came, to sing and to weep and rejoice, and to make all feel better who came in close touch with her. She was a model christian, a tender gentle wife, a good mother, a true and constant friend. The family and the neighborhood have sustained an irreparable loss, but Heaven has gained a bright and shining star. When the Lord makes a requisition on Harnett's Chapel, He takes the very best one of the members.

May He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," sanctify this dispensation of His providence to the good of the bereaved, and when our life's work is all ended, and there is no more work for us to do, when there is no more sighs for us to heave, or pains and troubles for us to know, may we all lay down these mortal parts peacefully like sister Wilder, and cross over the much dreaded stream, to realize as she has, that "Death is only a dream," and to rest ever more 'neath the shade of the trees, with her and all our friends and with thee.

Matthew Wilder Esq., a more honorable, upright, christian gentleman, than whom the county of Harnett has never known, is now an object of pity. Feeble and old, and alone, partially deaf and an impaired sight will miss her so, upon whom he has so confidently leaned, and to whom he has with such certainty in his declining years and failing health looked. But the grace of Him whom he has so faithfully served for more than half a century, will be sufficient in his hour of sorest trouble.

The deceased was buried at the cemetery of Harnett's Chapel church, by Rev. Mr. Stamey, the preacher in charge, after a beautiful sermon which he delivered in the presence of a large congregation of sorrowing ones in the afternoon of September 14th 1897.

Yes, Sunday night September 12th, the deceased retired as usual about 10 o'clock, in perfect health so far as the family knew, and while she slept the sleep of the pure and the good, in the arms of a trusted husband, death came and severed the ties which bound them together on earth for many happy years, and said to her spirit "Be ye free." All this was done so peacefully, so quietly;

that not a member of the family knew, that when wife and mother woke, she would be with the angels. When with the sun she failed to rise, her husband called: "Fannie I can not wake your ma!" When Fannie came, and too tried in vain to wake her, had felt for the pulse, and listened for the throbbing of the heart, she in all the anguish that reality had the power to force her to feel said: "Pa! ma is dead!" and all the story was told. Imagine if you can, the grief of that family, the anguish of those souls, when it was known, and realized that she was indeed dead. That no more would they meet around the family altar, around the table, and the fireside, no more would they feel the benign influence of her presence, or look into the depths of her "soul-lit eyes," or listen to the tones of her sweet voice, or feel her hand soothing a fevered brow or have administered by her, cooling draughts to parched lips, for ma was dead.

In all the years that have passed, she has succeeded in filling that most difficult place to fill, that of step-mother, with perfect satisfaction to all, no difference known, or felt between her own and her husband's children, and none could tell the one from the other, by the signs of grief when she died. One was heard to say, "Ma came here when I was a little boy and in all the past, she has never given me or one of the children an unkind word, but has been to us all the best of mothers." May her example long linger with those who to-day mourn not without hope of meeting her again.

S. N. BETTS, Winslow, N. C., Sept. 15, 1897.

The Telephone Newspapers.

For the past two years there has been in operation in Pesh, Hungary, a telephone newspaper. It is the only paper of the kind in the world and is looked upon by its subscribers as a luxury, especially by those who are troubled to see to read. It is called the telephone Hirndon, or Herald, and costs two cents a copy and is like a printed newspaper.

The thousand subscribers receive the news as any telephone message is received. The main wire which, extends along the windows of the houses, is one hundred and sixty-eight miles long and from this extend the short lines into the houses. Within the houses are long flexible wires which can be carried to any part of the house, or to the bedside of the sick or the lazy.

The paper is as carefully edited as any other one. The news is arranged and sent in regular order, so the subscribers may know at what hour to expect any particular kind of news. First come the night telegrams from any part of the world, the events of the day, city news and hotel lists, and lastly, the articles on music, literature and art.

The staff is on duty at 7.30 in the morning till 9.30 at night. After the copy has been duly inspected by the editor, it is given to "speakers" to transmit. There are ten men with strong, resonant voices who talk the news into the telephone. They take turns in working by sets of two. There are twenty-eight editions of the paper given through the day and any additional news that transpired is added as new items. In addition to this, at intervals through the day, vocal and instrumental concerts are given. At first these concerts were given in the Herald office, but now the wire is connected with the Opera House and Music Hall and on Sunday with the churches. The music is sometimes sent over the wires to other places in Austria-Hungary and sometimes even to Berlin, Germany, and in each place it is heard with remarkable clearness.

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OBITUARY.

Mrs. Mary Ann Lee, wife of Julius E. Lee, departed this life on the morning of the 23rd of September, 1897, from childbirth.

Sister Lee's sufferings were indeed great, and although attended by two of the most skillful physicians of Dunn who did all in their power to save her life, but the Master called and she had to obey. Sister Mary was converted when young and had for many years been a consistent member of the Society of Friends at Bethesda church in Sampson county. She claimed the blessing of the Holy Ghost in the month of May 1896 and had for sixteen months been one of the most happy women I ever met. That voice which is now still in death has often broken the silence of the congregation in praise and testimonies to her God and to the power of His love in her soul. The husband and children will hear that sweet voice no more in prayer around their humble hearthstone.

Sister Mary was indeed a true and faithful wife and a careful, loving and instructive mother and most of all a devoted servant of her God. She leaves a husband and nine children, four sisters and one brother beside a host of relatives and friends to mourn their loss, but we trust their loss is her eternal gain. We extend our sympathy to the bereft husband and children trusting that they may live faithful and be able to meet their loved one in the Better Land.

REV. LUNDA LEE, Security And Chance.

The instinct to lay by stores for "a rainy day" is the instinct of self-preservation and of civilization. It has led to the development of life-insurance companies and banks and savings institutions of all sorts. It leads the well-to-do to forego high rates of interest in order that the income from their wealth may be as certain and secure as possible. It is this same instinct that leads careful persons of limited means to turn to the government as their only absolutely safe custodian for their small savings.

In establishing postal savings banks a nation carries its people forward a step in civilization, inasmuch as it is giving to them an additional security against misfortune. A person who puts his savings into the postoffice bank will know that when hardship and want overtake him, whether because of misfortune or declining years, his money will be forthcoming. The fact that there is such a safe place of deposit provided will induce many to make provision against future want who otherwise would permit themselves to become charges upon society when misfortune overtakes them or when old age finds them unprepared to earn a support by their labor.

To the persons for whom the postal savings bank is intended the rate of interest paid on deposits is of minor importance. What such persons want above everything else is absolute security against loss. They want to eliminate from life the danger that in their declining years they may find themselves without the means of sustaining existence.

Congress should establish a system of postal savings banks for the people of the United States without further unnecessary delay.—Chicago Record.

Mr. James E. Ferrell, of Barot House W. Va., has discarded all other diarrhoea medicines and now handles only Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He has used it in his family and sold it to his customers for years, and has no hesitation in saying that it is the best remedy for colic and diarrhoea, he has ever known. It not only gives relief, but effects a permanent cure. It is also pleasant and safe to take, making it an ideal remedy for bowel complaints. For sale by N. B. Hood, Druggist, Dunn, N. C.

Subscribe for THE UNION.

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.

First American Books.

It is a remarkable fact that in a year after the first printing press was established in Cambridge, Mass., or in 1640, a book was issued from it (the first publication in the United States) which was soon after reprinted in England, where it passed through eighteen editions, the last being issued in 1784, thus maintaining a hold on English popularity for 114 years.

This was the "Bay Psalm Book." It passed through twenty-two editions in Scotland where it was extensively known the last bearing date 1759; and it was printed without the compiler enjoying any pecuniary benefit from its sale. We have irrefutable proof that England pirated the first American book being in reality the original transgressor in this line.

The first American book enjoyed a lasting reputation and had a wide circulation. It passed in all through seventy editions, a very remarkable number for the age in which it flourished.

Success attended the colonial press, and in 1663 the first Bible printed in America was published in Cambridge. It was unlawful to print an English version of the Scriptures, that right being a monopoly enjoyed by privilege and patent in England. The one printed in Massachusetts was Eliot's famous "Indian Bible," and although 1500 copies were struck off they are written in a dead language, the tribe and all who had a knowledge of the dialect being long extinct.

Eliot's work is unique, being at once a monument to his piety perseverance and learning. Its literary successor was Newman's "Concordance of the Scriptures." This was compiled by the light of pine logs in a log cabin in one of the frontier settlements of Massachusetts. It was the first of its kind and for more than a century holding its place in public esteem until superseded by Cruden's which it suggested.—Worthington's Magazine.

Rev. Sam P. Jones, in a recent sermon makes these pertinent remarks concerning the doctrine of "holiness" or second blessing:

"A man is never better than his heart. A clean heart is the need of every Christian man or woman. This should be the earnest object of every believing child of God: 'Create in me a clean heart, O God!' Thank God that many people seek and obtain it. I don't care what you call it, whether the second or third or thousands blessings it cleans out and then cleans up purifies the heart, cleans the life and, thank God, so benign and wondrous and so needed a work of grace can be possessed by men and women. I welcome it under any name and have a profound contempt for the spirit which would depreciate the people who possess it, or the great grace which has come to them."

To Whom It May Concern:

I have been in the drug business for twelve years, and during that time, have sold nearly all the cough medicines manufactured; and from my personal knowledge of such remedies, I say that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives better satisfaction than any other on the market.—W. M. TERRAY, Elkton, Ky. For sale by N. B. Hood, Dunn, N. C.

THE AUTOGRAPH BOOK OF BLUE.

She gave him her book to write in— Her autograph book of blue— And she said: "Write it straight, now, Tommy, And something nice and true." Stiffly and squarely he wrote a line For his queen with the eyes of blue— Proudly, and signed it, "Tommy"— "Maggie, I love you true." A youth came from a college— A student grave and wise— He looked at the little old autograph book; He looked at her true blue eyes. And he scrawled, with cynical smiling, In the old, old book of blue, Of the folly of love, and signed it, "Thomas Reginald Hugh." A man came from his labors, Learned in the school of years; Gazed at the little blue book, and dreamed, And gazed, as he dreamed, through tears. Then he looked and saw her smiling, With tears in her eyes of blue. And he wrote and signed it, "Tommy," "Maggie, I love you true."— H. W. JAKEWAY in October Ladies Home Journal.

Thinks He Was Dead.

SANTA MONICA, CAL., Sept. 20.—William Graham, a consumptive, and his wife lived in a cottage here. On Saturday night Graham apparently died. An undertaker was called in and prepared the body for burial. The frenzied young wife was finally allowed to go into the room, and in a paroxysm of grief she threw herself upon the body, straining it to her breast and calling to her loved one to come back. It was some minutes before she could be led away, and then it was noticed that a slight shudder ran through the man's body. Restoratives and massage were applied, and within an hour Graham was able to speak again.

Graham says that he went out of this life and journeyed into another country. He describes a beautiful road lined with stately trees, strains of music were in the air, and he says that along a pathway his father came to meet him. He tells of their greeting and conversation, and then of his being torn away, called back to his worn and aching body by the insistent calls of his wife. Graham is still alive, but he cannot last more than a few days.

A J. P. Goes to Jail.

Populist leader and fusion Justice of the Peace, W. R. Hartsell, Sr., of Locust, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in jail by Judge Hoke Wednesday on a verdict of guilty of fornication and adultery. This seems to us very righteous judgment, and we would suggest that if it is in the province of the court his commission as justice of the peace ought to be taken away from him, so that when he is liberated he may not continue to administer justice among citizens of the county in his way.—Stanley Enterprise.

The Monroe Journal furnishes this additional information: "The day he (Hartsell) began serving his term a letter came to him, and the sheriff, as is customary, opened it. Behold! it was from no less a person than Senator Marion Butler. He wanted Hartsell to send him all the names of anti-monopoly Democrats, etc., presumably for the purpose of sending them literature.

"How must the cause of reform languish while Reformer Hartsell is in jail!"

The Sinia gospel, indispensable in conviction, is the great deficiency of the present age. In popular pulpits it is considered discourteous to speak of hell and damnation, and intolerable to preach on it. A cultured clergyman, in a city pulpit, found it necessary in the process of his discourse to say "hell." He said it so softly that a lot of money-loving merchants present thought he said "sell," some Universalists in the amen corner actually certified that the man said "hell."

—EX.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Is the original Sarsaparilla, the standard of the world. Others have imitated the remedy. They can't imitate the record: 50 Years of Cures.

The Nile Railway.

The Soudan railway across the desert from Wady Halfa to Abu Hamed will be 230 miles long when completed. Twenty days ago over 130 miles were laid, in eighteen days. The correspondent of the London times describes the railway as "unique." Difficulty was anticipated on account of want of water, but eighty miles out an abundant supply of good water was found by digging to a depth of sixty feet. Fifty miles further on another well has been begun, and in the opinion of engineers wells sunk at intervals will rob the deserts of its terrors. Along the line of regular intervals are placed small stations, with a plentiful reserve of water and food, so that in case of a breakdown nobody will suffer. That armies have in past times tried to cross this desert with less adequate provision is shown by the discovery 50 miles from the river of 500 water canteens, evidently the remains of the deserted baggage of some small army. It is noted with some surprise that great numbers of gazelles are found 100 miles from the Nile, and traces of ostriches. The railway work is hard—the temperature being very high, during the day. But the climate is healthy and at night so cool that the men need to sleep under three blankets.

Not Very Welcome.

The following is copied from the North Carolina Baptist, which copies it from the Alabama Baptist, and it is reproduced here as a matter of human interest. It relates to the recent baptism by immersion of Mr. W. P. Fife at Ocean Beach, on the coast of Maine:

"If our information is correct Mr. Fife is a North Carolinian, and a Presbyterian. Probably there is not a Baptist preacher in North Carolina who would be so discourteous as to baptize a person while yet a member of another Church. Presbyterians have announced their conviction that immersion is not a Scriptural form of baptism. Mr. Fife gets off to a summer resort where the surf-bathing is good; discovers that he has always been troubled about baptism; finds a slipshod Baptist preacher who is willing to "take in washing," and proceeds to get up a scene. To make it impressive, they have a season of private prayer, taking along a reporter to convey it to the proper ears; while yet on their knees, though violative of Boston rules of vocalization, they impress the Lord with a little song about following where he leads, and then go further to transgress the teachings of the Churches to which they belong. No doubt such scenes are impressive, but impressive for evil and not for good."—Charlotte Observer.

Eighteen Inches of Snow in France.

The weather is severely cold here, and there have been heavy snowfalls in Auvergne, Lower Burgundy and elsewhere. Eighteen inches of snow has fallen at Craonne, in the Department of Haute Loire. At Auxerre, in the department of Yon, snow has fallen, the earliest on record.—Paris Dispatch, 22d.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

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