

State Library

# THE HARNETT COURIER.

Center, Editor and Proprietor.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

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VOLUME 1.

DUNN, NORTH CAROLINA, AUGUST 14th, 1889.

NUMBER 50

## RAILWAY GUIDE.

DUNN, June 1st, 1889.  
Trains arrive from Fayetteville 9:30 a. m.  
Wilson 9 p. m.  
Leave for Fayetteville 5:10 p. m.

## DIRECTORY.

COUNTY AND TOWN GOVERNMENT—LODGES AND CHURCHES.

CLERK SUPERIOR COURT—J. A. Cameron.  
Register of Deeds—H. T. Spears.  
Sheriff—Colonel McArtan.  
Treasurer—A. A. Bethen.  
Comptroller—S. A. Salmon.  
County Surveyor—G. E. Prince.  
County Supt. Pub. Inst.—J. A. Spears

CO. COM.—J. M. Hodges, Chairman.  
J. J. Swann, N. A. Smith, Ed. Smith, W. F. Marsh, Attorney for Capt.—D. H. McLean, Esq.

BO. BOARD OF EDUCATION.  
W. F. Grady, Chairman, Neil McLeod, J. A. Morgan

TOWN DUNN—Mayor—J. F. Phil.  
Chief of Police—J. T. Selby.  
Commissioners—Rev. R. A. Johnson, J. Parker, Dr. F. T. Moore and J. P. Goff.  
Clerk—G. K. Grantham.  
Town Attorney—L. J. Best.

CHURCHES.—Methodist—Rev. J. F. Phil, Pastor. Disciples—Rev. N. B. Wood, Pastor. Y. M. C. A.—D. H. Water, President. Baptist—Rev. J. A. Campbell, Pastor.

LODGES.—Masonic—Z. Taylor, Master. Odd Fellows, Z. Taylor, Master. Alliance—S. M. Jackson, President. Knights of Pythias—D. J. Stone, Master of Commandery.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. B. EDMUNDSON,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,  
DUNN, N. C.

Will practice in the surrounding Courts of the Federal Court at Raleigh, Reconnies, the Justices of the Supreme Court.  
Office at Benson where I can be found every Thursday of each week.

MAAC A. MURCHISON,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
DUNN, N. C.

Will practice in the usual courts of North Carolina. Office over Bentor & Co's store.

P. JONES,  
Attorney-at-law,  
DUNN, N. C.,  
Office where ever services are needed, either in State, or Federal Courts.  
May-1-1f

W. K. DANIELS, C. C. DANIELS,  
WILSON, N. C. WILSON, N. C.  
W. K. DANIELS & DANIELS,  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
WILSON, N. C.  
Office in Advance Building.

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Practices in all the courts of the State where services are wanted.

JAS. PEARSALL,  
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Blanks of all kind on hand.  
May-1-1f

LEE J. BEST,  
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DUNN, N. C.,  
Will practice in Harnett, and adjoining Counties. Special attention given to collection of claims.  
May-1-1f

N. A. SINCLAIR,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR  
AT-LAW.  
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.  
[Office over Beasley's Jewelry Store.]  
Practice in Harnett whenever desired.

## THE RAIN MUST FALL.

[Special Cor. HARNETT COURIER.]

BY CLAUDE EARL.

"Into each life some rain must fall:  
Some days must be dark and dreary."  
I wonder if ever a time will come,  
When my heart will cease to be weary!  
I wonder if ever a time will come,  
When this longing and restless yearning,  
That lurks far down in the depths of my heart,  
Will give place to joy's returning!  
I wonder if ever a time will come,  
When the swallows that homeward flee:  
Will return again, from the sunny land,  
And bring joy and love to me!  
I wonder if ever a time will come,  
When my love who is far far away,  
Will come back to me, and love me again,  
As he did on that bright day.  
When he whispered sweet, "It won't be long,  
Till I'll take my love away:  
Some days, you know, will be dark and drear,  
Strive against them as we may,  
"But I love you, dear, and we will wait,  
Till the clouds have rolled quite a side:  
Then—in spite of the rain, that must always fall,  
You'll be my dear sweet bride."  
So I am sure I can wait for his return  
Through all the weary space:  
And even though the rains will fall,  
I'll see again—his face!

## THE BRAKEMAN AND THE CHURCH FOLKS.

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger should sleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading "General Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why "Blair's Keystone Stationary" should be painted above the doors of "A Buddhist Temple at Beers." To me comes the brakeman, seating himself on the arm of the seat, and says:

"I went to church yesterday."  
"Yes?" I said, with that air that asks for more "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.  
"Some union mission church?" I hazarded.

"No," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time, and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.  
"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars, and two dollars extra for a seat, fast time, and only stop at the big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back to the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the place cars, Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.  
"Broad gage," said the brakeman: "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stop at all the flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are rather vague, though, and the trainmen don't get along with the passengers. No I don't go to the Universalists, though I know some awful good men that run on that road."

"Presbyterians?" I asked.  
"Narrow gage, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through the mountains rather than go around it; direct-level grade and passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow, have to sit one on a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there is no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you are ticketed for, or you can't go at all. When the car is full, no extra coaches; cars are built at the shops to hold just so many, and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run

right up to the rules."  
"Maybe you joined the Free Thinker?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman. "dirt road and no ballast, no time card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of a go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target-ramp dead out. Get on when you please and off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road runs to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had, he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got orders from, and he didn't care orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run her in the ditch! Now, sir, I am a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, or makes no connections, runs nowhere and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

## FROM GEORGIA.

[Special Cor. HARNETT COURIER.]

As all have been asked kindly to contribute news for the COURIER, thought I'd try and write, to show my appreciation for the paper.

The ever bright and smiling COURIER is a welcome weekly visitor in my home, it makes its appearance every Saturday afternoon, and all may rest assured that its columns are perused with great pleasure. The good people of Dunn and surrounding country, ought to feel very proud, and highly honored to have such a good edited paper (as I consider it) in their vicinity, also, they ought to do all that is in their power to make it more successful and interesting, as no one person can't possibly do anything, without the cooperation of some one, so don't let the "good editor" who labors hard, and waits patiently for the results, have all the work to do, let every body, or one in every community, rite something for the bright newsy COURIER. I have a special interest in your town, and like so much to read of its advancement, both in business and spiritual growth. The writer has just returned from Savannah, where we spent four weeks very pleasantly indeed, among the places of interest we visited were the world renowned Bonaventure, it does not seem possible that a lovelier place, with its gigantic oaks and long waving moss, could be in existence at the celebrated Tybee, we have a fine view of the grand old Ocean, we look, and as far as our eyes can see this water, what a grand sight, to behold such an immense body of water. Next we visited Montgomery, beautifully situated on Skitlaway river, these we stand on some towering object, and take a view of the surrounding landscape and rivers, winding their way, on to the mighty deep. Oh! how thankful we ought to be to our wise and heavenly father, for his goodness to us poor worms of the dust. He has put so in my grand and beautiful things on earth for our eyes to feast on, for us to see and behold his glory. Time and space forbids dwelling on these things, a time spent in Forest city, we know that there is not a nicer city nor better people to be found than Savannah. Crops are looking well, have had nice seasons, and expect old Wilkinson to yield her best fruits this year as all the farmers went to work with a will and a determination to make something, and the present outlook is very encouraging. Now a word to the young men and ladies. Go forward in the discharge of your Christian duty, let your word be onward and upward, never give over to satan, keep him in the rear. God bless the Y. M. C. A. and the President. For fear of the waste basket we close.

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church?" I said.  
"Popular road," said the brakeman, "an old road, too; one of the very oldest in this country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; directors don't interfere with diivision superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it is pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the division superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on the line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant line to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I asked.  
"Now you are shouting," he said with enthusiasm. "Nice road eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all a board,' you can hear him to the next station. Every train-light-shines like a headlight. Stopover checks are given on all through tickets, passengers can drop off as he likes, do the station two or three times and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes: every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyan air-brakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptists?" I guessed once more.  
"Ah, Ah!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, ain't she? River road, beautiful curves; sweeps around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way and not a side track from the round house to the terminus. It takes a heap of water to run it through; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two guages. But it runs through a lovely country; these river roads, always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb

up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain head of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lively trip, sure connections and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came round for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me; but I paid my fare like a little man; twenty five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers assembled. I tell you, Pilgrim, you take the river road and when you want—"

But just here the loud whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door shouting:  
"Zionsville! The train makes no stops between her and Indianapolis!"

May God in all his mercies  
Your future steps attend,  
And heavenly angels guide her  
To your journey's end.

A TRUE FRIEND.

The successful farmer has to be sharp as a raiser.

## EDITORS' PEN AND SCISSORS.

Original, Clippings & Comment.

There are 9,000 women doctors in the United States.

Ex-Congressman Rice of Minnesota is dead.

The Willmamsburg, Va., Gazette, established 1829, has suspended.

Hon. Chauncey Depew of New York dined with Gladstone last week.

The population of the city of New York, by the latest calculation, is 1,753,610.

Editor Murat Halstead, of Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, has returned from Europe.

In Wichita, Kansas, last week, a fire consumed several business houses, causing a loss of \$170,000.

The pugilist Sullivan has been arrested. He has consented to go back to Mississippi and stand trial.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has been offered \$5,000 to write a story thirty thousand words long.

A severe earthquake shock was experienced in San Francisco on the 31st of July. No damage was done.

The recent hail storms in Wisconsin have completely ruined the tobacco crop in several counties.

The prohibitionists of Virginia have nominated candidates for the offices of Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Attorney-General.

The State Department at Washington has been informed that yellow fever has broken out at Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama.

There are 553 religious papers in the United States. Of these the Baptists have 93; the Methodist have 75, and the Presbyterians 42.

During a storm in Chicago, an unfinished building was blown down upon a small cottage, killing eight persons and seriously injuring four others.

The report that Hon. J. G. Blaine had resigned his position in the Cabinet was without foundation.

Since the opening of the Washington Monument, 121,878 people are said to have accended it.

Twenty-five thousand people pay to go up Eiffel Tower daily. At this rate the Tower will soon pay for itself.

Burke, the supposed murderer of Doctor Cronin, has been given up to the United States authorities.

The South can expect a great deal of money from Congress this fall for the clearing of its rivers and harbors.

"Buffalo Bill" has been employed by the French government to train one hundred French officers to ride in the American style.

A sweet potato trust, with a capital stock of \$22,000, has been organized in Baltimore, under the name of the "Sweet Potato Supply Company."

There are five men under sentence of death in the Tombs prison, New York, all of whom are to be executed on the same day, August 23d.

The largest watermelon patch in the world is at Adams Park Ga. It embraces 800 acres and is expected to produce over 400 car loads of melons.

A negro named Taylor Benton at Camden, S. C., has invented a cotton chopper that is said to be a pronounced success. He has sold a share of his plant for \$20,000.

The first bale of the new crop of cotton was brought to Austin, Texas, Tuesday of last week. The cotton crop of Texas this year will reach 2,000,000 bales, and the corn crop will be enormous.

Three Presidents' sons met in London the other day, when Mr. Russell Harrison and Hon. Fred. Grant called upon our minister to England.

A dispatch from Nagasaki states that a dreadful earthquake has occurred in the western portion of the Island of Kion Lion. The town of Kumanota was destroyed. Sixteen thousand people perished. A large amount of property was also destroyed.

A company was organized in Charleston, S. C., last week to manufacture paste board boxes, paper bags, etc., on an extensive scale. It is composed entirely of Charleston capitalists and the factory will be located at Charleston.

A boy living near Abilene, Texas, was recently bitten by a snake, and was soon taken with convulsions. An old Mexican scraped out the bowl of his briar root pipe, applied the scrapings to the child's wound, and the next day the boy was well.

## Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and I have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. J. H. Benton & Co., Druggists.

Two boys were drowned while bathing in White river, Indiana, Friday of last week, and while searching for their bodies a man was drowned in the presence of his wife and children.

## A Scrap of Paper saved Her Life.

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stage of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than 70 pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle. It helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped her more, bought another and grew better fast, continued to use and is now strong, healthy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. The fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, Druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottles of this wonderful discovery free at J. H. Benton & Co's Drugstore.

Cardinal Gibbons publishes a paper in which he favors labor unions and says that contented labor is the greatest safeguard of the republic.

## Pimples, Sores, Aches and Pains.

When a hundred bottles of sarsaparilla or other pretentious specifics fail to eradicate in-born scrofula or contagious blood poison, remember that B. B. B. (BOTANIC BLOOD PURIFIER) has gained many thousand victories, in as many seemingly incurable instances. Send to the Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for "Book of Wonders" and be convinced. It is the ONLY TRUE BLOOD PURIFIER.

G. W. Mercer, Howell's X Roads, Ga., writes: "I was afflicted nine years with sores. All the medicine I could take did me no good. I then tried B. B. B., and 8 bottles cured me sound."

Mrs S. M. Wilson, Round Mountain, Texas, writes: "A lady friend of mine was troubled with bumps and pimples on her face and neck. She took three bottles of B. B. B., and her skin got soft and smooth, pimples disappeared, and her health improved greatly."

Jas. L. Rosworth, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "Some years ago I contracted blood poison. I had no appetite, my digestion was ruined, rheumatism drew up my limbs so I could hardly walk, my throat was cauterized five times. Hot Springs gave me no benefit, and my life was one of torture until I gave B. B. B. a trial, and surprising as it may seem, the use of five bottles cured me."