

THE MAXTON UNION.

A DEMOCRATIC JOURNAL—THE PEOPLE AND THEIR INTEREST.

VOL. V. NO. 37.

MAXTON, N. C., TUESDAY, APRIL 7, 1891.

\$1.00 A YEAR

TOWN DIRECTORY.

B. F. McLEAN Mayor.
W. W. McNATT
O. H. BLOCKER,
W. S. BYRNES,
W. J. CURRIE,
Commissioners.
A. J. BURCK, Town Marshal.
LODGES.
KNIGHTS OF HONOR, No. 1,720 meets on second and fourth Wednesday's at 7:30 P. M. J. B. WEATHERLY, Dictator B. F. McLEAN, Reporter.
Y. M. C. A., meets every Sunday at 7:30 P. M. W. M. BLACK, President.
MAXTON GUARDS, WM. BLACK, Captain, meets first Thursday nights of each month at 8 P. M.
CHOSEN FRIENDS meet on second and fourth Monday in each month, Argus Shaw, Chief Counselor; S. W. Parham, Secretary and Treasurer.
MAXTON LODGE, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIANS, meets every Friday night, except first in each month, at 8 o'clock.
ROBESON COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY
Rev. J. A. Smith, President; E. K. Proctor, Jr., 1st Vice Pres.; Dr. J. D. Croon, 2nd V. P.; A. D. Brown, Sec'y; Wm. Black, Treas. and Depository; Ex-Com. Rev. H. G. Hill, D. D., L. S. Townsend, D. P. McEochern, J. O. Gough, H. McEochern, Auditing Com., E. F. McKee, O. H. Blocker and B. D. Caldwell.
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
Rev. Joseph Evans, Rev. H. G. Hill, D. D., Rev. J. S. Black, Rev. O. P. Meeks, Rev. J. F. Finlayson, Jos. McCollum, J. P. Smith, Duncan McKay, Sr., N. B. Brown, Dr. J. L. McMillan.

AUDITING COMMITTEE.
J. P. Smith, D. H. McNeill, J. A. Humphrey, Place of next meeting—Lamberton, N. C. Time of next meeting—Thursday, May 30th, 1891, at 11:30 o'clock a. m. Bibles and Testaments can be purchased of Wm. Black, Depository, Maxton, N. C., at cost.
All churches and Bible Societies in the county invited to send delegates.
Forward all collections to Wm. Black, Treasurer, Maxton, N. C.

CHURCHES.
PRESBYTERIAN, REV. DR. H. G. HILL, Pastor. Services each Sabbath at 4 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday afternoon at 5 o'clock.
METHODIST, REV. J. W. JONES, Pastor. Services each Sunday at 11 A. M. Sun-day School at 9:30 A. M.

MASONIC.
MAXTON LODGE A. F. & A. M. meets 1st Friday night in each month at 8 P. M.
GENERAL DIRECTORY OF ROBESON COUNTY.

Senator, J. F. Payne.
Representatives, T. M. Watson, D. C. Regan.
County Commissioners, E. F. McRae, W. P. Moore, B. Stancil, T. McBryde, J. S. Oliver,
C. S. C., C. B. Townsend,
Sheriff, H. McEachen,
Reg'r Deeds, J. H. Morrison,
Treasurer, W. W. McDairmid.

Board of Education, J. A. McAllister, J. S. Black, J. S. McQueen,
Supt. Pub. Instr'n, J. A. McAllister,
Coroner & Supt. of Health, Dr. F. R. Lils

The people of the United States consume twenty-eight out of every 100 pounds of sugar made in the world, and only pounds of coffee in every 100.
The mines of the world last year produced a value of \$1,876,000,000, of which \$700,000,000 was iron coal. The United States is credited with \$600,000,000, of about one-third of the total.

In steady old Lapland an old man, who was looked upon as goodness itself, is under arrest for enticing young boys to lonely spots and there compelling them to drink of a poisoned wine which brought death in half an hour. He had killed five before being suspected.

Indians at Big Pine, Inyo County, Cal., are probably the only ones in the country who have contributed money out of their scanty earnings to carry on a school for their children. Last summer they employed a teacher for four months. The Government will start an Indian school there and maintain it.

A strange illustration of the transitoriness of literary fame in France is offered in the case of Elie Berthet, an old novelist of the now obsolete school of Eugene Sue, who had so far outlived his early reputation that the municipal authorities of his native town, taking it for granted that he was as dead as his books, had already named a street after him.

Robert Bonner is authority for the statement that in 1856 there was not a horse that had trotted a mile in 2:30, and not over twenty horses in the country in the 2:30 list. The great change which has occurred during the intervening years, notes the *American Dairyman*, is indicated by the fact that during the past year almost one thousand horses were added to the already very large number who had covered a mile in 2:30. The greatest record thus far made was in 1885, when Maud S. reached the wonderful speed of a mile in 2:08.

IF NO WERE YES.
If No were Yes, and Yes were No,
The world would topsy-turvy go,
A veto then would be assent,
Defeat would join hands with Content,
And war would mean arbitrament,
If No were Yes, and Yes were No.
If No were Yes, and Yes were No,
The timid would the bolder grow,
A blush of shame would bring delight
And harsh rebuffs would gain the fight,
The blackest night would then be light,
If No were Yes, and Yes were No
If No were Yes, and Yes were No,
The poor would harvest wealth from woe,
For Plenty, with a sullen face,
Would seek them out in every place,
And ugliness would then be grace,
If No were Yes, and Yes were No.
If No were Yes, and Yes were No,
The weak were strong, the high were low,
Grim disappointment would be bliss,
Who won would lose, who hit would miss,
A frown would thus presage a kiss,
If No were Yes, and Yes were No.
If No were Yes, and Yes were No,
Thy scorn would be my dearest foe,
Thy coquetries, which now I fear,
Would bring thy day of conquest near,
For through thy wiles I'd win thee dear,
If No were Yes, and Yes were No.
—New York Times.

MRS. RAYNE'S MONEY.

"There's very, very little worth living for," said Margaret Lee, looking disconsolately down the street, as she set out from her mother's house for her daily work.
"That hot, humdrum store; those people, always the same—looking out for themselves, never caring how much trouble they give or how torturing they are with their whims! I always expected to earn my own living, but I didn't expect to earn it this way. I'm tired of it; I'm tired of everything!"
"You were pretty nearly late this morning," said Janet Randall, the girl who stood at the section in the great store next to Margaret's. Janet and Margaret were fast friends, and were talking together in a moment's lull.
"Yes, it was so delightful outside, and so close and stuffy in here!" said Margaret, with a half groan.
"I saw Mr. Ives look rather sharply at you as you took your place."
"Oh, I dare say," said Margaret.
"Let him look!"
"But you might loose your situation. You wouldn't like that."
"Well, I don't know that I should care much. It's one form of slavery here. The worst that could happen would be an exchange for another."
"There comes your terror," said Janet, gliding back to her own place.
The "terror" was a lady who had of late much frequented her counter, looking over her laces, giving a good deal of trouble, and seldom making a purchase. The saleswomen were allowed a small percentage upon sales—a fact which rendered such customers a severe trial to their patience.
"I wish to match these pieces," said the lady, showing some samples.
Box after box was ransacked, and after an hour's search, two of the samples were matched.
"I am quite sure we haven't anything nearer than this," said Margaret, referring to the third. "See; it is so nearly like it that the difference could scarcely be seen."
"We have not looked in those boxes," said the lady, glancing toward a row on a high shelf.
"Those are of an entirely different style, madam."
But the lady insisted, and Margaret opened the boxes, one by one, for her leisurely inspection.
Impatient customers, tired of waiting, went away. From time to time Margaret caught sympathizing glances from Janet, but these were not all. She knew she was being keenly observed by Helen Winter, a girl who stood near her on the other side. Helen had a cousin for whom she wished to obtain a situation in the store, and Margaret knew well that information of any failure in patience on her part would promptly find its way to her employers.
Margaret showed no signs of annoyance.
"It seems to me you keep a very poor assortment," said the lady, at last, turning away.
Next came a party of customers, who, it might be hoped, would be less hard to please—a bevy of laughing high school girls, who, satchels in hand, had come in to take a peep at finery for the approaching graduation exercises.
They looked at laces, ruching and

fans, with long discussion over every article, ending in most cases with a decision to refer the matter to mother or sister. They were not very profitable customers, but it was pleasant to serve them.
As the sound of their merry voices died away, a feeling of longing for the good things which were a part of their happy, prosperous lives took possession of Margaret. She had looked forward to these things once, before the cruel fortune came which had bound her to this tiresome counter. Again the burden pressed heavily on her heart.
As one of the relays of clerks was in the lunch room, Mr. Ives, the superintendent, entered.
"He has his speech making face on," whispered Janet to Margaret.
"And he's turning his attention toward us," said Margaret.
"Young ladies," said Mr. Ives, presently, "I am sorry to be obliged to inform you that a customer has lost some money in the store. Mrs. Rayne visited several of the counters this morning—"
"Oh yes, she did!" came in an undertoned groan from one or two victims.
"And has reported at the office the loss of a hundred dollar bill."
There was a small sensation, while many eyes turned upon Margaret.
"Those of you with whom Mrs. Rayne dealt will please make very careful search for the money among your goods."
"Too bad!" exclaimed Janet, as the man left the room. "That bothering woman kept you fooling over her trashy bits all the morning, Margaret, and now you'll have to spend the best part of the afternoon looking for her bill. And after all, she has probably lost it somewhere else, or not lost it at all."
"Yes," said Margaret, "I shall have to go to the bottom of every box, and shake out every piece in the stock, for she wouldn't be satisfied until I had shown her the very last inch this morning. But I do hope some of us will find it."
Margaret used every chance moment of leisure to search for the missing bill. A heavy shower brought a check upon the rush into the great store, and with patient hands and keen eyes she turned over her laces.
At closing-time the girls gathered in little knots, discussing with anxious looks, the affair of the lost note. Margaret said little, but listened to the others with a face which showed that the graver concern had for the time shut out all minor worries.
"It's a shame, I declare," said Janet, taking Margaret's hand in her own, "for these rich people to come and make trouble for us poor girls about their money!"
"When they're so much of it that they don't know how to take care of it!" chimed in another.
"If I were so careless as to lose it, I should want to keep still about it."
Mr. Ives came about with a sober, inquiring look as the tired girls busied themselves in putting things in order after the day's work.
Margaret began to pack the choicest of her laces, to be stored in the vault in which the most valuable articles were put away at night, her eyes still keeping up their search, although she had given up all hope of finding the bill.
The safe was at the back part of the store, and she made several journeys to it before the things under her care were all put away.
"What's that?"
Just as she was stepping out, after depositing her last article, something on the floor caught her eye, so vaguely in the gathering shadows that she was not sure that it was more than a passing fancy. Yet how could she be mistaken in that dim flash of dingy green?
With a heart beating in sudden hope, she quickly ran back into the vault, and with a little cry of joy snatched up something, and again turned toward the massive door.
Creak—bang! Just as she reached it, it closed in her face. Without dreaming what this might mean, she pushed on the door with her hand, calling out: "I am here! Open, please!"
But another creaking sound had mingled itself with her words. Mr. Ives, who had seen her come out, had then turned his head to speak to some one else, failed to see her rush in again, and had turned the knob which set the combination.
Janet Randall sprang quickly toward him.

"Margaret Lee is in the vault!" she said, excitedly.
"No; I saw Miss Lee come out before I closed it."
"She ran back. Hear her! Open it at once, please!"
"But I cannot. The combination is set, and I do not know it," he said, gazing at Janet in growing uneasiness.
"Where is Mrs. Adams?" cried Janet to the girls who were gathering near.
"She hasn't gone home, has she? Bring her—quick! Margaret is shut up in the safe!"
A chorus of dismay rose, while a number of the girls hurried to seek Mrs. Adams, who was the only employe who knew the combination.
"Margaret!" cried Janet, going close to the door.
"Yes, Janet, here I am!"
"O Margaret, you're not frightened, are you?"
"No," Margaret replied; "but why don't they open the door?"
"They will, in a minute. You see, the combination's sprung, and they're bringing Mrs. Adams to open it."
"I hope she'll hurry."
"She's coming now. We'll have you out at once."
Mrs. Adams, intercepted just as she was going out, was brought back in hot haste. She uttered a little scream when she was told what was the matter.
"Why, I can't remember the combination! Where's Mr. Barrow? Where's Mr. Price?"
Quietly and firmly equal to the everyday demands upon her, Mrs. Adams failed completely in the moment of this emergency. With another cry of distress, she sank down in a hysterical condition.
"Why, the girl will smother—she will die in there!" she exclaimed.
"Where is Mr. Price?" Janet asked, in desperation.
"Mr. Price has gone to a lawn festival over in Elm Park," said Mr. Ives.
"Telephone to him, and tell him it is life or death whether he gets here immediately."
"Margaret!" again called Janet.
"Yes?"
"Have patience a little longer, dear. There is a delay in opening, but everything is being done to get you out. Courage, Margaret! Speak to me!"
"Janet," Margaret called, "tell Mr. Ives—"
"Yes, here I am."
"I—I—I've found—"
The voice seemed to die away.
"Go on, Margaret," screamed Janet. But no answer came, save an occasional gasping murmur, and Janet crouched upon the floor in speechless agony.
There seemed no hope. Mrs. Adams was more hysterical than ever, and could recall nothing of the combination. The telephone rang, but Mr. Price could not be reached.
After the closing of the door, Margaret had turned and glanced about her, half-expecting to see some rays of light. But the absolute blackness frightened and oppressed her.
"How dark!" she said. "I never really knew before what real darkness is."
She heard Janet's call faintly through the thick door, and after exchanging the first few words with her, waited with such patience as she could summon.
The confusion of excited voices outside very soon conveyed to her a thought that her danger of suffocation might be greater than she had in the first few moments imagined.
A slow terror crept to her heart, as the sounds seemed to take on increased agitation, and one or two screams reached her strained ears. Her heart-beats came slower, and her breath already seemed difficult to draw.
Janet called again, and each one of her reassuring words seemed to tell anew of the fate which might be closing about her.
She guessed too well what the delay must mean. She knew that Mr. Barrow, the senior partner, was out of town; that his junior lived in the suburbs, and could not be reached before—what!
With strong shudders she strove to draw a free breath, but already the suffocating air seemed to refuse any relief to her gasping lungs. In a paroxysm of despair she flung herself upon the floor.
Life! life! life! How precious and beautiful a thing it was! How sweet had been the light of the sun and the freshness of the air! The modest home with which she had been discontented, the routine of work which had wearied

her—how their details seemed to stand out in vivid brightness! How delightful would be the hum of the busy store, how kindly the most unsympathizing face in it would seem to smile upon her!
And her mother! With a cry of anguish, Margaret sprang up, and tried in vain to call out. She scarcely heard the sounds without, though she had a dim sense that Janet was calling her. However, with the thought of home came a determination not to give up while there might be hope. She remembered having heard that bad air sinks to the floor, and again forced herself upon her feet.
But her limbs tottered, and with trembling hands she felt for a small step-ladder which she knew was in the vault. She brought it close to the door, and so leaned upon it that if her senses failed it would keep her from falling.
In doing this, she noticed that she still held in her hand the bill which she had found. She crumpled the bit of paper in fierce anger. Had she, indeed, given her life for it?
Then a fearful thought came; when those without should at last reach her, might there not be some who would believe she had concealed the money with the intention of keeping it?
The dreadful suggestion spurred her to one last effort. If she could tell them how she had found it, no one could think that she had stolen it—
But an iron band seemed closing upon her throat as she again strove to speak. Her voice sounded to herself hollow and indistinct, as with her last conscious breath, she tried to send it through the iron door.
Two minutes later Mr. Barrow, who was supposed to be at his summer cottage among the mountains, entered the store, and looked in surprise upon the scene of confusion.
"The combination. Open the vault, quick!"
Mr. Ives had gone to find experts to force open the vault, but through the clamor of joy and fear the girls soon contrived to let Mr. Barrow know what was wanted.
He knew the combination, and at a few turns of his hand the heavy door swung open, and Margaret fell forward into the arms waiting to receive her.
In less than half an hour she opened her eyes to gaze into the kindly ones which smiled and cried over her.
"I received a telegram calling me back on important business," Mr. Barrow explained. "I did not guess how important it might prove to be."
"It must have been sent straight from Providence," whispered Janet.
Margaret was taken home in a carriage by Janet and Helen Winter. As the carriage was about to drive away, Janet held out to Mr. Ives the hundred-dollar bill, which she had taken from Margaret's hand.
"No," he said; "let her return it to its owner."
Mrs. Rayne came to see her, and cried and laughed as Margaret told how the bill was found.
"You poor dear child! To think what a result my carelessness might have had! It caught on some of your laces, and then dropped into the vault. Now I shall positively never take it back. I'm sure you earned it, going into that dreadful place for it."
Margaret's face whitened at the thought of accepting the money.
"I shall feel that you have not forgiven me if you refuse to keep it," said Mrs. Rayne. "Put it in the bank for a nest-egg. I think you will have more to add to it, for I have told Mr. Barrow that, of all the saleswomen I have ever met, you are the most patient, attentive and ladylike. I fancy he knows when he has an employe worth paying well."
"I think I found something more than the money," said Margaret.—*Youth's Companion.*

Better a Luxury in South America.

Better is as rare a luxury in South America as bread. The sort one pays thirty cents a pound for here sell there for \$1 a pound. For every pound of this commodity manufactured in that part of the world 1000 pounds are imported from abroad. Again, it is the climate that is at fault. There are cows, plenty of them, and the milk has the usual amount of cream; but the cream will not rise. Besides, there are no conveniences for refrigeration, such as cooling houses, etc.—*Washington Star.*

Easier to Save Sight than Any Sense.
There is nothing so pitiful as a school-room of children not one of whom has seen the light of the sun. There is no substitute for the loss of eyesight. And so when excessive work, long hours of toil under the flickering lights that man has made in the futile attempts to turn night into day, or when approaching age has made irroads on the sight, there is nothing so necessary as the effort to re-enforce the wanting strength in all possible ways. Science has made this easier in the case of failing sight than in that of any other organ. As time chills the marrow in old bones, as time takes from the nerves and muscles of the arm, and as time saps somewhat from the pigments of color and turns our hair a plaintive gray, so time flattens the lens of the natural eye, draws its curves into more rigid and straighter lines, and refuses the vitality that could once have repaired any waste. The eye has grown weaker, just as all other members of the body do when they have seen the zenith of power come and go.
All that is needed is that another lens be placed before that older and more priceless one, and that a series of light be sent to the retina at just the proper angle. Opticians can tell after the briefest of tests just what is needed, and they are provided with glasses to meet all needs. Men who deal in those instruments say that nine out of ten of their customers are those who find some difficulty with their eyes, but dislike to believe it is advancing age. They think all they need is something to tide them over some present difficulty that has made reading or sewing painful at night. As a matter of fact, however, they will probably never be able to do without glasses again. And they never should want to. It is but natural that the body should feel somewhat of the ravages of time when one has seen forty years come and go, for few of us conserve as we should the forces that have been given us.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Japs as Imitators.
"When I was in Tokio," said a Chicagoan who recently returned from a trip to Japan, "I was much impressed by the imitative art of the Japanese, through a discovery I accidentally made. I was walking through one of the streets and noticed in a shop window several cans of Armour's canned beef. There was nothing so very strange in that, but on making inquiries I learned that that particular beef had been put up in Japan. That's where the imitation came in. Some years ago Armour's product found its way out there, and after using it a while, the Japanese thought they could can beef also. And so they did. Armour's beef pack has been imitated down even to the label, to such a degree that it is difficult to detect the difference. I heard of another instance. Several years ago a certain glass product made in Germany was sold extensively in Japan. Through Government officials an innocent request was made to the German manufacturers to allow three or four Japanese workmen in their factory. The request was granted. The artisans spent a year or two in Germany, and today Japan is selling the very same article to the Germans at much less cost than they can produce it. Those obliging Germans have had their business ruined, and their factories have long since stopped running."—*St. Louis Star-Sayings.*

Journalism in Japan.
A gentleman who has just returned from Japan said last night: "The journalists of Japan have adopted the interviewing feature with great enthusiasm. A foreigner who is willing to talk is beset as soon as he arrives by dapper little brown gentlemen who can interview him in any of the chief modern languages. They set about the job in a very thorough manner, are quaintly inquisitive with regard to his early life, attainments and business, and then probe him for knowledge of every sort under the sun, from the municipal future of Tokio to the latest American election. Ministers of State in Japan are just like our statesmen in regard to an interview. As in America, officials in Japan often court interviews and are very glad to express their opinions through the public prints. But I am sad to say that the reporters in Japan are woefully inaccurate and the Japanese editors constantly use the blue pencil to keep down the exuberance of the reporter. Journalism of the American type has become a fixed and important feature in the new civilization of Japan."—*Philadelphia Press.*