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MEMORIAL ADDRESS BY MR. R. C. DUNN.

Delivered to The Buck Kitchen Camp, U. C. V., at Scotland Neck, N. C., on Wednesday, May 10, 1911.

Mr. Dunn is a Scotland Neck boy, and after expressing his gratification in having the privilege to stand before an audience composed of his home people, he said: With vision undimmed by sectionalism or prejudice, with reason unswayed by partiality or passion, with the dark clouds of error and exaggeration swept away by the bright rays of truth and justice, a great and unbiased military genius stands upon the high mountain of right, and through the clarified atmosphere that time has made, looks out upon the plains and valleys of forty-seven years ago and beholds in progress the struggle of the centuries. How clear to him are the circumstances and conditions under which they fight, how obscured to him are the causes which actuate them. He knows nothing of the principles involved nor the rights affected, but views, and appraises, and judges with the critical eye of a military genius. He sees on the one side an old established government, recognized by all the nations of the world, and a representative in its every capital; on the other a government brought into existence by the necessity of the hour, new born, and standing alone, without recognition or representation, with none save its own citizens, so poor as to do it reverence. On the one side a government with workshops and factories of every kind immediately available for the manufacture of every species of supplies for the army and the navy, with resources unbounded, and credit unlimited, an army and navy regular and fully manned and fully equipped, with its arsenals, its dockyards, and its workshops, with all their supplies of arms and ordnance and naval stores of every kind and the means of manufacturing the same, possessing all the chief centers of banking and commerce and the control of the national currency; on the other a government barely organized, without munitions of war, without supplies, without factories to supply them, without an army, without a navy, without money, without credit. On the one side an army of 2,778,304 soldiers, well equipped, well fed, well paid; on the other an army of only 600,000 men and boys all told, without equipment, poorly fed, and oftentimes not paid at all, whose soldiers had to whip the Yankees to get guns to fight them with, and who often had to depend on the enemy's commissary department for their rations. On the one side a government with 325,000 foreign soldiers, which it used to the extent of enlisting 500,000 foreigners in its ranks, a government with no foes save those upon the battlefield, and her ports open to the world of trade; on the other a government with no soldiers save her own with which to fight her battles, and no means with which to pay even these, a government with 325,000 of those who should have been loyal to its interests fighting in the ranks of the enemy, the only base of her supplies being her own farms and those who till the farms fighting at the front, her ports blockaded and no ships with which to bring from foreign lands the supplies she so much needed. On the one side a soldier to take the place of every one that fell, on the other the thinning ranks with no possibility of being recruited. On the one side every resource, every advantage, every odd. And as he looks out upon the scenes of that conflict and sees the army of the South victorious on a hundred ensanguined fields, sees the march of the Federal army from Washington to Richmond, a march which they had expected to make in a few days, lengthen into four of the bloodiest years of time, sees the Cross of St. Andrew wave triumphant at the head of an army outnumbered first three, then five, and finally ten to one, sees the favorable conditions under which the one and the untold difficulties under which the other fights, sees an army, which by every standard of numbers, equipment, and facilities for making war, should have been triumphant within a few months at the most, emerging victorious only when courage could not supply bread for its starving foe, looking on these things the mind of the military critic is perplexed. "What means this?" "Is it possible that there is no virtue in overwhelming numbers, in adequate preparation, in limitless supplies for equipment and maintenance, in unequalled resources? How is it, then, that the South succumbed only after four long years of bloody war, in which successive levies amounting in all to nearly three million of men had been

hurlled against her, shut off from the world, wasted, rent, and desolate, bruised and bleeding, and then only when she was overpowered by main strength?" And it is in answer to this question that I would devote the remarks which I shall submit to you to-day. First.—The Confederate soldier was commanded by leaders whom the world now recognizes as not only the greatest of modern times, but the equal, if not the superior, of any that history has produced. Compelling the affections and inspiring the confidence of his followers, watching over their welfare, caring for their lives as for precious jewels, always ready to give his own life and reputation that their lives and reputations might be saved, possessing to an infinite degree the insight to discern the strength and designs and the moral atmosphere of his opponents, correctly forecasting their conceptions of his own surroundings and the design, strength, situation, both moral and physical, which they ascribe to him; having an abiding confidence in himself, the ability to think clearly and decide quickly in time of disaster, possessing such serenity of character as not to be cast down by adversity, the moral courage to grasp opportunity, to risk life, reputation, and command on the hazard of the die, when the good of the cause justified such a risk; possessing that judgment which tempers but does not shrivel boldness, the strength of conviction which does not halt or vacillate in the face of obstacles and doubt, and the wisdom which sees all obstacles in planning and none in execution save those which are insuperable; liberal of praise and chary of blame, willing to yield his glory to others, and to assume faults not his own; unselfish in a large sense, yielding hearty loyalty to superiors and showing generosity and kindness to inferiors; having a profound and abiding belief in the necessity and justice of the cause for which he fought, the purpose and determination to die rather than be beaten, despising odds and difficulties and death, and believing and practicing the highest code of religion and morality; these were the sovereign causes which went to crown the Confederate commander, the monarch of the battlefield, and to make him the idol and the ideal of the private in the ranks. Is it necessary that I should name them—the peerless Lee, the saintly Jackson, the superb Johnston and Hood, and Hill, and Hampton, and Beauregard, and Breckenridge, and Longstreet, and Stuart, and Forrest, and Ashby, our own Ransom, and Pender, and Hill, and Hoke, and Wilcox, and Whiting, and Ransom, and Grimes, and Baker, and Pettigrew, and Branch, and Cox, and hundreds of others whose names need not that I should mention them, so high are they engraved on the imperishable tablets of fame. And it is not necessary in order to maintain the assertion that the Southern army was the best led army that the world has ever seen, it is not necessary, I say, to take the evidence of the South itself, but go into the ranks of the enemy and hear it said of them, "Only by rarest genius, surely, were those dazzling tactics, that lynx-eyed, sleepless watchfulness, that superhuman patience and superhuman valor, protracted almost incessant for four long years, keeping in tact victorious, and full inspiration that gray line, ever longer, ever thinner, of men outnumbered, two, then three, and at last five to one, whose food and clothing grew scantier with the days, while the bounties of a continent replenished their opponents, keeping that tenuous line of broken men, till very starved and untrained soldiers to handle muskets which must be used empty if at all, because ammunition was spent. And when we recall that all this was accomplished not because the Union army was cowardly, ill-led, or asleep, but in spite of Grant's relentless push and ably led army as brave, wary and determined as ever marched. Let us ask critics versed in the history of war," says he, "if books tell of generalship more complete than this." And as this eminent authority now recognizes so all the world must know the superior qualities of those who led the Southern army. Second.—The Confederate soldier was an American. Behind him were the great traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race whose blood has dominated and controlled, always and everywhere. It fed Alfred when he wrote the Charter of English liberty; it gathered about Hampton as he stood beneath the oak; it thundered in Cromwell's veins as he fought his tyrant king; it humbled and destroyed the ambitious Napoleon at Waterloo; it carried the drum-beat of freedom around the world and spread on every continent the gospel of liberty and of God. There were Hastings and Cressy and Agincourt; there were Naseby and Blenheim; and Quebec; there were Bunker Hill and King's Mountain and Valley Forge and Yorktown. In his veins flowed blood of a thousand years of chivalry, blood untainted and unminged, and it was this same blood, still untainted and unminged which flowed through the veins of the 600,000 Confederate soldiers in the Civil War. I would not detract

from the scattering few of foreign birth who so nobly fought in the ranks of the Southern army, and whose sun went down with that of ours, one iota of their merited fame so justly their due. And yet how few they were as compared with the host enlisted under the Northern flag. There were 177,000 Germans in the Northern army, 144,000 Irish, 53,000 British Americans, 45,000 English, 75,000 soldiers of other nationalities and 186,000 Negroes, making a total of foreigners and Negroes of over 680,000. If the United States had not enlisted a single American citizen, its army would have outnumbered the total enlistment of the Confederate army by over 80,000 men, a larger number than Lee ever had perhaps at any one time. Add to this the 325,000 men of Southern birth whose cause should have been that of the South but whose arms were added to those of the North, and we find that if not a single white American citizen from the North, the Eastern or Western States had ever put his name down or fired a gun there still would have been in the Union army 400,000 more men than the Southern army, according to its total enlistment, ever had. The historians never seem to tire of telling of the giant coalition of England and Austria and Prussia hurled against Napoleon, yet how much greater the coalition of America, of Ireland, of Germany, of England, of Europe and of Africa, aggregating in all nearly three million soldiers, hurled against the six hundred thousand patriots of the Southern cause. Surely the men in gray were Americans of the purest blood. Third.—The Confederate soldier was a Southerner, with all that name implies; a soldier of courage and bravery, a soldier of chivalry and character. The world will never again see the like of the Confederate soldier, for the flower of the South was in the ranks, and they were the product of the oldest and grandest Southern civilization. History tells of no braver men, none with greater powers of endurance, with nerves of iron and smews of steel, none with more intelligence, none more tenacious of purpose, none more devoted to duty, none with a higher conception of Christian manhood or Christian character than the Confederate soldier. No nobler man ever lived, no braver soldier ever answered the bugle call nor marched under flag or banner. They were untainted by selfishness and the frosts of commercialism never touched their lofty souls. They fought not for conquest, not for aggrandizement, but from a high and holy sense of duty, and the performance of that duty with whatever dangers it was attended, with whatever difficulties it was accompanied was to him the only true heroism. No sacrifice was too costly, no march too long, no odds too great, no breastworks too high, no death too awful for them to make and meet, dare and defy. On one of the mountain sides in Switzerland, Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness had so thrown together some of the immense rocks, as when viewed at the proper distance, to precisely resemble the features of the human countenance. It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was that of one grand and sweet as it were the glow of a vast warm heart that embraced all mankind in its affection and had room for more. The fertility of the valley was owing to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine. And tradition had it that at some future day a child would be born within its shadow who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, would bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. And Ernest, a child of the valley, heard this prophecy from the lips of his mother, and prayed that he might live to see him who resembled the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cabin where he was born, serving his mother with his dutiful hands and his loving heart, and after the day's tasks were done he sat down in the doorway and for hours gazed out towards the mountain where the Great Stone Face smiled down upon him. A son of the valley who had gone forth into the world and in the teeming marts of trade had become fabulously grand and rich, and the shadow of his mother and said, "Truly he is the very image of the Great Stone Face." But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had so impressed themselves into his soul, and he knew that the man had not yet come. And still Ernest grew in strength of character, in devotion to duty, in nobleness of heart and mind, and still when the day's work was done he held his silent communion with the marvelous features beaming down the valley, and wondered that the man was so long in coming. And a general, successful in his country's wars, came back to the home beside the mountain, and the people of the valley hailed him as the counterpart of the Great Stone Face. But Ernest turned away and sighed, for the man had not yet appeared. And still he gazed upon the visage of the graven giant and arrived at the meridian of his life, laboring for his daily bread, the same simple hearted man that he

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gray jacket around his emaciated form and begins the slow and painful journey, tramping wearily homeward where woe and waste await him. He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves gone, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain and the burden of others heavy on his shoulders. What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold, as Grady calls him? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair and bemoan his fate? Not for a single day. But Anteus like, rising from defeat with renewed strength and courage and determination, the character of the Confederate soldier was again in evidence, as he cleared away the ashes of the past and surrendering not a single one of his convictions, he began to rebuild his fortunes and the fortunes of his people and his country, and how well he has done his work let the present prosperity of our fair Southland testify. How philosophically, how quietly, how modestly he has done it all, so characteristic of the Confederate soldier in war and in peace. Did he leave the South because of its changed conditions? Not so. The South was the home of his ancestors, the home of his children, and there he would remain forever. Bill Arp struck the keynote of the situation as viewed by the Confederate soldier when he said, "I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I am going to work." (To be continued next week.) J. M. Howell, a popular druggist of Greensburg, Ky., says, "We use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our own household and know its excellent." For sale by all dealers. "Do your children go to the public school?" "Yes." "What is the circulation?" "My dear chicken-pox scabies, fever and diphtheria."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Itching piles provoke profanity, but profanity won't cure them. Doan's Ointment cures itching, protruding or bleeding piles after years of suffering. At any drug store. Burbank has made cactus fit for food hasn't he? "I believe so. Why?" "I should like to see what he could do with my wife's biscuits."—Houston Post. Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. You will find Chamberlain's Liniment wonderfully effective. One application will convince you of its merits. Try it. For sale by all dealers. Meeker—This paper says that mud baths will cure rheumatism. Seeker—Nonsense! I've run for office three or four times and it didn't do me a bit of good.—Chicago News. Sick headache results from a disordered condition of the stomach, and can be cured by the use of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Try it. For sale by all dealers. Never cross a bridge until you come to it. Then you may find it advisable to use a load. Most disgusting skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a cleansing blood tonic. Makes you clear-eyed, clear-brained, clear-skinned. Getting married makes a girl suddenly remember a lot of things she knows. If you haven't the time to exercise regularly, Doan's Regulents will prevent constipation. They induce a mild, easy, healthy action of the bowels without griping. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents. A woman gets the same comfort out of her Bible a man does out of his pipe. A Burglar's Awful Deed! May not paralyze a home so completely as a mother's long illness. But Dr. King's New Life Pills are a splendid remedy for women. They gave me wonderful benefit in constipation and female trouble," wrote Mrs. M. C. Dunlop, of Leadhill, Tenn. If failing, try them. 25c at E. T. Whitehead Company.