

THE CENTRAL TIMES.

E. F. YOUNG, Manager.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

G. K. GRANTHAM, Local Editor.

VOLUME I.

DUNN, HARNETT CO., N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1891.

NUMBER 22.

The Central Times.

Published Every Thursday

E. F. Young and G. K. Grantham.

SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ADVANCE:

One Year, \$1.00

Six Months, .50

Three Months, .25

ADVERTISING RATES:

One Column, One Year, \$75.00

One Column, One Year, 40.00

One Inch, 20.00

One Inch, 10 cents a line.

Contract advertisements taken at proportionately low rates.

Local notices, 10 cents a line.

Entered at the Postoffice in Dunn, N. C. as second class matter.

Official Directory.

COURT HOUSE. LILLINGTON, N. C.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Superior Court, J. M. AYMAN.

County Clerk, J. A. TAYLOR, M. E. PRINCE.

Deputy Clerk, H. L. STEARNS.

Treasurer, A. L. BARR.

Assessor, W. E. MAHER, M. E. SMITH.

Recorder, N. A. SMITH, W. E. SWANN.

Deputy Recorder, J. M. HODGES.

TOWN OFFICERS, DUNN, N. C.

Mayor, J. F. PHILLIPS.

Chief of Police, N. T. CHEL.

Police Officer, M. E. WADE.

Fire Marshal, J. A. TAYLOR, M. E. GAINEY.

Health Officer, J. H. BALANCE, E. LEB.

Sanitary Officer, E. F. YOUNG.

ALLIANCE.

The County Alliance meets on the 2nd

Friday in January, April, July and October

at Lillington, N. C.

J. S. HOIT, Pres. W. M. SEXTON, Sec'y.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

DUNN CIRCUIT.

Methodist Episcopal—Rev. J. D. PEGRAM,

Pastor. Charges—Dunn, 2nd Sunday night

and 4th Sunday night. Sunday School

every Sunday at 9 o'clock. Prayer Meeting

every Wednesday night. Black Chapel, 1st

Sunday morning. Avea's School House, 2nd

Sunday morning. Elevation, 3rd Sunday

morning. Benson, 3rd Sunday afternoon.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Dunn, N. C.

Services every 2nd and 4th Sunday at 10

o'clock. Sunday school every Sunday

morning at 9 o'clock.

Presbyterian—Rev. G. A. DUNN, Pastor.

Services every 1st Sunday morning and 3rd

Sunday evening every Sunday morning at 9

o'clock.

Baptist—Rev. J. R. FINGLE, Pastor.

Services every 3rd Sunday morning and 5th

Sunday night before 1st Sunday morning

every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Prayer

meeting every Tuesday night.

Free Will Baptist—Rev. R. A. JOHNSON,

Pastor. Services every 3rd Sunday. Sunday

School every Sunday morning.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

DUKE'S LODGE NO. 15, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Tuesday night. L. W.

IN THE CLOVER.

Butterfly.
Flutter by.
Over the clover,
Under the sky,
Sail and falter and fall,
And cling to the fragrant spray;
Shift and shirk,
No weather for work
Falls on a summer day.

Bumblebee,
Tumble free
Into the bloom of the tulip tree;
Cease your bustle and boom,
Swing on a stamen and sing,
Or clutch a flagon fraill and find,
And drowsily drink the wine,
And rest your rumbling wing.

Meadowlark,
Glow like a spark
That will set the fields afire;
Tenderly whistle
On top of a thistle

A "turtle" to your mate up higher
In a dusky locust tree.
There: There!
Away goes care,
And a dream comes over me.

A boy tired out with play,
On a summer holiday,
In the grass so cool and deep
While the butterfly goes fluttering over,
Between blue sky and purple clover,
And whirrs and tumbles,
Where the meadowlark's nest
And her golden breast
Have clover
All over
For cover.

—Maurice Thompson, in St. Nicholas.

A SUMMER IDYL.

BY AGNES GIFFORD.

Gwendoline met her aunt, Mrs. New-

combe, at the little station and drove

her up in her own phaeton.

"Is any one here?" asked Mrs. New-

combe as they rolled along the hard

white road between low green fields on

either hand.

"I mean any one nice," specified

Mrs. Newcombe with her soft little

laugh.

"Warfield is here—Edgar Warfield,"

said Gwendoline, frowning a fly off Jer-

ry's shining coat with her whip.

"Ah! That is pleasant for you."

"Pleasant?" cried the younger lady,

with a note of petulance in her voice.

"I don't think so. It's a bore."

Miss Ventnor's dark, handsome face

settled in moody lines. She looked like

her mother. She had not taken after

her father, who was a blonde. But her

father's youngest sister, the little widow,

was very like him. Mrs. Newcombe had

a charming fairness and liquid eyes. She

never looked worldly.

"Isn't he thought a good party?" she

inquired.

Gwendoline made another brusque

movement with her whip.

"Oh, I suppose so. He's rich, if

that's what you mean. And he has no

indecence. No mother or sisters."

Miss Ventnor laughed. "That ought to

be a recommendation. A fellow's fam- ily

is dreadfully tiresome—an awful

bore."

A dog-cart, with a powerful horse

harnessed to it, appeared ahead of them.

As the gentleman who was driving it

came abreast of the phaeton he raised

his hat.

"That's Edgar Warfield," said Gwen-

doline a moment later.

"He is good looking. You are hard

to please, Gwen."

"Oh, I don't know. I might like

him well enough as a friend if he would

stop annoying me."

"Annoying you?"

"Oh, hanging around."

Mrs. Ventnor was on the piazza of the

cottage as they drove up. She followed

her sister-in-law to her room.

"I'm awfully glad you have come,

Phoebe. It will be a boon to Gwendoline

to have you. I wish you would talk

sensibly to her, by the way. She is trifling

with an excellent chance of settling in

"She's a dear little thing—my aunt,"

said Miss Gwendoline abruptly, follow-

ing the little gray figure with her bril-

liant eyes. "Don't you think she's pret-

ty?"

"I don't know. You can't expect one

to know," said Mr. Warfield with inten-

tion.

"I wish," Miss Ventnor explained,

knitting her fine brows, "that you would

not say such ridiculous things!"

"Do you call them ridiculous?" asked

the young man with a shade of pallor on

his cheek.

"Yes," curtly.

The young man looked down and

traced a pattern on the gravel with the

end of his stick.

"You are awfully hard on a fellow,"

he said in a moment without looking up.

"Well, there is one thing," cried the

young lady, "you can stand it. All men

can."

Her father's voice was calling her from

the house. Mrs. Ventnor wanted some

music. Gwendoline must sing for him.

"Come, Miss, I'll tolerate no shirk-

ing," he threatened jocosely.

"I'm not likely to shirk," announced

the young lady below her breath as she

bent over the piano near which Mrs. New-

combe sat. "I'm too much relieved to be

freed from our visitor for a while."

"Ah, my dear, you're a cruel girl.

You're breaking that poor fellow's heart,"

murmured that little widow.

"Not at all likely," responded Miss

Ventnor precluding brilliantly.

Mrs. Newcombe had retreated to the

embrasure of a window. Mr. Ventnor

had encased himself in an arm-chair, and

Mrs. Ventnor sat, murmuring in un-

der-tones to one or two neighborly

neighbors of her own age. Mrs. New-

combe made a little kindly sign to Ed-

gar Warfield, who stood vaguely near her,

and he dropped, with instant gratitude,

into a chair by the window. There was in

this pretty woman's soft eyes a look of

understanding the situation and an intima-

tion of friendliness toward him which

moved the young man deeply.

Gwendoline sang song after song, in

her full, rich voice, and Mrs. New-

combe sat gently agitating her fan and list-

ening with smiling attention.

"I know no one's voice that charms

me as does Gwendoline's," she said, in

a little pause, turning to Edgar War-

field. He felt his heart warming to Miss

Ventnor's young aunt.

"Miss Ventnor's voice is wonderfully

brilliant," he said, with a lover's for-

mality.

"Yes, but it is not the brilliancy

alone. That is a secondary matter,

though it is the most obvious, perhaps.

"And she is going, my dear?" cried

poor Mrs. Ventnor, in dismay, to Phoe-

be Newcombe. "Nothing I can say will

keep her."

"Dear Gwen, what of Mr. Warfield?"

asked the little widow of her niece.

"I imagine Mr. Warfield is able to

take care of himself, is he not?" ex-

claimed the young lady.

She left on the morrow and she was

gone three weeks. On her return she

learned that her young aunt's visit was

soon to draw to a close.

"Mr. Warfield has been here a great

deal," the girl's mother told her, "and if

he has not decided long ago to discon-

tinue his attentions to you you may thank

Phoebe for it. I think she tried to make

him see that you would listen to reason

some day. He was here again this morn-

ing. We did not expect you, quite on

this train, you know, so they started for

a little walk—Phoebe and Mr. Warfield.

Isn't they coming up now?"

Mrs. Ventnor was near sighted, but

her daughter was not. The latter glanced

out of the window and saw, very slowly

moving up the path, her aunt, with her

pretty head drooped, and Edgar War-

field, with his head drooped, too. As

they came in view of the house both

heads straightened suddenly.

"Is it they?" repeated Mrs. Ventnor.

But Gwendoline had, apparently, not

heard either question.

"And so you are going away—to leave

us?" inquired the young lady of her aunt

later in the day.

"Yes, unfortunately, dearest—to-mor-

row," and Mrs. Newcombe passed her

soft hand about her niece's arm.

Gwendoline disengaged herself.

"We shall miss you."

"How shall we get on without my lit-

tle aunt, Mr. Warfield?" said Miss Ven-

tnor to the young man within a few days.

"I begin to think she was the sole at-

traction for you in our house. You have

deserted us since she left."

A color came into the young man's

cheek.

"Why, not at all, not at all! I— I—

assure you, I have had certain things

on my mind of late. In fact, I think of

going up to town to-morrow." His eyes

suddenly dimmed and grew lame.

"Do you?"

Two weeks later.

"MY DEAR AUNT PHOEBE—When Mr.

Warfield left for town he said, upon me

questioning him, that he thought he

might see you. What I am going to ask

you—to tell you—to do is, very deli-

cate. I wonder if ever a girl was placed

in such a predicament before? But you

know that I am nothing if not fearless

and independent. And I think that in

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

In Hard Luck—A Strange Question

—Struck by a Sharper—False Pretenses, Etc., Etc.

He wants to propose

To a girl he knows

A beautiful little thing,

But he can't be rash

For his store of cash

Wouldn't buy an engagement ring.

—New York Herald.

STRUCK BY A SHARPER.

Meat Ax—"Can I get a quarter from

you this morning?"

Steer—"Well, you've struck me pretty

early; but I'll let you have one as soon

as I'm dressed."—Puck.

ONE DOSE FOR THEM ALL.

"There goes a doctor," said a cynic,

who believes that foreign travel is the

very best thing for his patients."