

State Library

THE CENTRAL TIMES.

G. K. GRANTHAM, Editor.

Render Unto Caesar the Things that are Caesar's, Unto God, God's.

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VOL. III.

DUNN, HARNETT CO., THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1893,

NO. 8.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

Wilmington & Weldon Rail Road and Branches.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE. TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Dated Feb. 28 '92.	No. 23 Daily	No. 27 Fast Mail Daily	No. 41 Daily ex Man
Leave Weldon.....	14 30	5 45	A 60
Arr. Rocky Mt.....	1 30	6 35	7 00
Arrive Tarboro.....	2 15	7 20	7 40
Leave Tarboro.....	11 25	6 00	
Arrive Wilson.....	1 15	7 00	7 40
Leave Wilson.....	2 30		
Arrive Selma.....	3 25		
Arr Fayetteville.....	5 50		
Leave Goldsboro.....	3 15	7 40	8 30
Leave Warsaw.....	4 14		9 20
Leave Magnolia.....	4 27	8 40	9 44
Arr. Wilmington.....	6 00	9 55	11 25

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	No. 11 Daily	No. 78 Daily	No. 40 Daily ex Sun
Lea. Wilmington.....	A 15	A 15	P 50
Leave Magnolia.....	1 54	10 57	6 09
Leave Warsaw.....	2 53	11 11	6 15
Arrive Goldsboro.....	3 55	12 05	7 10
Lea. Fayetteville.....		9 30	
Arrive Selma.....		11 25	
Arrive Wilson.....		12 00	
Leave Wilson.....	A 15	P 15	P 54
Arr. Rocky Mt.....	4 02	1 20	8 20
Arrive Tarboro.....	6 20	3 15	
Leave Tarboro.....		7 30	
Arrive Weldon.....	8 05	5 55	10 00

* Daily except Sunday.
 Trains on Scotland Neck Branch Road leave Weldon 4 00 p. m., Halifax 4 25 p. m., arrive at Scotland Neck 5 15 p. m., Greenville 6 20 p. m., Kinston 8 20 p. m., returning, leaves Kinston 10 a. m., Greenville 11 35 a. m., arriving at Halifax at 11 00 a. m., Weldon 11 35 a. m., daily except Sunday.
 Local freight train leaves Weldon at 10 15 a. m., arriving Scotland Neck 1 05 a. m., Greenville 3 20 p. m., Kinston 7 40 p. m., returning, leaves Kinston 7 50 a. m., Greenville 9 35 a. m., Scotland Neck 11 30 p. m., arrive Weldon 1 15 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Trains on Southern Division, Wilson and Fayetteville Branch leaves Fayetteville 7 30 a. m., arrive Rowland 12 15 p. m., returning, leaves Rowland 12 15 p. m., arrive Fayetteville 5 15 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro, N. C., daily except Sunday, 6 00 a. m.; arrive Smithfield N. C., 8 30 a. m., returning, leaves Smithfield, N. C. 7 30 a. m., arrives Goldsboro, N. C. 9 30 a. m.
 Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 5 15 p. m., arrives Nashville 5 35 p. m., Spring Hope 6 20 p. m., returning, leaves Spring Hope 8 00 a. m., Nashville 8 35 a. m., arrive Rocky Mount 9 15 a. m., daily except Sunday.
 Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton, daily except Sunday, at 6 00 p. m., and 12 15 a. m., returning, leaves Clinton 4 30 a. m., and 3 10 p. m., connecting at Warsaw with Nos. 41, 30, 32 and 78.
 Southbound train on Wilson & Fayetteville Branch is No. 51 Northbound is No. 50. *Daily except Sunday.
 Train No. 27 South and 14 North will stop only at Rocky Mount, Wilson Goldsboro and Magnolia.
 Train No. 78 makes close connection at Selma for all points North daily. All rail via Richmond and daily except Sunday via Bay, also at Rocky Mount daily except Sunday, with Norfolk and Carolina for Norfolk and all points North via Norfolk.
 Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., via Albemarle Raleigh R. R., daily except Sunday, 4 00 p. m., arrive at Wilmington, N. C., 10 15 p. m. and 4 30 p. m.; Plymouth 8 30 p. m., and 10 p. m., returning, leaves Plymouth, N. C., daily except Sunday 6 00 a. m., Sunday 9 00 a. m., Wilmington 7 30 a. m., 9 30 a. m., arrive at Tarboro, N. C. 10 40 a. m. and 11 30 a. m.

JOHN F. DIVINE, Gen. Supt.
 T. R. KENLY, General Manager
 T. M. HEMMERSON, Traffic Manager

LEE J. BEST,
 Attorney-at-law,
 DUNN, N. C.

Will practice in Harnett, and adjoining Counties. Special attention given to collection of claims.
 May-1-93

W. E. MURCHISON, L. B. CHAPIN,
 Jonesboro, N. C. Lillington, N. C.

MURCHISON & CHAPIN,
 ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
 LILLINGTON, N. C.

Office fronting Court House.
 April-21-93.

A. FARMER,
 ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
 DUNN, N. C.

Circuit: Harnett, Johnston, Sampson and Cumberland.
 Collections a specialty.
 Prompt attention given to all business placed in hand.
 Feb-21-93.

ARP IS AILING,

AND READS BOOKS TO FIND REMEDIES TO CURE HEADACHES.

I remember reading in Josephus or somewhere else that King Solomon was the first great botanist, for he studied the properties and virtue of every plant from the fir tree to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall and he knew all the herbs that were good for man for medicine. I wish he did hand it down his wisdom so that we poor suffering mortals would know what kind of bark or roots or herbs or leaves to use when we get puny and pained. Maybe he did hand it down in the books that are lost, for the scriptures tell us that all the rest of the acts of Solomon are written in books of Nathan, the Prophet, and Alijah and Iddo, the seer. Maybe we will find those books some of these days, for there is a railroad to Jerusalem now that the investigating yankee is digging away under the ruins of the temple. They have recently found the stalls where he kept his fine chariot horses, 1,400 of them, and which were driven by 700 handsome young men, who had gold dust sprinkled in their hair every morning and it sparkled in the sunbeams and made them look divine as they circled around on dress parade. That's what Josephus says.

But I am afraid the botany will come too late for me and I will have to keep on experimenting until something kills or cures me. The trouble is that a sick man gets well he has taken so many different medicines that he doesn't know what cured him. I had a mule that liked to have died, and I gave him everything that the neighbors told me from lye soap and molasses to kerosene oil and lastly we rubbed him with a rail abnormally and horizontally until the hair all came off and he got well but our next sick mule died before we got to the rail and the mule doctors are still in the dark. I've been reading a good deal of late in a standard book on medicine and I found seventeen remedies for hemicrania and twenty-seven for pertussis. One of these diseases is neuralgia headache and the other is whooping cough, but sometimes I forget which is tother and take the wrong medicine. The headache belongs to me and the cough to the little orphan and the mantelpiece and the bureau is full of bottles and vials and capsules and tumblers and spoons and the medicines have such curious names on the labels that I forget which is mine and which is the child's. My doctor has given me seven remedies and charged me for every experiment, but my neighbors have given me twenty-seven free gratis and I think I am a little better considering, but I can't tell who's ahead, my neighbors or the doctor. If it wasn't for the intermissions I couldn't get along at all, but almost every day I have a lucid interval of a few hours and that keeps up my hopes. I have been taking horse radish and peppermint and turpentine, not through my mouth, but through the olfactory openings just above, and experienced relief for a time, but it is a slow business and wouldn't make a good perfume. I have tried antipyrine and several other antiseptics and the girls bathe my throbbing temples with camphor and I have tried gentian for the last three days and now am on half rations of salt dissolved in a tumbler of water, which a friend said was the favorite remedy of Major Campbell Wallace, who is nearly ninety years of age and there was no telling how long a man

would live if he would use it. A good female friend sent word to string half a dozen nutmegs on a black thread and tie them around the throat. The word came to me and I bored holes in them with an awl and strung them and went to bed with them on, but I found out next morning that the nutmeg business was for the whooping cough. Another good neighbor sent word that another woman told her that if I would catch a roach and shut it up in a little paper box my headache would go off when the roach gnawed out or died. That reminds me of old Uncle Isaac, whose remedy for rheumatism was to mash a lizard's tail and let the reptile lay under the doorsill until it died. And that reminds me now how Neighbor Freeman had two hound dogs that wouldn't stay at home; so he curtailed their tails about three inches and buried the fragments in the garden gate, and they never roamed away any more. But the like of all that don't cure hemicrania headache nor pertussis whooping cough, and to my opinion both will have to be nursed until the weather settles down and the east wind shifts to the south and west and stays there. They have called me to Brunswick to lecture, and I am going where the salt sea breeze will blow upon me gently; and I'm going to take the child and her mother and maybe we will all come back rejuvenated and remunerated.

But I believe in medicine and in doctors. We are bound to have them. Everybody can't go to Brunswick nor to the Hot Springs, but the poorest people can boil down bark and roots and sheep saffron or something that will amuse the patient until nature cures him. I believe that there is a remedy for almost every disease except old age, and the doctors are finding them out. Whooping cough ought to be cured in twenty-four hours and it will be when the germ theory of microbes and bacteria is fully understood. So let the experimenting go on. Of course there will be victims, but there will be discovery, too. My wife and I nursed a boy in Florida for three long months and the doctors' bills were \$500, and the druggist's bill had eighty-seven different prescriptions, and the boy got well. But though the doctors couldn't tell what cured him they found out a good many things that didn't, and that is making progress for the next case. But after all I believe that good nursing and home comforts and sympathy save more sick people than medicine, and I wish that everybody had as much of these as I have and the child. What can doctors or medicine do for the poor in the slums of the great cities, where there are no good clean beds, nor pure air, nor happy voices, nor any of the comforts of life. If I didn't have these and the blessed sunlight to shine through the window I think I would welcome death as a friend. But having these and more I am still calm and serene. I've got a few more things to take yet, and will then be able to tell maybe what didn't cure my headache. But I feel that the lucid interval is passing away and must stop for the present. Yours in the bonds of hemicrania,
 BILL ARP.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Korea, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Harper & Hood.

"No Time to Read."

We dislike very much to hear a laboring man say he doesn't have time to read, because nine times out of ten we know he utters a falsehood when he says it, and nine of ten of the men who have no time to read spend their time loafing on the streets or around the beer counter and billiard table. The cases are very rare, indeed, where a man has no time to read one or even three or four weekly papers each week if he wants to. It is because he has not interest enough in his own welfare to read and post himself on the events that are transpiring for or against him. He is content to let others do his reading and thinking for him.

The class of men that claim they do not have time to read are a curse to the community in which they live. They have not minds of their own, and being as ignorant as a Hottentot, they are used by the sharpers of their town and neighborhood to help carry out schemes to thwart the will of the educated and respected citizens. The man who doesn't have time to read is usually a loafer. The successful man has plenty of time to read and post himself on matters pertaining to his business, and that is one reason why he is successful.

The educated laboring man finds plenty of time to read, and without neglecting his work either. He is the man whom you will find at home evenings with his family. The nail keg in the corner grocery is never kept warm by him while he listens, or tells smutty stories to an ignorant crowd of gaping loafers. He, who cannot find time to read never finds time to be a man, but is always the tool of some man who does read. Whenever we hear a man say he doesn't have time to read one paper a week we always pity his wife and children to think they have such an in-jolent, ignorant husband and father.—Headlight.

The Billville Banner.

The primary election for postmaster of Billville will be held on Friday morning next. The pay is \$13 and seven stamps a year, and there are exactly thirty-seven candidates.

We recently wrote President Cleveland to the effect that we had named six babies after him. If that don't get us a foreign mission or a Georgia postoffice we will have to go back to splitting rails and chopping cotton.

Even the rattlesnakes are more fortunate than we are, for they all have buttons, while we are forced to fasten our one suspender with a rusty nail.

Our dramatic club has gone to pieces. Every member wanted to be manager and play the leading character.

A new singing school has been established in our midst. There are fifteen scholars and seventy-five voices. Each one deserves, and should have, a foreign mission.

Sometimes a man is candidate for office just because he can't help it. It frequently runs in the blood.—Atlanta Constitution.

That applicant for a postoffice who, with his application, enclosed a \$10 note to pay Mr. Cleveland for the time he would have to devote to considering his case, was probably from Kansas. The man was in downright earnest about it, but he hadn't been in the habit of asking for postoffices, and as this country had been under Republican management so long, he thought that was the right way to go about it.—Star.

Fled With Two Thousand and Four Hundred Dollars.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 24.—The Governor today offered \$200 reward for the arrest of J. M. Benson, Treasurer of Harnett county, official information having been received that Benson had taken \$2,400 of the county funds and fled. The belief is that he has gone southward, perhaps to Mexico, or Texas.—Greensboro Patriot.

We find the above appearing in the Patriot dated April the 5th, and beg leave to correct the same. Harnett county's Treasurer is not named Benson nor have we had a man by that name Treasurer since we have known the county. Our Treasurer seldom ever has \$2,400 at a time in his hands and besides the expiring Treasurer and present incumbent is now here. Mr. A. L. Byrd, the man who served us last term as Treasurer, lost some \$700 to \$800 last fall, so you have been misinformed Bro. Wharton.

Remember that when S. Otho Wilson's lawyers moved to set aside the plea of *non contendere* and to go into trial and give the whole facts to the public that judge Brown and Solicitor Pou refused. The people want to know facts and these officers are responsible for suppressing them.

The court ought to help The Caucasian to turn on the light. But for some reason the Solicitor did not want the light turned on in the Gideon Band business. Do we have Democratic and Republican courts, or do we have courts of justice? Justice should be done and the bottom facts should come out, even it hurts the Democratic party.

The Caucasian says Judge Brown and Solicitor Pou suppressed the facts in the Wilson trial, that they would not turn on the light for fear it would hurt the Democratic party. We think they ought to have let the facts come at any hazard. We don't think the editor of the Caucasian is any too anxious for all the facts to be investigated, he thinks its over with now and just wants to make capital. But if Solicitor Pou was to dip up all the facts, in our opinion he would strike Mr. Butler's scent in the Band.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years standing. Using three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by Harper & Hood Druggist.

Fleming & Co. have just received the nicest line of Trunks, Valises and Grip Sacks ever brought to Dunn, and they will sell you a leather Valise for \$1.00. Be sure you see our goods before you buy.