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THE CENTRAL TIMES.

G. K. GRANTHAM, Editor.

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

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

There is innocent blood on the head of intangible power known as the Government of the United States. Widows and the orphans weep for the husbands and fathers sacrificed on the altar of legislative economy and administrative disregard. Over the whole Capital city there is mourning for the dead, sympathy for the injured. Of all the horrible occurrences which this city has experienced none approach the awful catastrophe which but a few days ago startled the public pulse. The falling of the floors of a Government structure in which nearly five hundred government employes were at work is one of those happenings that discourage descriptive effort. But the damage has been done, the crime consummated, and now comes the question of responsibility. For several years there has practically been but one opinion as to the safety of the building used for the Pension and Record Division of the War Department, and yet men and desks and file-cabinets were crowded into it until every available foot of space was utilized. Again and again has Congress been appealed to for the relief which a few wisely expended dollars would bring, over and over have properly-feared clerks made public their only too well grounded prophecies of disaster. And the petitions have never received a moment's attention from those to whom they were addressed. It was a notoriously unhealthy and rotten shell, utterly unfit for habitation, but the economists' ears were stopped up with sophistries and their judgement warped by the instincts of cheap demagoguery. Yet the calamity of the present may be repeated tomorrow in some one of the other government rookeries in the city.

In another building in this city owned by the government are huddled together in a shameful manner 2,700 beings, one third of whom are females. This building is notoriously unsafe and time and time again the attention of those high in authority and responsible for the condition of affairs has been called to it, and time and time again have those authorities, none less than the Congress of the United States, cast aside the words of warning and appeal so earnestly made. This building is the government printing office, the greatest in the world, and unquestionably the least secure. It needed not the appalling disaster of last week, a disaster which shocked the whole civilized world, to bring home to those compelled to labor in this building the lesson of the catastrophe. For not a day of years past has come and gone that has not brought to those employees of this great government the realization of how near they stand to death by falling walls.

Among the Democrats who stand around the hotels and long and dream of fat-salaried sinecures that never come there is criticism of every department save one. That department is the Department of the Treasury. They love Mr. Carlisle for corpses he has made. The merry whir of the ax in the vast building is music to them. They buoy themselves with the belief that that the splendid Carlislean example must in time prove catching.

The Russian extradition treaty, which has been the subject of negotiation between the two contracting parties for more than six years, has at last been formally proclaimed, and will henceforth be the law of the land.

It will go into effect June 24. It is asserted by State Department officials that the treaty is similar in scope to all our recent extradition treaties, though it is admitted that in practice the administration of the articles may have a different result in view of the essential difference between the judicial systems of the two countries.

Mrs. Cleveland will leave the city in a fortnight to open the summer home at Buzzard's Bay, where she will spend a portion of the season, alternating between that resort and the country place on the Woodley road just outside of the city, of which she has so recently taken possession. Upon first moving into the latter place the President and Mrs. Cleveland had concluded to spend the entire summer there, but these plans have not undergone a change. The days at the country place on Woodley road are spent in uneventful quiet by the Presidential family. The fine afternoons are spent by Mrs. Cleveland in riding about the country or calling at the White House in the victoria for the President, to accompany him back for their late dinner.

Perhaps Mr. Bissell may finally conclude to take the bridle off of Mr. Maxwell.

It is costing the Nation altogether too much to keep Congress supplied with demagogues.

SAND FROM THE SEASHORE.

This is the season of the year when those of our people who, for pleasure or for health, are partial to the seashore, are becoming impatient to get their trunks strapped and be off. For all this section of the country Wilmington is the Mecca of those seaside pilgrims, for thence they scatter in different directions to the neighboring resorts, which are now very justly recognized as among the very finest on the whole Atlantic coast. There is no other city along the coast that can offer such a diversity of resorts. No other city can hold a hand to Wilmington in this respect. Even those surrounded by resorts in number and attractiveness to approximate Wilmington, cannot by any means approach the facilities of that city for reaching the resorts. People who are a little nervous about getting to close to old ocean, can take the Seacoast train and get off at Wrightsville sound. If they want to get a little nearer the ocean, they can take the train and go across the sound to the Hammocks, a wooded island where a hotel nearly a quarter of a mile long is located, and which separated from the ocean by a sand hill and the Banks channel. In case you want to get still nearer, you can again get on the train, cross the channel and ride two miles along the beach to end of the road, where there is a cluster of hotels, from the piazzas of which you can sit and toss your cigar stub into the surf. This is the land route, and would in itself be a great card for Wilmington, but there is the river route. Two elegant steam boats ply up and down the river touching at Carolina Beach, Fort Fisher and Southport. Carolina Beach is 15 miles below Wilmington. The boat lands at a long pier, from which a train carries the visitor swiftly across a narrow strip of country to the beach where there is a hotel and a mile handsome cottages, all lined out along the water so that only a pathway separates them from the ocean. This is said to be the prettiest beach South of Asbury Park. At Fort Fisher there is a hotel and a number of cottages. The

fame of Southport is well known, and it may interest the up country people to learn that Miss Kate Stuart still presides over the historic little white house by the waters edge. Of such an excellent character is the transportation facilities, that one can take in the resorts down the river, return to the city, take the train and visit the resorts from the sound to the end of the road, all in one day. It is only in recent years that facilities for reaching these places have been afforded the public, and the result is that each summer sees a greater throng of visitors there than the preceding season. That the natural attractions of these resorts are not excelled by any along the entire coast cannot be questioned. The wonder is that they were not developed long ago. Carolina Beach is already a Coney Island on a small scale. The way of reaching these resorts has been made a great deal easier, and more convenient, too, in the past year or so, for Charlotte people, and everything now seems to fit in just right. The Carolina Central Railroad Company recently discarded Rarus schedules and put on Nancy Hanks. Their trains will take you out of Charlotte after dinner and land you in the City by the Sea before sunset. Or, if you want to take it quietly—that is, if you want to go to bed in Charlotte and wake up in Wilmington, you can take a sleeper at the depot here at 10 o'clock at night, and if you have a good conscience, you will sleep soundly until next morning, when the porter taps you on the shoulder and you look out the window, not upon the familiar scenes about Charlotte but upon the rice fields, the lily spangled canals and the green level stretches of the Cape Fear country. The track no longer runs through red clay cuts and over high hills but along on either side is a narrow strip of white sand; masses of tall ferns and thick green grass, dotted with wild flowers of all hues and sizes line the road. The train rumbles along through a semi-tropical stretch, until there is a screech of the brakes, a slackening of speed and the big iron bridge over the Cape Fear is crossed. Then on the morning air the traveler detects the scent of freshly sawed lumber and hears the racket of the numberless saw mills that line the river. The train rounds the curve by Hilton grove, where there are hundreds of life oaks from whose branches the gray moss of the coast country hangs in profuse clusters, then you get the scent of the turpentine and rosin, and as you look out upon shifting scene of mills, distilleries, warehouses, ship yards, docks and shipping, the train comes to a stop under the shed of the Carolina Central depot. What next? Why, of course, you will want a good hotel and an excellent breakfast, and here, too, everything fits in cleverly, for the Orton House porter is there to meet you. For a long time, Wilmington's greatest drawback was the lack of a good hotel, but with the completion of the Orton, that drawback disappeared. The Orton is a first class house in name and in fact, and is conducted on the basis of a Ponce de Leon, while its rates are those of the ordinary hotels throughout the State. A stop at the Orton is really one of the delights of a visit to the coast, and once there one feels an irresistible inclination to tarry awhile before going further on.

WHERE OLD TIME CHIVALRY EXISTS. With the exception of Charleston, there is perhaps no southern chivalry survives to so great an extent as in Wilmington. In an hours stroll about the streets of that town after the business of the day is over, one can meet sources of persons whose manner and bearing proclaim them types of the old Southern gentleman. But lift the knocker and enter their homes and you are made to feel at once that you are in the presence of Refinement and Hospitality.

The streets of Wilmington are dotted with elegant old mansions, built after the stately ideas of the fine old gentlemen of ante-bellum times. All are large and spacious, and some have massive fluted pillars from foundation to roof, supporting broad porticos around the four sides of the house. The grandeur of these old houses has by no means departed. Their former masters and mistresses having passed away—cherished by their memory; we shall never see their like again—yet the descendants who take their places are imbued with the same lofty spirit of chivalry, the same sense of open hospitality, and as they grow older they grow more like those were who had gone before them.

Wilmington has taken on new life to a wonderful degree lately. A visitor notices that a great many old landmarks have disappeared, and in their places, elegant new buildings have gone up. The new county court house with its marble corridors and marble wainscoting, would paralyze the average Mecklenburg magistrate. A number of very imposing new stores, a new bank, express office and insurance building have been erected, an elegant electric car system is in operation and the town is being dotted with new buildings very much after the style of Charlotte.—Charlotte News.

A Home Without a Newspaper.

What is a home without a newspaper? A home without a newspaper is no home at all. It is a kind of dreary den—a rendezvous of bedbugs and fleas, where the inhabitants live blissful ignorance of what the world is doing. It is inhabited by a class who do not know who is president, or what he is president of—who never find out that a thing has happened until after every one else has forgotten it. The children grow up in rags and dirt while the wife generally finds consolation in darning socks, hugging a pipe loaded with long-green tobacco, and the man generally lives because he can't die and he is too lazy to kill himself. He goes out on election days, and does not know who he is voting for, but just takes the ticket bearing the name his great-grandfather voted for.—Salsbury Herald.

A SANATORIUM BY THE SEA.

A new Institution, and one of importance not only to Wilmington but to the State, is the Sanatorium estab-

lished this season on Wrightsville sound, by Dr. J. A. Hodges. For the present, Dr. Hodges has rented the comfortably fitted up cottages of Capt. E. W. Manning, proprietor of the Atlantic View Hotel, and already has a number of applications. His guests and patients board at Capt. Manning's Hotel. It is a great place for sick children and invalids. They have the personal attention daily of Dr. Hodges, and the constant services of a skilled, trained nurse. The establishment of this sanatorium is a most commendable move, and its success is even now assured. Dr. Hodges makes his charges to cover everything—board, lodging, services and attention of nurse and physician.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

Wilmington & Weldon Rail Road and Branches. CONDENSED SCHEDULE. TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Dated Feb. 28 '93.	No. 25 Daily	No. 27 Fast Mail Daily	No. 41 Daily ex Sun
Leave Weldon.....	P M 12 30	P M 5 43	A M 6 00
Arr. Rocky Mt.....	1 40	6 55	7 09
Arrive Tarboro.....	* 2 13 P M 12 58		6 00
Leave Tarboro.....			
Arrive Wilson.....	2 15	7 00	7 40
Leave Wilson.....	* 2 30 P M 1 15		
Arrive Selma.....	5 25		
Arr Fayetteville.....	5 50		
Leave Goldsboro.....	3 15	7 40	8 30
Leave Warsaw.....	4 14		9 30
Leave Magnolia.....	4 27	8 40	9 44
Arr. Wilmington.....	6 00	9 55	11 25

TRAIN GOING NORTH.

	No. 14 Daily	No. 78 Daily	No. 40 Daily ex Sun
Lea. Wilmington.....	A M 12 35	A M 9 15	P M 4 20
Leave Magnolia.....	1 54	10 57	6 02
Leave Warsaw.....		11 11	6 15
Arrive Goldsboro.....	2 55	12 05	6 19
Lea. Fayetteville.....		* 2 30	
Arrive Selma.....		11 35	
Arrive Wilson.....		12 50	
Leave Wilson.....	A M 3 35	P M 12 58	P M 8 04
Arr. Rocky Mt.....	4 03	1 30	8 39
Arrive Tarboro.....	6 50	2 16	
Leave Tarboro.....		12 58	
Arrive Weldon.....	6 05	P M 2 55	10 09

* Daily except Sunday. Trains on Scotland Neck Branch Road leave Weldon 4 00 p. m., Halifax 4 22 p. m., arrive at Scotland Neck 5 15 p. m., Greenville 6 52 p. m., Kinston 6 06 p. m., returning, leaves Kinston 7 10 a. m., Greenville 8 25 a. m., arriving at Halifax at 11 00 a. m., Weldon 11 25 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Local freight train leaves Weldon at 10 15 a. m., arriving Scotland Neck 1 05 a. m., Green-Arle 5 30 p. m., Kinston 7 40 p. m., returning, leaves Kinston 7 20 a. m., Greenville 9 55 a. m., Scotland Neck 2 24 p. m., arrive Weldon 5 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., 1 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 55 p. m., Spring Hope 6 30 p. m., returning, leaves Spring Hope 6 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 11 15 a. m., returning, leave Clinton at 8 29 a. m. and 3 10 p. m. connecting at Warsaw with Nos. 41, 40, 23 and 78.

Southbound train on Wilson & Fayetteville Branch is No. 61 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 Weldon for all points North daily. All rail via Richmond and daily except Sunday via Bay Line, 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 40 p. m. Sunday 3 p. m.; arrive at Wilmington, N. C., 7 15 p. m. and 4 40 p. m.; Plymouth 8 30 p. m., and 5 30 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 55 a. m., arrive at Tarboro, N. C., 10 40 a. m. and 11 30 a. m.

JOHN P. DIVINE, Gen. Supt.
R. KENLY, General Manager.
T. M. EMMERSON, Traffic Manager.

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Collections and general practice solicited.
D. H. McLean, of Lillington, N. C.
J. A. Farmer, of Dunn, N. C.
May-11-93.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.