

THE FULLER TRIAL.

We would be glad to publish the Judges charge in full but owing for the lack of space we cannot, but we must say that we think His Honor Judge Bryan made a very clear and fair one.

The case was given to the jury about 12 M. After an absence of one hour and a half the jury through their foreman D. J. Davis returned a verdict guilty of murder in the first degree. We believe we are right in saying the verdict was a surprise to the community, as a verdict of murder in the second would have been in more accord with the evidence as we saw it.

THE DEATH SENTENCE.

On motion of the solicitor, praying the judgement of the Court, and passing of sentence, Judge Bryan ordered the prisoner to stand up. He stood facing the Judge with an exhibition of wonderful nerve, his counsel, John G. Shaw, standing with him. Judge Bryan, evincing great emotion and sympathy, announced the sentence, admonishing the prisoner to prepare for his death, closing his remarks with the following solemn sentence: It is the judgement of the Court, according to law that you Edward Jones Fuller, be remanded to the common jail of Cumberland county, and there kept in safety until the morning of Friday, March 16th, 1894 and that you then be taken therefrom and conducted to the place of execution of criminals in said county and between the hours of 10 o'clock in the forenoon and 2 o'clock in the afternoon be hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may God Almighty have mercy upon your soul.

After receiving the sentence, the defendant appealed to the Supreme Court—notice of appeal being waived. Twenty days was allowed counsel to make out statement of case on appeal, and twenty days thereafter allowed State to file counter arguments.

The prosecution of E. J. Fuller for the killing of B. C. Parke has been ably and vigorously prosecuted under the management of Mr. F. P. Jones, of Dunn, one of the ablest and steepest young lawyers in the State. He was assisted by Mr. John F. Musselwhite as local attorney and the mass of impregnable and damaging evidence worked up bespeaks his ability as a prosecutor. Other able lawyers for the State including Solicitor McNeill were Col. Argo of Raleigh and Judge Wsnock of Chatham.—Ex.

POLITICS AND MORALITY.

It has been said, (whether truthfully or not, we leave to politicians to settle,) that when a man deliberately "makes up his mind" to follow "politics" as a profession, he, at the same time, deliberately lays aside his conscience; being determined to gain the ends aimed at, and to seek for political honors, at all hazards, conscience or no conscience.

"What has morality to do with politics," asked a prominent leader in a certain political contest, in the last year election. The question was startling and suggestive to one who is of the opinion that morality ought to be "part and parcel" of every issue that comes before the people for their suffrages. If the idea of truth and honor is to be discarded, and the political trickster may scheme, and lie, and buy votes, in order to carry his party-ticket safely to victory, right or wrong, then all good men who cannot countenance such immoral practices in their political party, had better wash their hands of the whole herd of political mountebanks, and remain away from the polls altogether.

Politics, without the moral sense, is only another name for chicanery and deception; and the man who thinks to run the political machine on that line, and to trample under foot the "Golden Rule," by which all men should square their lives in this world, will find, sooner or later, that "as a man sows, so shall he reap."

Honor in politics is as necessary, as honor in all other occupations and callings. He who would discard it, in any pursuit, is not the man for the people.

Spectator.

ARP TRAMPING FLORIDA.

Prefers Georgia Mountains to the Sands of the Orange State.

He Makes a Mile an Hour, However Hard the Exercise Goes, and He is Revived Only by a Drink of Water—and a Hot Dinner.

Gainesville is a beautiful town, but it is not ripe. The people do not pull together. They are not "discordant, discovered, belligerent," as Daniel Webster said, but they do not harmonize on public matters. They lack an unselfish, enterprising leader in whom everybody would have confidence. They have been trying for three years to build waterworks and can't do it. Towns have character just like individuals. Take Cedar town in Georgia, for instance. Half a dozen of her best men determined to have waterworks and electric lights, and within twelve months they had both established and everybody is proud. These men sold their town bonds at par in New York about the same time that Atlanta sold hers for 95 cents. Both plants cost less than \$50,000. Now Gainesville is a larger and richer town and has three times the trade, but her people do not pull together. Atlanta is the most remarkable city in the south for her perfect harmony in public affairs. Her newspapers quarrel, her preachers get into bitter controversies, her society falls into scandal, but her commercial people are a unit for Atlanta. They spend money like water on public enterprise. They have cheek enough to invite the world to come to Atlanta and they dare to rival Chicago in an exposition. In the office of the Constitution there is every year conceived some new venture that will draw thousands of people there, and straightway all the newspapers and preachers and merchants and manufacturers and railroads fall into line and the movement is a success.

Gainesville is the center of Florida's best agricultural region. More long staple cotton is grown in this region than any other. Larger areas are put in cabbages, lettuce, and potatoes for early shipment to northern markets. Strawberries are grown in fields instead of patches. They were shipping while I was there. These early berries bring 60 cents a quart at home. It is a lovely surrounding country and is not at all dependent on oranges for a support. I was the guest while there of an old friend who was with me in the last white man's legislature in Milledgeville during the dark reconstruction days of 1865. His locks are white now, but there is the old rebel fire in his eye. I wonder how many Georgians are left who remember Major Touch—remember him as a com-mem-ber of that body? How we did talk and talk about those perilous times and about those who are dead. Dead! We could hardly recall half a dozen who still live. Old Father Time seems to be cruel and relentless.

I met another old friend at Archer—a man of God who, for twenty years, preached at Cartersville and had to leave there for his health. Rev. Theodore Smith and his good wife are known from Chester, S. C., to Cedar Keys, and they are loved wherever known. Moving from Cartersville to Florida saved his life. There is no doubt about that. The truth is, if a man should live all his life in Florida one lung would do him, and he might have been built that way, especially if he lived near the gulf coast. I went from Archer to Cedar Keys, which twelve years ago was the proud emporium and trade center of western and middle Florida. Ocean steamers come in there and all roads pointed to Cedar Keys from the Tampa and Leesburg and Ocala country. It is sad to hear the history of a ruined town—ruined by the mighty progressive power of railroads. It is the same old story. "Illium fult." Cedar Keys is commercially dead, but there are still a few good people holding the fort. Fish and oysters are still shipped in large quantities, and the cedar pencil factories give employment to a hundred hands. It is still quite a resort for invalids who testify to its delightful and curative climate.

I visited some phosphate plants in this region around Archer, and it looked like a solid business. Great banks of the lump phosphate are seen along the railroads, waiting transportation. The lump phosphate looks like stained chalk and is full of the remains of animal life. Mining it gives employment to thousands of people, white and black, but all the dirty work is done by negroes. They get their dollar a day every Saturday night and gamble it away Sunday. They are uncertain, unreliable and take no thought for the morrow. Ben Akerman, of Cartersville, is in charge of a large plant and says that some Saturdays he quits with fifty negro men and does not know whether he will have fifty or five when Monday comes. They go and come like tramps. He became so disgusted with them last week that he went up to Cartersville after negro labor that he knew. He came back with thirty and says he had rather have one north Georgia negro than a dozen of these Florida tramps. This phosphate business is just immense and is on the increase in that region. Some imprudent ventures have come to grief, but it was not the fault of the phosphate. I was told of one plant that cost \$30,000 to get started getting out \$1,500 worth and then the bottom fell out. The phosphate was only a small pocket and no more could be found on the property. But most investors are now very careful what they buy. They have many tests made and pits sunk, but even then the pockets will sometimes unexpectedly give out.

Returning from Archer to Clearwater I tried a new road known as the short-cut to Tampa. It is a short cut and goes through a lovely country along by Blue Springs and Dunellen—a long moss and lake country, with orange groves alternating. It crosses the orange belt near Lacochee, and I expected to get off at the crossing, for the law says that all trains must stop

ductor to put me off at the crossing he respectfully declined and said his train never stopped there; that it slowed up a little, but I must get off at Macon, which was two miles from Lacochee. Well, I never fight a railroad, of course, and so I got off at Macon, which was not worth anything, but a station, and so I took my heavy valise in one hand and my cloak in the other and tramped myself for Lacochee. If you never walked two miles in Florida sand you don't know anything about an uphill business. It is on a dead level, of course, but it is worse than climbing a mountain in north Georgia. My valise got heavier and heavier all the way. I set down or laid down every hundred

yards and looked behind me to see how far I had got, and ahead of me to the distant spires of Lacochee. I had two hours' time to make it in and it took nearly all of it. I sank down in Mr. John's hotel piazza and faintly asked for water. I tried to appear calm and serene, but I couldn't. My legs had grown shorter and my arms longer than they had been in ten years, and I trembled all over like a whipped school boy. But old Fater Time is a good doctor, and by the time I got a good dinner I was ready for the train that brought me to Clearwater again. My candid opinion is that I am too old for this sort of business, and if Mr. Plant wants me to ride on his short-cut again he must issue a special order to have me dropped at the crossing and the orange belt must have me carefully picked up when it gets there. The railroads ought to be made to have a good station house at these crossings, with chairs and couches to recline on and ice water and the morning papers. But now I am at rest again. I found seven cousins here from Louisville, Ky., and some other friends and acquaintances. The town is filling up and the boarding houses are on a strain, but if anybody else wishes to come rooms for them will be provided. This is the place and we are the people. BILL ARP.

FROM THE ORE.

Some of the Processes in Steel and Iron Manufacture.

Iron-making is a kind of cookery on a huge scale. The earthy impurities must be "roasted" or melted out from the iron ore; the necessary carbon must then be properly mixed in from the fuel, or the unnecessary carbon burned out. This is of manufacture, says R. R. Bowker in Harper's Magazine. A wrought-iron bar or plate is always obtained from a puddle ball, an aggregation of grains of iron in a pasty, semi-fused condition, interspersed with a greater or lesser amount of cinder or slag. Under the powerful action of the rolls the grains are welded together, and a large part of the cinder is squeezed out, but enough remains interposed between the iron granules to prevent them from welding thoroughly and forming a homogeneous mass. The welded lumps elongate under the process of rolling, and the resulting bar resembles a bunch of iron fibers or sinews with minute particles of slag interspersed here and there. Such iron varies in resistance according to whether the power is applied with or against the fiber. Steel is the result of a fusing process. It may be crucible, Bessemer, or open-hearth steel, but in all cases it has been cast from a thoroughly melted and fluid state into an ingot mold, where it solidifies and is ready for subsequent treatment, such as hammering or rolling. The slag being lighter than the steel, it rises on top of the melted bath, and does not mingle with the metal, which remains clean and unobstructed, and, after being cast into the mold, cools into a crystalline homogeneous mass in which no amount of rolling can develop a fiber. Thus steel possesses a structure more regular and compact than wrought iron. Its resistance to strains and stresses is more equal in all directions, and its adaptability to structural use is vastly increased.

BEWITCHING ORIENTALS.

Modern Ruths, or the Damselfs of the Judaea Hills.

A correspondent of the Washington Star has been "doing" the Holy land, and is filled with admiration for the damselfs of Bethelhem. In a recent letter he writes: "I don't wonder that Boaz fell in love with Ruth. The Bethelhem girls are among the beauties of the east and you will find more pretty girls in the hills of Judaea than in the same amount of territory anywhere else the world over. A shipload of these Bethelhem maidens, if they could be transported to the great northwest, would capture the bonanza farmers of the Dakotas just as Ruth captured this great land owner, Boaz, and when they came back to Washington as senators' wives, they would be the belles of the capital. These Bethelhem maidens are fair skinned and bright eyed. They have straight, well rounded forms, which they clothe in long dresses of white linen so beautifully embroidered in silk that a single gown requires many months of work. This dress is much like an American woman's nightgown, without the frills and laces. It falls from the neck to the feet, and is open at the front in a narrow slit as far down as a modest décolleté dress. Over this gown they wear sleeveless cloaks of dark red stripes, and the head they cover with a long shawl of linen embroidered with silk. Each girl wears her dower on her person in the shape of a necklace of coins, and the forehead of each maiden is decorated with a crown of coins, some of which are silver and others gold."

THE FULLER TRIAL.

The result of the conviction of the prisoner in the celebrated murder trial at the last Cumberland Court; his sentence by the Court to the extreme penalty of the law, death; the recollection of the scene of the death of his victim, young Ben. C. Parker, who who went from this county, are calculated to impress with horror the law loving and the law abiding people of the whole country.

What precious blood was spilt; how many homes made desolate; how many hearts were broken by the bloody tragedy none can say—that there were many we all know.

All this as the evicence disclosed by a feud between two giddy foolish girls who must today stand horror stricken in the sight of the frailty of their own folly. This should be a warning to all that the tongue is an unruly member, and should be guided with a sleepless vigilance.

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NOTICE.

All parties due the Central Times either for Subscription advertising up to Jan. 1st '94, will please call at D. H. Hood's drug store and settle with me. I have severed my connection with the paper and old accounts must be settled. Respectfully, G. K. Grantham

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NOTICE.

By virtue of a certain Mortgage Deed executed to me Feb. 20 1893 by A. F. Kennedy, and duly registered in the records of deeds of mortgages of Harnett county, in book H. No. 2 page 126. I will sell at public sale to the highest bidder at the Depot in Dunn, N. C. at 12 o'clock M. on Saturday the 17th day of March, 1894. The following property therein conveyed, to-wit: A certain tract of land in Grove Township Harnett county adjoining the lands of W. H. Stephens and others containing 22 1/2 acres more or less. For full description see Book H. No 2 page 126. Records of Harnett county. Said land contains valuable buildings. Also one black mare mule conveyed in said mortgage. This 13th day of Feb. 1894.

L. M. Ryals, Admr. R. M. Canady, Mortgagee. L. J. Best, Attorney.

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