THE CENTRAL IMES

DR. J. H. DANIEL. Editor and Proprietor.

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DIRECTORY,

TOWN OFFICERS-Mayor, E. A. Par-Commissioners, J. H. Pope, J. Attorney, F. P. Jones. Marshal, M. L. Watie.

Churches.

Meeting of Sunday-school Missionary Soelety every 4th. Sunday afternoon. day night.

PRERSBYTERIAN-Rev. A. M Hassell Pastor. services every First and Fifth Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Disciples-Rev. J. J. Harper, Pastor. Services every Third Sunday, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 6'clock, Prof. W. C. Williams. Superintendant. 7 o'clock.

MISSIONARY BAPTIST-Rev. N. B. Cobb, D. D. Services every Second Sunday at 11 a. m and Tr. m. Sunday school every Sunday mrrning at 10 clock, R. G. Taylor, Superintendant. Prayer meetiong every Thursday night at 30 o'clock.

FREE-WILL BAPTIST-Rev. J. H. Worley, Services every Fourth Sunday at 11 a. m Sunday school every Sunday evening at o'clock. Erasmus Lee Superintendant.

PRIMATIVE BAPTIST-Elder Burnice Wood. Services every Third Sunday at 11 a. m. and Saturday before the Third Sunday at 11 a.m.

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HER USUAL LOW PRICES.

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A SOUTHERN NOVELIST.

Richard Malcolm Johnston and His Clever Work.

C. Cox. P. T. Massengill, F. T. Moore. How His Conversion to Roman Catholicism Changed Him from Educator to Story Teller-file First Literary Efforts.

I spent an afternnon last week with one of the most charming writers of the United States, writes Frank G. Carpenter in the Chicago Herald. I refer METHODIST—Rev. Geo. T. Simmons, Pastor to Richard Malcolm Johnston, who services at 7 p. m. every First Sunday, and 11 a. m and 7 p. m. every Fourth Sunday. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at Nelson Page as among the greatest Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10 story tellers of the south, and whose oclock, G. K. Grantham Superintendant. dialect tales of the Georgia bills. delighted the readers of the magazines Young Men's Prayer-meeting every Mon- for years. It was at his home on West North avenue in Baltimore that I called upon him. His house is a three-story red brick, which is covered with vines and looks out upon one of Il a. m. and 7 p. m.
Sunday school every Sunday evening at sunday school every Sunday evening at living rooms of the family are on the second floor, and it was in the parlor, furnished with antique pieces, that I met Mr. Johnston. He is not so rich to-day as he was before the war, when Frayer meeting every Thursday night at he owned a plantation in the south and possessed the luxurious surroundings of a well-to-do planter of his time. He lives very comfortably, however, and his income from his writings is enough to support well himself and his family.

It is not generally known to the public that Richard Malcolm Johnston is one of the best educators of the United States. He was a professor in the university of Georgia at the time the war began, and when it closed, leaving himself and all his friends poor, he opened a boarding school for boys at his home, near Sparta, in Georgia, and made here for years \$20,-900 and upward annually by teaching. other small change is one of the He had about fifty boys, who paid him strangest phenomena of these fasttuition fees of \$500 a year, and the most famous families of the south sent their children to him. Very few teachers in the United States to-day can make as much as \$20,000 a year, and the story of how Mr. Johnston gave up his school and devoted himself to writing for an income about one-tenth this size is an interesting one. He told It to me in response to my questions.

Said he: "I like the profession of teaching very much and I look upon it



RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

as my life work. I never thought of making money by writing for pay, and it was not until I came to Baltimore that I realized that I could write anything which had a real money value. I left Georgia on account of the death of my daughter. We loved her dearly, and I could not endure life amid the old associations without her. I gave up my school and moved to this city and began teaching here. About forty of my boys came from the south to Baltimore to enter my school, and had I not changed my religion I would probably be teaching to-day. Some time after I came here, however, I grew convinced that my religious ideas were wrong, and from being an Episcopalian I was converted to Catholicism and became a member of the OFFERING IN Catholic church. The most of my students were Episcopalians, and when LADIE'S, MISSI'S AND CHIL- their parents learned of the change in my religious belief they withdrew their sons from the school, and the result was that I eventually gave up teaching. In the meantime I had written some short stories, which were published in a southern magazine that was then printed here in Baltimore. These now form part of my book, known as the 'Dukesborough Tales.' They attracted attention, but I never I thought such tactics dishonest. thought of their having any money value until one day Mr. Alden, the editor of Harper's Magazine, asked me what I had received for them. He was surprised when I told him that I had written them for nothing, and he said that he would be glad to have me do some writing for Harper's, and that if bould give him stories like those he would pay for them. I then wrote some stories for Harper's. They were ly she burst into a peal of laughter. published and paid for, and I have been writing from that time to this, across the table. "He has cheated My first story was published after I himself out of fifty cents. Now, don't was fifty years of age."

As Richard Malcolm Johnston said this I looked into his bright blue eyes and could not realize that he was more than seventy years of age. It is true that his kair and mustache are finsted silver, but his cheeks are rosy with health and his voice has the silvery ring of youth. He is a tall, straight, fine-looking man, and he is full of enthusiasm and life. He is modest in the extreme concerning himself and his work, and he told me that it was a continual surprise to him that his stories were accepted by the magazines. "I suppose," said he, "it is because they are to a large extent of historical value. They picture a people and a time which is fast passing away. merely my remembrances of the people of my boyhood. The dialect which use is the language of the people among whom I was raised, and my their names changed."

Railway Accidents in America. has figured out that one person is killed by railroad accident in this country out of every 1,491,910 persons who ride twenty-four miles.

PETTY DISHONESTY.

The Little Impositions That Some Women Think All Right.

A Charming Girl Who Was Highly Elated at Her Success in Bluffing a Street Car Conductor Out of

The readiness and enthusiasm with which fair woman will beat the restaurant keepers, soda water dispensatories, railroad companies and all other institutions of civilization for the collection of nickels, dimes or striding days.

I was discussing a lunch the other day with a very charming girl, says a lady writer in the New York Herald. The first thing she said after removing her gloves and arranging her rings so that they would show to the very best advantage to the other women present

"Well, my ride down town didn't cost me a cent. That stupid conductor never came around for my fare."

ly and laughed in an almost fiendish

At the moment a pretty blonde girl passed our table and saluted my companion. The sight of the nickel upheld seemed to inspire pleasant thoughts. She stopped and began to giggle. Then they giggled together and winked at each other. "That nickel reminds me of some-

thing funny, Susie," laughed the blonde girl, whose costume cost her husband a cool three hundred dollars. "I have ridden in five horse cars to-day and it hasn't cost me a cent."

My companion instantly grew serious and knitted her pretty brows. "How did you manage it?" she inquired, eagerly.

many got on.

eternal cry of 'Fare, please!' I looked with long, wavy hair. A vault was straight ahead of me, for I wanted to found with twelve dead men sitting in see what he would do. He passed and it. Another time in a seperate coffin a repassed, collecting nickels from young girl was found by us. Her eyes idiotic women who were fumbling in | were closed with golden disks and the their purses. Each time he looked jaws held firm by a golden circlet runsuspiciously at me. At last he said, ning from under the chin across the snappishly: 'Have I got your fare, top of the head. Clad in a narrow ma'am?' I looked over his head as woolen garment, her bosom was covhaughtily as I could. He became hum- ered with golden stars, her feet being ble. 'Did I get your fare, lady?' he left naked. To this the lecturer adds lisped. 'How many fares do you that all along the way on the River want?' I replied, sternly. At that the Tchertchen they heard legends about poor man faded away to the back plat- twenty-three towns buried years ago form, thoroughly crestfallen. Several by the sands of the desert. The same good-looking fellows glared as if they tradition exists on the Lob-nor and in had a mind to throw him out of the window."

The girls laughed long over this experience, but when the blonde charm- defatigable traveler, covering more er was gone I remarked savagely that ground in a given time than is usually

"Nonsense!" observed my lady, laconically, and refused any further dis-In due time the waiter brought me

my check. "Let me see it." said my beautiful philanthropist. Of course she got it. She studied it for a moment seriously, then an amused expression crept

around the tempting mouth and final-

"See," she said, eagerly, bending be a simpleton and have him correct it. It's none of your business, anyway."

had erred and you may believe be was by the Russian traveler, read this ridprofoundly grateful.

As I collected my change and rose to go I noticed an ominous frown settling over her lovely brow and I am sure the word "fool" issued from between her set teeth.

Duties of the French Academy.

The Academie Francaise was founded by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635, lived long enough to snub Corneille and Moliere, was sholished in 1793, was revived two vears later and made a useful body by Napoleon in 1803. Since They are true to life, and they are then it has been a part of the Institute of France. It elects its own members, who are now known as the Forty Immortals. Its duties are to preserve the purity of the French language, to encharacters are real characters, with courage and preserve French literature and to distribute several queer prizes, such. for instance, as two thousand dollars each year to that member of The interstate commerce commission | the working class who has performed the most virtuous action of the year, and three hundred dollars every other year to the rising genius who is considered to be most in need of and most worthy of encouragement. The members are supposed to meet twice a week, and are paid three dollars and eighty-seven cents - a napoleon-for every meeting they attend. They receive, besides, a salary of three hundred and sixty dollars a year. Zola, who has been rejected some six or seven times, holds to the tradition that membership in the academy is the highest literary honor that can be bestowed upon a Frenchman.

Bound to Be Comfortable.

Mme. du Heffand, a celebrity of the last century! was a great invalid. One day, when she was in bed, several guests arrived and were admitted. They all began to shiver and pull their cloaks around them. "What," exclaimed the invalid, "is it cold here?" "It is simply freezing," answered a guest. "Thank you for telling me," said Mme. au Deffand. She rang a bell. The guests supposed she was sending for a maid to make a fire; but when the servant came in, Mme. du Deffand said: "Amelie, bring me in my down coverlet!" Having given this order, she began a conversation about other matters

Here she held up the nickel exultant TICH FIELD FOR EXPLORERS. The Ruins of Two Great Prehistoric Cities Found in Central Asia.

In central and eastern Asia there lies an unexplored region full of interest, and to the archaeologist especially, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. A great traveler and elever writer, the Russian Gen. Prjevalsky, speaking of the oasis of Tchertchen, situated in the great table lands hemmed in by the there unbroken wall of the Himalayas, says that close to It are the ruins of two great cities, the oldest of which, according to local tradition, was destroyed three thousand years ago, and the other by the Mongolians in the tenth century of our era. The cinplacement of the two cities is now covered, owing to the shifting sands and "Easily enough," retorted the blonde desert winds, with strange and heterobeauty. "In two cases the impudent geneous relies, broken china, kitchen conductor never even asked me for my utensils and human bones. The nafare, and of course I didn't call him tives often find copper and gold coins, and beg to be taxed. Three of the cars ingots, diamonds and turquoises, and, I rode on were crowded, and when I what is most remarkable, broken glass. boarded them others did so at the same 'Coffins of some undecaying wood or time. The conductor was way up in material are there also, within which front. He didn't know who or how beautifully preserved embalmed bodies are found. The male mummies are all "Finally he came around with his enormously tall, powerfully built men, the oasis of kerva.

Mme. Blavatsky, who was in the earlier part of her life a great and inaccomplished by even those of the sterner and more enduring sex, bears witness also to those ancient ruins, Potts-"I can make that boast-that which she openly avers are prehistoric; the pages of her works also make frequent reference to other ruins of ancient character scattered throughout the descrt regions of Central Asia. She hints, too, at buried crypts and underground vaults in the desert of Gobi, in particular in which are stored many of the preserved records of the ages. However this may be, the ruins described are certainly in place awaiting the organized efforts of science to recover for the world a long-forgotten ing and I ted for days at a time. page in the history of the peoples of the

But I thought it a first-rate oppor- globe. Or, as in the case of Troy, tunity for allesson in morals. I called private enterprise may step in and, the waiter and showed him where he continuing the investigations begun dle of a bygone civilization aright.

MISDIRECTED LETTERS.

Statistics Show That People Are Addressing Mail Matter More Carefully.

The number of pieces of dead mail matter received at the dead letter office during the fiscal year 1893 was 7,181,-027, an increase over the receipts of the previous year of 849,847 pieces, or a little more than five per cent. This increase of undelivered matter, according to the Albany Press, is less than the per cent. of increase of matter mailed, as shown by the statistics of other branches of the postal service, and would seem to indicate more care on the part of the people in addressing their letters as well as increased vigtlance on the part of postmasters to secure proper delivery.

The number of pieces treated in the dead-letter office, including those on hand from the previous year, was 7,-830,038. These were classified as follows: Five million four hundred and eight thousand nine hundred and fortyfive were ordinary unclaimed letters, 204,445 were addressed to persons in the care of hotels, 218,180 were mailed to foreign countries and returned by the various postal administrations as undeliverable, 50,941 were addressed to initials or fictitious persons and 7,106 were domestic registered letters. There were 633,957 pieces of mail matter of foreign origin and 182,050 were ordinary letters without inclosures. having been once returned by the dead letter office to addresses contained therein, and, failing of delivery, were again sent to the dead letter office for final disposition.

The number of letters classed as unmailable comprise 1,144, containing articles which were not transmissible in the mails; 98,334 were either entirely unpaid or paid less than one full rate. and could not, therefore, be forwarded! 400,832 were either deficient or addressed to places not post offices or to post offices which had no existence in the state named, and were classed under the general head of "misdirected?" 85,918 were without any address whatever, and 2,040 were classed as "miscellaneous." There were also received 83,246 unclaimed and unmailable parcels of third and fourth-class matter.

HE GOT THERE.

A Station-House Lodger Who Was Not Without His Ambitions.

The station house lodger is generally supposed to belong to the vagrant class only, but this is not always the case "About four years ago," said the sergeant of a Brooklyn station, "there was a little Hebrew peddler, a young chap, who used to come and sleep here nightly. He was a quiet sort of a fellow, and we all got to like him. Every morning he would start out with his pack, and every night he reappeared. I said to him one day: 'Look here, Stein, how is it that you always come back here? You're industrious enough, and after a hard day's work can't you afford a better place to sleep?" "'Well,' said he, 'I'll tell you how is

is, sergeant. I'm in such a position that I've got to save. I'm down now, but I intend to be something better some day, and the only way for me is to save. Why, sergeant, if I take in only three cents a day, I'll bet you I save one. I know what it is to have a good time, for I had 'em myself one day, and I'm bound to have 'em again.'

"Well, we used to help the boy along by buying little things of him now and then, for he was so plucky and persevering. There's an allowance made for giving supper to the bums, and we used to take the cash and give it to Stein. I never saw another man who could buy so much for so little. He'd come back loaded down with a dozen loaves of bread and several feet of sausages and spread a royal repast before the vags. Then we used to give him a separate cell, so he wouldn't have to sleep with the bums, for we were afraid they'd rob him or steal his pack Gradually he stayed away, and I haven's seen him for a long time. But I've often wondered," mused the sergeant, "what he's doing now. I'll wager he's running a store of his own. I'm certain he got there."-N. Y. Recorder.

-Watts-"It is a mighty lucky man who can truthfully say that he has lived with his wife for ten years without her once calling him a brute." is, if you except the occasions when she has insisted that I was a donkey."-Indianapolis Journal

-Tenant-'That house of yours is in a terrible condition. It isn't fit for pigs to live in." Landlord-"And you are therefore going to move?"-Boston

-Alfred the Great of England was annoyed, all his life by severe headsches, w ch came on without warn-