

THE CENTRAL TIMES.

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

"PROVE ALL THINGS, AND HOLD FAST TO THAT WHICH IS GOOD.

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DIRECTORY.

TOWN OFFICERS—Mayor, E. A. Parlet. Commissioners, J. H. Pope, J. C. Cox, P. T. Massengill, F. T. Moore. Attorney, F. P. Jones. Marshal, M. L. Wade.

Churches.

METHODIST—Rev. Geo. T. Simmons, Pastor. Services at 7 p. m. every First Sunday, and 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. every Fourth Sunday.

PRESBYTERIAN—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.

MISSIONARY BAPTIST—Rev. N. B. Cobb, D. D., Pastor. Services every Second Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

FREE-WILL BAPTIST—Rev. J. H. Worley, Pastor. Services every Fourth Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday school every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

PRIMITIVE BAPTIST—Elder Burnice Wood, Pastor. Services every Third Sunday at 11 a. m. and Saturday before the Third Sunday at 11 a. m.

E. J. BEST, ATTORNEY AT LAW. DUNN, N. C. Practice in all the Courts. Prompt attention to all business. J 25 1 y

A NEW LAW FIRM. D. H. McLean and J. A. Farmer have this day associated themselves together in the practice of law in all the courts of the State.

J. H. DANIEL, DUNN, HARNETT CO. N. C. Practice confined to the disease of Cancer. Positively will not visit patients at a distance.

W. E. MURCHISON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Will Practice in all the surrounding counties. JONESBORO, N. C. April-21-92.

MILLINERY HAVE YOU EXAMINED THE BARGAINS MISS MCKAY IS OFFERING IN LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN'S HATS! SHE ALSO HAS ON HAND A BEAUTIFUL LINE OF VEILING. LADIES AND MISSES CORSETS. INFANTS AND CHILDREN'S CAPS, MERINE VESTS, HOSIERY, GLOVES AND MANY OTHER THINGS TOO NEUMERCUS TO MENTION, AND ALL AT HER USUAL LOW PRICES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

A SOUTHERN NOVELIST.

Richard Malcolm Johnston and His Clever Work.

How His Conversion to Roman Catholicism Changed Him from Educator to Story Teller—His First Literary Efforts.

I spent an afternoon last week with one of the most charming writers of the United States, writes Frank G. Carpenter in the Chicago Herald. I refer to Richard Malcolm Johnston, who ranks with Uncle Remus and Thomas Nelson Page as among the greatest story tellers of the south, and whose dialect tales of the Georgia hills have delighted the readers of the magazines for years.

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 \$20,000 and upward annually by teaching.



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.

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 hair and mustache are frosted 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.

Railway Accidents in America. The interstate commerce commission 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 a Nickel.

The readiness and enthusiasm with which fair woman will beat the restaurant keepers, soda water dispensaries, railroad companies and all other institutions of civilization for the collection of nickels, dimes or other small change is one of the strangest phenomena of these fast-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 was:

"Well, my ride down town didn't cost me a cent. That stupid conductor never came around for my fare." Here she held up the nickel exultantly and laughed in an almost fiendish glee.

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 something 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."

The girls laughed long over this experience, but when the blonde charmer was gone I remarked savagely that I thought such tactics dishonest.

"Nonsense!" observed my lady, laconically, and refused any further discussion. In due time the waiter brought me my check.

But I thought it a first-rate opportunity for a lesson in morals. I called the waiter and showed him where he had erred and you may believe he was profoundly grateful.

Duties of the French Academy.

The Academie Francaise was founded by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635, lived long enough to snub Corneille and Moliere, was abolished in 1793, was revived two years later and made a useful body by Napoleon in 1803. Since then it has been a part of the Institute of France.

Bound to Be Comfortable.

Mme. du Deffand, a celebrity of the last century, was a great invalid. One day, when she was in bed, several guests arrived and were admitted.

RICH 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 archeologist especially, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. A great traveler and clever writer, the Russian Gen. Prjevalsky, speaking of the oasis of Tcherchen, situated in the great table lands hemmed in by the three 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.

Mme. Blavatsky, who was in the earlier part of her life a great and indefatigable traveler, covering more ground in a given time than is usually accomplished by even those of the sterner and more enduring sex, bears witness also to those ancient ruins, which she openly avers are prehistoric; the pages of her works also make frequent reference to other ruins of ancient character scattered throughout the desert regions of Central Asia.

globe. Or, as in the case of Troy, private enterprise may step in and, continuing the investigations begun by the Russian traveler, read this riddle 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.

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 forty-five 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 7,100 were domestic registered letters.

The number of letters classed as unmaillable comprise 1,144, containing articles which were not transmissible in the mails; 98,394 were either entirely unpaid or paid less than one full rate, and could not, therefore, be forwarded; 400,852 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"; 83,918 were without any address whatever, and 2,040 were classed as "miscellaneous." There were also received 83,246 unclaimed and unmaillable 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 it 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 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't 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." Potts—"I can make that boast—that 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 Transcript.

—Alfred the Great of England was annoyed all his life by severe headaches, which came on without warning and lasted for days at a time.