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DR. J. H. DANIEL. Editor and Proprietor. "PROVE ALL THINGS. AND HOLD FAST TO THAT WHICH IS GOOD. $1.00 Per Year, In Advance

VOL. IV. DUNN, HARNETT CO., N. C. THURSDAY MAY 10, 1894. NO. 11.

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Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. G. K. Grantham Superintendant. Meeting of Sunday-school Missionary Society every 4th. Sunday afternoon.
Young Men's Prayer-meeting every Monday night.

PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. A. M Hassell, Pastor. Services every First and Fifth Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.
Sunday school every Sunday evening at 2:30 o'clock. Dr. J. H. Daniel, Superendant.

DISCIPLES—Rev. J. J. Harper, Pastor. Services every Third Sunday, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.
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Prayer meeting every Thursday night at 7 o'clock.

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May 11 '93.

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ROOFING
cost only $2 00 per 100 square feet. Makes a good roof for years, and anyone can put it on.
Gum-Elastic Paint costs only 60 cents per gallon, in bbl. lots, or $4.50 for 5-gal. tubs. Color dark red. Will stop leaks in tin or iron roofs, and will last for years. TRY IT.
Send stamp for samples and full particulars.
GUM ELASTIC ROOFING COMPANY,
39 & 41 WEST BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.
LOCAL AGENTS WANTED.

THE ANIMAL EXTRACTS
Prepared according to the formula of
DR. WM. A. HAMMOND,
In his laboratory at Washington, D. C.
CEREBRINE, from the brain, for diseases of the brain and nervous system.
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Doses, Five Drops. Price (2 drachms), $2.50.
The physiological effects produced by a single dose of Cerebrine are acceleration of the pulse with feeling of fullness and distention in the head, exhilaration of spirits, increased urinary excretion, augmentation of the expulsive force of the bladder and peristaltic action of the intestines, increase in muscular strength and endurance, increased power of vision in elderly people, and increased appetite and digestive power.
Where local druggists are not supplied with the Hammond Animal Extracts they will be mailed, together with all existing literature on the subject, on receipt of price, by
THE COLUMBIA CHEMICAL CO.,
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BOTANIC BLOOD BALM never fails to cure all manner of Blood and Skin diseases. It is the great Southern building up and purifying Remedy, and cures all manner of skin and blood diseases. As a building up tonic it is without a rival, and absolutely beyond comparison with any other similar remedy ever offered to the public. It is a panacea for all ills resulting from impure blood, or an impoverished condition of the human system. A single bottle will demonstrate its paramount virtues.
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For sale by druggists; if not send to us, and medicine will be sent freight prepaid on receipt of price. Address
BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Moonlight North and South

Love, we have heard together
The North Sea sing his tune,
And felt the wind's wild feather
Brush past our cheeks at noon,
And seen the cloudy weather
Made wondrous with the moon.

Where loveliness is rarest,
'Tis also prized the most;
The moonlight shone her fairest
Along that level coast,
Where sands and dunes the barest,
Beauty seldom boast.

Far from that bleak and rude land,
An exile I remain,
Fixed in a fair and good land,
A valley and a plain,
Rich in fat fields and woodland,
And watered well with rain.

Last night the full moon's splendor
Shone down on Taunton Dene,
And pasture fresh and tender,
And coppice dusky green,
The heavenly light did render
In one enchanted scene.

One fair unearthly vision,
Yet soon mine eyes were cloyed,
And found those fields Elysian
Too rich to be enjoyed,
Or was it our division
Made all my pleasure void?

Across the window glasses
The curtain then I drew,
And as a seabird passes,
In sleep my spirit flew
To gray and wind-swept grasses,
And moonlit sands, and you.

—R. F Murray in Longman's Magazine

God's Nearness.

It is not high above the stars God walks,
Removed far from all my grief and care;
It is not from an unknown height he looks,
And listens to the pleading of my prayer.

But with all His loving strength most dear,
He walks with me these pathways lone and dim,
His mighty, mighty love close bent to hear
The faintest thought my soul breathes out to Him,

—Charles MacNamara in S. S. Times.

[From Home and Farm.]

A FARMER'S WIFE.

BY KATIE WILLIAMSON.

"Well sweetheart, here we are at home," said Hurbert, "and now I will have to leave you for a few moments and go out and see how things have been carried on in my absence. Have a seat and when you have warmed and rested you may take a peep into the cook-room and give any directions you may wish to."

So saying, he kissed me and left me alone with my own thoughts for the first time in several days. We had been married only a week. I had left all that I had known and loved from my earliest recollections and come among strangers for Hubert's sake. This I had done willingly, for I loved him and knew that he loved me with all devotion of which his gentle, noble nature was capable. I was a school teacher when I met and learned to love Hubert and it was with many misgivings that I had finally consented to marry him. I knew that I was totally unfit for a farmer's wife, as I had spent all my time in the school room and knew nothing of the practical duties of life. However, the last few months before our marriage I had endeavored to learn something of the duties upon which I was about to enter.

After resting a few moments I went out into the cook-room and looking around, as Hubert had suggested. Sal had commenced preparing supper so I gave no orders as I was afraid I would betray my ignorance. When supper was over I stayed in the dining room a few minutes and assisted Sal in cleaning away the table. When she asked me about breakfast I told her that she had prepared a very nice supper and she could get what she liked for breakfast, and then I went into our cozy little room, where I found Hubert.

"Well, sweetheart," he said, "how do you think you will like your new duties?"

"You must wait awhile before asking me that. I haven't had time to learn what they are yet; but I intend to like them for your sake. I fear that I have done you an injustice in consenting to marry you. You could have married a nice girl who has been accustomed to farm life, and instead you have chosen an ignorant "school marm."

Hubert laughingly replied, "I call that a contradiction of terms, but I am perfectly contented with my ignorant 'school marm,' for I know she can learn whatever she sets her wise little head to learn."

"O, I mean to try so hard, darling and if you will be patient with me perhaps I may learn to be a model wife and housekeeper."

Then we talked of how we first met and learned to love each and indulged in happy dreams of the future as all young married people are wont to do.

At the end of the week, Sal, the negro woman that Hurbert had, informed me that she had only been employed for a week. I had also learned that none of my neighbors kept a cook, so I decided to undertake the cooking myself, with the understanding that Sal was to assist me some every Saturday.

The first months of our married life passed away like a happy dream. I would often go to the ginhouse and watch Hubert ginning cotton, a sight of which I was never tired as I was raised in a tobacco country. Sometimes we would ride horseback over the farm and Hubert would tell me of his plans and how he hoped to own the farm in a few years. He had only made a small payment on it then. I managed to get on nicely with the housework, a fact which greatly elated me. Hubert was lavish in his praises of my culinary skill. Time passed rapidly and soon the busy spring months were upon us. It was then that the first clouds came over our married life. Hubert informed me one night that he had hired a negro boy and he would begin work the next day, so I could prepare breakfast for him. Although I had never been accustomed to seeing ladies do their own work I knew it was the custom here but had never imagined that Hubert would expect me to cook for "hands." I said nothing however and had the breakfast already in due time the next morning. As the farm work became more pressing Hubert was away from me from sun up until sun down only spending a short time while at meals. How lonely I was June came and then I had to cook for five "hands" instead of one The weather was much warmer than I had been accustomed to, for I was raised in another State, and as I had never spent many hours over a cook stove before my marriage the combined heat was almost more than I could bear, for my health was very bad, too. Hubert was always gentle and kind, but naturally he was absorbed in his work and I brooded over my cares and troubles, as I termed them, until I grew sad and silent. One day when I was more sad and silent than usual Hubert drew my head down on his shoulder and said:

"Sweetheart married life is not what you thought it would be; you are disappointed, are you not?"

I did not answer in some time and then I said:

"What makes you think I am disappointed?"

"Because you are so sad and quiet so different from the gay, light hearted girl of a few months ago."

"I am not very well and you don't know how tired I am sometimes, darling," I sobbed out.

"Hadn't you better have a cook for awhile then?" he said.

Now none of my neighbors had cooks. I wanted to be as smart as they were, so I said: "No I will try to do without one."

December came around and it was the anniversary of our wedding day. I was seated in my room with my little baby girl, Mabel, in my arms. Hubert came in and said:

"Katie we have been married a year today."

"Yes, I was just thinking of it," I replied. Then we reviewed the past year together.

"I have fallen so far short of what I expected to be, Hubert, and now I am nothing but an expense to you."

"How can you say that Katie? You know life without you would be dreary indeed for me, The year that has just passed has been the happiest of my life. I could have employed a cook or a washer-woman, but not a wife such as you are."

His words comforted me some but I knew that I was at an expense to him. I was in very feeble health and our darling little baby was so delicate that we scarcely dared hope that she would be spared to us. The cotton crop had been a failure but Hubert managed to pay up nearly all his debts and to pay a small amount on his land. But I could not be as happy and bright hearted as I had been a year ago. I thought of the dreams I had indulged in before marriage, when I pictured myself as a farmers wife. In those dreams I imagined that I would have a cook who would only need a few directions from me to prepare a perfect meal. I thought I would spend my time in keeping the house in order, looking after the chickens and working in my flowers. I always pictured myself as possessing a lovely flower garden, for I was passionately fond of flowers.

But alas! I thought what a contrast between the anticipation and realization. I only had a cook when I was so weak that I could no longer do the work, and I had no flowers at all. Hubert had so often impressed upon me the necessity for us to practice the strictest economy that I didn't dare ask him for money to buy flowers. It always embarrassed me to ask him for money for any purpose. I had been accustomed to having my own purse before marriage and now I felt its absence keenly. Hubert had said that I might have all that I could make on the chickens and cow. I knew nothing of the attention which should have been bestowed upon them to make them yield a surplus, and although I had managed to have a sufficient supply of chickens, eggs and butter for our own use I had not sold any.

The second year of our married life passed away very much as the first had done. I was very despondent and had often urged Hubert to give up farming and try some other occupation. This he would not agree to, and I indulged in some very bitter thoughts because he would not. At the end of the third year it seemed to me that matters were growing worse instead of better. Owing to bad crops and low prices Hubert had not been able to pay anything on his land and had also some other small debts which he could not discharge. I had visited my mother during the summer months, and traveling expenses and the clothing for myself self and babies, for we now had two, had taken a considerable sum. Now, at the close of the year, I reproached myself for spending so much, though Hubert did not reproach me. I resolved that I would not spend so much again until we had discharged some of the debts which were weighing so heavily upon my husband. He was beginning to look careworn, and although we were very happy in our little home. for our baby-boy and little girl were a never-failing source of pleasure to us both, I knew that Hubert spent many wakeful hours at night thinking of the future, which looked so dark in a financial way. However, we are resolved to redouble our energies, and hoped that we would be more successful during the next year. I felt that I could aid Hubert more than I hitherto had done. I had learned to manage my share of the work better. I had made a small amount on my chickens, and as I had increased my flock, I hoped to realize a considerable sum from them in the future. I had also resolved not to spend a cent more than was positively necessary. Lastly, I resolved that I would endeavor to be a wife in the highest sense of the word, sharing in all my husband's toils and plans. This I knew I had not done in the past as fully as I should have done.

* * * *

Twelve years have passed away, and it is the anniversary of our wedding day. It has been a happy day for us. Seated at the supper table with our two boys and two girls around us we presented a merry group. Mabel and Annie set the table; they also prepared several dainty dishes without my assistance. Papa and I were lavish in their praises of their success. Even little two-year old Hubert seemed to enter into the spirit of the day.

Hubert presented me with a piano a few months ago, and already the children are learning to sing well. So after supper we spent an hour or two singing together, after which we all united in prayer, and now the children have retired and Hubert and I are left alone. We review our married life, as it has always been our custom to do on this day.

"Well, darling," Hubert says, "we should be very thankful for the kind Providence that has watched over us and given us so many rich blessings; let us enumerate some of them."

"First and foremost, Hubert, we must provide for our precious children."

"Yes," said he; "they are our most precious possessions, and for their sakes I am glad that we have almost lifted the debts which have burdened us so long. I feel as if a great burden had been rolled away when I think of it."

"It has been a hard struggle for you, my darling, and you have always been so cheerful, such a kind husband and father."

"My wife," said he, "you deserve a greater part of the credit for my cheerfulness. You have denied yourself so many things to which you had been accustomed before our marriage, you have overcome so many of your prejudices, and then think how much you have aided me in paying for our home! You have almost clothed us by selling your surplus chickens, eggs and butter. Then what a nice housekeeper you are! You have made your home beautiful with flowers and pictures, you have a nice library started, and you have expended such a small amount that I wonder how you managed it all."

"Spare me Hubert," said I, "you almost make me blush, You deserve more praise than I do for it all; you have alwayr led me on to nobler, higher things, and whatever I have achieved as a wife, mother and housekeeper is due to your gentleness and patience."

As I retire to-night, I thank God that I am a farmer's wife. It is true I have been deprived of some of the so-called 'luxuries of life,' but what are they compared to our happy home? I have learned what a great happiness it is to possess a home that has been earned by the combined efforts of a farmer and his wife.

[From the Spirit of the Age.]

A SHORT STORY.

BY TALLIE MORGAN.

The Newman M. E. church is the largest in the city of Bloomsbarre, having over 8,000 members.

The Official Board is in session.

A very animated discussion is going on over the withdrawal of twenty-seven of the members of the church.

Dr. Williamson, the eloquent pastor, is speaking.

"I admit that in point of numbers twenty-seven out of over eight hundred would make but very little difference, but see who the twenty seven are—the very ones who carry on our prayer meetings, and attend to the spiritual affairs of the church. It is true that they are not the wealthy part of our church, but a church cannot be run on money alone."

"Brother Williamson," spoke up the Hon. Charles Smith, a member of the Legislature, "I say let them go; we will get along much better without them. They have grown crazy over the prohibition party, and right here in our prayer meeting some of them have grown so strong as to declare that any man who did not vote their ticket was supporting the liquor traffic. Now, I claim to be as good a prohibitionist as any man in the prohibition party, and, indeed, a better prohibitionist, for the reason that I had the honor of voting for the enactment of our present high license law, which has done more for temperance than the prohibition party will ever accomplish."

Then Judge Grant, one of the county judges, spoke up: "Gentlemen, this recent discussion about the church being the bulwark and the helper of the liquor traffic is nothing short of blasphemy, in calling the faithful followers of the Lord Jesus Christ the upholders of the rum traffic, the greatest curse the world has ever seen. I agree with Brother Smith, let those prohibition cranks go in peace." [Applause from the other members of the board.]

"Of course," said Dr. Williamson, "we will have to give them their letters, for we can find no fault with their Christian character. But we have none to take their places in the prayer service. This is one of the evils of bringing politics into religion; they won't mix. The old Republican party is a good enough temperance party for me, and while it is not up to the standard on the temperance question that I would like to see it, yet I am not going to throw away my vote on a party that hasn't a ghost of a chance of electing its candidates." [Applause.]

"I don't understand what these fanatical prohibitionists can want," said the Hon. Mr. Smith. "Our church as a church has declared that the liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin, and nothing stronger than that could be uttered. The man who sells liquor for a living is worse than a——"

Just then there was a sharp knock on the door.

"Come in," responded the double-bass voice of Dr. Williamson.

The door opened and the portly form of the saloon-keeper across the street appeared in the doorway. He was the first to break the oppressive silence:

"Gentlemen, knowing this to be your regular meeting night, I decided to come over and inform you that my family and myself have made up our minds to join the church and help along the good work you are doing."

This speech was greeted with dumb astonishment by the members of the board. Dr. Williamson was the first to speak:

"Have you given up the saloon business?"

"No, sir, I am conducting a respectable place, and see no reason why I should give it up."

"We-e-ll, slowly said the Doctor, "our church rules prohibit us from taking in dealers in liquors, and for that reason we must refuse you."

"Oh, said the saloon-keeper, a flush of anger coming into his florid face, "I was not aware of that. On what ground does your church refuse to admit saloon-keepers?"

"On the ground that they are engaged in a business that sends souls to hell!" replied Dr. Williamson. "The Bible says that no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God, and those who make drunkards cannot. More than that our Board of Bishops has declared that the liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin."

The saloon-keeper was thoroughly aroused by this time, and in suppressed, angry tones asked: "Do you know that many of your members are customers of mine?"

"I have heard that somewhere," said Dr. Williamson.

"Do you know that two of this Official Board, now in this room, are among my regular customers?"

No reply, but two very red faces showed who had been hit.

"Do you know that I got my license from Judge Grant, who sits right here, for which I paid the regular license fee?"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Judge Grant excitedly, "you are going too fast, my friend; I do not make the laws, and I am compelled by the license law to grant licenses; therefore, I am not responsible."

"Well, the law was enacted by Mr. Smith there, and other Republicans."

"You can't place the responsibility on me," said Mr. Smith. "I carried out the wishes of those who elected me. Had I been elected on a prohibition platform I would have voted for a prohibitory law. My party stands for high license and I voted for the law."

"I understand that fully," said the saloon keeper. "but I voted for you; so did Judge Grant; so did Dr. Williamson, the rest of this board, and the great majority of voters in your church, I took it for granted that all who voted for you believed in license. Now I am politely told that I cannot join this self-righteous, heaven-bound band, and that I shall go to hell! Dr. Williamson here voted for you, Smith, to pass a license law, which compels Judge Grant to give me a license—to go to hell! I am the fourth party to the agreement and without the consent of you three I could not engage in the whisky business. You three are bound for heaven, where you will wear starry crowns sparkling and scintillating with precious gems and bright jewels, and play on golden harps in a glorified atmosphere of peace and purity, while I, the rumseller, for doing just what you have licensed me to do, am to be consigned to hell, and suffer the torments of the damned in the pit of outer darkness where there is to be weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth! Gentlemen, if your Bible is true, and I go to hell for selling whisky, you will go with me to hell for voting to give me the legal right of doing so. GOOD NIGHT!"

With that he vanished, closing the door behind him with a slam.

The members of the official board looked steadfastly on the floor, each one seemingly afraid of breaking the silence. They were Christian men, believed they were doing their Christian duty. But the saloon keeper, in his fierce, truthful arraignment of those present, had placed a heavy responsibility on their shoulders. Each one was doing some pretty heavy thinking when Dr. Williamson ended the silence by slowly saying:

"Brethren, that saloon keeper told us some terrible truths. Brethren, our hands are not clean nor our skirts unspotted. Let us go home and pray for light."

Silent Forces.

The Christian Advocate beautifully and kindly says there are many faithful workers for the Saviour who are not known far away from home, but who are moving quietly for the Master day after day. They are not performing goods deeds to be seen of men, but are working with an eye single to the glory of God. They are noiseless forces in the kingdom of Christ. And are they not sometimes the most powerful? If we look about us, we see that the greatest forces work silently. As has been beautifully expressed:

"How silently the sunbeams fall all day long upon the fields and gardens, and yet what joy, what cheer and life they diffuse! How silently the flowers bloom, and yet what sweet fragrance they emit! How silently the stars move on their majestic marches around God's throne, and yet they are suns of worlds! How silently God's angels work, stepping with noiseless tread through our homes and performing ever their blessed ministry about us! Who hears the flutter of their wings or the faintest whisper of their tongues? And yet we know they hover over us and move about us continually."

In the same way Christ has many earthly servants, moving about in a quiet way, carrying rays of sunshine and the sweet fragrance of a consecrated life, making others happy. They are not recognized by the world as being great orators or great workers, but Christ has them recorded as being among his most faithful ones. That is enough. Who can ask for greater honors?

N. C. Teachers' Assembly.

The North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, which is the largest State educational organization in the United States, will meet in its 11th annual convention in its own handsome building at Moorehead City, N. C., on June 19, and continue in session until July 3.

The work of the coming session of the assembly will be more interesting and valuable to teachers than than ever before. The subjects to be discussed are new and timely, and the very largest experience and ability of the most prominent North Carolina teachers will be given to the consideration of every question. There have also been made engagements with some of the most noted educators of other States, who will be present on the occasion.

Railroad rates to the assembly are very low, and tickets will be on sale June 15 to 30, with limit of return till July 15. Assembly membership coupons will be attached to each ticket, which will entitle the holder to all privileges of the session. Baggage may be checked through to Moorehead City from any point in the State, thus saving all trouble of transferring at Goldsboro.

Programme and other information concerning the assembly may be obtained upon application to E. G. Harrell, Secretary, Raleigh, N. C.

The horror and degradation produced by the drink traffic are not to be measured by any ordinary calculation of its first cost, nor are its depredations to be judged only by its effects on the business interests of the community. Its awful results are more injurious as a narcotic on the moral sensibilities of the people; and when conscience is blunted, the anchor of our civilization is gone and we drift into anarchy and despotism.

Have you noticed how long it takes a moderate drinker to find out that he has any bad habits?

We would like to receive your name as a subscriber, but the destiny of THE TIMES is not in your hands.