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VOL. IV. DUNN, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1894. NO. 38.

THE TIMES JOB OFFICE
Prepared to do any kind of Job Work from a 7 Column Paper to a Shipping Tag.

Town Dirctory.

Mayor—A. R. Wilson.
Commissioners—E. F. Young, J. H. Pope, Dr. F. T. Moore, D. H. Hood.
Marshal—M. L. Wade.

CHURCHES.

Methodist—Rev. G. T. Simmons, Pastor. 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 7 o'clock. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock: G. K. Grantham, Superintendent. Meeting of Sunday school Missionary Society every fourth 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 o'clock. Dr. J. H. Daniel, Superintendent.

Disciples—Rev. J. J. Harper, Pastor. Services every third Sunday at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 4 o'clock, Mr. Ed Ballance, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Thursday night at 7 o'clock.

Missionary Baptist—Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock; R. G. Taylor, Superintendent. Prayer-meeting every Thursday night.

Free Will Baptist.—Rev. S. H. Worley, Pastor. Services every Fourth Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday school every Sunday evening at 3 o'clock, Erasmus Lee, Superintendent.

Primitive Baptist—Elder Barnice Wood, Pastor Services every third Sunday at 11 a. m., and Saturday before the third Sunday at 11 a. m.

LODGES.

The Lucknow Lodge No. 115 I. O. O. F., meets every Tuesday night at 8 o'clock. R. G. Taylor, N. G.; J. W. Jordan, V. G.; , C. McNeill, Secretary.

Palmyra Lodge, No. 157, A. F. & A. M. Regular communications every third Saturday and every first Friday night. Visiting Masons invited to attend.
J. PEARSALL, Secretary.

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THE TIMES
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Bringing our Sheaves With Us.

The time for toil has passed and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Lost of the laborers thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain—
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And staid and toiled till it was dark and late—
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat—
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves,
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value or utility—
Therefore shall fragrance and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love preceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

—Alizabeth Akers Allen.

NEWS OF OUR STATE.

A Newspaper Goes Under

The Durham Weekly Times, an independant paper, which has been published at Durham for sometime suspended publication last week.

The Pensioners of the State

There are 68 first-class pensioners, who receive $68 yearly; 241 second-class, who get $51; 850 third-class who get $34 and 1,494 of the fourth class, who get $17. The decrease is 111 of the widows while the increase of soldiers of the fourth-class is 134. There is a small increase in the amount of pensions to each case. There are 2,743 widows, who also get $17. —News and Observor.

Two negro women—mother and laughter—were tried for attempting to burn the residence of Mr. V. L. Cherry, of Weldon, in whose employ they were. The jury convicted the girl and acquitted the mother. No one could account for this act upon their part, as they were on good terms with Mr. Cherry and family. The girl stated on the witness stand that another girl offered her a calico dress to commit the crime and she was given ten years in the penitentiary

A Reward Offered.

Gov. Carr has offered a reword of $100 for the capture of Quinnie Dunn, colored, who is wanted in Green county for murder. Quinnie is one of the wealthiest colored men in the State, a farmer by occupation, and owns two large plantations. He deliberately shot a colored boy dead in the yard of the boy's mother for attempting to break a dog loose from his mother's hog, that Quinnie was dogging out of his field. It is thought that Quinnie was drunk, or drinking, at the time, but thus far he has evaded arrest.—Goldsboro Argus.

A Good Walker.

Prof. Collier Cobb, of Chapel Hill, spent yesterday in the city. By the way, Prof. Cobb might justly be termed the Pedestrian of the University faculty. He frequently rides over to Durham from the University on business and rather than wait for the train, walks back to the Hill. On one occasion he came to Raleigh intending to return on the afternoon train. When he got to the depot the train had just moved out. This troubled the Professor but very little. He just gathered up his bundles and "hit the grit." When the train blowed for Chapel Hill the Professor was not many miles away. He arrived in due time that evening, and was ready for his duties next morning.—News and Observor.

A Cannon Ball in a Saw Log

Yesterday morning while the saw was whirring through a log of pine timber at the saw mill of Messrs J. H Chadbourn & Co., in this city, the saw ran against an obstruction. As soon as it hit the obstruction the sawyer ran the carriage back and a cannon ball five inches in diameter was found imbedded in the log.

A minnie ball was found imbeded in the same log, but on the opposite side from where the cannon ball struck Minnie balls have also been found in logs which were rafted down in the same lot from a point near Fayetteville. The Federal and Confederate armies did some fighting up the Cape Fear and it is supposed the timber was cut from the battlefield.—Wilmington Messenger.

A Narrow Escape.

Mr. Allan Morris of this place, accompanied by his nephew George Morris, went over to Nash county last Wednesday to look after a crop that belonged to Mr. Morris, but raised by his brother-in-law, Mr. Geo. Morgan. On his arrival he was invited into the house and talk with his sister, after which the men adjourned to the lot to arrange about the hauling of the cotton to Wilson After a few minutes conversation Morgan turned suddenly upon Morris and remarked that he had decided to kill him. He suited the action to the word and drew a pistol and advanced on him, firing at every step. Morris, seeing no chance to escape, clinched with him, but being physically weak, he was thrown to the ground, with Morgan on top. Morgan followed up his advantage and placing his pistol against the breast of the fallen man was in the act of pulling the trigger when young Morris seized him from behind and changed the course of the bullet. Young Morris then went manfully to work with a stone until Morgan was overcome, when he assisted his uncle to get away. Mr. Morris escaped with a wound in the leg, but the shock to his nerves was so great that he is confined to his home.—Wilson Advance.

Thanksgiving.

His Excellency Governor Elias Carr appoints Thursday, the 29th inst., as a harvest day of prayer and praise:

In conformity to a beautiful and time honored Christian custom our State Constitution, in its recognition of the Great Ruler of the Universe, has made it the duty of every good citizen to flittingly observe one day in the year as the harvest time of our prayers and thanksgiving.

We have been spared another year the disasters and troubles which have afflicted other States and nations and have been especially blessed in the full enjoyment of life and liberty and the manifold blessings which proceed therefrom.

Therefore, I Elias Carr, Governor of the State of North Carolina, do hereby designate and appoint Thursday, the 29th day of November, 1894, as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise. And I earnestly request the citizens of the State to suitably observe this day at their usual places of worship; to remembes in prayrs and offerings the disabled soldiers, the widow and orphan, the needy neighbor and the noble Institutions which have been established under the fostering hand of the State for their maintenance.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State of North Carolina, at Raleigh this the 15th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and ninety-four, and in the one hundred and nineteenth year of our American Independence.

ELIAS CARR,

By the Governor:
S. F. TELFAIR, Private Secretary.

Do The Next Thing.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely; then do the next thing without letting any moments drop between. It is as if they picked up the moments the dawdler's lost. And if you ever find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know where to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will fall into line and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and, though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanished if you can bring it into line.—Franklin Times.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Slight Earthquake in Italy.

ROME.—An earthquake was felt a few days ago in Cantanzaro and Reggio, south of Italy and Messina, Sicily. Many telegraph wires were broken and a few houses were unsettled, but nobody was killed.

South Carolina's Cotton Crop.

CHARMESTON, S. C.—The estimate of the cotton crop mad on the exchange here varies from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 bales, It is expected that Charleston's receipts teis year will be fully 400,000 bales, of which 188,782 bales have been so far received.

A Death Dealing Storm in Belgium.

BRUSSELS.—A terriffic wind, rain and hail storm prevailed in that city and vicinity last week, doing immense damage to property and involving considerable loss of life. So far 15 death are reported. During the storm the roof of a factory at Ath was carried away, killing four persons.

Killed by a Freight Train.

CAPE CHARLES, Va.—An unknown white man was killed near Bloxom station a few nights ago on the New York, Philadelphia and Norfold railway by a freight. He is supposed to have been a tramp stealing a ride between the cars, when he slipped between them and was killed. The body was horribly mangled and cannot be identified.

An Actor Burned to Death.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Harry Mortimer Buckingham, a member of the Lillian Alexander Dramatic Company, was fatally burned last week while dressing for his part at the front of the theatre, and died next day at Johns Hopkins hospital. Mr. Buchingham was born in Washington, where his father is well-known to all theaters-goers as the veteran doorkeeper of Albaugh's theater. He went on the stage 14 years old. He held a government position in Washington for the year, and joined the Alexander Company only a week ago. The remains were sent to Washington for burial.

A Bank Rober Captured in Kansas.

SALIN, Kansas,—The bank robber who was shot here yesterday by his pals, after he had been grieviously wounded by the cashier, was found to have on his person $1,500 of the booty. A letter was also found on him addressed to Stephen McKee, 902 Hickory Street, St. Joseph, Mo.

The gang was supposed to have been the same which robbed the Fort Scott bank in September.

Their haunts in the blue hills of Osbone county, and from yesterday's occurrence and the arrest of a member of the gang in Levenworth last week, it is believed enough information will be gained to insure the capture of the entire band.

The Little Things of Life

It is the little things which give an insight into a man's character, that which he does involuntarily, and when he is off guard. Any man may learn much about himself by taking notice how he is accustomed to spend his odd minutes and his loose change.

For the same reason there is no little shrewdness in the saying attributed to Edison. According to the story, a gentleman introduced his son to the famous electrican, and in the course of the conversation suggested that he should give the young fellow a motto for his business career, upon which he was about entering.

Edison was silent for a moment, and then said: "Never look at the clock!"

Probably the boy was more or less mistified by this laconic utterance, but he will not be long in the company of clerks or day laborers without discovering that those who take so little interest in their work as to be continually asking what time it is, are not the ones who get on in the world.

Success is not for the lazy or the indifferent. As some has said, "The carpenter who stays fifteen minutes after hours to finish a job is working toward a shop of his own.—Franklin Times.

A QUEER NORTH CAROLINA RACE.

Are These Decendants of Members of the Lost Colony of Roanoke?

There live in the swamps of Robeson county, North Carolina, a strange race of people. Their manners, customs and personal appearance are unlike those of any other race on the American continent. They live within themselves, and their intercourse with their neighbors, both white and colored, is limited to the extent which necessary demands. Among the citizens of the county they are called Portugese and mulatoes. They are neither. Recent investigations by antiquarians who have closely studed their characteristics, incline to the opinion that they are the decendants of the Croatan Indians and the lost colony of Roanoke Island.

It is an historical fact that on the arrival of the relief expedition fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Richard Grenville the colony planted on Roanoke Island a few months before had totally disappeared. Years afterward, when the country had become sparsely settled by the English, and when the Tuscorora Indians were the dominant tribe, it was tradition among them that in the interior there were white men who were members of a smaller tribe of Indians, and that these men possessed many of the gifts of the English. It is generally thought than when the English vessels sailed to England for supplies for the infant colony those left on Roanoke Island were too weak to defend themselves against the Croatan Indians, their nearest neighbors, and that in an incursion the men were killed and the women and children carried away into captivity.

Whatever may be the supposition, the fact, nevertheless, remains, that in this remote counry of the old North State, there exists to-day a strange and peculiar people. Their associations have, in the main, been with those who previous to the war were known in the Southern States as free negroes. They inter married with these free negroes and the majority of them are more or less tinctured with African blood. This admixture, however, does not change their characteristics. There are among them certain families who have held aloof from such alliances and these occupy a position of superiority. While they are not, in the slightest sense, tribal in their government, they bow in implicit obedience to their rulers who are always members of these pure-blooded families. These pure bloods in personal appearance resembled the Portugese, but in every other characteristic they are more like the Indian. They are brave, generous, natural hunters, fine shots and very truthful. The swamps abound in game, such as bear, deer, ducks, turkeys and smaller animals and birds. They never forgot an injury and treasure up their feelings of vengeance till they find a way to gratify it. They live in houses of peculiar architectual design resembling the "dug out" of the primitive Western settle.

A few years ago these people became a source of terror to their white neighbors. One of their principal men, Henry Lowery, organized a band of them and wrought as much crime in Robeson and the adjoining counties as did the James gang in its more extensive field of operations.

This man, on account of a real or fancied wrong, waylaid and murdered a wealthy and influential white man, a Mr. Townsend. The horrors of an Indian war, except the scalping of the victims, followed. Women and children were killed as well as able-bodied men. No race was exempt It was a war of extermination. Houses were burned, stock destroyed, and the country laid waste. After committing depredations, the band would return to the swamps, which are almost as impenetrable as the jungles of India. They are covered with dense underbrush, and only those familiar with their recesses are able to find the hidden paths that lead into their depths Lowery possessed considerable intellect, and being familiar with every inch of the ground, showed himself an adept in the welfare, His second in command, Stephen Lowery, his uncle, was a capable lieutenant, and was often sent on a marauding expenition with a part of the command while the chief would strike at a distant point.

This was continued for several years, and became so disastrous to that portion of the State that the Legislature passed an act granting amnestly to all the desperadoes except Henry Berry and Stephen Lowery, for whose capture or death a reward of $10,000 was offered. This action of the State had the desired effect and the war came to an end. What became of the leaders is not known. They were never captured, and no one ever claimed the reward for killing them. They disappeared, and their followers resumed the even tenor of their way.

The people are legal citizens of the United States, but seldom avail themselves of their privileges. They take no interest in either local or national affairs. They have fought against all efforts for their improvement, and live to-day the same lives their ancestors did.

The above reminds of a trip we made through that section some two years ago, and having heard so much of this pecular race, we made it convenient to have a talk with one of the oldest heads at Pembroke. When we asked him about his race, said that from what he was taught, that his people was some of the colony of Croatans planted on the Roanoke Island. When asked if his people associated with the negro, it seemed to enrage him, and stated that his people had no more to do with colored race than the white did, and as we saw that were getting on touchous grouds, said no more on that subject.—[ED.]

The Good Times Coming.

Wilmington Star: Don't be in a hurry to sell your cotton. The Pops Publican victory will carry the price up to a dollar a pound before the end of the year. Christmas Day every Pop will be given a barrel of free silver.

Concord Standard: The reason Mr. John D. Green, of No. 8, voted the Fusion ticket was that one year ago he got $1.50 per day as a carpenter and now just $1.25. Fusion must put up wages to $1.50.

Elizabeth City Economist: All the Democrats can do now is to dance juba and eat pop corn and slap hands when the fight comes on between the allies. The coons aint no where in the fight, but they made some money election day.

Concord Standard: Now that the Pops and Republicans in North Carolina have carried out the instructions of Mr. Butler and Mr. Holton we are on the eve of a glorious time.

Cotton will go up to 15 to 20 cents per pound.

Chinch bugs will never again return.

Floods will be a thing of the past.

There will be no more business failures,

People will cease to die.

Prosperity will come bouncing up like a frisk lamb.

There will be no more toothache, no more doctor bills.

There will be no more crop failures.

Money will grow on trees.

People can sit down, be easy and the government will do the rest.

People need not work any more—the government will support her people.

Prosperity, glorious prosperity, is coming—we feel it in our bones.

Laugh

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room. Learn to keep your own trouble to yourself. The world is to busy to care for ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see good in the world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere, and is a nusiance at last.—Ex.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Corespondence of Central Times.]

The President and his Cabinet are enterely in accord, as regards the financial policy of his Administration. At yesterday's Cabinet meeting the recent $50,000,000 bond issue was discussed. The bonds will nearly all bought in New York a number of proposals having been already received.

If Marion Butler comes to the Senate, and if the fusion between republicans and populist holds good, he will, I. Otho Wilson will be made Secretary of the Senate. John B. Hussey is candidate for Sergeant of Arms at the Senate. He will probably get a smaller place. It is that the North Carolina popocrats broke the back bone of the Solid South, but they cannot have the earth as their reward. There are some other States in the Union.

Senator Ransom's committee did not go to California, according to the programe. The members of the committee were not here and Senator Gorman and others had other business to attend to the early part of this week. If the clause in the North Carolina Constitution had not eliminated the old Legislature there was a good precedent far calling it in extra session to effect Vance's successor. It had been done before, and it would have been done again if it had been possible.

I hear Mr. Tom Ransom of Asheville, is an applicant for a foreign appointment.

Mrs. Cleveland has brought from Philadelphia as a souvenir of the launching of the St. Louis, one of the most elegant precents she has received since she has been the wife of the President. This is a cut glass vinaigrette with a filagree gold top, in which is imbedded an immense cluster of the most brilliant diamonds that scintillate with every movement.

Another pretty souvenir, which Mrs. Cleleland prizes as having played a conspicuous part in the launching ceremonies, is the filagree gilded cover of the bottle of champagne with which the chirstaning was accomplished. This is interwoven with red, white, and blue ribbons, and will form one of the attractive ornaments of Mrs, Cleveland's boudoir at the White House.

The bouquet of orchids presented her at the same time the vinaigrette was given, was also brought back to Washington and is now at the President's country place on the Woodley Road.

As fusion seems to be the order of the day, is our Mary Ann and our Gideon put on too many airs, how would it do for us to fuse with our ancient enemy, the republicans, and elect one republican, Dr. J. J. Mott, the father of fusion, and and democrat, say Judge Walter Clark to the United States Senate. The popocrats could not object to Judge Clark because they elected him to the seat on the Supreme Bench. Senator Clark would represent North Carolina with great honesty, faithfulness and ability. I am not the only one who has thought of this scheme. I am glad to see that Hon. John Sherman, one of the ablest men in this country and Hon. W. L. Wilson both agree that the delay the U. S. Senate forced on Congress in passing the tariff bill caused the Waterloo.

The Cincinnatti Commercial Gazette of Sunday; Nov. 11th contains a very pleasant sketch of "Swell Life in China" by Mr, I. Erwin Avery, of Morganton, North Carolina.

"This is an age of universal selfishness," grumbled the croaker recently in our presence. "If a man greets me with more than usual cordiality, I know it is not from any personal love my presence may have inspired, but that it is because he has an axe to grind and it lies within my power to expedite the manipulations. If some one does me an unasked favor, I expect to be duly presented with a bill for services rendered sometime in the future. If another courts my socity, with plaintful assiduity I am unpleasantly reminded of the fact that he is liable to want my vote to further his political possibilities. Of course there may be a few genuinely sincere, unselfish people left above ground in this designing age, but I believe the most of them are reposing in the quietude of the cemeteries."—Durham Sun.