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NO. 50.

PUT YOUR 'AD'

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THE CENTRAL TIMES

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Beware of imitation trade
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Cautious consumers of other package soda—never spoils
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Sole Importers for the U. S. and Canada, S. M. & G. W. BAKER,
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A DRUNKARD'S TRICK.

A Curious Scene Enacted at the
Bar of a Hotel.

Mechanical Invention Was Required to
Accomplish That Which Outrage
Nature Had Refused to Perform
—The Moral of the Story.

M. Blouet, Max O'Rell, in "John Bull & Co.," narrates an incident which came under his own eyes in Australia. It needs no commentary. It is one of those stories which show nature in all her terrible capacity of avenger, and he who can make light of the warning conveyed by it is not a brave man, but foolhardy and ignorant.

A man of about forty, with drawn face, haggard eyes and the sad and sinister expression of a Chinaman in an opium den, presented himself at nine in the morning at the private bar of the hotel where I had put up. He laid down sixpence and was served with a glass of whisky. He added a little water with a shaking hand, carried the glass to his lips and at one draught swallowed the contents. Then, silent and without lifting his dull and staring eyes from the ground, he went away.

Half an hour later he returned. His hand trembled more and more and seemed to refuse to lend itself longer to the task imposed upon it. The hotelkeeper, who had noticed my interest in the scene, said to me:

"In the intervals he goes to another hotel and gets a drink. If you have nothing particular to do remain where you are and you will see something that will repay you for your trouble."

At about half past twelve the poor wretch appeared at the bar for the seventh time. The sixpence was laid down, the glass filled. The hand went to the glass, but had no longer the power to take it. After many efforts, however, the glass was grasped, but even then the drink could not be conveyed to the mouth.

The drunkard darted a furtive glance from right to left. It seemed to him that no one was looking.

He drew a long silk handkerchief from his pocket and passed it around his neck. With his two hands he held the two extremities. In his right hand he grasped the glass and, drawing the end which was in his left hand, the ingenious drunkard made a pulley of the handkerchief and succeeded in conveying the whisky to his lips.

He put down the glass, dragged himself to the door and, edging by the walls, found his way home to get a few hours' repose.

"This thing has been going on for three years," said the landlord, "but the pulley trick he only took up a month ago. It is the last stage. Soon he will no longer be able to swallow and delirium tremens will carry him off."

A Chinese Love Letter.

The following letter was written by a Chinaman in China, who desired the daughter of a neighbor as a wife for his son:

"On my knees I beg you not to despise this cold and common request, but listen to the words of the matrimonial agent and give your honorable daughter to my slave of a son so that the pair, bound by silken threads, may have the greatest joy. In the beautiful spring-time I shall offer wedding presents and give a couple of geese, and let us hope for long and continuous fortune and look forward through endless generations to the fulfillment of genuine love. May they sing of plenty and have every joy. On my knees I beg you to consider my proposal favorably and throw the mirror-like glance of your eyes on these lines."

To this letter the father of the bride replied that he would "attend to the portion of his poor and poverty-stricken daughter, that she might not be without bedclothes, cotton clothing, hairpins and earrings. Therefore it was to be hoped that the couple would have constant fortune."

Rat Had Her Wedding Ring.

Six years ago Mrs. William Humpston, of Dorchester, Mass., the mother of A. T. Slawson, of East Ninth street, who at that time was visiting her son's family, mislaid her wedding ring while washing her hands. Search for the missing article was made, but it could not be found.

The other afternoon while Wilbur V. Jackson, the son of a neighbor, was playing with Harry Slawson, Mr. Slawson's eleven-year-old boy, they came upon a dead rat in the back yard which their dog had been chewing. Taking the rodent away from the dog Wilbur kicked it, when a shining bit of metal fell from its body. Upon cleaning it he found it to be a ring.

Taking it to his mother she discovered the initials to be "C. S. S. to S. E. E., January 14, 1849." The ring was the one which Mrs. Humpston had lost six years ago.—Philadelphia Press.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

NINETEEN CENTURIES OF GROWTH.

It will soon be nineteen centuries since angelic voices o'er Judean hills announced to the shepherds the birth of Jesus, who in his death was to be Savior of all and in his resurrected life King of all. Centuries have lengthened out since the earthly mission of the Babe of Bethlehem was finished; since, returning to his Father to receive all power in heaven and earth, he committed to his disciples and followers the completion of the work he had begun, the world's salvation. In the record of these years there has been much to call forth intensest sorrow; but the careful student sees the history of the church, as the path of the just, shining more and more into the perfect day.

At the end of the first century, the century of the first apostolic labors, the movement that had been born in a manger and destroyed, as its enemies fondly dreamed, on the cross, numbered among its followers, gathered in the face of persecution and death, a million and a half of believers. The next two centuries were spent in the death struggle with heathenism in the bounds of the Roman Empire. At the end of the 2nd century it had but two million adherents, but at the end of the third century it numbered five million. After that, under the patronage of Roman Emperors, its numerical strength rapidly increased. During the 4th century the number of Christians was doubled. At the end of the 5th century, there were 15 million Christians; of 6th, 20 million; of 7th, 24 million; of 8th, 30 million; of 10th, 50 million; of 11th, 70 million; of the 12th, 80 million. The 13th century is the only one since the organization in which there has been a decline. The 14th century only gained what the 13th lost. The work of the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries was chiefly reformatory; but renewed life brought renewed growth, and at the ends of these centuries respectively, the church numbered 100, 125 and 155 million. Notwithstanding the rapid advance of civilization during the 18th century, there was little growth, relatively, in the first sixty years of that century. At the end of the century there were 174 million Christians.

In the closing years of the 18th century, the church was blessed with a revival as far-reaching in its effort on life as the reformation had been on doctrine. One feature of this revival was the awakening in evangelical hearts of the desire which had called forth the sacrifice of calvary, which had sent Paul through the dangers of wild beasts, robbers, shipwrecks and persecutions to a martyr's death, which had inspired the simple hearted but faithful heralds of the cross, who braved writer's cold and savage hate, to carry the truth to our forefathers in Germany and Britain—the desire to bring the world to Christ. Mightily has been the fruit of that desire, and mightily does it increase. It took 18 centuries to reach 174 million; the last century has seen an increase of 319 million. The last decade has added as many to the church of Christ as the total number after eleven centuries. And this with so little knowledge or interest among the great mass of Christians. What may even the last five years of this century accomplish if the church will awake to its glorious mission! But alas! of the 433 millions who profess the cross, how few are at work, heart and powers, to extend its peace-giving away. Awake, O Zion! Put forth thy strength, O Israel!

N. B. D. W.

ASLEEP FOR ELEVEN YEARS.

THE QUEER CASE OF A FRENCH GIRL IN A TRANCE.

There is a girl named Marguerite Bonyenval at Thennes, in the north of France, near St. Quentin, who is reported to have been asleep for the past eleven years. A good deal of doubt has been thrown on this phenomenal slumbering case, not only in Paris but also in Thennes and its vicinity, where there are two camps—one of the believers, and the other of those who maintain that the so-called sleeping beauty rises at night and has a good supper. The matter has been investigated by a Parisian, who has seen the girl and found her as lean as a skeleton and stiff as a corpse, but still living. Her mother injects milk, peptone and sometimes wine through a broken tooth in the girl's mouth.

Marguerite Bonyenval made away with a baby eleven years ago, and the gendarmes were sent to her house. The girl was so frightened that she had an attack of hysteria, which lasted several hours, at the end of which she fell into a trance. The doubts thrown on the continuation of the trance have evidently been caused by the fact that the mother of the sleeping girl has made a great deal of money by exhibiting her. A local doctor, who has observed the case during the eleven years, informed the investigator from Paris that Marguerite Bonyenval had really been asleep during the whole time. Occasionally she had hysterical cries, but did not awake after them. Other doctors have also agreed as to the genuineness of the phenomenon, and the sleeping girl of Thennes remains a human mystery.—London Telegraph.

DO YOU SUPPOSE.

That St. Valentine was selected as the patron of all lovers because he lost his head?

That you would be really happy if you had everything you wanted?

That men really believe one half of the "smart" things they write about women?

That man is such an inferior creature after all?

That an education of mind and heart makes a woman any less the good housekeeper?

That any two mothers will ever have the same ideas about the bringing up of children?

That a taste for neatness, tidiness and general snugness, lessen one's taste for things intellectual?

That this world was made for your special benefit?

That the troubles you worry over are half as serious as you think them?

That your baby boy is really the brightest child ever born?

That the person who chews gum in public is a lady?

That your granddaughter will smile at your finery as you do at your grandmother's?

That it really is so much harder to say the pleasant thing than the disagreeable one?

That the world would be as weak as it is if Satan was as indolent in doing evil as many Christians are in doing good?

That our professions will help us much if our lives do not come up to them?

That we will all wear immense bustles again if fashion commands it?

That we can give money to the Lord acceptably, while our legal debts remain unpaid?

That the time will ever come when an editor does not receive every day, on an average, three important letters, requiring an answer, but without a signature?

That the average man will know what to do with himself when the millennium comes!—Womankind.

If you would hear the full story, invest a few in printers' ink.

You may have a head for tearing. Neighbors all may call you wise, but you cannot run a business. If you do not advertise.

Two little stores stood side by side. Trade thrived in one, in 't'her died.

'Twould not be very hard, I think. To tell which one used printers' ink.—Louisburg times.

JUDGE WISELY.

Don't judge a man by his clothes. God made one and the tailor the other.

Don't judge him by his relations. Cain belonged to a good family.

Don't judge a man by his speech, for a parrot talks, but the tongue is but an instrument of sound.

Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structures.

When a man dies, they who survive him ask what property he has left behind. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.—Ex.

WHAT THERE IS IN SLEEP.

About all there is in life is a good night's sleep. Instead of worrying and fretting for fame, a man should conduct himself in such a manner during the day that he will sleep well at night. If a man will behave himself and sleep well, he need not worry about his future; he will succeed in everything that is desirable very much better than those who do not behave themselves, and consequently do not sleep well. The great secret of life is good conduct. It brings all the rewards that are worth having.—Ex.

There is, perhaps, not a person in India who can read but has access to the Scriptures in his own tongue, and even in his own dialect.

Mr. Remanjam Chetty, a graduate of the Madras University and one of the best trained lawyers in India, was led by the attacks on christianity to examine its claims. He was convicted and converted.

The elegant copy of the New Testament, which the Christian women of China presented to the Dowager Empress last fall on her birthday, was graciously received. The Emperor himself sent immediately and brought copies of both the Testaments, and now he, as well as his mother, is said to be carefully reading the Scriptures.

A medical missionary in Southern China was at first called "the foreign devil." Now he is called "the angelic healer from beyond the seas."

By the completion of twenty miles of the Congo Railway, that part which presented greatest engineering difficulties, the connection by rail between Stanley Pool and the coast is assured. In three or four years the connection will be complete. As there are navigable waters from Stanley Pool not less than 1000 miles into the interior, this will mean a marvelous development for Africa.

Goldboro Argus: A sad story of the freeze comes in a letter from Washington, Beaufort county. One day last week a small sail boat was found idly drifting on the waters of Pamlico river. No hand held the rudder and the sails flapped and spread as the wind willed. In the little cabin two men, a woman and a little child lay dead. The bodies were frozen and the ice had crusted the glazed eyes. Their names were unknown. They had sailed into the sea of silence on the ship of death.

Solomon McNeill, an old colored man, whose 110 birthday would have come in May, died here Tuesday night. He was perfectly healthy but fell a victim to "grip."—Raleigh Visitor.

A handsome memorial window in honor of the greatest of North Carolina's great departed Non-tors has been placed in the Sale Female College. A despatch from Winston says: The window is 8x9 feet and is made throughout of opal glass. The pattern is known as a Lily design, being a group of tall Easter lilies, with lilies of the valley clustering at the base of the group. Over this a dove appears as if descending from the sky. The prevailing color of this central portion is blue. Below the central portion is a scroll on which are these words, "Senator Vance Memorial, presented by the Class of 1894." Around the entire picture is a border of the richest design, the prevailing color being ruby red, and the entire window is set with bright jewels throughout. The window will be formally presented to the college by the class at the annual commencement in May.

THE SIGN OF THE FOUR.

Here is a combination of words that will be sure to arrest your attention. It is only the title of a most interesting story by...

Everybody has heard of the famous SHERLOCK HOLMES STORIES, and

THE SIGN OF THE FOUR

Is without doubt the best of the series.

THE OPENING INSTALLMENT...

Is given in another column. Read it! The story is even better than the title.

Advertise your business in THE TIMES.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

It cures Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

STATE NEWS.

A very valuable deposit of mica has recently been discovered in Alexander county.—Statesville Landmark.

Deputy Sheriff Hall stood in this State and killed an escaping prisoner who was across the line in Tennessee. According to the recent decision of the Supreme Court of North Carolina he seems likely to escape punishment, as he was not in Tennessee when he committed the crime, and the crime was not committed in North Carolina.

Concord Standard: Mrs. Jacob Carter, of No. 5 died Sunday night. Several days ago she received a bruise on the head, in which erysipelas started. From this she grew weaker until death. Mrs. Carter was about 50 years old.

Durham Sun: The cotton mills around Durham are all doing well. The Pearl Mills, in North Durham, has just received two good orders from a long distance—one from Omaha, Neb., and the other from St. Paul, Minn. The goods of all our mills are taking well and the mills are running on full time.

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The Newspaper—Its Value

To produce a paper requires the aid of patrons and good will of merchants and citizens in general. It must be remembered that newspaper business is the most precarious of all lines of trade. It only expects life, but gives out in return. For the patronage which it solicits and expects it will trade to counties or business men in return. Its business and people's each affects and is affected by the other. In appealing to the good people of a place their subscriptions and advertisements, the newspaper is not asking for favors, but it proposes to do return all the patronage it gives in measures well filled, passed down, heaped up, and run over.

Town Directory.

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

CHURCHES.

Methodist—Rev. C. W. Cain, Pastor. Services at 7 p. m. every first Sunday, and 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. every third Sunday. Prayer-meeting every Sunday 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 morning. 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 7 o'clock. J. A. Pearsall Superintendent.

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

Missionary Baptist—Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. G. Taylor, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. W. W. Newton, pastor. Preaching every second Sunday, morning and night.

Free Will Baptist—Rev. R. H. Jackson, Pastor. Services every fourth Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday school every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Lrasimus Lee, Superintendent.

Primitive Baptist—Elder W. G. Turner, 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, Secy; J. Pearsall, Secy.

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

Professional Cards.

Lee J. Best,
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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
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General Practice. Will attend the courts of Harnett, Caswell, Johnston and Sampson counties.

H. R. Ihrie,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DUNN, N. C.
Practices in the State and Federal Courts.
Prompt attention is assured to all business entrusted to him.

It has been estimated by competent authority that in India they have 330,000,000 gods, though no one would pretend to name the thousandth part of them.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hanks, Chilblains, Burns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Harper & Hood.