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# THE CENTRAL TIMES.

GRANTHAM & PITTMAN Proprietors.

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

\$1.00 Per Year In Advance.

VOL. IV.

DUNN, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1895.


NO 52.

PUT YOUR 'AD'

THE CENTRAL TIMES AND SER YOUR BUSINESS PROSPER. RATES REASONABLE.

The energy of a business man is judged by his home paper by the work at large.

**VOID Bulk Soda!**  
Bad soda spoils good flour.  
Pure soda—the best soda, comes only in packages.  
bearing this trade mark—  
It costs no more than inferior package soda never spoils the flour—always keeps soft, beware of imitation trade marks and labels, insist on packages bearing these words—



**ARM AND HAMMER SODA**  
Made only by CHURCH & CO., New York. Sold by grocers everywhere.  
Write for Arm and Hammer Book of valuable Recipes—FREE.

**YOU WANT BARGAINS OVER YOUR EYES,  
GO ELSEWHERE!  
YOU WANT BARGAINS ON YOUR BACK,**

**TO Frank Thornton's,  
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.**

**STOCK TAKING.**

is to be a Clearing Sale in the fullest meaning of the word, all will be at their advantage to purchase, even if they do not require the goods.

**COMMENCED TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1895, AT 9 A. M.**

will still closing out the entire stock AT AN 1 BELOW COST, previous stock-taking. Now is your chance for Bargains. THESE GOODS GO!

**OUR BIG STOCK HAS GOT TO BE REDUCED**

**ST LISTEN AT THESE PRICES:**

**CARPET DEPARTMENT,**  
all wool 3 Ply Carpet at 77c  
all wool Ingrain at 44c  
all wool Ingrain at 53c  
Ingrain at 38c  
Heavy Ingrain at 38c  
all Matting at 43c  
all Carpet at 21c.

**DRESS GOODS,**  
A. White Sheeting at 4c; 5c  
all Homespun at 4c; 10c Dress  
at 5c; 25c Scotch Plaids  
at 34 in. 6c; Double-width  
Cashmere 10c 35 Wool Serge—  
wide—all colors, 14c; Best  
all colors, 7c; All wool  
at 75c—our price 39c;  
Ladies' Cloth—in blue and  
at 66c, our price 24c; 36  
black Wool Serge—worth 40c;  
rice, 14c; One Hundred pieces  
in, all wool Sateen-finish Henri-  
Cloth, cheap at 90c, all colors,  
price, 63c.

**CLOAK DEPARTMENT.**  
We have about One Hundred and  
seventy-five of these are  
at \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00—these  
will sell now for \$7.45. We  
about Twenty-five worth about  
to \$9.00—these we will close  
at 6.75. We also have Twenty  
Cloak we will close at your  
price.

**SHOES DEPARTMENT.**  
Ladies' \$2.50 Kid Button Ziegler  
Shoes at \$1.49; Knickerbocker's \$2.00  
Shoe for \$1.37. All of our \$1.50  
Ladies' Shoes for \$1.19.  
All Shoes included in this Great  
Slaughter Sale.

**ENTIRE STOCK OF CLOTHING IN  
Thornton Block at 75 cents on  
the dollar.**

**FRANK THORNTON,  
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.**

**Town Directory.**  
Mayor—A. R. Wilson.  
Commissioners—K. F. Young, J. H.  
Peck, Dr. F. T. Moore, D. B. Hood,  
Marshall—M. L. Wade.

**CHURCHES.**  
Methodist—Rev. C. W. Cain, Pastor.  
Services at 7 p. m., every first Sun-  
day, 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. Grantam, Superintendent.  
Meeting of Sunday school Mission-  
ary Society every fourth Sunday  
afternoon. Young Men's prayer meet-  
ing 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 3  
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 at 4 o'clock.  
Mr. Ed. Balance, 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.  
C. W. Newton pastor. Preaching every  
second Sunday, morning and night.

Free Will Baptist—Rev. R. H. Jack-  
son, Pastor. Services every Fourth  
Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday school every  
Sunday evening at 3 o'clock. Erasmus  
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. C. McNeill, Secre-  
tary.

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

**Professional Cards.**  
**Lee J. Best,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Dunn, N. C.  
Practices in all the courts. Prompt atten-  
tion to all business.

**D. H. McLean,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Office next door to postoffice, DUNN, N. C.  
General Practice. Will attend the courts  
of Harnett, Cumberland, Johnston and Samp-  
son counties.

**Hucklen's Arnica Salve.**  
The best salve in the world for Cuts,  
Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores,  
Fetter, Chapped Hanks, Chillsblains,  
Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and pos-  
itively 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.

**CHRISTIANITY AND THE  
WAR.**  
Many of your readers, doubtless,  
who are hearing day after day the  
rumors of war from the far East  
have asked: "What effect will this  
have on the civilization and religion  
of these nations?" Rev. H. Loomis,  
Agt. American Bible Society, writing  
from the ground itself, Japan, gives  
an answer which I beg leave to con-  
dense and quote for the benefit of  
your more thoughtful readers. He  
says in substance:  
"It is too early to foretell what  
will be the result. As far as can now  
be seen, it will give precedence to  
advanced ideas in civilization and  
religion like nothing else. The anti-  
foreign and unprogressive spirit will  
be buried out of sight, and the life  
and teaching of Him who is the  
Light of the world will be studied  
and followed as never before. This  
does not mean, however, that Japan  
is to become a Christian nation at  
once. But it does mean that as a  
nation they are facing toward the  
Sun of Righteousness, and the  
thoughtful ruling men no longer look  
with favor on the systems that have  
prevailed so long in the land and  
have failed to elevate and purify the  
hearts and lives of the people. This  
means, then, to the workers in Japan  
a larger and brighter outlook for the  
future and greater responsibility for  
the use of the wisest and most affec-  
tive means of evangelizing the peo-  
ple. This is an imperative duty, and  
the religious future of the country  
depends upon the efficiency of the  
men and means now being used to  
spread the knowledge of Christ  
and his salvation.  
But not to Japan alone is this a  
momentous struggle. It means, as  
far as can now be seen, a new life  
and civilization for Korea. No one  
who has closely watched the conduct

of Japan can doubt but it is her pur-  
pos to make an end of the wretched  
state of political corruption that has  
so long cursed and impoverished that  
unfortunate people. And when the  
obstacles were found to be too  
great for the men engaged in the  
work of reconstruction, one of the  
first statesmen of Japan was appoint-  
ed to take the charge of this most  
difficult and important undertaking.  
And so Court Inouye with two  
Christian associates has gone to  
Korea to fully establish a new and  
better order of things. No better  
man could have been found for such  
a position, and his appointment  
means that this country is deter-  
mined that her demand for a better  
order of things in Korea is not to be  
shirked for the want of competent  
men to carry it out.

And whatever way the war may  
end it is likely to be a benefit in the  
end to China. Nothing but the most  
crushing defeat, the complete humil-  
ing of the native pride, and the en-  
forced conviction that other nations  
are not only their equals but superi-  
or will ever arouse that people from  
their lethargy and convince them  
that their land is not the center of  
the universe. All the most favored  
spot under heaven. Such a revolution  
in the public mind will be costly,  
but it will in time lift the veil of  
pride, prejudice, and error, and open  
the way for a better day than the  
Land of Shum has yet known.

But the best and most wonderful  
results seem to be the help that is  
likely to be given to Christianity.  
The sick and wounded Chinese pro-  
cessions were filled with astonishment  
at the kindness which they had re-  
ceived, and so when I brought them  
copies of the scriptures they were  
evidently greatly pleased to receive  
them. Among those at Hiroshima  
was a doctor who was a bright, inter-  
esting man. Some one had already  
given him a copy of the New Testa-  
ment, and he had read nearly one-  
half of it. He expressed by his ac-  
tions as well as by his words that he  
was deeply grateful for the gift, and  
said that he believed much of it. He  
will also tell his companions what he  
has learned. He had heard something  
of Christianity from the missionaries  
in China, but it had never come to  
him so impressively before. On his  
sleeve, as on all others, was the  
emblem of the Red Cross Society.  
When he was asked if he knew the  
meaning of that emblem he replied  
that he did, and that Christianity  
was the origin of the care and com-  
fort which they received.

These men came from various  
provinces, and when they go home  
with their hands instead of their  
feet, and their hearts full of the  
truth that has been revealed to them,  
the work of the missionaries in  
China will be hastened. The  
missionaries in China are not  
only preparing them to receive the  
message of Christ. And thus what  
was at first a struggle to be de-  
fended, and the suffering and death of  
millions to be paid, yet God is evi-  
dently overruling all for the spread  
of his kingdom and the glory of his  
name."  
D. H. W.

An elder in the Presbyterian  
church of Asheville, N. C., supports  
Rev. W. H. Sheppard, the first col-  
ored Southern Presbyterian mission-  
ary in Central Africa.  
Fourth of Africa is under Egyp-  
tian protection.  
There are now nearly 700 mis-  
sionary societies of which 50 consist  
solely of women.  
In 1842 there were only 6 Protestant  
Christians in China; 1876  
13,035; in 1894, there were 50,000.

A strong effort is being made to  
put the Bible into the hands of every  
one of the 40,000 physicians in Ja-  
pan.  
China, at the present time, taken  
as a whole, has only one mis-  
sionary to about a half million of  
its people.  
The issues daily from the press-  
es of the British and Foreign Bible  
Society a pile of Bibles and portions  
equal in height to the Eiffel Tower.  
March 10-17 is set apart as a  
"Dox Without Week" in the southern  
Methodist Church in N. C., and  
every member is expected to deny  
himself during that week that he may  
give more liberally to the cause of  
missions.

Mr. Teh Ho. Yon, who lectured  
through North Carolina two years  
ago in the interest of Christian mis-  
sions in China, was the son of an  
exiled Korean nobleman. He has  
recently been recalled to his rank in  
Korea, and with his ability, educa-  
tion, and character will doubtless  
take high stand in that nation's fu-  
ture.

The first Bible printed in America  
was issued 1664 by John Eliott, It  
was in the Algonquin language, but  
such words as "sa" and "amen"  
had to be transferred bodily. The  
first sentence in the Lords Prayer  
was: *Nooskan Ke suk quit, quilliam-  
atunnach Koo we suok.* Only  
one man in the country can read it.  
It was sold for \$2,900. The "Saur  
Bible" a German came next in 1743,  
and sold for eighteen shillings. Our  
first English Bible was issued in  
1782 by Aitkin at Pope's Head,  
three doors above the Coffee House,  
in Market Street, Philadelphia. Now  
they are printed by the million.

**IF YOU WANT A KISS.**  
There's a jolly fresh proverb  
That is pretty much like this!  
That a man is half in heaven  
When he has a woman's kiss.  
But there's danger in delaying,  
And the sweetness may forsake it,  
So I tell you, bashful lover,  
If you want a kiss—why, take it.  
Never let another fellow  
Steal a march on you in this;  
Never let a laughing maiden  
See you spilling for a kiss.  
There's a royal way to kissing,  
And the jolly ones who make it  
Have a motto that is winning—  
If you want a kiss—why, take it.

Any fool may face a cannon,  
Anybody wear a crown,  
But a man must win a woman  
If he'd have her for his own.  
Would you have the golden apple  
You must find the tree and shake it;  
If the thing is worth the having  
And you want a kiss—why, take it.  
Who would burn upon a desert  
With a forest smiling by?  
Who would give this sunny weather  
For a black and wintry sky?  
Oh, I tell you, there is magic,  
And you cannot, cannot break it,  
For the sweetest part of loving  
Is to want a kiss and take it.—Ex.

## BRUTAL MURDER.

Columbia, S. C., March 6.—At 1  
o'clock this morning information  
reached the city that the dead body  
of Mr. Conway B. Oliver, a young  
white man 32 years of age, an em-  
ployee of the Southern Railway Co.  
for the past 14 years, a quiet, peace-  
able young man, had been found in a  
pool of blood by searches in a most  
desolate strip of woods about two  
miles from the city in the suburban  
district of Shandon. His right  
breast was perforated with buckshot,  
fired from a shotgun. Two of the  
slugs went through a folded newspa-  
per and a plug of tobacco in the  
breast pocket of his coat. He had  
started to his father-in-law's resi-  
dence to take supper and spend the  
night, his wife being there. The  
house was about half a mile further  
on. At 10:30 the father-in-law, be-  
coming anxious, accompanied by  
others and the murdered man's bull  
terrier, set out to meet him. The  
body lay off to one side in the bushes  
across the path. They passed it.  
After going some distance they  
missed the dog and came back. The  
dog ran to meet them, barking, and  
showed him they discovered the  
body of the murdered man. The dog  
then perched himself upon the body  
of his dead master and savagely re-  
pelled all those who endeavored to  
approach, and would let no one come  
nearer than six feet. The officers of  
the law upon their arrival had to  
lasso and choke the dog before they  
could examine the body. The man's  
watch was gone but his money was  
not touched.

Parties in the scarcely settled  
neighborhood heard voices as if two  
men quarrelling about 8 o'clock, and  
then the report of a gun and a cry of  
"Oh, you have shot me!"  
They paid no attention to it, the  
place being frequented by hunters.  
The foul deed created a great stir.  
The official investigation has been  
going on all day. Sufficient evi-  
dence was secured during the day to  
order the arrest of T. C. Angitry,  
and recently a member of the mail  
carrier force. He was discharged for  
taking mail belonging to Oliver's  
wife, with whom he appears to have  
been a rather intimate. Angitry had

been heard to make threats against  
the life of Oliver. The evidence  
goes to show that he deliberately  
waylaid him and murdered him, for  
the evidence is to the effect that he  
was seen close by, going in the di-  
rection of the words, with a gun in  
his hand, about 6:30 p. m. He was  
also seen about 9 p. m., coming from  
that direction. The railroad men  
are highly incensed. The shops  
were closed to allow them to attend  
the funeral this afternoon. The  
faithful dog followed his dead mas-  
ter to the grave. The coroner's re-  
port inquest has been adjourned un-  
til 9 o'clock to-morrow afternoon.  
Morris S.

**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  
Pill**

**It Cures**  
Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver  
Troubles,  
Constipation, Bad Blood  
Malaria, Nervous ailments  
Women's complaints.  
Get only the genuine—it has crossed red  
lines on the wrapper. All others are sub-  
stitutes. On receipt of two 2c stamps we  
will send you a set of *100 Beautiful World's  
Fair Views* and book—free.  
BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

## STATE NEWS.

In this place, on last Thursday  
morning after a lingering illness,  
Mrs. Mary Rawls Gilliam died aged,  
29 years.—Tarboro Southerner.

A telegram was received here this  
morning announcing the death  
of Mr. L. K. Ketchen in Portsmouth.  
—Scotland Neck Democrat.

Mrs. R. J. Lyles, wife of W. F.  
Lyles, died yesterday morning at  
4 o'clock, at her home on South Col-  
lege street, after an illness of several  
weeks.—Charlotte Observer.

The late Jas. W. Wadsworth left  
no will. His estate is valued at  
\$150,000, at the least, and may be  
more than that. Mr. Wadsworth had  
life insurance policies to the amount  
of \$30,000.—Charlotte News.

The house of Major W. A. Blount  
at Chocowiny was burned Friday,  
March 1st, with a very valuable li-  
brary and elegant furniture. There  
was no insurance and the loss is es-  
timated at between two and three  
thousand dollars.—Newbern Journal.

Mr. Nelson Price died at his home  
in Grose Creek township on the 23d  
ult., aged 70 years.—Mr. Jerem-  
iah Wentz died at the home of his  
son-in-law, Esq. J. D. A. Secret,  
Monday afternoon. He was prob-  
ably the oldest citizen of the country,  
being in his 93rd year.

Anson county does not propose  
to be overshadowed by any other  
county in North Carolina, or any-  
where else for that matter when the  
matter of old negroes is under con-  
sideration, and she comes to the  
front this week with one who has not  
only seen Gen. George Washington,  
but knew him personally and was  
present at his funeral. The negro in  
question is Uncle John Williams,  
who for 21 years has lived on Hol-  
dick's plantation in Livesville  
township. He is old man, according  
to his story, was born near Peters-  
burg, Va., in 1783, and is now 111  
years old. He says that he saw  
Washington both at the home of his  
master and in the city of Petersburg.  
—Wadesboro News-Intelligen-  
ce.

certained by borings he could not  
bring the total to more than seventy  
feet. There were four feet unac-  
counted for. This could not be at the top  
of the building. He kicked a hole,  
therefore, in the lath-and-plaster ceil-  
ing of the highest room, and there,  
sure enough, he came upon another  
little garret above it, which had been  
sealed up and was known to no one.  
In the center stood the treasure-chest,  
resting upon two rafters. He lowered  
it through the hole, and there it lies.  
He computes the value of the jewels at  
not less than half a million sterling."

At the mention of this gigantic sum  
we all stared at one another open-eyed.  
Miss Morstan, could she secure her  
rights, would change from a needy  
governess to the richest heiress in Eng-  
land. Surely it was the place of a  
loyal friend to rejoice at such news;  
yet I am ashamed to say that self-in-  
terest took me by the soul, and that my  
heart turned as heavy as lead within  
me. I stammered out some few hal-  
ting words of congratulation, and then  
sat downcast, with my head droop-  
ing, deaf to the babble of our new ac-  
quaintance. He was clearly a con-  
firmed hypochondriac, and I was dream-  
ingly conscious that he was pouring forth  
interminable trains of symptoms, and  
imploring information as to the com-  
position and action of innumerable  
quack nostrums, some of which he bore  
about in a leather case in his pocket. I  
tried he may not remember any of the  
answers which I gave him that night.  
Holmes declares that he overheard me  
caution him against the great danger  
of taking more than two drops of cas-  
tor oil, while I recommended strychnine  
in large doses as a sedative. How-  
ever that may be, I was certainly re-  
lieved when our cab pulled up with a  
jerk and the coachman sprang down to  
open the door.  
"This, Miss Morstan, is Pondecherry  
Lodge," said Mr. Thaddeus Sholto, as  
he handed her out.

**CHAPTER V.**  
**THE TRAGEDY OF PONDECHERRY LODGE.**  
It was nearly eleven o'clock when we  
reached this final stage of our night's  
adventure. We had left the damp fog  
of the great city behind us, and the  
night was fairly fine. A warm wind  
blew from the westward, and heavy  
clouds moved slowly across the sky,  
with half a moon peeping occasionally  
through the rifts. It was clear enough  
to see for some distance, but Thaddeus  
Sholto took down one of the side-lamps  
from the carriage to give us a better  
light upon our way.  
Pondecherry Lodge stood in its own  
grounds, and was girt round with a  
very high stone wall topped with  
broken glass. A single narrow iron-  
clamped door formed the only means  
of entrance. On this our guide knocked  
with a peculiar postman-like ruff-ruff.  
"Who is there?" cried a gruff voice  
from within.  
"It is I, McMurdo. You surely know  
my knock by this time."  
There was a grumbling sound and a  
clanking and jarring of keys. The  
door swung heavily back, and a short,  
deep-chested man stood in the opening  
with the yellow light of the lantern  
shining upon his protruded face and  
twinkling, distrustful eyes.  
"That you, Mr. Thaddeus? But who  
are the others? I had no orders about  
them from my master."  
"No, McMurdo? You surprise me! I  
told my brother last night that I  
should bring some friends."  
"He hasn't been out of his room to-  
day, Mr. Thaddeus, and I have no or-  
ders. You know very well that I must  
stick to regulations. I can let you in,  
but your friends they must just stop  
where they are."  
This was an unexpected obstacle.  
Thaddeus Sholto looked about him in a  
perplexed and helpless manner.  
"This is too bad of you, McMurdo!" he  
said. "If I guarantee them, that is  
enough for you. There is the young  
lady, too. She cannot wait on the pub-  
lic road at this hour."  
"Very sorry, Mr. Thaddeus," said the  
porter, inexorably. "Folk may be  
friends of yours, and yet no friends of  
the master's. He says me well to do  
my duty, and my duty I'll do. I don't  
know none of your friends."  
"Oh, yes, you do, McMurdo," cried  
Sherlock Holmes, genially. "I don't  
think you can have forgotten me.  
Don't you remember the amateur who  
fought three rounds with you at Al-  
lison's rooms on the night of your best-  
fight four years back?"  
"Not Mr. Sherlock Holmes!" roared  
the prize fighter. "God's truth! how  
could I have mistook you? If I mistook  
o' standin' there so quiet you had just  
stepped up and given me that cross hit  
of yours under the jaw, I'd ha' known  
you without a question. Ah, you're  
one that has wasted your gifts, you  
have! You might have aimed high, if  
you had joined the fancy."  
"You see, Watson, if all else fails me  
I have still one of the scientific profes-  
sions open to me," said Holmes, laugh-  
ing. "Our friend won't keep us out in  
the cold now, I am sure."  
"In you come, sir, in you come—you  
and your friends," he answered. "Very  
sorry, Mr. Thaddeus, but orders are  
very strict. Had to be certain of your  
friends before I let them in."

Inside, a gravel path wound through  
desolate grounds to a huge clump of  
house, square and prosaic, all plunged  
in shadow save where a moonbeam  
struck one corner and glimmered in  
a garret window. The vast size of the  
building, with its gloom and its deadly  
silence, struck a chill to the heart.  
Even Thaddeus Sholto seemed ill at  
ease, and the lantern quivered and rattle  
in his hand.  
"I cannot understand it," he said.  
"There must be some mistake. I dis-  
tinctly told Pondecherry that we  
should be here, and yet there is no  
light in his window. I do not know  
what to make of it."  
"Does he always guard the premises  
in this way?" asked Holmes.  
"Yes; he has followed my father's  
custom. He was the favorite son, you  
know, and I sometimes think that my  
father may have told him more than  
he ever told me. That is Pondecherry's  
window up there where the moon-  
beam strikes. It is quite bright,