VOLUME I.

DUNN, HARNETT CO., N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1891.

NUMBER 17.

The Central Times. Published Every Thursday

Young and G. K. Grantham. SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ADVANCE:

ADVERTISING RATES:

cor Contract advertisements taken at pro-

Official Directory.

COURT HOUSE. LILLINGTON, N. C.

COUNTY OFFICERS. Control of the Michaelan.

with Court G. E. PRINCE. E-gride, of Diede-II. T. SPEARS. A. I. BYED. (W. F. MARSH, Ed. SMITH, N.A. SMITH, W. F. SWANN. J. M. Hodges.

TOWN OFFICERS, DUNN, N. C. When J. F. PHILLIPS.

that of Police-N. T. CREEL. Torn Creek M. L. WADE. (J. A. TAYLOR, M. F. GAINEY J. H. BALLANCE, E. LEE, E. F. YOUNG.

ALLIANCE. The County Alliance meets on the 2nd

Fr. Lay in January, April, July and October at Lillington, N. C. J. S. HOLT, Pres't, WM. SEXTON, Sec'y.

CHURCH DIRECTORY. DUNN CIRCUIT.

Methodist Episcopul-Rev. J. D. Pequam, Pascon. Charges Dunn, 2nd Sunday night and 4th Sunday and night. Sunday School every Sunday at 3 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night. Black's Chapel, 1st Sanday morning. Avera's School House, 2nd Sunday morning. Elevation, 3rd Sunday morning. Benson, 3rd Sunday afternoon. Milamary Buptist Church, Carthage, N. C.

REV. W. F. WATSON, PASTOR. Services 2nd Sunday morning and might? Sunday School every Sunday morning at 95 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Presbyterian - REV. G. A. HOUGH, PASTOR. Services every 1st Sunday morning and night. Senday School every Sunday morning at 91

Desciples REV. J. R. TINGLE, PASTOR .-Services every and Sunday morning and night. Sunday School 2:30 o'clock every Sunday, Prayer meeting every Thursday night. For Will Baplist-REV. R. A. JOHNSON, Paston. Services every 3rd Sunday. Sunday School every Sunday morning.

LODGE DIRECTORY. LUCKNOW LODGE NO. 115, L. O. O. F .-

Regular meeting every Tuesday night. F. P. ones, N. G., L. W. Toylor, V. G., G. K. PALMYRA LODGE No. 147, A. F. and A. M. Regular meeting, 3rd Saturday morning and Friday night before 1st Sunday. 1. W. Taylor, W. M., F. P. Jones, S. W., J. L. Phillips, J. W. R. A. Johnson, Tressurer, S. W. Parker, cenetary; W. A. Johnson and I Dri be Lee, Stewart ; R. J. Norris, Tyler.

Properties of the Kola Nut. The wonderful storie; that have been told of the properties of the kola nut are more than confirmed by the British Consul at Babia, who has written a special letter to Lord Salisbury on the subject. The west African carriers at That port, who use kofa and carry the bean wrapped in banana about their persons, are not physically speaking superior men so the Brazilian negro; yet the African, though constantly masticafing kola, can, it is said, endure fatigne which no Brazilian, traveler can withstand. Where it takes eight Brazilian negroes to carry a load with difficulty, four African porters carry it cheerfully, singing and chanting as they trudge along, each with a bit of kola bean in the mouth. As a rule the kolaeating African gangs who labor at the hard task of unloading vessels earn twice as much as their competitors. The beans, which are described as intoxicating and in no way injurious, are said to ly net as a nutritive, and quench the thirst, yet they are not strictly a stimulant. The supply of Bahia comes from Lagos. It is best soon after it is gathered, and is sold, according to freshness, at two-pence and three-pence for, each bean. It appears that the attention of the Government of India has already been called to the extraordinary properties of kola nuts, and practical information has been supplied to them

On a Supposition.

from the authorities at Kew.

"What's the matter here?" asked an officer as he came along to the house of a colored man on Beaubien street to find the man at the gate with a club in his hand at midnight.

"heckon somebody was a-trying' to git in, sah," was the reply. "Of co'se dev was!" added his wife from the shelter of the doorway. "Robbers?"

"Yes, sah!" "But, man, what on earth have you

got in the house to tempt robbers?" asked the officer. "It hain't what we has dun got in dar', but what de robbers 'spose dey'll

"But what could they suppose?" "Wall, sah, I was down at de bank to-day to see 'bout hittin' a job. P'raps some robber seed me. P'raps he dun got de ideah dat I drawed out a thousand dollars in eash. Wouldn't dat bring him up hear mighty sartin?"

"You'd better go in and go to bed," advised the officer as he sauntered on. "Yes, sah; but not now, sah. We heard sunthin' go woosh-biff-squash! right by de front doah, sah, an' we front door had been noticeably unsteady. club an' let 'em know I'ze prepared fur out rising from her chair. bizness." - Detroit Free Press.

THE STARRY HOST.

the sky,

And like a flock of birds still onward fly;

gleaming face. Ab, whither, whither is their forward flight | been? Through endless time and limitless ex-

10.00 First hurled them forth to spin in tireless bicycle standing in the hall-way?"

primal night, So that, for them, to be is to advance? -Bishop Spalding, in the Century.

OLD HUNDRED, B. C., AND THE BICYCLE.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

adhered.

their arms just forty years ago. He wore saddle." a dainty juvenile mustache, walked with "So do I," admitted the tailor, hona smart swing, although one might no- estly. tice that his heels came down rather "But once in, I have absolutely no stiffly, and played games among the most | trouble, provided the road is smooth and | frivolous at the church socials.

the way, and his apprentices had by this me, you know." time ceased to grin and chuckle when "I still find it a rather difficult task to would that be, Susy?" legged position on the table every morn- fall, that is, Miss Bennett. He would jump down, snatch up his hat graceful as a young girl. Mr. Spoketire | wouldn't it be nice, Susy?" and Old Hun- pan?' in an absent minded, blushing way, and is so nice." remark that the mail must be distributed | "Miss Bennett, we must go out toby this time. If the apprentices had gether next week, and as soon as possiceased to smile at this sort of thing, you ble! Or rather-about Saturday, eh?

Indeed, Old Hundred had been courting B. C. for a long, long time. And mons?" a better fate, a more vigorous lover. No that contemptible little dandy?" and a shrewd little brain of her own. the adventure.

feather pillow would.

fluttered drowsily.

Will Davis and Lucy his young wife, on | tion. swift, graceful and full of life in every still necessary!"

"I've often thought that I should like a wheel," said Old Hundred, with, of

added B. C. before he thought. He took mental

"Hum!" said B. C.

doughty tailor. -calmly and mercifully.

Frym time immemorial it had been Old Hundred's habit to call on B. C. on or be her laughing-stock forever. Luck- a thing could not exist. Sunday evenings. At the beginning of his courtship, the hand of the featherhearted tailor had quivered suspiciously in the operation of shaving for this important occasion. In the adjustment of his necktie his clumsiness had been phenomenal-for a tailor. His steps up the broad walk which led to B. C.'s hain't gwine to lie still an' let dem rob- B. C. had coyly sent the servant to usher bers git no bulge on us! Good-night, him in, and often, with an affectation of sab, but I'll circle aroun' a bit wid dis careless indifference, received him with- his thoughts, and all but upset himself. of a fire they fall forward and demolish

this particular night seemed to repeat the ditches seemed, and how fearfully deep! experiences of old. Old Hundred's toi. The machine, to the tailor's apprehplace,
Forever bound to changeless points in room? And why does he groan as he tion blinded his eyes. More and more Sits and Dreams—Quite Reasonable bends to reach the gate-latch? And wildly with each rut swayed the crazy Rush with our sun and planets through what has become of his brisk, swinging bicycle, and whirled Old Hundred dizzy gait up the board walk? And why does brain. He came to the brow of the little not B. C. receive him, smiling, at the hill, which seemed a fearful declivity. Returning never whence began their race, door? Why does she remain in that thick- Old Hundred clinched his teeth and They speed their ceaseless way with padded arm-chair, and stretch her hand pushed back hard on the pedals, throwout to him so slowly? And what is the jug on the brake with all his might. As though God bade them win Infinity. use of using cologue where arnica has Just then he struck a loose stone, lost

"Miss Bennet," said Old Hundred, af- eyes rau directly toward the side, and ter a few wandering remarks-(he al- upset. The little tailor rolled over and What power with unimaginable might ways Miss ed her)-"didn't I notice a over down the hillside gully, and lay on

"Why, Mr. Simmons! Didn't you | Slowly Old Hundred rose, and found What beauty lures them on through know that I could ride?" asked B. C. to his intense relief that he had broken with a radiant smile. ith a radiant smile.

"Is it possible! Why, we must have discovered that he had broken the bicy-

a ride together!" cried the astonished cle. One pedal projected from the "Together, Mr. Simmons? Can you A gay laugh rang out a few yards ride, too?" inquired B. C., with real farther down the ditch, and lot there on

"Of course I can! That is-um-er C.; at her feet her tricky wheel! -in fact, I'm learning. And I'm getting on well, excellently well, Mr. Spoke-Old Hundred's real name was P. T. tire says, for a man of my-er-I should

when they came to me, and gave me ini- "Well, I can't say that I am through tials." So the village wag dubbed him with my apprenticeship yet," confessed Old Hundred, for short, and the name B. C., with a charming blush, "but Mr. Hundred was one of those machine at all, and he thinks I'm doing the town, trundling them happily. dried up little men who might be con- better than most girls do who are many sidered twenty if some inconvenient old years youn-that is, that I am doing these memorable words: ladies did not remember holding them in very well. I need to be helped into the

level, and Mr. Spoketire just keeps his two bicycle, like yours and mine, and He was a tailor, an excellent one, by hands on the machine, to kind of steady | put a couple of axles across, and a box

their master sprang down from his cross dismount-without letting the wheel ing precisely at ten, as B. C. passed on Why, do you? The last time Mr. her way to the postoffice, after the mail. Spoketire helped me out he said I was as but would run smoothly and safely, and

may be sure that it had become an old We'll both be in better trim by then, you know."

"Without Mr. Spoketire, Mr. Simthat was too bad, because B. C. deserved 'Of course. What do we want with both, trundling the fateful bicycles,

one could tell when Susy Bennett was B. C. smiled happily at the tailor's of that long courtship. first called B. C. If one could have told manifest jealousy, yet smiled rather unthat, you see, it would have given some easily and fearfully. However, she clue to her age. Susy was a dear old agreed, with many a misgiving, and the girl, however, with kind, laughing eyes, next Saturday afternoon was fixed for However, I can soon straighten that

It wasn't her fault if she was getting up Many a time during the following week precipitancy. But B. C. was clear grit, while, without the grit and manliness to somewhat of the ardor a lover should carriage."-Yankee Blade.

proper person ouce, twice, daily, Cupid | Saturday dawned perversely fair, with

ment, glittering eyed, with handsome, the little lailor, looking awkwardly my enemy rakes me with the light artillery Old Hundred and B. C. turned to gaze against, and at last laying it down clum- the inside history of the man who goes sily in the middle of the road.

"Mercy on us?" shrieked B C .. "Don't let me take a header beiore I

the wheel upright.

He made three attempts, each failure | York Journal. ty, and an order for a safety for our being hidden in a thicker cloud of dust, and inscribed in a deeper rent. But That was on a Monday, and our nar- what were clothes to a tailor? There rative calmly skips a month at this point, was Miss Bennett's unsteady form just ily, a small boy just came sauntering by,

better shape than poor B. C. had been.

All that had long been changed, but ling with amusement. How close the | York Herald.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

She sits and dreams of knights of oll (Her mother at the washing scrubs), Of maidens fair with lovers bold, And longs for one with wealth untold Whose arms her fragil form might fold. And prove the princeliest of hubs; She sits and dreams of knights of old

He-" I-I have called to-night ask-to ask you for your hand." She-"Well (silence while the clock ticks), why don't you?"-Judy.

QUITE REASONABLE. "Yes; he couldn't very well have esits bowldery side sat the stout-hearted B.

'My wheel is broken!" said she, point-"She doesn't claim to be a bud, does ing to a handle-bar bent back some forty "Why, certainly!" "And mine, too," said the smiling

ailor, showing the disaffected pedal. "Isn't it too bad! I'm afraid we'll have Judge. VERY LIKELY. * With some toil they hoisted their bicyles to the road again, and set out for

"Susy," said he, and Miss Bennett's Herald. brave old heart knew what was approaching. "Susy, you see how very OF THE SAME OPINION. unsteady these bicycles are, separate?" "Very," said B. C., tremblingly.

a very bright young man." "But suppose, Susy, one were to take he calls."--Jury. on top, with two seats and a cover, what

"A family carriage," said B. C., looking downward with a smile. "Yes, Susv, and it wouldn't tip over, dred tried to trundle with one hand, that he might use the right arm for another baby."-Punch. purpose, but it wouldn't work. "Wouldn't it be much nicer, Susy?"

Yes, Susy thought it would. And so B. C. and Old Hundred walked happily back to town along that Middleton Road henceforth blessed to them which alone had been equal to the ending

Near town, Spoketire whirled smartly up, and dismounted at sight of them. "Had accidents, I see. Too bad.

"We have decided, Susy and I, Mr. startlingly near a very rheumatic forty Old Hundred and B. C. regretted their | Spoketire," said the bold tailor proudly, "to sell our wheels, and we want you to For when a man has gone through if she was approaching that awful for act as agent. We'll leave them at your forty years with a sneaking desire for tieth birthday, and the little tailor had shop. You see, Mr. Spoketire, we have matrimony tililating his heart all the been roused by the Spoketire hints to decided, Susy and I, to set up a family

Keen are the Shafts of Ridicule. Brave heartshave flashed out of life from the din of many a field of battle, is such a thing, you know, as a heart their wheels through the village out to the record of whose courage could never which is too soft for those dainty little the Middleton Road. "We'll not ride transcend the daily life of many a woman, darts, which merely nurses them as a through town," each eagerly agreed, forced to keep a steady front turned to-"because people might laugh," which ward the legion of annoyances that marshal behind an inadequate income. ing back from the postoffice at 10:30 | The Middleton Road was an excellent | A pretty woman, forced to go looking A. M.; with the incipient courtship-air stretch for the purpose, in prime condi- like a dowdy because she cannot afford, which had been petrified so long ago. tion, and little frequented. Old Hun- or is not sufficiently selfish to wear, fine She was smiling at him, bravely and dred and B. C. walked out of sight of and expensive clothes, is a sight to earn hopefully, and talking bright nothings, the village, chatting gayly, avoiding all the plaudits of such as appreciate herowhile his feather-pillow of a heart mention of the wheel. At length it be- ism of the unwept and unstoried kind. came impossible to deny that the right It takes more strength of character to Suddenly there flashed around the cor- spot had been reached, and with set face ridicule than it does to face a battery ner and hore straight down upon them faces they placed their bicycles in posi- of Gatling guns. A sneer pierces deeper than a bullet. A blow that only reaches their bicycles, off for a day's holiday to- "You must help me on, you know," a physical nerve center does not tell like gether, if one might judge from their said B. C., with a rather pale face, but the blow that buries itself in the soul. I bundles. Upright they were, noiseless, brave withal, "Mr. Spoketire thinks it is can dodge a shell, if the Lord has given me a level head and a moment's time, "Oh, yes! Why to be sure!" stuttered but nothing is going to help me when around for something to lean his bicycle of scorn and contempt. If we but knew dressed in seedy clothes, or the woman B. C. sprang into the saddle with a who wears old shoes and rusty gloves, feint of girlish sprightliness, and the we should perhaps uncover, when some "And how exceedingly graceful Mr. poor tailor's weak muscles were unable to of these shabby folk meet us on the way, prevent a most portentous swaying of the as commoners do when royalty rides by. -Chicago Herald.

Cleaning Car Wheels by Sand Blast. course, no perception of her annoyance. start! and oh, Mr. Simmons, I shall be A very efficient application of the sand "And I should enjoy one very much," so grateful, if you only hold on to the blast is made in cleaning newly-cast carmachine for a few steps, just until I get | wheels in the New York Car Wheel Works, Buffalo, N. Y. When taken "Certainly," grunted Old Hundred, from the soaking pit the wheel is rolled credit to himself for not finishing the whose every muscle was taxed to hold into a small chamber, where it stands in a vertical position. The tread of the "You can get tricycles now-a-days for B. C. started, the perspiring tailor wheel stands on rollers which are moved almost nothing," said B. C. slyly, "and trotting after, both hands clutching the by gearing, so that the wheel is slowly of course that is the only wheel you would saddle spring contributing so materially revolved without changing its position. think of at your time of life, Mr. Sim- in his awkwardness to the difficulty of A flue, into which cinders are fed by a the steering that the agonized maid in chute leading from a bin above, leads a "Hum!" said Old Hundred, and front soon cried back to him, "That blast of air against the face of the wheel, will do. Thanks. Now mount and which is then reversed. The cinders Now don't expect to be treated to a catch up!" and away sailed B. C., stag- used vary from the size of a grain of wheat to much larger, and are used over got far beyond that dangerous stage of Old Hundred trotted back to his and over. With this apparatus one man courtship. Yet as they parted somewhat wheel, picked it up, and glanced despair- can clean twenty wheels in three hours grimly, "I'll show him!" muttered B. ingly after the retreating safety. How and a half, including the time consumed C., and "I'll show her!" muttered Old could be ever catch up? But that query in rolling them to and from the ma-Hundred. Aul that very afternoon the was merged in a greater one. Could he chine. The cost is less than hand labor, and the cleaning is better done .- New

No Pireproof Buildings.

There is hardly a new hotel or business building in New York but that is adverdisappearing over the edge of the first tised as fireproof, and yet a leading little hill. 'He must catch up with her, architect told me the other day that such

"They may be fireproof to all extents to whom he gave ten cents, with full di- and purposes," said he, "but if inflamrections, and was assisted off in much mable material be in them and it gets afire the iron girders and beams will so "Oh, that I were safe in my shop, sit- expand that they will let the floor above ting cross-legged on the table!" thought down. When one floor falls in an iron Old Hundred. "That bicycles had never | beamed building they all go, and then been invented! That Miss Bennett were the side walls fall. The ruin is usually not ss fond of them! How smart she is? more complete than it is in an ordinary Who would have thought it at her age!" building. We do not build those iron But just here a rut upset the train of fireproof fronts any more, because in case The small boy, left behind, was chuck- the building across the street."-Nes

Very Likely-Elementary Instructions in Cookery, Etc., Etc.

(Her mother at the washtub scrubs).

-New York Herald.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

"He escaped with his life, I under-

caped without it."- Washington Star. A SLUR.

"What kind - century plant?" - Bits.

"Death loves a shining mark," said wig," suggested Johnnie.-New York the roses.

Daughter-"Father, Mr. Hendricks is

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS IN COOKERY. Young Lady - "And now, Jane, what's the next thing to do after putting the meat and potatoes in the stew Village Girl-"Please, miss, wash the

THEY RE RIGHT.

Young Scribuler-"I always give the Grassvale Journal the refusal of what I write, you know.' Unsympathizing Auditor-"And they Brunswick line.

always exercise that privilege, Soribuler.' -Yankee Blade. SHE DOESN'T WANT IT.

Miss Amiable-"That's Miss Hastings. She isn't pretty, but her face grows on you, I think. Miss Sharptongue-"Does it? Well,

I should be very sorry for it to grow on

me."- Yankes Blade

VERY STRIKING. "You spent five years in New York,

Lord Noodleby?" "Ya-as." "And what struck you most forcibly in our country?" "My creditahs."-Judge.

A BLACK SPEEP. Brown (speaking of Badleigh, who has not led an exemplary life)-"But

Badleigh has a bright future before Fogg-"Bright? Emphatically;

should say lurid."-Boston Transcript.

IT WAS A COLD. Miss Sharpe-"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Sissy? You are not looking very Mr. Sissy-"No, Miss Sharpe; I have

a cold or something in me head."

Miss S. (calmly)-"I think it must be a cold, Mr. Sissy."-Continent. COULDN'T HELP HERSELF. Watts-"So she refused you, did she? Dumley-"Yes; said she wouldn't

even be a sister to me. That made me mad, and now she's got to be one to me.' Watte-"How is that?" Dumley-"I proposed to her sister

and was accepted."-Boston Herald. WISE OLD PATER. Cleverton-"Have you any idea how

much that dress cost that Miss Swansdown had on last night?" Dashaway-"Yes; \$125." Cleverton-"How did you come to

took pains to tell me the other day."-Cloak Review. NOT THE SAME KIND. "Marie, what are those things on that

Dashaway (sorrowfully)-"Her father

"They're blossoms." "Oh, does the tree drink?" "No, of course not. What put that in your head?" "Why, I heard grandma tell mamma

that drinking was putting a beautiful blossom on papa."-Judge. DISENCHANTED. "A great disappointment has fallen on

Fickleby."

"How's that?"

"Before he was married he thought his wife was an angel." "Well, since then he has found out that she not only is not, but is in no hurry to become one."-Boston Tran-

IN THE WRONG LINB.

Enfant Terrible(intently watching Mrs. Scareall, a newly arrived guest, who is unpacking her trunk)-"Well, I don't see as you've brought any rope at all. " Mrs. Scareall-"Any rope, my dear? Did you want me to bring a rope?"

Enfant Terrible-"Yes; I've been standing here all this while to see the horrible things that Aunt Jane told mamma you'd Harper's Bazar.

IMMATERIAL.

"Oh, you-you-infamous-what shall call you?" exclaimed the enraged kitchen lady.

"Call me wot you please, ma'am," replied the imperturbable milkman, whose horse had stamped and spattered muddy water all over her. "Call me wot you please," he repeated, cordially, as he gathered up his lines and drove off. "Th' hain't no rule fur the pernunciation of proper names."-Chicago Tribune.

PAYING OFF THE GROCER.

Doctor Barrowby was canvassing for the post of one of the physicians to Bartholomew's Hospital. With a view to obtaining the vote of a certain influential grocer, he called upon him, and found him bursting with importance as he strutted up and down his shop. With a mixture of insolent patronage and insulting familiarity, he slowly approached the Doctor, and said:

"Well, my friend, what is your busi-Barrowby paused, looked him straight

n the face, and said: "I want a pound of plums." Greatly confused, the grocer put, up the plums, whereupon the Doctor put them in his pocket and marched off without asking him for his vote .- Tid

CUTTING IT CLOSE. A man was selling flowers at the cor-

ner of Broadway and Canal street the other day when a married couple came "I guess that's why grandpa wears a along and stopped a moment to admire "Will ze laidee haf a bootiful bokay

for only ten cents?" asked the dealer. "I'd like one very much, j' she replied. "Well ze bootiful laidee won't get one!" bluntly added the husband. Father-"He must be. I notice you "When a feller has come to New York never have a light in the parlor the night and bought a wagon load of gimeracks for 'leven children, a present for the schoolma'am and a jackknife for the hired man, and won't have but two cents left after buying tickets for home, his bootiful laidee has got to be satisfied with snuffing at the weeds along the

New York World.

railroad track. Come along, Nancy!"-

A UNIQUE WELCOME. While General Grant was President he visited Maine, accompanied by several members of his Cabinet, to formally open the then American and European Railroad, running from Bangor to the New

Bangor has never been honored by the presence of a "first citizen" before, and the city was dressed in gala garb to receive him. It so happens that the most imposing structure in the city is the jail, and it has extensive grounds and shade

trees around it. When the procession from the railroad station had reached the grounds the General's attention was called to the crowning feature of the decorations. A large floral arch had been constructed at the entrance bearing the inscription:

"Ah," said the General, much pleased, "what public building is that?" "The jail," replied a member of the committee, and then for the first time the blunder of it dawned upon them .-

New York Herald.

Strange Things From the Clouds. A phenomenon which probably has no parallel on record was observed in Buffalo, N. Y., the other day. At 10:30 A. M. Park Policeman Edward Fitz-Gibbon was standing near the Front House when, as he at first supposed, heavy drops of rain began falling. He noticed that they fell with unusual force upon his hat and clothes, and upon examination he discovered that instead of rain a shower of small shot was falling from the clouds. Joseph C. Green, another park policeman, noticed the strange phenomenon, and these men, together with Mrs. Buchannan, her sister and others, were all witnesses of the leaden shower. The shower lasted for over an his face, he looked the least concerned hour, and the people in the neighborhood caught the shot in hats and aprons. marked elevation twenty feet from the Reporters visited the place next day and

gathered a quantity of the leaden rain. ning live turtles, some of them as large still advanced. There were six men in as a man's hand, fell on the farm of Adam Walker, in Coal Creek township, Ind. No trees were near and they must have dropped from the clouds .- Chicago line within fifteen feet. The other two

Useless Rigging.

Two of the strongest advocates of retaining sail power on vessels of the new navy as auxiliary to steam have been Admiral Walker and Chief Constructor Wilson. Both have materially altered their views since observing the experience of the Chicago while on the squadron of evolution. Admiral Walker found that the prisoner surveyed the assembled her sails were of no use whatever, except to steady her in a heavy wind, and for this purpose fore and aft rig would be sufficient. The Admiral is of the opinion that sail power on twin-screw vessels is simply a useless encumbrance, as the sails are practically never used, and the rigging only furnishes additional resistance to air, and is so much additional dead weight to be carried. The only twinscrew vessels of the new navy with square rigging are the Chicago and the Newark, and it will probably not be long before all their rigging comes down except the low masts, with the military tops, and a simple fore and aft rig .- Picayune.

How to Clean a Plaster Cast.

A correspondent of a leading scientific journal states that a bust or statute can be most thoroughly cleaned, provided it has not been painted, oiled or waxed, by inverting it and filling it with water free from iron. The water is then allowed to filter through the plaster. After the filtering has been kept up for a sufficient time, and the outside surface occasionally washed with water and a soft brush, the plaster is allowed to dry. It is then found that all the dust has been washed out of the pores of the cast, which is be sure to bring in the clothes line."- thus restored to its original whiteness .-New York Commercial Advertiser.

A MILITARY EXECUTION

THE FATE OF A YOUNG OFFICER IN MEXICO.

Shot to Death for Drawing a Pistol Upon His Superior Officer- Shoot Straight at My Heart."

The following particulars of the recent execution of Lieutenant Estuperron, a young Mexican officer, are given by a Times-Democrat correspondent: Monterey and the State of Nuevo Leon has been the theatre of many military tragedies, but the shooting of Salvator Estuperron, second lieutenant of the Mexican Cavalry, was the saddest that has ever darkened the annals of the State. A brief history of the event which led to this morning's execution is necessary to a proper understanding of the case. Last December a company of the Thirteenth Regular Cavalry was ordered to do special duty at Cadereyta, a small town on the Gulf road. The company was in command of a first lieutenant and the deceased. A dispute arose between the officers, and Lieutenant Estuperron fearing, as his friends say, that his life was in danger, drew his pistol, but did not shoot at his superior. It is claimed that he snapped the pistor, but it missed fire. For this offense he was placed under ar-

rest and tried by a general court-martial and sentenced to death. There were extenuating circumstances admitted, and the case was carried to the highest Federal courts. Pending a decision the first officer of the company was shot dead in the portals at Monterey by one of the soldiers, and the soldier, while yet the smoke was curling from his weapon, was shot down by the captain of the company. Whether these deaths affected the pardoning power or not will never be known, but the finding of the court was approved, and powerful personal appeals persons intimately associated with President Diaz were unavailing. The death warrant was signed and carried into execution. That the officer was admired by the people and dearly loved in his regiment was well known by the authorities, as the precautions taken by the commandant of the department were

ample proof. The time of the shooting was kept a profound secret until the night before the execution. The cathedral clock chimed four. There was a sharp bugle call, a hurrying of mustering feet, quick commands and rapid evolutions and in a few moments the garrison fell into line. The gate in the rear of the barracks was opened, and the Thirteenth Cavalry in full marching order on foot, issued forth, followed by their band with muffled instruments. The Fifth Cavalry followed, and then the Fifth Infantry. They formed a square, three sides of which consisted of the representative regiments. The fourth was the wall of the barracks. The general commanding the department and staff took up a position in the centre. When the troops halted the commanding officer called, "Attention?" "Fix bayonets!" He then announced the sen-

tence, and added: "If any man moves in the ranks or gives any expression of sympathy with the prisoner or fault with the sentence he shall be committed to prison from one to five years, depending on the gravity of

The silence as of death fell upon the soldiers and the few spectators who were allowed to be present. Afar off the church bell tolled the knell for the dying. The early sun just gilded the mountain peaks that rise like giant sentinels around the historic city, and one's thoughts went back to the dull gray morning long ago, when an American soldier knelt upon his coffin and met a bloody death almost on the same spot. Great white wreaths circled the higher hills. It is now 4:45. From out of the gate issued a company of the Thirteenth, at its head a prisoner, and by his side a priest. With a firm tread and a proudly lifted head he marched, never faltering or halting, but with a bright smile upon of the party. He halted at a small barracks wall. His company filed past and formed in front, four lines deep. During a thunderstorm the same eve- Two lines advanced, halted, and one each line. The firing party thus consisted of six men in the front line within ten fect of the prisoner, and the second lines formed a reserve. The death knell tolled and the clock struck 5. The officer advanced to bandage the eyes of the prisoner, but the latter waived the officer aside and said:

> "I have looked too often in the face of death to fear him now. "It shall be as you wish," said the captain, as he took his place at the left of the firing party. Taking off his hat troops, looked once at the sun-tipped hills, and said to the firing party: "Shoot straight for my heart, but do not strike my face. Adieu," And bringing his hands to the position of "attention." he awaited the end. There was a slight flash of the captain's sword. The guns came to, "Ready!" Another flash. "Aim!" The blade drops. Six sheets of flame dart toward the prisoner, who sprang into the air with three bullets in his heart. The surgeon took his wrist. The captain gave a quick command, a soldier stepped from the ranks, and placing his rifle to the prisoner's head, fired. In less than fifty seconds from the drop of the sword Lieutenaut Estuperron was dead. The bugles sounded. The troops filed past the body; it was put into a coffin and the grim tragedy was over-and as brave a man as ever buckled on a sword had crossed to the "bivouac of the dead."

During the past year there were over 5,000,000 pieces of matter withdrawn from the mails because of incorrect or insufficient addresses.

The persecution of Hebrews on the Island of Corfu is said to have been planned by Russia.

partionately low rates. Local notices, 10 cents a line. By Entered at the Particular in Dann, N. C. mid-clase in other

Simmons. "Just P. T;" he always in- say, excellently well. But how did you sisted. "They don't stand for anything. learn so soon?" Old Hundred asked, ad-Father and mother ran out of names miringly.

without netting Old Hundred. say so when given opportunity by the have. despairs of him more than of the most roads outrageously perfect, and the afterrabid mysogynist in Bachelordom. There noon saw our hero and heroine trundling

One day the ancient twain were stroll- was very true.

movement and in every fluttering gar-

admiringly after them. "How finely Mrs. Davis rides!" murmured Old Hundred. Davis is!" responded B. C. rather sharp-

"You!" Old Hundred blurted out, started!"

lover's quarrel. Our sedate couple had gering all over the road. heart of the village bicycle agent was ever mount?

made glad by an order for a lady's safe-

The countless stars which to our human eye let was accomplished with blundering sion, seemed insanely bent on plunging STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE Are fixed and steadfast, each in proper slowness. And why does the odor of over the brink. His arms were pulled

control of the wheel, and with closed

top of his wheel at the bottom.

crank at a most astonishing angle.

to go home."

A happy light shone in her eyes.

And then it was that the tailor spoke