

THE WINSTON LEADER.

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HYMN FOR LITTLE CHRISTIANS.

God, make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all;
Content to bloom in native bowers,
Although its place be small.

God, make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singing glad.

God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and love;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim
In all His wondrous ways.

WOMEN AND WINE.

Pop! went the cork flying,
Sparkled the bright champagne;
By the light of a day that was dying,
He filled up the goblets again.

"Let the last, best toast be woman,
Woman, dear woman," said he;
"Empty your glass, my darling,
When you drink to your sex with me."

But she caught his strong brown fingers,
And held them tight as in fear,
And through the gathering twilight
Her fond voice fell on his ear.

"Nay, ere you drink, I implore you,
By all that you hold divine,
Pledge a woman in ten drops,
Rather by far than in wine."

"By the woes of the drunkard's mother,
By his children who beg for bread,
By the fate of her whose beloved one
Looks on the wine when 'tis red;
By the kisses changed to curses,
By the tears more bitter than brine,
By many a fond heart broken,
Pledge no woman in wine."

"What has wine brought to woman?
Nothing but tears and pain,
It has torn from her arms her lover
And proven her prayers in vain;
He tangled up in the vine;
Oh! I prithree, pledge no woman
In the curse of so many, wine."

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCE.

"Here's a nice place, Mabel," said the elder of the two ladies who had just entered the train. "And we'll try to keep it undisturbed, too," she added, proceeding to deposit their shawls, satchels, &c., upon the end of each seat, while the two ladies seated themselves facing each other. They were evidently mother and daughter, the mother large, portly and fine looking, the daughter a slender, bright-faced little thing, and just as evidently people of "position," marked by the belongings of wealthy travellers. Elegantly braided linen ulsters, over suits of black silk, stylish hats, dainty kid gauntlets, Russian leather satchels and shawl-straps were their distinguishing marks, besides that indescribable air which stamps its possessors as one used to good society.

"So very warm! Do reach my fan, Mabel!" said Mrs. Glennor. "We have a terrible hot day for our ride!"

"But there is such a nice breeze. I think it will be lovely," returned bright-eyed Mabel.

"Oh, you're always contented with everything. Dear me, I hope the carriages won't be crowded!"

"They are almost that now, mamma. We have the only vacant seats, I believe."

"And I mean to keep them too," announced Mrs. Glennor.

At that moment spoke a voice at her elbow:

"Is that seat engaged, madam?"

Mrs. Glennor and Mabel both looked up to see a young lady dressed in a plain, untrimmed linen suit, with a brown veil covering her hat entirely, and shading a plain, homely face.

Her speech was that of a well-bred person, but her exceedingly plain attire stamped her in Mrs. Glennor's eyes as "common folks," not worth an effort to be polite.

She turned to the window and settled herself in her place without seeming to hear, but good-natured Mabel spoke at once:

"Mine isn't. You are welcome to share it."

And, notwithstanding the decided frown on her lady-mother's face, she tossed her "traps" over on the pile already beside Mrs. Glennor, and smiled a reply to the young stranger's quiet "Thank you," as she sat down, holding the small satchel she carried, in her lap.

"It will tire you. There is plenty of room over here with ours," said Mabel, reaching out her hand towards the satchel.

The young lady placed it upon the seat herself saying:

"I was afraid it might trouble you."

"Not at all," returned Mabel.

But Mrs. Glennor, with a little accent of spite, addressed her daughter:

"Mabel, don't make yourself over-officious. I wonder how far it is to Hamilton?"

"Don't the table tell you, mamma?"

"No. Only the larger stations are down. Well," with a sigh and a glance at the intruder, "at least we shall be able to select our own society there."

"Mamma, don't!" pleaded Mabel in a low tone, flushing at her mother's rudeness.

"I detest these trains, where every rude person who chooses may intrude upon you," went Mrs. Glennor, coolly.

Mabel knew there was no telling where her mother would stop once

she was on the track, and she noted the flush which overspread the young stranger's face. She quietly changed the subject.

"Do you know Mr. Hamilton's family, mamma?"

"Not the children. Not since they were grown, that is. I saw them when they were little."

"If they are like their noble old father I'm sure I shall like them. I think he is splendid," answered Mabel.

The stranger young lady smiled quietly.

Mrs. Glennor answered:

"I daresay they are. Birth and breeding always show. Mabel, I, for one could never mistake a person of wealth and culture for a common one."

"Is there only one daughter?" asked Mabel.

"Only one at home, the youngest one, Henrietta. And one son, Richard. I consider it very fortunate that Hamilton invited us to make this visit. Mabel. Richard Hamilton will be very wealthy, and if you play your cards well, who knows what you may do in the way of a settlement?"

"Now, mamma, if you begin to talk that way I do solemnly declare I will take the next train that passes us back home and not go at all!"

Mrs. Glennor knew the girl was quite capable of keeping her word if she was pushed too far, so she said no more, but betook herself to the prospect in view from her window.

The ride was a warm one, but Mabel enjoyed it, and in spite of her mamma's frowns, chatted with her seat-mate very sociably.

It was getting sundown when the train stopped at Hamilton, and several passengers descended, among them Mrs. Glennor and Mabel.

There was a forlorn-looking station, with a dusty little refreshment-bar in one corner of a dingy room labeled, "Ladies' Room." There was two or three village idlers, with hands in their pockets, promenading up and down the platform, and that was all.

"Why, what does this mean?" fretted Mrs. Glennor. "Mr. Hamilton wrote he would be certain to have the carriage to meet us."

Perhaps it will be here yet, mamma," said Mabel. "Suppose you ask one of these men if it has been seen."

"I believe I will, and Mrs. Glennor marched majestically up to one of the men aforesaid and inquired:

"Can you tell whether Mr. Hamilton's carriage has been at the station to-day?"

"Yes'm—no'm—I don't know—there it are a-comin' now," was the slightest incoherent answer.

Turning in the direction of his extended finger she saw a handsome carriage rolling rapidly up.

"It is just coming," she announced to Mabel, whose eyes had already informed her of that fact.

They waited upon the dreary platform until it drove up and the driver dismounted.

Then he came up the steps and addressed Mrs. Glennor, touching his hat respectfully.

"Ladies for Mr. Hamilton's madam?"

"Yes. Come, Mabel."

"The carriage is ready, ladies. The spring cart is here already to take your baggage over. Will I take your tickets?"

Mrs. Glennor gave him the tickets for their trunks, and the ready coachman soon had them piled in the light cart which had followed the carriage.

"Now we are ready," declared Mrs. Glennor. But the coachman appeared to be looking for some one else.

"Our young Miss Henrietta went up to town yesterday. We expected her back by this train."

"Here I am, Sam!" called a familiar voice from the door of the ladies' room; and the homely young lady in plain linen, who had shared Mabel's seat, came out of her retreat inside, and approached them.

"My goodness!" was Mrs. Glennor's dismayed ejaculation, as she flushed up to roots of her hair.

But Mabel sprang forward with extended hand.

"What! are you Henrietta Hamilton? I am so glad!"

"And you are Miss Glennor! I am glad, too!" said the young lady, offering her hand most cordially.

"I would have made myself known in the train, but I am always so shy with strangers, and I was not sure who you were till now. Mrs. Glennor, I am very glad to welcome you to Hamilton. I love your daughter already, and I am sure we shall have a delightful visit. Let us go now; Sam is waiting."

This prompt courtesy, so delicately ignoring her own rude behavior in the train, was a greater rebuke to Mrs. Glennor than any show of anger could have been.

For once her ready tongue was at

a loss, and she only followed her young hostess to the carriage, silently and with flushed face.

But Henrietta's spirit soon put her at her ease, except when she remembered her mortifying blunder.

It was a wholesome lesson, however. And the next time Mrs. Glennor meets a lady in the train, whether she is robed like a queen or in plain linen, she will treat her as such, and never judge by appearances.

AIM AT SOMETHING.

"L. G. C." in Biblical Recorder.

An old farmer in our county, was one day setting forth the advantages of early rising, and he concluded by saying, "Every body ought to get up soon in the morning, and pursue their usual business. And if they haven't got anything particular to do, why just let 'em pursue about!" I have laughed a good many times at his speech, but lately I have come to the conclusion that, with all due deference to the man's good intentions, the latter part of it contains bad advice. It makes provision for a state of things which should never exist. I am inclined to think that the great trouble of the country now is that there are too many people "pursuing about," too many with "nothing particular to do" swarming through the land like locusts, and consuming every green thing which the laborer is able to produce.

No doubt we have all seen persons engage in the aimless task, for there are various ways in which it can be done. Sometimes people "pursue about" never being fixed in any profession, constantly ready for a chance, and exemplifying in their lives the truth of the words, "unstable as water thou shalt not excel."

For instance when a young man starts out with the intention of being a minister of the gospel, and after considerable preparation for that end, decides to be a lawyer, and then after devoting some time to the study of law, concludes that, after all, teaching is his forte, and finally settles down as an Insurance agent, his friends have good reason to fear that he has begun on an endless round of "pursuing about!" No prophet is needed to answer the question "What shall the harvest be?"

Sometimes people "pursue about," even when engaged in a good cause, by losing sight of the end to be accomplished, or by going to work in a listless, half-hearted kind of way.

A few years ago a minister in a small village took as his text, "Out of Egypt have I called my son!" And then he gave an interesting account of the grandeur of the Pharos, a description of the Pyramids, the Nile, and the wonderful light-house at Pharos, and at the close of the sermon (?) that blessed Son mentioned incidentally, for a few minutes. That preacher was evidently "pursuing about," and alas! for the people who, hungering for bread, had to content themselves with such a stone. When a brother gets up to make a few remarks in a prayer-meeting, and has to pause very often to clear his throat, and fills various other blanks with a comment "and-er-er," and that same brother has not the least impediment in his speech ordinarily, people can't help suspecting that he has "nothing particular to say, and is just pursuing about." As a general thing those few remarks do not effect much, and perhaps might as well have remained unsaid.

It may safely be laid down as a principle that, in order to accomplish anything, people must first desire to accomplish it, and then labor for that end. Good is seldom done accidentally. It is not an accident that some men are great, or successful, in the best sense of those terms. It is the result of patient, persistent effort—having something particular to do, and doing it well. Longfellow says, "the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you do well, without a thought of fame." Doing what we can do! There is just the difficulty. It is so hard sometimes to learn just what that special work is—just what constitutes our one talent, and, it may be, we lose a great deal of time in vain attempts to solve the problem. Should there be no decided inclination in any direction it is surely better even then to settle on something, and make one's self master of it. So many spend their lives in acquiring "a hundred arts," not one of which can give them substantial aid in an hour of danger, or extremity. The little story in Grimm's German Tales which illustrates the importance of understanding one thing well, is probably familiar to many. "A cat, meeting a fox in the woods, took the liberty of enquiring how he was. The fox replied very haughtily. 'What has put it into your head to ask how I fare? what have you learnt? how many arts do you understand.'

"I understand but one," replied the cat, decisively. 'When the dogs pursue me to climb up a tree, and to save myself.' 'Oh, is that all?' returned the fox, 'why I understand a hundred arts, and have, moreover a sackful of cunning.' Presently a hunter came riding along with four dogs. The cat ran nimbly up a tree, and from her place of concealment saw that the hounds had already seized poor Reynard. 'Oh, Mr. Fox,' cried the cat, 'you are come to a standstill in spite of your hundred arts. Now could you have crept up a tree your life would not have been sacrificed.'"

A Few Sunday Thoughts.

Clipped from the Reynoldsville Herald.

Man displeased with his world is never satisfied with himself.

The truths that we least wish to hear are those which it is most to our advantage to know.

The wise man does not speak of all that he does, but he does nothing that cannot be spoken of.

A year of pleasure passes like a fleeting breeze, but a moment of sorrow seems an age of pain.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning rod to attract trouble.

The habit of resolving without acting is worse than not resolving at all, inasmuch as it gradually sunders the natural connection between thought and deed.

"If two angels," says Newton, "were sent down from heaven to execute the Divine command, and one was appointed to conduct an empire, and the other to sweep a street, they would feel no inclination to change employment.

A man who can give up dreaming and go to his daily realities; who can smother down his heart, its love or woe, defy fate, and, if he must die, dies fighting to the last—that man is life's best hero.

Remedy for Sleeplessness.

Kansas City Sunday Journal.

When ready for bed sit down in an easy position, relaxing all the muscles of the body, and let the head drop forward upon the breast, as low as it will fall without forcing it. Sit quietly in this way for a few minutes, letting all the will-power off the body, and restful drowsy feeling will ensue, which will, if not disturbed, lead to refreshing sleep.

If the sleepless fit comes on in the night one can simply sit up in the position described. Stiffness of any part of the body must be avoided, and it is well to bend the body forward after lying down, rather than to keep it straight or thrown back upon the pillow.

The writer suffered several years from sleeplessness, caused by severe pain and nervousness and was taught the above by a physician of great experience and ability, and found through it complete relief. Many persons similarly afflicted with the writer's knowledge have tried it and always with good results.

A Start in Life.

C. S. Man.

I would rather that my boy possessed good common sense to start him in life than plenty of money. If he has not this common sense, no amount of training will greatly alter his condition in this respect. When I hear a father call his child a ninny, a blockhead, a simpleton, a stupid donkey, or a fool, (as some parents will when they forget themselves,) it occurs to me that such remarks reflect on the head of the family. The child, however, usually knows very well that his father is only excited, and does not mean what he says. The next desirable requisite in my child's outfit would be a naturally cheerful disposition. Not that I prefer the natural to the cultivated, for I do not. Cultivated cheerfulness is a charming part of any one's character, yet the natural is the surest, since I am very doubtful as to my being able to teach him how to acquire it. I should try to be cheerful myself, and thus induce him never to look upon the gloomy side of life.

Turpentine as a Disinfectant.

Ficksburg Commercial.

"Speaking of turpentine as a disinfectant, we are told that previous to the establishment of turpentine distilleries in Wilmington, N. C., that city was subject to yellow-fever epidemics, but that since no yellow-fever has appeared in Wilmington, except during the war, when these distilleries were idle. There is a lesson in this which it is easy to apply. If you desire to disinfect your premises, and preserve your own health and that of your own family, it is easily done. It is not only yellow fever that you frighten away from your premises, but every character of malarial poison. Put plates, saucers, and bowls of turpentine on your tables and elsewhere.

He Kept His Word.

Rockland Courier.

A woman and a girl were sitting on the steps of a church on Main st. They were poorly clad, the garments of the woman especially being ancient and shabby, and made in a style that no modiste could have described. She was old and feeble, and the wrinkled face had a wistful, yearning expression, that told of the suffering caused by hope long deferred.

The day was fast drawing to a close, and by the soft fading light, the girl was reading a letter, slowly and carefully spelling out the difficult passages.

"What's that—that last?" queried the woman, bending forward her grey head, that the dull ears might better catch the sound.

"The writer says: 'You must be prepared for a severe blow,'" repeated the girl.

"A severe blow?" echoed the woman, evidently bewildered; "about what for what?"

"There has been a dreadful accident!" read the girl, "and your son was among the number killed."

"What!" exclaimed the woman, fiercely, "what's that? No—no! It's a mistake. Read it again—carefully."

She had started up and clutched the girl by the arm. A man stopped and gazed curiously at the pair, noting the woman's agitation.

"Sit down, mother," said the girl, in a low tone, and smothering a sob that rose to her lips; "folks will see you."

The old woman sank down upon the steps, and motioned to the girl to proceed.

"He lived only a short time," read the girl, in a hard, dry voice, "and the last thing he said was, 'Write and tell mother I wasn't afraid to die, and that I have never drunk a drop of liquor since I left home.' We buried him yesterday, and his chums all mourn the loss of a brave companion."

The girl's voice failed her, here, and she burst into tears. The old woman's face was buried in her hands, and the hot tears trickled through the closed fingers.

"Poor boy—poor boy," she moaned, rocking her body to and fro; "he's gone and left his poor old mother all alone in the world. Oh, why wasn't it me who was taken, instead of him, so brave and strong! What was it he said 'tell mother?'" she exclaimed, suddenly.

"Tell mother I wasn't afraid to die, and that I have never drunk a drop since I left home," sobbed the girl.

"That's Jack!" exclaimed the woman with a sob; "that's his brave, honest soul. Wasn't afraid to die! And he never drank, thank God—he promised he wouldn't when he went away so strong and fair, and he knew it would break his poor old mother's heart if he didn't keep his word. Poor boy—poor boy!"

The weak gray head bowed upon the girl's shoulder, and the tears of the two mingled together. The soft October twilight stole over the scene, shrouding the pair in its gentle haze. Passers-by noted the old woman and young girl with heads bowed together, and some smiled at the curious sight. They knew not of the broken hearts that the two figures carried beneath the old tattered garments.

Concealed Weapons.

Lincoln Progress.

We do earnestly hope that the present Legislature will pass a stringent law in regard to carrying deadly weapons. The strongest objection made to the law heretofore came from the lawyers who thought that a law forbidding the carrying of pistols was unconstitutional, as the Constitution of the United States provides that "the right of the people to bear arms shall not be infringed." But this refer to arms necessary for military purposes. The State of Arkansas has passed a law making the carrying of concealed weapons a misdemeanor, and the supreme Court of that State has declared the act Constitutional. We have an Act to the same effect in this State, but it only applies to the county of Alleghany.

Hominy Fritters.

Something for One Lady reader to try.

Cook the hominy well; let it boil down pretty thick before using; add to one quart boiled hominy about half a cupful sweet milk, one egg, a little salt, and flour enough to fry and turn without running; only enough lard required in frying to prevent burning; too much milk and flour toughens them.

It was a little three-year old who remarked that she didn't want to kiss her papa because he had "fringe on his mouth."

"PARLOR MATCHES"—Courting in the front room.

What a Little Plant Did.

Everything has a mission to perform.

A little plant was given to a sick girl. In trying to take care of it, the family made changes in their way of living. First, they cleaned the window, that more light might come in to its leaves; then, when not too cold they would open the window, so that fresh air might help the plant to grow.

Next, the clean window made the rest of the room look so untidy that they used to wash the floor and walls and arrange the furniture more neatly. This led the father of the family to mend a broken chair or two, which kept him home several evenings.

After the work was done, he stayed at home instead of spending his leisure at a tavern, and the money thus saved went to buy comforts for them all. And then, as the home grew attractive, the whole family loved it and each other better than ever before, and grew healthier and happier with their flowers.

Thus the little plant brought a real as well as a physical blessing.

A Beautiful Allegory.

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, was engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offense. After an elaborate and powerful argument, he closed his effort with the following beautiful and striking allegory:

"When God, in his eternal council conceived the thought of man's creation, he called to him the three ministers who wait constantly upon the throne—Justice, Truth and Mercy—and thus addressed them:—'Shall we make man?' Then said Justice: 'O, God, make him not, for he will trample on thy laws.' Truth made an answer also: 'O, God, make him not, for he will pollute thy sanctuaries.' But Mercy dropping upon her knees, looking up through her tears, exclaimed: 'O, God, make him; I will watch over him with my care through all the dark paths which he may have to tread.' Then God made man, and said to him: 'O man, thou art the child of Mercy; go and deal with thy brother.'"

Postmaster for 55 Years.

Knoxville Chronicle.

Roane county, is possessed of a little bit of history, which we presume will not find many equals in the State, nor even in the United States. It is this. Mr. Gray, the venerable Postmaster of Gray's Hill postoffice, which took its name from him, has held that position continuously for fifty-five years, without intermission. During the rebellion, he was always an uncompromising Union man, but still he managed to keep the appointment under the Confederate Government. He is now about eighty years old, several years past the time allotted to man to live, but still he is sprightly and full of life, as though not more than one-fourth of that time had elapsed. What county can beat this for a long-termed postmaster?

What is it that Intoxicates?

Baron Liebig.

Any juicy or watery substance moderately sweet put in a warm place soon ferments or begins to decay. The immediate product of this is alcohol, the intoxicating principle.

There is no drop of alcoholic liquor in healthy and unchanged nature. God has not made alcohol in any other sense than he has created carrion-meat or rotten eggs. It is the product of sugary substances decomposed, decaying. And whether called brandy, rum, whisky, being distilled and of fiery potency, or wine, ale, cider, being fermented only weak, the fermented element is the same thing, alcohol. "Fermentation of a substance containing nitrogen." "Alcohol cannot be evolved from the sugar of vegetable matter until after vinous fermentation sets in, which is its decomposition or death."

His First Attempt at Converting.

From the Toronto Globe.

A barber who had become converted to religion was told he must work for the souls about him. The tonsorial artist was a diffident man, and did not know how to begin; but one day a pretty hard case came in to be shaved, and he thought he would improve the opportunity. The expected convert was seated in a chair, duly lathered, the razor stropped until the edge was keen as a Damascus blade, and just ready to apply to the customer's throat, when the barber whispered in his ear: "Are you prepared to die?" With a bound and a shot the victim left the chair, crying: "Not if I know it!"—rushed up the street hatless and terrified lest he should be pursued by the, as he supposed, would be murderous barber. The wielder of the razor has given up conversion during business hours.