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### Winston Cards.

EUGENE E. GRAY,  
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WINSTON, N. C.  
Office: Over Wachovia National Bank.

### W. T. VOGLER,

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,  
315 N. Main Street, Winston, N. C.

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H. S. FOY & BRO., Proprietors,  
Main Street, Winston, N. C.  
We have a large number of fine Horses, Phantoms, Buggies, etc., and are prepared to furnish.  
FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS TO ALL.  
Prompt attention given and charges moderate.  
We will have the best of everything on hand.  
S. S. FOY, J. W. FOY.



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S. S. FOY, J. W. FOY.

Has moved into his new building, north side Court House Square, and is now better able to serve his friends and patrons with the latest styles and patterns. The latest prints always on hand. Call on me.

IN NEW QUARTERS!

R. D. JOHNSTON,

—THE FASHIONABLE—

MERCHANT TAILOR,

WINSTON, N. C.

Has moved into his new building, north side Court House Square, and is now better able to serve his friends and patrons with the latest styles and patterns. The latest prints always on hand. Call on me.

CENTRAL HOTEL,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

SEYMOUR STEELE, Prop'r.

TERMS, \$1.00 PER DAY.

Large Sample room. Omnibus and baggage wagon meets all trains.

H. M. LANIER, WITH

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton,

IMPORTERS OF AND DEALERS IN THE

POTTERY AND GLASS

of all countries, from Original sources.

ALSO, LAMP GLASS, CHANDELIERS, TABLE CUTLERY, ETC.

51 to 69 Federal & 120 Franklin Sts., BOSTON, MASS.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

MERCHANTS.

We desire to return our thanks to our many customers for their liberal support in the past, and hope we will have their trade in the future.

Our Stock is complete, consisting of

DRY GOODS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS,

Hardware,

Queensware,

AND

GROGORIES

of all kinds, all of which we sell at the very lowest price.

FURNITURE!

FURNITURE!

We have received a very large stock of FURNITURE of all grades, all of which we sell at the very lowest price as we do not intend to be undersold.

Give us a trial before buying elsewhere.

Don't Forget we are on the Corner.

April 15th.

LOOK HERE!

If you want Blank Books,

If you want Ball Tickets,

If you want Programs,

If you want Letter Heads,

If you want Bottle Labels,

If you want Calling Cards,

If you want Address Cards,

If you want Check Books,

If you want Shipping Tags,

If you want Business Cards,

If you want Caution Notices,

If you want Wedding Cards,

If you want Invitation Cards,

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If you want Job Printing of any description, done in a most satisfactory manner, you can satisfy your wants by calling at or addressing the LEADER office, Winston, N. C.

### Homeless.

The long drear day that was gone,  
Or burned a rose-dale in the west;  
With weary feet and features wan,  
Eyes filled with tears, she lay in rest,  
Upon the ruins of the hearth,  
That once was Paradise on earth.

The naked walls around her rose,  
With silent, dumb, protesting look;  
They gazed, and the happy noise  
When once the humming-wheel was driven,  
As if they gave the birds of heaven.

Her mother roses in a dream,  
The grave that towered the way-side green;  
Across the casement's shadowy gleam,  
Here hung the creepers' awning bloom,  
And as she passed through that sepulchre,  
The Angels' feet on top of them.

Beside the door her father stood,  
A gaunt man of aghast face,  
The generous hearty Irish blood,  
Washed his lips, and in his face  
"God save you, lady," was his cry,  
And some old friend passed quickly by.

Her little brother leaped in,  
And carried loud amid the bay;  
He pulled the popper, three and three,  
Laughed and looked and looked away,  
"Was this, when life was in its prime,  
The little children passed the time."

There was the clasp on the height,  
The heavy—front of metal—  
The cross that towered the way-side green,  
The crosses pointing to the sky,  
And at their feet the calm abode  
Of those who, faithful, passed to God.

Uprising, she passed forth and sought  
The grave that towered the way-side green,  
Crying, as she great basins sought,  
"Father, thy will, not mine, be done;  
I am not homeless while these eyes  
Watch over me from your starry sky."

### Why His Hair Turned White.

A rough-looking man? Yes, perhaps I am. We ain't all of us responsible for our outside husk, no more than a horse-chestnut or hazel-nut is. The kind of life I lead can't be lived in what we call the "best" society. I wasn't brought up with many advantages, and I ain't only a brakeman on the Rensselaer and Saratoga line. Old Jones was telling you about me, was he, sir? He'd better hold his tongue. There's more profitable subjects of conversation than I am. But old Jones means well enough, and if he told you to ask me how that stripe of white hair came on my black mane, I ain't the man to ask back on him. Oh, you needn't be so inquisitive, sir. I don't mind talking about it now, though the time was when I couldn't speak of it without a big lump coming in my throat.

We hadn't been married long, Polly and me, when it happened. Polly was as true and bright-eyed a slip of a girl as ever you'd wish to see. She was one of the waitresses in the Albany luncheon-room, and the first time I ever set eyes upon her I made up my mind to make that girl my wife. So, when she asked me to marry her, I said, "I don't mind talking about it now, though the time was when I couldn't speak of it without a big lump coming in my throat."

"I do really mean it, Polly," said I. "Then," said she putting both her hands to her eyes, "I'll advise you. I've no living relative to advise me, so I can only take counsel with my heart. So we were married. I rented a little one-story house, under the hill on the height, that I called the Hudson—a cozy place with a good-sized wood-pile at the rear, for winter use; and I had a fine many and many a cold gray morning. And everything went smooth until Polly began to object to my mates at the White Blackbird and the Saturday evenings I spent with the boys after my train was safely run on the sidetrack at the junction.

"Why, Polly, girl," said I, "where's the harm? A man can't live by himself, like an oyster in its shell, and a social glass never yet harmed any one."

"No," said Polly, "not a social glass, Jake, but the habit. And if you would only put every nickel and cent piece that you spend for liquor into my little Bertie's tiny savings bank."

"Pshaw," said I, "I'm not a drunkard and I never mean to become one. And no one likes to be preached to by his wife, Polly. Remember that, my girl, and you'll save yourself a deal of trouble."

I kissed her and went away. But that was the beginning of the little, grave shadows that grew on my Polly's face, like a creeping fog over the hills, and that she has never got rid of since.

It was a sore point between us—that the polit claims shall vexed question. I felt that Polly was always watching me, and I didn't wish to be put in leading-strings by a woman. So I shamed to say I went to the White Blackbird oftener than ever, and I didn't often drink the glasses of beer that I drank, and once or twice, of a particularly cold night, I let my snowy waistcoat of flat fields through which the iron track seemed to extend itself like an endless black serpent, I looked my own life in the face. I made up my mind that I had been behaving like a brute.

"What are those senseless fellows at the White Blackbird to me?" muttered I, "as compared with one of Polly's sweet, bright looks? I will

give the whole thing up. I'll draw the line just here now. We shall be off early to-night. I'll go home and astonish Polly!"

But as night fell, the blinding drift of a great snow-storm came with it. We were belated by the snow which collected on the rails, and when we reached Marietta there was a little girl, who had been sent on in the care of the conductor, who must wait either three or four hours for a way-train in the cold and cheerless station, or be taken home across a snowy field by some one who knew the way.

I thought of my own little children. "I'll take her," said I—and lifting her up, I gathered my coat, warm coat about her, and I started for the long, cold walk under the whirling pines along the edge of the river.

I loomedly believe she would have frozen to death if I had been left in the cold station until the way-train could call for her. And when I had left her safe in charge of her aunt, I saw by the old kitchen time-piece that it was ten o'clock.

"Polly will think I have slipped back into the Slough of Despond," I said to myself, with a half smile; "but I'll give her an agreeable surprise!"

Ploughing down amid the snowdrift through a grove of pine trees that edged the back of my house, I sprang lightly on the doorstep, the door was shut and locked, I went around to the front. Here I effected an entrance, but the fire was damped on the hearth, and little Bertie, tucked up in his crib, called out:—"Papa, is that you?"

"Where is mamma, my son?" I asked, looking eagerly around at the desolate room.

"Don't you with the baby in her arms, look for her?" he said. "Didn't you meet her, papa?"

I stood a minute in silence. "Is she still, Bertie," said I, in a voice that sounded strange and husky even to myself. "I will go and bring her back."

And I thought, with dismay, of the blinding snow-storm outside, the treacherous groves which lay between there and the White Blackbird, the trackless woods through which it was still enough to find one's way even in the sunshine of noonday, and—

Just at all—the lonely track, across which an express shot like a meteor a few minutes before midnight. Oh, heaven! what possible doom might I not have brought upon myself by the wretched passion in which I had gone away that morning!

The town clock, sounding dim, and muffled through the storm, struck eleven as I hurried down the hill. Eleven—and who knew what a let-go had to stop and rest before I could find her. And like a fiery phantasmagoria before my mind's eye, I beheld the wild rush of the midnight express, and dreaded—I knew not what, for all that I could realize was that the storm was growing fiercer with every moment, and Polly and the baby were out in its fury!

Some one else had it, too, for as I stood thus I saw, faintly visible through the blinding snow, a shadowy figure lean from the nearest shed and come out upon the track, looking with a bewildered, uncertain air, up and down the form of Polly, my wife, with the little baby in her arms!

I hurried down to her as fast as my hurriedly increasing snowdrifts would let me, but it was only just in time to drag her from the place of peril, and stand, breathlessly holding her back, while the fiery-eyed mother of the dead swept by with a rush and a rattle that nearly took away my breath.

"Polly!" I cried, "Polly! speak to me!"

She turned her wandering gaze toward me, with her vague eyes that seemed scarcely to recognize me.

"Have you seen my husband?" said she; "one Jacob Cottrell, brakeman on the local express?"

"Polly! little woman! don't you know me?" I gasped.

"And I thought, perhaps," she added, vacantly, "you might have met him. It's very cold here, and—"

And then she fainted in my arms. The long, long brain fever that followed was a sort of death. There was a time when they told me she would never know me again; but, thank God, she did. She recovered at last. And since liquor, and, please heaven, I drop of liquor will again, the baby, bless it, dear little heart, wasn't harmed at all. It lay snug and warm on its mother's breast all the while. But if I hadn't happened to be close by them at that instant, the night express would have ground them into powder.

And the white stripes came into my hair upon the night of that fearful snowstorm. That's how it happened, sir.

GLIBLY hired a pony the other day to take a little exercise on. He got all the exercise he wanted; and as he limped to the edge of the side walk to rest himself after taking so much exercise, a kind friend asked him:—"What did you come down so quick for? What did I come down so quick for? Did you see anything up in the air for me to hold on to?"

### The Fourteen Wonders of the World.

The seven wonders of the world, in ancient times, were the pyramids of Egypt, the Pharos of Alexandria, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the temple of Diana, the statue of Artemesia, and the Colossus of Rhodes.

The seven wonders of the world in modern times are the printing-press, the steam-engine, the telegraph, the daguerrotype, the telephone, the phonograph, and the electric light.

The so-called "Seven Wonders" of the ancients were mere trifles compared with those of the present time. The Brooklyn bridge, for example, would make the hanging gardens of Babylon a mere toy, while the whole seven wonders put together would sink into insignificance could the builders have seen a lightning express train at full speed.

A Few "Hows."

How much happier life might be if minds could be trained to forget past troubles.

How hard it is to avoid listening and liking to listen to a scandal about our neighbor.

How tame life would be without trouble and difficulties to overcome.

How few value or cultivate a good pair of lungs.

How the old are forgotten by the young.

How unfortunate that so many of the aged should make themselves unattractive and even repulsive to the young.

How strong we feel when we have never been sick.

How many men and women are there without a weak spot somewhere?

How whisky does bring out a man's true nature and show the make-up and artificial side of moral character.

How much better is a "dog's life" than the lives of some men and women?

How few new brooms, after all, sweep clean unless there is a cleanser behind them.

How sorry some people are for faults which they will commit again next month.

How awfully awful it would be if everybody without warning told the truth.

How we do love to shut our eyes to what we fear may be a reality.

How much good we could do were we only rich.

How little good we do when we are rich.

How contrary and eccentric seems one who thinks for him or herself.

Suggestive to Fault-Finders.

"Now, deacon, I've just one word to say. I don't bear out preaching; I get no good. There's so much in it I don't want that I grow lean on it. I love my time and pain."

Mr. Bunnell, come in here. There's my new Testament—she can teach you theology.

"A cow teach theology! What do you mean?"

"Now, see, I have just thrown her a forkful of hay. Just watch her. There now! She has just found a stick—your cow sticks will get into the hay—and she knows she tosses it to one side, and leaves it, and goes on to eat what is good. There again! She has found a burdock, and she throws it to one side and goes on eating. And there! She does not relish that bunch of daisies, and leaves them and goes on eating. Before morning she will clear the manger of all, save a few sticks and weeds, and she will give milk. There's milk in that hay, and she knows how to get it out, albeit there may be now and then a stick or a weed which she leaves. But if she refused to eat and spent the time in scolding about the fodder, she, too, would 'grow lean,' and the milk would dry up. Just so with our preaching. Let the old cow teach you. Get all the good you can out of it and leave the rest. You will find a great deal of nourishment in it."

Mr. Bunnell stood quiet for a moment and then turned away, saying, "Neighbor, that old cow is no fool, at any rate."

### Turned White from Terror.

Lone Star ranch is becoming famous as a productive of some very remarkable sheep. It was on the Lone Star ranch that the wonderful three-star sheep was born. We refer, of course, to the sheep with three eyes, three ears and three tails, which we described fully some weeks ago. We have received advice from our special correspondent, Mr. W. W. Cook, whom we have engaged as a specialist to keep a scientific eye on the peculiar happenings of the ranch. In course of his letter on the recent phenomenon, Mr. Cook says:—"Most of your readers probably know black wool brings from five to ten cents per pound less than the corresponding grade of white wool. In order to secure the separation of the inferior product, as our shearing operations progressed, we placed the black sheep in a pen by themselves. There were thus on last Tuesday night sixty-three black sheep and some lambs alone in one of the corals. During the night a coyote entered and killed an ewe and two lambs, and we were greatly surprised to find in the morning that the wool on the remaining sixty-two sheep had turned perfectly white from terror. Happily this increase in the value of the wool more than balanced the loss of the sheep that were killed. The bleaching effects of fear on the human hair is well known, but I never heard of any previous instance of its action on animals. I merely state the facts as they occurred and leave to others a practical application of them, which, will, I doubt not, add thousands of dollars to the value of the annual wool product of this country." The facts given so succinctly by our correspondent are deserving of special notice, and will, no doubt, attract much attention upon the part of scientists.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

### Boys, Go Home.

—Ah, boys! who have gone out from the old homestead into the rush and bustle of life, do you ever think of the patient mother who stretches her arms to you arms that are powerless to draw you back to the old home nest? Arms that were strong to carry you once, pressed to hearts that love you now as then?

No matter though your hair is "stiver-streaked," and dot in the cradle curls you "Grandpa," you are only "the boys," so long as mother lives. You are the children of the old home. Nothing can crowd you out of mother's heart. You may have faltered in the battle of life, and your manhood may have been crushed out against the wall of circumstances; you may have been prosperous, and gained wealth and fame; but mother's love has followed you always. Many a "boy" has not been home for five, ten, or twenty years. And all this time, mother has been waiting. Ah, who does not know the agony expressed by that word? She may be even now saying, "I dreamed of John last night. Maybe he will come to-day. He may drop in for dinner," and the poor, trembling hands prepare some favorite dish for him. Dinner comes and goes, but John comes not with it. Thus, day after day, month after month, year after year passes, till at last, "hope deferred" makes the heart sick, "ay, sick unto death; the feeble arms are stretched out no longer.

The dim eyes are closed, the gray hairs are smoothed for the last time, and tired hands are folded to everlasting rest; and the mother waits no more on earth for one who comes not. God grant she may not have to wait vainly for his coming in heaven. Once more I say unto you boys, go home, if only for a day. Let mother know you have not forgotten her. Her days may be numbered. "Next winter" may cover her grave with snow.

### Fresh-Water Spring in the Atlantic.

One of the most remarkable displays of nature may be seen on the Atlantic coast, eighteen miles south of St. Augustine. Off Mantanzas Inlet, and eastward from shore, a mammoth fresh-water spring gushes up from the depth of the ocean with such force and volume as to attract the attention of all who come in its immediate vicinity. This fountain is large, bold, and turbulent. It is noticeable, to fishermen and others passing in small boats along near the shore. For many years this wonderful and mysterious freak of nature has been known to the people of St. Augustine and those living along the shore, and some of the superstitious ones have been taught to regard it with a kind of reverential awe, or holy horror, as the abode of supernatural influences. When the waters of the ocean in its vicinity are otherwise calm and tranquil the upheaving and troubled appearance of the water show unmistakable evidences of internal commotions. An area of about half an acre shows this troubled appearance—something similar to the boiling of a washer-woman's kettle. Six or eight years ago Commodore Hitchcock, of the United States Coast Survey, was passing this place, and his attention was directed to the spring by the restless upheavings of the water, which threw his ship from her course as she entered the spring. His curiosity being excited by this circumstance he set to work to examine its surroundings, and found six fathoms of water everywhere in the vicinity, while the spring itself was almost fathomless.—Saratoga (Ga.) News.

### FRUIT OR JELLY PUDDING.—Yolks of four eggs, one cup sugar, one half cup butter, one cup of fruit or any kind of preserves. Use mostly of jelly and fruit mixed; bake in pastry, make a meringue of the whites of the eggs, spread over the top the pie is done and set back in the oven to brown. This makes two pies.

### Reflections.

The fewer quarrels of others you take up the fewer you will have of your own.

Hold fast to your good nature—it is better than gold.

Those who hope for no other life are dead even for this.

Before you set about asking God's blessing be right sure that you have earned it.

Cheer Up.  
Never go gloomily, man with a mind.  
Hope is a better companion than fear.  
Providence, ever benignant and kind,  
Gives with a smile what you take with a tear.

All will be right,  
Look to the light,  
Morning was ever the daughter of night;  
All that was black will be all that is bright,  
Cheerily, cheerily, then, cheer up.

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,  
Many a trouble a blessing most true,  
Helping the heart to be happy and true,  
With love ever profound and true.

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### As time is money, many people believe that an hour spent in Sabbath devotion will pay the interest on six full days' sin.

The brightest crowns that are worn in heaven have been tried, and smelted, and polished, and glorified through the furnace of affliction.

The profoundest revelations of God are not expressible. Language does not go in very deep. It lies on the outside. He is a very shallow man who can always express his