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GEO. M. MATHES, Editor.

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SEASONABLE:
 She was a school-girl graduate,
 With school-girls used to play;
 She got her shoes and a great
 Big 6-cent bonnet.
 When she went home her dear mamma
 Met her with a pleasant look,
 And said, "Now, Mary Ann, bite in
 And take my place as—cook."
 But Mary Ann panned up her nose
 And said, "Mamma, I won't
 What? 'Come right out of school and cook?
 You bet your socks I don't."
 That anxious, overbearing ma,
 Like any mother should,
 Hit "Mary Ann" beneath the ear
 With a great big stick of wood.
 So now that school-girl graduate,
 With pleasure in her eye,
 Can cook a steak or wash a shirt
 Or make a dishrag by
 Her mother taught her what it was
 To lead a useful life.
 There's forty chaps a running there,
 Each wants her for his—cook.

A TALE OF THE JUNIATA.

BY "EDWARD JAMES."

It was night. One of those dark gloomy periods when the very stillness startles the solitary thinker and causes him to conjure up sights the most horrible. A few murders, fearful tragedies, bloody assassinations and kindred scenes rush past his mental vision with such painful rapidity and vividness as to make him fondly wish for the early approach of dawn, with its cheering, horror-dispelling light.

The scene of my sketch is a few miles southwest of Waynesburg, (now McVeytown, Penn.) a small settlement on the historic Blue Juniata, a stream justly for the limpness of its waters and the grand and sublime scenery of the Valley through which it winds its sinuous course. The time of the occurrence dates back almost a century ago and time, with its changes, has almost effaced the old landmarks, but enough yet remains to make the site referred to familiar to all readers conversant with that portion of the Juniata Valley.

In the woods which run down to the river stands a heavy log house, embowered in deep foliage, soon to be the scene of a most exciting adventure. The little rivulet hard by ripples over the moss-covered stones, making a peculiarly pleasing noise as it hurries on to join the placid river below—just at this time, however, sub-siding from the autumnal floods. Inside the heavy building all is still as death; no light can be seen whatever and as the hours pass on the darkness seems to become more penetrable and the stillness more intense until the suspense is almost unbearable, when hark! the defying, challenging war-whoop of an Indian reads the air and echoes throughout the distant mountains, chilling the blood of all who hear it.

Soon all is bustle and excitement within and cautiously the barrel of a gun through the loop hole, followed by a flash, a report and as the sound reverberates through the neighboring hills and glens, the death shriek of a savage is heard and once more the portals open and another dusky spirit enters the happy hunting grounds.

Not many minutes elapse until the house is surrounded by a score or more of blood-thirsty wretches anxious to avenge the death of their brother.

At this stage a short description of the occupants of this besieged place is necessary to a proper understanding of the foregoing remarks, and will enable the reader to form an idea of the perilous and adventures of the primitive settlers of the Juniata region.

Alexander DePugh—for such we shall call him—was an old and experienced hunter, who with his family consisting of his wife, son, aged twenty, and daughter, the latter a beautiful girl of eighteen summers, has settled here because of its seclusion and its being the center of a good hunting section.

On the day upon which our story opens, young DePugh was out on a hunting and fishing expedition and being of a fearless and venturesome nature had wandered several miles from home. About noon, being very much fatigued, he extended his three limbs on the leaf-strewn ground beneath the spreading branches of a large tree while he partook of a refreshing lunch. He had not remained in this position long, however, until his trained ears were greeted with the gruff voice of a man near by in close conversation with another. DePugh raised himself upon his elbow and, with an intense-born of experience, listened to their conference. But a few moments satisfied him that the speakers were Indian scouts and that, too, from a hostile party who were devising plans for the capture of his father's family.

With stealthy steps the young hunter stole away from the dangerous spot and not having been discovered, made his way rapidly home, reaching there just in time to inform his unsuspecting family

of the impending peril. He had been in the house but a short time when peering into the darkness through a loop hole he espied a savage with a lighted fagot skulking through the trees toward the dwelling. This latter movement on the part of the Indian, as well as the signal shout before spoken of, were unusual for such wily rascals, but they were so confident of victory that they forgot their cunning treachery. The young man grasped his rifle, and running it through the aperture fired the shot which killed the rascally scout and brought the Indians around the building.

Anxious to wreak vengeance on the devoted family for the death of their companion, the savages commenced to light fire-brands and throw them about the house, but these only served to reveal their foes.

"Robert," said the father, "aim low and be sure of your mark."

With this advice from his parent, the son ran out his gun and fired again with fatal effect, as was announced by maddened yells of the red devils which floated away on the still night air.

Occasional firing was kept up for a number of hours when suddenly all became quiet.

The old settler knew that this ominous stillness boded him and his family no good and that the Indians were only waiting for the light of day to aid them in the destruction of his family and home. Arriving at this conclusion he ordered preparations to be made for an immediate flight, if such a thing was possible. He saw that unless they hurried that daylight would be upon them, and their escape would be impossible, indeed the gray light of dawn was already appearing. This last resort was decided upon after much mental torture to the anxious parents.

To flee to the river was thought the best plan, but all that dangers attend it!

The red fiends were watching every point of exit, but when the hunter built his house he had run a kind of subterranean passage from the cellar several hundred feet toward the river (in anticipation of such an exigency as this one) and it was thought by following this to the end they could reach the river and their canoes and from thence get to the settlement below.

Having secured their most precious relics, the whole family commenced their dangerous retreat. The end of the passage was gained in safety, and they were making their way through the underbrush to the river, silently congratulating themselves upon their escape, when a savage yell at no great distance warned them that they were discovered.

Now was the supreme moment. In a few seconds the whole band of blood-thirsty demons would be upon them.

The poor man knew now that unless he reached the river all would be lost. Snatching up his great strength, he caught his wife up in his arms, while Robert lifted his sister and both ran toward the canoes.

The Indians came rushing on, yelling like fiends incarnate, yet happily they were several hundred yards to the rear.

The race of life and death was continued in this manner for some minutes, but the father saw that unless they made an extra dash they would fall victims to their foes.

A few more seconds and the boats would be reached. Could they hold out? they asked themselves.

Father and son did nobly and as they reached on the views in their faces stood out like white cords and the perspiration rolled from their heated brows in great drops.

The Indians were gaining upon them perceptibly, but the tried hunter makes a Herculean effort, while his son follows closely after with his charge and with a desperate strain the canoes are reached.

The women are laid in the bottom of the boats to shield them from the arrows of the savages and with the father in one and the son in the other the canoes are paddled rapidly out into the stream—just in time to escape a shower of arrows which go whistling harmlessly overhead.

The baffled Indians stand along the shore venting their rage in fearful blood-curdling yells that echo and re-echo along the distant hills.

All dangers was not yet over, for several Indians were seen running along the shore, with the intention evidently of getting on a projecting

point of land below, where they could reach the fugitives with their arrows when they passed in their boats.

Fortunately the river was higher than usual, but though the escaping family kept along the eastern shore they felt they could hardly pass the point above mentioned alive and were almost ready to give up in despair when they were encouraged by a loud ringing cheer.

Looking up the river they descried a large party of hunters approaching in their boats, and the imperiled family knew they were saved.

The Redskins quickly disappeared in the woods and were subsequently nearly all killed or captured.

The brave hunter and his family, together with the other boats—one of which contained the handsome person of Frank Marlist, the favored suitor of Rose, the settler's beautiful daughter—called for the Wayne-burg settlement, where they arrived a few hours later in safety.

As the Indians had become somewhat troublesome in that region the family remained in town for some months.

In the war with the Redskins which followed soon after the events narrated above, Robert who was a fine looking young man, enlisted and being a brave soldier soon rose from the ranks to be an officer of distinction. Rose, who was the loveliest girl in all that country, acquired in the oft repeated request of her brave and gallant lover, Col. Frank Marlist, and on Christmas day, just four months after her perilous escape from the Indians, was married, and lived many years after, ever the joy and light of her husband's home.

Her father and mother, pleased with their daughter's choice, lived near her on the site of their old home, which was destroyed by the murdering savages.

The Boot.

The obstinate survival of the human boot has been a subject of amazement to the student of social customs. At the present moment, while the thermometer is among the nineties, and Manitoba is scolding hot waves in all directions, thousands of comparatively intelligent men are wearing boots that heat their feet and legs cruelly and unnecessarily. They wear boots merely because previous generations of men living under peculiar conditions found boots useful. This is the dulllest and most inexcusable kind of conservatism.

The boot was originally an outside article of dress. In earlier days Europe was terribly muddy, and trousers and stockings were costly. The male European, therefore, wore boots with enormously long legs. By this means he protected his lower garments from mud and kept his feet comparatively dry. With the progress of civilization the mud of Europe dried up. Weather bureaus were established which continually prophesied areas of rain and frequent local showers. Of course, these never made their appearance, and one necessity of mud was therefore wanting. Street pavements became common, and street-sweepers occasionally swept them clean. In these circumstances boots ceased to be either necessary or useful, but the conservative European mind was unable to abandon them. Instead of wearing boots outside of their trousers, the Europeans drew their trousers over their boot-legs. This was an open confession that boots were useless, and that all the wants of the human foot could be met by shoes. The boot-leg survived merely because of the stupid conservatism of its wearers, and should the climate of Europe ever become so hot that overcoats would lose their reason for being, we might expect to see that respectable conservative wearing his overcoat under his shirt.

In the civilized parts of this country the boot is worn for the same reason that it is worn on the other side of the Atlantic. In the far West, where rattlesnakes abound, and where paved streets are unknown, the boot fulfils its normal purpose, and is worn outside of the trousers. Elsewhere, however, it is merely an illustration of human folly, and there is not the slightest excuse for its existence.

There are certain classes which have an immoral interest in preserving the popularity of boots.—The shoe-maker always prefers to make a boot rather than a shoe, because it takes more leather, and hence a higher price can be charged for it. He knows perfectly well that the leather used in manufacturing a boot-leg will be of no possible use to the purchaser, but what does he care for that, provided he can make out a bill for a pair of boots? Then, the doctors are advocates of boot-wearing. They know that the practice of casing the legs and feet with air-tight leather in hot weather is an excellent plan for overheating the blood and inducing anti-stroke and other diseases. We need not wonder, therefore, that unprincipled doctors, anxious only to gain patients, earnestly advise everybody to wear boots, and that more conscientious doctors scrupulously avoid saying anything that might cast suspicion upon boots. Finally, there are the temperance lecturers, who know that boot-legs afford a refuge for the imaginary snakes of delirious drunkards, and who encourage the wearing of boots in the hope that drunkards may thereby be terrified into repentance and reformation. In fact, boots are among the efficient aids of the temperance cause, and were our drunkards to universally wear shoes, they would never be driven to temporary reformation by the visit of alcoholic reptiles.

In the Western States there lingers, according to the local press, a curious custom which involves the wearing of boots by fathers of marriageable girls. It appears that when a young man visits a young woman with the intention of ultimately making her his wife, the girl's father rushes upon him, and with his right boot urges him to fight. This is doubtless a survival of a custom still prevailing among certain barbarous tribes, in accordance with which a lover is expected to kidnap his intended wife, and her father is ex-

Night Life of Young Men.

One night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day forever empty.—Night is sin's harvesting time.—More sin and crime are committed in one night than in all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers with torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either side—walk; the gay-colored transparencies are ablaze with attractions; the saloon and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantment; the gay company begin to gather to the haunts and houses of pleasure; the gambling dens are aflame with palatial splendor; the theaters are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness, hope out of thousands of lives. The city under the gaslight is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils and pitfalls of night are a hundred-fold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depth and abysses and whirlpools make us start back with horror. All night long tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Young men, tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out the chart of your character and final destiny, with blanks to insert your names. It seems to me an appropriate text would be, "Watchman, what of the night?" Policeman pacing the beat, what of the night? What are the young men of the city doing at night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in, and what time do you see them come out? Policeman, would the night life of young men commend them to the confidence of their employers? Would it be to their credit? Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning paper the names of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the street for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confession? Some would not dare to go to their places of business; some would return home at night; some would leave the city; some would commit suicide. Remember, young men, that in the retina of the all-seeing Eye there is nothing hid but shall be revealed on the last day.—Baptist Weekly.

The small boy now holds himself together at the equator in acknowledgment of the subtle power of the green apple.

The Marriage of Great Men.

Robert Burns married a farm girl, with whom he fell in love while they worked together in a plowed field.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, and lived with her but a short time. He was an austere literary recluse, while she was a rosy romping country lass, who could not endure the restraint imposed upon her; so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, a rare example in the long line of English monarchs, wherein the marital vows were sacredly observed and sincere affection existed.

Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter.

Washington married a woman with two children. It is enough to say she was worthy of him, and they lived in perfect harmony with each other.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John being a lawyer.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and besides this was fifty-two years old while he was but twenty-five. He wouldn't take 'No' for an answer, and they were married and lived happily until she died, which occurred two years afterward.

Peter the Great, of Russia, married a peasant. She made an excellent wife and a sagacious empress.

Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy.

It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living.—She was an amiable woman, and was most devotedly attached to the old warrior and statesman.

When John Monigrip's wife asks for a dollar or two for current demands, he smiles sweetly, as he says, "True love seeks no change."

Man must be disappointed with the lesser things of life before he can comprehend the full value of the greater.

A leading newspaper of the day says:

One of the Congressional eulogies upon departed members once brought considerable ridicule upon its author because of his remarking of the eulogizer, that "his gentlemanly spirit ascended to the bosom of its Maker;" the sufficient explanation however, was that the reporter was misled by an imperfect utterance, and that the words were "gentle, manly spirit." The accepted use of these words being what it is, the distinction marked by interposing the comma was important; but really it is, or should be a distinction without a difference. For it ought to be so well recognized as to be shown by every-day words that gentleness of manner is a part of manliness in character. Is there a better type in history of "the grand old name of gentleman" than Philip Sidney, whose last act was one of gentleness and generosity? The most powerful forces in nature are the quietest; the men of action and deeds are the mildest in their manners; the most perfect courtesy has always been associated with the most knightly valor. The hand of iron goes with the glove of velvet; the famous blade that could cleave an iron bar would cut a silken scarf if drawn through a fold of it, and, if this is legend, it still expresses the idea. Quietness and reserve in demeanor, tender consideration for others, gentleness throughout these are qualities which always conspire with courage, and there is no real manliness without them; on the other hand, the bragging, bellowing fellow, who elbows his way without regard for others, and lets the weaker take their own chance of getting out of his way, is sure to prove an ardent coward when the test comes. In reality the man is the gentleman; one is the other; gentleness is a part of manliness; nothing can separate them. The gentleman is not born so by being the latest of a line, or by inheriting wealth that conveys the privilege of idleness; he is born by receiving the manly character or becomes such by cultivating it for himself. Our too common use of the word is a perversion of its to earthly uses, as indicating one does not work for his living or as being a label to warrant its wearer as having become the possessor of an accomplished deportment. No-body could see anything ridiculous in "a gentlemanly spirit" leaving earth were not the original meaning of the two words smothered in a conception of a bowing, outwardly polite carriage of person a mere Turvy drop of surface.

Chester A. Authur.

The sting of the ticket lies in the tail. The Republican party has too many men of Vice Presidential calibre to be put off with the nomination of a Chester A. Authur. That gentleman has been prominent in the politics of the country for some years, but not in any enviable way. Perhaps no name known to a newspaper readers, except that of Mr. Connell, calls up so readily and so offensively the idea of the machine which has disgraced the Republican party in New York and served as a text for the denunciation of civil service reformers all over the country. Gen. Authur is a machine politician in almost every sense of the word, and to the extent of his ability he has set up as a boss, subject only to the orders of his bosses, who are Conkling and his lieutenant, Cornell. It cannot be for-otten that this candidate for Vice-President has served in this capacity, and that in this capacity he boldly violated his obligations to conduct in the public interest a Federal office entrusted to his keeping. His prostitution of the civil service to partisan ends went, in fact, to such a length that a Republican administration was obliged to take notice of it and call him to account. Nor did his partisan virulence stop there, for he took issue with the administration, defied its authority and was foremost in the battle for the spoils system, which was one of the most notable events in the early history of the Hayes administration. I will not edify honest Republicans to read what Secretary Sherman said of Mr. Authur and his associates in support of the attempt to remove him. In putting such a man on the ticket, without any regard to his general lack of qualifications for so important an office, the convention humbled itself in the dust at the feet of the boss of bosses, and gave him a sweet revenge upon the influences which combined to defeat the third term conspiracy. Harmony is dearly bought at such a price.—Philadelphia Times.

"Mother, what is an angel?"
 "An angel? Well, an angel is a being that flies."
 "But, mother, why does papa always call my governess an angel?"
 "Well," explained the mother, after a moment's pause, "she's going to fly immediately."