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The Winston Sentinel.

GEO. M. MATHES, Editor.

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Sometimes many of the symptoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the LIVER the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not Regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and Death will ensue

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THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT WE, the undersigned, witnessed to-day a severe test of a 20-inch Davis improved Turbine Water Wheel under a sixteen feet head, driving a circular saw mill owned by George Huffman, Esq., at Brick Church, N. C., and we certify that the Wheel gave more power than anything of the size we ever saw run. We think the Wheel can, with a good saw, cut with ease 3,000 feet per day of hard oak lumber. We saw the miller stop the saw while cutting 15 inches deep in an oak log, started it again without slacking the feed, which shows the wonderful power the little wheel has on the start and using very little water for the power given.

Geo. Huffman mill owner, David Cobie, Squire Monroe Thompson, J. C. Clapp, Jacob Sharp, Abraham Shepard, David Shepard, Daniel Foltz, Z. M. Foust, W. R. Garrett, J. Huffman, Ned Foust, Dr. Shatly, C. P. Smith, Bud Sharp, Andy Stanley, J. P. Huffman, John T. Newton;

Mr. Huffman has just ordered a 12-inch Wheel to run his Wheat Mill under the same head. Saw Mill wheel was submerged 18 inches in back water while running.

Mar-31.-no.16-tf

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

BITTERS

My Beauty.

I meet her in the crowded street,
My Beauty, sweet and rare,
And jealous, watch the sunbeams play
About her golden hair.

She is the flower of womanhood,
Beyond all others fair,
Youth and love shine in her eyes,
And crown her golden hair.

She passes me with winsome grace,
With grave and modest air,
She knows me not, but I know her—
My love with golden hair.

Oh, fairy girl! You love not me
Nor dream that I can care—
Yet does my heart lie 'neath your feet—
My lass with golden hair!

[For the SENTINEL.]

AFTER MANY DAYS.

Come with me reader and let me show you a truly pretty picture—but hush—step lightly, or they will hear you,—now look—seated under the wide-spread branches of an apple tree, laden with delicious fruit, are two girls—one, fair-haired, blue-eyed and very beautiful is lazily leaning back against the tree idly toying with the pretty straw hat in her lap, while the other, is lying at full length, on the sweet green grass; with half closed eyes, and that nonchalence which betokens easy repose—see—the eyes are opened now, and the sweet lips are slightly parting—ah! what dark beautiful eyes, and what a wealth of raven hair! Slightly raising herself she looks up with a half frown, and says:

"Will this long hot day never end! I am so tired of this weather, it is awful—too hot to ride, dance, or even carry on a respectable flirtation—and, there you sit Pearl, looking as exasperatingly cool, as if you were a veritable pearl just from the depths of the sea,—while I am almost melted. I'll declare, if it dont soon get cooler I shall take lodgings in an ice house."

"Well, Rose I think you must be terribly warm, not to enjoy this delightful shade—but come, let us go to the house, and we will see if you are too warm to flirt, as you declared just now. I venture to say as soon as Clare Hartley is by your side, you will forget the heat, and in ten minutes you will be flirting outrageously.

"Well Pearl, what else can I do? It is too hot for anything else, and if Clare Hartly will be agoose I can't help it."

"Ah, but it is wrong to fool him so; you know he loves you, Rose, and he is a true, noble-hearted young man, you may yet regret, that you played with his best and noblest feeling. He is passionate, and can ill bear your trifling—tell him Rose, that you do not love him, and let him go."

"Wait until night, and I will do as you wish. Somehow, I don't like to tell him. I believe I pity him. I thought, all tender feeling had died out of me, long ago, when the coldness, and neglect of one man, drove me to what I am—a heartless flirt—but, I do pity Clare Hartly, and if it was not that I have old fashioned notions, that a woman should love her husband, I would marry him—but as it is—I will tell him to go—Ah! Pearl, I wonder if I will ever forget!"

"Hush, darling—and do not look so sad—Gerald Palmer, is not worth the love you gave him—cheer up dear, and be my own bright Rose again. There—that is better, your face is bright and smiling once more, and here we are at the house, and the bell will soon ring for tea come we must dress."

While they are gone, let me give a slight description of the two girls that have just left us. Rose Hargrave was an only child, petted and gratified in every whim, bright, affectionate and a true woman, she knew no sorrow until at the age of 18, she was left fatherless, and in two months after, motherless. Being an only child, she inherited all her father's vast wealth, and, after spending two years in traveling, we find her visiting her cousin, Pearl Hargrave, at "Sunny Side" the beautiful home of the latter; who is like Rose, an only child, the petted darling of her widowed father. Sunny Side, is just now filled with visitors, and it is a merry party that meet, in the cool pleasant parlor a half hour later. As usual, Rose is the centre of attraction, and by her side is Clare Hartly listening eagerly to her sweet voice. Presently Col. Hargrave, Pearl's father says, "We are to have an addition to our party, Mr. Palmer, arrives on the train this evening." "What Gerald Palmer, the great lawyer?" asks an eager voice. Col. Hargrave laughingly answers: "Yes, Pet, the 'great lawer,' look out for your heart, for he is said to be very fascinating.' "No danger for me, while Rose is here. He would not look at poor little me." The voice had hardly ceased before the sound of wheels was heard, and before any one could move the door opened, and Gerald Palmer entered, with the eagerness of a boy, walking to Col. Hargrave he grasped his hand heartily, and then turning to Pearl he said: "Ah Miss Pearl you do not know how glad I am to see you." Col. Hargrave advanced, leading Rose forward, he said: "My neice, Rose Hargrave, Gerald." "We have met before," Rose said very quietly, giving him her hand for a brief moment; "Yes I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Hargrave in Paris, and am more than pleased to renew our acquaintance," was the courteous reply, and then turning, he said: "Col. I am very tired and dusty and if you will excuse me I will retire to my room." "Certainly Gerald, I will accompany you, and have a good smoke, while you tell me about yourself." With these words Col. Hargrave left the room, and Rose to escape the questions, she knew would be showered upon her, passes quickly out through the open window on the veranda. Presently a voice at her side says: "Come Miss Rose, the moonlight is tempting let us stroll for a short while on the lawn." Without a word she turns, and placing her hand within the arm of Clare Hartly, goes out in the beautiful moonlight. For a time, they walk in silence, and then Clare speaks: "Rose, will you give me my answer now? ah my darling, if you only knew how well I loved you, I know you would not keep me in suspence." For a moment or two, she is silent, and then in a low, troubled voice, she says: "Mr. Hartly, you have repeatedly requested me to answer you, to-night I will do so, it grieves me to pain you, but still it is best that you should know the truth. I do not love you, and can never be your wife—do not think me heartless and unfelling; I am not—I fully appreciate your worth, and would be your wife, but for the one unalterable fact, of my not loving you; forgive me my friend if I wound you; God knows, I would not willingly cause you a moment's pain or suffering—"

"Ah! Rose don't say you will not be my wife—oh, my darling, I love you so well—only marry me, and I will teach you to love me—I only ask you to give me your own precious self, and I am willing to wait for your love—"

"No, Mr. Hartly, it cannot be—I would not wrong you by such a marriage—I do not, and can never love you because," and the sweet voice sinks almost to a whisper, "I love another, now let us go to the house—I am weary." In utter silence they turn and retrace their steps and on the veranda, he says: "Good night and good bye—I leave in the morning; may God bless you," and before she can reply he stoops, presses his lips to her hand, and is gone.

Six weeks have passed and it is now the last of September, and under the same apple tree where we just saw Rose, she is seated with Gerald Palmer—listen—she is speaking. "But Gerald if you loved me why did you leave me?—you sought me, won my love, and after I had promised to be your wife, you suddenly left me without a word, why was this?

"My darling, did I not tell you I was called to the bed side of a dying friend?"

"Yes, but you could surely have written me a line, to let me know."

"I did write to you repeatedly and received no answer, and then I saw the marriage of your cousin in the papers, and thought it was yours, and only found out my mistake, when I came to Sunny Side. Ah, my little pet, you will never know how much I suffered."

"And Gerald, I suffered too. Do you think I could have endured your silence and not suffer—no, my own, I loved you too well for that."

"Well dearest, we will forget the past, and think only of the happy future—in one short month you will be all my own, mine to love and cherish until death us do part," and passing his arm around her slender waist he drew the lovely head upon his breast, and tenderly kissing the sweet lips smiled down in the beautiful eyes so near his own.

And, there, dear reader, we will leave them with the bright future before them, and the rainbow tints of hope and love gilding their pathway, hand in hand, they will walk through life, secure in the love that nothing but death can sever. Every blessing, and serving the merciful God, who, "After many Days," has thus, re-united them.

Anti-Prohibition.

Temperance Lecture in a Rail Road Car.

Circular from a Baltimore Liquor House.

The car was at a stand still, and the speaker was an elderly man, who looked as though in his younger days he had drank too much common whisky, and quit too suddenly for his health.

"Yes, I am in favor of *Prohibition*, and if we pass that we are going to *make* every man in North Carolina moral, and by act of Legislature we will prohibit smoking, chewing, dancing—prohibit the *manufacture* of tobacco and cigars.

"Yes, gentlemen, I go farther. We all know the *temptation* to pick up a stray chicken. I am in favor of removing *all* temptations from the weak—prohibit chickens. It is true chickens do help many families in this State to supply themselves with shoes, bonnets, ribbons, &c. But, gentlemen, remember that some of these chickens escape gaps, prowlers, &c., and lay eggs. Now gentlemen, here comes the *temptation*—EGGS. Think of the baneful effects of *egg* nogg!

"So much for *eggs*, gentlemen.

"Now for *tobacco!* I know a young man, gentlemen, whose downward path was caused by tobacco. He was a bright boy, and paid no attention to my warning of the sin of smoking a pipe. This led to a drunkard's grave, for he went to the village store to buy tobacco, and reading a gilded sign that the proprietors of the store sold fine liquors, he was induced to try them. That house is responsible for the consequences. The young man from that day, with other young men, went to that store at twelve o'clock and took his tody, and to my earnest protest he replied that such liquors as the firm sold were medicine, and would not hurt a baby. Three months after the young man went west, and I have no doubt he fills a drunkard's grave."

The speaker sat down and wiped his eyes. Many in the cars were visibly affected, when a Western man said:

"Stranger, was that promising young man named Mark Tapley?"

"Yes," said the orator, "that was his name."

The Western man said:

"Stranger, that man *lives*. In fact he is the livest man in Wisconsin. He came to Falling Waters eleven years ago, when it had but three houses. He bought all the land within three miles of town, and all the land he could get credit for ten miles farther. He started a distillery, which so increased the value of lands around that in two years he had sold half his lands for a half million dollars profit. He now owns a tremendous distillery, a large tobacco factory, and pays more taxes to the State, and to the General Government than any man in the State. Last year he was elected to Congress, and when I took dinner with him in Washington, last Sunday, he said:

"'Jim, when you go to old North Carolina tell my friends I will soon go through the State and preach *temperance in all things.* * * * *

Washington's Masonic Apron.

At a meeting of Alexandria Washington Lodge of Masons, at Alexandria, Va., recently, a resolution was adopted, tendering the apron and sash worn by Gen. Washington during his service as master of the lodge to Peyton S. Coles, Esq., Grand Master of the Order in Virginia, to be used by him at the Yorktown Centennial. The apron and sash—the handiwork of Mrs. Lafayette—were presented to Gen. Washington by Gen. Lafayette during his visit to Mount Vernon in 1784, and on the 3d of June, 1812, Maj. Lawrence Lewis, a nephew of Washington, on behalf of his son, Master Lorenzo Lewis, presented them to Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, together with the box, made in France, which contained them. The apron and sash were worn by Washington at the laying of the southeast corner-stone of the United States Capitol in 1763.

An unruly tongue is harder to control than a vicious horse.

Col. J. M. McCorkle.

Raleigh News-Observer.

In the New York *Tribune* we find an alleged interview with Col. J. M. McCorkle, of Salisbury. We print it in order that Mr. McCorkle may, if its misrepresents his views, make his correction, and if it does not misrepresent him that the people may understand what opinion this gentlemen entertains in regard to North Carolina affairs. We have not heretofore regarded Mr. McCorkle as one of those extreme men who are incapable of taking a correct view of public matters, and are very much surprised at some of the statements contained in the interview. For instance, he says "that the tissue baliot system has been introduced into our elections in the dense negro counties, and that at a signal the lights in the room where the ballots are being counted are put out and a fraudulent ballot box substituted for the true one, and that fraudulent votes are thus counted."

These are grave allegations. We challenge Mr. McCorkle to state a time and place and witnesses.—If he cannot do that we invite him to state where he suspects that any such foul play has been practiced in North Carolina. We invite him to make his statement in the columns of this paper or to correct his alleged interview in the columns of the *Tribune*. We are not aware of any case at any time when tissue ballots were ever used in North Carolina. Is Mr. McCorkle? We invite his reply. We are not aware of any case where the Democrats have ever played hide and seek with a ballot box in North Carolina, such as he describes. Is Mr. McCorkle? We invite his reply. We know that there have been trivial irregularities at all elections, but we also know that generally our North Carolina elections are fairly conducted, and we do not believe that any cases such as Mr. McCorkle is alleged to have described have ever occurred since the year 1868. What the Radicals did in 1867-'68 we do not mention. Mr. McCorkle however, says "that this state of things is chronic." We fear he was dreaming. Again, says Mr. McCorkle, in reference to the appointment of magistrates by the Legislature. It is done for the purpose of giving the secessionists an advantage in litigation over the negroes. Should a quarrel arise between a Union man a secession, the advantage is with the latter, who, perhaps induced the Legislature to appoint the justice." We can hardly believe that Mr. McCorkle could have uttered such statements. Is it true that the reason for appointing magistrates by the Legislature is to give secessionists an advantage over Unionists and negroes? Who, before this remarkable interview, ever heard of such a suggestion? In the first place while it is easy to find the negroes, and while we know that generally every white man in the State is a Union man, who can find a single secessionist within the limits of North Carolina? There are no secessionists that Mr. McCorkle can point out in this State. But if he means to designate "Democrats" when he uses the word "secessionists," he answers himself, for the people of the North, as well as of North Carolina, who would laugh him to scorn should he declare such to be his meaning. And so also when he asserts that the appointment of magistrates by the Assembly is to give one class an advantage in litigation over another, he takes a position which justly entitles him to the feather medal as the laughing stock of North Carolina.

FOR SWINNEY IN HORSES.—Take a knife with a blade one quarter of an inch wide, with a sharp point, open just half way, and prick the diseased part of the bone by sudden strokes. Then pull the skin up with the hands and let the air suck under it until it fills out the shoulder. This will cure any ordinary case of this disease. If it is a very bad case the skin will have to be pulled up for three successive mornings.

California produced 10,000,000 gallons of wine during 1880, of which 700,000 gallons were sweet wine. Of brandy, 450,000 gallons were manufactured; also raisins to the value of $100,000. The sale of grapes for table use yielded $150,000. The total yield from the culture of the grape during the year 1880 amounts to $8,500,000.

Charcoal, laid flat while cold on a burn, causes the pain to abate immediately; by leaving it on for an hour the burn seems almost healed when the burn is superficial.

The "Year Without a Summer."

Hartford Times.

We continue to receive occasional inquiries concerning "the year in which there was no summer." Some persons appear to have a wrong idea as to the time. It was the year 1816. It has been called the "year without a summer;" for there was sharp frost in every month. There are old farmers still living in Connecticut who remember it well. It was known as the "year without a summer." The farmers used to refer to it as "eighteen hundred and starve to death." January was mild, as was also February, with the exception of a few days. The greater part of March was cold and boisterous. April opened warm, but grew colder as it advanced, ending with snow and ice, and winter cold. In May ice formed half an inch thick, buds and flowers were frozen and corn killed. Frost, ice and snow were common in June. Almost every green thing was killed, and the fruit was nearly all destroyed.—Snow fell to the depth of three inches in New York and Massachusetts and ten inches in Maine. July was accompanied with frost and ice. On the 5th ice was formed of the thickness of window glass in New York, New England and Pennsylvania, and corn was nearly all destroyed in certain sections. In August ice was formed half an inch thick. A cold northwest wind prevailed nearly all summer.

Corn was so frozen that a great deal was cut down and dried for fodder. Very little ripened in New England, even here in Connecticut, and scarcely any even in the Middle States. Farmers were obliged to pay $4 or $5 per bushel for corn of 1815 for seed for the next spring's planting. The first two weeks of September were mild, the rest of the month was cold, with frost and ice formed a quarter of an inch.—October was more than usually cold with frost and ice. November was cold and blustering, with snow enough for good sleighing. December was quite mild and comfortable.

Great Salt Lake.

One of the wonders of Utah is that of the Great Salt Lake. At present it occupies a space equal to about 2,000 square miles. The greatest length is ninety-three miles, while the greatest width is forty-three. While the waters of the sea contain about two per cent. salt, that of the Great Salt Lake contains about twenty-two per cent. or about one fifth the bulk. During the summer season the lake water becomes warm, and makes an agreeable and invigorating bath, which is taken advantage of by thousands, not only as a source of enjoyment, but for the cure of chronic and other diseases, for which it has proven very efficacious. At Lake Point, Black Rock and Lake Shore ample provision has been made for the accommodation and comfort of bathers, and, during the past season, which was a very short one, fully 30,000 baths were taken. A steamboat makes excursions during the summer for the accommodation of parties, who enjoy the grand lake scenery, dancing and other amusements in the cabin of the large steamer. One great source of wealth comes from the immense deposit of white crystallized salt that deposits on the shores and is scooped up and sent off for use in the silver mills of Idaho, Montana, Nevada and Colorado. The past year fully 10,000 tons of salt have been gathered from the lake and shipped for use. Citizens of Utah use this salt for domestic purposes, while cabinets of minerals are incomplete without a sample of the beautiful salt crystallized on some shrub which found its way into the waters of the briny inland sea. During storms waves rise so high that it is exceedingly dangerous for boats to be out from safe harbor.

"Patrick," said the Priest sternly, "how much hay did you steal?" The reply was that of one who takes a profoundly philosophic view of things and who proposes not to allow his religion to too seriously interfere with every day duties. "Well," said Patrick, "I may as well confess to your riverence for the whole stack, for I'm going after the rest to-night?"

The more quiet as well as the more comfortable you keep an animal the less feed it requires, and the better it will thrive.

A jewel is a jewel still though lying in the dust.