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GEO. M. MATHES, Editor.

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April 16th, 1879. 15-16

GONE AWAY.

I will not think of thee as cold and dead,
Lying in the grave that I can see.
I would not stand beside when life had fled
And left thy body only, there for me.
I never saw thee with thy pale arms crossed
On that unheating heart that was mine own,
They only told me all that I had lost
When from thy breast thy lovely soul had flown.

Thou wert not there! and so I turned away,
And left the house when other mourners
stayed;
Nor did I come on that unhappy day
When in the tomb that dreadful thing was laid.

To me thou art not dead, but gone as I hear
Into another country, fair and sweet,
Where thou shalt be some undiscovered power
Be kept in youth and beauty till we meet.

Thus I can feel that at any given day
I could rejoice that, gone awhile before
To foreign climes, to pass dull weeks away
By wandering on the broad Atlantic shore;
Where each long wave that breaks upon the sand
Bears thee a message from me waiting here,
And every breath Spring breathes across the land
Seems as a sign that thou art lingering near.

So I will think of thee as living there,
And I will keep thy grave in sweetest bloom
As if thou gavest garden to my care.
Ere thou departed from our English gloom,
Then when my day is done, and I, too, die,
'Twill be as if I journeyed to thy side;
And when all quiet we together lie
We shall not know that we have ever died.

THE BRIDE ELECT.

'I really don't see, Kate, how you can reconcile it to your conscience to put up with all his actions and whims,' said old Miss Thorne, with a troubled cloud on her usually rosy and serene face.

'But, Aunt Penelope, he loves me.'

'He has a queer way of showing his love then, that's all I have to say!'

'And we are to be married next week,' added Kate Thorne, her cheeks flushing as she spoke.

'Then I hope marriage will work the miracle of a change in him,' said Aunt Penelope, tartly. 'For to speak the honest truth, unless he does alter his way I don't see much chance of solid happiness for you my child.'

And Aunt Penelope added to the general uncomfortable matters by shaking her wise-old head, and 'only wishing Kate had had the good sense to choose Lionel instead of that other fellow.'

'He isn't so handsome and fanciful, perhaps,' added Aunt Penelope, 'but as all I know, that beauty is only skin deep, and I do believe that if any man would make a good husband, Lionel Wilson will. Heigho! I hope fate has got a nice wife in store for him somewhere!'

'You had better marry him your self, Aunt Pen,' said Kate mischievously.

'Marry my grandson?' quoth Aunt Penelope. 'I've lived fifty odd years without a husband, and I guess I can make out a few more of 'em. But I can't help feeling sorry for Lionel all the same.'

'Well, Aunt Penelope, you know that I like him—oh, ever so much?'

'Ah!' said Aunt Penelope, 'but that is exactly what he don't want, and Kate to avoid the coming discussion, stole up to her own room, where the wedding wreath and veil were already eliciting the admiring comments of the two dimpled young bridesmaids, Kate's youngest sisters.

Harold Grenfell was not in the happiest of humors that night when he came as usual to spend the evening with his bride-elect. He criticized Kate's dress, her hair, the very twinkling ornaments she wore in her ears.

'And of course you are the best judge of your own affairs, Katharine,' he added. Kate especially disliked the 'full name' in which she was by baptism entitled. 'But I don't think it exactly the right thing for you to be walking out with Lionel Wilson the very week before the wedding.'

'Dear me, Harold!' cried Kate, making doubled arches of her pretty penciled brows. 'I had to go out to get two more yards of white quilled ribbon for my sleeves, and as Lionel chanced to be walking in the same direction, couldn't very well go on the other side of the street.'

'A bride-elect has no business with the attention of any man except him who is to be her husband.'

'Dear Harold, would you transform the future husband into a tyrannical jailor? Would you wish to show that you have neither confidence nor trust in the woman you have chosen for your wife?'

'I'm much obliged to you,' said Harold bitterly, while a disagreeable curve came to his lips. 'Perhaps plain speaking is best under all circumstances, but it is not agreeable to hear that I am considered a tyrannical jailor.'

'Now, Harold,' coaxed Kate, wife!

coming close to him and putting her little plump hand to his shoulder, 'be good humored once again and put away all these disagreeable suspicions for—'

'Thanks, once more. Perhaps I had better take my leave, since, in addition to ty-ranny, I have become disagreeable.'

He rose, and Kate for once, fairly driven beyond the bounds of patience, did not oppose his departure.

She had let Harold depart without a word to restrain him.

Mr. Grenfell's own meditations, as he walked homeward, were not of the most exhilarating description. He liked to torment Kate, it was a sort of earnest of the power to be held over her, in his opinion, but yet he wanted to see the arrow rattle. Anything like calm indifference on her part defeated all his intentions. And yet, impossible as it may seem to those of pleasanter and more serene temperament, Harold Grenfell loved Kate Thorne dearly and truly.

'But I'll find means to bring down her pride and teach her a lesson yet,' he thought vindictively. 'She shall not defy me in that cool off-hand sort of a manner without repenting it.'

And when three days afterwards he called to take Kate out for a drive, he was greatly incensed by seeing Lionel Wilson in the drawing room—helping Dora, his youngest sister-in-law that was to be, wind worsted, while Kate sat by, evidently enjoying their conversation.

He froze into haughty rigidity at once, but Kate, provokingly good humored, took notice of his color.

Well, the day of the wedding came, and Kate Thorne, like all other brides, looked bewitchingly pretty in her white dress and veil, with just enough color to make her cheeks look like blush roses. It was to be a home wedding, and the guests already thronged the parlors of Aunt Penelope's spacious old-fashioned house.

'Kate! Kate! it is five minutes to twelve!' whispered Aunt Penelope, putting her head into the boudoir, where bride and bridesmaids, like rose and rosebuds on a stem, awaited the stroke of the eventful hour, which, in this special case, happened to be 12 o'clock—Haw! he come yet?

By way of answer to the old lady's rather nervously put question, a servant entered at that instant with a note.

'For Miss Kate,' she said. And Kate tore it open with flushed cheeks, as she recognized the hand-writing of Harold Grenfell on the superscription:

'My dear Kate,' it read briefly, 'since you have studied my wishes so little during the past week, you can scarcely expect me to make a special point of your convenience. I have business that renders it desirable for me to leave town this morning to be absent two or three days. I am sorry to defeat your arrangements, but, perhaps, the salutary lesson may not be thrown away, and I have long thought that you needed time for reflection before entering on the solemnities of marriage.'

Yours very truly,
'H. GRENFELL.'

Lionel Wilson, leaning against the carved marble standards of the chimney place, watched the varying color on Katie's cheeks, as she perused the billet.

'What is it, Kate?' he asked earnestly.

She handed him the note with a little smile.

'Your services will scarcely be required as groomsman to-day,' she said. 'Read that.'

He read it, the scarlet dye of anger mounting to his cheek.

'Kate,' he said, 'you will not quarrel this man now?'

'Never!' she muttered in a convulsive tone.

'Dear Kate, the guests have all arrived, the minister is here. I have the ring in my pocket. Be married to-day, Kate, and let me be the bridegroom. I have loved you long and more tenderly by half a score of years, than this supercilious fop. Show him, Kate, that the venomous arrow falls short of the mark.'

She looked with eyes half glad, half sorrowful into his face.

'I can trust you, Lionel,' she murmured.

'Then you will become my

'Yes,'
'At once?'

'So Kate [Thorne and Lionel Wilson were married, and the assembled witnesses laughingly congratulated Kate upon the profound secret she had contrived to keep of her real intentions.

Two days afterward Mr. Grenfell called at the Thorne mansion.

'I've just returned to town,' he said in a bustling and arrogant sort of way, 'and of course I came here at once. Where is Kate?'

'The bride and groom haven't returned yet,' said Aunt Penelope, calmly adjusting her spectacles.

'What bride? what groom?' ejaculated Harold.

'Why, Lionel and Kate, of course. They were married the day before yesterday.'

'Married?' echoed Harold, in blank horror and dismay.

'Exactly so,' said Aunt Penelope, secretly exulting in his discomfiture. 'There were no cards, the affair being rather sudden, but you will get a piece of wedding cake, in blank horror and dismay.'

'Exactly so,' said Aunt Penelope, secretly exulting in his discomfiture. 'There were no cards, the affair being rather sudden, but you will get a piece of wedding cake, in due season, I don't doubt.'

And she complacently shut the door in his face, leaving him to the reluctant conviction that he had lost his treasure, and all through his own blind self-conceit and arrogance.

For the Fair Sex.
Parasols are made to match toilet.

Corsage bouquets are again worn at the throat.

White is to be the evening dress of the summer.

Stockingette is among the new material for bodices.

Gentlemen's business hats are low-crowned Derby shapes.

Buttonless gloves have the run of fashionable favor in Paris.

Watteen buttons, which are gems, are the fancy of Parisians.

Black continues to be the favorite street dress of fashionable American women.

A crown of Roman braids, with crimped front hair, is a favorite mode of evening coiffure.

Square gold nets, bordered with sequins, are much worn at London theatres and dinner parties.

The pale and rather dull shade of the lilac known by the name of the heliotrope is still the great rage of the moment.

A Cool Martyr.

Ten minutes after the Flint & Pere Marquette train had pulled out of the depot yesterday noon a young man with a grab-bag in his hand and a cigar in his mouth sauntered in as if he had half an hour to spare. After walking up and down for about five minutes he stopped at the ticket-window and asked—

'Has the Flint train gone yet?'

'Yes, a quarter of an hour ago.'

'The deuce! Why, I was to go on that train!'

'Well, you didn't.'

'That's so, and I'm placed in an embarrassing situation. I was to be married to a girl up the road to-night.' No other train, I suppose?'

'No, sir.'

'And I can't get there?'

'Perhaps you could hire a locomotive.'

'Ah! perhaps I could. I'll finish my smoke and go and see about it.'

After the end of his cigar had been reduced until the fire warmed his nose, the young man went up stairs and said to the superintendent—

'Could you, ah, for about five or six dollars, ah, give me a locomotive as far as Flint, ah?'

'No, sir.'

'Ah, you can't? Well, that's badish. I was to have been married at six o'clock this evening. I might say seven dollars for a locomotive.'

'And you might say seven times that.'

'Couldn't do it; 'pon honor I couldn't, though I'll go down and smoke another cigar and perhaps make you another offer after a time?'

He lit another cigar and paced up and down and all at once began hunting his pockets. He shortly pulled out a note-book, and after running over the leaves he approached the ticket-seller and said—

'I find that I am saved.'

'How?'

'Here it is, just as I wrote it down last fall! "Mum: The said party of the first part—which is me—agrees to wed the said party of the second part—which is Helen—on the evening of April 4, 1881, provided, that blizzards, floods, broken bridges, railroad delays, or other acts of Providence permit." I always make a man, of these things to save misunderstandings. I missed the train and that comes under the head of railroad delays, eh?'

'I think so.'

'And she has no grounds for breach of promise?'

'Can't see any.'

'Nor I. My conscience tells me that I ought to offer about nine dollars for a locomotive to run me up there, and if it is refused I'll go back to the hotel and take things easy till to-morrow. Are you married?'

'No.'

'Going to be?'

'I—I expect so.'

'Make a man, of it, and give Providence plenty of latitude for delays! It's not only business, but you've got 'em tight as a wedge. Mem. it right down in black and wedge, and if they talk sassy, show 'em the door. Bye-bye, old fellow—see you later.'

A Remarkable Year.

FLOODS, EARTHQUAKES AND SUN SPOTS.

New York Herald.

The country is just beginning to emerge from one of the most disastrous flood periods on record, the losses occasioned by which would defy computation. This memorable period set in on the 6th and 10th of February, caused by two great storm centres then passing from the Western Gulf coast northwardly, bearing enormous volumes of tropical vapor, which was condensed over the highest latitudes of the United States, and raising the temperature high enough to convert the winter accumulation of snow into rushing torrents of water. The Signal Service Monthly Review, just issued, shows the immense ravages of these floods. The rise of the Umatilla and the Columbia, in eastern Oregon, alone caused a destruction of property to the amount of five hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. In Louisiana the overflow of Lake Podelartrain threw ten thousand people on the mercies of New Orleans, in the settled part of which city probably 50,000 inhabitants were driven from their houses. The Ohio exceeded any height it has ever reached since the great floods of 1847 and "the entire losses," it is reported, "reached into millions," while the Eastern rivers emptying into the Atlantic have had their booms. To these floods we must add those of the Platte, in the West, and now, last but not least, the Missouri is rising rapidly between Deavenworth and Omaha, as the precipitation of the last three months gave reason to expect and as was predicted by the Herald on March, 11. In the Old World floods and inundations have not been wanting as the European despatches for several days past show. The Guadalquivir, swollen by torrential rains in the Sierra Morena, is now deluging the Iberian Peninsula, its usually modest and sluggish stream having been suddenly converted into a rushing volume five miles broad above Seville, where alone the authorities already estimate the damage at over a million dollars; and it is probable that with the return of spring to Central Europe many such catastrophes will occur.

The most contemporaneous occurrence of the earthquakes at Iachia in March, at Chios recently, and at Zante recently, seems to be more than a mere coincidence. The abnormal rainfalls reported from our own continent and Europe for some time point to an extraordinary activity in the sun at this season over the equatorial belt, resulting in excessive evaporation of its heated waters. The Royal Astronomical Society, in its latest report, issued last month, notices the "increased number of sun spots observed in the last year." Whatever this increased solar activity may portend, it appears that we are entering a period of unusual precipitation, in which the magnetic and meteorological forces are undergoing marked changes and exerting their influence with great effect not only on the atmosphere but upon the more fragile parts of the earth's crust in the districts liable to seismic disturbances. Seismologists say that their observations point to the influence of currents of terrestrial magnetism, varying with solar changes, in producing earthquakes or determining the date of their occurrence. We may therefore, expect to hear of more of these convulsions as the sun advances into the Northern Hemisphere.

Lemons as a System Renovator.

The way to get the better of a bilious system without blue pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons, as the appropriate craves, in as much ice-water as makes it pleasant to drink without sugar, before going to bed. In the morning on rising or at least half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humors and bile, with mild efficacy, without any of the weakening effects of calomel or Congress water. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemons clear; the powerful acid of the juice, which is almost corrosive, infallibly produces inflammation after a while, but properly diluted, so that it does not draw or burn the throat, it does its full medical work without harm and when the stomach is clear of food, has abundant opportunity to work on the system thoroughly.

There are 1,000,000 more men than women in the United States.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Victor Hugo: When love is dead there is no God.
Sterne: In pursuit of rest, men often tire themselves.
Roscoe Conkling: Many a genius is a harp with only one string.
Isaac d'Israeli: The failure of one man is the opportunity of another.

Lander: Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.
Adolph Ricard: A woman and her servant together can get the better of a dozen devils.
La Rochefoucauld: There is but one kind of love, but there are a thousand different copies of it.
A man owes his success in his life work to the woman who walks beside him.
Alexandre Dumas: True love always makes a man better, no matter who the woman is who inspires it.
John Ruskin: Nothing is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalry; nor nobly, which is done in pride.
Archbishop Whately: Woman is like the reed which bends to every breeze, but breaks not in the tempest.
Milo de Sendari: Love is I do not know what; it comes from I do not know where; it ends I do not know how.
Seneca: The goodness of gold is tried by fire, the goodness of women by gold, and the goodness of men by women.
George Elliott: There's a sort of human paste, that when it comes near the fire of enthusiasm is only baked into a hard shape.
Stick to one thing until it is done, and done well. The man who chases two hares not only leaves one of them, but is pretty sure to lose the other also.
Lord Beaconsfield: There is no time in a man's life when he is so great as when he cheerfully bows to the necessity of position, and makes the best of it.
Plutarch: To do an evil action is base; to do a good one without incurring danger is common; but it is the part of a good man to do great and noble deeds, though he risks everything.
Chas. Reade: The fortunate man is he who, born poor, or nobody, works gradually up to wealth and consideration; and, having got them, dies before he finds they were not worth so much trouble.
Henry George: Man is an animal; but he is an animal plus something else. He is the mythic earth-tree, whose roots are in the ground, but whose topmost branch may blossom in the heavens.
Thackeray: A woman may be loved for three things; for her intellect—a love serious but rare; for her beauty—a love vulgar and brief; for the qualities of heart—a love lasting but monotonous.
Dumas fils: Why should a man of intelligence become attached to a woman? For the same reason that Horace Vernet attached himself to the mast of a ship, that he might contemplate the tempest.
Oliver Wendell Holmes: Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over? One would think they had been built in your parlor or study, and were waiting to be launched.
Hawthorne: Thank Providence for spring. The earth, and man himself by sympathy with his birth-place, would be far other than we find him if life toiled wearily onward without this periodical infusion of the primal spirit.
Carlyle: The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder; a waif, a nothing, a new man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill, and divide, and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your works as God has given you.
Richter: Ah! it was not the mere Lubberland of sweetmeats and playthings which then, with its perspective, storms like a river of joy against the chambers of our hearts; and which yet, in the moonlight of memory, with its dusky landscapes, melts our soul in sweetness. Ah! this was it, that then for our boundless wishes there were still boundless hopes; but now reality is around us, and the wishes are all that we have left.