

THE WINSTON LEADER.

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"OLD HURRYGRAPH."

All Fool's Day—and they are not all dead either.

"Every dog has his day." And every cat his night.

The women are, or should be, home rulers, to a man—Crazy Bachelor. They are! That is—some of them.

"One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives," and it is none of their business, either.

Why is the LEADER like a pretty, fascinating Miss? Because it is lively and much sought after.

What is it that Granville cannot produce? Oxford Free Lance.

An honest Republican government.

Some one remarks that Indians do not kiss each other. From what few Indians we have seen, we do not blame them.

When you have a family jar you can't always preserve the peace.—Exchange.

No, that you cannot. And a family "stew" frequently ends in a "broil."

The Declaration of Independence says "all men are created equal," but we beg to differ with our forefather's when we take into consideration the feet of some.

Baltimore is to have a ladies' "Talking Match" this week. Poor Baltimore! If these matches are anything like the sulphuric ones we sometimes buy, may the fates defend us!

It was said by those of old that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." And we have come to the conclusion, like many others, that the world lies about us when we grow older.

A loafing would-be poet sends us a few doggerel lines upon the subject of "Banks." We know of several banks, and if our contributor will break into one of them with a plow, he will find it more profitable than writing rhymes.

The Oxford Free Lance wants the ladies to take an active part in the railroad enterprise. They will, brother Biggs, if there is any coupling to be done. They may be tender-hearted, yet they know how to put the breaks on. Our Granville friends will find that ladies will make good conductors, but their trains are always behind.

Every Day Religion.
A colored Georgia minister preaches the following practical theology: Brudderen, my sperience is dat it ain't de perfection of 'ligion, but de casual practice of it dat makes a man 'ceptable yo'nder. When yer gets to de golden gate an' Peter looks yer right in de eye and yer shows him yer long creed and says, pompous like, dat yer 'longed ter a big church, de 'postle will shake his head an' say Dat ain't nuff' ter get through. But if yer takes all yer bills under yer arm, yer grocer bills, an' yer rent bills, an' yer doctor's bill, an' he looks 'em over and finds 'em all receipted, he'll say, Yer tittle's clear, an' unlock de gate an' let yer pitch yer voice for de angels' son. But 'tain't no use ter trammel along dat narrer path 'lest yer can carry folded up in yer creed, a good rec'mendation from yer creditors. Hebbon ain't no place for a man who has to dodge roun' a corner for fear ob meetin' some one who'll ask for dat little bill dat nebbber was paid.

POETRY.

"JUST AS I AM."
"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou hast me come to see,
O Lamb of God I come."

"Twas thus a drunkard tried to pray
While leaning o'er his baby's clay;
His trembling fingers, agonized grasped
The little hand that death had clasped,
But failed to change the sunny smile
That rested on the face the while.

"Just as I am"—I yield the strife—
The record of my ruined life;
That neither prayer or penitence could check;
No other place have I to flee—
"Oh! let me hide myself in thee."

"Just as I am"—weak, weary, worn,
The relic of a hope forlorn;
A thing whose worthless actions tend
To every woe and wicked end;
Whose faltering footsteps daily trace
The path of pain and deep disgrace.

"Just as I am"—a weary soul
O'er which temptation's billows roll;
The demon forms that round me creep,
The horrid dreams that banish sleep,
The craving fiends that o'er me ride,
With calls that will not be denied.

"Just as I am"—O Saviour! come
And save me from the rage of rum;
By memories of the little form,
That thou hast taken from the storm,
By all the hopes thy Scriptures give,
Support my vows and let me live.

The clouds were rent, the darkness fled;
And fell upon the burdened bed
A ray of sunshine, soft and warm,
That glorified the little form,
And shone in promise fondly there,
As if in answer to his prayer.

And ever since his feet have trod
In light, and life, and love of God,
Devoting ceaseless work to win
The wandering ones from ways of sin,
"Just as I am, without one plea;"
But that thy blood was shed for me!"
These the grand words with which he came,
Go, weary one, do thou the same.

FIRE-SIDE.

For Better or Worse.
The old man Bendigo keeps a pretty sharp eye on his daughter Mary, and many would-be lover has taken a walk after a few minutes conversation with the hard-hearted parent. The old chap is stuck this time, however, and cards are out for a wedding. After the lucky young man had been sparking Mary for six months, the old gentleman stepped in as usual, requested a private confab, and left off with:
"You seem like a nice young man, and perhaps you are in love with Mary?"
"Yes, I am," was the honest reply.
"Haven't said anything to her yet, have you?"
"Well, no; but I think she reciprocates my affection."
"Does, eh? Well, let me tell you something. Her mother died a lunatic, and there's no doubt that Mary has inherited her insanity."
"I'm willing to take the chances," replied the lover.
"Yes, but you see Mary has a terrible temper. She has twice drawn a knife on me with intent to commit murder."
"I'm used to that—got a sister just like her," was the answer.
"And you should know that I have sworn a solemn oath not to give Mary a cent of property," continued the father.
"Well, I'd rather start in poor and build up. There's more romance in it."
The old man had one more shot in his cartridge, and he said:
"Perhaps I ought to tell you that Mary's mother ran away from my home with a butcher, and that all her relations died in the poor house. These things might be thrown up in after years, and now I warn you."
"Mr. Bendigo," replied the lover, "I've heard all this before, and that you were on trial for forgery, had to jump Chicago for bigamy, and served a year in the State's Prison for cattle stealing. I'm going to marry into your family to give you a decent reputation! There—no thanks—good-bye!"
Mr. Bendigo looked after the young man with his mouth wide open, and when he could get his jaws together he said:
"Some infernal hyena has went and given me away on my dodge!"
—Exchange.

Ravelings by Aunt Prudence.
Economy may be equivalent to wealth, but if you'll give me wealth we won't quarrel about the economy.
The same principle works equally well in physic or morals—remove the disturbing cause, and the irritation will take care of itself.
It don't take any longer to peddle the milk of human kindness than the gall of bitterness, and it tastes a nuff' s'ight better.
A lawyer is a very unreliable animal, he is ever ready to attack the one he has just defended, or to defend the one he has just attacked.
I wouldn't give two cents for a man who is forever being taken for some one else, a man should be so individual that you could tell him, just by the swing of his coat tail.
—Pulaski Democrat.

The Pot of Gold.

A cobbler in Somersetshire dreamed that a person told him that if he would go to London Bridge he would meet with something to his advantage. He dreamed the same the next night, and again the night after. He then determined to go to London Bridge, and walked thither accordingly. When arrived there he walked about the whole of the first day without any thing occurring; the next day was passed in a similar manner. He resumed his place the third day, and walked about till evening, when, giving it up as hopeless, he determined to leave London and return home. At this moment a stranger came up and said to him: "I have seen you for the last three days—walking up and down this bridge; may I ask if you are waiting for any one?" The answer was "No." Then what is your object in staying here?" The cobbler then frankly told his reason for being there and the dream that had visited him three successive nights. The stranger then advised him to go home again to his work and no more pay attention to dreams. "I myself," he said, "had about six months ago, a dream. I dreamed three nights together, if I would go into Somersetshire, in an orchard, under an apple tree, I should find a pot of gold; but I paid no attention to my dream, and have remained quietly at my business." It immediately occurred to the cobbler that the stranger described his orchard and his apple tree. He immediately returned home, dug under the apple tree, and found a pot of gold. After this increase of fortune he was enabled to send his son to school, where the boy learned Latin. When he came home for the holidays, he one day examined the pot which had contained the gold, on which was some writing. He said, "Father, I can show you that what I have learned at school is of some use." He then translated the Latin inscription on the pot thus: "Look under and you will find better." They did look under, and a larger quantity of gold was found. As the story is a good one, it would be pleasant, to fancy it could possibly be true.
—Exchange.

Industries.

The oat crop in Mississippi is very promising.
Augusta, Ga., is to have a match factory on an extensive scale.
It is claimed that Nashville, Tenn., will this year erect houses to the value of \$250,000.
Agricultural implement now form an important feature of west-bound freights from Indianapolis, Ind.
A New York firm has received an order from Savannah, Ga., for the construction of six powerful hydraulic cotton presses.
It is stated that all the window glass works west of Pittsburg, except two at New Albany, Ind., and one at LaSalle, Ill., are now in operation.
Several heavy orders for steel rails are on the market, which produces a firmness among sellers. Pleasant prices range from \$41 to \$45 at the mill.
The grangers of Shelby county, Tenn., have bought the fair grounds, four miles from Memphis, and are going to have next fall the biggest fair of the season.
Three hundred quarts of strawberries from Florida arrived at New York by steamer from Charleston, S. C., on Tuesday, and were sold at from \$1 to \$1.25 a quart.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

The police have taken a census of Knoxville and given her a population of 15,771—an increase of over 6,000 since 1870.
Wade Hampton has been presented by a friend in New York with a pair of silver-mounted rosewood crutches.
Miss Fanny daughter of the late John C. Breckinridge, has lately married John A. Steele, of Woodford county, Ky., "a widower not over-prettly."
The negroes at Blind Tom's old home, Columbus, Ga., have petitioned him to give an entertainment there, to assist in rebuilding a church destroyed by fire.
The editor of the Hawkinsville Dispatch has named his four children: "Brevier," "Long Primer," "Small Pica," and "Pica," after the names of different style of type.
Miss Eugenia Parham, of Ballard, Ky., a petite young lady, is the editor of the Ballard News, which has a "larger circulation than any other paper in the world," never tells a story, is profound, vivacious, newsy, and comes out every week.
Laziness is a premature death. To be in no action, is not to live.

Old Si and a Yankee Clock.

Old Si came in the office rather late yesterday morning and looked out of humor.
"What is the matter now?" we asked pleasantly.
"Nuffin, 'ceptin dat ef I kno'd de way ter one ob dese hyar Yankee clock factories, I low hit wouldn't take me long ter git dar!"
"Why? Haven't you got a clock?"
"Well, I've got er box full ob con-pensions dat's brandid dat way."
"And what about it?"
"Jess a few days ago one of dese yer Yankee peddlers cum 'long wid er waggin lode ob clocks an' he talk'd so fine 'bout de clocks dat I jess ups an' bought de one dat he sed wuz de bes' in de lot. Hit wuz two feet high an' ez full ob varus woddin wheels ez er sarden box is widdlette fishes. I tell yer hit look'd monstrous smart, dat clock did!"
"Did it run all right?"
"Run! Wy dar hit is—dat clock cum ter er trot fore de peddler's boss got inter one an' stopp'd spang 'fore he got to de nex' whar he wantid ter swap time for munney, ez he sed!"
"What did you do with it?"
"Well, I tinkerd on hit an' sot hit goin', but 'fore I could git my tools put up hit 'ud be standin' dar silent ez hebborde in er country secretary."
"And you could not get it to run at all!"
"Oh, yes, I got hit ter run, yer can 'pend on dat! Yer see, I thot nebbe dat dar wan't weigh nuff' ter make de wheels go 'round, so I winds her up—an' tached a flat iron on de end ob de string—an' what do yer tink?"
"I don't know."
"Wy, dat blamed clock tuck de bit in his mouf an' run fo'ty six hours de fast day an' de ole 'owan wuz so onhing'd dat she got supper at leven o'clock in de mo'ning—dat's er fact!"
"And how have you regulated it?"
"Jess by settin' hit out in de back yard an' tellin' de chillum ter make hit keep up wid de town clock, ef hit takes er week ter git from one 'our mark ter de odder!"

Two.

Two ways:
One broad, the other narrow; the one leads to destruction, the other to life. Many go by the one, few by the other.
Which is your way?
Two classes of people:
The righteous and the wicked, the wheat and the chaff, the living and the dead.
Which are you?
Two deaths:
The death of the righteous, and the death of the wicked.
Which do you think will die? Which do you wish to die? Which would it be if you were to die this moment?
The right hand and the left. Only these two. Those on the right hand will be blessed: "Come, ye blessed." Those on the left hand will be cursed: "Depart from me, ye cursed." And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.
All must appear before the judgment seat of Christ, to receive for the things done in the body, whether they be good or bad.
Reaper, what word shall be spoken to you? On which side of the throne will you stand?

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Rev. I. S. Killoch, of unsavory memory, has been lecturing in San Francisco on the immortalities of the Chinese.
Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, is improved in health, and is now quite hopeful that his financial troubles will be satisfactorily adjusted.
The Rev. A. B. McGowan, a Baptist minister of Hyde Park, Mass., is accused on passing off Sister Susie Scott as his wife when away from home.
The distinctive feature of a Free Methodist church in Toledo, Ohio, is the belief that all Christians ought to wear a badge. The members keep on their breast, a wide red ribbon, with a cross printed on it. The pastor of a Campbellite church in Austin, Texas, pricks an india ink emblem on the arm of every convert, and calls it "the saving mark."
The "Forty Thieves"—A Yankee who had never paid more than twenty-five cents to see an exhibition, went to a New York theatre one night to see the "Forty Thieves." The ticket-seller charged him seventy-five cents for a ticket. "Passing the other pasteboard back," he quietly remarked: "Keep it, mister; I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he marched.

A Mule.

It was one of our warmest days and he was plowing a young, un-broke mule.
While Sambo held the plow, a buck Senegambian on either side held in a strong grip lines attached to the bit.
Muley pulled on smoothly, as if his thoughts were innocent and no wickedness marred his mind. At the end of the row they attempted to turn him into another row. At the slack of the lines that mule's tail flew up and standing on his forefeet with his hind feet pointed heavenward the spectacle was sublime.
Only for an instant was this monumental mule stationary. With a circular sweep of those posterior pedals, every vestige of upright darkey was swept away as if a plowman had passed over. The plow was seen shooting like a kite in one direction.
But the mule, oh where was he? A dark streak passing athwart the horizon told the story of his departure.
As the darkeys, one by one, picked themselves up, looked around, rolled their eyes at each other, each ejaculated:
"Well, I does say, blast er mule."
—Tarboro Southerner.

What Hope Did.

It stole on its pinions of snow to the bed of disease, and the sufferer's frown became a smile—emblem of peace and endurance. It went to the house of mourning—and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs. It laid its head on the poor, which was stretched forth at the command of unholly impulses, and saved him from disgrace and ruin. It dwelt like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose son tarried long after the promised time of his coming, and saved her desolation and the "care that killeth." It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishmael of society, and led him onward to works which even his enemies praised. It snatched a maiden from the jaws of death; and went with an old man to Heaven. Hope, my good brother? Have it. Reckon it on your side. Wrestle with it that it may not depart; it may repay your pains. Life is hard enough at best, but hope shall lead you over its mountains and sustain you amid its billows. Part with all beside, but keep to hope.

DIAMONDS UNEARTHED.

One smile for the living is worth a dozen tears for the dead.
A man owes his success in this life work to the woman who walks beside him.
The sweetest thing on earth is a little child when it has learned to know and love.
How contagious is the laugh of some people; how jarring that of others, like playing on a worn out piano.
It is better to wear out than rust out. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but strike until it is made hot.

Sanctum—onions Levity.

Merchants who desire to lead a quiet life, should not advertise.
The want of ten dollar eagles will make a man quail.
The dying man cannot hold his breath, nor the living woman her tongue.
The wages of sin are enormously high, but their altitude don't extend toward heaven.
Diamonds and pearls are precious stones but kind words are the most valuable precious tones.
Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he gets ready to go, clear the track or he will run over you.—Whitehall Times.

A young man saw the following advertisement in a newspaper:
"How to get rich. A rare secret. Send twenty-five cents to Geo. Fullerton, box 413 Portland, Me."
Being desirous of make a rise, he forwarded the money and received the following reply:
"Work like the devil and never spend a cent."
There are three Aldermen in Lewiston, Me., who can bring down the beam to 803 pounds when they get on the scales together. They have a gacht deal of weight in the City Council, and are rightly regarded as the solid men of the place.
Will science please stand up and tell us why a girl who freezes to death every time she sweeps off the front steps, can ride fifteen miles in a sleigh with nothing around her but some other girl's brother's arm, without even getting a blue nose.

Prescription for Fits.

For a fit of passion.—Walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools."
For a fit of idleness.—Count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a man. "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep, and an idle soul shall suffer hungry."
For a fit of extravagance and folly.—Go to the work house, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail and you will be convinced. "He who makes his breed of brier and thorn, must be content to lie forlorn. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"
For a fit of ambition.—Go to the churchyard and read the grave-stones. They will tell you the end of a man at his best estate. "For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."
For a fit of repining.—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bedridden, the afflicted, and the deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your light affliction. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"
For a fit of envy.—Go and see how many who keep their carriages are afflicted with rheumatism, gout and dropsy; how many walks abroad on crutches or stay at home wrapped up in flannel; and how many are subject to epilepsy and apoplexy. A sound heart is the life of flesh. Envy is the rottenness of the bones.

Twinklings.

Modesty is a priceless virtue; but, if like the bloom on a woman's cheek, it is only "put on," it loses its value.
Do not despise the opinion of the world; you might as well say that you care not a fig for the light of the sun, because you can find a candle.
To write a good hand, wear a good coat, and keep a good character, and three requisites for a young man who has to make his own way in the world.
"What does your husband do?" asked the census man. "He ain't doin' nothing at this time of de year," replied the young wife. "Is he a pauper?" asked the census man. She blushed scarlet to the ears. "Law, no!" she exclaimed, somewhat indignantly. "We ain't been married more'n six weeks."

A darkey was once attempting to steal a goose, but a dog raised an objection, and Sambo retired. The next night during a thunder shower he attempted it again, and just as he was on the point of getting away with his fowl, the lightning struck close by and the noise nearly frightened the poor fellow to death.—Dropping the goose, he started away muttering, "Peers to me dar a heap of fuss 'bout a common goose."
Judge, severely: "How do you know the defendant is a married man? Were you ever at his house?" "No, sir." "Do you know him personally?" "No, sir." "Do you know his wife?" "No, sir." "Did anybody ever tell you they were married?" "No, sir; but when I see a man and woman come to the same church regularly for three years, occupy the same pew, and have a hymn-book apiece to sing out of, I don't want to see no marriage certificate from them. I can swear to their relation all the time." Verdict for plaintiff.
An eternal warfare, says the Atlanta Constitution, seems to rage between the country negro and the town darkey. This was illustrated at the passenger depot yesterday. A colored youth from Pike county approached a town negro, and the following conversation ensued:
"Whar bouts is de ticket offis?"
"Right dar, fo' yo' eyes."
"Fo whose eyes?"
"Yone."
"Is yo de ticket offis?"
"Look yer, nigger, don't you gimme none yo' slack."
"I'm a mighty slack man, ole man, when I gits stirred up."
"An' you'll git stirred up ef you stan' roun' yer foolin longer wid me."
"Dat's de kinder ex'cise, w'at I'm pinin fer."
And with that they clinched and had a right lively time. They were separated, however, before a policeman came along, and Pike county darkey found the ticket office. The town negro, it may be well to mention, was badly used up.