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Look Here!

Look Here!

Fantastic.

His mane cyclize, beautiful morn. Blushing into life new-born! Lead me violet for my hair, And thy ruffled robe to wear, And thy ring of rosebud hue, Set in drops of diamond dew!

Letter from England.

Vegetarianism in England. Education and Public Morality. Founders' Day. Oscar Browning. Trinity Chapel.

Cambridge, Eng. Dec. 6th, 1881. One of the most distinguished classical professors in the University, an earnest preacher, and a man active in every good work, is a vegetarian.

An interesting paper was read at the meeting of the British Association at York, entitled "Corn or Cattle: a comparison of the economic results of agriculture and cattle-raising, in relation to national food supply."

He proceeds to show, however, that if the lands devoted to the pasture of cattle, were tilled and used for grain-growing, there would be an annual return of cereal crops sufficient, at two pounds a day, to feed 3,702,898 persons.

The college pupil of St. John's takes up the strain. One of her learned clergy said, in Lenten sermon, last year, "The sword slays its thousands; glutiny, its ten thousands. But when we consult saints and sages, we hear a clear and harmonious voice. Let us who are of the day be sober. Wise men of the East and of the West, stoic and Epicurean, fathers and reformers, Fisher and Luther, Wm. Law and John Wesley, Thomas Arnold and John Keble, are all at one in the doctrine and the practice of strict temperance, sobriety, and chastity as binding on all possible to all. Be ye holy, for I am holy, is no cruel irony, but a promise and means of grace. His strength is made perfect in our weakness. Christ's law is our birthright, written in our hearts; we cannot escape it; we must obey or defy it. Look upward, and there is before you a discipline and a service, opening day by day into boundless freedom, the freedom of St. Paul or Luther.

Mr. Wilson, the head master of Clifton College, ascribes the superior health and vigor of the lads and young men at the Public Schools (i. e. the great, high-priced boarding-schools) and the Universities of England, to the simple diet, which, on the whole, prevails at both. Thus, meat is eaten but once a day, and the morning and evening meals are light. He attributes to the same cause the superior morality of the highly educated youths. "Immorality," he says, "has been of late increasing among the upper classes in England. But at Oxford and Cambridge this is not the case. There is, I think, an entire consensus of well-qualified opinion, that the Universities are better than they were, and have a standard of purity and morals, higher than that of any similar aggregate of men. Further, the morality of public school men is better than that of the private and smaller schools." "It is of the first importance that the free discipline, discipline good; industry essential; exercise abundant, carried on up to the point of fatigue, two or three times a week; and time fully occupied."

Founders' Day at Trinity is called "Scarlet Sunday," because the doctors all appear in their scarlet robes, as well as in their hoods, which they wear every Sunday. All Saints' Day was another scarlet day. The foreign bishops were Old Catholics who have broken with Rome. We attended a reception meeting at which they were welcomed. Dr. Dollinger sent a letter; the Bishop of Ely, and one other speaker, pronounced him "the most learned man in the Western Church." The Bishop of Winchester said: "I believe him to be the greatest church historian in Europe." Beresford Hope, M. P., said: "I am very glad that, in the days of the reformation, we did not go off to Rome, but I don't know but that I am equally glad that we did not go off to Geneva." It was quite imposing to see so many of the English bishops together. Dr. Lightfoot sent a letter of regret, saying that he felt great interest in the movement. This new reformation boasts that it already represents a population of half a million.

How the Weather Indications are Determined.

At the Signal Service Bureau in Washington, the weather indications are recorded at five a. m., eleven a. m., four p. m., and eleven p. m., daily. A reporter undertakes to tell how the work is done, and this is what he sees: Take a seat in the indication room with me, and we will see how the weather is gotten up. It is now four o'clock, Washington time, and telegrams are pouring in from all parts of the United States, Canada, British America, West Indies, Nova Scotia, and falling into the lap of the sergeant in charge. The territory covered is from Olympia, in Victoria, on the northwest coast of British America, across to Sydney, above Newfoundland, thence down to Havana, across to San Diego, California, and thence back again. There's a girl for Puck.

Our Young Folks.

STRETCH IT A LITTLE—A little girl and her brother were on their way to a ragged school on a cold winter morning. The roofs of the houses and the grass on the common were white with frost, the wind very sharp. They were both poorly dressed, but the girl had a sort of coat over her, which she seemed to have outgrown. As they walked briskly along, she drew her little companion up to her, saying: "Come under my coat, Johnny."

"It isn't big enough for both," he replied. "Oh, but I can stretch it a little," she said; and they were soon as close together and as warm as two birds in the same nest. How many shivering bodies and heavy hearts and weeping eyes there are in the world, just because people do not stretch their comforts a little beyond themselves.

CHARLIE AND FAITHFUL.—"Charlie, Charlie!" Clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell, the voice rippled over the common. "That's my mother," cried one of the boys, and he instantly threw down his hat and picked up his jacket and cap. "Don't go yet! Have it out!" "Finish this game. Try it again," cried the players in a noisy chorus. "I must go—right off—this minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear," they exclaimed. "But I did hear." "She won't know you did." "But I know it, and—" "Let him go," said a bystander, "you can't do anything with him; he's tied to his mother's apron-strings." "That's so," said Charlie, "and it's to what every boy ought to be tied, and in a hard knot, too."

"I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called." "I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes; "I call that manly; and the boy who don't keep his word to her, will never keep it to any one else; you see if he does." He hurried away to his cottage home. Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charlie Gray is a prosperous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say of him that "his word is a bond." We asked him how he acquired such a reputation. "I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great a temptation, and the habits thus formed then, have clung to me through life."

THE PIG AND THE HOLLOW LOG.—My story is about a potato field in "Old Virginia." It had around it "a stake and rider fence." The potatoes grew and grew, in sunshine, dew and rain. The owner of the field saw that there was something wrong with his potato patch. The vines were torn up and the potatoes were gone. But who was the thief? By watching, may be, the robber may be found.

The farmer hid himself among some bushes. But he saw nothing, except one of his own little pigs. Piggy was coming slowly, slowly along the big road. He was rooting all the way, and grunting at every step. Did the pig know where he was going?

One corner of the fall fence rested on a large hollow log. That log was just like the elbow of a stove-pipe. One of its ends was outside and one was inside of the potato field. Then the pig went straight to the log! With a grunt, he crawled in at one end of it, and with another grunt, he crawled out at the other end into the field. There he began at once to root up the nice potatoes and eat them.

The farmer jumped over the fence. In a trice the bars were put down. There was a loud call: "Here Rover, Rover, seek him! seek him, sir!" And the dog chased the thiefing rascal squealing from the field.

The farmer said to himself: "I'll have broken with Rome. We attended a reception meeting at which they were welcomed. Dr. Dollinger sent a letter; the Bishop of Ely, and one other speaker, pronounced him 'the most learned man in the Western Church.' The Bishop of Winchester said: 'I believe him to be the greatest church historian in Europe.' Beresford Hope, M. P., said: 'I am very glad that, in the days of the reformation, we did not go off to Rome, but I don't know but that I am equally glad that we did not go off to Geneva.' It was quite imposing to see so many of the English bishops together. Dr. Lightfoot sent a letter of regret, saying that he felt great interest in the movement. This new reformation boasts that it already represents a population of half a million."

Under Water Lamps.

A new method of illuminating the tanks at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, was lately shown by means of the "Faure" electric battery, and which, so far as it went, was of a successful character. The lights shown were, to the number of six, submerged in the tank at the foot of the west staircase with excellent effect, showing up every fish and plant with great distinctness, a result impossible to attain under the old system of gas illumination. One of the great advantages of the electric over the gas lighting system, is that the fish do not seem to mind in the least the close proximity of the incandescent lamps, while at the same time they do not suffer from the noxious emanations evolved during the combustion of gas. Under Mr. Faure's system, a steady light of almost any intensity can be attained, while the engines, which can be run without cessation during the whole of the twenty-four hours of the day, effect a great many savings, by their power of storing the electric energy, while at the same time the accident of the danger of a sudden accidental extinction of the other light employed. The electricity used for the lighting of the tank was generated in Woolwich, and carried down to the aquarium, where it arrived but a short time before it was used.

Men and Women as Workers.

Leaving laziness and mere lymphatic indifference out of the question, men and women differ much in natural tendency to work. A man may be very far from idle, and yet have none of that agreeable instinct of activity which is born with some people. We must also distinguish between activity in a favorite study or purpose, and mere labor. Absolute toil we may put on one side. But we must draw a line every where between labor in which the whole of the force and suggestion has to come from within, and to which the inducements and solicitations lie outside. Inclination being supposed equal, it is more easy to get through any course of business in which one thing turns up after another to excite the attention and quicken brain and hands, than to carry through a task in which the immediate goals of exertion are not near, and the internal spring of effort has to be wound up from time to time without the help of a tangible, outward *Zoope*.

Odds and Ends.

The man who had so elastic a step wore rubbers. Epitaph for a successful paragon: He never pointed his jokes with italics. The term Mormon means: the mormony you have the more wives you can be sealed to. A bird that lives on the funny tribe is a fish-hawk; and the man who sells the funny tribe is a fish-hawker. Think their feathers pretty: A satirical slave says that tenors usually put on more airs than they sing.

It has got so now that the daily paper is gradually usurping the place of the sewing circle, as a disseminator of news. The rubber slings used by the little boys are getting to be as dangerous as the gin sling handled by their daddies. Soapmakers may give each other the eye with impunity. In other lines of business it is safer to be a little cautious in this respect. Baldwin left the Newark Bank building, because it was the only thing which, if stolen, the directors would have missed. The men who stood in front of his glass for two hours, getting the right color on his mustache, said he was just "dyeing to see his girl."

It is said that the laws of New York very closely resemble sausages. You have great respect for them, until you know how they are made. Jay Chariton wants to know if it is because so many improvements have been made in spring beds and mattresses that people lie so easily. "I never agony a success," said Artemus Ward. "When I see a rattlesnake's head sticking out of a hole, I bear off to the left and say to myself, 'that hole belongs to that snake.'"

When Adam was in his bachelorhood, he found his nights lonely, and always welcomed the morn with gladness. Still, for all that, he was happier when Eve came. A motherly-looking woman, yesterday carefully handed the stamp-clerk at the post-office a letter, marked "in haste," and inquired if there was any extra charge for writing that on. "Oh, none at all." "How soon will the letter go out?" "In about forty minutes." "No sooner than that?" "Well, we might hire a special train, and get it off in twenty minutes." "Would it be too much trouble?" "Oh, none at all." She thought for a moment, to send the letter over three or four times, and finally said: "I guess I won't ask you to hire a special train, but if you will be kind enough to telegraph my sister that I have written her a letter, to tell her I can't come till Monday, and to be at the depot to meet me, and that mother didn't go to Toledo after all, I shall be ever so much obliged. Good morning."

A Frisky Quadruped Creates a Panic.

A highly amusing scene was witnessed at the Academy of Music at a recent matinee. About the middle of the last act, while the "Jolly Bachelors" and "Jolly Maids" were about to make a grand climax, a feminine shriek was heard in the dress circle, and half a second later, a young lady was observed to jump up into her chair, gather her dress about her and stare at the floor. This was instantly followed by a chorus of squeals, and all the ladies in that part of the house, moved by some common impulse, climbed into their seats, gathered up their skirts and craned their necks to look underneath. Presently a little scream arose from the other side of the aisle, and another young woman jumped into her chair. Everybody looked to see what the panic was. At some of the performers laughed, others were amazed, and all stumbled through their parts—though that made no difference, as nobody in the house was paying the slightest attention to the play. It was a mousee.

The Bird That Has No Nest.

The cuckoo and her mate have no home of their own; but that does not seem to trouble them. They peep here and there among the leaves, until they find the nest of some other bird, a hawk perhaps, or a thrush, or a yellow hawk, and if the owner of the nest is away, Mrs. Cuckoo leaves within it a small egg.

There are some birds that can take care of themselves almost as soon as they are born; but Mrs. Cuckoo never leaves her eggs in their nests. Oh! no! she chooses a nest in which the young birds are well cared for by their mothers, and fed with food on which the young cuckoos thrive best. Why she is too idle to build her own nest, no one knows. Some people say it is because she stays so short a time in the same country that her young ones would not be strong enough to fly away with her, if she waited to build her nest. Others think it is because she is such a great eater that she cannot spend time to find food for her children.

Housekeeper's Help.

CABBAGE WITH CREAM.—Boil, drain and cut up moderate-sized cabbages. Put in a sauce pan with a couple of tablespoonsful of butter, a gill of cream, a tablespoonful of flour, a salt and pepper. Add the cabbage; boil slowly ten minutes, stirring well. CABBAGE FRIED WITH BACON.—Boil a cabbage in salt water, drain and chop. Fry some slices of bacon, take from the pan and keep hot. Put the chopped cabbage in the same pan and fry with the bacon fat, adding pepper. Lay in a hot dish with the bacon upon it, and serve. STEWED VEAL.—Cut your meat in pieces, wash them clean, put them into the dinner pot, add three pints of water, put in one onion, some pepper and salt; let it stew one hour; then add potatoes sliced, and then make crust of sour milk or cream tartar, and put it in and stew till the potatoes are done—about half an hour. Crumbs of any kind of fresh meat may be used in making a stew. INDIAN MEAL MUFFINS.—Two cups of Indian meal, one cup of flour, three eggs, two and a half cups of milk, three table-spoonfuls of butter, two table-spoonfuls of sugar, one table-spoonful of baking powder, one table-spoonful of salt. Beat the eggs thoroughly and melt the butter; stir the baking powder into the meal and flour while dry, then stir it into the butter and eggs, beat all together; put in well-buttered molds or rings, and bake quickly.—Selected. HUSK MAT.—Take the husks near to the ear, for they are the best. Soak in warm water until very soft, and then begin braiding them. Every time you lap one over put a new one on, leaving the ends stand up on the upper side of the braid, which the underside must be smooth. When done, trim the husk off one side on the top, and pull them in strings with a husking-pick, but you must first set it around in a large wheel with white cord. This can be washed.

Nothing Extraordinary.

Col. Stuart, when a subaltern at Gibraltar, was one day on guard with another officer, who unfortunately fell down a precipice four hundred feet high and was killed. In the guard reports there is: "N. B.—Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting;" the meaning of which is, that in case anything particular should occur, the officer commanding the guard is bound to mention it. Our friend, however, said nothing about the accident, which had occurred to his brother officer, and some hours after, the brigade major came to his quarters, on the part of the officer commanding, with the report in his hand, to demand an explanation. The brigade major, addressing him, said: "You say, sir, in your report, 'N. B.—Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting,' when your brother guard, on duty with you, has fallen down a precipice, four hundred feet high, and been killed." "Well, sir," replied B.—"I didn't think there's anything extraordinary in it; if he fell down a precipice four hundred feet high and not been killed, I should have thought it very extraordinary indeed, and wad have put it down in my report."

Texas Jack Tramp Typo.

He is here. We knew it was only a question of time when we should see him again. The last time we saw him, some ten years ago, he was passing through the "Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas," and since then he has been a "citizen of the world," visiting every climate that the printer's art has helped out of barbarism. "But," you say, "who is he?" He is known in America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceania, and we believe also in New Jersey, as "Texas Jack," or the Wandering Printer. Withal, he is a gentleman, though he has led a restless, wandering life. He is only at home when on the road, only happy when moving. He has assisted, in getting up this issue of the *News*, and many, for aught we know, have "struck" this identical "take." Some foolish people tell a story about a fellow called the "Wandering Jew." Well it is all both. When Faust was working his diabolism with wooden types, among his "devils" was an irrepressible Irishman, who would get on an occasional spree. During one of these he unfortunately gave old Faust's secret away, and the boss "measured him up" and sent him adrift, with the parting curse that he should roam through "space." Looking for "cases" and finding them not, till the last tramp should sound. This was Jack McGinty. He's here to-day; he may be in Honolulu to-morrow. God speed him wherever he goes.

Hard Work Not Genius.

Young people are inclined to believe that if a person has genius he need not work to win success. But the truth is that genius shows itself in the labor to which it urges its possessor. The authors and artists, the actors and orators who have made their mark, have, whatever else they possessed, had the power to labor long and hard in their chosen calling. Thackeray says of Lord Macaulay that "he reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description." The flowing periods and the exact pen pictures of the great historian were the result of constant painstaking and unweary labor. Michael Angelo was, up to the last years of his long life, an industrious sculptor and painter. Turner, the best English landscape painter of this generation, worked constantly at his art. The power of the actor and orator demands training to be of use. "Acting," said the elder Kean, "does not, like Dogberry's reading and writing, 'come by nature.'" The same might be said of the oratory of Wendell Phillips, on the platform, or of the eloquence of Bishop Simpson and Doctor R. S. Storrs, in the pulpit.

Genius without labor usually proves a curse to him who has it. Genius with labor may perform wonders. Ordinary ability, supported by willingness to work constantly and persistently, will achieve success in any profession or business. As Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "The world's no longer clay, but rather iron in the hands of its workers, and men have got to hammer out a place for themselves by steady and rugged blows."

The followers of Buddha outnumber those of all other religions combined, Buddhism being the religion of two-fifths of the human race. At the present time, it is the religion of the multitude in China, while the learned men of that most conservative nation cling to the more modern teachings of Confucius, which date back only some 561 years B. C.

Housekeeper's Help.

CABBAGE WITH CREAM.—Boil, drain and cut up moderate-sized cabbages. Put in a sauce pan with a couple of tablespoonsful of butter, a gill of cream, a tablespoonful of flour, a salt and pepper. Add the cabbage; boil slowly ten minutes, stirring well. CABBAGE FRIED WITH BACON.—Boil a cabbage in salt water, drain and chop. Fry some slices of bacon, take from the pan and keep hot. Put the chopped cabbage in the same pan and fry with the bacon fat, adding pepper. Lay in a hot dish with the bacon upon it, and serve. STEWED VEAL.—Cut your meat in pieces, wash them clean, put them into the dinner pot, add three pints of water, put in one onion, some pepper and salt; let it stew one hour; then add potatoes sliced, and then make crust of sour milk or cream tartar, and put it in and stew till the potatoes are done—about half an hour. Crumbs of any kind of fresh meat may be used in making a stew. INDIAN MEAL MUFFINS.—Two cups of Indian meal, one cup of flour, three eggs, two and a half cups of milk, three table-spoonfuls of butter, two table-spoonfuls of sugar, one table-spoonful of baking powder, one table-spoonful of salt. Beat the eggs thoroughly and melt the butter; stir the baking powder into the meal and flour while dry, then stir it into the butter and eggs, beat all together; put in well-buttered molds or rings, and bake quickly.—Selected. HUSK MAT.—Take the husks near to the ear, for they are the best. Soak in warm water until very soft, and then begin braiding them. Every time you lap one over put a new one on, leaving the ends stand up on the upper side of the braid, which the underside must be smooth. When done, trim the husk off one side on the top, and pull them in strings with a husking-pick, but you must first set it around in a large wheel with white cord. This can be washed.

Horse Lore.

The horse has the smallest stomach in proportion to his size of any animal. Fifteen or sixteen quarts is its utmost capacity. This space is completely filled by four quarts of oats and ten quarts of water. Horses are generally overfed, and not fed often enough. For a horse with moderate work, six or eight quarts of bruised oats and two pounds of fine hay is sufficient. This should be fed in at least three meals, and is better if fed in four. A horse's digestion is very rapid, and therefore he gets hungry sooner than a man. When he is hungry he is inefficient, and wears out very rapidly. Water fills the stomach, lowers the temperature, and dilutes the gastric juices; therefore a horse should not drink immediately before eating. Neither should he be watered immediately after eating, because he will drink too much, and force some of the contents of the stomach into the large intestines, which will cause scouring. Scouring is also caused by too rapid eating, which can be prevented by putting half a dozen pebbles, half the size of the fist, into the manger with the oats. Give only a moderate quantity of water to a horse. A drink of cold water, before being driven, will have a quieting effect on a nervous horse. A race-horse always runs on an empty stomach. Digestion progresses moderately during exercise, if the exercise is not so violent as to exhaust the powers of the horse.

Party Names.

In the matter of partisan designations the English have been more sparing than most other nations which enjoy political freedom. Till lately they have had only two parties, and in successive centuries they have changed their names from Cavalier and Roundhead to Tory and Whig, and then to Conservative and Liberal. Radical, and still more, Home Ruler are modern outgrowths. It is, however, when we come to France, a country whose people are equally prone to resolutions and to the systematic classifications, that we find party distinctions far more numerous. In the Chamber, for example, we have the Centre and the Left Centre, and the Pure Left and the Extreme Left, and, of course, with the Right. Or, if we divide parties in another way, we have three distinct kinds of Monarchists and some half a dozen kinds of Republicans, for there is a kind of Republican who thinks Citizen Clemenceau rather a slow coach, and would

How Far Wrong is this "Old Maid"?

She had been called an old maid, and rather resented it. She said: "I am past thirty. I have a good home. I think you know I have had abundant opportunities to marry. I have been bridesmaid a score of times. I ask myself with which one of the beautiful girls that I have seen take the marriage vow would I exchange to-day? Not one. Some are living apart from their husbands; some are divorced; some are hanging on the ragged edge of society, endeavoring to keep up appearances; some are tolling to support and educate their children, and these are the least miserable; some tread the narrow line beyond the boundary of which lies the mysterious land, and some have gone out in the darkness and unknown horrors, and some are dead. A few there are who are loved and honored wives, mothers with happy homes; but, alas! only a very few!"