

JONESBORO LEADER.

VOL. III.

JONESBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1890.

NO. 15

W. E. MURCHISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Conveyancer and Notary Public,
JONESBORO, N. C.

W. D. McIVER,
Attorney at Law,
—TROY, N. C.—
Practices in Courts of Moore County.
50-ly

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DENTIST.
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Physician and Surgeon,
SANFORD, N. C.,
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of Moore and adjoining counties. 4-ly

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Situated on Buffalo Street, near C. F. & Y. V.
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A Fine Modern Hotel with every comfort, and
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Also Manager of the fashionable hotels on
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For a Saw Mill,
Boiler or Engine,
I have the line to suit you.
I can sell you the best HOT AIR
DRY KILN
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green weight. If you want cotton machin-
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PRIVATE BANKER
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GROCERIES!

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JONESBORO DIRECTORY.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL
JONESBORO CIRCUIT.
REV. J. W. NORTH, resident pastor. Charges—
Jonesboro, 2d and 4th Sundays, at 11 a. m. and 7
p. m.; Sunday School every Sunday, 9:45 a. m.
Morris Chapel, 1st Sunday, 11 a. m.; Poplar
Springs, 1st Sunday at 3 p. m., 3d Sunday at 11 a. m.
Sunford, 3d Sunday, 7 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN.
Rev. D. N. McLaughlin, Pastor—Charges—
Jonesboro, 1st and 5th Sundays at 11 a. m., and
8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45
a. m. Prayer Meeting every other Wednesday
at 8 p. m., alternating the M. E. church. Buffa-
lo, 2d Sunday at 11 a. m.; 4th Sunday alternating
with Pocket church forenoon and afternoon.
Pocket, 3d Sunday 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. 4th Sun-
day alternating with Buffalo forenoon and af-
ternoon. Prayer Meeting, Sunday at 8 p. m.

BAPTIST.
Rev. W. F. WATSON, pastor. Charges—Jones-
boro, 3d Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Also
Saturday before 3d Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday
School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Manly, 4th,
11 a. m., 7 p. m.

CHRISTIAN.
Rev. G. R. UNDERWOOD, pastor. Charges—
Grace Chapel, 1st Sunday, at 11 a. m.; Shallow
Well, 4th, 11 a. m. Keyser, 2d, 11 a. m. Hoffman,
2d, 7 p. m. Poplar Branch, 1st, 3 p. m.

BUFFALO LODGE, No. 172, A. F. & A. M. Regu-
lar meeting, 3d Monday night, and the Festi-
vals of St. John the Baptist, and St. John the
Evangelist.

JONESBORO LODGE, No. 127, I. O. O. F. Regu-
lar meeting, every Friday night.

TOWN OFFICERS.
MAYOR—J. R. WATSON, Esq.
COMMISSIONERS—Dr. E. P. Snipes, A. J. Sloan,
J. L. Godfrey, A. A. F. Seawell, Jr.,
James Dalrymple.

STREET COMMISSIONER—J. A. McIver.
CLERK—Col. A. A. F. Seawell.
TOWN MARSHAL—John W. Masemore.

COMMUNICATIONS.

(Correspondence of the LEADER.)

Kentucky Letter.

Lexington, Ky., June 20, 1890.

MR. EDITOR:—Doubtless many of your readers have heard that beautiful song entitled, "Old Kentucky Home," but I dare say that with the most of them, a knowledge of the ideal Kentucky home exists only in song, and as I am feeling quite eloquent today, I will attempt a "pencil" picture of one of the most enchanting homes that I have yet visited.

Among the many beautiful landed estates that form a fitting frame work for the classic city of Lexington, Fairlawn, the property of Mr. A. Smith McCann, stretches out its two hundred and fifty acres in ever varying charms. Broadway leads from the electric car track directly to the heavy iron gates that guard the outer avenue to the mansion. Startled by the clang, a dozen kingly horses lift their heads from the rich grass, and with a spirited toss of their defiant manes, dash away from the intruder.

The second gates are similarly closed. Once within the winding carriage way, shaded by lofty elms, oaks, maples and walnuts, leads to the entrance of the dwelling. From this stand, the view is such as to make one wonder that any should seek a watering place, or summer resort, with such retreats nigh.

The graceful lawn with countless dandelions in thistle, waved to the breeze like a field of snowy daisies. To the right is the trotting track, which, morning and evening, resounds with the steady foot-falls of the young racers in training.

The building is of red brick, a substantial, roomy structure, modernized, lofty ceilings and square chambers, massive oaken wood-work and elegant in finish. The furnishings are luxurious. The hostess and presiding genius of the inner domain was to the manor born, and luxury is as natural as the air she breathes. Every foot of ground inspires a sentiment of heart-felt, deep-down satisfaction. The walks are all paved, and the roads macadamized.

Three giant water-maples rear their heads above the cistern, and from one of them came a weird greeting, "How dyedo!" Looking up, there sat a green parrot, as old as the tree itself, perhaps, hospitably extending welcome. Scampering about on terra firma was a tiny black-and-tan, frantic with affectionate greeting. Oblivious to all, a white squirrel leaped

from limb to limb among a more distant group of trees. In the near distance lies the city with its smokes and shrieks of engines; a busy world of traffic. Still nearer, I hear the voices of horse and grooms, and the swift whir of flying wheels on the turf.

The Fairlawn stable is a study in itself. It is a huge arcade, flanked by roomy stalls and surmounted by a towering observatory. The parti-colored glass of its windows cost nearly \$1000. In each stall, lodges a dweller as cozily as some petted lady in her bower. The attendants were all on duty, some rubbing and bandaging the limbs after exercise, some currying and polishing, others hitching up for a trot. Each horse knows his groom and lovingly greets him. Bluegrass Wilkes, a magnificent bay, proudly gazed at me, lacking nothing of expression but the power to talk.

I could write much more of Fairlawn which might be of interest, but time and space, and perhaps the reader, cry enough. Yours, Very Truly,
EL. C. FILLUPS.

P. S.—"Old Crutch" will please give us a "song and dance."

Chafin.

We are somewhat out of soap this week, but as Chafin Dots seem to be of so much interest to some of your readers, it is nearly impossible for us to fail to write.

Rev. W. G. King preached an excellent sermon at Holly Springs church, the 3rd Sunday, using as his subject, "Missions." After which an opportunity was given the audience to pay their hands in their pockets, but what they took out we do not know, as we didn't carry around the hat.

We were glad to see Messrs. Will Hawley, Rom Brooks, Tony Thomas, and Emory Cox, of near Jonesboro, in our community last Sunday, though we didn't like it much the way they got the upperhand of us with the girls.

Mrs. W. A. Bain and daughter, of Fayetteville, are visiting their relatives near Chafin.

Some of our farmers have learned to take the advantage of heat while plowing, by taking off a portion of their clothing, and tying them to their plows. We believe it to be a good plan.

By request, we inform your Broadway writer that he was in error, when he said Mr. Holmes' teamster lost a sack of corn by the use of mountain dew; it was only stolen out of his wagon while passing Mr. Underwood's.

Much success to the LEADER.

LIE LOW.

Lick Creek Mills.

The rains of the past week keep the crops in fair condition, though the sheep and the bud-worms are troublesome on a few farms, and it is said the sheep are easiest managed, as the killing of one or more in a field will keep the rest out.

Grass has not been so plentiful as in past years, except in one or two cases.

There is some sickness at the Mills. Mr. Joseph M. Sloan and family are not well, Mr. Sloan being disabled for work in consequence of asthma and a severe cold, and his family being the victims of chills.

The order of the day Saturdays and Sundays seems to be bathing in the pond by parties from far and near. The whites appear to be unwilling to associate with the colored boys in the water, and sometimes difficulties arise. There is plenty of pond room for both races to bathe separately.

Mr. Editor: what would be your suggestion in a case like the following: Two young men escorted two sisters to church. At the close of the services, they were unable to tell "tother from which," the sisters being so much alike. The problem was finally solved by one of the young men walking up to one of the sisters, and remarking

"if you're the gal what come with me, less be a gwine." Did he do right?

Rev. G. R. Underwood preached the funeral of Mrs. Mattie Lawrence, at Shallow Well Church, last Sunday, taking for his text the fourth chapter latter clause of the 14th verse. The sermon was one of his best, and was attentively listened to.

About 4 o'clock p. m., the singing class met at the church. The leader is Mr. Badders, he understands his business.

Much success to the LEADER.

CLIFTON.

Lonely.

Crops are looking well. We have been looking for the report of your Superintendent of Farms, who was visiting in this community lately. We are anxious to see his comments.

Mr. D. R. McIver has a fine crop of cotton, and is expecting to make one bale to the acre. Several other farmers are anticipating a like yield.

On last Sunday Mr. Billy Smith and Mr. William Lockamy, brothers-in-law, were on the banks of the Cape Fear, some distance from home, hunting calimus. Mr. Smith complained of feeling unwell, and continued to grow worse. Mr. Lockamy did every thing in his power to relieve him, having no one to assist him. Finding all his efforts unavailing, he left Mr. Smith for a short time, hoping to procure assistance. Upon his return, he found him dead. The deceased is a son of Mr. John Smith, and leaves a wife to mourn his loss. She has the deepest sympathy of all in the community. "Be ye also ready, for the Son of man cometh when ye think not." Hd.

SPOUT SPRINGS.

Our little hamlet is on the grow just at present, last week's arrivals being quite numerous.

Mr. Fred Glover, of Fayetteville, has accepted a position with Messrs. W. J. McDiarmid & Bro.

Mr. P. J. Jordan moved in, on Saturday.

Mrs. E. B. Reid has taken charge of the boarding house.

C. S. Vaughn Esq., with his efficient force of brick-layers, is here laying the foundation for the two eighty horse power boilers, which are to be here this week.

Mr. M. McD. Williams has run down to Faison to return with Mrs. Williams and the boy, who have been visiting Mrs. W's parents of that place.

Well, Mr. Editor, how are the Enumerators getting along in your parts? We have had several of them, and also several mad dogs in the neighborhood, and they are on the look out for each other all the time; any way, this is what one of the boys told me. If the enumerator met a dog, and he looked bad, he took the woods. Now just imagine one of "Uncle Sam's" boys going through the woods at a 2.40 pace, and in all probability with an angry dog having his bristles raised—going the other way.

Master J. A. McIver was down for a few days, on a visit to R. E. McIver, the clever agent of the C. F. & Y. V. R'y, at this place.

Mr. Nath'l. McArthur is paying us a short call. Nat looks natural, and is as full of fun as can be.

The farmers report crops in the best condition they have been for years, which is certainly very encouraging, as crops for the last few years have been far from satisfactory.

We wish to be excused from entering into other people's business, but can't refrain from saying that we would like to vote for Jas. D. McIver, Esq., for Judge, and we know lots of Harnett boys that way. WYNESLEE.

Cameron.

We have not received our last week's mail, but learn that you intend sending a premium. Glad to know that you have become able to send out such

a valuable "trick."

It seems that our friends, some of them at least around Walnut Grove, are becoming so very industrious they cannot rest on the Sabbath. Some church officers, and leading members were out spending the day hunting gold, silver, lead, &c. Better have been hunting blockade stills, boys. Some are more pious, and help the widow and orphan stop fence cracks to keep those "dad-fetched" pigs out. Some of them pair off to the Alliance and there is so much important business to transact, a portion of them fail to get home until next day.

Your former townsman, Walt Hunter, is in our midst on double duty, and we fear if he is not relieved very soon, that he will succumb to this hot weather. He is canvassing for the life of our Jeff Davis, mostly at one house. We had the pleasure of meeting him there, yesterday, and from indications he can be found there most any time; but you must keep this a secret.

We honestly think that one of our best Cameron boys has actually got a toad for a pet.

Dr. K. M. Ferguson had the misfortune to lose his fine horse last week.

We also learn that the family of the late Rev. M. McQueen lost their horse on yesterday.

General News.

Post Office at Apalachicola, Florida, was burned, Friday.

Every ward in Raleigh instructed its delegates for Whitaker, last Saturday.

The tin-plate men are raising immense sums to defeat the McKinley bill, which militates against their interests.

The Senate failed to confirm the nomination of Capt. John B. Eaves as Internal Revenue Collector for the 5th N. C. District. This is a victory for Dr. Mott.

The sentiment seems to prevail that Calvin S. Brice should resign his position as chairman of the National Democratic Committee, making place for a better and more suitable man.

Terrible mine disaster at Dunbar, Pa. There was an explosion, followed by a cave in, when the imprisoned gas in some of the chambers caught fire. Many miners were imprisoned, and 31 were killed.

Silver bill has passed the Senate. It is said that this means more money, and cheaper money. How long before the fruits of this legislation will become apparent here, it is impossible to conjecture.

The town of Paw-Paw, Ill., was destroyed by a cyclone, a few days ago, and seventeen persons killed. The village of Sublette, near by, also suffered severely, much property being destroyed, and four persons killed. A school house containing 25 children was wrecked and 18 of the children injured.

The miners entombed in the Dunbar, Pa., mine, eight or nine days ago, have not yet been released, although gallant efforts have constantly been made in their behalf ever since the disaster. Thousands are visiting the mine every day, but hope has given way to despair. There is little reason to believe that any will be rescued alive.

The Wilmington Messenger gives an account of a highway robbery near that city on last Friday. Four negroes armed with clubs, attacked Mr. Alonzo Mills, of Pender county, on his return from the city, where he had gone to market a load of vegetables. The robbers secured \$15.00 in money and a bottle of whiskey. They are still at large.

Another smash-up. This time, on the Philadelphia & Reading R. R. The locomotive, baggage car and one passenger car jumped the track. The engineer was killed; his brother, the fireman, is seriously, perhaps fatally, injured; the baggage master, and express messenger are severely bruised; and the parlor car conductor slightly injured. No passengers hurt.