

JONESBORO LEADER.

VOL. IV.

JONESBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1891.

NO. 5

PROGRESSIVE + ENDOWMENT
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Will attend to business in the Superior and Supreme Courts of the State upon invitation properly supported and backed.
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TAKE NOTICE

We are now receiving our SPRING STOCK, comprising

Dry Goods

in great variety and at lowest prices. Head and Foot Wear to suit young and old, all kinds of Groceries, and at the right prices.

Iron and Steel of all Kinds

shapes and sizes, Wagon and Carriage Goods of all sorts. We make a specialty of Steel Shapes (or Plow Hoes) and have them

made to our pattern, and having this season bought largely, we believe we can please the farmers better than heretofore in this line. We are now receiving fresh lots of

Guano and Acid Phosphate.

Nothing but the "Aeme", and if you have never tried it you had better do so this year.

Thankful for past favors we solicit the patronage of a generous public and promise our best efforts to please.

Watson & Godfrey,
Jonesboro, N. C., March 4, '91.

JONESBORO DIRECTORY.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

JONESBORO CIRCUIT.
Rev. J. E. Thompson, Pastor. Charges—Jonesboro, 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a.m., and 7:30 p.m.; Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a.m.; Prayer meeting every Thursday night at 7:30 p.m. Morris Chapel, 1st Sunday at 11 a.m., and Saturday before at 3 p.m. Lemon Springs, 1st Sunday at 11 a.m., and Saturday before at 3 p.m. Sanford 3rd Sunday at 11 a.m., and Saturday before at 3 p.m.; Prayer meeting every other Wednesday night.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. D. N. McLaughlin, Pastor—Charges—Jonesboro, 1st Sunday 11 a.m., and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a.m. Prayer meeting every other Wednesday night, at 7:30.

BAPTIST.

Rev. W. T. Jones, Pastor.—Jonesboro, services every 3d Sunday at 11 o'clock, a.m., and 8 p.m. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:45 a.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, I. O. F. & A. M. Regular meeting, 3d Monday night, and the Festivals of St. John the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist.

JONESBORO LODGE, No. 127, I. O. F. Regular 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 Dairymple.
STREET COMMISSIONER—J. A. McIver.
CLERK—Col. A. A. F. Seawell.
TOWN MARSHAL—John W. Mosemore.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Excursion to Carthage.

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., }
April 18th, 1891. }

A small party of excursionists, this writer among the number, paid the nice little town of Carthage a visit on Thursday the 16th. We were well looked after en route by the pleasant and accommodating manager of the Carthage Railroad, Mr. W. C. Petty. On arriving at Carthage our party divided and roamed around over the town to view the sights. We came very near saying went astray, but it is to be hoped that no one did. We cannot speak for any except those with whom we were in company most of the day, and so far as outward appearances go that number kept in the true and onward way that eventually led to a good dinner at the hotel of Mr. Campbell. The dinner was well cooked, well served—not in the usual order of a regular hotel—but more after the fashion of a good old-time social feast, where the food was placed on in such quantities that the table "groaned beneath its burden," and we can assure you that it was faithfully attended to by those who sat around it. It seems there was a misunderstanding some way, for mine host tells me he prepared by an order sent in previous, to accommodate thirty guests, and only five of us dined there. I will not undertake to give the menu of the dinner but will say that it was complete throughout, sufficiently so to satisfy the taste of the most fastidious. I suppose the other visitors were well entertained. Any one in visiting Carthage would do well to give Mr. Campbell a call.

The court house is quite a nice building; we were all through it. There is a fine view to be had of the surrounding country from the top of it, but as the atmosphere was not very clear we could not see a great way off.

What interested us most was the buggy shops of Messrs. Tyson & Jones; we could have spent the entire day looking at the different mechanical operations. The men employed were alert and active at their posts. We saw some very fine vehicles already finished awaiting transportation, and the gentleman who showed us through told us that their orders were far ahead of the capacity to turn them out. We also visited the shop that turns out backs ready for use; these are used for chipping pine trees. They are of superior quality and are in great demand. We are informed that the

shop is owned and operated by a colored man.

The dry goods store kept by Tyson & Jones is well worthy of patronage. No where have we been able to procure goods at so reasonable a price and of so good a quality as these.

The millinery store kept by Mrs. Bryan and Miss Christie Shaw would do credit to a much larger town, their goods are stylish, of nice quality and as great variety as you will find in any first-class store of the kind. The ladies in charge are very pleasant and attentive to customers and should be liberally patronized.

We had a fine drive from the Shaw hotel to the northwestern limits of the town. The road over which we traveled was almost as good as macadamized roads. We passed the principal schools, the Methodist church, and several nice villa residences; returning we made our way to the station, arriving in time to catch our train and to save our heads from a shower of rain that began to pour down as we moved out of town. None of the party left behind, all on board cheerful and happy. Arriving at Cameron train on R. & A. A. L. Railroad behind time, but the delay was not tedious as we had agreeable company. Train came promptly at the end of forty minutes, and soon landed us at Southern Pines with no limbs lost, no heads smashed, and we trust no "hearts broken."

We hope the crowd enjoyed the day. Every one seemed to be pleased with the trip. It was made up entirely of northern people, and you may put us down as one also, but we know that we are of the "South southerly."

SKRAM E. CILA.

Kentucky Letter.

LEBANON, Ky., Apr. 16, 1891.

Rusticating in the mountains. Just a little early, but the early bird gets the worm you know.

I left Stanford a few days ago, and will walk under the "Cedars of Lebanon" for about three weeks. Stanford is a good town, consequently some very good people live there. They have more lawyers and judges in Stanford than any other place of which I have knowledge. "Circuit Court" was in session for four weeks during which time I had the pleasure of hearing all the "big guns," among whom the Hon. Fountain Fox Bobbitt, the "Cicero of the Mountains" stands conspicuously. He is a "hammer with horns," a rare bird with a long bill, but of course as none of your readers know the Hon. Mr. Bobbitt, you would not appreciate that gentleman as a subject for this sketch. Suffice it to say that he is writing a history of the United States, which promises to be quite interesting to those who know him. The title will possibly read (in significance) something like this: "A History of Fountain Fox Bobbitt, by the United States."

I like Lebanon very well, and I think there are some folks here who like me. I met "Captain S. S. Shuck, ex-Provost Marshal, immediately upon my arrival, and I am quite sure that he thinks a great deal of me, for after giving an elaborate description of his suburban property, he also gave me a pressing invitation to accompany him into a "Private Parlor" and participate in a bottle of champagne. To refuse an invitation of that kind in Kentucky, is to insult your friend, so I accepted. After we had quafed the delicious draught, the "Captain" punched me in the back and invited me to pay the bill, or words to that effect. Now I really do not know whether I would have insulted the "Captain" by refusing to accept his last invitation or not, but any way, it suddenly dawned upon my much beclouded vision, that that would possibly be the only way the champagne man would have to get his money, so I put up "the tin." The "Captain" is a very good sort of fellow though when

you know him. He is also a very liberal fellow in his own peculiar way, and furnishes an unlimited amount of first-class fun for the Lebanon boys. Since he has been so gracious as to take me into his confidence, I will take exquisite pleasure in giving him some foreign newspaper notoriety. There will be a big blow-out at the city hall this evening and Captain Shuck will be the star of the occasion. A flashing poster announcing the event is being freely circulated, and it may interest you to read the entire programme, as follows:

RALLY, BOYS, RALLY! Great Literary Treat.

S. S. Shuck, Ex-Provost Marshal, Lebanon, Ky., will read an essay on the Great Men of the United States, especially Kentucky.

SYNOPSIS—Part First.—The Captain will proceed to take a crack at everything in general, from the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers to the foundation of "Pa's Hall," giving the boundaries of "Pa's Farm," and the causes leading to his taking an active part in the Rebellion.

Intermission of Fifteen Minutes for Refreshments.

At this point the audience will proceed to arm themselves with stuffed clubs, ripe hen fruit, etc. Agents at the same time will pass through the hall selling photos of the "Captain's" celebrated war-horse, which was stolen from him in the Spring of '62.

Part Second.—Beginning with the completion of "Pa's Hall" (diagram showing location of provost marshal's office), full particulars of the Green River Campaign, when the Captain gave the famous order—"Corps to the brush! Boys don't let 'em know you are running when you pass through Lebanon, but move with celerity." A procession headed by the Lebanon brass band, followed by the captain, committee and other prominent citizens will strike the town at 11 o'clock, a.m., at the head of Walnut Street, thence to Spaulding Ave., south to Main, and up Main to "Pa's Hall," where an Open Air Concert will be given interspersed with a few extemporaneous remarks by the "Captain," thence to the Opera House, where the "Captain" will be taken in charge by the committee, and rubbed down for the final effort. The proceeds of the evening (assets and liabilities), will be turned over to the committee for the purpose of buying a key to wind up the town clock.

N. B. No "pure liquors" will be allowed in the hall, and the police have positive orders to use their reorters on any one in the audience using such expressions as "Hello, Cap," "O, Shuck," "Corps to the Brush," "Halt! By jolly we are surrounded," etc., etc.

P. S. After having heard the two gentlemen mentioned above converse, the supposition is that they are both National characters; if, however, you have never heard of either, this communication will be entirely uninteresting, and I beg pardon for the imposition.

CHAFIN.

The correspondent at this place has got married, and settled down to silent felicity. He and his young wife have the best wishes of the community.

Farmers are very busy in our settlement. They are considerably behind in planting, owing to the late extreme bad weather, but they are putting in their best licks at present.

Mr. Sherod Patterson and J. L. A. Brown attended the county Alliance meeting last Monday.

Mrs. Lula F. Brown recently made a five days' stay in Moore county, visiting her nephew and his wife. She returned last Sunday, and informs us that the new baby is a boy and he is doing finely.

Our new saw and grist mill is doing a lively business.

One of our prominent church members gave his wife a thrashing last Sunday morning! Such as this is abominable, and the man ought to be severely dealt with.

CAMERON.

Haven't much to tell, but don't like to see Cameron blank so often. Have had some growing weather, and most of us have been putting in full time planting; and if we get as good a stand of corn as we have of measles, we'll be all right, except some thinning.

The gold fever is raging in and around our little town, and if it is not checked we fear some cases will prove fatal.

We know that the white suckers are near at hand, from the multitude on the creek bank. They have been toiling longer than poor Simon, but as yet they have not been told on which side to cast their net.

They say that "Old Crutch" left some of his mail matter in town not long since, but who can blame him? There was some mountain dew in the corners, and besides that, the part left was a dun for money.

We are told that our factory is on a boom.

Miss Ann Lawhon is visiting in Cameron and vicinity.

That hen's nest—Oh! Robert, Robert!

Has Mr. Underwood killed that dog?

State and General News.

The Princess of Denmark is six feet ten inches high.

Rev. C. C. Wood, D. D. President of Scarrett College, Marby, Missouri, will preach the Commencement sermon at Trinity College next June.

Mrs. Dalia A. Bonitz was recently paid \$5,000 by the officers of Clarendon Council No. 67, American Legion of Honor, of which Mr. Bonitz was a member.

An act of the last Legislature makes 'possum hunting unlawful from February 1st to October 1st, in the counties of Moore, Wake, Franklin, Chatham, Durham, Vance, Northampton and Rockingham.

The press of the country, with one voice, should call for the strictest enforcement of all immigration laws. The United States has already much more of the inflammable material of the Old World than she can assimilate. There is no sense or justice in sitting like a toad in the twilight swallowing everything that is thrown at us.—Nor-Landmark, Dem.

The most remarkable series of forgeries the world ever heard of has startled Tennessee. H. B. Davis was sentenced to the penitentiary. Recently the Governor received a large petition for his release and several letters from well known persons. On the strength of these Davis was pardoned. A few days thereafter it was discovered that all the letters and the petition were bogus. Davis not only forged the petition of several hundred names, but also letters of personal interest.

It is the politicians who keep our gates open to the foreign emigrants, and it is the agents of railroad corporations owning enormous tracts of western lands granted by the government who go about the eastern hemisphere plastering every county over with advertisements inviting everything on two legs to come over and possess the land. On this foundation arises the question "Do the people of this country own and control it, or is in the hands of politicians and land agents?"—Washington Star, Dem.

About a year ago, H. W. Cagle slandered a young lady, Miss Sallie Holland, living near Robbinsville. A warrant was issued for his arrest and he fled the State. He recently returned and was stopping at the house of a Mr. Owen, a brother-in-law. Miss Holland learning this, armed herself with a revolver and went to Mr. Owen's. She walked in, rushed up to Cagle and fired, the ball taking effect in his shoulder. It required the combined efforts of four men to disarm her. Cagle's wound was not serious, and he has again escaped.