

JONESBORO LEADER.

State Library

VOL. IV.

JONESBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1891.

NO. 7

PROGRESSIVE + ENDOWMENT

— GUILD —
OF AMERICA.

\$500 to \$5000

In 10 Years, or Previous in Case of Death!

\$2.50 to \$25.00

— PER WEEK —

SICK BENEFITS.

No Initiation Fee. Premiums Paid Monthly.

WHY SHOULD EVERYONE JOIN THE "GUILD?"
1st—Because if you have any surplus cash you cannot find a better way to invest it. 2nd. If you are in business, or are working for a salary, or wages, you cannot do a better thing for yourself than lay aside monthly as much as you can in the "Guild," for it will not only prove a most profitable "Savings Bank" for you while living, but will keep your mind at ease, assisting you in the time of sickness, and providing for your family in case of death.

R. D. ROBINSON, M'ngr,

Raleigh, N. C.

J. D. GUNTER, Special,

4-4 JONESBORO, N. C.

W. E. MURCHISON,
Lawyer & Notary Public,

Will attend to business in the Superior and Supreme Courts of the State upon invitation properly supported and backed.
Will not attend Justice's courts (except in Jonesboro and Sanford), without CASH in advance.

W. H. McNEILL,
Attorney and Counsellor At-Law.
CARTHAGE, N. C.

Will practice in any of the Courts of the State. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt and careful attention.
Office in Court House Building.

WATSON
&
GODFREY,

— DEALERS IN —

GENERAL
Merchandise!

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 3:30 p.m. Sanford 3rd Sunday at 3:30 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. P. T. Way, pastor. Charges:—Poplar Branch, 1st Sunday, at 11 a.m.; Grace Chapel, 2d Sunday at 11 a.m.; Winder, 3d Sunday at 11 a.m., and 7 p.m.

Rev. G. R. Underwood, Pastor. Charges:—Christian Light, 1st Sunday at 11 a.m.; Egypt 2d Sunday at 11 a.m.; Mount Pleasant 3d Sunday at 11 a.m.; Shallow Well, 4th, Sunday at 11 a.m.

BUFFALO LODGE, No. 172, A. 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. O. F. Regular meeting, every Friday night.

TOWN OFFICERS.

MAYOR:—J. R. WATSON, Esq.

COMMISSIONERS:—Dr. E. P. Snipes, S. H. Buchanan, J. L. Godfrey, J. A. Ballentine, James Dalrymple.

STREET COMMISSIONER:—J. A. McIver.

CLERK:—Col. A. A. F. Seawell.

TOWN MARSHAL:—John W. Masemore.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Barton as an Agriculturist—Intensive Farming in Cumberland—The Sore Trials of Ploughing with an Illiterate Mule.

We never intend to say anything to the detriment or disparagement of the farmer. We are a farmer ourself and besides we may some day run for office; that is some office may seek us and we know it will seek us more assiduously if we do not antagonize the "Alliance."

A few years ago, while still a green youth, the idea struck us that we would make some money out of our generous and responsive soil. We had read Furman's formula till we could almost hear the dollars click on the glass slab at the Peoples' National Bank. Accordingly we bought the requisite chemicals, mortgaging our prospective cotton crop in order to convince the dealer that we honestly intended to pay for them.

There is nothing like a mortgage to convince a skeptical merchant of your strict integrity of purpose.

With these chemicals, cotton seed, barn yard "gewaner" etc., we constructed a compost heap which when cut straight down from the top looked like a section of jelly cake and smelled like a coroner's inquest.

We planted about five acres in cotton of a variety called the Peterkin, which was highly recommended by such progressive scientific agriculturists as Prof. H. C. Davis and George Nixon Esq., and which was warranted to "third itself" when ginned. We had it all figured down fine. We would make two and a half 500lb bales which we would sell at 8 cts. to Bob Nimocks or Capt. Arthur Williams; this would yield us \$100.00. Twenty dollars would pay for our chemicals and with the remaining \$80.00, we would go down street and buy some things. As a matter of fact we made one crocus bag of seed cotton, which we sold to "Jim" McNeill for 65 cts. and invested the entire amount in three plugs of "Queen Ann" tobacco and a clay pipe.

But this was not all. During the whole hot, sultry, sleepy summer, we were sorely tried by our mule. Either he had missed all educational advantage, or he was a complete well-rounded ignoramus. He could not distinguish right from left and never did

master gee and haw. Perhaps he was ambidextrous, he certainly was in his hind legs. When we wished him to turn to the right we would say gee. This he would sometimes do after he had gone forward about a couple of rods, and when we desired him to turn to the left we would yell haw in a tone of voice that was mockingly answered by the echoes on the east bank of the river.

This was "just eight years ago" but so far as we know that mule never has "hawed" yet, at least he had not up to that bright November morning, when the sheriff came and we parted from our mule forever.

Solomon once said "Bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him." We thought of trying this experiment on our mule, but he insisted on doing all the braying himself. Once when we remonstrated with him about the frequency of this peculiarity he kicked the single-tree, clevis and a portion of the plow beam, humming over our head. We let him bray all he wanted to after that.

Talk about grief and in-growing toenails and unrequited affection and financial embarrassment, but you can never know what true tearful sorrow is till you have tried to plough with a mule whose early education has been neglected.

We still farm more or less but we do it on the vicarious plan; we once studied vicarious agriculture for four years under the most favorable auspices and we think we can say without boasting that we understand the business.

Oh, the pure joys and refining influences of vicarious agriculture, with what rapturous emotions do we don a long "Prince Albert" and twirling cane and stroll through the fragrant meadows and listen to the partridges "Bob white-ing" among the waving corn. What joy to watch the hired men as they toil while our own moist forehead is fanned by the balmy breath of June and skies of purest azure smile o'er fields of emerald and gold. It is also pleasant to see the plowboy as he ploughs, and very diverting to observe how he leaves his mule to watch the stakes, while he gazes intently at the furrow in a vain search for the traditional Jack pot that was buried long ago.

PHIL BARTON.

CUMBERLAND.

A select party of our young ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a delightful picnic and wood tick harvest out at Carver's Falls one afternoon last week.

Our farmers are jubilant. Mr. Tom Gill, a Cumberland combination of Vennor Hicks and Wiggins, predicts an early rain. Though of course he cannot promise in "the early and the latter rain."

But our townspeople are not jubilant by a large majority. With all our vast unrivalled water power, our streets look like a sandstorm on the deserts; and our lovely ladies, shopping in the afternoon are almost suffocated with dust simply because some of our merchants are too infernally stingy to chip in toward sprinkling the streets.

Mr. A. B. McIver has recently bought out the Overbaugh House and fully sustains the reputation of this old hotel. His courteous manners make him popular with all, and his bill of fare is a delight to the traveling public.

Ben Hardee, the Chronicle's popular representative is in town; his marvelous musical talent is a perennial delight to our people.

CAMERON.

Our adjourned wedding met in session on the night of the 23rd ult., but the speaker contested the seating of the most important members, but Eddie and old Sim repaired with his credentials to the office of S. E. Johnson Esq., for a recount. About midnight they succeeded in perfecting a lasting

organization, with privilege to increase the capital stock.

We spent last night at the residence of that big-hearted man, Ex-Sheriff Black. We met your townsman, W. H. Hancock there; he was foot-sore and very dry. He was on his way from West (or last) End and reports meeting a poor old dejected 'possum with tears in his eyes and two days' rations tied around his neck. He had found that "Runnells" was not elected and he was emigrating to drowning creek—thought he could procure a few crawfishes through the summer, But mind you, Mr. Hancock took sugar and cream in his coffee, and did not make his bow.

Mr. John Richardson is happy—a fine girl baby at his house, but he says the McCrainnie crow can't plow his land.

We are sorry to report the serious illness of Mrs. G. G. Muse of this town. Glad to see friend D. McIntyre back from Florida.

We are having quite a dry spell just now, but hope rain will come soon.

Our factory prospects are weakening, owing to spinal affection.

State and General News.

The Michigan legislature has passed a bill to elect Presidential electors by districts.

Jake Kilrain and Frank Slavin will fight on the 16th of June for a purse of \$10,000.

Gen. Armistead L. Long, who was Gen. Lee's chief of staff at the time of the surrender, died at Charlottesville, Va., on 29th ult.

North Carolina lost many useful, prominent and someable men in April. Its necrology shows: Col. William L. Saunders, Gov. Daniel G. Noble, Jas. P. Speight, Col. John A. Cameron, Dr. James R. Ellis, Col. Julius A. Gray, Prof. I. L. Wright, Dr. F. Scarr, Maj. Lucius W. Faison, Robert H. Henderson, Dr. G. G. Smith, Capt. John C. James, Dr. James W. Alston, Dr. Frank M. Garrett, Major William A. Hearne and John C. Haigh.—Wilmington Messenger.

A despatch to the Wilmington Messenger from Raleigh, says: Archibald Andrews, the oldest man in the State, died near Hillsboro, recently, aged 107 years. He leaves a brother, Henry, now over 100 years old. They were born near Hillsboro, were farmers, and were always temperate men. Both were great hunters. Henry, after he was ninety years old, caught in one winter's season over ninety 'possums by night hunting. Archibald walked seven miles to vote for Cleveland.

Frank Slavin recently called on John L. Sullivan, the world's champion pugilist, at the Southern Hotel, and in person presented him a challenge to fight. Sullivan said that he had retired, and, taking Slavin by the hand wished him all the luck in the world, and declared himself glad to meet him. "You are the only one who ever came to me to ask for a fight," said Sullivan. "The others liked to talk 3000 miles away. I congratulate you." Slavin said. "I stand on my own reputation and want no man's, and am open to fight any man in the world." The meeting was entirely friendly.

People arriving at Paris, Texas, from Porell and other points along the Canadian river in the Indian Territory say that the negroes are coming over from Oklahoma and are begging for something to eat. Their condition is said to be pitiable. They were deluded into going to Oklahoma last fall in large numbers and have found none of the good things promised them—no work, no Government rations, nothing to afford them a chance to earn an honest penny. Instead, they soon saw starvation at their doors, and are now trying to make their way back to their former homes in Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi and other Southern States.

The historic old log cabin in St. Louis county which the late President U. S. Grant erected with his own hands and with logs cut and hewn by himself, is about to be removed from its present site, and shipped to Chicago, where it will be re-erected for exhibition at the World's Fair. The cabin now stands on a thirty acre tract of land, about ten miles south-west of this city and five miles west of Jefferson Barracks.

\$1,000,000,000.

The late Radical Reed Congress is called most aptly the Billion Dollar Congress. But do you know what it means? Have you considered what a vast sum a thousand million dollars is? We talk of millionaires. But this Reed Radical thing expended—may, wasted, as much as one thousand millionaires are worth. But the great sum is thus stated by Representative McMillan in order that the imagination of the reader may be aided. He says a billion dollars means the expenditure of a sum equal to \$16 a minute since the Declaration of Independence was signed, or \$60 an hour since Christ was born. A correspondent in the Boston Post points out that a billion dollars is as great as the total valuation attained by that city in 250 years. It has absolutely bankrupted a great, rich, puissant country to run such a Reed-Radical concern for but two years. If the United States by any irony of fate should become the owner of such a concern as that for ten years it would not only see its Treasury empty as now, but the country would not have credit enough "to buy one mint julep on Wall Street," as Senator Vance said of North Carolina when the carpet-baggers and sealawags were holding high carnival at Raleigh in the days of the Holden-Kirk-Littlefield regime.—Wilmington Messenger.

Humorous.

A woman invented the ice-cream freezer in 1843, and woman has been keeping it pretty busy ever since.

"How was it that the Judge granted your divorce before even reading your petition?"

"He was my wife's first husband."
"Jimmie is a very unfortunate boy," said Mrs. Sampson. "He joined an athletic club, and the first time he went there he broke one of the best records they had."—Munsey's Weekly.

Irate Parent (in the door, to his clerk, who is caressing his daughter) "young man, you are not hired to do that sort of work."

Clerk—"No, sir, I'm doing it for nothing."—Texas Siftings.

A boy about twelve years old rang the door bell of a house on High St., the other day, and said to the lady who answered it:

"Won't you please telephone to the police station for me. I have found a lost boy?"

"A lost boy. How old?"

"About four years old, ma'am. He can talk, but he can't tell where he lives."

"Some poor child, probably."

"Some awfully poor child. Why, he was the dirtiest boy you ever saw, and so hungry that ma said he hadn't eaten anything for a week. We think his folks lots him on purpose. Ma says: they ought to be sent to the State prison."

"So they had. Does he give any name?"

"Oh, yes. He says his name is Burt—"

"What! Has he light hair and blue eyes?"

"Yes'm."

"And one front tooth gone?"

"Yes'm."

"He's my own boy, he is, and you walk him over as quick as you know how! Also, tell your mother that people have become rich minding their own business!"—Detroit Free Press.