

# JONESBORO LEADER.

State Library

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**W. E. MURCHISON,**  
Lawyer and 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.  
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**Bonitz Hotel,**  
129 Market Street,  
Wilmington, North Carolina.

This Hotel is located in the Business Centre of the City, convenient to all the Boats and Street Railways.

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Formerly of Goldsboro.

**A FULL LINE**

of General Merchandise at our store in Sanford, including new

**SPRING DRESS GOODS,**

worsted, ginghams, calicoes, etc. Shoes, hats and notions of all kinds.

**FANCY GROCERIES,**

of all kinds, tobacco, snuff and cigars.

**ALL AT LOW PRICES.**

Highest market price paid for country produce.

**Scott & Edwards,**

McIVER'S OLD STAND, SANFORD, N. C.

**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 "Acme", 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 3:30 p.m.; Poplar Springs, 3rd 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 Regulars 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:—W. E. Murchison.

TREASURER:—Redin Bryan.

TOWN MARSHAL:—John W. Masemore.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

#### Kentucky Letter.

RICHMOND, Ky., Apr. 15, 1891.

Just beginning to feel sorter at home.

It makes a powerful lot of difference I can tell you, in a new place after you get acquainted. I always did despise to have folks looking "side ways" at me and wondering where I came from and how long I'm going to stay. Most folks in this great country haven't had the advantage of good breeding, even if they do put on lots of style and wear fine clothes, they don't any more mind staring at strangers than if they were common pictures in a country art gallery. You can always tell common people, no matter where you see them; they always look at your clothes first, and if you are not dressed as fine as they are they turn up their speckled noses and grin like uneducated monkeys and snicker just like it is their business to see how other folks are dressed. Thank the good Lord every body is not that way, and Richmond has a full share of sensible people too. I am going to stay here awhile and do missionary work among the unregenerated, or in other words, the uninsured. I call it "missionary work" because it is more like that than anything else I can think of. You see I take care of the body, while the "gospel missionary" provides for the soul. The latter deals in spiritual things, and I in temporal things. You can only see his work "through a glass darkly," but you don't need a telescope to see what my work accomplishes. He prepares the man for a royal reception into the ethereal climate, while I am fixing matters so that his wife and children will not be fired into the poor house by the cold and selfish beings called men, said to have been created in the likeness of their maker. If that is a fact, very few, if any, do the great Original much credit.

It does one good to think that the world is improving though, and it is possible that some fair day, in the dim future man will be restored to perfection. It is a fact that, notwithstanding the horrible picture which appears daily in our great papers, crime in all of its different forms is decreasing. Now let have a few facts in the case. Judge Buxton once said to Governor Jarvis, "that facts are facts and facts are stubborn things." It may possibly open the eyes of some old "Moss backs" who have a habit of sitting around the

street corners expatiating upon the perverseness of the present generation to know that fifty years ago, the people of the United States of America consumed of spirituous liquors *per capita*, 2.52 gallons; of wine, .29 gallons. Now the consumption *per capita* is 1.40 gallons of spirituous liquors and .56 of wines. Fifty years ago we consumed *per capita*, 5.05 pounds of coffee, and .99 of tea. Now we consume 8.55 lbs of coffee and 1.33 lbs of tea.

There is food for thought in the above statistics, and they are so plain that "he who runs may read" and understand. Liquor is the acknowledged king of evil in this country, and the records show that the monster is gradually losing his power. The arm of the tyrant is being broken, and we are nearing the peaceful reign of King Emanuel and cold water. We are drinking tea, coffee and wine, instead of so much bust-head liquor, and the records show that other evils are decreasing in a like proportion. The reason for the change, however, is hard to find. Most of us would certainly like to give the lion's share of the glory to the ministers of the gospel, thousands of whom stand up weekly all over our land and declare that they "are called" to preach the unsearchable truths of the bible, but the facts show that the same preachers come in for their full quota of the meanness that is being done. This is sad. You can hardly pick up a paper published in the largest cities without reading that some "man of God" has committed some terrible crime. Listen to what a prominent Philadelphia minister said from his pulpit in that city only a few Sundays ago. Like a new John the Baptist in the Wilderness of the nineteenth century, Rev. C. H. Woolston entered his pulpit and cried out against the sins of the *professing christian*. He said:

"I have personally investigated the charges I make, and they are facts in every case. How many dens of infamy, how many gambling hells are supported by prominent men, and how many women who think themselves wives have been deceived by this wretch who leads a double life! Several nights ago while on one of my trips, and disguised, I was passing the corner of Eighth and Chestnut Streets; as I stood there looking at the crowd of tough men and bad women who surged about me, I noticed in the throng a man who is a pillar in one of the churches of this city. He was in full evening dress, and he was evidently intoxicated. As I stood there watching him with continually increasing horror, a grandly dressed female suddenly grasped his arm and they went off together into the darkness of the night. That man has a loving wife and child at home, and only the evidence of my own eyes would have made me believe that he was leading a double life. On another occasion, while passing one of these wretched haunts of vice, I saw plainly through the half-closed shutters of the house the face of one of our most respected clergymen."

Awful to contemplate, but you hear it from the lips of an acknowledged good man, who declares publicly that he saw it with his own eyes and not another.

I can only say that if the preachers and professing christians at large, would do their full duty, it would only take a few years to make a great change in the morals of this country.

I suggest less going to church, less praying "in public places," less "christian" advice to the poor wayward sinner; but let every member of the church live a life above reproach himself, and his sinful neighbors will soon get ashamed of their conduct and come over on the right side. Some people never appear to have anything to do but to tell other people how to do. Did you ever see a person of that character who was worth his weight in Moore county clay? I never did.

ELCEPILLUPS.

Of every 1,000,000 people in the world 800 are blind, and the other 999,200 cannot see their own faults.—Oil City Derrick.

## In a Valley of Death--Lieutenant Bancroft's Tale of a Place on the Island of Java.

"I visited the 'Valley of Death' when on the Island of Java three months ago," said Lieutenant Leon Bancroft when talking to a Tribune reporter at the Grand Pacific yesterday. The Lieutenant is connected with Her Majesty's service in India and registers from Calcutta.

"The place is called the Valley of Death," explained the officer, "on account of the deadly fumes there. But the natives cannot account for the poisonous odors, nor has their presence ever been explained. The deadly place is about thirty-five feet below the surrounding ground, looks like a dry bed of a stream, and is about one mile in circumference. As I approached the place I noticed a suffocating smell, and was attacked with nausea and dizziness. A belt of this fetid atmosphere surrounds the valley. I passed through it, and in purer air was permitted to view the awful spectacle, for it was awful. Before me I saw scattered all over the barren floor of the valley skeletons of men, wild hogs, deer and all kinds of birds and small animals. The entire bed of the valley is one solid rock, and I could not discover a hole or crevice in any place from where the poisonous fumes came. The hills surrounding this desolate strip are covered with vegetation and although the neighboring mountains are volcanic they do not emit sulphurous odors or present any indication of a recent eruption.

"There is no apparent cause for the strip of deadly fumes surrounding the valley. After I passed through it I became bolder and approached the edge of the deadly place. I was anxious to reach the bottom of the valley if possible, but was afraid to make the attempt, as I had been warned to give the place a wide berth. I determined however, to see what the fumes smelled like, and started to descend. My pet Irish terrier was with me, and as soon as he saw me step over the side of the bank he rushed down ahead of me. I endeavored to call him back, but was too late. As soon as the little animal reached the rocky bed below he fell over on his side. He continued to breathe for ten minutes. I don't believe I was ever nearer death's door than I was at that time. Four or five times I was tempted to rush down to rescue him, but I subsequently learned that such a move on my part would have been certain death. For ten minutes I suffered the agony of seeing my dog die, and then turned and fled from the spot. While there I saw a bird fall a victim to the deadly fumes. It evidently intended to fly to the bottom of the valley, but before it reached the ground it fell dead. I don't believe it lived half a minute after entering the deadly atmosphere.

"No one has yet been able to explain the cause of the fetid emanations from the earth, the natives say, and so many lives have been sacrificed in attempting to explore the valley that they have determined to keep away from the spot forever.—Chicago Tribune.

Smith—Your new pants are all worn out, and you only bought them last week.

Jones—I know it, but there is nothing strange about that. When a man and his wife insist on wearing the same garment it can't last very long.

A gentleman in the orchestra was unable to see the stage on account of a tall hat worn by a lady, so he leaned over and whispered to the lady's escort:

"I wish you would tell the lady who is with you to take off her hat. I can't see the stage at all."

"My dear sir, you had better tell her yourself if you think it's healthy. She is my wife," was the whispered reply of the husband.

## 'Long in Sugar-makin' Time.'

Ever' feller has some reason that his feelin' likes the best, May be Summer, maybe Winter, that he thinks beats all the rest; But the days that makes my droopin' spirits just git up and climb Air the dyin' days uv Winter, 'long in sugar-makin' time.

Then the little birds is singin' tunin' up their little throats, Thinkin' uv the comin' harvest, uv the corn and wheat and oats, An' the 'twinklin' uv the sheep bells, with the ringin' 'cow bells' chime, In the dyin' days uv Winter, 'long in sugar-makin' time.

Then the little lambs are playin' an' a caperin' around, An' the first blue Johnny-jump-ups are a-peepin' thro' the ground, An' the thawed-out branch flows happy, kinder singin' in a rhyme, In the dyin' days uv Winter, 'long in sugar-makin' time.

Ever' thing, both dead an' livin', twixt the earth an' 'sky above, Seems so smilin' an' so pleasin', as if all had fell in love; So, fur me, this side uv Heaven, there can't be no fairer clime Than the dyin' days uv Winter, 'long in sugar-makin' time.—Indianapolis Journal.

## Humorous.

St. Agedore—I cant understand it at all.

DeMascus—(at the piano)—Understand what?

St. Agedore—How an upright piano can pass bad notes—St. Joseph News.

Fond Mother—John, do you know that Gertie has arranged a little piece for the piano?

Fond Father—Good! Peace for the piano means peace for all of us.—Detroit Free Press.

"How does your son get along out West?"

"He writes that he has scored a decided success in every place where he has gone."

"Oh, he's an actor?"

"Oh, no, he's a base ball umpire.—Lowell Citizen.

A boy sat on the dock at the D. and M. depot yesterday with a fish line in the water, and an ice-cream twirling around it. A man who saw him stopped to ask:

"Are you fishing?"

"Yep."

"Catching anything?"

"Noap."

"Don't you know that you don't stand one chance in a thousand of catching a fish?"

"Yep."

"Then what are you here for?"

"To get used to not catching a blamed thing!" replied the boy, as he hauled up the bait to spit on it.

Wife—The Bible says much in favor of women, John. I thought that the Israelites kept their women in the background, but if they did, the Bible, which is their history, doesn't.

Husband—Humph! The Israelites did well by keeping their women in the background; that's where women should be.

Wife—But still the Bible says that— Husband—Oh, I know there are a few women mentioned in the Bible; there was Jezebel, she was a woman.

Wife—Yes, and there was Ahab; he was a man, and there was—

Husband—It is no use talkin', Mary, the Bible is a story of men. Women are mentioned only incidentally, as they have influence on the actions of men. The book says little about women compared to what it says about men.

Wife (musingly)—You may be right, John, now when I come to think of it. There is one thing, at any rate, it says about men that it does not say about women.

Husband (smilingly)—I thought you would come to your senses, Mary. What is it the book says about men that it does not say about women?

Wife (placidly)—It plainly says all men are liars.

Then the husband arose and put on his hat and went out to see what kind of a night it was.