

JONESBORO LEADER.

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. McLauchlin, 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:—W. E. Murchison.
TREASURER:—Redin Bryan.
TOWN MARSHAL:—John W. Masenore.

Douglass & Shaw,

Attorneys-at-Law.
CARTHAGE, N. C.
Practice in the Federal, Superior and Supreme Courts of the State.

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.

DR. J. A. BALLENTINE

DENTIST.
New Building, near LEADER Office, Jonesboro.

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.

Announcement.

THANKFUL to my many friends in Moore and adjoining counties for their confidence and liberal patronage in the past. I wish to say that I am located in the rooms next door to W. A. Sloan & Co., in Jonesboro, where I can be found when not called off on professional or other important matters.
A. J. MONROE, M. D.

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.

CENTRAL HOTEL,

PITTSBORO, N. C.,
A. DEVENDORF, Proprietor,
formerly of Schenectady, N. Y., and Atlantic City, New Jersey.
Pittsboro is in the centre of a game country. Partridges and wild turkey in abundance. Every comfort found at this hotel to be found at a Northern resort. Terms reasonable. 31

NEW HOTEL LAFAYETTE,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
A Fine Modern Hotel with every comfort, and adapted for Winter Tourists visiting this wonderfully healthy and agreeable climate.
—T. A. BARKER, MANAGER.
Also Manager of the fashionable hotels on Campobello Island, of Eastport, Me. 51-17

COMMUNICATIONS.

CARTHAGE.

A considerable wind storm swept over Wednesday night, June 3d, blowing down many trees and fences; also on the same night the dwelling house of Adam Brower, (col.) was destroyed by fire.

The farmers complain of not being able to work their crops on account of so much rain.

We were glad to shake the hand of Rev. S. D. Adams, Presiding Elder of Warrenton District, who has been visiting relatives in town for a few days past, and whose effulgent countenance, is always inspiring.

Mrs. Lottie Frazier, of Sanford, N. C., who is visiting the family of Rev. J. A. Hornaday, has been very sick.

Mrs. W. P. Wrenn, of Chatham county, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. P. Jenkins.

Messrs. Richard Hunsucker and Jas. Kennedy, of Roanoke, Va., formerly of this place, have returned.

The Baptist Sunday school of Carthage, had a picnic at Thaggard's mill, last Friday. They report a nice time, plenty to eat, and no one hurt.

Mr. W. T. Jones, who has been off for some time selling buggies, has returned, selling over two hundred.

Misses Ada Caddell and Sallie Kelly, have gone to Wake Forest to spend a few days and be present at the Commencement.

Children's Day was observed at the Presbyterian church on Sunday. The exercises were very impressive. The missionary address by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Harrell, in which he showed that the "fields are already ripe unto the harvest," and very pathetically appealed for greater efforts in this mighty work in the future, was very elaborate and instructive.

We are glad to state that Mr. S. T. Fry's health is improving.

It was our pleasure to listen to a good sermon by Rev. W. F. Watson, on Sunday night, in which he very forcibly told us that we manufacture our own destiny.

AMICUS.

June 8th, 1891.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

Cranks.

Well, what are cranks? To whom has the term been applied? Some people say that they are living, walking bundles of vanity and superstition. Others, more ready to condemn them, hold that they are crazy, deluded, whimsical persons filled with a terrible fanaticism; while others still, who enjoy less sense than the cranks, positively affirm that they are men who have no sense, and ought not to be reckoned among intelligent people. Thus many have rashly described the crank. But alas! these same persons, so unfortunate for themselves, were never blessed with enough common sense and manhood to make them cranky.

Now heaven is not very particular when it wants a water-vane; almost any man will supply that need. But when it wants a crank it is very careful to select the best man the community affords. Then, in view of this fact, kind dudes, for it is to you that we shall now speak, as well as to those who have always entertained higher opinions of themselves than rational minded people have of you, or them, please before you thank heaven that you are not so unfortunate as your inferiors, (as you regard them), and that you have escaped being a crank, examine yourself to the best of your ability, and see if possible, what is the great deficiency in you that debars you from such an election. Perhaps it is a want of intelligence and ability; or it may be the lack of enough moral courage to be a man.

We acknowledge that some cranks are crankier than others—very rough indeed; but you should not think hard

of that, for the greater the piece of machinery is, the larger and more powerful is the crank required to turn it. *Cranks turn the world; therefore, do not be too swift to condemn them, for you are not an instrument of so much power and usefulness in the world's great machinery. And furthermore, you should recollect that the greatest revolutions the world has ever known were caused by the so-called cranks.

Luther was a crank; but he turned catholicism upside down. Socrates was the same, so said the world, but to-day it calls him the "Father of Philosophy." Columbus, who by his untiring energy and perseverance added to the world a new hemisphere, was a crank on the subject of circumnavigation, and at last met the fate of most such—was bound with chains, and died in obscurity. Oh, yes! the world always esteems a crank most after he is dead, for the great adventurer is deeply venerated now.

There are different kinds of cranks, we find. Galileo was an astronomical crank; yet "the world does move." The Pilgrim Fathers were very, very cranky; but men still desire to worship their Creator as they please. Fulton, Watt and Stevenson were steam cranks, notwithstanding their inventions have done more to advance civilization than all others. Prof. Morse was a telegraphic crank, disregarding the fact that messages are despatched across the ocean with the lightning's flash, and that the vast dominions of the earth are linked together with the voice of thunder. John Bunyan was a crank too; but where is the "Pilgrim's Progress?" And any man who does not think just like you do, kind dude, is a crank, you say; and we exclaim, "so much the better for him!" And by-and-by that cranky fellow over whom you love so well to sport, will have his name in the mouth of every intelligent man, and a monument will be erected to his memory in a dozen cities, while nobody outside of your native village will know that you ever lived.

Now let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; here it is:

A crank is a powerful thing
That makes the world whizz and sing.

Elon College Commencement.

The first Commencement of Elon College, in Alamance county, came off last week. A LEADER reporter left Jonesboro on June 1st to attend. At Greensboro that night, he heard State Auditor Sanderlin deliver an interesting lecture in behalf of the Knights of Pythias. There is a lodge of eighty members in Greensboro and they were out in full force that night.

He reached Elon College at the unseasonable hour of 1:30 a. m., and soon found comfortable quarters. Tuesday morning came bright and beautiful. By 10 o'clock a large crowd had assembled to hear Rev. C. J. Jones, D. D., of Norfolk, Va., deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon. The text was: "Come over into Macedonia and help us." It was a soul-stirring sermon and eloquently delivered.

That evening he went down to Graham to see friends, and called in to see brother J. D. Kernodle, editor of the Gleaner, returning to Elon in time for the exercises that night which consisted of music, essays, speeches, etc., of which may be said, well done!

Wednesday morning the three graduates spoke. These were: N. G. Newman, of Virginia, "Higher Education;" C. C. Peel, of Virginia, "The Millionaire and His Limits;" Herbert Scholz, North Carolina, "One Great Need of the Farming Classes." The graduates received the degree of A. B. The Trustees then conferred the degree of A. M. on Henry Jerome Stockard, of Graham. Mr. Stockard is making quite a reputation as a poet. His productions are sought by some of the leading Magazines of the North.

Even here in North Carolina, he received a prize for the best poem. We were a schoolmate with Mr. Stockard, and are glad a portion of our life has been spent with such an excellent young man.

The degree of A. M. D. D. was conferred upon Rev. J. P. Watson, of Troy, Ohio. Mr. Watson is a leading minister of the West, and editor of the oldest religious newspaper in the United States.

Wednesday evening Judge T. B. Womack delivered an able address on the "Possibilities of the Future." All expected a good speech from the Judge, but he went far beyond the expectations of his friends, and the Societies made no mistake in selecting Judge Womack to speak at the first Commencement of Elon College.

At night there was a sociable, and the students had a very pleasant time. Thus ended the first Commencement of Elon College, and it was pronounced by all a decided success.

How it Turns Out.

A beach in the moonlight;
A girl on the sand;
A youth close beside her;
A squeeze of the hand;
An arm 'round a waist; then
A hug—then a kiss;
A head on the shoulder
A moment of bliss.
A row and a picnic;
A dance, then a ride;
A question—an answer;
A wedding—a bride.
A trip to Niagara;
A week at the Pier;
A flat in New York—
At six hundred a year.
One servant—two babies;
A shortage in cash;
A week or two longer.
And then comes the crash.
A trivial quarrel,
And then a divorce—
This occurs every day,
As "a matter of course."—
Brooklyn Life.

He Wasn't.

A man with a paint pot and brush was at work on the front steps of a house on 3d street, when a pedestrian halted and called out:

"Hello! So you are painting, eh?"
The painter put aside his brush, wiped his fingers on a piece of paper, and descending to the sidewalk he replied:

"My friend, I am sorry for you, but by keeping your eyes wide open, exercising all cautiousness you are capable of, and always being prepared to dodge the fool-killer you may possibly save your life."

"W-what do you mean?"
"Well, you asked me if I was painting?"
"I did."

"Well, I'm not painting. I'm gravel-roofing these door steps. Look! Can't you see the gravel? Isn't the tar-kettle right here? Can't you tell the difference between gravel-roofing and painting?"

The other man looked at him for half a minute, sized him up as the biggest man, and tuxped away with: "Some people can't be civil to save their blamed necks! Go on with your old pile-driving!"

Two negroes were arrested in Pitt county last Saturday for burning the barn and robbing the house of Joel Gardner. One of the rascals confessed the crime and took the sheriff to the place where \$3,400 were concealed. Near \$1,200, besides several thousand dollars in notes have not been found. Over one hundred barrels of corn and five bales of cotton were burned. The robbers were taken from the officers the same night and swung up, but were cut down. There is much excitement about the matter yet.

He Wasn't in It.

They built a fine church at his very door—
He wasn't in it;
They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor!
He wasn't in it.

Let them work for themselves as he had done.
They wouldn't ask help of any one
If they hadn't wasted each golden minute—
He wasn't in it.

So he passed the poor with haughty tread—
He wasn't in it;
And he scorned the good with averted head—
He wasn't in it;

When men in the halls of virtue met
He saw their goodness without regret;
Too high the mark for him to win it—
He wasn't in it.

A carriage crept down the street one day—
He was in it;
The funeral trappings made a display—
He was in it.

St. Peter received him with book and bell;
"My friend, you have purchased a ticket to—
—well,
Your elevator goes down in a minute."
He was in it.

Depended on Providence.

"There's a man up my way," said a resident of Champlain Street to a patrolman, "who is the swiftest, wickedest man in all Michigan, and who ought to be arrested."

"What has he done?" asked the officer.

"Stood in front of my house and called me all the bad things you can think of."

"Then make complaint in the Recorder's office."

"But he says he'll lick me if I do."

"Then have him arrested for assault and battery."

"But in doing so I'll have to go into court."

"Yes."
"And waste considerable time I suppose."

"Yes, but you want him punished, don't you?"

"Y e-s, of course, but I think I'll let Providence take care of him. The wicked can't live out half their days, you know, and he's about 40 years old now. May be this winter will fetch him."—Detroit Free Press.

The Raleigh electric street car system will go into operation by the first of August.

The Florida legislature has passed a bill making the anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis a legal holiday in that State.

Berlin is witnessing greater misery now than it has for many years past. This is owing to the high prices on the necessities of life. The public authorities are unable to meet the increasing demands, and private charity cannot render much relief.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by E. P. Snipes & Co., druggists, Jonesboro, N. C.

The Jews are continually undergoing bitter persecutions in Russia. They are pouring into Berlin from that country in great numbers, and their misery is very severe. The larger portion will doubtless go to South America, as it is believed that they have free passes, but owing to the state of affairs there their condition will not be bettered. The Jews seem to be a persecuted people everywhere.

The Carolina Central Railroad depot and several guano sheds belonging to the railroad company, at Laurinburg, were burned early Sunday morning last. Some fifteen or eighteen box-cars were badly scorched by the heat. Most of the merchandise in the depot was saved through the efforts of Master Mechanic, James Magle, of the road. The depot building was insured, but for what amount could not be ascertained. The fire, it is said, was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary.—Wilmington Star.