

JONESBORO LEADER.

VOL. IV.

JONESBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1891.

NO. 14

MOUNT VERNON SPRINGS!

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

MOUNT VERNON SPRINGS are equalled by few and surpassed by none in the State for the medicinal properties of its mineral waters. Some of its cures are almost miraculous. Unlike many mineral waters, the taste is so pleasant, cool, palatable and refreshing that you do not wait a few days before you can enjoy it, but the desire and love of the water increases daily.

Besides the old springs so well established and widely known by their great medicinal properties, there have been other springs recently discovered which contain high medicinal properties. The

Fine Curative Properties

of these waters are increasing in reputation and popularity. The springs are surrounded by great natural beauty, with a high elevation above the sea level, and the

AIR IS PURE AND INVIGORATING.

The Management will employ competent help in each department, and is determined to make a delightful home, dedicated to health, rest and pleasure, where his guests may find every aid, comfort and convenience desired. The proprietor desires to make it a

Resort for both Northern and Southern Guests.

Medical scientists pronounce this place 'Nature's great Sanitarium,' and have volunteered to testify to the virtue of its waters.

Amusements:

A nice new Piano, a good Band of Music, Bowling Alley, Lake Boating, etc., etc. Five hundred feet of Piazza room.

Mt. Vernon Springs is situated in Chatham County, N. C., one mile west of Ore Hill depot, on the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Rail Road, within two hours ride of Greensboro and Fayetteville, and is a charming spot to those who seek a place of

Rest and Recreation.

The dining-room has been refurnished and fitted up with an eye single to the comfort and convenience of the guests. The rooms also have been refurnished.

Address, J. D. BUIE, Manager, Mount Vernon Springs, Chatham Co., N. C.

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 promptly 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.

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, at 7:30.

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. E. 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 Dairymple. STREET COMMISSIONER:—J. A. McIver. CLERK:—W. E. Murchison. TREASURER:—Hedin Bryan. TOWN MARSHAL:—John W. Masemore.

A RAMBLING LETTER.

For Our "Scrumptious" Paper.

MR. EDITOR: Can you spare a short space in your scrumptious paper, for a letter from a little Harnett county girl?

I am seventeen years old—will be eighteen if I live till the 12th day—or, to be more precise the 12th night of September. Oh, Mr. Editor, did you ever read Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night" I think it's lovely, but may be I'm partial because it was such an eventful night to me. I entered the Jonesboro High School last October; it's an elegant school, isn't it? There's where I learned so much. I took up Algebra and soon learned to handle equations of one unknown quantity with impunity. I'm sure it would have made your editorial head swim to see how quietly I would take a piece of white chalk and a few X's and plus and minus signs and figure out how long it would take that bound to catch the fox if nothing happened to delay the pursuit, and all so graphically that you would almost hear him yelp.

Up to February 1st I stood A 1 on attendance and had the jump on the other girls for that beautiful set of Scott's which was offered as a prize but as bad luck would have it I was taken sick with measles; there were only two cases in school, and I and a little girl from Ore Hill divided these out between us. I never was greedy but somehow I seemed to get more than my share on that deal.

But did you know Mr. Editor I have joined the Farmer's Alliance. I wanted to join and then again I didn't; but I was wild to know what they did when they initiated you, so I joined any way.

I went strolling with Mr. Jim—, last Saturday afternoon along the north bank of Little River. We had a delightful walk. Mr. Jim is so charming, he called on me at Jonesboro but those hateful—insisted on staying in the parlor during his entire visit. But let me tell you Mr. Editor, I went down to Fayetteville about a month ago. Fayetteville is lovely place arnt it!—sweetest people in the world, so unceremonious and unaffected.

It was memorial day and I saw the soldiers and the Graded School and the Brass Band and Cross Creek and the Fire Engine and Geo. O'Hanlon and Archie Wightman. But oh! Mr. Editor the dust, the dust, why don't

those people use some of that water in sprinkling the streets? I vow I will never go down there again if it is as dusty as it was then.

I went up in the third story of Mr. Thornton's store and came down in the elevator; they called it an elevator, but I called it a descender. I had never seen one of the creatures before and I confess I was a little frightened, it seemed like going down in a well in a mud bucket, but the clerk or salesman, or whatever you call him, was very kind and considerate; he said that there was not the slightest danger, that the floor would catch us if the rope "broke," so we could not go very far in the wrong direction. This was truly consoling wasn't it?

Then I went down to the Park, on the creek. There were a lot of young ladies and gentlemen paddling around in canoes. A young man invited me to ride in one but I asked him to excuse me. I never went boat riding with a gentleman but once, and then he asked me if I would share his joys and sorrows. I told him I did not like the division for I knew in my mind that he meant to give me the sorrows and take all the joys himself.

We are going to have a picnic at McNeill's Grove sometime during the Summer, and I shall be so glad if you will come and take dinner out of our "basket." I can't tell you definitely as to the time, but the committee of arrangements will probably select the bestliest hottest day in August. I do hope that dear Mr. Ben Hardy will be there with his little harmonica; think he's just lovely.

A friend of mine, Ellen G—, has just shown me a little piece of jingle that she got from her dear boy who is going to emigrate to Georgia presumably for his ultimate financial improvement and the immediate benefit of Harnett county. Here's the epistle:

I'm going to Georgia my dearest true love To dip up the juice from the resinous pine, 'Tis sad to leave homefolks and distantly rove, But the saddest of all is to leave you behind.

Believe now that's lovely, isn't it? But listen: I have hoed, I have ploughed—planted cotton and corn, And prayed for good seasons to help out the yield, But farming be dashed, good-bye I am gone, Here's hurrah for the forest and adieu to the field.

Should fortune smile on me and dollars come fast To crown honest labor with blooming success I'll return and make real a dream of the past—What was this sweet vision? don't grieve me, but guess.

I always did hate these rhyming notes ever since I got a horrid little sticky, home-made valentine that said something about *vine and stump and sugar lump*.

Well, Mr. Editor, I know you are deeply interested and would like me to write a few more yards, but really, I must conclude—to stop.

Adieu addio Tiddledwinks—good-bye,

Yours sincerely,

FLORA MAITLAND.

SUMMERSVILLE.

The many friends and relatives of Mr. Malcom McKay will be glad to learn that he has so far recovered from his recent injuries as to be able to go to his plantation and home on the east side of the Cape Fear.

We have no sickness in Summersville. It is true the Rev. Dr. McKay is still in feeble health, was not able to attend the funeral of Mr. John Wither's child here yesterday, nor the interment of the wife of Mr. Daniel McDonald last evening, but so far we have escaped the fearful epidemic of the adjacent country.

Miss Fannie Cameron, one of our most popular young ladies, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. A. Finley, of Wilkesboro, N. C.

Mr. John McKay, who has been with his brother near Carthage for several months was at home on a visit last week. John is a good boy and we hope he is doing well.

The congregation at this place has secured the services of Rev. J. S. Black of Roberson county, for half his time and all seem very much pleased with him.

Miss Daisy and Mr. Ed Smith also Mr. Alex Williams, of Little River Academy, were on a visit to Dr. A. M. McKay's family last week and took in the closing exercises of the school here and the pic-nic at Raven Rock Saturday.

Prof. Plummer has fallen heir to an estate in Nashville, Tenn., and will leave North Carolina very soon. The fall term of the school will commence as usual the first Mouday in September, with competent teachers.

Miss Mary Watson, of Statesville, has been visiting the Misses Cameron, of this place, and made many friends while here.

Crops in this section have improved amazingly in the last ten or twelve days and farmers are hopeful and hard at work.

June 17th 1891.

BROADWAY.

The agricultural outlook has been much improved the past week.

We also have a curiosity in the shape of a grass field with a little cotton in it. Mr. Sloan will show the field to those interested; with what degree of pleasure we can't say.

Mr. Watson will either post his blackberry farm or try to induce a large coach-whip snake, now commanding a huckleberry pond near by to take charge. He has not yet decided which.

Flux of a fatal character prevails at Leaflet and vicinity. Several adults and quite a number of children have died from it. Among the former Mess. John Ray and Dougald McPhail. Miss Sophia Stewart is quite sick.

Mr. Jasper Thomas had a fearful experience with a ghost one morning last week. He had occasion to visit a store in the neighborhood, and started before daylight, and in passing through an old field his eye caught sight of a white object near the road where he thought only old field pines grew. He noticed that the object was growing fearfully in size, and remembering there were some graves near the spot, he could with difficulty decide whether to return home and report or take his chances of outrunning the monster now standing about thirty feet in its stockings and getting uncomfortably near. Mr. Thomas says he is of opinion he whistled a few tunes, he is not certain, but it only had the effect of making the monster occupy the greater part of the old field. As his hat would not stay on his head he started at full speed up a long hill and as he gained the summit (where Jones McLeod lives), his locomotive powers failed, when surrender or refuge with Jones were the only alternates if still pursued. On looking back he was pleased to know he had made good his escape. On returning home after sunrise, he moved cautiously down the road to where he saw the monster and found a stalk of bear grass in bloom.

How the plant could have contracted to its present dimensions after such a rapid and vigorous growth in the early morning is something beyond Mr. Thomas' comprehension. Can't scientists explain?

An entertaining citizen of Wilmington some time ago placed a lot of turtle eggs under a duck that was setting. A few days ago the duck came off the nest with a brood of seven ducks and eight turtles. The little ducks and little turtles have a congenial time in a pool constructed for their special benefit.

Prof. Chas. D. McIver, a former Moore county man, has been elected President of the Industrial and Training School for Girls, to be located at Greensboro.

A big time is in prospect at the Guilford Battle Ground the 4th of July.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Young man you kan't learn enny-thing by hearing yureself talk, but yu possibly may by hearing other people talk.

There is no one who can disregard with impunity the propriety of life; but there are many people who, if they ain't proper ain't nothing.

There is lots of folks in this world whom yu kan blo up like a bladder, and then kik them az high as you pleze.

I hav always notissed one thing, that when a cunning man burns his fingers everybody hollers for joy.

Grate men should only allow their most trusty friends tew see them in their hours of relaxashun.

Isumtimes distinguish between talent and genius in this way: A man ov tallent kan make a whissel out ov a pig's tale, but it takes a man of genius tew make the tale.

I kan't tell whether a goose stands on one leg so mutch to rest the leg az to rest the goose. I wish sun scientifick man would tell me all about this.

There is a mitey site ov difference whether Mr. John Smith will appear at the Star Theater as Othello, or whether Othello will appear az Mr. John Smith.

I had rather be a child again than to be the autokrat of the world.

There's newmerous individuals in the land who look upon what they hain't got as the only things worth haveving.

There are those who kan't laf with impunity; if they ain't stif and sollum they ain't nutthin.

A fu branes in a man's hed are az noizy az shot in a blown up bladder.

One man of genius to 97 thousand four hundred and 42 men of tallent, iz just about the rite perposhun for aektual bizzness.

AN HOUR'S STROLL.

In a Sixty-Minute Walk You Actually Travel 85,253 Miles.

Have you ever thought of the distance you travel while you are out on an hour's stroll? Possibly you walk three miles within the hour, but that does not by any means represent the distance you travel. The earth turns on its axis every 24 hours.

For the sake of round figures we will call the earth's circumference 24,000 miles, and so you must have traveled, during your hour's stroll, 1,000 miles in the axial turn of the earth.

But that is not all. The earth makes a journey around the sun every year, and a long but rapid trip it is. The distance of our planet from the sun we will put at 92,000,000 miles. This is the radius of the earth's orbit—half the diameter of the circle, as we call it.

The whole diameter is therefore 184,000,000 miles, and the circumference being the diameter multiplied by 3.1416 is about 578,000,000.

This amazing distance the earth travels in its yearly journey, and dividing it by 365 we find the daily speed about 1,586,000. Then to get the distance you rode around the sun during your hour's walk, divide again by 24, and the result is about 66,000 miles. But even this is not the end of your hour's trip.

The sun with its entire brood of planets is moving in space at the rate of 100,000,000 miles in a year. That is at the rate of a little more than 438,000 miles a day, or 18,250 miles an hour.

So, adding your three miles of leg travel to the hour's axial movement of the earth, this to the earth's orbital journey and that again to the earth's excursion with the sun, and you find you have traveled in the hour 85,253 miles.—Toledo Blade.

Visitors at Carolina Beach last Saturday, witnessed a successful balloon ascension.