

JONESBORO LEADER.

VOL. IV. JONESBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1891. NO. 22

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, 2d 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. Sulpes, 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.

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.

Douglass & Shaw,
 Attorneys-at-Law.
 CARTHAGE, N. C.

Practice in the Federal, Superior and Supreme Courts of the State.

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.

W. H. HUMBER,



UNDERTAKER and FUNERAL DIRECTOR, Jonesboro, N. C.
 Keeps a fine line of Burial Cases in solid walnut and imitation, gloss white, and imitation rosewood, glass face-plates, highly mounted and trimmed. Casket coffins also. Professional services rendered when desired.
 Calls Promptly Attended To, night or day.

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.

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.

Rates \$1.50 per Day.

SPECIAL RATES GIVEN COUNTRY MERCHANTS. Excursions in parties of ten or over—meals 25 cents, lodging 25 cents.

Porters and Hacks meet all Trains and Boats.
 J. H. WM. BONITZ, Proprietor.
 Formerly of Goldsboro.

New Hampshire Letter.

TILTON, N. H., August 18, 1889.

DEAR LEADER:—It is more than four weeks since I left the old "North State" for the places which once knew me more familiarly than does any within your borders. I have no time to write to the many, individually, whom I have often thought of, so through your columns, subscribed for, borrowed, "sample copies," and all, I write to each one if they care to read this—what I fear will prove a rather rambling letter.

I saw by a LEADER received since my arrival here, that you had heard from me per postal; as I am running away from nobody I once more let everybody know where "we" are. (Of course everybody will know it as soon as the LEADER comes out, if you see fit to publish this.) If I miss a copy of the paper I am as anxious to know why as any advertising agent, and there isn't a publisher in the U. S. who doesn't know that the aforesaid advertising agents are looking after all the publications with which they have a contract.

We had a most pleasant trip from North Carolina to New Hampshire, taking water all the way from Norfolk to Boston. The sea was as smooth as I ever saw it with one exception, and any one who would be sick on such a trip would—well, he couldn't know the steward, that's all. I have traveled by water North and South several times—and I'm not writing this for a reading notice either—but of all the lines I've been on I vote for the Merchants' & Miners' between Savannah, Baltimore, Norfolk and Boston. The service is A 1, and the waiters, stewards, stewardesses, and all, are just running about to see if they can't make you just a little more comfortable than you were five minutes before. I mention these first because they appear the oftenest, but the chief officers are no less attentive to the comfort of their passengers, and when off duty are the cleverest of men. They know their business too. If you come North, Mr. Editor, take the ship commanded by Capt. Howes, whichever it may be, (it was, and is now, the Dorchester), and you'll be sure of a good vessel and a trustworthy crew. If you want to strike a man who can tell you more sea yarns than any other mortal on earth, take the Allegheny this season, and get the confidence of the first mate. He's a "daisy," a rough old fellow, who'll use as much tobacco as any North Carolinian, but who attends to duty, and knows it.

Well, I've been busy since I struck home. With painting, trimming trees, seeing folks, getting about ("and about," as that little unpopular burglar said he lived in Moore, for whom I was once compelled to ride some forty miles in bad weather), digging ("that'll make you grin, I reckon), and all the general work attendant on alterations of a house, I have had little time to do any writing till now, and am to-night stealing it from my sleep, but the fit took me and I just gave in. There's a warm spot in my heart for my Moore county friends, and some of my New Hampshire friends are coming to your State soon for a residence, though not to your county. If you will only vote in a stock law and shut up the vagrant hogs and the thieving cows, and other cattle, it is possible that Moore may be soon as well off as other counties that now enforce that "cussed stock law."

Looking over the register of the Hotel Loverin to-night, I was somewhat surprised to see the names of Miss Mary E. Coc, sister and two friends, enrolled thereon. They had gone however, before I saw it, and are on a driving trip through this section.

I had the pleasure of a trip over a new railroad Saturday, to Belmont, N. H., in a driving rain, in the cab of an engine, returning this (Monday)

evening the same way, with an engineer who owns a big block and several al dwelling houses in town. He don't let his train wait while the hen lays the 24th egg; oh, no! hello, DAVE! This engineer loves his work, apparently, and knowing him from a boy I can say he isn't one to slight anything in the line of his duty. His name is that of the town—Tilton—and he thinks as much of his machine as Edwards & Broughton's colored pressman does of his, and that's saying a good deal.

We are, so far as can be seen, enjoying ourselves very much, and often wish that some of our Jonesboro friends might be with us so that they wouldn't be led astray by the notion that the North has "five months Winter and nine months mighty cold weather." We are just getting into the middle of the berry season, now, and are enjoying them for the second time this year. Don't you wish you were up here, Bob—beg pardon, MR. EDITOR? Somehow, it comes natural to "call names" once in a while, even if I have so say "Alphabet" to make myself understood.

I should be glad to hear of the legal element in your community through your columns, (or by mail) once in a while. Why don't they show up more? Surely, they ought not to forget to "communicate" occasionally.

This is getting too long. Somebody will take it for "plate matter" if I go on any longer, so I'll just say that I wish you all manner of good success, and hope to see you this fall. Am allowing myself some weeks yet, here, but may be in the South again sooner than I now expect. My address is as per date, and any information will be cheerfully rendered. Hope the Wilmington excursion was a success, but that's a foregone conclusion, considering the management. Did anybody get left?

Yours truly,
 GEO. W. BAKER.

Blue Grass Kentucky.

AUGUST 8th, 1891.

DEAR LEADER:—These are equally times, some body said "hard times," but I kick on that. "Hard times" used to predominate in this country but the old skin flint passed into history about the time I commenced wearing breeches. Some people who don't know much, continue to speak of the old kuss though, just like he was still among the living.

Well, you have heard that some people don't know that the war is over, and it's a fact.

I wish I knew what would interest you, so that I could write enough to make up for my long silence. How will politics strike you? The political weather forecast for Kentucky is: Cloudy; Republican temperature falling; Democratic cyclones in all parts of the State.

Over in Indiana the churches are paying off old debts by having "hugging societies." For 15 cents you can hug a 16 year old girl two minutes, 10 cents for a short squeeze. Old maids 3 cents a piece or 2 for 5. Editors pay in advertising, but can't hug anything but old maids. Insurance agents admitted only as spectators. To tell you the plain truth we are all in a weaving way out here in the Mississippi valley. Most of the women folks are at the summer resorts having a good time, and grass widows can be found on every corner. Do you know how it feels to be a grass widow? It is quite different when you live near a big city, so my tale of woe may possibly be of interest to one living in a thinly populated district, remote from the great busy world, that so many live a life time, and know nothing of.

Would you like to know how married men in a great city spend the summer, while their families are at the watering places, drinking in new life and health? It is a fact you know that although our summers are not

very oppressive, every one who has the time and a few dollars to spare, must leave the comforts of home for the discomforts of summer hotels, because it is fashionable, and makes one feel that they are not "in it" to say in the fall, when all your friends return to their homes tanned by the sun and salt sea waves, that you have stayed at home.

This is the case in America, however, for our men are busy, and business men cannot leave their business. So while their families sniff the sea breezes from wide verandas of summer hotels, the head of the house is at home in his office and the general gloom of a "closed" house. Something must be done to enliven the hours, so he very naturally looks about for diversion to dispel the shadows of his deserted house. Hence the stories of "knowing winks," "sad dogs," and gay Lathorios, that are so often applied to married men and gay bachelors of doubtful age. And this brings me to a very funny incident that happened in Cincinnati last week. Most of the families of prominent men of the great city lying just across the river from the Blue Grass, are at the sea shore just now, and you frequently meet them (the men) at the summer gardens in the suburbs where iced, frothing beer is served in cool stone mugs and a dîch dinner is in progress, while the orchestra dispenses music to the gay revelers underneath the trees. But there are seven days in a week, and this more than twice a week becomes monotonous, and his Lordship or the Lordships must find other amusements than dining on boiled chicken, garnished with smear-case and cabbage a la deutsche, for the afternoon and long summer evenings. The river affords much pleasure for these desolate gentlemen, and they can be seen forming a jolly party in negligee shirts and soft hats, on the deck of a steamer going up or down the river.

Now let us take in one of these outings and see how it pans out. Hardly are we seated on the upper deck when the boat gives a prolonged whistle and the whizzing noise made by raising the gang plank announces that we are moving full steam through the muddy waters of the Ohio River, headed for Coney Island, ten miles above Cincinnati. This is a Coney Island that you have never before heard of; nevertheless, it is real, just as much so as its famed name sake, near New York. Well, after an hour's ride the lights on the Island come into view and the people, who a few minutes ago were sitting quietly enjoying the cool river breeze, are pushing and elbowing their way to get off the boat and be the first to land. A little climb up the bank brings you to the broad gate-way which is the entrance to the Island grounds, and a short walk up the avenue and you are in the very midst of a gay scene of light and music. Like all summer places of amusement, there are side shows of long haired women, twelve toed men, a snake charmer, the flying American, a large wheel with boxes suspended by iron hooks, seating four people, which will send you twenty feet in the air as the wheel revolves, and a hand organ plays "Down went McGinty."

But what has become of our friends? They are throwing at the "Babies" like boys of sixteen, with their coats and hats off, their jewelry discarded and great drops of perspiration on their brows. To use Moore county parlance, "sweatin' like 'niggers' at an election." If by chance one should knock one of the figures down the others yell like school boys and pat him on the back crying "good boy." The band begins a gay waltz in the dancing pavilion and our friends get into their coats and start for the pavilion. First one then the other gives the "dare" to ask a young woman to dance, and finally one tips his hat to a pretty girl in a pink gingham and

a jaunty sailor hat. The offer is accepted and they are soon lost in the throng of dancers, while his friends follow his example.

After the dance they must have something to drink, and the muddy water of the Ohio River is not nearly so tempting as is the cool amber fluid called beer. The flaxened haired Dutch girl drinks beer just the same as the Kentucky girl drinks limestone water. After the beer, a ride on the roller coaster, and so the time goes until the tolling of the bell, summoning them aboard for the return trip, where dancing is indulged in all the way home.

Well, we have had a jolly trip and a gay evening, they say, and they stand on the street corner waiting for the electric car to carry them to their beautiful suburban homes. "Guns!" but it was fun, and "by cracks!" the little girl in pink was a beauty; but what would my wife say if she heard of the dance? Each one gave a low whistle as this little shot went home to the strong heads of families. The car comes round the corner and the party is "Mum's the word boys." Nevertheless the following letter was written next day:

CINCINNATI, AUG. 19th, 1891.

MY DARLING WIFE.—Two long weary weeks have passed since you left me with the children for Nantucket, and I have had such a time without you. How can I bear the six long weeks before I come to bring you and the dear ones home? During the day it is not so dreary for business occupies my time and attention, but the nights hang so heavily upon me in my deserted home and my loneliness. But I feel sure that the outing will be of great service to you all. I will content myself with hard work, and though it is a great trial to be separated, I would not have you all at home for the world, for I am not that selfish. Your deserted yet devoted husband.

If he survives the summer, he is a good 'un, don't you think so?

ELCEFFILLITS.

BROADWAY.

Rev. W. G. King closed his meeting at Holly Springs last Thursday evening. There were several professions and ten additions to the church. He was assisted by Rev's Graham and Henly.

A new postoffice has been established at the distillery of R. B. Douglas & Co., called Mohawk, with R. B. Douglas as postmaster.

Mr. J. T. Brooks, of Jonesboro township, has the best crop of cotton we have seen, and his bread-logs are nothing slow. Mr. Good, the begging man has called on some of us the past week, but exhibited too much passion to beg successfully.

We do not remember to have ever seen seasons more favorable to growing crops or the prospects more flattering.

Mrs. M. M. Watson and children have just returned from a visit to relatives in Chatham.

Several marriages have taken place here, and near here in the past few weeks. We intended reporting but two families got so thoroughly mixed that we confess our inability to give particulars.

There would have been a little row below here yesterday but the cider gave out in time to save clothing.

SAM BOWS.

Presto! change! Hall's Hair Renewer causes gray hair to assume a natural color.

Few children can be induced to take physic without a struggle, and no wonder—most drugs are extremely nauseating. Ayer's Pills, on the contrary, being sugar-coated, are easily swallowed by the little ones, and are, therefore, the favorite family medicine.