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Winston Sentinel.

GEO. E. MATHES, } Editors.
T. J. DARLINGTON, }

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Winston, N. C., Oct. 25, 1878.

"AT."

If, sitting with his little curly head
And scarlet stocking on my knee,
I knew the little feet that pattered through
The portal gate from heaven and my
I could be recent led and happy, too,
And look with glad eyes to the jasper sea.

If in the morning when the song of birds
Reminds me of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty broken words,
And for the music dimpled feet,
I would be almost happy though I heard
No answer, and saw but his vacant seat.

I could be glad, if, when the day is done,
And all the cares and heartaches left away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun
And with a heart all full of yearning say,
"Tonight I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of one earthly day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
With sandals brought of angels, I could be
And that the footprints of a God
Ran side by side with his,
I could now cheerfully
Since he
If any citizen was
Records which this
Lost, he has
ORTER,
and Com. Merchant,
SUPPLIES A
The haunts of vice b
The hand that should
Had been wrung crimson
ET.
And should he knock at Heaven's door to-night,
To fear my boy could hardly enter in!

A RAILROAD EXPERIENCE.

[From the Christian Secretary.]

* * * "I have run on this road twenty-five years," said he; "first as a fireman, then they set me to drive a switch engine. I went from that to a gravel train, from that to freight, and now I have the best machine and the best 'run' on the road. I have never met with an accident that was attended with serious results, thank God," he said, not in the brawling tone of an oath, but reverently, "and I think that one reason of it comes from the fact that I always carry my Bible in the cab. Sometimes it has been a wonderful comfort to me; one time in particular, the strength as well as comfort I derived from once glance at a passage on the open page was astonishing."

"How was that?" I asked, greatly interested.

"Well, madam, it is something I seldom speak of," he said, handing up his oil can to the fireman, and wiping his hands on a bunch of cotton waste, "but don't mind telling you now—yes, there is time," glancing at the pretty clock in the cab.

"You see I was running on the lower end of the road at the time, and my train was an 'express passenger' which came out of the city before nightfall, usually with a dozen or so heavily loaded coaches. Perhaps you remember, if you have been over the road so much, where the track crosses the —— river, which, you know, is the inlet to the harbor. Being a port of considerable importance, of course provision has to be made for the shipping to pass above.

"There was a man stationed at this post to signal to the approaching trains whether the bridge was open or not. Yes, it was a dangerous place (the means to avert danger there are better now,) but after I had run over the bridge twice a day for eighteen months or more, and had always found everything all right, I came to look upon that point the same as I did upon any other piece of the road.

"My express was a fast train always, and on the night of which I am speaking I was a little behind time, and so running even somewhat faster than usual in order to make up. As I approached the bridge I looked for the signal, as it was second nature for me to do. The flagman gave the customary all-right signal, standing, as usual, on a rock at the point of a curve of the track leading around to the river.

"I had no more time than barely to notice that the man was a new hand, in place of Lame Jim, whom I had, without a single exception, always found at that post, before we came in full view of the bridge. To my horror it was wide open, and a gulf of nearly fifty feet in depth was yawning before me and my tenderless train.

"I glanced up to my open Bible and my eyes fell on the [illegible] 'I will never leave thee [illegible] thee.'—The [illegible] in his [illegible] HE— vader[illegible]mination will b[illegible] all vanished. Rev. J. B. Bod[illegible] calm as you see [illegible] time and moment.

"You know, madam, the duties of a locomotive engineer are such that oftentimes he has to decide (it may be only on a mere movement of his hand, or the kind of a look he gives his firemen)—in such a terrible exigency especially—in the shortest conceivable space of time. In this instance I had no time to consider, and if I had, I suppose I should have done exactly as I did: whistle for brakes (it was before air brakes came into use,) and reversed my engine.

"The fireman did not need to be told to do his best upon the tender-brakes, as he rapidly tightened them up with the whole swinging force of his large body. It was a clean, dry track, everything in good condition, and I think never a train, with like facilities, was brought to a stand still on shorter notice. For that first, almost bewildering instant to me, the belief in the impossibility of escaping that imminent, fearful plunge, so possessed me with a cold feeling like the coils of a snake down my back, that it was with an almost superhuman effort that I mustered muscular force to raise my hand to the whistle-valve cord, open the regulator, or grasp the reversing handle.

"But we came to a dead halt just as the point of the cow-catcher overlapped this frightful chasm! Had the impelling force of that long passenger train carried us a few feet further on, there would have been the worst railroad catastrophe that ever happened in America, and my name would surely have swelled the list of the drowned and mangled ones that would have appeared in the newspapers.

"As it was the escape never got into the newspapers at all. The bridge was swung into place so quickly, and the g[illegible] under way again so soon, [illegible] very few of the passengers [illegible] the extent of the threatened danger. The morrow [illegible] that wild s[illegible] were miles away before the [illegible] came to me as I sat trembling on my seat with the full, apprehending sense of our escape tiding through my brain. Jim was reinstated next day. I went to the office the next morning and resigned my position; I couldn't bear to run over that end of the road again. They would not let me off the road, but gave me this train on this end of the route—the 'Gold Leaf Express.'

"No, I don't suppose I have quite got over the shock to my nerves, for frequently, when I go to bed more tired than usual I wake with a start from a sort of far off dream of that eventful night-fall trip, the uncertain light, the still shimmering water, and white scared face of my fireman. My hair was as black as coal then; in three months it became as gray as you see it now."

Story of a Convict.

One benign spring day, just three years ago, a party of visitors were shown through the penitentiary at Jefferson City, Mo. Amongst the prisoners a young man was pointed out whose story the warden told to the curious sight seers. He was serving a long sentence for embezzlement, which lacked a few years of termination. When but a boy, just out of college, through the influence of older associates who, leaving the shame to him, escaped with the booty, he had been implicated in the misappropriation of trust funds. On his trial his family, which was one of wealth and high social position in the West, not only declined to assist in his defense, but publicly renounced him as a disgrace to their name. The warden represented him as the youngest of the convicts, the best behaved and the most friendless, not a soul having inquired about or written to him in all the time of his confinement. This story kindled the sympathy of one of the party in particular, a charming belle from a New York town. Amidst the "did you evers!" and "Well, I neves!" of her companions, she demanded that the young convict be introduced to her. She was so pleased with his manner and conversation that there, before them all, to the utter horror, and despite the protestations of her friends, she promised to write to him. Returning home, she resolutely fulfilled her promise, notwithstanding the objections of her mother, whom she took into her confidence. The months passed on; the letters grew longer and warmer, and the result was that the fair missionary promised to marry the felon so soon as he should be free. This, too, she was not ashamed to acknowledge to her mother. The other day, the one on which the convict's term expired, a carriage drove up to the penitentiary at Jefferson City and stopped in front of the entrance. Not long did it wait ere the young fellow, pallid from confinement and the happiness of the supreme moment, plunged through the opening doors that released him to love and liberty, and dashed straight into a pair of arms that were stretched out from the carriage. Then, then, ah, beatific moment! when heart beat to heart, and lips clung to lips, and eyes read revelations through joy's mists, a horridly [illegible] officer stepped up and arrested him on another indictment. Whether we should end this story with a gloomy "Finis" or a more promising "To be Continued," remains for the future to tell.—*Courier-Journal.*

Smoking Seed Corn.

An intelligent farmer, who is a very close observer, and a very successful corn farmer, says that he always smokes his seed corn. After selecting the seed, he hangs it in his smoke-house and smokes it well. Sometimes the corn is quite black. The result of this treatment is that the corn is not liable to rot before it sprouts, and insects do not disturb it. Where he uses smoked corn there is no necessity of replanting. He has tested this experiment for a number of years, and has always been successful.—Last year he ran out of smoked corn while planting one field, and used a small quantity of corn that was not smoked. On the portion where the unsmoked corn was he had to replant the greater part.

Love Made to Order.

A girl at Jefferson, named Pauline Schultz, committed suicide the other day by taking rat poison. Her parents wanted her to marry a man she did not like, and we hope the parents are satisfied now. Almost every week there is a case similar to this happens somewhere in the United States, and there ought to be a law for the punishment of those parents who drive their children to suicide in this way. No parent can do a job of driving half so well as the girl herself. Love cannot be ordered, like groceries or a suit of clothes. It is not put up in cans; and no parent can say it certain that the girl's choice will turn out bad.—Some of the high-toned est marriages in the world, where everything was gilt-edge and point lace, have broken up in a row after a few years, and the husband has gone to the inebriate asylum, or State prison, and the wife to the washtub. On the other hand, a couple who were married poor have been known to stay so all their lives, avoiding the cares and trouble that come of getting rich, and they have lived happy and had a boss time, though everybody at the wedding said the girl was throwing herself away. Some way or other people have come to think of love as a silly kind of a thing, that it is a "give away," on anybody who has got it; but a thing that makes people kill themselves, and causes nearly as much crime as whisky, can't be anything to snicker at. We know that when we had, we never were more serious about anything in our life, and it would have been an unpleasant affair for any one to have rung in a different girl on us from the one we wanted.—*Peck's Sun.*

Pasture for Swine.

A hog is as much entitled to grass during summer as a cow is, and will profit quite as much from it.

A good hog pasture should contain an acre of land for every five hogs, taking them as they come. Clover will produce the most feed and the kind of green food that is best required by swine. As it does not come forward very early in the spring, and is liable to suffer from the protracted drought that usually occurs in midsummer, a hog pasture should contain a plant of one of the tame grasses. Orchard grass is highly prized by those who have used it for long pasture. It starts early, grows till late in summer, bears frequent croppings, while it is exceedingly tender. In Kentucky blue grass is the favorite grass for hog pasturage, as it is well adapted to the soil and climate. A hog pasture should be sown so that the grass will be cut one year before the hogs are turned in, so as to insure a tolerable strong turf.

A good hog pasture should contain live water. It is by no means essential that hogs have mire to wallow in, but it is an excellent plan to have a pool of water which they can wade during the warm weather. If this cannot be furnished there should be a large trough from which the animals can drink at any time. A good shade is of great importance in raising hogs. They cannot endure the hot sun without suffering from the consequence. Several large, spreading trees, a thicket of bushes, or spot covered by bushes which are covered by vines will afford an excellent retreat from the rays of the sun. It is cruelty to put hogs in a pasture in which there is no natural or artificial shade. If there are no trees, rude sheds should be erected and covered with poles and straw.—*Chicago Times.*

A Poor Man for Children.

The tenement house reform which is now raging in New York reveals some startling facts. It is estimated that of the million residents of that city fully one half live in tenement houses. Of the 37,000 children annually born in Gotham, 28,000 first view the world from the windows of these coops of misery. This proves the old adage of "a poor man for children." Seventy-five per cent. of the criminals annually sent to prison come from these houses. The vast amount of immorality bred by this manner of living has inspired certain philanthropic societies to undertake a sweeping reform in the manner of house for the poor. There are now 21,000 of these tenement houses in the city, many of which contain more than a hundred persons each, and as they are found exceedingly profitable to the owners, the number is constantly increasing. And New York is not by any means the only place where the necessity for this sort of reform exists. Our cities could, with great profit to themselves, indulge in similar movements.—*Washington Post.*

How to Speak to the Deaf.

The prevailing belief of those who have not associated much with deaf people is that to make them hear it is only necessary to raise the voice. This in most instances, is a complete mistake. Few men, and still fewer women, who are not professional vocalists, speak plainly when they speak with a loud voice, and hence it often happens that the victim of their kind efforts is in no way assisted in the task of understanding them, while all those who may be near are made aware of his misfortune. The proper way is to speak slowly and distinctly. To the deaf the recognition of sound exists, just as a near-sighted man has a perception of an object, only in one case as in the other, the outlines and divisions are uncertain and confused. As this is rarely understood, those who are troubled with deafness soon find that attempts at general social intercourse bring with them more discomfiture than pleasure, and the natural result is to force the sufferer into a kind of mental insolation.—There may be natures so strongly molded as not to be influenced by a separation from the small delights of social life, but in most cases it is productive of more or less active misanthropic opinions.

A Low Voice in Woman.

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an "excellent thing in woman."—Indeed, we feel inclined to go much farther than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth can procure, and yet if she lacks a low, sweet voice, she can never be really fascinating. How often the effect of beauty is rudely broken by coarse, loud talking. How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman whose tones, silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, fawning tones seem to betoken deceit and hypocrisy as invariably as the musical, subdued voice indicates genuine refinement. In the social circle how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady. In the sanctuary at home how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband. How sweetly its cadence floats through the sick chamber and around the dying bed; with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for the departing soul! Ah, yes, a low, soft voice is certainly "an excellent thing in woman."

Beautiful Incident.

A beautiful illustration of the sweetness and power of a child's simple faith is given in an incident related of the wreck of the new steamer "Massachusetts" on Long Island Sound. Among the many passengers were two mothers, each with a child, who were noticeable for their calmness during the hours of the greatest peril and anxiety, when it seemed as if the vessel must shortly go to pieces. A passenger from Philadelphia says his attention was first called to them by their voices in singing. Going toward them he "found a little boy standing there with his mother [illegible] E. and the little fellow was just joining with his mother in singing one of Moody and Sankey's hymns—a hymn of trust and confidence." As the hours passed on, mothers and children sat there together singing or conversing calmly, ready for whatever God had in store for them. They were fully aware of their danger, but their faith was unshaken in Him who said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee. * * * * Fear not, for I am with thee." And when rescue came, and the passengers were safely on another vessel, those same sweet voices were again heard, this time in a ringing strain of praise for their deliverance; and so powerful was their example over their fellow passengers, that there was quickly a gathering about them of those who were saved from impending death; and prayer, and songs of joy, and glad words of gratitude went up from one to another, until, as one says, "It was the best praise-meeting I ever attended." There, surely, was praise perfected out of the mouths of the little ones. And it is such trust as that which we may look for in the children of our homes and of our Sunday-schools, who are brought and trained to a confidence in the Lord Jesus as their all sufficient and their ever-present Saviour.—*Ex.*

[illegible] of Courage.

[illegible] it pays both, [illegible] is lost to [illegible] little [illegible] to their [illegible] are men, [illegible] ed in obscurity because [illegible] timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is that, in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through the best we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for 150 years, then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends that he has no more time left to follow their advice. There is so little time for their over-squeamishness at present, the opportunities slip away; the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.

The Epidemic of Bloodshed.

We are tired of bloodshed. We are tired of street bullies. We are tired of laws half enforced. We Charlotte *Observer* compares Cox, armed to the teeth to a violent beast at large on the streets of Atlanta, and asks why should not the authorities have restrained him. We know no reason save from fear of violating a custom so prevalent among pettifoging peace officers of first seeing a murder done before turning loose the law to protect the party. Why, we can call to mind in a certain town in this State two men, both dangerous, and breathing blood against each other who were allowed the utmost limit for murder, the curious standing tiptoe and watching for results, until an outsider sent word to the authorities and by special request had bloodshed prevented. We hear of the other day in a certain city two young men armed with pistols and eyeing as wild beasts, for each other on the streets, one proposing to kill the other because of his intervention in preventing a proposed elopement with a lady. It is said that an ex-judge happened present when the two met and with friendly hand knocked aside the pistols. It is clear that the guardians of the law are a notch below the sense of an order loving people in the loose and slatterly performance of their duties. This country is marching on. It has already reached a refinement that bushes at the use of the knife, the pistol, and the bludgeon [illegible] to just [illegible] majority to [illegible] not [illegible] age.—*Reidsville Times.*

Tired Mothers.

If there is any class of persons who need tenderness and encouragement it is the tired mothers; weary limbs, sad hearts and puzzled brains all attest to the fact. There ought to be special privileges granted to tired mothers as much as to invalids. Those who have passed through this trying ordeal know how to sympathize, know how to excuse many of the shortcomings of those who are passing through the narrow gateways, the thorny paths, the rough highways, where temptation holds high revelry, and the angel of peace sits in shadow.

Tired mothers! always anxious, scheming, planning and economizing how they can manage every detail of domestic life with least expense, for children are such a drain upon the resources of one's time, heart and pocket. Mothers doing double work, fribble work themselves, to save for this or that, until the nerves are strained and shattered to a degree unbearable to themselves, and particularly offensive to others. Let me entreat you, fathers and husbands, deal gently with the wife and mother; cheer and brighten her life by all the means in your power, for she needs your help in many ways, to buoy her up and sustain her, that she may be served with fresh vigor to impart to the little ones who are a constant strain upon her life and energies.

Pearls.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.

No one is more profoundly sad than he who is obliged to laugh.

Meanness is never so mean as when it smiles at another's woes.

Nowadays it is easier to believe in ghosts than in delicate feelings.

Beauty is no local deity, like the Greek and Roman gods, but omnipresent.

He who adopts a just thought, participates in the merit that originated it.

We cannot have fertilizing showers on the earth without a clouded heaven above. It is thus with our trials.

No man ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth, and kept aloof from idle companions.

You will sooner succeed in the difficult task of swallowing yourself than in escaping the consequences of a dishonest act.

In good society we are required to do obliging things to one another; in genteel society we are required only to say them.

What is the difference between hope and desire? Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit.

If we wish our children to revere high things—things simple and pure, and lovely, and of good report—we must set them the example.

Everybody has peculiarities which he cannot get rid of, and yet, how are frequently the cause of many failure.

If you do not wish to be exposed don't talk too much before your children. A child's mind is like a "Jack-in-a-box," once unlocked, it is all out in a minute.

Pebbles.

DON'TS FOR YOUNG MEN.

Don't follow subterfuge. Be fair, squarely dealing, candid and honest. You will find these your largest capital in trade and the only bases of enduring fame and prosperity.

Don't tie yourself to another man's coat-tail and let him do your own thinking for you, unless you want to be his tool.

Don't pin your faith to so called great men. You will find most of them very small as you approach them.

Don't think that the vices of great men are to be imitated. You will find that you will have vices enough of your own to occupy your attention.

Don't believe everything the women tell you. They like to say nice things—half of which they don't mean. It is a sort of privilege they claim and enjoy.

Don't try to court more than half a dozen women at once. You will find by experience that one will [illegible]

Don't love a woman and be afraid to tell her so. Look her right square in the eye, tell her so, and if she has any sense she will admire you the more for it.

Don't, if you are "kicked," interview the bar-keeper, get blind drunk, make an ass of yourself and show what a level head that girl had when she let you slide.

Don't visit your sweetheart more than seven times a week, nor stay more than six hours each time. She needs some time to eat and sleep and devote to domestic affairs. And you run the risk of boring her.

Don't, if you have a rival, speak disparagingly of him. Too to one, if your sweetheart is as sensible as she ought to be, it will lessen you in her estimation.

Don't think you can command the love of a sensible woman without commanding her respect, and you can't command her respect unless you are respected by others.