Six Months, \$1.00.

## NORTH-WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA--WE LABOR FOR ITS INTERESTS.

## NUMBER 51

cisco and left unclaimed in the Cur A Bear Hunters Luck. tom-house. The collection comprised We had been sitting at the foot of roots, bark, dried lizards and toads,

the tree for some time waiting for the snake-skin, unclassifiable herbs and a rest of the party to come up, when by lot of pills as large as baseballs.-The accident I cast my eyes up into the pills, which were the most remarkable tree, and to my surprise saw a beast thing in the collection, were, literally which at the first glance, I took to be speaking, gilt-edge and commonplace. a bear, but which turned out to be a The first, which were evidently insmall species of the panther, which is tended for the aristocracy of Jackson found in several parts of the moun- Street, were neatly rolled in war, and tains. I instantly told my companion artistically coated with gold-leaf. The to look up, and, after taking a look at other medicines, rolled, no doubt, for the animal, which did not appear to the uncultivated palates of the canaille be very aggressive, I took courage and of Cum Cook Alley, were innocent of said I would kill it with my rifle. ornamentation, and looked as tough Mannion was inclined to be a little as a Market Street cobble-stone. They more careful, and said that we had were marked in the inventory which better get out from under the tree, as accompanied the medicine chest as the beast might jump on us. This was "good for general debility," and probvery good advice, and I had got up ably were. On their general appearvery carefully so as not to frighten it ance they could be recommended as away, and, retiring to about two yards good for promoting anything from from the tree, cocked my rifle and took dyspepsia to apoplexy. Among the good aim, Mannion having agreed to medicines highly reccommended was reserve his fire in case my bullet did "a wasp's nest for pain in the back," about a common friend, when Butter- not take effect. After siming for a a prescription which can not but comconsiderable length of time I fired, and mend itself to any person who has mumps." "Sorry to hear it," replied the bullet, instead of striking the ani- observed the oharacteristics of the mal, struck the limb upon which it builders of the nest. A wasp's nest was sitting, and the only effect which properly applied to any part of the terby, without a blush, "there's no it had was to make the animal jump body would produce as much pain as out of the tree. Mannion saw the the most pachydermatous individual Post-office clerk-"Here! your let- body coming down and started to run, would want. For vertigo, the Celesbut stopped when he got about three tial authority recommended scrapings yards off and prepared to shoot. of deers' horns; for rheumatism, a Meanwhile the animal struck the quart of beiled water, made palatable ground on all fours and made a charge by a toad's skin and the teeth of a at me. Mannion thought that this snake; for every other kind of discase, sure, if I put another stamp on, won't was the time for him to shoot, and medicines equally ridiculous and sigsuch a thought of stopping because I .nificant of a hopeless condition of igwas directly between him and the norance. This condition is of necesanimal, did not occur to him, so he sity the one in which the "Chinablazed away, and struck me in the doctor" must be found, for of surgery Mr. George Macdonald, novelist, arm, breaking it just above the elbow, he knows nothing, and his pharmacowith a theological purpose, has done a where you see this bandage. The bul- peis would disgrace a Plute "medicine serial for the next volume of the Sun- let was not to be stopped by my arm, man." There is in this city only one however, but passed by and struck Chinaman who has any accurate The oil paintings in the Fales col- the panther in the side of the shoulder, knowledge of surgery and the Eurolection, now being sold at public sale making a deep flesh-wound. The pean methods of medical practice, the excited attitude of a man by the bound in the form of books, presents a in New York city, are bringing very of causing the animal to turn around ucated in a Dutch colony, and is capaand run away. This satisfied me with ble of writing a prescription in Latin. He is much sought after by his con trymen, who give a wide berth to the Chinese quacks so liberally patronised by white people. These quacks have not even the doubtful merit of having learned their craft in China, but are shrewd adventurers, who see in the credulity of our afflicted people the opportunity to grow rich. One of the the "Doctor," and the reporter was most successful of these impostors obliged to wait about an hour before was a fisherman, whom some white his turn came. To tide over the wait speculators set up in business and found to be a most profitable investhe conversed with the patients, and ment.-San Francisco Chroniele

WINSTON, FORSYTH COUNTY, N. C., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1881. "Because that day I had to go to the back door of the saloon to get beer in-

"One day at dianer Curran sat oppopromised? Would they miss hearing write their sentiments, as we know, site Lord Norbury, who was famous have been extremely various. The for his severity as a judge. 'Curran,' substances on which the ancient Rms- asked Norbury, 'is that hung beef besian manuscripts were written, fore you?' 'You try it, my lord, ' anwere of three kinds, parchment, swered Curran, 'and it's sure to be. ' " St. Louis has a handsome girl who made of linen rags. According to the has been fourteen weeks in a trance testimony of the Arabian writers of state, and it has been found that the The newspapers had said that she was the tenth century, the paraports, or only way to bring her out is to invite not an Italian, as her name implied, warrants of protection, and authority her to go to the theatre. Her father

> and say that?" asked Fred. Said Clara: "I'm telling you the truth, Fred : but I'd rather not look you in the face, Fred; indeed, I wouldn't. Mr. Easel, the artist, says we should avoid looking upon anything but the beautiful."

substance used in Russia for manu-There cannot be the least doubt but that the Russians obtained parchment of the orchestra, came those sounds so from Greece, long before the introducdear to the debutante, the sounds of a tion of Christianity into the country, market for them now."

P.O. C .- "It's teo heavy ; put another stamp on it."

it be heavier still?"

day Magazine.

felt that she was a brilliant vocalist. at a later date, but not frequently. Every eye was fixed upon her beauti- The cotton paper or bom basin on which

stead of the front door." The materials on which mankind have, in different ages, contrived to

taken his name, and on this evening presssion, "And they were inscribed she was to sing some English ballada. on bark." "And they "(the accounts) An hour before the opening of the "were kept on back" (1483). The doors the hall was besieged by eager Russian Imperial Library at St. Peterscrowds. And when at last they were burgh, among a large collection of flung open, the house was speedily various writing materials, exhibits some highly interesting specimens of

They were conversing the other day by said, "Poor fellow, he's got the Quilty; "can't he get anything for them?" "Well, no, " answered Bub

ter is overweight."

edicts of the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and the first half of the fourteenth centuries are written on parchment. This material is met with also

cotton paper, or bombasin, and paper but that she was an English lady, and, to travel, were written in Russia, on is beginning to think he'll let her stay in the trance a while next time. having been adopted by Signor Per- white bark. In the judicial acts of tolli, the emineat professor, she had the fifteenth century, we find the ex-"Can you look me in the face, Clara,

thorough English welcome. Signor for the treaties of the Russian Princes Pertolli had introduced his pupil and Oleg, Igor, and Sviatoslaf, were writ-

Pat-"Over what weight?"

Pat-"Och, git out wid yer foolin'

Art, Artists, and Literature.

adopted child, Miss Rose Pertolli. ten on that substance. It is possible, And Blind Bob, thinking of other also, that Novgorod, which was in times and forgetting what he then was, those times a flourishing commercial state in Russia, obtained it from the West, in their trade with the Hansa

selves, the conductor of the crchestra merchants, but whether parchment was ever manufactured or not in Ruseia, it is impossible to tell. All the

ancient Russian manuscripts and

they miss such a treat as had been the vocalist about whom so much had been said and written? Not they.

Evening came around. The heat

against one of the wings, and Bob,

who was a great lover of music, prom-

ised not to move. Soon, above the roar

And now the audience rettled them-

raised his baton, and the plaintive

notes of "Home Sweet Home," stole

softly through the house. Blind Bob

started violently, then his hands drop-

ped to his sides, and down his rugged

cheeks fell tear after tear. No sconer

did Miss Pertolli open her lips than all

clapped his hands heartily.

was most oppressive, but the public

cared not a straw for that. Would

Both father and daughter were very glad of it, and there they sat until darkness come over the country. Then Blind Bob, led by his daughter, went For some weeks the boardings had been covered with various colored "Rose," said Bob, after they had placarde, announcing that Miss Rose Pertolli would shortly make her first walked a little way, "it is a warm appearance before the English public. night. Shall wesleep under he hedge, as we have tefore? We shall save the little money we have, and on the mor-

row we shall get to London." "If you wish it, father; I am quite So it was decided, and in the long grass under a hedge crept Rose and her father. Poor Bob was ired and very soon he dropped off to sleep. Rose lay down, but for a very long timesh

was wide awake and looking athestarlit skies, thinking maybe of her mothfilled from door to ceiling. "You stand there, Bob, and you will this ancient material. But parcher. Soon, however, nature got the be able to hear all," said Tom Bing, ment appears to be the most ancient better of her, and she, too, slept. as he placed Blind Tom carefully

"Rose, my child! Rose, it is time to go, ian't it? It is daylight, isn't it, Rose?" Noanswer. "Rose," continued Bob as he

made no response.

Blind Bob started to ha feet, the

cold perspiration upon his brow ; his

breath came in mort, quick gasps, and

then, as if bursting from his very heart,

And the wood in front of him gave

back the echo. Rose ! Rose !" "Oh, my God!" he moaned, "where

can she be-where is my shild ? Rose!

At this moment a wagoner came

down the road and, seeing Bob franti-

"My child." replied Bob. "I have lost my child!" and he explained that

cally waving his hands, he asked :

"Well, mor what ails thee ?"

he shrieked, "Bese ! Rose !!

coppers. "Here, my dear, sit down

with your father and eat this"-plac-

ing a plate of meat in her hands-"and

you will be refreshed."

forth.

willing."

stretched out his hands on all sides. "Rose, my pet, where are you ? Rose?" Alas! the pretty voice of his child

"Here, father, by your side." "That's right, my dear; keep close,

wild roses, father. They are so beau-

"Aye, aye, my child. I dare say they are very beautiful, but these eyes can't see them. Let me touch it, my dear; let me smell it. Aye, it is very sweet, but it is not so sweet as my Rose-Not half so sweet. Come along, my

"Didn't you say we should come

but it seems a long way off."

Main Street, WINSTON, N. C. pet, and keep close." The speakers were proceeding along a country road in the eventing of what

Prompt a prompt and charges moderate. t House patrons a always K 0 Court and I prints NOLS north side ( his friends The latest p J' z. NHO FASHIONA w building HANT WINSTON, ĐĜ. MAN er 5 his H A sty  $\odot$ A (I) Z CENTRAL HOTEL. GREENSBORO, N. C. SEYMUOR STEELE, Prop'r. - \$1.50 PER DAY. TERMS. -Large Sample rooms, Omnibus and baggage wagon meets all trains.

Look not with suspicion on others Because at one time you were folled ; The world is too full of misgivings, With sin and deceit at is solled, Yet judge not too harshly the next one. Who may offer a friendly hand, Nor think of your past wrongs teo often But trust all as long as you can.

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tiful !"

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FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS TO ALL had been a broiling July day. One handed the child half a biscuit. wou can have at present. Eat that slowly, it will ease your hunger." a village before long, father ?" and see if you can see the spire of church in the distance." rias r Square, i with the on hav hands and looked shead.

Speak not in rough words to the fallen, Perchance they may yet rise again; Thou little dost know their temptations Thou little canst feel their heart's pain. Has spared you the griefs they have felt. Your heart should respond in thanksgiving,

WINSTON

May be gathered from seeming waste.

"Home, Sweet Home !'

### He looks at the motive within. Our life has its sweet and its bitter. And often the latter exceeds:

And pride in humility melt. There is much to offend the senses, There is much to disgust the taste;

God sees not, as man, but the outward.

## Yet our days might be made much brighter,

Yet often the best of material Tis not for us finites to measure Fo the depths of another's sin-

But e'en the fairest of gardens We still can discover some weeds.

If we only would try this place Of seeking to cover men's failings

## And trust all as long as we can.

# "Rose, my pet, where are you?"

### keep close." "I was only gathering one of those

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as a pretty, dark-haired, dark-eyed he and his Rese had been sleeping under the hedge, and she had suddenly maiden of some ten summers, the other disappeared The wagoner picked up was a man of about fifty years of age. the violin and the bow, which he Both were very poorly clad-indeed, they were almost in tatters. The man looked about on all sides, to the right carried in his left hand a bag which and to the left, but no child met his contained a violin and bow. In his

Rose!"

right was a small bundle, while upon eves. "She may have gone flower-gatherhis breast was a card, upon which was ing," said the wagoner. "She may," replied Bob. "I will written the one word, "Blind." Both of them had evidently traveled far that sit me down here and wait awhile." day for they were dust covered, and And sitdown he did, and tune after looked thoroughly worn out. The tune he pisyed, hoping that the sound child now obeyed her father's request, might each her ears: but hour after and kept close to him. Slowly they hour passed away, until a wayfarer walked along the road, until at last the informed him that night had again set man stopped, and, opening his bundle, in, and not until then did Bob rise and tofter off, muttering : "Here, Rose," he said, "this is all

"Lost! Lost! Nay, stolen-stolen in her sleep !".

had been traveling all over the country, but not one word did he hear of "Yes, my dear, I did. Look ahead, his lo tohild. Those who had known him in better times, when he was in the orchestras of the provincial thea-The girl shaded her eyes with her tres, took compassion upon him and

"Yes, father," she replied; "I do pers, both London and provincial, but just see a spire rising out of the trees, "No, it is not very far. Come, Rose take my hand ; we shall soon be there.' The poor child heaved a little sigh.

and, taking his hand, they once more proceeded. Before long they came to the village of Staunton, and the blind fiddler, for such he was, entered the Plough Inn and asked the landlord whether he should play him a tune in return for some refreshments. "And my little Rose shall sing you

a song," he said. The landlord, a big, burly fellow for whom music had no charms whatever, replied that he had no time to and after some alight refreshments he pay attention to such a thing ; but his entered one of the side streets and wife, catching sight of pretty, darkeyed Rose, pulled her husband roughly bringing forth his violin commenced

by the arm, saying : "Get out with you ! the child shall sing a song !" And the host of farm laborers mutterred an approval. "Here !" cried one of them, taking

Rose in his arms and heisting her on attire, and carrying a bag of tools, touched him on the shoulder saying to an enormous beer barrel. Stand thee there, lass, and let us hear thee cheerily : sing a song, and do thee sing well, and

"What, Bob, old friend ! Can it be we will give thee a copper." And. eally you?" Bob raised his face. again the men signified their approval. "I can't call your voice to mind," Blind Bob Barnet, he who before he went blind, had a good position in he said. "I don't suppose you can," returned

the provincial or hestra, raised his violin to his shoulder, and soon the the man. "But when I tell you that beautiful notes of "The Last Rose of my name is Tom Bing, perhaps you Summer" rang through the old build- will." Blind Bob held out his hand.

ing. Blind Bob was a capital player, "Tom Bing! Is it really? and even the hard-hearted landlord am glad to meet a friend." stared in astonishment. But he stared "And so am I, Bob. Lord ! it's years considerably more when little Rose since I last saw you." commenced to sing. She had a very "Aye, nigh upon twelve," returned

pretty voice, and well knew how to use it. Her audience listened very attentively until it was finished, then a collection was made, and Rose had several And how's the girl ?"

"I say, lass," said one of the men. "can thee sing 'Home, Sweet Home?"" "Be it ever no humble, there's no

place lize home," came softly and placed in Bob's hands. Then he tenderly from the lips of the vocalist, and no sooner had it left them than a most awful shrick ran through the house, and Blind Bob, holding out his arms, tottered on the stage, crying : "My child! my child! my Rose!

my child !" Miss Rose Pertolli dropped the music, and, rushing into the arms of Blind Bob, uttered but one word, "Father !" before she fell insensible at his feet. The orchestra had stopped, and the public were standing looking silently on the novel scene. Fortun-

ately the manager of the hall retained his presence of mind, and while Blind Ten years passed away. Blind Bob Bob was bending over his newly found child and frantically kissing her the curtain dropped. After a few moments, Signor Pertolli came forward,

apologized, and stated that with their permission Miss Rose Pertolli would appear later on. At the expiration of a week, the inserted advertisements in many papublic were made acquainted with no replies came. Bob's hair had the particulars of the scene at Royal changed from brown to pure white, Concert Hall. They were as follows: his form was bowed, and it took him On the night when Blind Bob and a long time now to walk a mile. But Rose lay under the hedges some gipeverywhere he went he was greeted sies had passed, and seeing Rose and with great respect. All took compas- thinking that she would be a source of sion upon the poor old man, and they profit to them, they quietly enveloped considered his feelings, for never once her in a sack, and, despite her strugdid they mention the name of his gles carried her off. In one of their child. Well, as we have said, ten vans they kept her for some weeks, years had passed away and July had and eventually she was brought for h sgain come round. This year Bob de and compelled to join them in their

"entertainment." But Rose pined termined to try his luck in London, and fretted to such an extent after her and with that intention he set off, and worked his way, little by little, to the father that they began to get alarmed, and the gipsies, to stop this, caused great city. Eventually, he arrived in Picoadilly, letter to be forged which announced

her father's death. After two years with these gipsies, Rose made her escape, and after traveling first to one to play. But poor old Beb did not get place and then to another she fell in as much as he would have got outside with the manager of one of the provinone of the country inns, and he was cial theatres. Liking her appearance, he took her in hand, and introduced proceeding to return his instrument to its place when a man in mechanic's her on the stage, where she appeared in pantomime. Now, it so happened that she was allotted a singing part, and at one of the performances Signor Pertelli was present. He made inquiries respecting her, and eventually paid a sum of money to the manager to cancel her engagements and

hand her over to him. On his return to Italy, a month after, he took Rose with him, educated her and some years after introduced her to an American audience. Then, as we have seen, he brought her to England. Sig-Well. nor Pertolli knew the whole of her history, and he endeavored to find out whether her father was really dead,

but failed. Blind Bob lived for many years to Bob, "soon after I lost my sight." enjoy the society of his daughter, who "Yes, I recollect. Ah, that was a bad job, Bob! I heard about the soon made a great name in England. death of your poor wife, poor thing. She had plenty to do at her various engagements; but, nevertheless, she

No sooner did the words leave Tom always found time to sing to her Bing's lips than Blind Bob, uttering father; and of all her songs no other delighted him

Sweet Home."

thick, solid material. Before using, it was usually smoothly polished by

scripts and edicts.

Paper-making in Russia.

the scribe, with a tooth or similar instrument. Many of the ancient Russian documents are written on bom- in the Strand in one hour, on the day they appeared. basin, as, for instance, the treaty be-Both daughters of the late Doctor tween Simon the Proud the first Grand

Holland have talent for drawing, the Prince of all the Russias, with his brothers, in 1841, and also his will in 1353. The oldest book of bombasin contained in the Imperial library their father, who, in his youth, dates from the year 1871. Paper made drew a great deal. of linen rags appeared in Russia likewise in the fourteenth century, con-

sequently about this time, it became known in Western Europe; Karsonize, the historian, remarks that paper made of rags was in sucient times obmother.

tained through the medium of the Germans. In 1554, England first came into contact with Russia, when a chartered company was formed, invested with the exclusive privilege of trade with that country. Among the early exports, paper is mentioned; it was

probably obtained for the first book printed in Russia "Acts of the Apostles, " which appeared in Moscow in 1564. It is supposed that the manufacture of paper in Russia was not introduced until the reign of the Czar

Alexsy Mishailovich, or Fedor Alexavitch (1645-1876). The manufacture of the finer sorts of writing paper and letter paper in Russia dates from the reign of Alexander who when in England in 1815, invited an English paper manufacturer to Russia, who constructed, at Peterhoff, near St. Petersburgh the so-called Government Peterhoff paper mill, for which all the necessary machinery was obtained from this country. This was the first mill in which machinery was en ployed in paper-making in Russia, and served as a model for private manufacturers. Not less than 70,000

reams of paper of all sorts, particularly the finer qualities, were made here yearly, the coarse kind being abundantly furnished for the trade by the inland manufacturers. The Government mill employed at the time of its prosperity eight hundred workmen, chiefly supplied from the foundling hospital. It was given up by the Oovernment, with other manufacturing establishments, some thirty years ago. It is note-worthy that since its foundation, the manu-

facture of paper in Russia has been, to great extent, under the superintendence of English managers, and the machinery is generally imported from that country. One of the largest private mills, the Neffsby paper mill, near Et. Petersburgh was originally found-

All Sorts. Borrowing a hint from the Senate. 'eneral le sinner-" If we're really going to have an experience meetin' an' confess our sins, I move we clear the

great sale in London. Fifty copies of hunting, for years, and we returned Mr. Rossetti's poems are having a home the next day. both volumes were sold from one shop

> Chinese Quacks in San Francisco. In the consultation room half a

younger, Miss Kate Holland, exhibidozen anxious white patients were ting the greater. It is inherited from awaiting an opportunity to consult The erratic Whistler's picture at the

Academy of the Fine Arts is attracting great attention. It is entitled "An was much surprised at their credulity. Avrangement in Black and Gray," One man was unmistakably in an adand is a striking portrait of the artist's vanced stage of consumption, but he had the utmost confidence in the abil-

larged edition of "The Land of the White Elephant" appeared very recently, is already at work on a new ediwould see him perfectly cured, or whether he should patiently wait two tion containing further changes and weeks longer for a renewed lease of life. Another poor fellow was a

The name of Mr. Millais appears as victim of cancer, but his faith in the one of four from which a selection will be made by the Academie des Beaux- virtue of Chinese nostrums was unbounded. After the incurables had Arts to fill up the foreign membership received the mental comfort of which they were in search, the reporter was admitted to the "Doctor's" presence,

and found an aged and very ill-favored the daily newspaper read by Charles Chinaman. Much profitable intercourse with credulous and ignorant white people had filled him with an increased contempt for our people, which he took little trouble to conceal. He felt the reporter's wrists and gave his diagnosis at once. "You liva bad," said he, abruptly; "you takee me tea-allee same, well soon-ten dollar a week." many of the letters, as they are in pri-

my liver that pains me. It's my ear." vate hands. This remark was a cold blooded at-The painting of the Cliffs of St. Le tempt to discomfit the "Doctor," but rant, Cornwall, by William T. Richards, sold for \$2500 at the Chicago Exit failed lamentably. He merely cast position. This has been the most a look of pity on the reporter, and profitable art exhibition ever held in explained in villainous English that that city, and the character of the impaired action of the liver was alwork sold indicates a growing taste in ways denoted by a violent earache. In fact, no worse symptom could be art.

manifested than a pain in the ear, for Mr. Julian Hawthorne's new novel "Fortune's Fool, " will be begun in it was an indication that the disease the December number of Macmillon's had, as it were, extended its ramifica-Magazine. Professor Masson contrib- tions through the entire system. utes the first of a series of papers on "Bym-by," said the Celestial healer, "you livee di up alle same powda." "Thomas Carlisle's Edinburgh Life" to the new number of that periodical. The mosaics designed for the enrichwas much edified by the assurance ment of the dome of the Pantheon, Paris, the execution of which has occu- that he was the victim of the reprehensible habit of sleeping on his back. pied nearly four years, will very shortly be completed so far as regards one of the pictures ; but the artists employed do not expect to finish their work in less than three years and a haif.

decision if he had slept on the top of The first volume of the " Memoires of Lucien Bonaparte, which is being his head for sixty years. He had made up his mind that the reporter's edited by Colonel Jung, will bring the blood had stagnated round the reportwork down to 1800, when Lucien went as Ambassader to Spain. The er's torpid liver during the unconscisecond treats of the period from his de- ous hours of indulgence in the bad parture from Spain to his arrival at habit of snoring on his back. Equally Rome; the third will close with his inflexible was the medical man with regard to his fee-"\$10 a week, pay me, death in 1840.

It is stated that the impatiently ex- me cu you," which was an Asiatic pected Talleyrand "Memoirs' The reporter was not prepared sist for the most part of an informal cept the terms, and with a false promdiary, written up by the Prince from ise to come next day and quaff of the day to day. The heavy labor of edit-Mongolian elfxir he departed. ing was practically completed by M. Further inquiry elicited the inforde Bacourt before his death. They mation that these Asiatic impostors will probably not see the light for at whose methods have been described least five years. do a most profitable business with A commission for a life-size statue white patients. "You would be surprised," said a of Lafavette has been given to J. Q. A. well-known American physician, ing oats :"The seeds of this are sold at Ward by Mr. John P. Howard, of Burlington, who preposes to present people who patronize these Chinese curiosity. Each grain covering has a it to the University of Vermont. The quacks. It is no ancommon thing to long, bent bristle, or own, and with see handsome carriages drive up to every change, whether to dry or damp, from the fact that Lafayette was pre-

The reporter earnestly inquired the

She walked into an "L" car, laden with bangles and wearing an India ity of the quack to restore him to shawl. She said :- "As there are po health. He was waiting to know gentlemen in this car I suppose I whether the end of another week must stand." No one gave her a seat .

Chromo-Lithography.

Many people look upon chromo lithography as being a mere handl craft which no skill or ingenuity can ever elevate to the dignity of an art. Whilst yet unwilling to allow that chromo-lithography is not an art, it is far from our purpose here to enter into any argument on the subject. We may, however, claim that the process presents a means for educating the opular tastes, and is so calculated to raise and foster a love of the beautiful and artistic in nature-thus constitu ing itself one of the component part of a recognized art.

As but few of our readers are probe bly conversant with the manner in which pictures are reproduced, we may state, for their edification, that the "But." said the reporter, "it isn't chromo frequently passes through the press twenty or thirty times before (t

a complete. The number of impressions does not necessarily indicate the number of colors in a painting, because the colors are frequently multiplied by combinations created in the process of printing, sometimes as many as a hundred distinct shades are produce with but twenty-five stones. The last impression is made by an engraved stone, which produces a reser to canvas, essential in the finest spe mens, if the chromo is to be a peri imitation of an oil painting. The work requires great skill and judgcause of his alleged misfortune and ment at every stage. The production of a fine chromo requires several nonths of careful preparation. The He tried to combat the charge by afprocess of coloring demands a knowledge which artists have hitherto alfirming that he had slept in a straightmost exclusively monopolized ; and, backed chair for sixteen years, but the in addition, it is also essential for the "Doctor" would not reconsider the artist to possess the printer's practical familiarity with mechanical details. "Drying" and "registering" are as important branches of the art of making hromos as drawing and coloring. The lifference of a hair's breadth in chromo-lithography would spoil a picture, for it would hopelessly confuse the

> colors. Having passed through the press, the print is emboased and varnished

ed by an Englishman.-Ex.

galleries, close our doors and go into executive session." Governor Boberts, of Texas, says he

would walk rather than ride on

Mr. Frank Vincent, Jr., whose ensome additions.

left vacant by the death of Herr Stracke, the Berlin architect The essay on the American brand of

Dudley Warner before the Social Science Association comes out in minion size from the shops of James R. Osgood & Co. It is a vest pocket essay. Towards the close of the present year it is hoped that the work of printing the letters of Peter the Great will be commenced. Some difficulty is being experienced in collecting

sell at the very bottom price as we do not intend to be undersold. Give us a trial before buying elsewhere. Donot Forget we are on the Corner. April 19th-19. LOOK HERE If you want Law Blanks, If you want Ball Tickets, If you want Programmes, If you want Letter Heads, If you want Bottle Labels, If you want Auction Bills, If you want Calling Cards, If you want Address Cards, If you want Address Cards, If you want Check Books, If you want Shipping Tags, If you want Business Cards, If you want Caution Notices, If you want Wedding Cards, If you want Wedding Cards, If you want Invitation Cards, If you want Business Circulars, If you want Job Printing of any description, done in a most satisfactory meanner, you can satisfy your wants by calling at or addressing the LEADER office, Winston, N. C.

a groan of despair, let his violin "Yes, sir;" replied Rose, "if my father will play it. But he don't like with a crash to the pavement. me to sing that because \_\_\_\_." "Hist, child !" whispered Blind Bob, bear it." we have nothing to get a lodging. Sing it, Rose." And once more Bob Bob?" raised his violin to his shoulder, and this time struck up the plaintive air of "Home, Sweet Home." Then Rose commenced to sing ; but no scener did she get to the line, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," than Blind Bob let the bow glide off his instrument, and, sinking on a stool. burst into tears. "Oh, don't father," cried Rose, leaplittle sims about his neck: "I won't from the ball until after the concert, sing any more." "What sils thee, man ?" asked one of the laborers. "Oh, sir, he never sings that," said Rose, because it puts him in mind of mamma. That was mamma's song be-fore she died, oh, ever so long !" 

"Don't !" he cried, "I can't! I can't! "Why, you don't say she's dead, "No, no. Worse, worse !" "Worse! How on earth-but come, Bob take hold of my arm. I am off to the Royal Concert Hall. I am still stage carpenter. Come along, and let me hear all about it as we go along. I am sorry to see you still street playing; but that don't matter to me. I can give you food and shelter for a few days. I shan't be able to get away that you are all right. It's a grand night there to night, Beb ; some new lady from America going to sing. She has a magnificent voice, l've heardway, but you know better than I what music is. So if you stop you

railroad pass. Well, unless the railroad pas had something faster than Long John's Advice. a Texas mule to draw it, don't know but what anyone would prefer to Long John Wentworth tells a story about his stopping at a hotel in New walk. York one night, and being kept awake by a man pacing the floor in the room above. Occasionally he would hear a moan of anguish, and he went up there, like a good Samaritan, to see it pay it." he could not relieve the sufferer. "My friend," said Long John, gazing sympathetically at the haggard face of the stranger, "What can I do for you? Are you ill ?" "No." "What ails you, then ?" "I have a note for \$10,000 coming it eats. " iue to-morrow, and haven't a nickle to pay it with." "Oh, pshaw," said Long John, "go to bed and let the other fellow do the walking."

In a recent case, Chief Justice Chapman observed that "experience is not sufficiently uniform to raise a presumption that one who has the means of paying a debt will actually in a garden. The little sister says to pertinency of such a statue there arises her little prother, " which would you rather be, a little flower or a little bird?" The young man, after a minute's reflection, " A little bird-because Proof positive: A small boy testi- But when the contemptible owner fied in an Austin Justice's Court that whistled to the dog as he was half "How do you know it was Sunday ?" | suddenly to go back, I grew mad."

sent when the foundation stone of that institution was laid. "No," said Jones, "I didn't mind ble than in Tar Flat, though you contact with one another, and as the having the dog run between my legs. the affray took place on a Sunday. through and made him turn round of Ohlnese medicines which had been "How do you know it was Sunday?" suddenly to go back, I grew mad."

and is then ready for sale at a pri which gives the average buyer but a faint idea of the labor, skill and sime which has been consumed in its production. The American Agriculturist in its October number, has the following curious item about Lewiston, or travel were I to tell you the names of the the seed stores to be cultivated as a their doors, and I know that their each one begins to twist or untwist ; practice on Nob Hill is more profita- the bent portions cross and come in would think that ignorance would be motion goes on, a jerk takes place, and the characteristic of their victims." the oats are thrown to a distance of The physician exhibited a quantity several inches. In a succession of dry warm nights these onto will