THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

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April 19-1y.

Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

Two brown heads with laughing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet white all wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue:
Little girl and boy were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of green willows fringed the banks;
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller—most a head;
She, with eyes like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
As they loitered, half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

"Fraidie Katie," Willie said—
And there came a flash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, as I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall only carry half;
And then, tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as wolf as girls.
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much after all;
And when, long years from that day
Katie Lee and Willie Gray,
Stood again beside the brook
Beaming like a shepherd's crook—

It is strange that Willie said—
While again a flush of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
"I am strong—but you are weak,
Life is but a slippery steep
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

"Will you trust me, Katie dear—
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your troubles up the hill?
And she answered with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Down beside the little brook,
Bent like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands
Lake and hasty at the sands,
Is a village, where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Gray.

In the porch she sits, and by
Swinging a basket to and fro—
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone,
This is long, and deep, and wide,
And has rockers on the side!

What is a Wife?

The pretty school teacher, for a little diversionment, had asked her class for the best original definition of "wife," and the boy in the corner had promptly responded "a rib."

She looked at him reproachfully, and nodded to the boy with dreamy eyes, who seemed anxious to say something.

"Man's guiding star and guardian angel," he said in response to the nod.

"A helpmeet," put in a little flaxen-haired girl.

"One who soothes man in adversity," suggested a demure little girl.

"And spends his money when he's flush," added the incorrigible boy in the corner.

There was a pall, and the pretty dark-eyed girl said slowly:

"A wife is the envy of spinsters."

"One who makes a man hustle," was the next suggestion.

"And keeps him from making a fool of himself," put in another girl.

"Some one for a man to find fault with when things go wrong," said a sorrowful little maiden.

"Stop right there," said the pretty school teacher. "That's the best definition."

Later the sorrowful little maiden sidled up to her and asked:

"Aren't you going to marry that handsome man who calls for you nearly every day?"

"Yes, dear," she replied, "but with us nothing will ever go wrong. He says so himself."—Selected.

Woman.

We, distinguished by virtue, learning and mental elevation, woman is the gesture of our weary hours, the spirit that, when the toils of business are over, gives us smiling pleasure, and creates in us the capability of future exertions; as a mother, she is the centre of the domestic circle, as a wife the protector of our existence, and the cheering creature to whom we can fearlessly unbosom ourselves. By woman our wants are anticipated, our pleasures extended, our hopes of future bliss strengthened; and without her divine influence our present existence would be too irksome for protracted endurance. In our defence she is the first to come forward—the last to leave us; in our adversity she is ever the angel of comfort and the inspirer of all that is pleasing and cheerful. She is like the morning and evening star of our destinies, and feels no pleasure in aught that is not mixed up with our individual tastes.—Selected.

A Hundred Years to Come.

Wouldn't you like to live until the year A. D. 2000, just to see the people and the world generally? Who knows but you might. If you observe the laws of health, and keep the Stomach, Liver and Bowels in full action. The best medicine known for this is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are small, sugar coated granules, but powerful to cure; produce no nausea or griping; easy to take, and a sure cure for billiousness constipation, headache, and diseases produced by an inactive liver. A convenient vest-pocket remedy.

Cargo of Slaves Drowned.

LONDON, May 1.—A dispatch from Zanzibar brings news of the drowning of 120 slaves by the capsizing of an Arab dhow in which the captives were being conveyed south of Madagascar.

AS TO THE PAY OF OUR POETS

The Price of Some of the Productions of the Later Verse-Writers—Figures which are Apt to Surprise.

Lord Tennyson died a rich man. How rich no one yet knows, but if he left a fortune of $1,000,000 and over it would surprise no one. His early publishers Messrs. Strahan & Co., paid him, Mr. George W. Smalley writes from London, $20,000 a year for the privilege of publishing his poems, and a royalty besides, which was above the conventional 10 per cent. paid to most authors. It is fair to suppose that he changed his publishers to his profit and that the Messrs. Mac Millan paid him during recent years in which they were his publishers a still larger sum, which may readily have reached, with royalties and other returns, $40,000 to $50,000 annually. He was paid by the Fifteenth Century $1,575 for the "Revenge" Good Words paid him twenty guineas, or about $105 a line for one of the worst poems he ever wrote, and twenty years before he received $50 a line from an ambitious publisher. Yet down to the issue of his collected works, forty-four years before his death, he had obtained next to nothing for his poems during a period in which he had produced "Maud" and "In Memoriam," and his first assured income came from the familiar two volume edition in which so many of his generation first read his poems. It was in the sting of straitened resources after the loss of his personal fortune and before his poems yielded him a revenue that he accepted the pension of $1,000 a year which he continued to receive up to the time of his death.

Early neglect followed by later riches has been no unusual lot among the poets of the century. Longfellow, who received $12 for "Excelsior," $20 each for the "Goblet of Life" and "To the River Charles," and $25 for the "Wreck of the Hesperus," lived to receive $1,000, $20 a line, for the "Hanging of the Crane" "I wish," he wrote in 1840 of the $10,000 a year made by N. P. Willis, "that I made ten hundred." Down to 1852, $2,800, he records, was the largest sum he had received in any one year from his pen, and this was after he had published "Evangeline," perhaps his most popular poem. Yet when he died he left an estate of $356,200. Whittier has just left $200,000, though for his earlier poems he received nothing. Lowell, on the other hand, published his first poems at his own expense, and to the end his income from them was small; and it was only in the closing ten or fifteen years of his life that Browning, who had a similar experience with his first volume, received anything from his poems.

The enormous increase in the number of readers in this century has undoubtedly added to the gains of the average and mediocre writer. It has, too, given genius a reward it has never before had, but the returns of popular poets were as great half a century, a century, or even two centuries ago as now. No author of the last half of the century has approached the $1,500,000 Scott earned with his pen. For one novel he was paid at the rate of $252 a working day. The "Lost Minstrel" he sold for $3,946.50, "Marmion" for $3,000, and the "Lady of the Lake" for $10,500. Byron began where he closed, with $20,000 for "Childe Harold," $15,000 for "Don Juan," "Lalla Rookh," a few weeks' work, was sold in advance for $15,750, and Moore received $15,000 for "Irish Melodies" Campbell, comparatively unknown, received $15,000 for the "Pleasures of Hope," though Burns, less fortunate, was paid $100 for the first Kilmarnock editions of his poems—single copies of which sell for far more—and $3,500 for the second edition. Poe, who sold the "Raven" for $20, never had the good fortune to see a second edition of his poem wanted.

Earlier English poets did as well—commercially speaking—as the brilliant group which opened the century. Dryden's "Virgil" brought him $6,000, and Pope's "Homer" $10,000; Gray, it is true, received only $200 for his poems, but this was due to his prejudice against making money with his pen, and the "Elegy," which he gave to Dodesley, brought the publisher $5,000 in profits. John Gay made $8,250 out of the "Beggar's Opera," and $5,000 out of its successor "Polly;" Goldsmith, it is true, only received $500 for the "Traveler," $500 for the "Deserted Village," but this was due to lack of any business ability in driving the bargain; while the $75 paid Milton for "Paradise Lost," is a classic example of the unrewarded genius, though the same public made Byron rich with the profits of his work.

English authors have in the main been better paid than those on the Continent. Few countries, like Norway, pension a poet as Ibsen has been, or, as in Hungary, provide a residence and income by the gifts of friends, as has been done for Moriz Jokai, the Hungarian poet. Schiller has been paid $450,000 in copy-rights, but he only received $14,500 from 1794 to 1805. Goethe was paid by one publisher, Cotta, $122,750 in his lifetime, and his heirs received as much more after his death. Chateaubriand was paid $90,000 for his collected works, and Lamartine $9,000 for "Fall of an Angel," and $10,0000 for history; but while French novelists and journalists get better pay than English, the French poet receives in general less.—Philadelphia Press.

In a Whale's Belly.

A correspondent who says that he once spent three-quarters of an hour in a whale's belly thus relates the strange adventure: The good ship Europe, on which I sailed as cabin boy, was anchored off the Lower California. We had taken a number of whales and were at work trying the oil out of the blubber cut from the whales lying along-side. To get the fat inside the whales we were cutting off the ends of two or three ribs and hoisting them up from the whale's body.

This left an opening large enough for a person to crawl into the whale and strip off the fat, which was sent on deck in buckets. We were short handed, and the captain told me to go down into the whale and strip off the fat. Boy-like, I jumped at the chance.

I had not been at work long before I heard one of the sailors sing out: "Pull the boy out of the whale. The tackle falls are stranding."

I had a small "monkey rope" tied around my waist. The other end was on the vessel's deck. At the sailor's cry the captain jumped and grabbed it to pull me out, but it was too late. The tackle fall snapped in two, the ribs closed together, and I, like Jonah of old, was shut up in a whale's belly.

When the ribs came together, they closed upon a taggle or pin used on the tackle. This pin had come out and caught between the ribs. Through it a small hole for reeving a rope had been bored, and solely by means of this hole, which enabled me to breathe, my life was saved.

All was confusion on the ship's deck. The men dared not use their sharp cutting spades to make another incision for fear of injuring me. The tears were rolling down old Captain C——'s face.

One of the men jumped on the whale, and I shouted through the hole in the toggle that I was all right. Then there was great rejoicing. The old captain jumped on the whale himself, and with a small sheathknife cut away at the flesh until he came to my body.

Great care had to be exercised not to disturb the toggle, for they knew I was breathing through it. At length the hole was large enough for me to crawl through, and I came on deck, sick and weak from my experience.—Youth's Companion.

Even Children Must Work.

It is a old saying that half of the world lives on the earnings of the other half, and we believe it is not far from true.

Not only should every man and woman have some regular employment to occupy their time but even the children should be taught to work, and if the older folks would only exercise some patience every day in showing them how to do little things, they would be astonished to see how quick the little ones would learn and become interested. It is natural for them to feel proud of anything that looks like they are of importance.

Froebel says the children learn too much of the uniform and formless and too little work; although the learning by work is immeasurably more impressive and comprehensible, and causes a more living, continuous development in itself and in the children. There is no child, and later no boy and youth, whatever may be his rank or position, who should not daily devote at least one or two hours in earnest activity to the production of some outside work.

Of course it would be unwise to overlook the education of the youth. The proper step is to educate both hand and mind as they grow up. Some writer has said that the present home education as well as the school education, leads the child into bodily inactivity and laziness in respect to work; an immense amount of human power remains thus undeveloped and an immense amount wholly lost.

On the other hand it would not do at all to be too demanding upon their tender years and make it a burden to them, for whatever they might be called upon to do, would soon become distasteful, and they would be tempted to practice various methods to avoid what otherwise could have taught a pleasure.

Give the little folks a part of the home problem to bear, and they will be happier, wiser and better.—Newbern Journal.

The Good Old Times.

"Then times were good,
Merchants cared not a rush
For any other fare,
Than Johnny cake and mush."

But now times have changed, and the plain and simple fare of the forefathers is done away with. Patent flour, and high seasoned food, and strong drinks, have taken its place, and, as a result, dyspepsia, impure blood, and diseases of the stomach, liver and lungs are numerous. This great change has led one of the most skillful physicians of the age to study out a remedy for those modern diseases, which he has named his "Golden Medical Discovery." Dr. Pierce in this remedy has found a cure for Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, in its early stages, and "Liver Complaints."

"I may not be renowned," said the barber, "yet all of my clients take their hats off to me."—Indianapolis Journal.

A CYCLONE AT OXFORD.

OXFORD, N. C., SWEPT BY A FEARFUL STORM.

Fifteen Large Builings Demolished—Other Property Destroyed—One Person Killed and Others Badly Injurod—The Damage $54,000.

OXFORD, N. C., May 3.—A cyclone struck Oxford about 5 o'clock this afternoon, destroying considerable property. It took out both ends of the large Miner Warehouse and blew down a partition of Leach's livery stables near by.

It then struck the three-story prize house of W. J. Boykin, completely wrecking it. Mr. Boykin and his assistant, Mr. J. A. Long, with five hands escaped with a few bruises, which is miraculous. The building was full of leaf tobacco. The building was owned by Mrs. R. O. Gregory, the three-story prize house close by, was badly damaged.

The next building demolished was Norman Burwell's prize house, occupied by J. F. White, and full of tobacco.

A 17-year-old colored boy by the name of Cousins was buried beneath the ruins and killed, and a large crowd set to work removing the debris and found his body.

It blew down the three-story brick Hicks tobacco factory which was not running and the loss is heavy to machinery. It also demolished the three-story prize house of Mrs. Lewis Smith, which was empty. The residence of Mr. Zack Lyon was badly damaged, blowing out all the windows and doors. No one was hurt.

Near town it took up a two room house, occupied, and set it down two hundred yards away injuring no one.

RALEIGH, May 3.—Though the cyclone struck Oxford this afternoon, definite news of it couldn't be had until after midnight, owing to trouble with the wires.

Fifteen buildings were wrecked, one man killed, four men badly hurt and one negro fatally injured. The track of the storm was 150 yards wide and passed through the Western part of the town near the Oxford and Clarksville depot, where there were several large wooden tobacco prize houses, which were wrecked, as was also Adams' tobacco warehouse and some dwellings.

The approximate loss is as follows: R. A. Gregory, $9,000; W. J. Boykin, $5,000; T. N. Burwell, $4,000; J. F. White, $3,000; Hicks' tobacco factory, $9,000; Miner's tobacco Warehouse, $3,000; Mrs. L. G. Smith, $3,000; S. W. Parker, $5,000; W. R. Taylor, $4,000; Lyon & Day, $6,000; R. W. Lassiter, $2,000.

The small damages are too numerous to mention. R. O. Gregory and W. J. Boykin held a tornado policy and were fully insured.

The cyclone struck Greystone, near Henderson, and wrecked several houses. It there badly injured three persons.

Henderson escaped injury. A quantity of forest leaves and bark fell in this city from a great distance in the air, but there was no storm.

The Governments Pay for Drinks.

"A man in Texas, near the boundary of Mexico, went into a barroom and ordered a drink. In payment he threw down an American dollar. Not having any small coins, the bar-keeper made change by handing over a Mexican dollar. In the course of a few days the man was across the border in Mexico, where he likewise purchased a drink, throwing down the Mexican dollar and receiving as change an American dollar. I cite this as a little problem for the gentlemen of the clubs to ponder over. After several months' study myself, I have reached the conclusion that neither barkeeper lost by the transaction and that the man who purchased the drinks gained 20 cents, one-half of which came from the government of Mexico and the other from the United States. In other words, the two governments purchased the man's liquor.

"A traveler who recently returned from Havana informs me that he can take $1,000 in American gold to that city and receive for it $1,150 in Spanish silver, and after spending $110, can receive for $1,040 the sum of $1,000 in American silver. Gentlemen who are so fortunate as to possess the requisite gold should adopt this method when they go to Havana. It might be worth while to take the jaunt to get away from the 'grip' and lay in a stock of cigars.—North Carolinian.

The Impudence of the Trust.

Trusts are impudent and dictatorial. The American Tobacco Company is trying to compel dealers in Winston to refuse to handle Winston cigarettes, but we are glad to say that we have not heard of one dealer so subservient and unpatriotic as to bend to that trust's desires. The new cigarette factory in Winston deserves the encouragement of our people and is getting it. The impudent American Tobacco Company may as well understand that our people own their own souls and bodies.—Winston Sentinel.

Hon. Hannis Taylor, of Alabama, recently app[illegible] Minister to Spain, is a n[illegible] this State.

Prescription for Distemper in Horses.

The following prescription was given me by a skillful Veterinarian some years ago, when I had a fine young horse with a bad case of distemper, and a large running abcess on his throat. Its use was so quickly successful in curing the distemper that it should be generally known:

1st. Two ounces of chlorate of potash in a pailful of water, and give him all he will drink.

2nd.	Powdered opium	1 ounce.
3rd.	" aloes	1 "
4th.	" rhubarb	1 "
5th.	" nitrate potash	4 "
6th.	" sulphur	3 "

Mix all well and put a tablespoonful of the powder well back on the tongue four times a day. Put flaxseed meal in his drinking water. Keep the abscess open and well washed. W. E. MASSEY.

The Central Christian Advocate joins in the growing cry, down with the saloons, and arraigns the saloon for its infamy: "What is there that is vile that is not found in the lowest saloons? Vice of all kinds resorts there, lodges there, stalks there every hour. Houses of ill fame are intimately associated with them; all crimes and all forms of criminals are harbored there. There you may find the thief, the murderer, the pander, the assassin, the anarchist, the plotter against the home. No form of infamy, no sort of vice can be found that does not frequent the saloon. It broods all kinds of sin, it is fraught with all forms of iniquities, it hatches out every day a vile brood of monstrous offenses against the home, against the public health, against peace, law, order, morals, and righteousness. Its progeny is fraught with peril to all the interests of society. Profanity, indecency, Sabbath desecration, infidelity, murder, theft, disease, fraud, assailment of public order, and scores of other offenses, are the vile spawn of the saloon. It is fertile in evil things, prolific in vileness, it teems with vice! Especially in view of the influence of the saloon in municipal government the motto of all men and women, regardless of party affiliations, should be, Down with the saloon!"

"We have got to make allowance every day in the year, and I am growing to feel it more and more," said James Whitecomb Riley to a Cincinnati Times-Star reporter. "Manners and polish are often too far from what the man really is. Suppose you see a man eating with his knife; now people will keep away from him though his heart is as big as his fist. He will have to keep close to nature and to God as the only things that don't spit at him.

"I was associated for a week with Josh Billings. Now, I thought to myself, what a pity that such a good-hearted fellow should wear his hair long just for effect. I didn't say anything, but one day after a particularly big dinner, I guess I was particularly dull, and my friend began to nod. Finally his head fell backwards a little on one side. I saw on his neck a birthmark, a great, ugly, grisly lump that usually was carefully hidden by his hair. Then I felt I had wronged him, but I never spoke of it. People who knew him will remember that he always stroked his hair in a certain way with his left hand. It was one of his characteristic motions. He was thinking of his mark and keeping it from sight. That taught me a lesson, I assure you."

The Presbyterian arraigns the saloon after this true-blue fashion: "The saloon has nothing to commend it. Its social feature is a cheat and delusion. It is a curse, and nothing but a curse. It is inimical to our best interests. It wars against the home, the Church, and the community. It blights and curses all who follow it as a means of living, all who patronize it as a pleasure resort, and all who frequent it for the gratification of tastes which it has created and developed. It deserves no recognition from the order-loving and the man-loving. It should be legislated out of existence. It should be hated, despised and spurned by all who feel its demoralizing effects. The State should declare it a foe to good citizenship; the Church should anathematize it. We would have better politics, safer homes, purer civilization, more orderly society, and more frequent revivals of religion, if it were buried beyond the power of resurrection."

How a Beautiful Flower was Named

An old legend tells of two lovers, walking by the river Rhine. The lady begged her suitor to pluck a little pale-blue flower, growing on the bank. In doing so he fell into the water, and was drowned; but, while sisking, he threw the flower to her, and cried: "Forget me not!" Thousands of women will never forget what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done for them. It is prepared specially to cure those diseases from which they alone suffer, and often in silence, rather than consult a physician—as periodical pains, weak back, prolapsus, and all uterine troubles. Purely vegetable, and guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded.

Time will change everything but a counterfeit dollar.—Elmira Gazette.

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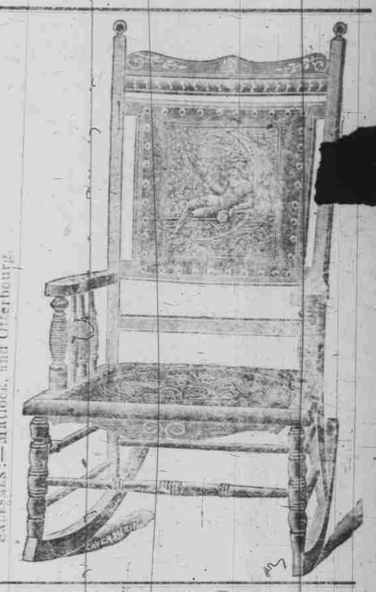

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