



"OLD HURRYGRAPH."

A FEW MINUTES IN THE INFERIOR COURT.

"Your name is Patrick Maloney, is it not?" asked the Judge as he felt in his vest pocket for a chew of tobacco.

"Just the same, may it please your honor."

"Well, Mr. Maloney, you are here for disturbing the peace of your neighbors. Have you anything to say in your defence?"

"May it please your honor there's a sight of people in this Winston that don't gee well together. Some of them is me old 'oman and meself. We have different views 'bout some things, and bless me soul, when these views come in contact, there's shure to be a family 'brile'."

Me old 'oman is for consolidation, and I'm agin it. The other night we were talkin' dis matter over, and its the blessed truth, Jedge, dere 'rose a conflict of opinins, and she told me in the name of St. Patrick, if I didn't cease the rebellion she'd strike; and she did strike, and struck me on the ear with a flat-iron. And shure its meself before you for the same. But Jedge, I'm agin consolidatoin."

"Well, Mr. Maloney, you are discharged upon paying cost," remarked the Judge, crossing his leg.

As they passed out the janitor was heard to murmur,

"Women has a hard time in dis life, When they do the best that they can; But the cruelest wrongs that they can bear Is them that is done them by man."

We sympathize with the young man who wrote to us recently asking our advice on a certain subject. He says, "I am in love with a nice young girl. I've nothing and she's got nothing. What must I do?"

Young man, have you got a trade? Are your expenses greater than your income? Are you indolent? Is the young lady you love cheerful? Is she neat and tidy? Is she industrious? Does she know how to sew on a button and make a biscuit? If you can answer these questions satisfactorily, why we would advise you to marry her—if you are in earnest. But if you cannot satisfy your mind that your answers are true, then we would say,

If you've nothing and your girl has nothing, Don't be in haste to wed; For nothing and nothing makes nothing, And nothing won't eat like bread.

This is a cold, heartless and deceptive world. Things on this ball are not what they seem. All that shines or glitters is not gold—not even plated. A neighbor will shake your hand, and tell you how glad he is to see you—and all the time wishing you were a hundred miles away. And so it is in this life. There is just this about it, however,

We would live all ways; We wouldn't if we could; But there ain't no use in talkin'; For we couldn't if we would.

A very impertinent exchange wants to know "What makes a young lady?" Why, you old simpleton, a little girl will make a young lady—in the course of time.

There are a great many men in this world whose hearts are like an old-fashion churn—wide downward as to the world, and narrow upward as to things eternal.

Very many persons talk of charity, and make a big to do about charity, yet their charity is like a newly born babe—precious little.

It is nearly time for the modest little violet to raise its tiny head and ask the butter-cups if they have grown any hyacinth the rain?

It is very rude to strike a young lady, yet the dear girls do love to be smacked—on their lips. Isn't it so, girls?

"What shall we read?" inquires the Springfield Republican. Read the WINSTON LEADER.

POETRY.

WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT.

Full white the moon upon a waste of ocean,
High full tide upon the sandy shore;
In the fisher's cot, without a motion,
Waiteth he that shall never sail more—
Waiteth he, and one sad comrade, sighing,
Speaking lowly, says, "Without a doubt
He will rest soon; some One calls the dying
When the tide goes out."

Some One calls the tide, when in its flowing
It hath touched the limit of its sound;
Some great voice; and all the billows, knowing
What omnipotence is in that sound,
Hasten back to ocean, none delaying
For man's profit, pleasure or doubt—
Backward to their source, not one wave straying,
And the tide is out.

Some One calls the soul o'er life's dark ocean,
When its tide breaks high upon the land,
And it listens with such glad emotion
As the "called" alone can understand—
Listens, hastes to its source of being,
Leaves the hands of Time without a doubt,
While we sadly wait, as ready but seeing
That the tide is out.

THE DOORSTEP.

The conference meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry wait,
To see the girls come tripping past,
Like snow-birds, willing to be mated.

And one, she blushed and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway;
And started toward the Maple farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet;
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hand and hand we strolled sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O, scullion! if you could but mould it!
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm, I had to hold it.

To have her with me, there, alone,
'Twas love, and fear and triumph blended;
As I stepped hand the latch I pondered;
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home,
Her dimpled hand the latch I pondered;
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I know she understood
With what a darling wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was shyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! do it!"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister;
But, somewhere, fall upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman, weary lover!
To feel one more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give—no more who can live youth over?

THE FIRESIDE.

A War Reminiscence.

It was during the winter of 1864-'65, which will long be remembered by the soldiers who took part in the campaign in the Valley of Virginia, as one which tried men's souls and their heels also, that the thrilling scene occurred which I am about to describe.

The old Fourth Cavalry was on a forced march down the Valley to meet a column of the enemy which was advancing, and after a day's ride went into bivouac just at night fall on the road side.

We did not have the "cigars and cognac," as the old song says, with which "to bivouac," so after a hasty, "bite of something to eat," and picketing and feeding horses, we soon rolled ourselves, head and ears, in our blankets, and lay prone upon the frozen ground.

To a tired soldier sleep comes quickly, and with it almost entire oblivion; he rarely dreams, so hardly more than a minute elapsed after the lying down before the entire camp was silent as the grave.

While preparing for rest we had been notified of a coming snow storm, not only by the black clouds which hung heavily in the North-east, but by heralds in the shape of cutting snowflakes propelled by the wintry blast.

It is fearfully cold; so bitter was it, indeed, it was thought expedient to dispense with the usual camp guard so as to enable all to obtain whatever of comfort was possible under the circumstances.

The regiment at that time numbered between six and seven hundred men, who, soldier-like, caring only for the present, and unmindful of the morrow, slept soundly and, I may add, rapidly.

I had slept as I had supposed only a few minutes when I suddenly awoke to consciousness, being made aware of an immense pressure upon me accompanied with intolerable heat.

In attempting to move I found myself, as it were, packed tightly in a mould, which I fitted exactly, and I was unable to turn either to right or left. I soon found that I was covered with a very friendly blanket of snow.

With a vigorous push, I threw my blanket off, and a most curious spectacle presented itself to my astonishing gaze.

The black cloud had passed away, and the bright morning moon shone down upon the ground covered with a white mantle of eight inches of snow. Looking around me, as far as the eye could reach in every direction, I saw nothing but the unbroken snow covering which appeared to be mounds or graves in every conceivable position. I was sitting upright in my own grave in the middle of a huge cemetery.

Not a human being could I discover anywhere, while everything was as still as death itself.

While I was wrapt in the contem-

plation of so wonderful a scene, the bugle at headquarters, a quarter of a mile off, sounded the reveille and lo, what a change! In an instant the quiet scenery was alive—all the men arose at once from their snow graves, and what was the stillness of death but a moment before was now bustle and activity. Instantly the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised." Words fail me in describing my feelings at the moment of this occurrence. Had I had any idea of the time I would have called some of my comrades.

As it was I am fortunate enough to be probably the only person who has really seen a prototype of the resurrection.—Wm. M. Pegram in Scribner's Monthly.

A Very Natural Mistake.

A young man from one of the back towns came in to buy a present for his girl last week. His wonderful gaze being fixed by the gorgeous display in a dry goods window, he entered the store and bashfully stopped in front of a pretty young lady behind the counter.

"How much are those?" he inquired, pointing to a pair of handsomely wrought nickel-plated garters in the window.

"Seventy-five cents" replied the young lady, sweetly, handing out the articles in question and blushing slightly.

"I think they are kinder pretty, don't you?" inquired the young man, anxious for everybody else's opinion.

"Very," replied the young miss; "they are the latest style."

"Everybody wears them don't they?" continued the young man.

"Almost everybody," said the young lady, affecting an unconcerned air.

"I was going to get them for a girl that I know," said the young man, somewhat nervously. "Do you think she would like them?"

"I should think she might—I don't know," returned the young lady, blushing again.

"Well, I don't hardly know myself," said the young man picking up one of the dainty articles, examining it closely. "You don't suppose they are too large, now, do you?"

"Why—I—I" stammered the young lady, the blush growing deeper.

"They seem sorter big like," continued the young man, not observing her confusion; "but of course I wouldn't be certain. She's middlin' size but not very fat, and mebbe these would be a little too loose. I should think she was just about your bigness, and if these would fit you of course they'd fit her. Now just suppose you try them on and if—"

"Sir!" exclaimed the young lady behind the counter, in an awful voice that lifted the young man's hat on the end of his hair, "you are insulting!" and she swept away to the rear of the store, leaving the bewildered young man standing in dumb amazement, holding in his hands, what he supposed was a beautiful pair of bracelets. And when one of the men clerks came and explained his mistake, the young man from the back town struck a direct line for his team, and in a very brief space of time was tearing towards home at a rate that threatened to irretrievably ruin the old family horse. He won't buy any bracelets now until he's married.

Senator Z. B. Vance and the War.

From the signs which discourage me more than aught else are the utter demoralization of the people. With a base of communication 500 miles in Sherman's rear, through our own country, not a bridge has been burned, not a car thrown from the track, nor a man shot by the people whose country he has desolated. They seem everywhere to submit when our armies are withdrawn.

What does this show? It shows that I have always believed, that the great popular heart is not now and never has been in this war. It was a revolution of the politicians, not the people, and was fought first by the natural enthusiasm of our young men, and has been kept going by the State and sectional pride, assisted by that bitterness of feeling produced by the cruelties and brutalities of the enemy. * * *

I would fain be doing. How can I help to win the victory? What can I do? How shall I guide this suffering and much oppressed Israel that looks to me through the tangled and bloody pathway wherein our lines have fallen? Duty called me to resist to the utmost the disruption of the Union. Duty calls me now to stand by the Union—to the last grasp with truth and loyalty. This is my consolation. The beginning was bad. I had no hand in it. Should the end be bad, I shall, with God's help, be equally blameless.—From a Letter written in September, 1864.

How an Ohio Lover was Persecuted.

A most laughable trick perpetrated upon a young man of Freemont has come out. He was a tip-top fellow, high-minded and honorable, but he is not blessed with a large share of this world's goods. He is in love with a very pretty girl, who in turn would go through fire for him. Her parents have done everything they could to annoy the young man and prevent him from coming to the house, but he is persistent, and the high-spirited girl says that if he can't come to see her, she will go to see him and stay for good. As unfortunately often happens, there is a boy in the family who sympathizes with his parents. This imp has succeeded at last in carrying the day against the lovers. The young man called a few evenings since, when the old folks were away from home, hoping to pass a pleasant evening.

It was not long until the parlor stove commenced smoking violently. The stove was doctored, but it grew worse. In a few minutes the smoke unendurable, and the couple took refuge in the family room. They were not more than comfortably seated before they were treated to a reputation of the smoke in the parlor. It fairly poured out of the fireplace, and soon the room was so full of smoke that, had the couple not retreated, they would have been converted into good cured bacon. The lovers, determined not to be undone, went to the kitchen. Here the same fate awaited them.

It seemed as if the very elements conspired against them. The fire burned brightly at first, but in a few minutes the giant black volume came puffing out of the stove and filling the room. They were in despair. Wherever they went the smoke followed them. The young lady, half in anger and half from blinding smoke had a heagy cry, and the young man went home. It has since been learned that the rascally boy had secured some broad boards and climbing up on the roof, laid them over the chimneys.

Newspaper Wit.

Wit is not so abundant in newspapers. Yet it is not so uninfrequent. When the Camden Post says "A man's character is like a fence—you cannot strengthen it by whitewash," it gives us a genuine epigram. Quite as felicitous, too, is from the Cincinnati Breakfast Table: "A tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief; it has many human imitators." A bright turn to a familiar quotation is given by the Biddeford Miniature, thus: "I am thy father's spirit," as the pints flask said to the inquisitive urchin who had been investigating the cupboard."

Mr. Talmage having claimed that hell has four gates, the Buffalo Express hopes they open outward, so as to give easy egress in case of fire. The Hackensack Republican gave a witty conceit when it said last fall: "The leaves of trees, like summer boarders with bills unpaid, take their departure leaving their trunks behind them."

The following is evidently stolen from the English: At dinner the host introduces to the favorable notice of the company a splendid truffled pheasant amid murmurs of admiration. "Isn't it a beauty?" he says. "Dr. So-and-so gave it to me—killed it himself." "Aw, what was he treating it for?" says one of the guests. This, which is going the rounds without credit, bears evidence of the origin in the New York World newspaper: "A thorn in the bush is worth a dozen in the hand."

Buried Coin.

A New York farmer has discovered a spot of buried coin. While he and his son were digging a pit to bury turnips, in a sandy spot near the shore, they struck a large stone three feet below the surface. Upon removing the stone they discovered an old fashioned iron pot, of about a peck's capacity, filled with what appeared to be large copper coins. They at once removed the pot to the house, and after cleaning a few coins, which was black with age, found them to be Spanish silver dollars, some of them bearing date 1743. The coins were probably buried during the revolutionary war.

An old darkey who was asked if, in his experience, prayer was ever answered, replied: "Well, sah, some pra'rs is ansud and some isn't—pends on w'at you axes fo'; jest arter de wah, we'en it was mighty hard sc'arvin' fo' de dulled bred-den, I 'bsarved dat w'en ebber I pway de Lo'd to sen' one o' Marse Peyton's fat turkeys fo' de ole man, dare was no notice took ob de partition; but we'en I pway dat he would sen' de ole man fo' de turkey, de matter was 'tended to befo' sun up nex' mornin' dead sartin'."

The LEADER one year for \$1.50.

A Father's Prayer Answered.

At a meeting in London, "for special prayer for the children of Christian parents," the Rev. Marcus Rainford delivered an address on the encouragements to parental prayers. In the course of his address he related the following circumstances as happening in Ireland: At a meeting for united prayer, an aged gentleman was pleading very earnestly for his own son, an abandoned prodigal. While in the act of prayer a drunken brawl was heard outside, which occasioned a temporary interruption of the service. (After the audience had dispersed and the minister of the chapel was alone in the vestry, a stranger knocked at the door; on being admitted he asked for advice and prayer, saying that, in company with six riotous companions, he was passing the church when his attention was attracted by a loud voice within, and after listening awhile, he exclaimed with an oath, "There's my old father preaching." Presently he heard the earnest prayer for himself. Even in the midst of his drunken revelry the arrow of conviction pierced his heart. He quitted his companions, and now came to seek the minister's aid, exclaiming, "My mother's prayers of long ago are answered, as well as that prayer of my father." Under God's blessing this young man has become a converted man.—Christian Herald.

The person who will get up a club of four subscribers to the LEADER, sending us \$6.00, will receive the fifth copy free.

Senator Ransom on the Extra Session.

Speaking on the same subject (the extra session) General Ransom, who is a thorough Southern man, a representative man of his section, and as close to the hearts of his people as any member of either House, said to-day, "The South must not only be right, but it must seem right." Then he added, with his characteristic earnestness, "And our people are right. They are patriotic, and that man mistakes them altogether who thinks they are in favor of petty local legislation. Those who love Washington, and who almost worship the memory of Rob. E. Lee, have been educated to follow great leaders. They admire broad statesmanship, and will not support or follow any man who stoops to do little things. Of course," he went on, "I am opposed to the test oath law, and supervisors' law, and the other unconstitutional election laws. They are all wrong, and our people have suffered terribly from them, but it is better for us to endure a little longer than it is for us to do a bad thing ourselves, but I know the Southern people feel as I do on this subject." Ben Hill, being a more radical, man naturally expressed himself more radically in position to an extra session being forced by the Democrats.—Wash. Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Adversity.

A happy man, surrounded by the blessings of poverty, thus sums up the uses of adversity: "You wear out your old clothes. You are not troubled with many visitors. You are exonerated from making calls. Bored do not bore you. Spongers cannot haunt your table. Itinerant bands do not play opposite your window. You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No tradesman irritates you by asking: "Is there any other little article to-day?" Begging letter writers to let you alone. Impositors know it is useless to bleed you. You practice temperance. You swallow infinitely less poison than others. You are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache. And lastly if you have a true friend in the world you are sure in a very short space of time to learn it."

An Ithaca girl has painted fifty black buttons, to ornament a dress for herself, with a pretty design either a bit of wheat, a bee, or a dainty flower, while around the cuffs and down the front of the dress from throat to hem run interlaced clusters of lilies of the valley, with here and there a humming-bird in color and form as natural as life. A necklace made in the same manner is also worn. The painting is all on ground work of black satin, and is delicately and deftly done—at least so the Journal says.

In the midst of quarrel—"I don't know what keeps me from breaking your head!" "Well, I know what keeps me from breaking yours. I'm a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!"

A young man, who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

Shoot High.

"Ish ter Scheneral around?" asked an excited merchant as the United States troops passed through Siatku last week in pursuit of the fleeing Bannocks.

"Well, my man," said Howard, reigning in his horse, "what is it?" "Speak quick."

"I am a ruin' man, Scheneral.—Dem cursed redskins dey murder my poy Shacob about fife miles from here un' shiteal a dozen pair of pants he vos peddin'. New pants, so hellep me kracious—right out of shore."

"Sorry for your loss, my man, but haven't time to talk about it now. If we catch up with those demons we'll stop their deviltries for good and all."

"Yes, I know, Scheneral, I know, eagerly whispered the bereaved ready made merchant, hanging desperately to the officer's stirrup. Dot's all right, but ven you come up mit does new pants on, for kracious sake, Scheneral, tole de soldiers to shoot high!"

Onward.

"In religion progress is still the watch word of the churches. Though the graves of problems now confront Christianity, we believe her advancement is constant and more rapid than the causal observer imagines. She still retains her hold in distant lands, and is taking up new and advanced positions; in the universal distress and business embarrassment of the world, she supports her benevolent institutions and never thinks of entertaining the courts of bankruptcy; she lowers her standard not an inch, but claims the world as the inheritance of her Lord; she preaches the truth, and thousands are converted to God; her faith is firm, her vision clear, her step unhesitatingly, her courage unbroken, her hope abounding, her zeal rising, and never has the throb of her heart been more vigorous than in the year 1879.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

Married at Last.

Mrs. M. is beautiful, rich and fashionable, but unfortunately, very ignorant. Even our little alphabet is as yet to her, a mystery.

One day while calling upon her friend, Mrs. B., she perceived a richly bound copy of the Holy Bible, and smilingly she inquired if she might take it home and read it.

Wondering much, Mrs. B. assented. One week later the book was returned.

"Were you pleased with it?" asked Mrs. B. drily.

The sweet blue eyes of Mrs. M. fairly sparkled with pleasure. "Oh, my dear friend, it was a charming novel. They got married at last."

The above is told as a fact.—Frontier Echo.

Christian Statesmen.

We devoutly thank, God for such men in the councils of the Nations. Light is breaking o'er us! Hampton lives by the prayers of God's people—Colquitt, as a layman, is preaching the gospel of the Son of God from Sabbath to Sabbath, and our own Governor has consecrated himself to the Church of God and recently stood up in this city, pleading for the spread of the gospel of the Son of God. Let the people pray on. Let the tide of Christianity roll on until it shall sweep down all wickedness in high places; until all our rulers shall rule in righteousness, and we shall be "a happy people whose God is the Lord."—N. C. Christian Advocate.

At Georgetown, Mass., the son of a widow married a girl whose brother married the widow, while a child born to the first couple has an uncle and a grandfather and a grand mother and an aunt in the same persons.

An editor in Iowa has been fined \$150 for hugging a girl in meeting. "Cheap enough!" says another of the same fraternity; "we once hugged a girl in meeting, and it has cost us a thousand dollars."

A courtly negro recently sent a reply to an invitation, in which he "regretted that circumstances would prevent his acceptance of the invite."

To a club of ten we will furnish the LEADER for \$1 dollar a year. Go to work and get up a club.

Every time a business man inserts an advertisement in a good paper he places his business before hundreds of house-holds, and attracts the attention of many that he could not in any other way.

A curious husband once asked his wife, "My dear, what kind of a stone do you think they will give me when I am gone?" "Brimstone, John," was the affectionate reply.