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WINSTON LEADER.

NORTH-WESTERN NORTH CARLOINA—WE LABOR FOR ITS INTERESTS.

VOLUME II. WINSTON, N. C., TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1880. NUMBER 22.

THE WINSTON LEADER,
THE PEOPLE'S PAPER,
Has a large and daily increasing circulation in the counties of Forsyth, Stokes, Surry, Davie, Yadkin, Rowan, Iredell, Guilford, Orange, Person, Granville, and throughout the Piedmont region, which makes it a valuable advertising medium.
Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates. Send for terms.
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Marriage and Death Notices free.

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Done with neatness and dispatch, and on the most accommodating terms. Work solicited.

PFOHL & STOCKTON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS,
GENERAL MERCHANDISE, &c.,
MAIN STREET,
WINSTON, N. C.

PERSONS desiring the most goods for the least money should call on us.
FINE stock of goods always in store, and we take pleasure in showing them.
OUR wholesale department is complete in every particular. Remember that
HATS, Hosiery, House-keeping Goods, and everything in that line.
LARGEST assortment of Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, &c., ever before in market.
& BUYERS MAY BE SURE OF THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.
SHOULD you wish Shoes for Men, Ladies and Children, we have them.
TEA, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, and everything needed for family use.
OUR entire stock both wholesale and retail, is larger than ever.
CALL and examine carefully before purchasing elsewhere.
KIND and polite clerks, who will give you every attention.
TIME is money. Purchase of us early and save both time and money.
ONCE trade with us and we will guarantee satisfaction
NEW bargains offered daily. Don't fail to secure them.
Also Proprietors of Two First-Class Hotels,
MERCHANTS.
CENTRAL.
Situated in Winston, a beautiful and growing town of Western Carolina, where the climate is balmy and salubrious, with mineral springs of pure, cool water, and with a market varied and abundant; remodeled, elegantly furnished, attentive servants and splendid livery turnouts, our hotels leave nothing to be desired that can contribute to the health, pleasure and comfort of guests. apl-1y

AT THE OLD STAND!
REMODELED AND IMPROVED
DRUG STORE.
DR. V. O. THOMPSON
Is again at his old stand, West side Court House Square and is better prepared and equipped than ever to serve the public with
PURE DRUGS,
CHEMICALS,
PAINTS, DYES,
And every thing usually found in a first-class Drug Store.
Physicians and Country Merchants are Respectfully Invited to call and Examine my Stock Before Purchasing.
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT.
ANY MEDICINE NOT IN STOCK WILL BE SUPPLIED AT SHORTEST POSSIBLE TIME.
V. O. THOMPSON,
jan'8-1y Winston, N. C.

ROBERT D. JOHNSTON,
MERCHANT TAILOR
FASHIONABLE
MILLINERY TAILOR,
Winston, N.C.
Keeps constantly on hand a fine line of Foreign and Domestic CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and SUITINGS.
TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS A CUTTER,
In New York City and in this State, enables him to guarantee satisfaction in all goods made to order.
PRICES MODERATE. ap7-1y

LIVERY STABLE

H. S. FOY, Proprietor.
Main Street, Winston, N. C.
I WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Winston, Salem, and the surrounding country, that I have a large number of fine horses, phetons, buggies, &c., in my stable, and am prepared to furnish
First Class Accommodations to All.
Prompt attention given, and charges moderate.
I have ample room, and horse drovers can be readily accommodated. Patronage of all solicited. mar11-1y

ARTHUR M. PAYNE,
(Liberty street, West side Court House Square.
Winston, North Carolina.
Wholesale Dealer in and Manufacturer of
Saddles, Bridles, Carriage, Buggy and Wagon
Harness and Collars
Of every description and all kinds of material to be found in a first-class shop.
Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. oct 21-1y

I. W. DURHAM,
Practical Marble Worker
AND DEALER IN
MONUMENTS AND GRAVE-STONES,
WINSTON, NORTH CAROLINA.
Write for Price List. jan14-1y

J. H. JOHNSTON
COACH-MAKER,
WINSTON N.C.
I would respectfully inform the citizens of this and the surrounding country, that I am prepared to do all kinds of buggy work, in the best manner. Work made to order and warranted for twelve months. Best materials used. Vehicles repaired with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices. se2-6m

CENTRAL HOTEL,
GREENSBORO, N. C.
SEYMOUR STEELE, Prop'r.
TERMS.....$1 50 PER DAY.
Large Sample rooms. Omnibus and baggage wagon meets all trains. sep23-1y

THE NATIONAL HOTEL,
STATE HOUSE SQUARE,
RALEIGH, N. C.
STREET & SON, Owners and Proprietors.
Renewed and re-established. Superior and special accommodations. For all classes of travel.

BUSINESS MEN OF WINSTON.

1880.
SAM'L H. SMITH,
DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST,
WINSTON, N. C.,
Keeps always on hand the largest and best selected stock of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
CONSISTING OF
Solid and Fluid Extracts, Soaps, Perfumery, Brushes of every description, Oils of all kinds, Tobacco Manufacturers Oils, and Spermaceti a specialty.
VARNISHES AND DYE STUFFS.
A FULL LINE OF
Lamps and Lamp Goods.
Toilet Articles without number, and we flatter ourselves that we can and do sell first-class goods as low as can be sold in this market.
Prescription Department
Filled with the best selected material, including a full line of DR. SQUIBB'S preparations. PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS carefully compounded at all hours DAY or NIGHT. We will make it to the interest of any one to trade at
SMITH'S DRUG STORE.
REMEMBER THAT. feb17-1y

NEW SPRING GOODS.
HINSHAW BROTHERS
(SHALLOW FORD ST., OPPOSITE PIEDMONT WAREHOUSE,)
WINSTON, N. C.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS
Groceries, General Merchandise,
Guano, Grass Seeds,
Fertilizers and Country Produce.
OUR EFFORTS TO BUILD UP A LARGE TRADE HAVE BEEN CROWNED WITH success, and we have been compelled to double the size and capacity of our former store house, which gives us the best arranged and most convenient store rooms in the State. We have added very many articles to our stock and separated our wholesale department from the retail, and made it very complete, and we are now pleased to offer to the Spring trade, both wholesale and retail, a stock in quality, variety and magnitude never before equaled in this market, and with our increased facilities, and renewed energy, we intend to offer our customers greater inducements than ever before, and by pursuing the same course as heretofore, we hope and expect to achieve still greater results, and to merit the same. We will continue to have in stock a full line of
LADIES' DRESS GOODS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Calicos,	Ladies' Kid Gloves,	Prints' Jeans,	Grindstones,	Tubs,
Lawns,	Perfumery,	Counterpanes,	Oils and Lead,	Rope,
Piques,	Ribbons,	Shirts and Collars,	Varnishes,	Corn,
Linen,	Trimmings,	Ties and Suspenders,	Dugs and Dyestuffs,	Chop,
Poplins,	Hamburg Edgings,	Pocket Knives,	Patent Medicines,	Oats,
Worsteds,	Plaids,	Knives and Forks,	Lantern,	Rye,
Cashmeres,	Sheetings,	Nails,	Crockery,	Paints,
Silks,	Cotton Yarns,	Axes,	Stoneware,	Notions of very description,
Grasscloths,	Drillings,	Hammers,	Coffee,	White Goods,
Swiss Muslins,	Cambrics,	Saws,	Sugar,	Trunks and Valises,
Victoria Lawns,	Osnaburgs,	Glass,	Syrup,	Soap,
Jaconets,	Flannels,	Putty,	Soda,	Hames & Leather,
Bleached Domestics,	Hickory Shirtings,	Locks,	Fish,	Up'r
Ladies' Ties,	Red Ticking,	Hinges,	Salt,	Baskets,
Ladies' Collars,	Cottonades,	Screws,	Meat,	Oil Cloths,
Ladies' Cuffs,	Linseys,	Kettles,	Lard,	Table Linens,
Ladies' Hosiery,	Jeans,	Mule Shoes,	Flour,	Napkins,
Ladies' Kid,	Cassimeres,	Horse Shoes,	Meal,	Umbrellas, &c.
Ladies' Gaiters,	Doeskins,	Mattocks and Hoes,	Kegs,	
Ladies' Shawls,	Boss cloths,	Horse Shoe Nails,		

A large assortment of all colors and numbers of J. & P. COAT'S SIX-CORD SPOOL COTTON always on hand, at same prices and on same terms that it is sold by the largest jobbing houses in America. You will save freight by buying from us.
WE WILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE
BEST ASSORTMENT OF ALPACAS IN TOWN,
and offer inducements in Ladies' Dress Goods. We are Sole Agents for the Winchester Cassimeres, Boots and Shoes, which are so well and favorably known, that it is only necessary to state that we will offer this year a greater variety of both, than ever before. Every pair of Shoes and Boots fully warranted. It is a conceded fact that we carry a larger and better assorted stock and sell more Shoes and Boots than any house in this county. Our wholesale department will be more complete this year than ever before, and we are fully prepared to meet all competition both here and elsewhere, and ask our country merchants to make a note of this.
20,000 Bags for Sale on Liberal Terms this Spring of
ALLISON & ADDISON'S.
"STAR BRAND"
COMPLETE MANURE FOR TOBACCO.
DRIED FRUIT and all COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in Exchange for Merchandise.
We invite all to come and examine our stock and prices before purchasing.
N. H. MEDEARIS, of Forsyth.
THOS. H. PEGRAM, Jr., of Winston,
J. W. MARTIN, of Davie,
W. H. BYNUM, of Stokes,
H. F. WALL, of Surry,
Are with us as Salesmen, and invite their friends and acquaintances to
CALL AND SEE THEM.
Respectfully,
April 10, 1880. HINSHAW BROTHERS.

SEWING MACHINES.

GEMS OF HUMOR.

THE phonograph is almost a forgotten invention. It talked back, and soon became unpopular.

LADIES, beware of the man with a clove in breath; he may show the cloven foot one of these days.

"Honesty is the best policy," but too many people claim that they cannot afford the best of anything

IT looks bad to see a scissors-grinder busily engaged in front of a newspaper office two days in a week.

THE blackberry is so named, because it is blue, in order to distinguish it ffom the blu-berry, which is black.

TAKE care of the pennies, and your wife will take care of the dollars every time she wants a new bonnet.

A RECENT poet says: "As she sighed, he sighed." If they were sitting side by side, it might have been a great sighed noise.

MR. SMALLTALK—"Is that a Virginia creeper behind you, Miss Violet?" Miss Violet (wildly)—"Oh, where? Oh, do take it off!"

SAID the Arkansas man: "I respect religion, but can you fairly expect me to attend church when there is a circus in town demanding support.

IF you ever noticed it, the man with a cold loves to talk just a little hoarser than necessary. It is so pleasant to be taken notice of, you know.

IT was a little fellow who had to live and learn who asked his mother if bees had splinters in their tails when his bare feet came down upon a yellow hornet.

WHEN a man's wife comes in and see him razor in hand and with his face al lather, and asks him, "Are you shaving?" it's a provoking thing in him to answer "No, I'm blacking the stove."

TEA-TASTERS in New York get as high as $100 per month, but milk-tasters get nothing but chalk and water.—*Detroit Free Press.* You should see the free lunch tasters.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A BRIGHT little girl, who had successfully spelled the word "that," was asked by her teacher what would remain after the "t" had been taken away. "The dirty cups and saucers," was the reply.

"Do you use many flowers on your table?" asked Mrs. Murray Hill of a Southern visitor. "Well, yes," was the reply; "We have wheat and rye bread for breakfast, but the old man will stick to corn dodgers."

"What wou'd you do if mamma should die?" she pathetically asked her little three-year-old daughter. "I don't know," repli-d the infant, with downcast eyes and melancholy voice; "I suppose I should have to thpank myself."

JOURNALISM is to be a branch of study at Cornell University. A broken-down editor is wanted for the chair of morning papers. First class in mental scissors and practical paste will please step forward.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A VERMONT woman hides her six-foot son in the wood box and then says the men folks are all gone out, and she wishes they had hidden that $400 before they left, and of course the tramp gets his back broken when the son gets out of the box.

A CHICAGO man has had a lost tooth replaced by one transplanted from the mouth of a young girl, and now, at a party, when the rest of his mouth is watering for salmon, salad, and quail on toast, that tooth just aches for ice cream and frozen pudding.

A LITTLE girl went timidly into a store at Bellaire, O., the other morning, and asked the clerk how many shoe-strings she could get for five cents. "How long do you want them?" he asked. "I want them to keep," was the answer, in a tone of slight surprise.

"ARE animals color blind, asks a writer in the *Scientific Magazine.* Now there is a man who has never wandered through a cow pasture with a red flannel shirt on. Come to think of it, we have never wandered through that kind of a cow pasture, either.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

Frederick the Great.

[Sherlock's Letters.]

Plutarch and Shakespeare have shown great men in their nightcap and slippers. I cannot show you his Prussian Majesty in his nightcap, for he never wears one; he acquired a habit in youth of sleeping bare-headed, in order to harden himself. Nor has he any slippers, for as soon as he leaves his bed he puts on his boots. It is known that he rises at 4, that he goes to bed at 7, that he procrastinates nothing, that he is fond of jesting, that he eats a great deal of fruit, that he plays one the flute every evening, that he passes most of his time at Sans-Souci in his old boots, and that he governs Europe. I asked the Swiss, "Which was the King's chamber?" "This." I expected a magnificent bed. There was a fine alcove at the end of the room, but no bed in it. "Where is the bed?" "There." Behind a little screen in a corner was a small bed, very narrow, with curtains of green silk; this was his. The carpet on which he steps when he gets out of bed is very coarse. And there are three or four tables covered with books and papers. Frederick was told one day that some one had spoken ill of him. He asked if that person had 100,000 men? He was answered, "No." "Very well," said the King, "I can do nothing; if he had 100,000 men I could declare war against him."

How a Dog's Life Was Saved.

A horrible tragedy was nearly enacted the other day at Gibralter, just when the Himalaya was about to weigh anchor off the new Mole. In the excitement of the moment a pet dog fell into the water, when a large octopus rose to the surface and gave chase, making greedy grabs at it with arms quite two feet long from end to end. When the enemy was about to close on its victim a sailor fresh from foreign parts appeared on the scene, and, dragging from his much tattooed breast a rival pet in the shape of a marmoset, sent it to the rescue in a basket.

The little creature, half cat and half monkey, must have been acquainted alike with its duties and the English language, for it did not seize the octopus, but, laying hands on the dog, was safely hauled up, to the disgust of the enemy and joy of friends. Altogether it was a pretty piece of byplay, when tender hearts were sobbing adieux to brown hands waving affectionately from every port hole to the military strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON is said to be tired of the lecture platform and is about to leave it for good.

Policewomen.

[New York Times.]

One Mrs. Blake has recently written a letter to a partially esteemed contemporary calling attention to the systematic outrages on the sacredness of womanhood which are constantly perpetrated by the police. When a drunken woman is arrested, she is arrested by a man; dragged to a police station, where she is confronted by a sergeant, who is also a man; and finally locked up in a cell which is frequently in close proximity to other cells occupied by men. From the moment that the policeman lays his hand, except in kindness, on the intoxicated woman to the moment when a machiner jailer thrusts her into a cell, the sacredness of her womanhood is outraged. To remedy this painful state of things Mrs. Blake proposes that a number of policewomen should be appointed, whose business it should be to take charge of women who are arrested, and to see that the sacredness of their womanhood is not outraged by subjecting them to the gaze or handling of policemen. This is a simple remedy, and it will, of course, be immediately adopted.

Though Mrs. Blake contents herself with demanding that policewomen shall be employed at police stations in order to take charge of women who have been arrested, it is obvious that policewomen shou'd also have the exclusive power to arrest offenders of their own sex. If the sacredness of woman must not be outraged at a police station, it ought not to be outraged in the street. We must, therefore, have a double and bisexual police force. The policemen will arrest male offenders, and the policewomen will arrest women, and the arrest of any person by an officer of another sex must be declared unlawful. If women are protected from policemen, men must be protected from policewomen; otherwise, the male drunkard will be liable to have the sacredness of his manhood violated by having a policewoman's hand laid on his modest shoulder.

The adoption of this plan would require the police authorities to double the patrols. Every policeman, when going on duty, would be required to give his arm to a policewoman and patrol his district in company with her. Otherwise, there would be a difficulty in making prompt arrests. A policeman, finding a drunken woman disturbing the peace, might respectfully request her to wait while he called a policewoman to arrest her, but in all probability she would not wait, and after taunting the officer with his inability to outrage the sacredness of her womanhood by laying his hands upon her, would retire to another precinct. If, however, the policeman and policewoman were to hunt in couples they would not only be able to arrest evil-doers with promptness and propriety, but they would exercise an excellent influence on each other. The policeman would have his masculine nature purified and refined by association with the policewoman, and she would gain strength and firmness of character from him. Just as Mrs. Belva Lockwood has purified the atmosphere of the bar by becoming a laywer, woman, if admitted to the force, would purify and ennoble it to that extent that a policeman would exhibit the modesty and sweetness of a young lady, combined with the morality and manliness of St. Paul.

Joe Parsons' Adventure.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Joe Parsons was a Baltimore boy, and a little rough, but withal a good-hearted fellow and a brave soldier. He got badly wounded at Antietam, and thus laconically described the occurrence, and what followed to some people who visited the hospital:

"What is your name?"

"Joe Parsons."

"What is the matter?"

"Blind as a bat, sir; both eyes shot out."

"At what battle?"

"Antietam."

"How did it happen?"

"I was hit and knocked down, and had to lie all night on the battle-field. The fight was renewed next day, and I was under fire. I could stand the pain, but could not see. I wanted to see or get out of the fire. I waited and listened, and presently heard a man groan near me.

"'Hello!' says I.

"'Hello yourself,' says he.

"'Who be you?' says I.

"'Who be you?' says he.

"'A Yankee,' says I.

"'Well, I'm a Reb,' says he.

"'What's the matter?' says I.

"'My leg's smashed,' says he.

"'Can you walk?' says I.

"'No,' says he.

"'Can you see?' says I.

"'Yes,' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'you're a rebel, but I'll do you a little favor.'

"'What's that,' says he.

"'My eyes are shot out,' says I, 'and if you'll show me the way, I'll carry you out,' says I.

"'All right!' says he

"'Crawl over here,' says I; and he did.

"'Now, old Butternut,' says I, "get on my back;' and he did.

"'Go ahead,' says he.

"'Pint the way,' says I, 'for I can't see a blessed thing.'

"'Straight ahead,'" says he.

"The balls were a flyin' all round, and I trotted off and was soon out of range.

"'Bully for you,' says he, 'but you've shook my leg almost off.'

"'Take a drink,' says he, holding up his canteen, and I took a nip.

"'Now, let us go on again,' says he, 'kind of slowly,' and I took him up, and he did the navigation and I did the walkin'. After I had carried him nearly a mile, and was nearly dead, he said: 'Here we are; let me down.' Just then a voice said: 'Hello, Billy; where did you get that Yank?'

"'Where are we?' says I.

"'In the rebel camp, of course,' says he; and d——n my buttons if that rebel hadn't ridden me a mile straight into the rebel camp. Next day McClellan's army advanced and took us both in, and then we shook hands and made it up; but it was a mean trick, don't you think so?"

SCENE—at Williams College. Junior, translating New Testament: "And the —an'—and the Lord said, Lord said unto Moses—" Here he hesitated and looked appealingly to a neighbor, who, being also unprepared, whispered "skip it." Junior going on: 'And the Lord said unto Moses, skip it." Great consternation ensued.

THE Doctor—"Mr. P., give an example of goodness." Mr. P.—"God is an example of goodness." The Doctor—"Please give a more familiar example."

BOUQUET OF MELODY

THEY WOULDN'T EVANGELIZE.

Air: Jim Bludso.

"Will I join the Invading Army, friend?
Well, I don't care if I do;
I just came off the construction train
After putting this railroad through—
The darnd'st, toughest stuff
That ever I did, with a spade;
And I'd sooner join a fighting crew
Than go to work on the grade.
So let us soak our whistles once
In a smather of bourbon rye;
No better recruits will fill your ranks
Than "Bummer Bill" and I.
Eh, Bill—do you twig?"
"I do, me boy!"

"It's half last month's pay in our pocket, pard,
And this month's is coming out,
And we'll line your ranks as soon as it's spent
If you'll help to put us through.
There's Cru ser Tom and Peter Stokes,
That's thirsty after a tramp,
And Mike that shuffles the clog, you know—
That blinks in his larboard lamp—
And lots of the boys to help us out.
They look a' awful dry,
But the heaviest swig from the jug is took
By "Bummer Bill" and I.
Eh, Bill—do you twig?"
"I do, me boy!"

"You think I mistake your position, pard,
And the why that you organize;
That you fight with the sword of the spirit?
Ah, well, it is not our trade,
And an inch of a sermon is harder to us
Than to build a rod of the grade.
And no moral fellow could take a nip
Of lager when he feels dry.
'Twill take some cute logic to get that in
The "Bummer Bill" and I.
Eh, Bill—do you twig?"
"I do, me boy!"

"And you think our cause is a hard one, pard,
And we are in an awful State;
And we'd better change our position
Before it gets too late;
That the harvest is ripe and the reapers few?
Now don't pile it on so steep—
The harvest is short in Belmont, for they
Feature the bind to show—
And the awful State we now are in
We will leave for Illinoy.
Good bye, old pard, since you won't drink,
With "Bummer Bill" and I.
Eh, Bill—do you twig?"
"I do, me boy!"

—*Wheeling Leader.*

A FOSSILIAN BALLAD.

I sing of the Kinkajou,
The carnivorous Kinkajou,
Who fell in love with the prodigal son
Of an antediluvian mastodon;
And when in love—to proud she grew—
The prehensile tail of Miss Kinkajou,
Curled round with an extra kink or two.

They danced the matachin,
The elegant matachin.
They'd hardly accomplished a step or two,
When the plantigrade heel of Miss Kinkajou
Upset the colossal form of the one
She loved—yes, even the graceful son
Of the antediluvian mastodon.

Alas! for the matachin,
For the stately matachin,
Uprose the pachyderm mastodon son
Of the antediluvian mastodon,
And bade her adieu, with never a tear
But munched an *arachnis hypogea,*
Commenting on heels in a manner severe.

Alas! for the Kinkajou,
The deserted Kinkajou,
She wept for the antoschedlastical son
Of the antediluvian mastodon,
Then wiped her eyes, and wearily sighed,
Unwurled the tail, now shorn of its pride,
Turned up her plantigrade heels—and died.

—*New York Graphic.*

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

When the new years come and the old years go,
How, little by little, all things grow!
All things grow—and all decay—
Little by little passing away.
Little by little, on fertile plain,
Ripen the harvests of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun,
When the summer at last is done
Little by little they ripen so
As the new years come and the old years go.

Low on the ground an acorn lies,
Little by little it mounts to the skies,
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grow,
Long, long ago when the world was new;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea,
Little by little are builded—while so—
The new years come and the old years go.

OUR STORY TELLER.

LESLEY AND IRENE.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

Such a look as was on Irene Iredell's face—such a piteous, hunted look in the intensely beautiful gray eyes—such visible, desperate attempt at self-control, lest Paine Alliger should understand how deeply his words had cut home.

But Paine Alliger saw the white pitiful face, and the anguished eyes, and the proud, compressed lips that were paler than he ever had seen them—sweet, luscious lips he had kissed again and again—and rather enjoyed the knowledge of his influence over her.

She had been so proud at the first, so reserved and unapproachable, that Alliger had been immediately thrown upon entirely new resources in order to form an acquaintance with her.

Then very gradually, as an icicle slowly melts beneath the suddenly warm rays of a spring-like winter-day sun, she had grown into something more than an acquaintance, yet less than a friend, until by degrees it had grown to this—that Paine Alliger had come to be all the world to her.

He had been an ardent, persistent wooer. He had been just the one man who ever could have hoped to touch Irene Iredell's heart—the first, the last, the only one—and once won, her icy hauteur was banished forever towards him, and she unhesitatingly gave him all the great love and adoration of which only such natures as hers are capable.

There had been one little, little month of blessedness, in which it seemed to her so much of perfect content was compressed that it was hardly less than dangerous to her after peace to accept it. And then, suddenly, sharply, just like a flash of lightning from a sky apparently free of storm, because the dark, rolling clouds only happen to be a little beyond one's range of vision—just so startlingly and unawares did it come to her—Paine Alliger's defection.

For he had come, he had seen, he had sworn to be conqueror, and he had conquered, thoroughly, wholly, unreservedly; and then the sweets palled on his taste.

He was a thoroughly selfish man, and perhaps as handsome a man as ever was, which two conditions so often go together. He was thoroughly refined, too, and so mercilessly cruel in his æsthetic tastes. He was a masterful—none other than a prince among his fellows could have touched Irene Iredell's heart—and he had been eager and devoted in his chase after this girl's heart, more than was his wont.

But now he was tired of it. Once won, his prize lost its value, and this haughty, perfect woman—a pure jewel, worthy the possession of the best in the land—was very quietly, in a very gentlemanly way, discarded.

It was characteristic of the man that he went to her and told her what a thousand other men would have shrunk from doing personally. But Paine Alliger wanted to see how she would look, how she would act, hear what she would say, when he told her, in his caressing, pitying, penitent way, how his heart had ruled his head, how her rare sweetness and charming influence had made him forget his duty, his honor; how, anguishful as it was to him, how agonizing to her, he felt it was none the less his clear duty to go away from her forever, and return to the one who had a prior claim upon him—the fair woman who, although she would take his name, could never touch his heart as she had done.

It was in some such strain as this that he spoke to her, watching every shade of change on her beautiful face, seeing the almost awful control she forced upon herself, and, rather than otherwise, enjoying it.

Then, when he had finished, she looked up to him with a steady, anguishful look—with a piteous, heart-broken look in her eyes, a white despair in her face—such a look as one might bestow upon a dear, dead face, over which the casket-lid is to be forever closed the next relentless moment.

"It must be as you say," she said, brokenly—Irene Iredell, the haughtiest woman he ever had seen in all his varied experience. "It has always been as you said with me, and if it is my fate to be left like this—"

Then, as if her old pride rebelled against the outcry of her woman's scorned love, she sharply hesitated, compressing her lips till it seemed to Alliger, as he stood watching every expression, every gesture, every shade of paling color, as a physician watches the ominous change on a dying man's countenance, that she never could part them again.

But that old pride struggled out in one swift, brief protest, and the compressed lips opened in obedience.

"Perhaps I should be grateful to know this now. When you go back to the other woman, I wish you joy of her."

But the sweet face was more dismayed and despairing than the voice was sarcastic, or the manner haughty.

Then he went away, with gentle, pitying adieux, when Irene would far rather he had been even rough and cruel, so that she might have retained some memory of him that hurt her.

But it was part of his consummate plan that she should only remember him as he desired to be remembered; and when he got himself out of the house, on the road to the depot, on his way back to Lesley May, somehow—somehow he did not enjoy his triumph for which he had neglected all other things; somehow there was a sarcastic echo in his ear as he thought of it—"the other woman; I wish you joy of her!"

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Lesley May—"the other woman"—bonny and fair as a blue-bell, with her pale gold hair flowing down her shoulders from the Grecian fillet of pallid blue ribbon she always wore—her pansy-blue eyes shining, her rosebud mouth waiting for Paine Alliger's kisses of greeting, and Paine Alliger watching her, as the carriage drove up to the cottage gate, and thinking how remarkably pretty and girlish she was—how daintily fresh and charming.

A sea-breeze was blustering, stirring her shining hair, swaying her blue lawn skirt, and bringing a faint carnation to her cheeks, that deepened as Alliger sprang down from the carriage and went up to her—the first time in six months she had seen him.

"I did so want you, Paine," she said, half eagerly, half in tender reproof, after they had gone into the parlor—large, high-ceiled, matting-floored, with lace drapery floating in the breeze.

"And how do you suppose it has been with me, my sweet, all these weary, stupid weeks, with only your dear letters to relieve the monotony of dry-as-dust business?"

Her head was nestled contentedly on his shoulders, his arm close around her waist.

"And is it all done, Paine—all over with this horrid business that has kept you buried in a wretched little town so long?"

A curious sensation thrilled him at her question.

"All done with, my darling—forever done! Are you glad?"

And, between her rapturous answer and his question, Irene Iredell's pale, splendid face, with its passionate, tropical eyes, glided like an accusing ghost.

After that—well, Paine Alliger wondered what had come over him. All the bright, ardent summer-time he lingered at the seaside in Lesley's company. She was bright, bonny, witching as ever, and devoted to him; but—

It fretted him, angered him at first, to find that he could not get rid of Irene Iredell's face. It haunted him as a dream will haunt a dreamer. He seemed to have no power over his will and imagination to thrust the remembrance of her from him.

Gradually he grew to comparing her queenly ways with Lesley's kittenish ones. Gradually he came to an appreciation of the exquisite relish there had been in winning such perfect treasures of passion as were deep hidden in her heart.

And, in contradistinction, Lesley's ever-ready, ever-demonstrative affection, that, curious enough, seemed somehow to pall upon him.

While, three months before, he had told himself that, Irene Iredell's love, safely won, largely bestowed even with her delicious way of reserve, also palled upon him.

Alliger was thoroughly unhappy. He had played with fire, thinking he bore the charm that would prevent the scorching; and Irene was certainly being revenged; while that one powder-flash of a speech she had made—'That other woman; I wish you joy of her!" ranked deep and hurtful.

Joy of her! Lesley May, whom he had first wooed with just such ardent wooing as he was so capable of, whom he had utterly thrown over in his mind, and heart, and faith, while pursuing cold Irene, for whom he had in turn cruelly thrown Irene over, then gone back to her.

It was like a return to plainer, frugal fare of milk and porridge, after the epicure has dined on rarest dishes, most toothsome dainties, spiciest relishes, intoxicating wines—and as nothing had ever before palled upon him, as nothing had ever fallen flat and stale to him, this return to his first faith, his pledged word, harassed him.

So much that, in a desperation new to him, he declared to Lesley he must be off from the lotus-eating life at the seashore and back to business—at least, partially. And then she had pouted, and scolded, and cried all in vain to detain him, she let him go with kisses, and urgent beseechings for return.

While he promised yes, and went as directly to Irene Iredell's house, as train, and boat, and carriage could take him.

To find her not at home—gone for the season—here, there, anywhere that the Fales, her friends, chose to loiter.

Paine Alliger had never been so angrily disappointed in all his luxurious, selfish life before, and he went away, almost hating the thought of Lesley May, and her clinging arms, always clinging, her sweet kisses never withheld.

Two weeks he traveled aimlessly, here and there, always hoping to come across the Fale party; and the first letter he received from Lesley, that reached him on the top of Mount Washington, one August day, told him among the gossip, of a delightful acquisition to their party—Mrs. and the Misses Fale and a Miss Iredell, who had arrived at the hotel the evening he left.

He crushed the letter in his pocket, and took the first train back, to find his heart a-thrill, his pulses stirring, as he knew now only Irene had power to thrill and stir him, and to come face to face with her on the sands alone, an hour after his hurried arrival—a half hour after Lesley's rapturous greetings.

"Don't pass me by this way, Irene," he said, impetuously, for she gave him the faintest of bows, and detained her by laying his hand on her arm.

She looked up at him, haughty, angry, yet he could not fail to see the pale, set look on her beautiful face.

"This is unwarrantable, Mr. Alliger. Remove your hand."

The same exquisite voice, whose contralto tones set every nerve in rebellion against his fate.

"Can you not understand? You shall understand, Irene, that I have regretted that I ever allowed anything, any one, to come between us. I loved you when I gave you up. I have loved you every moment since. I have been to your home, wherever I thought you might be. I am come to you now, Irene, Irene! to tell you no other woman can, or shall come between us! Irene!"

He smiled faintly.

"You are woman," he said faintly. "No, she does not know," he went on, passion creeping to his voice again; "but she will know. I dare say I deserve to be thrown over by you, but Lesley May shall never be my wife, not even if you persist in your cruelty to us both; for you love me—you do love me—and your heart bears me witness of it. I will not marry Lesley May, because I do not love her. You will not listen to me, and you do love me."

A little shiver ran over her. His words were so masterful, as of old, and his influence over her had always been powerful. But she only smiled coldly, and bowed and passed, and left Alliger as no woman had ever succeeded in making him feel before.

And, five minutes after he had taken himself away from the spot where Irene had left him, Lesley May crept slowly up from beside the huge upturned surf-boat, where she had been sitting, thinking, reading and dreaming sweet dreams, until the sudden sound of her lover's voice had startled her, and—

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"Typhoid—malignant typhoid," Doctor Merselis said, very gravely to Mrs. Fales. "No doubt caused by impure water, imperfect drainage. She will need strictest care—strictest care; and even then—"

Irene lifted her calm, lovely face to his.

"Is there danger that Miss May will die?"

"Typhoids are always uncertain, my dear Miss Iredell, and in a measure infectious; but I think, with proper precaution, you need not be personally alarmed—"

She silenced him with one of her imperious looks.

"I am not afraid, sir. I intend to offer my services as Miss May's nurse, if she is really in danger, and needs intelligent care. I am used to sickness."

Nor had persuasions nor reproofs any effect upon her. She quietly went her way, and took up her post at Lesley May's bedside; and then, and only then, in the girl's ravings, did she learn the woe, the anguish, that was at the bottom of the terrible illness.

And as Paine Alliger had almost killed her once, so now another life hung in the balance on his account.

While he, in such dismay and despair as he never dreamed he could suffer, passed his wretched days and nights, all his thoughts centered on that sick-room, where the two women who loved him were face to face with Azrael.

And then, one day, the news went forth that Miss Iredell had taken the fever; and then—

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One little month later, when Paine Alliger stood alone on the sands, and knew never again would bonny Lesley's soft arms twine around his neck, he wondered how it could be he ever had dreamed he did love her.

And again, as he tried in vain to realize that Irene had laid down her beautiful life to save her sister woman's, it seemed to him that no such punishment had ever come to mortal man before; and he went his way, gloomy, disheartened, conscience-stricken, and unutterably lonely, bearing a burden he could never in his life lay aside; while they two were peacefully at rest, after their brief dream of bliss and bitter awakening. And who shall say theirs was not the happier fate?

A Dessicated Hat.

It is a great man who can turn misfortune into gladness. Jones did this. Placing his new hat very carefully on the sofa, it goes without saying that Mrs. Hevviwate utilized it for a cushion. When she arose that hat looked like a dried codfish in the last stages of consumption. If Jones had been an ordinary mortal he would undoubtedly have used language bordering on the profane. He did not; perhaps he was unable to rise to the eminence of the occasion. He rushed home with that dessicated hat. He cried out eagerly to Mrs. J.: "Here, dear, how do you like it? Thought I would give you a specimen of my taste for once?" With hands that were glowing she seized it, and tripping to the mirror, fastened it on to her back hair, and exclaimed with something like the old honeymoon love lighting her eyes: "Why, John! you're a perfect jewel! It's just lovely! To think that you have been hiding your light under a bushel all these years?" But alas! for human frality! If Jones had only kept his face straight his duplicity might never have been discovered, and the cloud that soon crowded upon his wife's countenance might never have been. As we said, Jones was a great man, but he didn't stay great long enough to be of any use as an exemplar to husbands in general.

MLLE. AMBRE says Marimon sings without soul. If this is so, there is no excuse for a prima donna warbling on her uppers.