WINSTON LEADER.

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Winston Lodge, No. 106, meet every Friday night in their Hall, in the Johnson new building, at 7 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

I. H. NELSON, N. G.
J. A. ROBINSON, Secretary. [mar3-1y]

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Meet every 2d and 4th Tuesday night, in each month, at 7½ o'clock, in Johnston's new building. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.

A. B. GOSWELL, D.
I. H. NELSON, R. [mar2-1y]

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

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OFFICE: Over Wachovia National Bank. [apr20-1y]

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Prompt attention given, and charges moderate.

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IN NEW QUARTERS!

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Has moved into his new building, north side Court House Square, and is now better able to serve his friends and patrons with the latest styles and patterns. The latest prints always on hand. Call on me.

AT THE OLD STAND!

Remodeled and Improved

DRUG STORE

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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,

[jan14-1y] Winston, N. C.

Ringing the Christmas Chimes.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more:
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly-dying cause
And ancient forms of party strife:
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the wan, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times,
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

New Year's Day.

There are three natural phenomena which afford divisions of time; First, the rotation of the earth on its axis, which gives rise to the solar day—that is the interval between the periods when the s comes to the same meridan or line drawn directly north and south; second, the time from new moon to new moon, or from full moon until it again appears with its whole surface illuminated; third, the revolution of the earth around the sun, causing the season and marking the period called a year. As the time which elapses between one full moon and the next following it could be more easily observed than any other change, and this was found to be nearly equal to thirty solar days, and twelve of these periodical appearances of that body brought the different seasons at nearly the same time; the year was made to consist of twelve lunations, or of three hundred and sixty days. Hence the reason why the circle was divided, as it still continues to be, into three hundred and sixty equal parts, called degrees.

The first proximation, however, to the true length of the year was made by means of the stylus or gnomon, probably the first astronomical instrument. This was merely a rod or pole set perpendicularly, which cast a shadow on a level plain. It was then found that there was one period when the shadow was longest, another when it was shorter, and two periods, the equinoxes, when it was of the same length. It was also observed that the interval between one of these and its return was about the one-sixth of a lunation, or five days more than twelve lunar months. This difference between the civil year obtained from the phases of the moon, and the astronomical year, deduced by the aid of the gnomon and other means, lead to various methods of adjusting them to each otner. The Egyptian, Chaldeans and Assyrians, as the Mohammedans still do reckoned by lunar months, twelve of which composed the year, while the Mexicans, for some unknown reason, divided their year into eighteen parts. The Greeks, as early as the time of Solon, endeavored to make the calendar or lunar year and the astronomical agree by adding a month every four years, which was too much, and was probably rectified by observing the ripening of the fruits. Numa, the great Roman law-giver, who died B. C. 672, added January and February to the year, which before had consisted of only ten months. He, as Pontifex Maximus, Chief Priest, introduced, B. C. 46, what is called the Julian Calendar. The year was made to consist of 365 days and increase every fourth year one day by counting the sixth day before March twice. But the tropical year, or period from one equinox to the same equinox again, is not exactly 365 days and six hours, as Julius Cæsar supposed, but between ten and eleven minutes less. The small fraction in the course of a century amounted to three fourths of a day. It thus caused the vernal equinox to fall earlier every year, and Pope Gregorg XIII. being desirous that it should fall on or near the 21st of March, the day on which it happened when the Council of Nice was held, in 325, directed that the day succeeded the 4th of October, 1582, instead of being called the 5th should be denominated the 15th, thus correcting the error of ten days which had arisen between 325 and 1582. He also ordered that February should be made to consist of twenty-nine days in all years the number of which was exactly divisible by four but not by one hundred, and in every century which could be evenly divided by 400. But this arrangemen the difference between civil and astronomical time amounts to only a day in nearly 3,600 years. The New Style, as it was called, was immediately adopted in all Catholic countries, but in England and her colonies the Old Style was retained until 1752. As the error then amounted to eleven days, Parliament enacted that the 3d of September, 1752, should be reckoned the 14th. The New Style was adopted in Denmark, and Sweden in 1753, and is now used in all Christian countries, except Russia, where, it is said, measures are being taken to introduce it. But if the length of the year has varied at different periods, and among different nations, the time of his commencement has also been far from uniform. In many countries there have been two beginnings of that period, the one civil and the other ecclesiastical. The Jews began their year for civil purposes in the month Tizri, which answers to September, but their ecclesiastical in the month Nisan, corresponding very nearly to the month of April, at which time they kept the Passover. Athenian year commenced with the month Hecatombeon, which began the first new moon after the summer solstice, June 21.

Sentiment.

The ideal baby is a little fellow with the daintiest tinted cheeks, the curliest hair, the sweetest little "coo," and with angels' wings just sprouting from his shoulders. The real baby is a young wad of humanity, with open valves, screaming all the time, fuzz on his bald head like thistle-down, and as for angels' wings—well they don't fasten them on with safety pins.

Sunshine is God's legitimate agent to give life and light. It enters into everything which is for the comfort or well-being of mankind; without it we would eke out a short, intolerable existence. As in the material world, so in the inner life. A man without sunshine in his nature is like a plant growing in the dark; it is weak, it is sickly, its vitality is poisonous.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

THE EVENING STAR.

Along the grassy slope I sit,
And dream of other years;
My heart is full of soft regrets,
My eyes of tender tears.

The wild bees hummed about the spot,
The sheep bells tinkle far.
Last year when Alice sat with me
Beneath the evening star.

The same sweet star is o'er me now,
Around the same soft hours;
But Alice moulders in the dust,
With all the last year's flowers.

I sit alone, and only hear
The wild bees on the steep,
And distant bells that seem to float
From out the folds of sleep.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

Let it not be imagined that the life of a good christian must necessarily be a life of melancholy and gloominess; for he only resigns some pleasures to enjoy others infinitely better.—*Pascal.*

As the shadow in the early morning, is friendship with the wicked; it dwindles, hour by hour. But friendship with the good increases, like the evening shadows, till the sun of life sets.—*Herder.*

One of the wisest and most compendious remarks of Lord Bacon is, that he who marries will see much trouble; but he who does not marry will see no joys.

No one can ever be happy where the virtues of his childhood home are wanting. If under his father's roof there was cleanliness, order, discipline, hospitality he will never tarry long in a household where these qualities are not to be found. Every child is an apostle for the propagation of the attractions of the home of his youth. So that mothers and fathers who rule their own household well, are exerting an influence on posterity which can hardly be overrated.

A wife should be her husband's nearest and dearest friend, therefore his equal in the qualities of the heart and mind; as capable of advising as of consoling him; a true woman, to be his helpmate and companion, not a goddess to be set on a pedestal and adored with prostrate homage; not a doll to be tricked out with the gauds of ostentation and degrading partiality.—*Ex.*

Scientific Economy.

A vine with tuberous roots and a herbaceous stem has been discovered by M. Lecard in Soudan. It yields abundant and delicious grapes.

The French Chamber of Deputies has voted a credit of 50,000 francs to enable M. Pasteur to extend his researches upon the contagious diseases of animals.

Children's gardens have just been established at Amsterdam for the reception between school hours of working people's children, and have proved highly successful.

Mr. Frederick Ransome has succeeded in producing a good hydraulic cement from blast furnace slag by mixing it with a a additional quantity of lime and kalsomining the mass.

Dr. Purjesz, of Pesth, relates a case of poisoning by 2½ grains of sulphate of atropine, which was entirely cured in three hours by the administration of a centigramme of muriate of pilo-arpine every five or ten minutes until sixteen centigrammes had been taken.

When, says the *Ployt. Notizblatt*, a few drops of ether or alcohol are let upon a paper equally moistened with cadium and iodide starch solution, and the volatile liquids are set on fire the paper will be found, after their evaporation, to be turned blue, owing to the formation of ozone.

Of our whole export of hog products Europe takes about 90 per cent. of the bacon and hams, 30 per cent. of the barrelled pork and 75 per cent. of the lard, or about 65 per cent. of the whole. Great Britain leads in these imports. Our next best customers are Germany, France, Belgium, the West Indies and South America. A small export is made to Africa and to various islands in the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

From the inquiries conducted by Professor Hermann Cohn, of Breslau, since 1865, it appears that short-sightedness is rarely or never born with those subject to it, and is almost always the result of strains sustained by the eye during study in early youth. A better construction of school desks, an improved typography of text books and sufficient lighting of class rooms are the remedies proposed to abate this malady.

A San Francisco gentleman reports that an important trade is being inaugurated between California and the Asiatic possessions of Russia, a country noted for its vast herds of cattle, which run in the wilderness and are self-sustaining, costing nothing for food and shelter. Three thousand barrels of mess beef have lately been shipped from that region to California, and a large trade is expected to follow. The salt and barrels in which it was packed were produced in this country.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

SHORT STOPS.

I.

Young man.
Some money.
Starts paper.
Very funny.

II.

Runs a while.
Breaks, of course.
Clears the way
For "Another Horse."

A service was recently announced at St. Matthew's Sydenham, London "for children of the upper classes." Whereupon the following amendment to the well-known saying was promptly offered by a newspaper commentator: "Suffer little children of the upper classes to come unto me."

If upon a snowy day a gentleman sees another gentleman slip and fall, he laughs; whereas, if he sees a horse slip and fall, he does not laugh. Why is this thus? Because, if the gentleman that laughs had fallen, the gentleman that has fallen would have laughed, whereas the horse wouldn't.

The son of a merchant recently returned from his studies at a business college. A friend of the merchant was asking the old man if the boy had improved his opportunities. "I should say he had," was the reply. "He can imitate anybody's handwriting, and is so expert at figures that I am afraid to let him touch the books."

SPECIAL FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The street-car mule, from day to day,
Plods on his sad effective way.

Whene'er the driver plies his whip
The street-car mule.s hind legs slip.

He kicks his way far through the car,
And the driver views many a falling star.

* * * * * * *

O mule! O whip! O driver sad!
The world looks on, the world is glad.

For drivers are cruel and whips they sting,
And sorrows about a mule's head cling.

One hour after an "old master" had painted the name of a patent medicine on a big rock a cow came along, licked it off, and died before sundown. When the simple name of a medicine kills a cow, human boings want to beware of the stuff itself. A cow was never killed by licking the name of a patent medicine in a newspaper, and no other kind can be recommended.

"I would rather vote for a long-eared donkey than for you,', said an independent voter to a Galveston candidate, "O, come, now! you ought not to allow yourself to be so influenced by family ties," responded the candidate. The voter has been puzzling his head ever since to find out why the crowd laughed.

When the English take a vacation they sink the shop. An Englishman traveling in Switzerland met a French lady with her daughter. They made up a party and did the lakes together. The young lady was suddenly attacked with toothache, and the party traveled twelve miles to find a dentist who applied a little laudanum. Subsequently it was ascertained that the Englishman was a dentist. When asked why he did not relieve the fair patient, he dryly replied; "I am on a vacation."

"What! that coffee all gone?" "Yis, mam. There isn't a blessed drawin' left in the box." "What! four pounds of coffee used up in our small family in one week?" "Smal family? Musha, thin, mam, theres' two of yez, an' the maid, and there's me an' me foive admirers, who has aich a night to hisself, and how ye can make a small family out of tin o' us is beyant me entirely. I don't know what ye'll do whin I come to fill in th' other two nights o' the week wid young men who wants a sup, o' hot coffee for to keep the chills away."

Fashions.

Shirred waists are very much in favor with young ladies.

Wide velvet collars bordered with fur are very stylishly worn.

Masculine styles for ladies' street costumes are still popular.

Plush coats are very stylish, and are worn with skirts of any material.

Cords with tassels have largely taken the place of belts for street and house wear.

High-standing Bernhardt ruches and fraises for the neck are more in vogue than ever.

Stockinet for "Jerseys" is now sold by the yard, and makes up into charming cuirass basques.

Plaque buttons of pearl, with grapes and leaves, cherries, currants and blackberries of enamel, are very handsome.

Jackets of velvet brocade have taken the place of Persian silk, but they do not mould the figure like the soft Eastern brocade.

Little childrean wear small fancy plaid shawls laid over the shoulder scarf fashion, crossed in front and fastened at the side a la Highlander.

Novel scarf pins represent dimininutive oysters and lobsters, miniature newspapers, letter envelopes and pearl bootjacks, inlaid with mock rubies.

Very elegant fichus are imported made of brocaded velvet in Persian colors and trimmed with plaques and passementerie ornaments of cashmere beads.

The Rob Roy or baker's cap are now dignified by the name of Leonardo di Vinci turbans, being similar in shape to the head-dress worn by the renowned painter while at his work.

Cream-white brocaded net fichus having the flower designs outlined with small pearl beads and bordered with a pearl fringe are very dressy and becoming, and can be worn with any toilet.

"Schrimp" pink is a color in satin much used in Paris in combination with a brilliant shade of light blue; and garnet velvet is much employed for trimming white evening dresses, either of satin and brocade or of the new striped gauze.

The long redingotes are still worn by misses, but the newest styles are made with short fronts and tublier drapery. In this style the fashions for adults are followed, and jackets with short fronts, which resemble gentlemen's dress coats, are worn over very full skirts, absolutely without drapery.

Large bouquets of flowers are now placed in the centre of the bodice, somewhere about the sixth button from the top. This is the very newest caprice, which perhaps will not be heeded by ladies with opinions of their own, who prefer to be guided in this matter by the more stringent laws of the becoming.

A STYLISH COSTUME.

A short dress of black satin is made with basque plain in front and box-plaited into fulness at the back. The skirt is slightly open in the front breadth, each side lined with cardinal satin. A panier drapery is drawn over the hips and mingles with the back of the skirt, which is looped in various places. The bottom of the dress is cut up in spaces about three inches apart and a plaiting of red satin is inserted, giving fulness to the edge of the skirt and producing a beautiful effect. An adjustable train, which may be fastened on the crochet buttons and loops, changes the character of this from a street to a full-dress costume. In the skirt of a very beautiful combination of silk brocade and a rich shade of dark maroon plush a pretty effect was produced by the trimming of the front breadth of the skirt, which represents the two sides as being fastened by buttons and cords. A large buttonhole was simulated at intervals on the skirt and a crochet ball suspended from cords, which were carried across the puff to a large crochet button. The effect was artistic and very stylish. The back breadths of all but princess dresses are always covered with draped material of camel's hair or cashmere for street and all but very dressy occasions, when satin surah generally forms the foundation, enriched with velvet, brocade and plush. Beaded and embroidered trimmings, cords and fringes are mingled effectively with these. The basques are usually finished in one or two deep points in front, with postilion or plaited backs, plain coat sleeves trimmed at the wrist and plaitings or a roll of silk cut at intervals, through which a lace or silk scarf is inserted at the neck. Elbow sleeves and a few puffs at the shoulders for very slender figures are the variations for other than ordinary wear. These are finished and enriched with black or white laces.

Crushed Truth in a Rising Attitude.

Monday afternoon a stranger, whose whole appearance was a dead give away on his empty pockets, entered an office in Exchange Place, and asked:

"Do I look like a missionary about to sail for India?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"That's right, I like people to be frank with me. Do I look as if I could convert any great number of heathens if I should turn a missionary?"

"No, sir?"

"Good again. Would you advise me to turn missionary?"

"No, sir?"

"Thanks. I see you are a business man. I'm another. I came in here calculating to tell you that I was a missionary about to sail for India, and ask you for a small donation. You wouldn't have given me a cent would you?"

"No, sir."

"That's plain, and it pleases me. Now, then, I'll tell you the truth. I've no money, nothing to do, don't want work, expect to have a close rub this winter, and will be much obliged for the loan or ten cents."

"Can't spare it."

"Not even when I tell you the truth?"

"No, sir."

"Then you don't care whether I lie or tell the truth?"

"No, sir. I can't see that it affects me any."

"Very well. It does me good to find a frank, honest man, and, on the whole, I'm not disappointed. If you had lent me a dime it would have gone for whiskey and been wasted! If you had believed me I should have lied to you. Seems as if you might recommend me to some one in the block on whom a pleasant lie would have effect; but I won't press the matter. *Au revoir!—Wall Street News.*

TEA AND LOYALITY.—A Liverpool firm of grocers, in advertising their teas in the local newspapers, remarked that "Tea-drinkers will do well to send to Lewis' for half a pound of Lewis' excellent tea for one shilling. Lewis's are well-known for their loyalty to their Sovereign, and they have no hesitation in affirming that their tea at two shillings a pound is good enough for the Queen to drink.

Winter is the sleep of the year, and also its snower.

Hang up the Baby's Stocking.

Hang up the baby's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget
The dear little dimpled darling!
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood it,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small,

I know what will do for baby,
I've thought of the very best plan—
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can:
And you'll hang it up mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so!
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessedest baby—
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

Christmas at Hillside.

Christmas eve! How the young hearts of Christendom beat at the sound of that blessed holiday!

It has kindled the eyes and quickened the steps of the young folks at the Hillside, for the house has been astir all the week—every one on the watch—for each member has a secret, and many a merry joke is played by the children on each other.

Mamma has gone into the city several times and always brings home a bundle, to be hidden away carefully until the happy Christmas morning.

But there is plenty of work the evening before, and mamma says that the little ones must be off to bed early on Christmas eve, there is so much to be done by the good spirits in the silent night.

"Just tell us one sweet story before we go, mamma, said Violet.

"Would you like to hear about the Krist-kindlein, children?" asked mamma.

"O, yes, that will be so sweet; now we are all quiet," said Rose.

With these, the group of children settled themselves around mamma before the open grate, the ruddy blaze of the bituminous coal the only light in the family room,

With an arm around little Rose and little Paul upon her lap, with Violet and Fred on stools at her feet, mamma commenced:

One of the dear friends of little children tells this sweet story. It is an old legend that on Christmas eve the Krist-kindlein came in the form of a bright, beautiful boy, with waving auburn hair, the softest hazel eyes and with the sweetest smile that ever lit up the face of childhood.

With him came an angel, a beautiful, strong angel, on their errand of love.

The bells were ringing out their merry peals from every belfry in the city; the ground was covered with crisp snow; the sleighs with their silver bells flying in every direction, the shop windows brilliantly lit and filled with all sorts of beautiful shining toys; the people and their children, many a little urchin stepping up to the windows to peep at the happy families within.

Above this crowd floated the Krist-kindleln and the angel, but the people did not see them in the clouds. Descending now and then, the Krist-kindlein would stop at doors that he was about to enter, but the angel said, "Not there, there is discord among them," and so they passed on, for the leving Krist-kindlein could not press a kiss upon the cheek of such.

They came to another and more humble home—looking in through the window, there was a poor widow and her son, their faces shining with happiness. The home was very poor, but a picture of neatness. On the table stood a fir tree with a few colored candles, a few bright balls, some red apples and sugar toys, and on the top, with outspread wings, a small candy angel.

The two did not seem to walk as the children of men did, moved along with a gliding motion, passing through doors without opening them; and thus they stood before the astonished pair, a soft halo around the head of the beautiful boy, but they did not see the smile upon his lovely face.

"You are very happy," said a sweet voice, "on this Christmas eve."

"We ought to be," replied the mother, "when it is the eve of our dear Lord's birthday."

"You seem very poor," continued the voice.

"We have our daily food and clothing, and we want no more."

"But your next-door neighbors have everything that riches can give."

"Yes," said the mother, "but without Christ—we have Him; and don't you see this beautiful fir tree? It was sent to us by one of His dear servants, so you see we have friends too."

"Where does that good friend live?" inquired the voice.

"It is the good Fraulein Weiss; everybody in Heidelberg knows her. She has a Christmas tree to-night for the children of the poor. Johannes has been sick and could not go out on such a cold night, so she sent us this pretty tree and a goose with all its dressing and onions, and mince pie for our Christmas dinner. Ought we not to be happy? But I wish I could see the one that speaks such kind words."

"That cannot be now," said the angel, "but will be seen hereafter, so be content."

The Krist-kindlein then kissed the two upon the forehead, and then silently passed through the closed door to search for the good Fraulein.

That was a blessed kiss, for with it came the Christ child; the love, the joy and the peace of heaven; for these were truly the children of the kingdom.

Passing on they came to the good Fraulein, whom they found in the midst of her group of happy children.

A large fir tree stood on the table, glittering with colored balls and candles, decorated with every variety of pretty things made of gilt and silver paper by Fraulein's own hands, assisted by numerous young friends, ready to help one who was always trying to increase the happiness of others.

She had gathered many comfits, too, so that none would go away without something substantial from the Christmas tree.

They were all sparkling, but none so bright and merry as the good Fraulein, and the Krist-kindlein pressed his kiss upon her brow and left the same blessing upon all whom she pointed out as loving and good.

Fraulein was forty-five years old, but the Christ-child dwelt within that heart with all the freshness of youth, and when she lay down upon her pillow on that Christmas eve, it was with the sweet kiss of benediction flooding her warm, loving heart.

And so all that night, beneath the stars of heaven, the angel and the Krist-kindlein passed around, and ere the errand of love was quite ended, the day had dawned and many a kiss was left upon the sweet faces of the young sleepers, dreaming happy visions about the coming day and the joys of the bright Christmas season.

It is true that none had seen the faces of the two, but who can doubt that just such spirits are present in all where the spirit of holy, heavenly love animates the household.

Mamma folded her hands and kissed her group of rapt listeners, for her story was done.

"That is a beautiful story," said Violet. "I wonder who wrote it."

"I think a kind old story writer named Hans Anderson. All the children loved him; but he is gone and will never write any more sweet stories."

"It was a pretty story; I wish the Krist-kindlein would kiss me," said Rose.

"Yes, my children, it is a beautiful fancy, and it may be true with us all if we will have it so; we may all have hat blessed kiss of the Krist-kindlein."

How a Dutchman Got Even.

Once on a time there lived a jovial Dutchman, whose name was Hanness Von Shrimpelffel. He had a wife. He also had a little grocery where beer and such personal property was sold. He gave credit to a parcel of dry customers, and kept his books with a piece of white chalk on the headboard of the bed-room.

One day Mrs. Shrimpelffel, in a neat fit took it upon herself to clean the house and things, so she did and cleaned the head board and with soap and water settled the old man's accounts, wiping away every chalk mark.

Pretty soon before long the old vender of things came into his house and saw what ruin his frau had wrought. Then he said:

"Mein Gott, Frau Shrimpelffel, what for you make a ruined man of me I guess not? You make wipe away all dem names and figures what I owe dem fellers what's going to pay me before they get ready, and I lose more as zwei hundred tollar!"

His frau left the room in fear and disgust. When she returned he had recovered the head-board with chalk marks. Then said she:

"Hanness, you have make them all right again, don't it?"

"Vell, mein tearer frau, make the figures all right, but I put down some petter names as dem old fellers vot you wiped out!"

How a Mean Man got Beaten.

Yesterday morning a poor man who had just arrived in Little Rock, and who didn't have enough money to buy a cheese sandwich at half price, borrowed a shovel, and stopping in front of a wealthy man's house, shovelled the snow from the sidewalk. Then he rang the door bell. Colonel Slippery, the owner of the mansion, came to the door, "If you please," said the poor man, "I have shovelled the snow from your sidewalk," "If I please?" "Yes, sir, if you please." "Well, what are you going to do about it?" "Being very hungry I thought that you would give me 25 cents." The Colonel is the stingiest man in Arkansas, and the idea of surrending 25 cents was a desperate one. "See here," said the Colonel, "I wanted that snow to stay where it was. If I hadn't wanted it on the sidewalk I should have put up a shed. I wish, sir, that all the snow in town had fallen here; for I was raised in the North, and this snow is the only Northern idea that I have ever seen introduced here, I am half inclined to have you arrested for trespass. Put that snow back where you found it. Put every flake of it back." The poor man turned and scooped up a shovelful, when the Colonel exclaimed: "Go ahead; I'll let you off." The poor man went away and the Colonel chuckled over his breakfast. "I've saved twenty-five cents," he mused as he passed through the gate and started up town. "I was just thinking about hiring some one to clean it off." The poor man went away and after awhile returned with a lot of tramps and shovels. When the Colonel came home to dinner he found a bank of snow ten feet high in front of his door. He paid three dollars and a half to have it removed.

National Sports.

HORSE AND TRACK GOSSIP.

Lucy, the pacer is offered for sale by Mr. Keys.

Mr. Lorillard's imported stallion, Mortirmer has a lame foot.

Major John R. Viley, at one time President of the Kentucky Racing Association, is lying very ill at Lexington, Ky.

"Coal Oil Maid," a well-known trotter, formerly owned by E. M. Johns, of Norristown, died a few days ago of diptheria.

Mr. Moncure Robinson, who was seriously injured on returning from the "chase" in Baltimore, recently, is said to be convalescing rapidly.

Blue Gown cost about $17,000 and wa fully insured.

The noted pacer Bay Billy, record 2.15 has gone into winter quarters at the York Prairie Stud Farm, Muncie, Ind.

Mr. James E. Cooper purchased recently of Mr. John Cook the black stallion Onward, by Charles E. Lowe, a son of George M. Patchen.

W. Lakeland, of Mobile, has recently paid $2,500 for Duke of Kent, 3 years, by Bonnie Scotland, out of Fannie Barrow (dam of Bonnie Carrie.)

Mr. Dan Mace has sent his 6-year old trotting stallion Adonis, by Ethan Allen, dam Charlotte F., by imp. Scythian, to make a season in the stud as Lexington, Ky.

Colonel Richard Ten Broek, the noted Kentucky turfman, is now the agent for a patent compressed air-motor that is said to be a wonderful thing in its way.

Jem Mace, ex-champion pugilist of England, and at present an extensive bookmaker in Melbourne, Australia, recently paid 200 guineas for Haldiee of the Hill, a noted thoroughbred.

Kaiser, a bay horse, 10 years old, by skirmisher, out of Regina, by King Tom, has been purchased from the celebrated Cobham Stud Farm, of England, and sent to Poland.

The principal winners at different ages in England last season wore: Advance, aged, £1264; Rosy Cross, 6 years old, £1635; Isonomy, 5 years old, £4197; Exeter, 4 years, £8294; Robert the Devil, 3 years, £12, 171; Bal Gal, 2 years, £10,666.

The veteran base ball player, Dick Pearce, says he will get up a strong nine to represent St. Louis next season.

Billy Edwards and Patsey Sheppard have a "set-to" in Boston for the benefit of the Boston Base Ball nine o 1881.

It is claimed by the British sporting papers that the Thompson Brothers, the famous bookmakers of Australia, lost $100,000 on Trickett's defeat.

Ed. C. Holske, the fast short-distance heel-and-toe walker, has challenged Dennis Driscoll, the pet Eastern walker, to a 25-mile race for $500 a side.

Warren Smith, the Halifax oarsman, has arrived home from England, and he is by no means convinced that there is a sculler in England that can defeat him.

Harbridge, who caught at different periods for the Hartford, Chicago and Troy base ball nines, is at present attached to the sanitary police force in Troy, N. Y.

It is said that Mr. George Fox, of the Pennsylvania Rifle Club, reputed to be the best long-range shot in Pennsylvania, purposes to retire permanently from rifle shooting.

Harvard College will have no representative single sculler next year. Its crew of eight, however, will it is thought, be superior to the one that represented Harvard last summer.

The ex-pugilist, Ben Hogan, who fought a draw with Tom Allen, and was for a long time the manager of a variety theatre in the oil regions, has turned preacher, and a short time ago conducted a series of meetings in New York city.

The experiment of crossing the brook and salmon trout has been entirely successful at the State hatchery. The offspring are said to be a well-formed and handsome fish, and are likely to form a valuable addition to our better class of food fishes.

The Yale College crew have conconstructed with a Chester firm to build a steam yacht, the dimensions of which will be 45 feet in length, 6 feet 4 inches wide and four feet hold. The builder guarantees the boat to make twenty miles an hour.

John W. Cozad, the noted professional short-distance runner, was killed recently by his backer in Denver, Col. Cozad induced a friend to back him in an 80 yard race to the extent of $18,000, and at the same time entered into an agreement with his opponent to lose. The race was sure for Cozad, but he was beaten, and before he returned to his quarters was shot.

A Sunday school missionary, who availed himself of the best help he could in establishing a Sunday school, on visiting it some time after found the superintendent did not open his school with prayer. Asking why this omission occurred, the official replied: "I am not well enough acquainted with the Lord." It is to be feared a good many people are in a like situation. However, this superintendent said: "If you will send a preacher to preach to us I will pay $1 for every sermon he preaches." Now there is a church and a minister in the place.

"Why are you like a crazy man, my dear?" asked a wife, seating herself beside her husband, "Don't know," replied her husband; "I give it up." "Why," replied the wife, hitching close up to him, and putting on one of her sweetest smiles, "I am your other elf, and you are beside yourself."