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Give us a trial before buying elsewhere.
Don't Forget we are on the Corner.
April 1, 1881.

What the Birds Teach Us.

Oh! little birds, God taught you songs
In many a beautiful note to raise;
We hear you in the bush and cliff,
The meadow and the dusty ways,
He taught us, too, and we can sing
A sweeter, nobler psalm of praise.
Oh! little birds, God shaped your wings
To cleave the air with sunny air,
And soaring o'er the field and wood,
To glide in freedom everywhere,
And He has shaped for us our wings—
The winging word of faith and prayer.
Oh! little birds, God gave you hearts
Of quiet joy and sweetest pain;
You live contented through the days
Of summer sun or winter rain,
And He can give us gladness
Mixed with content and greatest gain.
Oh! little birds, God showed you how
To choose the true that suits you best;
To weave the twig, and straw and grass,
To bind the clay into your nest,
And He has shown us how to build
A house in heaven, where we may rest.
Oh! little birds, God grants you gifts
Exhaustless through the changing year
And in the field you find your food
Sometimes afar and sometimes near,
And He will give us all we want—
His children never need to fear.

Woman's Faith.

Old Nannie Nettleship's son had been sent to prison two years for a robbery with which he had been mixed up. Dan's wife, poor woman, lay dazed of sickness, sinking slowly out of her misery, and Dan's three little children must be fed and reared somehow. When the sentence was pronounced, Nanny was in court. It broke her heart that her Dan should come to home, for the Nettleships came of honest stock. Dan's father had fought his country's battles, and left his arms and legs aching about the globe, and in his old age a grateful country allowed him a trifle to keep all that was left of him from starving.

But when the remains of the old pensioner's body went to look for his scattered fragments, a portion of his pension was continued to his widow; and having in her seventieth year put her little income into Dan's pocket she went to live with him. Dan was her youngest child, but the only one left to her. He was five and thirty, but she still called him her boy. He was married, and so old Nan came back from the pensioner's graveside to Dan's place and set to work to make herself as little a burden as possible.

It was well enough at first, till Dan got mixed up with bad company. He was deceived, fooled, and made a dupe of. Old Nan will go to her grave believing that. But appearances were against him. The cruel gentleman in the white wig made it look so black that the jury, who did not know Dan as his mother did, said he was guilty, and the jury gave him two years.

He was such a nice good-tempered judge, and smiled so sweetly to show a set of white teeth, that Nan could hardly believe he was hurting her boy till it was all over. But when her son looked toward her with his ashen face, and cried, "Mother take care of Louie and the little ones," her heart nearly stopped still, and she stood up in the back of the court and called across to him to hand out his money. While her old man could not work his dear ones should not starve.

Then he went down the well from the dock out of sight, and Nanny tottered home to be husband and father and mother to a sick and helpless woman and three little children. She had roughed it years ago as a soldier's wife, and had accompanied her husband's regiment many a time. She had grown hardy in the old days, and now her early training stood her in good stead. Louie, Dan's wife, was too ill to work. She was feeble and ailing before the grand trouble came. After her little son was prostrate. She lay like a tired child whose heart is wrung with grief, and made no effort. She had clung to her husband, who had put his strong arms about her and kept her alive with love and gentle care.

Now that he was taken from her she dropped swiftly as the flower languishes when nought comes. Then it was that old Nanny Nettleship came and took her place at the head of the little family. She nursed and cheered the sickly wife, she loved and tended the children. She eked out her little pension among them, and went forth to earn their bread. She went early mornings to the markets, and bought and sold again. By sheer hard work she built up a little connection in outlying suburbs, where she could sell fruit and flowers and vegetables, and when her load grew heavier than she could bear in consequence of the increase of custom, she managed to get a meek little brown donkey who drew her barrow.

Winter and summer she was up in the early mornings to buy at the market, and all winds and weathers she was in the streets through the long day to sell her goods and earn food and shelter for Dan's wife and children. It was no easy task then to make both ends meet, for the wife wanted many things that cost money, and Nan never let the children go ragged or scantily clad.

So the two years drifted slowly by. The children grew apace, but they drooped and drooped in spite of all Nan's care, till at last the old woman feared her son would be a free man only to find his children motherless.

But as the time drew near for her husband's release, Mrs. Nettleship relieved a little. The hope of seeing his beloved face seemed to give her strength to live on. "I shall see him before I go, mother," she would say to the old lady, "and then I shall die happy."

The day of Dan Nettleship's release has come at last. The sick wife, her thin hands clasped together, the three

light of consumption in her eyes, lies listening with eager ears for the first sound of his footsteps. The younger children are awed into quietness, for granny has told them that daddy is coming home to-day. They were such mites when the trouble came, that they could understand nothing of it, and now they half-dread the advent of this stranger who is their "daddy."

Outside the prison gate stand the old woman and little Louie, and presently he for whom they are waiting so eagerly comes through the door. The sun is shining brightly and people are passing by, but as the eyes of the man and the old woman meet everything fades from their sight. "My boy, my boy!" she cries, and presently her old arms are about his neck, and tears of joy are coursing down her wrinkled cheeks.

But Louie slips her little hand in his and looks up to him with her lips pouted for a kiss. He picks her up in his arms and gives her, not one, but a dozen. He puts her down, and presently she pulls him by the coat as they walk along. "Daddy!" "Yes?" "Mamma's waiting for you at home. Mamma's glad you're coming home to-day."

"God bless my poor Lou!" said Dan. "How is she mother?" Nanny Nettleship told her son quietly all she had to tell. It was no use deceiving him. Lou was sick unto death. "She's only lived to see you, Dan my poor boy," she said.

Dan questioned his mother eagerly. Little by little he won from her the whole story of the two years. His face was every white as he heard all, and thought of the torture his dear ones had gone through, and all his brave old mother had done when he was paying the penalty of his crime. There and then, in justification, half to himself, half to his mother, he went over the whole ground, showing, that, though technically he was guilty, morally, he was innocent.

"It was that bargainer that prosecuted who settled me," he said. He put it so straight, I should have found myself guilty if I'd been on the jury." They had quickened their pace because Dan was so terribly anxious to see his wife. In his prison night after night he had pictured this day, and now it had come.

He was very hopeful, was Dan, and when they passed a square with some weak, sooty trees in it, and heard a bird chanting a cockney carol to as much sun as could see above the chimney-pots, the man, excited with his new freedom, and without thinking, let go of his mother and child, and began to run as if he were in a hurry to get home.

It was an old habit of his, this breaking into a run when he was excited or thinking. But just as he began to run a crowd turned round the corner in hot pursuit of someone, and the cry of "Stop thief!" rang from a score of lips. A minute before a man had brushed past him, running too. Before he could think, the crowd was rushing by. There was a policeman among them joining in the chase. He stopped for a moment and looked at Dan. Whether it was the knowledge that he had just come out of prison, or a sudden revulsion of feeling at the sight of the uniform he had such cause to remember, Dan didn't know, but he began to tremble.

The policeman took hold of his arm, Nanny and little Louie had come to Dan's side and both wondered what the policeman was doing. He showed them in a moment. Twisting Dan's arm with a professional jerk, he thrust his hand into the side pocket of the pilot-coat he wore, and drew forth a purse.

The crowd had stopped, and gathered round. Among them was a young lady, very hot and flushed and out of breath. "Is that your purse, miss?" said the policeman, holding Dan firmly. "Yes," said the young lady, "that's it; but he's not the man who took it." "No, miss, but he'll do as well. It's been passed to him by his pal. That's what they does mostly always. You'd better come to the police station now."

With that he seized Dan roughly and forced him along. "White as a ghost, dumfounded and trembling, Dan attempted to explain that he was innocent; that the purse must have been put in his pocket. Moaning and wringing her hands old Nanny Nettleship stood at the edge of the crowd with the trembling Louie clutching at her gown and asking what daddy had done now.

And at home, waiting with a yearning heart, and counting the minutes as they went by lay Dan Nettleship's dying wife. He thought of her and of the agony she would endure when the time went by and he did not come, and the thought maddened him. He would not be taken away now almost at the threshold of his home—now, when after two weary years he was about to see his poor darling once more.

He tore himself from the policeman's grasp with a desperate effort. Then the man seized him by the throat, and they fought; Dan was a powerful fellow, and he was mad. He raised blows upon his assailant till the man's face was disfigured and bloody. Still he held on. Then the crowd closed in fought too. Help came, and Dan was

overpowered. Foaming at the mouth, and mad with rage and despair, he was dragged along by brute force, the knuckles of the stalwart constable, being forced into his throat and making him black in the face. And home to the dying woman went the old woman and the little child to tell their pitiful tale, and dash the cup of joy from her lips just as it touched them.

Dan Nettleship was taken before a magistrate, and committed for trial being concerned in the theft of a lady's purse, and for assaulting the constable. The old lady saw her son in prison, and comforted him with brave, hopeful words. She promised him she would move heaven and earth to clear him and set him free, and he had the same solemn faith in her that all had who came to know old Nanny.

The famous barrister who had secured the former conviction was to her mind a tower of strength. If she could get him to defend her boy she felt he was saved. She would get him cost what it might. She saw the solicitor, and told him she wanted the famous counsel to defend her son. He told her it would cost her too much.

"How much?" asked Nanny. "It was a great deal of money for a poor old woman to raise, but Nan went away and raised it. She brought the gold and gave it to the solicitor, who promised to retain the great man. Nanny raised that money by parting with all she treasured now in the world by parting with her donkey and drawing her heavy barrow herself; and that was not sufficient she pawned the medals which her husband had won at the end of his limbs, and which his dying hand had pressed into hers, bidding her treasure them and his memory as long as she lived.

The day of trial came, and Nanny took her place in court and waited confident in the result now the barrister had Dan's case in hand. Dan in due course, came up, pale and ill, and took his place in the dock, and the counsel for the prosecution opened the case. Nanny glanced eagerly at the counsel's box; the great man was not there. Dan had noticed it too. "I beg your pardon, your lordship," he said, "but Mr.—going to defend me, and he is not here."

Up started a blushing youth in a wig. "Beg pardon, my lord; I defend prisoner. Mr.—is engaged elsewhere." The great counsel had handed over his brief to a junior. Old Nanny would have got up there and then made a speech, but Dan looked at her and motioned her to be quiet.

It was his luck. Everything was against him. The prosecution told its tale, and piled up the chain of facts. The young counsel blushed, made small jokes and damaged his client unintentionally at about every second question he asked. Here was a man who had just come out of prison—a goal bird, the prosecution called him—found running away with a purse in his pocket, and when arrested he fights the policeman. Such facts going to a jury what can the verdict be?

Let the judge write a little note, and it is given to his counsel. The counsel reads it before he calls witnesses for the defense. "Call Mrs. Nettleship," he says, putting the note down, and old Nanny gets into the box. The young counsel asks her one or two questions, and then says, "Tell us what happened," and leaves her to it. It was the best thing he could have done.

The old woman with her white hair and weeping eyes, tells all the story of the long struggle while Dan was in prison, and how, just as he came out, and was nearing home to see his dying wife he was made the victim of a mistake, and how, in his despair at being dragged away when his wife's life depended on his presence, he struggled and fought to get free.

Old Nanny tells her story with such pathetic force that she is not interrupted. She interests the judge and the jury, and looks of pity are sent to the dock, where Dan has broken down at the mention of his wife's name, and stands the tears trickling down his cheeks. The judge sums up in Dan's favor. He suggests that the man first pursued put the purse in Dan's open pocket instead of flinging it away, as less likely to be noticed. The jury clutch at the straw and find him innocent of the theft, but strongly recommend him to mercy.

"Prisoner," says the judge, "we have heard the story of your misfortunes from your mother, and we believe it. We are bound to protect the police in the execution of their duty, but in this instance it is possible you were an innocent man made desperate by your peculiar position. You are discharged on your own recognizances to come up when called upon."

Home as fast as their feet could carry them went mother and son, and that evening the dying woman lifted her eyes to her long absent husband's face, and whispered that she could die happy now. That night she slept her last sleep in his arms. The morning sun found her lying with her head pillowed upon his breast, her lips parted in a sweet smile, her arm about his neck and her heart still forever.

Old Nanny Nettleship sits in her easy chair now and does no work, for

Dan has taken his old place. There were those who heard his story at the court-house who held out a helping hand to him, and to-day he is an honest tradesman, and prospers. The war medals are in granny's keeping once more, and they will pass to Dan and his children when the old soldier's widow lays down the burden of her years. They are hallowed now not only with the valor of him who won them, but with the tender love and brave endurance of her who pawned them once to pay a counsel who took her fee and left her to do his work.

Has the Dyspepsia.

She read all the books of science,
Her fingers were covered with ink;
She hoisted at marriage alliances,
She talked of the missing link,
She quoted savans and preachers
Of greater or less renown—
Platonic in all her utterances,
She got a smash on a clown.

Reads this Column and is Cured.

Fun and frolic, with seasons caught,
Have many a pleasant natal brought.
"Judges," said a lawyer, "have always a great advantage over our poor fellows, for they guess last!"
Men love chances so well that they would rather win fifty cents than earn two dollars regularly.

An Englishman upon hearing the cackling in a poultry-yard exclaimed, "Oh, this is really henchanting." Model wives formerly took "a stitch in time," now, with the aid of a sewing machine, they take one in no time. Somebody is quoted as saying that an apt quotation is as good as an original remark. In many cases it is better.

The man who has half an hour to spare, generally drops in and occupies a half hour that belongs to some other man. A little girl riding past a pond only partly covered with ice, exclaimed, "Oh, I know now what water is; it's the juice of every young man understands how to sow his wild oats, and yet has not the remotest idea of the proper way to plant turnips.

A passenger on an ocean steamer seeing a fellow-voyager looking rather crest-fallen, asked him, "what was up?" "My dinner," was the laconic reply. A prominent lumber-man has had his coat-of-arms painted on the panels of his carriage, with the Latin motto, "Vidi." Which by interpretation is, "I saw."

It would be quite easy to pay the national debt by imposing a tax on beauty. There is not a woman living in the country who would not demand to be assessed. All the men who get up early are poor and unknown. No man gets up with the lark unless his necessities compel him to do so. The great, the rich, and the good lie abed in the morning.

A man should enter and graduate from college early in life, if at all. He then has ample time to look around and find out what he ought to learn to enable him to make a respectable living. "What was it? I went out in the woods and got it. After I got it I looked for it. The more I looked for it the less I liked it. I brought it home in my hand, because I couldn't find it, a silver.

An American millionaire not long since visited Europe. A traveled friend asked him what he had seen, mentioning all the noted sights; among other places he inquired if he had seen the "Bardanelles." "Oh, yes," replied the money-bags; "they dined with us the last night we were in Paris!" In her latest poem Ella Wheeler is moved to remark; Let the dream go. Are there no other dreams in vastness of clouds hid from the sight. That you should find your goal, and let the shadows through and through with light?

What matters one lost vision of the night? You are right, Ella; but in the case of a spectacular dream caused by too much mince pie or cider—one that you are so anxious to have go that you would hustle around and get it a pass if necessary—your scheme won't work. A good old-fashioned pie-dream can tire out any post. It's as hard to let go as a galvanic battery in full exercise.

General Jackson and the Sabbath Day.

During the latter part of General Jackson's life he was in the habit of coming down to New Orleans to see his old friends and comrades in arms and participate in the celebration of the glorious eighth of January. It happened on one of these visits that the eighth occurred on Sunday. General Plauche called upon the old hero and requested him to accompany the military to the battle ground on the anniversary of the great day. "I am going to church to-morrow," mildly observed the General. The military preparations for the celebration went on, and Sunday morning dawned bright and beautiful. At 10 o'clock General Plauche called at the St. Charles and informed General Jackson that the military and civic processions were ready to accompany him to the scene of his glory. "General Plauche," responded old Hickory, turning upon him the glance of his kindling eye, "I told you I was going to church to-morrow. Let the religious withdrawal matter to himself, I might have known better." The celebration was postponed till the next day, and General Jackson listened on that day to some of the most eloquent discourses in the church on Lafayette square from Dr. Scott ever pronounced in the pulpit.

Humorous Reading.

The Forged Letter.
Just before the election an Irish voter in San Francisco told his master, an Englishman, that he was going to vote against Garfield because of the "Chinamen" letter. "Don't you know," said the master, "that letter is a forgery? Every intelligent man is satisfied that it is." "Begorra," replied Patrick, "that's the very reason I can't vote for him. I can't conscientiously vote for any man who would write a forged letter!"

She read all the books of science,
Her fingers were covered with ink;
She hoisted at marriage alliances,
She talked of the missing link,
She quoted savans and preachers
Of greater or less renown—
Platonic in all her utterances,
She got a smash on a clown.

A Canadian Answered.
There is a certain Galveston family that does not attend church as regularly as they should, but they send the oldest boy every Sunday to keep up appearance. Last Sunday the head of the family said: "Go dress yourself boy; it's time for you to go to church." "I would like to know," responded the boy, sulkily, "why I am the only one in this family who has got to be religious?" "Because you need it most, you scoundrel—that's why!" thundered the stern parent, feeling for the young martyr's hair.

There was a young man of Mendota,
Who fondly exclaimed, "I'll devote a few lines to my girl!"
With his head in a whirl
This kind of a letter he wrote her:
"Oh, silver-trimmed pearl of Mendota,
I am not very much of a writer;
But what I have writ,
You're the subject of it."
And she bounced the unlettered young voter,
"Jennie Dare," whoever she is, has come out with a new song, "Love Me a Little While the Roses Bloom." Well, it isn't exactly the thing, so long as we are out of the market, but we'll do it. And then, when the roses peg out, we'll have you a considerable through the verbera season; then we'll keep it up while the—how do you spell those flowers that sound like Xenia, Ohio? Zinnia? thank you—while the zinnias flame out; and then we'll hire a conservatory and keep the old thing going till along about Christmas. Bless you, there's nothing man about us, and if the young men of this country have got so slow you have to make appeals of that nature to the public we'll discount all the roses between here and the vale of Cashmere.

A GAME CHICKEN.
A chicken lived a chicken died;
His drumsticks and his wings were tied;
His feathers by a dealer dried,
And, very short a while ago,
Said he had none, admitting that,
How comes it there, upon her hat,
His plumage—under the rise—
A glorious bird of paradise!

About Women.

Something that will interest, instruct and amuse.
An old bachelor, who died recently, left a will dividing all his property equally among the surviving women who had refused him, "because," said he, "to them I owe all my earthly happiness."

The poor must be fed, the naked clothed, and the sick must be visited, and who can so acceptably perform these labor as educated women? The sick ask for sympathy—who so well fitted as women to give what is asked? The naked want to be clothed—and who knows so well as woman how to prepare the clothing required. The missionary work performed by woman far exceeds that done by man. She seems never to tire; while lords of creation grow weary in well doing, and seek repose and rest.

THREE NICE WIVES.—Three men of wealth meeting not long since in New York the conversation turned upon their wives. Instead of finding fault with women in general, and their wives in particular, each one obeyed the wise man's advice, and "gave honor unto his wife."
"I tell you what it is," said one of the men, "they may say what they please about the uselessness of modern women, but my wife has done her share in securing our success in life. Everybody knows that her family was aristocratic and exclusive and all that, and when I married her she had never done a day's work in her life; but when W. & Co., failed, and I had to commence at the foot of the ladder, she discharged servants and chose for a neat little cottage, and did her own housekeeping until I was better off."

"And my wife," said a second, "was an only daughter, caressed and petted to death; and everybody said, 'Well, if he will marry a doll like that, he'll make the greatest mistake of his life,' but when I came home the first year of marriage, sick with the fever, she nursed me back to health, and I never knew her to murmur because I thought we couldn't afford any better style or more luxuries."

"Well, gentlemen," chimed in a third, "I married a smart, healthy, pretty girl, but she was a regular blue stocking. She adored Tenneyson, doted on Byron, read Emerson, and named the first baby Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the second John Jay, but I tell you what 'tis, and the speaker's eyes grew suspiciously moist, "when we laid little Maud in her last bed at Auburn my poor wife had no remembrance of neglect or stinted mother care, and the little dresser that still lies in the locked drawer were all made by her own hands."—New York Home Journal.

The largest bells in the world in actual use are: The second Moscow, which weighs 128 tons; the Kaiserlocke Cologne Cathedral, 25 tons, the great bell of Pekin, 53 tons, the bell of Notre Dame, 4 tons; Big Ben of Westminster, 14 tons; Tom of Lincoln, 6 tons.

Sentiment

The Moss-Rose and Laurel.
Many authors had the Moss-Rose,
All declared their vows were true;
Sweet she blushed when they brought her
"No, I cannot wed with you."
Came the Bee, the wealthy merchant:
"I have riches, be my bride!"
For his courtesy she thanked him,
"But I wed not gold," she cried,
Came the Fuchsia, her poet,
Drooping, sighed, I die for thee!"
Soothingly the Moss-Rose murmured,
"Thine! ah no, I cannot be."
Quoth the Wasp, "My coat is golden,
Beauty should with splendor mate!"
Haughtily the Moss-Rose answered,
"I'll not share a vagrant's state!"

Came the Seaweed from the Ocean,
Came the Ivy from the wall,
From the meadow came the Cricket,
But she answered "No!" to all.
Came the Laurel home from battle,
Blushing the Rose looked down,
Smiled him greeting, took his kisses,
Beauty's ever lover's crown.

A Cruel Promise.
Heinrich von Kleist's drama, "Das Katchen von Heilbronn," was produced at Drury Lane, London, in May by the Meiningen Company. The author's fate was a tragic one. In 1811 Kleist met a lady named Henriette Vogel, to whom he became attached. She believed herself to be suffering from an incurable disease, and one day she asked Kleist to promise to do her a favor. Kleist promised as required, upon which she said: "Well, then, kill me! My sufferings are too great, I cannot endure my life. I know it is not probable that you will do it, for there are no men left upon earth; but—" "But I will do it," replied Kleist; "I am a man, and I keep my word." This took place in Heilbronn, on the 20th of November, 1811, the pair started for Potsdam. There, on the shore of the Wannsee, Kleist shot Henriette, and then shot himself. They left directions that they should be buried where they fell, which was accordingly done.

A Sleeping Beauty.
Behold a snow-white fly stranded
Upon the shore of a pond,
Of treasures streaming over creamy gold,
Fair dimpled hands that pearly
The ivory image of a grand sweet face,
Lips yielding sweets the pictured face demanded,
The crescent moon on cheeks of rose pink;
A thoughtful brow like pearl shell up-borne,
The undulation of her gentle breast
To lines of beauty that a God commanded,
Swift smiles (the signals of her happy dreams)
Ditto her mouth like softly-dipping sails,
That stir the quiet of bright liquid rains,
Her breath of those enchanted woods
Where rippled fruits and scented woods are banded;
One tiny foot like baby rabbit slips
From snowy cover, and the curved arm,
Veined like a violet the white wet slip,
Takes captive sense with a rosiest charm;
Nay, all the loves and graces are disbanded.

Nightingale and Cuckoo.
O nightingale and cuckoo! it is meet
That you should come together; for ye twain
Are emblems of the rapture and the pain
That the true love of earth and heaven
Until we know not which is the more sweet
Nor yet have learned that both of them
Vain
Yet why, O nightingale! break on thy strain
While yet the cuckoo doth his call repeat
Not so with me. To sweet we did it cling
Long after schooling happiness was dead,
And so for ever, O cuckoo! sing
Cuckoo and nightingale alike have fled;
Neither for joy nor sorrow do I sing,
And autumn silence gathers in their

The Church Temporal.
A movement in St. Louis to close the places of amusement on Sunday is increasing in strength. There were 1382 ordinations in the Established Church in England in 1880; 679 to the priesthood and 703 to the diaconate. Joseph Cook has been speaking of late to crowded audiences in Dublin on "The Certainties of Religion" and other topics. The General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church will meet in the First Church of Allegheny on Wednesday evening, May 25. Sixteen missionary, Bible and tract societies have been invited to participate in the Missionary Conference to be held in Constantinople June 3. Rev. George Fetzler is in this country endeavoring to obtain funds for the establishment of a Baptist Theological School at Hamburg, in Germany. An English gentleman has offered to give \$50,000 to endow a bishopric in Northern China if the selection of the bishop be vested in the Archbishop of Canterbury.

An order has been granted by Justice Barrett changing the name of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian to the Central Congregational Church of the city of New York. The contributions to the Board of Missions of the Reformed Dutch Church between the 1st of last December and the 1st of the present month will amount to nearly \$58,000. Dr. McCosh makes the statement that of over 1000 students who have graduated under his care from Princeton college, only four were seceders, and three of these are now preachers. The Ninety-seventh Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Pennsylvania will be held in the Church of the Epiphany Phila. on Tuesday, May 10, at 4 o'clock P. M.

Bishop Warren, of the M. E. Church in Georgia has organized a College of Carpentry in the Atlanta (Colored) University. The students have taken to the new department enthusiastically. Mr. D. L. Moody has raised, during his stay in San Francisco, \$85,000 for the Young Men's Christian Association of that city, thus relieving it from debt. Part of the money was raised in the East.

The Moravian Church reports in the United States 8561 communicants, a gain of 70 over last year; besides 1893 non-communicating members, the grand total being 16,491—an increase of 211. The Burnside Bible is so bulky that it cannot conveniently be carried about. The type used in printing it is extremely large. It is proposed to reduce the size of type and produce a portable Bible like those of many of the Indian tongues. According to the Harvard Echo, of the 1002 students now at that University, 28.8 per cent. are Episcopalians, 22.5 per cent. Unitarians, and 17.6 per cent. Orthodox Congregationalists. Agnostics, Atheists and non-sectarians together make only 13 per cent., while of Trinitarians there are over 89 per cent.

Bishop Hare, of Niobrara, who left the East for his diocese in southeastern Dakota on the 7th instant writes from Mason City, Iowa, that, owing to the extensive floods on the Missouri and other streams, he has been unable as yet to reach his destination, and that he hardly hopes to reach it for several weeks. The troubles in the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, in Brooklyn, N. Y., the Rev. Emory J. Hayes, pastor, have been happily settled, the minority, numbering about two hundred persons, having withdrawn and formed a new church. Rev. Dr. J. Wheaton Smith, of Phila. will assume charge of the new organization for the present.

The National Temperance Society has issued a call for a National Temperance Convention to meet at Saratoga Springs on June 21. It is expected that all the national societies, including the Women's National Christian Temperance Union, the various State societies and grand bodies, and a number of church bodies will be represented.

The Romance of a Centennial Tramp.
Washington correspondent of the Hartford Times writes: During the Centennial year, among the thousands who went through the Capitol Building one day in July was a tramp named George—As he was passing down the steps, after an inspection of the building, he stumbled, fell and broke his arm. A Capitol policeman picked him up, and after preparing a cot sent for a surgeon, who set the arm. This over the tramp asked the privilege of sitting around in the Capitol Park until he got strong enough to go about again, saying he had no money, and knew that habitual loungers were liable to arrest on a charge of vagrancy. The desired privilege was granted; and, in addition, an arrangement was made by which he was given a comfortable sleeping place in the building. The officer also managed to bring enough food from his boarding house to supply him. In about two weeks the tramp gave notice that he would start West. He was exceedingly thankful for the kindness shown him by the officer, and said if he ever got half a chance he would endeavor to repay it. The tramp met a Centennial tourist from Salt Lake City who happened to be his father. After talking the tourist offered to take him West if he wanted to go