



## The Winston Leader

Published every Tuesday by  
**JAMES A. ROBINSON,**  
Owner and Editor.

**Subscription Terms in Advance:**  
One copy, six months (postage paid)..... \$1.00  
One copy, one year (postage paid)..... \$1.50  
One copy, three months (postage paid)..... .75  
A cross mark on your paper indicates that your subscription has expired, or is due, and you are respectfully notified to renew or remit.  
Communications containing items of local news are cordially solicited.  
The editor will not be held responsible for views expressed and especially for correspondence.  
Advertising rates made known upon application.

**Winston Cards.**  
**EUGENE E. GRAY,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
WINSTON, N. C.  
OFFICE: Over Wachovia National Bank [opposite]

**W. T. VOGLER,**  
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,  
Main St., Opposite Merchants' Hotel,  
WINSTON, N. C.  
Keeps constantly on hand Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, and Silver-plated ware of all kinds.  
SPECIALTIES A SPECIALTY.  
Repairing of every description done promptly and at low rates.  
J. W. FOY,  
LIVERY STABLE.

**H. S. FOY & BRO., Proprietors.**  
Main Street, WINSTON, N. C.  
We have a large number of fine Horses, Phonos, Buggies, etc., and are prepared to furnish.  
FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS TO ALL.  
Prompt attention given and charges moderate.  
We have ample room and horse drivers can be readily accommodated. Packages of all articles.

**IN NEW QUARTERS!**  
**R. D. JOHNSTON,**  
—THE FASHIONABLE—  
**MERCHANT TAILOR,**  
WINSTON, N. C.  
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.

**CENTRAL HOTEL,**  
GREENWOOD, N. C.  
**SEYMOUR STEELE, Prop'r.**  
TERMS, \$1.50 PER DAY.  
Large Sample rooms, Omnibus and baggage wagon meets all trains.

**H. M. LANIER, WITH**  
**Jones, McDuffee & Stratton,**  
IMPORTERS OF AND DEALERS IN THE  
**POTTERY AND GLASS**  
Of all countries, from Original sources.  
ALSO, LAMP GLASSES, CHANDELIERS, TABLE CUTLERY, ETC.  
51 to 69 Federal & 120 Franklin Sts.,  
BOSTON, MASS.

**Jacob Tise & Co.,**  
East Side Court House Square,  
**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS.**  
We desire to return our thanks to our many customers for their liberal support in the past, and hope we will have their trade in the future.  
Our Stock is complete, consisting of:  
**DRY GOODS,**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
**HATS,**  
**Hardware,**  
**Queensware,**  
**AND**  
**GROGORIES**  
of all kinds, all of which we sell at the very lowest price.

**FURNITURE!**  
**FURNITURE!**  
We have been receiving a very large stock of FURNITURE of all grades, all of which we sell at the very best prices, and we do not intend to be undersold.  
Give us a trial before buying elsewhere.  
Don't Forget we are on the Corner.  
April 10th-12.

**LOOK HERE!**  
If you want Blank Books,  
If you want Ball Tickets,  
If you want Programmes,  
If you want Letter Heads,  
If you want Bottle Labels,  
If you want Auction Bills,  
If you want Calling Cards,  
If you want Address Cards,  
If you want Check Books,  
If you want Wedding Cards,  
If you want Business Cards,  
If you want Invitation Notices,  
If you want Business Circulars,  
If you want Job Printing of any description, done in a most satisfactory manner, you can satisfy your wants by calling at or addressing the LEADER office, Winston, N. C.

## What Time Is It?

What time is it?  
Time to do well,  
Time to live better,  
Give up that grog,  
Answer that letter,  
Speak that kind word to sweeten a sorrow,  
Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow.  
Time to get up,  
Time to build up on  
A solid foundation,  
Giving up needless care and drifting  
Leaving the quick sands that ever are shifting.  
What time is it?  
Time to be thrifty,  
Factions take warning,  
Now in the springtime,  
Now in the morning,  
Spring rains are coming, zephyrs are blowing,  
Heaven will attend to the quickening and growing.  
Time to count cost,  
Lessen expenses,  
Time to be well,  
To the gates and the fences,  
Making and mending a good workman's  
shutting out evil and keeping the good.  
What time is it?  
Time to be earnest,  
Laying up treasure,  
Time to be thoughtful,  
Choosing true pleasure,  
Loving stern justice, of truth befriend,  
Making your word just as good as your bond.  
Time to be happy,  
Choosing true pleasure,  
Time to be truthful,  
Leaving the rest,  
Knowing in whatever country or clime,  
Never can we call back one minute of time.

## Good for Nothing.

Crash went the beautiful out-glass vase on the stone step and down at the feet of the culprit lay the crushed roses amid the glittering rain.  
"Oh, Maud!" cried a low groined voice.  
A white robe, dainty and perfumed flashed through the open door in angry haste, and paused beside the gingham dress of the culprit.  
"I knew it!" retorted a high pitched voice in calm despair. "Each day sees my opinion of you verified, Kathleen. You are not to be trusted!"  
"Surely, Maud, you do not think I purposely broke your vase?" asked the girl in gingham, looking half proudly at the angry face of her elegantly clad companion.  
Maud Severn shrugged her shoulders—she had learned how from her French master, and with her head on one side, the action gave her quite a foreign air, she thought.  
"What matters it whether you did it purposely or not?" she retorted, contemptuously. "Those great awkward hands of yours are forever doing mischief—they are truly good for nothing!"  
Kathleen looked down at her brown hands and smiled sadly.  
"True," she said, as she bent down and gathered up the lovely roses, that seemed to cling tenderly to the lithe, brown fingers—"true, good for nothing as these things count in your world, Maud; but we are not at the end of time yet, and my record may read differently then!"  
"What nonsense! You will never be lady-like or graceful, so do your best with your other virtues!" cried Maud, angrily, as she proud, quiet manner of the other betrayed a natural dignity she could not simulate.  
"Put the roses in another vase and clear away that rubbish!"  
Kathleen was looking at the roken glass with a glad relief in her face.  
"I can mend this, Cousin Maud," she quietly said; "and it can be used with safety."  
"It will take gentler fingers than yours," laughed Maud, coolly. "But do as you please. Only Kathleen"—she paused at the door, looking back over her shoulder—"you need not think it worth while to appear to-night. Mamma thinks three unmarried daughters sufficient to entertain the guests without—"  
"A portionless niece of her dead husband's!" quietly interrupted the young girl, with a far away smile. "I understand, Maud. Don't think I shall regret it. I do not like good for nothing any more than you do."  
Maud stamped her foot angrily.  
"At least the new doctor is good for something!" she cried, eagerly betraying her own tactics for the evening.  
"So he should be, in all the positions he assumes, but I trust he has more ambition than vanity, or the poor of Guilford will suffer."  
Kathleen carried the vase within doors and though she was quick at repairs, there were tears none the less in her gray eyes, and a wistful pain in her heart.  
But she quickly completed her task of arranging the table and flowers, besides numerous little touches to fruits and ices, without which the effect would have been marred, if left to the clumsy servant, or the indolent daughter of the house.  
When all was done, she felt free to seek her own pleasure on that lovely June evening. And a strange pleasure it was for one so young!  
She took down a broad-brimmed hat from its familiar hanging place behind the kitchen door—it was needed to often in her daily duties to resist beside her cousins on the hall rack—and in her simple gingham dress, with its neat white collar, hastened quickly through the back garden out on the highway and took the road to the village.  
"The new doctor!" she pondered. "Ah, how he has disappointed me. I did hope that a clever, earnest physician would come to Guilford and help the poor folk, and instead we have a feeble, able, gay young man; who frequents lawn parties and flirts with silly girls. Oh, if I were only a man!"  
Kathleen was crossing a muddy patch in the road as she arrived at this wish and making a quick spring

## Selected Humor.

A boy in a country school was reading the following sentence:—"The lighthouse is a landmark by day and a beacon by night," and he rendered it thus:—"The lighthouse is a land lord by day and a deacon by night."  
Teacher:—"Did I not tell you to be prepared with your history lesson?" And here you are, unable to repeat a word of it." Scholar:—"I didn't think it was necessary, sir; I've always heard that history repeats itself."  
"Now Susan, my boots. Do hurry with them. I am sure I have called for them a dozen times." "Yes; in a minute'm. I heard you, and to save you time and trouble, I thought I'd button them for you before you put them on."  
A certain domestic event having occurred in the family of a distinguished clergyman, he sent the following postal-card to his mother:—  
From sweet Isaiah's sacred song, ninth chapter and verse six.  
First thirteen words please take, and then the following six:—  
From Genesis the thirty-fifth, verse seven-teen, no more.  
Then add verse twenty-six of Kings, book second, chapter four:  
The last two verses, chapter first, book of Samuel,  
And you'll learn what on this day your loving son befell.  
And others, who want to learn also, must "search the Scriptures."  
Waco is threatened with another daily paper. The names of the suspected parties are suppressed on account of their families.—Texas Siftings.  
A prominent lumberman in Burlington has had his coat-of-arms painted on the panels of his carriage, with the Latin motto "Vidi." Which by interpretation is "I saw."  
Not surprising:—"The fact is," remarked Fenderson, "I am the brains of the firm." "No wonder, then," said Fogg, "that the firm is familiar with the Insolvency Court."  
Measuring by the Eye.  
A correspondent of the Boston Transcript suggests that children should be exercised in measuring by the eye. He says: "At years ago, when he went to school in a little weather-beaten school-house, the scholars had most exciting contests over the teacher's favorite exercise of having them estimate with the eye the size and weight of different objects in the room.  
He would hold up his cane and have each scholar tell how long he thought it was, and it was a lucky child that could come within half a foot of the right length.  
He would measure an urchin and then have the scholars try to reproduce the measure on the wall. He would mark off an inch or a foot or a yard in some conspicuous place and then see how near anybody could come to chalking the same length upon the blackboard. And it is astonishing how wide astray one would go. The fact is, our eyes deceive us ridiculously, even upon the commonest things.  
I first thought which would you say was the taller, a three-foot old child or a barrel of flour? And could anything convince you but actual measurement that the same child is half as high as a six-footer?  
There is an old saying that a child two years old is half as tall as he ever will be, and after a few experiments in measuring, one can easily believe it, but not before.  
Peculiarities of Japanese Theatres.  
The entrance and exit to and from the stage of a Japanese theatre are all made through the audience by a long, raised platform down one side, corresponding with one of our side aisles, and introductory remarks are made from it. Prompting is not so audibly done as with us. An attendant in black suits behind the star, book in hand, and reads every word of his part to him in full view of all but those of the audience directly in front, since lights are not used, but each actor is accompanied by an invisible (a man with his face covered by a black cloth) who holds a candle at the end of a long pole just under his face. The attendant must be well up in the action of the part, for he is never in the way of the principal, but nimbly manipulates his candle so as to avoid intercepting him. Women do not act, but men represent them, and it is noticeable that men who are above the average height are always chosen and whose natural voices are anything but effeminate. Stars are paid well, the best at the best theatre getting \$1000 per month. The dressing is quite as extravagant as ours, and he requires no less than forty servants, so that his expenses, like those of all high-salaried people, are large. The stage has a thirty-foot turn-table in the middle of it, by which scenes are changed quickly by simply turning it around. The stage machinery is quite simple. An upright post a foot in diameter was the pivot of the turn-table, and the periphery rested on well greased wood bearings, and the power was that of a couple of coolies applied to a stick attached to the rim. The curtain is a light cotton cloth hung on a wire.  
The lights are large candles with thick paper wicks, which requires snuffing every few minutes and are snuffed by an old fellow who handles the snuffers with a professional flourish, occasionally dropping a red end into a box without stopping to apologize. The foot and fly-light he snuffs while the play is in progress, going in and out

## Flashes of Fashion.

Casimere and chevrets continue to be the leading fabrics for ordinary wear.  
Among new watch trinkets and charms the wish-bone, in gold and silver is seen.  
Bangle rings have pendants in the form of padlocks, horseshoes, bells and falls.  
The Jersey is now used for fatigue costumes in the country or on long journeys.  
Copper and brickdust shades are growing deeper and darker as the season advances.  
Derby felts, under new names and only slightly different forms, will again be worn.  
Peaked or pointed bodies with gathered scarf paper draperies will be much worn.  
It takes very little of the striped novelty goods or plush to renovate a half-worn dress.  
Loose twisted chambray leather and undressed kid gloves are as much worn as ever.  
Rhine crystal ornaments are now made so very fine as to simulate diamonds wonderfully well.  
Heavy double box plated ruchings adorn the bottom of the skirts of many handsome costumes.  
Moire is as fashionable this winter as Surah was last, but Surah is by no means discarded.  
Floral decorations, either of real or artificial flowers, are coming in vogue for wedding cakes.  
Even when new skirts are round and clinging in effect, the draperies are extremely bouffant.

## The Last Reservation.

BY WALTER LEARNED.  
(The removal of Sitting Bull and his tribe was successfully accomplished. A squad of the tribe, made desperate by the removal, killed her baby and committed suicide.—Associated Press, Interstate.)  
Sullen and dull, in the September day,  
On the bank of the river  
They waited the boat that should bear them away  
From their poor homes forever;  
For progress strides on, and the other had gone  
To these wards of the nation.  
"Give us land and more room," was the cry  
"and move on."  
To the next reservation."  
With her babe, she looked back at the home  
"neath the trees  
From which they were driven,  
Where the smoke of the last camp-fire, borne  
on the breeze,  
Rose slowly toward heaven."  
Behind her, fair fields, and the forest and glade;  
The home of her nation;  
Around her the gleams of the lagged and blade  
Of civilization.  
"Clasp close to her bosom the small dusky form,  
With tender caressing,  
She bent down, on the cheek of her babe soft  
and warm  
A mother's kiss pressing—  
There's a splash in the river—the column  
moves on,  
Crowded and narrow,  
With hardly more note of the two that are  
gone  
Than the fall of a sparrow,  
Only an Indian! We're the obscure,  
Forefronted a stranger,  
And a babe, that was born in a wigwam as  
poor  
And rule as a manager.  
Move on—to make room for the growth in  
the West  
Of a brave Christian nation;  
Moved on—and, thank God, forever at rest  
In the last reservation."  
Various Jokes.  
A young gentleman, being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them he could not, observed testily, they intended to make a bed of him. "No, my good sir," said Coleman, "we only want to get a stove out of you."  
Just loved! "My daughter's painting," said Bullbear proudly, stopping before an alleged work of art. "Beautiful, isn't it?" "Yes," replied Fogg, slowly, "but what do you call it?" "What does it represent?" "Ah, well—yes—the fact is we have not decided what to call it yet; but isn't it lovely?"  
Suits.  
See the lawyer as he stands  
Moving jaws and waving hands,  
Telling lies he understands,  
Pressing hard his suit.  
See the tailor with a pen,  
Like all tailors poorly dressed,  
Trotting coat, pants and vest—  
Pressing of his suit.  
Mark the lover while he knits;  
Tell the thriving duck he knits;  
Hear the nonpareil he reveals—  
Pressing of his suit.  
Lawyer's suits may be amended,  
Tailor's suit may be amended,  
Lover's suit may be amended,  
When the suits don't knit.  
H. C. DONOH.  
An Iowa school master  
draining a horse's nest, to use in illustrating a lecture; but if the remarks he made immediately after, while killing across the country, were merely those he intended to use in the lecture relative to the horse's nest—and they certainly referred to the nest—the discourse was one totally unfit for people to hear.  
Pleasant Homes.  
A little time and labor will make the grounds about the house look tidy, neat and inviting. There is no use in having the yards all covered with sticks, chips and last year's burnt-out stumps to stick their hateful burrs into clothes and stockings. Use the garden rake and a wheelbarrow. If there are dry leaves drifting around, so much the better, they will make a good absorbent for the manure shed or pigsty. No matter if the house is old, or brown, or moss grown with age, if it is cleaned up neatly it will look as if it were comfortable and give a favorable impression of the inhabitants, and a few flower roots set out and trimmed up nicely, will make the homeliest place look pleasant. A few vines, running up the sides of the house so as to shade the windows and doors are as much of an ornament to an old house, as they are to a fine mansion. A pretty porch can be made over the door, by setting long poles each side of the steps, and passing strings over the top backward. If you cannot get hop vines, plant beans, morning glories, or sweet peas; and train them to run up, and you will have something that will give pleasure all along summer days. Boys will enjoy helping if you only show them how to do it, and it will be life-long pleasure to them to know how to make things look pretty.  
Do not think it will take too much time. Children can be taught early in life to make themselves useful, and there is no child but that likes to see a pleasant home, and if they know how to do it, will take hold and help make it pleasant.  
We all of us form an idea of a person's character when we pass his dwelling. If we see the yards all in a litter, and pigs, calves and chickens hopping over logs and chips, we are immediately impressed with the belief that the abject people live there. A row of sunflowers, or a clump of hollyhocks are an improvement to any place, and look far better than rank pig weeds, or mayweed, growing everywhere. There is no excuse for the surroundings of a farm house to be filthy and cluttered up with everything; only just sheer laziness, and don't-care-fulness. I guess that is a new word, but is as expressive a one as I know.

## Spanish Marbling.

There are many conjectures concerning the origin of Spanish marbling. Some persons have imagined that some one with a trembling hand, or in a state of agitation, by mere accident discovered the secret; but such is not the fact. A man in his workshop was proceeding with his work, had put on all his colors, and had just commenced the process of laying on the sheet of paper, when just as the corner touched the liquid, another one came and drove violently against the trough, by which the surface of the solution, with the colors then floating upon it, was instantly put in violent motion, like the waves of the sea, and the effect thereby produced excited further study and research, which eventually terminated in the production of Spanish Marble.  
This description brought a very high price when it first came out, and the first was made in the following manner: One person got under the trough, which was placed on a frame of wood, so made as to admit of it; and when the colors were all put on, and the paper ready to be laid down, he shook the trough so as to agitate it with some violence, when the paper was immediately put upon it, and the wavy appearance produced; those waves were, however, very broad when compared with those done in the present simple manner, and required two persons to accomplish what is now done by one, in a superior manner.  
Bowen's Bonanza.  
The Colorado Millionaire Owner of the Sumner Mine.  
I believe Judge Bowen came to this country a poor man from the State of Arkansas, where he was formerly a wealthy planter. Foreseen long weary years he has prospected, ever in debt and getting deeper so every month and year; putting every dollar of his earnings in prospect holes; contending against fate seemingly, yet ever hopeful and courageous; fighting on while others grow faint-hearted and left the field. Success has been his reward at last. But he has grown gray in the fight. During the years when he was Judge of this district he plodded on foot over the mountains from county to county, being too poor to own a horse for the purpose. He was over-whelmingly in debt when he made the strike in the Ida mine. He had kept up his nerve, and, with wonderful confidence in his luck and judgment, had been able to hold the confidence of men and get their labor with promises to pay until the great bonanza was struck. Gold fairly rained into his coffers, and in an incredible short time he had money to pay off all his scores and have a surplus in bank. He has paid off all his own debts and all the debts of the mining companies whose stock he had bought. One of those is a Denver bank, of \$40,000, was charged to lose last year. Judge Bowen has paid it this year.  
I shall relate an anecdote told me, at the risk, perhaps, of offending the Judge, because it will indicate pointedly the generous and honorable characteristics of the man. Some months ago he learned of the poverty of an old friend and neighbor in Arkansas. He remembered at once that he owed that friend \$300, an old debt of honor of eleven years' standing, and he procured a draft for the amount and enclosed it to him. As a matter of course, in due time there came a grateful letter acknowledging the welcome check.

## Spanish Marbling.

There are many conjectures concerning the origin of Spanish marbling. Some persons have imagined that some one with a trembling hand, or in a state of agitation, by mere accident discovered the secret; but such is not the fact. A man in his workshop was proceeding with his work, had put on all his colors, and had just commenced the process of laying on the sheet of paper, when just as the corner touched the liquid, another one came and drove violently against the trough, by which the surface of the solution, with the colors then floating upon it, was instantly put in violent motion, like the waves of the sea, and the effect thereby produced excited further study and research, which eventually terminated in the production of Spanish Marble.  
This description brought a very high price when it first came out, and the first was made in the following manner: One person got under the trough, which was placed on a frame of wood, so made as to admit of it; and when the colors were all put on, and the paper ready to be laid down, he shook the trough so as to agitate it with some violence, when the paper was immediately put upon it, and the wavy appearance produced; those waves were, however, very broad when compared with those done in the present simple manner, and required two persons to accomplish what is now done by one, in a superior manner.  
Bowen's Bonanza.  
The Colorado Millionaire Owner of the Sumner Mine.  
I believe Judge Bowen came to this country a poor man from the State of Arkansas, where he was formerly a wealthy planter. Foreseen long weary years he has prospected, ever in debt and getting deeper so every month and year; putting every dollar of his earnings in prospect holes; contending against fate seemingly, yet ever hopeful and courageous; fighting on while others grow faint-hearted and left the field. Success has been his reward at last. But he has grown gray in the fight. During the years when he was Judge of this district he plodded on foot over the mountains from county to county, being too poor to own a horse for the purpose. He was over-whelmingly in debt when he made the strike in the Ida mine. He had kept up his nerve, and, with wonderful confidence in his luck and judgment, had been able to hold the confidence of men and get their labor with promises to pay until the great bonanza was struck. Gold fairly rained into his coffers, and in an incredible short time he had money to pay off all his scores and have a surplus in bank. He has paid off all his own debts and all the debts of the mining companies whose stock he had bought. One of those is a Denver bank, of \$40,000, was charged to lose last year. Judge Bowen has paid it this year.  
I shall relate an anecdote told me, at the risk, perhaps, of offending the Judge, because it will indicate pointedly the generous and honorable characteristics of the man. Some months ago he learned of the poverty of an old friend and neighbor in Arkansas. He remembered at once that he owed that friend \$300, an old debt of honor of eleven years' standing, and he procured a draft for the amount and enclosed it to him. As a matter of course, in due time there came a grateful letter acknowledging the welcome check.

## A Town of Tripoli.

Derne or Beled el Soot, the ancient Darnis, is placed near the mouth of a large ravine, or wady, on a point of low land running out from the foot of a high range of barren hills about a mile from the coast. Unusually well supplied with water for that region, it has numerous date-palms, vineyards, and gardens. In the winter the wady is full of rushing water from the hills, but in summer the market is held in the bed of the torrent.  
The streets of the town, which contain some good houses, are, like those of most places in Barbary, narrow, irregular, and filled with the filth and rubbish which seems indispensable to Arab comfort and happiness. The port is small and inconvenient, with no protection from the north or northeast.  
So little do such towns change, that the traveler of to-day looks upon much the same scene as was presented to Gen. Eston's eyes when he looked down upon the little city in the spring of 1865, while the head of his weary column mounted the crest of the hill and encamped for a night of well-earned repose.

## The Hidden Husband.

It was during the troublous times in Poland, when many of the chief nobles of that unhappy land were looking for their beloved country once more free and independent. The Russian emperor called it an insurrection, and proposed to punish the leaders thereof with death. Upon the head of a certain Polish nobleman a price was set. The emperor was very anxious to gain him into his power, and having been informed that the nobleman's wife had been heard to declare that she had hidden her husband, he ordered her to be brought before him; accordingly she was apprehended and ushered into the imperial presence.  
The emperor was forcibly struck by the lady's surpassing beauty, and her queenly bearing. Having been asked her name and station, she was asked if she had said that she had hidden her husband. She answered in the affirmative. She was then asked where she had hidden him.  
But she shook her head; she would not tell, whereupon the emperor informed her that if she would not confess otherwise, he should put her to the torture. Upon that, she looked up to him with outstretched hands:—"Sire, I have hidden away my husband. If I tell you where he is hidden, you will spare me?"  
"I will."  
"You will keep your word, even though you do not find him?"  
"If you tell me truly where you have hidden him—yes, I swear it."  
"Then," she said, laying both her hands over her throbbing bosom—"know ye—I have hidden him in my heart!"  
We may suppose that the emperor kept his word; for he was not without a heart of his own, which could respond, on occasion, to a noble and generous sentiment.

## Measuring by the Eye.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript suggests that children should be exercised in measuring by the eye. He says: "At years ago, when he went to school in a little weather-beaten school-house, the scholars had most exciting contests over the teacher's favorite exercise of having them estimate with the eye the size and weight of different objects in the room.  
He would hold up his cane and have each scholar tell how long he thought it was, and it was a lucky child that could come within half a foot of the right length.  
He would measure an urchin and then have the scholars try to reproduce the measure on the wall. He would mark off an inch or a foot or a yard in some conspicuous place and then see how near anybody could come to chalking the same length upon the blackboard. And it is astonishing how wide astray one would go. The fact is, our eyes deceive us ridiculously, even upon the commonest things.  
I first thought which would you say was the taller, a three-foot old child or a barrel of flour? And could anything convince you but actual measurement that the same child is half as high as a six-footer?  
There is an old saying that a child two years old is half as tall as he ever will be, and after a few experiments in measuring, one can easily believe it, but not before.  
Peculiarities of Japanese Theatres.  
The entrance and exit to and from the stage of a Japanese theatre are all made through the audience by a long, raised platform down one side, corresponding with one of our side aisles, and introductory remarks are made from it. Prompting is not so audibly done as with us. An attendant in black suits behind the star, book in hand, and reads every word of his part to him in full view of all but those of the audience directly in front, since lights are not used, but each actor is accompanied by an invisible (a man with his face covered by a black cloth) who holds a candle at the end of a long pole just under his face. The attendant must be well up in the action of the part, for he is never in the way of the principal, but nimbly manipulates his candle so as to avoid intercepting him. Women do not act, but men represent them, and it is noticeable that men who are above the average height are always chosen and whose natural voices are anything but effeminate. Stars are paid well, the best at the best theatre getting \$1000 per month. The dressing is quite as extravagant as ours, and he requires no less than forty servants, so that his expenses, like those of all high-salaried people, are large. The stage has a thirty-foot turn-table in the middle of it, by which scenes are changed quickly by simply turning it around. The stage machinery is quite simple. An upright post a foot in diameter was the pivot of the turn-table, and the periphery rested on well greased wood bearings, and the power was that of a couple of coolies applied to a stick attached to the rim. The curtain is a light cotton cloth hung on a wire.  
The lights are large candles with thick paper wicks, which requires snuffing every few minutes and are snuffed by an old fellow who handles the snuffers with a professional flourish, occasionally dropping a red end into a box without stopping to apologize. The foot and fly-light he snuffs while the play is in progress, going in and out

## Measuring by the Eye.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript suggests that children should be exercised in measuring by the eye. He says: "At years ago, when he went to school in a little weather-beaten school-house, the scholars had most exciting contests over the teacher's favorite exercise of having them estimate with the eye the size and weight of different objects in the room.  
He would hold up his cane and have each scholar tell how long he thought it was, and it was a lucky child that could come within half a foot of the right length.  
He would measure an urchin and then have the scholars try to reproduce the measure on the wall. He would mark off an inch or a foot or a yard in some conspicuous place and then see how near anybody could come to chalking the same length upon the blackboard. And it is astonishing how wide astray one would go. The fact is, our eyes deceive us ridiculously, even upon the commonest things.  
I first thought which would you say was the taller, a three-foot old child or a barrel of flour? And could anything convince you but actual measurement that the same child is half as high as a six-footer?  
There is an old saying that a child two years old is half as tall as he ever will be, and after a few experiments in measuring, one can easily believe it, but not before.  
Peculiarities of Japanese Theatres.  
The entrance and exit to and from the stage of a Japanese theatre are all made through the audience by a long, raised platform down one side, corresponding with one of our side aisles, and introductory remarks are made from it. Prompting is not so audibly done as with us. An attendant in black suits behind the star, book in hand, and reads every word of his part to him in full view of all but those of the audience directly in front, since lights are not used, but each actor is accompanied by an invisible (a man with his face covered by a black cloth) who holds a candle at the end of a long pole just under his face. The attendant must be well up in the action of the part, for he is never in the way of the principal, but nimbly manipulates his candle so as to avoid intercepting him. Women do not act, but men represent them, and it is noticeable that men who are above the average height are always chosen and whose natural voices are anything but effeminate. Stars are paid well, the best at the best theatre getting \$1000 per month. The dressing is quite as extravagant as ours, and he requires no less than forty servants, so that his expenses, like those of all high-salaried people, are large. The stage has a thirty-foot turn-table in the middle of it, by which scenes are changed quickly by simply turning it around. The stage machinery is quite simple. An upright post a foot in diameter was the pivot of the turn-table, and the periphery rested on well greased wood bearings, and the power was that of a couple of coolies applied to a stick attached to the rim. The curtain is a light cotton cloth hung on a wire.  
The lights are large candles with thick paper wicks, which requires snuffing every few minutes and are snuffed by an old fellow who handles the snuffers with a professional flourish, occasionally dropping a red end into a box without stopping to apologize. The foot and fly-light he snuffs while the play is in progress, going in and out