

The Winston Leader

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My Christmas Eve.

By A. ASHMEY KELLY.

The wistful air behind the hill
Long since sank down from sight,
And silently and coldly fell
The curtains of the night.
The shadows on the frostward,
Born of the twilight gray,
In silence came, a moment staid,
Then crept unseen away.
And now I sit at my casement,
And list the wild wind moan,
And listening, feel with double force
A sorrow I have known.
The happy bells across the snow
Ring out so sweet and clear;
Yet all their gauds and their joy
Breaks coldly on mine ear.
They ring across the cheerless waste
Of meadows white with snow,
Across the hill where lies the one
I lost a year ago.
To-night I've placed her little chair
In its accustomed place,
And in the dim light look to see
Again her laughing face.
I've not forgot the Christmas tree,
Its decking with rarest care,
As if to-morrow she would wake,
It's tempting sweets to share.
She will not come, O bitter thought,
From death she will not wake;
Must not come, while this poor heart
Must comfort gain or lose.

The Little Detective.

A Christmas Story.
By A. ASHMEY KELLY.

The winter of 1881 was the severest ever experienced in New England. Setting in as early as late October, the last vestiges of ice and snow did not leave the earth until the opening of May, when frequent warm rains ensued, causing heavy freshets and much damage to life and property along the many beautiful streams for which New England is famous. During all this long and gloomy period the cold was intensely bitter, and heavy snowfalls, accompanied by tempestuous winds, were of almost daily occurrence until the earth was one unbroken expanse of immaculate whiteness, save where farm-houses or bits of woodland broke the monotony of the wintry scene.

The suffering among the poor of the cities and towns was terrible, notwithstanding the heroic efforts put forth by the various charitable organizations for their relief, and the rate of mortality was daily augmented by deaths from cold and privation among the unfortunate; and not only did death and suffering ensue, but crime became rampant, and held such a carnival as one city at least, that of Boston, had never before experienced, and such indeed as has not had its parallel in any subsequent period of its history.

It is in the city I have named that my story has its foundation. It opens in a miserable by-street in the poorer quarter of that city, where there stood at the time an old, dilapidated tenement house, occupied by five families of the *misérables*, who, daily begging and foraging excursions, contrived to keep alive the feeble spark of life in their wretched bodies.

The structure contained four rooms and an attic, each apartment sheltering a whole family. In the attic lived a poor widow and her little girl, a pretty creature, in spite of her pinched features and sad eyes. The widow supported herself and child by the needle. She had lived all her previous days in a New England sea-coast village, having married a sea-faring man, who lost his life at sea, as she and his ship had never since been heard from. Widow Saunders, for such was her name, came to the great city to escape the monotony of the festless sea, which continually spoke to her of her loss. Partly this, and partly in hopes that her husband might still be alive, and that she might glean intelligence of him here at the great sea-port, where vessels were daily arriving from distant countries. One bitter night in December, it was Christmas eve, the widow had done up a bundle of sewed articles for her little Mina to carry home to her owner, and giving the child a kiss had sent her off on a cold errand. "God bless thee!" murmured the widow, devoutly, as she closed the door upon the lily-clad figure. "He has dealt kindly with me in leaving her to sweeten my bitter cup." But Mina little heeded the piercing winds and drifting snow, for her heart felt lighter to-night than usual. Why, she knew not. It was Christmas eve, but that would be but a cheerless repetition of all other winter eves. She was only a child, and when she came to a brilliantly lighted window, wherein lay exposed a thousand pretty and costly toys, she stopped and stood gazing long and wistfully upon the dazzling treasures. The giddy throng passed and re-passed her, but they took no note of the pinched face and hungry eyes of the child. Some one gave her a push. Her bundle dropped. The crowd kept her a moment from regaining it, and when she did stoop to pick it up, the bundle was nowhere to be found. Tears sprang to her eyes, and she implored the people to assist

her in recovering the lost bundle. But they only laughed and never noticed her. What should she do? She never could go home with the story of such a loss upon her lips. Mrs. Brown would be dreadfully angry, and perhaps would send her and her poor mamma to jail. Sobbing and thinking over her loss, poor Mina wandered on as if in a dream. When she had somewhat regained her former composure, the child found that she was in a strange street, one totally unknown to her. There were big warehouses and other imposing buildings on either side, and the place was quite deserted. She was warm from the excitement of the occasion, and thought of the cold. She sat down on a great stone step to rest and think awhile. The door behind her was ajar, and in and saw a bright fire burning in a low-down grate in a handsomely furnished room. No one was to be seen. "I will go in and rest till some one comes," thought Mina, "and perhaps they will show me the way home." But an hour passed and no one came. At last sleep overpowered her senses, and the poor child slept that sleep of innocent childhood which blesses the heir of poverty no less than the pampered lord of luxury. When Mina awoke, it was to hear strange noises in the apartment beneath her. Listening she could hear a conversation carried on in low, deep-toned whispers. She could hear mention made of gold, of silver and of bank notes. A strange feeling of awe crept over her, which was intensified by the lateness of the hour, and she quietly rose and left the room. She had no very definite idea as to what course she should take in order to retrace her steps, and she walked on and on, listening in hopes of meeting some one who would help her find the way. The first person met was a big, burly policeman, who accosted her in such gruff tones that she trembled with fright. "I am lost," Mina explained, in answer to her new acquaintance's question. "I was in a great, warm house up the street, waiting for some one to come, but no one came, though the door was open, and there were people in the cellar talking about gold, and silver, and bank notes."

The man clutched the child's arm until she cried, "What are you saying, child?" said he, stooping and looking Mina closely in her terrified face. "Show me the house?" Mina was glad to escape that terrible clutch, and turning with the watchman, retraced her steps back to the building in which she had recently been.

"This is it," said Mina, when the house was reached, but the watchman did not enter, though the door was yet open. He listened, heard the whisperings below, and seizing Mina in his arms as if she had been a feather, started rapidly off with her. "You needn't cry," the man said, with a touch of softness in his gruff voice. "You will be taken home for you have done a good night's work for my lass. Only now you must come with me to the station, for I must get a lot of men down here in a jiffy, and after that I'll see that you taken home." And so he did, but not until long after the cold, gray dawn had broken upon the whitened house-tops and streets of the city, and until he and some other watchman had taken her to an elegant residence far up town, where they presented her to a kind-faced gentleman, who owned the establishment.

"And this is our little detective," said the gentleman, stooping to kiss the bewildered child, who clung bashfully to her burly protector, "right bravely has she done to-night, and well shall she be rewarded for it. 'But now,' turning to the officer, 'you may retire, and I will assume temporary charge of the child. 'What is your name, my dear?' Mina told him, and then he grew so deathly pale and ill-looking, she thought he must be sick. He shook like a leaf, and the sweat stood on his forehead in great beads.

"He rang a tiny silver bell and in a moment more the door of the apartment opened and admitted a servant. "John, bring my carriage to the door immediately!" John bowed and left. His master had never before spoken in such short, sharp, decisive tones. John was dumbfounded. "And now we will go to your home," the gentleman said to Mina, assisting her to the door and into the carriage. In another moment they were rattling over the cobbles toward the poor quarter. A half-hour later they were ascending the steps of the tumble-down rookery in Falsam Court. Dozens of frowny heads peered from shutterless windows, curious to know who the fine gentleman was, and more than one simple-minded soul guessed it was the constable who set the widow out in the street.

The widow and Mina's escort, uttered with a glance at Mina's escort, uttered a cry of mingled joy and pain, and fell fainting in the gentleman's arms. The reader must already have divined the cause of the strange proceeding chronicled above. Hugh Saunders, the wealthy bank president, had found his long-lost wife and child. He had returned to Seaport village, after a long and disastrous voyage, during which he had suffered shipwreck as he captured by island savages, and only to find that his wife, after giving him up for dead, had left, and none of the neighbors knew whether she had gone. Those who believe in a controlling Providence may easily discern the guiding hand of God in this affair, bringing the woman where she should be re-united with her husband, after she had de-

termined upon leaving her native village. Hugh Saunders came to Boston and soon built up a lucrative business in ship-stores. Becoming a heavy stockholder in a bank, he was finally made its President. It was the richest institution in Boston, and the soundest. But how near it came to bankruptcy on that cold December night that found Mina asleep in its parlor office, few people outside of the bank officers ever knew. Nor did others ever know why Mina was sometimes called by her father "The brave little detective."

City Chaps.

"This is a glorious spot," said a rather doubtful looking personage to a very innocent and hay-seedy countryman. The pair were standing on the sands at Rockaway, and the countryman had only recently been joined by the doubtful party.

"Yes, it is kind'r fine," said the countryman. "You are a stranger here, I should say," said the doubtful party.

"Well, yes, I be," said the countryman. "Going to stay long?" asked the doubtful party. "Wall, that depends," said the countryman. "You see I came on herewith stock, and I thought I might just as well see a little of your sights as not, long's I was here."

"Cattle dealer, I suppose?" said the doubtful party. "Yes, that's about my line," said the countryman. "Nothing like a little pleasure now and then, with business," said the doubtful party.

"Now, them's my views," said the countryman. "Suppose we do the day together," said the doubtful one, taking the countryman's arm. "I know this place right to show a stranger around."

"Don't care if I do. Was feeling a little lonesome like. Where'll we go stranger?" asked the countryman. "Well, we might as well commence with a drop of something. How does a drink strike you?"

"Never object to taking a drink—can't do it out our way—good as your life is worth, and they indulged in a drink at the doubtful one's expense. "How about lunch?" said the doubtful one.

"Wall, that hits me pretty near the spot. Hain't had nix'n' to speak of 'cept a sandwich since six o'clock this mornin', and they seated themselves at a table in the large hotel. The doubtful one threw the bill of fare toward the countryman, and invited him to order anything he wished.

"Wall, I don't care if I have a chowder to commence on." "Take something to drink with it—here, waiter, bring us two chowders and a couple of bottles of beer," said the doubtful one. After finishing their chowders the countryman ordered spring chicken, lobster salad and one or two other expensive dishes. As he tucked the savory dishes away he complain now and then of his lack of appetite. "You see, stranger, I got kinder shook up like on the kirs, and it's clean broke me up for eatin'."

When I'm hum these fixin's wouldn't be nothin' for me. Here waiter, bring me some roast beef. I feel kinder very heavy, stranger."

Old Hickory's Wife.

When General Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency in 1828, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him for his public acts, which, if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject for reprobation, but they defamed the character of his wife. On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville was placed upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eyes fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he had read it he sent for his trusty old servant, Dunwoode.

"Saddle my horse," said he to him, in a whisper, "and put my holsters on him." Mrs. Jackson watched him, and though she heard not a word she saw mischief in his eyes. The General went out after a few moments, when she took up the paper and read the whole of the article of the *Hermitage*, which the General would have to pass. She had not been there more than a few seconds before the General rode up with the countenance of a madman. She placed herself before the horse, and cried out:—

"O, General, don't go to Nashville! Let that poor editor live! Let that poor editor live!" "Let me alone," he replied, "how came you to know what I was going for?" She answered: "I saw it in the paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back."

He replied, furiously: "But I will get out of my way!" Instead of this she grasped his bridle with both hands. He cried to her: "I say let go my horse! The villain that reviles my wife shall not live!" She grasped the reins but the tighter and began to expostulate with him, saying that she was the one who ought to be angry, but she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart, and prayed for them—that he should forgive if he hoped to be forgiven. At last, by her reasoning, her entreaties and her tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying:—

"No, General, you shall not take the life of even my reviler—you dare not do it, for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!'" The iron-nerve, said she, gave way before the earnest pleading of his beloved wife, and replied:— "I yielded to you, but had it not been for you and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived an hour."

The Schools of Paris.

There are in Paris four schools where pupils who have only reached the elementary standard of education are taught handicrafts, thus saving them a long apprenticeship. The Ecole Communale, which was founded in 1873, takes boys of eight or nine years of age; the course lasts three years, the boys having to work some hours every day in the workshop, the theoretical part of the teaching consisting chiefly of drawing and pattern making. The Institution de Saint Nicolas, founded in 1827. It is self-supporting, the boys having to pay a small sum monthly for board and lodging, the work done by them being always sold. The Ecole Professionnelle, attached to a large printing establishment, prepares the boys as compositors. The course lasts four years, and includes every subject relating to the printing trade, such as the various stages of fifty centimes to four francs, according to their capacity. The Ecole Municipale d'Apprentis receives boys of the age of thirteen to fourteen years. The first year the boy is shown the different handicrafts, being put every fortnight to do another kind of work, no consideration being taken of spoiled material. At the close of the year the pupil chooses the trade he prefers. Instruction is given for five hours every day, six hours being spent in the workshop.

About Moths.

The destruction caused by these little pests can only be counted by millions yearly, and they are the plague of every housekeeper. Unless you hermetically seal a cask or box you can scarcely keep a miller out, as she will crawl through a good-sized pin-hole. Therefore we must use something offensive, and the writer has found nothing so effective and cheap as petroleum paper, and even tar soap will answer. By your papering in rolls; cut in sections long enough to cover the inside, the bottom and the sides and lap over on the top of the box. All of the inside of the box must be covered, and on the inside of this place wrapping paper, to prevent the contact of nice clothing with the petroleum paper. Use a large box—no matter about its being very tight, as the paper will cover the holes—and pack in all your woollens and furs, filling it full. Bring the paper up over the cover of your box, and your clothing is safe for three years, if you wish to leave it that long. It is much cheaper and does not evaporate like camphor, and the carbolic acid in it seems to act like an antiseptic on the animal fiber of the wool, to preserve and make it healthier.—Exchange.

Boston is to have a free Hebrew school.

Petroleum oil has been discovered in Colorado.

There are 268,830 pensioners in the United States.

Wit in Briefs.

A prominent New York lawyer confidentially informs us that during his experience he has never met with a divorce case but what there was a woman in it.

It is useless for physicians to argue against short-sleeved dresses. The Constitution of the United States says: "The right to bear arms shall not be interfered with."

"The sassiest man I ever met," says Josh Billings, "is a henpecked husband when he is away from home. Nature seldom makes a fool; she simply furnishes the raw materials and lets the fellow finish the job to suit himself."

Charles Gounod once told a young artist that as he grew in his art he would grow in his appreciation of the old masters. "At your age," he said, "I used to say 'I,' at twenty-five, 'I and Mozart,' at forty, 'Mozart and I,' now I say only 'Mozart.'"

"The wolf changes its hair every year, but remaining a wolf," says a Russian proverb. Nothing very remarkable about that. A woman sometimes changes her hair as often as two or three times a day, and still remains a woman. Let the Russians switch off to something worth mentioning when they want to compose proverbs.

This is said to be a fresh one from England: Lady anxious to reach the station—"Cahn't you drive a little faster? We'll miss the train if you don't hurry." Cabman whips up his horse, but doesn't seem to get on much "faster." Lady again—"Cahn't you hurry the 'orse a bit?" "It 'im in some vital part, y' don't ye?" Cabman—"It 'im in some vital part? Vy, mmm, H've already 'it 'im in all uv his vital parts hexcept one, and H'im reserving that for 'Olborn 'ill!"

Humorous Clips.

A profane punster says the telephone is a hello affair. "He is very spry of getting tired," somebody said of a lazy man. To succeed a young man must work—unless he succeeds at an estate. "Friend the bible tells thee to swear not at all." "O, well! I don't swear at all; I swear only that I am mad."

The air we breathe contains five grains of water to every cubic foot of its bulk. Bluffing and betting have no effect whatever on an election. One man won over from the other side is worth more than all the bets that can be made.

The world is a grab bag into which satan has thrust his arm way up to the shoulder. Some men are born fools, some achieve idiocy, and some have it thrust upon them by the newspaper paragraphs. There is a woman in Des Moines who has a hen which she declares to be twenty-eight years old. More than fifty hotel-keepers have sought to buy the fowl.

Put it neatly: said the little pet of the household on her birthday; "It's a lovely doll, dear grandpa and grand-ma; but I've been hoping it would be twins."

"Sit down!" said a nervous old gentleman to his son, who was making too much noise. "I won't do it," was the impudent answer. "Well, then, stand up. I will be obeyed!"

Agricultural.

On this subject the census reports, now in process of compilation, contain very important facts. In the schedule for statistics there was incorporated an inquiry as to the cost of building and repairing fences during the year 1879. Thus far the table has been completed for seven States only, showing the following outlay for fences in those States respectively during the census year:

State	Amount
Kansas	\$3,687,000
California	2,117,441
Arkansas	1,275,144
Louisiana	1,482,121
Alabama	1,402,609
South Carolina	917,000
Connecticut	68,878
Total	\$10,582,746

Here is nearly \$11,000,000 in one year expended in fences, for the protection of crops from damage by the incursions of domestic animals, in seven States. It is estimated that the wear and waste is equal to ten per cent. of the original investment in those seven States to be considerably above \$100,000,000, all of which must be included in the cost of raising the crops.

Some of the States named are among the newer ones, where lands are being rapidly settled up; but the cost of maintaining fences in older States is large. It is estimated that the annual State and county taxes on farms in the State of New York amount to thirty-three cents per acre, while the annual tax occasioned by fences amounts to \$1.23 per acre. From the above figures it will be seen, as the *Prairie Farmer* has often shown, that one to farming interests, and in its bearing upon the cost of farm production, not without interest to the commercial world. Estimates made from the best data obtainable have indicated that the cost of fences in the United States exceeds the entire value of the live stock of the country, including horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. Out of this statement, based upon information giving color to its probability, has grown the discussion relating to abolishing fences altogether, and adopting the methods of France and Belgium in herding stock; and the her laws on the statute books of some of our Western States are the result. But in this country, the time is far distant when the French and Belgium plan will be generally adopted. The circumstances that govern the question there are widely different from those that would decide it in very many sections of the United States.

The completion of the census report on farm statistics which cannot but be of great value in shedding light upon this important subject. As between "fencing in" and "fencing out" to keep stock from doing damage to the crops, the rule will continue to be, to fence it out, especially when the price of barbed or thorn wire reduces the cost so much below rail, board, or hedge fences.

Dairy Stock.

The selection of dairy stock is a subject which is being constantly discussed, and the conclusions as to breed certainly are as different as they ever were. With the exception of the Jersey, which in some sections can be made exceedingly profitable, the admirers of no doubt in a large mind—the admirers of the other breeds claim for them exceptional dairy qualities, and those who have never indulged in breeding blooded stock are as enthusiastically in favor of the native. But there are general characteristics of a good milk cow that are recognized, of whatever breed the cow may be. She must, in the first place, have a good digestive apparatus, for she can make milk only as she digests her food. If she has this she will have a large stomach and large lungs and a strong constitution and vigorous organs. But this is not all, nor is it the most important. Many a cow consumes and digests a great deal of food, but it is turned into fat instead of being converted into milk. In such cases it will almost invariably be noticed that the cow has a small udder. If the udder, on the other hand, is large, it is fair to conclude that the nature has provided for the purpose of holding milk, and that she will fill it. One dairyman says that if the udder extends beyond the thighs and well up behind, well forward, moderately broad and deep, with good size teats, well apart, skin soft and thin, it may confidently be inferred that we have a dairy cow of the first order. If to these be added strict attention to pedigree—the milk quality of the ancestry—the foundation for an excellent dairy herd will be laid. If a cow is a poor milker it is more than folly to keep her for that purpose, but it is still more so to raise calves from her with the intention of using them for dairy purposes.

The Guenon theory of the selection of a sire, a thing well understood by a great many. It has been practically settled that the milk mirror on the sire means just as much as it does on the dam, and, therefore, is an ever governing indication, when it is fully developed, that the sire comes from a milking family.

At the approaching coronation of the Czar and Czarina the Ivory throne of Constantinople, the last Emperor of Constantinople, is to be used. The Czarina is to occupy a throne adorned with eight hundred and seventy-six diamonds and rubies, and one thousand two hundred and twenty-three sapphires, turquoises and pearls of the first water.

The Destruction of Our Forests.

How terrible the results of this wholesale destruction may be, is seen in the desolation wrought upon Babylon, Thebes, Memphis, and especially upon the people of the Chinese province of Shaun-Li only three years ago, by the loss of their forests. History shows that not a few nations have declined with the disappearance of their forests; and it upon the preservation of our water courses may depend our existing as a nation. While the Government ought to protect its own forests, and especially its mountain forests, it is the farmers and other small land-owners who can effect the most good; and every inducement should be exerted to induce them to re-forest a portion of their denuded lands. The most effective agency would be the press, particularly the agricultural press, and it is to be hoped that it will agitate the subject, until the desired result is brought about.—*Prospect*.

James Thompson.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Homesteads.

The first requirement is that the person has served for ninety days in the army, navy, or marine corps of the United States during the rebellion, and has remained loyal to the government, and has been honorably discharged. The next privilege such soldier or sailor has is: "such homestead settler shall be allowed, six months after locating his homestead, and filing his declaratory statement, within which to make his entry, and commence his settlement and improvement." The time the settler has served in the army, navy, or marine corps shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect title: or if discharged on account of wounds received or disability incurred in the line of duty, then the term of enlistment shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect title, without reference to the length of time he may have served: "But no patent shall issue to any homestead settler who has not resided upon, improved and cultivated his homestead for a period of at least one year after he shall have commenced his improvements." No matter what persons who select the privilege of locating homesteads in the name of soldiers and sailors, at considerable expense, when there is no prospect of settling on the land selected, soldiers and sailors will observe the important requirement of at least one year's actual bona fide residence and cultivation of the homestead.

Respecting the five-year homestead, the homestead law says: By making an entry, an inceptive right is vested in the settler, and his final title depends on his residence upon, and cultivation of the land embraced in his claim. This residence and cultivation must continue five years, unless he was a soldier or sailor in the late war or if he prefers to pay for his land, or at private entry, he may, for six months' settlement of the homestead, make the necessary proof. This early payment is called commencing homestead entry. Such homestead settler (an ex-soldier or sailor) shall be allowed six months after locating his homestead, and filing his declaratory statement, within which to make his entry and commence his settlement and improvement. Another point is covered by rulings of the department, as follows: After a soldier has resided on his homestead long enough to make his military service five years, further residence is unnecessary to secure patent.

A Utah Notable.

Mary's Vale is a beautiful valley through which the clear, swift and deep Sevier River flows. It contains a mining camp, and is the home of General Agramonte, one of the most noted characters of Utah. The saint called him "Big Windy," in ridicule of a remarkable conversational power. Just previous to my arrival an attempt had been made to assassinate him. Three shots were fired at him from the bushes of the Sevier River, none of which took effect. He returned the fire with a Sharp's rifle, and on the following day a wounded saint was found being carefully cared for in a neighboring village. The General married Miss Clara Stonehouse Young (widow of Joseph A. Young, Brigham's most talented son), and being a gentle and a bold speaker of opinions, is not one of the loved ones of Zion. He claims direct descent from a famous Castilian king; he served on the staff of a Union General during the war; has adventured some in Mexico and was for years actively and prominently identified with the Cuban rebellion. I had heard much of him in my travels, and when I saw him enter a room with a double-barreled shotgun in a corner, remove a belt holding a navy revolver and a bowie knife, and slip a silver-mounted Derringer in his pocket, I knew that I was in the presence of General Agramonte. Accompanying him were two beautiful boys, ten or twelve years of age, grandsons of the Prophet. I never passed a more agreeable evening. As a wit, story teller, mimic and eloquent talker on exciting events, I have rarely seen his equal. He speaks English, Spanish, French and German with equal fluency, and "sets a table in a roar" as naturally as though laughing were the chief business of all mankind. I could not bring myself to believe that he was of Spanish descent. After he had retired for the night, a short conversation occurred on this point. One gentleman thought he was an Englishman, another thought he was a Dane. The third said: "General Agramonte, I remember reading an incident in one of Marryatt's novels. A finely uniformed officer was pacing the quarter-deck with great dignity, when a sailor who had fallen from the masthead, struck the deck immediately behind him. Where the dickens did you come from?" Inquired the officer, with some asperity. "From the North of Ireland, yer Honor," was the prompt reply. That is my opinion of Agramonte. I believe he came from the North of Ireland. He is certainly one of the shrewdest, wisest men in Utah.—*San Francisco Post*.

Licenses, when first issued, were not for traders, but were introduced by Richard I., 1190, for the purpose of levying money, and were sold to those of the nobility who desired to enter the tournaments. The General License act was adopted in England in 1829, though it was licensed to enter the States the license law was levied by act of Congress, July 1st, 1862.

At the approaching coronation of the Czar and Czarina the Ivory throne of Constantinople, the last Emperor of Constantinople, is to be used. The Czarina is to occupy a throne adorned with eight hundred and seventy-six diamonds and rubies, and one thousand two hundred and twenty-three sapphires, turquoises and pearls of the first water.

James Thompson.