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THE PRIZES OF LIFE.

A youth leapt out from childhood's thrall,
His onward course to run,
With stern resolve to rise or fall,
By duties bravely done.
He reck'd not ways that led to pain,
Nor thought he of the past;
His only hope was hence to gain
The student's prize at last.
The boon was gained, while yet the spring
Was in its golden prime;
Ere birds had tun'd their throats to sing
The joys of summer time.
Those days now gone, the strife and din
Of commerce bind him fast;
The youth has yet a prize to win—
A home through life to last.
The same proud zeal that lent him power
The boy's bright goal to reach,
Still leads him forth, in sterner hour,
To do what parents teach.
No more he heeds the coldly wise,
Who round him dangers cast;
For now he holds life's golden prize—
A trusting heart at last.
'Tis thus ambition leads us on,
From childhood unto age;
No price so high but may be won,
At each successive stage.
Let youth be warn'd, though fate seem hard,
And hope be overcast,
How oft in life our first reward
Leads onward to the last!

The Little Pauper.

A Sketch of Real Life.

A merry party of young people were assembled one winter evening at a large old-fashioned farm-house. They chose the great kitchen as the scene of their sports, and very pleasant it looked with the huge fire roaring and crackling upon the hearth, sending volumes of flame up the wide mouth of the chimney and lighting up the whole room with a ruddy glow.
In a corner sat Farmer Green and his wife, smilingly watching the happy group. One game quickly followed another, while merry voices and peals of laughter echoed over the house.
Half hidden in shadow far away from the rest, sat a small boy, resting his pale cheek upon his hand, and gazing with melancholy eyes upon the scene. He was very poorly dressed; there were great patches upon his knees and holes in his shoes; his jacket was too short, and his old vest was too long; but his face and hands were scrupulously clean, and the soft brown hair was carefully combed from his high forehead. To an earnest observer there was something attractive and noble in his countenance; no one appeared to notice him, until the farmer spoke.
"Edward," said he in a commanding tone, "bring in some more wood and then see if the water pails are filled, and don't stay moping as you usually do."
The boy arose and left the room. He went out into the frosty air; the stars were shining brightly above him; he looked upward, while a tear rolled over his cheek.
"O, mother, mother!" he murmured softly, "can you see your poor Eddie? are you in heaven, mother, above the stars? O, I am sad—so very sad to night!"
Wiping his eyes on his tattered sleeve, he piled the wood upon his slender arm and then staggering under his burden re-entered the kitchen. Shouting and laughing the party were in the midst of "blind man's buff," each trying to elude the grasp of William Green who with outstretched arms was determined to ensnare a speedy capture. In the confusion one ran against Edward, who fell, scattering the sticks of wood in every direction and causing also the fall of William. Springing from his seat the farmer seized Edward by the collar and jerked him to the floor.
"You careless fellow!" he exclaimed angrily, "you deserve flogging! I wonder if I ever set you to do anything that was done as it ought to be!"
"I couldn't help it, sir," sobbed Edward.
"Hush! none of your falsehoods, make haste, and pick up the wood, quick, or I will box your ears soundly."
The child obeyed and order was soon restored. His face was sadder than ever, when a short time afterwards he sat in the corner cracking nuts for the company.
"Poor fellow! how pitiful he looks!" whispered a gentle girl to Emma Green, "I am sorry for him."
"Pshaw!" replied Emma, "he's only a little pauper—father took him from the almshouse!"
"Only a pauper!" Edward heard these words, and his heart swelled as

though it would burst. Great tears filled his eyes and rolled slowly over his cheeks.

"What are you snivelling about now, I wonder?" said the farmer, sneeringly, "if you've finished cracking the nuts, you'd better be off to bed, and mind that you get up in the morning without being called a dozen times."

Gladly the lonely boy sought his rude couch, but he could not sleep. He heard the merry voices and laughter below and contrasted his situation with that of the others.

"All happy but me," he sobbed, they have parents and pleasant homes but I have none; nobody loves or cares for me; I am a pauper! O, I wish I was dead!"

He wept until he was exhausted; then he lay quietly gazing through the uncurtained window at the beautiful stars, and thinking of his mother. He wondered if heaven was very far off, and if God would not pity him and take him there soon.

"O mother, dear mother!" he moaned, "why did you die and leave me alone—alone!"

The old clock in the kitchen struck twelve, one and two, and still the unhappy boy sobbed faintly. At last he fell asleep and dreamed of the pleasant home which once was his.

The sun was shining into the windows when he was awakened by the voice of the farmer calling him loudly. With trembling haste he dressed and descended the stairs.

"This is fine!" cried the farmer, "did I not tell you to get up early? will you ever learn to obey me, you ungrateful boy! now eat your breakfast if you think you deserve any, and then make haste and do your chores; mind, you'll not stir a step to school until they are all finished!"

With light steps and happy hearts, Willie and Emma hastened to the school room, but it was long past the hour of nine when poor Edward took his accustomed seat. Discouraged and heart-broken, he cared little about study; to him the future looked hopeless. At noon the children went upon the ice to play, only two or three lingered at the school room. Edward laid his aching head upon a desk and buried his face in his hands. Suddenly he felt a soft touch upon his brow, and looking up, he met the gaze of two beautiful eyes, while a gentle voice said pityingly:

"What makes you so sad to-day?"
"I have nothing to make me happy," he replied.

"I'm sorry for you, Eddie—very sorry," said the little girl earnestly, "don't cry any more; here take some of my dinner, you didn't bring any; I have more than I want. See, I'll spread a little table here, and we'll have a nice feast, Eddie."

The boy shook his head.
"No, no, Mary," he said, "I can't eat, I am tired of living and want to die!"

"O, don't—don't say that!" she cried, bursting into tears.

"I can't help it, Mary, I feel so. I have nothing to live for—I am only a pauper, and nobody cares for me, nobody but you."
"O, yes they do, there are some who love you Eddie; I heard our teacher say you were a good boy—the best in school; and he said you could learn very fast if you only tried. There now, have I not comforted you a little bit?"

"Yes, Mary, I believe you are an angel!"

"O, Eddie! what an idea!"
"I have heard my mother tell about the angels," said the boy with sudden enthusiasm, "she said they were good and lovely beings who were sometimes sent to comfort people in their sorrow; I am sure you are an angel to me, Mary."

"One of these days, you'll be a man, you know, a good man, and everybody will love you then; don't cry anymore, Eddie, don't mind if the wicked boys do call you names; you can beat them all."

With a happier heart, the little pauper bent over his books that afternoon.

"My teacher is my friend, and Mary loves me too," he thought.

With untiring energy he applied his mind to study; difficulties vanished; his thirsty soul drank in the streams of knowledge; his schoolmates wondered and his teacher rejoiced. Years fled.

God raised up kind friends to the orphan boy; he became learned, respected and beloved. In the beautiful home which is now his own, sits his lovely wife, the gentle Mary of his school-boy days.

The mosquito is a much abused creature because every body has a slap at him.

Happiness and Humility.

Some time since, I took up a little work purporting to be the lives of sundry characters as related by themselves. Two of these characters agreed in remarking they were never happy till they ceased striving to be great men. This remark struck me, as you know the most simple remarks will strike us when heaven pleases. It occurred to me at once that the most of my sufferings and sorrows were occasioned by my unwillingness to be nothing, which I am, and by consequent struggles to be something. I saw if I could but cease struggling and consent to be anything or nothing, just as God pleased, I might be happy. You will think it strange that I mention that as a new discovery. In one sense it is not new; I had known it for years; but I now saw it in a new light. My heart saw it, and consented to it; I am comparatively happy. My dear brother, if you can give up all desire to be great, and feel heartily willing to be nothing, you will be happy too.—Dr. Payson.

Leaf from the Czar's Diary.

Got up at 7 A. M. and ordered my bath. Found for gallons vitriol in it and did not take it. Went to breakfast. The nihilists had placed two torpedoes on the stairs, but I did not step on them. The coffee smelt so strongly of prussic acid that I was afraid to drink it. Found a scorpion in my left slipper, but luckily shook it out before putting it on. Just before stepping into the carriage to go for my morning drive it was blown into the air, killing the coachman and the horses instantly. I did not drive. Took a light lunch off hermetically-sealed American canned goods. They can't fool me there. Found a poisoned dagger in my favorite chair, with the point sticking out. Did not sit down on it. Had dinner at 6 P. M. and made Baron Laischouonski taste every dish. He died before the soup was cleared away. Consumed some Baltimore oysters and some London stout that I have locked up for five years. Went to the theatre and was shot at three times in the first act. Had the entire audience hanged. Went home to bed and slept all night on the roof of the palace.

Mrs. Garfield.

Mrs. Garfield's venerable father, Mr. Rudolph, writes thus to a friend concerning his daughter and her husband: "She has borne up wonderfully under the great affliction through which she has passed the last year. First, sick herself awhile, and yet very weak when her husband was stricken down by the hand of the assassin; then the tedious illness until death closed the terrible scene. But we have great reason to be thankful to God she is now apparently well and says she feels well, and she is as cheerful as any one could expect her to be. Hers was more than an ordinary love; he was always so affectionate. I never knew a husband and father more so. In all the throng of business, public and private, he never seemed to lose sight of his family. Some, you know, have been anxious to know how the general was exercised in mind in the immediate view of death. He was a wonderful exhibition of patience in affliction—no murmuring, no complaining. My daughter tells me that she heard him say nothing about the miserable assassin, only that he did not know why he should shoot him. I rather incline to ask how a man lived than how he died."

TIME.—In all the actions which a man performs, some part of his life passes. We die while doing that for which alone our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, time keeps his constant place, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. Whether we play, or labor, or sleep, or dance, or study, the sun goes on, and sand runs. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue. But the difference between good and bad actions is infinite. Good actions though they diminish our time here as well as bad actions, yet they lay for us happiness in eternity, and will recompense what they take away by the plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do but buy pleasure at the expense of time. So it is not so much a consuming of time as an exchange. As a man sows his corn, he is content to wait awhile, that he may, at the harvest receive with advantage.

Last week a man named C. D. Owens was hung by a mob in Tampa, Ala., just across the street from the jail in board daylight, while the United States District Court was in session. He had attempted to commit a rape, and, failing, had tried to kill his victim.

How Daniel Webster looked.

I have recently seen several different papers, pieces headed "Reminiscences of Daniel Webster," and the impressions produced upon my mind of the writers by their first "at that great man. They are so different from mine, that I have been induced to tell you what I thought of him the first time I ever saw him. In the Spring of 1837, about the time of the adjournment of Congress, I passed through Washington on my way to New York. Most of the trip at that time was made from Baltimore by steamboats. Whilst traveling I frequently noticed a man walking the deck of the boat alone and seemingly desirous to hold himself aloof from all intercourse with every one on board the boat. He wore a plaid cloak buttoned around his throat, of green ground, checked with black, reaching the tops of his shoes, the cloak apparently much the worse for wear, and a low crowned hat with more breadth of brim than was common in that day and time. The style in which he was clad, and his whole appearance, reminded me so much of an old shoemaker who used to make shoes for me when I was a boy, that I at once set it down in my mind that he must be one of that class seeking a market for his goods.

On my arrival at New York it was announced that Mr. Webster would speak at Niblo's Garden the next night. Of course I went to hear him. You can judge of my surprise when I saw that my shoemaker was Daniel Webster. And now to save myself from the accusation of being so stupid as not at once to be struck with the appearance of so great a man as Mr. Webster, let me say that there were two other eminent men along who at once commanded my attention, and not to know who they were kept me in a constant state of anxiety until my curiosity was satisfied; Abbot Lawrence, of Massachusetts, and John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky. Lawrence was one of the finest looking and most finished men I ever saw, in his appearance.—Crittenden was rough and ugly, but still you couldn't help wishing to know who he was.

The Fresh-Air Habit.

Early impressions are very enduring, and can make useful habits as well as evil ones a sort of second nature. In order to forestall the chief danger of indoor-life make your children love-ach after fresh air; make them associate the idea of dusty rooms with prison-life, punishment, and sickness. Open a window whenever they complain of headache or nausea; promise them a woodland excursion as a reward of exceptionally good behavior. Save your best sweetmeats for out-door festivals. By the witchery of associated ideas a boy can come to regard the lonely shade-tree as a primary requisite to the enjoyment of a good story-book. Says Rousseau: "Only the movement of my feet seems to set my brains a-going," and it is just as easy to think, debate, rehearse, etc., walking as sitting; the peripatetic philosophers derived their name from their pedestrian proclivities, and the Stoic sect from their master's predilection for an open porch. Children who have been brought up in hygienic homes not rare "feel as if they were going to be choked" in unventilated rooms, and I would take good care not to cure them of such salutary idiosyncrasies.

Every observant teacher must have noticed the innate hardness of young boys, their unaffected indifference to wind and weather. They seem to take a delight in braving the extremes of temperature, and, by simply indulging this penchant of their children can be made weather-proof to an almost unlimited degree; and in nothing else can they be more safely trusted to the guidance of their protective instincts. Don't be afraid that an active boy will hurt himself by voluntary exposure, unless his chances for out-door play are so rare as to tempt him to abuse the first opportunity. Weather-proof them by a merry hunting-excursion to the snow-clad highlands wall rarely fail to counteract the consequences of repeated sunbaths; even girls who have learned to brave the Winter storms of our North-western prairies, will afterward laugh at "draughts" and "raw March winds."

A lady in Raleigh, North Carolina, lost a gold watch, locket and chain on June 20, 1860, supposing, it at the time to have been stolen. A few days ago a servant, in raking under the barn for eggs, pulled out the missing articles in almost as good condition as when last seen, the morocco case containing them, though, having been rotted away on the side next to the ground.

The Philosopher's Stone.

The eccentric but brilliant John Randolph once arose suddenly in his seat in the House of Representatives, and screamed out at the top of his shrill voice:

"Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is—pay as you go."

John Randolph dropped many rich gems from his mouth, but never a richer one than that.

"Pay as you go," and you need not dodge sheriffs and constables.

"Pay as you go," and you can walk the streets with an erect back and manly front, and you have no fear of those you meet. You can look any one in the eye without finching. You won't have to cross the highway to avoid a dun, or look intently into the shop windows to avoid seeing a creditor.

"Pay as you go," and you can snap your fingers at the world, and when you laugh it will be an honest, hearty one. It seems to us sometimes, that we can tell the laugh of a poor debtor. He looks as though he was in doubt whether the laugh was not the property of his creditors, and was not included in articles "except from attachment." When he does succeed in getting out an abortion—he appears frightened and looks as though he would be pounced upon by a constable.

"Pay as you go," and you will meet smiling faces at home—happy, cherry-cheeked children—a contented wife—cheerful hearthstone.

John Randolph was right. It is the philosopher's stone.

Punctuation.

Punctuation is an art, and one that has been learned in comparatively modern times. The Greeks did not know the meaning of it, and left no space between the words. The Romans put up a kind of division without any apparent method. Up to the end of the fourteenth century only the colon and comma were introduced, and the latter at that time only as a perpendicular figure. We are indebted to Aldus Manutius, an eminent printer, for the comma as we have it now, and in 1790 he introduced the semicolon into printing and published a set of rules for the guidance of writers. It is not known by whom notes of interrogation or exclamation were first used, but inverted commas (") were brought into common use by a French printer to supersede the use of italics, but the English adopted them to specify quotation.

Kept Right On.

A certain circuit judge was always sure of meeting some cutting or sneering remark from a self-conceited lawyer when he came to a certain town in his rounds. This was repeated one day at dinner, when a gentleman present said: "Judge why don't you squelch that fellow?" The Judge dropped his knife and fork, and placing his chin upon his hands, and his elbows on the table, remarked: "Up in our town a widow woman has a yaller dog that, whenever the moon shines, goes out upon the stoop and barks, and barks away at it all night." Stopping short, he quietly resumed eating. After waiting some time, he was asked: "Well judge, what of the dog and the moon?"—"Oh, the moon kept right on," he said.

A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.—Jacob Beble was murdered in a Wisconsin forest last January. He was a lumberman, and worked with a single companion. This person disappeared immediately after the deed, and was regarded as guilty of it, but could nowhere be found. Not even a trace of the fugitive was discovered, and the search was at length given up. A few days ago the widow of Beble fell dangerously ill at Neilsville, the nearest village to the place where he had been shot, and, in expectation of death, she confessed that she was the slayer. He had compelled her to dress as a man and work with him in the woods. Worn out by the heavy labor, and driven desperate by his cruelty, she murdered him. Then she hurried home, put on her own clothing, and nobody identified her as the fellow who had been her husband's assistant.

The largest liquor bar in the world is the one at the Astor House New York. It is a bad day's business when over its counter is not sold \$700 worth of "liquor hardware."

Double-barreled metaphor.—Lawyer to witness: "You've brass enough in your face to make a forty-gallon kettle." Witness to lawyer: "And you've sap enough in your head to fill it."

What the Wires Said.

"Baby is dead!" Three little words passed along the line; copied somewhere and soon forgotten. But after all was quiet again I leaned my hand upon my head and fell in a deep reverie of all that those words mean.

Somewhere—a dainty form still and cold, unclasped by mother's arms to-night; eyes that yesterday were bright and blue as skies of June drooped to-night beneath white lids that no voice can ever raise again.

Two soft hands, whose rose leaf fingers were wont to wander lovingly around mother's neck and face loosely holding white buds, quietly folded in confine rest.

Soft lips, yesterday rippling with laughter, sweet as woodlark break falls, gay as the trill of forest birds: to-night unresponsive to kiss or call of love.

A silent home—the patter of baby feet forever hushed—a cradle unpressed, little shoes half worn—dainty garments, shoulder-knots to match those eyes of yesterday, folded with aching heart away.

A tiny mound snow covered in some quiet graveyard.

A mother's groping touch in uneasy slumber for the fair head that shall never again rest upon her bosom. The low sob, the bitter tear, as broken dreams awake to sad reality. The hope of future years wrecked, like fair ships, that suddenly go down in sight of land.

The wathing of other babies, dimpled, strong and this one gone. The present agony of grief, the future emptiness of heart all held in these three little words: "Baby is dead."

A Sensible Mother.

It is really pitiful to see a good, conscientious little mother resolutely shutting herself away from so much that is best and sweetest in her children's lives, for the sake of tucking their dresses and ruffling their petticoats. How surprised and grieved she will be to find that her boys and girls, at 16, regard "mother" chiefly as a most excellent person to keep shirts in order and to make new dresses and not as one to whom they care to go for social companionship.

"Yet, not before they are snubbed out of it, by repeated rebuffs, such as "Run away, I am too busy to listen to your nonsense," children naturally go to their mothers with all their sorrows and pleasures; and if "mother" can only enter into all their little plans, how pleased they are! Such a shout of delight as I heard last summer from Mrs. Friendly's croquet ground, where her two little girls were playing. "O, goody, goody, mama is coming to play with us!" She was a busy mother, too, and I know would have much preferred to use what few moments of recreation she could snatch, for something more interesting than playing croquet with little children not much taller than mallets. She has often said to me: "I must keep right along with them all the time; and whether it is croquet with the little ones, or Latin grammar and base ball with the boys, or French dictation and sash ribbons with the girls, I must be 'in it,' as far as I can."

Geographical.

A scholar in one of Binghampton's public schools, who had been over the map of Asia was reviewed by his teacher with the following result:

"What is geography?"
"A big book."
"What is the earth composed of?"
"Mud."
"No; land and water."
"Well, that makes mud, don't it?"
"What is the shape of the earth?"
"Flat."
"You know better. If I should dig a hole through the earth, where would I come out?"
"Out of the hole."

THE BEGINNING.—New York Republicans were started a few days since at the result of a special election in the 18th Senatorial District of that State. It was an election to fill the place of Senator Wagner, a Republican, who was killed in the recent disastrous railroad collision at Spuyten Teyral. The 18th is a strong Republican district, but the Democratic nominee was elected over his stalwart opponent to the pleasant surprise of the Democracy.—North State.

"We all know," said a cockney school committee man to the new teacher who was examining for her position, "that A, B and C is vowels; but wot we want to know is vy they is so."

I am an old maid, but my life is not altogether like an empty house, where there's nothing to do but to put one's head out of the window and watch the neighbors.—Id.

SMALL BITES.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, which is 4,100 miles long.

The man who does not act himself up too high will not get hurt when he falls.

The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania.

A crank would be all right if he could be used to turn the grindstone of industry.

There is nothing that so refines the face and mind as the presence of great thoughts.

We carry all our neighbor's crimes in sight and throw all our own over our shoulder.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, being 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep.

There are no pumps where the cocanut grows which, perhaps, accounts for the milk in it.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

The largest valley in the world is the Valley of the Mississippi. It contains 500,000 square miles.

Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth cave in Kentucky, which contains a navigable lake abounding in eyeless fish.

'Tis said the oyster frequently gets into a stew; but it has never been as yet reported that he jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire.

"What is the difference between a comma and a cat?" One has claws at the end of paws, while the other has the paws at the end of the clause.

When a hen sits on an empty china egg, you call it blind instinct. What do you call it when a girl sets her affection on an empty headed noodle?

Mr. Swing says "that a novel is the world's truth, with a beautiful woman walking through it." Generally, we may add, with a man after her.

A Western debating society is nerving itself up to wrestle with the question: "When a woman and a mouse meet, which is the most frightened?"

In a bad way.—"Are you dead, Tim?" said an Irish father to his son, who had fallen down a well. "Not dead, but spaceless," came up from the depths.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the natural bridge over Cedar Creek in Virginia. It extends across a chasm 80 feet in width and 250 feet in depth.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.

There is always an irrepressible conflict going on in one's mind when he sees a snail boy taking his first smoke, as to whether the boy is smoking the cigar, or the cigar smoking the boy.

Knocked down by a conundrum.—"It is poor taste to laugh at your own jokes," said Fenderson; "something I never do, though I do say it." "Does anybody else ever laugh at them?" asked Fogg.

The meanest man on record sent through a post office, presided over by women a postal card on which was written: "Dear Jack; Here are the details of that scandal." And then the rest was in Greek.

"Alas, we must part," as the coast-tails said when the street car passenger took his seat. "But we'll meet again," as the coast-tails said when three fat women got aboard. "United we stand," as the coast-tails said "for the rest of the ride."

He wasn't saying anything.—"Man and wife are all one, are they?" said she. "Yes; what of it?" said he suspiciously. "Why, in that case," said his wife, "I came home awfully tipsy last night and feel terribly ashamed of myself this morning. He never said a word."

A Memphis darkey who stole a mule tried to engage a lawyer who once saved him from prison. The lawyer said he could not help him until he paid his fee in the former case. "Why, boss," exclaimed the disconsolate darkey, "I stole dat mule specially to sell him and pay you." At last accounts he was still without a legal adviser.