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Reidsville Times.

Published every Thursday by T. C. EVANS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICE UP STAIRS OVER WHITSETT & CRAFTON, OPPOSITE DEPOT. SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTAGE PAID: \$1.50 a year, Always in advance

The Reidsville Times.

Facts Alone Can Influence the Minds and Actions of Men.

VOL. 8. REIDSVILLE, N.C. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1884. NO 49

POETRY.

THE FLOWER OF THE HOLY GHOST.

'Tis where two oceans are heaving Their surging and restless tide, On the Isthmus they vain would be cleaving, To mingle their waters in pride, Mid the fruits and the flowers there blooming.

There is one that is passing fair— That pours a stange wealth of perfume Upon the languid air. In its white curl ever brooding, Sits the semblance of a dove; As if some pure, gentle spirit, Had blessed it with its love; And when the haughty Spaniard Came with his mighty host, He called it, beholding the emblem, The Flower of the Holy Ghost.

With a thought of awe and reverence, It filled the poor Indian's breast, And the cherishing earth is "holy ground," Which no rude foot may press. Its sweet and subtle fragrance Has healing in its wings For the wounds of a thousand poisoned darts

That the treacherous conqueror flings. There is many another isthmus, Lying 'twixt oceans two, That throbs with the beats of human life— Stretching eternity through; The sea of the past, and future sea Dashes on either side, There gardens flash with many a hue, Where heart flowers blush in pride.

Sometimes we see 'mid these blooms the flower, With the white dove in his heart, Scattering a fragrance through its bowers No other can impart. It heals the wounds of the sin-sick soul 'Tis the blessed Saviour's peace; Oh, come to our hearts, Celestial Dove, And bid our wandering cease.

Abide with us! our isthmus life, Eternal One, make fair; Let Thy sweet flowers, O, Holy Ghost, Make pure the tainted air, Bid noxious vapors henceforth flee, And healthful breezes rise, Till o'er the darkly stretching sea We've waded to the skies.

GOING TO HEAVEN IN PULLMAN CARS.

New York paper. "It makes me sick," roared Dr. Talmage Sunday morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, "to see these Christian people who hold only to part of the truth and let the rest go. I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these puny Christians. Hold on to the Bible with Eleazar's grip; don't be ashamed, young man, to have the world know you are a friend of the Bible. Hold on to it; all of it. People nowadays want to reach heaven in a Pullman sleeping-car; to go in on soft plush and have the beds made up early, so that they can sleep all the way, and tell the black porter of death to wake them up in time to enter the golden city. They want soft sermons in morocco cases, but such won't convert the world. What we want to-day is a few John Knoxes or John Westleys in the churches, which to-day seem to want a baptism of eau de cologne, or the balm of a thousand flowers. Women stay home from prayer-meetings because the new bonnet has not come home, and we send messages to a brother asking him to say amen and hallelujah a little softer.

"I preach this sermon," said Dr. Talmage, with a vigorous stamp of his foot, "as a tonic. I want you to hold the truth with ineradicable grip. I want you to clutch the word of Christian warfare, and see to it that while you take the sword, the sword should take you."

THE LOT OF THE WORKING GIRL.

The "Man About Town" of the Detroit Times says: I am dead in love with the entire class of girls who have to work hard in our factories and mercantile establishments for their daily bread. There is no particular occasion for alarm upon learning this fact, for my affection is entirely of the collective sort. I love them because their hands are hardened and their faces aged in the endeavor to keep the wolf from the doors of their dear ones. These are the true heroines of the world. I see them daily, by scores and hundreds, and crown them mentally with the laurels which they have so nobly earned. It requires a heart of oak to face the sneers of the painted and braided sisters who cross the street in contact with those of my heroines. But they do face them, and in my heart and by my pen I write them noble. The hands of all true men

and women will reach out to crown them in their life-work. For the remainder of the world it does not so much matter.

A PRINCESS WHO EATS.

Washington Letter.

I have seen a Princess in the act of eating her dinner; that is, they say she is a Princess; there is no doubt about her eating. She hails from the far East and I shall call her the Princess of Madagas, short for Madagascar. The Princess and her husband live at Willard's Hotel. Fortunately for the owner of the hotel, they have not always lived there. If they had, the owner of the hotel would not be the rich man he is to-day. The Princess is said to have been born near Alexandria, in Egypt, and the planet that presided at the time must have been conducive to a good appetite. She would make the manufacturer of a patent stomach bitters or blood purifier dance with delight, such an appetite has my Mary Ann. Her husband, who by courtesy should be called the Prince, is a little much of a dandy between grocers.

WHY POPPERMAN LOOKED WILD.

HIS WIFE HAS A SURE CURE FOR TERRIBLE DREAMS.

From a Wicked Paper.

Mr. Jones: What makes you look so wild and haggard this morning, Mr. Popperman?

Mr. Popperman: Sleeplessness. I don't have more than one-third of my necessary sleep. You see, my wife is very restless, and during the night is continually remembering some duty which should have been performed before we retired. She tells me to get up and attend to these duties. The result is that I am tramping around nearly all night. I am very weary. Here is an epitome of my sufferings:

10 P. M.—Retire to rest.

10:30. Get up to close the window. It is too cold.

10:45. Get up to shake the fire.

11. Get up to shut the closet door. My wife can't sleep when the closet door is open.

11:20. Get up to put more coal on the fire.

11:50. Get up to wind the clock.

12. Get up to see if the door is locked.

12:15. Get up to open the window. It is too hot.

12:45. Get up and go all over the house hunting for burglars. My wife thinks she hears funny noises down stairs.

1:20. Get up to see if I didn't forget to lock the door after me.

1:50. Get up to get my wife some gin. She can't sleep.

2:30. Get up and whistle plugs for the rattling windows.

2:50. Get up and look at the thermometer.

3:10. Get up and see if I think it will rain to-morrow.

3:30. Get up and see if the fire is all right.

4:20. Get up and see what time it is.

5:40. Get up and get my wife a little more gin.

6. Get up for breakfast.

So it goes every night. It's enough to wear a man's life out. All I want to complete my happiness in the night is a red-headed baby with the blue eye. If I had that I would be contented—aye, perfectly contented—get up and get—for California.

BREVITY.

Scottish-American Journal.

Learn to be brief. Long visits, long stories, long exhortations, and long prayers seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious.—Learn to condense, abridge and simplify. We can endure many an ache and pain if it is soon over, while even a pain grows insipid, and pain insupportable if they are protracted beyond the limits of reason and convenience. Learn to be brief. Lop off branches; stick to the main fact in your case. If you pray, ask for what you would receive, and get through; if you speak, tell your message, and hold your peace; boil down two words into one, and three into two. Learn always to be brief.

HE WAS A POLICEMAN.

"Oh, pa, there's an awful fight around the corner."

"Yes," said he, indifferently.

"And one man has chawed the other's ear off?"

"Yes."

"And the other man has shot off his pistol and killed a baby."

"Poor baby!" yawned pa.

"Ain't you goin' round there?"

"Presently," replied pa.

In a short time every thing became quiet, and pa rushed frantically around the corner and arrested an old woman for selling matches without a license.

Pa was a policeman.

The Hagerston Globe says trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark.—You may know what you are doing but nobody else does. Let your light shine.

Leap year calls to the mind of many a weary young man the passage of Scripture to be found in Matthew xxii: 30.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HOME LIFE.

Living in a pretty cottage in the west end of Cincinnati is an intelligent English woman who once held a position in the household of Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. Her father was a gardener at the Castle, and when she was about 16 she was taken in as a general utility maid, her duties requiring her to go to all parts of the Castle. She is now happily married and a few days ago gave to a News-Journal reporter a pleasant account of the Queen's home life.

"Did the Queen ever come into the kitchen, like the ladies of lesser degree are supposed to do?" asked the reporter.

"Of course she did," was the reply, "and she enjoyed it too. Why, I've seen her Majesty take the rolling pin out of the pastry cook's hands and roll a piece of pie crust out until it was just the right thickness."

"So the Queen eats pie, does she?"

"I've seen her make a pie and I've seen her eat her share of one. She has a good appetite and a good digestion, and pie never hurts her at all."

"It is said she loves roasted apples, is it so?"

"Yes, I've seen her take in her own hands a dish of nicely browned apples and carry them to her room to eat at her leisure."

"When she used to be in the kitchen did she seem interested in the work?"

"Very much. Why, one day she came in dressed in a plain black dress, with a great big white apron on, and she made a cake and fixed up a whole lot of other dishes. She rolled up her sleeves and went at her work as if she was getting a week and her board and lodging for it. She was always nice and kind to us, too, and talked just like some American ladies talk; not at all like some others talk when they get mad."

"Didn't Victoria ever get angry?"

"Not very. I've heard her say 'Zounds!' sometimes when she put her finger on the hot stove or something like that, and once she told me if I didn't keep my face clean she would have one of the gardeners turn the hose on me."

"Would she talk to the servants freely?"

"Yes, sir, like any other lady. She used to ask us about our homes and our families, and all that, but she wouldn't let us talk any gossip, like the American ladies do. She was very quiet and gentle while I was at the Castle, but I heard she is not so now. She is getting pretty old, and old folks are all more or less cranky."

"How did the folks live at Windsor?"

"Of course, there are always lots of visitors and the royal household is large, but the Queen steps off to her immediate family, and they read and talk and play whist or sing. Ordinarily she goes to bed at 10 or 11 o'clock, and rises about 8. A family breakfast is laid at about 9, lunch at 1:30 and dinner at 7. The breakfast and lunch are plain and without any extras, but the dinner is quite elaborate, and there is always some extra guests. The Queen likes nice roasts beef, according to tradition, and prefers a nice, light soda biscuit to any other kind of bread. She is fond of Kentucky corn bread also, which she can make herself by a recipe found in an American cook book. She doesn't admire French dishes, and I have heard her say it was not right for English-speaking people to print bills of fare in French. She seldom drinks coffee. Tea is her favorite beverage, and it makes her have neuralgia, I'm sure."

"Does she have neuralgia?"

"Yes, sometimes. I've heard her complain on several occasions, and once I took a bottle of arnica to her room."

"Did she have a nice room?"

"Not very. It was big and had nice windows, but it was not like a Queen's bed chamber. The bedstead was one of those old carved ones, very ancient, with a canopy, a valance, and all that kind of thing. The covering was of silk and worsted, and the quilts she and the Princess Beatrice had made with their own hands. They were very pretty, but no nicer than lots you see in poorer people's houses."

"So the Queen handles the needle, too?"

"Oh, yes. She is quite handy with it, and her daughter's embroidery work takes the prizes when on exhibition. W. y., would you believe it, one day the Queen saw my apron string pull out, and she sewed it on for me, and told me it was not every young woman who had an Empress and Queen for her seamstress?"

"Did you ever hear her laugh?"

"No, sir, never all the time I was at the Castle, which was six months. She smiled sometimes, but a laugh—well, there never was anything like a laugh came from her lips, and I used to wonder if she would be very sorry when she came to die. She used to remind me sometimes of a sister of charity, she was so quiet like, and when I saw the young princess all the time with her solemn mother I used to think I would not trade places with her."

In the old slavery days Henry Ward Beecher invited Fred Douglass to come to his church, but Fred thanked him and said he was afraid of offending his (Beecher's) congregation. Beecher says he said to him: "Mr. Douglass, you come, and if any man objects you come and sit by me on my platform where you'll always be welcome."

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THE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Detroit Free Press.

A boy, ten years old, pulling a heavy cart loaded with pieces of boards and lath taken from some demolished structure—an every-day sight in all our large cities. Tired and exhausted he halted under a shade-tree. His feet were sore and bruised, his clothes in rags, his face pinched, and looking years older than it should. The boy laid down upon the grass, and in five minutes was asleep. His bare feet just touched the curbstone, and his old hat fell from his head and fell on the sidewalk. In the shadow of the tree his face told a tale that every passer-by could read. It told of scanty food, of nights when the body shivered with cold, of a home without sunshine, of a young life confronted with mocking shadows.

Then something curious happened. A laboring man—a queer old man with a wood saw or his arm—crossed the street to rest for a moment beneath the same shade. He glanced at the boy and turned away, but his look was drawn again, and now he saw the picture and read the story. He, too, knew what it was to shiver and hunger. He tiptoed along until he could bend over the boy, and then he took from his pocket a slice of bread and meat—the dinner he was to eat, if he found work—and laid it down beside the lad. Then he walked carefully away, looking back every moment, but keeping out of sight, as he wanted to escape thanks.

Men, women and children had seen it all, and what a lever it was! The human soul is good and generous, but sometimes there is need of a key to open it. A man walked from his steps, and left a half-dollar beside the poor man's bread. A woman went down, and left a good hat in place of the old one. A child came with a pair of shoes, and a boy with a coat and vest. Pedestrians halted and whispered, and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece. The pinched-face boy suddenly awoke, and sprang up as if it were a time to sleep there. He saw the bread, the clothing, the money, the score of people waiting around to see what he would do. He knew that he had slept, and realized that all these things had come to him as he dreamed. Then what did he do? Why, he sat down and covered his face with his hands and sobbed.

CONJUGAL BRUTALITY.

Texas Siftings.

"Charles, dear," said a charming little literary lady to her husband the other evening, "Let me read you the opening chapter of my new novel."

"Certainly," replied Charles, "I should be delighted."

"Well; then, sit still and listen: 'Twas evening. A huge, inky cloud—' 'Blue ink!' interrupted Charles.

"No, sir."

"Violet ink, mebbe."

"No, it was—"

"Bed ink, for instance"

"Charles, you know—"

"Perhaps it was that delicate fashionable mauve ink?"

"Now Charles, don't—"

"Mebbe it was green ink, like Arnold's copying fluid."

"Why, you horrid creature, you! When I speak of anything having an inky appearance, what impression does it make on you?"

"Same as a blotting pad, my love. I take it all in. Go on with the harrowing scene."

"Charles, you are a brute!" and the little lady flounced out of the room, and Charles bawled back after her: "Come back, my love, I am sitting still."

THE COURT WALKS OFF WITH A CHICKEN.

New York Sun.

Recorder Hickok of West Hoboken was in Thomas Hopkins's grocery at Paterson and Clinton avenues on Friday afternoon. A minute or two after leaving the store he was surprised to have one of the clerks overtake him in the street and ask him to come back and pay for that chicken. The Recorder, discovering that he had a dressed chicken under his arm, went back to the store, had the fowl weighed, and paid 33 cents for it. His absentmindedness had never gone marketing with him before.

"Wheatbarrow religion" is what Richard Baxter said some persons who lived in his day had—that is, they went along when they were shoved. They may be said of many living to-day.

Widow Van Cott says, "No christian can afford to use tobacco." Tobacco is awfully high, that's a fact. We hope Mrs. Van Cott will use her influence to have the tax reduced.

A French writer estimates that the world contains 193,600 doctors, and there is not one of them that can define what malaria is.

Dr. Jno. W. Smith, DRUGGIST, REIDSVILLE, N. C. Dec. 6-51a

Dr. H. W. COLE, DRUGGIST, DANVILLE, VA.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral. No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured. "In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed nights without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am indebted to your CHERRY PECTORAL for my life. HORACE FAIRBROTHER, Roxburgh, Va., July 15, 1882.

Group.—A Mother's Tribute. "While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours, Mrs. EMMA GIBNEY, 150 West 125th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effective remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. L. A. CRANK, Lake Crystal, Minn., March 12, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN, Bynah, Miss., April 8, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung trouble. E. BRADDOCK, Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will always cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine. PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

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