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Confederate Reunion Warrenton Aug. 14th.

PROGRAM.

Confederate Re-union and Picnic at Warrenton, August 14th, '97, in the White Oak Grove on Main street, adjoining the residence of P. H. Allen, Esq.

Exercises to begin at 10. A. M. Prayer by the Rev. Dr. J. Sanford. Introductory speech, H. A. Foote, Esq. Oration by Capt. W. B. Shaw. Song—"The Old North State" by the audience. Prison life at Johnson's Island, a brief sketch by Mr. J. J. Loughlin, who was an officer in the 30th. N. C. Regiment and for fifteen months a prisoner of war.

Song—"Dixie," by the audience. Short speeches may be expected of prominent gentlemen if time permits.

Song—"Tenting on the old camp ground," by the audience. Benediction, by Rev. T. J. Taylor. Music by the band.

DINNER.

We are indebted to Mr. Dean for the use of the grounds. The Ladies' Committee are requested to meet at 9:30 A. M. at the residence of Mr. P. H. Allen, and make this their headquarters. The Marshals are requested to meet promptly at 9:30, A. M. at the Court House square, mounted, to escort the orator of the day to the grounds. Beyond this there will be no regular procession. It is to be a basket picnic and families and parties are expected to have separate dinners except, of course, where they prefer to club together. It is expected of the Ladies' Committee and Marshals to invite visitors and others to such tables as they see fit, where they will be cordially welcome.

W. J. White, W. B. Fleming, P. H. Allen, L. N. Watson, Horace Palmer, Sr., H. B. Hunter, Jr.
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Mr. Walter, Plummer, Jr., of Warren Plains, is visiting in the town.

Business shrewdness and financial ability are unfortunately not confined to the better classes of merchants. At a recent meeting of the Liquor League of Ohio, one of the officers remarked that after a man was grown and temperance habits formed he seldom changed; and he therefore drew the conclusion that for the success of the liquor business missionary work must be done among boys. "Nickels expended in treats to the young now

will return in dollars after the appetite has been formed." Even the habitual drinker must stand appalled before the frankness of statement of such diabolical facts.

The Cock Pit

The Wilmington Star says: Hacks and other vehicles were kept busy yesterday going to and from the cock-pit of the North Carolina Live Sock and Poultry association, near East Wilmington, where a main between Charlotte and Littleton commenced yesterday morning at 11 o'clock. Seven battles were fought yesterday, one of which was disputed, and the other six Charlotte and Littleton divided even upon. The main will be concluded today with eight fights. Several hack fights are also scheduled.

Original Address By Mrs. J. H. Harrison.

Read to the Sunday School Convention.

Years ago when youth's pencil tints gilded our brow.
Age is steadily tracing deeper lines there now,
Years ago, we oft cast, on the streamlet of time,
A few rippling waves from the chalice of rhyme.
But our dear little muse failed her vigils to keep,
Folded her pinions fell fast asleep.
We've given the spirit a gentle shake
Believing she'd aid us if she were awake.
Now if the frail creature prove stupid and dull
We feel you will grant us your pardon in full.
When you think of the rusty, undignified plight
Of old Rip Van Winkle, after his lengthy night.

The Atmosphere of the S. S. Teacher.

"Twas a glorious Sabbath morning,
An ideal day in June,
Even the first soft touch of dawning
Had seemed rife with song birds tane.
Every tiny star-eyed daisy,
That gemmed the vernal sod;
Was with fragrant incense laden
Wafting praises up to God.
And the glistening sparkling dew drops
In the lily's snowy cup,
Angel tears of love and mercy,
Held the drooping petals up.

The silvery throated, warblers,
'Mongst the branches of the trees,
Chanted forth their little anthems
Praise seemed floating on the breeze.
Hosts of emerald tinted leaflets,
Gently swaying to and fro,
Whispered sweetly of God's goodness
And His power to banish woe.
From his golden banished chariot,
The majestic king of day
Scattered glints of warmth and love-light,
Casting here and there a ray;
Throwing tender loving kisses
To each modest little flower,
Stooping low to bathe earth's temples
With exilic hour by hour.
Nature marshalled all her forces,
Bade them in triumphant voice
"Praise, O praise! the great Creator,"
Yea, let everything rejoice!
Surely, on that hallowed Sabbath,
Naught should glory more than man—
Masterpiece which God hath fashioned
By the might of his own hand—
Yet, within the little hamlet
Whence we've drawn this June tide scene,
There was slowly homeward wending
One of sad, dejected mien.

Toiling in the Master's vineyard,
Scattering seed for many years,
He'd grown weary with this sowing,
Mingling seed with briny tears.
True, large crowds of eager children
Trooped within the old church door,
When from belfry came the summons
Calling both to rich and poor.
Yet he felt his school a failure
For when harvest time should be,
Year by year, he prayed and waited,
Still few sheaves for Christ could see.
Yearning peered he through the branches
Luscious golden fruit to find;
Little fruit seemed e'er forthcoming—
Nothing save the barren vine.
Reaching home the weary laborer
Sought his chamber, there to rest;
And soon Nature's sweet restorer
Lulled him—soothed his aching breast.
Lo! he dreamed—a lovely vision
Burst upon his raptured sight!
Glimpsed he through the pearly portals
The fair city of delight.
Saw he radiant throngs of angels
Pressing forward one by one.
Till they stood, a band of seraphs
Round about the great white throne.
One who bore a ponderous volume
Meekly beat his star crowned

head,
Turned the leaves with pitying finger
Then in mellow tones he read,
He the stern recording angel,
Shed a sympathetic tear,
As he read along the margin
How man wrought with trembling fear
"Work in Sabbath schools he stated,
Seems now sadly on the wane.
For while some are toiling nobly,
Still, their labor seemeth vain
In the school room where the teachers
Strive to lead the young and fair.
There the fount of knowledge sparkleth
Still there's dearth of wholesome air
They have food, sweet and nutritious,
But they lack sunshiny cheer,
And young plants can never flourish
In a gloomy atmosphere.
From the solemn superintendents
Pupils breathe too much of care,
Fill them, God, with all thy fullness,
Let thy sunshine warm the air.
Teachers go forth, light and flippant,
Idly scattering precious seed.
Show them, O dear loving Father
How much more of grace they need.
Through this dream the anxious toiler
Was a joyous lesson taught,
May it come to you to-day, friends,
With a balm message fraught,
Superintendent, teacher, friend,
Thou, thyself must strive to be
Not teach simply, but love nobly,
Christ in you let pupils see.
Open wide the crystal windows
Of an eager thirsting mind.
Search the Scriptures—faith will lead thee
Hidden treasures there to find.
There's a shining costly jewel—
O! fail not this gem to see.
'Tis the rarest of all virtues,
It is true humility.
Wouldst thou clasp a sparkling necklace
Round the dainty throat of youth,
Belt thine own life with a girdle
Radiant with the gems of truth
Wouldst thou awaken in young hearts
Strains of melody divine?
Let the thrilling touch of God sweep
Every trembling chord in thine
Let hope light up every feature
In thine own face day by day,
Then will gleams of love and beauty
Always o'er your young faces play.
Drink deep from the crimson fountain
Till thy soul doth overflow;
Then thy life in touching others
Will to them impart its glow.
—HELEN THORNE HARRISON



The Sugar Tariff Prize Puzzle.
A reward of \$25 is offered by the New York World for any linguist who will translate the sugar schedule in the new tariff bill into English that can be understood. It is said that the sugar men understand it perfectly, and if they do what business is it of others? The Sugar trust is running the United States senate at present, and it is holding up all legislation until it gets what it wants. If the people of this country had a chance to vote on the election of United States senators, some of the old fossils in the senate would never be heard of again.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

The Trust's Warm Friend.
Senator Aldrich has always been a truly good friend of the Sugar trust, and it is apparent that this friendship has not grown cold.—Boston Herald.

The Infamous Wool schedule.
The senate computations of the equivalents for Dingley bill rates on woolen goods only need to be stated. They make opposing argument unnecessary in the mere reading. For example, the rate is 55 per cent on second class wool, 289 per cent on garnetted waste, 326 per cent on shoddy, 171 per cent on woolen cloths valued at not more than 50 cents per pound, 167 per cent on blankets more than three yards in length and valued at not more than 50 cents per pound, 212 per cent on shawls valued at not exceeding 40 cents per pound, 151 per cent on knit fabrics valued at not exceeding 40 cents per pound, 257 per cent on hats of wool valued at not more than 30 cents per pound, 419 per cent on felts of the same value, 147 per cent on plushes valued at not over 40 cents per pound, and 64 per cent on the aggregate of woolen carpets.

The people of the United States could better afford to buy every sheep in the country and to put every shepherd on the pension list than to submit themselves to such shameless plundering—Philadelphia Record.

Cannot Convict Sugar Kings.
In these days it is harder to convict a Sugar trust king than it is for a camel to go through the eye of a Cicopatrian needle.—Baltimore Herald.

Of No Consequence.
The brewers are good campaign contributors. Therefore they are to be excused from their proper share of taxes. The wearers of clothes are of no particular account to the Mark Haunns of our time. Why shouldn't they and the consumers of sugar and shoes be made to bear the whole burden?—World.

Jackson's Protection Prophecy.
The corporations and wealthy individuals who are engaged in large manufacturing establishments desire a high tariff to increase their gains. Designing politicians will support it to conciliate their favor and to obtain the means for profuse expenditure for the purpose of purchasing influence in other quarters. Do not allow yourselves, my fellow citizens, to be misled in this subject. It is a system of injustice, and if persisted in will lead to corruption and must end in ruin.—Andrew Jackson in His Farewell Address.

"What do you think of my friend, Jules?" I asked of my Paris guide.
"It is wonderful, madame," he replied courteously. "In all my life before I never have heard anything like it."
—Household Words.