

THE REPORTER AND POST.

VOLUME VI.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1882.

NO. 28.



POETRY.

A LITTLE BEGGAR'S BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUET.

'Twas on a bitter winter's day,
I saw a strange, pathetic sight;
The streets were gloomy, cold and gray,
The air with falling snow was white.

A little ragged, beggar child,
Went running through the cold and storm;
He looked as if he never smiled,
As if he never had been warm.

Sudden, he spied beneath his feet
A faded button-hole bouquet;
He stooped and picked it up with glee,
And then he ran away with it so fleet.

He bounded, seized it with delight,
He stood still and shook it free from snow,
His eyes lit up with a sudden glow,
His face was lit with a sudden glow.

He counted on all pleased and proud,
His face transformed in every line;
And lingered at the happy crowd,
Might chance to see that he was fine.

The man who threw the flowers away
Never once half such pleasure had;
The flowers' best work was done that day,
In cheering up that beggar lad.

Alas, too often we forget,
Happy in these poor homes of ours
How many in this world are yet
Glad even of the withered flowers.

"Home, Sweet Home!"

"Rose, my pet, where are you?"
"Here, father, by your side."

"That's right, my dear; keep close,
keep close."

I was only gathering one of those wild
roses, father. They are so beautiful!

"Aye, aye, my child. I dare say
they are very beautiful, but these eyes
can't see them. Let me touch it, my
dear; let me smell it. Aye, it is very
sweet, but it is not so sweet as my Rose.
Not half so sweet. Come along, my
pet, and keep close."

The speakers were proceeding along a
country road in the evening of what had
been a brilliant July day. One was a
pretty, dark-haired, dark-eyed maiden
of some ten summers, the other was a
man of about fifty years of age. Both
were very poorly clad—indeed they were
almost in tatters. The man carried in his
left hand a bag which contained a
violin and bow. In his right was a small
bundle, while upon his breast was a card,
upon which was written the one word,
"Blind." Both of them had evidently
traveled far that day, for they were dust
covered, and looked thoroughly worn
out. The child now obeyed her father's
request, and kept close to him. Slowly
they walked along the road, until at last
the man stopped, and, opening his bundle,
handed the child half a biscuit.

"Here, Rose," he said, "this is all
you can have at present. Eat that
slowly, it will ease your hunger."

"Didn't you say we should come to a
village before long, father?"

"Yes, my dear, I did. Look ahead,
and see if you can see the spire of a
church in the distance."

The girl shaded her eyes with her
hands and looked ahead.

"Yes, father," she replied, "I do
just see a spire rising out of the trees,
but it seems a long way off."

"No, it is not very far. Come, Rose,
take my hand; we shall soon be there."

The poor child heaved a little sigh,
and, taking his hand, they once more
proceeded. Before long they came to
the village of Staunton, and the blind
father, for such he was, entered the
Plough Inn and asked the landlord
whether he should play him a tune in
return for some refreshments.

"And my little Rose shall sing you a
song," he said.

The landlord, a big, burly fellow, for
whom music had no charms whatever,
replied that he had no time to pay
attention to such a thing; but his wife,
catching sight of pretty dark-eyed Rose,
pulled her husband roughly by the arm,
saying: "Get out with you! the child
shall sing a song!" And the host of
farm laborers muttered an approval.

"Here!" cried one of them, taking
Rose in his arms and hoisting her on to
an enormous beer barrel. "Stand there,
lass, and let us hear thee sing a song,
and do thee sing well, and we will
give thee a copper." And again the
men signified their approval.

Blind Bob Barnet, the who before he
went blind, had a good position in the
provincial orchestra, raised his violin to
his shoulder, and soon the beautiful
notes of "The Last Rose of Summer"
rang through the old building. Blind
Bob was a capital player, and even the
hard-hearted landlord stared in astonish-
ment. But he stared considerably more
when little Rose commenced to sing—
She had a very pretty voice, and knew
how to use it. Her audience listened
very attentively until it was finished,
then a collection was made, and Rose
had several coppers placed in her lap.

"I say, lass," said one of the men,
"can thee sing 'Home, Sweet Home'?"

"Yes, sir," replied Rose, "if my father
will play it. But he don't like me to
sing that because—"

"Hist, child!" whispered Blind Bob,
"we have nothing to get a lodging. Sing it, Rose." And once more Bob
raised his violin to his shoulder, and this
time struck up the plaintive air of
"Home, Sweet Home." Then Rose
commenced to sing; but no sooner did
she get to the line, "Be it ever so humble,
there's no place like home," than
Blind Bob let the bow glide off his in-
strument, and, sinking on a stool, burst
into tears.

"Oh, don't father," cried Rose, leap-
ing from the barrel and placing her little
arms about his neck: "I won't sing any
more."

"What ails thee, man?" asked one of
the laborers.

"Oh, sir, he never sings that," said
Rose, "because that was mamma's song
before she died, and it puts him in mind
of her."

"Poor little thing!" murmured the
landlord, handing the child a few more
coppers. "Here, my dear, sit down
with your father and eat this," placing
a plate of meat in her hands, "and you
will be refreshed."

Both father and daughter were very
glad of it, and there they sat until
darkness came over the country. Then
Blind Bob, led by his daughter, went
forth.

"Rose," said Bob, after they had
walked a little way, "it is a warm night.
Shall we sleep under the hedge, as we
have before? We shall save the little
money we have, and on the morrow we
shall get to London."

"If you wish it, father, I am quite
willing."

So it was decided, and in the long
grass under a hedge crept Rose and her
father. Poor Bob was tired and very
soon he dropped off to sleep. Rose lay
down, but for a very long time she was
wide awake and looking at the starlit
skies, thinking maybe of her mother—
Soon, however, nature got the better of
her, and she, too, slept.

"Rose, my child! Rose, it is time to
go, isn't it? It is daylight, isn't it,
Rose?"

No answer.

"Rose," continued Bob, as he stretched
out his hands on all sides, "Rose, my
pet, where are you? Rose?"

Alas! the pretty voice of his child
made no response.

Blind Bob started to his feet, the
cold perspiration upon his brow; his
breath came in short, quick gasps, and
then, as if bursting from his very heart,
he shrieked, "Rose! Rose!"

And the wood in front of him gave
back the echo, "Rose! Rose!"

"Oh, my God!" he moaned, "where
can she be—where is my child? Rose!
Rose!"

At this moment a waggon came down
the road, and, seeing Bob frantically
waving his hands, he asked:

"Well, man, what ails thee?"

"My child!" replied Bob. "I have
lost my child!" and he explained that
he and his Rose had been sleeping under
the hedge, and she had suddenly
disappeared. The waggoner picked up
in Bob's hands. Then he looked about
on all sides, to the right and to the left,
but no child met his eyes.

"She may have gone flower-gather-
ing," said the waggoner.

"She may," replied Bob. "I will sit
me down here and wait awhile."

And sit down he did, and time after
time he played, hoping that the sound
might catch her ears; but hour after
hour passed away, until a wayfarer in-
formed him that night had again set in,
and not until then did Bob rise and tot-
ter off, muttering:

"Lost! Lost! Nay stolen—stolen
in her stolen her sleep!"

Ten years passed away. Blind Bob
had not been traveling all over the country,
but not one word did he hear of his lost
child. Those who had known him in
better times, when he was in the orches-
tra of the provincial theatres, took
compassion upon him and inserted ad-
vertisements in many papers, both Lon-
don and provincial, but no replies came.
Bob's hair had changed from brown to
pure white, his form was bowed, and it
took him a long time now to walk a mile.
But everywhere he went he was greeted
with great respect. All took compass-
ion upon the poor old man, and they
considered his feelings, for never once
did they mention the name of his child.
Well, as we have said, ten years passed
away and July had again come round.
This year Bob determined to try his
luck in London, and with that intention
he set off, and went on his way little by
little to the great city.

Eventually he arrived in Piccadilly,
and after some slight refreshments he
entered one of the side streets, and
bringing forth his violin commenced to
play. But poor old Bob did not get
as much as he would have got outside
one of the country inns, and he was pro-
ceeding to return his instrument to its
place when a man in mechanic's attire,
and carrying a bag of tools, touched
him on the shoulder saying cheerily:

"What, Bob, old friend! Can it be
really you?"

Bob raised his face.

"I can't call your voice to mind," he
said.

"I don't suppose you can," returned
the man. "But when I tell you my
name is Tom Bing, perhaps you will."

Blind Bob held out his hand.

"Tom Bing! Is it, really? Well, I
am glad to meet a friend."

"And so am I, Bob. Lord! it's
years since I last saw you."

"Aye, nigh upon twelve," returned
Bob, "since after I lost my sight."

"Yes, I recollect. Ah, that was a
bad job, Bob. I heard about the death
of your poor wife, poor thing. And
how's the girl?"

No sooner did the words leave Tom
Bing's lips than Blind Bob, uttering a
groan of despair, let his violin fall with
a crash to the pavement.

"Don't!" he cried, "I can't! I can't!
bear it!"

"Why, you don't say she's dead,
Bob?"

"No, no. Worse, worse!"

"Worse! How on earth—but come,
Bob, take hold of my arm. I am off
to the Royal Concert Hall. I am still
stage carpenter. Come along, and let
me hear all about it as we go along. I
am sorry to see you still street playing;
but that don't matter to me. I can
give you food and shelter for a few days.
I shan't be able to get away from the
hall until after the concert, but that
does not matter, for I will see that you
are all right. It's a grand night to-
night, Bob: some new lady from
America going to sing. She has a mag-
nificent voice, I've heard say, but you
know better than I what music is. So if
you stop you will have a treat, and it
will remind you of old times."

Evening came around. The heat was
most oppressive, but the public cared
not a straw for that. Would they miss
such a treat as had been promised?
Would they miss hearing the vocalist
about whom so much had been said and
written? Not they.

For some weeks the boardings had
been covered with various colored plac-
ards, announcing that Miss Rose Per-
telli would shortly make her first appear-
ance before the English public. The
newspapers had said that she was not an
Italian, as her name implied, but that
she was an English lady, and, having
been adopted by Signor Pertelli, the
eminent professor, she had taken his
name, and on this evening she was to
sing some English ballads. An hour
before the opening of the doors the hall
was besieged by eager crowds. And
when at last they were flung open, the
house was speedily filled from door to
ceiling.

"You stand there, Bob, and you will
be able to hear all," said Tom Bing, as
he placed Blind Bob carefully against
one of the wings, and Bob, who was a
great lover of music, promised not to
move. Soon, above the roar of the or-
chestra, came those sounds so dear to
the debutante, the sounds of a thorough
English welcome. Signor Pertelli had
introduced his pupil and adopted child,
Miss Rose Pertelli. And Blind Bob,
thinking of other times and forgetting
he then was, clapped his hands
heartily.

And now the audience settled them-
selves, the conductor of the orchestra
raised his baton, and the plaintive notes
of "Home Sweet Home," stole softly
through the house. Blind Bob started
violently, then his hands dropped to his
sides, and down his rugged cheeks fell
tear after tear. No sooner did Miss
Pertelli open her lips than all felt that
she was a brilliant vocalist. Every eye
was fixed upon her beautiful and expres-
sive face, but none saw the excited atti-
tude of a man by the wings.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no
place like home," came softly and ten-
derly from the lips of the vocalist, and
no sooner had it left them than a most
awful shriek ran through the house, and
Blind Bob, holding out his arms, totter-
ed on the stage, crying:

"My child! my child! my Rose! my
child!"

Miss Rose Pertelli dropped the music,
and, rushing into the arms of Blind Bob,
uttered but one word, "Father!" before
she fell insensible at his feet. The or-
chestra had stopped, and the public

were standing looking silently on the
novel scene. Fortunately the manager
of the hall retained his presence of mind,
and while Blind Bob was bending over
his newly found child and frantically
kissing her the curtain dropped. After
a few moments, Signor Pertelli came
forward, apologized, and stated that
with their permission Miss Rose Pertelli
would appear later on.

At the expiration of a week, the pub-
lic were made acquainted with the par-
ticulars of the scene at Royal Concert
Hall. They were as follows: On the
night when Blind Bob and Rose lay un-
der the hedges some gipsies had passed,
and seeing Rose and thinking that she
would be a source of profit to them,
they quietly enveloped her in a sack,
and, despite her struggles, carried her
off. In one of their tents they kept her
for some weeks, and eventually she was
brought forth and compelled to join
them in their "entertainment." But
Rose pined and fretted to such an ex-
tent after her father that they began to
get alarmed, and the gipsies, to stop
this, caused a letter to be forged which
announced her father's death. After
two years with these gipsies, Rose made
her escape, and after traveling first to
one place and then to another she fell in
with the manager of one of the provin-
cial theatres. Liking her appearance,
he took her in hand, and introduced her
on the stage, where she appeared in pan-
taloime. Now, it so happened that she
was allotted a singing part, and at one
of the performances Signor Pertelli was
present. He made inquiries respecting
her, and eventually paid a sum of money
to the manager to cancel her engage-
ments and hand her over to him. On
his return to Italy, a month after, he
took Rose with him, educated her and
some years after introduced her to an
American audience. Then, as we have
seen, he brought her to England. Sign-
or Pertelli knew the whole of her his-
tory, and he endeavored to find out
whether her father was really dead, but
failed.

Blind Bob lived for many years to en-
joy the society of his daughter, who soon
made a great name in England. She
had plenty to do at her various engage-
ments; but, nevertheless, she always
found time to sing to her father; and of
all her songs no other delighted him so
much as "Home, Sweet Home."

The Balloon Trip to the North Pole.

Commander Cheyne has started for
Montreal, by invitation of Sir John
McDonald and Sir Samuel Leonard Til-
ley, to interest the Canadian public in
his scheme for reaching the North Pole
by a balloon expedition. The com-
mander says that the expedition is to be
fitted out by popular subscription. It
will cost \$80,000, and \$10,000 is to be
raised in each country. The three bal-
loons, which will cost \$20,000, will be
made in England and shipped to this
country. New York will be the start-
ing point, and June next the time.
The expedition will go to St. Patrick's
Bay, 400 miles from the Pole, and when
the right wind comes along it is expect-
ed to reach the pole inside of twenty-
four hours. Each balloon will be pro-
vided with a sledge-boat and provisions
for fifty-one days, and will reel out tel-
egraph wire as it travels, keeping in
communication with the main station.
The commander anticipates no difficulty
from the cold. Orders have already
been sent to Greenland directing the
authorities there to aid the expedition
in every way possible.

Does Her Own Work.

Does her own work? does she? What
of it? Is it any disgrace? Is she any
less a true woman, less worthy of respect
that she who sits in silks and satins,
and is vain of fingers that never labor?
We listened to a person the other day
who speaking of a newly-wedded wife
said, sneeringly: "Oh, she does her
own work." The words and the tone
of contempt in which they were uttered,
betokened a narrow, ignoble mind, bet-
ter fitted for any place than a country
house institutions rest on honored labor
as one of the chief corner-stones. They
evinced a false idea of the true woman-
hood of genuine nobility. They showed
the detestable spirit of caste or rank
which a certain class are trying to es-
tablish—a caste whose sole foundation is
money, which is the weakest kind of
rank known to civilization. Mind, man-
ners, morals, all that enters into a good
character, are of no account with these
social snobs. Position in their stilted
ranks is bought with gold, and every
additional dollar is another round in
the ladder by which elevation is gained
in their esteem, and society.

The Last Dance.

During the occupancy of the city of
Moscow by the French army, a party
of officers and soldiers determined to
have a military levee, and for this pur-
pose chose the deserted palace of a nob-
leman. That night the city was set on
fire. As the sun went down they be-
gan to assemble. The women who fol-
lowed the fortunes of the French army
were decorated for the occasion. The
gayest and noblest of the army were
there, and merriment reigned over the
crowd.

During the dance the fire rapidly ap-
proached them; they saw it coming,
but felt no fear. At length the build-
ing next the one they occupied was on
fire. Coming to the windows, they gazed
upon the billows of fire which swept
the city, and then returned to their en-
treatments. Again and again they left
their pleasure to watch the progress of
the flames. At length the dance ceased
and the necessity of leaving the scene
of merriment became apparent to all.
They were enveloped in a flood of fire,
and gazed on it with deep and awful
solemnity.

At last the fire communication to their
own building, caused them to prepare
for flight, when a brave young officer
named Carnot, waved his jeweled hand
above his head and exclaimed, "One
dance more, and defiance to the flames!"
All caught the enthusiasm of the moment
and "One dance more and defiance to
the flames!" burst from the lips of all.
The dance commenced; louder and loud-
er grew the sound of music, and faster
fell the pattering of footsteps of dancing
men and women, when suddenly they
heard a cry, "The fire has reached the
magazine! Fly! fly for your lives!" One
moment they stood transfixed with ter-
ror; they did not know the magazine
was there, and ere they recovered from
their stupor the value exploded; the
building was shattered to pieces, and
the dancers were hurled into a fearful
eternity.

Thus it will be in the final day. Men
will be as careless as those ill-fated re-
vellers—yea, there are thousands and
tens of thousands as careless now. We
speak of death, the grave, judgment and
eternity. They pause a moment in
search for pleasure, but soon dash into
the world and forgetfulness as before.
God's hand is laid upon them in sickness
but no sooner are they restored than
they forget it all and hurry on. Death
enters their homes, and the cry is heard,
Prepare to meet thy God! but soon,
like Carnot, they say, "One dance more
and defiance to the flames," and hurried
on. The Spirit of the living God speaks
powerfully to their hearts, and they
shake, tremble, and are amazed, but
earth casts its spell around them and
sings to them songs, and with the cry,
"Time enough by-and-by," they spend
on, stifling the voice, till often ere days
or months have passed the bolt has sped,
the sword has descended, the Judge has
come, and the soul is lost forever.

Long John's Advice.

Long John Wentworth tells a story
about his stopping at a hotel in New
York one night, and being kept awake
by a man pacing the floor in the room
above. Occasionally he would hear
a moan of anguish, and he went up
there, like a good Samaritan, to see if
he could not relieve the sufferer.

"My friend," said Long John, gaze-
ing sympathetically at the baggard face
of the stranger. "What can I do for
you? Are you ill?"

"No."

"What ails you then?"

"I have a note for 10,000 coming
due to-morrow, and haven't a nickel to
pay it with."

"Oh, pshaw," said Long John, "go
to bed and let the other fellow do the
walking."

The reporter had the pleasure of meet-
ing W. W. Crockett, who is a grand-
nephew of old Davy Crockett, who died
in the Alamo, but whose memory and
whose motto ("Be sure you're right, then
go ahead") will live and last forever.
W. W. Crockett lives in Bandera County,
and is noted for his strength and activ-
ity. In the ordinary exercises of life it
is said that he never tires. Jumping,
running, riding, shooting, and hunting
are each his forte, so to speak, and he
exceeds in them all. He is 6 feet 4 inches
high, and weighs 175 pounds.

There is no remedy for trouble equal
to hard work—labor that will tire you,
physically, to such an extent that you
must sleep. If you have met with losses,
you don't want to lie awake and think
about them. You want sleep—calm,
sound sleep—and to eat your dinner
with an appetite. But you can't unless
you work.

The Rights of Farmer's Girls.

A great deal has been said and writ-
ten concerning the rights of farmer's
boys, but nothing about the girls. It is
a common thing for farmers to pay their
sons fair wages for their work; yet the
daughters do not receive a dollar from
month to month. Why should this dif-
ference exist between the farmer's girl
and the boy? The former is quite as
much entitled to reward for services as
the latter. In truth, the farmer's girl
is the more valuable of the two. She
is expected in many cases to arise very
early, get breakfast, clean up the house,
and prepare the other meals required
through the day; or if not, to largely
aid in these household duties. In ad-
dition, she is looked upon by father,
mother and brother to entertain com-
pany—to act as hostess, at least to act as
a creditable second to the mother,
and while she may be the pride of the
family, and regarded as a sort of privi-
leged character, yet much is expected
of her in ten thousand smaller features
of home life. Why, then, should she
not be encouraged with at least as much
pay as the boy? In addition to that,
the farm-house should be made as at-
tractive as possible—with a piano, plenty
of books, newspapers and pictures;
cultivate a taste in the girls for flowers.
These features, with a moderate amount
of work, should produce a happy, con-
tented home life on the farm.

In the Wrong Place.

Whenever a Christian cannot carry a
clear conscience and his Master's smile
he is in the wrong place. I do not care
how strong the inducement to go there,
or attractive the bribe which the tempt-
er offers, if conscience rebels—if con-
science whispers a doubt as to the right-
ness of going—then stay away. If we
err at all let it be on the safe side;
but a Christian never does err when he
obeys his conscience and honestly aims
to please his Master. The real error
and back-sliding commonly begin when
we begin to hush the memories of con-
science by saying, "O, I will go just
for this once," or, "Everybody else goes;
why may not I?" or, "If I do go it
won't be noticed." These are the
smooth excuses which the devil always
has ready for a Christian professor when
he is strongly tempted toward the ball-
room, or the sensual entertainment, or
the convivial frolic of some kind. The
place where he would not be expected to
be is the very place where he ought not
to be. Let the lovers of pleasure more
than lovers of God gather to the carouse
or to the play, or the wine feast, if they
will; but Christ's smiles never beam
upon one of his followers in such places.
The eyes that looked upon Peter until
Peter shrank away to hide his bitter
tears, often falls upon the inconsistent
Christian who is spending an evening in
bad company.—Presbyterian.

A Small Pox Remedy.

Our exchanges generally are publishing the fol-
lowing, which was some years ago sent
by a correspondent to the Stockton (Cal.)
Herald: "I herewith append a recipe
which has been used to my knowledge
in hundreds of cases. It will prevent
or cure the small pox, though the pitting
are filling. When Jenner discovered
cow pox in England, the world of science
in the Alamo, and he went up
there, like a good Samaritan, to see if
he could not relieve the sufferer.

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to hard work—labor that will tire you,
physically, to such an extent that you
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you don't want to lie awake and think
about them. You want sleep—calm,
sound sleep—and to eat your dinner
with an appetite. But you can't unless
you work.

No consolation: "I have heard," said
Gos De Smith to Mose Schunberg, "that
the fellow who stole your money and ran
off with it, has been killed in Colorado.
He has certainly gone to Hades. You
had ought to be glad." "I would be
much more glad you got my money
back," responded Mose; "it don't do
me no good ven dot tau raschel goes to
dot blase, ven I have to pay his travel-
ing expenses outen my own pocket."—
Texas Siftings.

BITS AND TIDBITS.

Twisted hemp cures felons.

A poor relation—a carbuncle.

Something about milk—water.

The key to an uncertain gait—whis-
key.

Hanging is brisk, but with a falling
tendency.

Flowers that come from a loved hand
are more prized than diamonds.

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man least in a way we despise.

"Sally, what time do your folks dine?"
"Soon as you go away—that's missus
orders."

If falsehood paralyzed the tongue,
what death-like silence would pervade
society.

Accommodating a friend with a fifty
note is an ex-L-ent way of getting rid
of money.

The extreme height of misery is a
small boy with a new pair of boots and
no mud puddle.

"You are a nuisance. I'll commit
you," said an offended judge to a noisy
person in court. "You have no right
to commit a nuisance," said the offend-
er.

A person who was sent to prison for
marrying two wives, excused himself by
saying that when he had one she fought
him, but when he got two they fought
each other.

"Mrs. Spinks," observed a Boarder
to his landlady, "the equal adjustment
of this establishment could be more
safely secured if there was less hair in
the bath and more in the mattresses."

"The truth always pays in the end"
is an old saying, and that is the reason
probably why there is so little of it told
at the beginning of any business trans-
action.—Saverville Journal.

An Indiana Sunday school man writes
to a Bible firm in New York: "Send
me one Sunday school paper and
books. Let the books be about pirates
and Indians as far as possible."

A circuit preacher in Missouri preached
for one night at a