THE REPORTER AND POST.

VOLUME XII. DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1883. NO 12

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

Reporter and Post.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

DANBURY, N. C.

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Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.
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The Effect of Persistence.

Some twenty years ago—I do not know how many exactly but it was some time during the war—I heard a story which a soldier was reading in a newspaper to a little group around him to their great enjoyment. I shall tell it only in brief, though I remember well the filling in was a good part of it, which will be missing in my recital.

Mr. S. C. Peterkin was a prosperous young man of business who got ahead in spite of his constitutional modesty. This was in his way in society more than in trade; he was afraid of women more than men. For a long, long time he had set his heart upon a lovely young lady whose sweetness was like her name, which was Violet. He had often called upon, and resolved again and again that he would make her an offer of his heart and hand, but as often that heart failed him. Though the whole evening he would sit and

"Gaze upon her as a star
Whose purity and distance made it fair."

and come away without making any progress in his suit. At last he became alarmed by the fact that the dashing Capt. Latham, of one of the Sound steamers, was often at the house when he called to see his charmer, the charming Violet. At last he could not bear the suspense any longer, and he ventured, with much hesitancy, and awkwardness, but with do-or-die determination, to ask her if she would be his. With remarkable coolness, she replied;

"You should have spoken long ago, Mr. Peterkin: I have been engaged to Capt. Latham for some time past, and we are to be married very shortly. I am sorry to disappoint you, but we will be as good friends as ever, and you must come to see me just the same. The Captain will always be glad to have your company."

Peterkin went away sorrowful. But a brighter day soon dawned, for within three months after they were married the Captain fell off the steamer in a fog on the Sound and was drowned. Now Peterkin took heart. He would have the widow.

A year of mourning wore slowly away. He kept his eyes on the widow, but would not insult the memory of the dead by proposing until a decent interval had passed. The year ended, and he laid his heart again at the little feet of Violet. She heard him quietly, and quietly remarked, "My dear Peterkin, I am sorry to disappoint you again, but for the last six months I have been engaged to Dr. Jones. It was hard to make up my mind between him and his friend the handsome Lawyer Bright, but Dr. Jones was so good to me while I was sick in the winter after my husband's death that I promised him I would be his at the end of the year."

So poor Peterkin retired once more; the widow Lathan became Mrs. Dr. Jones, and so remained, while the discomfited Peterkin wished the doctor might take enough of his own pills to make an end of him.

Time passed on. Peterkin was walking down Broadway one day, while not very far ahead of him he saw two men, one of whom he knew to be this hated Dr. Jones. A large flat stone was being hoisted to the coping of a new building; the rope gave way; it fell and instantly killed the two men. Peterkin rose to the emergency of the moment. For the dead he could be of no avail. His thoughts were on the widow. He turned, he ran, he flew to her abode. When she entered the room where he awaited her he began:

"My dear Mrs. Jones, I bring you dreadful news. I was walking on the street, when I saw a stone fall from a house upon your poor husband, and he is dead; but you must let me comfort you. I beg you now to be mine, my Violet, at last."

"Dear Mr. Peterkin, I am so sorry! but when Dr. Jones and Mr. Bright were both begging me to marry, I took the doctor, and promised Mr. Bright if anything happened to Dr. Jones, I would certainly be his. So you see I am engaged. I am sorry, for I do think a great deal of you, my dear Peterkin."

Peterkin was very calm and self-contained. He said, "And will you promise to be mine when that lawyer is no more?"

"Certainly I will with all my heart and soul."

"Then come to my arms, my Violet, for the same stone that killed the doctor was the death of Bright, and you are mine at last."—Harper's Magazine.

Roscoe Conkling wants to be let alone. Well, ain't he?—Courier-Journal.

The Bad Boy.

'Hold on a minute,' said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he wound a piece of brown paper around a cob and stuck it in a syrup jug he had just filled for a customer, and then licked his fingers. "I want to ask you a question What has caused you to change so from being bad? You were about as bad as they make 'em up to a few weeks ago, and now you seem to have a sou', and get in your work doing good about as well as any boy in town. What is it that ails you?"

"Oh, sugar, I don't want to tell," said the boy, as he blushed and wiggled around on one foot, and looked silly. "But if you won't laugh I will tell you. It is my girl that has made me good. It may be only tempoary. If she goes back on me I may be tuff again, but if she continues to hold out faithful I shall be a daisy all the time. Say, did you ever love a girl? It would do you good. If you loved anybody, regular old fashioned, the way I do, people could send little children here to trade, and you wouldn't palm off any wilted vegetables on to them, or give them short weight. If you was in love, and felt that the one you loved saw every act of yours, and you could see her eyes every minute, you would throw away anything that was spoiled and not try to sell it, for fear you would offend her. I don't think any man is fit to do business honestly unless he is in love or has been in love once. Now, I couldn't do anything wrong if I tried, because I should hear the still small voice of my girl saying to me. "Henry, let up on that." I slipped up on a banana peel yesterday and hurt myself and I was just going to say something offul, and I could see my girl's bangs raise right up, and there was a pained look in her face, and a tear in her eye, and by gosh, I just smiled and looked tickled till her hair went down and the smile came back again to her lips, though it hurt me like blazes where I struck the sidewalk. I was telling pa about it, and asked him if he ever felt as though his soul was going right out toward somebody, and he said he did once on a steamboat excursion, but he eat a lemon and got over it. Pa thinks it is my liver and wants me to take pills but I tell you, boss, it has struck in me too deep for pills, unless it is one that weighs about a hundred and forty pounds and wears a hat with a feather on. Say if my girl should walk right into a burning lake of red-hot lava and beckon to me to follow, I would take a hop, skip and jump and—".

"Oh, give us a rest," said the groceryman, as he took a basin of water and sprinkled the floor, preparatory to sweeping out. "You have got the worst case I ever saw and you better go out and walk around a block," and the boy went out and forgot to hang out any sign.—*Peck's Sun.*

Cultivate Family Life.

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone. "She never knew how I loved her." "He never knew what he was to me." "I always meant to make more of our friendship." "I did not know what he was to me till he was gone." Such words are the poisoned arrows which cruel death shoots backward at us from the sepulchre door. How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love bossomed into a deed! We are not now speaking merely of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best language of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, a fastidiousness of physical organization, which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled and overpowdered. But there are words, and looks, and little observances, thoughtfulness, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarce a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them.—*Mrs Stowe.*

At the recent Mormon conference in Salt Lake City some 200 missionaries were sent out making 260 for the year. Of these. 100 go to the Southern States, whence 200 converts have been forwarded recently to Colorado. Some idea of Mormon despotism may be seen in the fact that, with a population of 125,000, there are more than 22,000 church officials.

A fashionable New York youth has succeeded in getting himself dubbed "King of the Dudes." His name is suppressed for the sake of a cousin of his who is a respectable and sensitive hod-carrier in philadelphia.

An Effectual Lesson.

If practical jokers could suffer a little of the pain they are so fond of giving, it might cure them of their bad habit. Says a gentleman, speaking of the retributive justice which cured him:

I got one punishment when a boy I never forgot. When about ten years old, I fancied I had a grudge against a lad of my own age, but much smaller. Catching him alone one morning, I dragged him to the big watering trough and gave him a thorough dousing in the icy water. While he was sputtering and trying to escape, my father came upon the scene. A moment's silence—then—

"Go into the house, Dan," was all that father said.

I obeyed with a quaking heart. The morning passed, and yet I was not called to account. Afternoon and evening dragged by, bed-time, and still not a word was said.

It wasn't exactly a pleasant day to me. I had ample time to think it over, and realize the meanness of my act. I retired with an uneasy mind: it wasn't like father to pass such a thing unnoticed.

Could he have forgotten it? Could it be possible that for some unknown reasons he was, to use a boy's phrase, "winking at it?" I was puzzled!

The next morning the mystery was solved. As I entered the breakfast-room father met me, and, taking my hand silently, led me out to the trough, where I underwent exactly such treatment as I'd given Jim.

The following day another "hair of the dog" was administered. On the third morning I tried to starve it out, and by going without breakfast get rid of the ducking.

All in vain! Though, when the bell rang, I kept in my room, I soon heard father calling in a tone I dared not disobey:

"Dan! Dan!"

And I went down only to be marched out to my icy bath.

For one week I was put through that watering-trough every morning!

Father did not weaken the lesson by "words, idle words." And I guess he was right, for I did some thinking during those days.

That experience stuck by me and altered my course many a time in later life.

Truth as the Foundation of Manhood.

You want to know, Tom, what is the first quality of manhood? Well, listen, I am going to tell you in one little word of five letters. And I am going to write that word in very loud letters as though you were deaf, so that you may never forget it. That word is "TRUTH." Now then, remember, truth is the only foundation on which can be erected a manhood that is worthy of being so called. Now mark what I say, truth must be the foundation on which the whole character is to be erected, for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be built, the edifice, the character, the manhood, will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it for it will tumble down when trial comes. Alas, my boy, the world is very full of such shams of manhood in every profession and occupation. There are lawyers in this town who know that they have never had any training to fit them for their work, who yet impose upon the people and take their money for giving them advice which they know they are unfitted to give. I heard of one lately who advised his partner "never to have anything to do with law books, for they would confuse his mind." There are ignorant physicians who know that they are ignorant, and who can and do impose upon people more ignorant than themselves. There are preachers without number pretending to know what they have never learned. Don't you see that their manhood is at best but a beautiful deceit? Now I want you to be a man, and that you may be that, I want you first and foremost to be true, thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretense, all effort to seem to be otherwise than you are. When we have laid that foundation then we can go on to build up a manhood, glorious and godlike, after the perfect image of Him, the perfect Man, who said that He was born that He might bear witness to the truth.—*Bishop Dudley.*

Not Trustworthy.

One afternoon a gentleman was shown into Mr. Lamar's library.

"Mr. Lamar," asked the visitor, "do you know a lad by the name of Gregory Bassett?"

"I guess so," replied Mr. Lamar, with a smile. "That is the young man," he added, nodding toward Gregory.

The latter was a boy aged about 14. He was drawing a map at the wide table near the window.

"A bright boy I should judge," commented the visitor, looking over the top of his glasses. "He applied for a clerkship in my mill, and referred me to you. His letter of application shows that he is a good penman. How is he at figures?"

"Rapid and correct," was the reply.

"That's good! Honest is he?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Lamar.

"The work is not hard, and he will be rapidly promoted, should he deserve it. Oh! one question more, Mr. Lamar; is the boy trustworthy?"

"I regret to say that he is not," was the grave reply.

"Eh!" cried the visitor. "Then I don't want him."

That ended the interview.

"O uncle!" cried Gregory, bursting into tears.

He had set his heart upon obtaining the situation, and was very much disappointed over the result.

"Gregory, I could not deceive the gentleman," Mr. Lamar said, in a low tone, more regretful than stern. "You are not trustworthy, and it is a serious failing; nay, a fault, rather. Three instances ocurred, within as many weeks, which sorely tried my patience, and cost me loss of time and money."

Mr. Lamar's tone changed into one of reproach, and his face was dark with displeasure.

"I gave you some money to deposit in bank," he resumed. "You loitered until the bank was close, and my note went to protest. One evening I told you to close the gate at the barn. You neglected to do so. The colt got out during the night, fell into a quarry, and broke its leg. I had to shoot the pretty little thing, to put an end to its suffering."

Gregory lifted his hand in a humiliated way.

"Next I gave you a letter to mail. You loitered to watch a man with a tame bear. 'The nine o'clock mail will do,' you thought. But it didn't, being a waymail, and not a through mail. On the following day I went fifty miles to keep the appointment I had made. The gentleman was not there to meet me, because he had not received my letter. I lost my time, and missed all the benefit of what would have been to me a very profitable business transaction. It is not too late for you to reform; and unless you do reform, your life will prove a failure."

The lesson was not lost upon Gregory. He succeeded in getting rid of his heedless ways, and became prompt, precise, trustworthy.—Frank H. Stauffer, in Sunday School Times.

A husband and wife in Ludlow street jail for counterfeiting have had an addition to their family, and the Times remarks:

"The birth of a girl baby in Ludlow street jail, the first child ever born within the walls of the grim and ill kept structure, recalls that pathetic chapter in one of Dickens' strongest novels which tells the story of the birth of Amy Dorritt in the Marshalsea. From what we have learned of the interior of Ludlow street jail and the life of its inmates, from the published statements of prisoners and reports of investigating committes, we may almost imagine that the incidents preceding the first appearance in this dismal and wicked world of the Child of the Marshalsea were reproduced in the New York jail yesterday. The sympathy of the jailers was surely not wanting, and the fellow prisoners of the happy parents were perhaps as desirous to do something useful, as they were certainly as dirty and unkept as the poor debtors in the Marshalsea."

The poor little waif will hardly like in after years to tell of her birth place but will probably content herself with saying that she was born in New York. Who can tell but in the mutations of the future she may yet find her way to the portals of the White House.

It is a very small potato, either in the animal or vegetable world, that is most likely to be mashed.

SMALL BITES.

Hope is the brightest star in the firmament of youth.

There's very little or no opposition to a red-hot poker.

It is wisdom to think, and folly to sit without thinking.

We are no longer happy so soon as we wish to be happier.

A man of lofty thought and elevated opinion—a balloonist.

The greatest happiness comes from the greatest activity.

Love for the dead should not cramp our duty to the living.

It is upon the smooth ice we fall; the roughest path is the safest.

Occasions do not make a man fail, but they show what he is.

Despise no one; for everyone knows something thou knowest not.

Prayer in its simplest definition is merely a wish turned God-ward.

Genius at first is nothing more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.

Rashness is not valor; doubtful hopes ought to make men resolute, not rash.

True friendship is like sound health; its value is seldom known until it is lost.

He who rises late must trot all day, and will scarcely overtake his business at night.

The journey of life is tiresome, and when a man arrives at the end he is out of breath.

True love always makes a man better, no matter who the woman is or who inspires it.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

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

One may be better than his reputation or his conduct, but never better than his principles.

The best way to show our appreciation of the Divine forbearance is to be forbearing ourselves.

The feeble tremble before opinion, the foolish defy it, the wise judge it, the skillful direct it.

Pay your honest debts before you subscribe to charitable undertakings.—Honesty before charity.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, do our duty.

A man may be thought clever while he is seeking for wisdom; but if he imagines he has found it, he is a fool.

Life is not so excessivvely charged with sweetness that one needs to be continually throwing in acids or bitters.

He who is false to present duty breaks a flaw in the loom; and will find the flaw when they have forgotten the cause.

There are some things I am afraid to do, and I confess it is in this great presence; I am afraid to do a mean thing.

A christian's experience is like a rainbow, made up of the drops of the grief of earth and beams of the bliss of heaven.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured.

Power, in its quality and degree, is the measure of manhood. Scholarship, save by accident, is never the measure of a man's power.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame.

If you want to gain a reputation for eccentricity, and to be universally dreaded, if not hated, blurt out the plain truth on all occasions.

The losses, troubles, sufferings of our daily life are only the dust and cinders blown into the travelers eyes on the journey to our heavenly home.

It is how, far more than what we do that is the source of the pleasure of pain which our daily lives are radiating upon whom we love best.

A narrow minded christian leading a life of crooked prejudices and doing it conscientiously makes more infidels than all the infidel books ever written.

Poor Print