THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

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Reporter and Post.
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PEPPER & SONS, *Pubs. & Props*

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We keep constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of Groceries—suitable for Southern and Western trade. We solicit consignments of Country Produce—such as Cotton; Feathers; Ginseng; Beeswax Wool; Dried Fruit; Furs; Skins, etc. Our facilities for doing business are such as to warrant quik sales and prompt returns. All orders will have our best attention. y4

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Seeing the need in this section of a place where the weary, feeble and broken down may recruit their health and rest; where they and their families may spend the hot season pleasantly when it is necessary to leave their homes or change air, that the failing health of some loved one may be restored, we have laid out

A NEW TOWN

and are now offering for sale lots in probably the healthiest section in North Carolina. The town is located on a beautiful

Flat Mountain Ridge

2½ miles west from Danbury; about ½ of a mile from the celebrated Piedmont springs; about the same distance to Pepper's Alum springs; ½ of a mile from Smith's Chalybeate spring, and two miles from C. E. Moore's Sulphur spring, while the location presents

The Finest Views

of Moore's Knob, the Hanging Rock, and other prominent peaks along the Sauratown mountain. The lots are well covered with large and small forest trees, which will afford shade in summer and form

Beautiful Groves.

The whole is

Surrounded by Springs

of the purest mountain water, entitling it to the Indian name, "Camaca," a land of springs, which, together with the pure mountain air, would bring color to the faded cheek, and strength to weary frame, even if there was no real mineral water within a hundred miles of the place.

The undersigned propose also to erect a saw-mill, planing machine, &c., that they may build cottages or furnish lumber to those who wish to purchase lots in this healthful locality, where no malaria ever comes, and a case of typhoid fever was never known, except it was contracted out of the neighborhood.

The price of lots this season, 50x100 feet, will be $25 each. For further particulars addres,

N. M. & W. R. PEPPER,
May 20, '85. Danbury, N. C

DELAYED HOPE.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

Belated hope is like the feeble rays
Of clouded starlight through dim desert ways,
Less than the foam that beams a wayworn spaces,
Or light that falls across a dead man's face.
—*Southern Bivouac for April.*

THE POET'S STORY.

JAMES CHESTER ROCKWELL.

I

The sweetest songs are those that spring
From hearts that bleed, and bleeding, sing.
Through songs like these doth ever roll
The mystic music of the soul.

II

If we have weal, if we have woe,
If we have rights, if we have wrongs,
The world must all our feelings know—
We tell our stories in our songs.
—*Phil. News.*

The Tramp's Flower.

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND.

"Boo-h! boo-h! And what you got there? Can't you give me a flower?"

Lumpie—that was the way her father called the clubby little girl—looked up out of the dark shadow of the vines, where her face resembled a white star. She wondered who it was that leaned over the fence and spoke to her.

"It is a big moon-face," she said to herself, "a lot of hair 'bout it. And, dear me, I wouldn't vare such an orful old hat. And his cose don't look very fresh and nice, one bit."

While Lumpie was painting the strangers portrait, he who looking up at the sky, and holding out his hand to the wind to find out the drift of the latter, and make a weather-guess. He now turned and asked again:

"Say, Sis, won't you give me a posy?"

Lumpie picked a bright nasturtium and gave it to him.

"That's a good one, and I'd rather have it than a lump of gold, Sis."

"My papa don't call me Sis."

"Don't he? Well, what does he say?"

"Lumpie."

"Lumpie! He beats all at naming folks, don't he?"

"You got a papa?"

"Not that I know of. Why, Lumpie, if he were livin', he'd be as old as that tree back of you, and that would fetch the tree up to seventy years, sure."

"You got a mamma," continued Lumpie, as if taking the census.

"No; the old woman, she's gone"—

"Old coman?"

"My—my—mother."

"She gone?"

"Yes."

"Gone vare?"

"Where heaven is. Don't you know?"

"I 'spect it's up, up 'bove dat spooce tree, somevare."

"That's where she is, a-singin' cherub there, these twenty years."

"Vare's your home?"

"Home?"

The tones were sad, pitifully sad.

"Where's your home?"

"Here, vare papa and mamma are."

"Where mother is, that's my home. I wish it was. Wel, Sis—Lumpie, your flower may help me get there."

"Move on!" suddenly called out a gruff voice. "Don't block the sidewalk! Move on!"

In an instant, the moon face, the big lot of hair, the old hat and seedy coat which Lumpie had been looking at—all vanished, and then appeared a man wearing a blue coat and a silver badge, who strutted along and rapped on the fence with his billy in an important way. Lumpie now ran into the house and was met by Aunt Salome, who was keeping house for her brother since the beginning of his wife's sickness.

"Lumpie, whom were you talking with?"

"I dunno. He didn't have very nice cose, and hasen't a home."

"A tramp! Horrors!"

"Tramp?"

"Yes. Sakes alike!"

"I give him a flower."

"What kind? Not one of those beautiful dahlias?"

"A nasturtium, all yaller. Only he said 'twas gold."

"I warrant, for that's what he is after.'

"He's a good man 'cause he said suskin about his old mamma's home in Heaven."

"Good? I don't want any of his goodness. Co-*phus*!"

Aunt Salome had now rushed to a back kitchen window, from which she could look out upon the garden where toiled Lumpie's father, Cephas Dixby. His face no more resembled his sister's thin, wiry, nervous visage, than a shingle.

"Co-*phus*! Co-phus! Why don't you hear me?"

"I hear you. What is it?"

"Who do you suppose is here?"

"Folks say I am," said here Cephas mischievously contemplated his plump, round body.

"Now, don't plague me. Who do you 'spose has been on the garden fence.

"A fly, I guess."

Cephas here referred to Aunt Salome's great summer horror.

"Salome, there has been one special fly that I know for two days has been watching your screens and trying to get in. Got in! If I am very hungry may I not be a fly trying to get by your screens."

"You are too bad, Cephas. It was a tramp and I'm going to complain of him at the police-station."

"Oh! let him go. I dare say the police have seen him; one in fact one went by here only five minutes ago."

"Well, I'm goin' to make sure and enter the complaint. I know he's spotted the house, and to-night he'll break in here. There's no tellin' what he may do to you. Sakes! He may murder you."

Cephas directed a funny look at the toes of his boots, and resumed his work.

"Where are you going when you finish here?"

"Well, I shan't go out to be a tramp while I am here. I'll be sure of that. Bless me! you would have me in the station house before night."

"Now, Cephas, tell me where you are goin' when you get through here."

"I s'pose I must go down to Emerson's block and inspect it. I did not build it, though that is my business; but Emerson has been suspicious of the man's thoroughness who did put it up and he wants me to step in and look 'round."

"Don't venture where it is dangerous will you, Cephas? Get that tramp and let him go in."

"Not I. I won't ask a man to go where I won't risk myself."

Aunt Salome muttered something about risking "a tramp's useless life," and then went into the house to put on her ample sun-bonnet. She told Bob, the colored servant boy, to put "Jim" into the coupe and drive her down street.

"I would like to get some description of the tramp," Aunt Salome reasoned to herself, "and I've a great mind to let Bob call him out of that saloon ahead. Of course he's in there. That's where such people go. Then I can describe him to the police.

Bob alighted, and went toward the saloon door.

"Well, Bob," said Jerry Collins, the saloon-keeper, meeting him on the door-step, "I see you have got Aunt Salome here. Will she take a nip?"

The saloon-keeper raised his voice in the closing clause, and roguishly winked at several thirsty customers. Aunt Salome heard it, and in disgust kept her head out of sight.

"Oh! she wants to know if a tramp has been here."

"No. I saw, though, a trampish-looking sort of a fellow opposite here, and I thought he was going to make a call; but he swung a yellow flower in his hand, looked at that, and then moved off."

Was Lumpie's flower guiding the homeless one homeward?

"I won't give it up. He ought to be here," said Aunt Salome, as they neared a gambling saloon, knowing very well he ought to be there.

"Tramp been here?" replied the proprietor to the enquiring Bob. "Well, no, yes. A big, rough heathen came to my door, twirling a yellow flower; but he turned away and I lost sight of him."

Was the flower still guiding?

"What shall I do?" exclaimed Aunt Salome. "I can't report his looks as I would like to the police, and yet I must have them just watch our house. Hand! What is that noise? Boy, what is it?"

"Awful, marm, wasn't it? Hobben and arth gib way dun! Fearful noise! See dose folks runnin'!"

"What can it be?" screamed Aunt Salome. "Do you know, mister?"

The man she was hailing stopped in the midst of a vigorous run and bawled out:

"They say it's Emerson's block that has tumbled."

The man had no second edition of news to give her, but rushed on headlong.

"O Co-phus, you there?" shrieked Aunt Salome. "Drive on, Bob!"

And Bob drove till they came to the ruins, one mass of fallen chimney, walls floors, roofs. There was a dense black crowd around the spot. Several of the people, seeing Aunt Salome, rushed to the carriage.

"He is safe, marm. He's all right."

"Co-phus is?"

"Yes; we have him in the 'pothecary store; but he had a narrow escape,' said a man. "I saw the whole of it. You see this building was not put up right, and everybody thought it crazy, and Emerson wanted your brother to examine the thing. People thought they saw the end wall bulgin' out and advised him not to go; but down into the cellar he went. While he was there the end tumbled, and then we heard a big cry for help from the cellar. You see it was Cephas caught under a timber. But you must not wonder if no man dared go down there; for people were callin' out: 'Tother end is bulgin' out!' At last there came along a big, strong moose-sort of a feller, a rough-lookin' customer that nobody knew, and he jest winked down that cellar quickly, and in about as short a time as I am telling this story, he got to your brother and then passed him out to us through a cellar window. By the time we'd crossed the streets with Cephas —'

"Then Co-phus is hurt?" interposed Aunt Salome.

"No, he was kinder scratched, but really he won't need even a plaster."

"And that man?"

"Well, as I was sayin', we had crossed the street with Cephas and all there was left of the building tumbled! 'Twas awful!"

"And buried that man underneath?"

"That's where he is, I'm sorry to say; under that pile the people are tryin' to turn over; for they think they can fetch him out pretty quick, guessin' about where he is."

The next moment Aunt Salme was out of the carriage. In spite of a lot of nerves, she had a lot of sense and heart in her old, thin body, and she went off at once to get things that she knew would be helpful to the poor fellow, if taken from the ruins alive. Soon there was a shout.

"They've got him!" bawled a spectator.

"Take him to the 'pothecary's!" called out Aunt Salome.

There they took him; and he was laid beside Cephas. The latter was sore and weak, but Aunt Salome's informant was right in saying he would not need even a plaster. His lifeless rescuer, though, was so bruised and battered, so mutilated and so covered with blood and dust, that he was not recognized. When his face had been washed by Aunt Salome, then, even, no one knew him.

"Who can it be?" inquired the bystanders.

"I know," said Aunt Salome. She had pulled out of the dead man's pocket a crushed little yellow flower.

Aunt Salome was not given to dreams.

"Weak, vain, superstitious!" she called them. However, that night, after questioning Lumpie about the flower, and learning much that the tramp had said, a dream came to her. She seemed to see a valley shrouded in darkness, but beyond it glowed the walls of a Golden City. And treading the darkened way, she saw the tramp bearing the yellow flower in his hand. The flower shone with the brilliancy of the city beyond; and it was toward that city his face was turned.—*Independent.*

Winston *Sentinel*: "Christian Reid" the North Carolina authoress has a new book in the hands of her publishers. It will probably appear within the next month.

Beware of the man who never releases his grip on his cigair, and is indifferent whether it burns or not. He is cool, calculating and exacting.—Ex.

The estate of the late Mr. Tilden is estimated at nine millions.

SAMUEL JONES TILDEN.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Samuel Jones Tilden was born in New Lebanon, county, N. Y., on the 9th of February, 1814, where his grandfather, John Tilden, settled in 1790, and where his father, Elam Tilden, was a farmer and merchant. In 1839 he entered Yale College, but soon left that institution and went to the University of New York, where he graduated. In 1841 he was admitted to the bar and began practice in New York city. In 1844 the *Morning News*, a daily paper, was established in New York to advocate the election to the Presidency of James K. Polk. In this enterprise Mr. Tilden invested capital, and became the editor of the journal, which position he held until after the election. In 1845 he was elected to the New York Assembly, and the following year he was chosen a member of the Constitutional Convention, where he was made a member of the Committee on Finance and Canals.

In 1855 he was defeated as the "Soft Shell" Democratic candidate for Attorney General of New York. Then devoting himself closely to his profession he secured an extensive practice and amassed considerable wealth. Besides other important cases he was counsel in 1856 for Azariah C. Flagg, in the case growing out of the contested election for the Controllership of New York city, in 1857 for the relatives of Dr. Beebell against the claims of Mrs. Cunningham, for the Pennsylvania Coal Company in the suit brought by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Companies.

Mr. Tilden became chairman of the Democratic State Committee in 1866, and was a leading member of the Constitutional Convention of 1867, serving with distinction on the Finance Committee. He became an indefatigable laborer in the course of judicial and political reform in the city of New York, and in 1869-70 was active in the organization of the Bar Association.

When the contest was waged against the members of the "Tammany Ring" holding city offices, who were charged with defrauding the City Treasury of many million dollars, Mr. Tilden rendered invaluable service to the cause of reform by his famous analysis of the accounts of the Broadway Bank, showing conclusively how the alleged culprits had shared their spoils, and furnishing legal proof for their conviction.

In 1872 he was again elected to the General Assembly, where he continued his exertions in the cause of reform. He was elected Governor of New York in 1874 by a plurality of 50,317 votes over John A. Dix (Republican) and Myron H. Clarke (Prohibitionist.) Soon after his inauguration, January 1, 1875, he declared against the "canal ring," which resulted in the overthrow of that organization.

When the National Democratic convention assembled in St. Louis in June, 1876, Gov. Tilden was the leading candidate for the first place on the ticket. On the first ballot he received 403½ of the 813 votes cast. When the second ballot was finally announced Gov. Tilden had 535 on a whole vote of 728. The nomination was made unanimous, and he was declared the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

He accepted the nomination in a brief speech on July 11th, and his formal letter of acceptance was dated July 31st. The result of the election and the particulars relating to the way in which he was cheated out of the Presidency of the United States are familiar not only to the American people, but to the world. It was a memorable and exciting political epoch.

At the Democratic National convention held in Cincinnati in 1880 he would have been the choice for the first place upon the ticket, but emphatically declined. Again at the National Democratic convention held four years afterwards in Chicago he had a strong following, but again declined to accept the honor which many were anxious to bestow upon him.

He was known as a great lawyer in New York years ago, and it is said that no member of the bar worked up a case more thoroughly than he. It is related of him that while in his office late one evening shaping his work for a knotty case to be heard the next day he ascertained that he could obtain a witness who lived in a certain township twenty miles away. Summoning a carriage Mr. Tilden drove the twenty miles, induced the witness to return with him, and the next morning after having driven all night (forty miles) he appeared in court with his witness, and the evidence of this witness gained the case for Mr. Tilden's client.

ESTIMATES OF THE PRODUCTION OF THE PRECIOUS METALS IN THE UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, August 8.—Mr. Kimball, Director of the Mint, has completed his report on the production of gold and silver in the United States during the calendar year, 1885.

The production of gold is estimated at $1,800,000; an increase of $1,000,000 over the estimate for the calendar year 1884.

The production of silver for the calendar year 1885 is calculated at the coinage rate in silver dollars, and is estimated at $51,000,000, against $48,800,000 in 1884: an increase of $2,200,000.

North Carolina produced $152,000 gold and $3,000 silver; South Carolina $3,000 gold; and Texas, Alabama, Tennessee, Virginia, Vermont, Michigan and Wyoming $60,000 gold and $5,000 silver.

While the United States lost by net exportation during the year, $15,507,824 in silver, it gained $12,228,104 by net importation in gold.

The director estimates the amount of gold coin in the United States, January 1, 1886, to have been $583,485,468, silver dollars $218,259,761; subsidiary silver $75,031,111; or a total stock of coin of $826,776,325.

Of the stock of gold coin the United States Treasury held over and above the outstanding gold certificates $75,434,879 and the National Banks $156,053,502, including treasury and clearing house certificates. One thousand and fifteen State Banks and Trust Companies held November 1, 1885, says $31,355,789, which left in the hands of the people and other banks, $270,441,693.

Of silver dollars which have been coined the United States Treasury owns (not represented by silver certificates), $72,588,725; National Banks $6,040,628. The amount owned by private individuals and other banks (including those in the Treasury represented by certificates outstanding) was $138,780,408. Of subsidiary silver coin about $27,000,000 was in the Treasury and $47,000,000 outstanding.

THE IDEAL POTATO.

My ideal of a potato, writes a correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, is one of medium size, with a clean, white skin (although any kind of color would not be objectionable, provided it possessed all the other qualifications), with very shallow or slightly raised eyes; flesh pure white, cooking dry and floury; without any earthy or other decided flavor, unless it should be a peculiar nutty taste, occasionally found in some sorts when grown under favorable conditions. The plant should be stout, but not rank, and the tops should not be too spreading, while the yield of marketable tubers should be large, with very few or no small ones. It should be a good keeper retaining its early good quality until late in the season. The tubers should grow compactly in the hill, and be produced at a shallow depth, without any tendency to grow out of the soil. Moreover, it should be adapted to a wide range of country, retaining its size, quality, productiveness, etc., nearly everywhere, on an almost infinite variety of soils. Although we have hundreds of varieties, we have as yet no single potato with all the above qualifications. In order to bring about this desired improvement there is evidently but one way—to save the fruit of sorts most nearly approaching the "ideal" in every particular (cross-breeding or hybridizing, if possible, kinds which together possess all that is desired); and plant the seeds from those fruits until the perfect ideal potato is obtained.

TWO ROOMS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The young wife's room is the scene of continued gayety during the hours when the president is attending to affairs of state. How different the apartment which adjoins it on the west! Visitors have often noticed that this room is never opened. The curtains are tightly drawn, and no one ever thinks of crossing its threshold. It was in this room that Garfield lived for months, tortured by Assassin Guiteau's bullet, while a nation hoped and prayed for the recovery that never came. The room is almost precisely as it was the day when Garfield was taken from it and carried to Elberon, where he breathed his last. President Arthur had a horror of the place. He gave orders that it should remain untouched as long as he was in the White House, and these orders were scrupulously obeyed. President Cleveland has said nothing upon the topic as yet, but it is understood that he, too, is loath to break the silence of that room.—Boston *Traveler*.