W. H. Ames

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

Reporter and Post.

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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

2¼ miles west from Danbury; about ¼ of a mile from the celebrated Piedmont springs; about the same distance to Pepper's Alum springs; ¼ 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

POETRY

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

JOHN G. WHITTIER,

GREYSTONE, August 4, 1886.

Once more, O all adjesting Death!
The nation's Pantheon opens wide;
Once more a common sorrow saith
A strong wise man has died.

Faults doubtless had he. Had we not.
Our own, to question and asperse.
The worth we doubted or forgot,
Until we stood beside his bearse?

Ambitious, cautious, yet the man
To strike down fraud with resolute hand;
A patriot, if a partisan,
He loved his native land.

So let the mourning bells be rung,
The banner droop its folds half way,
And let the public pen and tongue.
Their fitting tribute pay.

Then let us bow above his bier
To set our feet on party lies,
And wound no more a living ear
With words that death denies.

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Fascinating Girl.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "For Her Sake" "The Romance of a Back "Street," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

"YOUNG TODD."

Not that Miss Daly was the only maid in attendance behind the counter of the big refreshment room at Battleton Junction, but that she was a girl with a difference—and a remarkable difference—from her six contemporaries employed by Messrs. Javelins and Freshwater, the eminent contractors, to attend to the wants and wishes of a passing crowd clamoring for soup, sausage, rolls, buns and bitter ale to the frightful accompaniment of railway bells and whistles, and stentorian commands to "change here for everywhere." That her personal appearance was attractive was her good fortune or her misfortune, and was certainly not her fault, she would scarcely have been placed at Battleton Junction had she been ole, ugly, or "squat". She was a tall, good-looking girl, with brown eyes and brown hair, and she attended to her duties with a grave self-possession that was remarkable in the Battleton Junction girls, who were demonstratively fussy or coldly indifferent, according to the class of customer who presented himself to their merciful consideration.

It may be said at once that the Junction girls—as they were generally termed in the ancient town of Battleton—did not think much of Miss Daly, did not make great friends with Miss Daly, did not take her into their little confidences, or ask her to join them in their little strolls after the eating house was closed for the night, or when hours "off duty" allowed of country rambles in various directions and under various and sometimes striking circumstances. Miss Daly was "stuck up," Miss Dart said: but then Miss Daly had declined to see, the shops in Battleton with her after one evening's experience, during which Miss Dart had giggled spasmodically all the way up High street, and looked after every well-dressed man under fifty between the station and the Corn Market, exchanging "good-evenings" and "how-d'ye-do's" with a fair ten per cent. of the number. Miss Daly was "sly," Miss Bland thought; but then Miss Bland was a plain-spoken girl, who let them—i. e., the customers—"have it" if they bothered her too much—or rather at times did not let them have it, but looked over their heads with a stony glare, and allowed them to scream for drink in vain. Miss Daly was "spoons" on young Todd, and ought to be ashamed of herself to lead him on like that, Miss Racket remarked; but then Miss Racket had been "spoons" on young Todd herself, had launched herself at Todd, in fact had neglected good customers for Todd, and been taken out once for a quiet drive by Todd in the happy halcyon days before Miss Daly came among them like a blight.

Miss Daly hardly looded like a blight behind the refreshment counter; she was always very pale and pretty in her black dress and generally very staid, unless something out of the common—young Todd was out of the common—brightened her features with a smile.

It may be a matter for speculation as to the "spoon" on Miss Daly's part, but there need be no mistery as to the feelings of young Todd. He made no mystery of them himself, he was even proud of them, his feelings had been engaged some twenty times before and in nineteen cases by the fair Hebes whom Messrs. Javelins and Freshwater had set in authority at Battleton Junction, but in no instance had young Todd been so deeply and terribly impressed as in this particular affair, which was now absorbing, consuming and softening him to an unparalleled degree; which was giving him a distaste for his family and family surroundings; which was exciting at last the curiosity and anxiety of the family itself, that had been a slumberous, apathetic, do-as-you-like kind of a family for years and years before Miss Daly's time.

The Todd family were big folk in Battleton, and not to be despised out of Battleton, take them altogether. There were not many of them, they consisted of Mrs. Todd, the relict of Bartholomew Todd, who had made much money by wholesale gums and India rubbers down a dirty slum in Mincing lane, and half of whose property was settled for life on his widow, with reversion to an only son, the young Todd of our simple narrative; three Misses Todd, all one pattern, cut crosswise and with many angles, and with strong biases toward high church and high church curates, and whose money was strictly settled on themselves; and young Todd, whose money had settled itself strictly on him, too, up to the present period of our story, for no one save himself and the girl at the refreshment counter had seen the color of it, envious people said.

Why he was called young Todd it was hard to declare. When there was an old Todd flying away to town by express every morning, it might have been appropriated but when old Todd had flown away to a better world than Mincing lane, young Todd became somewhat of a misonmer, especially as young Todd had reached eight and twenty summers, clear. Certainly he looked young. He was a very slim man, without a hair or an expression upon his face, and he wore turn-down collars, a short blue jacket and a polo cap. There were three things which he had loved before Miss Daly came to Battleton—his pipe, his bull terrier pup and himself; but she had changed all this as with the touch of the wand of an enchantress. She had called the bull terrier "that nasty dog," and it had been consigned to its kennel from that hour; she had hated the sight of men with short pipes in their mouths before dinner, he had heard her say once, and he had taken to cigars and to smoking them after eight p. m.; and as for himself, there were fits of despondency upon him at times when he thought he should rather like to shoot himself than otherwise. Still, the time had not come yet, and young Todd lived at the refreshment counter of Battleton Junction, so long as Miss Daly would serve him. When the trains came in—and they were always coming in at interesting crises of his career—he would retire to the back and stand on the forms, so that he might watch Miss Daly over the heads of the travelers, and make sure that nobody had fallen in love with her, and was intentionally lingering over his pork pie or sandwich; and when the trains went out he resumed his place, put one elbow on the counter, and talked and gazed—generally gazed, as his powers of conversation were limited, and Miss Daly did not care for the subject on which he was disposed to grow eloquent—billiards and bull terriers.

So regular a lounger at the counter so good a customer, so well-known an inhabitant of Battleton, was obliged to be received with a fair amount of courtesy, and he was received in quite a sisterly—possibly more than sisterly—manner by all but Miss Daly. Miss Daly said "good morning" and "good evening," especially "good evening," very graciously to him, but she did not imitate the style of the rest of the young ladies or put herself out in anyway for Mr. Todd. Conscious of the power she wielded over his susceptible broast, she did not hasten to meet his requirements at the bar; did not lean over the counter and talk to him between the sandwich stands and the dishes of buns: did not regard him languishingly while an irate passenger was hammering away with the milled edge of a shilling to attract her attention; did not whisper or laugh or slap him in a kittenish impulse; and betrayed not even a jealous symptom when he talked to Miss Dart or Miss Racket or arybody else.

"I can't make her out," he soliloquized in the quietude of his bedroom, three months after Miss Daly had been in Battleton, and after she had said, "No, thank you," to half a dozen pairs of Courvoisier's gloves, of which he had begged her acceptance; "she isn't like anybody else I ever knew at the Junction. Polly Racket would make six of her for fun, but she's an awfully nice girl somehow. She isn't silly, either, or she'd fancy I was going to ask her to marry. She's a sharp, clever little woman, 'pon my soul, but I can't make her out. And that's deuced odd, too, seeing what a lot of girls have been always running after me."

It was not odd, but young Todd was beyond the discovery of the solution to the mystery; his self-complaisance stood in the way, and the girls who ran after him were of the ordinary class of high steppers, whose mission in life was to be always running after somebody. Even in his own sphere, and where the exact amount of his income and his expectations were known, young Todd was sought and flattered by some of "the sleek and shining creatures of the chase; but young Todd never proposed, and had been always happier and more at his ease at the station buffet, or in the streets when the shop girls were going home. Happier, till Miss Daly appeared; then it was all over with him and his nonchalant airs and grins and grimaces. He strolled in and out no more in his old patronizing way; he came in early, and stopped as a rule all day; he was the slave of the refreshment counter, the ghost of his former self, the talk of the little town where everybody talked.

His mother condescended to ask a few questions of him at last, and to tell him what the world is saying; he laughed at her questions as irrelevant, and the shocking expression he used as regarded the world needs no repetition in these virtuous pages. His sisters satirized him and his tastes, and he "gave it them hot," as he afterward expressed himself to a friend, for meddling with his affairs and what didn't concern them. He never interfered between them and their larks with the curates, did he? Let him alone. and he'd let them alone; nobody need be afraid he was going to make a fool of himself, or throw himself away; he knew that he was about well enough. Trust him.

But nobody trusted him any more for this declaration, and the home of the Todds became shallow-land, in the midst of which much suspicion and uncharity and conspiracy were brooding. They affected to let him alone, and he let them alone according to his usual way—which was very much alone indeed—but they wrote long letters and urgent letters to Uncle John, the mainstay of the family, trustee, executor, man of the world, and man of war in the Indian service, and they begged very earnestly for Uncle John to take the matter up, as the whole affair was becoming very serious indeed. They had no influence over Edwin—young Todd was Edwin; he was his own master, and they were desperately afraid of what would come of it. They had been afraid also to tell Uncle John before; they did not like intruding upon his studies, his new work on "Fortifications and Fireworks," his new charge red hot and slashing, against the secretary of state for war on the iron-plated stocking question; they knew how hard he had been upon his nephew and godson in many matters; but as he was the only being whom Edwin regarded with any degree of awe, they trusted he would come to the rescue and "put a stop to it," all before the family was disgraced for ever and ever by a mesalliance, or by some dreadful scandal that was almost as bad if not quite as lasting.

"I'll soon put an end to this nonsense," said Maj. Crawshaw, after reading his sister's letters. "I'll have no more of it. He had put an end to a great deal of nonsense in his time, being a hard-headed, sharp old soldier in his way, and he was very sure of his power in demolishing this soap bubble affair in less than four and twenty hours. He knew the world and what it was made of; he understood men and women, particularly foolish men and designing women, whom he had come across in an experience of five and forty years, to whom he had taught wisdom and given warning before this—ah! many times before, for other people's sakes and his own. Let him march and away against the enemy at once.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A New Haven firm manufactures over 100 kinds of barometers and thermometers.

LEE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

In the August *Century*, Major J. Horace Lacy gives some of his reminiscences of General Lee. From his article we quote as follows: "Ascending the heights, I soon reached what was called the headquarters batterry of General Lee. Afar across the valley and river in the gray light of early morning could be seen the white porches of my home, Chatham, made historic by Federal army correspondents, as the Lacy House. The porches were filled with officers and gayly dressed women, and from half a score of brass bands rang out across the valley 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Hail Columbia!' The commanding officer of the batterry asked if I would permit him to scatter the unbidden guests at my home. At his request I asked Lee to authorize the fire of the heavy guns, which would have laid Chatham in the dust. With a smile he refused, and, asking me to walk with him, we withdrew a short distance. He then motioned me to sit by the trunk of a large tree.

"Looking across at Chatham through his field-glass he said, Major, I never permit the unnecessary effusion of blood. War is terrible enough, and its best, to a christian man; I hope yet to see you and your dear family happy in your old home. Do you know I love Chatham better than any place in the world except Arlington! I courted and won my dear wife under the shade of those trees. By the way, not long since I was riding out with my staff, and observing how your grand old trees had been cut down by those people, I saw that a magnificent tulip poplar at the head of the ravine, north of the house, was still standing, and, with somewhat of your rhetoric, I said to Venable and Taylor: "There is nothing in vegetable nature so grand as a tree. Grappling with its roots the granite foundations of the ever-lasting hills, it reaches its sturdy and gnarled trunk on high, spreads its branches to the heavens, casts its shadow on the sward, and the birds build their nests and sing amid its unbrageous foliage. Beheld, the monarch stripped of attendants and guards awes the vandals by the simple majesty of his sublime isolation." Pocketing my field-glass, and riding on, I heard mingled with laughter a request from the gentlemen that I would bring glass to bear once more on the monarch of the forest. I looked, and even while I had been talking the axe of the vandal was laid to the root and monarch had fallen."

"Then, moved by emotion unusual to his calm and equable nature, he continued, 'I had three hundred acres of woodland at Arlington. Serving the United States Government for many years on the frontier, I marked with my hand each tree that was to be used for timber or fuel. They tell me all my trees are gone—yours are all gone'; then rising from the log, with a fire and passion rarely witnessed in him, and with all the majesty of his sublime presence, he said: Major, they have our *trees;* they shall never have the *land!*

"Three years after the close of the war I was a visitor at the home of General Lee, then president of Washington and Lee University. After dinner the General retired, and I was invited to see Mrs. Lee in her chamber. She was a great sufferer and confirmed invalid, incapable of motion save in a roller-chair which it was the chief delight of him who had so long directed great armies to move from room to room, bending over her with the grace of a Sidney and the devotion of a youthful lover. I told Mrs. Lee the story which I have so imperfectly attempted to reproduce. Need I tell any woman who reads these pages that tears streamed down that patient, furrowed face or that a light and joy from beyond the stars beamed through these tears, as she knew that the thoughts of her great husband wandered far away from the clash of arms to the memories of their youthful love and courtship under the shade of her ancestral oaks, for Chatham was originally the property of a near relative. As I concluded the sentence, "They shall never have the land,' hearing a slight noise, I turned and saw the General, who had silently entered, in dressing gown and slippers. The great buck-shot drops slowly rolled down that face, whose calm was never broken by the earthquake shock of battle. Slowly and silently he retired, and I could but feel the deepest compunction that words of mine should have sent another pang through that great heart."

CARD PLAYING GIRLS.

There are so many ways in which girls can be amusing, entertaining and useful to themselves and others that it seems a great pity that any of them should resort to common vices of coarse men. That they do so in the evening entertainments of private and elegant homes, and at the most fashionable summer resorts, appears to be beyond question, and that the results will appear in unlooked-for demorilazations in the future of what is called good society may be set down as among the certainties of natural law. Young ladies may not be expressly susceptible to such prosy moral arguments, but they should not forget that the young men who gamble with them, and who appear to enjoy the fun, lose their respect for young ladies in the exact measure that the latter cease to be governed by fine womanly feelings and standards of character. Men may laugh at the shrewdness of a girl in a game of cards for stakes, but she is not the girl they trust, or honor or that they care to marry. That is an argument to the quick, and may find its way home. The man who marries a gambling girl is already an incipient suitor in a divorce court.—Greensboro *Workman.*

HOW TO PREVENT TOBACCO FROM MOULDING.

Messrs. Watt Bros. & Womack; of Reidsville, N. C., have addressed the following to the tobacco growers of Virginia and North Carolina:

Feeling an unusal interest in your welfare, now that tobacco is low, and appreciating the fact that you can neither afford to let your tobacco damage nor smoke it by drying it out with wood, we would advise those of you who are not ready to market your tobacco to clean out your barns and sprinkle every week or ten days on the floor about two gallons of lime. It will prevent moisture from rising; keeping the barn dry and thus preventing the moulding. We know the experiment to be a success; it is very cheap, and we are very sure it is worth your attention.

TILDEN'S WILL.—The will of the late Hon. Sam'l J. Tilden was read at Greystone on Monday evening by lawyer Jas. C. Carter, in presence of the relatives and the three executors, Hon. John Bigelow, Andrew H. Green and George W. Smith. The document was a long one and contained about 10,000 words. The whole estate is placed in the hands of the executors as trustees. Each heir is to receive an equal share in the line of his or her consanguinity—that is, neices and nephews equal amounts and the children certain amounts. None of his relatives except his sister, Mrs. Pelton, are given any specefic bequest forever. To her he bequeaths the residence No. 38 West 38th street, and the sum of $100,000 to live upon. His estate is said to be worth $9,000,000.

An incident in New York pioner life may show what times were in 1800: "My mother siad to her nearest neighbor a Mrs. Roe, living a mile and a half distant: I have got a fleece now, for I have just carded the colt and picked the wool out of an old bed quilt and am making stockings.' Mrs. Roe replied: 'So have I got a fleece, for I shaved our dog, and with wool from a bed blanket will soon have a pair of stockings, too.' A short time after that the whole neighborhood footed it four miles to see two sheep, so great and unusual was the sight."

WASHINGTON, August 10.—Capt. R. W. Anderson, of Sumpter S. C., who is 96 years old and who is making a pilgrimage to Boston on foot, applied at the police headquarters here today for transporation on the cars. He says he could walk, but his money has givrn out. He had a little dog with him.

A young man in the West shot himself a year ago because a young woman refused to marry him. The girl said he was a fool, but the boy recovered The other day the girl committed suicide because the boy refused to marry her. The world changes, and so do boys and girls.

Col. Denny showed the Asheville *Citizen* Saturday twelve small but genuine diamonds found agmong the gold washings in McDowell county. He also exhibited other valuable gems, all in the rough.

A letter addressed "g'big" safely reached Little Chebeague, for which it was intended.