

# PERSON COUNTY COURIER.

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[Written for the COURIER.]

### SOMETHING WRONG.

The brethren hold prayer meeting on every Saturday night; They sing and pray and talk till late. But there is something not all right. Some brethren talk extremely well. Others give their best attention; But I know there is something wrong. Which here I need not mention. I fear there is some malice there. But I know I have none, But none of us are clear of faults. No, not a single one. Some may think that he is all right And find great fault of others; There is nothing that looks so bad to me As standing of your brothers. The scriptures tell us plainly That we must love each other, And better be cast into the sea Than to offend a brother. Some of us may have a fault That others may not approve, But let us all be as one In God's abounding love. We all profess a hope in Christ, And if our sins are forgiven We must love each other To obtain a seat in Heaven. Yes, we must love and forgive Our sister or a brother, And if one strikes thee on one cheek Turn to him the other. Malice and envy are hatred passions, They in our heart should not be found; Strip us of all the malice and envy And let pure love abound. Where these two passions both abound They bring about great evil, They drive all love from our hearts And open the door for the devil. Lord, shut the door from malice and strife And don't let pride creep in, For envy, malice, pride and strife Are very near akin. Pride and worldly mindedness Are spreading far and wide, In most of all our churches They more or less abide. The way to Heaven is straight and narrow And do not creep about; If we walk the broad and beaten way There is a chance to be shut out. Walk the straight and narrow way, The way that God has given; Follow the road that Jesus walked, That will lead you on to Heaven.

### The Sealing of the Donnas.

BY NYME CRINKLE.

"Sealed to Mapleson" was written in her ivory brow. It was Ardit's brand. I felt sorry for her. A sad, pathetic resignation like a hoar frost lay upon her soul, the wint'ry fligree of doom. She spoke with a calm despair, as if music were a convent and she had taken the white veil from Ardit's hand. "I have been to Colonel Mapleson," she said. "He and Signor Ardit heard me sing. They were enraptured. They advised me not to waste my voice in concert or comic opera. Italian opera was my field. I would make a charming *Linda*. Could I not wait for the opening? It was sure to come. Then they wrote my name down." And she was sealed. From that moment she was dedicated to "Linda." Her sweet little *Sfogato* was heard no more in the benefit concert. The bait of the comic opera manager lured her her not. She sat in silence with her lushed voice for months, waiting for "*Linda*" an Italian opera. Meanwhile Ardit, with a spring nosegay in his coat, is walking the Thames embankment in blessed forgetfulness of the American girl banked up in hopes there in Thirty-seventh street. This precious girl might have been some choir with her notes. Chorus yawned for so fresh a voice, Major Pond would have added her photograph to his excellent collection. Aronson would have decked her in shorts with a sort of triumph. George Colby could have sang her at innumerable soirees. Choking her ball would have saved a spot for her in benefit concerts. A hundred gallant men would have paragoned her as the "charming" and revealed to the world her beauty and her prospects—in musical burlesque. On the other hand a thousand industrious clerks would have married her and given her a flat, content with her voice and her fresh cheeks. But there she was, inapproachable to managers and bridegrooms, neither singing nor marrying, simply waiting for "*Linda*," dumbly expectant under that brand of Ardit's.

"My child! I cried, don't you know that this is infatuation? 'Linda' is a chimera, Italian opera an *ignis fatuus*. Ardit is a myth! Italian opera isn't sung except in Padua and New Orleans, and 'Linda' never leaves Italy now. There are only ten chances of Linda in the year, and they are kept for American school girls who want to send press notices home from Florence. Don't you know, you demented dummy, that the earth swarms with *Lindas*? Thirty-fourth street reeks with this quiet respectability; Murray Hill is yearning with them. There's only one Italian opera company out of Italy, and if it would accommodate the girls that Ardit has consecrated with his brand. Return, I beseech you, to the duties of life, and live no longer the ideal life of an American soprano in a small Italian town."

Her placid brown eye was upon me. Her ivory brow was furrowed. She was comparing me with Ardit. I could see it. Ardit had flattered her. I was a friend. But I felt it my duty to keep on. "Ardit, I said, is a monster!" He looks with envious eye upon the crop of American sopranos. He feels that they will overrun England and Germany as they have overrun France and Italy. He came to this country to stop it. He has flattered and soothed 5,000 chorus girls with Linda. He has converted them from national girls with voices to mute donnas with expectations; and he has gone back chucking and saying—"At all events nobody will hear from that 5,000. They will wait to make their debuts in *Linda*." And all this was three years ago. When next I saw the ivory brow, to my horror and astonishment it had another brand upon it. At first I thought it was Thursday's iron, and she had been taking lessons of the American warbler. But a second glance revealed the name. It was Thursday's iron.

She had gone and revealed to the aboriginal, contemporary, continental and indigenous opera company, U. K. had set upon her case; so had F. B. Theodore Thomas had branded her. She would sing, he thought, in Pergolesi's "Serva Padrona," which he thought of reviving, as there was a strong popular demand growing up for Pergolesi. She had a fine light soprano, and an opportunity would be given her in the classic *rennaissance*. When a girl is twice branded and sealed to opera she becomes extinct. I shook hands with her sadly. "Sit there, I said, and wait with the rest of them." The national, indigenous branders had maked the fairest of our flocks for their own. They have branded four thousand. Every vigorous girl with a gleetish goes on praising God and pounding *Giannini* till she comes to Theodore Thomas.

Then she waits for the opera. I encounter them everywhere. Their trust is infinite, their faith sublime, their patience miraculous. Once let the seed of opera drop into their souls and they cannot be reasoned with or discomfited. "Thomas said it," is the grand, calm answer to all arguments. It does not make a bit of difference how many he has said it to. The vicissitudes of the national indigenous do not disturb them at all. A new dignity and a new exclusiveness take possession of them. I know a worthy lady who has been sealed three times. She was seduced by Errau, ravelized by Gazzaniga, phrazed up by Muro Coli, and anointed first by Martek. She waited five years for *Leonora*. Then she was ravelized by Ardit for *Asuena*, for her voice had gone down a little with her enthusiasm. She waited five more years without a murmur. Then Thomas added his mark, and she is waiting still. If you have a girl with a voice, let me beg of you not to have her sealed. Let her sing. Let her go to Paris and stand at the piano every day if she must. Let her go through her paces with Corbett, let her study Italian and eat macaroni—but don't let the opera *maestro* tell her she's a *prima donna*, for from that moment all musical avonnes are closed to her. She closed them herself.

She will remind you of the girl that for so many seasons was the life of your party, who flirted and sentimentalized; who went to all the balls, who took Jones' ice cream and Smith's caramels and Johnson's flowers with equal *gaiete* and nodding

gaiety; who let Barker woo her and Ferguson love her, and then went and engaged herself to Blinson. Of all the men in the world. And from that moment she was another woman; she refused Jones' Roman punch with austerity; Smith's caramels were returned, and Johnson's flowers were given to the servant, and she froze Ferguson by drawing herself up and remarking "that he must be mistaken, that she had no recollection of such folly."

And all this time she had been waiting for Blinson. Blinson, who is the worst rose in town, who keeps a *grisette* in Paris, and confidently tells his friends at the Calumet club that he is going to marry the widow Snuffleton.

Not long ago a reputable manager, who was giving comic opera successfully, wanted a light, well-trained soprano. He would have paid \$75 a week if he could have got what he wanted. There were thousands of girls in the city who could have filled the bill with fresh voices and pretty faces, and who could not earn \$10 a week with their musical education. He got the usual list of names from the musical agencies, and he called on a score of young ladies.

Most of them were bright, intelligent girls, musically educated, and anxious to earn their living. But O, dear! not they couldn't think of comic opera, you know. That was out of the question. Why not? Why, the idea was absurd. They were going to sing in grand opera. They were sealed, and so they started, but never wavered. Ardit or Thomas had said it. When one rationally considers the prospects of Italian opera at this moment, on one side, and the battalions of expectant donnas on the other believing in a myth and leaning on a chimera, one begins to feel that the mission of the old school was not only to raise up its own destroyers, in the shape of stars, but to forever prevent any other system from raising up stars. Thousands of charming girls believe in Italian opera to the extent of going hungry. But nobody else does. Such is the mysterious effect of "sealing."—*American Musician.*

### Not in Confidence.

If you are going around alone you had better look out for confidence men, said the special officer at the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee depot to a green looking young man who was waiting to go to Pontiac. Oh, I know all about that racket, replied the stranger as he slacked his hat a little higher over his ear. All right—don't blame me.

The young man went up Brush street and was gone three-quarters of an hour, and when he returned said to the officer: "I'll have to wait over until to-morrow to get a check cashed. Have you got a check? Yes—look here. Lent a fellow \$32 for pay duties on some horses and he gave me his check for \$60. Purty good exchange for a greenhorn, eh? Young man you have been confounded!" No sir! But you have! The check is worthless! I told you to beware of the confidence game. And I did. No one had my confidence. This was simply a business transaction. I lent him \$32 in cash, and he gives me his check for \$60. Where's the confidence about that? The matter was explained to him, and the way he started for police headquarters made the sidewalks smoke.

### Give Them A Chance.

That is to say, your lungs! Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them. "When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot do their work. And what they do, they can not do well. Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Boosey's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

### EASTERN LETTER.

It is again my privilege to give your readers something to look over when they have read all else in this issue of the COURIER. During my short stay in Person county last December I was summoned to attend the spring term of the Superior court as a witness in a certain case; accordingly just a few days before the first Monday in May I left my work in Duplin and Sampson counties, and tied away to the hilly west. I spent some time in Raleigh, which city seems to be quite a different place compared with what it was anterior to the prevalence of local opinion; everything quiet, business lively, profanity and vulgarity entirely subsided, everybody sober and attending each to his own individual affairs; what a contrast between this and some other places we might mention.

We passed the thrifty little city of Durham; a bird's-eye view of which at once corroborates the enthusiastic statements that have been made and are still being made concerning its civil, moral and commercial prosperity; the thrift and enterprise, exhibited by its manufacturers and business generally is unsurpassed by any neighboring city in the Old North State. Our stay is short; soon we are at Hillsboro, spend the night very pleasantly with the family of Mrs. Hedgepeth; early the next morning we fall in with Mr. Joe Wilkerson, who very kindly offers to furnish transportation to Roxboro, or near by; of course we accepted, and about nine o'clock A. M. we start; we spent the remainder of the day on the road together; and who ever of your readers that have never spent a day with Joe Wilkerson will find that to appreciate him properly is to acquaint themselves with him; his genial spirit, generous disposition, affability and various other commendable attributes, are not found with every man we meet in this day and time; saying nothing to the disparagement of others. Late in the afternoon we part. I spend the night with a former friend and neighbor. On Sunday following attended service at Mt. Zion church, conducted by Rev. M. T. Best one of my classmates in conference; his text was Matt. 5:3, "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven;" I was asked to preach, but thought I could hear Best; and don't know yet, but in the estimation of those Mt. Zion people he was Best. I however accepted an invitation to preach at Roxboro that night; here I met one more a number of the good citizens of Roxboro and vicinity. The demands for church enterprises seem at this place to be very well attended to, the people seem alive to a sense of duty and many of them enthusiastic respecting practical piety. Here we met brothers Hoyle, Sergeant, Tillet, Daniel, Foushee, Mastin and a vast number of former friends and associates. This indeed would have been a season of special enjoyment but for ill-health, which weeks later developed itself in a severe form of typhoid fever from which I am just recovering slowly. There are several items of interest connected with my stay during court week in old Person, but for the time being I will ask to be excused with promise to resume the subject next issue if able.

Yours truly,  
Wm. A. FORBES.  
Magnolia, N. C., June 24th, 1887.  
**Needed No Reproof.**  
I don't like Musgrove, remarked Abbleton, addressing his friend Zilkirk. He has a way of making a man feel bad, has so many unpleasant things to say. You and I have always been the best friends because we have never ruffled each other's feelings. Now, the last time I saw Musgrove he told me that you said I was a fool. He may deny it, Zilkirk, but he actually said it, and if you want proof I think that I can furnish it. I don't want any proof. You are, of course, willing to take my word instead of his in case he denies it. Yes. You see I feel assured that he said it. Why, because it is just like him? No, not that so much. Why so, then? Well, because—that is, I did tell him that you are a fool.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

### Cheer Up! Help Is At Hand.

"I'm afraid I shall have to be taken to a hospital or to the poorhouse. I've been sick so long that my husband, good and patient as he is, can't stand the worry and expense much longer. No, you won't dear wife and mother. See what Parker's Tonic will do for you. Plenty of women as badly off as you are, have been rescued almost from the grave by it. It will build you up, curing all ailments of the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is simple, pleasant and safe.

### SLANG IN TEXAS.

Yesterday afternoon a well known gentleman in this city was discussing with a News representative the prevalence of slang in the country. Just to show you how almost universal it is becoming we will test it right here. It is raining, and we will stand in this door and to every person of your acquaintance who passes by you will put this question: Isn't this rain glorious? and note their answers.

The pair stood in the door, the gentlemen watch in hand, and the News representative with note book and pencil ready. Thirty-five gentlemen passed by, to whom the query was put. Thirty one of them replied: You bet. One said: I should smile. Two said: She is getting there with both feet; and the other remarked: Go 'long, 'Liza Jane.

There were others who later went scudding by. One responded: I should snicker to remark. Another smiled broadly: Young ducks ain't a circumstance. A third caroled: Bet your sweet life; and the fourth leaped bewitchingly: If anybody asks you, tell 'em you don't know. The gentle standing with the reporter said: Well, that do settle it. And her front name it was Hannah, sighed the reporter.—*Dallas News.*

### Vitality of Great Men.

is not always innate or born with them but many instances are known where it has been acquired by the persistent and judicious use of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

### Woman's Ways.

A woman will cling to her husband even though he has plunged into the deepest and blackest mire of shame, dishonor and degradation. She will fold the pure, sweet tendrils of her heart's strongest affections around him even though that form be coated over with the slime of the foulest corruption. For him she will face all the jeers and jibes of a scoffing and scolding and frowning world, and will go with him in his exile from society as willingly and as trustingly and as hopefully and as resolutely and unshrinkingly and as proudly as she walked with him to the altar and assumed the hallowed title of wife, and promised that through weal or woe, through sunshine or shadow, she would cling to him until death did them part. And yet that same husband could not make of force or drive or induce or persuade or tempt that same true devoted and clinging and world-defying wife to wear a last year's hat "that was all out of style," to save a thousand republics, or preserve his purse from a woeful depletion and a most painful collapse. The thing can't be did.—*Wilson Mirror.*

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Down South they eat pepper on watermelons. Up North they sometimes mix cayenne pepper with the mustard to warm up the plaster, after eating watermelon.—*Exchange.*  
No injurious effects can follow the use of Ayer's *Aqua Cura*. It contains an unfailing antidote and specific for miasmatic poisons, together with remedial agents which purify and reinvigorate the system.  
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### The First Sign

Of falling health, whether in the form of Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness, I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not get up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—*Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.*

### Falling Health.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family, for Scalds, and know it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alternative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—*W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., N. Y.*

### Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—*Mary Hartley, Springfield, Mass.*

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