Amos

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

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BELAYED NOTE.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

Belated leaves like the fool's love
Of clouted rainbows through dim desert ways,
Less than the foam that frames a crowned moon,
Or light that falls across a dead man's face.
—*Southern Bivouac for April.*

THE POET'S STORY.

[FROM CENTRAL MAGAZINE.]

I

The merlin sings on the willow the spring
Sweet lyrics to the lovelorn lilting song;
Through the leafy bower the wind soft will
[illegible]

II

[illegible]
[illegible]
The [illegible] Wa'ter's lore song.
—*Dial, Nash.*

The Tramp's Flower.

BY [illegible]

"Ugly! I don't [illegible] that you [illegible] people that call [illegible] father [illegible] out of the dull [illegible] of the world [illegible] for [illegible] the [illegible] 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 care such an orful old hat. And his cose don't look very fresh and nice, one bit."

While Lumpie was pawing the strange [illegible] looking at the city, and [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] "Now [illegible] poey?"

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 cut me [illegible]"

"Don't [illegible] Well, what does he [illegible]"

"Lumpie."

"Lumpie! [illegible]"

[illegible] that [illegible] back of yer, and [illegible] fetch the tree [illegible] twenty year, [illegible]

"You get [illegible]," continued Lumpie, as if taking the scolding.

"No; the old woman, she's gone!"—

"Old woman?"

"Why—my—mother!"

"She gone?"

"Yes."

"Gone where?"

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

"I 'spect it's up, up there [illegible] tree, somewhere."

"What's where she is, swingin' there, there, these twenty years."

"What's your home?"

"Home?"

The tones were sad, plaintively sad.

"Where's your home?"

"Here, were papa and mamma are."

"Where mother is, that's my home. I wish it was. Well, 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 tight lot of hair, the old hat and scaly 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 hasn't a home."

"A tramp! Horrors!"

"Tramp!"

"Yes. Takes a'ike!"

"I give him a flower."

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

"A nasturtium, all yellow. Only he said it was gold.

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

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

"Humph! I don't want any of his profession. Cephas!"

Aunt Salome had now turned to a back kitchen window, from which she could look out upon the garden where toiled Lumpie's father, Cephas Darby. He bore no more resemblance to his sister's thin, wiry, nervous visage, than a shillelagh.

"Cephas! Cephas! Why don't you hear me?"

"I hear you. What is it?"

"Who do you suppose is here?"

"Fiddle-stick I am," and here Cephas tenderly contemplated his plump, round body.

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

"Don't know."

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

"Why, there has been one special by-and-by I know to two days has been [illegible] and trying to get in. Cephas, if I am very hungry may [illegible] trying to get in your [illegible]

"[illegible], Cephas. [illegible]

"[illegible] I don't [illegible] time; and in fact one [illegible] ago!"

"[illegible] to make sure and [illegible] I know he's [illegible] the horse, and to-night he'll break in and [illegible] 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 don't go to be a tramp [illegible] Rock. [illegible] may be sure [illegible] There, now! [illegible] would have me in the station [illegible] before night!"

"Now, Cephas, [illegible] 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 so [illegible] to keep an eye and look [illegible]

"[illegible] when it was [illegible] and [illegible] Joe that tramp and let him in!"

"Sakes! I won't [illegible] a man to go in and [illegible]!"

Aunt Salome muttered something about calling "a tramp's useless life," and then went into the house to put on her simple sun-bonnet. She told Bob, an overgrown lazy boy, to put "Old Nan" into the hoop and drive her down town.

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

Bob lighted and went toward the saloon door.

"Well, Bob," said Jerry Collins, the saloon-keeper, tweaking 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 repeatedly winked at several thirsty customers. Aunt Salome heard it, and in disgust kept her position of sight.

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

"No! A tramp! A tramp! Looking out of a fellow opposite here, and I thought he was going to make a raid, but he swung a yellow flower in his hand, looked at that, and then moved off."

Was Lumpie's flower guiding the homeless one onward?

"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 [illegible] Land! What [illegible]

"Awful, sakes, wasn't it? [illegible] and arth gib way dat! [illegible] See dose folks running!"

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

The man she was hailing stopped in the midst of a vigorous run and replied 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 Cephas, you there?" screeched Aunt Salome. "Drive on, Bob!"

And Bob drove till they came to the ruins, one mass of fallen chimney, wells 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."

"Cephas is?"

"Yes, we have him in the 'pothecary store, but he had a narrow escape, and a man died on the whole of it. You see he was looking over that put up job, and everybody thought it strange, and laterwards wanted your brother to examine the chimney. People thought they saw the roof would buckle up and [illegible] not to go [illegible]

[illegible] Cephas. [illegible]

"[illegible] you want [illegible] Let [illegible] stomach [illegible] a tailor, a man. I [illegible] mechanic that nobody knew, and [illegible] wicked down that cellar quicker, 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 Cephas is hurt?" interposed Aunt Salome.

"No, he was [illegible] really he won't [illegible]"

"Send that [illegible]"

"Well, as I was saying, we had crossed the street with Cephas, and all there was left of the building touched! Was 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, [illegible]"

The next moment Aunt Salome was out of the carriage. In spite of her of nerves, she had a lot of sense and heart in her old, thin body, and [illegible] off [illegible] Low, it taken from the [illegible] that was a [illegible]

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

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

There they took him, and [illegible] beside Cephas. The latter was [illegible] and weak, but Aunt Salome's [illegible] was right in saying he would not [illegible] even a phrase. His lifeless [illegible] 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. [illegible] "[illegible]!" she cried [illegible] them. However, that night, after [illegible] hour, [illegible] about the house, [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible] beyond it, passed the wall of a Golden City. And to [illegible] the darkened way, she saw the tramp holding the yellow flower in his hand. The flower shone with the brilliance 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 relaxes his grip on his cigar, 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.

NATIONAL JONES TILDEN.

[illegible]

Samuel Jones Tilden was born in New Lebanon [illegible] N. Y., on the 9th of February, 1814, where his grandfather, John Tilden, settled in 1760, 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 New York city 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, on the emergency Mr. Tilden invested capital, and became the editor of the journal until a month before the election. In 1845 he was chosen to the New York Assembly, and that winter [illegible] was [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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 [illegible]

[illegible]

When the contest was [illegible] the members of the "Tammany Ring" holding any 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 Boarding [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Democratic State Convention held in Syracuse in [illegible] he would have been its choice for the first place upon the ticket, but unpopularity declined. Again at the National Democratic convention held four years afterwards in Cincinnati 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 testimony of this witness gained the case for Mr. Tilden's client.

[illegible]

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 $1,500,000, 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,[illegible] in 1884; an increase of $2,[illegible]

North Carolina produced $152,000 gold and $3,000 silver; South Carolina $1,000 gold; and Texas, Alabama, Tennessee, Virginia, Vermont, Michigan and Wyoming $90,000 gold and $5,000 silver.

While the United States lost by net exportation during the year, $15,507,[illegible] in silver, it gained $12,[illegible] 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,[illegible] silver dollars $218,259,791; subsidiary [illegible] or a total [illegible]

[illegible] gold coin the United States Treasury will over and above outstanding gold certificates $75,[illegible] and deducting Banks $156,[illegible] leaving money and clearing [illegible] one thousand [illegible] Treasury Comptroller, bid November 1, 1885, says $31,[illegible], which left in the hands of the people and other banks, $270,[illegible]

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 held by private individuals and [illegible] (including those in the Treasury represented by certificates outstanding) was $136,780,403. Of subsidiary silver coin about $27,000,000 are in the Treasury and $17,000,000 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 (though any kind of color would be equally acceptable, provided it possessed all the other qualifications), with very shallow or slightly raised eyes; flesh pure white, cooking dry and floury; without any cavity or other decided defect, unless it should be a peculiar dainty variety, 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 soil, 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 a multitude 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 strictly 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.*