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Original Poetry.

White Lies.

BY SUNNIE SOUTHERN.

No! "white lies" are not harmless,
Though spoke in sportive jest,
And meant in pleasant converse
To add more piquant zest.

Tinged with the baleful poison,
Of him from whom they came,
They may not as a mildew,
Blight an untarnish'd name;

Nor breathe such lying wonders,
As Malice oft depicts,
Nor give such rankling death-wounds
As Slander's tongue inflicts.

Oh, no! but Truth doth shudder,
And look with grief and pain,
Where on her snowy parchment
Doth rest the "white lie's" stain.

The heart may scorn a falsehood,
And lying lips despise,
Nor seek a sin-wove curtain,
To wear as a disguise.

Yet think it not dishonor,
Nor sin, nor shame forsooth,
Just for the passing moment,
To speak a small untruth.

But angels note with sorrow,
The little tongue slip down,
And conscience, though we strive to soothe,
Is clouded with a frown.

For there's no truthful fiction,
And there are no "white lies,"
But all are black, and hateful as
The friend from whom they rise.

Story for the Home Circle.

The Colporteur.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Which way, stranger?" said a rough-looking farmer, to a man who was carrying a well-filled valise. The latter was in the act of raising the latch of a gate which opened from the public road into a narrow lane leading to a small countryhouse of no very inviting aspect.

The person thus addressed turned and fixed a pair of mild, yet steady and penetrating eyes upon the speaker.

"Which way, stranger?" was repeated, though in modified and more respectful tones.

"Who lives there?" said the stranger, pointing to the house just in view from the road.

"Dick Jones," was answered.

"What kind of a man is he?" next inquired the stranger.

"Rather a hard case. You better not go there."

"Why?"

"Aint you the man that sells Bibles and talks religion?"

"Suppose I am?"

"Take a friend's advice, then, and keep away from Dick Jones. He'll insult you—maybe, do worse."

"I reckon not," replied the colporteur, for such he was.

"He will, as sure as fate. I've heard him say, over and over again, that if one of you Bible-sellers dared to come inside of his gate, he'd set his dog on you. And he's just the man to keep his word. So, take a friend's advice, and let him alone. No good will come of it."

"Has he a wife and children?" inquired the colporteur.

"A wife and two little boys."

"What kind of a woman is his wife?"

"O, she'll do well enough. But neighbors don't go there much on account of her husband, who is a very imp of Satan, if the truth must be spoken."

of his horsewhip over your shoulders. So, good morning to you."

"Good morning," returned the stranger, cheerfully, as he threw open the ill-hung gate, and entered the forbidden grounds of Dick Jones.

Now, our brave friend, the colporteur, was not a strong, robust man, able to meet and resist physical violence. In the use of carnal weapons, he had no skill. But he had a confident spirit, a strong heart, and above all, an unwavering confidence in the protecting power of Him in whose service he was devoting his life.

Even on the grounds of Dick Jones the birds sang sweetly, the cool breezes sported amid the leafy branches, and the breath of a thousand flowers mingled their fragrance on the air; and, even as the colporteur trod these grounds, he felt and enjoyed the tranquil beauty and peace of nature. There was no shrinking in his heart. He was not in terror of the lions that crouched on his path. Soon he stood at the open door of a house, around which was no air of comfort, nor a single vestige of taste.

"Who's there? What's wanted?" was the repulsive salutation of a woman, who hurriedly drew an old handkerchief across her brown neck and half-exposed bosom, on seeing a stranger.

"May God's peace be on this house!" said the colporteur, in a low, reverent voice, as he stood, one foot on the ground, and the other across the threshold.

A change passed instantly over the woman's face. Its whole expression softened.—But she did not invite the stranger to enter.

"Go—go," she said, in a hurried voice.—"Go away quickly! My husband will be here directly, and he—"

She paused, leaving the sentence unfinished, as if reluctant to speak what was in her mind.

"Why should I go away quickly?" asked the stranger, as he stepped into the room, taking off his hat respectfully, and seating himself in a chair. "I wish to see and speak with your husband. Mr. Jones, I believe, is his name?"

"Yes, sir, his name is Jones. But he don't want to see you."

"Don't want to see me! How do you know? Who am I?"

"I don't know your name, sir," answered the woman, timidly; "but I know who you are. You go around selling good books and talking religion to the people."

"True enough, Mrs. Jones," said the colporteur, seriously, yet with a pleasant smile on his face as he spoke. "And I have come to have a little talk with your husband, and see if I can't get him to buy some of my good books. Have you a Bible?"

"No, sir. My husband says he hates the Bible. When we were first married, I had an old Testament, but he never could bear to see me reading it. Somehow, it got lost; I always thought he carried it away, or threw it into the fire. He won't talk to you, sir. He won't have your books. He's a very bad tempered man, sometimes, and I'm afraid he'll do you harm. O, sir, I wish you would go away."

But, instead of showing any alarm or anxiety at Mrs. Jones's account of her husband, the stranger commenced opening his valise, from which he soon produced a plainly bound copy of the Bible.

"How long since you were married?" asked the colporteur, as he opened the Bible and commenced turning over the leaves.

"Twelve years come next May, sir," was answered.

"How long is it since you lost the Testament?"

"Most eleven years."

"Do you go to church?"

"To church!" the woman looked surprised at the question. "Dear sakes, no! I haven't been inside of a church since I was married."

"Wouldn't you like to go?"

"What 'ud be the use! I wouldn't say 'church' to Dick for the world."

"Then you haven't read the Bible yourself, nor heard anybody else read it, since you lost the Testament?"

"No, sir."

"You shall have that blessed privilege once again in your life," said the stranger, raising the book towards his eyes, and making preparation to read.

"Indeed, sir, I'm afraid. I'm looking for my husband every minute," interposed the woman. "He's always said he'd kick the first Bible-seller out of his house that dared to cross his door. And he'll do it. He's very wicked and passionate, sometimes—"

"Do, sir, please go away. If I had any money I'd take the Bible and hide it from him; but I haven't. Please don't stay any longer. Don't begin to read. If he comes in and finds you reading, he'll be mad enough to kill you."

But, for all this, the colporteur sat unmoved. As the woman ceased speaking, he commenced reading to her the beautiful chapter from our Lord's sermon on the mount, beginning with—"Take heed that ye do not your aims before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in Heaven." As he proceeded in a low, distinct, reverential voice, the woman's agitations gradually subsided, and she leaned forward listening more

and more intently, until all thoughts and feelings were absorbed in the holy words that filled her ears. When the colporteur finished the chapter, he raised his eyes to the face of the woman, and saw that it was wet with tears. At that instant, a form darkened the door. It was the form of Dick Jones.

"Ha!" he exclaimed in a harsh voice.—"What's this? Who are you?"

Comprehending now the scene before him, Jones began swearing awfully, at the same time ordering the stranger to leave his house, threatening to kick him from the door if he didn't move instantly. The fearful wife stepped between her husband and the object of his wrath; but he swept her aside roughly and with curses.

"Go, before I fling you into the road!"—And the strong man, every iron muscle tense with anger, stood towering above the stranger's slender form, like an eagle above its helpless prey.

How calm and fearless the stranger sat, his mild, deep, almost spiritual eyes, fixed on those of his mad assailant.

"Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Low yet thrilling was the voice in which these words found almost spontaneous utterance. He had taken no forethought as to what he should say. Hither he had come at the prompting of duty, and now, when a raging lion was in his path, he shrank not back in terror, but resting in a Divine power, moved steadily onward.

"Clear out from here I say!" the voice of Dick Jones was angry still; yet something of its evil purpose was gone.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is my strength and my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

Neither loud nor in self-confidence was this spoken: else would it not have fallen on the ears of that evil-minded man with so strange a power.

"Why have you come here to trouble me? Go now—go, before I do you harm," said Dick Jones, greatly subdued in manner, and sinking into his chair as he spoke.

The colporteur, moved less by thought than impulse, opened the Bible which had been closed on the entrance of Jones, and commenced reading. All was still, now save the low, eloquent voice of the stranger, as he read from the Holy Book. The wife of Jones, who had stood half paralyzed with terror in a distant part of the room, whither an impatient arm had flung her, seeing the wonderful change that was passing, stole, quietly to her husband's side, and, bending her head, even as his was bent, listened, with an almost charmed attention to the Word of life, as read by the man of God, who had penetrated the dense moral wilderness in which they had so long dwelt.

"Let us pray,"

How strange these words sounded!—They seemed spoken as from the heavens above them, and by a voice that they could not disregard.

Brief, yet earnest, and in fitting language, was the prayer, then tearfully made, and responded to with tears. When the "amen" was said, and the pious colporteur arose from his knees, what a change had taken place! The raging lion had become a lamb. The strong, wicked contemner of the good, was gentle and teachable as a little child.

Once more the colporteur read from the Holy Book, while the man and his wife listened with bent heads, and earnest, thoughtful faces.

"Shall I leave you this Bible?" said he, rising at length, and making a motion to retire.

"If you will sell it to us," said Dick Jones. "It is yours on any terms you please.—The price is low. I have other good books; but this is the best of all, for it is God's own Book, in which He speaks to His erring, unhappy children, saying to them, 'Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Read this first, my friends; read it in the morning, as soon as you rise, and in the evening before you retire. Read it together, and if you feel an impulse to pray, kneel down, and silently, if you cannot speak aloud, say over the words of the beautiful prayer the Saviour taught his disciples,—the prayer your mother taught you when you were innocent children—'Our Father, who art in heaven.' In a few weeks I will pass this way again. Shall I call to see you?"

"O yes. Do call," said Jones, his voice trembling; though it was plain he struggled hard with the flood of new emotions that was sweeping over him.

"May God's peace rest upon this house!" the stranger, stood with lifted hands and head bent reverently for a moment. Then, turning away, he passed from the door, and, in a few moments, was out of sight.

A month later the colporteur came again that way. How different was his reception at the house of Dick Jones. The moment the eyes of the latter rested upon him, it seemed as if a sunbeam fell suddenly on his rugged features.

"All is well, I see." The colporteur spoke cheerfully, and with a radiant smile. "A Bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates."

"It has been a blessing to us," said the happy wife, her eyes full of tears. "O, sir,

we can never be done reading the Good Book. It seems, sometimes, as if the words were just written for us. And the children ask me, many times a day, if I won't read to them about Joseph and his brethren, the three Hebrew children, or Daniel in the den of lions. Often, when they have been so ill-natured and quarrelsome that I could do nothing with them, I have stopped my work, and sat down among them with the Bible, and began to read one of its beautiful stories.—"

O, it acted like a charm! All anger would die instantly; and when I closed the Book, and they went to their play again, I would not hear a ugly word among them, maybe, for hours. And Richard, too—" she glanced towards her husband, who smiled, and she went on. "And Richard, too—I haven't heard him swear an oath since you were here; and he isn't angry with things that can't be helped near so often as he used to be. O, yes, indeed, sir; it is true. A Bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates."

"If that were the only fruit of my labor," said the colporteur, as he walked slowly and thoughtfully away from the house of Dick Jones an hour later, "it would be worth all the toil and sacrifice I have given to the work. But this is not the only good ground into which the seed I am scattering broadcast, as it were, has fallen. God's rain and dew, and sunshine, are upon it, and it must spring up, and grow, and ripen to the harvest. Let me not grow faint or weary."

And with a stronger heart and a more earnest purpose, he went on his way.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

The Conditional.

There are some men who are never known to give an unconditional assent to any proposition however self-evident.

We have in mind a person of this character, to whom, for the sake of convenience, we shall give the name of White.

"A beautiful morning Mr. White," we remarked, on one occasion.

"Yes," said he doubtfully, "but I should not wonder if it rained before night."

"Your piazza is a great improvement to your house," I continued.

"Yes, sir, but it's a little too narrow. If it was, say, a foot wider, it would be just the thing."

"In that case, you must like Mr. Smith's, for, if I am not mistaken, his is precisely that width."

"Very true, then it's too high."

"How do you like our new minister? He is generally popular—a very good preacher, a good pastor, and a good man."

"Why, yes, I admit all that, but didn't you notice how askew his neck cloth was last Sunday?"

"No, but even admitting that to be the case, it was no objection to him in his official character."

"Why, no, but then we expect a minister to pay as much attention to dress as other folks."

"You have a fine field of potatoes yonder, Mr. White."

"Yes, they look well enough above ground, but there's no knowing but they may be all rotten before they are gathered."

"The new railroad will be a great thing for the town, and do very much to build it up, don't you think so?"

"Well, I don't know but it may, but then it will be very noisy, so that a body can't have a quiet moment to himself."

"We must be content to submit to a little inconvenience for the sake of obtaining great good. That is the true philosophy of life."

"Perhaps it is, but then, them railroads are confounded noisy."

Almost despairing of obtaining a straightforward, unconditional answer to our inquiries, we, as a last resort pointed out a little boy who was passing by and remarked:

"That boy has very dirty hands."

"Yes," said Mr. White, "yes, but—but—"

but, he was evidently seeking for some way in which to bring objection. At length his face brightened up, and he continued—"but if they were washed they'd be cleaner."

We left him to his reflections.—*Yankee Blade.*

A PORTRAIT.—A young man wishing to be noticed in the gay circles of the world buys an old watch for five dollars. At the end of four months, finding it does not keep time as well as a new one, he pays three dollars to have it thoroughly repaired. Two months after, finding it is not exactly a new watch, he pays two dollars for further repairs. At the end of the year growing sick of it, he swaps it for an old musket. He then tries to get rich by hunting; but not finding game very plenty, and receiving a summons from the merchant to pay for his powder and shot, which has amounted to eight dollars, he says to himself, "I'll get rid of the rotten musket somehow;" so he swaps it for an old horse, and pays five dollars to boot. He hires his horse kept at the tavern at which place he boards; at the end of the year his bill for horse-keeping has amounted to forty dollars, and his own seventy five. He says to himself "this is not getting along very fast;" so he sells his horse for a barrel of brandy, which finishes his earthly career.

Gen. Scott is a candidate for the Presidency.

Ladies' Department.

Fashion at Watering Place.

The Chinese do *ko-ou* in their faces in the presence of their superior, and the benighted Africans worship a *fetich* made of old rags; but neither the Negroes nor the Mongolians are a bit more absurd than Americans, when they prostrate themselves to the thing called fashion. And of all follies connected with fashion that of fashionable watering places is the most superlatively ridiculous.

Mrs. Nervous, for example, wants change of air. But, unfortunately for the dear lady, she cannot consent to be cured except at the most *tonnish* watering place; and accordingly her husband, though he can ill afford any extravagances, is compelled to take her to such a resort. What matters it that the rooms are close, the table scantily provided, and the proprietor extortionate in every way! This fashionable lady or that, boards there, or has boarded there, leaving behind her an odor of gentility to all time.—It is amazing what inconveniences, and even insults, Mr. Nervous, and hundreds like her, will put up with, in order to eat at the same table as the "upper-ten," and be bullied by the same landlord.

Nor is this all; for at fashionable watering places one would think that health was the last thing they sought. Mrs. Manceuver had gone there to marry off her daughters. Mrs. Ephesian has come to catch a second husband. Miss Birt is there to coquet with the gentlemen. Miss Desh to raise a sensation by her oddities. In the little world of five hundred boarders, temporarily inhabiting the hotel, there are as many cliques, intrigues and rivalries as at the court of a Louis XIV. Mrs. Tallowchandler turns up her nose at Mrs. Soap-suds, because the husband of the latter retails his goods, will not speak to Mr. Useful, because the latter works for his living while the former spends in idleness the fortune acquired by his father. Even the "gentlemen and ladies of color who, according to their own account, partly for recreation, and partly to oblige the fashionable world consent to wait at table, make beds and black boots, partake of this exclusiveness; and one professional gentleman" boasts to another, with pompous self-satisfaction, of his *tonnish* mistress, and pronounces the employer of another of "no account," because he made his money in salt-pork instead of in sugar.

Thousands of dollars are annually sacrificed at these fashionable watering places by families really unable to afford it. While husbands are borrowing money in the hot town at two per cent, a month, wives, are sporting lace capes that cost a hundred dollars, at hotels where the family bill is another hundred per week. While fathers are trembling with the fear of failure in fall, daughters are haunting at watering places in the costliest jewelry, or sons are sporting fast horses, giving champagne suppers, and perhaps gaming and drinking half the night. Deliver us from fashionable hotels at the sea shore or the springs! They would swallow up the purse of a millionaire, and destroy the health of a Samson. They would teach airs to the girls of the best mother, and make the sons of the thriftiest father improvident.

Ostensibly people go out of town for health. But how many are better for a sojourn at a fashionable watering place? Instead of returning with blooming cheeks, ladies come back faded with late hours; and gentlemen, instead of being more vigorous, are paying the penalty of wine suppers. A fortnight at some quiet place, where the air is fresh and the hours early, is better than a month at one of these scenes of fashionable dissipation. In the one case, you get what you contract for, and a moderate price, too; in the other, you pay six dollars for board and six for fashion, and are cheated in both.—*P. Ledger.*

A Word before you Buy.

Young housekeepers who have just got settled after their late moving look about the naked walls of their parlors, and sigh for pictures; along their empty mantels, and long for a few mantel ornaments; at their scant furniture, and wish for elegant chairs, a neater "tete-a-tete" or a "Voltaire;" at their sitting rooms, and wish they had a cheap lounge; in their bed rooms, and wonder if they cannot afford a more fashionable bedstead; in their closets, and long for a set of spoons—everywhere, and at all points discover a lack that nothing but a plenty of money would exactly supply. It may be called the season of temptation. There is scarcely a young couple in the city that would not, with unlimited credit, find such a list of necessities positively demanding an outlay as would break a man of moderate means, and run one who lives on a respectable salary only heels over head in debt.

But hold up, young friends—don't do your shopping till you have heard our advice. The chairs, the mantel ornaments, the "just one oil painting," the spoons, the new carpet, would help your house wonderfully. They would add very much to the elegance of your apartments, and make us envy your snug quarters when we incidentally drop in or stop

to take tea by appointment. But are you sure you can afford them? "Your husband has good wages"—but how much has he laid up against the day when some of these reckless omnibus drivers shall knock him down in the street and disable him for a month or two? "Your wife is thrifty"—but what provisions have you made for her if she should suddenly have to go into mourning—a pretty young widow? "But furniture, pictures, 'silver,' are just as good as money"—so they are worth all they cost, until you find they are marked too high if put down at half cost price.

Money is a mighty hard thing to come at; like a captive obtained by tedious watchings and skillful waitings, it should not be surrendered until a council of war has been held over it. You, then, our fair reader, who hold that well-engraved \$20 bill in your hand, wondering what you will get for it, fold it again, and put it into the portmanteau; wait till you have talked it over with "him." He says, "spend it of course, you want the articles." But let him fetch out the book and do a bit of calculating. He has paid out his bills and is not in debt. That is good. He has a small sum in the Savings Bank on which he can call and save his credit if there should be an unexpected demand. That is very clever. He has a small sum out at interest; he has calculated what it amounts to daily, and can tell just how much it makes him during the seven hours he sleeps each night. Why, he is independent! His rent he pays monthly, and there he shows you a fund set apart for its payment. The sexton will call this week for his pew money; the Croton tax is due in June, and next week he must renew his life insurance policy; and he shows where the dollars are to come from to meet them all. Current expenses he can predict within a half eagle for a month to come, he has so often kept a strict account of the items. Why, now, go ahead. Spend the bill you were rumpling in your hand; and another just like it, if you wish. You can be trusted to make wise bargains. Folks that keep accounts of the items, and know exactly how they stand, may safely be trusted to spend when they feel a want pressing. And yet, remember that the fashions of this world pass away, and as many additional dollars as you give to-day for an article, because it is in the very height of the fashion, you may be willing to give shortly hence, if it could be but made a little less pretentious, so as to outlast a series of fashions instead of that of a single season.—*New York Times.*

Never Despise Your Business.

Under this caption, the Philadelphia Ledger sensibly remarks:

"No man of sense," it has been observed despises his bread and butter." It is only the weak who are ashamed of laboring for a livelihood, or who effect to scorn the branch of business which they especially pursue.—The first duty which every man owes to himself, to his family, and to his fellow citizens, is not to become a burden particularly to society. That commonwealth also is the most flourishing in which the proportion of drones is the fewest; indeed, the idea of a perfect state involves the necessity of every member of it being a producer. Hence it is that work is always honorable. The most ordinary handicraft employment is as worthy, if exercised honestly, as the profession of law or medicine. Each citizen should follow that avocation for which he is best suited, and when he does this he fulfills the law of his existence; but never otherwise. A bad lawyer is less respectable than a good mechanic, and an able doctor is no more meritorious than an honest laborer. To do one's duty, in the walk where one can be most efficient, is to be honorable; to neglect it, or to seek some other walk, is to become really disgraced. By this standard, and this only, we should judge of men's respectability. It is time that we republicans banished the arbitrary lines of Caste, as applied to the pursuits of life, which are driven from feudal Europe.

Yet there are thousands of men who are at heart ashamed of their business. Are they retail vendors? They scorn continuing to make money in their old way, and long to embark in the wholesale line. Are they jobbers? They think if they could only be skippers that their glory would culminate.—Are they mechanics? They regret they are not lawyers. Are they farmers? They think to be in business in town. Such persons, in their hearts, worship absurd distinctions inherited from the social life of England, and regard the physician, the politician, or the banker as really greater men than man clay. These are what Thackeray calls "snobs"; men of pretence and weak folly; men who despise their own bread and butter.—The wise man, on the contrary, seeks independence by steadily attending to his business, well aware that an independence, honestly acquired, in his best claim to esteem. It is young men, or rather lads, that are of tenest victims to this weakness. Tens of thousands have been shipwrecked in life from having chosen a pursuit unsuitable to them, tempted thereto by false notions of the vulgarity of a trade, and the superior dignity of commerce or a profession.

A woman has been elected constable in Perry county, Illinois.