

The Morning Dispatch

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, AND THE PRESS IS THE ROYAL POWER UPON WHICH SHE SITS, AN ENTHRONED MONARCH.

VOL. 11. CONWAYBORO, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 11, 1861. IN. 6.

The Morning Dispatch

THURSDAY MORNING,
AT CONWAYBORO, S. C.
BY GILBERT & DARR.

TWO DOLLARS in advance.

No paper will be sent out of the District, without the money accompanying the order.

Advertisements inserted at Seventy-Five cents per square (10 lines or less) for the first week, and half that for each subsequent week.

The number of insertions to be marked on all advertisements, or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

One Dollar per square for a single insertion. Quarterly and monthly advertisements will be charged the same as a single insertion, and semi-monthly the same as a new one.

Communications recommending candidates for public office or trust—or putting exhibitions, will be charged as advertisements.

Marriages inserted gratis. Obituary notices over six lines, will be charged at advertising rates.

SELECTED STORY.

THE COLPORTEUR.

"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 country-house of no very inviting aspect.

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

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

"Was 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'd 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 you—may be, 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 dogs 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."

"Like the blessed Master," was replied to this, "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Of all things in the world, the Bible is most needed at Dick Jones'; and I am bound to place one there."

"O, very well. Follow your own bent," said the farmer, slightly annoyed at the other's pertinacity. "You'll remember that I warned you, when your dogs are at your heels, or his horsewhip over your shoulders. So good morning to you."

"Good morning," returned the stranger, cheerfully, as he threw open the ill-lunged 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 in the air; and, even as the colporteur trod these grounds, he felt and enjoyed the tranquil beauty and peace of nature. There was no shrieking in his heart. He was not in terror of the lions that bared on his path. Soon he stood at the open door of a house, around which was so 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, fervent voice, as he stood, one foot on the ground, and the other across the threshold.

A change passed instantly over the woman's face. Her 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 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."

"First 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 he can't get me 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'd 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 not taking any more of your books."

"But you can't see it, if your father is here?"

"May God's peace rest upon his house!" the stranger stood with his 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, have I 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 word among them, maybe for hours. And Richard, too, who glared 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, nor 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 labor," said the colporteur, as he was slowly and thoughtfully away from the house of Dick Jones, an hour later, would be worth all the toil and sacrifice I have given the work. But this is the only good ground into which I 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, and not grow faint or weary."

And with a stronger heart and a more earnest purpose, he went on his way.

TO REMOVE FRECKLES.—The best preparation to remove freckles, which are so common at this season, is a teaspoonful of cold, sour milk, and a small quantity of scraped horse-radish. Let it stand from 6 to 12 hours, then use it to wash the parts affected two or three times a day.

Another preparation is, mix half a drachm of ammonia, two drachms of lavender water, and half a pint of distilled water. Used with a sponge two or three times a day.

A simple composition is, a quarter of a drachm borax, half a drachm of sugar and one ounce of lemon juice. Mix and let it stand for a few days then rub it on occasionally.

He whom God hath gifted with a love of retirement, possesses, as it were, an extra sense.

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"Get on, pray."

How strange these words

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Brief, yet earnest, and in

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When the "amen" was said, and

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change had taken place! The ragged

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Once more the colporteur read

the Holy Book, while the man and

wife listened with bent heads, and

ecstasies, thoughtful faces.

"Shall I leave you this Bible?"

and, rising at length, and making

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,

and to them, "Come unto me all ye

and are heavy laden, and I will give

you rest." Read this first, my friends,

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

if you cannot speak aloud, say

over the words of that beautiful

Saviour taught his disciples—the

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you were innocent children—"Our

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In a few weeks I will

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