

The Danbury Reporter.

Devoted to the Development of the Social and Material Interests of this Section.

VOLUME II.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1873.

NUMBER 31

THE REPORTER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
PEPPER & SONS,
PROPRIETORS.

Rates of Subscription:
ONE YEAR, payable in advance, \$1.00
SIX MONTHS, " " .75
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CASABIANCA OF THE PERIOD.

He came—the image of his sire,
With all the charms that youth can lend—
And sat beside the kitchen fire,
While mamma did his garments mend.

She turned the pockets inside out,
And forth came miscellaneous things;
And all the region round about
Was strewn with marbles, fish-hooks, strings.

A dirty handkerchief, some gum,
Fragments of cake, a dozen nails,
A photograph that had become
The worst for wear—but language fails.

So thought the matron, in dismay:
"What will I do with these?" she said,
"I must in the stove such cards as they
Who play at euchre would employ."

But quick, the boy, through smoke and flame,
Grabbed them, nor cared for burns a speck;
And like young Casa—what's his name?
Trode bravely on the burning "Deck!"

THAT INVITATION.

We are in receipt, through the columns of the Asheville Citizen, of an invitation to go up in that part of the world. The innocent young man, Mr. Robert Furman, who extends the pressing request for our presence, and who urges us to "Hurry up here quick," does so, not on account of any attraction which his rocky old country itself presents, but for some other hidden and delicate reason. We understand, Robert, and shall not plead ignorance. We understand your position too, Brother. Like the fabled Fox of Aesop, having been deprived of a handsome member by a steel trap, i. e., matrimony, you would persuade all others that the change was becoming and advise them to adopt it. Alas, we remember the

short period since, when you were the gayest of gay birds, and were wont to fly all the way down to that beautiful town upon the Car, to attend to your relations, almost every week, notwithstanding the fearful trip from Asheville to Old Fort. These were your halcyon days, Robert; the ladies all called you "the handsome man" in those days.—But listening to the seducing allurements of hot coffee and muffins, warm slippers, and buttons kept sewed on, you sacrificed yourself. The curtain lectures, millinery, and &c., you agreed to suffer as the consideration for the sewed buttons, were then only in the future; now you have them with you always. The unmarried ladies no longer think you handsome. Your pretty feathers are moulting and the rest are awaiting the pecks of the amiable hen.

Not that we would glory in your humiliation, Robert; we rather sympathize with you. You have done your duty, acted nobly, taken upon yourself the burden and care of a wife, accepted suffering in this world that you might have less of it in the next, and you deserve praise of men. You deserve to go up head on the word duty. But don't try to inveigle us into the same unhappy condition; we have never done you any harm.

Our neighbor of the News also advises us to go up (there's a deal of meaning in that expression "go up") to Asheville. This friend is in the same fix as the other one, and is doubtless just seeing, for the first time, the many sells in the overrated honey-moon. Misery loves company and he thinks it would do us good to visit Asheville.

Now, we love the ladies; God bless them! so long as other people have charge of their baggage. With their flounced dresses, their stately, grass-hopper bends, high ruffles, towering combs, and forty inch fans, they are "just too sweet for anything." But this particular sweetness partakes of the nature of that peculiar kind which characterizes the perishing for one's

country, and which never agreed with our constitution, and which we never have been fond.

We are obliged friends for your invitations, advice, &c., if it's all the same to you, we will button our clothes with sticks for a while longer.—*Statesville American.*

The Richmond EXHIBER says:
The sweetest sing of sacred songs in Rome is a birth Carolina nun.

This instance affords the opportunity of saying an ordinary justice, that the ladies of North Carolina seem generally better educated and more distinguished in letters than those of any other State of the Union. The number and character of the educational institutions of the State signify a great deal; but still more is signified by the native talent and literary aptitude of the mothers and daughters of the "Old North State." It is indeed, strange and memorable that so many of the ladies of North Carolina have developed so much literary talent, and that so great acquaintance with the remote history and earlier annals of their States exhibited by them. Beside the partly fictitious reputation of Miss Evans, of Alabama, we are of no

doubt that the ladies of North Carolina have attained the same honors in literature as the young authoress of "Valerie Aylmer." We hope we do not offend the jealous sensibilities of our own noble and faithful Virginian daughters by rendering a just tribute to the rare artistic and literary gifts of their sisters of Carolina. But even at the risk of being blamed by those whose favor is great and welcome to us, we are constrained to recognize the claims of the lady authors of North Carolina as reflecting peculiar honors not only on their State, but on the South, in the high sectional sentiments which they uphold; the local history which they keep fresh and memorable, and the literary reputation which, both in the lighter and more serious fields, has been attained by them.—*Petersburg INDEX AND APPEAL.*

The Charlotte Democrat says:
We have been looking over some political statistics, and gathered the following information in regard to North Carolina.

From 1789 (the year the National Constitution first went into effect) to 1873, North Carolina has never had a President or Vice-President of the United States elected from her borders, nor a head of any of the departments appointed, except in the Navy Department. In 1829 John Branch was Secretary of the Navy, in 1844 George E.

Badger, in 1850 William A. Graham, and in 1853 James C. Dobbin.

Three of the Presidents were natives of North Carolina, but were elected while citizens of Tennessee—Jackson, Polk and Johnson.

Two of the Vice-Presidents were natives of North Carolina but were elected, one from Alabama, Wm. R. King, and one from Tennessee, Andrew Johnson.

During the same period (84 years,) North Carolina had two Associate Justices on the U. S. Supreme Court Bench—James Iredell in 1790 and Alfred Moore in 1799.

She never had but one Speaker of the House of Representatives—Nathaniel Macon in 1801-7.

While North Carolinians have been the equals of the citizens of any other State, they have never been great office-seekers or disposed to push themselves forward into high places—at least that was their character previous to 1865, the close of the late war.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN THE HOLY LAND.

Mr. C. W. Wilson, R. E., writing from the Holy Land, a short time since, gives a brief account of an important discovery made at Jerusalem by Mr. C. Schicki, Captain Warren, R. E., while conducting the excavations made at Jerusalem by the officers of the Palestine Exploration Fund Committee of London, explored a remarkable rock-hewn passage leading southwards towards the Temple area from the subway of the Convent of the Sisters of Zion. Mr. Schicki, found a continuation of this passage, or rather, aqueduct as it proved to be, towards the north, and traced it from the convent to the north wall of the city, a little east of the Damascus gate. At this point the aqueduct has been destroyed by the formation of the ditch, cut in solid rock, which lies in front of and communicates with the well known caverns; it is, therefore, older than these, and can hardly be assigned a later date than that of the Kings of Judath. Mr. Schicki was unable at the time to follow up his discovery, but the Palestine Exploration Fund have taken the matter in hand, and hope to find the source from which the water was driven. In Mr. Wilson's notes to the Ordnance Survey of Jerusalem (published 1866), he pointed out the possible existence of an aqueduct in this position connecting the large pool north of the "Tombs of the Kings" with the subway at the convent, and should further researches prove this view to be correct we may possibly identify the aqueduct with that made by Hezekiah when he stopped the upper watercourse (accurately, source of the waters) of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David" (2 Chron. xxxii, 30.)—It may be the "conduit of the Upper Pool," mentioned in Isaiah and the second Book of Kings. The existence of the aqueduct lately discovered is a strong argument in favor of the belief that the City of David occupied a portion of Mount Moriah, and it may possibly enable the Christian world to identify the Pool, or some source near it, as the Upper Gihon, and Silvanus as Gihon in the valley.

The Journal of the Farm, Philadelphia, says: The farmers of North Carolina deserve much credit for the rapid strides they are making towards excellence in the quality of their dried fruit. They are now sending dried apples to our market that far surpasses anything we ever saw from any other State, leaving the celebrated apples from New York State entirely in the shade.

CAUSES OF DEW.

If dew fell, it would fall for the same reason that rain fall; but dew does not fall—it is simply a deposit of moisture, always contained in the air to a greater or lesser degree, and which when there is enough of it will always form on any cold body exposed to the moist air, in precisely the same way that a cold bottle or stone, taken from a cold cellar and suddenly exposed, in the shade, to the moist, warm summer air, will become wet; this is not a bug, nor does this moisture come out of the bottle or stone as many people believe, but from the air. It is for the same reason that moisture will condense against the window panes when the air is cold outside, and moist inside, the moisture slowly freezing, while its deposits form crystals of ice which we so often admire in winter. When the weather is cool enough, the moisture deposited will even freeze on plants and grass, and then we all it hoar frost; if it does not freeze, it is simply dew. The only point left to be explained is, why does the ground become so cool during the night so much cooler than the air above it, so to cause the latter to deposit its moisture? This was for many years a vexed problem, till Wells first suggested the radiation of obscure heat, which takes place from the surface of the earth through the clear atmosphere in the space above, and so causes the surface to become much cooler than the air itself. He demonstrated this by means of thermometers placed at different heights, and also by the fact that dew is only deposited on cloudless nights. When there are clouds, they reflect the heat, or prevent it from escaping. The surface of the earth thus being kept from cooling, no dew is deposited.

MOLLIE WATERMAN AND HER DOG.

[New Orleans Picayune.]
In the private album of the chief of police, where all the celebrated women's pictures, or "mugs of the Molls," attached to the rogue's gallery are kept, are many striking faces; some fair, beautiful and proud, others soft and delicate, others pinched and sharp, while again are those intellectual and with the stamp of refinement and wealth. Mollie Waterman's picture is none of these. It is that of a plain, cold woman, just like that of a statue would be, with her black hair folded back and bound around her head, while her dress of rich black is caught by the throat with a heavy clasp.

By her side, with its head in her lap and its intelligent eyes looking eagerly into her face, is a black and tan terrier dog of medium size and with a plain collar.

A singular picture to see in a gallery of thieves, yet probably the most singular pair found in the long lines of faces.

Mollie Waterman never stole herself. She trained her dog. Going into a store she selected various costly laces, jewelry, etc., and looking at them placed them back with a particular motion of her hand, shortly going out of the store. The dog remained, and seizing the article when the showman's back was turned, made with it to her room, where it was received by Mollie and the dog rewarded.

For years she plied this with success, until one day the dog was caught there. Unheeding of herself, she surrendered, imploring for the life of her favorite.

The pictures of two were, however, taken together, and then the dog was killed, the body being inhumanly thrown into the cell where the woman lay.

So the police left them; but, when they returned with the morning, she was found dead, poisoned by her own hand, lying with her steadfast friend.

There was a rude inquest, of course—a coroner and a joking crowd—but when the two were tumbled into their old box, out into the Peters' Field, there were closed out forever two who might be an example to many loving friends.

The fence law was rejected in every county where voted upon.—*Western Sentinel.*