DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1879.

VOLUME HI

THE REPORTER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DANBURY, N. C.

MOSES I STEWART, Editor.

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43-1y.

EVENING.

BY ADA AYR.

Day's departing glory lingers ; Waves farew to weary mortals, Beckons night to cross her portals Beckons might to the beckons might to the beckons might to the beckons might be been softly falling;
Brings weet rest for all cur toiling;
Now the moon o'er tree tops peeping,
Silvers edge of shadows creeping.

Sparkling waters gaily dancing.
Tiny wavelets upward glancing.
To the stars in splendor beaming:
Fleecy cloud's pale spectres seeming
Borne by breezes slowly gliding,
Now afar in shadows hiding,
As I watch the skies of even,
Making thus each changing seas'n.

'Mid the stillness awe inspiring
Of Thy handiwork unaring,
Heaven to earth approaches nearer,
Frends departed seemeth dearer;
Fleeting seemeth earthly pleasures,
Alemory doth unlock her treasures,
Long we for the early dawning
Of that fair celestial morning.

Senator Z. B. Vance and the War.

From the signs which discourage me more than aught, else are the utter demoralization of the people. With a base of communication 500 miles in Sherman's rear, through our own country, not a bridge has been burned, not a car thrown from the track, not a man shot by the people whose country he has desolated. They seem everywhere to submit when our armies are withdrawn What does this show? It shows that I have always believed, that the great popular heart is not now and never has been in this war. It was a revolution of the politicians, not the people, and was fought first by the patural enthusiasm of our young men, and has been kept going by the State and sectional pride, assisted by that bitterness of feeling produced by the cruelties and brutalities of the en emy. * * * I would fain be doing How can I help to win the victory What can I do? How shall I guide this suffering and much oppressed Israel that looks to me through the tangled and bloody pathway wherein our fines have fallen? Duty called me to resist to the utmost the disruption of the Union. Duty calls me now to stand by the Union "to the last grasp" with truth and loyalty. This is my consolation The beginning was bad. I had no hand in it Should the end be bad. I shall, with God's help, be equally blameless. -From a Letter written in September, 1864.

LABOR AND DUTY -As steady appli cation to work is the healthiest training for every individual, so is it the best discipline of a State. Honorable industry travels the same road with duty; and Providence has closely linked both with happiness. The gods, says the poet, have placed labor and toil on the way leading to the Elysian fields. Certain it is that no bread eaten by man is so sweet as that earned by his own labor, whether bodily or mental. By labor the earth has been subjued, and man redeemed from barbarism; nor has a single step in civilization been made without it. Labor is not only a necessity and a duty, but a blessing; only the idler feels it to be a curse. The duty of work is written on the thews and muscles of the limbs, the mechanism of the hand, the throbbed with quick, irregular pulsings nerves and lobes of the brain-the sum of whose healthy action is satisfaction and enjoyment. In the school of labor also is taught the best practical wisdom; nor is a life of manual employment incompatible with high mental culture -Self-Help

The natural wonder known as the "Walled Lake" is the greatest curiosity in Iowa, and Iowans go so far as to contend that no State in the Union has anything to approach it in novelty. It is situated in Wight county, 12 miles north of the Dubuke and Pacific Railway, 150 miles West of Dabuque City. The Lake is from two to three feet higher than the earth's surface. In some places the wall is 10 feet high, 15 feet wide at the bottom and 5 feet on top. The stones used in its construction vary in weight from three tons to 100 pounds. No one can form an idea as to the means employed to bring them to the spot or who constructed it. The Lake occupies ground surface of 2,800 acres; depth of water as great as 25 feet. The water is clear and cold; soil sandy and loamy. No one has been from nor where it goes, but is always clear and fresh. 1-877/88 CIA

The Reporter should be in every family in this County.

TRIED AND TEMPTED.

Five o'clock of a piereing February night, and so dark already that the wea ried young work women in Madame Tournay's "fashionable dress making estab lishment" moved more closely to the window to eatch the last fading beams of light. It was a small, ill ventilated apartment, shabbily furnished and overcrowded with pale, tired looking girlsbut what then? Madame herself rolled in a claret-colored coupe, and kept liveried servants to wait upon her door; and who paused to think how her money

"O, dear ?" said Grace Hooper, with a sigh, "this Greek pattern is so puzzling. and my head does ache so hard. I don't see why Mrs. Wharton wants a dress altered that she has worn but once. Fine ladies are full of caprices."

"Give it to me, Grace," said Kate Selwyn, authoritatively; "I'll finish it, and you go home to bed, unless you want to be laid up with a brain fever.'

"But what is to become of your work, "Oh, I'll take care of t'at-it's but

an hour or two's extra work, when all's said and done." Grace Hooper hesitated a momentshe knew from sad experience how try-

ing was "an hour or two's extra work" when brain, back and fingers were alike wearied out. But the pain in her head was increasing too rapidly for much remonstrance. "It's very good of you, Katie," she

said, meekly, "and perhaps I had better Kate Selwyn nodded a pleasant "good

bye" to the pale sewing girl, and began to work on Mrs Wharton's wine-colored silk dress with busy, skillful tingers. She was a tall, slightly-made young

woman of two or three and twenty, with rich brown hair wound round and round the back of her head in heavy lustrous coils, and large black oyes. There was but little color in her cheeks; Madame Tournay's workroom had stolen her roses away long ago, but her lips were red as cut coral, and there was an arch dimple in her rounded chin that spoke of mirthful temperament and nowearying cheer fulness. Poor Katie !- it needed all her courage to meet the stern realities of life, for even now she was pondering within berself how it might be possible to meet the landlord's demand for rentalready overdue.

"I cannot pay him anyway in the world," thought poor Katie; "but oh, it would be very hard to be turned out of doors in such weather as this. Why, what makes the pocket so full? Surely Mrs. Wharton must have left something

Kate Selwyn drew from the pocket of the wine-colored silk dress an embroid ered handkerchief; but there was some thing still remaining-a ten-dollar bill!

The room was comparatively darkno one was observing the young seam stress, and it was the instinct of a mo ment to slip the money into her bosom, while her chieks burned and her heart

thought Kate Selwyn. "Mrs Wharton will never miss the money-she has an abundance without it and to me it is home-bread-shelter !"

So Kate Selwyn worked away with feverish color, and hands that would tremble in spite of berself.

"Why, Kate, how soon you have finished it!" said one of her companions, as she hurriedly folded it up and laid it on the pile of completed dresses. "Grace Hooper would have been two hours about

It was late when Kate tied on her worsted hood and went home, through the chill and frozen streets, the ten dollar bill still hidden away in her bosom! Home-it was but a narrow room without fire or light, but it was all Katie had laud

She undressed hurriedly and crept into her little bed; somehow she could not say her prayers that night. Was it the ten dollar bill that stood between her and the gates of Heaven?

Ten dollars-it was years since Katie Selwyn had pessessed so much money at able to ascertain where the water comes podo time. 79 To ther it seemed almost untold wealth and several times during the night she started up, half fancying that burglars were in the room trying to that burglars were in the room trying to she could hardly walk. For N rah, from no man can git to heaven on a sore abstract, the precious prize! Such a the adjoining room, had heard the whole backed horse.

And when at length she arose, unrested! theft was discovered. and unrefreshed, the gray dawn was peeping through the one window of the

"I can endure it no longer," thought Katie Selwyn. "I would rather beg my bread from door to door, and sleep upon a bench in the market-place than bear the brand of a thief upon my own conscience! I will take the money back as soon as possible, and try to forget last night, as we forget hideous dreams!"

She fitted through the street shivering as the chill breath of early dawn more upon her torehead, and nervously avoiding the passing footsteps of the few pedestrians who were abroad at so un usual an hour !

Madame Tournay's sleepy footman came to the work-bell in a red-worsted jacket and a dingy cotton handkerchief tied about his ambrosial curls

"Pears to me you're uncommon early this morning, young woman," said John,

"Yes," said Katie, trembling lest John should read in her face the secret of her mission. "I want to finish something that should have been done last night "There is no fire in the work-room

"No matter-it will soon be lighted." And Kacie ran up stairs to the chilly, deserted room, where clippings of silk and worsted lay on the floor, and chairs still stood around the work-table just where they had been occupied the night

Mrs. Wharton's dress lay on the pile of finished work, and it was but the action of an instant to slip the ten dollar bili back into its place beneath the embroidered handkerchief!

Then she drew a long breath of relief It was as if some heavy burden bad been lifted from her over weighted shoulders

"I can breathe more freely now !" she nurmured. "Oh, Father ! I never be fore understood the full force of my daily prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation

Ten years had passed away, and you would not have known Katie Selwyn in the fair, matronly presence of Mrs. St. George. Katie had made what the world calls "a good match." Mr. St George had seen the pretty seamstress at his sister's house one night, and had straightway fallen in love with and married her. So, from want and penury, Katie stepped into a luxurious home, and a husband's warm, true heart.

"I really can't tell what has become of that money," said Mrs. St. George, thoughtfully, as she sat warming one velvet slippered foot before the fire. "1 left it on my dressing bureau this morning; of that I am certain, and the chil dren have not been at home to scatter things around."

"I know where it is, mamma," said Harry, a pretty boy of eight years old "Was it in two bills?"

"Yes-what do you know of it, my

"I saw Norah hiding something away under her work-box up stairs, and I was went and looked after she had gone down stairs, and there was a five and a twodollar biil, all folded up "

"My boy, you are mistaken," said Mr. St. George, promptly. "North is the

very soul of honesty!"
"Yes; but, Bruce," said his wife, in low, earnest tone, "she may be the soul of honesty, and yet in a moment of sudden temptation

She stopped short. Norah berself had entered the room with a feather duster in her hand. She was a pretty young Irish girl of

sixteen or seventeen years old, with large violet gray eyes, jet-black bair, and cheeks where the soft crimson glowed through a slightly freekled surface.

"I thought you rang, ma'am, said No rah, with her eyes fixed on the floor and a tell-tale flush on her forehead. Mrs. St. George fixed her clear gland

on the girl's face. | sal tol e "No, Norah, you thought no such thing," she said calmly. "Go down to the nursery—this is no time for me to say what I wish."

Norah retired, but she did not go down to the nursery, according to Mrs. St. wals or witness a decline in their farm George's orders. She crept up stairs, instead, to her awn room, treubling so that she could hardly walk. For N rah, from

long, troubled, fever-stricken night conversation, and knew that this ber first

"Sure what will she do with me_it's in jail I'll be put; and my uncle Patrick and my mother never'll hold up their heads again. Oh, what did I take the money for? Sure I wish I was only dead and at rest in the old graveyard in the County Kerry! It's the laudanum I got for my toothache that'll save 'em from the disgrace and "

The vial was close at her tremulous lips when there was a soft rastle of silken skirts in the room, and a light hand was laid upon the nurse-girl's arm.

'Norah stop!"
The laudanum bottle rell from Norah's annerved hand-she uttered a slight cry-"Mrs St. G. orge!"

And the fair, young matron drew the

Irish girl close to her arms.
"Norah, you have been very wrong but it is not yet too late to repent My child, begin life over again from to-day."

North took the money from its hidingplace, and gave it to her mistress with

hysteric eagerness. Sere, ma'am, an' it's like the angels f Heaven, you are. I'll never do the like again, and I don't know what evil spirit tempted me? But you'il discharge

me. ma'am ?" "No, Norah, I shall still retain you in my service, and trust you as implicitly as before—that is, if you choose to re main."

Norah began to sob on her knees at

her mistress feet.
"Ob, ma'am, if you hadn't come in ust then I should be standin' at the bar of Heaven now, with my soul blacker than darkness I was wild, ma'am—it seemed as if I couldn't live to have mother and uncle Patrick know I was a-a-thief!"

Mrs. St. George looked pitying in the wirl's face.

"Go down now, Norah. You are forgiven; and remember that from this moment your new life begins."

And Norah covered her mistress' hand with kisses and obeyed.

Mrs St. George sat an instant in her servant's room, her hands clasped, and her eyes gazing wistfully into vacancy. "Am I so kind?" she murmured to herself. "Nay, it is but human justice ! I seems but yesterday that I, too, passed through the ordeal that has so tried poor Norah. I was a thief, and I repented

than God was to me ?" And so the better seed of temptation and trial blossomed into fruit. Mrs St George had learned to "judge not lest she should be judged."

Resisting a Railroad Tax.

A Louisville dispatch of a recent date gives us the following:

Some years ago citizens of Green and Taylor Counties voted a tax upon theirselves to aid in the construction of the cumberland and Office Railroad, bearing turnips. Next day called found frishman dead. So he wrote opposite the ally. This interest was paid promptly old memorandum to the last year or two, but no Sauerkraut and turnips good for a pailroad has ever been built. Within railroad has ever been built. Within and Great Southern Railroad, and a proposal is pending to take the sense of the dicate the question, and an injunction has been obtaired against holding the election. The more lawless part of the people, enraged at the law's delays, de termined to resist the collection of any more railroad tax, and on Monday night Jan. 27, the barn of Luther Morriso Deputed Sheriff of Green County, was barned, with a thousand bushels of grain. and no ices were posted up on his pramises reading :4 "Ceuse collecting the railroad tag or leave the county Miland as

No farm can maintain its fertility without manure. As a standard the liquid and solid excrements, of one horse or cow are necessary to sustain an acre under cultivation, or at least three calves colts, pigs, or sheep to the acre, all of which show that our farmers should keep three times their present number of ani

Be mereiful to all the dawb animals

KOMICS.

NUMBER 39

What nation produces the mos mar-

The grate fight iz fust for bread then the butter at bon lairest

The grate secret ov popularity is to make every one satisfied with himself first, and afterward satisfied with you con-The grate mistake that most people

nake iz, that they think more of cunping than they do ov their honesty. It is estimated that the number of iadies who cannot pass a mirror without glancing into it average about twelve to

The unhappiness ov this life seems principally to konsist in getting every

I have finally cum to the konklushum that the best epitaff any man kan hav for all praktikal purposes is a good bank

An lowa farmer who had been married only seven weeks, and has had to buy a wig, offers to bet that his wife can whip a panther.

"It seems as though I'd never get even with that grand jury," remarked a disconsolate rogne. "They never get together without bringin in a little bill

"You had better ask for manners than money," said a gentleman to a beg-gar who asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had most of !" was the reply.

When we picture the bundred or more trunks that ladies travel with, we cannot help reflecting how happy is the elephant, whose wife, when on a journey, only bas one trunk.

Paupers suffer less than mizers dothe man who don't know where he iz going to git his next dinner suffers less than the one who iz auxious to kno how mutch it iz a going to kost him.

A little boy carrying some eggs home from the grocery, dropped them. "Did you break any?" asked his mother, wen he told her of it. "No," said the attle fellow, but the shells game off

A poem commences "Under the willow's be's lying." He must be a tramp. They lie under all sorts of trees. One was discovered lying under an axle-tree the other morning. The owner of the wagon made him wheel right round

My dear boy," said a mother to ber willy dear boy, "said a mother to her son, as he handed round his plats for more turkey, "this is the fourth time you have been helped." "I know, mother," replied the boy; "but that torkey pecked me once, and I want to get square with him!" He got the turkey. I has essent to died ontade of Shall I be less merciful to this poor child

A doctor called on a cholers patient A doctor called on a choleral patient and prescribed. Next day found patient well on Well," and the Doctor, take medicine brought you out."

No, sir. I didn't take it." assure H. What did you take?" but and contribute the smerkraut and turnip sauce."

So the Doctor wrote in his memorandum : "Saverk raut and turnip sance good for cholera."

Next week another call. Irishman

the past year a part of the road which had been graded between Lebanon and Greensburg was leased to the Louisville His wife extorted from him a solumn promise that he would abandon his news tu tou, and put on a clean shirt every people whether the lease shall be ratified.

This proposal so aroused the people that the courts have been called on to adjudicate the court of upon examining bis trunk she found had kept his promise to mount a clean one every day, but he always put it on over the others; and now he was sporting around with the whole dozen on his Some men will never let won are before thegaw pwo sindle svait

Our Boys - Teach them self-reliance each them to make fires, teach them bow to saw and split wood, teach them, every day, dry, hard, practical common sense, teach them how to dare stockings, teach them how to cut what is set before hem and be thankful ; teach them how to black their boots and take proper care of their clothing; teach their how to say go, and mean it, and yes, and stick to it; teach them to west their working clothes like kings, teach them that steady habits are better than ristons living, teach them that the further over goes beyond his insome the nearer he gets to the poor house ; teach themonot to have mything rodo with intemperate and disclose young men ; or with idle of frivolous young men.