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EVENING.

BY ADA AYR.

Day's departing glory lingers; In the West her rosy fingers; Waves far away so weary mortals, Beckons not to cross her portals.

Sparkling waters gaily dancing, Tiny wavelets upward glancing; To the stars in splendor beaming; Fleecy clouds pale spectres seeming;

'Mid the stillness awe inspiring Of Thy handiwork untrifling, Heaven to earth approaches nearer, Friends departed seemeth dearer;

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 cart thrown from the track, not a man shot by the people whose country he has desolated.

LABOR AND DUTY—As steady application 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 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.

TRIED AND TEMPTED.

Five o'clock of a piercing February night, and so dark already that the wretched young workwomen in Madame Tournay's "fashionable dress-making establishment" moved more closely to the window to catch the last fading beams of light.

"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."

"It's very good of you, Katie," she said, meekly, "and perhaps I had better go home."

"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 would have left something in it."

"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.

"She was a pretty young Irish girl of sixteen or seventeen years old, with large violet gray eyes, jet-black hair, and cheeks where the soft crimson glowed through a slightly freckled surface."

"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."

long, troubled, fever-stricken night! And when at length she arose, unrefreshed and unrefreshed, the gray dawn was peeping through the one window of the room.

"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!"

"No matter—it will soon be lighted," And Katie 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 before.

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

"I really can't tell what has become of that money," said Mrs. St. George, thoughtfully, as she sat warping one velvet slipper off before the fire.

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

"I saw Norah hiding something away under her work-box up stairs, and I was curious to see what it was, mamma, so I went and looked after she had gone down stairs, and there was a five and a two-dollar bill, all folded up."

"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—"

"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."

conversation, and knew that this her first theft was discovered.

"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—"

"Mrs. St. George!" "The fair, young matron drew the Irish girl close to her arms."

"No, Norah, I shall still retain you in my service, and trust you as implicitly as before—that is, if you choose to remain."

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

"Am I so kind?" she murmured to herself. "Nay, it is but human justice! I seem but yesterday that I, too, passed through the ordeal that has so tried poor Norah. I was a thief, and I repented. Shall I be less merciful to this poor child than God was to me?"

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 themselves to aid in the construction of the Cumberland and Ohio Railroad, bearing six per cent interest, payable semi-annually.

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 animals or witness a declining in their farm products.

Be merciful to all the dumb animals; no man can get to heaven on a sore backed horse.

KOMICS.

What nation produces the most marriages? Fascination!

The grate light is just for bread then butter on the bread, and then sugar on the butter.

The grate secret of popularity is to make every one satisfied with himself first, and afterward satisfied with you.

The unhappiness of this life seems principally to consist in getting every thing we want and wanting everything we hadn't got.

I have finally run to the conclusion that the best epitaph any man can have for all practical purposes is a good bank account.

An Iowa 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 rogue. "They never get together without bringing in a little bill again, me."

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

Panpers suffer less than miners do—the man who don't know where he is going to get his next dinner suffers less than the one who is anxious to know how much it is going to cost him.

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

A doctor called on a cholera patient and prescribed: Next day found patient well. "Well," said the Doctor, "the medicine brought you out."

"My dear boy," said a mother to her son, as he handed round his plate for more turkey, "this is the fourth time you have been helped."

"No, sir, I didn't take it." "What did you take?" "I ate sauerkraut and turnip sauce."

"I ate sauerkraut and turnip sauce." "So the Doctor wrote in his memorandum: 'Sauerkraut and turnip sauce good for cholera.'"

Next week another call. Irishman this time. Prescribed sauerkraut and turnips. Next day called—found Irishman dead. So he wrote opposite the old memorandum: "Sauerkraut and turnips good for a Dutchman, but death to an Irishman."

It is an old story, but a good one, which tells of a very negligent man who was going on a visit to some friends. His wife extorted from him a solemn promise that he would abridge his usual custom, and put on a clean shirt every day. So he packed a dozen in his trunk.

Our Boys—Teach them self-reliance, teach them to make fires, teach them how to saw and split wood, teach them, every day, dry, hard, practical common sense, teach them how to darn stockings, teach them how to eat what is set before them, and be thankful; teach them how to block their boots and take proper care of their clothing; teach them how to say no, and mean it, and say, and stick to it; teach them to wear their working clothes like kings, teach them that steady habits are better than ritzing living, teach them that the further one goes beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poor house; teach them not to have anything to do with intemperance, dissolute young men; or with idle or frivolous young men.