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HELP.
My hands have often been weary hands,
Too tired to do their daily task;
And just to fold them for evermore
Has seemed the boon that was best to ask.
My feet have often been weary feet,
Too tired to walk another day;
And I've thought, "To sit and calmly wait
Is better far than the onward way."
My eyes with tears have been so dim
That I have said, "I cannot mark
The work I do or the way I take,
For everywhere it is dark—so dark."
But oh, thank God! There never has come
That hour that makes the bravest quail;
No matter how weary my feet and hands,
God never has suffered my heart to fall.
So the folded hands take up their work,
And the weary feet pursue their way;
And all is clear when the good heart cries
"Be brave!—to-morrow's another day."

That Terrific Trombone.
Judge X, as all the world knows, is one of the most respected members of the Supreme Bench. The judge, like all celebrated men, is the possessor of a nose which at once attracts attention, even though it fail to command admiration. It is a distinctive nose, to which the judge seems to belong, rather than it to him. It is equiline, and suggests the nose of the king of birds—the glorious eagle.
Some years ago, the judge was in a country town in fulfillment of his duties. He was much perturbed, shortly after his arrival, by noticing a man who appeared to follow him constantly in the street. Fearing the stranger who dogged his steps might meditate assassination, the judge mentioned the circumstance to a policeman, who in his turn followed the unknown spy.
Having assured himself that the man was actually following Judge X, the officer stopped him, arrested him, and prepared to put him in jail.
The man protested his innocence, and denied the existence of any bad motives in his pursuit of the Judge. He solemnly assured the policeman that he had no evil intentions; and added:
"The reason I have followed that man for nearly a week, night and day, is that I am determined not to lose sight of him until I hear him blow that bugle."
He was rewarded the next day, in court, by the sound of that terrific trombone, and has been stone deaf ever since.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—Not long ago a man was run over and killed by the cars at Exanston, in the neighborhood of Chicago. The body identified as that of Josiah Hill, a resident of South Bend, Ind., who had been at work on a farm at Winnetka, five miles from Middletown. The widow and daughter were inconsolable and quite broken down after the coroner's inquest (which found that "Josiah Hill came accidentally to his death") and the burial in the graveyard at South Bend. Several days later Mrs. Hill mastered up energy enough to go to Winnetka for her late husband's effects. Lo and behold when she approached the farm house, there was her husband quietly at work in the barn yard. She fainted several times and could with difficulty be induced to believe that it was only a very strange case of mistaken identity. As for Hill himself, it was the first he had heard of his own death.

Lawlessness is a characteristic of our times; children disobey their parents; youths are rebellious against paternal guidance; insubordination is rife in the schools; the jails are crowded with law-breakers; and the prevalent spirit of disobedience to rightful authority has invaded even the church of God. There needs to be an authoritative enunciation of the obligation to submit to lawful government by all public teachers.

Though the English Presbyterians have less than 300 congregations, they raise large contributions. Last year 250 churches contributed a total of \$1,143,635, an average of \$4,374 to each congregation.

The St. Louis Methodist Conference, which has just adjourned, reports 13,230 members, 1,710 probationers, 143 churches, and 10,308 Sunday School scholars.

It is claimed that American coal can be sold at a good profit in Australia, and it is proposed to send further consignments by future outgoing vessels.

The Farmer and His Money.

King Frederick of Prussia, when he was out riding one day, saw an old farmer who was plowing his field, and singing cheerfully over his work.
You must be well off, old man, said the King. Does this acre belong to you on which you so industriously labor?
"No, sir," replied the man, who of course had no idea that he was speaking to the King; "I am not so rich as that; I plow for wages."
"How much do you earn each day?" asked the King.
"Eight groschen," returned the man.
"That would be about ninety five cts. of our money."
"That is very little," said the King, "can you get along with it?"
"Get along! yes indeed! and have something left."
"How do you manage?"
"Well," said the farmer, smiling, "I will tell you. Two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my debts, and two I give away for the Lord's sake."
"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," said the King.
"Then I must solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept and cared for me when I was young and weak, and needed care. Now that they are old and weak, I am glad to keep and care for them. This is my debt, and it takes two groschen a day to pay it. Two more I spend on my children's schooling. If they are living when their mother and I are old, they will keep us and pay back what I lend. Then with my last two groschen I support my two sick sisters who cannot support themselves. Of course I am not compelled to give them the money, but I do it for the Lord's own sake."
"Well done, my man," cried the old King, as he finished; "now I am going to give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"
"No," said the farmer.
"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."
"This is indeed a riddle which I cannot solve," said the farmer.
"Then I will solve it for you," said the King; and with that he put his hand into his pocket and pulling out fifty gold pieces, placed them in the hand of the farmer. The coin is genuine, said the King; for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his pay master. I bid you good bye."
And he rode off, leaving the old man overwhelmed with surprise and delight at the singular interview.

To Turn Oak Black.

The *Revue Industrielle* states that oak may be dyed black, and make to resemble ebony, by the following means: Immerse the wood for forty-eight hours in a hot saturated solution of alum, and then brush it over with a logwood decoction, as follows: Boil one part of best logwood with ten parts of water, filter through linen, and evaporate at a gentle heat until the volume is reduced one half. To every quart of this add from ten to fifteen drops of saturated neutral solution of indigo. After applying this dye to the wood, rub the latter with a saturated and filtered solution of verdigris in hot concentrated acetic acid, and repeat the operation until a black of the desired intensity is obtained. Oak stained in this manner is said to be as close as well as a splendid imitation of ebony.

Two herdsmen quarrelled on a Nebraska prairie, and each threatened to kill the other. Neither was armed, but there was a gun in their hut, a mile away. Both started for the weapon, and it was a race for life, for the man who got it was certain to shoot his companion. They had several fights on the way, and were bruised and exhausted when they neared the goal; but they ran with desperation, and kept abreast until close to the house. Then one tripped and fell, giving the other the lead. The victor dashed into the building, pulled the gun down from its hooks, and mercilessly murdered his fallen foe.

Success in any calling is the result of a man's love of, and belief in, the work he has undertaken. Earnest and conscientious labor often accomplishes more, in the end, than brilliant genius.

The Republican View.

WHAT THE NEW YORK TIMES THINKS IT HAS FOUND OUT ABOUT THE PRESIDENCY.
We have information from every State in the Union gathered by more than 170 correspondents, stationed at from one to nineteen points in each State. Each correspondent covered a large field, including many important centres of political thought and discussion.
It is safe to say that the thirty-two columns of reports which the *Times* gives this morning reflect the popular sentiment at nearly 1,000 different localities, evenly distributed over the whole geographical extent of the country. The letters came from intelligent men of both political parties, from lawyers, editors, and trained newspaper reporters, from college professors, from politicians, State and municipal officers, literary and business men—from all classes and vocations which give opportunity for familiarity with the currents of thought and feeling.
In localities where the Republican party was known to be divided on certain issues, either persons or otherwise, a correspondent from each side was chosen, so that there might be no doubt as to the perfect impartiality of the judgment. Our correspondents do not give their individual views simply, but the preferences expressed by the people of their section.

The results point unmistakably to the nomination of Gen. Grant by the Republicans, and of Mr. Tilden by the Democrats. The vast preponderance of Republican sentiment in favor of Gen. Grant leaves all other candidates hopelessly in the rear. Many Republicans who are personally opposed to his nomination confess that his name is almost the only one mentioned in their vicinity. It will be seen by the facts and figures we present that were the Republican National Convention to be held at once, Gen. Grant would receive the vote of every State except Maine, Nevada and Oregon, and possibly California. It is clearly apparent, from the tone of the letters that the movement in favor of Gen. Grant originates with the masses, and not with the politicians. Senator Blaine seem to have seriously injured his standing among the Republican masses by his advocacy of the anti-Chinese bill.

It may be stated generally that out of 157 points from which advices have been received, Gen. Grant is the expressed choice of 130, Senator Blaine 10, and that Messrs. Washburne, Garfield, Sherman, Conkling, Edmunds, and Chandler follow in the order named. The Democrats in 98 of the 157 districts prefer Tilden, Thurman comes next with 23 districts, Bayard with 11, and Hendricks and Hancock bring up the rear. Tilden, if the Democratic Convention were held to-morrow, seems sure of the votes of not less than 21 of the 38 States—*N. Y. Times, Radical*

A TRIUMPH IN CIVIL ENGINEERING.—Owing to the immense weight, the iron shoes in which rest two of the spans of the long Lehigh Valley railroad bridge at Easton, Pa., lately sank about an inch, throwing the bridge out of grade. As it was certain that the depression would continue owing to the fact that the inside masonry of the pier is less solid than the outside, an iron casting twelve feet long, three feet three inches wide, and three inches thick, weighing 7,000 pounds, was on Thursday successfully placed under the spans in order to elevate them. The spans weigh 180 tons each. Hydraulic jacks were used. The spans were raised, the masonry redressed, the castings placed in position, and the spans lowered, with the stoppage of a single train. This is the greatest engineering feat that has been attempted and successfully carried through this region—*Philadelphia North American*

Fire Record.
CINCINNATI, April 14.—A special says the planing-mill of W. H. Rifenburg, at Hobart, Ind., was burned the 12th. Loss, \$10,000.
Slack & De Gruyter's brewery, at Charleston, W. Va., was burned this morning (14th). Loss, \$10,000; insurance, \$5,000.
NEW ORLEANS, April 14.—P. Holden's stables, with six buggies, five horses, harness, &c., were burned to-day. The loss is estimated at \$10,000.

The Old-Fashioned Mother.

Thank God! some of us have an old-fashioned mother. Not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great chignon, her curls and bustle, whose white, jeweled hands have never felt the clasp of baby fingers, but a dear, old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose depths the love light shone, and brown hair, threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands, worn with toil, guided our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothed our pillow in sickness, even reaching out to us in yearning tenderness when our sweet spirit was beset in the pearly spray of the river.
Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother! It floats to us now like the beautiful perfume of some woodland blossom. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of her will echo in our souls forever. Other faces will fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on until the light from heaven's portals shall glorify our own.

When in the fitful pause of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead, and crossing the well-worn threshold, stand once more in the low, quaint room hallowed, by her presence, how the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over us, and we kneel down in the mellow sunshine, streaming through the western window—just where long years ago we knelt by our mother's knee, lisping "Our Father."

How many times, when the tempter lures us on, has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the abyss of sin! Years have filled great rifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the bright glory of her pure and unselfish love.

A Wonderful Story.
AID FROM THE REGION OF SPIRITS.
A day or two since we received in writing, from a gentleman of highest authority, the following stories (which he obtained direct from her father) for publication. It appears that some time ago a gentleman, who was a man of property and a friend of the young lady, died. A short time ago the young lady received a message from him stating that if she would go to a certain place in the garden and dig in a certain way, she would find a diamond ring. As a mere experiment the young lady followed the directions given, and accompanied by friends went to the garden and told them where to dig. Her instructions were complied with, and at the very spot indicated a diamond ring of fine pattern was found. It was unearthed, given to the young lady and was valued by an expert at \$125.
A short time after this, a second message was received from the dead man, saying that if the young lady would follow his directions she would find a diamond ring of even greater value than the first. The directions were more complicated than before. The main point however, was to go to a large oak tree, with a hollow in it. The young lady was instructed to put her hand within this hollow, and hold it there for some time. She did as directed, being as before accompanied by spectators. She put her hand in the trunk of the tree and after holding it there a moment withdrew it hastily, saying, "I've got it." She fell back very much prostrated, and opening her hand showed a glittering diamond, being of more than double the value of the first. It is said that just before she withdrew her hand from the tree, being plainly audible to the people standing near—*Atlanta Constitution*

Friends do not grow on every bush, though lovers may, and when one finds a good, true friend, one ought to value him—nor feel ashamed of it either.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep, and the greatest medicine is a true friend.

Beware of prejudices; they are like rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.

KOMICS.

Two rival belles meeting at a fashionable party, one said to the other: "How well you look under the candle light!" "How very charming you are in the dark!" retorted the other.

A horse ran away at the railroad depot in Philadelphia lately, and knocked down seventeen persons, each one belonging to a different "Pianoforte" company about starting on a country tour.

They tried to kill a book agent at Omaha last week. He was robbed, thrown into the river, knocked off the cars, tossed from a high bridge into the river again, and in two hours he was around with an illustrated Bible, trying to get a subscription from the head of the attacking party.

Coming back from a little trip to Havre, a Parisian thus bewailed his misfortune to a railway companion: "One thing is certain, you won't catch me on any more of these excursions. I have lost my wife and my cane." And then he added, with tears in his eyes, "And it was a new cane, too!"

A prisoner who firmly expected that he would get his deserts and be sent up for life, is astonished to hear the jury fix his term of imprisonment at two years. "Two years only!" he exclaimed in delight; "ah, then, gentlemen of the jury, may heaven do likewise unto you a thousand-fold."

Frank Wilson, of Yancey county, so the *Bakersville Republican* says, wished to go West, but lacked the wherewithal. So he killed a goose, bloodied himself, told his brother he had killed a neighbor, collected \$200 from him and others to enable him to escape, and escaped.

A New York jury has given a verdict in favor of a woman who sued a saloon-keeper for depriving her of the support that ought to have been given her by her husband, by supplying the latter with intoxicating liquor and keeping him in a state of inebriety during hours when he should have been at work. The amount of damages awarded is only fifty-four dollars—just enough to carry the costs of the suit—but it is said that a much heavier sum would have been given but for the character of the husband.

PENSIONED.—W. H. Hamilton, Sergeant Company E, 4th Regiment N. C. S. T., who lost an eye in the battle of Williamsburg, in May, 1862, appeared before the Probate Judge, Sheriff and County Commissioners yesterday, and made application for the pension granted by the recent act of Assembly. It was allowed.—*Raleigh Observer.*

One of the largest cotton presses ever cast in the United States is being constructed at the Scott works, at Reading. Each cylinder weighs about fifteen tons and, when completed, the whole apparatus will weigh about three hundred tons.

The 1,859,143,000 cigars made in the United States during the last fiscal year would encircle the globe five times if placed end to end, and it is estimated 250,000 persons got their living from their manufacture.