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### AFTER ALL THE GOLDEN HOURS.

After all the golden hours  
 Gleaning thro' the wreath of flowers  
 That 'round our joys are twined,  
 Do they ease the troubled mind?  
 After golden wings have flown,  
 After roses drop full blown,  
 After perfumed breeze floats by,  
 Is there still the restless sigh?

After all the good we've wrought,  
 After all the best we've sought,  
 Will we clasp our hands and pray,  
 Give, oh, give another day?  
 After e'en that added day  
 Will we ask for more delay;  
 Will we still the gift despise  
 Though it cometh from the skies?

After all, like threads of gold,  
 Good shines in our garments old,  
 Something sweet awaits our taste,  
 Much we use and much we waste;  
 After all the times they're glad,  
 After all the times they're sad,  
 Mortals cling to earthly things,  
 Cling to life and all it brings.

### The Country's Need.

A contemporary wisely says: "What our country needs to-day more than the manufacturer, the merchant or the lawyer, is the farmer. It seems, however, next to impossible to get people to realize this fact, or to act on it when they do. In spite of the hard times young men continue to lounge around large cities, where there is no possible hope of employment, waiting for something to turn up, and utterly neglecting the opportunities that are presented in the country. The truth is, people now-a-days are too much afraid of hard work, and decidedly object to the life of living which has to be earned by the sweat of the brow. They had much rather live by the sweat of somebody else's brow, if they can."

### The South's Hopeful Future.

A matter of great interest to New England, and vital importance to the South, is the rapid increase of cotton mills in the states south of the Potomac. North Carolina has fifty mills, and in all there are reported one hundred and eighty three erected since the war in the cotton growing states. This is the only opportunity of the South. Let principles of economy be observed in state and municipal government; let capitalists be assured that they will not be burdened by enormous taxes; let law and order prevail as in New England, and there is no reason why the region where cotton grows at the factory door, and the adjacent fields furnish the operatives with the staff of life, cannot compete successfully with the territory east of the Hudson, which brings its cotton a thousand miles for manufacture, buys its fuel five hundred miles away, and transports the food of its laborers half way across the continent. The outlook in the southern states is hopeful, and they must have a great future before them.—*Boston Herald.*

### A Business Boy.

One of the orange sellers on the Campus Martius found a bad specimen among his fruit and carelessly tossed it away. It struck an old woman in the eye, and she made such a fuss over the accident that the man gave her a dozen oranges to go her way in peace. She had scarcely left, when a sharp looking boy about twelve years of age slid up to the fruit seller and said:

"Say, are you going to hit any more old women to day?"

"Why, no—not if I can help it," was the reply.

"If you are, give me a chance," continued the lad. "I'll bring my mother down here and you may hit her in both eyes for half the oranges you gave that other woman, and if that isn't fair you can have a shot at dad and me."—*Trois Free Press.*

**BUSINESS IN NEW YORK.**—The conditions and prospects of trade are still very good, but we have reached a period when there is a tendency to wind up the spring business, preparatory to the closing of semi-annual accounts; and in the export of domestic products only can a full movement be reported.

The present status of the provision market calls for a repetition of the remarks noted at the head of last week's report. The tone is of a generally steady and uniform character, and has remained so for several days, with a fair movement in aggregate reported.—*N. Y. Financial Chronicle.*

A poor freedom is better than a rich slavery.

### Trapped.

She had been so often importuned by him to let him come into the house, that her heart melted till it was almost as soft as his head.

"But mind," said she, "my pa is burglar mad, and imagines every noise he hears in the house is one of them; and as he will not allow me to keep company in the house, you must go as soon as he comes home."

He promised obedience. They had scarcely sat half an hour before the old man was at the front door, fumbling with his key.

"Oh! I must hide you," cried the girl, as she hurriedly glanced around for a place.

She led him into the kitchen and persuaded him to creep into a barrel, which stood in a corner. She covered him up with a bread board and returned to the sitting-room to meet her pa. The barrel was damp, and contained an odor not altogether congenial; but he dared not stir. The old man went armed, so she had informed him. Ten minutes passed, when heavy footsteps approached the door, which was opened; then the old man took off the lid and emptied the contents of a wash-basin over him! He wined, but was glad when the barrel was covered again, and the old man left the kitchen. Trying to shift his cramped position, he bumped his head against the lid, and it fell to the floor! He leaped from the barrel, sought the cover in the dark and found it; he jumped back into the slop barrel just in time, the lid was adjusted just as *pater familias* came in with a lamp in one hand, a revolver in the other.

"Face me like men," roared he, savagely tramping about, and I'll show you what a man in his own house can do." He searched around for ten minutes, then returned to the sitting-room. Julius began to wish himself at home. His love was decidedly cooled. But the catastrophe was near. A little pet dog slipped into the kitchen and smelted him out. He began to bark, which brought out the old man again, followed by his wife.

"There's some one in the slop barrel," roared he.

"Said him to death!" cried his wife. "I'll fix him," said he. "Here, take my revolver, and shoot when he pops out his head, while I roll out the barrel."

Then he rolled it into the yard, turned it upside down, and called for his revolver. This was not to be endured. Our love sick youth gave one kick and emerged from the barrel, and went for the fence. He scrambled over it and ran for life. He avoids that girl now for he has a faint idea that it was a 'put up job' between her and her pa.

### Funeral Party Struck by Lightning.

Lightning struck the house of J. D. Barnard, town of Little Valley, N. Y., doing damage to both person and property. A few of the people in the neighborhood had assembled at Mr. Barnard's to attend the funeral of a child who had died of diphtheria. The people had just got together and were about to open the services, when the lightning struck the house, passing down the chimney, demolishing the stove pipe, and dividing it into two parts. One branch struck Mrs. J. B. Munger, tearing off both shoes, burning a hole in the heel of one of her stockings, and blistering a place on her foot the size of a silver dollar, and cutting the flesh on the bottom of the other very badly. She was also burned on the lower part of her limbs, and her dress torn to pieces. She was rendered insensible by the shock, and was supposed for a time to be dead. The dress of another lady was torn some what, and other people shocked by the bolt, but no one was hurt much except Mrs. Munger. The other part of the bolt passed into the room in which the body of the child lay, and when near the center of the room shivered the floor, and passed through, killing two dogs that were under the floor.

Baxter Springs was the centre of the Kansas cattle trade ten years ago, and \$250,000 was borrowed on bonds for public works. Afterward the place lost most of its business and population and has just bought in the bonds for \$10,500.

A penny saved is twice earned.

### Sunny Spots.

The sunniest spots of life are those where kindly feelings break out through unexpected clouds of custom or prejudice, and illuminates a human soul in sorrow or tribulation. And often it is the sunniest where the clouds are the thickest, and often seemingly the most insignificant, just as the most gorgeous sunset glows when the clouds are scattered and diminutive. Minor misfortunes of a certain class are generally accepted as food for laughter. If the wind whisks off a man's hat and gives him a long chase for its recovery, and especially if it smashes it before obtaining possession, does he expect to get any sympathy! Of course not. He expects to see a smile on every face, and is not astonished if while running his course he hears the shouts and jeers of all the little boys in sight. But, after all, the little boy's hearts are generally in the right place, as the following incident will serve to show: The other day, as an old colored man was coming down town, the wind in a frolicsome mood blew his hat high in the air and deposited it inside of the high iron picket fence of the old Franklin school-house. The gate was locked, the fence was high, with sharp pickets on the top, and the old man, having in vain tried to reach his hat through the fence, had exhausted his resources, and, with his head powdered with dust was evidently almost in despair of regaining it. But before leaving his uncomfortable walk before the fence, a bright little boy, on his way to Sunday school, came along, and, seeing at a glance the position of affairs, did not stop to laugh, but sealed the fence at once, recovered the hat, and departed on his way, with the hearty thanks of the old man. That boy's lessons have done him good, whether he obtained them at Sunday school or not.

### A Hero of the Parisians.

During the siege of Paris there was nobody more popular, and afterward there was nobody more unpopular than Sergeant Hoff. With his own hand sold twenty-seven Germans during the first six weeks of the siege. His gallantry was rewarded by praise lavished in his regimental order of the day and the Legion of Honor bestowed on him.

The minister of war told him that it was very important that a dispatch should reach Marshal Bazaine, and offered him \$4,000 to undertake the mission. It was perilous. He staked his head on success. It was easier for him than for many Frenchmen—he was an Alsatian and spoke German well. He said to the minister of war: "I accept the mission, but I refuse the money."

Howl after howl of indignation went up when it was found Sergeant Hoff had disappeared. It was said that he had always been a Prussian spy and was now a traitor. The government gave the key-note to these howls to save Hoff's life if he were discovered as he passed through the enemy's lines. He safely reached Bazaine. The war over, he was made keeper of Vendome Column. The keeper of the Triumphal Arch died the other day, and Sergeant Hoff, to the delight of Parisians, has been appointed to the vacant place.

**SLEEP.**—No medicine can equal sleep in good effects. It is the essential to good health. Sleep has a great deal to do with the disposition and temper. A sound sleeper is seldom unduly disturbed by trifles, while a wakeful, restless person is apt to be irritable. A great deal has been written about the advantages of curtailing the hours of repose and sleeping but little. We are inclined to think that there is room for doubt whether the benefits of closely limiting the time given to rest have not been exaggerated. Active persons of nervous temperament can hardly get too much sleep. We know very well that the saving of two or three hours a day from slumber is in one sense equivalent to a considerable prolongation of human life, and we are not advocates of indolence; but the fact still remains that sleep may be so much abridged as to leave the system incapable of as much effective work in two hours as might be performed in a better condition in one.

"Madam," said a tramp, "wouldn't you give me an old pair of pants, for I'm starvin' to death."

### Starvation in Egypt.

Accustomed as I have been for years to see various forms of misery and oppression among the down trodden Fellahs, I have never witnessed such scenes of hopeless wretchedness as I beheld this year. Scarcely ever did I and my companion approach a village but the thrilling "keen" of the women betokened a recent death, and these deaths were always ascribed to starvation. In one town, How, near one of the largest Khedivial Sugar-works, I saw two men actually dying of starvation in the open street, the one an old man, the other in the prime of life. Both were so utterly emaciated as to wear the appearance of skeletons covered with brown skin. I shall never forget the frightful, wolfish aspect of a fellow creature in the same neighborhood. He was a young man, once good looking, whose wasted face seemed all eyes, so much had the lower part fallen away, who sat, a mere bag of bones, in the midst of a field from which the sugar crop had been carried away, ravenously gnawing bits of desiccated cane brush. So weak was he, that when called to receive a small sum of money, he could scarcely drag his emaciated body up to the path, although it was but a foot or two raised above the field. He received the money without a sign of pleasure upon his shrunken face—he was too far gone for that. But when I bethought me of a dry cake of Arab bread and gave it to him, he devoured it rapidly, and tottering after his length found strength to express his thanks. Throughout the Saeed, the emaciation of the women and children was something awful to witness; literally, multitudes appeared absolutely fleshless.

### Abner Wiley.

Died, on Monday, March 10th, 1879, at the residence of his son in this county, Abner Wiley, in the 90th year of his age. Born in Guilford county, North Carolina, where his early manhood was spent, he moved thence to Indiana in 1831. Ten years afterward he journeyed to Jefferson county, this State, and there he made his home till 1850, when, he went with his son, A. S. Wiley, who joined the army of gold-seekers and spent three years amid the mountain mines of Oregon. Returning at the end of that time, he has since dwelt with his children. Long indeed has been his journey. Since it was commenced all of the great battles of Napoleon have been fought. He was quite a lad when Washington passed away. He was a voter before the keel of a steamer rippled the American waters. The telegraph found him midway on his life's voyage. He was a soldier in the war of 1812. But his journey is ended, he has gone over to the other shore of the Great River and is now re-united with the loved and lost who have gone on before.—*Bart County, (Neb.) Partisan.*

**NOTES FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.**—Col. L. L. Polk, Commissioner of Agriculture, returned Sunday from his tour in the Western portion of the State. He reports the wheat crop in the Piedmont section as splendid; oats a failure; tobacco promising well and a very poor fruit prospect.

Contributions to the Agricultural Museum are coming in rapidly, and the correspondence from every section of the State promising material assistance in the exhibition to be made at the next State Agricultural Fair increases daily. It is said that more interest is taken in this direction than ever known before. The authorities of the State Agricultural Society have decided to erect a hall 112 feet long by 32 broad, midway between the General Exhibition Hall and the Grand Stand, especially for this exhibition.—*Raleigh Observer.*

**WHAT TOBACCO PLANTERS SHOULD RAISE.**—A casual observer may go on any tobacco market and he will be struck with the vast quantity of common tobacco that is being raised and sold. There is no profit in raising inferior grades of tobacco, but every planter should endeavor to raise a fine quality of the weed. The man who raises fine tobacco is growing rich rapidly, but on the other hand he who is raising common stuff is growing poorer. The main object should be not to raise the largest number of pounds, but to make every pound finer than that of anybody else in the country.—*Durham Farmer.*

### PINE BURRS.

An open door will tempt a saint. All truths must not be told at all times.

Truth is stranger than fiction, for there is less of it.

There is one advantage in marrying a woman who hasn't a mind of her own—she can't forever be giving you a piece of it.

Ever was the first and we reckon the only woman who did not gather up her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.

The Greenbackers of Ohio nominated on the 4th inst., A. S. Platt for Governor and Hugo Prior for Lieutenant Governor.

The Baltimore Gazette calls the editor of the Baltimore News a good many pretty names, perhaps the least offensive being "an oleaginous hog."

The Women's Debating Society at Jasper, Fla., has decided that the women of the United States are worthy of suffrage, but do not desire it.

Love is a game of pitch and catch. He "throws" his affections and she generally catches them on the first bounce. In the end, both fetch up at the "home base."

The Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain is taking steps for organizing a uniform system of spelling for the names of places throughout the world.

Gen. James Shields died suddenly in Iowa, on May 2d. He did what no other man ever did, was sent to the United States Senate from three different States, Illinois, Minnesota and Missouri.

A Georgia farmer kills snakes, lays them in a furrow and plants corn in the furrow.—*N. Y. Herald.* Great Scott! When the corn becomes to be distilled and consumed! But we don't like to think of it.

The talented Earl of Rosebery at a public dinner, in London, paid a deserved tribute to the press when he said it was a profession which had struggled out of the difficulties of the ownership of former times to a position of unequalled possibilities in the future.

PHILADELPHIA, June 10.—Parr, the murderer of his daughter, died this morning. All his immediate relations are now in custody and a rigid investigation will be had, with the view of discovering by whom the poison was conveyed to him.

Mr. Geo. K. Tate, of the Mountain Island Cotton Factory, returned yesterday from the North, where he had just purchased two hundred additional looms for the factory. They will arrive by the 1st of July, and will be put up immediately.—*Charlotte Observer.*

**THOUGHT HE HAD HIM.**—It was thought last week that Gov. Jarvis had M. S. Littlefield under arrest and ready to come back to North Carolina to answer certain charges against him, but Littlefield sued out a *habeas corpus* and concluded not to come. It is strange that criminals can not be brought to justice.—*Raleigh Advocate.*

LONDON, June 10.—The Times financial article says: At the request of a committee of Louisiana bondholders, the chairman of the council of foreign bondholders has sent a protest to the Governor of Louisiana against any attempt of the State Convention now sitting to reduce the State debt as arranged under the refunding act of 1874.

An anti Grant movement has been started in St. Louis, with John B. Henderson, ex-Congressman Finkelnburg and Emil Pretorius, editor of the Westliche Post and partner of Carl Schurz, among the leaders. At a conference a few evenings ago some of those participating even declared that should Gen. Grant be nominated for a third term they would abstain from voting.

South Carolina Railroads are doing all they can for their own people and newspapers. We noted a day or two ago that Charleston papers are delivered in every county in the State on the day of publication. Yesterday's News and Courier notes the fact that it is now delivered in Hendersonville, Asheville and other North Carolina towns with the same speed. Over here papers lie in the office twelve hours before starting. Both South Carolina and its railroads will prosper. Asheville Citizen: Mr. T. N. Long, of Pigeon River, Haywood county, last year raised a gourd weighing 72 pounds, and which holds 13 gallons of water, and it was not a good year for gourds either. Can anybody beat this in the gourd line?—Mr. S. M. Gilbert is about establishing in Asheville a regular shoe manufactory, with all the latest improvements necessary for the successful conduct of such an establishment. On Wednesday night of last week, M. Plennions, of Madison, but who was confined in the jail at Waynesville, succeeded in breaking through the window of his cell, and, jumping to the ground, made good his escape. Other prisoners in the room refused to escape with him.