

# THE DANBURY REPORTER.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

VOLUME V.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1880.

NUMBER 1

## THE REPORTER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT  
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PEPPER & SONS,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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This paper will be forwarded to any ad-  
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**BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, &c.**  
Prompt attention paid to orders, and satis-  
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BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, AND  
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1318 Main Street, Richmond.  
A Large Stock of LAW BOOKS always on  
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Pamphlets of 60 pages free, upon receipt of  
Stamps for Postage. Address  
GILMORE, SMITH & Co.,  
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M. S. ROBERTSON,  
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HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c., SADDLERY  
GOODS, BOLTING CLOTH, GUM  
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E. M. WILSON, OF N. C., WITH  
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WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,  
and dealers in Paints, Oils, Dyes, Varnishes,  
French Window Glass, &c.,  
No. 1806 Main St., Richmond, Va.  
Proprietors' Aromatic Peruvian Bitters & Com-  
pound Syrup Tolu and Wild Cherry.

Senator Vance has secured 145 tents  
for the use of the State Guard at the  
King's Mountain centennial celebration  
in October.

### BURIED GEMS.

How many gems of thought beneath  
The dust of toil lie buried;  
How many o'er the bridge of sighs  
To silent tombs are carried,  
And never see the light of day—  
Tho' their's is matchless beauty;  
For hands that hold the richest gifts,  
Must closest cling to duty.

How many hands ne'er dare to pluck  
From life the way-side flowers;  
How many feet must bleed and ache  
In this bright world of ours;  
While others sing the gayest songs,  
And pluck the brightest roses;  
For them the opening of each hour,  
Some new found joy discloses.

How many sweet songs well to lips  
That may not pause to sing them;  
And sweet bells chime in many a heart  
But there's no one to ring them.  
God pity such whose rounded years  
Are filled with care and trials,  
Whose daily life is constantly  
Made up of self-denials.

For those who toil in faith and hope  
There must be rest at last;  
For those who weep there must be joy,  
When all these tears are past.  
And there'll be gems for those who bear  
Alot the cross of duty—  
Where the unfettered tongue shall sing  
"Mid love, and joy, and beauty."

A VALUABLE INVENTION—For some  
weeks past Mr. L. Boyd White, well  
known in this section, has been engaged  
at Company Shops, putting in operation  
a patent belonging to himself and Mr.  
Lea Henderson, of this county, for ar-  
resting dust and smoke on railroads.  
We understand the officials of the North  
Carolina R. Road extended him every  
facility and a few days since a trial of  
the invention was made on a train run-  
ning from the Shops to Greensboro,  
which proved remarkably successful and  
worked marvels. The patent is thus  
described: "The smoke is carried from  
the stack, through a pipe which runs  
under the cars out to the end of the  
train, and the dust from the wheels is  
sought in hoods and transferred to the  
smoke pipe. Under the last car is a  
fan worked by the hind axle of the car,  
which draws the smoke and dust  
through the pipe."—*Oxford Torchlight*

Mrs. Moon has gone home—Indian-p-  
olis, Indiana.

Miss Painter is holding a series of  
meetings in Newton.

Marshal Dingh's accounts in the  
western district are said to be out of the  
way about \$7,000.

The New York Legislature has passed  
a bill approving of the International  
Exhibition of 1883.

Three spring poets broke out at once  
in the same county in Wisconsin, and  
the state's Governor immediately called  
out the troops.

Senator Gordon's salary, as the attor-  
ney of Mr. Newcomb's railroad from St.  
Louis to Savannah, it is said, will be  
not less than \$15,000.

The Asheville Journal says that Col  
Heck, of Raleigh, has bought the mag-  
netic iron mine, five miles east of Mar-  
shall, for \$17,000 cash.

The postage on regular newspapers  
and periodicals paid into the office in  
New York city by the publishers  
amounts to about \$1,000 a day on an  
average.

President Hayes has approved the  
Carliole whiskey bill and it goes into  
immediate effect. It will reduce the  
receipts from the revenue over two mil-  
lion dollars annually.

The Carolina Central railway, with all  
of its appurtenances and belongings,  
was sold at public auction, under a fore-  
closure of mortgage, at the court house  
door in Wilmington, on the 29th of May.

The Whittaker Court made its final  
report on the West Point outlet outrage  
Saturday, May 29th. The court found  
that Whittaker was his own assailant,  
tied himself, and committed the "outrage"  
himself. Whittaker was arrested and  
placed in confinement, and will remain  
under arrest until his case is disposed of.

Vice-President Wheeler is absent  
from his post in Washington and in the  
interim Mr. Thurman is acting Vice-  
President. On the 11th of May Mr.  
Thurman called Mr. Vance of North  
Carolina, to the chair, and he presided  
over the Senate during the delivery of  
Mr. Hill's great speech on the Spoford-  
Kellogg case.

The practice at the White House, for  
many years was for the Marshal of the  
District to introduce visitors to the Pres-  
ident at receptions, &c. Mr. Hayes  
broke the rule, for the marshal, was the  
federalist Fred Douglass colored.  
And now it is said the President excuses  
himself for his departure from the time  
honored question on the ground that  
"Mrs. Hayes could not bear to have  
anything like social equality of that  
kind," which is so much the better for  
Mrs. Hayes.

### SAVED BY LOVE.

A LIFE SKETCH  
BY J. W.

Reader, I have a story to tell. Per-  
haps I have not the art to tell it grace-  
fully, but he that speaks from the heart  
will ever be listened to attentively, and  
will find a ready response in every sym-  
pathetic bosom.

I was left an orphan at an early age,  
and had to struggle hard to support my-  
self and sister—a dainty little thing,  
who called out all the love and chivalry  
of my nature. I found but little time  
to attend school, but that little was so  
improved that in looking back over my  
school days I find nothing to regret save  
their brevity.

Before she had completed her 16th  
year, my sister died. I stood beside  
her, and saw her sweet young life go  
out as gently as if she had but fallen  
quietly to sleep. It was a long time be-  
fore I could realize that she was dead.  
But when, at last, the truth forced itself  
upon my unwilling heart, I sat down by  
her side, took her white, cold hand in  
mine, but did not weep. My grief was  
too deep for tears. I thought of the  
many times she had wound her arms  
lovingly about my neck; of the many  
kisses she had showered upon my lips,  
cheeks and brow; and, oh! how I  
longed to feel the pressure of those arms  
once more, to taste again the sweetness  
of those loving lips.

But why dwell upon the sweetly-sor-  
rowful theme? We buried her in the  
village churchyard, by the side of the  
dear ones who had gone before. When  
summer came, sweet flowers bloomed  
upon her grave, but none so sweet as  
once had been the flower that lay be-  
neath.

It was long ere I sufficiently recovered  
from the shock to again take an interest  
in my work; but, as time wore on, I  
forgot something of my grief, though  
there was ever present in my heart an

At last that longing was satisfied. In  
the village there lived a lovely girl, the  
daughter of a merchant. We had been  
playmates and companions from child-  
hood, and our friendship had increased  
with increasing years. One evening I  
breathed in her ear a tale of love, and  
asked her to be my wife. Her answer  
flooded my heart with a peaceful happi-  
ness to which it had long been a  
stranger.

I approached her father upon the  
subject of our marriage, and gained his  
consent, with the provision that I should  
be absent one year, to test the strength  
of my love for his daughter. To this  
we both objected most earnestly, but he  
was inexorable, and we submitted.

A few days later I bade adieu to all I  
held dear in life, and started forth to  
try my fortune at the West. At Chevy  
Chase I halted, and, taking advantage of  
the first offer that was made, I was soon  
installed a "cow boy" on one of the  
largest stock ranges in the Territory. By  
strict attention to business, and a care-  
ful regard for the interests of my em-  
ployer, I soon rose to the dignity of  
foreman, with a salary of \$100 per month.

The months rolled on, and nothing  
transpired to give me a moment's un-  
easiness in regard to the constancy of  
my betrothed. Long, loving letters  
came regularly and often—bright spots  
in the lonely desert of my life.

At last my year was up, and I prepared  
to hasten home and claim my bride. On  
the day before I was to start, I called at  
the office for my mail. A tiny, white  
envelope was handed to me, and one  
glance at the superscription told me it  
was from she who was all the world to  
me.

Stepping apart from the crowd, I tore  
open the envelope and read these words:  
John: Do not write to me any more  
I am married. Oh, John! I know I have  
done wrong. Can you ever forgive me?  
BET.

Oh! the agony of that moment! As  
I stood there staring vacantly at the  
cruel note, it seemed that the light of  
my life had gone out for ever. Ah,  
reader, those only who have experienced  
it can realize the inexpressible grief that  
sweeps across the heart at such a time!  
The death of a loved one cuts not half  
so keenly. Here we mourn the loss of  
one dearer, perhaps, than life; there to  
the consciousness of our loss is added

the conviction of guilt on the part of  
one we had believed so pure, so true!  
Here our grief is mitigated by the  
thought that we may meet again—meet  
to love forever—there no such gleam of  
hope comes to lessen the darkness of the  
hour. Our dream of love is over—for  
life, for all eternity!

I know not how long I stood there  
in the office, but I at last became conscious  
of being observed. So, putting the note  
in my pocket, I walked to the door.  
Without, a blinding snow storm raged.  
The few who had business on the streets  
hurried to and fro, eager to reach some  
shelter from the storm. I got to my  
room, I scarcely know how; and, sit-  
ting at a seat, I remained there for hours,  
thinking, only thinking!

When night closed in I took my hat  
and wandered forth into the storm. The  
wind tore through the streets, seemingly  
with the conscious power of a fiend. But  
a fiercer tempest within my breast made  
me despise the warring elements, and I  
wandered on and on, careless of even  
life itself.

In the days of untold anguish that  
followed, what wonder if I forgot my  
manhood, what wonder if I fell! Spare  
me the pain of repeating the story of  
the ensuing year. Let it suffice when  
I tell you that all my hard earned money  
was gone ere the year was out; that I  
was a mere wreck of my former self. I  
do not pretend to justify my conduct.  
Call me weak if you will. I only know my  
suffering was greater than I could bear.

At times I was painfully conscious of  
my errors, and struggled hard to break  
the bonds that held me fast. But not  
until my last dollar was gone did I fully  
realize the folly of my conduct. Then,  
indeed, necessity compelled me to pause  
and consider what was to be done. I  
took not long to decide. I would go to  
work and earn money sufficient to bear  
my expenses to South America. Once  
out of my native country, I would never  
again set foot in a land where I had  
known only sorrow and disappointment.

work. But the vice of intemperance  
had so strong a hold on me that nearly  
half my wages were squandered in drink.  
Thus another year passed before I had  
saved money enough to take me out of  
the country.

At last, however, I was again prepared  
to leave Cheyenne. As I stepped on  
board the train that was to bear me  
from the spot where I had suffered so  
much, a heavy load seemed lifted from  
my heart. I had not thought of visit-  
ing my boyhood's home. But now I  
felt that I could not go away forever  
without once more looking upon the  
graves of my loved ones, without one  
final view of the scenes I had loved so  
well. The village which I yet called  
home was situated near my line of travel.

As I approached the home station my  
desire to stop increased. And so, when  
the train halted at the well remembered  
depot, I stepped from the car, took the  
stage, and in two hours was again in my  
native town. I was greeted cordially,  
and yet I felt there was a change. Many  
of the friends of my youth had moved  
away; others had died; and those who  
were left had wives and families who  
claimed all their love. My widowed  
sister alone gave me a welcome that was  
heartfelt and warm. Yes, there was one  
other, my cousin, a beautiful girl whom  
I had not seen since she was a little  
child. In her I found a friend, such as  
I never knew before. She was conversa-  
nt with all the circumstances of my  
life, and sympathized with me as none  
other had ever done. Unconsciously my  
heart went out to her, and the few days  
I had purposed staying lengthened into  
weeks, and still I lingered, unwilling to  
tear myself away.

I knew my cousin felt a sincere friend-  
ship for me, but further than that I dared  
not hope. She was so young, so beauti-  
ful, so pure, it seemed to me impossible  
she could ever look upon a coarse, rough  
man like myself in any more favorable  
light. Believing this, I kept the true  
state of my feelings a secret from her,  
and tried hard to smother the affection  
that would not be put down.

At last I determined to go—to forget  
her if I could. So, at breakfast one  
morning, I started them by announcing  
my intention of leaving them the follow-  
ing week. My aunt protested, but I  
listened in vain for any word of remon-

strance from the one who alone might  
induce me to remain.

I glanced across the table to where  
my cousin sat. Her eyes met mine for  
an instant—only an instant—and yet in  
that brief time they told me more than  
I had ever dared to hope. A few min-  
utes later I arose and followed her into  
the sitting-room, scarcely less agitated  
than she. Leading her to a sofa, I sat  
down beside her, and, still holding her  
hand in mine, I said:

"Does not my little cousin wish me to  
remain?"

"Oh, John, you know I do. Please  
to 'log'."

"And will you let me love you if I  
may?"

"Yes."

So gently came her answer, and so  
blended her roses on her cheek, that I  
knew she understood me, and, with a  
wid, rapturous thrill of joy, I clasped  
her to my heart, and pressed kiss after  
kiss upon her unsuspecting forehead.

"My darling, my own precious dar-  
ling! and will you indeed be mine?" I  
asked.

Then she gently disengaged herself  
from my arms, and her beautiful brown  
eyes filled with tears as she replied:

"John, I gave you my heart before  
you asked it and yet I am afraid to marry  
you. I would be miserable if my hus-  
band should become a drunkard. Your  
habit of drinking is no secret, and, when  
I asked you to stop you refused. And  
now—"

"And now, Maud," I broke in, "I will  
stop. You asked me for my own sake to  
abstain and I refused. For your sake, I  
will do anything. Come with me into  
the library, and I will write and sign a  
pledge which you yourself shall witness.  
With your dear name upon the paper, I  
know it never will be broken."

I led the way, and wrote as follows:  
July 16, 1876.

I hereby pledge my word of honor to  
abstain from all intoxicating drinks from  
this day hence, forever. And I solemnly  
promise to keep this pledge inviolate with  
the loss of my happiness, no so forth, etc., etc.  
John W. \_\_\_\_\_

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### Sights for a Traveling King.

If the King of Siam, who has so of-  
ten changed his mind about the foreign  
tour proposed for him, should at last  
conclude to visit this country, he will  
see something of our civilization through  
his Siamese eyes; but it is hard to tell  
how much of it he will find proper to  
carry home with him.

He will be surprised to learn that in  
place of Buddhism we have here a hun-  
dred different religions, each of which is  
right, while all the rest are wrong. Bud-  
dhism is eminently benevolent and hu-  
mane. Col. Prejevalsky tells us that in  
Mongolia, where Buddhism has its  
strongest hold, it has completely changed  
the character of the ferocious tribes that  
followed Genghis Khan, and has re-  
solved their descendants into the peace-  
ful and mild Mongolians of to day,  
whose religion makes them especially re-  
markable for their kind care of their  
domestic animals and their tender regard  
for their own children. It will surprise  
the Buddhist King of Siam to learn  
that our civilization, with its many re-  
ligions, compels the establishment of  
special societies to protect animals from  
the cruelty of their owners and to pun-  
ish parents for savage assaults upon  
their children. It will grieve him to  
hear that now and then a clergyman is  
sent to prison for starving children con-  
fined to his care. He will be shocked  
to know that among our ministers of  
the Gospel prosecutions for adultery are  
not unheard of, and that occasionally  
one of these messengers of peace com-  
mits a murder.

He will further be astonished to learn  
that in the civilized country criminals  
are capitally executed, not by behead-  
ing or other comparatively merciful  
methods, but by hanging, always in a  
barbarous manner. Instead of the neat and quick  
slicing off of a head with a sword, it is  
sometimes violently jerked off with a  
saw. Occasionally the victim is drop-  
ped to the ground, to with a while in  
for a second strangulation. In place of  
expert executioners, as in Siam, our  
man-hungers generally are inexperienced  
and clumsy.

No doubt the King has heard, what  
is known the wide world over, that  
the present occupant of our Chief Magis-  
tracy was put in place by a gigantic  
fraud; but it may be new to him that a  
considerable class, equally enough call-  
ing themselves Republicans, are anxious  
for an imperial rule, and what they call  
a strong government—meaning one that  
will be hard on the people whom they  
intend to rule and to rob.

It will somewhat surprise him that  
our Government annually expends vast  
sums of money with no return whatso-  
ever; millions upon an invisible and  
imaginary navy; other millions on a  
costly and useless diplomatic and con-  
sular service, whose agents occupy very  
much of their time in touring and pleas-  
uring; more millions for sinecure offices  
for party favorites. He will fail to un-  
derstand how it costs three times as  
much to support and feed our Indians  
as it did when there were three times as  
many of them as there are now to be  
fed.

He will see that while party service  
promotes to high places the same fealty  
suffices to save from prison politicians  
convicted of bribery, perjury, and other  
crimes. These are but a few of the  
graver surprises which await the King  
of Siam. There are many other things  
in our civilization that will more aston-  
ish than amuse his Majesty.—N. Y.  
Sun.

A thirty hours' swim was undertaken  
by a young lady in England a fortnight  
ago. Before entering the water, Miss  
Beck with invited several ladies into her  
dressing room to see that she had no  
assistance in the way of concealed float-  
ing supports. She swam in the whale  
tank, which was surrounded by specta-  
tors, who frequently applauded occasion-  
al displays of ornamental swimming.  
She continued gliding easily along the  
forty feet of water in the tank, varying  
the breast swimming by occasional  
changes to the side and back and by  
easy floating. She took coffee and beef  
tea from a floating table. During the  
night she amused herself by singing and  
reading, the latter process being accom-  
plished by floating in her back, and  
holding the book in both hands.

"Can I go through that gate?" asked  
a corpulent lady of a small boy. "I  
suppose so," said the boy, "a load of  
hay just passed through."

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