

# THE DANBURY REPORTER.

VOLUME V.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1880.

NUMBER 16.

## THE REPORTER.

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Prompt attention paid to orders, and satis-  
faction guaranteed.  
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**J. W. RANDOLPH & ENGLISH,**  
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, AND  
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1318 Main street, Richmond.  
A Large Stock of LAW BOOKS always on  
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**ELHART, WITZ & Co.,**  
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in  
OTTIONS; HOSIERY; GLOVES; WHITE  
AND FANCY GOODS  
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JNO. W. HOLLAND, WITH  
**T. A. BRYAN & CO.,**  
Manufacturers of FRENCH and AMERICAN  
CANDIES, in every variety, and  
wholesale dealers in  
**FRUITS, NUTS, CANNED GOODS, CI-  
GARS, &c.**  
29 and 341 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.  
Orders from Merchants solicited.

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**WILLIAM DEYRIES & CO.,**  
Importers and Jobbers of  
**Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods and  
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312 West Baltimore Street, (between Howard  
and Liberty,) BALTIMORE.

This paper will be forwarded to any ad-  
dress for one year on receipt of 1 Dollar and  
Fifty Cents in advance.

**To Inventors and Mechanics.**

PATENTS and how to obtain them.  
Pamphlets of 60 pages free, upon receipt of  
Stamps for Postage. Address  
GILMORE, SMITH & Co.,  
Solicitors of Patents, Box 31,  
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**Graves' Warehouse,**  
DANVILLE, VA.,  
FOR THE SALE OF

**Leaf Tobacco**  
W. P. GRAVES, PROPRIETOR.

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**J. W. MENEFEE,**  
WITH  
**PEARRE BROTHERS & CO.**  
Importers and Jobbers of Dry Goods.  
**MEN'S WEAR A SPECIALTY.**  
Nos. 2 and 4 Hanover Street,  
August 5, '80-6m. BALTIMORE.

### OTHER FELLOWS THINK SO TOO.

There's just one thing a man can have,  
In all this world of woe and strife,  
That makes the business not too bad,  
And that one thing's an easy wife.  
Dost fancy that I love my girl?  
For Rosy cheeks or raven hair?  
She holds my heart because she laughs—  
Because she laughs, and doesn't care.

I put my boots just where it suits,  
And find them where I put them, too;  
That is a thing, you must allow,  
A chap can very seldom do!  
I leave my papers on my desk,  
She never dusts them in a heap,  
Or takes to light the kitchen stove  
The very one I want to keep.

On winter nights my cosy dam,  
Will warm her toes before the fire;  
She never scolds about the lamp,  
Or wants the wick a trifling higher;  
On Sunday she is not so fine,  
But what her ruffles I can hug;  
I light my pipe just where I please,  
And spill the ashes on the rug.

The bed is never filled with "shams"—  
A thing some women vilely plan  
To worry servants half to death,  
And spoil the temper of a man.  
She lets me sleep to any hour,  
Nor raises any horrid din,  
If it just happens now and then  
To be quite late when I come in.

I tell you, Jack, if you would wed,  
Just get a girl who lets things run;  
She'll keep her temper like a lamb,  
And help you on to lots of fun.  
Don't look for money, style or show,  
Or blushing beauty, ripe and rare;  
Just take the one who laughs at fate—  
Who laughs, and shows she doesn't care.

You think, perhaps, our household ways  
Are just perchance a little mixed;  
Oh, when they get too horrid bad,  
We sit about and get things fixed.  
What compensation has a man  
Who can't his bread by sweat of brow?  
If home is made a battle-ground,  
And life one long, eternal row?  
—Harper's Magazine.

### Helpless Girls.

Our most helpless girls belong not to  
the highest or lowest but to the middle  
class. Mulberry street brings out girls  
who can wash, cook, walk ten miles and  
swim. Fifth avenue produces girls who  
can row, swim, ride, shoot with bow or  
rifle and even cook. But between these  
two extremes is a vast army of piano  
playing and making the most of their  
good looks, can do nothing, or next to  
it. Put them in a boat, they are help-  
less. Put them in the water, they are  
flounder and sink. Put them on a horse,  
they fall off. Put them on their feet,  
they can't walk a mile unless "out shop-  
ping." Put a bow in their hands, they  
are cowlike in awkwardness. Put them  
on a vessel it is with difficulty they tell  
whether the bow or stern goes first.  
Apart from dancing or music, in which  
they are proficient, they are profoundly  
ignorant of all real really good employ-  
ment or recreation. They pad, they  
powder, they dye their hair, they bioset  
themselves with corsets, they grow fat  
and flabby; there is little elasticity in  
their muscles and less in their minds;  
their talk runs to commonplaces, or if ex-  
cited to a series of expletives and inter-  
jections, deemed pretty in a girl when  
the bloom is on her cheek and ridiculous  
in an old maid when the bloom is off.  
Turn them adrift on the world, deprive  
them of their natural supporters, and  
they sink at once. They have little phys-  
ical or little real pride of character.  
They are willing and anxious to be mar-  
ried and supported. These are so be-  
cause the mothers of the majority of the com-  
ing men.—N. Y. Graphic

### CISTERN WATER.

"I've been a-  
working like all possessed to-day," said  
Gol. Solon, as he borrowed a paper from  
the local editor.  
"So; what have you been doing?"  
"My wife, ye see, has the rheumatism;  
an' 'twas wash day; so she sez to me,  
sez she, 'Solomon, the water in the  
cistern is out, an' I can't wash without  
cistern water, and my rheumatism is so  
bad that I can't fetch it.' Sufficiently  
profaned, sez I, 'Sally, I'll bring  
the water.' An' I brought twenty-five  
pails of water from my neighbor's well  
an' poured it into that cistern, an' then  
I pumped every blamed drop out for the  
washin'. Mighty hard work."  
"Why, in the name of common sense,  
didn't you put the water in the tub,  
instead of turning it into the cistern  
and pumping it out again?" said the  
editor.  
"Coa," said the Colonel, bristling  
up, "in the name of common sense,  
she had to have cistern water to wash  
with, yer darned fool."

WHERE DID IT GO—WHERE HAS  
THE MONEY GONE?—Take, for instance,  
this fact: In the fiscal year of 1867-68  
over one hundred millions of gallons of  
distilled spirits were manufactured in  
the United States. The tax was \$2 per  
gallon. The revenue from that source  
should have been two hundred millions  
of dollars. The revenue collected from  
the source was only seventeen millions  
of dollars.—Hillsborough (Ohio) Gazette,  
August 19, 1880.

### Patience Greater Than Job's.

I suppose Job's patience was wonder-  
ful for a man; but it was nothing to  
that of women. What would Job have  
done had he been compelled to sit in  
the house and sew, and knit, and nurse  
the children, and see that hundreds of  
different things were attended to during  
the day, and hear children cry, and fret,  
and complain? Or how would he have  
stood it if, like some poor woman, he  
had been obliged to rear a family of ten  
or twelve children without any help,  
spending months, years—all the prime of  
life—in washing, scouring, scrubbing,  
mending, cooking, and nursing children,  
fastened to the house and his offspring  
from morning till night, and from night  
till morning; sick or well, in storm or  
sunshine, his nights often rendered mis-  
erable by watching over his children?  
How could he have stood all this, and in  
addition to all other troubles the curses  
and even violence of a drunken com-  
panion? He would soon have tired of  
unrewarded labor and undeserved blame.  
For, after all, though Job endured his  
boils and losses very well for a short  
time, they did not endure long enough  
to test the strength of his patience.  
Woman tests her patience by a whole  
life of trials, and she does not grumble  
at her burdens. We are honestly of the  
opinion that woman has more patience  
than Job; and instead of saying, "The  
patience of Job," we should say, "The  
patience of woman."—Exchange

### Hair Breadth Escapes.

Sometimes, when I look over my life,  
I am amazed to see how the pages of its  
record are dotted with these hair breadth  
escapes. I escaped the danger and hard-  
ships of the revolutionary war by wait-  
ing until the war had been over about  
sixty years before I got born. When  
the Brooklyn theatre burned I was in  
Barrington. When the yellow fever  
broke out in New Orleans I was in Min-  
nesota, and immediately skipped out for  
Canada. When I was a boy at school,  
one day, all the boys at school were flog-  
ged all around for robbing an apple or-  
chard and the flogging didn't do a bit of  
good, for every beggar of them had the  
cholera morbus all that night just the  
same. And I? I was attending another  
school twenty three miles distant.  
When all my brothers and sisters were  
down with the scarlet fever, I was down  
South in the army, I laugh to think of  
my great good fortune, and that I only  
have to be shot at once or twice a week  
instead of having to take medicines three  
times a day. When a man comes to the  
edge with a little bill nine times out of  
ten I am out. And if, by some astonish-  
ing blunder I am in, then indeed I am  
more unfortunate, but the man is in no  
better luck than before.

### The Bloom of Age.

A woman never grows old. Years  
may pass over her head, but if benevo-  
lence and virtue dwell in her heart, she  
is as cheerful as when the spring of life  
first opened to her view. When we took  
upon a good woman we never think of  
her age; she looks as charming as when  
the rose of youth first bloomed on her  
cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it  
will never fade. In her neighborhood  
she is the friend and benefactor. Who  
does not love and respect the woman  
who has passed her days in acts of kind-  
ness and mercy—who has been the  
friend of man and God—whose whole  
life has been a scene of kindness and  
love and a devotion to truth? We re-  
peat, such a woman cannot grow old.  
She will always be fresh and buoyant in  
spirit, and active in humble deeds of  
mercy and benevolence. If the young  
lady desires to retain the bloom and  
beauty of youth, let her not yield to the  
away of fashion and folly; let her love  
truth and virtue; and to the close of life  
she will retain those feelings which now  
make life appear a garden of sweets—  
ever fresh and ever new.

When the silver dollars were ordered  
to be coined, there was great opposition  
to the measure on the part of most of  
the national banks, and this opposition  
took shape in a combined effort to  
prevent their circulation. Now, however,  
for one cause or another, the demands of  
trade are such that the banks have to  
succumb to the requirements of their  
customers, and silver dollars are being  
distributed in immense quantities.  
While not so convenient as greenbacks,  
they are preferable in many ways.

### Kit Carson and His Indian Wife.

No man ever gave proof of a more  
devoted love for her husband than that  
given by Kit Carson's Indian wife for  
her brave, manly husband. While win-  
ning in the mountains Kit met, loved and  
married an Indian girl, who fully return-  
ed his love and devotion; the result be-  
ing a life of rare matrimonial happiness.  
When on one of his journeys he was  
taken ill far from home, word was sent  
to his wife, without delay, mounted a  
fleet mustang pony, and alone braved  
the dangers of a journey of hundreds of  
miles, traveling night and day, scaling  
rugged mountains, picked her way  
through dangerous and difficult passes,  
forded rivers and kept her course through  
marshes and swamps with only her pony  
and wild beasts for company, making  
only short stops in open prairies to let  
her hardy little horse feed and rest, and  
finally arriving completely exhausted, to  
find her husband better. But the ex-  
posure and exertion killed her. She was  
seized with pneumonia and died in a few  
hours in her husband's arms. The  
shoot and his unutterable grief killed  
him. In his agony he burst a blood ves-  
sel, and they were buried in the same  
grave.

### Where the Difference Came In.

A certain gentleman requiring legal  
assistance had been recommended to one  
of the two brothers, but had forgotten  
the Christian name of him he sought, so  
he called at the office of the one first  
found and asked for Mr. Podger.

### A Noble Habit.

There are persons whom you can al-  
ways believe, because you know they  
have the habit of telling the truth. They  
do not "color" a story or enlarge a bit  
of news in order to make it sound fine or  
remarkable.  
There are others whom you hardly  
know whether to believe or not, because  
they "stretch" things so. A trifling in-  
cident grows in size, but not in quality,  
by passing through their mouth. They  
take a small fact or slender bit of news  
and pad it with added words, and paint  
it with high-colored adjectives, until it is  
largely unreal and gives a false impres-  
sion. And one does not like to listen to  
folks when so much must be "allowed  
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Cultivate this habit of telling the truth  
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Pick your words wisely, and use only  
such as rightly mean what you wish to  
say. Never stretch a story or fact to  
make it seem bigger or funnier. Do  
this, and people will learn to trust you  
and respect you. This will be better  
than having a name for telling wonderful  
stories or making foolishly or falsely  
"funny" remarks. There are enough  
true funny things happening in the  
world, and they are most entertaining  
when told just exactly as they come to  
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ceive or flatter for the sake of a foolish jest, or to  
excite the laughter of a few companions  
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Dear young friends, be true. Do the  
truth, tell the truth. There are many  
false tongues. Let yours speak the  
things that are pure, lovely, true.

### Mother's Love.

Lamarine tells a story that exquisitely  
illustrates a mother's love. In some  
spring freshet a river widely washed its  
shores and sent away a bough whereon  
a bird had built a nestage for her sum-  
mer home. Down the white and whirling  
stream drifted the green branch, its  
wicker cup of unflashed song, and flutter-  
ing beside it as it went, the mother  
bird. Unheeding the roaring river, she  
saw, her cries of agony and fear  
piercing the pauses in the storm. How  
like the love of an old-fashioned mother,  
who followed the dove she had plucked  
from her heart, all over the world!  
Sweet away by passion that child might  
be—mattered not, though he was  
bearing away with him the fragrance of  
the shattered roof-tree, yet that mother  
was with him, a Ruth through all his  
life and a Rachel at his death.

### PROOFS OF GARFIELD'S GUILT.

One of the great truths which can't be kept  
so much at the front during the entire  
evening is the fact that all the charges  
preferred against General Garfield are  
proved by the records of Congress and  
by leading journals of his own party.  
General Garfield is not for any office of  
trust or responsibility, or the leading  
journals of his party lied about him like  
a gag of scoundrels, seven years ago,  
when there was not the slightest  
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ton Post.

### SLATS FOR FLOORS.

Cattle and pigs  
and sheep can be kept far better and in  
more perfect health by the use of spars  
or slats for floors. For pigs, sheep and  
calves place the slats from a third to  
half an inch apart and have a pit below,  
into which all the refuse can fall and  
whence it can be easily removed. The  
slats should be about three inches broad.

### A Merry Heart.

I'd rather be poor and merry, says a  
writer, than inherit the wealth of the In-  
dies with a discontented spirit. A merry  
heart, a cheerful spirit, from which  
laughter wells up as naturally as bub-  
ble the springs of Saratoga, are worth all  
the money bags, stocks and mortgages of  
the city. The man who laughs is a doc-  
tor, with a diploma indorsed by the  
school of Nature; his face does more  
good in the sick room than a pound of  
powders or a gallon of bitter draughts.  
If things go right he laughs, because he  
is pleased; if things go wrong he laughs,  
because it is better and cheaper than  
crying. People are always glad to see  
him, their hands instinctively go half  
way to meet his grasp, while they turn  
involuntarily from the clammy dyspeptic,  
who speaks in the growling key. He  
laughs you out of your faults, while you  
never dream of being offended with him,  
and you never know what a pleasant  
world you are living in until he points  
out the sunny streaks on its pathway.  
Who can help loving the whole-souled,  
genial laugh? Not the buffoon, nor the  
man who classes noise with mirth,  
but the cheery contented man of sense  
and mind! A good natured laugh is the  
key in all breasts. The truth is that the  
people like to be laughed at in a genial  
sort of way. If you are making your-  
self ridiculous, you want to be told of it  
in a pleasing manner, not sneered at.  
And it is astonishing how frankly the  
laughing population can talk without  
treading on the toes of their neighbors.  
Why will the people put on long faces,  
when it is so much easier and pleasanter  
to laugh? Tears come to us un-ought  
and unbidden. The wisest art in life is  
to cultivate smiles, and to find the others  
where others shrink away for fear of the  
thorn.

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There are persons whom you can al-  
ways believe, because you know they  
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### Garfield and Gen. Shields.

There was a bill introduced in the  
Forty-fifth Congress authorizing the  
president to appoint James Shields a  
brigadier general in the United States  
army, on the retired list, with rank and  
pay from and after the passage of the  
act. General Shields was then without  
means of support, and so broken by  
disease contracted in the service of his  
country in the field, and so enfeebled by  
age and infirmity that his Democratic  
friends in Congress resolved to do a last  
act of simple justice by placing him on  
the retired list of the army, and thus  
provide a dying veteran with food and  
shelter. It was an extreme case, and the  
dictates of humanity, to say nothing of  
the acknowledged services of the grand  
old hero during a long and brilliant  
career in the field, would seem to justify  
any proper measure of relief.

General Shields was then nearing his  
grave, dying only a few months after-  
ward in great poverty. He was not only a  
soldier of honorable fame, but a  
Democratic statesman of great ability  
and unalloyed patriotism, having served  
as Senator in Congress from three  
different States of the Union.

When the vote was taken on a motion  
to suspend the rules and pass this bill,  
the yeas were 112 and the nays 55. To  
the surprise of every lover of justice in  
the House James A. Garfield voted nay  
(see Congressional Record, 45th  
Congress, 3d session, page 2387).—  
Troy Press, August 25th, 1880.

A Methodist parson, the Rev. Stanley,  
"got away" with Bishop Tuttle, as they  
say, out West, during his recent trip in  
the Missouri Valley. It seems that the  
Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Missouri, was  
driving the clerical party (consisting of  
Bishop Tuttle, the Rev. Tilton and  
himself) in his own one-horse shay, and  
while en route met the Rev. Stanley  
driving two horses. The Bishop, who  
is always ready for a joke, sang out: "I  
say, Stanley, how is it that you Methodist  
preachers manage to drive two horses,  
while we Episcopalians have to put up  
with one?" "Perhaps you are one-horse  
preachers," said the ready-witted Stanley,  
and the procession moved on amid hearty  
chuckles of laughter, in which the Bishop  
joined.

STREET EDUCATION.—A city mission-  
ary visited an unhappy young man in  
jail, waiting his trial for a State prison  
crime. "Sir," said the prisoner, tears  
running down his cheeks, "I had a good  
home education; it was my street edu-  
cation that ruined me. I used to slip out  
of the house and go off with the boys on  
the streets. In the streets I learned to  
loaf; in the streets I learned to swear;  
in the streets I learned to smoke; in the  
streets I learned to gamble; in the streets  
I learned to pilfer. O, sir, it is in the  
streets the devil looks to work the ruin  
of the young."—Western Recorder.

A steady looking customer, who was  
drinking a glass of beer in a Larned  
street saloon in Detroit, and glancing from  
the man behind the bar to the open door  
as he sipped, suddenly asked:  
"Has this saloon any particular  
notion?"  
"I guess not," was the reply.  
"Meet every such place always has a  
motto of some sort?"  
"Yes, I believe so; but I haf no need  
of one. All der bupick understands  
dot if dey don't bay or vat dey drinks  
I pokes der head mid a glub, and dos  
answers shut as well."

### The steady drinker paid for his, and it took his last cent to do it.

WORTH ALL HE GOT FOR HIM.—  
"Well, I've sold my dog," said he as he  
opened against the door jamb.

"Have you, though? How much did  
you get?" inquired a bystander.

"Seventy five dollars."

"Well, somebody got bit on that dog  
trade," remarked bystander No. 2.

"Oh, no; I threw in a croquet set, an  
old campaign flag, a file of the New York  
Tribune, my last year's fishing tackle,  
army overcoat, and—let me see. Oh,  
yes! I let quite a good second hand  
buggy go with it. Oh, that's a mighty  
good dog. He's worth all I got for him."  
—New Haven Register.

MEN-CHILDREN.—There is a matter  
demanding the close attention of county  
and township executive committees, and  
that attention should be given at once  
—now.

It's this: numbers of negro men are  
now attending the five schools of Anson,  
and I reasonably suppose of other  
counties, claiming to be under 18 years of  
age. Some of them voted at the last election.  
All such will claim the right to vote in  
November. A list of them should be at  
once obtained from the teachers. Does  
not this matter come within the purview  
of the State Executive Committee.

There are about 15,000 Jews in Jeru-  
salem, being 5,000 more than were there  
seven years ago.

Faith moves mountains, but it takes a  
couple of express wagons to move a fash-  
ionable woman's baggage.