

THE DANBURY REPORTER.

VOLUME V.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1880.

NUMBER 17. THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE REPORTER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
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SINGING IN THE RAIN.

BY HALLIE C. YOUNG.

The rain was pattering on the roof,
The room seemed lone and drear;
The fire that burned within the grate
Had lost its power to cheer.
My soul was sad, for, looking back,
I saw fond hopes in train,
When, lo! I heard a little bird
Singing in the rain!

The rain still pattering on the roof
No more my soul did smite;
The soub'ry day soon passed away,
Expiring in a flood of light,
And scanning well my future hopes
Not one should break in twain;
My faith was stirred by the little bird
Singing in the rain.

Then let us each, when hope seems dead,
And sheds no lingering ray,
Remember well that the sun may glid
Our dark and rainy days;
And, as we sail with fickle winds
O'er life's tempestuous main,
A lesson learn from the little bird
Singing in the rain.
CLARENDON, ARK.

All On The Last Round.

HOW AN ARKANSAS LOVER WON HIS
BRIDE

The peculiar conditions upon which a
matrimonial affair was based in South
Arkansas have just come to light. Dick
Anderson had just graduated between
the plow-handles. It was said that he
could run a furrow so straight that it
would break a knock-kneed man's leg to
walk in it. This accomplishment was a
kind of frontispiece to a future volume
of agricultural success, and more than
one young lady in the neighborhood had
her eye on the young catch. Dick wasn't
bashful, but he didn't seem to be par-
ticularly impressed with the charms
scattered around him like falling drops
of water that linger on leafy trees after a
rain. But he soon met his fate, a young
lady, Winnie Hogrow. Winnie was a
beautiful girl and could cover as much
corn with a hoe, and scrape as much cot-
ton as any man in the neighborhood.
The couple loved—devotedly, agricul-
turally. Hogrow had raised his daugh-
ter with great care, and now that she
had attained her zenith of usefulness, it
grieved him to think of losing her. On
Sunday Dick went over, and, going out
where the old man was shelling corn to
the pigs, said:

"Mr Hogrow, I suppose—"
"I don't suppose anything, sir."
"Well, then, you doubtless know—"
"I don't know anything."
"That's all right, then I am going
to marry your daughter, and by next
corn-planting you will know something
Do you waken, Mr Hogrow?"
"See here, young fellow, I can't afford
to lose my gal. I have had powerful
bad luck this season. The cut-worms
began on the corn by the time it came
up, and the bugs pitched into the cotton;
and, to make things worse, my best mule
and one of my cows got into a fight the
other day. The cow hooked the mule
and the mule kicked the cow, until both
of them died. So, under the circum-
stances, I'd rather you'd marry somebody
else."

"I don't accept your misfortunes as
excuses I'm going to marry the girl."
"I'll tell you what I'll do, Dick. I'll
make this arrangement: We'll wrestle,
and if you throw me the girl's yours; if
I throw you she's mine. If you marry
her against my will, I shall pleasantly
exterminate you. If you throw me and
marry her, then I am, together with the
gal, is your'n I'll give three trials—one
to-day, one three weeks from now, and
the other six weeks."

Dick was compelled to agree, although
the old man was recognized as the best
wrestler in the country. He had chal-
lenged everybody, and had thrown every-
one who had accepted. After eating din-
ner the old man announced his willing-
ness to take the first ballot. Dick was
willing. The contestants, including the
gal, went into the yard, the girl took the
hats and the men grappled each other.
The signal was given and Dick went over
the old man's head and plowed a short
furrow in the ground.
"Give me my hat," he said to the girl.
"Don't give it up," she remarked,
handing over his tile. "Go away and
practice." Dick left discouraged, but,
taking the girl's advice, wrestled with
steamboat men and farmers until the time
for the next trial came. At the ap-
pointed time, Dick appeared at Hog-
row's residence.

"Feel like you can out your capers
putty well?" asked the old man.
"I think so. I feel that my cause is
just, and, with the aid of kind Providence,
I hope to pile you up."
"Providence comes in putty handy at
times," said the old man, pulling off his
coat, "but it's a harder matter to buck
again an old staker. Get outen yer jacket.
If I fall, the gal and the farm is your'n.
Four hundred acres, and all under fence.
Gal weighs one hundred and fifty pounds.
Big inducements." The two men grappled,
and again Dick plowed up the
earth.

"Don't give up," said the girl.
"No said the old man, "for the land
is under fence, and the gal weighs one
hundred and fifty—can handle a hoe

wonderful!"

Dick went away and pondered. It
was evident that the old man could throw
him every time. To lose the girl was to
wreck his life. An idea struck him. He
suited. He left the neighborhood and
remained until the time for the third fall
was nearly up. On the appointed day
he visited the old man.

"I have agreed to everything," said
Dick, "and now I ask a favor. Hitherto
I have been embarrassed. Let the final
trial take place to-night in the dark. I
will meet you here at 10 o'clock."

"Any way suits me," replied the old
man; "I'll meet you anywhere."
At 10 o'clock the old man stood in the
yard chucking. His combatant climbed
the fence and approached. Without ex-
changing a word the two men grappled.
The struggle was short. The old man
went up into the air, came down and
struck the ground with a force that
almost took his life. He lay for a mo-
ment almost unconscious. Dick raised
him up and assisted him into the house.

"The gal and the farm is your'n," said
the old man, and the young couple em-
braced each other. The next day they
were married. Shortly after the cere-
mony was over, a large negro man ap-
peared at the door, and attracting Dick's
attention, said: "I want my \$10. I
flung the ole man hard 'nough to kill
him. Where's my money?" Dick gave
him \$10, and turning around, received a
searching look from the old man. "I'll
explain," said the bridegroom. "Real-
izing that I couldn't throw you, and at
the same time realizing that my happi-
ness depended upon this marriage, I re-
sorted to a bit of treachery." Here he
stopped to buckle his arms around his
wife. "I found a big negro that I knew
could throw you, and offered him \$10.
That's why I wanted the wrestling to
take place in the dark. After he had
thrown you, I rushed forward and raised
you up."

When Dick had finished, the old man
looked at him for full five minutes, and
remarked: "It was a mighty mean trick,
but the farm and gal are your'n. Four
hundred acres under fence, and the gal
weighs one hundred and fifty."

The Modern Young Lady at Two Periods of Her Life.

Behold her at 11.
Her limbs unfettered by the long
skirts of conventionality, she runs, she
rumps, she slides on the ice ponds, she
roll hoop, she climbs fences, she leaps,
she kicks, she runs races and is as fleet
of foot as the boys. Her appetite is
good, her cheeks rosy, and her movements
unconsciously graceful.

Behold her again at 20. No more
does she run or jump or roll hoop, run
races or slide on the ice. It is not
"proper" now nor ladylike, and she
couldn't if she would, for she is fettered
by long skirts, tight shoes and tighter
stays. Her movement has no longer
the freedom and unconscious grace of
childhood, for now when she walks
abroad she walks to be looked at, which
now in her estimation is the main object
of walking. She is already in delicate
health, and has a doctor who prescribes
expensive advice and prescriptions for
her, and ascribes her complaint to
anything and everything but the real
cause. That is simply the fettering
of the body with fashionable clothes.
Physically she is a prisoner. At 11 she
was free. The doctor advises travel, but
he doesn't advise her to take off and
keep off her fashionable fetters. She
wouldn't do so if he did, and he wouldn't
advise her if he knew it would bring
relief, for she would no longer believe
in a doctor who would make her dress
like a guy, and being dressed like a
"guy" is dressing different from the
style prescribed by a Paris modiste.
Diana never could hunt in a trailing
skirt; narrow, tight, high beeled gaiters,
and a pinched, corseted waist; but
Diana with a belted tunic and unfettered
limbs would be bounced off Broadway
by the nearest policeman. Dressing for
health and freedom of body and limb is
one thing, and dressing for fashion quite
another. A man couldn't endure the
pinching and incumbrances peculiar to
feminine attire for an hour, and a pretty
spectacle he'd make rushing about in
such during business hours. Yet the
"weaker sex" wear double the
incumbrances of the so-called stronger.
To "dress" at all after the style uses up
half a woman's time and two thirds of
her strength.—New York Graphic.

DON'T BE IN A HURRY—One of the
crying evils of the times is the tendency
and disposition of girls to get through
girlhood hurriedly and get into woman-
hood, or rather into young ladyhood,
without waiting to enjoy the beautiful
season of girlhood. Speaking on this
point, Bishop Morris says: "Wait pa-
tiently, my children, through the whole
limit of your girlhood. Go not after
womanhood; let it come to you. Keep
out of public view. Cultivate retire-
ment and modesty. The cares and re-
sponsibilities of life will come soon
enough. When they come you will meet
them, I trust, as true women should.
But, oh, be not so unwise as to throw
away your girlhood. Rob not yourselves
of this beautiful season, which, wisely
spent, will brighten all your future life."

THE BOATMAN'S DAUGHTER.

An Incident in the Napoleonic
Wars.

In the memorable year of 1814, when
the allied armies were concentrated about
Paris, a young Lieutenant of dragoons
was engaged with three or four
Hungarians, who, after having received
several smart strokes from his saber,
managed to send a ball into his shoulder,
to pierce his chest with a thrust from a
lance, and to leave him for dead on the
bank of the river.

On the opposite side of the stream, a
boatman and his daughter had been
watching this unequal fight with tears
of desperation. But what could an old
unarmed man do, or a pretty girl of 16?
However, the old soldier—for such the
boatman was—had no sooner seen the
officer fall from his horse than he and
his daughter rowed most vigorously for
the other side. Then, when they had
deposited the wounded man in the boat,
these worthy people crossed the river
again, but with faint hopes of reaching
the military hospital in time.

"You have been very hardly treated,
my boy," said the old guardsman to
him; "but here am I, who have gone
farther still, and come home."

The silent and fixed attitude of
Lieutenant S showed the extreme agony
of his pains; and the hardy boatman
soon discovered that the blood which was
flowing internally from the wound on his
left side would shortly terminate his
existence. He turned to his youthful
daughter.

"Mary," said he, "you have heard
me tell of my brother; he died of just
such another wound as this here. Well,
now, had there only been somebody by
to suck the hurt, his life would have
been saved."

The boatman then landed, and went
to look for two or three soldiers to help
him to carry the officer, leaving his
daughter in charge of him. The girl
looked at the sufferer for a second or
two. What was her emotion when she
heard him sigh so deeply, not that he
was resigning life in the first flower of
his age, but that he should die without
a mother's kiss.

"My mother! my dear, dear
mother!" said he, "I die without—"
Her woman's heart told her what he
would have said. Her eyes ran over
with sympathy, and her bosom heaved.

Then she remembered what her father
had said; she thought how her own
life might have been saved. In an
instant, quicker than thought, she tore
open the officer's coat, and the generous
girl recalled him to life with her lips.

Amid this holy occupation the sound
of footsteps was heard, and the blushing
heroine fled to the other end of the boat.
Judge of her father's surprise, as he
came up with the two soldiers, when he
saw Lieut. S, whom he expected to find
dead, open his eyes and ask for his
mother. The boatman looked at his child, and
saw it all. The poor girl came to him
with her head bent down. She was
about to excuse herself, when the father,
embracing her with enthusiasm, raised
her spirits, and the officer thanked her
in these prophetic words:

"You have saved my life; it belongs
to you."
After this she tended him and became
his nurse; nothing would he take but
from her hand. No wonder that with
such a nurse he at length recovered.
Mary was as pretty as she was good.

Meanwhile Master Cupid, who is very
busy in such cases, gave him another
wound, and there was only one way to
cure it—so very deep it was.

The boatman's daughter became
Madame S.

Her husband rose to be a Lieutenant
General, and the boatman's daughter
became as elegant and graceful as any
lady of the court of Louis Philippe.

A minister was soliciting aid to fore-
ign missions, and applied to a gentle-
man, who refused him, with the reply,
"I don't believe in foreign missions. I
don't want to give to benefit my neigh-
bors."

"Well," replied he, "whom do you re-
gard as your neighbors?"
"Why, those around me."
"Do you mean those whose land joins
yours?" inquired the minister.

"Yes."
"Well," said the minister, "how much
land do you own?"
"About five hundred acres."
"How far down do you own?"

"Why, I never thought of it before,
in a republican government like ours;
but I suppose I own about half way
through."
"Exactly," said the clergyman. "I
suppose you do, and I want the money
for the New Zealanders—the men whose
land joins yours on the bottom."

Justice Dillard, of the Supreme Court
of North Carolina, may serve as an
example of Democratic habits and
personal independence. It is related
that the late Judge Kerr once saw
Judge Dillard in a second-class car.
"Hi!" said Kerr, "how comes it that
you're in a second-class car?"
"Because there is no third-class,"
quietly replied Judge D., and asked for
a match to light his pipe.

A NIAGARA TRAGEDY.

The Death of Little Eva De Forrest.

More than twenty years ago Niagara
witnessed a tragedy which, while of a
heartrending character, was marked by
an act of true heroism seldom equaled
in grandeur. Mr Charles Addington, a
young man about 23 or 24 years of age,
was affianced to Miss De Forrest, both
being residents of Buffalo. One day a
happy party, comprising Mrs. De Forrest,
Miss De Forrest, a young daughter,
Eva, a beautiful child 5 or 6 years old,
and "Charley" Addington, as his friends
were accustomed to call him, visited
the falls. They crossed the bridge to
 Goat Island, and, while resting under
the trees, little Eva strayed away from
the group, and, approaching the bank
of the narrow but deep and swift
stream that rushes between Goat Island
and the small island lying between it
and the main American rapids, was
amusing herself by casting sticks into
the water and watching them as they
were whirled away. Mrs. De Forrest,
alarmed for her child's safety, requested
Charley Addington to go after her and
bring her back. Charley at once
proceeded to the bank, and, thinking to
give the little one a fright, approached
her stealthily from behind, and,
catching her under the arms, held her
over the stream. The startled child
threw up her little hands over her head,
and instantly she slipped through young
Addington's hands, and fell into the
rapids.

The realization of the horrible
calamity must have come home to
Addington's brain with the rapidity of
the lightning's flash. He saw that his
rash act had cost the child's life—that
only one desperate chance of saving her
remained—that the world was at an end
for him forever. Tearing off his coat,
he rushed along the bank until he had
passed little Eva, who was kept afloat by
her clothing; then plunging in ahead of
her he seized the child and desperately
attempted to throw her upon the bank.
As he made the effort, he fell back in
the rapids and was whirled over the
small fall that intervenes between the
American Horseshoe falls. Little Eva
struck the top of the bank, but all power
had apparently gone from her, and she
rolled back into the stream and was
hurried to her dreadful fate. The
mother and sister stood powerless and
paralyzed with horror while the tragedy,
almost instantaneous in its action, passed
before their eyes, leaving its dark cloud
hanging over all their future lives.
Charley Addington had made a hero's
atone ment for his thoughtless and
reckless act. His father—he was an
only son—was in the habit of visiting
the falls once a week for years after
the tragedy, and he would sit for hours
gazing at the spot where his son and
little Eva met their deaths. He became
well-known at the falls, and there were
many who believed that he would one
day voluntarily seek the same fate that
his son, in his heroism, had courted.
But his sad pilgrimage had no such
ending.

What the Country Needs.

Fewer scrub cattle and more good
ones. Fewer wire pullers in popular
conventions, and more industry.

Fewer men who seek office and more
men whom the office seeks.

Fewer haters about railroad stations,
our corner stores, and taverns.

Fewer impatient young men eager to
rush into print and raise the devil gen-
erally.

Fewer juvenile statesmen who are
eager to rush into places their seniors
and betters ought to occupy.

Fewer leaders to knuckle to popular
prejudice when wrong.

Fewer great men made to order and
of small material, and thrust in front of
men who have capacity for greatness.

A dashing young fellow was recently
very attentive to a young lady who did
not secretly favor his attentions, and who
is blessed with an observing little brother.

The lady's admirer was visiting her when
the little chap broke into their presence
and, mounting the young man's knee,
said: "Haven't you got a fine room?"

"Oh, yes," proudly replied the young
fellow, whose vanity was touched by the
remark. Seeing, as he thought, in the
circumstances an opportunity to make a
favorable impression on the sister, he
gave his monstache an extra twist and
reiterated his reply with emphasis: "Oh,
yes, a very fine room." "I thought so,"
said the young hopeful, musingly. "But
what made you think so?" said the
young lady's admirer, his curiosity by
this time fully aroused. "Because, sister
Mag said your room was better than
your company."

Affectionate mother (to her son)—
"Why do you cry, Johnny? What has
hurt you?" Johnny (crying more lustily
than before)—"Because I fell down and
hurt myself yesterday." Mother—
"Yesterday! Then why do you cry
to-day?" Johnny (bawling at the top
of his voice)—"Oh, 'cause you weren't
home yesterday."

The Dismal Swamp.

The so called Dismal Swamp is not the
aggregation of terrors and evils that it is
supposed to be by those whose ideas of it
are drawn from its name. Instead of
being the breeding place and home of
deadly miasmas, as many suppose, it is
one of the most healthful places upon the
face of the earth. As stated by those
who have spent most of their lives within
its boundaries, no case of ague and fever,
or kindred disease, has ever originated
within it. The strong antiseptic
qualities of the cypress and juniper,
constituting a great majority of all its
trees, both standing and fallen, and
which never decay, (actually prevent
any decomposition of other vegetation.)

The great depth of perfectly preserved,
pure, sweet, peat-like material, consisting
largely of fallen juniper, constitutes a
perfect filter for the rains. The water
percolating through this natural filter
loses all impurities derived from earth or
air, and assumes a wine color. At
the same time it becomes strongly
impregnated with the juniper, and thus
constitutes a medicinal drink of the most
health-giving character. At no distant
day the waters of the Dismal Swamp will
be sent over the country and sold, as the
most noted mineral waters now are. So
absolutely pure and anti putrescent is the
water of the Dismal Swamp that when
barreled, unlike other water, it undergoes
no change, but remains fresh and pure
for years, and hence is very highly valued
by those acquainted with its excellencies
for long sea voyages. When used in
boilers that have become incrustated with
mineral deposits from the use of other
water, it causes the incrustations to peel
off, thus rendering them more durable
and largely increasing their steam
generating capability. There being no
decaying matter or stagnant water in
this wonderful swamp, and a most dense,
vigorous growth of fragrant woods, the
air laden with pure, sweet, health-giving
properties, that, combined with the great
medicinal value of its waters, will be sure
to result soon in our more enlightened
physicians sending patients afflicted with
certain diseases to reside for a time on
some of the superb, picturesque farms
here and there within the boundaries of
the Dismal Swamp, to regain their
health with a certainty that their course
in so doing will be well rewarded.

A Norway Scene.

A scene witnessed by some travelers
in the north of Norway from a cliff over
a thousand feet above sea is thus described:
"The ocean stretched away in silent
vastness at our feet; the sound of waves
scarcely reached our airy lookout; away
in the north the huge old sun swung low
along the horizon, like the slow beat
of the pendulum in the tall clock of our
grandfather's parlor corner. We all
stood in silence, looking at our watches.
When both hands came together at
twelve, midnight, the huge orb swung
triumphantly above the waves, a bridge
of gold, running due north, spanning the
waves between us and him. There he
shone in silent majesty which knew no
setting. We involuntarily took off our
hats; not a word was spoken. Combine,
if you can, the most brilliant sunshine
and sunset you ever saw, and the beauties
will pale before the gorgeous coloring
which now lit up the ocean, sky, and
mountain. In half an hour the sun had
swung up perceptibly on his beat, the
colors changing to those of morning, a
fresh breeze rippled over the ocean, one
sugstler after another piped up in the
grove behind us—we had slid into
another day."

BITES AND STINGS.—Apply instantly,
with a soft rag, most freely, spirits of
hartshorn. The venom of stings being
an acid, the alkali nullifies it. Fresh
wool ashes, moistened with water, and
made into a poultice, frequently renewed,
is an excellent substitute, or soda or
saleratus, all being alkalies. To be on
the safe side, in case of snake or mad
dog bites, drink brandy, whiskey, rum
or other spirits as free as water, a
teaspoonful, or a pint or more, according
to the aggravation of the circumstances.

THE MOST PROFITABLE RAILWAY IN
THE WORLD.—This is a little affair not
half a mile long, which connects the
Manhattan beach and the Brighton
beach hotels on Coney Island, New
York, the summer resort of the well to
do New Yorkers. It is of three feet
gauge, and has two locomotives and four
carriages, a train running each way
every five minutes. The railway paid
for itself in a few weeks after it was
opened, and last year returned five
hundred per cent. on its cost. The ex-
penses are \$30 a day, and the receipts
average \$450, the fare being five cents.

Said the distinguished Chatham, to
his son: "I would have inscribed upon
the curtains of your bed, and the walls
of your chamber, 'If you do not rise
early, you cannot make progress in any-
thing. If you do not set apart your
hours of reading; if you suffer yourself
or any one else to break in upon them,
your days will slip through your hands
unprofitable and unenjoyed by yourself."