

# THE DANBURY REPORTER.

VOLUME V.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1880.

NUMBER 25.

## THE REPORTER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT  
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### IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl  
When fortune seems our foe;  
The better bred will look ahead  
And strike the braver blow.  
For luck is work  
And those who shirk  
Should not lament their doom,  
But yield the play,  
And clear the way,  
That better men have room.

It never pays to wreck the health  
In drugging after gain,  
And he is sold who thinks that gold  
Is cheapest bought with pain.  
An humble lot,  
A cosy cot,  
Have tempted even kings,  
For station high,  
That wealth will buy,  
Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain  
Well worthy of a song,  
For age and youth must learn the truth  
That nothing pays that's wrong.  
The good and pure  
Alone are sure  
To bring prolonged success,  
While what is right  
In heaven's sight  
Is always sure to bless.

### THE JUDGE'S SURPRISE.

The day was bitterly cold in Virginia City, as winter days most generally are in that Alpine town, and though the sun was bright, its rays were as cheerless and chill almost as moonbeams. Wild gusts whistled through the streets, breathing icicles and frost in their furious course, and driving every living thing away to seek shelter from its biting, penetrating breath. And yet not every one was housed and sheltered from the pitiless gale, for he who had work to do or business to transact was summoned by inexorable duty to come forth to his post, or else, when the day of reckoning came, abide by the consequences. Of these luckless exceptions, Abe Denning, the baker, was one. In sunshine or storm, hail, rain or snow, people must eat; eat, in fact, all the more voraciously because it does hail or snow, as if to perpetrate an unseasonable joke upon the baker, who, especially in appetizing weather, must see to it that his customer's larder be properly stored with the rarest and best productions of his oven. Even such cold weather as this did not deter Mr. Denning from attending to the wants of his customers with the assiduity and attention characteristic of his class. While disappearing into a customer's house with an armful of bread, a girl of some fifteen years of age, emerged from a miner's cabin close by, and, first casting wild and hurried glances around her, rushed to the baker's cart, and had just abstracted therefrom three loaves of bread, and was carrying them off, when the baker returned and caught her in the act.

Unfortunately, an officer was passing just at the time, and the baker, on the spur of the moment, and without giving the case that consideration which he otherwise might, gave her in custody on a charge of theft. The girl, without any attempt at expostulation or explanation, burst into an agony of tears—a sufficient evidence, perhaps, that she was but a novice, after all, in the art of stealing. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "don't take me in this way. Let me wrap a shawl around my head, or the people will know me."

The officer, consenting, accompanied her into the cabin, while the baker drove away, telling the policeman he would be in court next day to prefer the charge before the police judge.

The officer, on entering, found no one in the cabin but three children—the youngest about three years old, and the eldest six. The hut was cold and cheerless; there was no fire. The two elder children, alarmed at the presence of the officer, exhibited discolored eyes and faces, which bore evidence of suffering and recent tears; while little Willie, the youngest, was crying and inappreciable, moping aimlessly around the cabin, looking into the empty closet, and putting his little hands mechanically into the empty dishes on the table.

"What made you steal the bread, my girl?" asked the officer. At mention of the word "bread," little Willie looked tearfully and piteously in the man's face. The girl hugged the little fellow frantically in her arms, covering him with tears and kisses.

"Oh, my poor little brother!" she cried bitterly. "What will become of you now? This man is going to take your Lena away with him!"

Here the child threw his arms around her neck as if to detain her by force,

while the other two children screamed piteously.

The officer suspecting the actual state of affairs began to investigate.

"Is there no coal, or nothing at all to eat in the house?" said he.

"No coal, no bread, nothing to eat," replied the girl, wringing her hands; "and poor Willie and the rest of us have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning."

Here the officer went away, saying that he would be back again in a short time.

"Is the man gone for bread?" asked the oldest of the children.

"Hash, Mollie, dear!" said Lena. "I don't know what he is gone for. He's not a bad man, anyhow, for he hasn't arrested me, as I thought he would."

In a very few minutes the officer returned, with bread and groceries, not forgetting some cases and condiments for the smallest children; while another man at his heels carried a big sack of coal on his back.

At sight of the bread the children screamed with delight, and while Lena cut up large slices of bread, and helped the children and herself, the two men set to work and made a large fire in the stove, the glow of which soon diffused warmth and comfort through the cabin. Then they cooked the meat, and made tea, and spread a steaming meal on the table for the four orphans, while they carved and attended to their wants till they were fully satisfied.

Happy, happy childhood, whose prerogatives are innocence, mirth and joy! The children, after their dinner, didn't look like the same children at all. Their faces were bright and joyous, happy and handsome; and in a few minutes they were playing and laughing and romping, as happy as if they had never felt the pangs of hunger.

"And now," said the officer, delighted at seeing the children so happy, "sit down, Lena, and answer me a few questions. Have you no father or mother?"

"We have no mother," was Lena's reply. "She died about a year ago, and father went away to Eureka, to work, about eight months ago, and we haven't seen him ever since."

"What is your father's name?"

"Dawson—Jim Dawson."

"And he has sent you no money—nothing?"

"Nothing. Never heard of him since he went away. But when he was going he left us a bag of flour, and lots of groceries and things—as much as would last us for six months; and he'd be sure and be back before the provisions were all out."

"And you got no letter from him at all?"

"Not one," replied Lena, with a deep sigh.

Poor Dawson had written to his children, however, but postal communication being at that time very irregular and uncertain in the Silver State, the children did not receive his letters.

"Well, I must go now," said the officer, after a pause, "but I will call for you to-morrow, and you'll have to accompany me to the police office, for I must do my duty, you know. Good-bye." And Lena Dawson was left alone with her little brothers and sisters. She felt sad and lonesome after the departure of her kind benefactor, but the buoyancy of childhood soon gained the ascendancy, and before bed-time the orphans were as happy as any group of little children in Virginia City.

Meantime the report about the stealing of the bread and the destitute condition of the children got abroad. Jim Dawson, a miner himself, was well known and popular among the miners, and the case created such sympathy, and elicited so many reminiscences and commentaries that quite a crowd was attracted next day to the police court. Judge Moses presided. The judge bore the name of being an upright and honest, kind and benevolent, and if fault be had at all, it was thought to be a some what uncompromising rigor in the discharge of his official duties. It was hard to say how the case would go. The baker swore to the stealing of the bread, and identified the defendant as the thief. The officer testified to the famishing condition in which he found the children, but said not a syllable about what he had done to relieve them.

Poor Lena stood trembling before the judge. Thereupon a miner rustled through the crowd and stood before the bench, eyeing the judge with a deprecating look. "I declare to the Almighty, judge," said he, "I never knew the state of Jim Dawson's children, and if I did—" he dropped a twenty into Lena's trembling hand.

"You just knowed as much about it as other folks," exclaimed another miner, excitedly, walking up and putting another twenty into the girl's hand with an indignant air that flung back any latent suspicion that he knew anything of the children's distress any more than anybody else.

Here Long Alec, a miner—so called on account of his height and size—slid timidly and bashfully up to Lena's side. "Leeny," said in a half-whisper, "hold yer pinafore," and he slipped two twenties into her apron, and then sid back behind the crowd into a corner, and, holding his hat to his face, glanced timidly around, to see that he was completely out of sight.

There came Wabbling Joe, who was far more bashful than even Long Alec, but put on a bold face, and laughed and talked loud to make believe that he was not bashful at all.

"Judge," said Wabbling Joe, laughing and nodding familiarly at the court to disarm that functionary of possible rigor in the trial of the case in hand—"judge, let the girl slide. She ain't done nothing but what you or I would do if we was hungry!" And poor Lena was once more the recipient of another present.

The court held down his head, and smiled gravely at Wabbling Joe's defense of the accused; but immediately recovering his gravity, said:

"Gentlemen, I appreciate your liberality and generous sympathy for the young offender, and I am particularly impressed with the ingenious defense made by my friend, Wabbling Joe—here a good-natured laugh escaped the whole crowd, as if to put the judge in good humor—"but," continued his honor, "whatever might be the sympathy of the court for the said condition of the accused, there is a public duty to be performed, and the case must therefore proceed."

"What is your name, my girl?" asked the court.

"They call me Lena Dawson, sir," was the reply.

"Call you Lena Dawson! And I suppose Lena Dawson is your name, is it not?" observed the judge.

"No, sir, it ain't," returned the girl. "My father died when I was only three years old, and my mother got married to Mr. Dawson some time afterward. My proper name is Madeline Winters, but they call me Lena, for short."

"Madeline Winters! Where were you born?" asked the judge.

"In Kansas City, sir," was the reply.

"In Kansas City!" echoed the court, in a voice of still deeper gravity than before. "And what was your mother's maiden name, do you know?"

"Madeline Moses, sir," responded Lena.

"Madeline Moses! My God!—my God! She was my sister!"

And Judge Moses, overcome with emotion, bowed his head on the desk, while a torrent of tears flowed down his face.

Just as the crowd, in obedience to the dictates of delicacy, were emerging from the police court, to let uncle and niece inhale the sacred joy of mutual recognition, Jim Dawson appeared at the door, having just returned from his prospecting tour in Eureka, and, with an innate sense of propriety that did honor to his acquaintances, who were all rejoiced to see him, was quietly permitted to join his relatives inside.—"San Francisco Argonaut."

### For a Sprain.

The white of an egg, into which a piece of alum about the size of a walnut has been stewed until it forms a jelly, is a fine remedy for sprains. It should be laid over the sprain on a piece of lint and changed as often as it becomes dry.

"Somebody's coming when the dew drops fall," she was softly humming, when the old man remarked, "An' you bet your boots, 'aris, that he'll think a thunder storm had broke loose when he gets here."

### What a Woman of Will Did.

In Ulster county, New York, there is a woman of real grit who inherited fourteen years ago a large estate, consisting principally of farming property, heavily encumbered with debt. It was the old homestead, and she could not bear the idea of seeing it pass into the hands of strangers, and was determined that it should not. Although then only twenty-four years old, and with no more practical knowledge of life than an ordinary country lass, she assumed sole charge of the estate, determined to clear it of debt. Having an old mother sixty-two years of age, a half sister, also helpless from old age, the two orphan children of a deceased brother, and a brother in the last stages of consumption to provide for, this made her task doubly hard. A little experience taught her that it was impossible to support her large family and keep up the interst arising from the heavy indebtedness of the estate from the resources of the farm. She decided upon school-teaching. She was engaged to teach in her own neighborhood at \$30 per month, and her salary in a short time was raised to \$40 per month.

She has continued school teaching ever since, directing the work of her farm, and during the summer vacations going into the harvest field with the farm hands to pitch on hay, rake, bind, &c. She has earned from teaching school over \$3,500, paid off the old homestead, and greatly improved the property. She has been an extensive stock raiser. Her wheat crop averaged this year forty-two bushels to the acre, the largest yield in the county. A short time ago she learned that a brother in law living in Pennsylvania was in destitute circumstances. She went to him and found him helpless from an incurable disease, with a family depending upon him. "Ben," she said, "what can I do for you?" "Nothing, Libbie," was the reply. "You have your hands full already. We will have to go to the county house, I suppose." "Never, Ben, as long as I live. Come and enjoy the comforts of the old homestead with me. I will keep you and your family as long as you live." She says she has enough to do now without having to support a husband too, which she might have to do if she were to marry.

### A Pretty Story.

In Naples the papers tell a very pretty story of the Queen of Italy. I appear that as she was driving to the royal wood of Lincalo the coachman mistook the road, and one of the gentlemen asked a countryman the way. The man, seeing the fine carriage and horses, and the servants' livery, and all the gay company, thought he was being fooled. "As if you did not know," he said, with his grin. The Queen laughed and assured him that they were lost. Then only did the countryman condescend to point out the way, after which he walked off, as if fearing to be laughed at again.

"Give him twenty francs for his trouble," said the Queen to one of her escort, who, going after the countryman, said to him: "Here, my man, is a little present from the Queen of Italy, who thanks you."

"The Queen!" cried the countryman, returning to the carriage. "Forgive me that I did not know thee; but I had never seen thee before. Thou art as beautiful as a May rose. God bless thee!" And the carriage drove off.

Now the countryman, who had once seen the Queen, wanted to see her pretty face again, and the following day he presented himself at the palace.

"I know her, you know," he added mysteriously. "I spoke to her yesterday and I want to speak to her again."

"Thinkin' he had to do with a madman, the porter was about to have the poor fellow arrested, when the very gentleman who had given him the twenty francs appeared, and, recognizing the man, told him to wait. He informed the Queen of his presence. "Bring him here, by all means," was her answer.

When the man was, for the second time, before the Queen, he said: "Yes, 'tis thou. I thought I had seen a fairy. Thou art just an angel. I did not tell thee yesterday that I have two little ones without a mother. Wilt thou be their mother?"

"That I will," said the Queen.

"Then there's the twenty francs thou gavest me yesterday. I thank thee but I want no money." And he went away, crying and smiling like a child.

The Queen had adopted the two little ones, and they are in an institution, under her special patronage.

What is the smallest room in the world? The washroom.

Sidney Lanier, in *Scribner* for October, argues strongly in favor of the small farming system in the cotton States, which the results of the late war forced upon that section of our country, as against the large farms of the North-west. He concludes his interesting article with the following beautiful tribute to his Georgia:

It is impossible to end without adverting to a New South which exists in a far more literal sense than that of small farming. How much of this gracious land is yet new to all real cultivation, how much of it lies groaning for the muscle of man, and how doubly mournful in this newness, in view of the fair and fruitful conditions which here hold perpetual session, and press perpetual invitation upon all men to come and have plenty! Surely, along that ample stretch of generous earth, where the Appalachian ruggedness calms themselves into pleasant hills before dying quite away into the sea-board levels, a man can find such temperance of heaven and earth—enough of struggle with nature to draw out manhood, with enough of bounty to sanction the struggle—that a more exquisite co-adaptation of all blessed circumstances for man's life need not be sought. It is with a part of that region that this writer is most familiar, and one cannot but remember that, as one stands at a certain spot there and looks off up and across the Oconulgee river, the whole prospect seems distinctly to yearn for men. Everywhere the huge and gentle slopes kneel and pry for vineyards, for corn-fields, for cottages, for spires to rise up from beyond the oak groves. It is a land where there is never a day of summer nor of winter when a man cannot do a full day's work in the open field; all the products meet there, as at nature's own agricultural fair; rice grows alongside of wheat, corn alongside of sugar cane; cotton alongside of clover, apples alongside of peaches, so that a small farm may often miniature the whole United States in growth; the little valleys everywhere run with living waters, and grasses and cattle and quiet grist-mills; in manner of timbers for economic uses, and trees for finer arts, cover the earth; in short, here is such a neighborhood congregation of climates, soils, minerals and vegetables, that within the compass of many a hundred-acre farm a man may find materials to build his house of stone, of brick of oak, or of pine, to furnish it in woods that would delight the most curious eye, and to supply his family with all the necessities, most of the comforts, and many of the luxuries, of the whole world. It is the country of homes.

And, as said, it is because these blissful ranges are still clamorous for human friendship; it is because many of them are actually virgin to plow, pillar, ax or mill-wheel, while others have known only the insulting and mean cultivation of the earlier immigrants, who scratched the surface for cotton a year or two, then carelessly abandoned it to sedge and sassafras, and sauntered on toward Texas; it is thus that these lands are, with saddest significance than that of small farming, also a New South.

### Burlington Hawkeye to a Young Man.

Remember, son, that the world is older than you are by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself that their feet struck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not one man in ten millions went to the funeral. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do. Remember the reply of Dr. Wayland to the student of Brown University, who said it was an easy enough thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote. "Make a few," tersely replied the old man. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him; they cost more money, and they are more stylish; your mustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better. But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely, scrambling signature on the business end of a check will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get out with a ream of paper and a copper-plate signature in six months.

An exchange prints the following "Bibb Lullaby," as sung by a father, while mamma is visiting the neighbors: Rock-a-by upon the tree top  
When the wind blows—confound it do stop.  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,  
Jerusalem crickets what a temper you've got.  
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,  
By thunder you young 'un do nothing but squall.

Now baby go by, go hush-i-ty—hush;  
Soo-shoo, shoo-ty, shoo-ty, hush-i-ty—hush;  
Go to sleep, my baby, my sweet little pet;  
Go to sleep, don't you hear me, I'll spank you, I'll.  
If you ain't sleep this morn', now, now,  
rock-a-by,  
Well, bang such a young one that does nothing but cry.