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THE WOMAN OF SIN.

BY J. W. HATTON.

And He said to the women, thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.—Luke vii, 50.

Pausing without, the woman of sin,
Faltering stood, and gazed within;
Speechless she stands, too wicked to pray,
But loathing the sin that brought her there—
Striving, struggling against despair!
'Twas thus she stood at the open door,
Craving forgiveness—nothing more.

Known to the host—poor woman of sin!
What right has she to enter in?
What right has she, so wicked and low,
To speak, or listen, or look bestow?
In presence of Him, the Lord Divine,
Who healeth the sick, the halt, the blind?
But the blight of sin—such is hers—
Was beyond the reach of prayers and tears.

Thus recoiled Simon, the Pharisee,
Vain of his wealth and sanctity—
Seeing a sinner, though vile as she.

Unbidden she enters—unseen the frown
That darkens the faces of all around;
For her tear-dimmed eyes are fixed on One
Whose smile betokens a pardon won.

The savor of perfume fills the air,
Sweet incense of unspoken prayer—
And tears unchecked now fall to greet
With fondest kisses, the Savior's feet.

Poor, miserable wretch, despised of all!
Unsheltered, unpitied in thy fall!
Unbidden you come, and spared of men,
To find in Jesus, alone, a friend!

Thy faith hath saved thee—go thy way,
Sleeting the Master, day by day;
But loving not as the Pharisee,
Vain of his wealth and sanctity.

ONLY A FEW WORDS.

Mr. James Winkelman shut the door
with a bang as he left the house, and
moved down the street in the direction
of his office, with a quick, firm step, and
the air of a man slightly disturbed in
mind.

"Things are getting better fast," said
he, with a touch of irony in his voice, as
he almost flung himself into his leather
cushioned chair. "It's rather hard when
a man has to pick his words in his own
house as carefully as if he were picking
diamonds, and tread as softly as though
he were stepping on eggs. I don't like
it. Mary gets weaker and more foolish
every day, and puts a breadth of mean-
ing on my words that I never intended
them to have. I've not been used to
this conning over of sentences and pick-
ing out of all doubtful expressions or
venturing to speak, and I'm too old to
begin now. Mary took me for what I
am, and she must make the most of her
bargain. I'm past the age for learning
new tricks."

With these and many other justifying
sentences, did Mr. Winkelman seek to
obtain a feeling of self approval. But,
for all that, he could not shut out the
image of a tearful face, nor get rid of an
annoying conviction that he had acted
thoughtlessly, to say the least of it in
speaking to his wife as he had done.

But what was all this trouble about?
Clouds were in the sky that bent over
the home of Mr. Winkelman, and it is
plain that Mr. Winkelman himself had
his own share in the work of producing
these clouds. Only a few unguarded
words had been spoken. Only words!
And was that all?

Words are little things, but they
sometimes strike hard. We wield them
so easily that we are apt to forget their
hidden power. Fifty spoken, they fall
like the sunshine, the dew and the fer-
tilizing rain; but when angrily spoken,
like the frost, the hail and the desolating
tempest. Some speak as they feel or
think, without calculating the force of
what they say; and then seem very
much surprised if any one is hurt or of-
fended. To this class belonged Mr.
Winkelman. His wife was a loving,
sincere woman of quick feelings. Words,
to her, were indeed realities. They
never fell upon her ear as idle sounds.
How often was her poor heart bruised
by them!

On this particular morning, Mrs. Win-
kelman, whose health was feeble, found
herself in a weak nervous state. It was
only by an effort that she could rise
above the morbid irritability that afflicted
her. Earnestly did she strive to re-
press the disturbed beatings of her heart,
but she strove in vain. And it seemed
to her as it often does in such cases that
everything went wrong. The children
were fretful, the cook dilatory and cross,
and Mr. Winkelman impatient, because
sundry little matters pertaining to his
wardrobe were not just to his mind.
"Eight o'clock, and no breakfast yet,"
said Mr. Winkelman, as he drew out his
watch, on completing his own toilet.

Mrs. Winkelman was in the act of dress-
ing the last of five children, all of whom
had passed under her hands. Each
was capacious, cross or unruly, sorely try-
ing the mother's patience. Twice had
she been into the kitchen to see how
breakfast was progressing, and to enjoin
the careful preparation of a favorite
dish with which she had purposed to
surprise her husband.

"It will be ready in a few minutes,"
said Mrs. Winkelman. "The fire hasn't
burned freely this morning."
"If it isn't one thing, it's another,"
growled the husband. "I'm getting tired
of this irregularity. There'd soon be
no breakfast to get, if I were always
behind time in business matters."

Mrs. Winkelman bent lower over the
child she was dressing, to conceal the ex-
pression of her face. What a sharp
pain throbbled through her temples! Mr.
Winkelman began to pace the floor im-
patiently, little imagining that every
jarring footfall was like a blow on the
sensitive, aching brain of his wife.

"Too bad! too bad!" he had just ejacu-
lated when the bell rang.

"At last!" he muttered, and strode to-
ward the breakfast room. The children
followed in considerable disorder, and
Mrs. Winkelman, after hastily arranging
her hair, and putting on a morning cap,
joined them at the table. It took some
moments to restore order among the lit-
tle ones.

The dish that Mrs. Winkelman had
been at considerable pains to provide for
her husband, was set beside his plate.
It was his favorite among many, and his
wife looked for a pleased recognition
thereof, and a lighting up of his clouded
brow. But he did not seem to even no-
tice it. After supplying the children,
Mr. Winkelman helped himself in sil-
ence. At the first mouthful he threw
down his knife and fork, and pushed his
plate from him.

"What's the matter?" inquired his
wife, who to quieting of her own
"You didn't trust Bridget to cook this,
I hope?" was his response.

"What is the matter with it?" Mrs.
Winkelman's eyes were filling with tears.
"Oh! it's of no consequence," answered
Mr. Winkelman, coldly; "anything
will do for me."

"James!" There was a touching sad-
ness blended with a rebuke in her ac-
cents; and, as she uttered his name,
tears gushed over her cheeks.
Mr. Winkelman did not like tears.
They always annoyed him. At the pres-
ent time he was in no mood to bear with
them. So, on the impulse of the mo-
ment, he arose from the table and left
the house.

Self justification was tried, though not
as has been seen, with complete success.
The calmer grew the mind of Mr. Win-
kelman, and the clearer his thoughts, the
less satisfied did he feel with the part he
had taken in the morning's drama. By
an inversion of thought not usual among
men of his temperament, he had been pre-
sented with a vivid realization of his
wife's side of the question. The conse-
quence was, that by dinner time, he felt
a good deal ashamed of himself, and
grieved for the pain he knew his hasty
words had occasioned.

It was in this better state of mind
that Mr. Winkelman returned home.
The house seemed still as he entered.
As he proceeded up stairs, he heard the
children's voices pitched to a low key in
the nursery. He listened but could not
hear the tones of his wife. So he passed
into the front chamber which was
darkened. As soon as he could see clearly
in the feeble light he saw that his
wife was lying on the bed. Her eyes
were closed, and her thin face looked so
pale and deathlike, that Mr. Winkelman
felt a cold shudder creep through his
heart. Coming to the bedside he leaned
over and gazed down upon her. At first
he was in doubt whether she really
breathed or not; and he felt a heavy
weight removed when he saw that her
chest rose and fell in feeble respiration.
"Mary!" he spoke in a low tender
voice.

Instantly the fringed eyelids parted,
and Mrs. Winkelman gazed up into her
husband's face in partial bewilderment.
Obeying the moment's impulse, Mr.
Winkelman bent down and left a kiss
upon her pale lips. "As if moved by an
electric thrill, the wife's arms were flung
around the husband's neck."
"I am sorry to find you so ill," said

Mr. Winkelman in a voice of sympathy.

"What is the matter?"

"Only a sick headache," replied Mrs.
Winkelman. "But I've had a good sleep
and feel better now. I didn't know it
was so late," he tone changing slightly,
and a look of concern coming into her
countenance. "I'm afraid your dinner
is not ready," and she attempted to rise.

But her husband gently laid her back
with his hand saying: "Never mind
about dinner. It will come in good
time. If you feel better lie perfectly
quiet. Have you suffered much pain?"

"Yes." The word did not part her
lips sadly, but came with a softly wreath-
ing smile. Already the wan hue of her
cheeks was giving place to a warmer
tint, and the dull eyes brightening.
What a healing power was in his tender
tones and considerate words! And that
kiss—it had thrilled along every nerve
—it had been as nectar to the drooping
spirit. "But I feel so much better, that
I will get up," she added, now rising
from her pillow.

And Mrs. Winkelman was entirely
free from pain. As she stepped upon
the carpet, and moved across the room,
it was with a firm tread. Every muscle
was elastic, and the blood leaped along
her veins with a new and healthier im-
pulse.

No trial of Mr. Winkelman's patience
in a late dinner was in store for him. In
a few minutes the bell summoned the
family; and he took his place at the
table so tranquil in mind that he almost
wondered at the change in his feelings.
How different was the scene from that
presented at the morning meal!

And was there power in a few simple
words to effect such a change as this?
Yes, in simple words, fragrant with the
odor of kindness.

A few gleams of light shone into the
mind of Mr. Winkelman, as he returned
musing to the office, and he saw that he
was frequently to blame for the clouds
that so often darkened over the sky of
home.

"Mary is foolish," he said in partial
self justification, "to take my hasty words
so much to heart. I speak often with-
out meaning half what I say. She ought
to know me better. And yet," he added
as his step became slower, for he was
thinking more ingeniously than usual,
"it may be easier for me to choose my
words more carefully, and to repress the
unkindness of tone that gives them a
double force, than for her to help feeling
pain under the influence of a blow.
Look well to your words, all ye members
of a home circle. And especially look
well to your words, ye whose words
have the most weight, and fall if dealt
in passion, with the heaviest force—
[Arthur's Magazine.]

Dependence of Health Upon Circulation.

Perfect health depends upon perfect
circulation. Every living thing that has
the latter has the former. Put your
hand under your dress upon your body.
Now place it upon your arm. If you
find the body over ninety degrees and
your arm under sixty degrees, you have
lost the equilibrium. The head has too
much blood, producing headache; or
the chest too much, producing cough,
rapid breathing, pain in the side, or pal-
pitation of the heart; or the stomach
too much, producing indigestion. Any
or all of these difficulties are temporarily
relieved by immersion of the hands or
feet in hot water, and permanently re-
lieved by such dress and exercise of the
extremities as will make the derivation
permanent.

A frisky old widow, by the name of
Butler, who had been married several
times, usually with disastrous results to
her husbands, having obtained a divorce
from her last husband, who was a
Republican, immediately married a new
husband, who was a rising young man
and a Democrat. The friends of the
widow congratulated her upon the
acquisition of a new husband. The
widow blushed violently, and, chewing
the seam of her apron, replied, "Why
is he not a new husband at all? He is
the same one I used to have before the
war."

It would never do to elect women to
all offices. If a female sheriff should
visit the residence of a handsome man
and to explain, to his jealous wife that
she had an attachment for him, there
would be a vacancy of that office in
about two minutes.

Turning the Tables.

HOW EZEKIEL WHITMAN PUT SOME CITY
SNOBS TO BLUSH.

When Maine was a district of
Massachusetts, Ezekiel Whitman was
chosen to represent the district in the
Massachusetts Legislature. He was an
eccentric man, and one of the best
lawyers of his time. He owned a farm
and did much work on his land, and
when the time came for him to set out
for Boston, his best suit of clothes was
a suit of homespun. His wife objected
to his going in his garb, but he did not
care.

"I will get a nice suit made as soon as
I reach Boston," he said.

Reaching his destination, Whitman
found rest at Doolittle's City Tavern.
Let it be understood that he was a
graduate of Harvard, and at this tavern
he was at home. As he entered the
parlor of the house, he found several
ladies and gentlemen assembled, and he
heard the following remark from one of
them.

"Ah! here comes a countryman of the
real homespun genus. Here's fun."

Whitman stared at the company, and
then sat down.

"Say, my friend, are you from the
country?" remarked one of the
gentlemen.

"Ya-as," answered Ezekiel, with a
ludicrous twist of the face.

"And what do you think of our
city?" asked one of the ladies.

"It's a pooty thickly settled place,
anyhow. It's got a sweepin' sight of
house'n it."

"And a good many people too."

"Ya-as, I should guess so."

"Many people where you come from?"

"Wall, some."

"Plenty of ladies, I suppose?"

"Ya-as, a fair sprinkling."

"And I don't doubt you are quite a
beau among them."

"Yes, beau 'em home, tew meetin';
and singin' skewil."

"Perhaps the gentlemen from the
country will take a glass of wine?"

"Thank'ee. Don't keer if I do."

The wine was brought.

"You must drink a toast."

"Oh, git out! I eat toast; never
heard of sich a thing as drinkin' it.
But I can give you a sentiment."

The ladies clapped their hands; but
what was their surprise when the
stranger, rising, spoke calmly and clearly
as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to
wish you health and happiness, with
every blessing earth can afford, and may
you grow better and wiser in advancing
years, bearing ever in mind that outward
appearances are deceitful. You mistake
me from my dress as a country booby,
while I from the same superficial cause
thought you were ladies and gentlemen.
The mistake has been mutual."

He had just finished, when Caleb
Strong, Governor of the State, entered
and inquired for Whitman.

"Ah, here I am, Governor. Glad to
see you."

Then, turning to the dumbfounded
company, he said:

"I wish you a very good evening."

One day a bear walked out of the
woods and, all uninvited, entered the
humble home where the man and his
wife Betsey were sitting. At sight of
his bruiship the lord of creation arose
from his chair with a wild yell of terror
and, without thought of his wife,
hastened to climb a place of refuge on
top of an old Dutch clock that stood in
one corner of the room. The more
valiant Betsey stood her ground, and
seizing a long poker fiercely attacked the
bear, and did not resist, in spite of the
game defence which he made, until she
had stretched him dead at her feet.
Her lord and master from his safe perch
watched the combat between her and
the bear with evident interest, and ever
and anon kept shouting, "Give it to
him, Betsey." "Hit him another wise
across the head." "Smash his infernal
skull," etc. As soon as he became
satisfied that the brute was dead, and
there was no danger of his "coming to,"
he hastened to descend from the clock
and summon the neighbors for miles
around, saying to all those whom he
met, "I want you to come to our house
and see the bear tust! Me and Betsey
have just killed!"

"Well, have got any religion to-day?"
asked a Christian friend of a Vermont
shoemaker, somewhat noted for the
joyous and simple earnestness of his
religion. "Just enough to make good
shoes, glory to God!" said he in reply,
as with an extra pull he drew his
thread firmly to its place. That's the
kind of religion we want. A religion
that makes each one faithful to his
work; that rules behind the counter as
well as in the church; that guides the
cobblers as he patches the old shoes of
his poor customer, as truly as the visitor
of the "sick and in prison;" and that
never puts the big potatoes on the top.

Trails of character which you seek
to conceal, you had better seek to
reform.

Pulp Barrels.

Barrels made from pulp are among
the latest inventions, and as described
by the Detroit Tribune, they are likely
to become an important article in
commerce. The advantages claimed
are lightness, durability and cheapness.
The body of the barrel is all made in
one piece, from coarse wood pulp. The
pressure to which it is subjected is 400
tons. The heads are made in one piece
in the same way, and when put
together the barrels are exceedingly
light, strong and satisfactory in every
way. There are two kinds, one for
fruit, flour and other dry substances, the
other for oil, lard and liquids of all
kinds. A flour barrel made in this way
and filled can be dropped from a wagon
to the pavement without injury. Fruit
packed in these receptacles keeps longer
than when put up in the usual way,
being drier and excluded from the air.

The barrels for liquid substances are
made by subjecting the first form to a
single process, and oil can be kept in
them without leakage. The saving in
cost is about fifty per cent. Steps are
being taken for the formation of a
company to manufacture barrels, tubs,
etc., by this new process.

Work First, Then Play.

A man who is very rich now was very
poor when he was a boy. When asked
how he got his riches, he replied: "My
father taught me never to play till my
work was finished, and never to spend
money till I had earned it. If I had but
half an hour's work to do in a day, I
must do that first thing, and in half
an hour. After this was done I was al-
lowed to play. I early formed the habit
of doing everything in its time, and it
soon became perfectly easy to do so. It
is to this habit that I now owe my pros-
perity."

Take a map of the United States and
trace from Central Pennsylvania down
through the Virginias, Tennessee and
North Carolina, to Alabama and Georgia
the ranges of mountains (1862) near the
Atlantic Ocean. You will have covered
a section of our country, destined to
become its grandest centre of financial
and agricultural power. Here lie
unexhaustible beds of iron and coal,
together with all other minerals needed
in our industries. Here the winter, the
orchardist, the stock grower, and the
general farmer will find the perfection
of climate, and soil, and market, and
this, the Piedmont region, will be our
counterpart of sunny Italy or France, as
well as our commercial strength.

Prof Swift, astronomer of the Warner
Observatory, at Rochester, New York,
discovered another large comet on the
evening of October 10th. The new
celestial visitor is in the constellation of
Pegasus. Its rate of motion is quite
slow, being in a northwesterly direction,
so that it is approaching the sun. It
has a starlike nucleus, which indicates
that it is throwing off an extended tail.
From the fact of its extraordinary size,
we are warranted in presuming that it
will be very brilliant, and the additional
fact that it is coming almost directly
toward the earth gives good promise that
it will be one of the most remarkable
comets of the present century.

The story of the discovery of the
properties of chloroform is this: A
Scottish chemist and bookseller at
Lithgow, had one day some of the
liquid in a saucer when a gentleman
entered the shop with a little dog. The
chloroform was placed on the floor to be
out of the way, and presently the dog
was discovered lying by the side of the
saucer, unconscious, and apparently
dead. After a time, however, while the
stranger was mourning the loss of his
pet, the dog moved his limbs, and
gradually regained consciousness. This
started experiments, which resulted in
1847 in the perfection of the discovery.

Don't charge your failures to "bad
luck," my boy. I'll tell you what your
trouble is: you are lazy. Learn Mr.
Cobden's proverb about "Luck and
Labor." "Luck is waiting for
something to turn up; labor, with keen
eyes and strong will, will turn up
something. Luck lies in bed, and
wishes the postmaster would bring him
news of a legacy; labor turns out at six
o'clock, and with busy pen, or ringing
hammer, lays the foundation of a
competence. "Luck whines; labor
on character. "Luck slips" down to
indigence; labor strides upward toward
independence."—[S. S. Messenger.]

A Kentucky farmer, who raises
immense quantities of Irish potatoes,
says in the Farm and Home that it
comes of rich, light soil, containing
plenty of vegetable matter, deep plowing
early in the spring, planting fifteen
inches apart, covering four inches deep
or more, keeping down the weeds, and
not working the ground after the
potatoes begin to bloom. The main
secret, he says, is in selecting the seed.
One eye will yield more potatoes than
two.