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GREETINGS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"May ever sorrow, buried deep, Blossom in fruit for later hours; And all your scattered seeds of love Return to you in perfect flowers. May you beneath Love's shelter sit, And Peace about your portals shine; And if you find a better wish, You may be sure that it is mine."

"Time visits not the tree in vain, The perfect fruit is in his train— May thou but feel his touch to find Hope's sweet fulfillment left behind."

Jamie's Good-Night.

At a late hour the other night a poor old man, weak with hunger and stiff with cold, entered the Central station to ask for lodgings. While he sat by the stove to get warm they heard him groan like one in distress, and the captain asked:

"Are you sick or have you been hurt?" "It is here," answered the old man, as he touched his breast. "It all came back to me an hour ago as I passed a window, and saw a bit of a boy in his night-gown. I would to God that I were dead!"

"What is it?" asked the captain as he sat down beside the man.

"It is the heart-ache—it is remorse," the old man answered. "I have had them gnawing away at my life for years I have wanted to die—I have prayed for death—but life still clings to this poor old frame. I am old and friendless and worn out, and were some wheel to crush me it would be an act of mercy."

He wiped his eyes on his ragged sleeve, made a great effort to control his feelings, and went on: "Forty years ago I had plenty. A wife sang in my home, and a young boy rode on my knee and filled the house with his shouts and laughter. I sought to be a good man and a kind father, and people called me such. One night I came home vexed. I found my boy ailing, and that vexed me still more. I don't know what ailed me to act so that night, but it seemed as if everything went wrong. The child had a bed beside us, and every night since he had been able to speak, he had called to me before closing his eyes in sleep, 'good-night, my pa!' Oh, sir, and I hear those words sounding in my ears every day and every hour, and they wring my old heart until I am faint."

For a moment he sobbed like a child, then he found voice to continue:

"God forgive me, but I was cross to the boy that night. When he called to me good night, I would not reply. 'Good night, my pa?' he kept calling, and fiend that I was, I would make no answer. He must have thought me asleep, for he finally cuddled down with a sob in his throat. I wanted to get up and kiss him, but I kept waiting, and finally I fell asleep.

"Well?" queried the captain, as the silence grew long.

"When I awoke it was day. It was a shriek in my ears which broke my slumbers, and as I started up my poor wife called: 'Oh! Richard! Richard! our Jamie is dead in his bed!' It was so. He was dead and cold. There were tears on his pale face—the tears he had shed when he had called: 'Good-night, my pa!' and I had refused to answer! I was dumb. Then remorse came and I was frantic. I did not know when they buried him, for I was under restraint as a lunatic. For five long years life was a dark midnight to me. When reason returned and I went forth into the world my wife slept beside Jamie, my home was gone, my friends had forgotten me and I had no mission in life but to suffer remorse. I cannot forget. It was almost a life time ago, but through the mist of years, across the valley of the past, form the little grave thousands of miles away. I hear the plaintive call as I heard it that night: 'Good-night my pa!' Send me to prison, to the poor-house, anywhere that I may halt long enough to die! I am an old wreck, and I care not how soon death drags me down."

He was tendered food, but he could not eat. He rocked his body to and fro and wept and sobbed, and by and by, when sleep came to him, they heard him whisper:

"Good night, my boy, good-night, my Jamie!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Meadows may be pastured in the dry season after the crop has been removed, but never in the early spring nor late in the fall.

Col. Ingersoll's Peroration.

Colonel Ingersoll concluded his great New York lecture in 1876, with the following eloquent peroration: "We have fought and bated enough. Our country is prostrate. Labor is in rage. Energy has empty hands. The wheels of the factory are still. In the safe of prudence money lies locked by the key of fear. Confidence is what we need—confidence in each other—confidence in our institutions, in our form of government, in the great future confidence in law, confidence in liberty, in progress and in the grand destiny of the great Republic. I extend to you each and all the olive branch of peace. Fellow citizens of the South, I beseech you to take it. By the memory of those who died for naught, by the charred remains of your remembered homes, by the glory of your statesmen dead, for the sake of your daughter and yet to be, I implore you to take it with loving, and with loyal hands. It will cultivate your wasted fields; it will rebuild your towns and cities; it will fill your coffers with gold; it will educate your children; it will swell the sails of your commerce; it will cause the roses of joy to clamber and to climb over the broken cannon of war; it will flood the cabins of the freedmen with light, and clothe the weak in more than a coat of mail, and wrap the poor and lowly in measureless content. Take it; the North will forgive, if the South will forget. Take it; the negro will wipe from the tablet of memory the strokes and scars of two hundred years, and bier with happy tears the record of his wrongs. Take it; it will unite our Nation; it will make us brothers once again. Take it, and justice will sit in our courts under the outspread white wings of peace. Take it, and the brain and the lips of the future will be free. Take it; it will bud an blossom in your hands and fill your land with fragrance and joy. Take it, and we have passed the midnight of our political history, and the star of hope heralds again the rising sun."

The late Emperor Nicholas happened one day to be engaged in inspecting a State penitentiary in one of the provincial seats of government, and took it into his head to question some of the convicts respecting the nature of the offences for which they were suffering punishment. "What are you here for?" he asked of one. "I am innocent, Imperial Majesty," replied the prisoner, falling on his knees; "a victim of false witness! A church was robbed—a beadle knocked on the head—the peasants caught hold of me, and I knew nothing about it." Similar replies were given by other prisoners. The Emperor, obviously bored by these successive protestations of guiltlessness, cast a glance along the line of prisoners until his eye fell upon a ragged, wretched-looking gypsy, whom he beckoned forward with the words, "Of course you, too, are here on a false charge?" "Not a bit of it, your Majesty," replied the Teigan; "it is all fair and square as far as I am concerned. I stole a pony from a tradesman." "Stole a pony, did you?" said the Czar, with a laugh; and then, addressing the governor of the prison with well-assumed sternness, "Turn that good-for-nothing rascal instantly out of doors. I cannot allow him to remain a minute longer in such honorable and virtuous company, lest he pervert all these good, innocent people!"

How to Treat a Frightened Horse.

A man who has had much experience in managing horses, says: "Whenever nervous horsemen notice their horse directing his ears to any point whatever, or indicating the slightest disposition to become afraid, let them, instead of pulling the rein to bring the horse toward the object causing his nervousness, pull in on the other side. This will instantly divert the attention of the horse from that which is exciting his suspicion, and ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the horse will pay no more attention to the object, from which he will fly away if forcibly driven to it by pulling on the wrong rein. The practice most persons have of forcing a horse up to the object frightening it, is dangerous and useless."

Water Proof Cement.

Boil one pound of best glue in two quarts skimmed milk instead of water. This will be proof against damp or moisture. Another good cement for this purpose is made by boiling a pound in weight of linseed oil, stirring in quicklime till a good thickness, then pour out on a flat slab or tin plate, keeping in the shade; the cakes will soon become hardened and easily melt like common glue.

Is England to be Americanized? London has five feet of snow in the streets, and the drifts in the country are fifteen feet deep. Nothing like it has been seen since 1814.

Eating between meals is not so unhealthy as drinking between drinks.

The Cotton King.

THE LARGEST PLANTER AND ONE OF THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

Mr Richardson, of Cresson, Miss., is the largest cotton planter in the world, and is the cotton king of America. He has worked hard all his life, and is still working. He is popular with the masses, and especially so with his colored laborers. He is generally believed to have accumulated from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000, made in the South, the poor South. Eight hundred hands are employed in the factories, three-fourths of whom are women, gathered from the surrounding country, good, faithful, industrious and intelligent. The remaining fourth are men and boys, gathered from various places, a few from the North and a few from Scotland, who work 400 looms and 18,000 spindles. In cotton these mills consume daily from eighteen to twenty bales, besides an enormous quantity of wool, obtained from the Florida parishes of Louisiana on Lake Pontchartrain. The prices of the products of these mills are kept down to rock bottom, and those mills being situated in the Southern cotton belt and in the wool producing districts, and no freight to pay on cotton, their facilities for buying the raw material are without doubt unsurpassed and they can thus undersell all others. Their savings in freight, having to pay none at all, amount to seven or eight dollars per bale. These goods find a ready sale in all the large cities. The mills are now running day and night, using the Brush electric lights, making the buildings as bright as day. The night hands are separate and distinct from those who work in the day. All hands work harmoniously together. There has never been a strike nor any threats of such a thing. There is no colored labor employed, except five men as firemen. This labor cannot be utilized to manage the looms and spindles. The monotonous humming and droning of the machinery, it is claimed, would invariably soothe the negro to sleep and let the looms run wild and the spindles foul. Hence he is not considered available as a laborer in cotton factories. Cresson is a very thriving town and its population orderly and temperate. There is not a grog shop in the town.

Sunshine.

From an acorn weighing a few grains, a tree will grow for a hundred years or more, not only throwing off many pounds of leaves every year, but itself weighing several tons. If an orange twig is put in a large box of earth, and that earth is weighed when the twig becomes a tree, bearing luscious fruit there will be very nearly the same amount of earth from careful experiments made by different scientific men, it is ascertained that a very large part of the growth of a tree is derived from the sun, from the air, and from the water, and a very little from the earth; and notably, all vegetation becomes sickly unless it is freely exposed to sunshine. Wood and coal are not condensed sunshine, which contain three important elements, equally essential to both vegetable and animal life—magnesia, lime and iron. It is the iron in the blood which gives it its sparkling red color and its strength. It is the lime in the bones which gives them the durability necessary to bodily vigor while the magnesia is important to any of the tissues. Thus it is, that the more persons are out of doors, the more healthy they are, the more vigorous they are, and the longer will they live. Every human being ought to have an hour or two of sunshine at noon in winter, and in the early fore-noon in summer.—*Hall's Medical Adviser.*

Justice in Hungary.

A Hungarian peasant, named Janosz, being convicted of stealing, was sentenced to receive fifty blows. The judge carefully explained to Janosz that he might appeal to the Ober Tribunal should the sentence strike him as too severe. Janosz took advantage of this right. Meanwhile, however, his honor caused the prisoner to be strapped down to a bench in the court, and personally supervised the full execution of the sentence. A few weeks later the Ober-Tribunal reduced the punishment from fifty to five-and-twenty blows. Forthwith the judge summoned Janosz to court, and ordered him to lie down again on the bench and submit to the mitigated punishment. In vain the wretched appellant protested; "for," observed his honor, "the decrees of our superiors must be fulfilled."

Justice in Hungary.

An Englishman visiting Sweden, noticing their care for educating children, who are taken from the streets and highways and placed in special schools, inquired if it was not costly. He received the suggestive answer: "Yes, it is costly, but not dear. We Swedes are not rich enough to let a child grow up in ignorance, misery and crime, to become a scourge to society as well as a disgrace to himself."—*Burnes Monthly.*

Valentine.

According to some ecclesiastical writers a bishop, according to others a presbyter, who was beheaded at Rome in the reign of the emperor Claudius (A. D. 270), and was early canonized. Wheatley says that St. Valentine "was a man of most admirable parts, and so famous for his love and charity, that the custom of choosing Valentines upon his festival (which is still practised) took its rise from thence." Others derived the custom from birds being supposed to select their mates on this day; others again from a practice prevalent in ancient Rome at the festival of the Lupercalia, held during the month of February, when, among other ceremonies, the names of young women were placed in a box, from which they were taken by young men, according as chance directed. The pastors of the early church, finding it impossible to extirpate this pagan ceremony, changed its form. As once practised, it was the custom on the eve of February 14, St. Valentine's day, to have the names of a select number of one sex put into some vessel by an equal number of the other, and thereupon every one draw a name, which, for the time being was called his or her Valentine. The custom of choosing Valentines existed very early, and was much practised in the houses of the gentry in England. There are frequent references to it in Shakespeare.

Salt as a Fertilizer.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, residing in Massachusetts, contributes an article to that journal on the subject of salt as a fertilizer. In the course of his remarks he says: "I have used salt as a fertilizer for a score of years, and with uniformly good success, especially upon cabbages and potatoes. Applied at the rate of three or four bushels to the acre on pasture land, it gave the grass a luxuriant growth and deep green color, at the same time exterminating weeds. Cattle evidently preferred the grass grown on the salted portions of the pasture, probably because it contained more salt. It is well known that the quantity in plants varies with its abundance in the soil, and seldom does vegetation furnish sufficient to satisfy the demands of our domestic animals. Wheat and other grains do not appear to be so much benefited by salt—except in the strength it gives to the stems. Oats having a very flexible stem, and therefore inclined to fall, are specially benefited.

"The following is the result of an experiment by Mr. Johnson, author of the 'Farmer's Encyclopedia,' in the use of salt on potatoes: Produce per acre without fertilizer of any kind, one hundred and twenty bushels; with twenty bushels of salt per acre, one hundred and ninety-two bushels; with twenty loads of stable manure, two hundred and nineteen bushels; with twenty loads of manure and twenty bushels of salt, three hundred and twenty-four bushels."

Purity of Character.

Over the outer coat of plum and apricot, there grows a bloom more beautiful than the fruit itself, a soft, delicate powder that overspreads its rich colors. Now, if you strike your hand over that, it is at once gone; it is gone forever—it only appears once. The flower that hangs in the morning unperished with dew-arranged in jewels—once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell gently on it from heaven.

On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes and trees, blended into a fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of the palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated.

"Newspaper Talk."

The protest against the Passion Play was newspaper talk, but it was effective. The objection to taking the Central Park for the great exhibition was mainly newspaper talk, but the park is not to be taken. The assault upon Tweed and his gang was mainly newspaper talk, but it saved the city of New York from a revolution. The renown of great actors and artists of any kind is largely newspaper talk, but serves the purpose. The public man who contents the newspapers despises the best means of learning what he most needs to know—the condition and movement of opinion. What degree of influence he shall concede to it is his own affair, and his own sagacity must determine the relative value of various counsel.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A true test for eggs is to drop them in water, and if the large end comes up they are not fresh.

I Worked and Earned It.

A few weeks ago, a gentleman living in an Eastern town was called out of his bed one morning by several vigorous raps upon his front door. Hastily dressing himself he responded to the call, and found standing upon the step an unshaven, roughly clad boy, with an axe on his shoulder, who hastily thrusting his hand into his pantaloons pocket, drew out a small roll, and handing it to Judge H—, said:

"There's seventy five dollars, that I want you to put in the savings bank," and hastily started away.

The Judge, slightly disconcerted at the curious proceeding, scarcely knew what to say, till at length, recovering his wits, he cried out after the boy:

"Stop, come back here! How did you come by this money?"

"I worked and earned it, sir. My time was out last night, and I got my money. I've got a job chopping which I begin on this morning and I thought I'd leave the money with you as I went so work, and then it wouldn't take my time this evening, when I want to study."

"What is your name, my boy?" asked the Judge.

"I wrote it on the paper that I wrapped the money up in, shouted the little woodchopper," as he passed on to his work.

That boy's note for a thousand dollars due ten years hence would be as good as gold, and if he has his health, he will be worth double that then.

He's beginning in the right way. The very day his time was out for the summer he entered upon another job, and immediately placed the money he had worked for where that would work for him; and with an economy of time which is more to be praised than his wise forethought with regard to money, he could not endure to have a moment devoted to anything but his books when the long evenings came.

Five years from that day, with a good education, with good habits, with a few hundred dollars, which he has earned by work, his chances for a piece in the business and political world will be far greater than those of the spendthrift boy who, born with fortune, begins without knowing the use of money, and instead of going up goes down.—*Hearth and Home.*

Got Even With Him.

Never mind what the lawyer's name was. Suffice it for us to tell you that I lived in one of the Hudson river counties in New York, and was more noted for those qualities of both head and heart that make a man disagreeable than for the qualities of a true gentleman. An unflinching, simple-minded witness in his hands for cross-examination was, for the time far worse off than in stocks or the pillory. Once upon a time, however, our legal courage met more than its match.

He was driving through Dutchess county in quest of a certain district where he had important business to transact, and when he believed he must have nearly reached his journey's end, he stopped at a poor farmhouse by the wayside where he saw a woman harnessing a shabby-looking horse to a still more shabby-looking wagon.

"Look you, woman!" he cried, in his usual rough, uncouth manner; "can you direct me to ——— borough?"

"I am going directly by the road that leads straight there, so, if you'll follow on you can't miss it."

"All right," said Solon. "Bad company is better than none on such an occasion."

The woman jumped to her seat and drove off, the lawyer following on behind.

At the end of five or six miles the lawyer began to think that the way was tediously long, and hailed the woman and asked her if they were near the road he was to take.

"Why, bless you!" she replied, "we passed your road four miles back; but thinking bad company might be better than none, I kept you along with me!" can never be repaired.

FOLWELL BUXTON'S MOTTO—"The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, inevitable determination, a purpose once fixed and then death or victory. This quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it." There, write that upon your souls, young men! Let it be a text on which you may preach to yourselves, and take care to pay the preacher the best compliment that preachers can receive—let your conduct, by embodying the text, do credit to the sermon.

"Marie," said a pious husband to his wife, "Them wicked Smiths are allowing their children to play in the yard on Sunday. To-morrow I'll set the dogs on their chickens. The vengeance of God must be visited on 'em some day."