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THE REPORTER.

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WOMEN AND WAR.

[At the reunion of the Fifty-first Mas-
sachusetts Regiment at Princeton, Gen-
eral Sprague, in a fervent address which
elicited much applause, quoted the fol-
lowing lines and said: "I adopt the
language of another, more eloquent than
any words of mine, to express my admi-
ration of the heroism of the loyal women
of our land."]

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
"Mid little ones who weep or wail,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder;
Doom'd nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words, and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor."

HE LEARNED TOO LATE.

The summer was like no other sum-
mer the world had ever known. Never
was June so sweet; never were mornings
so rosy and radiant; never were lights
so tender.

A young and beautiful girl stood look-
ing at the sunset as the last farewell
glow bathed the blue waves in golden
radiance. To look at her face one would
never dream that her position in life was
not among the proudest; but a glance
at her simple dress would dispel the illu-
sion. Flossy Thayer had been brought
up by her grandfather in a quiet, seclu-
ded country neighborhood. The old
gentleman was wealthy. Flossy was the
darling of his heart, and great pains
were lavished upon her education. The
grandfather's health was not good, and
they traveled a great deal, often spend-
ing the winter in the South. They had
been there when the crash came; Mr.
Thayer lost his money. He was the most
honorable man alive; he returned home
paid his liabilities to the last farthing,
sold the beautiful country seat where
Flossy had spent her childhood and es-
tablished himself in an old farmhouse
by the sea, with hardly enough money
left to live upon.

So for four years Mr. Thayer and his
granddaughter had lived quietly enough
in their retreat. So far as the old gen-
tleman knew, Flossy had been happy,
but in truth she was always waiting for
some wonderful change that was to free
her from the humdrum life in which her
life was passing. But it was neverthe-
less true that no palace ever sheltered a
maiden more royally fair than she. And
so thought some one else as he drew
near her with quick, light footsteps.
Tall and straight, with dark, laughing
eyes and mouth shadowed by a moun-
tache, Mark Norton was just fitted to
win the fancy of a young, inexperienced
girl.

"So you have been waiting for me?
Happy man to have won the love of one
so fair and sweet."

A glow of crimson tinged the girl's
face as the eyes uplifted to meet her
lover's told plainly what was in her
heart. While the young people con-
versed Mark took Flossy's hand in his
and told her something which made the
teardrops quickly start.

"Do not grieve, dear Flossy. I shall
only be gone a short time, and you know
that if it were not necessary nothing
could take me from you. You are not
afraid that absence could alter my love?
Flossy, you do not doubt me?"

She was young and unused to the
world, and it is no wonder that she
trusted Mark Norton, who, to her, was
the noblest and grandest of men. They
parted. Mark Norton, following his
physician's advice had come that sum-
mer to the quiet country town by the
sea to regain his health, which had long
been delicate. In one of his rambles he
had met Flossy, and being shy and
shrinking, it had been the work of a long
time to establish himself upon friendly
terms with the girl, whose beauty sur-
passed any he had ever seen. It was
not long before, with a thrill of vanity,
Mark could see the hold he had gained
in her innocent heart. One day, in an-
swer to his whispered question, Flossy
acknowledged that her heart was his;
and he placed a golden band of betrothal
upon her slender finger.

For a time after his departure letters
from her lover came regularly to Flossy;
but after awhile the letters came less
frequently, and then when three months
had passed the look of her letter came.

It read, oh, how coldly, and contained
his farewell: "I am going abroad. I
shall probably be absent several years.
Our immediate marriage is now, of
course, an impossibility. I could not
ask you, nor do I feel it right to hold
you, through an indefinite time, to your
pledge, therefore I free you."

Once, twice, she read the letter
through; then, with white face and tear-
less eyes, held it to the match with a
steady hand, nor let it fall until the flame
crept so close that it blackened the ten-
der flesh and the letter lay singed and
charred under her feet. That day she
went into her grandfather's room and
laid her head on his "Don't talk to
me grandpa," she said, "and don't ask
me any questions, and we'll keep
house alone, you and I, and we'll forget
that we intended to let anybody else in."

"The second! If you had been
rich, my child, this sorrow would not
have come upon you. But, mark my
words, some time you will have your re-
venge."

Four years have swiftly passed. Sent
ed in a room in one of the popular hotels
in New York were two young men. Sud-
denly one of them, looking out of the
window, exclaimed:

"Look, Aubrey! See if you know
who that lady is. What a lovely woman.
Do you know her?"

"I should think that I did, and think
myself honored that I do. She is the
belle of New York and the most beau-
tiful girl I have ever known."

A smile curled Mark Norton's lips as
he turned from the window.

"You speak warmly, Aubrey," he said.

"You would not blame me for speak-
ing warmly if you knew her," he an-
swered. "Her history is a romantic one.
If you like I will tell it to you."

"Her name is Miss Flossy Thayer.
When I first knew her she was not
wealthy, though in my eyes even then
her beauty surpassed anything that I had
ever seen. It was not long after you
went on your travels that an uncle of
mine, who had purchased a place by the
sea, invited me to spend the summer
with him. It was a very quiet, secluded
village, and I soon became acquainted
with Flossy. Not long after that the old
grandfather died, and my kind aunt
took the sorrowing girl into her house.
My uncle had the papers in his posses-
sion of some mining shares that the old
gentleman had long deemed worthless,
which suddenly arose, first to par, then
so widely above as to enable Flossy to
regain her footing in the world. As be-
fore, all that the grandfather had crum-
bled into powder, now all that he had
left was converted into gold."

As Mark Norton listened varied ex-
pressions flitted across his face. He
knew that the maiden whose heart he
had won and cast aside for his own
amusement and this beautiful heiress
must be one and the same person. Might
it not be that if he exerted his art of
fascination to the utmost he could soon
regain the love he had once held?

"Aubrey," he said, "I should like to
meet this Miss Thayer. Could you
manage to present me to her?"

That night the two friends entered
the drawing room, in which a brilliant
crowd was assembled. A little later
Mark Norton stood beside Flossy. She
had never looked more beautiful than
she did then in her creamy costume of
satin and fleecy lace, looped with dia-
mond stars.

"Miss Thayer, allow me to present you
to Mr. Norton."

Flossy bowed as to an utter stranger.
An instant her lip curled, and then she
hid it in an alluring smile.

"As he has made me suffer, so shall
he suffer."

"She loves me still," thought Mark
Norton, proudly, as, later, he went out
into the starlit night. "I feared I had
lost her, but I shall win her yet. How
lovely she is. I believe this time my
heart will be the stake!"

With proud confidence Mark but
waited the best time fitted for him to
speak the fateful words. At last the
opportunity was his. She smiled, as he
thought, with joy as he asked her now
to give him his reward. Then the smile
turned into icy scorn, the look he had
interpreted of love altered into contempt,
the sweet tones grew harsh as in a few
outing phrases she spoke the words that
doomed him.

"I love you, Flossy—believe me, I love
you for yourself," he replied, and for
once the man was sincere.

A look of scorn flashed from Flossy's
eyes as she withdrew her arm from his.
"Mr. Norton," she said, "your repen-
tance has come too late. As I once loved,
I now despise you."

Mark Norton's face flushed before the
contempt in her voice. He felt that she
had read aright the selfish motive of his
false heart. Not long after Mr. Norton
received a letter and a small packet con-
taining two cards tied together by a
tied of bridal ribbon. Upon one was
the name "Flossy Thayer; upon the
other, "Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Merritt."

Overworked Women.

Nothing is more reprehensible and
thoroughly wrong than the idea that a
woman fulfills her duty by doing her
amount of work far beyond her strength.
She not only does not fulfil her duty, but
she most signally fails in it, and the
failure is truly deplorable. There can be
no sadder sight than that of a broken
down, overworked wife and mother—a
woman who is tired all her life through.
If the work of the household cannot be
accomplished by order system, and moder-
ate work, without the necessity of
wearing heart breaking toil—toil that is
never ended and never begun—without
making life a treadmill of labor, then
for the sake of humanity let the work
go. Better to live in the midst of disor-
der than that order should be purchas-
ed at so high a price, the cost of health,
strength, happiness, and all that makes
existence endurable. The woman who
spends her life in unnecessary labor is by
this very labor, unfitted for the highest
duties of home. She should be the
haven of rest to which both husband
and children turn for peace and refresh-
ment. She should be careful, intelligent
adviser and guide of the ones, the tender
confidant and helpmate of the other.
How is it possible for a woman exhaust-
ed in body as a natural consequence in
mind also, to perform either of these offi-
ces? No it is not possible. The con-
stant strain is too great. Nature gives
way beneath it. She loses health and
spirits and hopefulness, and more than
all her youth, the last thing that a wo-
man should allow to slip from her, for no
matter how old she is in years should be
young in heart and feeling for the youth
of age is sometimes more attractive than
youth itself. To the overworked woman
this green old age is out of the question,
old age comes on her seer and yellow be-
fore its time. Her disposition is ruined,
her temper is soured, her very nature is
changed, by the burden which, too heavy
to carry, is dragged along as long as
weary feet and tired hands can do
their part. Even her affections are
blunted and she becomes merely a ma-
chine, a woman without the time to be
womanly, a mother without the time to
train and guide her children as only a
mother can, a wife without the time to
sympathize with and cheer her husband,
a woman so overworked during the day
that when night comes her sole thought
and most intense longing is for the rest
and sleep that very probably will not
come and even if it should, that she is
too tired to enjoy. Better by far let
everything go unfinished, to live as best
she can, than to entail on herself and
family the curse of overwork—*Sanitary Magazine.*

Cheek, Its Uses and Abuse.

"No, my son, cheek is not better
than wisdom; it is not better than
modesty; it is not better than any
thing. Don't listen to the siren who
tells you to blow your own horn or it
will never be tooted upon. The world
is not to be deceived by cheek, and it
does search for merit, and when it finds
it merit is rewarded. Cheek never
deceives the world, my son. It appears
to do so to the cheeky man, but he is
the one who is deceived. Do you know
one cheeky man, in all your acquaint-
ance, who is not reviled for his cheek
the moment his back is turned? Is the
world not continually drawing distinctions
between cheek and merit? Almost
everybody hates a cheeky man, my son.
Society tires at the brassy glare of his
face, the noisy assumption of his for-
wardness. The triumphs of cheek are
only apparent. He bores his way
along through the world, and frequently
better people give way to him. But
so they give way, my boy, for a man
with a paint pot in each hand. Not
because they respect the man with the
paint pot particularly, but because they
want to take care of their clothes. You
sell goods without it, and your custom-
ers won't run and hide in the cellar
when they see you coming—*Burdette.*

The Value of a Name.

Forty-five thousand dollars was re-
cently paid in London for a painting
by Leonardo da Vinci. The painting
had the mischance to be stolen some
twenty years ago and was offered for
sale as an unknown waif. Sir Charles
Eastlake thought it a copy; others gave
other opinions. No one wanted it at
any price; its owner offered it finally
for twenty-five dollars and in vain. By
chance some one recalled the robbery
of Lord Suffolk's gallery and suggested
that the picture be taken there for iden-
tification. The waif was found to match
perfectly the hole in the original canvas
from which it had been cut. It proved
to be the missing picture. The recent
sale of the work illustrates the value
of authentication. A canvas
that on its own merits would not sell
for twenty-five dollars, may sell when
duly authenticated for forty-five thousand
dollars.

A sympathetic small boy: Papa—
"That picture shows the story of Prom-
etheus and the vulture that fed on his
liver. Every day the vulture devoured
it, and every night it grew for him to
eat again." Sympathetic child "Poor,
dear old vulture! How sick he must
have been of liver every day?"

A Reliable Man.

Of all the qualities that go to form
a good character, there is not one more
important than reliability. Most em-
phatically is this true of the character
of a good business man. The word it-
self embraces both truth and honesty,
and the reliable man must necessarily
be truthful and honest. We see so
much all around us that exhibits the
absence of this crowning quality, that
we are tempted in our bilious moods to
deny its very existence. But there are,
nevertheless, reliable men, men to be
depended upon, to be trusted, in whom
you may repose confidence, whose word
is as good as their bond, and whose
promise is performance. If any of you
know such a man, make him your
friend. You can only do so, however,
by assimilating his character. The
reliable man is a man of good judgment.
He does not jump at conclusions. He
is thoughtful. He turns over a sub-
ject in his mind and looks at it all
round. He is not a partial or one-sided
man. He sees through a thing. He is
apt to be a reticent man. He does
not have to talk a great deal. He is a
moderate man not only in habits of
body, but also in mind. He is not a
passionate man; if so by nature he has
overcome it by grace. He is a sincere
man, not a booster or schemer. What
he says may be relied on. He is a
trustworthy man. You feel safe with
your property or administration of affairs
in his hands. He is a brave man; for
his conclusions are logically deduced
from the sure basis of truth, and he
does not fear to maintain them. He
is a good man, for no one can be thor-
oughly honest and truthful without being
good. Is such a quality attainable?
Most assuredly so. It is not born—it
is made. Character may be formed;
of course, then, its component parts
may be moulded into that formation
which constitutes a reliable man—
Baptist Weekly.

Does Pleasure Pay?

With the above words an English
society journal opens an article on the
current habits of good society in search
of pleasure. It is unnecessary to say
that pleasure, if it can be taken only as
many fashionable people take it, is
not worth the time and money that it
costs. No one enjoys this world's diver-
sions so little as those who pay most for
their fun and devote most time to it.
At the theater and opera the people
who appear most pleased are those who
sit in the cheapest seats and wear the
cheapest suits and wear the poorest
clothes, and elsewhere the rule is the
same. All else being equal, the man
who has the most money to spend can
secure the most enjoyment in this world:
but one thing that thousands of people
seem to forget is that with all things
with pleasing possibilities a common
rule of the table holds good—it is of
no use to eat unless you have an appe-
tite. The most forlorn diner-out in
New York is the man who eats several
dinners daily, and the most unhappy
man at the theater—the man who finds
fault with everything and enjoys nothing
—is he who goes to the theater every
night. Pleasure is like dessert—very
good to take after something substantial,
but the most unsatisfactory of all things
when taken as a steady diet.

Short Rules for Long Comfort at Home.

Put self less.
Take little annoyances out of the way.
When any good happens to any one,
rejoice.

When others are suffering, drop a
word of sympathy.

Tell of your own faults rather than
those of others.

A place for everything and everything
in its place.

Hide your own troubles, but watch to
help others out of theirs.

Take hold of the knob and shut
every door behind you without slam-
ming it.

Never interrupt any conversation,
but wait patiently your turn to speak.

Look for beauty in everything and
take a cheerful view of every event.

Carefully clean the mud and snow
from your boots before entering the
house.

If from any cause you feel irritable,
try the harder to do little pleasant
things.

Do not keep your good manners for
company, but be equally polite at home
and abroad.

When inclined to give an angry an-
swer, press your lips together and say
the alphabet.

Always speak politely and kindly to
your help, if you would have them do
the same to you.

When pained by an unkind word or
not, ask ourselves, "Have I not done as
badly and desired forgiveness?"

The Beauty of the Lemon.

A few years ago the drink known as
"sour seltzer," or "seltzer and lemon"
was unimportant. It is growing more
and more popular every day; and it is
well that it is. Nothing else is so
cooling—nothing else cools so quickly
and with such lasting effect. It seems
that lemon is a better drug than it used
to get credit for. We are told that the
way to get the better of a bilious system
without blue pill or quinine is to take
the juice of one, two or three or more
lemons, as the appetite craves, in as
much ice-water as makes it pleasant to
drink without sugar, before going to
bed. In the morning on rising, or least
half an hour before breakfast, take the
juice of one lemon in a goblet of water.
This will clear the system of humors
and bile with mild efficacy, without any
of the weakening effects of calomel or
Congress water. People should not
irritate the stomach by eating lemons
clear; the powerful acid of the juice,
which is almost corrosive, infallibly
produces inflammation after a while, but
properly diluted, so that it does not
draw or burn the throat, it does its full
medical work without harm, and when
the stomach is clear of food, has abun-
dant opportunity to work on the system
thoroughly.

One of the saddest thoughts that come
to us in life is the thought that in this
bright, beautiful, joy-giving world of
ours there are so many shadowed lives.
If suffering came only with crime,
even then we might drop a tear over
him whose errors wrought their recom-
pense. But it is not so, alas! Then
we should not have it to record that the
noblest and most gifted are often among
those who may count their late among
shadowed lives. With one it is the
shadow of a grave, long and narrow,
which fills over a life, shutting out the
gladness of the sunshine, and blighting
the tender blossoms of hope.

With another, it is the wreck of a
great ambition. He has built his
ship and launched it on the sea of life,
freighted with the richest jewels of his
strength, manhood. Behold, it comes
back to him beaten, battered, torn in
some horrible tempest.

With some other, disease throws its
terrible shadows over the portals and
shuts out the brightness and joy of the
outside world from the sufferer within.
But this is the lightest shadow of all
for it teaches the heart lessons of endu-
rance and faith, and through its dark-
ness the sufferer sees even the star of
promise shining with rays that tell of
the glories beyond. Of all shadowed
lives we find it in our heart to feel most
for those which are darkened by an un-
happy marriage.

Unhappy marriage is the quintessence
of unhappy bondage. It wounds daily
our fondness and sweetest impulses, it
trifles with and buries our holiest and
dearest affection, and writes over the
tomb thereof, "No hope." It embitters
the victim with the thought that lost for-
ever to his or her life is a glory of a great
love; closed forever to him or her the
portals of a happy home—that fountain
of freshness and delight at which the
soul must needs drink to gather strength
for the heat and burden of the outside
battle.

Said Mrs. Smith, who had come to
spend the day, to little Edith: "Are
you glad to see me again, Edith?"
Edith: "Yes'm, and mamma's glad,
too!" Mrs. Smith: "Is she?" Edith:
"Yes'm; she said she hoped you'd
come to-day, and have it over with."
Mamma blushes scarlet, but Mrs. Smith
simply smiles.—*Boston Transcript.*