

THE DANBURY REPORTER.

VOLUME VI.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1881.

NUMBER 8.

THE REPORTER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
DANBURY, N. C.

PEPPER & SONS,
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Agents for Fairbanks' Standard Scales,
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Manufacturers of FRENCH and AMERICAN

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PAINTS, OILS, DYES, VARNISHES,
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A Large Stock of LAW BOOKS always on
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Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, &c.

Prompt attention paid to orders, and satis-
faction guaranteed.

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March, 6.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

S. T. DAVIS

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Manufacturers and Dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES AND HOGANS,

WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm'st of port, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rates the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on the soul—
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

The Latest Freak in Fashion.

Do you know the latest fashion? No.
Well, it is for a young woman to have a
photograph taken of her hand, and pre-
sent it as a souvenir to her intimate
friends. The great question, "What
shall I do with my hands?" seems at
last to have been answered by fashion.

which says, "Have them photographed."
The trial of properly disposing of the
hands has always been great with those
who visit the photographer. To hold a
fan is stilted, to rest them upon the lap
is awkward, for the loveliest hands in
the world look large in a photograph,

and to fold them gives a white patch in
the picture not at all artistic. A pretty
and fashionable blonde, dressed in her
black velvet suit, a few days ago went to
a photographer to have a panel picture

—the popular style now—taken for the
full length of her figure when standing.
She wore a Spanish lace jabot from neck
to toe, and this gave fullness and grace
to her slender form. "Now, what shall
I do with my hands?" she said. They
were perfect in shape, the fingers taper-
ing to the waxen tips, where the delicate
pink nails demonstrated the height to
which the manicure's art has attained.

The artist saw at a glance that the hands
were well worth taking in the picture,
and he made various suggestions. "No,"
said the blonde, entwining her fingers
beneath the lace jabot so that they
would be nearly concealed, "I will stand
thus, and then I will have my hands
taken separately." The idea was a good
one. After her negative was made, she
rested her arm upon an upright support,
and held her hand against a black wal-
nut background while it was photograph-
ed. It made a beautiful picture, which
is now for sale in a Nassau street store
among pictures of actresses, actors, divas,
tenors and impresarios. This seems to
have started the fashion. Now young
ladies may enjoy the pleasure of giving
their hand to many beaux, while preserv-
ing the flesh and blood reality for the
one they love best.—New York Letter.

The One Name.

Jesus! How does the very word
overflow with exceeding sweetness,
and light, and joy, and love, and life: filling
the air with odors, like precious oint-
ment poured forth, irradiating the mind
with a glory of truths in which no fear
can live; soothing the wounds of the
heart with a balm that turns the sharpest
anguish into a delicious peace, shedding
through the soul a cordial of immortal
strength. Jesus! the answer to our
doubts, the spring of all our courage,
the earnest of all our hopes, the charm
omnipotent against all our foes, the rem-
edy for all our weakness, the supply of
all our wants, the fullness of all our de-
sires. Jesus! at the mention of whose
name every knee shall bow and every
tongue confess. Jesus! our righteous-
ness, our sanctification, our redemption;
Jesus! our elder brother, our Blessed
Lord and Redeemer. Thy name is the
most transporting theme of the church,
as they sing going up from the valley of
tears to their home on the Mount of
God; thy name shall ever be the richest
chord in the harmony of heaven, where
the angels and the redeemed unite their
extolling, adoring songs around the
throne of God. Jesus! thou only canst
interpret thy own name, and thou has
done it by thy works on earth, and thy
glory at the right hand of the Father.
Dr. Bethune.

Dean Swift was more pungent than
concocting when he declared that men who
suddenly became virtuous in their old
age after having lived as they pleased
all their lives are only making a sacrifice
to God of the devil's leavings.

The Need of Economy.

If the mistress of the household is inclin-
ed to be extravagant in her expenditures,
her servants, who are quick imitators,
will soon follow her example, and make
sad waste of the materials put into their
hands. The improvident class, from
which our help mostly come, soon learn
the lessons taught by such example, and
become careless of the property of the
employer, even when they have no
thought of appropriating anything to
their own use. But such lessons, if
should be remembered, make our employ-
ees, of both sexes, totally unfit to man-
age a home of their own, or save enough,
when family cares come upon them, to
keep them from the poorhouse. How
many of us have seen what wretched,
incompetent creatures those girls become
after marriage who have lived in wealthy
families, with a great abundance to work
with and no cautions from their employ-
ers to use it discreetly and with a true
economy. They are incapable of mak-
ing the most of their small possessions.
If they had been taught economy, and
how best to manage their own earnings,
they could help their hard-working hus-
bands to build up little comfortable
homes for themselves and rear and edu-
cate their children with such care that
they might become among our most
influential citizens. But unless those
wealthy ladies with whom they took
their first lessons were those who feel
the true responsibility of their positions
and the guidance they owe to their
servants, when the untutored damsels
marry they drift as helplessly as a rud-
derless ship in a storm, and year by year
sink down into deeper poverty and wretch-
edness, ending perhaps, in a pauper's
grave—ruined for life by the extrava-
gant habits learned before marriage.

What is a Gentleman.

This is a question often asked and
not always satisfactorily answered. For
the ideas conveyed to different minds
by the word are very different.

To some persons he is a gentleman
who wears fine clothes, who does not
work, who has an abundance of money
and spends it freely. But in truth,
though a gentleman may be rich, well-
dressed, liberal, and have no need of
toil, no one or all of these things, give
him any right to the name. But the
man who is of kind and gentle demean-
or to all, who is upright, candid and
truthful, who is loyal to his friends, and
needs no bond to hold him faithful to
his promises,—this man is a gentleman,
whether he be clad in broadcloth or
homespun; yes, even though he may be
so poor that he has no means for prodig-
al giving, and is compelled by stern
necessity to labor hard for daily bread.

It is what he is, not what he has, that
makes the true gentleman.

Lack of Air.

Some workmen think themselves "tir-
ed" when they are only poisoned. They
labor in factories, breathe air without
oxygen, and live in an atmosphere of
death. They are, too often, allowed to
smoke, and thus add fuel to the flame
which is consuming them. They knock
off work "tired" and listless, when the
are merely weakened by foul air and
made dull and heavy by an atmosphere
charged with disease. They keep the
windows shut and close the door on
health, while they lift the gratings of
the tomb by breathing and rebreathing
the poison from their own lungs, and the
floating particles of matter about them.
Open the windows—let in the sunshine
and the breeze, stop smoking, and you
will soon find that it is the poison of con-
finement, and not labor, that weakens and
tires.

True Economy.

A saving woman at the head of a
family is the very best savingsbank
established. The idea of saving is a
pleasant one; and, if the women imbibed
it once, they would cultivate it and
adhere to it; and thus when they are
not aware of it, they would be laying
the foundation of a competent security
in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy
day. The best way for her to compre-
hend is to keep an account of all current
expenses. Whether five hundred dol-
lars or five thousand dollars are expen-
ded annually, there is a chance to save
something where before she thought it
impossible. This is a duty, yet not a
sordid avarice, but a moral obligation
that rests upon woman as well as men.

Mabel, why, you dear little girl,"
exclaimed her grandpa, seeing his little
granddaughter with her head tied up,
"have you got the headache?" "No,"
she answered, sweetly, "I've got a split
turtl."

An Epidemic of Suicide.

A wave of suicide seems to be sweep-
ing over the whole country. In all
parts of the republic men and women
are blowing out the little brains they
possess and cutting their worthless throats
in the most reckless manner. The com-
pensating circumstance about it is that
it rids the world of a number of people
who, if they did not kill themselves,
would probably kill somebody else, and
that they make business lively for the
undertakers and the coroners. It is
almost impossible to account for this de-
structive tendency that occurs every
once and awhile. The speculative writ-
ers and philosophers endeavor to account
for it in various ways, and they talk
learnedly and eloquently about crime
cycles and more or less other sentimental
rubbish, all of which is very good as a
theory. The fact of the matter is there
are a great many more crazy people in
the world, or, as they call them in Wash-
ington, "cranks," than the world imag-
ines. When a great popular excitement
that stirs the whole country comes these
weak-minded creatures jump off the first
wharf, tie themselves to the first rope
they see, or point to their heads the first
old rusty pistol they run across. The
majority of them are far more use be-
low ground than about it.—New York
Herald.

Suppressing the Mosquito.

Professor Fontaine gives some hints
for abating the mosquito pest which is
sure to come with the advent of sunny
days. He says, mosquitoes require water
for the deposit of their eggs and the
rearing of their larvae or wiggletails.
Therefore all cisterns should be made
close and covered with close, woven brass
wire setting to prevent their laying in
them. No old tubs, barrels, or recepta-
cles of water ought to be permitted, and
no stagnant pools left undrained within
a mile of any dwelling. Then they can
be killed by the cheapest and most abun-
dant of all alkalies, common lime.

Therefore this ought to be poured into
every cess-pool and spring. A pound of
strong lime to every one hundred gal-
lons of stagnant water is sufficient. But
even a pound to one thousand gallons
of a cistern of drinking water will kill
them, although it will probably give the
water an unpleasant flavor and make it
"too hard" for most domestic tastes.

Religious Reading.

It is a suggestive story that is told of
a good deacon, who, going out of prayer-
meeting one evening, said to a young
man standing on the porch:

"Good evening, friend. Do you live
in this vicinity?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah," said the deacon, "where do you
attend church?"

"I come here, sir."

"How long have you attended this
church?"

"Well, sir, I should think it about
fourteen years."

It was not strange that the deacon
said afterward that this was a good les-
son for him. The same lesson, or one
like it, needs to be taught many others
in the churches, both private members
and officers. They attend the service,
are interested in certain parts of the
work, and look with solicitude upon all
the affairs of their congregations, but
they neglect to cultivate an acquaint-
ance with those who are their brethren
in the same household. There are a
few large congregations where a thor-
ough acquaintance is not possible, but
in most cases the churches are of such
size that people may know each other
if they wish to do so.

So Natural.

A boy on a farm in Kentucky, one
day last summer, fell to the ground
with exhaustion three times while car-
rying an armful of wood from the yard
into kitchen; and then he jumped over
the front fence, ran two miles and a
half down the road to "catch up with a
traveling circus, fought nearly an hour
with three different nest of bumblebees
went in swimming four times, ran down
a rabbit, and treed two dooms, made
eleven whistles, two bows, and six pop
guns, climbed a tree one hundred eighty
feet high to get a crow's nest, lost one
suspenders, tore out the whole afterguard
of his trousers, killed a snake four feet
long, went a fishing, set fire to a pile of
cord wood, ran a plow through his
hand, had a fight with the boy on the
next farm, was chased by a dog, and got
home to make the painful discovery that
a large and select assortment of new
stonebruses both feet gave him insupport-
able agony whenever he tried to walk,
just as it was time to go after the cows—
Etc.

Vengeance Upon a Mule.

Old Silas was a very revengeful man.
Now Silas owned a mule, and one day
the mule raised his hind legs and smote
Silas, whereupon the old man sat upon
the barn floor and wept. Suddenly he
smiled, and seizing a grain sack he filled
it with sand and rocks, and tied a leather
apron around it. Then he hung it down
from the beam right behind the mule.

A shudder passed over the animal, but
he nerved himself and let fly. He sent
the bag to the roof, but the recoil struck
him with surprise, not only once but two
or three times. The mule wasn't used
to being kicked back. Old Silas laugh-
ed until tears ran down his cheeks. The
mule kicked again and the bag kicked
back. They kept up the contest all day
and towards evening the mule showed
signs of weakening but old Silas was not
satisfied yet. He went to bed and dur-
ing the night he heard the mule braying
for mercy, but his heart was hardened.

When he went to the stable in the morn-
ing the sand bag was as fresh as ever, but
the mule had laid down in despair and
was dead—died of a broken heart.

A Small Boy's Wandering Thoughts.

A good mother, whose 5-year old boy
is exceptionally conscientious and de-
vout, has often been smitten with a pang
of apprehension lest her darling might
be too good for this world. The thought
came into her mind the other day, when
her head was by the side of her child's
at church in prayer time; but this pain
was quickly banished by a very different
feeling when the little boy said to her in
a low whisper "Mamma, can't I go to
the circus to-morrow? There's going to
be a horse on stilts." On a quiet an-
swer from the mother the child returned
to his devotions. And what does this
story show? That the child was hu-
man; but not that his apparent devotion
was deceit or delusion. The little boy's
mind wandered in his prayer as the
minds of some grown people do, and he
spoke out his thought, as grown people
generally do not.

Wait—"Oh, the drudgery of this
every-day routine!" cries many a busi-
ness man, and many a house-keeping
woman. "To get through the day, and
have the same round to traverse to-mor-
row!" Yes, but how do you know what
use the gracious superintendent of your
life is making of this humdrum, as you
call it? A poor, blind mill-horse treads
his beat, hour after hour, and it all seems
to come to nothing. But the shaft he
is turning is geared into others, and they
into wheels, that in other rooms, above
him, far away beyond his hearing, are
working out results that he could never
comprehend. Wait until you see no
longer through a glass darkly, and see
the unknown bearings and connections
of your life work with other generations
and may be, with other worlds.—Ad-
vance.

THE CROP OF INSANE MURDERERS.
—The crop of murderously insane
people is too large. A man with
murderous insanity should be arrested
on sight. Sane people have rights.
Women and children have rights.
Presidents and governors have rights.
People have rights in the public street
and depots to protection from assassina-
tions. A man considered "eccentric" on the
first hostile motion should be shut up
for good. Lawyers who set up the
ples of insanity for murderers should be
hung by the side of their clients.

When a murderer is really insane he
murders without motive and it doesn't
require the aid of lawyers to discover
his insanity.—Winston Leader.

"If I had another opportunity I would
not try to shoot the President," said
Gittenau Friday. I thought I had an in-
spiration to remove him, but I see I
must have been mistaken. I think it is
ordained by God that the President shall
not be killed, and for that reason I would
not try it again if I had a chance. If
it were not decreed by God that he
should not be killed how could he be
alive now? I held the pistol close to
his back, and my hand was steady as
iron. I fired point blank at him, and
nothing but divine interposition could
have saved him. He will not die, I am
convinced and I am sorry I caused him
so much suffering. It is no use for any
one to try to kill him now, for no bullet
can do it. It is so ordained, and we
must abide the will of Heaven.—Wash-
ington Cor. Baltimore Sun.

DON'T LIFT TOO MUCH.—The danger
of violent exercise is illustrated in the
case of Prof. Cannon, a Cincinnati ath-
lete. He was formally a powerful man,
and had abnormally developed his mus-
cles as director of a gymnasium. His
health failed suddenly a year ago, and
now he is dying of consumption. He
firmly believes that his decline was caused
by a blow in the chest, and has
brought a suit for damages against the
man who struck him; but the medical
testimony all agree that he developed
the disease by straining his system in
lifting. A common feat with him was
to lift 1,300 pounds.

Rules of Conduct.

Never exaggerate.
Never point at another.

Never betray a confidence.
Never wantonly frighten others.

Never neglect to visit your friends.
Never leave home with unkind
words.

Never laugh at the misfortunes of an-
other.

Never give a promise that you do not
fulfill.

Never send a present hoping for one
in return.

Never speak much of your own per-
formances.

Never pick the teeth or clean the
nails in company.

Never made yourself the hero of your
story.

Never fail to give a polite answer to
a civil question.

Never question a servant or child about
family matters.

Never present a gift saying it is of no
use to yourself.

Never read letters which you may
find addressed to others.

Never associate with bad company—
have good company or none.

Never call attention to the features
or form of one present.

Never look over the shoulder of anoth-
er who is writing.

Never refer to a gift you have made or
a favor you have rendered.

Never appear to notice a scar, deform-
ity, or defect of any one present.

Pluck will carry a man where a pal-
ace car will not.

An editor, a very religious sort of a
chap, awoke in church last Sunday morn-
ing and yelled out: "D—it, more copy."

An Irishman who had on a very rag-
ged coat was asked of what stuff it was
made. "Bedad, I don't know, I think
the most of it is made of fresh air."

A young woman whose overskirt is
fashioned by things which resemble hair-
pins and whose sleeves trimmings seem
to be held in place by gilt nails, may
be in the fashion, but she is certainly
dressed out of taste.

An exchange says: "We are in re-
ceipt of two poems, one on the 'Tbroh-
bing Brain,' and another on a 'Bleeding
Heart.' We will wait until we receive
one on the 'Stomach Ache,' and publish
all three together."

A Waterville girl worked the motto,
"I need thee every hour," and presented
it to her chap. He says he can't
help it. It takes him two hours to milk
and feed the pigs, morning and night,
and business has got to be attended to.

No woman ever realizes the utter
helplessness of her sex so much as when
she reaches a steamboat wharf three
minutes too late for the excursion. In
Milwaukee they give one last, lingering
look around them and lay down and
die.

A countryman went to see his lady
love, and wishing to be conversational,
observed, "The thermometer is twenty
degrees above zero this morning."

"Yes," innocently replied the maiden,
"such birds do fly higher some seasons
of the year than others."

"What are you doing there, Jimmy?"
said a mother to her meddlesome boy.

"Looking for a lost" art," replied the
delver into science, mince pie, black-
berry jam, etc. "Let me assist you to
rise in the world," responded his mater-
nal relative, as she fondled him with a
broomstick.

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