## THE DANBURY REPORT

VOLUME II.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1877.

NUMBER

## THE REPORTER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY PEPPER & SONS.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION. One Year, payable in advance, - \$2 0 Six Months. - 1 00

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One Square (ten lines or less) 1 time, \$1 00
For each additional insertion, 50
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WAS HE IN EARNEST?

"And so you think this Miss What'sher-name would be just as fast to marry you if you were a poor man, with no expectations whatever, instead of being my nephew and supposed heir?"

There was a hurt, indignant look upor the frank young face that confronted the speaker.

"The young lady's name is Ashton and I never said she was 'fast to marry'

"I beg your and the young lady's pardon. You think that Miss Ashton would be just as willing to marry you if she knew you to be a poor man?"
"I do. I would stake my life on the

sincerity and disinterestedness of her love." Leaning back in his chair, Mr. Pop-

pleton, senior, surveyed his nephew with a smile of superior wisdom, which had in it something of contemptuous pity.

"Ha! that's what all you young fellows say when you are in love; we old fellows don't lose our heads so easily. And it's well for you we don't. Why don't I make a fool of myself about some woman, I'd like to know?"

"I've often wondered, uncle, why you haven't married."

"When I was at your age I was poor and had something else to think of; and now that I am old, I've got more sense I hope. There's Peter Comstock, whose head is as gray as mine, he's married a girl young enough to be his daughter, and a pretty life she leads him. When Josiah Poppleton makes such a fool of himself, you may shave his head, clasp a straight jacket on him, and put him into a lunatic hospital."

The young man smiled, and then became grave.

"You object to Miss Ashton because she is poor and a dressmaker?"

"Nothing of the sort, Fred. I object to her because she is mercenary.'

"You have no right to say that, un cle, when you have never even seen the

"I couldn't be surer of it if I had known her all my life," said the old gentleman, stoutly. "All such people are. You don't believe it, of course but let her think you a poor man, or let a rich one make her an offer, and you would soon see." Here Mr. Poppleton, senior, glanced at his watch.

"You'll have to be lively, young man, if you want to catch the next train .-You will find the bills for collection on my desk. We'll talk this matter over

when you get back." Mr. Poppleton waited until he heard the whistle of the train that took his nephew out of town, and then putting on his hat and buttoning up his coat with a resolute air, went out

He walked very swiftly, passing through several streets and around various corners, until he came to the house he was in search of-a modest, unpretending story-and a-half affair, on the faded green door of which were these words:

"MISS ASHTON-DRESSMAKER."

of strong disapproval, and then settling his hat upon his head with a still more resolute air, marched up the steps and rang the bell.

After waiting some little time the door opened, revealing to his bewildered gaze the loveliest creature he had ever beheld, whose rosy lips and violet eyes smiled out upon him, as though he was an old and long expected friend. He stared at her a moment, and then said : "I am Josiah Poppleton, and I wish

to see Miss Ashton. "That is my name, sir; won't you walk in?" And the rosy lips dimpled into a still brighter smile

Mr. Poppleton found himself in one of the coziest, cheeriest little sittingrooms in the world. The first thing his eyes fell upon was his own photograph, cabinet size, in a little rustic frame on the mantel. He remembered giving it to his nephew. And he remembered, too, with considerable satisfaction that it was a remarkably fine likeness.

"The little baggage knew me," he thought, as he took a seat; "and that was what made her smile so."

He felt his courage cozing from the ends of his fingers. Somehow, it didn't seem such an easy thing as he had fan-cied it would be to carry out the programme he had laid down for himself, and he began to wish he was most any-

where else. But here he was, and he must go through with it.

"Miss Ashton-ahem! I suppose you know that I am Frederic Poppleton's uncle, and so can guess why I am now

Rose glanced up shyly at the speaker from beneath the long, brown lashes. "I suppose it is because he asked you

"Nothing of the kind. He didn't now a word about it."

Mr. Poppleton felt that he was getting on very well; and as he considered highly important that he should get or, he summoned all his resolution and menced again :

"No, ma'am, I came entirely on my own responsibility. I consider it a matter of duty to let you know that I strongly disapprove of your engagement. And furthermore, it is my invincible determination, if he persists in running counter to my wishes, to have nothing more to do with him!"

This was, evidently, something that Rose did not expect to hear; the dimpling smiles left her mouth, and her violet eyes opened widely. Looking resolutely away, Mr. Poppleton continued: "If you think my nephew has prop-

erty in his own right, you were never more mistaken. He is entirely dependent on me; and if he commits the folly he contemplates, I won't give him a penny-not a penny !"

Here Mr. Poppleton turned his eyes upon the face opposite bim, as if to see hat effect his words were producing. All its bloom and brightness had vanished, but he went pitilessly on :

"Of course, you can marry him if. you choose; this is a free country, and people can make themselves as miserable as they like, I suppose. Only, I feel it my duty to warn you what the inevitable consequences will be. Fred can hardly. take care of himself. You'll have a large family—poor people always do have winning and lovable qualities of his large families—and the result will mephow's tree.

This little episode in his life had the

This was not a very encouraging prospect to look forward to, and Rose did not look as if she considered it as such. She made no reply, however, and Mr. Poppleton continued

'On the other hand, if you will act as sensibly and discreetly in the matter, as I think you will on reflection, you will never be sorry for it. You may count on my protection and friendshipthe friendship and protection of Josiah Poppleton!"

Rose now spoke. "I love Frederic -"

"Don't answer me now," interrupted Mr. Poppleton, rising, and turning to the door; "take time to think the matter over. I'll be here to morrow at the same hour to get your decision. Only remember, if you really do love my nephew, that you will not take a course that will ruin his prospects for life."

"No wonder the young rascal is bewitched," thought the old gentleman, as he took his way homeward, "she is, certainly, the most bewitching creature I

Mr. Poppleton expected his nephew back on the following day, and was, therefore, all the more anxious that the matter should be satisfactorily settled. Promptly at the hour he had named Rose he was on hand to receive her de

gagement with your nephew; if he chooses to give me up that is another thing. The thought of making trouble between you two gives me more pain than I can tell you. What possible objection can you have to me?" Here poor Rose burst into tears.

"No objection to you, whatever, my dear," said Mr. Poppleton, taking one of the soft, white hands in both of his. "On the contrary, I think you the most charming creature I ever saw!"

"Why, then, are you so unwilling that should marry your nephew?" "Because I want to marry you my-

Rose started to her feet. "Are you in earnest, sir ?"

"I never was more so in my life. I love you to distraction, and shall consider myself the happiest of men if you will become Mrs. Josiah Poppleton."

Rose turned her flashing eyes upon the speaker with a look that he never

"If you were not Frederic's uncle, I should express in very plain terms my opinion of you. As it is, I have only to say that there is the door, and to ask you to go."

Mr. Poppleton did not wait for a second invitation. On reaching the corner be looked back, just in time to catch a glimpse of his nephew going in. Feeling very much like one who had been raised to a great height and set down very suddenly, Mr Poppleton went home. Going up stairs to his own room, he marched to the mirror.

"Tosiah Poppleton," he said, shaking
he tat the reflection there, "you are
nd, a dolt, an idiot, a denkey! You are a scoundrel of the darkest dye, and if you were somebody else I'd punch

your head for you!" Having thus relieved his feelings he

sat down. Half an hour later he heard his nephew's well known step on the walk. Rushing to the head of the stairs he bawled out:

"John, say I'm sick, that I'm out, that I can't see anybody !" But he was too late : Fred was in the

hall and half way up the stairs. "Ah, uncle !" cried the young man; with a merry laugh, "that was a cunningly contrived plot of yours; the best

joke I've heard yet! The cream of it is that Rose thought you were in earnest. You acted your part so naturally that it was some time before I could make her understand that you were only testing her love for me. But she sees it all now. You found Rose as true as steel, eh, uncle? and will make us both happy by giving your consent to our

marriage?"

Mr. Poppleton not only gave this, but presented Rose, on her wedding day,

with a house completely furnished.

He seemed a little shy of her at first, but this soon wore away, or rather developed into the paternal affection grow. ing out of this mutual relation, and the

good effect of making him more distrustful of himself, more tolerant of the follies and weaknesses of others. And sometimes, as Rose looked back upon it, this question arose in her mind, which she never even suggested to her husband : "Was he in earnest?"

What to Teach the Children.

Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in

Teach them that a common school education, with common sense, is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good honest trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly "professions." Teach them that "honesty is the best

policy"-that it is better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of wickedness. Teach them to respect their elders and themselves. Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.

clothes is no disgrace, but to "black eye" is.

Teach the boys that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation, they are not fitting pure girls.

"Mr. Poppleton, I cannot feel Tach them that they can only be would be right for me to break my en- happy now and hereafter by loving and serving the Lord Jesus Christ.

Elegant Christians.

A foreign paper tells us that when Oliver Cromwell visited York Minister, he saw in one of the apartments statues of the twelve apostles in silver. "Who are those fellows there?" he asked, as he approached them. On being informed, he replied: "Take them down. and let them go about doing good."-They were taken down and melted and put into his treasury. There are many who, like these silver apostles, are too stiff for service in much that the Lord's work requires. Some are too nice, some too formal, some disinclined. They stand or sit stiff and stately in their dignity, and sinners may go unsaved and believ ers uncomforted, unhelped, for all the effort they will make to lift a hand to serve them. They need melting down, and to be sent about doing good. Statuary Christians, however burnished and clegant they may be, are of little real service in the kingdom of Jesus. A Drunken Farm.

Often and often, while passing through the country, have we passed farms whose history we could read at a glance. The door-yard fence had disappeared-burnt up in the shiftlessness born of drink; left foot foremost; if by mistake it did house was unpainted and battered ; broken panes of glass, with rags or old hats: the chimneys stood in a tottering attitude; the door swung in a creaking condition on one hinge; the steps were unsteady, like their owner ; everything was dilapidated, decayed, and cheerless A single look showed that its owner traded too much at one shop-the rumshop. The spirit of thrift had been killed by the spirit of the still. Fresh paint, repairs, improvements, good cheer, eauty, gone for the farmer's throat -Outside matters were the same; the barn-yards were wretched stys, the doors were off, the roofs were leaky, the gates down, the carts crazy, the tools broken, the fodder scarce, and the stock poor and wretched. Neglect, cruelty, wastefulof the most impressive lectures, for young leg of mutton has struck me in the face !" drunken farm.

"Sometimes."

It is a happy word, a pleasing thought, a sweet, sweet song, like the music of cut it off!" In a twinkling the friend birds among the branches, or the hum lightly cut the tip of the philosopher's of bees among the blossoms.

Every one has a possession in the fulife, looks forward to the day of rest. that far off El Dorado, where brightens up before him the hope of coming years; and the whisperings of ambition call him to tread the paths of glory and renown. The maiden all listless and languid, dreams of happiness complete, and the beauteous landscape in the distant "Sometime," with its trees and flowers, rill and founts, and summer skies encircled by the rainbow of hope-all flit through her enraptured vision. But the aged pilgrim feels that his possession lies not in this vale of tears. The pious and the good cast their longing eyes to that distant shore. When the hills and the valleys of time are passed, the faithful shall reach that home appointed of God, where the voice of sorrow is never heard, where shadows or clouds never fall, but sunshine clothes the scene with everlasting day.

Domestic Habits of Ancestors.

Erasmus, who visited England in the early part of the sixteenth century, gives curious description of an English interior of the better class. The furniture was rough; the walls unplastered, but sometimes wainscotted or hung with tapestry; and the floors covered with rushes, which were not changed for months. The dogs and cats had free access to the eating-rooms, and fragments of meat and bones were thrown to them, which they devoured among the rushes, leaving what they could not eat to rot there, with the draining of beer vessels and all manner of unmentionable abom. inations. There was nothing like refinement or elegance in the luxury of the higher ranks; the indulgences which their wealth permitted consisted in rough and wasteful profusion. Salt beef and strong ale constituted the principal part of Queen Elizabeth's breakfast, and sim ilar refreshments were served to her in bed for supper. At a series of entertainments given in York by the nobility 1660, where each exhausted his invention to outdo the others, it was universally admitted that Lord Goring won the palm for the magnificence of his fancy. The description of this supper will give us a good idea of what was then thought magnificent; it consisted of four huge, brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed, with ropes of sausages, to a huge pudding in a bag, which served for a chariot.

Personal blemish-Too much cheek.

The Follies of Great Men

Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, changed color, and his legs shook under him, on meeting with a hare or fox. Dr. Johnson would never enter a room with his get in first, he would step back and place his right foot foremost. Julius Cæsar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get in a cellar, or under ground, to escape the dreadful noise. To Queen Elizabeth the simple word "death" was full of horrors. Even Talleyrand trembled and changed color on hearing the word pronounced. Marshal Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat. Peter the Great cou't never be persuaded to cross a high bridge; and though he tried to master the terror, he failed to do so.-Whenever he set foot on one he would shrick out in distress and agony. Byron would never help any one to salt at the table, nor would he be helped himself. ness-all had come from drink. The If any of the article happened to be strangling and tumbled stone walls, the spilled on the table, he would jump up rickery fences, the weed-grown fields, and leave his meal u.finished. The dying orchards, all said to the passer-by, branche, is well known and is well au-Whisky did it." Drink had given the thenticated. He fancied he carried an plaster of a mortgage instead of a coat- enormous leg of mutton at the tip of ing of fertilizer; sloth instead of labor, his nose. No one could convince him unthrift in the place of care, and de- to the contrary. One day a gentleman moralization in lieu of system. The visiting him adopted this plan to cure farm was drink-blighted, and advertised him of his folly: he approached him as its condition as plainly as its owner did with the intention of embracing him, when he came home from town. One when he suddenly exclaimed, "Ha! your farmers especially, is a good look at a at which Malebranche expressed regret. The friend went on: "May I not remove the encumbrance with a razor?" "Ah, my friend! my friend! I owe you more than life. Yes, yes; by all means cut it off!" In a twinkling the friend nose, and, adroitly taking from under his cloak a superb leg of mutton, raised it ture, which he calls "Sometimes." The in triumph. "Ah!" cried Malebranche, man of toil, amid the wear and tear of "I live! I breathe! I am saved! My nose is free; my head is free; but-but The student at his weary task, longs for |-it was raw, and that is cooked!"-"Truly; but then you have been scated near the fire; that must be the reason." Malebranche was satisfied, and from that time forward he made no more complaints about any mutton-leg, or any other monstrous protuberance on his

An Indian Tradition.

Among the Seminole Indians there is

a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men, all of whom were of fair complexion; and that, after making them, he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them leap therein. One immediately obeyed, and came out of the water purer than before he bathed; the second did not leap until the water became slightly muddy, and when he bathed, he came up copper colored. The third did not leap in until the water became black with mud, and came out with its own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them choose, and out of pity for his misfortune of color, he gave the black man his first choice. He took hold of each ing felt them, of the packages, .... chose the heaviest; the copper colored one then chose the second heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain snades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper-the engines of the mind-the mutual, mental improvement-the social link of humanity the foundation of the white man's superiority.

A LADY had two children-both girls. The elder was a fair child : the younger a beauty, and the mother's pet. He whole love centered in it. The elder was neglected, while "Sweet" (the pet name of the younger) received every attention that affection could bestow .-One day, after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlor, when she heard a childish step upon the stairs, and her thoughts were instantly with the favorite. "Is that you, Sweet?" she the favorite. "Is that you, Sweet?" she inquired. "No, mamma," was the sad, touching reply, "it isn't Sweet, it's only me." The mother's heart smote her; and, from that hour, "Only me" was restored to an equal place in her affec-

· Millian shine