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THE REPORTER.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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One Year, payable in advance, \$2 00
Six Months, 1 00
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One Square (ten lines or less) 1 time, \$1 00
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THE BACHELOR.

BY WHO?

An old bachelor is a standing disgrace to his sex, and a libel upon human nature.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Who lives an easy life of mirth,
From the first hour of his birth,
Till he returns to mother earth?

The bachelor!

Say, who has plenty, peace and ease,
And comes and goes just when he please,
As free as the unfettered breeze?

The bachelor!

Who's always cheerful, blithe and gay,
And of this life spends every day
In the most pleasant, useful way?

The bachelor!

Aye, who's most generous, free and kind,
Both in his labors, purse and mind,
And to his neighbor's faults most blind?

The bachelor!

Who has least trouble, toil and care,
With none to serve, no one to fear,
But moves in freedom's widest sphere?

The bachelor!

Oh! who so free in heart and mind,
And to his lot so well resigned,
That he to change is disinclined?

The bachelor!

And in the closing hours of life,
Who leaves with joy, no child or wife
Behind to toil in grief and strife?

The bachelor!

He's nobler man of all his race,
And gives to each his proper place,
And so I'll swear him no disgrace—

The bachelor!

THE HUSBAND'S RELATIONS.

"It's very strange if a man's relations can't be treated civilly!" said Mr. Moreau Splintstick, with an injured air.

Mr. Splintstick was a large, mild-featured man, with a shining bald head, spectacled eyes, and a chain so many-doubled that it somehow reminded you of the tucks in a baby's dress. Mr. Splintstick was one of the men whose mission in life it seems to sit still and be waited on. Nobody ever expected him to do anything for himself, and if they did they were signally disappointed. He was a human lily of the field, who toiled not, neither did he spin; but Mrs. Splintstick was modernized after an altogether different pattern.

A little slender woman, with soft, appealing eyes, pale cheeks, and a figure that had a perpetual droop, as if it were overburdened; a woman who was up early and down late; who thought with a sigh of the Scripture promises of "rest;" and who was as much Mr. Moreau's bond-slave as if he had bought her for so many doubloons in an African slave-market—she was almost frightened at her own boldness in daring to wish that Aunt Susan and her family would not come until the spring cleaning was over.

"Even the Arabs are hospitable," said Mr. Splintstick.

"But, my love," ventured his wife, "the Arabs certainly never cleaned house and if we are to believe the pictures we see of them, it didn't take a very long time to make up the children's summer clothes. And I really get no time at all, what with one thing and another. Of course," with a timid glance at her husband's lowering brow, "I shall be delighted to see your Aunt Susan and her six sons; but don't you thing you had better write and ask them not to come until June?"

"No, I don't," said Mr. Splintstick, dogmatically. "It is just like you to suggest it, Maria. You are always throwing cold water upon my wishes! If you don't want to entertain my relations, you have only to say so, and I will engage rooms at the hotel for them! Only a man would naturally suppose that his wife—"

"Dear Moreau!" interposed Mrs. Splintstick, with a sob in her throat, "pray, don't speak so cruelly. I—"

But Mr. Splintstick cut short her tremulous apologies by stalking dignifiedly out of the room. And Miss Barbara Bates, the seamstress, bit off the end of her thread viciously, as he banged the door behind him.

"There's a professin' Christian for you," said she.

"The best man in the world!" sobbed Mrs. Splintstick.

"Give me the second best, then!" said Miss Barby. "My dear, he'll worry you out of the world yet if he goes on at this rate."

"He is a little trying!" owned Mrs. Splintstick.

"A little!" said Miss Barby. "Humph! A good deal I should think."

"So much company!" sighed the over-worked little wife. "If—"

"Look here, Maria Splintstick," broke in Miss Barby, stabbing her needle vigorously into a fat strawberry-shaped emery-bag, "you don't have enough company. That's the trouble!"

"Not enough company!" cried Mrs. Splintstick, incredulously.

"Not half enough of Mr. Splintstick's relations!" resolutely averred the seamstress. "Our Jimmy was prenticed to a grocer last year. Jimmy was like all boys—he liked sweets!"

"Yes—of course!" said Mrs. Splintstick, looking rather bewildered.

"And so the grocer gave him all the sugar and almonds and figs and raisins and sliced citron he could eat—and, of course, Jimmy got sick—sick as a dog!"

"Well?"

"That's all," said Miss Barbara.

Mrs. Splintstick sat thinking a minute or two.

"You don't mean—" said she.

"I do, though," said Mrs. Barbara, threading her needle dully. "The grocer's plan was a good one. It works—most generally. I'd try it, if I was you."

"I must do something," said Mrs. Splintstick, looking around with a hunted, frightened air, "or I shall be worn out. Only poor, dear Moreau—"

"Fiddliestick of poor dear Moreau," said Miss Barbara. "I'll risk him."

A week afterward, Mrs. Splintstick met her husband at the dinner-table with a beaming face.

"I'm so glad, Moreau," said she—

"Aunt Susan and her six dear boys are to be here to-night. And I've a letter from your cousin Montagu Splintstick."

"Eh?" said the double-chinned gentleman, helping himself to the lion's share of porter-house steak. "And what does he say?"

"He is to bring his bride here the day after to-morrow, with your Cousin Rebecca, and Aunt Eliza Hecker."

"Ahem! But I haven't invited 'em," said Mr. Splintstick, somewhat dubiously.

"O, of course they know they are always welcome—your relations, dear!" said Mrs. Splintstick, beamingly. "So I just wrote a note to Uncle Porter to be here next week, and the Beauvenays are to come just as soon as Aunt Susan vacates the two front rooms." It will be so pleasant. I've engaged Mary Jones to come every day and help—and written to Perry & Popwell to send fruit and ices, and I potted meats, and all that sort of thing as long as they are here."

"Yes—it will be very pleasant," somewhat unwillingly admitted Mr. Splintstick. "But that will be very expensive, won't it?"

"Of course; but one can't expect to enjoy the delights of society without some drawbacks."

"And I don't see when I am to go to the seashore, either," he added.

"O, there will be time enough for that. But Sarah can give you your second cup of tea. I must run away and see about getting the rooms ready for the bridal party."

The next day the ruthless invaders entered into the Splintstickian domains—and thenceforward, all summer long, the cry was, "still they come!" Mr. Splintstick might have fancied himself at the head of a hotel table, instead of presiding at his own modest board, so long was the array of faces that met his eye three times a day. He stumbled over trunks and carpet-bags in the halls and on the stairways, at all hours of the day and night; he found himself perpetually on parade, as it were.

"When are they going, Maria?" he whispered to his wife, one sultry evening, with a sort of desperation.

"Next week, dear; but the Smiths, and your Uncle Elihu's family, and the Reverend Jabez Tarquin are coming then."

"More of 'em?" cried Mr. Splintstick, with a little gasp.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Splintstick, cheerfully. "We shall have the house full from now until November."

"Until November!"

"Certainly, Moreau, dear."

"And you have asked those people to come and billet themselves on us for all the Fall?"

"Some of them I asked, my dear, and the rest invited themselves."

"Like their impudence!" said Mr. Splintstick, grinding his teeth.

"My dear—my dear—remember that they are your relations!" said Mrs. Splintstick, mildly.

"I don't care!" growled the master of the house, with rising ire. "I won't be imposed upon. Look at Perry & Popwell's bill! Look at the butcher's account! Look at the gas bills! Look

at the new hair mattress, ruined by Mrs. Solomon Splintstick's baby; and the lace-curtains torn to ribbons by Aunt Susan's unruly boys! Look at me, with not so much as a sofa to take an undisturbed nap upon, or a scrap of meat cooked to my taste, what with Solomon's notions about Cayenne pepper and Mary Ann's patent boilers! Do you happen to know, Mrs. Splintstick, that I've lost three pounds of flesh in the last fortnight?"

"But my dear Moreau—your relations!"

"A man isn't bound to be eaten up alive by his relations, is he? I tell you, Mrs. Splintstick, I'll not stand it any longer! No, I'll not. I've been imposed upon just as long as I mean to be!"

"But, Moreau, what can we do?"

"I'll show you, Mrs. Splintstick," said our hero.

And the next morning, at the breakfast table, he coolly announced his determination to go to the White Mountains with all the family the very next day.

"My health needs it," said he, looking relentlessly upon the evident fluttering of the Volscian dove cotes of his relations. "And my health is the primary consideration!"

The relations scattered right and left, like moth millers from a well-beaten garment, and Mr. Splintstick broke asunder the bonds of his captivity after this wise:

"This sort of thing is played out," said Mr. Splintstick, as he steamed northward with his wife. "I'll entertain no more company. It don't pay to keep free hotel for a swarm of folks that only want to make a convenience of you."

And Mrs. Splintstick tried to look as if she hadn't been of that opinion long ago.

"But they are your relations, Moreau," she said, innocently.

"My relations, be hanged!" returned Mr. Splintstick, with asperity.

And Mrs. Splintstick rejoiced in spirit.

One Way of Carving a Turkey.

There is nothing a young unmarried man likes better than to go to dinner at the house of a married friend and to be asked to carve the turkey. He never carved a turkey in his life, and with an old maid on one side of him, watching him closely, and on the other side a fair girl for whom he has a tenderness, he feels embarrassed when he begins. First he pushes the knife down towards one of the thigh-joints. He can't find the joint, and he plunges the knife around in search of it until he makes mince-meat out of the whole quarter of the fowl. Then he sharpens his knife and tackles it again. At last while making a terrific dig, he hits the joint suddenly, and the leg flies into the maiden lady's lap, while her dress-front is covered with a shower of stuffing. Then he goes for the other leg, and when the young lady tells him he looks warm, the weather seems to him suddenly to become 400 degrees warmer. This leg he finally pulls loose with his fingers. He lays it on the edge of the plate, and while he is hacking at the wing he gradually pushes the leg over on the tablecloth, and when he picks it up it slips from his hand into the gravy dish and splashes the gravy around for six square yards. Just as he has made up his mind that the turkey has no joints to his wings, the host asks him if he thinks the war with Turkey will soon be over. The girl next to him laughs, and he says he will explain his views upon the subject after dinner. Then he sops his brow with his handkerchief, and presses the turkey so hard with the fork that it slides off the dish and upsets a goblet of water on the girl next to him. Nearly frantic, he gouges away again at the wings gets them off in a mutilated condition, and digs into the breast. Before he can cut any off, the host asks him why he don't help out the turkey. Bewildered he puts both legs on a plate and hands them to the maiden lady, and then helps, the young girl to a plateful of stuffing; and while taking her plate in return knocks over the gravy dish. Then he sits down with the calmness of despair and fans himself with a napkin, while the servant girl clears up and takes the turkey to the other end of the table. He doesn't discuss the Eastern question that day. He goes right home after dinner, and spends the night trying to decide whether to commit suicide or take lessons in carving.

A Cowhiding by Women.

On Monday, says a late issue of a Salt Lake (Utah) paper, one of the young ladies employed at Mr. Colebrook's millinery establishment received an endearing note from W. A. Rooks, who is well known in this city, inviting her to meet him yesterday evening near St. Mary's school. The girl, knowing his propensities, plotted with four others of her companions to go and give him a dose of "black snake." They went, but it was near the American Hotel where they found their man. Four of the girls, armed each with a good cow-hide-whip, secreted themselves in the alley near by, to witness the meeting. He came, and at a convenient time they also came from their hiding place and began a vigorous slashing and belaboring with the whips. He was hit, we understand, once on the head, and once on the legs, when he drew a pretty little white handled pocket pistol on his feminine tormentors. He didn't use it, however, but turned and fled, and the speed at which he ran would have shamed an antelope. He tore down Second East and Second South, thence west and into the office of our morning contemporary, there to tell his straightforward tale. The excited and indignant ladies followed him into the newspaper office and again insisted upon giving him a thorough cowhiding; but he had taken refuge behind the counter, where he quietly submitted to the fearful tongue-lashing which was administered by one of the girls. She read him a list of his misdeeds, and presented a pretty good indictment of Rooks in general. The girls assert that they had been insulted several times by the fellow and they took this occasion to settle an old score against him.

Transient Troubles.

Most of us have had trouble all of our lives, and each day has brought all the evil that we wished to endure. But if we were asked to recount the sorrow of our lives how many could we remember? How many that are six months old should we think that are at all worthy to be remembered or mentioned? To-days troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight.

"If you would keep a book, and every day put down the things that worry you and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you. You allow a thing to annoy you, just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you loose your temper (or rather get it; for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it) and you justify yourself for being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what was that that threw you off our balance before breakfast, and put down in a little book, and follow it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter."

Well Recommended.

A gentleman once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number he in a short time chose one and sent the rest away.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected the boy. He had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him; showing that he was orderly and tidy. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man; showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully; showing that he was polite. He lifted up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, or thrust it aside; showing that he was careful. And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing the others away; showing that he was modest."

When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk. When he wrote his name I observed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like the handsome little fellow in the blue jacket. Don't you call these letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can learn about the boy by using my eyes for ten minutes is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."

Taming a Shrew.

Out in Grow Township, says the Anoka (Minn.) Union, there resides a man and wife, their names we shall not disclose who have been married but a few years. In these few years they have lived together there have arisen differences, and now they don't like each other as well as they ought to. These differences frequently lead to open hostilities, and, as neither the one or the other likes to give up, they quarrel most furiously. One day last week trouble began once more, and reconciliation followed reconciliation until the husband, seizing a pitcher of milk that was standing in close proximity, remarked, emphatically and touching, "Lucy, if you do not stop scolding, I shall certainly empty the contents of this pitcher on you." Lucy paid no heed to the threat, when, alas! the contents of the pitcher came upon her. Of course this made the now thoroughly irate Lucy boiling. The husband then seized a pail of water and said: "Lucy, if you don't stop scolding, I shall certainly throw this water on you." Lucy again heeded not the threat, and received the water in consequence. This but added insult to

injury, and Lucy waxed more wrathly than ever. Then the husband caught up a pail of soapuds and cried, "Lucy, if you don't stop, I shall certainly douse you with these suds." The soapuds threat also failed to have any effect, and she was treated with soapuds. By this time the lady was wet to the skin, and hastily retreated to her sleeping apartments to change her clothing, all the while scolding to the best of her ability. The husband hastened to the well and drew up two pails of water, and, on returning, informed Lucy that the water was for her. Cold water had the desired effect, and Lucy surrendered, and now we understand that all is serene once more; how long to last, no one knows.

Won after Twenty Years' Wooing.

The Dallas (Tex.) Commercial says: A gentleman from Waxahachie, now visiting, in our city, informs us that considerable excitement was created in the social circle of his town recently, by the marriage of Mr. Nicholas Sims, a wealthy farmer of Ellis county, aged seventy, to Mrs. Danlap, an esteemed lady of Waxahachie, of some sixty summers. In the State of Tennessee they had in the days of childhood lived together; in youth had loved with all the fervor of the heart's first passion, and when grown, rumor says, plighted their faith, but the pledge was broken, and the lovers separated. The lover married another, whose death he mourned several years ago. The lady twice bowed at the altar, and twice has wept over the grave of a departed husband. After forty years they met in this distant State, and though his form has lost its youthful pride and vigor, and her once rosy cheek and sparkling eye have somewhat faded, the love of former days is aroused from its long slumber, and at the residence of Dr. Sweat, the bride's son-in-law, in the presence of a few old friends, the broken pledge is fulfilled. Such a remarkable renewal of an early attachment is seldom found, and challenges even fiction for an equal. Time, we learn, has dealt kindly with the couple, and they look as though they may yet enjoy many happy days of wedded bliss.

A Moving Motto.—He had stayed until the clock hands hung together at eleven, and that valuable recorder of time was menacing a strike. She had yawned till her mouth had felt large enough for a horse collar, and yet the young man evinced no symptoms of a speedy departure. "I've been working on a motto to-day," she finally said, as she held her eyes open with her fingers; "don't you want to see it?" He said he did. She brought out the article and passed it to him for inspection. He held it up to the light and read the overbearing sentence: "There's no place like home." The young man guessed he'd be going.