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VOLUME II.

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## THE REPORTER.

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## SAVED BY ACCIDENT. A DETECTIVE'S STORY

"Langley, I've got a job for you; one that must be attended to immediately. Are you ready to travel?"

This was the salutation I received from my chief one afternoon, as I entered headquarters after a hard day's work.

"At a moment's notice," I replied—"or at least as soon as I can put on a disguise, should that be necessary."

"Good!" said the chief, "for that is about all the time I am able to give you. I have just received information that Sam Wolfe is in this town, and that he is to leave to-day by the C and E R. R. I think we have now an opportunity of tracking him to his headquarters, and I want you to do the job."

"I should like nothing better."

"Very well; then start at once for the railroad depot. I don't know what train he is going on; but you can wait until you see him. You are sure you cannot mistake him?"

"I should know him in any disguise," I replied, as I left the room.

Sam Wolfe, or "Slippery Sam," as he was generally called, was, at the time of which I write, one of the most dangerous counterfeiters in the country, and the chief of a large gang. We had for a long time been in search of his headquarters, but without success. We very seldom had a chance to "shadow" one of the gang, and when we did they managed to put us off the track before we had traced them to their lair. It would be a "big thing" for me if I unearthed their den; and I felt that the chief had paid me a high compliment in selecting me, and me alone, to do the job. I hastened to my lodgings, and quickly but carefully "made myself up" as a well-to-do farmer. "My reputation is at stake!" I muttered to myself, as I strode along toward the depot, "and, by Jove, I'm bound not to lose it!"

I thought it very probable that I should have a long wait for my man, but in this I was agreeably disappointed, for, on arriving at the depot, almost the first man I beheld was Slippery Sam. He had just entered, and was making his way toward the ticket office. I followed him, and saw that he bought a ticket for Watkin's Junction, a small village about fifty miles out. I purchased a ticket for the same place, and followed Wolfe into the car, just as the train started. Throughout the journey I kept him in sight. He glanced at me several times, but showed no signs of recognition, and I was confident that my disguise was perfect. Slippery Sam and I had met more than once in the course of my professional career, so I had been more than usually careful in my "make up," and was certain that it was effective. In something less than two hours the train reached Watkin's Junction, and several passengers alighted, among them Sam Wolfe and myself. The counterfeiter started up the main road, and I stepped up to the depot master and asked:

"Can you tell me who that man is?" pointing to Wolfe.

"I don't know his name," was the reply, "but his face is familiar enough. He stops up at Rorke's place."

"And where and what is Rorke's place?" I asked.

"You are a stranger in these parts or you wouldn't ask that," said the depot master. "Rorke's place is a little public house about a mile up the road, kept by one Jim Rorke—though how he manages to keep it going I don't know, for everybody in these parts steer clear of it—they know him too well."

"His reputation is not good, eh?" I asked.

"He's a d—d rascal," said the depot master; "that's what he is."

Having ascertained the exact location of the public house in question, I started up the road, determined to make sure that I had really found the counterfeiters' headquarters. It was eight o'clock and very dark when I paused in front of a miserable looking hovel, over the door of which was written the name James Rorke. From the inside I heard sounds of revelry, and glancing into the hall open window I saw four men standing before a bar drinking. Sam Wolfe was not among them, but I doubted not that I had discovered the headquarters of his gang. Now nothing remained to do but to procure assistance and make a descent

on the place; and I was about turning away with the intention of doing this, when I was seized from behind, thrown to the ground and in a twinkling bound hand and foot.

"Aha!" cried the voice of Sam Wolfe. "You will follow me from the city, eh, you cursed spy! Fool! did you think I didn't know you from the first?"

He lifted me in his arms and bore me into the room.

"Here's the spy, boys," he cried; "let's take him down stairs and decide what to do with him. An ordinary death will not do for a d—d police spy; and I have an idea to suggest on this point."

I was carried through a long, winding hallway and down a flight of steps.

"Strike a light," ordered Wolfe.

His command was obeyed, and a moment later I saw I was in the cellar of the building and in the counterfeiter's den. Apparatus for the manufacture of spurious money surrounded me on every side.

"Now, men," said Wolfe, addressing his four companions, "nothing remains but to settle the mode of his death; and as I suppose none of you will object to letting me have my own way in this matter, I now decide that he shall be tied to the railroad track and left to the mercies of the express which passes in about half an hour."

My blood ran cold as these words fell upon my ear, but I remained silent. The men were warm in their expressions of approval of their captain's fiendish plan.

"Well, boys, I'm glad you like the idea," said Wolfe; "but let us waste no more time. It is several minutes' walk to the track; so off with him!"

Two of the men lifted me on their shoulders, and bore me up the stairs, out of the house, and along the lonely road, Sam Wolfe following. Presently they paused.

"Here we are," said one of the men. "Now, then, cap, nothing remains but to tie him down."

"Gag him, first," directed Wolfe.

He was obeyed, and then I was fastened securely to the track.

"Ha!" exclaimed Wolfe, "I hear the whistle of the train. It is less than two miles off. Now, cursed spy, say your prayers, for your time is short! Boys," he added, turning to his companions, "you may return to the house. I will wait and see that the job is effectually done."

"All right, cap," and the men departed.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings as the moments flew by, and the rumble of the express train grew louder and louder. I had not the slightest hope of escape from the terrible death that menaced me, and I endeavored to compose my feelings in some degree, and prepare for the inevitable. Nearer and nearer came the train, the shrill whistle sounded in my ears, the terrible rumble grew louder and louder, till it sounded like thunder.

"Ha—ha!" laughed Wolfe, in fiendish glee, "in half a minute more you'll be safe in kingdom come!"

The noise of the train became deafening and the headlights flashed along the track. The engine was almost upon me. I closed my eyes and waited for the end.

Suddenly came a succession of short, shrill whistles. I knew that they meant "down brakes." The speed of the train began to slacken. A wild hope sprang up in my breast. Slower and slower came the train. Would it stop in time?

"H—!" exclaimed Wolfe, "it will not do to leave you here! Curses on the luck!"

He began untying the knots which bound me. But he had scarcely commenced when the train paused within six feet of the spot where I lay. It was too late for Wolfe to remove me.

"You shall not have a chance to give me away," hissed the villain, between his teeth, as he drew a knife and raised it in the air preparatory to striking the fatal blow. At that instant a man leaped from the engine.

"Ha! what is this?" he exclaimed, rushing towards us.

With an oath Wolfe dropped his knife and fled. But the stranger pursued and in a few minutes captured him and led him back. In the meantime I had been released by some of the employes of the road. In a few words as possible I gave an account of my ad-

ventures to the group of passengers which assembled around me, a number of whom at once volunteered to assist me in making a descent upon the counterfeiter's den. I gladly accepted the offer; and in less than fifteen minutes the house and its contents were in my possession. It was the most complete and best appointed place of the kind I ever saw. We took five prisoners beside Wolfe, and succeeded in conveying them all safely to the city early the next morning. They were soon tried and sentenced, and are now serving out their terms at Sing Sing.

In closing I will state that the train stopped on account of a slight defect in the engine which it was necessary to repair before it could go further. Had this little fault been discovered one short minute later, I should have been a dead man. So I was really saved by accident.

## Eternal Punishment.

The doctrine of eternal punishment has recently occupied the attention of both press and pulpit to a considerable degree. Necessarily much that is said in regard to it is mere speculation. The exact nature of the retribution that will, in the future life, follow the sins in the present, is not in the province of man to know. The simple fact that punishment will follow sin, and that it will continue into our future existence is positively affirmed in Scripture, and confirmed by startling emphasis by the analogies found in the law of nature. One of the most comprehensive and grandest generalizations of modern science is that every operation and change in nature leave results that are indelible and continue forever. If a ray of light falls but for a moment upon an object there are changes wrought that last as long as time. If the effects of the operation of forces in the natural world are indestructible, how much more may we expect to find the results of moral action eternal in their continuance? True, the conception of eternal suffering is an awful one, and one from which the human mind instinctively shrinks. But the consistency of God's universe requires that violation of moral law must bring its disastrous results as well as violation of physical law. If a man leaps from the house top and is crushed, we shrink from a contemplation of his suffering, but we do not once think of finding fault with the Creator of the universe for not setting aside the law of gravitation in order to save his suffering. His pain is the necessary consequence of infringement of physical law, and so suffering is the unavoidable penalty for transgression of moral law.

## Science Drives Us to Religion.

If I were in danger of becoming skeptical, I believe that a fresh and vivid appreciation of the scientific revelations concerning our globe would appal me into faith. To think of this ball whirling and spinning about the sun, and to be an atheist! its covering less in comparative thickness than a peach skin, and its pulp a seething fire, and to feel that we are at the mercy of the forces that lash it like a top around the ecliptic, and of the raving flames that heave and beat for vent; not more than an eighth of its surface inhabitable by man; seas roaring around him, tropic heats smiting his brain, polar frosts threatening his blood, inland airs laden with fever, sea winds charged with consumption; hurricanes hovering in the sky, earthquakes slumbering under our feet; the conditions of life dependent on the most delicate oscillations of savage powers over which the wisest man is powerless as a worm, to think of these and not to have any confidence or belief in a Power superior to these pitiless forces, not to have an inspiring faith that the land was made for human habitations and experience, and is sheltered by a ceaseless love from the hunger of the elements! Why, I could as easily conceive of a person making his home unconcerned in an uncared menagerie as of a man at rest in nature, seeing what it is, and not feeling that it is embosomed in God! Go to nature, my brother; go to the unroofed universe; go to the awful pages of science, not to learn your religion, but to learn your need of it, to learn that you are homeless without the sense of God as over-arching you by his power, pledging his care to you, twisting the furious forces of immensity into a protecting tent for your spirit's home.—*T. S. King.*

## The Senate On a Drunk.

A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF THE DISGRACEFUL SCENE.

A more disgraceful scene than the Senate displayed during the debate over the silver bill Friday night has not been seen for years. An all night session is never a very creditable affair. Senators grow careless as the galleries empty. Boots are drawn off. Men lie down at full length on the settees in their stocking feet. Vests are unbuttoned. All the attitudes of a railroad car at 2 A. M. are assumed. Smoking goes on all over the floor. The doubtful jests of the cloak rooms float out among the desks. Last night matters were worse. The Senate was unmistakably drunk. A mere small fraction was affected, but they colored the scene just as a few noisy boys make a school a disorderly school. It is not pleasant to write these things. It is worse to see them. It is scandalous that they should happen. The Senate sat, you must remember, from noon yesterday till 5 this morning, 17 hours, a long strain on any one's patience. Matters ran smoothly enough until between 7 and 8. By that time a fair portion of the Senate had "dined." There was a spread in the sergeant-at-arms' room—he is an officer under charges, not wholly secure in his seat. There was another spread in a committee room, confined principally to some thirty four brandy bottles and a dozen tumblers. Other bottles were accessible in the cloak room. Things were not set out in quite as straightforward a way as they used to be four years ago in the committee room of the House devoted to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, where a whisky barrel was tipped on end and provided with a faucet and tin cup for all comers, but liquor flowed nearly as freely.

The effect showed slowly. From 8 to 10 it was noticeable that Senators were intercepting each other with great freedom and singular lack of coherence. Around certain seats men were shouting with laughter at the drunken babble of Senators who were leaving the room at intervals, measuring their drinks while absent, a Senator explained to me, by perpendicular instead of horizontal "fingers." From 10 on there could be no possible doubt about the condition of affairs on the floor, and two or three Senators' wives in the private gallery, among them the wife of an offending member, were giggling behind their fans over the "fun." Steps grew more unsteady, faces more flushed, interruptions more incoherent. A distinguished Senator from California strolled back and forth with that spongy and uncertain action of the knees which plaintively suggests that one foot or the other has been caught in a skein of sewing silk. His arms went around every man he met in maudlin embraces, and both sides of his desk were needed when he rose to vote. There was another Senator, distinguished for his opposition to the pending bill, who displayed great anxiety "to strike out the second line of the word 'government,'" (shrieks of laughter;) finally, by help of diligent whispering, a man prompting and supporting on each side, gave his amendment correctly, and dropped back in drunken stupor; the amendment was voted down; he awoke, repeated his amendment (wild and uncontrollable merriment), repeated it the third time (Senators around him nearly crazed with mirth), and at last persuaded in his befogged mind, he tottered from group to group, denouncing the unfairness of a vote on his amendment "while I was down at dinner." He dined at 5. The amendment was voted on after 10. Still a third Senator, for thirty years the honored leader of a great party in a great State, passed from his seat to the cloak-room, and the cloak-room to his seat only by wide apart steps and supporting chairs and when he reached his seat there fell into a drunken sleep in one of the pauses of a debate in which he was endeavoring to join, did join when he awoke—having slept with a man thundering at him two feet from his desk—with incoherent exclamations and doubtful answers to a simple, plain and easy question. There were other Senators less noisy and farther gone—one at full length on his desk and chair—legislating on the silver question, as Congress insists on legislating on that and many other questions, eyes shut and mouth wide open.—*Cor. Utica Herald.*

## Silence.

To say the right thing in the right place is generally easy to leave unsaid—the wrong thing at the tempting moment is the difficulty. Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves, and the strongest feelings are generally those that remain unspoken. People who know much speak little, and men who most stir the lives of others, lead the most silent and tranquil lives. They feel society to be oppressive, because it is a hindrance to the exercise of reflection. Cornille, Descartes, Addison, Virgil, Dryden, Goldsmith, and many others, eminent in the walks of literature and science, were silent and even stupid in company; and, strange to say, their silence was sometimes appreciated. The Countess of Pembroke assured Chaucer that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation; and an observer of LaFontaine said of him that it was easy to be either a man of wit or a fool, but to be both, and that in the same extreme degree, was admirable, and only to be found in him. The saying of Taileyrand that language was invented for the purpose of concealing thought, savors of the wily diplomatist. It is no small accomplishment to talk and yet not tell; but silence on a forbidden topic is the safest course. This judicious reticence is a valuable quality in a professional man, and is, to a considerable extent, a result of the practice which demands tact, self command, and patient attention to, and comprehension of a rambling narrative.

## Terrible Tornado—Loss of Life.

STANFORD, KY., March 5.—A tornado four hundred yards wide swept through Casey county Saturday. The family of Vincent Westray, near Reup Hill, consisting of himself, wife and two daughters, and a boy named Stone, a nephew, and Wm. Taylor, a neighbor, stopping at his house, were killed outright. Mrs. Westray's body was blown four hundred yards and her clothing entirely stripped off. The two daughters were carried fifty yards, and were found locked in each other's arms. The father and nephew were fearfully mangled, and all must have been killed by the first force of the tempest. The dwelling, stables and outhouses were blown entirely away. The hearth and foundation stones were blown from their places. In the vicinity of Mt. Olive, Mrs. Morgan, wife of John W. Morgan, was killed. The dwelling and outhouses of J. Floyd were completely swept away and the timbers scattered in every direction. In the village of Mount Olive several houses were swept away. Loss fifty thousand dollars.

## Loving Friends.

Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one through petty jealousy or heedless alight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us let us come face to face and have it out. Quick, before the love grows cold; life is too short to quarrel in, or to carry black thoughts of friends. It is easy to lose a friend but a new one will not come for calling nor make up for the old one.

Few teachers realize what an opportunity they have directly after the school is over to reach the hearts of their pupils. A single kind word, spoken just as one is going out, when the scholar is off his guard, will often prove to be more effective than all that has been taught in the lesson. Each Sabbath, let some scholar go away feeling a warm pressure of the hand, and carrying with him some affectionate words of warning, of exhortation, of sympathy, or of counsel.

A lady resident of Boyertown, Pa., the other night had a desperate fight with a mad dog in her bedroom, and finally, having hurled a \$120 set of false teeth at him, was pleased to see him disappear. She awakened to find that it was all a horrid nightmare, but that the room was wrecked and her teeth shattered beyond redemption.

Envy makes us see what will serve to accuse others, and not perceive what may justify.