

# THE DANBURY REPORTER.

VOLUME II.

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## THE REPORTER.

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### BROUGHT TO TERMS.

"You are surely not in earnest, father?"  
"I assure you I am. I will not give  
my consent to your marriage with that  
girl," said Mr. Cameron, angrily, but  
firmly.

"You are unjust to her; you admit  
that you know nothing of her."

"Except that she is the daughter of a  
farmer, a poor, illiterate farmer who has  
half-a-dozen other children."

"Mr. Litchfield is poor, I grant, but  
neither he nor his children are ignorant.  
Sophie has as good an education as any  
girl I know."

"Bah!" exclaimed the older man,  
contemptuously. "Of course she is  
perfect! Why couldn't you have  
had sense enough to fancy Lottie Felton  
or that pretty little Hillard girl? I'd  
welcome either of them willingly enough,  
but this girl I will not receive."

"Simply because she is a farmer's  
daughter?"

"Simply because I choose not to!"  
answered Basil Cameron, all the obsti-  
nacy inherited from his Scotch grand-  
father rising up against his son's cool  
inflexibility. "I say you shall not marry  
her—and you shall not!"

"And I say I will," replied Maurice,  
angry in his turn. "I defy any one to  
hinder me without showing better cause  
than her poverty."

"You seem to forget, young man, that  
you have not a penny of your own! Pray,  
how do you propose to support a  
wife that I disapprove of?"

"By my own exertions, sir, as thou-  
sands of better men than I am are do-  
ing; I am neither an invalid nor an  
imbecile."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the father.  
"You work! That is rich! Go and  
tell your sweetheart that your father will  
not give you another dollar during his  
life or after it, and see how quick she'll  
repent of saying 'yes' to you."

"On the contrary, sir, her father's  
only objection to me is that I am an idle  
young man."

"Don't talk about the matter, Mau-  
rice. Come, give me your word to break  
off this engagement, and—"

"Never, sir!"

"Then the sooner you get out of my  
sight, the better. I wash my hands of  
you, you thankless boy! Go and work,  
and come to me in a year begging bread  
for your wife. I'd see you starve before  
I'd give it to you then."

Maurice Cameron was the only son of  
Basil Cameron, one of the richest and  
most influential men in the busy town of  
Nelson. He had received a liberal educa-  
tion, and his father who accumulated  
wealth only for him, looked to see him  
take his place among the leading men of  
his State. Cautious, persevering, obsti-  
nate, he had marked out a certain course  
for his handsome, talented boy and de-  
termined that he must carry it out, for-  
getting that the son usually inherits  
most, if not all, of his stronger parent's  
characteristics. Mr. Cameron, too, was  
proud; proud of his good Scotch des-  
cent, of his abilities and his position in  
society; and the idea of Maurice taking  
as a wife this daughter of a small, un-  
known farmer was bitterness indeed. It  
was true he knew nothing whatever of the  
girl, but that made no difference; he had  
made up his mind that Maurice must  
marry into either the Felton, Hillard or  
Stuyvesant families; therefore this un-  
heard of Sophie Litchfield was an inter-  
loper.

Mrs. Cameron worshipped both hus-  
band and son, consequently this dis-  
agreement—ripening, as it did, into an  
open rupture between the two—cost her  
many a tear; but against two such stub-  
born natures she was powerless.

The Litchfields were, as Mr. Cameron  
had said, poor; but they were cultivated,  
honest, sensible people. Sophie was the  
second daughter and was as pretty, well-  
reared, graceful a girl as any Cameron  
ever wooed, and would do honor to any  
position in life. Mr. Litchfield talked  
seriously with Maurice when he heard  
of the quarrel between him and his  
father, and finding that he was deter-  
mined to pursue his own course, told him  
that a little adversity, a little genuine  
work, would probably make a man of  
him, and that he would give him Sophie  
more willingly now than ever. So Basil  
Cameron was a false prophet.

Maurice left home, bag and baggage,  
the day of the conversation above re-  
corded. His father felt very curious to  
know what he would do, but would not

condescend to make any inquiries or  
show any interest.

A fortnight passed. Mr. and Mrs.  
Cameron were dining with the Feltons  
(a quiet family dinner) one day, when  
there was a very fine leg of mutton on  
the table.

"Yes, thank you, Felton, I will take  
another slice," said Mr. Cameron; "that  
is the best mutton I've tasted this long  
time, far better than Brooks gives us—  
you trade with Brooks, don't you?"

"Yes, usually," answered Mr. Fel-  
ton, hesitatingly, while Lottie and her  
mother exchanged amused glances and  
twelve-year-old Susie giggled outright.

"I shall go to Brooks to-morrow and  
tell him to send me just such a leg as  
this," continued Mr. Cameron.

"We wouldn't get this of Brooks."

"No? Who then?"

"Of a young man who has re-opened  
Evans' old place," said Mr. Felton,  
smilingly.

"Then I'll patronize him."

"You could not do better; he is a  
very worthy young man," said Mrs.  
Felton; her husband was too busy carv-  
ing to reply.

"What is his name? Is it true that  
Latimer has failed?" said Mr. Felton.

"These good friends evidently don't  
want me to deal with their butcher, but  
I will," soliloquized Basil Cameron.

On his way down town, the next morn-  
ing, he took pains to pass the new butch-  
er's shop; glancing over the doorway  
(fancy his horror!) he saw a spick-and-  
span new sign-board with "Maurice Basil  
Cameron, Jr., Butcher, Poulterer and  
Fishmonger," plainly painted thereon.

Young Cameron had indeed gone to  
work; this was the first, indeed the only  
opening that presented itself, for Nelson  
was a steady going town, where business  
rarely failed or started up very vigor-  
ously, and chances of establishing one's  
self did not occur twice in a lifetime.

Maurice was standing near the door-  
way when his father approached; with  
his immaculate apron and snowy shirt-  
sleeves, glossy collar and narrow black  
neck-tie, he was a handsome picture in  
spite of his very unromantic surround-  
ings.

"Good morning, father," said he,  
cheerfully. "You see I have gone to  
work; took that money I've been sav-  
ing for a trip to Europe and opened this  
little place. I've got Evans' son with  
me and he knows all about meats and  
things; I'll learn after while. You'll  
give me your—"

"Great heavens! Is it—is it you?"

"Yes, sir, I—Maurice Basil Cameron,  
Junior."

I think that "Junior" was the bitter-  
est drop in the whole cup of the old  
man's reflection; I really believe that,  
for a moment, he repented naming his  
son after him. Too angry, too much as-  
tonished to know what to say, he turned  
on his heel and walked away, but he  
could not escape the memory of that  
awful sign-board; three times that week,  
delicate, straw-colored hand-bills were  
thrust under his eyes by boys who were  
distributing them through the town, and  
all bore the same legend; every time he  
picked up a newspaper he saw Maurice's  
advertisement; all of his acquaintances  
were laughing over Maurice's freak, as  
he called it, and not a few applauded the  
young man and blamed him. It was a  
genuine agony.

Then, too, he loved the boy and missed  
his bright face from the home that was  
so quiet without him; he knew his wife  
mourned deeply over the separation and  
strongly suspected that she visited the  
obnoxious shop every day; he did not  
want to hurt her feelings, so he never  
asked her where she bought their meat  
and poultry. And as the new butcher  
was doing a thriving trade there was no  
hope of his suing for mercy or for help.

Three months passed, and a day came  
that for twenty-eight years Mr. and Mrs.  
Cameron had held as a home festival—  
their wedding anniversary. The night  
before it dawned Basil Cameron knew  
that his wife had cried nearly all night.  
How could she keep a festival without  
her boy?

"Oh, dear!" he groaned, as he left  
the house after breakfast, "I must do it.  
The boy is as stubborn—as I am; and I  
can't see his mother fret. He shall  
have his country girl—confound her!  
just as he had the hammer and the look-  
ing glass when he was a baby!"

Richard, the coachman, almost faltered  
himself crazed when his master told him

to drive out on the Barton Road to Par-  
son Litchfield's, instead of down to the  
bank, as usual, early in the morning.

"Does Mrs. Sophie Litchfield live  
here?" he asked of a pretty little girl,  
who was just coming out of the front  
door of the house pointed out to him as  
Litchfield's.

"Yes, sir; please walk in; she's here  
in the parlor."

Instead of a slipshod, blowy girl, Mr.  
Cameron found Sophie to be a very at-  
tractive young lady; quite as well man-  
nered and pleasant as Lottie Felton.

His visit was far longer than he intended  
for he ended by going all over the farm  
with the father, while the daughter was  
making a few changes in her dress pre-  
paratory to spending the day with her  
future mother-in-law. Mrs. Cameron  
had smiled instead of tears that day, for  
she not only had her boy at home again,  
but discovered that Sophie was just ex-  
actly the sort of a girl she had always  
pictured to herself as Maurice's wife.

It could not have chosen better itself!"  
was her verdict.

Maurice stuck to his determination to  
go into business instead of playing the  
"fine gentleman" all his life, but readily  
agreed to his father's proposition to buy  
him an interest in the only wholesale  
dry goods house in the town, saying that  
he certainly preferred that to his former  
occupation, "but then I was poor, and  
beggars must not be choosers, you know."

What We Owe to Society.

When we hear of the large sums of  
money expended in the erection and  
furnishing of many of the houses of  
worship in our cities and elsewhere, and  
of the amounts that are yearly raised to  
keep up religious service therein, we are  
led to think that Friends have yet to  
learn the art of giving for the mainte-  
nance of their meetings.

If we have no minister at a large sal-  
ary, to support, no choir or organist to  
employ, and no expenses incurred in  
keeping up ordinances and sacraments,  
we do not have needy brethren and sis-  
ters to look after and assist, and, by the  
form of church organization that hold  
us together, we are as truly bound to  
provide for them as if they were of our  
immediate household. In this lies the  
difference between ourselves and most  
other religious bodies, for while a meas-  
ure of support is handed forth to the  
needy in some denominations, in many  
cases they are left to State and munici-  
pal charities, without any provision be-  
ing made to better their temporal condi-  
tion.

The heating and lighting of our meet-  
ing houses, and the care required to keep  
them in order, cannot cost much less  
than is paid for like expenses in the  
other houses for worship, so that there is  
need for us to examine into this matter,  
that we may know where we stand, and  
be satisfied that our whole duty in re-  
spect to giving is discharged.

There is no reason why a Friend  
should contribute less to advance the  
objects of the religious society of which  
he is a member, than do the members of  
any other society. We know that it takes  
money to carry on any human organiza-  
tion. And the church, which, in its  
offices and operations, was intended to  
embrace every object that has for its ul-  
timate end the temporal, as well as the  
spiritual good of all over whom it exerts  
an influence, should, by benevolent, ed-  
ucational and social means, carry out the  
grand idea of brotherhood, upon which  
its foundations were laid. And as we  
come more and more to recognize this  
brotherhood, and the equality of right  
to all the privileges of children of one  
common Father, which it teaches, we  
are made to realize that we hold all we  
possess for the common good.

If we are blessed with abundance, we  
ought, as good stewards of the manifold  
grace of God, to consider ourselves ac-  
countable to Him for the use we make  
of the increase thereof.

The whole teaching of the religion of  
Jesus is opposed to the accumulation of  
great riches. It does not rebuke the  
diligent, far-sighted man, who, by stand-  
fast, honest effort, adds largely to his  
worldly possessions; but it does wholly  
forbid the hoarding of the increase, as  
opposed to every principle of generous  
feeling toward our less favored brethren,  
and contrary to the practice and exam-  
ple of all those whose lives have been  
the best exponents of Divine perfection.

While, in the early days of the disci-

ples, it was found necessary to have all  
things in common, and no man counted  
anything that he possessed his own; the  
condition of society and the advanced  
civilization of the age in which we live,  
give greater breadth to human effort,  
and stronger incentives to accumulate  
for individual benefit.

It is no part of the office of the church  
organization to control the resources of  
its members, or to fix the limit of their  
gifts; but it has a right to expect lib-  
eral, generous support in all its humane  
and Christian efforts, and that every  
member will give willingly and without  
grudging, according to the measure of  
success that has blessed his worldly efforts.

A Sad Story of Life.

A New York paper says: A very  
sad story, indeed, is that of the poor  
woman who attempted to desert her in-  
fant child. A police officer observed  
the woman moving along apparently in  
deep distress, with a bundle in her arms,  
and seeing she was in trouble asked her  
what was the matter. The poor crea-  
ture's reply was an agonized moan, as  
she hurried past the officer, apparently  
anxious to escape his notice. The man,  
suspecting something wrong, kept her in  
sight until she disappeared in a passag-  
eway on Water street, from which she  
soon again emerged, with a female infant  
three or four weeks old in her arms.

Then removing her shawl she spread it  
hastily on a stoop, laid her baby tenderly  
down, gave the little one a passionate  
kiss, and rushed away. Of course the  
policeman followed and arrested her,  
and brought her back to where she had  
left the child. When taken to the police  
court on a charge of abandonment she  
held the infant clasped convulsively to  
her breast, as if, deeply repentant of the  
desertion, she now dreaded lest some  
person might force her baby from her  
arms. Her answer to the Judge was  
simple and touching, and told her whole  
bitter history—"Oh, my God! what  
could I do? I love it, but I had no  
place to take it to."

God help the poor mother who is  
compelled to utter such a cry—who, in  
the midst of a Christian community and  
of charitable institutions maintained at  
the expense of millions, is driven to tear  
her own heart by the fearful crime of  
desertion rather than to wander the  
streets and see her child perish in her  
arms of want and exposure. Surely  
there ought to be some public charity at  
which this unhappy woman and her child  
could have been promptly received and  
kindly cared for. There is too often a  
sort of red-tapeism about the dispensa-  
tion of charities which is apt to with-  
hold relief from immediate suffering  
until the less scrupulous agencies of  
death or crime step in and dispose of the  
case in their own way. The unfortun-  
ate ought to be made to understand that  
they can obtain assistance and rescue  
from pressing misery for the mere ask-  
ing, and then we should have fewer  
cases like the one to which we allude.

Judge Bixby "held the woman in \$500  
to answer," but we think the kind and  
loving hand of Christian charity is bet-  
ter adapted to this wretched mother's  
case than the stern enforcement of the  
law against desertion.

The Use of Liquor.

For the last ten years the use of spirits  
has

1. Imposed upon the nation a direct  
expense of about \$6,000,000,000.

2. Has caused an indirect expense of  
\$7,000,000,000.

3. Has destroyed 300,000 lives.

4. Has sent 100,000 children to the  
poorhouse.

5. Has committed at least 15,000 peo-  
ple to the prisons and workhouses.

6. Has determined at least 1,000 sui-  
cides.

7. Has made 200,000 widows and  
1,000,000 orphans.

In the parlor with her pleading in-  
nocent eyes, the soft gleam of sunshine  
nestling in her golden hair, her sweet  
face over which the tall tale blushes play  
hide-and-seek, her charming disposi-  
tion and winning voice, you thought her  
an angel. But just wait until morning;  
wait until you can see her with eyes  
looking like a pale bucket; her hair  
every way for heaven; and hear that win-  
ning voice still over the banister saying:  
"Maw, maw, make haste for breakfast!"

### A Leech Barometer.

The following is a simple way of  
making a "leech barometer." Take an  
eight-ounce phial, and put in it three  
gills of water and a healthy leech, chang-  
ing the water in summer once a week,  
and in summer once a fortnight. If the  
weather is to be fine, the leech lies ap-  
tionless at the bottom of the glass, and  
coiled together in a spiral form; if rain  
may be expected, it will creep up to the  
top of its lodgings, and remain there  
till the weather is settled; if we are to  
have wind, it will move through its habi-  
tation with amazing swiftness, and sel-  
dom goes to rest till a high wind begins;  
if a remarkable storm of thunder and  
rain is to succeed, the leech will remain  
for some days before almost continually  
out of water, and show great uneasiness  
in violent throes and convulsive-like mo-  
tions. In frost, as in clear, summer-like  
weather, the leech lies constantly at the  
bottom; and in snow, as in rainy weather,  
it moves to the very mouth of the  
phial. The top should be covered over  
with a piece of muslin.

The Deadly Kiss.

The promiscuous kissing of children  
is a pestilent practice. We use the word  
advisedly, and it is mild for the occasion.  
Murderous would be proper, did the  
kissers know the mischief they do.

Yes, madame, murderous; and we are  
speaking to you. Do you remember  
calling on your dear friend, Mrs. Brown,  
the other day, with a strip of red flannel  
around your neck? And when little  
Flora came dancing into the room didn't  
you pounce upon her demonstratively,  
call her precious little pet, and kiss her?

Then you serenely proceed to describe  
the dreadful sore throat that kept you  
from prayer-meeting the night before.  
You had no designs on the child's life,  
we know; nevertheless, you killed her!

killed her as surely as if you had fed her  
with strychnine or arsenic. Your care-  
lessness was fatal. Two or three days  
after the little pet began to complain of  
a sore throat, too. The symptoms grew  
rapidly alarming; and when the doctor  
came the single word "diphtheria" suf-  
ficed to explained them all.

It would be absurd to charge the  
spread of diphtheria entirely to the cus-  
tom of child-kissing. There are other  
modes of propagation; though it is hard  
to conceive of any more directly suited  
to the spread of the infection, or more  
general in operation. It were better to  
avoid the practice.

Painful Scene in a Court Room.

Charles F. Fredericks, night distribu-  
tion clerk in the Newark, N. J., post-  
office, who was detected in stealing letters  
was brought before a Commissioner.

The father of Fredericks, who is now  
nearly seventy years of age, came in and  
was led to the chair where the prisoner  
was seated. For a moment he stood  
trembling before him, and then resting  
his hand on the shoulders of his son,  
cried, "Oh, Charles, Charles, you have  
you have. Your mother is gone, but be-  
fore she died she said you would some-  
time break my heart." When the wife  
and child of the accused man entered the  
room, the wife, regardless of those pres-  
ent, threw herself into his arms and  
cried, "Charlie, have you done this?  
And have we been living upon these  
thefts?" "This was the first time," was  
the answer. The next moment his al-  
most frenzied wife was upon her knees  
before the Commissioner, and cried out  
with an agony of grief, "Kill me, mur-  
der me! do what you will, but let me  
have my Charlie." She was hardly con-  
scious when taken from the room. Ex-  
amination was waived, and Fredericks  
committed in default of \$5,000 bail, in  
the Essex County Jail. The prisoner  
has been employed in the Newark post-  
office for over seven years.

A Monroe, Iowa, Justice of the Peace  
has ruled that a father has no right to  
occupy his parlor while the daughter  
and her deans have possession. A young  
man bounced a gentleman from his room  
and was locked up for assault, but was  
acquitted at trial.

Horace Greeley once said that the  
saddest period in a young man's life was  
when he had made up his mind that  
there was a better way of getting a dollar  
than honestly earning it. That is what  
ails our people.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.