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THE REPORTER.

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A HEROINE IN RAGS.

Jacqueline Dubois was not French, though her name would seem to indicate that such was the case. She was an American working girl of mixed parentage, her father being of French extraction and her mother a true born American.

She had neither beauty nor education to assist her to gain a livelihood; hence she was obliged to toil daily in an immense factory, along with at least a hundred other unfortunate girls and women.

The factory was rattling and buzzing away in the midst of one of the busiest parts of a great city. It had been there for years, and its tall, grimy brick walls stood like a spectre amid the busy marts of trade which surrounded it.

The office of this factory was upon the ground floor, easy of access, and a model of ease, elegance and comfort. The owner was very robust, fat in opulence, a prominent member of the town church, a man whose name was frequently seen in the daily papers heading some subscription for the support of foreign missions with a liberal donation. It was a good advertisement. He liked it; it paid well.

This good man's factory room, where his hundred female slaves toiled through the week to fatten his already adipose purse, did not possess a seat, except the few boxes the girls had begged from the store room to receive their weary bodies after their limbs had given out and refused longer to support them.

These girls worked from seven o'clock in the morning until six at night—how much? Not enough to buy food proper for their sustenance, not enough to keep blood in their veins and strength in their muscles. It is the bitter truth, as many know too well, that the majority of these workers receive only from two to three dollars per week, or less than fifty cents per day.

Then, hanging over them like a Damoclean sword, is the docking system, which eats into their wages like a hungry rat into the malt. These hard-working souls have made the opulent proprietor, who now can scarcely spare an hour a day to business, as his time is entirely taken up by drives, clubs, public gatherings, and other pleasures.

In this den—yes, den!—that is the right word. What better name for a place where young girls are taught that their time is almost worthless, and learn the uselessness of honest effort. In this den Jacqueline Dubois labored.

She was a very earnest worker, and wonderfully adept, consequently she was one of those who received three dollars per week. She was generous to a fault, and frequently divided the scanty luncheon she had provided with a fellow worker less fortunate than herself. Thus she made friends and thus she made enemies, for the envious and small-souled cannot call generosity friend.

"That Jac. Dubois is terribly stuck up for as homely a girl as she is."

But blessed is a plain, honest face to a girl in these circumstances, as it keeps her from temptations and miseries.

Jac. Dubois, as they called her, had a larger soul and a more intrepid spirit than all the envious lot put together.

It was a bright, sunny day in May, almost the first bright day for a week we had experienced. It cheered the hearts of the girls, and incited them to renewed efforts. Jac. Dubois had worked hard all the forenoon, but she was not tired, she was happy.

She had been singing as she worked, singing snatches of Mission School melody, which harmonized strangely with the whirl of the machinery.

The reason she was so happy was because her mind was so filled with the image of a young and handsome man. She had met George Dunham a few evenings before at a friend's. He was a young carpenter, and a hard working man. They had since been walking together, and he had asked her if he might linger near the factory after working hours and walk with her homeward.

It was two long miles from the factory to Jac's home; but the poor have to live where the rent is cheap, and many have a greater distance than this to walk after their day's work.

It was the hour of noon. Jac. had eaten her luncheon and made known her determination of going down the street to get a breath of fresh air.

Several girls offered to accompany her,

so that quite a number were in the party that strolled down the sunny street to a busy thoroughfare below. As they neared the crossing quite a crowd met them, surging both ways. A few of the girls stopped on the corner to ogle a party of mechanics, who sat with tin pails between their blue-overalled legs, eating the cold bite which nature demanded.

Three girls attempted to cross the street. One of them was Jac. Dubois. Coming toward them from the other side was a nurse and child, about four years old. As the nurse endeavored to pull the little one along it stumbled and falls, the little woman relaxes her hold upon the small white arm, and springs forward to avoid the approach of an express wagon.

The child knows not its danger, but the bystanders see it. The nurse and several women scream, but no one tries to save it. The burly driver strives in vain to check the restive horses. Almost miraculously they step over the little creature lying so helplessly there, without even abating the skin.

But see: the lovely little head with its clustering curls is directly in the course of the heavily tired wheel. No one can grasp the infant, and no one stirs. What an instant, what a terrible suspense, when the frightened bystanders expect to hear in an instant the cracking bones of the child's head.

Stay! One hand does strive to grasp the infant and fails. What can she do—a slight girl? "What is Jac. Dubois doing?" springs into the brains of her companions.

Readily the girl saw that nothing could save the child's life but a sacrifice, and the sacrifice—which came, God knows, from a pure heart—was made.

Her slender foot was placed firmly before the ponderous wheel, when she grasped the spokes and pushed with all her strength to change its course. It turned from its former track just sufficient to avoid the infant's head; but in its revolution it mashed poor Jacqueline's foot out of all shape.

The child was quickly picked up by one of the bystanders and brushed off by the frightened nurse, who tried to quell its sobs, while her own tears were chasing each other down her cheeks. The inanimate form of our poor heroine was laid upon the broad flagging of the sidewalk. She had fainted.

"Brave girl! Who is she?" said a benevolent old gentleman who had just approached, attempting at the same time to chafe some life into her hands.

"Only Jac. Dubois," answered one of her former companions, who was already surmising what change her absence from the factory would occasion in her particular work, and hoping to step into her place.

"Jac. Dubois? Oh, Heaven! is it Jac?" cried one of the young carpenters, his pail being flung from him into the street, and he bending down and looking into the young girl's face.

"You know her, then?" questioned the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir, I do?"

"Will you care for her? She should have immediate attention. You ought to take her to the nearest surgeon."

"She shall have it, sir. I will do so. Ed"—to a workman—"get a carriage for me."

"She is a noble girl," said the old gentleman, looking down at her. "Who is she—where does she live? I should like to call upon her."

"Jacqueline Dubois, No. 920 Spring street. Will you help me put her into the carriage?"

Various offers were made to put the maimed girl into the vehicle. It was successfully accomplished, and the carriage rolled away to obtain medical aid for the sufferer.

The spectators dispersed, the girls returned to complete their day's work. The old gentleman steps up to the nurse, who was kneeling in a doorway, still brushing the particles of dust from the child's dress. He had only seen the crippled girl, and beheld her heroic action from a distance.

"My good woman, who is this—What! Agnes—Gracie!"

"Oh, Mr. Laffin, you won't discharge me, will you? The baby is safe and sound, and I'll buy her a new frock. I couldn't help it, sir—indeed, indeed, in—"

"Papa, papa!"

Mr. Laffin took his baby in his arms,

and kissing her dear little face, turned from the nurse without a word, and gazed in the direction of the rapidly disappearing vehicle, until the large tears gathered in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

"Noble girl! noble girl! her foot for my child's life! But she shall not suffer if money can repair the damage." Byron Laffin was very rich.

"Jacqueline Dubois, No. 920 Spring street." The old gentleman put it down in his note-book as he called a carriage to take the careless nurse and his only, his only child, Gracie, to their magnificent home. As he pressed her to his bus in her life seemed doubly dear as he thought of the recent danger and her narrow escape.

Jacqueline Dubois lies in the only bedroom on the first floor of her humble home. The injured foot has been properly cared for, but the physician gave little encouragement to her ever walking upon it again without the aid of a crutch.

By her side is the young and pleasant-faced carpenter, George Dunham. He is holding her hand.

"George, where is mother?"

"Gone to have your father come home from his work."

"It is too bad," she moaned. "Father will lose a day, and you will lose a day, and I—oh, I can never walk again."

"Never mind, dear, don't cry. If you will only let George Dunham provide a home for you, you will never want while he has strength."

"Oh, George, are you in earnest—or do you say this out of pity? The doctor says I am never to use my foot. What would you do with a crippled wife?" and the poor, suffering girl essayed a laugh, which only ended in a sob of anguish.

"Yes, indeed, Jac, I do want you. How can I help loving you, knowing as I do what you did to-day?"

"Oh, I couldn't help that."

"No, indeed, a heroic action is the first impulse of a brave heart."

Knock! Knock!

"See who it is, George."

"And your answer is—"

"I love you!"

In a few moments George returned, bearing in his hand a letter addressed to Jac.

"Read it to me, George," she said, as she closed her eyes and set her teeth, determined to endure an excruciating pain without a cry.

CRV, May 5, 1877.

MISS DUBOIS: Enclosed I send you my check for \$1,000. This is but an installment of what I intend you shall have. My daughter's life is dearer to me than all my wealth. This you preserved by the sacrifice of all your future prospects, and weeks and months of pain I will call soon and make your acquaintance; but I cannot hesitate an instant in giving you a substantial token of my obligation. My dear girl, a thankful father blesses you. BYRON LAFFIN.

"George, all this for me?" queried the bewildered girl, eyeing the check. "I'll give it to father, so he can pay off the mortgage. George, I am glad I did it."

"I know you are, dear. Jac, we will forget what we said a few moments ago."

"What for, George?" she asked, pathetically.

"You will now be amply provided for."

"No, George, not wholly provided for, unless I have you to share it."

Outdone by a Boy.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him:

"You never will amount to much; you never can do much business—you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

Anecdotes of Victor Emanuel.

The memory of King Victor Emanuel will become associated in the mind of posterity with the thousand little traits of good temper and good humor, of personal tact and keen sagacity, with which it was associated in the minds of his own contemporaries. Of the anecdotes illustrating his ready tact, one or two known as quite authentic may be given.

When the conflict between Church and State in Piedmont was at its height a deputation of noble ladies from Chambery waited on the King, imploring him to evocate the decree by which the Nuns of the Sacred Heart were expelled from their city. They saw no prospect, such was the declaration made by them to the King, of having their daughters properly educated if the pious sisterhood should be removed. The king heard them very attentively, and at the close of their appeal most courteously replied:

"I believe you are mistaken. I know that there are at this moment in the town of Chambery many ladies much better qualified to educate your children than the Sisters of the Sacred Heart." The ladies looked surprised, exchanged inquiring glances with each other, until at last one of them, addressing the king, begged him to point out the pious teachers, of whose existence they were ignorant. "The pious teachers," replied the king, bowing more courteously than before, "are yourselves; your daughters can have no persons better qualified to superintend their education than their own mothers." The ladies of Chambery offered no further remarks, but left the royal presence chamber in silence.

An equally characteristic trait was furnished when, after the annexation of Tuscany, he visited Pisa for the first time. On driving to the Cathedral, where an immense crowd had gathered to welcome him, he found the great gates closed by order of the reactionary archbishop, Cardinal Corsi. After a delay of one or two minutes it was found that a small side entrance had been left open, and the king proceeded towards the door. But the crowd of Pisans resented the insult offered to the king, broke out into indignant and even menacing cries against the cardinal-archbishop. Victor Emmanuel waving his hand from the top of the steps, told them to be calm, exclaiming at the same time, in a good-humored tone—"It's all right. His Eminence is only teaching as a practical instance the great truth that it is by the narrow gate we have a chance of getting to Heaven."

A Passionate Temper.

A merchant in London had a dispute with a Quaker, respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the question into court, a proceeding which the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant hearing the inquiry and knowing the voice, called aloud from the top of the stairs:

"Tell that rascal that I am not at home."

The Quaker, looking up toward him, calmly said:

"Well, friend; God put thee in a better mind."

The merchant, struck afterwards with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right, and after acknowledging his error, he said:

"I have one question to ask you—how were you able, with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?"

"Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee; I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful; and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always speak loud; and I thought if I could control my voice, I should repress my passion. I have therefore made it a rule not to suffer my voice to rise above a certain key; and by careful observance of this rule, with the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper."

The Quaker reasoned philosophically, and the merchant, as every one else may do, benefited by his example.

A Haunted Rock.

There is in the western part of Hampshire county, Mass., a large rock, lying close by the side of the highway, which for half a dozen years past has been a terror not only to evil-doers, but to many of the good people living in the vicinity. Strange noises have been heard and strange sights seen there occasionally during all this period of time. Recently, however, the unknown has made little or no demonstration, until a few nights since, as a young man was passing by the rock at about eleven o'clock, there was the appearance of a man standing directly in front of him, and at the same time making threatening and belligerent gestures. The young man, thinking it was some one attempting to pass off some trick upon him, crossed the street in order to pass him; but as he crossed, so did the figure, and as he walked forward the figure did the same—sometimes farther from him and sometimes nearer to him, and sometimes by his side. At one time he attempted to grasp it with his hand, but in an instant the figure was five or six feet beyond his reach. This strange and silent companion kept him company for about fifty rods, and then suddenly "vanished into thin air." The moon was shining brightly at the time, and the person who saw it could not have been deceived, and besides, he is a sober, cool-headed young man, and not easily frightened. We tell the story as it was told to us, merely remarking that those who know the young man best agree that he could have no motive to perpetrate a hoax, nor is it easy to see how a hoax was perpetrated on him.—Springfield Union.

Why It Pays to Read.

One's physical frame—his body—his hands—is only a machine. It is the mind, controlling and directing that machine, that gives it power and efficiency. The successful use of the body depends wholly upon the mind—upon its ability to direct well. If one ties his arm in a sling it becomes weak, and finally powerless. Keep it in active exercise, and it acquires vigor and strength, and is disciplined to use this strength as desired. Just so one's mind; by active exercise in thinking, planning, studying, observing, acquires vigor, strength, power of concentration and direction. Plainly, then, the man who exercises his mind in reading and thinking, gives it increased power and efficiency, and greater ability to direct the efforts of his physical frame—his work—to better results, than he can who merely uses his muscles. If a man reads a book or paper, even one he knows to be erroneous, it helps him by the effort to combat the errors. Of all men, the farmer, the cultivator, needs to read more and think more—to strengthen his reasoning powers, so that they may help out and make more effective, more profitable, his hard toil. There can be no doubt that the farmer who supplies himself with the reading the most of other men's experiences and thoughts, will, in the end, if not at once, be the most successful.

Language of the Hair.

All of our features have their language—eyes, nose and mouth. And now some one discovers that even the hair has its own indications.

Straight, lank strigly looking hair indicates weakness and cowardice.

Curly hair denotes a quick temper. Frizzy hair, set on one's head as if each individual hair was ready to fight its neighbor, denotes coarseness.

Black hair indicates persistent resolution in accomplishing an object, also a strong predisposition to revenge wrong and insults, real or fancied.

Brown hair denotes fondness for life, a friendly disposition, ambition, earnestness of purpose, capacity for business, reliability in friendship, in proportion as the hair is fine.

Very fine hair indicates an even disposition, readiness to forgive, with a desire for happiness of others.

Persors with fine light brown or auburn hair, inclined to curl or friz, also quick tempered, and are given to resentment and revenge.