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GOING INTO PARTNERSHIP.

Mrs. Nottingham, being unable to get the means from her husband to supply her necessities, at last informed him that she should resume her profession of teaching, so as to be as independent as she was before she was married.

"You're not in earnest, my dear?" said Mr. Nottingham.

"Of course I'm in earnest. Why not? Do you suppose I intend to go this way, begging and praying for every farthing I spend? I have been independent once, and I can be so again."

"No; but look here!" Mr. Nottingham had risen, and was pacing up and down rather uneasily. "My wife can't go to teaching. What is it that you want?"

"What I can earn!" proudly retorted Mrs. Nottingham.

"But put it into words."

"Well, then, look here," said Mrs. Nottingham; "I have always done my own work and sewing. Considered as a cook, I demand three pounds a month; as a seamstress, one pound; as your wife and the mother of your children, at least ten pounds more. And then I shall not consider myself properly compensated."

"Whew w-w! Let me see—it's nearly fifteen pounds a month!"

"I consider my services worth that, at least," said Mrs. Nottingham, with dignity; "but if you would rather hire a housekeeper, I will prosecute my original idea of opening a school."

Mr. Nottingham walked up and down the room once more, rumpling his hair into porcine fashion, with his fingers. "I'll consult Uncle Wetherbee," he said.

"Very well," said Mrs. Nottingham, "I am quite willing to abide by his decision."

Uncle Wetherbee, a bronze-visaged ex-sailor, who was comfortably smoking his meerschaum upstairs, was summoned at once. He came down—rather slowly on account of a wooden leg—and listened to the pleading on either side with the utmost gravity.

"D'ye want to know my opinion?" Uncle Wetherbee asked, when they both had finished.

"Certainly," said Mr. Nottingham. "Of course," said his wife.

"Then look here," said Uncle Wetherbee. "Matrimony is a co-partnership of joys and sorrows, and it ought to be of money as well. My advice is, Nephew Nicholas, that you divide even with your wife."

"Divide—even!" blankly repeated Mr. Nottingham.

"Or, better still," went on Uncle Wetherbee, "take one-third of the money yourself, lay aside one-third for household purposes, and give the other third to Phoebe."

"Yes, but Uncle—"

"You asked my advice," said Uncle Wetherbee. "There it is; and I have nothing more to say." And off he went upstairs again.

Mr. Nottingham looked at his wife. She looked back again at him.

"Well," said Phoebe.

"I will try it," said Mr. Nottingham. "It seems a wild idea, but Uncle Wetherbee is a remarkably sensible man. Yes, I'll try it."

And for the next three years Mr. Nottingham remained in partnership with his wife on these unusual financial conditions.

"Though for the life of me, I can't see what you do with all your money," said he, one day, to his wife.

"The very idea that has often suggested itself to me in regard to your money," retorted Mrs. Nottingham, laughingly.

"I had intended to buy a house for you, if it hadn't been for this unexpected appropriation of my funds," said Mr. N.

"I can wait, my dear," said his wife, serenely. "All in good time."

But one afternoon Mr. Nottingham came home early from business and rushed up to Uncle Wetherbee's room. "My dear Uncle," said he, "that house of Falkirk's is in the market at forced sale. Such a bargain! Only \$3,000!"

"Why don't you buy it then?" said Mr. Wetherbee, scooping fresh tobacco out of his jar.

"Because I've only been able to lay up \$2,000 out of that deucedly small allowance of mine," said Mr. Nottingham. "Ever since I divided with Phoebe according to your suggestion—"

"Yes," nodded Uncle Wetherbee, "according to my suggestion—"

"I've been a comparatively poor man," sighed Mr. Nottingham. "One can't lay up anything on such a pittance as that."

"Perhaps your wife thinks so, too," chuckled Uncle Wetherbee.

"Oh, that's altogether a different matter," said Mr. Nottingham. "I've been thinking I ought to reconsider that affair."

Uncle Wetherbee stared intently at his wooden leg, and said nothing.

"But," added Mr. Nottingham, "about the Falkirk place? It's a little gem of a house, and I've always wanted a house of my own. This rent-paying business don't altogether suit me. And I could give a mortgage for the \$1,000, if you would allow me to use your name as security."

"Oh, certainly, certainly!" said Uncle Wetherbee; "use it as much as you like." And Mr. Nottingham went off rejoicing.

But Wiggs & Sangster, the agents in charge of the Falkirk place, were exultant when he arrived.

"Two thousand dollars and a mortgage for the balance, is very well," said Mr. Sangster, "but they had had another offer that morning—of cash down! And they considered it their duty to Mr. Falkirk to close with it. Very sorry—but perhaps they might suit Mr. Nottingham with some other piece of property." Mr. Nottingham went home sadly despirited.

"What's the use of trying to save money?" said he. "I'm going to give it up after this!"

"I don't agree with you there, dear," said his wife. "I've been saving money for the last three years, and found that it pays."

"You have?" said her husband.

"Of course I have. Do you suppose I spent all my money? Not a bit of it. I put the best part of it out at interest, always following Uncle Wetherbee's advice in my investments, and I've bought a house with it!"

"What house?" Mr. Nottingham's eyes opened wider and wider.

"The Falkirk house," said Mrs. Nottingham, her lips and cheeks dimpling all over with satisfaction. "I completed the bargain to-day. My dear," she added, stealing one arm around her husband's neck, "how do you think I have held up my end of the business partnership?"

"Better than I could have done myself, Phoebe," said Mr. Nottingham, with a curious moisture coming into his eyes. "My plucky little wife, I am proud of you!"

"It was your money, Nicholas," said his wife, in a faltering voice.

"But it was your prudence and economy that stored it up, Phoebe."

"Then you don't regret the terms and articles of our partnership?"

So the young couple moved into the Falkirk house when the first of May came around, and the coziest room in the house, with a south window and an open fireplace for a wood fire, was reserved for Uncle Wetherbee.

And Mr. Nottingham is never tired of telling his friends that his wife bought the place with her share of the partnership profits.

"The most charming woman in the world," says Mr. Nottingham.

The Kind of Religion We Want.

We want a religion that softens the step and tunes the voice to melody, and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors, and considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being cross when dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes him mindful of the scraper and the door-mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and amuses the children as well as instructs them; cares for the servants besides paying them all their wages promptly; projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the home happy like the eastern fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the full glory of the ripened fruit; a religion that shall interpose between the ruts and gullies and rocks of the highway of life, and the sensitive souls that are traveling over them.

Gambling for Human Life.

Perhaps the most tragic, soul harrowing scene that ever took place at a gaming table, says the Cincinnati Commercial, transpired at a public house in Port au Prince some years ago. Several parties were waiting about the room for the game to commence. Among the crowd of loiterers was a Captain St. Every, a noted gamester, deadly duelist and well-known man of pluck.

Some one spoke up, "Who'll play?" "I will," said the captain of a French frigate, which had just arrived in the harbor, and seizing a dice box threw to win or lose the amount of a small sum of money that then lay upon the table. He was ignorant of the stake to be played.

"Monsieur commandant, you have won," said Captain St. Every, passing toward him several piles of gold.

Astonished at the sight of so much wealth, the captain drew back, saying:

"Gentlemen, I should be wanting not only in common honesty, but even in good manners, were I to appropriate this sum, the winning of which I never expected in the least degree, for I thought I was playing for the trifling stake lying on the table. I cannot, therefore, take the enormous sum as my own by right."

"Sir," said Captain St. Every, "you must take it, for if you had lost you would have been obliged to pay the same sum."

"You are mistaken, sir, if you think so. I do not conceive my honor endangered in reference to paying a debt of honor which I never contracted, nor in refusing to accept of so large a sum which I never expected to win."

"Monsieur le commandant," shrieked Captain St. Every, raising his voice to the highest pitch, "if you had lost you should have paid. I would have made you do so."

This was fire to the gunpowder, intended to provoke a challenge, and it accomplished its purpose.

"Sir," said Captain St. Every, "I don't wish to take any advantage of you, which my acknowledged ability in the use of the sword and pistol gives me, so I offer you terms of equality. Bring a pistol heretofore owned, loaded it, and the chance of the dice shall determine which shall blow the other's brains out."

"Agreed," said the nothing daunted frigate commandant.

A shock of horror ran through the veins of the assembled crowd at the barbarity of the blood-chilling affair. Some shrank from the room; others, more hardened to sights of horror, crowded near the gaming table, perfectly cognizant of the desperate character of St. Every, and inwardly lauding the bravery of the unknown.

Each party examined the pistol. The naval captain first threw the fatal dice. He threw eleven.

"A good throw," said St. Every, holding for a moment his own; "the chances are now in your favor, but listen, if it turns out as it appears to me it will, that fortune favors you and not me, I wish neither mercy nor pity, as I would think either a coward who would spare the other."

"Sir, I need your impertinent remonstrances to back me neither now nor at any other time," said the commandant.

St. Every took the box and threw fifteen.

The company were paralyzed with horror.

Monsieur le Commandant arose. "Your life belongs to me, sir," said St. Every, throwing down the dice on the table.

"Fire, sir," said the commandant, placing his hand over his heart, "an honest man is never afraid to—"

St. Every's ball scattered the brains and blood of the unlucky commandant over the clothes and persons of the bystanders, while his lifeless body fell to the saloon floor.

St. Every deserted to the English, and soon after fell mortally wounded at the battle of Irois as the English were carrying the day.

The great art of conversation consists in not wounding or humiliating any one, in speaking only of things that we know, in conversing with others only on subjects which may interest them.

No grandeur can there be in life, no noble prospect can stretch out before us, unless we pitch the tent high, or unless we keep the lofty places of our spiritual estate as peaks of vision for frequent visits.

Habits of Untruth.

Some men seem to have a constitutional inability to tell the simple truth. They may not mean to lie, or to tell an untruth. But they are careless—careless in hearing, careless in understanding, careless in repeating what is said to them. These well-meaning but reckless people do more mischief than those who intentionally foment strife by deliberate falsehood. There is no firebrand like your well meaning busy-body, who is continually in search of scandal, and by sheer habit misquotes everybody's statements. This carelessness is a sin of no small magnitude. A man's duty to God and his fellows requires him to be careful—for what else were brains and common sense given him? Of course, that other class, the malignant scandal-mongers, who take a fiendish pleasure in promoting strife, who deliberately garble men's words and twist their sentiments—is in the minority, and people have a pretty decided opinion regarding them. Most men misrepresent because they don't seem to think that care in speaking the truth is a pre-eminence duty.

The effects of this careless misrepresenting of others are seen everywhere. Its effect on the individual is to confirm him in a habit of loose, distorted and exaggerated statement, until telling the truth becomes a moral impossibility. No other thing causes so many long-standing friendships to be broken, so grave dissensions in churches, so much bitterness in communities, and so much evil everywhere. It is an abuse that calls for the rebuke of every honorable man—a rebuke that shall be given not only in words whenever occasion demands, but by example. The Persians were said to teach their youth three things—to ride, to draw the bow, and to speak the truth. A little more instruction on this latter head would do no harm to our "advanced civilization."

The Wisconsin Tornado.

The tornado which visited Wisconsin, doing so serious damage, first struck the ground at Belmont, LaFayette county, at 4 o'clock, P. M., and passed over Lake Michigan north of Milwaukee at 7 o'clock, P. M., making 150 miles almost directly eastward in three hours. The day had been oppressively still and warm, and during the passage of the tornado across the State there was no wind blowing except that whirling around the storm centre. The tornado had, besides forward motion of fifty miles an hour (an unusually rapid forward movement for a tornado) and its circling motion of unknown velocity, a cycloidal motion, making an undulating path. The actual width of the track of the tornado was small, being from a few yards to two or three hundred, but its cycloidal motion from north to south was nearly six miles, and the cycles were completed in about every six miles of forward motion. From this it will be seen that the tornado must have moved over the country at a rate of speed of more than one hundred miles an hour in addition to its revolving motion, which was doubtless far greater. The tornado was in the form of an inverted cone of gigantic size, with its point resting on the ground, although this was not always true; fortunately for those in the course of the monster, very much of the time the cone point was raised above the earth from one hundred to one thousand feet. In this manner it passed over several miles at a time, and thus were many farmers spared from ruin. In these instances the country over which the tornado passed was treated to a frightful shower of wood splinters, branches of trees and dead animals. Whether on the earth or suspended hundreds of feet above, this whirling cone held in its embrace countless millions of fragments of buildings, trees, straw, hay, cattle, sheep and swine, thus affording its observer a view terribly grand. Numerous stumps of trees are left in the track of the tornado with all the bark peeled off. Two oak posts eight feet long, sunk six feet in the ground to support the uprights of a windmill over a well, and upon which posts the wind could have no grasp except upon the two feet above the earth, were lifted out and carried away without disturbing the surrounding earth. Trees were lifted up and carried a mile with tops of earth adhering to the mass of roots. Horses, cattle, sheep and swine seemed to float as lightly in the air as the leaves of the forest. The loss

of human life, so far as known, is about fifty. More than two hundred persons are more or less injured. The loss of property is very great, but no estimate can be given with any degree of accuracy at present, yet it is sure to be nearly \$2,000,000.

A Touching Incident.

Not many years since, certain miners, working far underground, came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in the suffocating pit forty years before. Some chemical agent to which the body had been subjected—an agent prepared in the laboratory of nature—had effectually arrested the progress of decay. They brought it up to the surface, and, for awhile, till thoroughly exposed to the atmosphere, it lay—the image of a fine, sturdy young man. No convulsions had passed over his face in death—the features were tranquil; the hair black as jet. No one recognized the face; a generation had grown up since the miner went down into the pit for the last time. But a tottering old woman, who hurried from her cottage on hearing the news, came up, and she knew again the face which through all these long years she had not forgotten. The miner was to have been her husband on the day after that on which he had died. There were no dry eyes when the gray-headed old pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse and poured into the deaf ears many words of endearment unused for forty years. It was a touching contrast—the one so old, this other so young. They had both been young these long years ago, but time had gone on with the living and stood still with the dead.

The Sawdust Swindlers.

Eight or ten years ago what was known as the "Sawdust Business" was flourishing in New York city. A class of swindlers obtained the names of thousands of persons throughout the country, and sent them their circulars offering to sell them at a low rate, counterfeit money that would pass anywhere. In some cases they sent a good one dollar bill as a sample. The victim had no difficulty in passing it. He became satisfied that he had a fortune within his grasp. He scraped together all the money possible and sent it to the swindlers for a supply of the counterfeits. In return he received a carefully sealed package by express. On opening it there was nothing found but sawdust or slips of paper cut the size of greenbacks. On writing the swindlers he was informed that probably some of the express agents had stolen the counterfeits under the impression that they were good money. They sympathized deeply with him, and would forward as much more at a greatly reduced rate if he would send the money. Of course the victim never got any counterfeits, although in some cases he sent money half a dozen times. Newspapers exposed the fraud, and the police raided the scamps until the business was totally broken up.

The rascals sought a new occupation. Some of them went into Wall Street, and flooded the country with circulars offering great inducements to farmers and mechanics to enter into stock speculations on a small basis. They are still flourishing, and a few of them have amassed much wealth. Other of the sawdust swindlers started spurious petroleum companies, and during the old fever scattered their circulars far and wide over the country selling shares to their dupes at a dollar apiece, and coining money—lost in gambling dens as soon as received.

"For this Occasion Only."

Torture by thumb-screw was revived in Leipzig the other day, "for this occasion only." In a museum there a specimen of the old instrument of torture is preserved. A friend of one of the officials was looking at it, and observed, jesting, that the men of old must have been but feeble to have given way so readily under torture, adding, boasting, that he could bear it well enough. His friend immediately proposed a wager on the trial, the booster agreed, the thumb screws were brought out, fitted on, and twisted two or three turns. It is said that the humiliation of Bassus, or of Mark Twain's bully, "Arkansaw," was a joke compared with the result of the experiment.

Words break no bones, but they only know how many hearts they have broken.