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RUTH'S LEGACY.

When Rodney Craig came home from the army with an empty sleeve, some people wondered if Ruth Gerrish would marry him. A man with one arm gone, and that his right one, they argued, was only part of a man, and Ruth was a girl who could have her choice among the young men of her acquaintance; theree-and what conclusion these people arrived at you know well enough, I am sure, for you have seen similar persons They live in every neighborhood. But those who knew Ruth best, never doubted what she would do for a moment.

"Of course she'll marry him," they said. "She wouldn't let the loss of an arm keep her from doing as she promised. She loves him, and that settles the question."

When Rodney Craig told her that he would give her back her promise, she came and stood before him, and looking into his face, with her earnest eyes, she

"Do you love me, Rodney?" "God knows I do, Ruth!" he an wered, and then she put her hand in his, and made reply :

"Then never mention this matte again. I told you I would be your wife, God willing; and if we love each other I see no reason why we should not do as we intended. I would marry you, Rodney, if there was enough left of you to hold your heart."

After that he never spoke of breaking the engagement; but he would not ensent to be a burden upon her, and it was agreed that the marriage be post poned until he secured some employ ment. He had made application for a clerkship under the government, but it began to seem as if it was a modern case of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce. Once in while he got a letter from the department at Washington, saying that it was quite probable that he would secure the position; the matter had been referred to such a bureau, or was now under con sideration by such an official, etc. And to the weeks lengthened into months, and he waited and hoped, and heard othing definite, and the time when he would be in a position to marry Ruth emed very far off. She would have married bim next day if he had been willing. She would have been glad to work for him, because she loved him, and work for those we love is always pleas ant. But he was too proud to consen to anything of that sort, as I have said.

One day Ruth got a letter from Aunt Martha Fielding. Aunt Martha lived in a thriving little village among the Berkshire hills, and all Ruth could renember about her was she always made her think of some of the old mountains to be seen from her windows, because she was so grim in aspect, and seemed so unchangeable in all her ways. There had been some family trouble, and Aunt Martha had but very little to do with any of her relatives. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that Ruth and her came, asking Ruth to come up and stop with her for a month that summer.

"Shall I go?" asked Ruth. "I think you had better," answered her mother. "She must be lonely there. Poor thing! she's had a good deal of trouble, off and on, but she's made the most of it herself. Yet I suppose she couldn't help it; it was her disposition."

"I can't see what she wants me to come for," said Ruth. "I haven't seen her since I was a little bit of a girl. I wonder she didn't send for one of Aunt Lucy's girls."

"She's got some plan in her head," said Mrs. Gerrish ; "she always has when she invites any of her relatives to visit her. Yes, Ruth, I think you'd better go, and do all you can to make it pleasant for her."

So Ruth went. Aunt Martha welomed her in her usual grim fashion Her kiss made Ruth think of one of the old mountains departing from its usual dignity and saluting one of the hills.

Ruth wasn't long in finding out what Aunt Martha had invited her to visit her for. One of her nephews was com ing next week-her favorite nephew, she told Ruth, and the one to whom her property would go when she was done with it, and she had get the idea into her head that he ought to marry Ruth.

"I always liked you," she said, in one of her confidential moods. "Now, when Lucy's girls were up here, I was completely disgusted with 'em. All they

thought of was dress and parties. They were willing to see their mother slave herself to death for 'em, and they wouldn't lift a finger to help her. But I've heard all about you, and I know you're a good girl, and I John'll like you. He's sensible, and I hope you are."

When Ruth saw how determined she was to make a match between her and this expected nephew, she thought it time to tell her how matters stood.

"Aunt Martha," she said, with a little frightened catch of her breath, for she was afraid the old lady would be mortally offended at the failure of her plans, "I'm engaged to be married." And then, the worst being over, she went on and told her all about it, and succeeded in making her lover into a great hero, in her own estimation, if not in Aunt

"And so you're going to marry a man with one arm and as poor as poverty, are you?" said the old lady, grimly.

"Yes, if nothing happens to prevent it," answered Ruth, bravely. "We love each other, and we'll get along some way; and love's better than all the wealth in the world, I think, and so does Rodney."

"Humph !" said Aunt Martha, and there the matter dropped.

Nephew John came, and the and Ruth were good friends at once; but neither of them ever dreamed of loving each other. One day Aunt Martha hinted her plan to him, and then had a long talk with Ruth, which hadn't the least effect toward changing her mind.

"I have promised to marry Rodney," said Ruth, firmly. "I shall keep my promise. Not all the wealth in the world would tempt me to break my promise to him, because I love him."

That afternoon, when she and John were together, he told her what Aunt Martha had said in the morning, and then they had a good laugh over the old lady's plans, and before the interview was ended, he showed her the picture of his "girl," and Ruth told him all about

"It's almost too bad to disappoint her so," he said, laughingly. "But I don't feel quite willing to give up my plans for hers, and I see you don't; so we don't seem to be able to gratify her by carrying out her pet project.'

"I think not," answered Ruth. like you presty well, John, but I like Rodney better-in a different way, you know; and I guess we shall have to run the risk of Aunt Martha's displeasure and take the consequences."

The matter was never mentioned by Aunt Martha again. When Ruth went home, she kissed her after the same grim fashion of her welcome, and told her that she should expect to see her next summer, if nothing happened.

Something did happen. It will hapen to all of us some time. Aunt Marthe had not expected it so soon, and none of her relatives had thought of her dying for years to come. But the call away in the darkness of a winter night, and there was no coming back from a journey like hers.

Ruth and her mother went to the funeral. The lawyer invited all the relatives to tarry to the reading of the will. That had been her request.

To her dear nephew, John Hunt, she gave the sum of thirty thousand dollars; to her dear niece, Ruth Gerrish, she gave her Bible, with all the papers there in contained. That was the sum and substance of the document.

Ruth took her legacy, which was found in Augt Martha's room, securely tied up in a thick wrapper, with her name upon it, as the will had stated, and they went back home.

"I wonder who has the homestead?" said Mrs Gerrish that evening. "All the property willed to John was in bonds

Redney Craig came in, and Ruth brought out her legacy to show him She removed the wrapper, and they sat down together to look the well-worn Bible over. A paper fluttered to the floor. Ruth picked it up and read :

"MY DEAR NIECE RUTH :-- I believe that the woman who is true to the ma that the woman who is true to the man she loves, even if he is poor and hasn't but one arm, is an honor to her sex. If you had been willing to marry John and given up your lover, I should have despised you. As it is, I respect you, and, as a token of my respect, I give you the old Bible and all you will find in it, and that you will be harny as you despect that you will be harny as you despect that you will be harny as you despect to the sex that you will be harny as you despect to the sex that you will be harny as you despect to the sex that you will be harny as you despect to the sex that you will be harny as you despect to the sex that you will be harny as you despect to the sex that you will be harny as you despect to the sex that you will be harny as you despect to the sex that you will be harny as you despect to the sex that you will be harny as you despect to the sex that you will be harny as you despect to the sex that you will be harny as you despect to the sex that you will be harny as you despect to the sex that you will be harny as you despect to the sex that you will be harny as you despect to the sex that you will be harny as you despect to the sex that you will be the your than you will be the your than you will be the your than your than you will be the your than your than you will be the your than you will be the your than your than your than your than your than you will be the your than your than your than your than your than you will be the your than yo pray that you will be happy, as you deserve to be. MATHA FIELDING,"

Then, of course, Ruth had to tell Rodney all about it. She had told her mother before. How his eyes shone when he knew the sacrifice she had made for his sake! And he said something about it in a broken voice; but she stopped him.

"I made no sacrifice at all," she said. "I didn't do it for your sake, either; I did it for love's sake."

The Bible slipped from his knee to the floor, and several documents slipped out upon the carpet. He picked them up to replace them. Ruth took them m his hand to examine them.

"Oh, mother !- Rodney !" she cried, excitedly, "they are deed. !"

And sure enough they were! The old homestead in the village, and the farm a mile or two away, were left to "my dear niece, Ruth Gerrish," and Aunt Martha had had the deeds made out before her death. A slip of paper wrapped about them said that Mr. Jeffreys, her lawyer, could tell Ruth any. thing she wanted to know about the property. She could take possession at

"Oh, we're rich!" cried Ruth, with happy eyes. 'Dear Aunt Martha! Her heart was kinder than any of us thought. I hope she knows all about it. If she does, I'm sure she isn't sorry for what she's done."

"It never rains but it pours." Next day came a letter to Rodney from the publisher of the paper in the village where Aunt Martha's home had been. He wanted some one to take the position of business manager, at a liberal salary, considering the amount of work to be done. Miss Martha Fielding had advised him some time ago to offer the position to him. Would he come up and talk the matter over?

Rodney went, and so did Ruth and her mother. And they are living there now, much happier, I think, then they would have been if Rodney had taken fibe clerkship, which appointment came when it was no longer needed. And Aunt Martha is not forgotten, you may be quite sure. They reared a bandsome monument to her memory.

Howard, the Philanthropist,

The prominence of the Howard Asociation of the yellow fever infected cities has caused many inquires as to the origin of the name, and it is surprising to witness the general public ignorance

in regard to it. John Howard, the philanthropist, from whom the Association derives its name, was born in Hockney, near London, about 1726. From his father, who had been engaged in trade, he inherited a considerable fortune. In 1786, the year of the great earthquake at Lisbon, urged by motives of benovolence, as well as of curiosity, he set sail for that city. On this voyage his vessel was taken by a French privateer, and he was carried into the interior, where he suffered imprisonment for some time. The hardbined with the knowledge of prisons and the miseries of prison life, which he acquired as a county Sheriff in 1773 and afterwards, determined him in devoting himself to prison reform. His life thereafter is but a chronicle of his journeys throughout the United Kingdom and the tontinent in which he visited the principal prisons and hospitals. His chief work is "An Account of the Lazarettos in Europe, etc, with remarks on the present state of the prisons in Great Britain and Ireland" (1789). He died January 20, 1790, at Kherson, in the south of Russia, from having caught infection from a fevered patient for whom he had prescribed.

The fame of Howard is peculiar. He is remembered not so much for his talents as for that devotion to his suffering fellow-men, in which he expended his fortune and his life. Hence the propriety of naming associations devoted to enevolent assistance to the sick after

Riches are given to make life pass comfortably; but life is not given only to muse them. The individual who has the power of

uccess is he who controls circumst instead of allowing them to control him Nothing can constiture good breeding that has not good nature for its founda-

Ingratitude is so deadly a poison that it destroys the very bosom in which it is Conjugal Discords.

The weaknesses and follies of women is a theme on which men, from the sage to the clown, have at all times been elo quent. Her natural coquetry in dress, ner maternal vanity, her devotion to the little elegancies of the heme, to clean windows and fresh curtains, are inexhaustible of masculine merriment and abuse. What housekeeper ever complained of an aching back or of nervous irritation without being scolded by her "lord" for some extra work she has done in beautifying the home? Men never seem to learn that women, as a rule, cannot find life endurable in the atmos phere of dust and disorder which characterizes bachelor housekeeping, and which seldom disturbs the equanimity of the masculine mind in the least. Men and women are so different in their tastes and ways that there must always be discord and unhappiness in the household until the sexes give over trying to change or remodel those tastes and ways, and learn to respect them. Men must accept as inevitable the fact that women, to be happy, must be artistic, or at least dainty and comy, in their environments; and women must learn to preserve their souls in quiet when men spill their tobacco and ashes over the carpets and tables, for probably no man ever lived who could fill a pipe, even from a washtub, without scattering the tobacco over

That the sexes will give over trying to reform each other does not seem likely to happen very soon. Indeed, one might be pardoned for believing that matrimony is specially adapted to develope all the imperfections and meannesses of hu man character; that even those matches that are made in heaven the devil ar ranges all the subsequent conditions There is hardly a pure and innocent de light that unmarried women enjoy which they can carry into that blissful world bounded by the marriage ring. One of those delights is that of squandering a little money, which is merely the equiv alent of man's spending it as he likes, without accounting to any one. Few wives can do this and not be subjected to the humiliation of hearing the hus band say, "My dear, are you not a little extravagant? Is all the money gone that I gave you last week ?"

Men and women seem incapacitated, in the very nature of things, from understanding each other. While mutually enamored, they meet as upon a bridge-a Bridge of Sighs, perhaps; break this, and they are forever separa ted as by an impassable gulf. Leaving aside entirely the enamored state, do men as a rule seek the society of women and prefer it to that of men? The thriving clubs, the billiard and drinking saloons, and the other resorts of men common all over the civilised world, seem very like a negative answer to the question. In savage life we know that the sexes do not hunt or fish or do any work togeth. er. In our modern drawing-rooms most men confess themselves "bored." They long to get away to their clubs or some other resort of their fellows. When husbands spend their evenings at home, if no one bappens to call it is not com mon for them to enter into long and exhilarating conversations with their wives. To be sure, wives are too often ignorant of the subjects that interest intelligent men; still, not more ignorant than before marriage, when the one bridge upon which they could meet was unbroken Then conversation never flagged; it was ever new and entrancing. Both talked pure nonsense; while having the art of "kissing full sense into empty wards." On the other hand, it is, I think, quite a defensible proposition, despite the inference to the contrary drawn from the failure of the Women's Hotel, that wo men enjoy conversation with women more than with men when there is no possible question of gallantry or flirtation : and, finally, that the recognition of the fact that men and women are not by nature in sympathetic accord, but only attract through the law of compen sation or opposites, will do more than all other things combined to make them study each other's natures and to respect sexual biases and characteristics, the motive for that study being of course, the consumption of the ideal marriage, where man and woman set themselves together "like perfect music unto noble

Always act as conscience directs.

Absent from School.

There are hundreds of well-meaning but thoughtless country people who require their children to work on the farm hen they ought to be in school, thus robbing them of the inestimable benefit of a good education. Two boys of the ame age and ability start for school in May. One attends every day, rain or shine, during the term of four or five months, and is supplied with books according to his capabilities; the other comes one day and stays away two or three, and then possibly comes three or four more, coming and going like an intermittent fever. His excuses are often amusing when we take into consideration the age and size of the little man He has "had to help plant," or "log off a piece for potatoes," or "help ma," or "pick berries." His schooling averages about two days of the week.

At the close of the term there is an examination. The first-mentioned lad has made rapid progress in his studies. The foundation stone is laid for an intelligent, useful man. How is it with his companion? His advancement is scarcely perceptible. Who is to blame? Not the boy, and certainly not the

Has the little farmer earned enough to pay for his lack of school culture? Emphatically, no! He has suffered an incalculable loss. Until a child has well entered his teens, he can be of little use on the farm. During childhood he should be allowed to attend school during ten months of the year. At fifteen the boy or girl is strong enough to be of use, while at the same time they will be capable of learning by practice and observation what they have before learned only in theory.

And many a lad or lass would lay up a fund of useful knowledge during the evenings and odd days when otherwise unemployed, that would be a perpetual fountain of usefulness during all their lives. Whereas, the child who has an occasional day, week or month at sohool, even from the time he is five years old until he is twenty-one, will have a very limited amount of knowledge with which to begin a business life. And undoubtedly he will be obliged to knock about the world doing the drudgery of his former companions; looked upon as a sort of ignoramus incapable of using his best energies. And many a lad or lass would lay up

Don't Judge.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears, for God made one, and the tailor the other.

Don't judge him by his family connection, for Cain belonged to a very good family.

Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizzard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structures. Don't judge him for his activity in

church, for that is not unfrequently in-

spired by hypocritical and selfish mo-Don't take for granted that because he carries the contribution box he is liberal-he often pays the Lord in that

Catching Him.

way and keeps the currency.

An exchange vouches for the following; A gentleman well known on Broadway informed his wife that his zeal in the good cause demanded his attention at Ocean Grove, and they parted affectionately, she wishing him god-speed on his Christian errand, and enjoining him to pray for her and the child. Mr. - left that afternoon with a party of jolly dogs, and in due time was in com-

fortable quarters at Ocean Beach. It was announced after dinner that some tableaux were to take place in their hotel that evening, and at the hour fixed the jolly dogs adjourned to this representation. Tableau after tableau was presented, and at length it was announced that the next will be the "Deserted Mother and Child," The curtain rose upon a lady in graceful posture bending lovingly over her darling. The silence was suddenly broken by a startling exclamation from Mr. ---. The lady in the tableau oblivious of her part, turned her head, and met her husband's eye. Several of her friends in the secret burst into a roar. Mr. - made for the door, but was finally detained. But all's well that ends well Madame forgave the error this time, and ten minutes later they were whirling in a waltz.