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The Chicago Convention has been use-
ful in one way. It has given Edwards
Pierpont a chance to recall himself to
the memory of the American people.—
Boston Post.

THE EDEN OF THE DEAD.

G. G. EASTMAN.

This forest plot of life and glad,
Where the flowers for an' waves the tree,
And the streams delight the shade,
We consecrate, O Death! to thee.

Here all the months the year may know
Shall watch this "Eden of the dead."
To breathe with flowers or crown with snow
The dreamless sleeper's narrow bed.

And when above its graves we kneel,
Resigning to the mouldering urn
The friends whose silent heart shall feel
No balmy summer's glad return.

Each marble shaft our hands may rear,
To mark where dust to dust is given,
Shall lift its chiseled column here,
To point our tearful eyes to heaven.

The Amended Leaf Tobacco Law.

WASHINGTON, June 16.—Below is given the full text of the bill which has passed both houses of Congress and become a law, amending the sixth subdivision of section 3244 of the revised statutes, relating to dealers in leaf tobacco. It adds to that subdivision the following:

Provided further, That dealers in leaf tobacco (other than retail dealers, as defined in the seventh subdivision of the section,) who do not deal in leaf tobacco otherwise than to sell, or offer for sale, or consign for sale on commission, to an amount not exceeding twenty-five thousand pounds in any one special tax year, only such leaf tobacco as they purchase or receive in the hand directly from farmers or planters who have produced the same on land owned, rented or produced by them, or received the same as rent from their tenants, who have produced the same on such land, shall each be required to pay for carrying on such business a special tax of \$5 only. If any person, who has paid such special tax shall be found to have purchased or received and sold, or consigned for sale on commission, more than 25,000 pounds of leaf tobacco, such as is herein provided for, in any one special tax year, the commissioner of internal revenue is authorized and directed to assess such person an amount of tax equal to the difference between the special tax paid by him and the special tax of \$25 hereinbefore imposed upon a dealer in leaf tobacco.

The class of dealers to which the above is applicable has heretofore paid a special tax of \$25. The reduction of this tax to \$5 under the conditions indicated was recommended by the commissioner of internal revenue and concurred in unanimously not only by the Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee, but by both houses. In reporting the bill to the House, the Ways and Means Committee said that in their opinion its passage would result in multiplying the number of dealers in leaf tobacco, in creating a market for the same in neighborhoods now without a market for such tobacco, and in thus causing many pounds of tobacco, which are now never exposed to sale to find their way to the manufacturer.

Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs toward what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so, but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of a steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form is without some latent charm derived from truth.—Whewell.

The Greek government is taking measures to increase the army from 12,300 to 40,000 men. A number of officers have gone to France, Italy, Hungary, Algiers and Syria to purchase horse-ammunition and clothing. The infantry are to be provided with 1,500 cartridges apiece.

In General B. F. Tracy's law office in Brooklyn a placard is nailed up bearing the following words: "The Lord helps those who help themselves, but the Lord helps those who help themselves to anything in this place."

Chapel Hill Ledger: Work on the State University Railroad is still progressing finely. From parties who have visited the road recently we learn that the authorities hope to complete the grading by September 1, 1880.

The Grant men did not want Bob Ingersoll to address the convention. They were afraid he'd tell the delegates there is no Hell, and so encourage the Blaine men to go ahead with their wicked schemes.

Draw not thy bow before the arrow be fixed.

RESCUED BY AN INDIAN.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

When I was quite young, my father went as missionary to the Indians who lived in what is known as the Red River district. We made the voyage down the river from St. Joseph, Mo., in two canoes, which were drawn upon shore for us to sleep in at night, a bright fire being built in front of them to keep off prowling animals.

In this way our little party, consisting of my father, mother, one elder sister, myself, and two boatmen journeyed to the mission station. The station was a long, low, double building of logs, already occupied by another missionary named McCoy. He had lived, until our family came, without any other companion but a half-breed Indian called Tony. Supplies were sent to his lonely spot by the Board of Missions and other friends from the States. These were brought down the river in canoes, and hauled up to the station on a rude sled by a yoke of stout oxen.

One day McCoy and my father had gone to the river for a load of supplies. It was a day's journey to the landing and back. Tony had gone with them. No one was left at home but mother and us two girls.

The day passed very pleasantly. Toward noon, as we were watching mother about her work, my sister suddenly clapped her hands, and cried out, "Oh, what a big dog!"

We turned to the door, and my mother uttered a cry of terror, for in the doorway there stood, not a dog, but a large black bear.

He was probably drawn by the smell of the sugar and molasses, for bears are very fond of sweets. We were greatly frightened, and could not leave the cabin because the animal was between us and the door.

If we could have got to the ladder and up the loft, we might have escaped that way; but the barrels were in front of the ladder, and so was Bruin. There was really no way of escape, so my mother drew up two children close to her, and took refuge behind the great packing box where she had been at work, thus putting a slight barrier between us and our unwelcome visitor.

A barrel of crackers was open, and we found out then that bears like crackers, for that fellow soon upset the barrel and munched as many as he pleased, while we looked helplessly on, and saw our luxuries disappear.

But he was anxious to get at the sugar, and soon left the crackers and began to paw and scratch at the sugar barrel, which was not open, and which stoutly resisted his efforts.

He grew angry, and, with a fierce growl, gave it a smashing blow with his huge paw, and lifted his foot for another, when a report from a rifle sounded in our ears, and we heard the ping of a ball just as Mr. Bruin rolled, a huge woolly heap, on the floor. The sound of a horse's feet followed, and, as my mother hurried out from her refuge, our deliverer stood in the wide doorway.

He was a stalwart Indian, with long black hair streaming half a yard down his back, and a scarlet blanket wrapped around his strong limbs. We children were almost as much afraid of him as of the bear. But all the Indians who came to the mission were friendly, and my mother knew this one. He was a Cherokee chief, called Ma-shoon-tire, which means "The Running Wind."

"Ha! Squaw heap scare? White papoose heap scare?" he cried, with a laugh. "Me see tracks, track him in house! Shoot! No hurt!" accompanying his words with expressive pantomime.

My mother told him we were not hurt, and thanked him for shooting the bear, in words which he could understand.

"He! he! Bear much good meat!" said Ma-shoon-tire. "Bear want eat up you. Now you eat up Bear."

At my mother's request, he dragged the huge carcass outside the door; but when she told him it was his bear, as he had shot it, he emphatically refused to claim it.

My mother then gathered up a pileful of the scattered crackers and gave them to Ma-shoon-tire, who, when he learned their use, seemed to be as delighted with them as the bear had been. He filled the capacious hunting pouch

at his side with them, and then began to examine the goods which my mother had been taking out of the box when she was interrupted by his bearship.

Among other things there were two or three little cotton pocket handkerchiefs, printed with figures of cats and dogs and large A B C's, in bright red. They had been sent to us children, but the great Cherokee chief was so delighted with them that my mother, grateful to him for saving her from a great danger, gave him two of them.

He took them in great glee from my sister's hand, tied one on his streaming black hair, and the other to the end of his rifle barrel, by one of its corners. Then he paraded before the small looking-glass and admired himself until he was tired.

At length he turned to my shrinking sister, and said, "Little papoose make Ma-shoon-tire fine! Ma-shoon-tire make little white papoose fine! Big much heap fine!" And, taking from his pouch a long string of brilliant beads, made of various colored glass, he threw them over her neck, pleasing her almost as much as the gay little handkerchiefs had pleased him.

Then he went out to the bear and cut the claws from one of his fore paws, as a trophy.

Having done this, he bounded upon his pony and rode gayly away, his handkerchiefs fluttering in the wind, and leaving our enemy slain upon the ground.

Progress Since the War.

Few people realize what astonishing progress has been made in this country since the war, notwithstanding the interruption to the industrial development caused by the panic 1873. In the four years since 1865 the production of wheat has increased from 148,552,829 bushels to 448,756,000 bushels; of corn, from 704,427,853 bushels to 1,544,899,090 bushels; of cotton, from 2,228,987 bales to 5,020,387 bales, and of tobacco, from 183,316,973 pounds to 384,059,659 pounds. In other agricultural products the increase has been proportionately great. According to a well known statistician, Mr. R. P. Porter, the production of wheat and barley has trebled; corn, cotton and tobacco more than doubled; oats increased nearly 140,000,000 bushels; potatoes nearly doubled, and hay increased nearly one-third.

The South has every reason to be satisfied with her contribution to the common prosperity. The cotton crop of 1878 and 1879 was the largest ever raised. The ten crops from 1852 to 1861 raised by slave labor numbered 34,995,440 bales. The ten crops of 1870 to 1879 inclusive, raised by free labor, numbered 41,454,743 bales. In tobacco also the South has achieved a gratifying increase in the annual yield, and it is believed that at no distant day there will be an enormous increase in the production of Southern corn. While the centre of agricultural production has moved swiftly westward it is believed that, with the deterioration of these new lands and the steady fertilization of the soil in the older States, it will recede eastward again.

Mr. Porter, from whom these statements are derived, declares that "exhaustion" of wheat lands is an impossibility so long as farmers supply their lands with the necessary quantity of food. There need be no anxiety, therefore, about the continued abundant yield of our soil, and "the possibilities of our agricultural interests, in the language of Mr. Porter, 'are as yet an unknown quantity.' The future undoubtedly has great things in store for the whole country and especially for the South, which, under the new regime, and with honest and stable local governments, has at last entered upon a new era of prosperity."

WORLDLY-MINDEDNESS OBSCURES OUR SPIRITUAL SKY.—Years ago, we witnessed an eclipse of the sun by the moon passing over his bright face.

During the eclipse the earth grew dark and sombre. The fowls began to seek their nightly rest. There was a strange, gloomy, melancholy shade cast all over nature. What was the matter? The body of the moon was between us and the sun. So when the world with its absorbing cares and transitory charms gets between the soul and Christ, the Sun of righteousness, our hope of heavenly darkness, and the shade of a spiritual eclipse is thrown upon the pathway of life. "To be carnally minded is death."—*Ruleigh Advocate*

Never expose your disappointments to the world.

Historic Doubts.

It has been strongly doubted whether Joan of Arc ever suffered the punishment that has made her a martyr, though details of her execution and last moments grace the civil records of Rouen. Several books have been published discussing the question. A Belgian lawyer is the author of one of these. He contends that the historians—who have done nothing but copy each other in the narratives of her death—err exceedingly in stating that it took place on the last day of May, 1433, the fact being that she was alive and well many years after that date. There are good grounds, too, for believing that the pretty tale of Abbeard and Heloise is a pure fiction.

Nobody has yet unriddled the mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask, and nobody seems likely to do so, while the identity of the writer of the "Junius" letters is as far from being settled as ever. There are two insoluble enigmas, impetrable mysteries that baffle solution, and about which, perhaps, the public has become tired of surmises.

An extremely witty and characteristic anecdote told of Beaconsfield will bear repetition. An adherent from a distant country brought his two sons to the then M. Disraeli, and asked him to give them a word of advice on their introduction into life. "Never try to ascertain," said the illustrious statesman to the elder boy, "who was the man who wore the iron mask, or you will be thought a terrible bore. Nor do you," turning to the second, "ask who was the author of Junius, or you will be thought a bigger bore than your brother."

Walpole wrote a very ingenious work to show—taking for his base the conflicting statements of history and biography—that no such person as Richard III. ever existed, or that, if he did, he could have been neither a tyrant nor a hunchback. "Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte" was published in London in 1810, and created widespread amusement because of its amazing cleverness. Napoleon, who was at the time a captive at St. Helena, admired the composition greatly. Archbishop Whately and Sydney Smith are both reputed to be the author. Since the publication of that one, numerous imitations have been issued, but none have shown much originality or literary skill, and have therefore vanished into the darkness of merited oblivion.

The National Journal of Education says, that in addition to the Presidential election this Summer, "another election will be quietly proceeding from Maine to Oregon. With no national convention, or division of parties, or thunderous campaign, waving of banners, waste of whisky, or tapping of barrels of money, it will quietly proceed, in every township or county of our broad land. Before September there will be an election of 250,000 common-school teachers to serve the country another year. These teachers, for the next twelve months, will be, by all odds, the most powerful body of people in the United States. They will do that sort of work which tells on the 5,000,000 common-school children of the country in a manner no other set of people can hope to rival. Any conclusion of the present campaign will be revised, within twenty years, by these 5,000,000 of school-children, and that revision will be largely in accordance with the type of character and intelligence wrought out by these 250,000 public servants, a large majority of them young women, who will quietly take their places in the opening weeks of September, as teachers in the American common school."

SOUTHERN WAR CLAIMS.—The bill passed by the Senate for payments allowed by commissions of the Southern claims commission appropriates \$242,947 46 as follows: Alabama, \$21,400, 24; Arkansas, \$31,489 33; Florida, \$3,470; Georgia, \$38,094 45; Louisiana, \$12,411 83; Mississippi, \$44,201 49; North Carolina, \$14,784 50; South Carolina, \$5,910 25; Tennessee, \$44,515 76; Texas, \$1,720; Virginia, \$29,272 36; West Virginia, \$25,677 25.

William Ginn's head looked like a muskrat in the water, at Platville, Ohio, and a hunter gave him a dose of buckshot before discovering the mistake. He got off with a scalp wound and the loss of hair.

Raleigh Baptist Female Seminary Commencement.

The closing exercises of this school took place on the evening of the 2nd and 3rd inst. The past session has been the most prosperous and successful of its history. President Hobgood and his able corps of teachers are to be congratulated on the success of their work as well as on the character of the commencement exercises. The Literary address was delivered to a full house on Wednesday evening by Prof. C. E. Taylor, of Wake Forest College, and was in all respects one of the best and most appropriate we ever heard. We were prepared to hear a good speech, and knew that Prof. Taylor was prepared both in head and heart to accommodate us, but our expectations were far short of the learned and timely address given. It is worthy of many repetitions or the widest circulation.

The concert on Thursday evening was brilliant, and gave pleasure to a large and appreciative audience.

Prof. Hobgood has, to the regret of many of his friends and patrons in Raleigh, concluded to move his school to Oxford, N. C., and the next session will be opened in that prosperous and highly favored village. The present corps of teachers with one or two exceptions will continue with the school. Among the professors in this seminary are some of the ablest and most experienced teachers in the State. We predict for the Oxford Female Seminary permanent success and a career of great usefulness to the Baptists of Granville and the adjoining counties of North Carolina and Virginia.

—*Biblical Recorder*.

17-Year Locust.

The seventeenth-year locust is filling the hills and rich bottom-lands of western Pennsylvania and Virginia with its droning thunder, which is almost deafening at noon on a sunny day. The farmers have plenty of reasonable theories to account for its mysterious appearance and long absence. It has, they say, to make a journey to China and back, which takes eight years each way, or, it is a part of the Egyptian host, lost in the Red Sea, which still live in some nether world but are allowed every seventeen years to revisit these glimpses of the moon, and cry on Phar-oh! Phar-oh! to arouse the remorse of their buried kinsmen; or, it comes to foretell war, as may be seen by the most incredulous in the world on its wing. But the sole outcome of all these impending disasters will be a downfall of dead limbs in August. This locust eats neither fruit nor vegetable, so far as can be discovered; it simply riddles the green new wood of the tapering limbs of trees to deposit its eggs. If these branches are burned and the ground ploughed up our visitor will be longer in making his journey from China or the Red Sea.

N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR.—In the summer of 1879 the citizens of New York organized a movement to hold in that city in 1883 a "World's Fair" in celebration of the treaty of peace which closed the war of the revolution. The Governors of the different States and Mayors of the principal cities were requested to appoint delegates to represent such States and cities in the preliminary meetings in the city of New York. The Governor of this State requested the Boards of Trade of Wilmington and of Charlotte to designate a person to be appointed as delegate. Wilmington designated Donald McKee, and Charlotte, R. Y. McAden. On the 22nd of April an act was passed by Congress incorporating the association and authorizing the President to appoint two commissioners and two alternates from each State and Territory upon the nomination of the Governor. In accordance with the provisions of this act the Governor yesterday nominated as commissioners Donald McKee, of Wilmington, and R. Y. McAden, of Charlotte, with Thos. M. Holt and Julian S. Carr as alternates.—*Ruleigh News*.

IN AFFLICTION.—The German papers tell this story in connection with Baron Rothschild's death: A meets B, weeping and sobbing aloud. Says A, "Why do you weep?" "Because," says B, "as if his heart were breaking, 'because' he is dead—the powerful, the 'rich' Baron." "But," replied A, "why do you weep so much? He was no relation of yours." "That's just what I am crying about," howled B, more affected than ever.