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WHITE RIVER.

BY MRS. J. V. H. KOONS.

Winding through the forest,
Gliding o'er the plain;
Sparkling in the sunshine,
Laughing in the rain.
Through the busy city,
Through the fields of corn,
Runs a rippling river,
Beautiful as morn.
Patient in its mission,
Lonely though its course,
Bearing in its bosom
Love's heroic force.
All subdued and gentle,
Overcoming strife,
For the lives of others
Sustaining all its life.
As I stand beside it
Comes a thought of one
(Falls a tear—I hide it);
Patient as the sun
Was he ever, bearing
Forrow silently;
All our pleasures bearing,
Cheerful as a sunbeam,
Tender, true and brave;
And a deathless halo
Shines around his grave.
If no revelation
Whispered from the sod
But that form beneath it,
If no light supernal
To my soul was given,
His memory eternal
Were hint enough of heaven.
Maudie, Ind.

AN IMPUDENT PUPPY.

"Where is Sue?" inquired Mrs. Mellington, entering the room where her two eldest daughters were employed, the one in reading, the other with a bit of fancy work.

"I really don't know, mamma," answered Ada, looking up from her work. "I have had scarcely a glimpse of Sue since we came to the country. She appears to have taken to an outdoor life, and is never in the house except at night."

"I saw her about two hours ago on her way to the orchard," remarked Rose. "She said she was going to feed the pigs, and would afterward take a lesson in milking."

"I wish I could find her," resumed Mrs. Mellington. "I am sure that Col. Hanley or his son will call this afternoon, and it is proper that Sue should be present. She did not appear on their former visit."

"She will shock the Colonel by her boydenish manners, and, as to son, I hardly think he will particularly admire her. He doesn't fancy female society, I've heard, and prefers his dogs and horses. And wasn't he a little wild at college, mamma?"

"A little too fond of what is called fun—nothing more than I have ever heard. He is a clever young man, will be wealthy, and is, next to his father, the best match in the neighborhood, though, as you say, he doesn't appear to care particularly for ladies' society. I fancy he looked rather bored while talking to that stately Miss Radstock, clever and handsome as she is. And then he must know that all the girls are trying to secure him, which naturally makes him shy of them."

These remarks were clearly intended as hints to her daughters, for Mrs. Mellington was a genuine match-maker, and had already married off two daughters advantageously.

Finding that the remaining eldest daughter had failed to make the desired impression on either Col. Hanley or his son, she had bethought herself of producing Sue, hitherto, as the youngest and prettiest, carefully kept in the background.

But, meanwhile, where was Sue? She had filled a basket with apples for the pigs, strolled around the orchard, admired the trees and the fruit, and climbed a low plum tree, in order to gather an especially fine one for her father. In this position her eye was caught by a low line of green willows, bordering the sloping meadows beyond the orchard.

"It looks as though a stream were there," she thought, "and I do so love water. I dare say it is so lovely under those willows. Come, Rolla," calling to a little half-grown terrier, "you and I will go on an exploring expedition together."

Rolla, after coaxing, rather sulkily obeyed. He was an ugly little, crooked legged, hairy muzzled pup, which Sue had, on her arrival at the farm, begged of the farmer for a pet. Yet Rolla, despite all the petting, did not take to this pretty young mistress, but persisted in evincing a decided preference for the barn and kitchen, and low life in general. She was not

disappointed in her expectation. She found a clear, shallow stream, which ran rippling and murmuring pleasantly beneath the willows, between thickets of wild rose and blossoming elder.

She seated herself on the grassy bank, took off first her hat and then her shoes and stockings, and allowed the cool ripples to dance about her white feet. Then she became interested in watching some insect life on the surface of the water, and when satisfied with this, resumed her shoes and stockings and lay back on the cool turf, dreamily reciting snatches of poetry.

A stray sunbeam glinted on her rippling brown hair, and the eyes that looked up through the waving willows were as deeply blue and clear as the summer sky overhead. Pity that there was no stray artist to gaze upon the picture.

Suddenly Sue awoke to the fact that Rolla had disappeared. He had been smelling about the bushes, and had now stolen off on the track of some scent, perceptible only to his own keen olfactory.

She lifted up her voice, and called in her sweet, clear, girlish tones:

"Rolla! Rolla!"
In answer there was presently a rustling amid the elder bushes, and forth stepped not the culprit Rolla, but a very handsome young man, equipped with a gun and game bag.

She sprang up. Each stared for an instant at the other; then the gentleman, gracefully lifting his hat, said:

"May I inquire, Miss, what you want with me?"

"Want with you?" responded she, in surprise.
"Yes; I was crossing the field yonder, when I heard you call me," he replied, with a slightly demure expression about his mouth and eyes.

"I called you?" said Sue, indignantly.

"Yes; you called 'Rolla,' very distinctly and earnestly," replied he, biting the corner of his moustache, "and I, of course, obeyed the summons, and am at your service. My name is Rolland, or Rolla, as I am familiarly called."

Sue surveyed him from head to foot.
"Oh," said she, coolly, "it was a mistake on your part. It was not you, but the other puppy, I was calling. His name is also Rolla."

"Indeed! where is he?" inquired the gentleman, looking around with a great expression of interest.
"He has run away from me."

"I wonder at him. In fact, I really don't see how he could have done it," said he, looking at Sue, and slowly stroking his moustache.

She drew herself up with a great assumption of dignity.
"If you will try, sir, you will find how it can be done," said she, loftily.
"And if I don't want to try?"

"Then the other puppy must make you. Here he is, just in time. Here, Rolla, good dog; bite at him, sir!"
And Sue clapped her white hands together, and tried to whistle, as she had seen her papa do, to the great amusement of the gentleman.

But, instead of gallantly rushing to the attack at command of his mistress, Rolla frisked up to the stranger with extravagant demonstrations of delight.

"O, he knows you," said Sue, contemptuously, "and so you didn't run."
"Yes; Rolla knows his friends. In fact, he's my namesake—an honor conferred upon me by the admiring partiality of farmer Hawes."

"He belongs to me now, and I mean to change his name," said Sue, positively.

"Pray, don't. You have no idea how musically it sounded across the field. I fancied some wood nymph—or—dryad—was calling to me. Belongs to you now, does he? Happy dog!"

And he stopped and patted Rolla's head.
She turned sharply.
"Are you going away, sir, or shall I?" she demanded.

"Oh, I would not for the world incommode you! And I beg you to remember that I came only because I fancied you were calling me, having probably seen me passing. I saw you from the bank above. Pray, excuse the mistake, and allow me to wish you a good evening."

And with a courteous bow, he disap-

peared among the bushes.
She stood looking indignantly after him until he disappeared.

"The impudent puppy!" she murmured; "I never heard of such assurance."

And then a slow smile rippled over her face which she remorselessly checked by biting the corner of her under-lip.

"Come, Rolla," she called, in a subdued voice, "come, sir, and go home; and see how you get into scrapes again."

She climbed the bank into the meadow, the dog followed with a subdued and culprit-like mien. But suddenly he gave a short, sharp bark, and at the same moment another and stronger sound smote upon Sue's ear. It was a low, hoarse, sobbing murmur, which seemed to swell into an angry roar.

"If I were in Africa, I should fancy that a lion's roar!" thought Sue, curiously looking around.

In an instant her cheek became deadly pale, and she stood breathless and transfixed, as a huge animal, with lowered head, and eyes gleaming through shaggy forelocks, emerged from a thicket at some distance, and came slowly toward her, tearing up the earth with hoofs and horns.

Rolla, after a burst of obstreperous barking, turned and ignominiously fled. She strove in vain to follow his example. Her limbs felt paralyzed, and she turned faint and sick.

The bull came slowly onward, now lowering his head, then uplifting it, and staring fiercely and threateningly at the figure in the centre of the field.

Suddenly a voice shouted:

"Don't be afraid! Throw away your red shawl! Now run—run to the nearest fence—while I keep him off!"

The assurance of help at hand inspired her. She tore off the light zephyr shawl, which had attracted the attention of the bull, and ran as fast as her trembling limbs would carry her.

How she got over the fence she never knew. Indeed, she knew nothing distinctly until the gentleman she had characterized as an "impudent puppy," lightly leaping the fence, threw himself, rather breathlessly and heated, on the ground near where she had sunk the moment she had found herself in safety.

"Oh," said Sue, half sobbing, "I am so glad you came! That awful creature would have killed me!"

"I fortunately heard him bellowing, and, remembering you, came just in time to keep him off."

"Weren't you afraid?"

"Oh, no! I used when a boy to bait these animals for my own amusement. But you see I can be of more use to you than 'the other puppy.' Where is he?"

"Gone. Deserted me in my hour of need," she replied, smiling faintly, as she dried her tears. "But I've had enough of him. I'll give him away and get a better and bigger dog to accompany me on my walks, if they are to be as dangerous as this one."

"Am I big enough?" inquired the gentleman. "I'll take the best care of you."

"O, I don't know you yet, you see. I will ask papa," she answered demurely.

"Certainly—by all means ask papa!" said he, eagerly.

"I'm going home now," she said, rising.

"Won't you permit me to see you safe? There may be more cattle around, to say nothing of snakes and owls."

"Well, I think you may come, though we are near home now. I can see papa sitting on the verandah, reading; and there in the orchard is my basket of apples, which I gathered for the pigs. If you won't mind, I'll feed them now, and carry the basket back."

"I'll enjoy it of all things," he asserted.

Lifting the basket he carried it for her to the sty, where she amused herself with tossing the fruit, one by one, to the eager, pushing crowd within.

"So you take an interest in those poetic animals?" remarked her companion, as he stood curiously looking on.

"I feel sorry for them, they are so ugly and dirty. Nature seems to have treated them so unjustly, poor things, in making them so inferior to other animals. But then, the little ones, with their pink noses and funny eyes, do look

so chubby and innocent."

She tossed some pigs to the little ones, and looked thoughtfully.

"They remind me of a picture I saw lately—Circe, surrounded by a herd of swine, into which she had transformed her admirers, and would never have imagined how much expression there was in the way that they wriggled and groveled at her feet."

"I see that picture now, at least something like it," the gentleman remarked, looking from Sue to the pigs.

And again Sue repeated to herself, "What an impudent puppy!" as she dropped more apples into the sty.

And this was the spectacle which greeted the horrified gaze of Mrs. Mellington as she stepped

where her husband was reading, and looked across the lawn to the orchard. The tea table was ready, and she was expecting Sue.

"Mercy on me!" she gasped. "Why, Mr. Mellington, only look! There is actually Sue with Col. Hanley's son feeding the pigs!"

Mr. Mellington chuckled.

"Well, my dear, I don't see the harm of it, if they like it. Though where she could have picked him up, I can't imagine."

Meanwhile, Sue and her companion leisurely crossed the orchard and the lawn.

"Now, I'll introduce you to papa," she said. "Only I don't know your name."

"Oh, perhaps he knows it, and will introduce me to you. Meantime, call me anything you like."

So Sue walked straight up to her father, and, putting her hand on his shoulder, said:

"Papa, I've had an awful fright. I was chased by a raging mad bull and my puppy ran away from me, and another with the very same name, saved me; so I've brought him home with me," nodding in an introductory manner toward the guest.

"Eh?" said papa, looking up; and catching the expression of the two faces before him, he fell into the humor, and, as he rose, said, with a wave of his hand toward the waiting tea table: "Very well, my dear, we'll feed him."

So Mr. Rolland Hanley sat down to the table with the family, and with an utter absence of that unpleasant restraint which Mr. Mellington had remarked in his intercourse with Miss Radstock; and, despite her vexation at Sue, the meal passed off agreeably.

Of course that was not Mr. Hanley's last visit to the Mellingtons—of course there were frequent calls, with walks and rides, in all of which he fulfilled his promise of taking care of Sue; and when, at length, he asked the privilege of taking care of her through life, she did not say nay.

Lately, when Mr. Hanley was boasting that his wife had accepted him on their very first interview, by referring him to papa, Sue looked around and said:

"You were an impudent puppy that day, Rolla, as you are still."

Good Advice.

William Wirt's letter to his daughter on the "small sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned:

I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller of Mansfield, who cared for nobody—no, not he, because nobody cared for him. And the whole world would serve you so, if you gave them the same cause. Let everyone, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, and which manifest themselves in tender and affectionate looks, and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing.

"Pears to me your mill goes awful slow," said an impatient farmer boy to a miller. "I could eat that meal faster'n you grind it." "How long do you think you could do it, my lad?" quoth the miller. "Till I starved to death," answered the boy.

A Kentucky girl died with the heart disease a few hours after her marriage. This proves that young women shouldn't marry until after they had given their hearts away.

Some Men's Wives.

Three men of wealth, meeting, not long since, in New York, the conversation turned upon their wives. Instead of finding fault with women in general and their wives in particular, each one obeyed the wise man's advice, and "gave honor" unto his wife.

"I tell you what it is," said one of the men, "they may say what they please about the uselessness of modern women, but my wife has done her share in securing our success in life."

"Everybody knows that her family was aristocratic, and exclusive, and all that, and when I married her she had never done a day's work in her life; but when W. & Co failed, and I had to commence at the foot of the hill again, she discharged the servants and chose out a neat little cottage, and did her share."

"And my wife," said a second, "was an only daughter, caressed and petted to death, and every body said, 'Well, if he will marry a doll like that he will make the greatest mistake of his life;' but when I came home the first year of our marriage, sick with the fever, she nursed me back to health, and I never knew her to murmur because I thought we couldn't afford any better style or more luxuries."

"Well, gentlemen," chimed in a third, "I married a smart, healthy, pretty girl, but she was a regular blue stocking. She adored Fennoyden, dated on Byron, read Emerson, and named the first baby Ralph Waldo Emerson and the second Maud; but I tell you what 'tis," and the speaker's eyes grew suspiciously moist, "when we laid little Maud in her last bed at Auburn my poor wife had no remembrance of neglect or stunted motherly care, and the little dresses that still lie in the locked drawer were all made by her hands."—*Journal of Commerce.*

STORMS ON LAND AND SEA.—The people who dwell in large cities and hilly regions have but faint conceptions of what storms are upon plains, prairies, and at sea. Where neither hills nor forests break the force of the wind, hurricanes, cyclones, and violent storms are sure to prevail. Whole villages and towns on the Western prairies were destroyed during the past season. A fearful tornado swept across McLean and Scott counties, Illinois, entirely destroying the town of Oisey, and blowing down in its path five hundred houses and barns. Mr. and Mrs. Reese were blown out of their bed and landed in a wheat field, a quarter of a mile from their ruined house. The track of the storm was three quarters of a mile wide, and at one place it seemed as if a torrent of water from the clouds followed the track of the storm. At sea also there were fearful storms which made navigation the more dangerous as the North Atlantic during the spring was full of icebergs. The unusually mild winter had loosened immense masses of ice from its moorings in the Arctic regions, and one result of this will be a cooling of the ocean during June and a possible reduction of the temperature on our coast until mid-summer. Man has made marvelous conquests over nature. Steam is at his command. He has drawn lightning from the cloud to communicate thought from one to the other almost instantaneously, but, as yet, he is powerless against the hurricane and the flood.

Unmarried Women.

"I am not afraid to live alone," said a noble woman, "but I dare not marry unworthily."

Is there no fine heroism here? I think that to submit cheerfully to a single life where circumstances have been unkind, to choose it from a high sense of duty, or to accept it for the sake of loyalty to a high ideal, is as brave a thing as a woman can do. But, after all, the woman who does this simply demands to be let alone. She begs that you will suppose her insensible to a stab because she does not cry out. She has her pride and her delicacy. She urges no claims upon admiration, but she has no consciousness of disgrace.—*Lippincott.*

When a boy walks with a girl as though he were afraid some one would see him, the girl is his sister. If he walks so close to her as to nearly crowd her against the fence, she is the sister of some one else.

We saw a canal boat pass here yesterday named the "Brindle Cow." We suppose they steer the boat by her under.—*Whitehall Times*

The great secret of living happily is to live usefully. Selfishness and idleness are bitter foes to comfort.

Preserve the privacy of your house, marriage state and heart from relatives and all the world.

The Christian is not ruined by living in the world, but by the world living in him.

He that pelts every barking dog must pick a great many stones.