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THE REPORTER.

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MY SWEETHEART.

Do you know my sweetheart, sir?
She has fled and gone away.
I've lost my love; pray tell to me
Have you seen her pass to day?

Dewy bluebells are her eyes,
Golden corn her waving hair;
Her cheeks are of the sweet blush-roses;
Have you seen this maiden fair?

White lilies are her neck, sir;
And her breath the eglantine;
Her rosy lips the red carnations,
Such is she, this maiden mine.

The light wind is her laughter,
The murmuring brook her song;
Her tears, so full of tender pity,
In the clouds are borne along.

The sunbeams are her smiles,
The leaves her footsteps light;
To kiss each coy flower into life
Is my true lover's delight.

I will tell ye who she is,
And how all things become her.
Bend down, that I may whisper,
My sweetheart's name is—"Summer."

—Littell's Living Age.

President Jackson and His Door- Keeper.

When Jackson was President Jimmy O'Neill, the Irish doorkeeper of the White House, was a marked character. He had his foibles, which offended the fastidiousness of the President's nephew and Secretary, Major Donelson, who caused his dismissal on an average of about once a week. But on appeal to higher courts the verdict was always reversed by the good nature of the old General. Oase, however, Jimmy was guilty of some flagrant offense, and being summoned before the President himself, was thus addressed: "Jimmy, I have borne with you for years in spite of all complaints; but this goes beyond my powers of endurance." "And do you believe the story?" asked Jimmy. "Certainly," answered the General. "I have just heard it from two Senators." "Faith," retorted Jimmy, "if I believed all that twenty Senators say about you, it's little I'd think you was fit to be President." "Pshaw! Jimmy," concluded the General, "clear out, and go back to your duty, but be more careful hereafter." Jimmy not only retained his place to the close of Jackson's Presidential term, but accompanied him back to the Hermitage, and was with him to the day of his death.

The Minister's Cow.

An exchange tells this droll story of a clergyman's experiment and how it ended: Some years ago there lived in Central New York a very worthy and respectable divine known as Father Goss. He had a hired man named Isaac, who always obeyed orders without question. Father Goss bought a cow one day which proved refractory when milked, refusing to surrender the lactical fluid, although Isaac used all the persuasive arts of which he was master. He finally reported her delinquencies to his master. "Well, Isaac," said he, "go to the barn and get those pieces of raw rope." Isaac obeyed; the cow was driven into the stable, tied with a piece of the rope, when the Rev. came out, armed with a knife. "Now," he exclaimed to Isaac, "I will get on the cow's back and you tie my feet beneath her, then you go on with your milking, with my weight on her back she must give down her milk." Isaac obeyed. The feet were tied, the pail got and milking commenced. But bossy objected, and plunged wildly about. The stable was low, and the Rev.'s head was fearfully thumped. "Oh, Isaac, Isaac!" bawled he, "cut the rope." Isaac seized the knife and cut—not the rope which tied the master's feet, but one that tied the cow. The stable gate was open, also the yard gate. Away darted the frantic cow, the terrified man on her back, helplessly roaring: "Stop her, stop her!" While madly careering down the road he met a parishioner, who excitedly called: "Why, Mr. Goss, where are you going?" "Only God and this cow know!" groaned he: "I don't." The animal was finally caught and the man released, much frightened but unharmed.

The age of giants has returned. Within six months seven giants over eight feet in height have appeared in New York city. The latest addition was Henrik Brusted, a Norwegian, who arrived Monday. He is eight feet tall and weighs 400 pounds.

Restoring Fertility With Clover.

From Dr Harlan's work on "farming," we make the following extract: It is a very common practice among agricultural writers to advise all persons having large farms which are in a very poor condition to sell one-half or two-thirds of their land, and apply all the money they receive in manuring and improving the balance of their property. In some cases this may be the most prudent course to follow, but, as a general rule, I am opposed to this advice for two very good reasons: First, you can get, but very little per acre for your poor fields; and secondly, if you improve your property with judgment, you can enhance its value so rapidly that in seven or eight years it will be worth double or treble its former valuation.

To begin your improvement, take the old field about half a mile from the house and which is now covered with thin yellow grass and a mellow soil about one or two inches deep, produced by many years of exposure to the weather.

It has never been plowed since you know it. And, I beg you, do not plow it now at the beginning of your efforts to make it better. Let me show you what a coating of fine mellow earth is worth on the surface.

In Egypt the annual overflow of the Nile deposits on the land a thin stratum of very fine soil, which amounts to only four or five inches in a century. This yearly settling, which is only the twentieth of an inch in thickness, of almost impalpable dust, keeps the farms forever rich and productive. The Egyptians do not plow this precious coat under, but sow the seed on the moist ground as the waters subside, and then, if possible, they drive sheep and hogs or goats over it to press the seed into the soil.

We should all learn a useful lesson from their example and experience. We should not plow down the only part which the air has enriched by mingling and uniting with it for so many years, but early in the spring we should harrow as many acres of the old field as we can sow with clover seed at one peck to the acre. After the seed is sown, we should roll the ground and sow one or two bushels of plaster per acre.

The principal roots of all plants must be near the surface, that they may feel the life giving influence of air and moisture, or the soil must be loosened by nature or by tillage, that the atmosphere may penetrate even to the deepest fibers of vegetation. Hence the reason that plant food acts so well upon the surface, and that all seeds germinate more quickly, more naturally, when covered by only one or two inches of soil. But these great truths must not be misunderstood. Though the soil must be loose, the finer the seed the greater the necessity when planting or sowing of pressing the hand or foot or roller the earth into close contact with the grain.

I remember a little incident which will illustrate this subject and fix it in the mind. An old sea captain who lived in our neighborhood tried every year to raise for himself a little tobacco. He prepared a little patch of ground with the greatest care. The space was as fine and rich and mellow as he could make it. Then he sowed the seed and raked it over once more very gently.

Yet, much to his surprise and vexation, only a few stalks grew each year. But one spring, after the little bed had been sown with all the usual care, some fellow, to worry the old captain, went secretly on it and tramped and tramped, and danced and tramped it till it was, to all appearance, as hard and solid as the most frequented public road. The poor old man gave him a seaman's blessing, whoever he might be, and left it to its fate. But his next visit to it he was astonished to see the whole bed covered with vigorous plants of tobacco. It seemed that every seed had grown. He had a grand crop. After that he could always raise tobacco. He tramped the ground himself after the seed was sown.

Well, to return to our old field. If the clover should grow five or six inches high by the middle of August, give it a half or a whole bushel more of plaster per acre. The second year you must treat it in the same way, and if the clover is thin on the ground, sow more seed, and again roll it well. Do all this

the third and fourth year if necessary. After this it will re seed itself, provided you continue the plaster each year.

Here is a practical illustration of this plant which I know to be the fact.

A person bought a very poor farm near the southern boundary of Pennsylvania, and tried to raise grain upon it in the usual way. But no kind grew large or strong enough to produce seed. Fortunately, he did not sacrifice the property by selling it at a very low figure, as many would have done. He sowed every acre of it with clover seed and plastered it every year. For a living he followed the profession of an auctioneer.

About seven or eight or more years the clover grew upon his farm, undisturbed by plow or hoof of any kind. Then he concluded to try his hand again at farming. Many of his neighbors gathered to see the first plowing after so long a rest from tillage.

An old farmer who was present assured me that the soil turned over eight or nine inches deep as black as your hat and as mellow as an ash heap.

More than fifty years have now passed since the occurrence, and the farm has the reputation of being rich and productive to the present day.

Cost of Fences.

An agricultural writer says: "The fences of the United States have cost more than the ships and boats of every sort, more than the manufactures and their machinery, more than any other class of property except, perhaps, real estate and railroads."

This seems extravagant at first thought, but it is not. Solon Robinson says the first cost of the fences of New York was \$144,000,000. Estimating the first cost of the fences of other States on this basis, and the whole amounts to \$1,296,000,000. The fences require to be renewed once in ten years, at an annual cost of \$120,000,000. Nicholas Biddle estimated the cost of keeping up the fences of Pennsylvania at \$10,000,000 a year. This was forty years ago. It probably costs twice that now. General Worthington, of Ohio, when president of the State Board of Agriculture of that State some twenty years ago, said there were in that State 18,000,000 acres of land, inclosed by 45,000 miles of fence at an original cost of \$115,000,000 and a yearly expense for repairs of about \$8,000,000. Horace Greeley says: "We impoverish ourselves to build fences which poison the land by furnishing shelter for weeds. Why should we not dispense with them?" There is another cost of the fence not yet named. A zig-zag or worm fence occupies five acres of land for every hundred inclosed, which is a five per cent. tax on the lands of the whole country. There are few fences in Europe. Illinois has more than all Germany. There every man is required to fence his stock in; hence nobody is obliged to fence other people's stock out. America should adopt the same sensible plan. It would lessen our expenses immensely and add greatly to the beauty and picturesque appearance of the country.

The Kind of a Fellow He Was. A very high-toned looking young man in exquisite moustache, loud plaid clothes, red necktie, low crowned hat, straw colored kids, and knitting needle cane, walked into a tobacco shop on Third street to-day, and throwing down a half dollar on the counter said: "Well, this is the worst town I ever saw; a gentleman can't get anything in it satisfactory, and I am unable to see how a person of fastidious taste can live here. Isay, Mr Shopkeeper, can you sell a fellow a decent cigar?"

"Yes, sir," said the cigar man meekly. "Well, then, fly around lively and do it. You see that half dollar?" "Yes, sir. What kind of a cigar do you wish sir?" "What kind?" "Yes, sir."

"Why, look at me, sir, at me, sir, a moment, and see for yourself what kind of a cigar would suit me," and he drew himself up grandly and gazed down on the shop-keeper. The shop-keeper looked and then took in the half dollar, got out a cigar, handed it to the man with forty-nine cents change, and said: "I owe you half a cent, sir, but I can't make change unless you take another cigar."

The nice young man looked at the shop keeper and then at the cigar, and then at himself, and without a single word walked out of the shop.

The "Year Without a Summer."

We continue to receive occasional inquiries concerning the "year in which there was no summer." Some persons appear to have a wrong idea as to the time. It was the year 1816. It has been called the "year without a summer," for there was sharp frost in every month. There are old farmers still living in Connecticut who remember it well. It was known as the "year without a summer." The farmers used to refer to it as "eighteen hundred and starve to death." January was mild, as was also February, with the exception of a few days. The greater part of March was cold and boisterous. April opened warm, but grew colder as it advanced, ending with snow and ice, and winter cold. In May ice formed half an inch thick, buds and flowers were frozen and corn killed. Frost, ice and snow were common in June. Almost every green thing was killed, and the fruit was nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of three inches in New York and Massachusetts and ten inches in Maine. July was accompanied with frost and ice. On the 5th ice was formed of the thickness of window glass in New York, New England and Pennsylvania, and corn was nearly all destroyed in certain sections. In August ice formed half an inch thick. A cold northwest wind prevailed nearly all summer.

Corn was so frozen that a great deal was cut down and dried for fodder. Very little ripened in New England, even here in Connecticut, and scarcely any even in the Middle States. Farmers were obliged to pay \$4 or \$5 per bushel for corn of 1815 for seed for the next spring's planting. The first two weeks of September were mild, the rest of the month was cold, with frost, and ice formed a quarter of an inch thick. October was more than usually cold, with frost and ice. November was cold and blistering, with snow enough for good sleighing. December was quite mild and comfortable.—*Hartford Times.*

Bears Helping Each Other.

A gentleman was once making inquiries, in Russia, about the method of catching bears in that country. He was told that, to entrap them, a pit was dug several feet deep, and after covering it over with turf, leaves, etc., some food was placed on the top. The bear, if tempted by the bait, easily fell into the snare. "But," he added, "if four or five happen to get in together, they all manage to get out again."

"How is that?" asked the gentleman. "They form a sort of ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders, and thus make their escape."

"But how does the bottom one get out?" "Ah! these bears, though not possessing a mind and soul such as God has given us, yet can feel gratitude; and they won't forget the one who has been the chief means of procuring their liberty. Scampering off, they fetch the branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother, enabling him speedily to join them in the freedom in which they rejoice."

Sensible bears, we should say, and a great deal better than some people that we hear about, who never help anybody but themselves.—*The Courier Dove*

Cured Her at Last.

An old man up in Connecticut had a poor cracky bit of a wife, who regularly once a week got up in the night and invited the family to see her die. She gave away her things, spoke her last words, and made her peace with Heaven, and then about 8 o'clock she got up in her usual way and disappointed everybody by going at her household duties as if nothing had happened.

The old man got sick of it finally, and went and bought a coffin, a real nice cashmere shroud, a wreath of immortelles, with "Farewell, Mary Ann," worked in, and a handful of silver-plated screws. Laying the screw driver beside the collection, he invited her to holler "die" once more. "Do it," said he, "and in you go, and this farewell business is over." Mary Ann is at this moment cooking buckwheat cakes for a large and admiring family while they dry apples in the coffin up in the garret.—*Oxford Torch Light.*

Dissolve a bushel of salt in a barrel of water, and with the salt water slack a barrel of lime, which should be wet enough to form a kind of paste. For a disinfectant this home-made chloride of lime is nearly as good as that purchased at the drug stores. Use it freely about sinks, cellars, gutters and otherwise, and in this way prevent sickness and obviate great expense.

Self Conceit.

It does not argue well for our nobility of character when we sneer at others. When we over value ourselves, we undervalue our neighbors. Self-conceit is therefore, the source of that pharisaical weakness called contempt. The man who prides himself on his descent, sneers at the man who relies upon himself and cares not who was his great-grandfather. The self-sufficient purist says to the scapegrace, "Go to, wretch, I am holier than thou!" And the millionaire, who regards money not as a means, but as an end, looks with scorn upon the plodder who is content with a moderate competence. There are few things in this world so utterly contemptible as contempt. It is the vice of vanity, and is a sensation unknown to true greatness.

A TIME HONORED REMEDY.—"Uncle Pomp," said Col M. to a former slave, "I hear that some of you darkies down on the lower place are afflicted with the itch."

"Bein' as it's you, boss," replied old Pompey, hesitatingly, "Ienus' confess dat de Lawd has seed fit to afflict us dat way, for a fac."

"Ah! Doing anything for it?" "Yes, sah; oh, yes, sah!"

"What?" "Why, we—er—we am scratchin' fer it."

Mr. Jefferson Davis will be seventy three years of age on the 3d of June next.

An Irish lover remarks, "It's a very great pleasure to be alone, especially when yer sweetheart is wid ye!"

"Look ather," he remarked to the waiter, "your coffee is O. K., your hash is about correct, but aint' your eggs a little too ripe?"

Young Swell: "I should like to have my moustache dyed." Polite barber: "Certainly; did you bring it with you?"

An Alexandria, Va., dispatch says that the Democratic ticket is elected by a larger majority than expected—ranging from 400 to 600.

THERE is not the slightest evidence to show that any person was ever injured by eating ham or pork in a salted state or fresh pork when well cooked. All danger arising from trichinae is in eating pork in a raw state.

"When I was a young man," says the philosopher Billings, "I was always in a hurry to hold the big end of the log and do all the lifting, now I am older, I seized hold of the small end and do all the gruntin'."

It is enough to bring tears to the eye of a potato to see a Burlington man on "lodge night," braze himself up against the office door and try to open a postal card to see what is in it and who it's from.—*Hawkeye.*

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Edith to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks and be still and stupid for awhile?"

Whatever your sex or position, life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck, and we be to the onward. Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men were born to succeed and not fail.

A little boy entered a fish market the other day, and seeing for the first time a pile of lobsters laying on the counter, looked intently at them for some time, when he exclaimed: "Them's the biggest grasshoppers I've ever seen."

Che-Mah, the famous Chinese dwarf, has recently arrived in New York. He is 44 years old and exactly two feet high—just six feet shorter than his countryman, the giant Chang. He wears a moustache and is a little bald on the top of his head.

Man doubles all the evils of his fate by meditating upon them. A scratch becomes a wound, a slight becomes an injury, a just an insult, a small peril a great danger; and a slight sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

A certain cure for a felon is to wind it cloth loosely about the finger, leaving the end free. Pour in common gunpowder till the afflicted part is entirely covered. Keep the whole wet with strong spirits of camphor.

"Hi! where did you get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a remarkable short pair of trousers. "I got them where they grew," was the indignant reply. "Then, by my conscience," said Pat, "you've pulled them a year too soon!"

A cruel patient: A young man who lives in Austin, and whose moustache is like faith, "the evidence of things hoped for, the substance of things not yet seen," called on his prospective father-in-law and gave notice that he intended marrying the old gentleman's daughter. At an early date "It had better take place on some Saturday, so that it will not interfere with your school hours," sarcastically remarked the old man.