

# THE DANBURY REPORTER.

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**THE REPORTER.**PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT  
**DANBURY, N. C.**

PEPPER &amp; SONS,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

## RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year, payable in advance, \$1.50  
Six Months, - - - - - 1.00

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**DAY & JONES,**Manufacturers of  
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TRUNKS, &c.No. 236 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.  
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DRY GOODS.

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**WM. J. C. DULANY & CO.,**

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SCHOOL BOOKS A SPECIALTY,  
Stationery of all kinds. Wrapping Paper,  
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Lombard Streets.)

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O. L. COTTRELL, { W. S. ROBERTSON  
WATKINS, COTTRELL, & CO.,  
Importers and Jobbers of

HARDWARE,

## 1307 Main Street,

RICHMOND, VA.

Agents for Fairbanks's Standard Scales,  
and Anker Brand Bolting Cloth.

August 25, 1880.

## JNO. W. HOLLAND, WITH

T. A. BRYAN & CO.,  
Manufacturers of FRENCH and AMERICAN  
CANDIES, in every variety, and  
wholesale dealers in

FRUITS, NUTS, CANNED GOODS, CI-

GARS, &amp;c.

39 and 41 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

Orders from Merchants solicited.

WILLIAM DEVRIES, WILLIAM R. DEVRIES,  
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Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods and  
Notions,312 West Baltimore Street, (between Howard  
and Liberty,) BALTIMORE.

## J. W. MENEFEE,

Dealers in PEARRE BROTHERS &amp; CO.

Importers and Jobbers of Dry Goods.

## MEN'S WEAR A SPECIALTY.

Nos. 2 and 4 Hanover Street,

August 5, '80-6m. BALTIMORE.

ROBERT W. POWERS, EDGAR D. TAYLOR.

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Dealers in PAINTS, OILS, DYES, VARNISHES,

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WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, &c.,CIGARS, SMOKING AND CHEWING  
TOBACCO A SPECIALTY.

1305 Main St., Richmond, Va.

August 26-6m.

J. W. RANDOLPH & ENGLISH,  
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, AN  
BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

1318 Main Street, Richmond.

A Large Stock of LAW BOOKS always on  
hand.

J. E. ABBOTT, OF N. C.,

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WINGO, ELLETT &amp; CRUMP,

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Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, &amp;c.

Prompt attention paid to orders, and satis-

faction guaranteed.

Virginia State Prison Goods a specialty.

March, 6. m.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

## S. T. DAVIS

—with—

**T. J. MAGRUDER & CO.,**

Manufacturers and Dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES AND BROSSES,

No. 31 Sharp Street, Baltimore Md.

August 24 1879.

OBSERVATIONS OF REV. GABE  
TUCKER.You may notch it on de painin's as a mighty  
resky planTo make your judgement by de clo'e dat  
kivers up a man;For I hardly need to tell you how you often  
come across

A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar horse,

An' wukin' in de low-groun's, you disikiver  
as you go,Dat defines' shuck may hide de meanes' hub-  
bin in a row!I think a man has got a mighty poor chance  
for HebenDat holds on to his pisty but one day out ob  
seben;Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap of sol-  
emn chatAn' neber draps a nickel in de missionary  
hat;Dat's foremost in de meetin'-house for raisin'  
all de clutes,But lays aside his ligion wid his Sunday pan-  
taloon's!I neber judge o' people dat I meets along de  
wayBy de places whar dey come fun a'n' de hou-  
ses whar dey stay;For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roost-  
in' pretty high,An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in  
de sky;Dey ketchet little minners in de middle ob de  
sen,An' you finds de smalles' possum up de big-  
ges' kind o' tree!

—J. M. Macon in Scribner for July.

## A Ride for Life.

[From "The Boy's Own Paper."]

In the month of March, in the year  
18—when the snow lay deep upon the  
ground, Lawrence Temple, a clerk at a  
lumber camp on the head waters of the  
Ottawa River in Canada, was dispatched  
by the "boss" lumberman to Ottawa City,  
a distance of some two hundred miles,  
to report to the agent of the company  
the quantity of timber that had been got  
out, and to bring back from the bank a  
sum of money to pay off a number of  
the lumbermen.Several of these were about to take  
up land in the new townships that had  
been recently laid out on the upper Ot-  
tawa, and as Lawrence had won the con-  
fidence of the company, he was com-  
missioned to bring back the money for mak-  
ing the payments. Owing to a prejudice  
on the part of the men against paper-  
money, he was directed to procure gold  
and silver. He was to ride as far as the  
town of Pembroke, about half way, and  
leaving his horse there to rest, was to go  
to Ottawa in the stage. He selected for  
the journey the best animal in the sta-  
ble—a tall, gaunt, sinewy mare of rather  
ungainly figure, but with an immense  
amount of girth in her.He reached Ottawa safely and trans-  
acted his business satisfactorily. Having  
drawn the money from the bank, English sovereigns and Mexican dollars, Lawrence set out on his return journey.At Pembroke he mounted again his  
faithful steed, for his ride over a hand-  
red miles to the camp. The silver he  
carried in two leather bags in the holster  
of the saddle, and the gold in a belt  
around his waist. He also carried for  
defence one of the newly invented Colt's  
revolvers.The weather was bitterly cold, but the  
exercise of riding kept him quite warm.  
The entire winter had been one of un-  
precedented severity. The snow fell  
early and deep, and remained all through  
the season. Deer were exceedingly nu-  
merous, even near the settlements, and at  
the camp furnished no inconsiderable  
portion of the food for the men, varied  
by an occasional relish of bear's meat.Towards the close of the second day  
he was approaching the end of his jour-  
ney and indulging in pleasant anticipa-  
tion of the feast of venison he should  
enjoy, and of his refreshing slumber on  
the fragrant pine boughs, earned by con-  
tinued exercise in the open air. The  
moon was near the full, but partially ob-  
scured by light and fleecy clouds.He was approaching a slight clearing  
when he observed two long, little ani-  
mals spring out of the woods towards  
his horse.He thought they were a couple  
of those large shaggy deerhounds  
which are sometimes employed near the  
lumber camp for hunting caribou—great  
powerful animals with immense lengthof limb and depth of chest—and he  
looked around for the appearance of the  
hunter, who, he thought, could not be  
far off. He was surprised, however, not  
to hear the deep-mouthed bay characteris-  
tic of those hounds, but instead a gut-  
tural snarl, which appeared to affect the  
mare in a most unaccountable manner.A shiver seemed to convulse her frame,  
and shaking herself together she started  
off on a long swinging trot, which soon  
broke into a gallop, that got over the  
ground amazingly fast.But her speed could not outstrip that  
of the creatures which bounded in long  
leaps by her side, occasionally springing  
at her hams, their white teeth glinting in  
the moonlight and snapping, when they  
closed like a steel-trap. When he  
caught the first glimpse of the fiery  
flashing of their eyes there came theblood-curdling revelation that these were  
no bounds, but hungry wolves that bore  
him such sinister company. All the  
dread hunters' tales of lone trappers lost  
in the woods, and their gnawed bones  
discovered in the spring beside their  
steel traps, flashed through his mind like  
a thought of horror.His only safety, he knew, was in the  
speed of his mare, and she was handi-  
caped in this race for life with about five  
and twenty pounds of silver in each hol-  
ster. Seeing that she was evidently  
flagging under this tremendous pace, he  
resolved to abandon the money. "Skin  
for skia, yea all that a man bath will be  
give for his life;" so he dropped both  
bags on the road. To his surprise the  
animals stopped as if they had been  
highwaymen, seeking only his money  
and not his life. He could hear them  
snarling over the stout leather bags, but  
lightened of her load, the mare sprang  
forward in a splendid hand gallop, that  
covered the ground in gallant style.He was beginning to hope that he had  
fairly distanced the brutes, when their  
horrid yelp and melancholy long drawn  
howl drew stronger on the wind and soon  
they were again abreast of the mare.He now threw down his thick leather  
gauntlets, with the hope of delaying them  
out it only caused a detention of a few  
minutes while they greedily devoured  
them. He was rapidly nearing the camp,  
if he could keep them at bay for twenty  
or thirty minutes more, he would be safe.As a last resort he drew his revolver,  
searcly hoping in his headlong pace to  
hit the bounding, leaping object at his  
side. Moreover, they had both hitherto  
kept on the left side of the mare, which  
lessened his chances as a marksman.  
The mare, too, who was exceedingly  
nervous, could never stand fire, and, if he  
should miss, and in the movement be dis-  
mounted, he knew that in five minutes the  
maw of these ravenous beasts would be  
in his grave.One of the brutes now made a spring  
for the mare's throat, but failing to grasp  
it, fell on the right side of the animal.  
Gathering himself up, he bounded in  
front of her, and made a dash at the  
rider, catching and clinging to the mare's  
right shoulder. The white foam fell  
from his mouth and flecked his dark and  
shaggy breast. Lawrence could feel his  
hot breath on his naked hand. The  
fiendish glare of those eyes he never in all  
his life forgot. It haunted him for  
years in midnight slumber, from which  
he awoke trembling, and bathed in the  
cold perspiration of terror.Lawrence felt that the critical moment  
had come. One or the other of them  
must die. In five minutes more he would  
be safe in camp, or else—and he shud-  
dered. He lifted up his heart in prayer to  
God, and then felt strangely calm and  
collected. The muzzle of his revolver  
almost touched the brute's nose. He  
pulled the trigger. A flash, a crash! The  
green eyes blazed with tenfold fury, the  
huge form fell heavily to the ground, and  
in the same moment, the mare reared al-  
most upright, nearly unseating her rider  
and shaking his pistol from his hand,  
and then plunging forward, rapidly cov-  
ered the road in her flight.As Lawrence had expected, the other  
flesh-eating beast remained to devour its  
fellow. He galloped into the camp, al-  
most fell from his mare, which stood with  
a look of almost human gladness in her  
eyes, and staggered to the rude log  
shanty, where the blazing fire and song  
and story beguiled the winter night,  
scarce able to narrate his peril and escape.After light refreshment—for he had lost  
all relish for food—he went to bed, to  
start up often through the night under  
the glare of those terrible eyes, and to  
renew the horror he had undergone.In the morning, returning with a num-  
ber of the men to look for the money, he  
found the feet, tail, muzzle, and scalp  
of the slain wolf in the midst of a patch  
of gory snow; also the skull and part  
of the larger bones, but gnawed and split  
in order to get at the marrow. They  
found, also, some distance back, the  
straps and buckles of the money-bags,  
and the silver coins scattered on the  
ground and partially covered by the  
snow.SIT DOWN, ROBERT—Elder Travers, who  
lately died in Buffalo, was once the  
most noted camp meeting leader in  
Eastern New York. Of splendid phys-  
ique, he made short work of interrupters.  
Once a notorious rough, "Chicago Bob," interrupted the congregation  
while singing, by crowing. "Sit down, Robert," said Travers. "Chicago Bob sits down for no one," cried the bully."Sit down, Robert," once more said the  
Elder. Robert's reply was a movement  
to throw off his coat. One under the  
ear came deftly from the Elder's followed  
up by another, and another, and another,  
and Chicago Bob retired unconscious.Next day he appeared among the report-  
ant sinners. "Are you in earnest,  
Robert?" mildly inquired the Elder.  
"I am." "Really seeking for faith?"

"You bet! If faith helps a man to