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JOSIAR.

Things has come to a pretty pass
The whole wide country over,
When every married woman has
To have a friend or lover;
It ain't the way that I was raised,
An' I hain't no desire
To have some fellow pokin' round
Instead of my Josiar.

I never kin forget the day
That we went out walkin'
An' sot down on the river bank
An' kep' on hours a talkin';
He twisted up my apron string
An' folded it together,
An' said he thought for harvest time
'Twas cur' us kind o' weather.

The sun went down as we sot there—
Josiar seemed uneasy,
An' mother she began to call:
'Lowcezy! Oh, Lowcezy!'
An' then Josiar spoke right up,
As I was just a startin',
An' said, 'Lowcezy, what's the use
Of us two ever partin'?'

It kind o' took me by surprise,
An' yet I knew 'twas comin'—
I'd heard it all the summer long,
In every wild bee's hummin';
I'd studied out the way I'd act,
But law! I couldn't do it;
I meant to hide my love from him,
But seems as if he knew it,
An' lookin' down into my eyes
He must a seen the fire,
And ever since that hour I've loved
An' worshipped my Josiar.

I can't tell what the women mean
Who let men fool around 'em
Believin' all the nonsense that
They only say to sound 'em;
I know, for one, I've never seen
The man that I'd admire,
To have a hangin' after me,
Instead of my Josiar.
—N. Y. Evening Post.

A Letter of John Ruskin to a Young Girl.

Keep absolute calm of temper under all changes, receiving everything that is provoking or disagreeable to you as coming directly from Christ's hand; and the more it is like to provoke you, thank him for it the more, as a young soldier would his general for trusting him with a hard place to hold on the rampart. And remember, it does not, in the least, matter what happens to you—whether a clumsy school fellow tears your dress, or a shrewd one laughs at you, or the governess doesn't understand you. The one thing needful is that none of these things vex you. For your mind at this time of your youth is crystallizing like sugar candy; and the least jar to it, flaws the crystal, and that permanently.

Say to yourselves every morning just after your prayers, "Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple." That is exactly and completely true, meaning that you are to give all you have to Christ, to take care of for you. That if he doesn't take care of it, of course you know it wasn't worth anything. And if he takes anything from you, you know you are better without it. You will not indeed, at your age, have to give up houses, or lands, or boats, or nets; but you may perhaps break your favorite teacup, or lose your favorite thimble, and might be vexed about it.

What, after this surrender, you find intrusted to you, take extreme care of, and make as useful as possible. The greater part of all they have is usually given to grown-up people by Christ merely that they may give it away again; but school girls, for the most part, are likely to have little more than what is needed for themselves; of which, whether books, dresses, or pretty room furniture, you are to take extreme care, looking on yourself, indeed, practically as a little housemaid, set to keep Christ's books and room in order, and not as yourself the mistress of anything.

If you make the aim of your life amusement, the day will come when all the agonies of a pantomime will not bring you an honest laugh. Play actively and gayly; and cherish without straining the natural powers of jest in others and yourselves; remembering all the while that your hand, in every instant is on the helm of the ship of your life, and that the Master on the far shore of Araby the blest, looks for its sail on the horizon.

Well, do you want to be better dressed than your school-fellows? Some of them are probably poor, and cannot afford to dress like you; or, on the other hand, you may be poor yourselves, and may be mortified at their being dressed better than you. Put an end to all that at once, by resolving to go down into the deep of your girl's heart, where you will find, inslaid by Christ's own hand, a better thing than vanity—piety.

You may become a Christ's lady if you will—but you must will vigorously—there is no possible compromise.

Most people think if they keep all the best rooms in their hearts swept and garnished for Christ, with plenty of flowers and good books in them; that they may keep a little chamber in their heart's wall for Belial, on his occasional visits, or a three-legged stool for him in the heart's scullery, where he may lick the dishes. It won't do my dearest! You must cleanse the house of him, as you would of the plague, to the last spot. You must be resolved that as all you are shall be God's; and you are to make it so, simply and quietly, by thinking always of yourself merely as sent to do this work, and considering at every leisure time what you are to do next. Don't fret nor tease yourself about it, far less other people. But know and feel assured that every day of your lives you have done all you can for the good of others."

Train the Boys for Business.

There is one element in the home instruction which boys receive prior to their advent into the business world to which too little attention has been given. We mean the cultivation of habits of punctuality, system, order, and responsibility. In too many households, boys from twelve to seventeen years are administered to too much by loving mothers or other female members of the family. Boys, lives through those years are the halcyon days of their existence. Up in the morning, just in season for breakfast; nothing to do but start off early enough so as not to be late; looking upon an errand as taking so much time and memory away from enjoyment; little thought of personal appearance except when reminded by mother to "spruce up" a little finding his wardrobe always where mother puts it—in fact, having nothing to do but enjoy himself.

Thus his life goes on until school ends. Then he is ready for business. He goes into an office where everything is system, order, and precision. He is expected to keep things neat and orderly, sometimes kindle fires, file letters, do errands—in short, become part of a nicely-regulated machine, where everything moves in systematic grooves, and each one is responsible for the correctness in his department, and where, in place of ministers to his comfort, he finds taskmasters, more or less lenient, to be sure, and everything in marked contrast to his previous life.

In many instances the change is too great. Errors become numerous, blunders, overlooked at first, get to be matters of serious moment, then patience is overtaken, and the boy is told his services are no longer wanted. This is his first blow, and sometimes he never rallies from it. Then comes the surprise to the parents, who too often never know the real cause, nor where they have failed in the training of their children.

What is wanted is every boy to have something special to do, to have some duty at a definite hour, and to learn to watch for that hour to come, to be answerable for a certain portion of the routine of the household, to be trained to anticipate the time when he may enter the ranks of business, and to be fortified with habits of energy, accuracy, and application.—Ex.

How do you Keep Your room?

A look into the chamber of a boy or girl will give one an idea what kind of man or woman he or she will probably become. A boy who keeps his clothes hung up neatly, or a girl whose room is clean always, will be very apt to make a successful man or woman. Order and neatness are essential to our comfort as well as to that of others about us. A boy who throws down his cap or boots anywhere will never keep his accounts in shape, will do things in a slovenly, careless way, and not be long wanted in any position. A girl who does not make her bed till after dinner, and she should always make it herself rather than have a servant do it, and throws her dress or bonnet down in a chair, will make a poor wife in nine cases out of ten. If the world could see how a girl keeps her dressing-room, some unhappy marriages would be saved.—Congregationalist.

Some one has said of a fine and honorable old age that it was the childhood of immortality.

"Don't Take My Crown."

At a meeting in the London Home of Industry, Rev. W. Haslam related the following incident: "A Christian man, who had formerly been an earnest worker for Christ, had become engrossed in worldly pursuits and forsaken his warm first love. One night he dreamed that he had been caught up to Heaven, and that he was to see some of the marvelous things in that home of God. Among other things he was taken into a magnificent chamber—the crown room of Heaven. Here the angel who was his guide pointed out one after another of the beautiful crowns, and told him who they were intended for, mentioning the names of various friends of his own who were well known for their Christian labors. Every one seemed shining in splendor and beauty, but the man in his dream was impressed by one crown in the centre which the angel passed by. He ventured to ask, "Whose crown is this?" but the angel paid no heed to the inquiry.

As he passed on the longing grew more intense to know more about that one crown, and again he ventured to ask, "Whose is that crown?" Still the angel paid no heed, but went on to speak of other crowns. The man's whole soul was filled by an eager desire to know about that crown, at last he stood still and implored the angel to tell him whose crown it was. A look of intense pity passed over the angel's face and he dropped the rod with which he had been pointing out the other crowns, and said, "It was thy crown, but it is thine no longer." In the agony of this revelation the man awoke from his sleep, and sprang out of bed, fell on his knees and cried out, "Lord, don't take my crown!" Then and there he reviewed his past life, saw the danger of his cold and careless state, and confessing all before God, received pardon afresh and was brought back to the joy of communion with God. From that time he continued an earnest and faithful laborer for the Lord.

A Woman's Quick Wit.

The part of Tennessee through which I have been knocked about is full of reminiscences of the war, but there is none of the bitterness left. In war time the people were greatly divided in their sentiments, and no man could tell 't other from which. This remark reminds me of a story I heard yesterday about an estimable woman of seventy odd, who died two or three years ago here on the mountains. One day, during the war, when the country was fairly alive with guerrillas, she had occasion to take some valuable goods with her on a trip she was making, and put them on her horse, back of her. When she had gone some distance in the woods she heard a squad of guerrillas approaching, and knowing her goods would not be safe for a moment, she straddled her horse, man fashion, and throwing her long skirt over the package behind her, completely concealed it. When the guerrillas rode up she was unable to guess whether they belonged to the North or to the South—their uniform being no solution whatever. She determined, if questioned, to play a bluff game with them, and she soon had a chance to exercise her wit.

"Hello!" called one of the guerrillas.
"Hello!" she returned. "What side are you on?" he challenged. She laughed a good laugh at him as she replied, kicking out her feet, "On both sides, of course; can't you see?" This brought a roar from the whole squad, and they began to banter her in her own fashion. "Which side is your old man on?" asked one of them. "He's on neither side," she laughed; "he's on his back, and has been for years." Such wit saved her, and they let her pass on unmolested.—Letter to Cincinnati Commercial.

Be kind to lightning rod men and book agents. They have fathers per haps, and mothers, and sisters, who know them in their innocent youth. Perhaps even now, in some western village, fond hearts are beating for them and sweet lips breath love's dearest prayers for their welfare. Therefore lay them down tenderly, fold their hands peacefully on their breasts, and close their eyes gentle as you yut them to rest under the weeping willow, where the birds carol all the summer days their modest songs. But plant them deep—plant them deep.—Exchange.

Honor thy Mother.

It was a cold night in winter. The wind blew, and the snow was whirled furiously about seeking to hide itself beneath cloaks and hoods, and in the very hair of those who were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and, notwithstanding the storm, the villagers very generally ventured forth to hear him.

William Annesly, buttoned up to his chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the fallen snow against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother:

"Couldn't you walk easier if you took my arm?"

"Perhaps I could," his mother replied as she put her arm through his and drew up as closely as possible to him. Together they breasted the storm, the mother and the boy who had once been carried in her arms, but who had now grown up so tall that she could lean on his. They had not walked very far when he said:

"I am very proud, to-night, mother."

"Proud that you can take care of me?" she said to him with a heart gush of tenderness.

"This is the first time you have leaned upon me," said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that child's life more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening even if he should live to old age, and should in his manhood lovingly provide for her who in his helpless infancy watched over him.

"Your Mother Begg It."

It is said that in the early days of her wedded life Queen Victoria had one of those squabbles with her husband, of the sort which will come about sometimes even between the most loving couples. Chagrined and vexed the Prince retired to his room and looked at the door. The Queen took the matter quietly for awhile, but after the lapse of an hour she went to his door and rapped.

"Albert," she said, "come out."

"No, I will not," answered the Prince, within. "Come, go away; leave me alone."

The royal temper waxed hot at this. "Sir," she cried, "come out at once. The Queen, whose subject you are, commands you."

He obeyed immediately. Entering the room she designated, he sat down in silence. For a long time nothing was said. The Queen was the first to break the silence.

"Albert," she said, "speak to me."

"Does the Queen command it?" he asked.

"No," she answered, throwing her arms about his neck, "your wife begs it."

The sun arose again in Windsor.

Bill App's Views on Education.

There's more in the boy than there is in the college. In these days of cheap books any boy or girl can get an education if they want it, but my observation is that not more than one in ten want an unusual quantity. If the family takes a good newspaper and has a Bible and a few books in the house and the children do an honest day's work they'll get a long about as well as the college boys in the long run and do as much good in the world. Congress has got more smart men than any place. I reckon, but if I was hunting for honest men I would cruise round outside awhile before I went in, and if I was hunting patriots who thought it sweet to die for their country I wouldn't go in at all. The best people I knew of and the most reliable in time of trouble are living an humble life an making no noise in the world, and they are not surfeited with education either.—Atlanta Constitution.

VENTILATE YOUR CLOSETS.

The Scientific American tells us that soiled undergarments or the wash clothes ought not to be put into a closet, ventilated or not ventilated. They should be placed in a large bag made for the purpose, or a roomy basket, and then put in a wellaired room at some distance from the family. Having thus excluded one of the fertile sources of bad odors in closets, the next point is to see that the closets are properly ventilated. It matters not how clean the clothing in the closet may be, if there is no ventilation, that clothing will not be what it should be. Any garments after being wrong for a while will absorb more or less of the exhalations which arise from the body, and thus contain an amount of foreign—it may be hurtful matter which free circulation of pure air can soon remove.

TO MOTHERS.—A mother, teaching her child to pray, is an object at once the most sublime and tender the imagination can conceive. Elevated above earthly things, she seems like one of those guardian angels, the companion of our earthly pilgrimages through whose ministrations we are inclined to do good and turn from evil.

When the devil goes out to pick up kindling wood the first things that go into his basket are lost honors and broken vows.

A man who helps to circulate a piece of gossip is as bad as the one who originated it. To put your fist into a tar-barrel and then go round shaking hands with somebody is what some people like to do.

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.—Geo. Macdonald.

Wasn't it rough on Ella, just as she was telling Frederick, at lunch, how ethereal her appetite was to have the sock bawl out: "Say, will ye have yer pork and beans now, or wait till yer feller's gone?"

Storekeepers and gaugers of the internal revenue are informed that they will receive no pay for their services for the last ten days of June. Cause no spontaneous. Bad news, but true.—Star.

We are glad to announce that the condition of Gov. Ried is so much improved as to admit of our young friend Thos S. taking a trip to Richmond county where he goes quite frequently to visit his relatives.—Dollar-Weekly.

A standing antidote for poison by dew, poison oak, ivy, etc, is to take a handful of quicklime, dissolve in water let it stand half an hour, then paint the poisoned parts with it. Three or four applications will never fail to cure the most aggravated cases.

Said Mrs. Smith, who had come to spend the day, to little Edith: "Are you glad to see me again, Edith?" Edith: "Yes'm, and mamma's glad, too!" Mrs. Smith: "Is she?" Edith: "Yes'm; she said she hoped you'd come to-day, and have it over with." Mamma blushes scarlet, but Mrs. Smith simply smiles.—Boston Transcript.

HOME-MADE CRACKERS.—Beat two eggs very light, white and yolks together, sift into them a quart of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, add a tablespoonful each of butter and lard, and nearly a tumblerful of milk, work all thoroughly together, take a fourth of the dough at a time and roll out half as thick as a milk cracker, but in small rounds, and bake quickly to a light brown.

A MEAGER EXCUSE.—The young man who pleads poverty and a meagre salary as an excuse for refraining from marriage will do well to remember the pluck of Thomas A. Scott, the great railroad magnate, and Charles A. Dana, the great journalist. The former embarked upon the matrimonial sea with a salary of fifty dollars per month and the latter with a salary of five dollars per week. Marriage, however, was not the only thing that made these men succeed.—Buffalo Express.

THE ADROIT MISSIONARY.—A missionary orator stood on a Sydney platform. Before him was an audience which included many daintily mannered ladies. He had to describe the "customs" of certain savages, and, of course, everybody wanted to know how the darkeys dressed. And this is how he put it: They had, he said, only a single article of attire, and that was a fig leaf which was still on its native tree a quarter of a mile off.—Australian Adventure.

Idleness is the bane of body and mind the curse of nautiness, the stepmother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, and one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil sits, the repose, and a great cause, not only of melancholy, but of other diseases; for the mind is naturally active, and if it be not occupied about honest business, it rushes into mischief or sinks into melancholy.

SAVE YOUR SUGAR.—Every house-keeper should know that sugar boiled with acid, if it be but three minutes, will be converted into glucose, which is the form of sugar found in sweet apples. One pound of sugar has as much sweetening power as two and a quarter pounds of glucose. In other words, one pound of sugar stirred into the fruit after it is cooked, and while yet warm, will make the fruit as sweet as two and a quarter pounds added while the fruit is boiling.

A TRUE LADY.—"I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child," said Lord Collingwood to his daughter, "the great advantage that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear, good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper, but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook."