

THE DANBURY REPORTER.

VOLUME VI.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1881.

NUMBER 5.

THE REPORTER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DANBURY, N. C. PEPPER & SONS, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION. One Year, payable in advance, \$1 50 Six Months, 1 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square (ten lines or less) 1 time, \$1 00 For each additional insertion, 50

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OBLIVION. BY C. RUSSEL CHRISTIAN. Upon a high o'erhanging rock I stood And cast a leaf into the flames before me; And as it fell, remembered that the sword Of Death could triumph in an instant o'er me! E'en as into the billows sunk the stone, So sink mankind into Oblivion!

Before a widely-burning fire I stood And cast a leaf into the flames before me; And as it burned, remembered that the sword Of Death could triumph in an instant o'er me! E'en as the leaflet scorched amid the flames So in Oblivion perish human names!

Far from the stern's revolving wheel I stood And viewed its mad career with fear and sorrow; And as it raved, remembered that the sword Of Death could mark for me a strange to-morrow!

E'en as revolves the whirlwind through the skies, So dark Oblivion rolls when Nature dies!

A Pretty German Custom.

There is a beautiful custom among the Germans of having chorals played from the church towers at regular hours of the day. It is said they first derived the idea from the Arabs, who at certain hours of the day and night are called to prayers by the long wailing cry of the muezzins from the minarets of the mosques. When I first heard this music in Stuttgart, coming as it appeared to me from the heavens, I was puzzled to know its object, and the source whence it came. I gazed above and around me, but I failed to detect its source. The beautiful melody, softened by distance, was floating in the air. It was like the invisible heavenly choir that enraptured St. Cecilia. A few days afterward, happening to be in the same neighborhood, and at the same hour of the day, I was more fortunate in my discoveries. I again heard the music from above, its pealing notes coming to me from some far distance like the strains of a church organ. Near me was the St. Michaels, an old church, built in 1308, which has attached to it an immense octagon tower, rising to a height of nearly two hundred feet. Encircling this tower, near the top, is a balcony, on which I at last espied the authors of the strange music. Several men with brass instruments were perched on that giddy height playing sacred music. When they had finished one piece they moved to another position on the balcony and played a different tune. Four selections in all were played, one toward each point of the compass. On making inquiries afterward, I found that this playing from the church tower had been practiced for more than a hundred years. A German lady "once upon a time" belonging to one of the noble families, bequeathed a sum of money, the income of which was ever after to be devoted to paying the expenses of this religious observance. The clause in her will stated that chorals or selections of sacred music were to be played from this church tower twice a day, punctually every morning at the rising of the sun, and also from half-past 11 to 12 at noon. The musicians for their services are paid two marks (fifty cents) a day each—a mark for the morning and a mark for the noon service—which, for walking up and down that long flight of steps, in addition to playing several pieces of church music, is a small enough remuneration. Chorals are also played from another of the church towers in Stuttgart by a brass band, and also from church towers in Ludwigsburg, Rosenstein, Friedrichshafen, near Stuttgart, and in others of the very old German cities and towns.—Letter to Springfield Republican.

Death From Tight Lacing.

The evil of tight lacing was shown at an inquest which was held by Dr. Danford Thomas, coroner for Central Middlesex, England, upon the body of Mrs. Amelia Jury, of 19 Bolton road, Kilburn. Dr. Frederick A. Hill, in his evidence as to the cause of death, stated that upon making a post-mortem examination he found that the stomach was contracted in the middle by a firm band, narrowing it to one-eighth of its usual size, so there were virtually two stomachs and this contraction was on a level with a deep indentation on the liver, corresponding to where the stays were tightly bound around. The liver itself was flattened out, and was driven down very deep into the pelvis also, and there was no doubt that this was also produced by tight lacing. The coroner said that he some time ago held an inquest where it was shown that the liver had been very seriously injured through tight lacing, and perhaps these cases would act as a caution against the practice adopted.

The Care of the Matches.

In nothing about the household does the injunction to have "a place for everything" require more strict enforcement than in the care of matches. What are known as "parlor matches" light the most readily, and are as much more dangerous than the common matches as they are more convenient. The general stock should be kept in a tin box, which is not to be opened or taken from except by the master or mistress of the house. For each room where matches are used there should be a metal match-safe of some kind, and the matches are to be kept in that and nowhere else. It should be regarded as a serious offence for a match to be anywhere or for over so short a time found "lying around loose." In the kitchen and the bedroom, or wherever else matches are in frequent use, it is better to have the match-safe fixed and always in the same place, so that it can be found, if need be, in the dark. In taking matches from the larger box to replenish the safes, let that always be done by one person, and it will pay for that person to look over the matches at the time, throwing away all broken ones; and where, as is often the case, two or more are stuck together by the explosive mixture, these should be carefully broken apart, and unless two good matches are the result, rather than to put into the safe one with too little and the other with a ragged excess of the mixture, throw both away. Also throw into the fire those matches that have two or three times as much of the mixture on the ends as they should have. These, in lighting, often explode and scatter burning particles in a dangerous manner. If, in lighting a match, day or night, it breaks, or the explosive end comes off without lighting, do nothing else until that end is found, and put into the fire, or where it can do no harm. In fact, treat matches, every match, as it were, as if it really is, a firearm, capable of dangerous mischief to person and property. Teach the children to carefully observe the same caution.—American Agriculturist.

The German Cookery School.

I was sixteen years of age, and, according to a common custom of German families, I had to go for twelve months to what is called a cookery school, in order to learn there everything that is expected from a German house wife. This custom is not universal in Germany, but it prevails in many districts, especially in the northwestern provinces. A girl may be a Countess or a Baroness, a clergyman's or a general's daughter, or else the child of a butcher or a shoemaker. It does not signify how or where she has been born, or what her rank is. The manners of her country require that, whoever she is, she should know how to cook, wash, iron, to clean the rooms, mend the linen, and plant the garden. Of course I do not mean to say that all girls, even in those parts of Germany where the custom is most general, are forced to undergo this training. Very many, as may be imagined, shirk it, and some parents do not feel the necessity of imposing this useful education on their daughters. Yet the good sense of the majority makes them alive to its advantages. For it must be remembered that, whether a woman's future life obliges her to do these things herself or not, and even if her position in the world allows her to keep as many servants as she chooses, these very servants, being German servants, expect her to know how to do all the work which she requires of them. There is only one difference between a Baroness and the child of a tradesman. The latter learns the several duties I have mentioned in her father's house and from her mother; while the former leaves her home to learn the same details of domestic service in a strange house.—Cornhill Magazine

HONORED AND BLEST.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were skeptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors.—Democrat. "Here's a fly in my soup, waiter." "Yes, very sorry, sir, but you can throw away the fly and eat the soup, can't you?" "Of course I can; you didn't expect me to throw away the soup and eat the fly, did you?"—Austin Siftings.

HEART DISEASE.—When an individual is reported to have died of disease of the heart, we are in the habit of regarding it as an inevitable event, as something which could not have been foreseen or prevented, and it is too much the habit, when persons suddenly fall down dead, to report the heart as the cause; this silences all inquiry and investigation, and saves the rouble and inconvenience of post mortem. A true report would have a tendency to save many lives. It is through a report of disease of the heart that many an opium eater is let off into the grave, which covers at once his folly and his crime; the brandy drinker, too, quietly slides around the corner thus, and is heard of no more; in short, this report of disease of the heart is the mantle of charity which the polite coroner and sympathetic physician throw around the graves of generous people. At a scientific congress at Strasburg it was reported that of sixty-six persons who had suddenly died, an immediate and faithful post-mortem showed that only two persons had any heart affection whatever—one sudden death only in thirty-three, from diseases of the heart. Nine out of sixty die of apoplexy—one out of every seven; while forty-six—more than two out of three—died of lung affection, half of them congestion of the lungs, that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work; there was not room enough for air to get in to support life. It is then of considerable practical interest to know some of the common every-day causes of this congestion of the lungs, a disease which, the figures above being true, kills three times as many persons at short warning as apoplexy and heart disease together. Cold feet, tight shoes, light clothing, costive bowels sitting still until chilled through after having been warmed up by labor for a long, hasty walk, going too suddenly from a close, heated room, as a lounge or listener, or speaker, while the body is weakened by continual application, or abstinence, or heated by a long address; these are the frightful causes of sudden death in the form of congestion of the lungs; but which, being falsely reported as disease of the heart, and regarded as an inevitable event, throw people off their guard instead of pointing them to their true causes, all of which are avoidable; and very easily so, as a general rule, when the mind has once been intelligently drawn to the subject.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Will I be Like You, Papa?

A gentleman who for years has been more or less under the influence of liquor, and whose red nose and bloated figure stamped him as an inebriate, had gone home to his wife and children in this condition. He was not unkind in acts or words. It was his delight to play at games with his little ones, as he was able, and to entertain them with wonderful stories. On this occasion the family were all together in the sitting-room, and the usual games having been played, little Freddie, a lad about six years of age, had climbed upon his father's knee, and was asking all sorts of boyish questions. He talked as a child will talk—of what he would do when he was a "big man!" asked if he would be like papa then; and finally, after a long and serious look into his father's face, with every shade of childish curiosity in his voice and glance, put to him this bewildering query: "Papa, when I grow up to be a man, will my nose be red like yours, and my face all swelled?"

Ah, why should that poor swollen face grow redder than it was wont to be? Why should his arms so quickly draw the boy to his breast? And why should tears flow and voice tremble as he replied in words and tones that made his mother's heart glad: "No, Freddie, please God you won't be like me when you get to be a man, and neither will your father, my boy, for from this hour he will lead a sober life."

"Be like him!" he had never thought of that before, and the bare possibility staggered him. All the love of his father's heart cried out against him. That boy, his pride, going about with a bloated face and poisoned breath! No, no! he was not prepared for that! Never before had he seen his own looks so clearly; they were reflected in the boy's—the boy grows to manhood, and honor, affection, and reason came to the rescue. The child had preached a sermon no orator could deliver; and innocence and ignorance had accomplished what learning and logic had aimed at in vain. Those words went home.—Baltimore Herald.

Does Wealth Bring Happiness.

On one of the last days of his earthly existence Mr. John Hopkins called his devoted gardener to him and said: "I am beginning to hate this place, because it does not bring in money. I hate everything that does not bring in money. Did you ever feed hogs? Have you not observed that the strong animals bear away the ears of corn and that the weak or ones pursue them squealingly, in hopes that all or some of the treasure will be lost or dropped?" The gardener replied that the sketch was a true one. "Well, then," said Mr. Hopkins, "I am that strong hog. I have that big ear of corn, and every pigish rascal in Baltimore is intent upon stealing it or wresting it from me!" "Sir," he said, turning brusquely to the gardener, "do you think a very rich man is happy?" The gardener answered: "The extreme of poverty is a sad thing. The extreme of wealth, no doubt, bears with it many tribulations." Mr. Hopkins rejoined: "You are right, my friend; next to the hell of being utterly bereft of money is the purgatory of possessing a vast amount of it. I have a mission, and under its shadow I have accumulated wealth, but not happiness."

Eternity.

Eternity has on gray hairs The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in a sepulcher of ages, but time writes no wrinkle on the brow of eternity. Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever-present, unborn, undecaying, undying—the endless chain, composing the life of God—the golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave, its honors, they are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces, they are but the gilded sepulcher; its possessions, they are but toys of changing fortune; its pleasures they are but as burdening bubbles. Not so in the untried bourn. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay—its days will know no darkening—eternal splendor forbids the approach of night. Its glory will never wane, for there is the ever-present God. Its harmony will never cease, exhaustless love supplies the song.—Signs of the Times. The Lenoir Topic says: The recent spell of weather is causing eastern people to swarm to the mountains even as the locust swarmed upon the land of Egypt.

A Beautiful Sentiment.

Clasp the hands meekly over the still breast—they've no more work to do, close the weary eyes—they've no more tears to shed; part the damp locks—there's no more pain to bear. Closed alike to love's kind voice and calumny's stinging whisper.

O, if in that stifled heart you have not been stirred a storm; if from that pleading eye you have carelessly turned away; if your loving glance, and kindly word, and clasping hand, have come—all too late—then God forgive you! No frown gathers on that marble brow as you gaze—no scorn curls the chiseled lip—no flush of wounded feelings mounts to the blue veined temples.

God forgive you! for your feet too must shrink appalled from death's cold river—your faltering tongue asks: "Can this be death?" Your fading eye lingers lovingly on the sunny earth, your clammy hands feel its last feeble flutter.

O, rapacious grave! yet another victim for thy voiceless keeping. What! no words of greeting from the household sleepers? No warm welcome from a sister's loving lip? No throbs of pleasure from the dear maternal bosom? Silent all!

O, if these broken limbs were never gathered up! If beyond death's swelling flood there were no eternal shore. If for the struggling bark there were no port of peace! If athwart that lowering cloud sprang no bright bow of promise!

Alas for love, if this be all, And naught beyond.

Last week there were 91 failures in the United States. Of these 15 were in the South.

Some people marry on the principle that what is not enough for one is quite sufficient for two.

He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.—Rousseau.

He who never relaxes into sportiveness is a wearisome companion. But beware of him who jests at every thing.

There are not less than eleven railroads now being constructed in North Carolina, and many more being projected.

The average of cotton to the acre in North Carolina is greater than in any of the Southern States. She produces the finest tobacco in the world.

A woman in Eastern Pennsylvania became crazy on seeing her husband kiss another woman. The husband was a rascal. No true husband would ever kiss another woman when his wife was looking.

Self-reliance and self denial will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern, and eat his own sweetbread, and to learn to labor truly to get his own living, and carefully to save and expend the good things committed to his trust.—Lord Bacon.

A fashionable young lady was seen blacking her brother's boots the other morning and the next day she helped to do the family washing. It is thought she is fitting herself to become the wife of an Italian count.—Puck.

Greensboro Battle Ground: Two men have carried the mail between Mt. Airy, in this State, and Hillsville, Va., for ten years. They walk and always blow a horn in regular stage-coach fashion when approaching a postoffice. The distance, we are told, is 25 miles.

Oxford Torchlight: We have seen tobacco upon the white floury lands of Northern Granville grown and cured so sweet as to render licorice, white sugar and all flavoring absolutely superfluous and unnecessary. That the wrappers of southern Granville surpass those of all other sections the numberless premiums and medals seen in the farmers houses amply attest the fact.

One perfect diamond is more valuable than many defective ones. One truth well fixed in the mind and comprehended is better than many but half-understood. A small opportunity fully realized is better than a great one misimproved. The wealth of affectionate sympathy and aid is better than gold, and fills the soul with most perfect peace. Faithfulness lays up treasure in the heavens which nothing can injure and no one remove.—J. M. Leighton.

In commencing the death sentence of Hesse Helfmann, who was implicated in the murder of Alexander II. the Russian government did only what a despot regard to humanity required. The execution of Mrs. Surratt, as an alleged accomplice of the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, was one of the horrors of modern history, and it is an ineffaceable stain upon American honor. That Russia shrinks from the perpetration of a like barbarity is one of the most hopeful of recent signs.