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## THE REPORTER.

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### THE OLD FOGY MAN.

He was a queer old fogy man, And loved old fogy ways, And railed against the reckless speed Of these fast modern days!

The good old coach was fast enough For prudent folks to go; Imprudent men now laugh at it, And say 'twas rather slow!

He loved old house-wives spinning wheels, The music of their hum Was far more grand to his old ear Than grand piano thrum!

"The rosy girls of olden time, Sunburnt, were firmer made Than these—the late and tender shoots That grow up in the shade!"

"Their dresses, made with easy fit Gave not a pain beneath; Their hearts had ample room to beat; Their lungs had room to breathe—

"They let no fashion dwarf their forms, But grew to comely size; And health shone in their brows, And sparkled from their eyes!

But now our modern girls, alas! Think Providence unkind For putting too much in the midst, And not enough behind!

"He wished," he said, "for their own sakes, That Fashion's torturing vice Would ease them up a little, and Less pinching would suffice—

### If I Were a Boy Again.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Let me tell you, my dear lads, some of the things I would do if I were a boy again—some of the too often neglected acts I would strive to accomplish if it were in my power to begin all over anew.

This paper was written expressly for you young fellows who are beginning to think for yourselves, and are averse to hearing what an old boy, who loves you, has to say to his younger fellow students.

I think I would learn to use my left hand just as freely as my right one, so that if anything happened to lame either of them, the other would be all ready to write and "handle things," just as if nothing had occurred.

I would accustom myself to go about in the dark, and not be obliged to have a lamp or candle on every occasion.

Too many of us are slaves to the daylight, and decline to move forward an inch unless everything is visible.

One of the most cheerful persons I ever knew was a blind man, who had lost his sight by an accident at sea, during early manhood.

When his wife wanted a spool of cotton or a pair of scissors from up stairs, the gallant gentleman went without saying a word and brought it. He never asked any one to reach him this or that object, but seemed to have the instinct of knowing just where it was and how to get at it.

Surprised at his power of finding things, I asked him one day for an explanation; and he told me that when he was a boy on board a vessel, it occurred that he might some time or other be deprived of sight, and he resolved to begin early in life to rely more on a sense of feeling than he had ever done before.

And so he used to wander, by way of practice, all over the ship in the black midnight, going down below and climbing around anywhere and everywhere, that he might, in case of blindness, not become wholly helpless and of no account in the world. In this way

he had educated himself to do without eyes when it became his lot to live a sightless man.

I would learn the art of using tools of various sorts. I think I would insist on learning some trade even if I knew there would be no occasion to follow it when I grew up.

What a pleasure it is in after-life to be able to make some thing, as the saying is—to construct a neat box to hold one's pen and paper; or a pretty picture for sister's library; or to frame a favorite engraving for a Christmas present to a dear, kind mother.

What a loss not to know how to mend a chair that refuses to stand up strongly only because it needs a few tacks and a bit of leather here and there! Some of us cannot even drive a nail straight; and should we attempt to saw off an obtrusive piece of wood, ten to one we would lose a finger in the operation.

It is a pleasant relaxation from books and study to work an hour every day in a tool shop; my friend, the learned and lovable Prof. Oliver Wendell Holmes, finds such a comfort in mending things, when his active brain needs repose, that he sometimes breaks a piece of furniture on purpose, that he may have the relief of putting it together again much better than it was before.

He is as good a mechanic as he is a poet; but there is nothing mechanical about his poetry, as you all know who have read his delightful pieces. An English author of great repute said to me not long ago, "Professor Holmes is writing the best English of our time."

And I could not help adding, "Yes, and inventing the best stereoscopes, too."

I think I would ask permission, if I happened to be born in a city, to have the opportunity of passing all my vacations in the country, that I might learn the names of trees and flowers and birds. We are, as a people, sadly ignorant of all accurate rural knowledge.

We guess at many country things, but we are certain of very few. It is unexcusable in a person like my amiable neighbor Simpkins, who lives from May to November on a farm of sixty acres in a beautiful wooded country, not to know a maple from a beech, or a bobolink from a catbird.

He once handed me a bunch of pansies and called them violets, and on another occasion he mistook sweet peas for geraniums.

What right has a human being, while the air is full of bird music, to be wholly ignorant of the performer's name? A boy ought also to be at home in a barn, and learn how to harness a horse; tinker up a wagon, feed the animals, and do a hundred useful things, the experience of which may be of special service to him in after-life as an explorer or traveler, when unlooked for emergencies befall him.

I have seen an ex-President of the United States, when an old man, descend from his carriage, and rearrange buckles and straps about his horses when an accident occurred, while the clumsy coachman stood by in a kind of hopeless inactivity, not knowing the best thing to be done.

The ex-President told me he had learned about such matters on a farm in his boyhood, and he was never at a loss for remedies on the road when his carriage broke down.

If I were a boy again, I would learn to row and handle a sail, and above all, how to become proof against sea sickness. Of course, every young person nowadays, male and female, learn to swim, so no advice on that score need be proffered; but if I were a boy again I would learn to float half a day, if necessary, in as rough a bit of water as I could find on our beautiful coast.

A boy of fifteen who cannot keep his head and legs all right in a stiff sea ought to try until he can. No lad in these days ought to drown—if he can help it!

I would keep "better hours," if I were a boy again; that is, I would go to bed earlier than most boys do. Nothing gives more mental and bodily vigor than sound rest when properly applied.

Sleep is our great replenisher, and if we neglect to take naturally in childhood, all the worse for us when we grow up. If we go to bed early, we ripen; if we sit up late, we decay; and sooner or later we contract a disease called insomnia, allowing it to be permanently fixed upon us, and then we decay even in youth.

Late hours are shadows from the grave. If I were a boy again, I would have a blank book in which I could record, before going to bed, every day's events just as they happened to me personally. If

I began by writing only two lines a day in my diary, I would start my little book, and faithfully put down what happened to interest me.

On its pages I would note down the habits of birds and animals as I saw them, and if the horse fell ill, down should go his malady in my book, and what cured him should go there too.

If the cat or dog showed any peculiar traits, they should all be chronicled in my diary, and nothing worth recording should escape me.

There are hundreds of things I would correct in my life if I were a boy again, and among them is this especial one: I would be more careful of my teeth.

Seeing, since I have grown up, how much suffering is induced by the bad habit of constantly eating candies and other sweet nuisances, I would shut my mouth to all allurements of that sort.

Very hot and very cold substances I would studiously avoid. Toothache in our country is one of the national evils.

I would have no dealings with tobacco in any form if I were a boy again. My friend Pipes tells me he is such a martyr to cigar boxes that his life is a burden.

The habit of smoking has become such a tyrant over him that he carries a tobacco bowsprit at his damp, discolored lips every hour of the day, and he begs me to warn all the boys of my acquaintance, and say to them emphatically, "Don't learn to smoke!"

He tells me sadly, that his head is sometimes in such a dizzy whirl, and his brain so foul, from long habits of smoking he cannot break off, that he is compelled to forgo much that is pleasant in existence, and live a tobacco tortured life from year to year.

Poor Pipes! he is a sad warning to young fellows who are just learning to use the dirty, unmanly weed.

### Stopping His Paper.

Nowadays when a subscriber gets so mad because the editor differs with him on the Prohibition question that he discontinues his subscription and "stops his paper," we remind him of a good anecdote of the late Horace Greeley, the well known editor of the New York Tribune.

Passing down Newspaper Row in New York city, one morning, he met one of his readers, who very excitedly exclaimed: "Mr. Greeley, after the article you published this morning I intend to stop your paper!"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Greeley, "don't do that." "Yes sir, my mind is made up; I shall stop the paper." "Well, now, I do hate that mighty; let me persuade you out of it."

But the angry subscriber was not to be appeased, and they separated. Late in the afternoon, the two met again, when Greeley remarked: "Mr. Thompson, I am very glad you did not carry out your threat this morning."

"What do you mean?" "Why; you said you were going to stop my paper." "And so I did; I went to the office and had the paper stopped."

"You are surely mistaken. I have just come from there, and the press was running and business was booming." "Sir," said Thompson very pompously, "I meant I intended to stop my subscription to your paper."

"Oh! thunder!" rejoined Greeley. "—n your subscription! I thought you were going to stop the running of my paper, and knock me out of a living. My friend, let me tell you something, one man is just one drop of water in the ocean—You didn't set the machinery of this world in motion, and you can't stop it—and when you are underneath the ground things upon the surface will wag on just the same as ever."

### A Useful Hint.

When you wish to know what the weather is to be, go out and select the smallest cloud you see. Keep your eyes upon it, and if it decreases and disappears it shows a state of the air which will sure to be followed by fine weather; but if it increases in size take your great coat with you, if you are going from home, for falling weather is not far off.

The reason is this: when the air is becoming charged with electricity you will see every cloud attracting all lesser ones toward it, until it gathers into a shower; and, on the contrary, when the fluid is passing off, or diffusing itself, then a large cloud will be seen breaking into pieces and dissolving.

### Shall We Meet Again?

The following is one of the most brilliant paragraphs ever written by the lamented George D. Prentice: "The fiat of death is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom, wither and fade in a day have no firmer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps."

Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world to day will disappear as footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence.

Death is the antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all fates. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although the dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to go down into damp graves, even with Princes for bed fellows. In the beautiful drama of "Ion" the hope of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul.

When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clematis asks if they should meet again, to which he responds: I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—the clear streams that flow forever—of stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All are dumb. But, as I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in love that mingles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clematis."

### Cleanliness.

As a rule, every boy and girl, every young man and woman who will, can have clean clothes, a clean body, clean face, hands and feet, clean teeth, and a clean, sweet breath. Now, in your own mind, contrast cleanliness with its opposite. If we were only seeking to please the eye, the former is worth all the care necessary to secure it; we go farther than this, however. No one can be careless of his person, and unclean in his habits, without producing or perpetuating like disorder in mind, and in all he does.

Our bodies are covered with innumerable pores or holes, so small that the naked eye cannot see them, and through these there is, or should be, a constant passage of effete dead matter. In warm weather we are made sensible of this fact by the perspiration which stands upon our faces and hands, or saturates our clothes. This effort of the system to cleanse itself inside is constant, whether we know it or not.

Suppose now that you neglect to keep your body clean outside; these little holes are stopped, the dead matter which should come out is kept in, the blood becomes impure, the brain wears or gets lazy, we are lazy all over; then we get slack and careless; we do not like to study or think, even of nice things, and so we are injured all through if we do not keep the surface of the body clean.

Of course, while we are at work or play, we get our clothes, face and hands soiled, and sometimes our whole bodies are covered with dust and perspiration; then what a luxury it is to bathe! It is not bad that we sometimes get dirt on us while doing our duty, but it is bad to be careless and let it remain there.

### An Epidemic of Suicide.

A wave of suicide seems to be sweeping over the whole country. In all parts of the republic men and women are blowing out the little brains they possess and cutting their worthless throats in the most reckless manner. The compensating circumstance about it is that it rids the world of a number of people who, if they did not kill themselves, would probably kill somebody else, and that they make business lively for the undertakers and the coroners. It is almost impossible to account for this destructive tendency that occurs every once and awhile. The speculative writers and philosophers endeavor to account for it in various ways, and they talk learnedly and eloquently about crime cycles and more or less other sentimental rubbish, all of which is very good as a theory. The fact of the matter is there are a great many more crazy people in the world, or, as they call them in Washington, "cranks," than the world imagines.

When a great popular excitement that stirs the whole country comes these weak-minded creatures jump off the first wharf, tie themselves to the first rope they see, or point to their heads the first old rusty pistol they run across. The majority of them are of far more use below ground than about it.—New York Herald.

One hair in the hash will cause more hard feeling than seven mottoes on the wall can overcome.

### A Smart Boy.

A Brownville young man called on his intended the other evening, and while waiting for her to make her appearance, he struck up a conversation with his prospective brother-in-law. After awhile the boy asked: "Does galvanized niggers know much?"

"I really can't say," answered the amused young man, and silence reigned for a few minutes when the boy resumed: "Kin you play checks with your nose?"

"No; I've not acquired that accomplishment." "Well, you'd better learn, you hear me?" "Why?"

"Cause, Sis says that you don't know as much as a galvanized nigger, but your dad's got lots o' stamps and she'll marry you anyhow; and she said when she got a bolt of the old man's sugar she was goin' to the Fourth of the July percutansun an' ice cream gun sucks, and let you stay at home and play checkers with that holly hock nose of your'n."

And when 'Sis' got her hair banged and came in, she found the parlor deserted by all save her brother, who was innocently tying the tails of two kittens together and singing: "O! I love the Sabbath school."

It is peculiar how sound a man sleeps when his wife crawls over him on her way to the kitchen to make a fire. The spots on the sun do not begin to create the disturbance produced by the freckles on the daughter.

He was from the mountain side, and was buying his first glass of soda. "I wish you'd skim off that skum, boss; I ain't paying for no froth, you bet."

Henry Ward Beecher thinks that the average man knows as much of a woman after sparking der for a month as at the end of a five years' courtship.

A pair of scissors were found in an ox just killed in Pennsylvania, and it is feared the animal has made foon of some green editor.

Never marry for wealth, but remember that it is just as easy to love a girl who has a brick house with a Mansard roof and a silver-plated door-bell as one who has anything but an Auburn head and an amiable disposition.

There are undoubtedly a great many things which are better than riches; but riches are good enough for those of us who feel humble and wish to leave something for other people to enjoy.

"Men often jump at conclusion," says the proverb. So do dogs. One recently jumped at the conclusion of a cat, which was stoking through a partly-closed door, and created a great disturbance.

Probably the meanest man on record keeps a boarding house in San Domingo. Last winter an earthquake turned the edifice clear upside down, and the very next morning he began charging garret lodgers first floor prices.

Common soda is excellent for scouring tin, as it does not scratch the tin, and will make it look like new. Apply with a piece of moistened newspaper and polish with a dry piece. Wood ashes are good substitute.

"Sam, you are not honest. Why do you put all the good peaches on the top of the measures, and the little ones below?" "Same reason, sah, dat makes de fret of your house marble and de back gate chiefly slop barl, sah."

A good man, who has seen much of the world and is not tired of it, says: "The grand essentials to happiness in this life are—something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

"Shon," said a Dutchman, "you may say what you please 'bout qad neighbors; I have had te voorst neighbors as never vas. Mine pigs and mine hens come home mit dere ears split, and toddler day two of them come home missing."

Dr Shady, of New York city, recommends that burns be treated by applying a paste composed of three ounces of gum arabic, one ounce of gum tragacanth one pint of carbolized water (one part to sixty), and two ounces of molasses. The paste is to be applied with a brush, renewed at intervals, and is stated to be a successful method. Four applications are sufficient, the granulating surfaces being treated with simple cerate or the oxide of zinc ointment, as indicated.

Nervous persons who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability usually have a strong tendency of blood to the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations of the head are often painful. Let such rise and chafe the body and extremities with a brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands to promote circulation and withdraw the excessive quantity of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments.