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THE WORKING MAN.

The sobriest men I know on earth Are men whose hands are brown with toil; Who, backed by no ancestral groves, Hew down the wood and till the soil; And win thereby a prouder name Than follows king or warrior's fame.

The working men, what'er the task, Who carve the stone or bear the hod, They bear upon their honest brows The royal stamp and seal of God; And worthier are their drops of sweat Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble working men, Who rear the cities of the plain, Who dig the mines, who build the ships, And drive the commerce of the main, God bless them, for their toiling hands Have wrought the glory of all lands.

BERENICE.

Mrs. Chudleigh opened the door of her cottage and came out into the midst of the gloomy, freezing cold, a wistful, anxious look on her white, was face. Putting her thin, childish hand to her mouth, she called, "Bennie! Bennie!" Presently there came an answer.

"Yes, mother; I am coming." And simultaneous with the answer a sturdy little figure appeared upon the summit of an icy knoll.

"Ah, Bennie! I have been so anxious, and you are so cold." "Not a bit; but I took a longer tramp than usual. But only see the fagots; they're as clear and rich as butter!" and the sturdy little figure advanced, drawing after him a small sled, heaped with pine knots.

The woman's wan, moonlight face lit up to absolute radiance, and a tenderness that was touching beamed from her great, blue-gray eyes as they rested on the boy—a stalwart, sturdy little fellow robed and wrapped like an Esquimaux, with white hair, and an honest, manly face. Ben Chudleigh's own boy!

When they had crossed the threshold she kissed him, pressing the flaxen locks on his brow. The lad blushed like a girl at her caress, and then fell to unloading his sled and heaping the fire with fagots.

"There, now, mother," he said, as the ruddy blaze shot up the broad chimney, "isn't that nice? Now you shall sit down and get real warm, and I'll make the tea; I'm such a strong fellow I never get tired."

Bennie threw on fresh fagots and got out his illuminated primer to amuse himself, while his mother did her sewing; but somehow the bright pictures failed in their usual interest. His ears were full of the sea's wild sobbing, and his blue eyes—bold, kind eyes, so like his father's—wandered furtively to his mother's face. A lovely face, fair and refined; a face that in its early bloom, when all its rare colors were unfaded, and all that superabundant gold-brown hair was in its glory, must have been very beautiful. But now, ah! so indescribably sad, so full of an undying remorse.

The lad's eyes filled with childhood's quick tears as he watched her, and his face grew solemn with a vague, doubtful wonder.

"Mother," he said at last, just the least quiver in his voice, "mother, was it all right between you and father when he went away? I've wanted to know so long."

The mother looked up, startled and amazed; a swift, burning red shot up into her white cheeks, and then she let her head drop forward on the sewing-stand, and burst into passionate sobbing. The child grew pale with fright and pain.

"Oh, mother! poor, dear mother!" he whispered, going to her side and dropping kisses and caressing touches on her bowed head, "I'm so sorry! I didn't think it would hurt you so!"

She drew him to her bosom in silence, and still sobbing. His childish question had cut her heart like a knife. "Was it all right with her and father when he went away?" Ah, no! it was too late ever to make it right—the cruel wrong must live through all time, and sterility, perhaps!

How vividly, sitting there in the ghastly glimmer of the firelight, did she remember that last parting, three weary years ago! Bennie was but a wee lad, then, and his father, who had followed the sea all his life, was starting on a long voyage. He wanted a paper of some importance, a promissory note, or something of the kind, and came to his wife for it.

Bennie, his pretty girl-wife, had taken care of all his papers and all his money since the first day of their happy marriage, he being a great, careless, lounging, fiery-hearted fellow, as sailors usually are. But Berenice was quite busy that morning, getting his outfit in readiness; and the March winds blustered down the cottage chimney, and puffed the smoke and ashes about, and put her out of humor, and, perhaps, for all her sweet, child ways and rare beauty, this petted wife of Ben Chudleigh's was a bit impatient and quick tempered by nature, or because of too much petting and indulgence, as is often the case.

At any rate, after a hasty search for the note, she declared that it could not be found, and that it had not been intrusted to her keeping.

Ben opened his handsome blue eyes in amazement. "Why, Berenice," he said, not a bit cross, only decided, "you know I gave it to you. I always give you things I wish taken care of."

"A foolish habit, too," retorted Berenice, spitefully. "Why not take care of them yourself? And you may hereafter I won't have my desk crowded with any such rubbish," and making good her words she tossed the papers she had been overlooking on the floor.

Ben looked down at the promissory note he had been receiving and business papers, and amid them old love letters and tufts of faded blossoms that had passed between him and Berenice in the days of their courtship.

"Why, Benny," he began, and then fluding his voice unsteady he stopped short and turned away.

His wife saw in an instant what she had done, but with the perversity of a child, instead of trying to make reparation, as her woman's heart yearned to do, she made matters worse.

When she awoke to life again she was in the cottage, lying upon Bennie's little bed, with the glimmer of the firelight before her, and Bennie himself was hanging over her, patting her cheeks with his chubby hands and kissing her vigorously, his blue eyes shining with a look they had never before known. Then a wild, vague hope thrilled through her, and she started to her feet with a cry that rung above the din of the storm.

Yes, there he stood, bronzed and worn and changed, but with the same kindly eyes, Ben Chudleigh, her own husband. He held out his arms, but she went down prostrate at his feet.

"Oh, Ben! Oh, my husband! forgive me! I know God has, for he has given you back to me."

And Ben, sobbing like a woman, gathered her up in his strong arms, kissing her lips wildly, as she clung to him like a little child.

Too Much Credit.

Mr. Keene, a shrewd and thrifty farmer of Kentucky, owned a large flock of sheep, and one autumn, when it came housing time, he was greatly annoyed upon missing a number of his finest wethers; among them three or four wethers which he had raised and fattened for his own table. He was sure it was not the work of dogs, and the most he could do was to await further developments.

On the following spring, when his sheep were turned out to pasture, he instituted a careful watch, and ere long he detected Tom Stickey, a neighboring farmer, in the act of pilfering a sheep; but he made no noise about it at the time. Stickey was a man well to do and Keene did not care to expose him.

Autumn came again, and upon counting up his flock Mr. Keene found eight sheep missing. He made out a bill in due form to Thomas Stickey for the eight sheep and presented it. Stickey choked and stammered, but did not back down. Like a prudent man he paid the bill and pocketed the receipt.

Another spring time came, and Mr. Keene's sheep were again turned out. Another autumn came, and the farmer again took an account of his stock, and this time fifteen sheep were missing. As before he made out the bill to Tom Stickey for the whole number missing, but this time Tom objected.

"It's too much of a good thing," said he. "Fifteen sheep! Why bless your soul, I hadn't half of 'em." Mr. Keene was inexorable.

"There is the bill," said he, "and I have made it out in good faith. I have made no fuss when my sheep have been missing, because I deemed your credit good and sufficient."

"Well, groned Tom, with a big gulp, "I suppose I must obey; but," he added, emphatically, "we'll close that account from this date. You have given me too much credit altogether—some other rascal has been stealing on the strength of it."

It is the will of God that we should in everything make our requests known to him by prayer and supplication; not to inform or move him, but to qualify ourselves for the mercy. The waterman in the boat, that with the hook takes hold of the shore, doth not thereby pull the shore to the boat, but the boat to the shore; so in prayer, we do not draw the mercy to ourselves, but ourselves to the mercy.—Matthew Henry.

Conference of Stalwarts.

URGING VICE-PRESIDENT ARTHUR TO EXERCISE THE DUTIES OF PRESIDENT.

New York, August 19.—The following facts have leaked out in regard to the conference at Vice-President Arthur's house for the past few days, in which Grant, Conkling, Logan, Cameron, Dorse, Belknap, Jones, Bliss, French, Ward and many other conspicuous adherents of the third term wing of the Republican party have participated. The fact of such a gathering while the President is lying at the point of death has occasioned considerable talk; but it seems that this conference of leaders was projected last week before the President's relapse became so serious.

The Vice President was told that it was his duty to go to Washington and declare his purpose of exercising the duties of President. George Bliss, Attorney General Ward and Mr. Conkling gave legal opinions upon the constitutionality of the Vice President thus assuming control. As a result of the conference it was agreed that the matter should be held in abeyance for the present, until it shall be determined whether the President will survive his relapse or not. In the meantime the opinions of two of the best known constitution lawyers in the country—one a Democrat and the other a Republican—have been sought by friends of the Vice President, and will be presented to his notice at an early day.

All the persons present at the conference were unanimous in the opinion that it was the duty of the Vice President to assume control. It is said, on good authority, that Postmaster General James and Secretary Lincoln, who would carry the War Department, are favorable inclined toward the project. General Arthur is willing, providing Secretary Blaine would consent, and strong efforts are being made to obtain his consent. If the Vice President becomes the Acting President, the stalwarts think that they will have no trouble in carrying New York this year. A stalwart will be made Supreme Court Judge in place of Chaffetz, deceased, and another will be appointed Minister to Berlin, while many important offices will be filled to the advantage of their wing of the party.

Peculiarities of Great Men.

Aaron Burr always forgot to return a borrowed umbrella.

Charlemagne always pared his corn in the dark of the moon.

Byron never found a button off his shirt without raising a row about it.

Homer was extremely fond of boiled cabbage, which he invariably eat with a fork.

Napoleon could never think to shut a door after him, unless he was mad about something.

Shakespeare, when carrying a codfish home from the village grocery, would invariably try to conceal it underneath his coat.

When the wife of Galileo gave him a letter to mail he always carried it round in his pocket three weeks before he ever thought of it again.

Christopher Columbus always paid for his local paper promptly, and being an attention reader he always found out when new worlds were ripe.

Language of the Finger Ring.

If a gentleman wants a wife he wears a ring on the first finger of his left hand.

If he is engaged, he wears it on the second finger.

If married, he wears it on the third finger. If he never intends to get married he wears it on the fourth finger.

When a lady is not engaged, she wears a hoop or diamond on her first finger.

If engaged, she wears it on the second finger.

If married she wears it on the third finger.

If she intends to remain a maid, she wears the ring upon her fourth finger.

Thus by a few simple tokens the passion of love is expressed.

Charlie McMaster teased his mother so hard the other day to just let him go over and see Billy Webster that at last she consented, only told him he must stay but an hour. The boy went off in high glee, but was home again in just nine minutes, with his jacket torn open in the back, his white pants the color of the first man Adam and the blood drizzling from his pug nose like the hydrant of a prize fighter. Subsequent investigations developed the following facts: Charlie found his friend in the back yard shooting peas at the white hen in the coop and the following conversation occurred:

"My ma says a mur?" "Bully! What let's do?" "Let's play horse."

"O, that's too thin; let's play Indian in the garden. We c'n call the corn woods 'y' know, and I'll shoot you from the dense underbrush with my bow'n arrow."

When the boys reached the garden Billy remarked:

"Ain't them big pertaters? You ain't got any pertaters as big as them I'll bet."

"O' pshaw! that ain't nothin'. We've had pertaters for two weeks as big as muskmelons."

"Well, y' haint had any cucumbers like them I know. I had all I could eat for dinner."

"Our cucumbers are all gone by—got too ripe to eat. I guess my ma'd like to get some o' you."

"Well, what d' y' think of that summer squash, ain't she a buster? Looks 's if she was left over from last year, don't she?"

"You call that a big squash? By George, y' just orter see one in our garden—our family's been eatin' off'n it fer two weeks an' only got down't the crook now. I don't call that much of a squ—"

They didn't play Indian in the corn, but the garden looked as if Sitting Bull had had a scalp dance there the night before.

People's intentions can only be decided by their conduct.

Tobacco leaves four feet nine inches long are growing near North Middleton, Kentucky.

Stockings are now trimmed with rich bead embroidery. If this idea progresses we expect to see dresses grow shorter and shorter.

Hugging sorrow is not the way to lessen it, though, like the nettle, trouble stings less when it is firmly grasped and not feared.

It is said that kerosene will remove stains from furniture. It has also been known to remove the furniture, stoves and all, with the stove and a red-headed servant girl thrown in, oftentimes.—Webster Times.

Mrs. Stewart C. Gardner, who was James A. Garfield's nurse at the time of his birth, died near Dowagiac, Michigan on the day and about the hour of the attempted assassination of the President. She was 87 years old.

When the mob hangs the poor wretch who has no family, friends or money, and lets another guilty of the same offense go free because he has these helps, it is cowardly as well as cruel, mean as well as malignant.

A Parisian lady asked the milliner if a servant she had recommended was really honest. "I am not so certain of that," replied the milliner; "I have sent her to you with my bill a dozen times, and she has never yet given me the money."

Let no one ever repudiate an honest effort, nor ever ask to have the truth veiled behind ambiguous sentences of honeyed words, however hideous they may seem to those who know her not.

To achieve the greatest results, the man must die to himself, must cease to exist in his own thoughts. Not until he has done this, does he begin to do aught that is great, or to be really great.

The Agricultural Department reports a deficit in the crop of about 375,000,000 bushels of corn, or about twenty-five per cent. The crop last year was fifteen hundred million bushels. This year it will be about eleven hundred million bushels.

We all can set our daily hearts to the music of a grateful heart, and seek to round our lives into a hymn—the melody of which will be recognized by all who come in contact with us, and the power of which shall not be evanescent, like the voice of the singer, but perennial, like the music of the spheres.—William M. Taylor.