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# THE DANBURY REPORTER.

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## THE REPORTER.

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ESTABLISHED 1844. S. T. DAVIS with T. J. MACRUDER & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers in BOOTS, SHOES AND BROGANS, No. 31 Sharp Street, Baltimore Md. August 14-1879.

Parsley eaten with vinegar will remove the unpleasant effects of eating onions.

Yellow fever has assumed a serious character at Havana. Forty deaths occurred during the week ending on Friday.

Austin, Texas, has a female deputy sheriff, and when she tells a man she has an attachment for him he don't know whether to bush and try to look sweet or to light out for the woods.

The longest drought that ever occurred in America was in the summer of 1762. No rain fell from the 1st of May to the 1st of September. Many of the inhabitants sent to England for hay and grain. The dry spells in this season has lasted three months.

To cure bunions, use pulverized salt, peter and sweet oil. Obtain at a druggist's five or six cents worth of salt-peter; put into a bottle with sufficient olive oil to dissolve it, shake up well, and rub the inflamed joints night and morning, and more frequently if painful.

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.

About fifty editors in Nebraska have announced simultaneously their intention of suspending the issue of their papers for two weeks, owing to the intense heat. The heat was that of a fire which burned the office in Omaha, where their insides were printed.

Mrs. Milard Fillmore, wife of the late ex-president Fillmore, died in Buffalo, N. Y., aged seventy-one years. Mrs. Fillmore's life was characterized by charity, both public and private, being a liberal subscriber to many public charitable institutions.

Spurgeon has preached one of his strongest sermons on the doctrine of election. He was already drawing the discourse to a close when, stretching his hand toward the gallery, he said, "Perhaps there is some poor sinner away up there in the gallery who is saying, 'O I wish I knew whether I am one of the elect.' I can tell you," said Spurgeon; "if you are willing to be a Christian you are elected." And Spurgeon was right. Whosoever will, let him come. - Richmond Christian Advocate.

APPLE JELLY.—To make the finest quality of apple jelly, the apples must be good and fully ripe; the temperature cool never higher than sixty degrees—forty preferred. The slightest fermentation of the juice spoils the jelly; hence the whole process must be confined to three or four hours and with the mercury at sixty degrees; one hour. A copper evaporator is used. It must be washed every day thoroughly.

A Western editor declares that an acre of tobacco will furnish four or five times as many roots as potatoes, and carry more swine than ten acres. The ground is literally full of them, and they come near the surface and go down a foot. They are easily raised, and are planted in land suited to corn or potatoes. Plant and cultivate as potatoes one season and the soil need no replanting. The chief difficulty is how to get rid of them.

The Family Educator.—"No family of children ought to be brought up without having ready access to this grand volume (Webster's Unabridged Dictionary). It is a library in itself. It will answer thousands of questions to the aw-awake child—not simply concerning the spelling and meaning of words, but also with reference to every branch of study with which the young mind must grapple at every stage in the course of securing an education.

The book is an ever-present and reliable school master to the whole family. Jars and divisions, wranglings and prejudices eat out the growth, if not the life, of religion. These are those waters of Marah that embitter our spirits, and quench the Spirit of God. Unity and peace is said to be like the dew of Hermon, that descended upon Zion, where the Lord promised his blessing. Divisions run religions into briars and thorns, contentions and parties. Divisions are to churches like wars in countries; where war is, the ground lies waste and untilled; none takes care of it. It is love that divideth, but division pulleth down. Divisions are as the northeast wind to the fruits, which cau-eth them to dwindle away to nothing; but when the storms are over, everything begins to grow. When men are divided, they seldom speak the truth in love; and then, no marvel, they grow not up to Him in all things which is the head. It is a sad presage of an approaching famine (as one well observes)—not of bread, nor water but of hearing the Word of God—when the toin ears of corn devour the plump full ones; when our controversies about doubtful things, and things of less moment, cut up our zeal for the more indisputable and practical things in religion.—John Bunhan.

Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke: Wrestle with the Saratoga Trunk. (Brooklyn Eagle)

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she arose from her knees, had not tired with packing, and rubbing the small of her back as she straghtened up. "I'm all through now, and I wish you would look this trunk."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, dropping his paper and slamming down the lid. "All you've got to do is just fit the hasp in the lock and turn the key. So!"

But the key didn't quite turn, and Mr. Spoopendyke hit the hasp with the side of his fist and tried it again.

"Don't it work?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, watching the proceeding with considerable interest.

"It'll work if you'll let it alone," said Mr. Spoopendyke severely and he raised the lid, dropped it again, pounded the hasp and wrenched at the key with all his strength. "Stand back and give me room, can't you?" he growled as he pressed down on the cover and gave the key quick twists in a vain effort to catch the lock unawares.

"Why don't you rest your weight on it and let me look it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, fluttering at and her husband and wondering if he was thoroughly aware that his plug hat was immediately under the lid.

"Have you got the time to keep away from this thing and let me work it?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, contemplating his wife with a Spartan expression of visage. "Suppose I can do anything with you sitting on my elbow? If you'll go down cellar for a minute I'll look this trunk," and Mr. Spoopendyke blazed away at the hasp and breathed hard. But his best efforts could only turn the key half way.

"Oh! ain't I glad you couldn't look it!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, anxious to stay her husband's growing wrath. "I forgot to put in your walking cane!"

"Did you get the cane?" spluttered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Suppose it's going to look any easier with a dog's paw walking cane sticking out of one end? Who says I can't look it? What's the reason I can't look it?" And he stood off and fetched the hasp a tremendous kick. "Anything else you've forgotten to put in?" And he sprang on the lid and tugged at the key with his head thrown back and his teeth set. "Got a couple of mirrors you want in here? Any china around the house that wants a ride in this trunk? Want to put in that dog gasted ass at the top floor who tries to play the fiddle?" And he flopped off on to the floor and banged at the hasp again.

"Let me sit on it," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, climbing up without waiting for a response. "Now try it."

Mr. Spoopendyke fumbled around and worked at the hasp and key, but fruitlessly.

"Can't ye sit any harder than that?" he yelled, as the key's sock and wouldn't turn either way. "Fraid of breaking the messy thing? Ptes down, can't ye?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke squirmed around and said: "Now dear," and then looked over to see how he was getting on, but still the lock was obstinate.

"Did you get the messy trunk?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, bring the key out of the window and giving the trunk a farewell kick. "If you want it looked you get a blacksmith and a steam derrick," and Mr. Spoopendyke threw himself into a chair and pretended to bury himself in his paper.

"I don't know how we're ever going to get it open," said Mrs. Spoopendyke after a long silence.

"Get what open?" growled her husband.

"The trunk. Now I remember it's got a spring lock, and when you took the key out it locked itself. I don't suppose we can ever find the key."

"That's it!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You know all about it now! Why didn't you tell me it was a spring lock? What'd ye keep it to yourself for?"

"I forgot," whimpered Mrs. Spoopendyke; "but it will be all right. I can open it."

"Oh, you can open it!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "You're an opener! All you want is to be sharpened on both sides to be an oyster knife? With a dark lantern and a skull cap you'd make a full set of burglars' tools! Oh, ye,

you'll open it! If you had a loose handle and 'one corner kicked off you'd get rich as a screw driver!" and Mr. Spoopendyke tore out of the house to see if he could borrow something to pry open the unfortunate trunk.

"That gives me time to pick the valve," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and as I've got another key to the trunk we'll do pretty well after all," and the worthy lady began to jam night-shirts and hair oil into the bags, together with sandwiches and toothbrushes wondering betimes whether Mr. Spoopendyke's sink had been so badly smashed that it wouldn't do to go fishing in on rainy days, even if it didn't look well enough for china.

### How to be Charming.

Every young girl cannot be beautiful for to every one God has not given a comely face nor a graceful figure. But every one can be attractive.

Health is the first requisite. Clear skin, though so many of them are grooved by the very beauty of their features.

Be cheerful. A cheerful countenance is very attractive. We are all attracted by the smile.

Be kind. Kindness is a great charm. It is the power to converse well is a very great charm. You think anybody can afford to lose. The result of this is to form in the minds of many gifted girls not only a distaste for labor, but a contempt for it, and a purpose to avoid it as they can live by some means or other.

Be neat. A neat 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 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 inspected a careful watch, and ere long he detected Tom Stuckney, a neighboring farmer, in the act of pilfering a sheep; but he made no noise about it at the time. Stuckney 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 Stuckney for the eight sheep and presented it. Stuckney choked and stammered, but did not back down. Like a prudent man he paid the bill and poked 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 Stuckney 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 no fuss when my sheep have been missing, because I deemed your credit good and sufficient."

"Well, groaned 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."

When a man discovers that the world is made up of disagreeable, quarrelsome people, it is time to look at himself though the big end of a spy glass to see if he can't find a fault or two at home.

### The Idiocy of Girls.

A great mistake that many of our girls are making, and that their mothers are either encouraging or allowing them to make, is that of spending their time out of school in idleness or in frivolous amusement, doing no work to speak of, and learning nothing about the practical duties and serious cares of life. It is not only in the wealthier families that girls are growing up indolent and unpracticed in household work; indeed I think that more attention is paid to the industrial of girls in the wealthier families than in the families of mechanics and people in moderate circumstances, where the mothers are compelled to work hard all the while. "Within the last week," says one of my friends, "I have heard of a young woman in that!"

### A Whole Cent.

"Hallow!" said Mr. Gray, as he turned the corner by his gate and ran plump into a little girl who was coming out. "Oh, don't stop me, please, I've got a whole cent, and I'm going to the store," and the little figure trotted away, with one hand shut so tight that the cent couldn't have got out if it had been alive.

John Baker, candies and pies," that was the place she wanted, and in a minute she was standing on tiptoe trying to make believe she was big enough to look over the counter.

Mr. Baker was busy, and so Jo (her whole name was Josephine) had a chance to look about "Candies and pies." I found her and so thick everywhere that

### Morning Bible Reading.

The best time for Bible reading is in the morning. The mind and body are fresh after the repose of the night, and the highest powers of thought may be brought to bear upon the subject selected. But, with most people, each recurring brings its own pressing tasks. Business cares, the daily toil, and the duties of the household are the first and most engrossing concerns. Some hours must pass with many before they can find time to sit down to any quiet reading. Let the plan be honestly tried of taking some words from God's Book for the first meditation of the morning. Make for the next month a fair, steady trial of the plan of studying the Bible when your faculties are at mental high water mark. You wonder at the familiarity of this or that friend with the Psalms, the Epistles, the Gospels. It has been gained a little at a time, by patient daily reading—thoughtful and prayerful reading, too, which was bided by the soul as something worth treasuring. We shall all gain immeasurably in our influence, as well as in our comfort, by giving more of our unwearied thought to the Holy Book. A few tired sleepers, worn-out moments at night, and those only, are almost an insult to the Master when you profess to serve.—Church Advocate.

### Is This Your Wife?

It is related of Franklin that from the window of his office in Philadelphia he noticed a mechanic, among a number of others at work on a house which was being erected close by, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, and who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, the happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one day Franklin requested to know the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits.

"It's no secret, doctor," the man replied. "I've got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always gives me a kind word of encouragement and a blessing with her parting kiss; and when I go home she is sure to meet me with a smile and a kiss of welcome; and then tea is sure to be ready; and as we chat in the evening, I find she has been doing so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word or give an unkind look to anybody."

"And Franklin adds: "What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions. Speak gently, then. A happy smile and a kind word of greeting after the toil of the day are over cost nothing, and go far toward making home happy and peaceful."

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

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