

W. H. Adams

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A PRINTER'S PROTEST.

Oh, why don't people form their e's And finish off their b's— Why do they make such crooked c's And such confounded d's?

Why do they form such shocking e's, And f's with acute fits? Their g's and h's are too much For any printer's wits.

What a human eye is without sight Is an i without a dot. J's are such curious crooked things, We recognize them not.

K ought to stand for kussedness, But comes in well for kick. L's and m's are mischievous, While n's just raise Old Nick.

O's are rarely closed at all, And p's are shaggy things. Q's might as well be spider legs, And r's mosquito wings.

Some people make a passing s Who never cross a t, Others use the self-same strokes To form a u or v.

W's get strange'y mixed, X's seem on a spree; Y is a skeleton on wires, Zounds, how we swear at z!

& vet, just think what typos get From drivers of the quill! They call us such a careless set, And scribble on at will.

Well, they will scribble, and we must swear And vainly try to please, Till they go back to school and learn To make their d, e, c's.

And when the good squire got safely out of the gate his face was red, and he was puffing for breath.

"Well! well! God bless my soul!" he panted, as he trotted on. "Here's a pretty state of things! No meat, no money, no shoes—why, God bless my soul! This must be looked after. Shall be, too! I'll see the deacons, and if they won't, I will, out of my own pocket, too God bless my soul! That brave little woman shall have some help to keep up her husband's heart, or I'll know the reason!"

Racing along, flushed and excited, he met Deacon Jones. He had the deacon by the buttonhole in a minute, and after a short consultation they both went off to Deacon Robinson's.

And that afternoon there was much stir in Glenville, little groups constantly meeting and consulting to every store, and on every corner. While the day seemed to close in dark and cheerless in the parson's little cottage.

A fresh snow fell that night and served to make noiseless the sleds which drove softly up to the minister's cottage with the very first faint streak of dawn.

The inmates of the little dwelling were all sleeping soundly, but one awake and listening might have heard muffled footsteps, whispers and cautious shoving and pushing of heavy articles. These however, soon ceased, and all was quiet until the day broke clearly and the villagers arose.

The weary parson and his true-hearted little wife had lain awake late the night before, for heavy hearts make sleepless eyes, and they slept a little later than usual this morning.

But at last they were all up and dressed. The simple breakfast, consisting of coffee, warm biscuits and butter, was nearly ready when Willie and Laura took a notion to run to the front door and see how deep the snow was on the front porch.

Through the little parlor they trotted, Willie first, and Laura following, to the front door, which, with some little trouble, they pulled open.

And the next minute the cottage rang with their hasty shouts.

"Pa! pa! mamma! mamma! do come here! Come quick! Run here to the porch, quick, both of you!"

Greatly surprised, and slightly frightened, not knowing what had happened to the children, the good parson and his wife rushed to the front door, upsetting the tea and the coffee pot in their haste to reach it.

What a sight met their eyes! No wonder the children shouted! The snow had been carefully swept from the front porch, which was set out with a tempting array of various articles. Right before the door stood a barrel of flour, on top of the barrel were laid two juicy hams, and astride the hams sat a great, fat turkey, all dressed ready for cooking, at which Willie and Laura set up a great shout.

An open barrel beyond was running over with plump red apples, and a second barrel full of big, comfortable looking potatoes and a row of crisp cabbage heads kept guard all around the barrel.

Then there was a box, packed with papers of sugar, coffee, tea and rice, a sack of dried peaches and several cans of fruit. And another box, when opened, displayed two new pairs of shoes, just the right size for Willie and Laura; sundry rolls of flannel, muslin and calico, warm stockings and mittens, and several small articles, not forgetting a well filled basket of nuts and candies, which proved that somebody knew what child love, and which set Laura and Willie to dancing, like little Indians.

In the bottom of the box was a thick, warm gray shawl, with Mrs. Rowe's name pinned on it. And when the shawl was unfolded, there dropped out an envelope directed to Parson Rowe, inside of which they found the amount of the delinquent salary in good, new greenbacks, and a card upon which was written:

"Will our pastor accept the little surprise gift which accompanies his salary, with the love of a grateful people?"

"Oh, what a pleasant, pleasant surprise!" cried Willie and Laura together.

"What a wonderful mercy, rather!" said the mother; "John, didn't I tell you the Lord would help us?"

"Yes, Mary!" answered the pastor. "Let us thank Him for the mercies of this morning."

And in the little parlor they all reverently knelt, and never a more fervent thanksgiving went up than ascended from the little circle in the parson's cottage that happy winter morning.

Young Men.

Why is it that so many young men would rather deal out sugar, draw up syrup or measure cloth than become mechanics? Do they consider it more honorable to measure calico, sell tape and pins, than to become industrious workmen producers of the nation's wealth. Do they think that because their hands are soft and their hair parted in the middle that they are any more respectable than he who labors and assists in making the earth habitable? To the intelligent, diligent young man who devotes himself to the mechanical arts, especially in the south, there is a boundless field that will bring a high reward. Fame and fortune back on him onward in his career. His hands may be hard and soiled, it matters not. A stain on the hands can be removed, far easier than the stain which shows on so many of those who despise manual labor. A stain on the hand or coat is far better than a stain upon the reputation.

Is the World Coming to an End.

We don't know. For no man knows when this earth is to tumble into ashes from fire. Old Mother Shiptons prophecy that the world would play out in 1881 is still cited as good ground for apprehending the prevailing drought is the forerunner of the world's destruction. But then Old Mother Shipton never made any such prophecy! The allegation that she did is unfounded in fact. Suppose she had so prophesied, what did this old fortune telling dame know about it more than any one else? And as for droughts, why, they are as common as people who cheat the printer by subscribing for papers and never paying for them. Some droughts are greater than others—but all are sent no doubt for wise purposes. We rather regard the prevailing drought as a chastisement of this generation for its unmatched wickedness. The great mass of mankind have gone perfectly crazy after money. Money is their idol—they adore it—and the more they get of it the more they want; and too many do not hesitate to get it by lying, cheating and swindling and stealing. Money is everything. And he who can hoard up the biggest pile no matter how he does it is a great some body, although he may be as mean as the devil himself, and clutches his dollars with the grip of death against the appeals of charity, in relief of starving, suffering humanity. Yes the country abounds with too much rascality, corruption, and wickedness, and there is too little genuine Christianity, meekness, piety and charity. The very Government under which we live is so steeped in crime and corruption—all for money—that you may almost smell the stench. Look at it: If high officials steal their weight in gold, they are unpunished of justice. If they are even arrested the force of "binding money" may possibly be gone through with, but the guilty wretch is not required to give security, and that is an end to it. The Dorseys & Bradys, by star route frauds, may steal millions, and the study is how to avoid punishment or even the force of a trial. But let a poor old farmer be caught in a little irregularity in distilling whiskey or brandy, and he is shown no mercy but punished to the full extent of the law. Our law makers in congress, as a general thing, are drunkards, libertines and infidels; and all over the Union we find rich capitalists oppressing the poor in forming "rings" and buying up the meat and bread so they can get any price they ask—thus speculating on the life blood of the poor. If we peep into the church we shall see too much "hulutin" fashion, folly and pride, not to say hypocrisy, and too little humility, piety and charity. No wonder therefore, that we are scourged by droughts, earth quakes, tornadoes, and pestilence, for the world is desperately corrupt and wicked.

How to Keep Your Friends

In the first place, don't be too exacting. If your friend doesn't come to see as often as you wish, or if she is dilatory about answering your letters, don't make up your mind at once that she has grown cold or indifferent, and above all don't overwhelm her with reproaches. Rest assured that there is no more sure way of killing a friendship than by exactions and upbraiding. It is quite possible that you friend may have other duties and engagements whose performance employs the very time you claim, and instead of being neglected you are only waiting your turn. Perhaps she comes to you in her rare intervals of leisure to be rested and cheered and helped by your affection and sympathy. But is she likely to find cheer and comfort in your society if you meet her with doubts, with coldness, or with a sense of injury, and insist on a full account of how she has spent her time, and whether she could not possibly have come before? In nine cases out of ten she will go away feeling that your friendship is a trouble rather than a help.—Anon.

A Touching Incident.

One of the most touching things we have read in a long time is that story of a robber and a poor lone woman near Franklin, Indiana.

The robber came to her house at night and demanded her money or her life. She hadn't much money or life either but she preferred giving up the former rather than the latter, so she brought her store and placed it in his hand. He looked it over carefully to see that she did not palm off any twenty-cent piece for quarters, and facetiously told her that he would credit her with only ninety-four cents on the trade dollars chiding her for taking them for their face value. "Haven't you anything else of value?" inquired the bold bad burglar, looking about the scantily furnished apartment. "A child's bracelet, ring, anything will be thankfully received." She had nothing more she replied with a sigh. A thought struck him. "Your husband was a soldier, was he not?" She acknowledged that he was and killed in the war. "Then he must have had a revolver," he continued searching her countenance. "Ah, you grow confused, you stammer, your manner betrays you. Got that revolver at once and give it to me." In vain the woman implored him to spare that harmless trinket, almost the sole memorial of the husband she had lost. She had pawned many things when in distress, but had always held on to that. But the robber was unrelenting. Sobbing bitterly, the woman went to a bureau drawer and removed the precious relic, around which clustered so many tender recollections. "Must you have it?" said she, as she advanced with trembling steps towards him. "Yes, I must," said the robber, extending his hand. "Well then, take it," said she, gently pressing the trigger for the last time. There was a loud report and the robber tumbled over dead.

The community ought to pension that woman.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

She Found Him.

The following story, says the Washington Capital, is true in every detail: A milliner of respectability married a dissipated tailor, who abused, neglected and abandoned her. Several years having passed without a clue to his whereabouts, her friends advised divorce and her acceptance of an advantageous offer of marriage. The woman persistently declined every offer, and when she had accumulated a sufficient sum started off in the direction her husband was supposed to have taken when he left her. At Halifax, N. S. she received a slight clue, and took the steamer to Portland, Me. Thence she followed his track to New York, where she ceased for many months to hear from him. Finally she found that he was working in Albany, for which place she immediately started. She was about a week too late; he had been discharged for drunkenness. Spending her days at lucrative work and her evenings at detective service, the unwearied wife at length discovered that he employed by a large firm in Chicago. She wrote there, and was answered that her husband had gone away nobody knew where. Not satisfied with this she traveled to that city and ransacked every concern interested in the tailoring business there until she met a fellow countryman who said that her husband when last heard from was in Omaha. She wrote there there got no answer, but went on. There she heard that he had certainly left for San Francisco, where he had obtained a fine place as cutter in a large firm. She of course went thither, only to be told that her husband had been several days away from work, and drinking hard. He had not even been to his boarding house. This led her to visit the station houses and in one of them she ascertained that her husband was in jail for ten days. He was released and prevailed on to return home after six years absence. All this occurred eighteen years ago, and to day the prodigal husband of yore is a strict temperance man in independent circumstances, a model husband and father and a respected citizen.

Is It Luck,

Badluck depends very largely on the amount of downright laziness which is packed away in your system, and good luck consists greatly in what is properly called your grip on affairs. Some people have bad luck because their hands always slip when they take hold of anything, and others have good luck because they simply take hold and keep hold. "All my crop of corn," said one of the former like, sulkily, "has some how failed me this season. I never do have no sort of luck." A brisk, thriving farmer who stood by remarked, "Well, John, that's very strange! for we haven't had such a season for many a year. What kind of corn did you plant, pray?" "Wall," was his reply, "I suppose it is partly to be accounted for by the facts that last spring I was so awful busy about other things that I forgot all about the corn until it was so late, and then I concluded not to plant it."

"Captain," said a cheeky youth, "is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine that compass too closely?" And the stern marine, losing his little joke, promptly responded: "No sir; brass has no effect whatever on them!"

THE MINISTER'S SURPRISE.

A portly, comfortable sort of a man in a chocolate-brown overcoat opened the gate of Parson Rowe's cottage one sharp, cold morning when a heavy snow lay upon the ground.

It was Squire Glover, one of the pillars of the church, and he was coming to consult his pastor concerning some church matters. Just as he was about rapping at the door it opened, and Willie Rowe came out.

"Just walk right in, squire, and sit down," says Willie. "Pa'll be in directly."

Away he ran, and the squire stepped in, and sat down in the little parlor, waiting the appearance of his pastor.

Presently he heard steps and voices in the adjoining room, and then a child's voice said:

"Pa, just look at my shoe. It's all ripped."

"I think it is, Laura," answered the parson's tones. "Let me see—perhaps—no, it is too worn to be mended again."

"Well, pa, please, I'd like to have a new pair. Won't you get 'em for me?"

"As soon as pa can, he surely will, daughter," said the father, in sad tones.

"Be good and wait a little, Laura."

"I have waited ever so long," said Laura, "and Willie's shoes are worse than mine, and he hasn't got any mittens, either."

"Laura," interrupted a voice which the squire knew was Mrs. Rowe's, "run and feed your chickens, and don't worry papa now."

The child ran out, and the parson, never dreaming who was in the next room, hearing every word through the crack of the door, said:

"They can't worry me more than I am worried, Mary. I don't say much, but I feel all our needs, not for myself, but for you and the children. It made my heart ache, a little while ago, to hear Willie ask if we could never have meat for breakfast any more, and know that there wasn't a pound of meat in the house."

"Or any sugar, either, and hardly any flour, and not a dime in the purse, John, but for all that we won't starve," said the little woman's cheery voice.

"Have you lost your faith, John?"

"No, Mary, I hope not," came the answer. "But it does seem hard, when my salary is so small it can't be paid, so we could have a few comforts at least. Sometimes I think I must give up here, and try somewhere else."

"Oh, no, no, John!" pleaded the wife. "Not yet, anyway. We've got such a pleasant home here, and our people are so kind, don't give up yet. Let's try on a little longer, and maybe help will come."

"Well, I don't know from whence, Mary. I'm sorry to say so, but I've lost heart lately, till I'm really not fit to preach. If the Lord don't help us, and that soon, I don't know who will!"

Then there was a sound of a man's rising, and Squire Glover, feeling as if he didn't want to see his pastor just now, and up slipped out before Parson Rowe came in.