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Learn a Little Every Day.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the mountain billows,
Onward, onward, as they go!
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Thy seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten, then, and catch them
As they pass us on the way;
A-l with honest, true endeavor
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page;
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Tis not the lonely time of age!
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sunshine's making hay;
Thus we may, by help of study,
Learn a little every day.

The Silver Tankard.

On a slope of land opening itself to the south, in a now thickly-settled town in the state of Maine, some hundred and more years ago, stood a farmhouse to which the epithet "comfortable" might be applied. The old forest came down to the back of it; in front were cultivated fields; beyond which was ground partially cleared, full of pine stumps, and here and there, standing erect, the giant trunks of trees, which the fire had scorched and blackened, though it had failed to overthrow them.

The house stood at the very verge of the settlement, so that from it no other cottage could be seen; the nearest neighbor was distant about six miles. Daniel Gordon, the owner and occupant of the premises we have described, had chosen this valley in the wilderness, a wide, rich tract of land, not only as his own home, but, prospectively, as the home of his children and his children's children. He was willing to be far off from men, that his children might have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of that district, well known over that part of the country. His house was completely finished, and was large for the times, having two stories in front and one behind, with a long, sloping roof; it seemed as if it leaned to the south, to offer its back to the cold winds from the northern mountains.

It was full of the comforts of life—the furniture a little showy for a Puritan; and when the table was set there was, to use the Yankee phrase, "considerable" silver plate, among which a large silver tankard stood pre-eminent. This silver had been the property of his father, and had been brought over from the mother country.

Now we will go back to this pleasant valley as it was on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of June. It was Sunday; and though early, the two sons of Daniel Gordon and the hired man had gone to meeting, on foot, to the Landing, a little village on the banks of the river, ten miles distant. Daniel himself was standing in the door, with the horse and chaise, ready and waiting for his good wife, who had been somewhat detained. He was standing at the door-step enjoying the freshness of the morning, with a little pride in his heart perhaps, as he cast his eye over the extent of his possessions spread before him. At that instant a neighbor, of six miles distance rode up on horseback, and beckoned to him from the gate of the enclosure around the house.

"Good morning, neighbor Gordon," said he. "I have come out of my way in going to meeting to tell you that Tom Smith—that daring thief—with two others, have been seen prowling about in these parts, and that you had better look out lest you have a visit. I have got nothing in my house to bring them there, but they may be after your silver tankard, neighbor, and the silver spoons. I have often told you that these things were not fit for these new parts. Tom is a bold fellow, but I suppose the fewer he meets when he goes to steal the better. I don't think it safe for you all to be off to meeting to day; but I am in a hurry, neighbor, so good-bye."

This communication placed our friend Daniel in an unpleasant dilemma. It had been settled that no one was to be left at home but his daughter Mehitable, a beautiful little girl about nine years

old. Shall I stay or go? was the question. Daniel was a Puritan; he had strict notions of the duty of worshipping God in His temple, and he had faith that God would bless him only as he did his duty; but then he was a father, and little Hitty was the light and joy of his eyes.

But these Puritans were stern and unflinching. I will not even take Hitty with me: for it will make her cowardly. The thieves may not come; neighbor Perkins may be mistaken; and if they do come to my house they will not hurt that child. At any rate, she is in God's hands; and we will go to worship Him, who never forsakes those who put their trust in Him. As he settled this, the little girl and her mother stepped to the chaise; the father saying to the child, "if any strangers come, Hitty, treat them well. We can spare of our abundance to the poor. What is silver and gold, when we think of God's Holy Word?" With these words on his lips he drove off—a troubled man, in spite of his religious trust; because he left his daughter in the wilderness alone.

Little Hitty, as the daughter of a Puritan, was strictly brought up to observe the Lord's day. She knew that she ought to return to the house, but nature, for this once, at least, got the better of her training. "No harm," thought she, "to see the brood of chickens." Nor did she, when she had given them some water, go into the house; but loitered and lingered, hearing the robin sing, and following with her eye the bob-lincoln, as he flitted from shrub to shrub. She passed absent an hour out of the house, because she did not wish to be alone, and she did not feel alone when she was out among the birds, and was gathering here and there a little wild flower. But at last, she went in, took her Bible and seated herself at the window, sometimes reading and sometimes looking out.

As she was there seated, she saw three men coming up toward the house, and she was right glad to see them; for she felt lonely, and there was a dreary, long day before her. "Father," thought she, "meant something, when he told me to be kind to strangers. I suppose he expected them. I wonder what keeps them all from meeting? Never mind; they shall see that I can do something, if I am little Hitty." So putting down the Bible, she ran to meet them, happy, confiding, and even glad that they had come; and, without waiting for them to speak, she called to them to come in with her, and said, "I am all alone; if mother was here she would do more for you, but I will do all I can," and all this with a frank, loving heart, glad to do good to others, and glad to please her father, whose last words were, to spare of their abundance to the weary traveler.

Smith and his two companions entered. Now, it was neither breakfast-time nor dinner-time, but about half-way between both; yet little Hitty's head was full of the direction. "Spare of our abundance," and almost before they were fairly in the house, she asked if she would give them something to eat. Smith replied: "Yes, I will thank you my child, for we are all hungry." This was, indeed, a civil speech for the thief, half-starved, had been lurking in the woods to watch his chance to steal the silver tankard, as soon as the men folks had gone to meeting. "Shall I give you cold victuals, or will you wait till I can cook some meat?" "We can't wait" was the reply, "give us what you have ready, as soon as you can." "I am glad you do not want me to cook for you—but I would do it if you did—because father would rather not have much cooking on Sundays." Then away she tripped about, making preparations for their repast. Smith himself helped her out with the table. She spread upon it a clean white cloth, and placed upon it the silver spoons and the silver tankard full of "cold orchard," as was the custom in those days, with a large quantity of wheaten bread and a dish of cold meat. I don't know why the silver spoons were put on—perhaps little Hitty thought they made the table look prettier. After all this was done she turned to Smith and with a courtesy told him that dinner was ready. The child had been so busy in arranging her table, and so

thoughtful of housewifery, that she took little or no notice of the appearance or manners of her guests. She did the work as cheerily and as freely, and was as unembarrassed, as if she had been surrounded by her father and mother and brothers. One of the thieves sat down doggedly, with his hands on his knees, and his face almost to his hands, looking all the time on the floor. Another, a younger and better looking man stood confounded and irresolute, as if he had not been well broken into his trade; and the third, a stout, broad-shouldered man, looked on, keeping his back to the door. Smith, on the other hand, looked unconcerned, as if he had quite forgotten his purpose. He never once took his attention off the child, following her with his eye as she bustled about in arranging the dinner-table; and there was even a half smile on his face. They all moved to the table, Smith's chair at the head, one of his companions on each side, and the child at the foot, standing there to help her guests, and to be ready to go for further supplies as there was need.

The men ate as hungry men, almost in silence, drinking occasionally from the silver tankard. When they had done, Smith started up suddenly and said, "Come! let's go." "What!" exclaimed the old robber, "go with empty hands when this silver is here?" He seized the tankard. "Put that down," shouted Smith; "I'll shoot the man who takes a single thing from this house." Poor Hitty at once awoke to a sense of the character of her guests; with terror in her face, yet with a childlike frankness, she ran to Smith, took hold of his hand, and looked into his face, as if she felt sure that he would take care of her.

The old thief, looking up to his young companion, and finding that he was ready to give up the job, and seeing that Smith was resolute, put down the tankard, growling like a dog which has had a bone taken from him. "Pooh! catch the job your company again," and with such expressions left the house followed by the other. Smith put his hand on the head of the child and said: "don't be afraid; stay quiet in the house; nobody shall hurt you."

Thus ended the visit of the thieves. Thus God preserved the property of those who had put their trust in Him. What a story had the child to tell when the family came home! How hearty was the thanksgiving that went up from the family altar.

A year or two after this, poor Tom Smith was arrested for the commission of some crime, and was tried and sentenced to be executed. Daniel Gordon heard of this, and that he was confined in a jail in the seaport town, to wait for the dreadful day when he was to be hung like a dog between heaven and earth. Gordon could not keep away from him. He felt drawn to him for the protection of his daughter, and went down to see him. When he entered the dungeon, Smith was seated; his face was pale, his hair was tangled and matted together—for why should he care for his looks? There was no other expression in his countenance than that of irritation from being intruded upon, when he wanted to hear nothing, see nothing more of his fellow man. He did not rise, nor even look up, nor return the salutation of Gordon, who continued to stand before him. At last, as if wearied beyond endeavor, he asked: "What do you want of me? Can't you let me alone even here?"

"I come," said Gordon, "to see you, because my laughter told me all you did for her when you—"

As if touched to the heart, Smith's whole appearance changed; an expression of deep interest came over his features; he was altogether a changed man. The sullen indifference passed away in an instant. "Are you the father of that little girl? Oh, what a dear child she is! Is she well and happy? How I love to think of her. That's one pleasant thing I have to think of. For once I was treated like other men. Could I kiss her once I think I should be happier." In this hurried manner he poured out an intensity of feeling little supposed to lie in the bosom of a condemned felon.

Gordon remained with Smith, whispered to him of peace beyond the grave for the penitent, smoothed in some degree his passage through the dark valley and did not return to his family until Christian love could do no more for an erring brother, on whom scarcely before had the eye of love rested; whose hand had been against all men because their hands had been against him.

I have told the story more at length and interwoven some unimportant circumstances, but it is before you substantially as it was related to me. The main incidents are true; though, doubtless, as the story has been handed down from generation to generation, it has been colored by the imagination. The silver tankard, as an heirloom, has descended in the family—the property of the daughter named Mehitable, and is now in the possession of a clergymans' wife in Massachusetts.

Small Savings.

The man who saves something every year is on the road to prosperity. It may not be possible to save much. If not, save a little. Do not think that a dime is too small a sum to lay by.—Everybody knows how little expenditures get away with large sums. But few seem to know that the rule is one that works both ways. If a dime spent here and a dollar there, soon makes a large hole in a man's income, so do dimes and dollars laid away soon become a visible and respectable accumulation. In this country, any man may make himself independent, or keep himself under the harrow for life, according as he wastes or spends his small change. How many things do individuals and families buy that they do not need, or cannot afford. Think twice before you spend that small coin. Do not be stingy or mean, but also do not be foolishly self-indulgent. The self-indulgent person is far more likely to become ungenerous than the self-denying one. The money wasted on hurtful things alone—the medicines and drugs we mingle with our diet in the form of tea, tobacco, alcohol and the like—stand on the very threshold of prosperity, and bar the way of thousands to a home in their old age.

The Folly of the Day.

There is a dreadful ambition abroad for being "genteel." We keep up appearances too often at the expense of honesty; and, though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be "respectable," though only in the meaneast sense—in mere vulgar show. We have not the courage to go patiently onward in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to call us; but must need live in some fashioned state, to which we ridiculously please to call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial, genteel world, of which we form a part. There is a pressure for front seats, in the social amphitheatre, in the midst of which all noble, self-denying resolve is trodden under foot, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste, what misery, bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways, in the rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in the ruin.

SLEEPING APART.—"More quarrels arise between brothers, between sisters between hired girls, between school girls, between clerks in stores, between hired men between husbands and wives owing to electrical changes through their systems by lodging together night after night under the same bed clothes, than by any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force, as to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorbent will go to sleep and rest all night while the eliminative will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, faultfinding and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive the other will lose. This is the law."—From the law of Life.

Making Home Attractive.

Mrs. Higginbottom, as a first step, visited her husband's favorite concert saloon under the protection of a disguise and a detective officer. When she had learned what were the attractions which most powerfully appealed to Mr. Higginbottom's mind, she proceeded to produce them as far as practicable in her own house. She had the parlor carpets taken up and the bare floor sprinkled with beer and cigar stumps. She removed the pictures from the walls, and hung in their places cheap and gaudy chromos representing impossible young women in undesirable costumes. Two dirty wooden tables and a supply of wooden chairs from the kitchen completed the furniture of the room, and it began to assume a really attractive appearance.

Before the hour of her husband's return from his business Mrs. Higginbottom hired a man to play on an accordion and another to torture a violin, besides three professional drunkards of great indecency of appearance and conduct, and a notorious burglar kindly furnished for the occasion by the police captain of the precinct. There were in the kitchen two Irish girls who were decidedly ugly, but who were clean, decent and modest girls. These two she instructed in the art of serving beer and spirits, and dressed them in costumes that were exceedingly vulgar, though they could not be said to be improper. Having thus arranged all things, she met her husband at the door and escorted him to the dining room, where he ate his dinner, unconscious of the transformation that had been wrought in his front parlor.

After dinner Mr. Higginbottom lit his cigar, and remarked that he must go out an hour to see a friend. His wife, with a smile told him he need not go out, for she had finally discovered how to make home attractive to him. So saying, she showed him into the parlor, and led him to a seat at one of the dirty tables. The fiddler and the accordion player immediately struck up; the drunkards, at a sign from Mrs. Higginbottom, began to swear and wrangle, and the burglar sidled up to Mr. Higginbottom and asked him to drink.—The two Irish girls brought the beer and spilled it upon Mr. Higginbottom's table; they called him "dear," and asked him to open a bottle of wine, and Mrs. Higginbottom apologizing for the fact that they were undeniably decent girls, assured her husband that nevertheless she was confident that she had finally learned how to make home attractive, that she hoped to spend many jolly evenings with him, and would like a hot whisky without any further delay.

Mr. Higginbottom was first completely dazed, but in a few moments he recovered his reason. He ordered the girls to go into the kitchen and stay there, and he pitched the drunkards out of the front door and ordered the musicians and the burglar to follow them. Then he informed his wife that he had been an idiot of the very largest size, and that if she would store the parlor to its former condition, he would stay at home and make no further complaint of its want of attractiveness.

Why the Landlord Raised the Rent.

Old Bob Keyworth is one of the hardest landlords in Galveston, Texas. Jim Groce lives in one of Keyworth's houses, and is a very good tenant, while the landlord has never yet had a dollar's worth of repairs done to the house. Not long since Jim went to Keyworth and told him:

"I want you to have the house painted. I am paying you twenty dollars a month, and you ought to have it done."

Keyworth refused, so Groce had it done at his own expense. As soon as the painting was over, old Keyworth raised the rent to twenty-five dollars a month.

"Why do you raise the rent?" asked Jim.

"On account of the improvements," replied the old man; "you know the house has just been painted, and a newly painted house is always worth five dollars more than a shabby-looking one."