

The Danbury Reporter.

Devoted to the Development of the Social and Material Interests of this Section.

VOLUME IV.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1876.

NUMBER 51

THE REPORTER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
PEPPER & SONS,
PROPRIETORS.

Rates of Subscription:

ONE YEAR, payable in advance, \$1.00
SIX MONTHS, .75
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We keep constantly on hand a large and
well assorted stock of GROCERIES, suitable for
the Southern and Western trade. We solicit
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Cotton, Feathers, Ginseng, Beeswax, Wool,
Dried Fruit, Furs, Skins, &c. Our facilities
for doing Business are such as to warrant
quick sales and prompt returns. All orders
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No. 156 East Pratt Street,
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May 1st 1875 12-m.

NEW YEAR COUNSELS.

BY H. BONAR, D. D.

Do not dream away thy lifetime;
'Twas not given thee to dream;
'Tis a fragment of th' eternal
Which thou must, thou must redeem.

Every hour is more than golden,
Every moment is a gem;
Treasure up these hours and moments,
There are princely pearls in them.

Be not selfish; earth's great sickness
Needeth self-denying men,
To go forth among the dying,
And to soothe the beds of pain.

Doff the purple, don the armor,
Take the helmet and the shield;
Drop the garland, seize the weapon,
Make thee haste to take the field.

Lie not down among the roses,
Carry high thy cross and sword;
What! a Sybarite disciple
Of a self-denying Lord!

Be not weary; for the warfare
Hard and fierce, will soon be o'er;
And the rest will be uncharging
On the green, unfading shore.

Marah Anderson's Work.

BY "FRIO."

CHAPTER II.

"Marah, child," said Mrs. Fentris, the lady at whose house she was staying, "You must not give way so to your grief; such sorrow is not for children. It will make you prematurely old and bitter. Take up your lessons with my children; their teacher, I am sure, will take pleasure in having you with them. It will do more, Marah, to bring your mind to its wonted tone again than anything else."

"Thank you, Mrs. Fentris; but I could not study now. I could not apply myself—can give nothing attention save my dead mother's memory, and the rescue of my poor, innocent father."

"Marah, I know it is natural for you to hope that your father is innocent—we would all be glad to know him so; but when the proof is so convincing, how can you have any reason upon which to build your disbelief of your father's guilt?"

"Something, Mrs. Fentris, a power stronger than myself, tells me that he did not kill my mother; and henceforth I shall have but one object in view. My life's work shall be to solve the mystery that was so fearfully and fatefully enacted that night at Anderson Hall; and I will one day know it as it is, Mrs. Fentris. Yet that cannot save my father—he must die," and the young girl bowed her face in her hands, with a sigh of poignant suffering.

Mrs. Fentris left the room. She was a kind-hearted woman, and the child's grief touched her, all the more because she could utter no consolation to her; for she felt that no words of hers could bring relief to the aching and and wounded heart, that time alone must heal.

For a long time Marah sat as she had left her. A sadder picture could not have been found than the little, drooping figure, in its hopeless, humble air. So thought Doctor Fentris as he entered, and roused her from her painful thoughts.

"Come, little one," said the Doctor, as he laid his hand kindly on her bowed head, "I have a note here from papa; perhaps it may have some good news for you. I saw him a few moments this evening, and he seemed to be more cheerful."

He handed her a small sealed note. She took it eagerly, and the Doctor watched her as she read, and noted the sudden palid hue that spread over her face. Then it slowly passed, and a look of half relief, half fear, crept into the dark eyes, and she asked, with a slight tremor of the voice:

"When did papa give you this note, Doctor Fentris?"

"As I came home. I stopped just behind the jail for a few moments, op-

posite your father's cell. He was at the window, and asked if I would bring you a note. Of course I told him yes, and then he dropped it to me. I hope there is nothing the matter?"

"Oh, no; papa just wants me to bring him some books and things, to while the long hours away."

And she folded the note, put it in her pocket, and left him. If the Doctor had other thoughts in regard to the matter he wisely kept them to himself.

When Marah left the room below, she went straight to the school-room, knowing she would find the children there. Doctor Fentris' family consisted of his wife, three children, and their governess, Miss Young. Maud, his eldest, was just seventeen. She was tall for her age, and was as dignified as her stately old grandmother. She had left the school-room, and was looked upon by her little sister as the quintessence of perfection. Maston was next—a manly boy of fourteen, with all the pride of his sister Maud, but the generous heart of his father and mother, to whom he ever paid due reverence and obedience. His health was not good, and therefore he was kept at home, and only devoted two hours each day to his books. Maggie was the youngest, and was a perfect ray of sunshine in the house, petted and spoiled by all. No one could resist the sweet, winning ways of the child, whose disposition was gentleness itself, and so she became almost an idol to the whole family.

On each of the children the motherless Marah made a different impression. Maud shrank from the child, as if she had been the guilty one. With a false sense of honor, she would have been ashamed to have been seen by her acquaintances with the child; and her patronizing air stung Marah to the quick. Maggie stood somewhat in awe of the quiet, black-robed little orphan; but sometimes her pity overcame her shyness, and she strove to draw her from her sorrow, telling her of wonderful stories she had read in her books, of fairies, etc. And then when she saw that all had not power to chase the gloom away, she would throw her arms around her, in her wild, impulsive way, and tell her how sorry she was and how she pitied her.

Maston was, perhaps, the kindest of all. He did not ask her innumerable questions, until she grew sick of all the horrid details. But by silent sympathy and constant kindness and thoughtfulness, made her forget, as far as possible, her present surroundings.

When Marah reached the school-room she found Maston and Maggie there. They both looked up with a smile when she entered, and Maston drew a chair up near the table, at which his sister sat cutting the leaves of a new book.

"No, thank you," she said, refusing the proffered chair, "I came for you, Maston; I want to hear you play 'Heart's Trials,' please."

Maston seemed surprised, but answered readily:

"Certainly, with pleasure. Maggie, will you come and help me sing, or do you prefer your book?"

"My book; but I will come after awhile, maybe, when I finish looking at all the pretty pictures."

They went to the music-room, and as Maston turned on the gas to a brighter glow, he could but notice the eager, troubled look on the now flushed face of Marah.

He seated himself at the piano, ran his fingers over the keys, and sang in a low, clear voice the song she wished to hear.

She stood by in silence, apparently listening intently to the song, yet in reality hardly a single note was heard.

She gave a start of surprise when the song ended, and Maston said: "It is almost too sad; there are real tears in every verse."

"Yes; but such songs suit me best just now. Maston, I did not have you to come here just to sing that little song; I wanted to see you on business, and it is better that it should be told now, where no one will hear."

"Why, what is it, Marah? I can't imagine."

"Promise, first, not to breathe it to a living soul, Maston."

"Well, I won't."

"Swear it, please, Maston."

"Well, if I must, I must; I swear I won't breathe it to mortal, living or dead!"

The child bent her head until her lips almost touched the boy's ear, and whispered:

"I want you to get me a small file, a saw, and a large-sized chisel. Old Uncle Tomie has them all in his shop. The window can be opened from the outside, easy enough. You can get them, if you will, this evening—will you?"

She waited in breathless eagerness for his reply. The boy turned around and gazed at her steadily for a few moments. A denial trembled on his lips, but the tears stood in the beautiful eyes, looking so pleadingly down into his own, that he answered, against his better judgment:

"You shall have them, Marah! I will get them, if possible, when I leave the supper table to-night; but be careful, or they will lead to sorrow and discovery."

She thanked him with a sweet, sad smile, and hearing Miss Young coming towards the room they occupied, said, "Let me sing for you, now."

She had never touched the piano since she came to their house. Maston had heard his father and others speak of her voice as being something truly wonderful in a child. But he could not help giving a long, low whistle of boyish surprise and delight, as she began the sweetest song he thought he had ever heard in all his life. And Miss Young was of the same opinion. The purity and sweetness of the tones caused her to pause in astonishment and listen. The voice, filling the whole room, floated even to Maggie's ear, and she came dancing down the hall to see who it was that was wakening such beautiful notes in the old music-room.

She clapped her hands in glee when she saw that the player was the quiet Marah, and throwing her arms around her, came near smothering her with kisses.

"Oh! I shall make papa keep you forever, just to sing for me," said she, as Marah gently withdrew the clinging arms.

"If there is a repetition of your caresses, Miss Maggie, she will not be able to sing for any of us long," laughed Maston.

"Oh, yes she will; I'll be sure to give her breathing time."

"Who taught you music?" asked Miss Young, as she laid her hands on the dark curls, in approbation.

"Mama," she answered in a low voice, and the governess saw that she had unwittingly called up unpleasant reflections.

Just then the tea bell sounded, and they all passed down in silence to the dining-room, where Doctor Fentris, his wife and Maud had already gathered. Marah ate but little, so did Maston, and excusing himself, he arose and left the room.

Half an hour after, as she sat in her own room all alone, for Maggie had not come up, there was a hurried knock at the door. She knew by instinct that it was Maston; so she noiselessly opened it, and he handed her the articles he had promised. She

thanked him, and with a sigh of relief, dropped them in her trunk.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

I Have a Better Light than That.

"Take that light away; I have a better light than that to die by," said a dying boy to the priest who had been sent for to administer the rites of the Romish church preparatory to death. This noble boy lived in our city. His parents are Catholics; but for some months previous to the death of their son, they permitted him to attend a Protestant Sunday school. Here he heard of Jesus as the Saviour of the world. No one knows how he felt in regard to his soul's welfare until he was taken sick. It was not long, however, before he told his parents and all who visited his room, that he loved Christ and that Christ was present with him. We went to see him a few hours before he died. We have seldom witnessed a more impressive scene, or one so suggestive of lessons of instruction. All agreed that the boy, although not over twelve years of age, gave satisfactory evidence of conversion and the hope of eternal life.

As we have said, his parents are Catholics and the priest must be sent for before the child died. The priest was soon at the bedside of the dying boy and commenced to prepare or anoint the child for death. All went on without interruption, until the light was brought into the room. "Take that light away; I have a better light than that to die by." "What do you mean?" said the priest. "I mean that Jesus is with me; He is all the light I need." "Where did you learn of Jesus?" inquired the priest. To which the boy replied: "I used to go to a Protestant Sunday school, and there I heard about Jesus, and he is my light."

Christ ought to be spoken of in terms of the highest commendation and praise, for He is a light that shineth away the darkness of the grave and lights up the pathway of the righteous from this to the better land. —[Visitor.]

A Startling Fact.

A casual remark in a Raleigh paper catches our eye. It is that Col. S. D. Pool, Superintendent of Public Instruction, says "there are two hundred and thirty thousand white children in North Carolina, and only fifteen thousand of these are attending the subscription schools. And outside the school centres in the State there is not an average of a hundred children to every county going to school." Well may the amazed reporter exclaim: "Think of that! Shall old North Carolina twenty years from to-day be peopled with numbskulls? We all are to blame. Let us take hold and do better."

Indeed we must do better than that. Rouse up, North Carolinians, all! Send your children to school as long as you have a crust of bread and a whole garment to feed and clothe them with. Give your children clothing for the mind, which stands the wear and tear of the wasting years.—[Wilmington Star.]

This pointedly does the Washington City Capital express the truth. Commenting on Blaine's course in the amnesty debate, it says: "It has taken twice as long to pardon as it did to defeat the people of the South, and they who refuse to forgive them now refused to fight them then; and the wounds which were made by the swords of our soldiers are being irritated by the tongues of our politicians."

We are too apt to mistake the echoes of our own vanity for the admiration and applause of the world.