

# The Danbury Reporter.

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

VOLUME V.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1876.

NUMBER 2

## THE REPORTER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
**PEPPER & SONS,**  
PROPRIETORS.

**Rates of Subscription:**  
ONE YEAR, payable in advance, \$1.00  
SIX MONTHS, " " .75  
THREE MONTHS, " " .50  
FIVE COPIES ONE YEAR, 4.00  
TEN COPIES ONE POST-OFFICE, 7.50

Any person who sends us \$7.50 for a Club of 10 copies (all sent at one time to one address) will be entitled to a copy free.

**Rates of Advertising:**  
One Square (ten lines or less) 1 time, \$1.00  
for each additional insertion, .50  
One square three months, 4.00  
six months, 7.00  
one year, 12.00

One-fourth of a column 1m \$8.00 2m \$11.00  
Half column 1m 12.00 2m 17.50 3m 20.00  
Contracts for longer time or more space can be made in proportion to the above rates.

Transient advertisers will be expected to remit according to these rates at the time they send their favors.

Special notices will be charged 50 per cent higher than above rates.

Business Cards will be inserted at Ten Dollars per annum.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN D. HAMMOND. HENRY A. ANTHONY

**JOHN D. HAMMOND & CO.**  
Saddle, Harness, Trunk, and  
Collar Manufacturers,

Wholesale and Retail,  
861 West Baltimore Street, (Opposite the  
Eutaw House")  
BALTIMORE.

R. E. BEST, of N. C.,  
with  
**HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.,**  
Wholesale Clothiers,

297 W. Baltimore street, corner of  
Liberty,  
BALTIMORE.

H. Sonneborn, B. Blimline.  
Nov. 1-6m.

J. F. Carlin, D. C. Fulton  
J. F. Bradenbaugh,  
**CARLIN & FULTON,**  
Importers of

**Hardware, Cutlery, Guns, &c.,**  
No. 20 South Howard street,  
BALTIMORE.

Special attention given to orders.  
Nov. 1-6m.

**WINGO ELLETT & CRUMP.**  
Dealers in

**Boots, Shoes, Trunks &c.,**  
1308 MAIN STREET  
RICHMOND VA.

North Carolina trade a speciality  
prices guaranteed as low as any House  
North or South.  
June 10 1875 1-y.

**J. E. GILMER.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**General Merchandise, Dry  
Goods, Notions Groceries, &c**  
Boots and Shoes a speciality.

Winston N. C.  
July 15th 1875, 1-y.

W. Wilson, Jr., E. Burns, Jr., F. H. Burns

**B. W. HILL,**  
WITH  
**WILSON, BURNS & CO.**

**Wholesale Grocers and  
Commission Merchants,**

30 S. Howard Street, Cor. of Lombard,  
BALTIMORE.

We keep constantly on hand a large and  
well assorted stock of GROCERIES, suitable for  
the South and Western trade. We solicit  
consignments of COUNTRY PRODUCE, such as  
Cotton, Feathers, Ginseng, Beeswax, Wool,  
Dried Fruit, Hides, Skins, &c. Our facilities  
for doing business are such as to warrant  
quick sales and prompt returns. All orders  
will have our prompt attention.

**WM. S. ROBERTSON,**  
WITH

**WATKINS & COTTRELL,**  
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

**Hardware, Cutlery, &c.**  
**SADDLERY GOODS, Boiling Cloth**

**Gum Packing and Belting,**  
1307 MAIN STREET,  
RICHMOND, VA

Sam'l A. S. Kyle, Sam'l P. Nelms,  
Lamar Hollyday, H. L. Duwall.

**Wm. S. RAMSEY,** North Carolina.

**Dinsmore & Kyle,**  
WHOLESALE

**Grocers and Commission  
Merchants,**

No. 159 1/2 Pratt Street,  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
May 1st 1875 12-m.

## BY THE WAY.

Amidst the freezing sleet and snow,  
The timid robin comes;  
In pity drive him not away,  
But scatter out your crumbs.

And leave your door upon the latch  
For whoever comes;  
The poorer they, more welcome give,  
And scatter out your crumbs.

All have to spare, none are too poor,  
When want with winter comes;  
The loaf is never all your own,  
Then scatter out your crumbs.

Soon winter falls upon your life,  
The day of reckoning comes;  
Against your sin be first,  
And weigh those scattered crumbs.

## Marah Anderson's Work.

BY "FRIO."

CHAPTER V.

After this, the child's life grew still more unpleasant. Franks never spoke to her kindly, and the hours were one round of fault-finding and cursing. At first Marah did her best to propitiate him, by the performance of every little act of thoughtful kindness in her power. But it did no good; so, weary of his cruelty and of being misunderstood, she turned like a hunted creature and became openly rebellious. Franks wondered at her power of endurance and her strength of will to defy him so persistently; yet it made him but the more determined to either conquer or crush her into subjugation. All his cruelty had not the power to intimidate her; the dark eyes always met his fearlessly, and her words, so bitter for a child, stung him sharply, as callous as he had become. She seemed to have complete control over herself, for in his fiercest wrath she was cool and self-possessed, and by that very means exasperated him almost to madness.

But the steadfast rock yields at last to the constant drip, and the young girl became less able each day to meet the heavy drainage made upon her patience. Saddest of all, she was fast growing hardened under excess of trouble. Hope promised no brightness; dark clouds had swept away all the golden splendor that once followed in her train, and despair had twined its sable curtains around her until, sick at heart, she was ready to hide from all human eyes, and die!

When you remember the child's extreme refinement, her bright intellect and sensitiveness, her fastidious taste cultivated to the highest degree, you can, in a measure, realize what her life must now be, spent with one so coarse, low, rude and uneducated, as Franks!

When she first came to live with him she noticed that as night drew on he went frequently to a small corner shelf, and lifting from it a black bottle, drank freely of its contents. Now, for the last month, the visits had been oftener than ever, and by ten o'clock he could never stand steady or articulate plainly; and to-night, as she left him and closed the door of her small, rudely furnished bed-room, she was conscious of a strong desire that it might be closed upon her forever—that the morning might find her free from the intolerable burden of life, and of her father's hateful presence.

She heard him in his drunken mutterings for a long time after she left him, then all grew quiet and still, as he had evidently fallen asleep. But, try as she would, she could not woo slumber to her weary eyelids. She grew sick of thinking, thinking; her very brains ached, so she arose and walked once or twice restlessly across her room. The very air seemed to oppress and stifle her. She pushed open the narrow shutter of her window and gazed out. Only one or two stars shown in the welkin above. Suddenly, as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, the outlines of a human figure arose before her.

She rubbed her eyes, and though she was a brave child with a fearless spirit, a feeling of superstitious awe stole over her; for the form was Robert Anderson's very own! The apparition, if apparition it was, disappeared around the corner, and was gone. She waited breathlessly a few moments, but it did not appear again. She reached out her hand to close the window, when a ray of light shot direct from the old library in the hall and danced across her eyes.

She looked up quickly; the curtains were drawn back, and she could see the interior of the room. On a small table before her adopted father's desk rested a brilliant lamp, which lit up the apartment perfectly. As Marah stood, rooted to the spot, gazing in amazement at the strange scene before her, some one advanced to the middle of the room and then slowly crossed over to the window, evidently with the intention of lowering the curtains. With dilated eyes Marah gave one searching look at the face on which the light shown clearly—then, with a cry of horror, sank fainting on the floor!

When she became conscious again it was morning, and she was resting as usual upon her own bed. The events of the past night flashed upon her, and she thought them some distorted mental vision. Surely they could not have really transpired, for she had left the window unfastened and herself stretched upon the floor beside it; now she was upon her bed and the window-shutter drawn in and fastened with its hook, as usual. She pushed it open and looked at the window opposite. The curtains were both down, and she knew that at sunset the evening before one of them was up! She had noticed it, and it had put her to wondering where its owner now roamed, and how long it would remain unoccupied.

She was determined to say nothing of it to Franks, but wisely concluded to keep it to herself. He was perfectly sober this morning she noticed, for he grunted out his usual "good morning" when she entered his room. He did her cooking himself, and was now busy over their morning meal. She drew out the small table and made it ready, and then passed into her room again to make her bed. Something on the floor just beside the bed caught her eye, when she stooped and picked it up. It was a beautiful ring, and as she held it in her hand it flashed in the morning sunlight. She turned it over and read these words carved inside:

"To Zoelena, from G."

She slipped it in her pocket, swept and dusted her room, and then went back where her father was. He did not speak, and fearing if she did so she would draw out a volley of oaths, she quietly seated herself in a stool in the corner, and dropping her face in her hands, went to studying out the strange enigma. Her father's voice roused her:

"What is the matter now, madam doleful?"

Moved by an impulse she did not care to resist, she drew out the ring and held it up before him. His face grew livid as death, and the words were jerked out:

"Where did you get it? Speak, for by heaven, I'll know!"

"I found it," faltered Marah, "in my room, just now, close by the bed."

A look of relief swept over his face, and, taking it from her, said low, as if to himself:

"It is the very one; strange we did not find it." Then, seeing Marah watching him, he said in a different tone:

"I was uneasy, for I know'd this ring; it belonged to some of the family, and I thought maybe you'd been

in thar," and he pointed toward the Hall, "searching for what don't belong to us. I have never took nothing yet, and I don't want a brat of mine to finger things what ain't her own."

The look of indignant scorn that flashed from the child's eyes startled him as much as her words did a moment after:

"You thought I would stoop to steal? No! thank God, not even in thar."

The ring came there by some other agency; by whom you yourself best know."

She had seen him angry before, but never like this. He seized her by the arm and shook her until she was more dead than alive, then, with a bitter oath, pushed her fiercely from him.

Marah thought there was murder in his eyes, so she fled to her own room and took refuge there. All day she kept out of his way as much as possible, but he was not crosser than usual; indeed, Marah thought he was kinder after his anger in the morning than he had been in months.

He did not refer to it—neither did she; and so the day passed and there was silence between them, unbroken only when he gave her his orders in regard to the purchase of some small articles which she had to go to the store for.

She met Maston as she passed out the gate. He stopped to say "good evening," and, noticing the palor of her cheeks, said:

"Marah, you are not well—your cheeks are colorless. Why do you keep yourself so closely confined? It is killing you."

"I wish it would, for I am sure it would be better for me!" she answered, bitterly.

"Come, Marah; that is little better than murder. Why should you wish to die?"

"Why should I wish to live, Maston?"

"Oh, because you are young, and life is sweet. But, tell me, what is it that troubles you now? You have had something hard to bear, else I would not find you so hopeless and sad."

"It is nothing, only this: I am weary of my very existence, and hate my father with all my soul. I tell you, Maston, hate is a feeble word—I abhor and loathe him!"

"Marah, this won't do!—I can see how badly he is suited to be your father; but it is a misfortune, as hard for him, perhaps, as it is for you to bear."

The girl gave a low, bitter, mocking laugh, which grated on the boy's nerves, and then said, quickly:

"Maston, I have something to tell you, but not now; I must hurry on and get back with my tea before night, or my father will scold. But I must tell my life to some one, or I shall lose what few brains I have—and rather to you than any one else."

"I will be glad to hear and help you; but please don't get as I fear you are fast becoming, Marah, for I, too, have something to tell you after awhile, when we are both older and wiser."

Again the girl laughed her bitter, mocking laugh, and with a bow of mock gravity, left him.

Franks did not quarrel when she went back; and glad of a little peace, though purchased at the price for which she had obtained it, she sank her head upon the pillow and prayed that her father might learn gentleness, and that she might respect and love him, for Maston's sake. She was determined that to-night she would sleep, so she closed her eyes and remained perfectly quiet.

The clock struck ten, eleven, twelve, and still the busy brain would not give up its thoughts. Suddenly she heard

a noise in her father's room, then a step came softly to her door and entered. Instinct made her close her eyes and remain as if locked in slumber. A light was held above her bed, and she felt that some one was gazing intently upon her face. We have all felt the magnetism there is in such a look. The child felt it, and in spite of her will, her large eyes slowly unclosed and gazed up into those bending above her.

One moment of bewildered horror, and then there rang out on the midnight air a wild shriek of terror and flight. The light was instantly extinguished and she heard the gliding steps leave the room. Oh! she would never, never forget the beauty of that dark face, with its look of sinister triumph, that seemed to gaze down and read her very soul!

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

## Don't Criticise.

Whatever you do, don't set up for a critic. We don't mean a newspaper one, but in private life, in the domestic circle, in society. It will not do any one any good, and will do you harm—if you are called disagreeable. If you don't like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin, don't put your feelings into words. If any one's manners don't please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste, recollect that. Take things as you find them unless you can alter them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed, cannot be made any better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of conduct of this one, and the speech of that one, the dress of the other, and the opinions of another, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun.

## The Last Hour.

To all things, beneath the sun there comes a last hour. Time, like a rapid-flowing river, is fast hastening towards eternity with a majestic flow, and will soon be lost in the mighty gulf, bringing the last hour to all things that are mortal. Moments follow moments in quick succession, day presses after day, year treads upon year, closing earthly existence at every breath. Behold them, as they move along in a silent, solemn procession, witnessing the last hour to our fellow beings at every step!

All our joy, grief, pain, pleasure, smiles and tears will find their last hour. To us who are now living, it will be of the greatest interest; our souls will be on the verge of time, ready to step on the threshold of eternity. What can be of deeper interest to us than the approach of that moment, which to us will be the boundary between time and eternity, which closes our existence in this world, and begins our eternal, never-ending, existence in the world unknown! But its approach is certain. The young imagine it afar off; the aged place it still at a distance, but it comes to both un-awares. To the sinner it will be an hour of remorse and anguish; to the Christian the most delightful. As the last sands of life are dropping, when the pulse beats slow and faint, while anxious friends are shedding tears of grief, he feels his eyes will no more run down with tears; and as mortality begins to recede, strains of music charm his ear, and he catches the song and flies away to his rest.—The Social Million.

A noticeable feature of the call for the Republican State convention, this year is the cordial invitation extended to the independent voter. The usual form is similar to the following, from the Ohio call: "All voters, without regard to past party affiliations, who desire the success of the principles of the Republican organization, are cordially invited to join in electing delegates to this Convention."

James Overy

26 Oct 24 1876  
The Danbury Reporter  
No. 1000