

# THE DANBURY REPORTER.

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**TROUBLE AND SORROW.**  
 There's many a trouble  
 Would break like a bubble  
 And into the waters of Lethe depart.  
 Did not we choose it,  
 And tenderly succumb to it,  
 And give it a permanent place in our heart.  
 There's many a sorrow  
 Would vanish to-morrow  
 If we were not so willing to furnish it a home.  
 So sadly intruding  
 And quietly brooding,  
 It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

**MAY NORRIS' JEALOUSY.**  
 BY ESTELLE.  
 Brightly the sun shone and brightly the birds chirped, in the cosy little breakfast-room of May Norris—bride and housekeeper of six months' duration. Suddenly the silence which had existed for a few moments was broken by May:

"Herbert, I do so much want to hear Nilsson to-night in 'Norma,' and you know she only sings that opera once while in the city; won't you take me, please?" and the face of May was radiant with pleasant anticipation, as she addressed her husband, who was deep in the morning Dispatch.

"I am sorry, May, but it will be quite impossible; I have an engagement to-night to meet a friend whom I have not seen for some time; else, I should certainly indulge my pet."

The glow suddenly faded from the face of May, and with "Oh, I am so sorry!" the subject was dropped. A few minutes passed and Herbert Norris arose, went up to his wife, and stooping, pressed a fond kiss to her lips, wishing her a merry good morning.

He had not proceeded further than the gate, when he suddenly turned, went back to his wife, remarking:

"May, I beg your most gracious pardon, but I forgot to give you a letter that I received for you a day or two ago. It is post-marked 'Chilton,' your old home, and must be from some of the home folks," meanwhile plunging deep in his breast-pocket for the missive.

"Ah, here it is, read it and brighten up; we will make up our disappointment yet—we will hear Nilsson to-morrow night," and he left, whistling lightly to himself.

May carelessly broke the seal, not looking at the superscription on the envelope; but what was her amazement to see it commenced:

"MY OWN HERBERT—I am on my way to Washington, and will pass through Baltimore on the 8 P. M. train. Meet me, and let me once more see your loving-face and feel your kiss on my lips. My heart yearns for you, so grant my request for the sake of 'old lang syne.'  
 "Your loving,  
 "BIRDIE."

Like one in a dream, May sat stunned, bewildered. What did it mean? Who dared address her husband in such terms? This, then, was the reason he could not go with her to hear Nilsson! This was the friend he had not seen for so long a time! The sun shone still as brightly, the birds sang in sweeter strains, but there was no sunshine in May's heart—doubt and distrust were brooding darkly there. Why could not Herbert have told her who his friend was, was her constant thought—but no, he evidently had his secret—and then into this loving heart came the desire to prove his perfidy. For was it not perfidy? He, her husband, another woman's darling? Clenching her small hands, she walked the floor, unconscious of the flight of time.

"I will find him out!" she exclaimed, and then, from excitement, she burst into violent weeping. "Oh, Herbert, how could you be so false—you, whom I thought so true, so honorable!" and her form rocked to and fro in her anguish.

Rising from the chair into which she had thrown herself, she went to her room, and upon her knees implored her Heavenly Father to direct her in the way she should set.

Calmly she arose, saying:  
 "I will not seek for vengeance, but I will go home, leaving him to his own remorseful conscience."  
 Taking her writing desk, she wrote:  
 "HERBERT—Through mistake you gave me the wrong letter, which I have read. Who 'your loving Birdie' is, I cannot imagine. Hoping you may be happy in her love, I leave you, thinking it best. Do not seek me.  
 "Your unhappy wife,  
 "MAY."  
 Leaving the unfortunate letter and her own note on the bureau in a conspicuous place, May donned her waterproof, and, veiling herself thickly, left the room—

not, however, without a fond look at the dear old room, where she had been so happy for six months. Just in time for the two o'clock train for Chilton, May sprang aboard, and was soon whirling to her home and mother, there to weep out all her sorrows.  
 Busily engaged in writing, Herbert Norris reeled unconscious of time, when glancing towards his office clock, he saw it was nearly dinner hour, so he took his hat, soliloquizing as he went:  
 "I am sorry May looked so disappointed when I spoke of my engagement—sweet little darling—I will compensate her fully for it; let her hear Nilsson twice, surely that will do for her."

Reaching home, he went to his sitting room, expecting to be met by the sweet kiss he always was greeted with—but no May. Going to her chamber, he was astonished to find that vacant, too. "The sly puss is hiding from me, so I will have to look for her," he exclaimed. Crossing to the door, he suddenly spied the letters on the bureau. Taking them up, he read May's note. Taking the other he saw the unfortunate mistake.

"Poor Birdie! you the cause of all this misery, and so innocent, too! My darling May—where can she be?" and the strong man moaned in his grief—"She must have gone home, for she is too timid to go out in the world alone;" and thus speaking, he hurriedly went down, took his hat, and was on his way to the depot, when he was stopped by a friend.

"Herbert, have you heard the news? Terrible, my dear fellow. The 2 P. M. train for New York has collided with a freight train just this side of Chilton, and fifty killed and wounded."

"My God! that must have been the train!" he exclaimed, and breaking from his friend, he rushed to the depot. "Oh, my darling, my lost May! and you will never know but that I was untrue!" It was all his trembling lips could say.

As he reached the depot, a train was just starting for the scene of the awful disaster, with comforts for the wounded, and friends eager to see their loved ones. Soon they reached the spot. Stern men turned away in tears at the sight. Old and young, dead, dying and wounded, lying in one confused heap, while piercing cries rent the air as mother and sister, father and brother was brought out of the confused heap, with the "light gone out from the eyes that would see no more."

Herbert Norris stood for a moment gazing on the sight, when he was touched on the shoulder, and turning, saw Mr. Davis, the father of May.

"We have found May," he said, "but I fear she is beyond all earthly aid—Come with me," and Herbert, dazed and stupefied, followed.

Reaching the station, he found her lying on the floor on a rough mattress, her eyes closed, her face marble white, and seeming as though life had fled—Above the temple was a terrible gash, from which the blood was oozing. Sinking on his knees, Herbert gathered her to his heart, showering kisses on her pale lips, and calling every endearing name, besought her to speak once more. But the pale lips moved not.

Mr. Davis, in whose heart there was a lingering hope that May might not be dead, now hurried away in search of some way of carrying her to her home, only a mile from the station. For an hour his attempt to procure any kind of vehicle proved unsuccessful. Turning toward the station in despair, he spied a carriage, and standing near by was one of his neighbors, who stepped to him, saying:

"I heard your daughter was among the passengers and seriously wounded, so if you will accept my offer, the carriage is at your service."  
 With grateful voice Mr. Davis accepted, and together they prepared to carry the unconscious woman home—Herbert, still in a stupor of grief, spoke not a word, but assisted them in carrying May to the carriage, and softly piloting her head on his breast, endeavored to awake some life. But, alas! he was not successful. Reaching the house, they speedily sent for a doctor, and were soon rewarded by his presence. Hastily according to the room where they had carried May, he ordered every one except Mr. Davis from the room, and then began his examination. Presently, turning to Mr. Davis, he said:

"I like to arouse no false hope, but there is a slight warmth around the heart, and by careful attention we may save her. Still, the hope is faint."  
 Dr. Gray watched with his patient until a late hour, hoping, yet fearing a recovery. At last he saw a quiver of the pale lips, and soon the eyes partially opened but closed again. "But 'where there is life, there is hope," and Dr. Gray redoubled his efforts to bring back consciousness. Shortly the eyes again opened, and the lips murmured "Herbert."

Two weeks followed in rapid succession of delirium, and always a cry of "Birdie," and then sometimes the name of "Birdie." Herbert Norris hung around her bedside, refusing to let any one attend to her beside himself. One sweet morning, as she lay with eyes closed, Herbert bent over, kissed the pale face, and said:  
 "May, darling, if you would only say you forgive! God only knows how I long to hear your sweet voice again!"

Slowly raising one thin hand to his face, May asked:  
 "Herbert, tell me who is Birdie?"  
 Catching her closely to his bosom, he tenderly answered:  
 "May, she is my only sister! Birdie and myself were left orphans when quite young, and found a home with my aunt, Mrs. Holmes, of whom you have heard me so often speak. Birdie grew into a beautiful girl of fifteen, and was the light of my aunt's home, and the pride of a brother's heart. I was sent to a college in a distant city to finish my studies, and heard nothing of Birdie for a year, except from Aunt Mary, who constantly spoke of her great beauty. I loved Birdie as only a devoted brother could. One bright day there came a letter from Aunt Mary, saying 'Birdie had left her home with an opera troupe which had been playing in B—', and beseeching me to go in search of her, and bring her back. But my search was fruitless, and soon we heard of the marriage of Birdie to one of the troupe. Feeling disgraced and humiliated, I never spoke of her again. Soon after, Aunt Mary, who sorrowed constantly for our lost one, took to her bed, and ere many weeks passed away, leaving me alone. Blaming Birdie for her death, my heart steeled itself against her, and from that time she left us we have never met. I have never spoken her name to you, so you were excusable for blaming me. I intended to meet her, and try to persuade her to leave the life she was leading, but I will not see her now. May, my precious wife, won't you forgive my false pride in not telling you this before?"

With tears running down her wasted face, May clung to him, sobbing and imploring his forgiveness for ever doubting his love.  
 "Oh! Herbert, I only know I have been the sinning one, and you innocent. God helping me, I will never doubt you again."  
 It is needless to say May recovered rapidly, and in a week was able to leave for her own home. Mr. Davis never accounted for May's appearance in such a sudden manner, nor for Herbert's speedy arrival on the scene of the disaster. If there were any doubts in his mind as to May's happiness, they were dispelled by the bright face that left them a week later. Above the right temple is an ugly scar, almost hidden by the bonnie brown hair, which May laughingly calls her "jealousy mark."—*Sunny South.*

**Questions for Colored Men.**  
 We commend the following questions from the Charleston News and Courier to the consideration of our colored people. Let every man who has colored men in his employment ask each one of them these questions and get an answer for each question:  
 Whom do you work for?  
 Is he a Republican or a Democrat?  
 If a Democrat, why do you work for one who is opposed to you in politics?  
 Why do you not engage in business only with those of your own political faith? Would not this be better?  
 Can you not find employment among them? If you cannot, have you asked yourself why is this so?  
 If you work for a man—we appeal to you as men—do you think it lawful to injure his interests?  
 If you do not injure them directly, ought you to give others the power to do it?  
 If you were sent to tend cattle would you lend the gun given you to protect them to some thief to kill any that he pleased?  
 How is it, then, that you so readily combine with others to put in office men who rob your employers? Are you aware that when your employer is robbed you are robbed to a certain extent also? If your employer thrives you thrive with him. If he is pinched, how can he pay you good wages?  
 If you put up men who tax your employer and yourself only to enable them to steal and live finely, are you honest? And have you not allowed your vote to do this again and again?  
 You call yourself a Republican? If men are named whom the people can trust, your hands are clean; but if the old story is repeated, and swindlers, cheats, or incompetent persons are put forward by your party and you cling to them, do you think your employer can trust you with his interests? Ought he to do so?

**Cure for Gossip.**  
 Dr. Holland, the popular author and editor of Scribner's Magazine, writes strongly against gossip, which, in his opinion, "is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility." Though there is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it, yet it is, he says, "a base, frivolous, and too often a dirty business." The cure is culture. For many people talk about their neighbors only because they have nothing else to talk about. Dr. Holland draws this picture of a family of young ladies, which we advise our readers to gaze at:  
 "We have seen them at home, we have met them in galleries of art, we have caught glimpses of them going from a bookstore, or a library, with a fresh volume in their hands. When we meet them they are full of what they have seen and read. They are brimming with questions.  
 "One topic of conversation is dropped only to give place to another, in which they are interested. We have left them, after a delightful hour, stimulated and refreshed; and during the whole hour not a neighbor's garment was soiled by so much as a touch. They had something to talk about.  
 "They knew something, and wanted to know more. They could listen as well as they could talk. To speak freely of a neighbor's doings and belongings would have seemed an impertinence to them, and of course an impropriety—They had no temptation to gossip, because the doings of their neighbors formed a subject very much less interesting than those which grew out of their knowledge and their culture."  
 The click and clack of the croquet ball is heard again in the land, in connection with "You did not! I say I did! You horrid cheat! Oh, for shame! Ma, ma!"  
 Medical men say that when a man is full of whisky he can't freeze, and appearances indicate that a large number of our citizens are expecting a mighty cold snap.

**A Fashionable Woman's Prayer.**  
 Strengthen my husband, and may his faith and his money hold out to the last.  
 Draw the lamb's wool of unsuspecting twilight over his eyes that my flirtations may look to him like victories, and that my bills may strengthen his pride in me.  
 Bless, O Fortune! my crimps, ruffs and frizzles, and let thy glory shine on my paint powder.  
 Enable the poor to shift for themselves, and save me from all missionary beggars.  
 Shed the light of thy countenance on my camels' hairshaw, my lavender silk, my point lace and my necklace of diamonds, and keep the moths out of my sable, I beseech thee, O Fortune!  
 When I walk out before the gaze of vulgar men, regulate my wriggle and add new grace to my gait.  
 When I bow myself to worship, grant that I may do it with ravishing elegance, and preserve unto the last the lily-white of my flesh and the taper of my fingers.  
 Destroy mine enemies with the gall of jealousy, and eat up with the teeth of envy all those who gaze at my style.  
 Save me from wrinkles, and foster my plumpness.  
 Fill both my eyes, O Fortune! with the plaintive poison of infatuation, that I may lay out my victims—the men—as numb as images graven.  
 Let the lily and the roses strive together in my cheek, and may my neck swim like a goose on the bosom of crystal water.  
 Enable me, O Fortune! to wear shoes still a little smaller, and save me from all corns and bunions.  
 Bless Fanny, my lap-dog, and rain down hail stones of destruction upon those who shall hurt a hair of Hector, my kitten.  
 Smile, O Fortune! most sweetly upon Dick, my canary, and watch over with the fondness of a ghost my two lily-white mice with red eyes.

**Cheering News from Guilford.**  
 John S. Staples, the Democratic candidate for the house from Guilford county, was at the Yarboro yesterday. He says that Hiram Worth, heretofore a prominent Republican, and one of the most sterling men in Guilford county, has renounced allegiance to the Republican party and is supporting Tilden and reform. He is a man of character and will exert a good influence in that county in behalf of honest government. Guilford voted in the last election on the constitutional amendments over 100 against the Democracy, but this was occasioned by an apprehension on the part of many that the homestead was jeopardized and the convention would cost the tax payers an immense amount of money. Since the convention met and cost the State so little and the fears of these people were not realized, Mr. Staples believes they will now vote a majority for the constitutional amendments in the county and that Vance will run with the bulk of the ticket and the ticket will be carried in the county by one to two hundred majority. The Republican county ticket is composed of men who have prominently been identified with the collection of internal revenue and is more an expression of the office holding sentiment than the voice of the Republican people. He thinks he will get an increased vote over his majority of 1872.—*Raleigh Sentinel.*

**Removals from Office.**  
 An exchange hopes that among the removals from office, which the ins seem to apprehend, and the outs to claim, one man in particular will be spared. He is a postmaster in Maine, near the Aroostook line, who, when Col. Barry took command of the Post-office Department, and was sweeping all before him in the shape of reform, addressed him a letter which ran in the following vein:  
 "My Dear Colonel:—The sound of your broom which is now sweeping the Aroostook stables is echoing among these distant hills; village and forest are alike filled with dismay; the birds forsake the woods, the trembling infant flies to its mother's arms, and even strong men find their joints give way—they shake like Bala-haza in the visionary hand that wrote his death doom. I tremble for my office—I have eleven small children and nine of them girls—it yields me now three dollars and thirty-seven and a half cents a year—this enables me to buy them sugar-plums, jewsharps, piccaninies, besides a 'thanksgiving' goose. I cast myself on your clemency, O Ever faithfully, yours."

**Appearances are Deceitful.**  
 Yesterday, a poorly dressed, hay-seedy old gentleman, accompanied by his wife, son and two daughters, all in centennial dusters, were doing the city, and in passing a furniture store at the corner of Seventh street and Louisiana avenue, stopped to take breath. The old man took a seat on one of the rustic benches in front of the establishment, while the others were looking about them. Just then a brace of nobby-looking dry goods clerks came along, and one made the remark aloud:  
 "Hello! There's an old greenhorn rooster on his centennial trip."  
 The old man overheard the remark, called to its author, and beckoning him back, said:  
 "I'm an old greenhorn, am I? Now I'm just the old rooster as you say you,