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JUDGE NOT.

In the ante-room of Meredith & Son's great cotton factory, in Philadelphia, a group of girls were standing engaged in an animated discussion. They were all young, some pretty, all dressed neatly, though many wore ill-chosen and unbecoming finery. One of these, who had a mawkish chain and bracelet, and a profusion of jet trimmings upon a cheap silk dress, spoke very emphatically:—"It is the stingiest proceeding I ever heard of!"

"What are you all so excited about?" asked a pretty little blonde, coming in from the loom-room.

"Ellen Churchill!"

"Dear me! What has she been doing now? You are always discussing some dreadful deed of Ellen's. I like her, myself."

"Yes, we all know that," said the first speaker; "you will defend anything Ellen does."

"But what has she done?"

"Refused to sign the subscription list for the tankard to be presented to Mr. Rodman."

"And Mr. Rodman has been such a good friend to her!" said a third voice.

The little blonde, Susy Whiting by name, looked rather staggered at the new accusation against her friend. Mr. Rodman, manager for Meredith & Son for nearly fifty years, was about to retire on account of the infirmities of age, and the persons engaged in the great factory were collecting money to buy a silver tankard to present to him. He was a kindly old man, and always ready to lend a helping hand to the small army of work-people under his control; so that the presentation was really a gift of love.

Ellen Churchill had come to the great factory two years previous to the date of the indignation meeting in the ante-room, and had risen to the position of a rowman in one of the loom-rooms. She was a handsome girl of about twenty when she applied for work, and by every action and word betrayed the fact that she had stepped from a life of refinement to the drudgery of a factory hand. Her low, even tone betrayed the lady in its well-chosen words; and her slim, white hands bore no trace of toil upon their smooth skin. She was courteous to all who came into intercourse with her, but intimate with none. She had nursed Susy Whiting through a long period of contagious fever, winning the devotion of that little maiden, and the manager soon put her into positions of trust till she became forewoman. Here her education enabled her to keep the books required in the room, thus doubling her salary.

And here was the great ground of complaint by her companions. It was well known that the salary of Ellen Churchill was sufficient to warrant a good style of living and dressing. In the great boarding-house, where seventy of the girls had rooms, she could well afford to pay for the best, to contribute to the amusement of the house, and dress well. Instead of all this, she lived in the attic, poorly furnished, with a tiny stove, where she cooked the cheapest of food. Her dress was of the coarsest description, made by her own hands, and no ornament broke its severe simplicity. She never spent money in any pleasure-seeking, nor joined in any of the quiet merriment in the house—but the crowning enormity was the refusal to contribute to the silver tankard.

The excited group in the ante-room dispersed for the day, walking home in the twilight of September evening, and still they talked of the young forewoman. "The question is," said Mary Leigh, who had been foremost in the ante-room discussion, "what does she do with her money? She never puts any in the factory saving bank; she certainly spends nothing on her dress. Where is it all then?"

"Perhaps she supports her parents?"

"Both dead! I have heard her say so."

"Well, I dare say Mr. Rodman won't think her such a paragon as he has done, when he misses her name from the subscription list."

"And Walter Rodman will probably resent the insult to his father."

There was an exclamation in the loom of the last remark, but it concealed—

Walter Rodman, the only child of the old manager, was in the counting-house of the factory, with every prospect of

soon becoming a partner. A man past thirty, he had risen in the employ of Meredith & Son, from a lad of fourteen, and had saved money from his handsome salary, with the avowed intention of purchasing a place in the firm upon the anticipated retirement of old Mr. Meredith, who was known to favor the intention. Among all the clerks and workmen in the great factory, there was no one so handsome as Walter Rodman, and so quietly refused in manner, none so great a favorite with all. But he had gone through thirty years of life, fancy free, until Ellen Churchill came to the factory.

There was something in the noble, refined face of the young girl that attracted Walter Rodman from the first. That there was some heavy trouble brooding in the sadness of her great dark eyes he never doubted; but if ever purity and goodness were pictured in human countenance, they were in Ellen's. From his father he learned much of the new-comer, of the quick adaptability she showed for work evidently new to her, of the almost masculine brain that fitted her so soon to take control of the loom-room where over a hundred girls were at work.

Of her antecedents, he knew only that she brought a letter from the clergyman of her parish, in a small town of New York State. That she was a woman of culture and refinement they could see for themselves.

But Walter Rodman, by nature frank and true, as his heart more and more acknowledged Ellen for its queen, grieved over the evident mystery in her life. While in her conversation she advanced noble and generous views, her whole style of living was penurious to an extent rarely seen in women of her age, when living upon such smaller salary than she commanded. It was not simply economy, but saving pushed to extremity.

There was a struggle constantly in the mind of the young clerk—a struggle between his love and his fear of repentance, if he urged his suit. It was revolting to think of his wife conducting his household upon parsimonious principles, refusing to bestow of his abundance in charity, dressing meanly, and perhaps influencing him to the same miserly habits. And yet, one hour with Ellen drove away all such thoughts.

The low, soft voice, always tinged by her habitual sadness, conveyed such a mirror of a pure, tender heart, a cultivated mind, a noble soul, that Walter forgot the coarse, mean dress, the many stories rife in the factory of Ellen's stinginess, and knew he loved her as he had never before loved any woman.

But when the silver tankard was presented to Mr. Rodman, and Ellen's name was not upon the list of contributors to the gift, Walter experienced a sharp pang of disappointment. He knew that his father's recommendation had gained Ellen her first place in the factory, that she had found a firm friend in him, and owed her advancement to his interest and influence. And yet she had refused her mite to the gift that testified the good feeling of her fellow-workers in the factory!

Father and son had long been confidential friends; and on the evening following the presentation the latter opened his heart and told all his doubts and fears. Mr. Rodman listened quietly.

"Yet you love Ellen," he said.

"I love her," replied Walter, "but I could never be happy with a miserly wife."

"Poor Ellen, how little she deserves that reproach!" said Mr. Rodman. "I shall violate a confidence reposed in me, Walter, when I tell you how you misjudge her, but I think I can trust you."

"Has she told you her secret?"

"No; I heard the story from the clergyman of Lenwood, her native village, who wrote to me before she came here. He is an old friend of mine, and knew he could confide in me. I will tell you what he wrote to me. Six years ago Ellen's mother died, leaving in her care a sickly step-brother, then eleven years old. Her own father had left Ellen a pretty cottage, and had a small income from the fruit and poultry on the place, while she made a sufficient living by teaching music and playing the organ in the church. When her mother died, leaving Stephen Grady, her step-brother, an orphan and penniless (for her step-father before his death squandered

all her mother's little fortune), Ellen promised to care for the boy. Remember, she was but sixteen herself, though early care had matured her far beyond her actual years.

"The boy grew up like his father, reckless of expenditure, loose in principle, yet tender to his sister-mother, and one of those loving scapegraces who always win some good woman's devotion. He won Ellen's. She thought herself bound by her promise to her mother to make every sacrifice for Stephen, and she faithfully tried to lead him away from the companions and evil influences that were ruining his life. Three years ago a friend of Mrs. Grady's took Stephen into his counting-house. Here he was to learn the book-keeping, and for a time he worked steadily. Then the bad company that had raised his boyhood again exerted an evil influence, and he learned to gamble. Remember, Walter, he was but fourteen, and Ellen but five years older.

"One of his accomplishments was the power of imitating handwriting, and by the persuasion of some older hands he forged a check of two thousand dollars on the firm he was with. The check passed the bank undetected, for the cashier was in the habit of paying over large sums to Grady. But when it was returned to the firm, the forgery was discovered and traced to Stephen. Then the truth came out that he had gambled away the entire amount, and the two men who had urged the crime and pocketed the money had fled, leaving the lad to bear the consequences. He was arrested, and repentance came when he saw the full consequence of his acts.

"It was then that Ellen proved herself the noble woman I believe her to be. She was suffering already for her brother's crime, having lost her place as organist, and most of her music pupils having left her. Despite all this, she went to the firm and pleaded for the lad. Her eloquence gained him something. They agreed not to prosecute, but to allow the boy to leave the town, and go to an uncle who was willing to give him another trial in a western city, if—mark that if, Walter—if Ellen would pay the two thousand dollars and interest within two years.

"She undertook the task. Stephen was released and sent to his father's brother, where he is doing well, and Ellen left her home and came here, hoping for higher wages than she could earn in her own town. I, knowing all, advised her interest in every way. Month after month, denying herself everything but the bare necessities of life, she has sent her earnings to wipe off her brother's debt. With the rest of the house and what she saves here she has paid it all, the last installment being acknowledged in a letter I handed to her yesterday. You can understand why she could not take even a few dollars to subscribe for a present to me when I tell you the two years expired on the very day when the last hundred dollars was received. Now, Walter, you know Ellen's secret. Judge for yourself if she is a miser."

"She is as noble and self-sacrificing as my heart always told me she was, in spite of appearances!" said Walter, warmly. "To-morrow I will see if she can ever return my love."

"Not to-morrow," said Mr. Rodman, smiling. "Ellen went home this afternoon her task finished. Out of the sum I paid her for the last week of her toil here, she begged my acceptance of the copy of Longfellow upon the table beside you, asking me to believe she was grateful for all my kindness to her. Let her rest a little from her long strain of self-sacrifice and toil, Walter; and then, if you can win her love, I will gladly give her a daughter's place in my heart."

Winter had come and gone, and spring sunshine was making all nature glad, when one cheery morning the train through Lenwood left a single passenger at the village station. He was a tall, handsome man, dressed well without foppishness, and he inquired of a man at the station for the residence of Miss Churchill.

"The first white cottage as you turn the second street from here," was the reply.

It was soon found, and at the gate the traveler halted. The windows, shaded by a wide veranda, were open, and he could see the tasteful parlor. Near the window stood a handsome woman, trail-

ing a vine over a network of string. Her face was partly averted, but the stranger could see that all the pallor and sadness of the past was gone.

Upon the graceful figure was a dress of fleecy muslin, tastefully made and trimmed with soft lace ruffles at throat and wrist, and a few well chosen ornaments. Suddenly some inner sense seemed to tell Ellen she was watched. She turned, and saw Walter Rodman, looking earnestly at her. A quick flush swept across her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled gladly as she came forward to meet him.

"May I come in?" he asked opening the little gate.

"I am very glad to welcome you," she answered, and then extended her hand as he sprang lightly up the steps.

It is not fair to repeat lovers' talk. Suffice it that before Walter left the little cottage to take the return train, he had won the dearest wish of his heart; and when summer roses bloomed Ellen became the bride of the junior partner of Meredith & Co., the new firm name of the factory where she had worked so faithfully.

Business is Business.

Probably you have not heard of the new firm of Hull & John. It is a very young firm, and has not, as yet, made any great stir even in Boston.

The senior partner is Mary Florence Hull, a daughter of the very advanced Radical who edits the Boston *Crucible*. Mr. Hull's hobby is the abolition of all marriage and divorce laws, leaving the citizen free to make his or her domestic arrangements under a general law of contracts; and his preaching of this new social gospel has borne fruit in his own household, if nowhere else. The junior partner is Horace Alvin Johnson.

Thursday evening, while the *Crucible* editor was entertaining some Radical friends at his house, 4 Bates place, Mary and Horace came into the room and handed him a paper, which Mary asked him to read aloud. It proved to be a "business and conjugal contract," and ran as follows:

"We, whose names are hereunto affixed, do, on this twenty-sixth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six of the Christian Era, enter into a business and conjugal contract; the firm to be known as Hull & Johnson.

We regard ourselves as, in every sense of the word, equal partners, promising to strive to treat each other, under all circumstances, as becomes such. We promise that we will not try in any other way than by advice or persuasion to control the actions of each other.

Believing that neither Church nor State has any business with our affairs, we propose to live our own lives without reference to either further than, if necessary, to give security to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts that our children, should we be blessed with offspring, shall be, at least, as well cared for as a majority of those born in legal wedlock.

We further contract that when mutual love shall no longer justify our conjugal union, we shall part, giving the State as little trouble in our parting as we have in coming together.

The reading finished, Mary and Horace asked any one in the company who knew any just cause or impediment—or words to that effect—to speak out there and there, or forever thereafter hold his peace. If the paper wasn't right, or they were not right, they wanted to know it. No one offering any objection, they stepped to the table and signed the contract.

Mary and Horace are now keeping house at 30 Hudson street, and Mr. Hull says they are "to all appearances enjoying as much happiness as falls to people in this life."

"General Grant is nominated by the Chicago Post for United States Senator from Illinois." General Grant would certainly make a magnificent Senator, but if you want to see his god-like genius break forth in all its gorgeous splendor, you ought to make him the mud-dierk of a stern-wheel saw-yard.—*Courier-Journal.*

Morton says that he has reliable information that at least one hundred thousand armed men will be in Washington when the electoral vote is counted; and he sniffs rebellion in the air. It is his guilty conscience that suggests these fears. There may be two hundred thousand men in Washington when the vote is counted, but they will be present solely in the interests of peace, law and order.

To the Girls.

Here is a paragraph of plain talk to the girls, by an anonymous author, which is worth a library of Young Ladies' Books or Young Ladies' Friends, or whatever may be the title of the wishy-washy compounds that are sold for the benefit of that interesting portion of the community.

"Men who are worth having, want women for wives. A bundle of gawwaw bound with a string of flaps and quavers, sprinkled with cologne, and set in a vermeil saucer—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family on veritable bread and meat. The piano and lace frame are good in their place, and so are ribbons, frills and tinsels, but you cannot make a dinner of the former, nor a bed blanket of the latter. And awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blankets are necessary to domestic happiness. Life has its realities as well as fancies, but you may make it all a matter of decoration, remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a man of good sense, and of course good prospects, to be looking for a wife—what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him, or you may trap him or catch him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you! Render yourself worth catching, and you will need no shrewd mother or brother to help you find a market."

Ex Convicts in the Pulpit.

About six years ago two robbers lying in wait in the ravine a short distance beyond the Trabue residence, on the Murfreesboro pike, accosted Mr. Dempsy Weaver, of the Third National Bank, took him from his buggy, gagged and tied him, carried him into a dense thicket, robbed him of \$15, and left him to free himself as best he could. By desperate exertion he released himself. One of the robbers was arrested and identified, and subsequently the other was captured. While under arrest and before investigation, one of them sent Mr. Weaver word through an attorney that he had saved his life, as the other robber wanted to kill Mr. Weaver, that he might not live to confront them as an accuser. Both men were, however, convicted and sentenced to ten or fifteen years imprisonment.

Some time after he was sent to the penitentiary the one who claimed to have saved Mr. Weaver's life became a class leader in the convict Sunday school and seemed determined to lead a better life. Several influential members of the Methodist Church, who had kept an eye upon him, became at length convinced that he was reformed, and in 1874 applied for his pardon. Governor Porter, however, refused to pardon him that Christmas, because the recommendation of Mr. Weaver had not been obtained. Just before Christmas, 1875, friends of the reformed convict applied to Mr. Weaver for his acquiescence in the pardon of the man that Christmas. Mr. Weaver consented, and the convict, early that Christmas morning walked out of the prison doors a free man.—

Going to Justice Baskette's office he told that gentleman he desired to see Mr. Weaver for the purpose of asking his forgiveness for the rough manner in which he had treated him and to return the money of which they had robbed him, with interest. Mr. Weaver being sick at the time, his son, Thomas S. Weaver, went to see the sick convict, who made the same proposition he had made to Justice Baskette. But the money was refused, and nothing more was heard of the man until a short time ago when it was ascertained that he had become a pastor of a church and was leading a pious, useful life. It is said that this reformed convict received his education at Bethany College, and was really a man of much mental capacity.

Another convict, who had participated in the penitentiary Sunday school work, upon leaving the penitentiary was ordained a minister at Lebanon and is now in charge of a congregation out West.—*Nashville American.*

Some persons seem utterly incapable of appreciating a generous act. Merely because a young man calls on a young lady half a dozen evenings during the week, and occasionally drops in between weeks, there are people mean enough to insinuate that it means something besides society about the health of her sister mother.