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THE REPORTER

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A WIFE'S CONFESSION.

I did not marry for love. Very few people do; so in this respect I am neither better nor worse. No, I certainly did not marry for love; I believe I married our Rector, Mr. Cartwright, simply because he asked me.

I ought to have been very happy, for

he was a most devoted husband, but I was not a devoted wife, and though I did not notice it then, I know now that for the first six months after our marriage he was not happy, either.

One morning about that time he told no at breakfast that he intended leaving ne alone for a few weeks, to stay with his mother, who was not very well. He watched the effect of this announcement on me; but, though I was really displeased, I concealed my annoyance, and sked carelessly, when he would start.

He replied the next day, if I had no bjection, and so it was settled

He was more affectionate than usua that day, and I was colder than ever : I once alluded to his journey, and that was to ask if I might have my sister Maud to stay while he was gone. The next morning I was anxious

avoid a formal parting, so I drove to the station with him. As the train moved off I remembered this was our first parting since our marriage, and I wished had not been so cold.

When I got home the house looked so dreary and empty, and there was no one to meet me. Every room seemed empty, and each spoke of the absent master. At last I wandered into his study, where he spent his mornings, and liked for me to sit and work; and now I remembered how often I had excused myself, saying I preferred the drawing room; and this effection did not add to my happiness

It was full of little remembrances of me, and everything I looked at reminded ne of his goodness to me, and of my coldness and ingratitude to him. At myself into a fever of anxiety lest he should not have reached the end of iourney in safety, I at length cried myself into a restless sleep.

The next morning I went down to

breakfast with a heavy heart, for I knew I could not hear from him till the next day. My plate, for the first time since my marriage, was empty, as I sat down to breakfast, for my husband, who was an early riser, always had a little boquet to greet me with every morning. Frequently I forgot all about it, and left it to be put into the water by the servant; this morning I would have treasured it most carefully, if he gathered it.

After breakfast I determined to rous myself, and go and visit some of the poor people of the village; so I filled my bas-ket with some little delicacies for the sick, and set out Wherever I went it was the same sto

ry, all held forth on my husband's goodness and kindness, for all had been helped by him in some way or other, and all loyed and respected bim. As I lis-I was the only person on earth who had treated him with cruel ingratitude, and I was the very person whom he had most loved and cherished.

When Maud arrived it the afternoon, I treated her to a long tirade of abuse against mothers in law in general, and my own in particular; and I vented all the anger I really felt against myself on the innocent Mrs. Cartwright.

"In fact, Nelly," said Maud, "I be lieve you are so much in love with you husband that you are jealous even of his mother; and you're making yourself miserable about nothing. Why, Mr-Cartwright will be back in a fortnight. and I dare say you will get a letter from him every day; so cheer up, and let us

I agreed to this plan, and giving the reins to Maud. I lay back and thought of her words. Was she right after all? Was I jealous? Was I really, as Maud said, in love with my husband? Had I only found it out now I was deprived of his company? Was this the reason I could do nothing but inwardly reproach myself for my conduct to him? And the longer I thought, the more convinced I become that Maud was right, that I was jealous, and that I was in love, as

The next morning I got up early and walked out to meet the postman, so anxious was I to get a letter from him; it was the first I had ever received from a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to him since our marriage, and no girl was get it out of the world.

ever so anxious for, or so pleased with her first love letter, as I was over this.

of which cut me to the heart, for they impression on the twelve spectators in sounded like so many reproaches. I the jury box, while the judge presides

way, suffering more acutely every day, and every day receiving long, loving letters from Mr. Cartwright, and writing short, cold answers.

At last, when he had been away ten

days, I could bear it no longer, for I felt I should have brain fever if I went on in this way, so I determined to go to Melton, where Mrs. Cartwright lived, and see my husband. I came to this decision one night, and went into Maud's room early in the morning, to tell her of my intention. I expected she would laugh at me, but I think she guessed something was wrong, for she seemed glad to hear it, and helped me to pack a few things and set off in time to catch the morning train.

It seemed years to me, for the nearer was to see him. At last we got to Melton, a large town. Of course, as I was not expected, there was no one to meet me, so I took a carriage to Mrs. Cartwright's house, where I arrived bout three o'clock.

I learnt afterwards that Andrew was in the little drawing room with his moth er when I drove up, but thinking I was only a visitor, he escaped to another room. So I found my mother-in-law

By her side were some of my hussocks which she was darningwhich I had handed to my serto mend, and which I longed to match from his mother. His desk stood open, a letter to me, which he had been rriting, lying on it.

The servant announced me as Mrs Andrews, my voice failing as I gave my name, so that Mrs. Cartwright held up her hands in astonishment when she saw

"My dear Nelly! Has anything happened? How ill you look! What is it?" she exclaimed.

"I want my husband," I gasped, sinking down on a chair, for I thought I should have fallen. Without another word Mrs. Cartwright left the room; I feel sure now she guessed all about its and can I ever thank her enough for forbearing to worry me with questions as to what I had come for?

She came back in a few moments with glass of wine, which she made me drink, saying she would send him to m at once if I took it. I complied, and she went to fetch him. In another minute I heard his sten outside the door, and then he came in.

"Nelly-my darling, what is it?" he cried, as I rushed into his outstretched arms, and hid my face on his breast. sobbing bitterly.

For some moments I could not speak : at last I recovered myself enough to sob

"Oh, Andrew! can you ever forgive me? I came to ask you, and tell you, I cannot live without you." I would have said more, but his kis

stopped my mouth; and when at length he let me go, there were other tears upon my cheeks besides my own. That was the happiest hour of all my

life, in spite of my tears; and before my mother-in-law again joined us, which she discreetly avoided doing till supper time. I had poured out all I had to tell into my husband's ears; and I had learnt from him that he had left me to try what effect his absence would have on me; for he had felt for some time that my pride was the great barrier he had to vercome to win my love.

He had judged right. He was too generous to tell me how much he had suffered from my indifference, but 1 know it must have grieved him terribly. He is a different man now, he looks so happy, and I know he would not change places with any one on earth.

When the world has once got hold of

Tried for His Life.

A great criminal trial may be likened It was a long letter, full of loving to a great drama. Each of the opposing lawyers strives to make a certain spent the morning in answering it, much to Maud's amusement, who, of course, thought I was pouring out volumes of love and complaints of my temporary widowhood. After tearing up about a dozen sheets of paper, I at last sent a short note, cool, and with no allusions the purpose of the defense, and the power of a sin-For a whole week I went on in this collowing barrative of the trial:

Currie was an eccentric old man, who coupled the profession of schoolmaster with that of "herb doctor." One night Currie's wife being taken violently ill, he gave her what he took to be calomel, but which proved to be arsenic. In the morning she was a corpse.

Alarmed at what he had done, the old man locked up his little cabin and fled the neighborhood. A week later, the smell of the decaying body attracted the attention of passers, and Currie was indicted for murder.

Marshall, believing him innocent ny wrong intent, volunteered to defend him. The only witness called for the defense was Dr. Cornett, a well-known physician of Madison. Mr. Marshall, without preliminary questions, handed I got to my husband the more impatient him two little papers, carefully folded, and asked him to inform the jury of their contents.

The physician took the papers, adjusted his spectacles, and carefully examined the contents. Not satisfied with this, he took up a little of each sub-stance, sifted them between his thumb and forefinger, smelt them, and as a final test, tasted the least bit of each

"I think, sir, this is arsenic, and that calomel."

"That is sufficient, doctor," said Mr. Marshall. The prosecution had nothing

This closed the evidence, and Mr. Marshall, bowing to the court, and turning to the jury, thus addressed them :

Your honor, and gentlemen of the ury, you have noticed the absence of proof showing any criminal intent. Now if, in the broad light of day, and aided y the delicate sense of touch, and of ste, and of sight, Dr. Cornett, learned his profession and skilled in the use f drugs, decides with difficulty, and with some considerable show of uncerainty, which is the poison and which is he calomel, what can you expect of this oor old man, called from his bed at nidnight, his eyes dimmed with age, his erves unstrung with fear, his heart aching for a wife shaken with a deadly fever, his mind overcome with dread! Take him away and hang him if your

consciences will let you!' The effect was instantaneous and complete. Currie was acquitted.

Why Women Should Read.

Laying aside the thought of our own er. For the children's sake we must make the most of ourselves. Many an unselfish mother has said, "Oh, I cannot take all this time, there are so many things to do for the children." She does not realize that she may do more for them in the end by cultivating herself than if she spends all her time on clothes and cooking. A generosity which makes the recipient weak or selfish is not a blessing but a curse. Have you not seen grown-up sons who snubbed their moth er's opinions in the same breath with which they called her to bring their slippers? The meek little woman has 'trotted around" to wait on them so long, that they have come to think that that is all she is good for. Their sisters keep "Ma" in the background because she "hasn't a bit of style," and is "so uncultivated." forgetting that she has always worn shabby clothes that they might wear fine ones; that her hands have become horny with hard work that theirs might be kept soft and white for the piane, and that she has denied herself books and leisure that they might have both. And there are other children, too noble for such base ingratitude, who feel a keen though secret sense of loss as they kiss the dear withered cheek, and think how much more of s woman "mother" might have been if she had not shut herself away from the cul ture and sweet companionship of books. -Scribner

Fire and Brimstone.

The Rev. J. S. Fernis, [aptly named] an English clergyman, has written an interesting and graphic description of hell, "for the instruction of the young"
Hell, he says, is situated 4,000 miles from here, at the middle of the earth, and is tenanted by millions and millions of tormented creatures, mad with fury. who dwell in the midst of screams, yells, groans, cries, shouts, shrieks, roaring, hissing, howlings, wailings, fearful blas phemies and thunder, not to mention the sounds of "oceans of tears running down from millions of eyes with a great splash upon the floors of hell." The Rev. Mr Furnis then says: "The roof is red hot the walls are red hot; the floor is like thick sheet of red hot iron. See, on the middle of that red hot iron floor stands a girl. She looks to be ahout sixteen years of age. She has neither shoes nor stockings on her feet. The door of this room has never been opened since she first set her feet on this red hot floor. Now she sees the door opening. She rushes forward. She has gone down upon her knees upon the red hot floor. Listen, she speaks. She says: 'I have been standing with my bare feet on this red hot floor for years. Day and night my only standing place has been on this red hot floor. Sleep never came on me for a moment, that I might forget this horrible burning floor. Look at my burned and bleeding feet. Let me go off this burning floor for one momentonly for a short moment. Oh! that in this endless eternity of years I might forget the pain only for one single moment.' The devil answers her question. Do you ask for a moment—for one moment to forget your pain? No, not for one single moment during the neverending eternity of years shall you ever

Southern Heroism-The War and the Plague. The younger among us cannot per

leave this red hot floor."

haps remember the keen, warm sympaby with which the English of 1861-65 witnessed the heroic struggle maintained by their Southern kinsmen against six-fold odds of numbers, and odds of position, resources, vantage ground, simply incalculable. Even those who from sympathy with the Northern States were un favorable to the cause of a great nation revolting against a real tyranny, could not but feel proud of our near kinship with that incomparable soldiery-so designated by their enemies-which, on fifty battlefields, maintained a contest such as no other race has ever in modern times maintained, and at last when all hope was gone, held for six months, with 45,000 men against 150,000, a slender line of earthworks thirty miles in length; who marched out 28,000 strong, and after six days' retreat in the face of the countless cavalry and overwhelming artillery and infantry pressing them on all sides, surrendered at last but 8,000 bayonets and sabres. It is this people, the race, on whom a more terrible, more merciless enemy has fallen. There can be now no division of sympathy, as there is no passion to excite and keep up the courage necessary for the occasion. Yet the men and women of the South are true to the old tradition. Her youth volunteers to serve and die in the streets of the plague stricken cities as rapidly as they went forth, boys and gray-haired men, to meet the threatened surprise of Petersburg-as they volunteered to charge again and again the cannoncrowned hills of Gettysburg, and to enrich with their blood, and honor with the name of a new victory, every field round Richmond .- London Standard

Few attributes of character are more charming than the faculty of acknowledging one's errors. The man who makes a blunder and sticks to it is a person with whom argument or controversy becomes impossible. The trouble and time spent in attempting to convince him of the truth are completely wasted; for he will still believe that what he has advanced must be right, even in the face of actual demonstration that it is wrong. On the other hand, if the action of one who will admit with frank and ready courtesy that he has been mistaken it may be said that it been mistaken it may be said that it takes"—it covers his own retreat with gracefulness, and gives his adversary a pleasant memory of an encounter with a A Queer Ghost Story.

A rather queer story is told and can be wouched for by over a dozen persons in Springfield. It appears about three years ago a young man living in Summit got married, and in due time his wife gave birth to a child, which was a girl.
When the child was about one year old its mother died. About five months later the young widower became lonely and took unto himself another wife. But before doing so he took all of his first wife's clothing, packed it in a trunk, locked it up, and allowed no one to have charge of the key but himself. Among the clothing put away was her wedding shawl and a pillow his wife had made for her first-born, and also some toys she had bought just before she died. he brought home wife No. 2, who, it is said, made as good a stepmother as the average stepmothers do. Things went on lively till one night last week, when there was a party at the pext neighbor's house. So after putting the babe in its little bed, the father and mother No. 2 went over to spend the evening at the party. Shortly after they left, two men came along on their way to the party also. They saw a wonderful light in the house as though it might be on fire. They also heard the cries of the babe as though in great pain. They went to the house, and as soon as they reached the door the light went out and all was as silent as the grave within. They hastened on to the house where the party was and told the man what they had seen and heard in his house as they came by. Five or six men, including the owner of the house, started to investigate the report. When they arrived they found every door and window fast, as they were when the owner left. On going inside everything was found to be in its place, except the child, which, after a long search, was found upstairs under the bed on which its mother died, covered up in its mother's wedding shawl, and its little head resting on the pillow its mother made for it, fast asleep. Alongside of it lay its little playthings. On examining the trunk it was found to be locked and nothing missing except the above-mentioned articles. Now, how. the things got out of the trunk and the key in the owner's pocket, and he half a mile from it, and how the child got up stairs, is a mystery. The above may sound a little dime novelish, but, as we said before, the facts in the case can be and are vouched for by over a dozen reliable citizens of Springfield .- Elizabeth (N. J) Herald.

Women as Witnesses

Noticing the readiness with which Abby Carleton has baffled the cross-ex-amination of skilful lawyers in the Vanderbilt will case, and recalling the cunuing amiability of Mrs. Cooper, the witty audacity of Mrs. Jenks, and the snave astuteness of Mrs. Bishop, we are inclined to asseverate in the most solemn manner that woman was not made to be the The certainty with which she can swear to facts, the minuteness with which she can state details, the easy confidence with which she parries a lawyer's insolence are the envy of all men who have sat in a witness box and hesitated whether they really could say on oath that anything which seems so is so. A man can make a speech or write a poem or tell a story to a set of jovial companions; but when it comes to giving positive evidence in a court of law, stating a conclusion for an occurrence and sticking to a story, he is good for nothing. That is woman's true sphere. Therein she maintains herself serene, unassailable, infallible. When her instinct as to how a case stands or ought to stand has spoken the fertility of her imagination, the subtlety of her wit, the charm of her composure may be trufted to further the cause of justice as she understands it .- N V World

STOP AND THINK !- Does it ever occur to the Republican editors and orators that if the Democrats act half as badly when they get into power as these filee rrophets say they will, the voting popu-lation will rise in their might and reletation will rise in their might and rele-gate the Democracy to private life again? Does it ever occur to these glib scrib-blers and loud talkers that Democrats like office as well as other people, and will naturally try to keep in by doing their level best? Any excited Radical their level best? Any excited Radical who will bind a wet towel about his head and sit down and ponder over these things will get over his causeless scare.

— Washington Post.