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THE LOST BANK NOTE.

"James," said Mrs. Garret, while sitting at breakfast one morning, "I don't like that new girl. I have my suspicions about her."

"About Ann !" returned Mr. Garret in surprise. "Why, it's only a few days ago that I heard you boasting to Mrs. Brenner you had the best cook in New York.

"So she is a good cook. I don't expeet to get such another for twice the wages. It is not about her work-she does all that well-but I've no trust in

"What has she done ?" "What has she done?" echoed the lady, somewhat sharply. "Nothing, of course, or I'd soon send her packing! But she's shy, and secret, and won't tell me anything about herself; and has ridiculous airs about sleeping alone, and won't even allow Amanda inside her bed. room door. There's something wrong.

or such low wages." "If that's a fault against her you can raise them," suggested Mr. Garret.

depend upon it, or she would not be here

"There, James, you may as well go to your office, if that's all you have to say," oried the lady of the house. "But mark my words, before you go, I'll find Ann Walker out before long."

Mr. Garret sighed as he arose to depart. He well knew that remonstrance would avail acthing, for Mrs. Garret's prejudices were as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that changeth not, so he cook himself off without another word. "Amanda!" cried the lady, when left alone, "bring Horace up."

In response to this summons a large, slatternly girl of eleven or twelve made her appearance from the basement, with a little boy in her arms, who made a enatch at an egg stand and knocked it on the floor in passing the table.

"You awkward, careless gypsy!" cried Mrs Garret, with great spirit, "that's the second thing your's broken this morning. Who do you think is going o pay for all you destroy? Come here, Horace, love, and have a nice piece of past. What's Ann doing, Amanda?' "She's dressing the turkey, mum."

"Did she scour the front steps this norning?"

"Yes, mum; she got up at five o'clock

"Go and tell her I expect her to wash the drawing room windows before the dinner hour.

"Upon my word," muttered Mrs. Garet, resentfully, as Amanda retired to carry her message, "I'll pull her pride down for her a bit. Must wash the steps at five in the morning forsooth lest folks ee her at all. I'll take that all out of

In a few minutes Ann came up to clear the dishes off. She was tall and well proportioned, about twenty years of age, her face pale, refined in features, not handsome, but singularly intelligent and earnest in expression.

She looked a little anxious and troub led as she noiselessly arranged the room, and when she was ready to go, she said,

"May I ask a favor, ma'am, that the cleaning of the front windows be put off till early in the morning?"

"No," answered her mistress, curtly, "I want it done now."

"I don't wish to be seen by pa by," she urged, almost pleadingly. "It is of importance for me not to be seen by-by some one who might know me." "You will obey my orders, girl, or

leave the house !" returned Mrs. Garret, beginning to quiver with temper. The servant courtesied, and withdrew In a few minutes she was at the windows but in a close sun-bonnet, to Mrs. Gar

ret's unspeakable disgust. "I think I can see through my lady," vas her inward comment. "She's some jail bird the detectives are after. I'll lay a trap for her, and if she is not caught in it, my penetration isn't worth

Rising from the sewing machine, on which she had been busily drumming in Master Horace's behalf while her brain as busily revolved, she unlocked her desk took from it a twenty dollar note carefully marked the number, and, as if by accident, dropped it under the edge of the table. Then she cut and basted some more work, making enough rubbish about the floor to insure the servant's having to use her dust-pan before dinner. By the time this was accomthe machine in such danger of coming to grief together that, first driving that innocent to the other side of the room, and then picking up her scattered shuttle and reels, she called Ann up stairs to put the parlor to rights, and left the room, taking Horace with her.

When Mr. Garret came home to dinner he saw by his wife's portentious face that something dreadful had occurred. "James," said she, solemnly, "I have found that girl out in theft."

"Who? Amanda?" "Pshaw! no. Your 'superior girl,' Ann. She has just helped herself to twenty dollars of mine."

"Good gracious!" cried Mr. Garret, pausing in the act of carving the turkey. "Yes; it was a twenty dollar note

which-ahem-happened to fall out of my desk on the floor this aforencen I was busy with Horace and so-ah forgot to pick it up before I left the room. When I came down to dinner I instantly missed it, and the abandoned creature actually said she might have swept it into the dust-pan and burnt it. Fortunately I have the number of it. and after dinner you must go immediately and fetch a policeman."

Bewildered, though far from convinced by the proofs of Ann's guilt which his spouse cited, Mr. Garret suffered himself to be sent off on his er rand of justice, and soon returned in company with a detective, armed with a warrant, and Ann was imperatively rung up, while Amanda was ordered to remain, that she might take a warning from the event to take place.

"Ann," said her master, feeling very small, "Mrs. Garret misses some money, and this man has come to-

"Find it, my dear," subjoined the officer, who had been regarding her with undisguised interest. "So if you will hand over the keys of your kit we'll proceed to business, instanter.

"And," said Mrs. Garret, steraly, "if the stolen property is found in your pos-session, you will go to prison, miss—that

Ann's white face slowly kindled with scorching red ; her large, dark eyes dilated with deep horror; her lips grew pale; her breath seemed to leave her in

a gasp. "You accuse me-of theft?" she fal-

Mr. Garret silently put her into chair. She looked as if the shock would strike her dead.

"Do you deny," demanded Mrs. Garret, none the less spitefully for this attention, "that you picked up that twentydollar bill that was dropped on the carpet, just on this spot, this forenoon? Haven't you got it in your pocket, or trunk, or hidden about your bed room at this moment? Go on with the search, Mr. Of ficer : she is determined not to confess. It was a national bank bill for twenty dollars, numbered 108,843

"Seems to me I've seen your face be fore this, my gal," muttered the officer, confidentially. "You'll please fork over the keys of your kit, young woman."

off, and untied a ribbon from about her neck, on which a small key was suspended.

As she gave it to him a sort of sob shook her, and large tears rushed in a torrent down her cheeks.

"I'll show the way," said the mistre of the house, sure by these signs of sorrow that the note was about to be discovered. "James, keep your eye on the unprincipled wretch, for there's no know-

Arrived at Ann's miserable bedroom, the officer first coolly rifled the pockets of all the dresses to be found hanging up, and not finding what he sought. dragged the single trunk out under the skylight and unlocked it.

Very neatly arranged were poor Ann Walker's simple belongings. Some daintily frilled underclothing, smelling of lavender; her modest Suaday apparel folded by itself in silver paper; a box of plain linea collars and cuffs, one or two books of such unexpected titles as "Longfellow's Hyperion," "The Holy Grail," by Tennyson, and some of Mad-ame Michelet's in the original French; W. A." in a silver monogram on the top. came here with the determination of do-

"Now I'm blessed if this ain't a pretty kit for a servant girl," remarked the de- possible. You have seen the result, tective, taking out the desk and proceed- Mr. Garret.'

plished she discovered little Horace and ing to pry it open with his pen knife. Garret, clasping her hands; "and to think that I have harbored"-

"Hallo," cried the detective, opening the lid, and taking out a silver photograph case, richly chased, and garnished with an elaborate monogram, "Who is

Then the pair had a fine surprise Opening the case, they saw two cartesone of a majestic looking military man, apparently about sixty, the other of a young girl, clad in silk and richest lace, whose face bore the exact similitude of Ann Walker's.

By the booky !" ejaculated the offiand astonishment preventing further articulation.

Taking a greasy pocket book out of his breast pocket he opened it, and drew forth a photograph, which was Aun Walker's vignette. "Them two's the same gal." said he

"Yes," answered the lady, with a

"I thought I had spotted that gal the minute I set eyes on her," cried the man, excitedly; "and to think of me finding her after all, and three of us hunting for her these six months! I'm a made Won't the General plank down the thousand pounds reward? Hoorar!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Garret. She thought she had sheltered a very great criminal indeed.

What do I mean?' grinned the de tective. "Wby, that you've made the orkardest mistake, madam, you ever made in your life. You've heard of General Arnim as lives in the marble palace up the Hudson?'

"Of course I have-indeed, have ome acquaintance with him." would give the universe to scrape one, she might with truth have added.

"That's unlucky-for you,' observed the officer, with an obvious absence of sympathy; "for you see this here cook as you've accused or stealing is his only daughter and heiress'-

Mrs. Garret sat down on a brokenbacked chair, with a face as pale as a ghost. To think that her penetration should have served her so ill as to suffer ber to insult this lady-this daughter of

one of the grandest magnates in society. "How, in Heaven's name, can I apo! gize for my mistake?' she gasped. 'I'll die of shame outright!'

"Meantime we haven't found the bank-note,' observed the officer, with some malice pretense. "Shall I go on with the search ?"

"No, no! For gracious' sake leave me! Let me think ! groaned our lady friend, in real anguish of mind So the officer went down stairs with a

very different manner from that in which he had seconded Meanwhile the following interview had taken place between the master of

the house and the accused. "Sir," said the latter, as soon as they were alone, "I think you have the feelment is useless, and before I leave this house I owe you an explanation."

Mr. Garret thought this was the begianing of a confession of guilt, and

"Yes, Ann,' very sadly, but kindly. Miss Arnim, in an agitated manner "You may have beard of, six months ago, General Arnim's daughter, who disappeared'-

'Heavens!' muttered Mr. Garret.

He now feared poor Ann was incane. "My father,' continued Miss Arnim "wished me to marry a gentleman who was in every way repugnant to me-I having already given my heart to another whose want of fortune was his only fault. I would not disobey my father by following the dietates of my heart, yet how could I go through the daily sorrow of thwarting his expressed wishes! I resolved to escape from both temptations for a time, and I could think of no way in which I could more se eurely hide myself than by going into service as a menial. I confid to the good managress of the Domestic' and a beautiful mother of-pearl desk in Training Institution, who was a friend the very bottom with the initials "A. of mine, and through her influence I

ing my duty as conscientiously as it was

She burst into tears, though her eyes flashed through them with proud indig-

By this time the earnestness of her nanner and the calm refinement of her language had carried the conviction of truth to the heart of her listener. He gazed at her in amazement and distress, while a flood of shame dyed his brow.

The detective now entered, and with deeply respectful obeisance to the oman whom he had treated so insoently ten minutes ago, said :

"Please to accept my humble service Miss Arnim, and to pardon my mistake. What can I do for you, Miss?"

Bring me a cab, if you please, said Miss Armin. Then turning to her former master, she said, pleadingly:

"Let me ask, as a particular favor sir, that I may be permitted to go with out meeting Mrs. Garret again. I can imagine now,' she added, with a trembling voice, "what innocent and friendless girls feel when they are wrongfully suspected.

Little more remains to be said. The young lady had her wish, and returned to the house of her father without another encounter with her amiable mis tress; and so overjoyed was the old General to receive back her whom he had bitterly mourned as lost by his own cruelty, that her engagement to Mr. Melville was immediately afterward arranged with much rejoicing.

Little Master Horace proved, some weeks afterward, to be the real cause of the disappearance of that bank note. It was found stuffed into the cavity under the shuttle of the sewing machine

Death of a Little Child.

When I stand by the grave of a little child I can see clearly the beauty in that fable of Adam's life when he had been driven from Paradise and was earning his bread in the sweat of his face.

Raphael and Israel, the two angels who were stationed as sentinels at the gate of the empty Eden, talked to each other much of Adam and Eve, and watched with pitying eyes their toil and suffering. The punishment seemed terrible to the compassionate angels, as they saw our first parents at their unwonted toil among the thorns and briers, and then looked back upon the quiet loveliness of the lost Paradise. And many an hour did the angels spend in prayer to Allah that he would sweeten the toil of the man and the sorrows of the woman.

The day came when her first born son lay in the arms of the happy Eve, and Adam watched the babe with gladsome eyes. Allah had answered the prayer of his compassionate angels. Now, for the first time since the fiery sword was set at the gate of Eden, Eve sang as she went about her work, and Adam labored with brisk cheerfulness, and hurried home joyfully at sunset to gaze upon the budding beauties of his babe. The child grew in loveliness; day by day his fond parents, and the angels scarcely less fend, saw him develop new traits of interest to their observing eyes. He was so bright and beautiful-a revelation of the creatures Allah had made. On the day when he took his first steps, crowing in baby glee, while he tottered from his mother's to his father's outstretched hands, Eve said softly-"Paradise bad no joy equal to this," and Adam answered reverently, "How merciful is But there came a day when Raphael

and Israel were recalled from their position as sentinels, leaving only the fiery sword to guard the lost Eden. But instead of mounting in joy to their places among their fellow-angels, they went with reluctant flight, looking back longingly to earth and listening to the prattle of the child standing by his mother's knee. Their fellow-angels saw a shadow over the brightness of their beauty, and noticed that often they stood with silent harps, as if listening to catch a far-off sound Till at last Allah asked Raphael what had brought a dimness over his radiance, and the angel answered-"Why is earth given a joy that is unknown to heaven? Grant, most merci ful One, that children may come to gladden our lives by their beauty and loveliness. Adam in his sin is more blessed than we in our holiness.' And Allah answered : "It is not meant that fallen man should be happier than holy spirits. In a few years that child they love so dearly may wring the hearts of those parents in untold anguish, for sin is stamped upon his nature, innocent and pure though he seem. But heaven shall have all the beauty and joy of the children without the after stain. You may go among the sons of men and gather the brightest and fairest of their little ones, ere their souls are blackened by sin, and bring them here to increase the happiness of heaven"

Ever since that day the angels have availed themselves of Allah's permission. They come to earth and take from us our brightest and fairest children, in their fresh young innocence, and bear them away to gladden heaven itself. And no longer is there a shadow over the radience of Raphael and Israel as they listen to the fresh young voices, and watch the bright young faces, of earth-

born children taken away in their purity. Such is the fable, and thus it explains why so many children are taken in their infancy from the loving arms of parents -and to the aching hearts which are left mourning for their dear ones, comes the assurance which comforted the sorrowing king-"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.

Crime's Carnival

The criminal record for the countryduring the past month is sad and sickening. The wholesale lynching in Indiana is not surpassed by any Bulgarian atrocities. Soft-headed judges, softhearted juries, weak attorneys, unserapulous Governors have had much to do with making the administration of justice a farce in the eyes of those who despise laws that interfere with the indulgence of their own brutal passions. Besides these, there are ministers and lecturers holding forth to applauding crowds that human nature is to grand and beautiful to be punished in hell by an angry God. These men make triumphal pilgrimages, winning shouts of approval from thousands of guilty conciences that are temporarily relieved by this moral poison. When justice is applauded, we may expect a harvest of orime that will make men wonder whether the bow of promise is a blessing.

Material Effects of the Fever.

The Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal of a late date says : It is estimated that the actual material loss to the region of country scourged by the yellow fever thus far, is not less than \$200,000,000 and this is, doubtless, a very low estimate. Splendid stands of cotton will be lost for want of hands to pick it, while the cessation of business in cities and towns, and on the railroads and rivers, has occasioned enormous losses, which cannot now be computed. Beyond expression, this has been a terrible year for the people of the lower Mississippi valley. Some people talk in a melan-choly way, and express the belief that the South will be utterly, irremediably ruined. That is an impossibility. The South has been swept by the flood, pestilence and the sword, yet has she come up out of the depths with a firm step st of all and a hopeful heart. Temporarily crushed the South may be, but destroyed never. There is reason to rejoice that the yellow fever has spread so little east from the Mississippi. It is leaving a broad, black mark from Cairo to the gulf. It is a terrible mark, to be sure. It is a trail marked by graves. Yet, out of the depths of this woe those communities will come with renewed strength If it were otherwise, we might indeed abandon hope for the South. The people have too much at stake, and the business of the va'ley is too great. - Its demands will speedily set all the mal chinery of trade in motion again. The heart only aches in contemplation of the weeks of death and misery which must elapse before this plague storm's horrors

Mary Haley, a supposed widow, w killed in Steubenville, Ohio, by a railroad accident. Her baby was left to the care of her brother, who sued the railroad in its behalf, securing a verdici of \$5,000. Soon a husband turned up to claim the custody of the child an the money. Afterward another hus came, with an insurance policy of \$5,000 in his favor on her life. Both men had parted from her years before, but were

ready to profit by her death. Three things to love-Courage, gen tleness, and affection.