

# THE DANBURY REPORTER.

VOLUME IV.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1879. THE FLOWERS COLLECTION NUMBER 26.

## THE REPORTER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT  
**DANBURY, N. C.**  
MOSES I. STEWART, Editor.  
PEPPER & SONS, Proprietors.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
One Year, payable in advance, \$1 50  
Six Months, 1 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.  
One Square (ten lines or less) 1 time, \$1 00  
For each additional insertion, 50

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.  
Local Notices will be charged 50 per cent. higher than above rates.  
Business Cards will be inserted at Ten Dollars per annum.

E. M. WILSON, O<sup>p</sup> N. C., WITH  
**R. W. POWERS & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,  
and dealers in Paints, Oils, Dyes, Varnishes,  
French Window Glass, &c.,  
No. 1305 Main St., Richmond, Va.  
Proprietors Aromatic Peruvian Bitters & Compound Syrup Tolu and Wild Cherry.

O. F. DAY, ALBERT JONES.  
**DAY & JONES,**  
Manufacturers of  
SADDLERY, HARNESS, COLLARS,  
TRUNKS, &c.  
No. 336 W. Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.  
101-ly

M. S. ROBERTSON,  
WITH  
**Watkins & Cottrell,**  
Importers and Jobbers of  
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c., SADDLERY  
GOODS, BOLLING CLOTH, GUM  
PACKING AND BELTING,  
1307 Main Street, Richmond, Va  
W. A. TUCKER, H. C. SMITH

S. B. SPRAGINS.  
**TUCKER, SMITH & CO.,**  
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in  
BOOTS; SHOES; HATS AND CAPS.  
250 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.  
101-ly.

B. J. & R. E. BEST, WITH  
**HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS.  
20 Hanover Street, (between German and  
Lombard Streets.)  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
H. SONNEBORN, B. BLIMLINE.  
47-ly

**J. W. RANDOLPH & ENGLISH,**  
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, AND  
BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.  
1318 Main Street, Richmond.  
A Large Stock of LAW BOOKS always on  
101-6m hand.

**ELHART, WITZ & Co.,**  
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in  
OTIONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, WHITE  
AND FANCY GOODS  
No. 5 Hanover Street, Baltimore, Md.  
46-ly

B. F. KING, WITH  
**JOHNSON, SUTTON & CO.,**  
DRY GOODS.  
Nos. 27 and 29 South Sharp Street,  
BALTIMORE MD.

T. W. JOHNSON, R. M. SUTTON.  
J. E. CRABBE, G. J. JOHNSON  
101-ly.

H. H. MARTINDALE, WITH  
**WM. J. C. DULANY & CO.,**  
Stationers and Booksellers' Ware-  
house.

**SCHOOL BOOKS A SPECIALTY.**  
Stationery of all kinds. Wrapping Paper,  
Twines, Book Boards, Paper Blinds.  
332 W. BALTIMORE ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

JNO. W. HOLLAND, WITH  
**T. A. BRYAN & CO.,**  
Manufacturers of FRENCH and AMERICAN  
CANDLES, in every variety, and  
wholesale dealers in

**FRUITS, NUTS, CANNED GOODS, CI-  
GARS, &c.**  
39 and 341 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.  
Orders from Merchants solicited.

A. J. BOVO, JAS. W. KING.  
**BOYD & REID,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
Wentworth, Rockingham, Co., N. C.  
WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF  
SIOCKS COUNTY, other State Courts, and  
the Federal Court.  
October 24. 6m

**To Inventors and Mechanics.**  
PATENTS and how to obtain them.  
Pamphlets of 60 pages free, upon receipt of  
Stamps for Postage. Address  
GILMORE, SMITH & Co.,  
Solicitors of Patents, Box 31,  
Washington, D. C.

WILLIAM DEVIRES, WILLIAM DEVIRES,  
CHRISTIAN DEVIRES, of S., SOLOMON KIMMEL.  
**WILLIAM DEVIRES & CO.,**  
Importers and Jobbers of  
**Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods and  
Notions,**  
312 West Baltimore Street, (between Howard  
and Liberty.) BALTIMORE.

This paper will be forwarded to any ad-  
dress for one year on receipt of 1 Dollar and  
Fifty Cents in advance.

## A CHRISTMAS DIAMOND.

BY KATE TRUE.

"But, papa, there is nothing else I want. Maud has a diamond ring, and she is one year younger than I."

"I am very sorry, little daughter," said Mr. Montague, passing his hand gently over the golden hair of his child, "but I do not think it wise or proper for children to wear diamonds."

"You are rich, papa."  
"Yes, Ethel, but hundreds are poor, and the money you desire for an ornament would provide several families with many comforts. Papa seldom desires you anything, little girl, and in this case you must consider it wisest and best for him to decide."

Ethel did not consider anything at that moment, except her desire to possess a diamond as large and as costly as her cousin Maud's.

It was a few days before Christmas, and Ethel was going with her parents to spend it with Maud's father and mother. Mr. Montague was a wealthy merchant and a man of excellent judgment. When his wife entreated him to withhold certain articles of dress from their little daughter lest she should become vain and fond of show, he readily agreed with her, and Ethel was, in consequence, well and neatly, but never showily dressed. Her parents disliked to see a mere child loaded with jewelry; and, as Mrs. Montague remarked, "Ethel would enjoy nothing in anticipation if every wish was lavishly supplied."

For several days Ethel went about in an unhappy frame of mind. She no longer ran to meet her father, no longer sat for hours in his lap and listened to his very interesting conversation about scientific subjects, or watched him as he examined objects under his microscope. As she expressed it, "she was real cross with papa."

Mr. Montague being a fond and indulgent father, might have given up to this exacting spirit if it had not been for his wife, who insisted on permitting the evil to work its own cure.

"Ethel," said her mother, one morning, "you and I will go out to Aunt Carrie's to-day. Papa cannot come out before Christmas eve."

"I don't care when we go," said Ethel carelessly, still thinking of her coveted treasure.

Aunt Carrie was delighted to see them, and immediately asked them to assist her in preparing for the family festival. Ethel forgot her disappointment for a time as she and Maud filled cornucopias or dressed dollies. At night, however, when the cousins were in bed, Ethel returned to her complaints, and Maud quite agreed with her that "it was real mean in a rich papa to deny his only child a diamond ring!"

The girls were too busy all day preparing presents to find time for repining, and Maud's papa was so full of fun he kept them all in good humor.  
"Sister," said he to Mrs. Montague, "what time shall we look for Charlie? I propose to drive down my new trotter and bring him up from the station."  
"I have no idea what train he will take," said Mrs. Montague. "He has several purchases to make, and certain calls, which he never neglects on Christmas eve."

"Would you ask the master to step here a bit?" asked Maurice, the coachman, of Annie, the sewing girl, who was busy weaving evergreen wreaths.  
Annie consented, and in a few moments Mr. Merton stood in the hall.  
"Well, Maurice," said he, cheerfully, "have you come to ask for Christmas out?"  
"No, yer honor," said Maurice, "and if you'll be so kind as to speak low, I would be after telling you there's a smash-up on the express, and I was thinking the ladies need not know. It's five miles below, and the word has just come, I wouldn't bother the ladies about it, yer honor."

Mr. Merton took the hint, and said, in a loud tone, "Yes, Maurice, put the trotter in the light buggy, and go down with me to the station."

"If you'll pardon me, yer honor, the carriage would do better, as mistress is expecting some bundles by the four o'clock train."

"All right," said Mr. Merton; "but get ready as soon as possible."  
The happy group in the music-room heard a portion of the conversation and

went quietly on with their work. Mr. Merton, however, did not return to them, but went at once to his dressing-room. Thanks to his own love of order and the excellent management of his wife, he knew where to find at once every article he required, and, by the time Maurice appeared, he was quite ready, with mysterious packages peeping out of his pockets.

"Good by, all," he said, hurriedly opening the door to look in upon the busy group. "Don't worry if you do not see Charlie and me until quite late. I have some last things to purchase in the village."  
"Let the last things go, dear, and come back soon," said his wife.  
Once beyond his own grounds Mr. Merton was a changed man. He could not drive fast enough, and Maurice, who was famous for his great care of the horses, now urged them continuously to increase their speed, until it became almost a run.

"First to our station, Maurice."

Maurice obeyed. Groups of men were standing about looking anxious.  
"What news?" asked Mr. Merton.

"Four o'clock express smashed up and several killed. Our doctors have gone down, and we are waiting for another dispatch."  
Click, click, click, went the instrument; the operator bent over it, and the crowd pressed about.  
"Send word to Merton, and have him bring bawdges. Twelve killed. Many wounded."

"Had you any one on the train?" asked a bystander, as Mr. Merton sprang into his carriage again.  
"I fear so; but, for your lives, don't let it reach my family yet. Drive, Maurice; drive as you never did before!"

Maurice urged the spirited horses on. It was a desolate place where the accident occurred; one or two small houses were seen, but a swamp intervened, and the dead and dying were lying on the frozen earth, with only such comfort as their fellow passengers could give them. Many who were not wounded were so much shaken to be of any service.

The farmers' wives living nearest the scene of terror had promptly sent blankets and such stores as they could think of. The engine was an entire wreck, and, as yet, the relief train from the city had not arrived.

"Thank God, there is Mr. Merton!" said Dr. Sharp, as he finished bandaging a leg with pieces of a valuable shawl. Mr. Merton's horses fairly flew over the roadway, and across the treacherous marsh. What did he care for horseflesh now, when human beings were in danger?

"Bear up a little longer," said one of the doctors to a man whose pale face showed terrible marks of suffering, "help is near at hand."

The man smiled; but ere the fleet horses had finished their work he was at rest.  
"Injured internally," said the surgeon. "No help for him."

There was no time for sentiment or ceremony. The groans of the suffering filled the ears of the volunteer nurses, and Mr. Merton had scarcely touched the ground before he was greeted with appeals from all about him for blankets, brandy, ether, bandages—in fact for all the needed hospital stores.

"Merton," said Dr. Sharp, when he had assisted him in removing the few articles he had brought, "they tell me your brother-in-law was on the train. I have not seen him. Better keep a little brandy yourself, and find him at once."

Mr. Merton looked everywhere. Some of the victims were still imprisoned by timbers which men were removing as rapidly as possible; others sat or lay upon the ground, bearing their pain as best they could. It was impossible to pass any by when a little assistance might save them, and moments seemed like hours to the afflicted ones.

"I cannot find him," said Mr. Merton as he returned to the doctor; "are you quite sure he was here?"

"Do you mean Montague, the rich merchant in town?" asked a man who was sitting near by, holding his broken wrist until his turn came to be treated.  
"Yes, my brother-in-law."

"He was here, sir; he sat in the seat before me; and just before the smash came the conductor spoke to him and called him by name."

"I must not give up the search," said Mr. Merton. "Were you on the right side of the car?"

"Yes, sir, and I was sent down the embankment over there with half a dozen others, perhaps he is there."

"No, he is not," said Dr. Sharp, "the men brought them all up long ago."  
Mr. Merton was not satisfied. A whistle was soon heard, and in a few moments the confusion was increased by the arrival of the train with supplies of all sorts, and a large corps of engineers; the company had done all in their power to relieve the suffering caused by the carelessness of an ignorant flagman.

There was no time to look for the missing man now; every able-bodied person was needed to assist the surgeons in preparing the train for taking the wounded back to town.

"Maurice," said Mr. Merton, "blanket your horses and search everywhere for Mr. Montague; do not leave a corner of the place without examination."

Maurice obeyed, and was not seen for some time; when he returned, his master was assisting the surgeons in a case of amputation, and the tender-hearted Irishman dared not speak to him. The operation was at last over, and a good woman was feeding the patients some stimulants when Maurice ventured near.

"I think I have found somebody, sir. You see it's so dark now it's hard to tell who, but I went down over the side there and I heard a woman singing, and she I like of this going on; so I waited a bit, and sure it was a woman singing, loud as you please, 'Pull for the shore,' and I see, 'Where are ye now?' And then it was all still saving a groan, and then she sang again. So I said as loud as ever I could, 'Are you hurted, and do ye want help?' and she called back, 'A gentleman is here badly hurt; don't let them leave us.' 'And where are ye?' sez I, 'Just behind a big rock on the left side of the swamp near the woods,' sez she. I called back, 'Be aisy now till I speak to the gentleman, and here I am, sir.'"

"A doctor," said Mr. Merton, springing up, "can you spare a lantern?"  
"Sorry, sir, but every one is in use; the doctors have them all."

Mr. Merton would not despair.  
"I will give you a hundred dollars for the use of a lantern fifteen minutes," said he; "there are one or two of the victims in the swamp still, and I must find them."  
"Is that so? We will see what can be done."

The conductor went out, but did not return; he was already elsewhere. Brilliant fires were already built on one side of the track, and around them were gathered the children and wounded passengers. Their light only made the outside darkness more terrible. Mr. Merton tried carrying a faggot from one fire with poor success, as the wind blew out the flame.

"Let me help you," said a lady whose face was sadly scratched and had just been dressed. "If you will borrow one of the lamps from the cars, I will puncture holes in one of these lunch baskets and improvise a lantern."

"Madam, you will never understand how much I thank you. Maurice, ask two of these fellows to come with us, and do you lead the way."

Over the frozen ground, over broken timbers, glass, and debris of every description the little rescuing party made its way. The embankment was almost perpendicular, and so slippery that Mr. Merton found it difficult to retain his hold on the uncouth lantern. A little more than halfway down Maurice paused.

"I hear her, sir," said he, "she is singing another tune now."  
"Halloo!" he cried; "we are coming to help you."  
"Good," replied the voice, "he is very weak now; be quick."

Once more she sang, this time that well-known air, "Never give up." The men grew more and more eager to reach them, and Mr. Merton in his haste slipped and fell, causing the light to go out.

"Sit on, sing on," he cried, "your voice must guide us."  
Still she sang; her voice was growing hoarse now, but her spirit never failed; this time she sang out loud and clear, "Marching through Georgia." Cheered by her, and guided as well, the rescuing party at last reached the rock.

"Who is with you?" asked Mr. Merton, as he nearly fell upon a prostrate form.

"I do not know," said she; "he is a gentleman who was badly wounded. I am holding my thumb on an artery to keep him from bleeding to death; be quick and save him. Where is your light?"

"Gone out. Has any one a match?"  
"One man had."  
"Thank Heaven, it is my brother!" exclaimed Mr. Merton, as the light flashed on the face of the wounded man.

Unknown to the rest, Dr. Sharp had followed directly behind the party, and was soon ready to relieve the faithful girl.

"You will please get a glass," said he; "you must be very tired if you have been here ever since the accident."

"I cannot without help," she said quietly. "I think my leg is injured. I crawled here to him when I saw him bleeding so, and the rock hid us from view, so I sang lest they should leave us."

"Gentlemen," said the doctor, "make a chair of your hands and carry this brave girl up the embankment; send up down a stretcher as quickly as possible, and I will soon have these patients cared for."

Rapidly, skillfully worked the surgeons, and faithfully the assistants.  
Nearly an hour afterward Dr. Sharp looked into the car reserved for the wounded ladies, and found the young girl looking worn and pale.

"Has a doctor examined your wound yet, miss?"  
"No, sir," she replied faintly, "others need them more."

Without another word Dr. Sharp lifted her in his arms, and placed her on one of the mattresses. A whistle brought one of the surgeons to him.

"Doctor," said he, "can you assist me for a few moments?"

"Certainly. Why has this been so long neglected?" he asked, as he examined the injured limb.  
"She has been saving a man from death, the one we just dressed, you know."

Never in all her life before had Mary Gray been considered worthy of so much care. Life had been a hard thing to her since her father died, and left her mother with seven to care for. She had hoped for an education, and her brightest, best dreams were of teaching school. But it could not be; and Mary worked day after day in a large room with hundreds of other girls about her, stitching, stitching, until her eyes ached and head drooped.

She had taken the train at four to go only to the next station, where mother and the boys were waiting for her with a royal Christmas greeting. It cost less to keep them a little way out of the city, and mother found plenty of work for them all.

Mary's great gift was her voice. She had taken a few lessons before her father died and the great change came; but now she only knew the songs she heard others sing, and she dared not trust herself to think of the music she so much craved.

It was "a bad fracture," the doctors said, "a very bad one," and the marvel was how the girl had endured the agony and still sung on in a clear triumphant tone.

"Have that young lady taken to my house," said Mr. Merton to the doctor.  
"Better try the hospital," said a surgeon; "it will be a slow case, and they tell me she is very poor—works in Bright & Gregory's shoe factory."

"I wish her to be taken to my home," said Mr. Merton with emphasis.

"I wish papa would come," said Ethel; "we need the gentlemen so much now to put up our last decorations."  
"They will soon be here," said her aunt. "Your uncle is still a boy and enjoys a good frolic with your father."

It was midnight before they came, and the house was already prepared for them; for Maurice had gone back and forth twice for needed articles, and all the joy of the morning was turned to sadness.

"Mrs. Montague," said Dr. Sharp, when Mary Gray was comfortably settled in a luxurious bed, "this brave girl saved your husband's life; some time when you can listen I will tell you the story."  
Thanks to a good constitution Mr. Montague gained rapidly, while Mary

improved so slowly that her kind friends and her mother were anxious about her, and often consulted with the physician. "Only the over-work of years past telling now," said the doctor. "If she were a rich girl and could go abroad by and by, she would return made over."

"Ethel," said Mr. Montague one day when the child had hovered about for an hour, trying to do something for him, "I was bringing it out to you when the accident occurred."

"Oh, papa dear, I never wanted it; we kept you, and that was best of all, for I had been so wicked."

"But your present was ready, and is now; I put six hundred dollars in the bank for you on the twenty-fourth. Your bank book was about me somewhere. I did not bring you a diamond, my darling, but it's value."

"And the diamond too, papa. What is Mary but a pure diamond? And now you must let me spend every penny of the money on her, or I can never be quite happy."

When Mary Gray recovered Mr. Montague provided for her family, and paid for her tuition, and only yesterday Ethel said to her cousin:

"Maud, dear, next Christmas you shall hear my Christmas diamond sing. Professor Park says her voice is wonderful—strong, sweet, and pure, like her own dear self."

"When she sings," says Maud, "I shall think of that dreadful night when in the cold and darkness she sang to save uncle Charlie."

## Advising the Slaughter of Whites.

It was truly the Good Deacon Richard Smith, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, who was first to suggest that Southern negroes be armed with rifles in order that they may slaughter the Southern whites and set up negro government.

The *Lemars Sentinel* endorsed the proposition, and the *Chicago Illustrated Weekly* thus falls into line:

"Colored gentlemen, why not get out your razors and up at them. Don't stop to split hairs, make them flee to the mountains where the wolf can use the carcasses for the sustenance of her young whelps. Make them hunt the dismal swamps where the jaws of the alligators are yawning for their first born. Go out upon them like an army of locusts, and leave not a vestige of them, spare not a hair of their head, make them gnash their teeth and drink the bitter cup of persecution, ring the knife with which you gather the sugar cane, polish it like glass, make it a flaming sword and hew them to the tire; make them bow, make them sing for joy that you let them vote just as you want them to, then will peace reign through all your borders, and the nations of the earth, yea, all the people will praise colored gentlemen. Up and at them!"

And yet it is passing strange that the South is solid.

Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, is visiting the Portis gold mine in the upper part of this county, which we understand he has purchased from Col. Sturges. Mr. Pomeroy is the inventor of a process for separating the finer particles of gold from the earth, which has always been difficult. The want of a machine of this nature has caused much loss to miners. He is sanguine that he will be successful in his mining operations. He says he thinks this mine will pay better than those in the west, which creates as much excitement, and thinks the gold fever will draw many to this State after a while.—*Roanoke News*.

Fernando C. Beaman has been appointed United States Senator from Michigan, in Mr. Chandler's place. Mr. Beaman has several times represented his district in the House of Representatives, is a native of Vermont and is 65 years old. Since the above he has declined the Senatorship and the new appointee is Hon. Henry P. Baldwin, ex-Governor of Michigan.

A cheap and simple piece of machinery has just been invented and is in operation at Westchester, S. C., which spins seed cotton into thread. It is claimed this invention will add 100 per cent. to the profit of the planter, as it saves him the expense of ginning, baling, bagging and ties.