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A SARCASM OF FATE.

A very elegant looking letter lay in little Mary Velsor's hands—a letter that bore a delicious perfume of violets—a letter addressed in a fine flowing hand and the envelope of which was stamped with an intricate monogram, that unless Mary had known, she could never have deciphered as Mrs Paul St Eustace Carriscount's initials.

The girl's small, pretty hands grew just a trifle cold and trembling as she took up the letter to open it, because so much, oh, so much, depended upon what was in the letter; because it either meant a new, independent life, in which she would not only earn her own living but very materially assist in taking care of the dear boys of five and seven, or it doomed her to the old tiresome routine, out of which Mary felt at times she must fly.

Mrs. Velsor looked up from a stocking she was darning, and said nothing, seeing the nervous glow in Mary's eyes. Then with a little, half-desperate laugh, the girl tore open the thick satin envelope.

"It's almost like an ice cold plunge bath, but here goes, mamma!"

She hurriedly read the short, friendly note, and from the quick tears that gathered in her eyes, and the smiles that parted her lips, and the flush that bloomed like fresh roses on her cheeks, it was quite plain that the news was good news.

Then she dashed the letter on the floor and rushed over to her mother, and kissed her, laughing and crying at the same time.

"Oh! mamma! Mrs Carriscount has given me the position, and she wants me to come immediately—to-morrow! Just think! Five hundred dollars a year, and she assures me I must make myself perfectly at home in her house; and she says I am to have a room to myself, and to eat with Pauline and Pauletta, in the nursery. Oh, mamma, it will be just glorious! Aren't you glad, delighted?" Her blue eyes were dancing, and her cheeks glowing like a rose leaf.

Mrs. Velsor's sweet, sad voice was in such odd contrast to her child's eager, animated tones.

"How can I be delighted to have you go away from me, dear? Besides, I am so afraid you will not realize your vivid anticipations. The outside world, which seems to you so rose colored and golden, will not be what you think."

"Oh, mamma, what a Job's comforter you would be! But how can I help being happy—perfectly happy, except being away from you—in New York, in a magnificent house, among people of wealth and distinction, and with these two sweet children my only care? Mamma, I will ride with them, and I am to make myself perfectly at home, the letter says, and you remember what a charming lady we thought Mrs Carriscount was, when she was visiting Doctor Mansfield last summer."

Mrs. Velsor sighed softly. It seemed so cruel to pour the chill water of disappointment on Mary's bright hopes.

"Well, dear, perhaps I am growing cynical as I grow older. Certainly you deserved a fair fate, and now, to descend to matters of earth earthy suppose you see if the beans are boiling dry."

The third day thereafter—a day fragrant with the smell of frost in the air—stayed when the leaves sailed slowly, steadily down through the tender, golden atmosphere, and the hush of mid October was over all the earth and sky, Mary Velsor went away from the little cottage where she was born and had lived, into the world waiting to receive her—all her girlish hopes on gladdened wings, all her rosiest dreams bursting in fondest realization.

It was a splendid place, Mrs. Paul St. Eustace Carriscount's palatial residence on Fifth avenue—a house that seemed to Mary's fancy like a translated bit of a fairy story, with its profusion of flowers and lace draperies, its luxuries and elegance, of which she had never dreamed, and of whose uses she was equally ignorant.

Mrs. Carriscount received her with a charming graciousness and patted her on the shoulder, and told her she hoped she would not let herself get homesick and installed her in her beautiful little room, with its pink and drab ingrain carpet and chestnut suit, and dimity curtains at the windows.

Then Mary made some trifling little alterations in her toilette, and proceeded to take literal advantage of Mrs. Carriscount's invitation to make herself at home in the great, beautiful parlors below, where she made a charmingly sweet, quaint little picture, as she sat nestled in a huge silken chair, the color of the roses on her cheeks, and at which Miss Cleona Carriscount looked in astonishment, imperious disdain, and Mr Geoffrey Fletcher in undisguised admiration, as the two entered the room at the farthest entrance.

"By Jove, what a lovely girl! Who is she, Miss Carriscount?" he asked in a tone of unusual interest.

Cleona's black eyes looked unutterable anger from Mary to Mrs Carriscount.

"What on earth is she doing here, mamma, is she crazy?"

Her sharp, cutting tones were distinctly heard, as she intended it should be, by Mary, who flushed painfully as she rose, venturing just one glance at the haughty beauty's face, and Mr Fletcher's eager, admiring eyes, whose boldness startled her.

"I am sorry to have made such a mistake. I thought that Mrs. Carriscount meant that I was to sit here a little while. Please excuse me; I will not come again."

Her voice was sweet, and just a little nervous, and she instantly crossed the room, followed by Cleona's cold, cutting words, every one of which brought a sharp thrill of mortification and pain to her.

"Be careful you make no more such mistakes, girl. Your place is among the hired help, and not in the parlor. Be good enough to remember that."

And even Geoffrey Fletcher's callous heart gave a thrill of sympathy at sight of the scarlet pain on the sweet, young face.

Once safe in her room, poor little Mary fought and conquered her first battle with fate.

"I'll not be crushed by my first experience," she decided, resolutely, an hour or so after, when her breast yet heaved with convulsive sighs, and her eyes were all swollen from crying. "I will not give it up and rush home to mamma—my first impulse. I will endeavor to construe people less literally, and keep my place."

But there came a flush to her cheeks that all her brave philosophizing could not control, at the memory of Cleona Carriscount's cool insolence.

"I'd not have spoken so to a dog," Mr. said, as she repressed the bitter tears that sprang in wounded indignation to her blue eyes.

After that there was no shadow of an opportunity given by Mary for Mrs. Carriscount or Cleona to lay any blame to her charge.

She performed her duties as no governess had ever performed them, and the twins progressed to their mother's complete satisfaction.

Mary never was seen in the rooms of the family, but lived entirely to herself, taking her solitary little walks when the day's duties were ended, and disciplining herself into an unconsciously unselfish, brave, patient woman.

Her letters home were bright and cheerful—until one day Mrs. Velsor was horrified to learn that her darling was dangerously ill, that the fever had come suddenly upon her, and that in fear and selflessness, Mrs Paul St Eustace Carriscount had insisted that the raving girl be taken from her house to the hospital.

hospital, but to his own house, where his lovely, white haired mother and his sister opened their hearts to the girl, and nursed her back to health and strength, and—the sweetest happiness that ever came to a girl's heart, for Hugh Lethbridge asked her to be his wife.

And the memory of those brief days was hidden away beneath the glad sunshine of her beautiful new life, and Mary in her new home was proud and honored and beloved as a queen.

The years passed—as years have a trick of passing—bringing their burdens of joy and sorrow, and to Hugh Lethbridge and his wife there were only faint marks of content to mark their flight.

Three dear children had come to them, and matron Mary was even fairer and sweeter than the maiden had been, for she had been benefited by the stern discipline of earlier days.

And as the years went by, Dr. Lethbridge grew famous and rich, until there were no comforts or luxuries he was obliged to refuse to his wife or family—and one of those coveted luxuries was a resident governess at the home of the children.

"I remember my own governess days so well, dear," Mary said one day to her husband, when they were discussing the feasibility of securing one. "I feel as if I never could be kind enough to anyone in such a position in my house. And yet all the happiness of my life resulted from my position in Mrs Carriscount's family."

And she looked the great unutterable love she had for him, and Dr. Lethbridge kissed her lovely upturned face tenderly.

"Then I will take this widow lady, whom Allison recommended, shall I, Mary? He says she is of good family, and in very reduced circumstances. Her husband was a miserably drunk fellow, and she has to support both herself and her invalid mother. It would be a charity, I suppose; but, of course, we must also look to our own interests."

But the decision was to employ the widow lady Allison, so confidently recommended, and a day or so afterward an interview was arranged.

It was just at the dusk of a winter's afternoon that the servant announced to Dr. Lethbridge and his wife that a lady wished to see them in the parlor—the lady whom Mr. Allison had sent—and Mary and her husband went down to meet her—tall, pale, bearing the unmistakable traces of misery and sorrow on her face—Cleona Carriscount.

Mary gave a little exclamation of astonishment.

"Is it possible?" Miss Carriscount—
Sue interrupted, quietly.

"Mrs. Fletcher—Mrs. Geoffrey Fletcher. And you are little Mary Velsor. I had no idea I had forgotten Doctor Lethbridge's name—of course, I cannot have the position. It would hardly be natural that you should wish to befriend me."

Mrs. Fletcher turned toward the door, her pale face piteous, her voice bitter and wailing.

Doctor Lethbridge looked sternly after her; but Mary shot him an appealing glance before she stepped toward the departing woman.

"Wait—just a moment, please! I was so surprised, Mrs. Fletcher. Pray sit down, you are in trouble, and if we can be of any service, I know the doctor will be glad to assist you."

Mrs. Fletcher's lips quivered a second, as she turned her pitiful eyes on Mary's sweet face.

"I am in need of work, but I do not expect it of you. You can only despise me and hold me in hatred and contempt for what I did to you. But that or something else has come home to me."

"I do not hate or despise you Mrs. Fletcher. God has been too good to me for that. Stay! Doctor Lethbridge will indorse my forgiveness, I am sure, and we will make you as happy as we can. We will forget all that was unpleasant and start anew. Do stay and teach my little girls, dear Mrs. Fletcher."

And Cleona sat down, overcome with passionate tears, while the doctor, with an indulgent smile, and a nod of the head to Mary, left the two women alone under the strange circumstances into which the sarcasm of fate had led them.

RESOURCES OF THE STATE.

DEVELOPED AND UNDEVELOPED MINERAL WEALTH OF NORTH CAROLINA

His Excellency T. J. Jarvis, Governor of North Carolina

SIR:—With your approval I accepted an invitation to visit Pittsburg last week to promote an enterprise of much interest to North Carolina. You are acquainted with the character and drift of the correspondence between the State Geologist and parties in that city in reference to a narrow gauge railway, called the "Pittsburg Southern." This road is projected and partly built, and runs due south, with the view of penetrating the middle coal and iron region of the Virginia and the iron and copper region of western North Carolina. It takes the course, first, of the valley of the Monongahela to its source, then of the Greenbrier to its confluence with the New River, where it meets the narrow gauge road now building up the valley of that river towards Wytheville and Ore Knob. Through the courtesy of Mr W. L. Nicholson, Topographer of the United States Post Office Department, I obtained the sheet of the Postoffice Department maps of this and the intervening States to Pennsylvania, and mounting these in a wall map six feet square, I was able to lay down and present in one view the entire line of the proposed road and its connections, and to locate the lines of the narrow gauge system of roads of this State which converge upon the same objective point, Ore Knob, in Ashe county, viz: Chester and Lenoir (graded to the latter point, 110 miles, and finished half way); the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley road, with its terminus at Patterson; the Dan River road, pointing in the same direction, and the Cranberry and Patterson road. Along these several lines were also laid down the ranges of iron, copper and gold ores from the great beds of Cranberry and the Raul Mountain, through the deposits of Ashe, Watauga and Caldwell to the extended ranges of the King's Mountain belt, of the great bend of the Yadkin and the Sauratona Mountains and of the Guilford and Rockingham.

Maj Hotchkiss, the distinguished civil engineer and geographer of Virginia, and myself addressed the Chamber of Commerce of the city of Pittsburg on the subject of the practicability and advisability of the proposed road from their point of view, and in the two fold aspect of its probable success as a business enterprise on account of its feasibility in a physical and engineering sense, and of the various and abundant sources of freight; and (2) of its bearing, immediate and immense, on the great and growing industries of the city and region. After Major Hotchkiss had conducted the audience, composed of representative business men and capitalists, in his graphic and masterly way, (with which, happily, very many North Carolinians are familiar), through the successive coal beds of the Alleghenies and the Kanawha and the reduplicated iron ore beds of the folded and crumpled and faulted and overturned strata of the great valley and its mountain wallings on both sides they were shown, by means of the map above described, how this State would be reached by the completion of the several sections of the narrow gauge road now building along the course of New River, entering it in Ashe county, and passing, by way of Ore Knob and Gap Creek, to Cook's Gap in the Blue Ridge, and so on to Patterson, meeting here at their junction the two great arms of the narrow gauge system of this State, a third arm making off at some point on New River in the direction of Dan River Valley and Danville, thus bringing the Pittsburg Southern into immediate communication with many of the greatest iron ore ranges of the State. Attention was called to the fact that, on leaving the Valley of Virginia and crossing the Iron (or Smoky) Mountain into the upper valley of New River, near the North Carolina border, the older geological formations are encountered, in which the high grade Bessemer ores are commonly found, and to the number, localities, magnitude and chemical purity of the magnetic and hematite deposits along these several routes on both sides of the Blue Ridge and of the Smoky Mountains, in Ashe and Watauga and Mitchell, on the head waters of the Yadkin, on this side and in Caldwell, and of the King's Mountain ores extending from the southern border of the State to the Western North Carolina Railroad in Catawba, and from the great bend of the Yadkin, by the Ararat River and the Pilot Mountain to Danbury in Stokes; and lastly, of the Guilford and Rockingham thirty mile range of titanio magnetic hematites, of absolute purity, and producing the very best iron known under proper furnace management. And this region of abundant and pure ores was shown to be within 400 miles of Pittsburg by the course of the Pittsburg Southern Railway, the connections it will meet southward, a consi-

derable part of which is completed or under contract. Your Excellency will appreciate the importance of these facts to the business of that city, and their interest to North Carolina from the following statement, viz: That the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is now delivering under a single contract, 500,000 tons of iron ore from Africa, and that 400,000 tons are to be brought out the present year from the west coast of England; that a single blast furnace which I visited, was consuming weekly over 1,200 tons of ore, and that the total capacity of the furnaces here is 500,000 tons of pig iron, requiring 1,000,000 tons of ore per annum and over 600 car loads of coke daily; that there are 800 puddling furnaces and 35 rolling mills in operation, and that the annual consumption of iron of all sorts in the various mills and manufactories is equivalent to more than 600,000 tons of pig, or more than one third of the product of the United States. A single Bessemer steel establishment—the Edgar Thompson—is producing nearly 500 tons of steel daily, and making about one Bessemer rail a minute through the whole 24 hours which is equivalent to four miles of railway a day; and other furnaces mills and are building continually. And I found at the furnaces of this one establishment (and by the courtesy of the superintendent brought away samples, which your Excellency will find in the museum alongside of ones of the same quality from many places in North Carolina), from ores from Africa, Spain, England, Ireland, Missouri, Lake Superior and South Virginia, but not a ton from North Carolina. Here, within a distance far less than the length of the State, is an absolutely inexhaustible deposit of the best ore, in existence—iron ore, which lays three continents under contributions to supply it; that is, North Carolina is practically further off than the whole breadth of the Atlantic, and this notwithstanding the fact that the State has been for two generations "hammering rivers, digging canals and building railroads, for the express purpose of developing its resources of raw materials and getting them to market or into forms of value. There are those who think that North Carolina expends too much in making known her material resources; but these enterprising and intelligent people of Pittsburg, who are scouring the planet for raw materials for their countless manufactories, had scarcely heard of them.

And I have only instanced one industry of this busy and pushing city. I found that they make here more than half of all the glassware produced in the United States, and some of the raw material is brought from a great distance; for example, at present from the middle of Massachusetts. And a neighboring town of six thousand people devotes itself wholly to the manufacture of porcelain and stoneware, keeping fifty furnaces in blast and loading ten to twelve cars a day with their products, and they draw their kaolins, quartzes and feldspars from over the continent, with, of course, one exception, from Delaware, Maryland, Maine and Middle Missouri and Indiana, &c. &c. And yet there are no two States that can show so fine, or so large, or so many veins of kaolin and feldspar as North Carolina. Even the Indians "packed" it from the Smoky Mountains to the coast, and exported it to England under the name of "unaka," (their word for white, and for that chain of mountains in which it was found), before North Carolina was even a province. The Pittsburg Southern will penetrate the region of these deposits. The various manufactories of wood consume more than 50,000,000 feet annually, which is drawn largely from the forests of Canada and Lake Superior; so that this railway would give a high value to every acre of the now useless abundance and luxuriance of the 10,000 square miles of primeval forests of the mountain countries, and would ultimately develop numberless manufactories throughout the region. The single item of barrel staves for the city of Pittsburg (where 6,000,000 barrels of iron were refined last year) would enrich half a dozen counties. And they manufacture half as much cotton as the whole of this State. And yet, although we are nearest to them of all the cotton States, we do not furnish them a single bale. The proposed road would soon change all that, and by facilitating the transport of the staple, would rapidly enlarge the demand, and, what is more important, would bring these enterprising capitalists into contact with the superior facilities which this State offers for this industry in its abundance of raw material and of cheap labor and water power, and favoring climate. I have named only a few of the leading manufacturing industries of this thriving city and region, selecting those for which we might be furnishing the raw material, at least the aggregate in money's worth of the manufactured products of this single city far exceeds that of our whole State. And what we need, in order to develop our wonderfully varied and abundant, but hitherto unavailable resources and facilities for such production, is just this sort of direct and immediate and cheap communication with the accumulated capital and skill and

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]