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LAUREL HOMESTEAD.

home for Mrs. Oakland, who was distantly related to the last owner of Laurel Homestead, and for a few old people who had been life-long servants of Colonel Mayberry, but to none of the Mayberrys was it then a home.

was it then a home.

I had been there two weeks, when, ransacking through an old antic, I came on a miniature of a beautiful woman-a beautiful girl, rather; for she could not have been more than eighteen. It was such-a fair, childish face, with clustering, golden curls framing it like a halo, with great blue eyes, cloudless as Italian skies, and crimson lips that seemed to smile at me, as I held the ministrate in my harm. miniature in my hand. A few minutes later I was asking Mrs. Oakley who the angel-faced girl was.
"Angel-faced!" she repeated, in

voice of such utter loathing that the picture fell from my hand in my sur-

prise.
"What is it?" I said, quickly.
"Nothing," she answered; "only it brings back the awful horror of one night-one night that left Laurel Home-

stead without a master."

"There is a story?" I said, question

ing.
"Yes, there is a story; and now, while the evening shadows are falling, if you will sit beside me, I will tell it to you.

"Many years ago, Mildred, long—long before you were born, I came here a mere girl, fatherless, motherless, alone in the world. The family then consisted of the Colonel and Mrs. Mayberry, their one son, and Charles Mayberry, the Colonel's nephew.
"In all my life I have never seen

handsomer man than Charles Mayberry He was tall-six feet-broad-shouldered and athletic, yet with an air of elegance in every movement. His face was clasin every movement. His face was classical in its outlines, with dark, dreamy eyes, and wavy, nut-brown hair, clustering in close curls above his broad, white brow, and his mouth—the one rather weak feature of his hand-ome face was shaded by a silky, brown mustache. Did I say all the family, Mildred? Well, I forgot Lenore Gray, the Colonel's ward. I need not tell you what Lenore was like, for you have her miniature in

your hand.

"Charles Mayberry was passionately in love with Lenore Gray, his one thought was—Lenore. I have heard of love, I have dreamed of love, but have never known any equal to the passionate adoration Charles Mayberry gave beautiful Lenore Gray. Such love as his must have won love in return, and Lenore did

"But wealth and position Charles Mayberry had not, unless Rupert Mayberry, the Colonel's only son, died, and then Charles would be heir. But Le. 'a murderess, did you say? Oh, God! suppose Laurel Homestead will pass into nore had listened to Charles' love, and Woman, what do you mean?' had promised to be his wife; and when his wife; it was ghastly white, and there slender, white finger.

"I had been here almost a year when Marie Lafarge came as seamstrees She from Charles to Colonel Mayberry, 'I was a rather tall woman with gray, tell you that Lenore Gray—Lenore frizzed hair and sallow skin, and with Mayberry now—poisoned Rupert Mayblue goggles covering, what I saw were, berry, your son and heir. blue-black, beautiful eyes. She was Yes, turning to Charles again, French, and besides being a good sewer, she was an adept at hair-dressing, so child-heir of Laurel Homestead. I, as

when one evening I happened to pass deadly potion. Ah, fair bride, not only through a little room behind the one am I Marie Lefarge, but Madame Duwhere she sat sawing. As I entered the pont as well, from whom you obtained back room I saw Charles Mayberry enter your drug; and though you were well the room where Marie was. I saw Marie rise to her feet and lay her hand on I was waiting and watching for your his arm. I stopped, impelled by an im-

"She laughed mackingly, then drew "Lenore—Lenore, this cannot be her form straight, and dashing off the gray wig that covered her head, she wiped a cloth quickly over her face and written on the beautiful face raised to stood before him, a stately woman, radi-

"Nothing now,' she laughed. 'I am orime. She gazed wildly from colones going away to-morrow, and you will Mayberry to Charles, then back to the never see me again in this world. Never Colonel again. Was it any wonder her see me again, did I say? Yes. Well, face blanched, if possible, still whiter? I was wrong, for you will see me once There was no pity in either face.

"'You will leave this house at once?'
he said, in a tone of suppressed passion.
"'Yes,' she replied, calmly; 'had I
not intended to do so, I would not have
revealed myself to you. You may rest,

"He turned from the room, and the woman donned her disguise and resumed her work. I turned to leave the back room, but she saw me, and sprang after

" You saw and heard what passed? she said, her hand on my arm, 'and you will think it your duty to tell what you

"'No,' I said, coldly ; 'Charles Mayberry is old enough to attend to his own "That night Marie Lefarge left Lau-

rel Homestead, and we never saw her the ground. but once again, and that was the night "Oh, God! what will I do?' she rebut once again, and that was the night of Lenore Gray's marriage.

"Lenore's marriage did not take place for two years after Marie Lefarge left us, and Rupert Mayberry, the Colonel's son and heir, a handsome boy of ten, had died in the interval. Consumption the doctors had called his disease, and their skill could not save him. What

away to the grave?

"Rupert was laid to reat amid his forefathers, and his grief-stricken parents went abroad for a year. They went for a year, but almost two had elapsed before they returned, and then they came back to be present at the marriage of Charles, who was then the Colonel's heir. It was to be a quiet wedding, with no one present save family friends.
"The wedding night came, the minis-

ter stood ready. Lenore and Charles knelt before him, and the words were spoken that made them one for the future. Lenore, in her bridal robes, looked half shy, half happy, but Charles looked triumphant

"As the last words of the solemn serice were spoken, the door of the room was opened, and a tall, slender woman

love him as far as she was capable of deuse, dark eyes resting on his face .- nor can he forget the beautiful, guilty loving anything, save wealth and posi.

Let me congratulate you, she repeated, and glanced around the roommurderess !

"A murderess!" Charles repeated;

was an awful terror in her beautiful eyes "I tell you,' the woman said, turning

Lenore kept her at the homestead. Marie Lefarge, was her temptress; and "She had been with us three mouths, I, in another character, supplied the

his arm. I stopped, impolled by an impolled by an impulse I could not resist.

"What is the matter?" he quickly was looking wildly from face to face of those surrounding her.

ony! She knew there would be no entry many "What can you do?' be said, quietly. to save her from the penalty of her "Nothing now,' she laughed. 'I am orime. She gazed wildly from Colonel Mayherry to Charles, then back to the

only ones again. Go, now, I have no "'Have mercy, as you hope for mer-more to say.' raising her wild eyes to their faces. Oh, pity my youth and spare me !'

"Her voice died away in a moan, and then she remained kneeling, her eyes pleading the words her lips refused to

" Send for an officer!' the Colonel

said, turning towards Charles.

"'No—no—no!' Lenore cried, sound returning to her tongue again. 'Oh, Charles! will you not try to save me?" "Her husband simply looked at her but he made no answer.

"Will you try to save me? Oh God! what will I de! Is there no one to save me? Can no one save me?-Will no one make an effort?'

"She was clinging to Charles now, all her golden hair lossened, and sweeping

peated.

"'Pay the penalty of your crime her husband said, loosening her grasp. "'Pay the penalty of my crime—pay the penalty of my crime!' she repeated then a low laugh, that surdled our blood

then a low laugh, that eurdled our blood with horror, came from her lips.

"'My God!' cried the Colonel and Charles in one breath, 'she is mad!'

"It was true. The crime had not been too much for her, but the discovery was more than she could bear. The horror of her position had turned her besin

brain.

"Do you wonder now, Mildred, that
I shrink from holding even her likeness
in my hand, that I shudder at the memories her beautiful face calls up?"
"What became of her afterwards?"

sked, after a short silence. She died in an insane asylum, tw

onths later.".
"And Marie Lefarge?" "She disappeared in the excitement, and though the most rigid search was instituted, she was never found."
"Did Charles Mayberry ever marry

again ?" "No, dear. You have heard of the wandering master of this old mansion. was opened, and a tall, stender woman entered. I knew her with the first glance. It was Cleta—it was Marie Lefarge.

"Let me congratulate you,' she said, standing before Charles Maybe ry, her crime that made him his uncle's heir, woman he had loved so tenderly when he believed her the purest and truest, as live his strange, wandering life till death claims him, and when he dies, I

## A Lunatic on the Jury.

Mayberrys."

Where affairs are managed so reck lessly as to allow lunatics to sit on the jury, it is not to be wondered at if crime goes unpunished. Such was the case with the Court here last week, though not discovered until Saturday, when the jury was being empanelled for the last State against J. R. Wadford, for murder when a certain colored man, who had set on the jury and heard sevwho had set on the juty and heard several important cases during the week, was called to be sworn, the counsel for the defense objected to him on the ground that he was insane. The judge ruled that the fact would have to be proven before he could be objected to on that ground, when counsel proceeded to question him as fellows: "Thomas, how about the war debt?" Juror—"I paid it." Counsel—"Are you engaged to Queen Victoria?" Juror—"Yes; we are gwine to be married in a short time." Counsel—"How much are you worth, Tom?" Juror—"My papers say four millions." This convinced the Court that the man

come down to housekeeping with but one servant, no carriage, and the many other inconveniences is enough to discourage her for life, and instead of the smiles a happy wife should wear are all its efforts during its first year's growth should be done, are strong and nearthy and fully as good-looking. If the little soil.

airs and graces are an addition, point them out; she will not be slow in ac
them out; she will not be slow in ac
This plant is a native of the sea-coast of Europe, and grown in a moist soil. are for others—taking care of the chil secured a moist, but not wet soil, should dren, easing the burdens of the mother, be selected. But one of the most esplaying the piano, fancy work, oil paint-ing and reading, besides doing her own seldom be achieved; and with it, fair them; you can take your choice. Court plough or hoe at least twice each week. her the same as the city lady, judging of This frequent stirring of the soil keeps her qualifications, and if her tastes agree it constantly in a porous and moist conand are congenial with your own, be sure dition, so that the demands of this sucto marry her.

## Pigs vs. Snakes.

A farmer living on the west side of thorough culture. the Ohio river, in walking about his farm, discovered a nest of rattlesnakes in the hollow bark of an old tree, about which several large pieces of rock lay scattered. Having heard that pige were hostile to snakes of all kinds, and not caring to attack the nest bimself he thought he would try the experiment and see a fight. He drove several pigs in the vicinity of the nest and watched the result. The pigs soon seemed to scent the reptiles, and commenced rooting eagerly about the spot. In an instant half a dozen of the vicious serpents emerged from their hiding places to attack the intruders, who manifested zealous disposition to give battle. A of the back of a pig, shake his rattle and plunge his fangs into the animal with lightning-like celerity, and then dart away pursued by the pig, who dexterously received the sting upon the fleshy part of the jaw.

Over and over again this would be ated, until the pig got his fore foot upon the snake, when he would deliberately rip the reptile in twain and devour him. This slaughter continued until all the suakes were disposed of, when the pigs grunted contentedly, and without any signs of being disturbed, waddled off in search of other provioder. The eye witness to this singular contest which was not without its exciting features, declared himself convinced that a pig is impervious to the poisonous bite of any kind of serpent.

"Jolly" People.

They may not amount to so much, in ome ways, as their graver neighbors, but they fill a useful place in the world, notwithstanding. The truly merry man knows nothing of care. Life itself is a inows nothing of care. Life their is a joke to him. What a happy disposition it must be that can thus bid defiance to all the painful vicissitudes of the world, and smile even at pain as nothing but a relief from the monotony of a perpetual ease! We envy such people. And yet constant laugh cannot be so enjoyable as one that comes occasionally, well ma-tured, and in all the luxuriance of a heartfelt appreciation of humor. "Too the war debt?" Juror—"I paid it."
Counsel—"Are you engaged to Queen
Victoria?" Juror—"Yes; we are gwine
to be married in a short time." Counsel—"How much are you worth, Tom ?"
Juror—"My papers say four millions."
This convinced the Court that the man
was insane, and he was discharged.—
Darlington (S. C.) News.

The selection of humor. "Too
much mental quietude? At any rate,
it is well to console ourselves that if we
are sometimes wretched, it is only be
cause that wretchedness enhances the
requisite enjoyment of those hilarious
moments that follow after it. That's
true philosophy?

LAUREL HOMESTEAD.

BY LIZIE M. MULHERN.

BY LIZIE M. MULHERN.

""You do sought until it was all of the westehed girl cronching on the pacious grounds around it, and when Joinly stood white and cold.

""You described me, she said, and you will rue the day you did so. Wo meed not answer me, only remember, I will yet make you writhe in age long in the old house, for she and mother had been friends in girlhood. It was a support of the westehed girl cronching on the described girl cronching on the described.

"What is to be done?" he said. I would know your wishes first."

"For a moment Charles was silent, then cold and stern his voice rang out. "Let the law take its course!" he said. Young men in our cities engaged in business, with a small capital, or in positions with a small salary, wish homes of their own and domestic happiness, but they think, and with reason, too, they cannot afford it. Such is the case. No young man trying to economize can ber, I will yet make you writhe in age only "A shrick came from Lanore's lips. She knew there would be no effort made formed in a home of luxury, and to come down to housekeeping with but A little study of its nature will give

frowns of darkest hue. But, young are directed towards laying up in its man, you can have a happy, and a right willing little woman if you will. The large an amount of plant food as possicountry is full of rosy-checked, healthy ble, to be drawn upon for the production young ladies, to whom the home you of seed during the second year. As the could give would be a paradise. The formation of good heads require a rapid country girl would be as congenial a growth, the first necessary condition is companion as the city belle, some of a very rich soil. It is very, difficult, if them are better educated, and their not impossible, to have soil too rich for good common sense truly surprising — cabbage, provided it is thoroughly rot-They know how to work and how work ted. And it is next to impossible to should be done, are strong and healthy secure satisfactory results without a rich

quiring them. Unlike her city sister, and atmosphere. From this it would the country girl is not wholly engrossed seem that the nearer these conditions within herself. Her thoughts and cares can be met the better. Where it can be adding comfort and sunshine to the sential conditions of success in cabbage household; she has plenty of time for raising is, frequent and thorough culdressmaking and millinery work. Young success may be had, even when other men, take this advice : start out in the things are not very propitious. It is conutry this summer, court and marry hard to overdo in this matter. Cabbage country girl. There are plenty of should be thoroughly cultivated with culent growing plant are fully met. No one should attempt to raise this plant for profit who is not wiffing to give this

## The Last Dance

During the occupancy of the city of Moscow by the French army, a party of officers and soldiers determined to have a military levee, and for this purpose chose the deserted palace of a nobleman. As the sun went down they began to assemble. The women who followed the French army were decorated for the occasion. The gayest and noblest of the army were there, and merriment reigned over the crowd.

During the dance the fire rapidly approached them; they saw it coming, but felt no fear. At length the building next the one they occupied was on fire. Coming to the windows, they gazed upon the billows of fire which swept the city, and then returned to their amusements. Again and again they left their pleasures to watch the progress of the flames. At length the dance ceased, and the necessity of leaving the scene of merriwere enveloped in a flood of fire, and they gazed upon it with deep and awful solemnity.

At last the fire, communicating with their own building, caused them to prepare for flight, when a brave young officer named Carnot waved his jeweled hand above his head, and exclaimed: "One dance more, and defiance to the flames !" All caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and "One dance more, and defiance to the flames !" burst from the lips of all. The dance commenced; louder and louder grew the sound of the music, and faster and faster fell the pattering footsteps of dancing men and women, when, suddenly, they heard the cry: "The fire has reached the magazine ! Fly, fly for your life !" One moment they stood transfixed with terror; they didn't know the magazine was there, and ere they recovered from their stupor, the vault exploded; the building was shattered to pieces and the dancers were hurried into a nity