

THE DANBURY REPORTER.

VOLUME II.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1877.

NUMBER 23.

THE REPORTER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY PEPPER & SONS, PROPRIETORS.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION. One Year, payable in advance, \$3 00. Six Months, 1 00.

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

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MAUDE'S MISTAKE.

"Marry Justin St. John? No!" "But why 'no' so emphatically, Maude? I know you love him."

The pink on Maude's face glowed to a guilty crimson, as gentle Lucy Mordaunt looked up, a quiet, searching inquiry in her calm, truthful eyes.

"You are accustomed to drawing very unwarranted conclusions, my dear Lucy, perhaps this is one of them."

Miss Campbell's voice had a hard, metallic ring in its clear tones as she thus lightly answered, and she laughed loudly, but it was a constrained merriment.

"Look at me, Maude, dear."

Lucy went from her chair over to the scarlet lounge, whereon Maude, in her floating white dress, looked like a lily among roses. She took both Miss Campbell's hands in her own.

"Listen, my dear. Six weeks ago who was your lover?"

A vivid glow leaped suddenly to Maude's face, and she turned away, as if annoyed at the query.

"No, you must confess to me, Maude. Tell me who, on the last picnic at the Pine Grove, was to you 'fairest among ten thousand'—who carried you captive by his elegance, his refinement, his intelligence, his chivalry?"

"Oh, you allude, I presume, to Justin St. John, but then—"

"Exactly; it was Justin St. John, the noblest fellow I ever saw. True, then you had not met Mr. Jameson?"

"Lucy, you are cross. Haven't I a perfect right to marry John Jameson if I see fit?"

"Not unless you love him, Maude. You know you do not care a straw for him. You do not need me to tell you how truly you love Justin St. John, for your own heart whispers it. Maude, be true to your own womanhood. Give up all thought of the old man, because he has half a million, and betroth yourself to the lover who cannot offer you a fortune but his own priceless love."

Lucy's cheeks glowed as she spoke, enthusiastically and earnestly.

"It's all very well for you, Lucy Mordaunt, with a fortune at your command, to talk about love in a cottage, and all that sort of romance. But I—I am poor."

"And you will, then, marry a man old enough to be your grandfather because you are poor?"

And Maude Campbell's eyes flashed, as she returned the quick, impulsive answer, "I will."

It was a splendid apartment. The plate-glass windows were shaded by orange and white curtains that lay piled in gleaming golden beauty upon the carpet, the deep ply of which received Maude Campbell's light footfall and gave no returning echo.

With an impatient gesture she threw herself in the embrace of a capacious arm-chair, and her eyes lighted with anger, her cheeks flushed, her lips daintily apart, disclosing the pearls within, she gazed at the luxury around.

Flowing silks, rustling satins, drooping silks, clinging velvets, diamonds, earrings, servants, plate, dinners, admiration, envy—all these were the pictures that crowded through Maude Campbell's restless brain as she lay, half in dreams. A sudden spasm of intense pain throbbled over her face; then she sprang to her feet, holding her hands tightly over her heart.

"Lucy is right. I am bartering all that is dear to me—all I hold sacred—all that I love—for money!"

She went to the mirror—a tall, gold-framed glass, whose apex, surrounded by a winged serpent, with eyes of satanic allurements, reached the ceiling; whose base rested on a marble stand, which two cupids held on their dimpled shoulders. A flush of pardonable pride met her gaze as she viewed her reflection—and a glorious reflection it was. "Peerless" her lovers called her, and truly it was truth.

Suddenly a frown, first of thoughtfulness, then of sorrow, afterward of anger, crept over her brows; and with a gesture of impatience, she turned away from her review of herself.

"I know I am beautiful. People tell me so, and I can see it myself. And of what avail is it unless I can make my fortune by it? I may be pretty, but I am certainly poor; yes, indebted to a

generous charity for the very shoes on my feet, the very food I daily eat!"

Her teeth closed with a very hiss, and she murmured to herself: "True, Mr. Mordaunt and little May have been father and sister, to me, got I am a dependent; they are simply almoners of their own bounty. I must be rich; I should die were I deprived of the luxuries, the elegances that have surrounded me since I was a tiny little girl."

She arose, and from a little invalid drawer drew forth a miniature portrait, and, her eyes full of eager, passionate light, pressed it to her lips.

"Justin, my darling, this is my last care; it is my farewell! Oh, Justin, you never will know how my heart aches with love for you; how I long to have you fold me to your heart and tell me how you love me! But, Justin, I cannot marry you. You are poor and I am poor; and—Mr. Jameson is worth half a million!"

With a trembling, icy hand, Maude closed the drawer; she paced the floor a second, clutching her own hands in agony of that unnatural sacrifice. Her heart made many a superhuman struggle against the bond of slavery she unrelenting cast about it; and the emotionless, bewilderingly fair and heartless Maude Campbell went forth to fight her way from love and content, to riches and ambition.

Above them the clear, blue sky, around them the leafless chestnuts, their brown arms all aglow with the glory of the setting autumn day; beneath them the leaf-strewn forest path, where, in a perfect blaze of warmth and beauty, lay piles of orange, russet, crimson, and dull green foliage. There the two stood alone with Nature, in Nature's vast aisled temple.

"Maude," and Justin St. John's voice came in a tenderly-loving manner, while his arm stole around her tapering waist, "Maude, my darling, the time has come when I can no longer refrain. I love you; I love you, Maude!" He bowed to kiss her, his whole face lighted by hope and joy.

She wheeled aside, then looked up at him, her wondrous eyes filled with amazement.

"Why, Mr. St. John?"

That was all she said, but the flush on her cheek deepened, and the fire in her eyes brightened.

"I may repeat it, then? Come to me, Maude, and let me hear you tell me that I am as dear to you as are to me. Come, Maude!"

She gently shook her head.

"Mr. St. John, you must not allow yourself to be mistaken. Forget what has passed, and let us finish our walk as we commenced it—good friends, and nothing more."

She extended her hand, and Justin St. John grasped it with a might that brought a cry of pain to her lips.

"Maude Campbell, you dare to set aside my offers of love? You who have taught me the sweet lesson—you, my teacher? Maude, what does it mean?" His voice was full of quivering anguish.

Then, by a mighty effort, Maude silenced the loyal cry in her heart, and looked coldly up at him.

"It means this—simply this. We never, as long as you sun shines, can be more to each other than we are to-day—nor even as much, if you annoy me further."

Her voice was cold and calculating, for she was thinking of John Jameson and his half million; so that she did not see the contracted look of supreme pain that came over St. John's handsome face, and the white, haunting quiver of his mustached lip, as, for an instant, he bent beneath the sudden force of the unexpected blow.

"Then, Miss Campbell, we will return as we came. But may God keep me in this hour, when the woman I love tells me that I annoy her by offering her as honest, as true a love as man ever possessed."

Homeward they went, while the sun sank lower and lower. A damp chill succeeded the genial warmth of the air, and, as they silently, gravely bowed adieu at the house door, a sudden gust of wind, fresh from the dim forest aisles, came shrieking upon them like a wail of despair to both their bleeding hearts.

The glory of the autumn had given way to the frost king; and from the win-

dow of Lady Mordaunt's palatial home cheerily streamed broad banners of ruddy light over the snow, while within all was gaiety and revelry.

Maude Campbell was there, queen of grace and beauty, as usual, surrounded by her admirers as a sovereign by her courtiers.

Lucy Mordaunt, gentle and lovely, had her time employed as hostess, while Maude entertained a large portion of the guests.

"Lucy," and Maude's voice came in a confidential whisper to Miss Mordaunt, "let's run to the library to rest a moment for so; that last dance has fatigued me wonderfully."

Arm in arm the ladies passed into the library.

With a weary sigh, Maude threw herself into an arm chair.

"Oh, Lucy, I am so tired—not of our party, but the people—almost of life!" Her face was grieved and bitter in its expression.

"What! not the envied Miss Campbell talking in that strain, so melancholic and forlorn?" and Lucy leaned her sun-bright head against Maude's shoulder.

"What nonsense! And yet, Lucy, dear, when I see you, so full of hope, and joy, and animation, I think to myself, she has all the things to live for—I none."

She spoke very bitterly.

"You none, beautiful Maude?"

"Yes, I have cast away all that I ever did, ever will, care for. Lucy, you little think that I rejected Justin St. John last October?"

"No, Maude!"

"I did. I repeat it. I loved him! Oh, Father in heaven, how I loved him! But, Lucy, I must marry a rich man—I must barter all I hold dear for the love of ease that governs me with a power that I cannot withstand! Lucy, I hate him! I loathe him! I despise him, but I am going to accept John Jameson when he proffers me his hand, and all because that hand offers me a fortune He will die! he must die! and then who knows what his rich, young and handsome widow can do?"

There was a fearful tension in her voice—a bright glitter in her eyes, that frightened timid Lucy.

"Maude, you must not. You are wicked to talk so. If you have spurned Mr. St. John, it was your own fault. If you marry Mr. Jameson, you must learn to respect—to love him!"

"Never! the childish dotard! I, Maude Campbell, to fall in love with John Jameson! It is his fortune, Lucy!"

With the same steely ring in her voice, she returned to the saloon.

Half an hour later Mr. Jameson, with all the gallantry of a youth of twenty, begged her to grant him an interview the next morning.

She allowed it, and the pleasure seekers retired to their homes.

Arrayed in her tasteful morning robe, Maude proceeded to the parlor to greet her lover.

"It has come," she thought, as descending the stairs she caught a glimpse of his bowed form, as he bowed with Lucy Mordaunt, who sat sketching by the window.

As Maude entered the door, Lucy gracefully excused herself, and went into the inner parlor.

"Miss Campbell—Miss Maude, if I may presume to say it, and Mr. Jameson made his most delightful salutation—I need hardly mention the object of my call this morning! My intention was to offer you my heart, my hand, my name and my fortune."

He paused, and, if Maude noticed the dubiousness of his words, she only bowed respectfully.

"But, Miss Maude, so old a dotard as I, whom you loathe, hate, and despise, would be very presumptuous to do it. Therefore, Miss Maude, I announce the object of my call to be an errand of thanks—sincere, grateful thanks to you that, when you discussed this subject so freely to Miss Mordaunt last evening in the library, you spoke sufficiently loud for me, in the next room, to get the benefit of it. I rejoice, though my dream is over—here his voice trembled, in spite of himself—"I awoke before it was too late."

He bowed adieu, and was gone ere Maude in her speechless surprise and mortification, was aware of his departure.

With a cry of pain and rage, she ran to the window to see him descending the steps.

"My dream, too, is over. Fate seems determined to deny me wealth, so I'll make the best of it. I can obtain love, though." And her love came quicker as she thought of Justin St. John. "He loves me still, I know he does, Justin, darling, you shall be mine yet!"

Her face beaming with delightful hope, Maude stepped to the door of the adjoining parlor. Voices arrested her attention, and she stopped. The door was ajar; she could listen; she could hear; she could see; she did see.

"Lucy, I know it has only been a couple of months since Maude rejected my suit. But I have learned to be thankful for my escape from her mercenary hands. I have learned to forget her; and, Lucy, my own true little girl, I have learned to love you as I never loved Maude Campbell. Darling, may I place this ring on your finger—may I call you mine—my very own, forever?"

"Your very own, forever, Justin St. John!"

He silently placed a sparkling jewel over her plump little finger.

"They are diamonds, my pet, of the purest water. I am not Justin St. John, the poor man, though as a poor man I have won my prize. I am Justin St. John the millionaire, whose money can outbuy Mr. Jameson twice over."

Maude Campbell heard the words. Her face grew deadly pale, and, with a shiver that shook her heartstrings and a sigh that almost carried away her breath, she turned silently away, a lone woman.

The Dark River.

The following address of Mr. Standfast, as he stood at the "river" and talked to his companions, from whom he was about to be separated, was called by Rufus Choate "the most mellifluous and eloquent talk that was ever put together in the English language. It will be found at the close of the second part of 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.'" We give it in the quaint style of the first edition:

"This river has been a terror to many, yea the thoughts of it also have frightened me. But now methinks I stand easier; my foot is fixed upon that upon which the feet of the priests that bare the Ark of the Covenant stood while Israel went over this Jordan. The waters indeed are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the conduct that I wait me on the other side, doth lie as a glowing coal upon my heart."

"I see myself now at the end of my journey, my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that head that was crowned with thorns, and that face that was spit upon for me."

"I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith, but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him, in whose company I delight myself."

"I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot to."

"His name has been to me as a civet-box, yea, sweeter than all perfumes.—His voice to me has been most sweet, and his countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His word did I use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He hath held me, and hath kept me from mine iniquities; yea my steps hath He strengthened in His way."

And Bunyan adds:

"Now while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed, his strong man bowed under him, and after he had said, 'Take me, for I am come unto thee,' he ceased to be seen of them. But glorious it was, to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments to welcome the pilgrims as they went up and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city."

The friendship of an artful man is mere self-interest; you will get nothing, and may lose much by it.

By imparting our griefs we halve them; by communicating our joys we double them.

Some good, loving, self-sacrificing deed will transform the baseliest face into beauty and sanctity.

Remarkable Escapes of Eminent Men.

Some years ago a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service twice attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterward, he requested him to fire it out of the window. It then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming: "I must be preserved for something great," and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which, for some time previous, had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterward became Lord Clive.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into a pit of a soap-boiler, and must have perished had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed the top of his head.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him from a garret window and ran along the leads of the house—The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various devices were used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly-found protector.—All were unavailing; his would-be rescuers had lost courage and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced its steps and deposited its burden safely upon the bed. On a subsequent occasion the water had well nigh quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue.

Doddridge, when born, was so weakly an infant he was believed to be dead.—A nurse standing by fancied she saw signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author preserved to the world.

Many years have now elapsed since three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena, one of them peculiarly helpless. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, and the famous hero of Waterloo.

The life of John Newton is but the history of marvelous deliverances. As a youth, he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late; the boat on which his friends had gone was capsized and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when tide surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat, as heretofore, to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

A Bad Temper.

There are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a thoroughly bad temper. It does not matter what form that temper may assume, whether it is of a sulky kind that maintains perfect silence for many days, or the madly passionate, which vents itself in absolute violence. Ill temper at any age is a bad thing; it never does anybody any good, and those who indulge in it feel no better for it. After the passion has passed away one sees that he has been very foolish, and knows that others see it, too. Bad temper in the aged is, perhaps, the most trying of all. It is, indeed, a pitiable sight to see the wrinkled cheek of an old person aflame with anger and passion. Since anger is useless and an unprofitable misery to its victims, why should it be indulged in at all?

FRIENDS.—There are three sorts of friends; the first is like a torch we meet in a dark street; the second is like a candle in the lantern that we overtake; the third is like a link that offers itself to the stumbling passenger. The met torch is the sweet-lipped friend, which loads us the flash of compliment for a time, but quickly leaves us to our former darkness. The overtaken lantern is the true friend, which, though it promise but a faint light, yet it goes along with us, as far as it can, to our journey's end.—The offered link is the mercenary friend, which, though it be ready enough to do us service, yet that service hath a servile relation to our bounty.