

THE DANBURY REPORTER.

VOLUME III.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1879.

NUMBER 36.

THE REPORTER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY PEPPER & SONS,
 1318 Main Street, Richmond, Va.
RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
 One Year, payable in advance, \$2.00
 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 advertisements will be expected to remit according to these rates at the time they are inserted.
 Local Notices will be charged 50 per cent. higher than above rates.
 Business Cards will be inserted at Ten Dollars per annum.

J. W. RANDOLPH & ENGLISH,
 BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, AND
 BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
 1318 Main Street, Richmond, Va.
 A Large Stock of LAW BOOKS always on hand.
O. F. DAY, ALBERT JONES,
DAY & JONES,
 Manufacturers of
 SADDLERY, HARNESS, COLLARS,
 TRUNKS, &c.
 No. 336 W. Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.
 No. 17

W. A. TUCKER, H. O. SMITH,
 S. B. SPRAGINS,
TUCKER, SMITH & CO.,
 Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
 BOOTS, SHOES, HATS AND CAPS.
 250 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.
 No. 17
WILLIAM DEVIRES, WILLIAM H. DEVIRES,
 CHRISTIAN DEVIRES, of S. MCKENZIE,
WILLIAM DEVIRES & CO.,
 Importers and Jobbers of
Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods and Notions,
 312 West Baltimore Street, (between Howard and Liberty), BALTIMORE.

B. F. KING,
JOHNSON, SUTTON & CO.,
 DRY GOODS,
 No. 326 and 328 Baltimore Street, N. E. corner
 Howard Street, BALTIMORE, MD.
T. W. JOHNSON, B. M. SUTTON,
J. E. CRABBE, G. J. JOHNSON
 No. 17

JNO. W. HOLLAND,
T. A. BRYAN & CO.,
 Manufacturers of FRENCH and AMERICAN
 CANDLES, in every variety, and
 wholesale dealers in
 FRUITS, NUTS, CANNED GOODS, CIGARS, &c.
 329 and 341 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.
 Orders from Merchants solicited.
ELHART, WITZ & Co.,
 Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
 NOTIONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, WHITE
 AND FANCY GOODS,
 No. 5 Hanover Street, Baltimore, Md.
 No. 17

H. H. MARTINDALE,
WM. J. C. DULANY & CO.,
 Stationers' and Booksellers' Ware-
 house,
 SCHOOL BOOKS A SPECIALTY.
 Stationery of all kinds. Wrapping Paper,
 Twines, Bonnet Boards, Paper Blinds,
 332 W. BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

M. S. ROBERTSON,
Watkins & Cottrell,
 Importers and Jobbers of
 HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c., SADDLERY
 GOODS, BOILING CLOTH, GUM
 PACKING AND BELTING,
 1307 Main Street, Richmond, Va.
E. M. WILSON, of N. C.,
 WITH
R. W. POWERS & CO.,
 WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
 and dealers in Paints, Oils, Dyes, Varnishes,
 French Window-Glaze, &c.,
 No. 1305 Main St., Richmond, Va.
 Proprietors Aromatic Peruvian Bitters & Compound Syrup Tolu and Wild Cherry.

B. J. & R. E. BEST,
HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.,
 WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS,
 30 Hanover Street, (between German and
 Lombard Streets),
 BALTIMORE, MD.
H. SONNEBORN, of BALTIMORE.
 47-17

WILSON, BURNS & CO.,
 WHOLESALE GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
 30 S. Howard Street, corner of Lombard,
 BALTIMORE.
 We keep constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of Groceries—suitable for Southern and Western trade. We solicit consignments of Country Produce—such as Cotton, Peas, Beans, Broom-Corn, Wool, Dried Fruit, Fur, Skins, etc. Our facilities for doing business are such as to warrant quick sales and prompt returns. All orders will have our prompt attention.
 43-17

GRAVES' WAREHOUSE,
 DANVILLE, VA.
 For the Sale of Leaf Tobacco.
 OUR ACCOMMODATIONS are unsurpassed. Business promptly and accurately transacted.
 Guarantee the highest market price for tobacco.
 W. P. GRAVES.
 March 21—17

LAUCHHEIMER, MANN & CO.,
 Wholesale Clothiers,
 No. 311 West Baltimore Street,
 BALTIMORE, MD.
 June 19—6m

MY FATHER'S WIFE.

A stepmother! Every nerve quivered and every pulse throbbled at the thought. With pale face and compressed lips, I sat in my own room, having fled there for refuge after the announcement, which had seemingly paralyzed me, saying over and over again the words which promised to change the whole current of my life.

Six months before, my father, listening to the advice of some friends, who, representing that the gay world I was about to enter, and urging that I should have some fitting companion, had advertised in the daily prints for a lady of education and refinement as companion to his daughter and only child.

Among numerous applications—for the remuneration offered was most liberal—was that of a lady, accompanied by such references as "seemed in every way desirable, and an engagement followed. When I first saw her my heart was drawn to her in sympathy that one so young and beautiful should be thrown upon the world. Ere long I learned to love her. Her years scarcely outnumbered mine, but the large dark eyes had in them a look of sadness which proved her no stranger to suffering. Yet she was a sunbeam in the house; the mirthfulness of her laugh was contagious; the touch of her small, white hand in suffering seemed to bring instant healing; the low, sweet voice never to jar; and I had thought her true, had given her my girlish heart, and, lo! I learned all, all had been a part to gain an end.

This woman whom I had cherished in my bosom had turned and stung me, and was about to supplant the mother to whose memory my father had been true ten long years.

"I have asked Miss Elliott to be my wife," he had said to me but an hour before, as I stood in his study, where he had sent for me to come to him. "You have already learned to love her—a fact which has made my decision in this matter easier. Her absence at present is in reality to prepare for the marriage. In a few days I shall go for her to return with her as my wife. As heretofore your happiness has been my first consideration, so now I hope you will consider mine."

With face white as marble, I had listened in silence; then, unable to utter a word in reply, I rushed to the shelter of my own room.

What should I do? As dearly as I had loved so now I hated her. Each smile seemed a trap, each word to have hid its meaning. Her very youth and beauty were but added insults to the dear mother, in her forgotten grave. Never, never could I bear to see her in that mother's place. Had I been blind, not to have seen whether the current was drifting us?

In another hour I, too, had made a decision. My home could no longer be home to me. I would leave it.

Hastily taking up a paper, I scanned the list of advertisements. Fate seemed propitious. This met my eye:

WANTED: A Governess, capable of giving thorough instruction in the English branches, music and French, to two little girls of ten and twelve. Apply to R. W. Rairview, Va.

Within fifteen minutes my reply lay sealed and stamped, referring to the principal of the school from which I had graduated but a year before as to my abilities, then dispatching a short note to her, stating that circumstances had made such a step necessary, and asking her to take the proper course for me in the matter. This done, I felt calmer, and more prepared to meet my father. During the next week the subject of his approaching marriage was in no way referred to, he being too proud to open it, though his eyes often sought mine wistfully, and I too sore to dare trust myself.

On the morning preceding the day which I had waited so anxiously was handed me, in which a regular proposition as to terms, etc., was made me, stating, if I accepted, my presence was earnestly desired at an early date as possible.

Giving myself no time for thought, I telegraphed my acceptance, and the date at which they might expect me.

The next morning my father, looking younger and handsomer than I had seen him in years, folded me to his heart as he whispered:

"I have not been so selfish as you im-

agine. Edith, darling, since, in future, there will be two, instead of one to make your happiness their first thought. Will you not give us the welcome on our return?"

The words had reached the softer emotions, which had sprung into birth at his tender caress, and, still silent and impassive, I saw him go.

Then I had no time to lose, since, in a few hours, I, too, must take my departure—must leave my beautiful home, where all my life I had been surrounded by luxurious and elegant comfort, to go forth among strangers.

Selecting the plainest of my dresses as most suitable, I soon had my trunk packed; then I sat down to write a few lines to my father, stating that I had accepted a situation as governess in a family; that I left him in ignorance as to their identity because I feared his opposition to my plan; and under no circumstances could I return to the home where my happiness had been so ruthlessly shattered by the hand dearest to me.

Then, with a casual explanation to the servants that I was about to visit a friend, with my last quarter's most liberal allowance intact, with one last look at the room of my girlhood—which a father's tender forethought had so tastefully and luxuriously furnished, on my return a year before from school—I went hastily forth, my eyes burning, but shedding no tears.

I had been at Fairview three months, when one morning the children—my pupils—rushed into the school room, exclaiming:

"Oh, Miss Edith, uncle Harry has come, and mamma says we are to have a holiday!"

Smiling at their eagerness, I closed the books. I had heard of "uncle Harry." His name was a household word in the little family of which I had become a member.

In all this time no word had reached me of my home. How could it, when they knew not where I was?

I had known many weary, weary days, though I had been fortunate, indeed, in finding friends in my Southern home, and winning the heart of the little girl, who, in her turn, had now won my own. Still, a feeling of loneliness and desolation oppressed me, as, at liberty for the day, I wandered off among the spacious grounds—a dull weight, so which I could give no name, was ever on my heart, and unbidden I would think:

Was it conscience, and were its whisperings those goaded by remorse?

"Here is Miss Edith, uncle Harry," our pretty, pretty governess, burst in a pair of voices.

Two bright, laughing faces peeped through the screen of trees and behind them, parting the branches, stood their soldier uncle—"uncle Harry."

Never had I seen a face which seemed so strangely to unite the boy and man—of such strength yet such sweetness; such mirth-loving eyes, yet capable of such tender sympathy.

I do not know whether I read this in this first moment, or in the days that followed, when I grew to know Harry Thornton, and to love him.

It was through no fault of mine. I, too, was possessed of woman's pride; but I think, in that first hour, the arrow sped which all too surely found its mark, although the knowledge of my wound came to me only through sufferings.

It happened that we were sitting alone one afternoon, when he told me, unasked, the story of his life of a young girl to whom, three years before, he had pledged his truth; of her youth, her beauty, unity with every word, the pain grew and grew as my heart, the very consciousness my bitterest mockery; how he had left her suddenly called abroad on business, as he said in the midst of a home of luxury, promising to return in six months to fulfill his vow.

The vessel on which he sailed was lost (this story I had already heard many times) and for months he was thought dead. The letters he had written as soon as the vessel which had saved him touched port remained unanswered.

He had listened thence to find her father dead, his property swept away, his daughter compelled to seek self-support, though he could find no further trace of her.

"The news of my safety must have reached her," he added. "She will think, perhaps, I have deserted her in

her hour of need. It is this which adds ever a fresh sting to wounds which would otherwise perhaps have healed."

"Ah, I knew my secret now in all its hopelessness, as, with strength which came whence I know not, I strove to comfort him—to be in truth the friend he called me."

As I entered my room, an hour later, a paper lying on my table caught my eye, and with it the thought that ere I betrayed myself I must leave my new-found home. But on its first page my glance was riveted. Was it indeed the hand of fate?

"E. B." would see her father alive, he must return at once to the home she deserted.

They were my initials, and those of my father's wife. What was the paper's date? Thank God! but that of the preceding day.

"My father is ill, dying!" I said, rushing into Mrs. Thornton's room. "I must go to him at once!"

But when, a few hours later, I stepped into the carriage awaiting me, I found Harry Thornton had declared his intention of accompanying me, to my home.

"Poor child," he said, as arriving at the depot, he tenderly arranged me comfortably in the cars, "you surely did not think I would desert you?"

Oh, the bitterness of the hours which followed! I knew now what meant the weight on my heart; the cruel selfishness, the ungodly hardness of my conduct, which, robbed of all its self-delusion, stared me in the face; the months of unhappiness I had entailed upon my father, whose judgment I could so little trust—a judgment which all my life had guarded me from ill.

I could not talk; I could not pray. But I think only the presence of the man beside me saved me from madness.

At last home was reached; at last the carriage stopped before the elegant house from whence it must have seemed singular indeed that a daughter should have gone forth to seek her daily bread; at last I stood upon its threshold, hopeless and wretched.

It was my father's wife who met me as I entered, who took me in her arms, with no word of reproach, only whispering:

"He is better, darling! The crisis has passed. Oh, Edith, could you not trust me and forgive me?"

"Alice!" I called, almost motionless. "Harry!" I called, almost motionless. Was it imagination, or had I heard these words as I sped up the stairs to my father's room? pausing not until, on my knees beside his bed, I sobbed out my prayer for forgiveness—a prayer, thank God, he yet lived to grant, all undeserving as I was.

The next day Harry Thornton's card was put into my hand. In my joy at again finding a father's love, I had almost forgotten him; but once more the old feeling of mingled suffering and happiness took possession of me as I slowly descended the stairs.

Pausing a moment on the threshold, I stood transfixed. My father's wife stood beside the man I loved, one hand laid upon his arm, her beautiful head bent low, her eyes swimming in tears.

In that instant I saw it all. The story he had told me—the girl he had loved and lost he had found. She was my stepmother!

Oh, strange incongruity of fate. Was this woman, with her beauty and her charm, ever to cross my path? I could not move, when, raising his eyes, he saw and called me by name.

As in a dream I heard the rustle of silken skirts, a swift kiss upon my cheek, then saw I was alone with him.

"Edith," he said, "I have a strange story to tell you—so strange it hardly seems creditable. You remember how I once told you another story, though I dared not tell you all. I dared not tell you that I unburdened my heart to you because I had learned to love you, because I was in honor bound to another whom I still sought, and because I felt it necessary to tell you of my ties for my own strength, when all the time I was longing, as the starving man for bread, to give utterance to the truth, which, spoken, would have made me unworthy the very prize I sought to gain. Darling, the bonds are loosened. I am free to speak, free to ask the boon I so madly covet since she who claimed my allegiance has just been telling me, in broken words, how dearly she loves the man who

has been so good a husband, and now she thanks God that his life has been spared. Edith, my own, has it been all idle fancy that I dreamed you might return in some little measure the devotion that I offer you?"

When I grew calmer, when the first great burst of happiness had found vent in tears, I told him, his arm clasping me close, of all my doubts and fears, and how long since my heart, unasked, had passed into his keeping.

Besides our own Harry and I have two homes—we are richly blessed, indeed!—one in the sunny South, where "Aunt Edith" has grown, I trust, to be a household and a well-loved name, and one where rules with such peace and charm the woman who casts sunshine on her husband's declining years—my father's wife!

The Whipping-Post and Manhood.

A Chicago paper has been prodigiously exercised over the whipping-post matter, and indignantly declares: "Every stroke of the lash crushes out the manhood of the victim," and utters a great deal more of the same sort. Will that paper tell us, if it can, how much manhood there is in a creature that will bear and cruelly abuse his helpless wife, or compel his children to beg or steal, and whip them when they do not, and perhaps, but not succeed in procuring money with which he can buy whisky? Or, how much manhood there is in the professional tramp, who begs and boasts that he has not worked for years, and does not intend ever to work again, able and strong though he be? Or, how much of manhood is there in the petty thief, who will not work, and lives only by foraging on his neighbors? The Chicago paper might as well talk about crushing blood out of a turnip as crushing manhood out of such creatures as these. The same paper rages terribly because Delaware and Virginia have adopted whipping as one method of punishment of criminals. That they had a perfect right to enact and enforce such laws, cannot be denied. If other States pursue a different policy, no one will question their right in the premises; and it might be very difficult to show wherein the lash would be more degrading to a wife-beater, who already has been degraded to the lowest depths, than is the chain-gang; or, wherein it is more cruel than the thumb-screws, gagging, and ice-water baths, under which two convicts, in the Illinois Penitentiary, died, or were killed, not long since; nor yet more cruel than the terrible floggings not infrequently given convicts in the various penitentiaries. Perhaps a little gentle flogging in the early stages of their career of crime might have saved them from the penitentiary and all the consequent suffering.

Governors' Salaries.

We have put ourselves to the trouble to ascertain the salaries of the Governors of some of the States: Alabama pays \$3,000, Connecticut \$2,000, Iowa \$3,000, Kansas \$3,000, Maine \$2,500, Michigan \$1,000, Minnesota \$3,000, Nebraska \$2,500, New Hampshire \$1,000, Oregon \$1,500, South Carolina \$3,500, Vermont \$1,000, West Virginia \$2,700, Arkansas \$3,000, Georgia, most prosperous of Southern States, pays \$4,000. Illinois, with three times the wealth and population of North Carolina, pays but \$6,000. Missouri, double as large and as rich, pays \$5,000. Ohio, with its three and a quarter million people, pays but \$4,000. New York, with twenty times as much as North Carolina and with a population considerably over five millions, can afford to pay \$10,000, even though it be excessive and anti-republican.

In North Carolina should pay its Governor \$3,000 and furnish him a home; it will be doing as well, in proportion, as the most of the large and prosperous States, and being giving all that is considered in our over-twenty-seven million dollars. Of course, if the Governor derives but \$3,000, it cannot be expended that other officials should receive more than two-thirds as much. It is not so nominated in the bond.

South Carolina has increased the number of her schools four hundred and thirty-nine the past year. No wonder the colored voters are joining the Democratic party by thousands.

The Country Newspaper.

The country journalist is no longer the poor victim of circumstances, as he was pictured, too truthfully, perhaps, twenty-five years ago. He was then a slave to his passion for an unappreciated art, and a victim of poverty. He wrote his own editorials and local news, set type, made up a form, did job work, and, in fact, turned his hand to any kind of labor. The credit system was pursued, and it kept him a bondman, for the last debt paid was generally the printer's. Horace Greeley said that the New York Mirror, an excellent literary and news journal, published by him before founding the Tribune, would have been a great success had those who subscribed for it and read it also paid for it. As only a few did pay, he was obliged to suspend.

But a wonderful stride has been made since that time. Country journals have not only multiplied in number and interest, but they have risen in ability to a point of appreciation of the people than ever. Not content to give a sickly reflection of their community, they now advise and lead. Growing stronger, they have become more independent. A few years ago, a candidate for office cared little or nothing about the weekly papers in his district; now he respects their power and courts their favor. As a rule their editorials are pointedly, and some of them brilliantly, written, and compare favorably with those in many of the dailies. There is no longer an enmity between the city dailies and the country papers, for each has discovered that it has a field of its own, and they are rapidly learning that in helping each other they are helping themselves.

The country editors are genial, wholesome, intelligent, and withal good looking, as has often been noted when seen in a body at their annual meetings. They probably enjoy life as well as the average genus homo. While they have great pride in their profession, to which they are certainly entitled, they never tire of making fun of one another, and the profession is a but of ridicule. If the liberty came from outside, it would be received and the libel annihilated.

Never Known Here.

All the good that prayer has done will never be known till the last day, then it will be seen that those who could be useful in scarcely any other way, brought down blessings by their prayers. It is related concerning a poor man, who was for a long time confined to his bed by sickness, that he made it his daily employment to pray that light might enter the various dark villages in his neighborhood. Every one of those villages, for which he thus separately prayed, were in a short time, and in a remarkably degree, visited with spiritual mercies. There can be no doubt that conversions are often in answer to the unknown prayers of some pious relative. Delightful discoveries may be made in another world concerning our obligations to those who have prayed for us in this life.

Without a Newspaper.

As exchange says: Nothing presents a sadder commentary upon the present condition of society than the large number of families, both in town and country, but more especially in the latter, that subscribe to no paper of any kind. Hundreds and thousands of families are thus growing up utterly ignorant of what is transpiring in the world around them—ignorant of the mighty events of the day. But who can tell the vast amount of injury that is being inflicted on the rising generation—those who are to take our place in the busy world at no distant day—growing up without any knowledge of the present, any study of the past, this ignorance, too, being imbedded in them by the sanction of those who should, and doubtless do, know better, did they only think of the injurious effects of their course. Let the head of every family think of this, and place in the hands of those for whom he is responsible, the means of acquiring some knowledge of the moving panorama in which we act the different parts.

Gov. Vance will have an elegant reception accorded to him before leaving for Washington.

The jury in the Arlington case returned a verdict for the plaintiff, Gen. Lee, for the whole pro-erty in fee. The defendants moved for a new trial.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION
 THE REPORTER
 DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1879.
 NUMBER 36.
 THE REPORTER
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY PEPPER & SONS,
 1318 Main Street, Richmond, Va.
 RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
 One Year, payable in advance, \$2.00
 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 advertisements will be expected to remit according to these rates at the time they are inserted.
 Local Notices will be charged 50 per cent. higher than above rates.
 Business Cards will be inserted at Ten Dollars per annum.
 J. W. RANDOLPH & ENGLISH,
 BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, AND
 BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
 1318 Main Street, Richmond, Va.
 A Large Stock of LAW BOOKS always on hand.
 O. F. DAY, ALBERT JONES,
 DAY & JONES,
 Manufacturers of
 SADDLERY, HARNESS, COLLARS,
 TRUNKS, &c.
 No. 336 W. Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.
 No. 17
 W. A. TUCKER, H. O. SMITH,
 S. B. SPRAGINS,
 TUCKER, SMITH & CO.,
 Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
 BOOTS, SHOES, HATS AND CAPS.
 250 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.
 No. 17
 WILLIAM DEVIRES, WILLIAM H. DEVIRES,
 CHRISTIAN DEVIRES, of S. MCKENZIE,
 WILLIAM DEVIRES & CO.,
 Importers and Jobbers of
 Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods and Notions,
 312 West Baltimore Street, (between Howard and Liberty), BALTIMORE.
 B. F. KING,
 JOHNSON, SUTTON & CO.,
 DRY GOODS,
 No. 326 and 328 Baltimore Street, N. E. corner
 Howard Street, BALTIMORE, MD.
 T. W. JOHNSON, B. M. SUTTON,
 J. E. CRABBE, G. J. JOHNSON
 No. 17
 JNO. W. HOLLAND,
 T. A. BRYAN & CO.,
 Manufacturers of FRENCH and AMERICAN
 CANDLES, in every variety, and
 wholesale dealers in
 FRUITS, NUTS, CANNED GOODS, CIGARS, &c.
 329 and 341 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.
 Orders from Merchants solicited.
 ELHART, WITZ & Co.,
 Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
 NOTIONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, WHITE
 AND FANCY GOODS,
 No. 5 Hanover Street, Baltimore, Md.
 No. 17
 H. H. MARTINDALE,
 WM. J. C. DULANY & CO.,
 Stationers' and Booksellers' Ware-
 house,
 SCHOOL BOOKS A SPECIALTY.
 Stationery of all kinds. Wrapping Paper,
 Twines, Bonnet Boards, Paper Blinds,
 332 W. BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.
 M. S. ROBERTSON,
 Watkins & Cottrell,
 Importers and Jobbers of
 HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c., SADDLERY
 GOODS, BOILING CLOTH, GUM
 PACKING AND BELTING,
 1307 Main Street, Richmond, Va.
 E. M. WILSON, of N. C.,
 WITH
 R. W. POWERS & CO.,
 WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
 and dealers in Paints, Oils, Dyes, Varnishes,
 French Window-Glaze, &c.,
 No. 1305 Main St., Richmond, Va.
 Proprietors Aromatic Peruvian Bitters & Compound Syrup Tolu and Wild Cherry.
 B. J. & R. E. BEST,
 HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.,
 WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS,
 30 Hanover Street, (between German and
 Lombard Streets),
 BALTIMORE, MD.
 H. SONNEBORN, of BALTIMORE.
 47-17
 WILSON, BURNS & CO.,
 WHOLESALE GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
 30 S. Howard Street, corner of Lombard,
 BALTIMORE.
 We keep constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of Groceries—suitable for Southern and Western trade. We solicit consignments of Country Produce—such as Cotton, Peas, Beans, Broom-Corn, Wool, Dried Fruit, Fur, Skins, etc. Our facilities for doing business are such as to warrant quick sales and prompt returns. All orders will have our prompt attention.
 43-17
 GRAVES' WAREHOUSE,
 DANVILLE, VA.
 For the Sale of Leaf Tobacco.
 OUR ACCOMMODATIONS are unsurpassed. Business promptly and accurately transacted.
 Guarantee the highest market price for tobacco.
 W. P. GRAVES.
 March 21—17
 LAUCHHEIMER, MANN & CO.,
 Wholesale Clothiers,
 No. 311 West Baltimore Street,
 BALTIMORE, MD.
 June 19—6m