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THE WISDOM OF THE HEART.

Moments there are in life—alas, how few! When, casting cold, prudential doubts aside, We take a generous impulse for our guide, And following promptly what the heart thinks best, Commit to Providence the rest; Sure that no after-reckoning will arise Of shame or sorrow, for the heart is wise. And happy they who thus in faith obey Their better nature; or sometimes they may, And some sad thoughts lie heavy in the breast, Such as by hope deceived are left behind; But like a shadow they will pass away From the pure sunshine of the peaceful mind.

Do All For God.

"The practical life of the Christian comprehends three distinct elements, viz: Working, fighting and suffering. We have to do the will of God in our business; this is working. We have to oppose our bosom sin and resist temptation; this is fighting. We have, finally, to endure with cheerfulness and submission whatever cross the Lord Jesus pleases to lay upon us; this is suffering. And to be right in the practical department of the Christian life is summed up in these three things, to work devoutly, to fight manfully and to suffer patiently. Each man's wisdom and happiness must consist in doing, as well as his faculties will admit, the work which God sets him. And this is the true motive, which lifts up the humblest duties into a higher atmosphere, and refines away their earthlyness, and glorifies them: "Whatever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance; for ye serve the Lord Christ."—Goldburn.

Charles Stewart Parnell spoke to an immense meeting at the Madison Square Garden, New York, on the night of the 4th, on behalf of the Irish people. At the conclusion of his address it was resolved that "a formal and earnest appeal be made to aid in the grand achievement of giving this ancient people a living in their own land, realizing the idea given utterance to by Mr. Parnell on his arrival of giving Ireland a place among the nations of the earth; in other words, 'Ireland for the Irish and the Irish for Ireland'."

SELF-HELPING.—Marriage is the natural destiny of woman, to be welcomed when it comes, yet it should not be considered the acme of feminine hope and ambition. Our daughters must not be turned adrift, with all their bright possibilities, to marry because it is the only thing they can do.

There is to be a grand ecumenical council of Methodists from all parts of the world, held in the United States during the year 1881, to discuss matters relating to the church, and representatives of 29,000,000 Methodists are expected.

SAD.—Although it has been nearly nineteen centuries since Christ redeemed the world, it is estimated that only a little more than 100,000,000 are converted to God; and, that more than 1,000,000,000 are still in the broad road to death.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.

A Dr. Lambert says that cranberries, with their malic and citric acid, are good for those living in malarious places. Cranberry jelly he especially recommends, as the seeds and skins irritate a weak alimentary canal.

James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York Herald has the largest profits from a newspaper of any man in this country. His income from the Herald is said to be \$15,000 a day.

An editor being asked, "Do dogs pay?" says: "Many do not. They take the paper several years and then have the postmaster send it back marked 'refused.'"

In 1878 there were 917 failures in New York city, representing \$64,000,000. In 1879 there were 460 failures, aggregating \$16,383,932.

Congress proposes to amend the Constitution that hereafter there shall be no trouble in counting the electoral votes for President and Vice-President.

On seeing a house being whitewashed, a small boy asked, "Man, if you please, are you shaving that house?"

Longfellow calls Sunday the golden clasp, that binds together the volume of the week.

Nobody ever counted the toes on the feet of poetry, or the nails on the fingers of scorn.

ELSIE!

OR,
Nathaniel Holt's Idol.

"I am so tired!"

The flute-like voice that uttered this pithy exclamation broke through the fragrant stillness of the autumnal evening like a jarring chord in some exquisite melody, and Nathaniel Holt looked up from his paper with a slight frown on his bronzed, handsome face.

He was tired, very tired, after a day of hard labor on his mountain lands and had thrown himself into a great easy chair of his mother's, on the south porch, for a moment's rest; and he could not understand how the speaker, a tall, supple girl, with hands as white as milk, who passed her time in comparative idleness, could be tired.

For Elsie Marian was not one given to unusual exertion, and generally managed to secure the good things of this world with as much ease as was possible or consistent with her position as dependent niece in the home of her mother's sister, Nathaniel Holt's aged mother, who simply adored the bright young girl who had brought sunshine into her old house, and whose helpless orphanage covered many serious faults.

At this moment Elsie was seated on a garden stool, half hidden by the drooping boughs of a willow, laboriously attempting to twist tiny bunches of dogwood berries and autumn leaves into a wreath, her head gold hair falling about a face as fair as any lily that lifted its spotless brow to the opal sky, and no violet that ever blossomed in the cool tufts of meadow grass beyond the low copse was as blue as the modest eyes she lifted to Nathaniel Holt's troubled face.

He stood over her, his hands folded on his back, and his broad, bronzed brow flushed a little with some sudden inward emotion.

"Elsie," he began, the brown eyes that she dared not meet searching the face that drooped beneath his gaze, "what has tired you?"

"Nothing."

"You were once a contented, happy girl, Elsie; what has changed you?"

"Nothing." She spoke listlessly, yet a faint, sea-shell pink crept into the round, soft cheeks and up to the roots of golden hair.

"Yes, Elsie, something has changed you; you are the same, and yet not the same. You have lost your blitheness; you do not come to me with kind words, as you once did, Elsie, and charm all my cares away. Tell me why?"

Nathaniel Holt sat down on the grass at his cousin's feet, and watched the color come and go in the face above him. He was terribly in earnest, this sober, self-contained man of 30, for this young girl had been his idol for years.

"I am not changed," Elsie tried to steady her voice. "I am the same to-day that I have been every day for years. You know I am 20, and I must try and be womanly."

"Has Lewis Walton anything to do with the change, Elsie?"

Elsie's face blushed crimson, yet she laughed merrily.

"No. You surely are not jealous, Nathaniel?"

It was Nathaniel's turn to blush now, which he did to perfection. For answer he drew the dogwood berries out of the little hands, and held the slender fingers in his own.

"I am not jealous, Elsie. You do not seem contented of late; you are always tired; you never run up the mountain path to meet me, or take long rambles in the woodland, so as to be near me, as you once did. You see, I have grown so used to your tender, watchful love, Elsie, it would be hard to give it up. And I have thought that you had grown tired of me, and had given your love to Lewis Walton, who seems a more fitting mate."

"A divorced man, Nathaniel!" Elsie cried, lifting her eyebrows slightly, although her cheeks were dyed with burning blushes and her lips trembled nervously.

"A divorced man," repeated Nathaniel, looking her full in the face. "Yes, Elsie, there is danger of your forgetting me through him, for he is a more polished, more fascinating man; yet, Elsie, dear, he is as unstable as the wind,

and not calculated to make any woman happy."

"You must think me very impressive," broke out Elsie, whose conscience was not as easy as it might have been. "When I gave my promise to be your wife, I meant to keep it."

Nathaniel Holt drew the golden bead down to his breast and breathed a silent prayer over it; for Elsie was a woman, with a beautiful woman's love of the world's flattery and adulation and he knew enough of Lewis Walton's character to know the arguments he would use, and that he would not be sparing of flattering speeches.

"Remember this, Elsie," he said, solemnly; "that God has joined together, let no man put asunder, and, although the law has separated Lewis Walton and his wife, in the sight of God she is his wife still."

"There"—Elsie lifted her face suddenly, and held up her lips for a kiss—"that will do. I must go in to Aunt Eunice."

Nathaniel Holt kissed the lovely face, not once, but many times, and years after those passionate kisses were remembered with keenest pain. Elsie slipped away from him and ran into the house, and Nathaniel, silenced but not convinced, sat perfectly still, and tried to reason away his fears, with knitted brows.

After that life went on much as usual at the Holt farm. Elsie was to become its mistress at Christmas, and her Aunt Eunice was very busy over the expected wedding. She loved Elsie with a mother's love already, and Nathaniel, as the autumn months drifted by, grew a trifle thoughtful; for Lewis Walton, who had been a summer guest in the neighborhood, still lingered, and still called on Elsie, who tried to hide her growing fondness for his company. He was wealthy, indolent and gifted with a persuasive tongue. Elsie loved ease, lacked firmness of principle and will, and, although she imagined herself faithful to Nathaniel, her heart was slowly but surely being beguiled away from the true and steadfast love of an upright man.

Nathaniel watched her with a brooding tenderness. He was so loyal himself that he would instinctively notice any wavering on Elsie's part, he thought; yet the eyes of love are often blinded by self-confidence, and when Elsie came to him and laid her golden head against his arm, as she often did in the autumn gloaming, Nathaniel's happiness was too deep to be delusive, and he would hold her to his breast as if nothing could ever wrest her from his faithful arms. Poor Elsie! little did she know of the passionate depth and power of this strong man's love. His homage was hers by right, and she accepted it as some Princess might the service of her vassals. She never thought how desolate that life would be if bereft of her love—how barren of hope or happiness would be his darkened future; for, if he erred in any sense, it was in the strength and purity of the love he laid at her feet.

The purple haze of Indian summer was lying on the hills. The sun sailed through the mist like a great ball of flame, and billows of dead-brown leaves swept up the ravines, as Nathaniel Holt trudged down the mountain path, his brown cheek flushed with exercise, and his eyes kindling with love as the old farm-house, with its many windows stained with amber, and tall gables draped with scarlet runners, came in view. His mother sat on the porch, bathed in a rift of ruby sunshine, but he looked in vain for Elsie—Elsie who had promised to come up the mountain path to meet him. Something like the murmur of voices attracted his attention, and, turning into a side path, he came upon Elsie and Lewis Walton seated on a mossy log, with their faces turned from him. Walton's hunting jacket and gun lay on the ground and Elsie's hat had fallen at her feet, while the fair glowing face was upturned to the hazy November sky, as if she dared not, yet longed to meet the fire of the black eyes that seemed to read the innermost thoughts of her heart.

"Elsie—Elsie," the soft, persuasive voice was saying, "be wise, and listen to me. You do not love Nathaniel Holt as women love men they marry."

"Nathaniel is so good, and has been like a brother to me since mamma's

death" murmured Elsie, by way of protest, while Nathaniel stood as if rooted to the spot, his breath coming in thick, hot gasps.

"That's just it, Elsie; you have mistaken your feelings. Instead of the love you should give him, you will reward his great love—for he does love you deeply—with a warm, sisterly affection. Ah! Elsie, think in time—I love you as I have never loved before, and, Elsie, you love me," said Lewis Walton, as he put his arm around her slender waist and drew Elsie's happy face to his bosom, and covered the warm, red lips with kisses.

Nathaniel Holt fled from the spot like a hunted deer. The veins on his temples stood out like whip-cords, and dry, voiceless sobs broke from him as he sank down on the mossy turf and buried his face in the cedar spears that lay inch deep on the moist ground. Never again could he take Elsie Marian's false face in his hands and kiss it with a lover's kisses. For she had willfully given up the pure, honest love of his guileless heart for the love of man who, in the sight of God, if not in the sight of men, was legally bound to another. Perhaps he had been mistaken in himself, but this he knew, he had made an idol of her and given her such love as no human being should lavish on a fellow creature, be they ever so perfect, and God had seen the foolishness of his idolatrous love, and punished him sorely for it.

After his passion of grief had spent itself, he arose and turned into the path that led homeward, feeling very much as if he had stood beside Elsie Marian's grave and saw her laid in it. His face had grown white and hard and stern in that short but bitter struggle, and the brown eyes were full of a grief too deep for tears. He felt faint and dizzy when he saw Elsie standing at the meadow gate alone, and the light of her newly-awakened love in her blue eyes.

"Nathaniel"—she speaks nervously, for her womanly instinct tells her something is wrong—"what has happened? You are late."

"Just this, Elsie"—he takes her hands in his and turns his set, white face away from her—"I have lost something out of my life which I shall never, never own again—an untroubled mind; and, Elsie, dear, forgive me if I have mistaken gratitude for love, and held you against your will. Take the man of your choice, Elsie, and Heaven grant you may not find your happiness dead sea fruit."

"Oh, Nathaniel!" Elsie's tears are falling over the hard, brown hands; "I did not deserve your love—I do not deserve your kindness now."

"Go!" he says, gently, and Elsie slips past him, leaving him to conquer the rush of feeling that threatened to overpower him. At length he felt strong enough to face his future, and went into the house with a look on his face that told his mother the hour she dreaded had come; for, with the keen instincts of her sex, she had foreseen the result of Lewis Walton's attentions and was more grieved than surprised when Nathaniel told his pitiful story.

Elsie was married. The first snow had just whitened the earth when she left the Holt farm, the wife of Lewis Walton, a strange pallor on her beautiful face, a strange dread in her heart; for some thoughts had come to her in the eleventh hour that were neither pleasant nor ennobling, for they taught her that her life had been a mistake, as far as stability of feeling and purity of purpose were concerned; for the white, weary face of Nathaniel Holt was dearer to her heart than the handsome face of the husband at her side.

The winter days rolled on. News of Elsie Walton's triumphs came now and then to the quiet farm-house and stirred Nathaniel Holt's heart with a touch of his old pain; for he could not forget that all this beauty and grace might have been his. Lewis Walton might value it as a child prizes a beautiful toy; he would have idolized it as a devotee worships the beauty of his goddess—and for this feeling alone he felt the great treasure of Elsie's love had been denied him.

But a rumor was stirring in the fashionable world that never reached the quiet old homestead. Men looked with pity on the lovely, trusting wife; women smiled and sneered behind their fans; and still Elsie never dreamed aught of

the shame and disgrace that was gathering around her.

When the news of her fickle husband's elopement with a dashing widow reached her, she threw up her hands with a cry of despair—"Nathaniel, Nathaniel, my sin has found me out!"

Three days later the dead body of her husband—for a railroad accident had ended his career—was carried home to her; and Elsie, broken and full of bitter remorse, followed it to its last resting-place, then turned her face to the quiet old home she had left a bride but a few months before.

Nathaniel asked no questions. The sad, white face was dearer to him now than it had ever been before. He made no outward sign of the love that was burning within his breast, yet his care of her was wonderful, and he thanked God that through affliction he had been shown the weakness of his idol, and that Elsie was but human, while his own heart had been purified in the fire of tribulation. More than a year after Lewis Walton's death, we find them standing where we first saw them—under the old willow—and Elsie is wearing a wreath of dogwood berries and autumn leaves. Her cheeks are flushed and a tender light fills the beautiful eyes.

"Elsie"—Nathaniel imprisons the slender fingers—"you must let me speak. Give me back the love I lost when you became the wife of another."

"Nathaniel"—Elsie's voice is full of contrition—"I did not know my own heart then."

"You know it now, Elsie; say it is mine."

"Forever and forever, Nathaniel."

And who will question his right to take the golden head to his bosom, where we hope it may rest for many years to come.

LIFE'S MONITORS.—Life is not intended to be a monotonous lullaby, hum-drum and unvarying. Were it so, our souls would become drowsy. The seasons are monitors, their reckoning sure. "God's great time keeper," as Bushnell says—not only sure but compulsory. We cannot stop the whirl of days, and months, and years, and centuries. Time is reeled off in definite measurement. Seed-time and harvest come and go, fruits ripen and decay, the clock of Time keeps tolling its messages of mercy and menaces of warning. This is a part of the system of instruction under which we live, the external architectural teachings of Nature about us. Thus we may learn to number our days and apply our hearts unto wisdom. Thus may day unto day utter speech, and night unto night teach us true knowledge until we reach the land whose calendar is not measured by waning moons and setting suns.

DID THE CHINESE INVENT BANK NOTES?
—Sir John Lubbock, in the *Nineteenth Century*, credits the Chinese with the invention of bank notes. It is related that about 119 B. C., the court being in want of money, the Halifax of the day hit upon the following device: When any Prince or courtier entered the imperial presence it was customary to cover the face with a piece of skin. It was first decreed that for this purpose the skin of a certain white deer, kept in one of the royal parks, should alone be employed, and then these skins, which appear to have passed from one noble to another, were sold for a high price. Thus bank notes are believed to have come into vogue in China about 800 A. D., and were called *fey sien*, or flying money.

There is a ladie's memorial before Congress demanding the expulsion of George Q. Cannon, now serving his fourth term as a delegate from Utah in Congress. George is very "mougly-married," having a half-dozen or more wives, so-called. He is a strong advocate of polygamy and practices it to the best of his ability. Let Congress unload. Shoot off this mighty Mormon Cannon with a boom.

A few lines were written to a down-town store as follows: "Dere sur: if yew hev got a bridge, please send me a copy by Pysser's express c. p. d.—i want to git it ter-morrer if I kin, cause my spellin teacher says i orter hev it."