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MY GIRL WITH THE CALICO DRESS.

A fig for your fashionable girls,
With their velvets and satins and laces,
Their diamonds and rubies and pearls,
And their milliners' figures and faces,
They may shine at a party or ball,
Embellished with half they possess;
But give me in place of them all,
My girl with the calico dress!

Your dandies and foppings may sneer
At her simple and modest attire,
But the charms she permits to appear
Would set a whole iceberg on fire.
She can dance, but she never allows
The hugging, the squeeze and caress;
She is saving all these for her spouse—
My girl with the calico dress.

She's as plump as a partridge, and fair
As the rose in its earliest bloom;
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume.
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, entice and bless;
She is just the right sort for a wife,
Is my girl with the calico dress.

Loaded for Bear.

There are two young men in the composing room of the Sun office who, if they knew their own hearts desire to lead different lives. Sometime ago they pledged each other to quit the use of tobacco, that vile vegetable which neither cheers nor inebriates, and the one who should first be caught with tobacco in his mouth was to stand the expense of oysters for both. But the force of habit was strong with Henry, and one day, in an unguarded moment, he spit tobacco juice on the floor, and Clarence noticed it and claimed the oysters. "Not any oysters," said Henry. "I'm chewing licorice." "I don't believe it," said Clarence. "You're chewing tobacco." "I'll bet you ten cents I ain't chewing tobacco," said Henry, drawing out a dime and laying it on the composing stone. This was a staggerer to Clarence; he felt that he had gone too far and was sorry he enlisted. "Put up or shut up," said Henry, and thus taunted Clarence drew out a dime and covered the money on the stone. He expected to lose, of course, but he could not bear the contumely of being bluffed. But on exploring Henry's mouth it was found that he did have tobacco; an enormous old soldier was brought to light, and Clarence raked in the funds.

From that moment the iron seemed to enter Henry's soul, and his one object in living was to get even with Clarence. A few days afterward he went about the office "spitting black," and taking particular pains that Clarence should see him. Clarence did see him, and also noticed the pains Henry seemed to be taking to attract his attention. He therefore drew his own conclusions, and made up his mind that Henry was endeavoring to entrap him into another bet, but this time with licorice. So he said in order to open the conversation: "What have you got in your mouth, Hank?" "Licorice," said Henry, innocently. "That's what I thought," said Clarence. "You wouldn't bet that its licorice, would you?" asked Henry. "Yes, I would; I'll bet you ten cents its licorice." "I won't bet such a small amount," said Henry, evidently trying to sneak out.

After a good deal of desultory talk, back and forward, Henry at last offered to wager twenty-five cents that he had tobacco in his mouth. The stakes were put up, when Henry put his tongue down into his jaw and turned up a quid of fine old navy plug and raked in the nickels. Then he spit out the tobacco, and in doing so his mouth became unmanageable and out dropped a lump of licorice also! He was loaded for bear; and had Clarence foul whichever way he might bet.

The True Value.

If you want the results of work, you must do the work which brings the results. The cost of production is the measure of worth in well-nigh every branch of the world's commerce. What a thing has cost, or what would be the cost of its duplicating, settles the question of its market value. And if you want the results of character, you must first have the character. Character is finally measured by weight, not by show. The yeast of pretension may puff out a loaf of character far beyond its real substance; but when it is put into the scales of the world's criticism the loaf's weight will inevitably be shown. In the long run, no one gains from assumption or pretence. "The leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisy" has power only for a season.—S. S. Times.

Irwin's Romance.

"Do you love music?" she asked.
"Passionately," replied Irwin. "I can whistle 'The Skids are Out To-day' perfectly, and I never heard it before last week."
"How quite!" said Myrtle.
"Altogether too too," was the answer, in low soft tones that made the girl feel instantly that he loved her.
"They tell me you are very wicked," Mr. Mullican, said Myrtle, as the sound of a Strauss waltz floated in from the ball-room. "Is it so?"
"Well, I have always tried to keep up with the procession," was the answer. "I suppose you hate me for that?"
"Oh, no," responded the girl, quickly. "It's the namby-pamby men that are distasteful to me. I like a man whose blood runs wine not water."
Irwin did not answer. "If she had said sour mash instead of wine," he murmured to himself, "I could have a front seat in her affections."
"Do you like Gladstone?" she asked suddenly.
"No," said Irwin. "I lost eighty dollars on him yesterday. He was beaten in a mile dash at the fair grounds."
"Can I ever love this man?" asked Myrtle of herself as they parted that night. "Can I give my soul to one who doesn't know the great statesman from a three-year-old colt?"

Two weeks later they were betrothed

Old Jerry's Philosophy.

A man would be a heap better off if he was as perticuler 'bout de whiskey he drinks as he is 'bout de water.
As a tight shoe makes a hard place on de heel, so does a tight fitten nature make a callus place on de soul.
It is de helplessness of dis worl' dat appeals to Christ. De prar ob thanks fur prosperity ain't half so earnest as de prar axin fur help.
De grave looks deeper to a child den it does ter an ole man.
Misery loves company, but I'd ruther hab de rheumatiz in one leg den ter hab it in bofe.
A child born now has more to larn den de chillun ob days gone by. De 'bout de telephons. When I was a child I didn't hab to larn 'bout de telegraph. George Washington didn't hab to larn 'bout de revolver. Caesar didn't hab to larn 'bout de cannon, an' Cain didn't hab to larn nuthin' but de names ob grain an' a few animals. Arter a while, in order to be 'spectable, a ten year ole boy will hab ter be patty well educated.

Unexpected Criticism.

One of the most eloquent and popular Clergymen of Austin, Texas, being about to ascend the steps leading to his church a few Sundays ago, was asked by a partially blind old lady, who did not recognize him to help her up the steps. With his usual urbanity he complied with her request. Just as they reached the top steps she asked him who was going to preach. "Parson Smith," he replied, that being his own name. "O Lord!" exclaimed the old lady. "Help me down again. I'd rather listen to a man sawing wood. Please help me down again. I don't care to go in." At first the clergyman was inclined to refuse, but on reflection, he gently assisted her down the steps again remarking as they reached the bottom: "You are quite right, madam, about not going into the church. I wouldn't go in either if I was not paid for it."

Hydrophobia and Tobacco.

The Erwy boy whose sufferings from hydrophobia have been terrible, appears to be getting better every day. A marked peculiarity in the boy's case is that he craves cigars. The boy's father says he never knew him to use tobacco in any form. He called for a cigar on last Wednesday for the first time, which was given him. He smoked it entirely up without showing any signs of sickness from its effects, but, on the contrary, seemed greatly soothed. He has smoked three or four cigars since, and each one seems to do him a great deal of good.

A young man who visited a Sunday school was asked at the close of the lessons to address the children, which he did, commencing, "My dear young friends, mutability is stamped on all subunary objects." The children were not prepared to deny the accuracy of the statement.

Manners are the shadows of virtues.

Personalities and Ill Reports.

Keep clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with persons. Personalities must sometimes be talked, because we have to learn and find out men's characteristics for legitimate objects, but it must be with confidential persons. Poor Burns wrote and did many foolish things, but he was wise when he wrote to a young friend:
"Aye, tell your story free, off-hand,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yourself!
You'll scarcely tell to any."
Do not needlessly report ill of others. There are times when we are compelled to say, "I do not think Bouncer a true and honest man." But when there is no need to express an opinion let poor Bouncer swagger away. Others will take his measure no doubt, and save you the trouble of analyzing him and instructing them. And as far as possible dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives and cutting up character goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table. There is evil enough in men, God knows. But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.—Dr. John Hall.

The Irrepressible Small Boy.

The veteran Owen Conlin, who for years did excellent service in "mending the ways" of the youth of the country, met a diminutive boy with a long cigar in his mouth, on the street, one day recently.
"How old are you, my son?" inquired Owen.
"Fourteen, sir," was the polite reply.
"What are you doing?"
"Smoking."
"How long have you smoked?"
"Four years."
"Ah, my son, I have lived seventy years, and never yet learned to smoke tobacco."
Drawing himself up to his full height, the polite youth replied:
"You damned old fool, nobody's to blame but yourself; you might have learnt!"
Owen declares that he shall never try to reform the youth of this country again.

While we are dreaming, and resolving, and wishing, golden opportunities are passing swiftly by. If we would catch them we must be up and doing. The great fountain of love, implanted within our hearts, must be kept open and allowed to flow forth freely if we would keep the waters pure and sweet. Though we have not the riches of earth with which to contribute to the world's evangelization, or to relieve the wants of the poor and needy, yet we can give that which is far better and more enduring to many hearts—precious words of loving sympathy. We can extend the warm and friendly hand-clasp, we can give the encouraging and cheerful smile, which shall make glad and inspire new hope in many an aching, suffering heart.

Got Away With Him Again!
"How I enjoy the return of Saturday night," said Senator Vance in the horse-car riding up from the Senate.

"Yes," rejoined Senator Hoar, if you were a Republican you might join with Dr. Watts in saying:
How pleasant is Saturday night
When I've tried all week to be good."
"Not being a Republican," returned the North Carolinian, "I can't tell a lie like that."

Senator Hoar offered Senator Vance his hat, which was declined quietly but firmly.

A powder is advertised by a man that is warranted to cure cats and dogs (running about and making a noise at night). It is black and put in a gun with lead, and makes a noise itself.

When a boy feels called upon to go West and tackle grizzlies he should be shut up in a yard for fifteen minutes with a dog about as big as a cider barrel. If that doesn't cure him then he was cut out for a great bear hunter.

"No," said the thin-legged young gentleman, "I never sing or play. I consider my company sufficiently valuable without any of that sort of thing, you know." "So it seems," replied Fogg; "but does anybody else so consider it?"

When.

The clock struck eleven. Myrtle and Billy were standing in the hallway, her arms twined about him in the ecstasy of love.
"And you will love me always Billy?" Myrtle said, softly.
"Yes, my precious one, forever and ever."
"And when shall we be married?" came in low, dulcet tones from the girl, as her head nestled confidently above his liver-pad.
Now was Colonel Billy's longed-for opportunity. Two years before, Myrtle had laughed a merry, heartless laugh when he had seated himself in a pie at a picnic. Drawing himself up proudly, he said, while a lemon-like smile flitted over his clear-cut features:
"Yes, I will marry you, Myrtle."
"But when?" pleaded the girl.
"When the Washington monument is completed," he answered, and with a hollow, mocking laugh, he fled into the darkness, leaving her in the front hall, alone and desolate.

Sustaining Her Reputation.

Young Hostetter McGinnis, one of the fashionable young bloods of Austin, took a young lady to church Sunday evening. As he had been up quite late the night before, he was very sleepy, consequently he did not flirt with the young lady as he had heretofore been in the habit of doing in church.
"What is the matter with you?" she whispered.
"I am not feeling well," he whispered back.
"You wake up and giggle a little, anyhow. If we don't mistake ourselves in church, people will think we are married, and I want you to understand I've got a reputation to sustain."
After that Hostetter McGinnis and the young lady sat so improperly that the sexton had to go and whisper to them to keep quiet.

The True Woman.

"Oh, missus," exclaimed Bridget, as she appeared, pale and trembling, before her mistress at 10 P. M.; "there's somebody trying to get in the front door."
"Is it a goat, Bridget?"
"No 'um."
"Is it a woman?"
"No 'um."
"Is it a man?"
"Yes 'um."
"Good looking?"
"Yes 'um."
"Well, let him come in."
The courage of a true woman never fails her.

T. T. Fortune, the colored editor of the New York Globe, has written a letter to one of his race in Memphis in which he says: "The salvation of the colored man in the South will depend in the future upon the measure of success with which he comes to appreciate the fact that he must become intelligent and act in political concert with those with whom he is so closely identified, and this feeling must of necessity be reciprocated by the whites as well." There is a world of common sense in this, but political common sense is at a discount in these days.

A GREAT ORE BANK.—The iron ore bank at Craberry in Mitchell county which is being operated by a Pennsylvania company, promises to be the most remarkable one ever worked in this country. The vein has already been operated seventy feet and promises to reach a thickness of 120 feet, and the supply seems inexhaustible. The company has spent \$1,000,000 in a railroad and ore land investments, and will operate the mines on an extensive scale, proposing to take out 1,000 tons per day.

Dr. Chapin was dining at a hotel and was served with what was called barley soup on the bill of fare. "That is not barley soup," said he to the waiter, "it is barely soup." On another occasion, while traveling in the South with his wife, who was uncommonly dark complexioned, he addressed an old colored man as "uncle." "How happens it," said his wife, reproachfully, "that that colored man is your uncle?" "He is my uncle by marriage, I suppose."

A boy came home from school very much excited and told his father that he believed all human beings were descended from apes, which made the old man so mad that he replied angrily "That may be the case with you, but it ain't with me; I can tell you that, now."

Democratic Platform.

We congratulate the people of North Carolina on the era of peace, prosperity and good government which has been unbroken since the incoming of a Democratic State administration; upon the pure and impartial administration of justice and the honest enforcement of the laws; upon the efficiency of our common school system and great advance made in education, and the general improvement and enterprise manifested in every part of the State, and we pledge ourselves to exert all efforts to advance the material interests of all sections of the State in the future as we have done in the past. We challenge a comparison between a Democratic administration of our State affairs and the crimes, outrages and scandals that accompanied Republican misrule. Affirming our adherence to Democratic principles as defined in the platform adopted by the National Democratic Convention, held at Cincinnati in 1880:

Resolved, That we regard a free and fair expression of the public will at the ballot-box as the only sure means of preserving our free American institutions, and we denounce the Republican party and the interference of its federal officials for their gross frauds upon the elective franchise, whereby whole districts, States and the Union have been deprived of their just political rights; and we believe the corrupt and corrupting use of federal patronage, and of public money drawn by taxation from the people, in influencing and controlling elections, to be dangerous to the liberties of the State and the Union.

Resolved, That we are in favor of the entire and immediate abolition of the internal revenue system, with its attendant corruptions, and that we denounce the present tariff laws as grossly unequal, unjust and vicious. We favor such a revision of the tariff as will produce a revenue sufficient for the economical support of the government, with such incidental protection as will give to domestic manufactures a fair competition with those of foreign production. That there should be an immediate repeal of all laws imposing a direct tax for the support of the government of the United States, but if it should prove impracticable to abolish the internal revenue system with all its attending demoralization, fraud and corruption, then we urge upon our Senators and Representatives in Congress the importance of so amending the law that the revenue officers who now receive in salaries in North Carolina alone more than \$500,000 shall be elected by the people of the localities to which they are assigned.

Resolved, That the course of the Democratic party since its accession to power in North Carolina in furtherance of popular education is a sufficient guaranty that we earnestly favor the education of all classes of our people, and that we will advocate any legislation looking to an increase of the fund for that purpose that will not materially increase the present burdens of our people.

Resolved, That the question of prohibition is not now, and never has been, a party question in North Carolina, and never been endorsed by the Democratic party, and the people of the State at the general election, in the year 1881, having by an overwhelming majority voted against prohibition, and the Supreme Court having decided that the prohibition act is not and never has been a law, we regard the matter as finally settled, and any attempt to renew the agitation is merely a weak effort of designing persons to divert the minds of the people from the dangerous principles and corrupt practices of the Republican party.

Resolved, That while we are not wedded to any particular form of county government, we recognize the fact that a large part of the taxes of the State are paid for the common benefit by the white people of our eastern counties, and that we consider it the bounden duty of the white men of the State to protect these people from the oppressive domination of ignorant blacks, and pledge ourselves to such legislation as will secure this end.

And whereas it is seriously suggested that a vigorous effort will soon be made to compel the State, by judicial proceedings, to pay the fraudulent and unlawful special tax bonds, amounting to \$22,000,000, issued under legislation passed by the Republican Legislature in 1868 and 1867; therefore,
Resolved, further, That the Democratic party will resist such recovery and the payment of such bonds by every lawful means.

SMALL BITES.

Experience is the extract of suffering.
A man's life is an appendix to his heart.
A writ of attachment—A love letter.
Economy is of itself a great revenue.
From a little spark may burst a mighty flame.

Wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body.
He who would eat the kernel must crack the nut.

Never did honest man get quickly rich.—Meander.

The heart has reason that reason does not understand.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions; they hold him.

There is a little in this world but what has cost some one deeply.

A failure establishes only this, that our decision was not strong enough.

Never try to reach the soul of a poor man until you have fed his stomach.

Unlucky is never so fortunate or so unfortunate as he thinks.—La Rochefoucauld.

Careful for nothing, prayerful for everything, thankful for any thing.—D. L. Moody.

I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh.—Isaac Walton.

A burglar got into the house of a country editor the other night. After a terrible struggle the editor succeeded in robbing him.

In the new arithmetic one reads: "In one lot there are four calves and in another two young men with their hair banged. How many calves in all?"

It is a time honored custom in Quincy, Fla., to salute a newly married couple by firing a cannon. This is to remind them that the battle of life has fairly begun.

Dear me! said Mrs. Partington, the other day, "young girls nowadays are not what their mothers used to be. Half of them are sufferers from nervous prostration!"

The farmer should sow his P's keep his U's warm, give his B's, kill off the J's remember what he C's, take care of the V's, pay all he O's teach his wife not to T's and take his E's.

To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word received and endured as in his presence, is worth more than a long prayer.

A Newly-married man complains of the high price of "ducks." He says his wife recently paid for three of them—a duck of a bonnet, a duck of a dress and a duck of a parasol. He says such "dealings in poultry" will ruin him.

Hard on Him.—Young man wishing young lady to notice his embryo moustache. "Well, I've been trying to raise a moustache for the last two weeks." Young lady—"I am sorry you had it shaved off before I saw it." Young man faints.

The Providence Sunday Star is of the opinion that when a Russian editor has taken in an uncommonly good list of advance subscription payments he writes a furiously nihilistic editorial and gets his publication suspended for about six months.

"They tell me Brown has a great car for music," said Henderson. "Yes," replied Fogg; "I know he had a great car, two of them, in fact; but I did not know they were for music. I supposed they were for brushing the flies off the top of his head."

A little girl who ran home from school, all out of breath, said: "Oh, please, ma, may I get married and have a husband?" "My child!" exclaimed the astonished mother, "don't let me hear such words from you again!" "Well, then, may I have a piece of bread and butter and go out to play in the back-yard?"

Humility is the most natural cure for anger in the world; for he that by daily considering his own infirmities makes the errors of neighbors to be his own case, and remembers that he daily needs God and his brother's charity, will not be apt to rage at the faults of another, not greater than those which he feels that he is frequently and incessantly guilty of.