

W.H. Amos

# THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

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IT IS YOUR DUTY TO AID YOUR COUNTY PAPER. We propose publishing a good family paper, and solicit from our friends and from the Democratic party in Stokes and adjoining counties a liberal support.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS: The Reporter and Post is sound in policy and politics, and deserves a liberal support.—Reidsville Weekly.

The Danbury Reporter and Post begins its thirtieth year. It is a good paper and deserves to live long and live well.—Daily Workman.

The Danbury Reporter and Post celebrates its twelfth anniversary, and with pardonable pride refers to its success, which it deserves.—News and Observer.

The Danbury Reporter and Post is twelve years old. It is a good paper and should be well patronized by the people of Stokes. It certainly deserves it.—Salem Press.

For twelve long years the Danbury Reporter and Post has been roughing it, and still manages to ride the waves of the journalistic sea. We hope that it will have plain sailing after awhile.—Lexington Dispatch.

The Danbury Reporter and Post has just passed its twelfth anniversary and under the efficient management of brother Diggins cannot fail to increase in popularity with the people of Stokes and adjoining counties.—Winston Sentinel.

The Danbury Reporter and Post has entered the thirtieth year of its existence, and we congratulate it upon the prosperity that is manifested through its columns. To us it is more than an acquaintance, and we regard it almost as a kinsman.—Leaksville Gazette.

The Danbury Reporter and Post last week celebrated its twelfth anniversary. It is a strong and reliable paper editorially, it is a good local and general newspaper and in all respects a credit to its town and section. It ought to be well patronized.—Statesville Landmark.

The Danbury Reporter and Post has just entered its thirteenth year. We were one of the crew that launched the Reporter, and feel a deep interest in its welfare, and hope that she may drift onward with a clear sky and a smooth surface for as many more years.—Caswell News.

The Danbury Reporter and Post has celebrated its twelfth anniversary. The paper is sound in policy and politics, and deserves the hearty support of the people of Stokes. It is an excellent weekly and we hope to see it flourish in the future as never before.—Winston Leader.

The Danbury Reporter and Post came out last week with a long editorial, entitled "Our Twelfth Anniversary" and reviews its past history in a very entertaining way. Go on Bro. Pepper in your good work; you get up one of if not the best country paper in North Carolina.—Kearneysville News.

That valued exchange, published in Danbury, N. C., the Reporter and Post, has entered upon its thirteenth anniversary. Long may it live to call the attention of the outside world to a community which is as rich, we suppose, in minerals as any in the State of North Carolina, and to battle for correct political measures.—Danville Times.

### Ingratitude Revenged.

You've got a neat little spot here, remarked Farmer Hayes to his friend Mr. Johnson.

The two men were sitting upon wooden seats, which were placed on either side of the rustic porch, that formed a kind of arbor entrance to the front of the dwelling.

The speaker was a spare, little man, with dark hair, thinly sprinkled with gray. He wore a swallow-tail coat, adorned with brass buttons; corduroy breeches, fastened at the knee; thick, blue, worsted stockings encased his legs, and a pair of low shoes covered his feet.

His visage had a placid expression, as he glanced first at the well-kept garden, with its rows of potatoes and other vegetables; then out to the little paddock adjoining, where two cows were grazing; and next over the wide, undulating meadow land beyond, his eyes resting finally on the far distant hills. He put the end of his long clay pipe between his lips, and watched the wreaths of smoke slowly ascending from it.

Mr. Johnson was a noble-looking man; his snowy hair and long, white beard gave him a patriarchal appearance. His countenance lacked that acute, intellectual expression which is so often stamped upon the visage of a middle-aged "town-man." His eyes were thoughtful, but gentle; his whole bearing spoke of innate goodness. The few wrinkles, which had gathered on the white, placid brow, had been gradually traced there by time's relentless fingers, and not suddenly by a keen, sharp sorrow. He smoked silently for a few moments, and then replied to his friend's remark:

"You're right; this is a neat little spot. But I'll tell you what I've been a-thinkin' on, Mr. Johnson. You know my Jennie's agoin' to be married to Robert Meadows. She's my only child, so of course she'll have all my belongings when I'm gone; but I've been a-thinkin' that, soon after she's settled, I'll have a deed of gift drawn up, and send everything over to her; then there'll be no proving the will, and all that fuss; and the lawyers won't have a pickin' out of my bit of property. I shall live here, and be master just the same. What do you say to that, friend Hayes?"

The old man put a hand on each knee, and gazed into the other's face, with an expression which said, "Dont you think it's a very brilliant idea?" His friend took the pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head dubiously; then replaced it between his lips, and gazed fixedly before him for an instant he answered; then he said, slowly and emphatically:

"I don't like it." He shook the ashes from his pipe, and began leisurely to fill it again with tobacco.

"I never seed a play but once," he began, in slow measured tones, "and that was many years ago, when I was a young man. I was in London, and my friends got me to get out the theatre to see a grand piece that had been made up by a great man hundreds of years ago. Well, I went, and the sight of 'em lights, the gay dresses, and the flash folks, I shall never forget. But it was the play that struck me. There was a good old king who had three daughters, and he thought he'd divide the kingdom amongst 'em. They were very pleased; the eldest went down on her knees, and swore how she loved him more than anybody else; and said as how he was the kindest, noblest, and best father that ever lived—or words summat like them. The next said about the same, only a great deal more; but I thought both of 'em looked too big and handsome and wide-awake to stick to their word. The third daughter said very little; but I thought she was the nicest-looking of all the lot. The king was buffed because she would not own she loved him. So he divided the kingdom between his two eldest daughters. I thought he was a silly old fellow to put the reins into them spirited-looking creatures' hands. But he did it, and he rued it. They treated him very well at first; but after a time they began to alter, and let him know that he wasn't master. Well, one night they turned him out of the castle, when there was such a dreadful storm that it was not fit to turn a dog out; and he who had once been a king, had to roam about like a beggar. The poor man went nearly crazed. I almost forgot how it ended; but I think it was all killed at last."

"And what has this to do with what I was saying?" inquired Mr. Johnson,

testily. "I was talking about deeds of gift, and not plays."

The other began to smoke—puff—puff. After a few minutes the full meaning of his friend's words dawned slowly upon his mind.

"Well, I was a-thinkin' as how, when Jane got possession of the house, she might maybe, after a bit, turn you out, as the king's daughters turned him out. Keep the reins in your own hands, man—you can draw them tight, or let them loose, when you please; but don't give them up till you die. That's my advice, friend Johnson."

There was a silence for a few minutes on the other's eyes, as he replied:

"You don't know my Jennie; she's the loveliest, best, and truest girl that ever lived. She would never wrong her father."

In the meantime Jennie and her lover were in the orchard, at the back of the house, slowly walking up and down the path between the trees.

The moon was brightening in the purpling sky, and the evening star glimmered faintly.

"When two more days have passed, you will be my wife!"

The young man looked down lovingly into the shy, dark eyes raised to his, and clasped the hand that rested on his arm.

"I am so glad, Robert, that I shall not have to leave my home," she said, after a pause; "for I was born here, and here my mother died. It was very kind of father to propose that we should live with him. Now, you can keep all the money in the bank that you have been saving so long to buy furniture with, and if we are careful we shall soon add some more to it."

"Your father is very good, Jennie, we must be kind to him."

The wedding-day arrived. Mr. Johnson was placed in the seat of honor; he moved among the guests, with a kind word and cheery greeting for all.

Jennie was a blooming, bonnie bride, and seemed proud of her station as a bride.

Jennie was installed as housekeeper in her father's home. After a time, Mr. Johnson, presented his daughter with the deed of gift, and the young people were formally acknowledged as master and mistress of the farm, with the understanding that Mr. Johnson was to reside with them.

All went well for a time. Then gradually there came a change over the serene atmosphere of the dwelling, and the old man became conscious that he was no longer treated with courtesy, nor his wishes respected.

"Would you mind sleeping in the back bed-room for a few weeks? We have a visitor coming!" said Jennie, one morning, about six months after the wedding.

The old man stared in great surprise. "Why can't the visitor go into the back room?" he asked.

"Oh, it's such a little, poky place! I don't mean that exactly!" she exclaimed, checking herself in confusion. "The room is very clean, and there is really a beautiful view from the window, and a good feather bed. But Miss Martin is very particular; she has such a grand home that we cannot put her anywhere."

Mr. Johnson leisurely crossed his legs, put his newspaper on the table, took his spectacles off, rubbed them, put them in the case, and then slowly rejoined:

"If there is such a fine view from the window, your visitor may enjoy it, and she can sleep on the feather bed. I've slept in the front room five-and-forty years, and I ain't a-going to be turned out now. If Miss Martin ain't satisfied with the accommodation, she may stay away!"

"Stay away indeed!" fired Jennie. "It's just like you, father. I call you very selfish."

A fine hawthorn tree, which had stood near the house, and had been full of pink blossoms in the spring, lay upon the ground. On examining it, he discovered that it had been cut off near the roots. He turned hastily to enter the house by the front door, when he observed that the mossy rose tree, which had twined the porch and been full of bloom all summer, lay across the garden path, cut into a number of pieces, and an attempt had been made to dig it up by the roots.

"Robert! Robert!" cried Mr. Johnson.

"What's the matter?" queried a voice from an inner room.

"Who's been cutting them down?" cried the old man, excitedly, entering the apartment, and waving his hand towards the garden.

"I have," answered Mr. Meadows, complacently. "Why did you do it?" "Because I chose to."

"There, don't quarrel," said Jennie. "It's all my fault, father. The hawthorn tree was close to the parlor window, and made the room dark—so I asked Robert to cut it down. The rose tree is not much good; we are going to have a finer one put in its place."

"That hawthorn tree your mother set with her own hands, and the rose tree I planted on the day you were born. Your mother loved them both, and heard me forgive you for what you have done!"

He turned away, ascended the stairs, entered his own room, and closed the door.

"If Farmer Turner calls, just send round for me, will you, Jennie?" asked Mr. Meadows, one morning, at breakfast. "He's coming to look at old Bettie."

"Yes, I'll send," replied his wife. "What's the matter with the cow?" inquired Mr. Johnson.

"Oh, nothing," replied the young man. "I'm going to sell her."

"Sell her?" repeated the other. "Yes, she's old, and don't give much milk. I'm going to buy a young one in her place. Jennie's been complainin' of the butter for a long time; it don't come up to our neighbors'."

"But I won't have her sold!" cried the old man, angrily. "You have nothing to do with her; she's mine, and I shall do as I like," rejoined the other, haughtily, as he rose to leave the room.

Mr. Johnson turned to the window, without uttering another word. A few hours later he saw Farmer Turner's man driving old Bettie out of the yard.

"Ah, it's the one she used to milk!" And tears gathered thickly in his eyes, as he watched his late wife's favorite cow driven by a stranger.

"Here's a letter from my sister Jane," remarked Mr. Johnson, one afternoon, to his daughter. "Poor thing! her husband has been dead only two months. The bailiffs have sold her furniture; she is destitute, and is staying with a neighbor for a few days, and then she don't know where to go to. Poor Jane!"

"I'm going to see her," said Jennie. "She was a pretty girl when she was young, and many a handsome fellow came after her. But she took no heed to any, except Tom Jones, who became her husband. Then she had such a pretty, blue-eyed child, with soft, golden hair. She lived to be six years old and then died. I thought Jane would have broke her heart. Then her son grew up to be a fine man, and was a-going to be married in a week. But one morning he tried to stop a horse and wagon that was a-running away, when the horse threw him down, the wheel went over his head, and he was killed on the spot. And now her husband's gone, and she's left home. Poor Jane!"

"Hasn't she any money to live upon?" inquired Jennie. "No, and I've been a-thinkin' we'd better have her here. She can't starve."

"Have her here!" repeated his daughter, in astonishment. "What can you be thinking about, father? There's plenty of us to keep already."

She broke her cotton with a jerk, and treaded her needle impatiently. "We're going to have company this afternoon," resumed Jennie, after a pause, in a conciliatory tone; "and as they are very fine people, I think you'd better have your pipe in the kitchen, father. You would not enjoy yourself with us."

"Very well, my dear," he answered,

quietly. He put his slippered foot on the fender, and gazed over his gold-rimmed spectacles into the blazing fire. "I've been a-thinkin', my dear," he resumed, quietly, after a pause, "that there's a little error in that deed of gift."

"An error?" repeated Jennie, as she dropped her work, and looked up with a scared, white face. "Yes; I'm sure there's an error. It wouldn't be pleasant for you, if the property was to be thrown into Chancery, after I'm gone, would it?"

"Oh, father!" "Well, fete'th the deed to me: I'll look it over, and set all right."

Jennie hastened up-stairs, and soon returned with the precious paper.

The old man took it in his hand, smoothed out the creases gently, read it over, and said:

"Ah! it is all one great mistake!" Then, with a quick movement, he threw the document into the blazing fire, and pressed it down with the poker.

Jennie screamed; and, darting forward, attempted to rescue the deed from the devouring flames; but her father held up his hand sternly, and said, in a tone of authority:

"Stand back!"

At this instant Mr. Meadows entered.

"Wha's the matter, Jennie?" he inquired. "Father, what have you been doing to her?"

The young man confronted Mr. Johnson who stood with the uplifted poker in his hand.

"I am master of this house!" cried the old man; "and I'll allow no one to dictate to me!"

"We'll soon see about that!" exclaimed the other, sneeringly. "If you're going to put on such fine airs, I'll have you turned out."

"Oh, Robert!" Robert!" cried his wife; "the deed—the deed!"

An hysterical fit of weeping checked her utterance.

"What do you mean?" queried her husband, with a white face, and a touch of fear in his tone.

"Father is master of his own house, and will have you turned out if you don't behave yourself!" returned the old man.

Angry words passed. Robert declared that he would go to law; he would not be done out of his rights; the house was his and Jennie's.

"Prove it!" grimly retorted his father-in-law. "You may have your company this afternoon, Jennie," he continued, after a pause, "but it will be your last party in my house. I shall send for farmer Hayes, and we shall enjoy our pipes together this evening, in the best parlor, as we did before you were married. As for you, Robert, you haven't provided a home for Jennie at present; but you'll have to do so now. There's a cottage to let in the village, which I think will suit you. A month to-day I shall expect you to be clear from my house; and you needn't think I shall do any more for you. What I mean to give you—if I give you anything at all—you'll have to wait for until I'm dead. No more cutting down my favorite trees—or selling my old cows—or making me sit in the kitchen when you've got fine company. I'll send for my sister Jane, and she shall have a home with me as long as she lives."

Jennie, the sister, came to live at the farm-house, and passed away at the advanced age of eighty-six. Mr. Johnson lived ten years after her, retained all his faculties to the last, and died in his ninety-ninth year.

Jennie and her husband had to work very hard in order to bring up their large family respectably. Robert's hair was silvery white, and Jennie's thickly streaked with gray, and their sons and daughters were men and women, when the formerly ungrateful couple were again allowed to take possession of the old farm-house.

Mr. W. D. Howells is authority for the assertion that no woman who studies Greek ever marries. No wonder it is a dead language.

### Gentle Accomplishment.

How sweetly patient and calm are gentle manners! Courtesy is often finest when negative; when, instead of seeking to entertain others, we let them entertain us. It is a small thing to be silent, and it is often the kindest thing we can do for a man to let him talk.

Gentle respectability puts the shyest and most timid man at ease and at his best, and to do that is a finer pleasure than detailing one's notions and experiences in the most elegant and happy periods. Do not be in a hurry. Emerson says "Hurry is for slaves." Ah! the slaves who are bought and sold in the market-place do not hurry. It is the greedy man, who is free to get and keep all that he can lay his hands upon, who hurries. "I do not like to go North, because men there are in such a mighty hurry they cannot be civil." A Southern man once said before me:—I am not sure that a finer sense of the sweet kindness that is one of the springs of gentle manners would not have softened this criticism, for the sake of Northern women, alone among strangers, who listened to him; but to a candid mind not puffed up with vain glory the criticism is suggestive. No doubt the great prosperity of the North may be partly owing to the push and energy necessary to live in it, and developed by the rigor of its Arctic winters; but there is hurry which is uncharacteristic of small minds and weak nerves. It is rarely graceful or graceful, and always robs courtesy of its finest charms.

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Gen. John A. Logan is being urged by his friends—at least they call themselves friends—to write a history of the Civil War. Now is the time for Mr. Logan to establish the fact beyond dispute that he is on familiar, easy-going terms with the English language.

Within the last twelve days in the North workmen to the number of 30,000 have been re-employed. This is good news for them and the country.

How stands your account with this paper?

It is believed that as old age must be near death, it prepares the soul for that inevitable event. It is not so, however, in many cases. In youth we are still so near the unseen out of which we came, that death is rather a tragic thing, but as we grow older, the young hero accommodates himself sweetly and unobtrusively. And amid the storms and burdens of middle life there are many times when we would fain push open the door that stands ajar, and behold which there is ease for all our pains, or at least rest, if nothing more. But age, which has gone through both these phases, is apt, out of long custom, to regard the matter from a different view. All things that are violent have passed out of its life—no more strong emotions, such as rend the heart—no great labors, bringing after them the weariness which is into death, but the calm of an existence which is enough for its needs, which affords the moderate amount of comfort and pleasure for which its being is now adapted, and of which there seems no reason that there should ever be an end. To passion, to joy, to anguish, an end must come; but more gentle living, determined by a mere work of good rules and habits—why should that ever be ended? When a soul has got to this retirement and is content in it it becomes very hard to die, hard to accept the necessity of dying and to accustom one's self to the idea, and still harder to consent to carry it out.

The Press. It should give us the latest news. It should be a mirror of the world. It should give us the evil and the good. It should bring the community and the world to our firesides. Care should be taken in the use of language, and still the world as it is must be faithfully presented. But the noble, heroic, self-respecting acts of men must be sought out, as well as their evil deeds, and held up for praise and imitation.

Pearls of Thought. It is in vain for a man to be born fortunate, if he be unfortunate in his marriage.

A wide, rich Heaven hangs above you, but it hangs high; a wide, rough world is around you, and it lies very low.