THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

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Reporter and Post.

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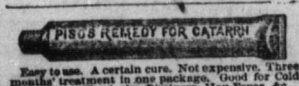

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS:

The REPORTER AND POST is sound in policy and politics, and deserves a liberal support.—*Reidsville Weekly.*

The Danbury REPORTER AND POST begins its thirteenth 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 12th anniversary and under the efficient management of brother Duggins cannot fail to increase in popularity with the people of Stokes and adjoining counties.—*Winston Sentinel.*

The editorials on political topics are timely and to the point, and the general make up of every page shows plainly the exercise of much care and painstaking. Long may it live and flourish under the present management.—*Mountain Voice.*

The Danbury REPORTER AND POST has entered the thirteenth 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 13th 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 12th 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 Twelth 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.—*Kernersville News.*

That valued exchange, published in Danbury, N. C., the REPORTER AND POST, has entered upon its 12th anniversary. Long may it live to call the attention of the outside world to a county 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.*

BE A WOMAN.

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty—
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something.
Made of hoops and silks and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rings and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
It 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brightest star.
If you, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly,
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! Brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind and soul and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman; naught is higher
On the gilded crest of time;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

—Montague Marks.

At The Mines.

As the adventurous traveler turns from the narrow strip of prairie land, and follows the Old Bolton Shaft road, where it winds in and out among the snow-decked cedars of the mountains, he will come unexpectedly upon a small white wooden cross, standing, as if on guard, over a grave close beside the trail, its only surroundings being the moaning pine trees and the endless waste of snow.

Of that simple cross, rudely carved by a knife in some friendly hand, is the name and date:

PHILLIP M'GINN,
April 7th, 1883.

A little above, certainly not many hundred yards, but out of sight around the sharp spur of the mountains, are situated the great Bolton coal mines, their tall wooden shafts rising up in the midst of the solitude, noisy with never-halting machinery, and surrounded by marks of never-ending toil.

Here and there, along the gulches and the canons, which are crossed in every direction by black-ash paths, can be seen the little wreaths of smoke curling up into the blue sky, showing where the dark-browned delvers in the depths below make their humble homes.

The snow lies trampled and dirty from the pit-house in every direction, and the great heaps of slack show the employment of a large force of workers.

Not one of them all to-day but as he passes that lonely grave beside the trail, will reverently bend his head and feel that, standing there, he is very close to God. If you have time to listen, I will tell the simple little story again for you.

I was acting as foremen over the night shift at the "Mohawk" mines all that winter; a hard, rough job enough it was, but was all I could get to do; and this boy, McGinn, was a "helper" in Shaft No. 3.

I remember well the night he first came to us. It was in December, rough and blustering outside, so that even the thin boards of the little shaft-house afforded small protection from the wind. I was huddled close to a roaring fire, trying to study out some plan for making the Snake river dam safer before spring floods should come. Close as I kept, the red flames roaring up the chimney, yet, I would shiver, as a heavier blast would come sweeping around the edge of the mountain and shake the cabin as if it were in air.

Just then some one knocked at the low door, and without even glancing up I bade whoever it was to come in.

A burst of icy wind swept over me, a foot shuffled along the floor, and I turned—to see a strange boy standing before me, his ragged patched clothes covered with snow, his face red from the wind, and a pair of big blue eyes looking up anxiously into my face.

"What is it, my lad?" I asked gently, for something about his forelone appearance had touched my heart with pity.

His eyes fell to the floor, and he stood there for an instant twirling his ragged hat in his cold hands without saying a word. Then he gulped out, as if mantully trying to keep back the tears:

"Please, sir, I want some work!"

His voice was honest, his face earnest, his words true.

"Sit down, my little man," I said, kindly. "Where are you from?"

He put his well-worn boots out toward the heat of the fire and looked straight into my face as he made answer:

"From Trinidad, sir. I left there this morning."

"Trinidad?" I echoed, in surprise, glancing at the snow beating against the windows almost like hail. "Why, that is fifteen miles from here!"

"I know it, sir." He shivered a little. "It was very cold, but they said I could get work here."

"You are rather young for the mines," I began, but he leaned forward eagerly.

"Oh, sir, don't say that! Father is dead, and I must work. I am strong—indeed I am, and I must—for what will become of Mary?"

I felt the tears in my own eyes in sympathy with his.

"Mary!" I said. "And who is Mary?"

"She is my sister, sir. She is out there now waiting to hear:" and he pointed over his shoulders to the door.

"Your sister out there in the storm!" and in surprise I started to my feet.

"Yes, sir. She is peculiar, Mary is; and she would wait there till I came back."

"Then for heaven's sake, bring her in; she shall share my fire anyway."

Without answering, he opened the door and went out into the snow. In a few moments he came back again with the sister, a slight-built, brown-haired girl of fifteen, as poorly dressed as himself, and shivering with the cold.

I took her small, chill hand in my own, and drew closer to the warm fire. For a moment none of us spoke; then she looked up anxiously into my face.

"Did you give Phil something to do, sir?" she asked.

To resist the pleading hope in her soft voice was more than I could do. Swept by a sudden thought of my own sisters, far off in an Eastern city, I bent down and kissed her white cheek.

"He shall have work," I said gravely, "if I have to make a place for him."

And the sudden light of happiness which [illegible] was my grand reward.

But this is McGinn's story and not mine, and I must hurry on to its sad and tragic ending. I found the boy odd jobs to do about the shaft at first, and as he proved always able and willing, I advanced him in a few days and placed him upon the night shift as a "helper" at the foot of the shaft.

The girl and boy—for she was the elder of the two, and quite a woman—took possession of an old, tumble-down shanty close to the trail. I helped them fit it up as best we might to keep out the cold winter wind, and there she kept house for her brother, and as the weeks passed by I used often to drop in there afternoons just to cheer her up a bit.

She made the lonely odd place very pleasant in so many simple ways, and, indeed, they seemed quite happy together, as the flush of health came back on her clear cheeks and the light of hope and comfort brightened her eyes again. Often as I passed up the road to my work, just in the edge of evening, I used to stop before the cabin and listen, while all unconscious of anyone outside she sang some old melody, the clear, sweet voice floating up the mountains across the snow like the notes of a lost bird, and making the work of the long night pleasanter, as I remembered.

The cold months of the winter rolled on into the dangerous spring—dangerous in all mines, but doubtly so in ours, because the rising waters of Snake river were only kept from flooding our galleries by an artificial barrier of earth and rocks. We watched with anxious eyes as, inch by inch, the waters, fed by the mountain snow, steadily crept up higher, the owners had pronounced it safe, and we had to believe them.

Such was the unchanged situation of things, when one night, early in April, I pushed up the rocky path to my work, and, turning the edge of the pines, saw Mary McGinn standing in the door of her poor shanty, shading her eyes with her hands and watching Phil's sturdy little figure trudging away in the afterglow.

As I came up, unnoticed, I spoke to her and marked the light of welcome in her eyes as she held out her hand to me.

"Oh, sir," she said, looking up into my face, as if reading every thought, "I have wanted to see you all day. I heard some of the men saying, at the store last night that the mines were unsafe while the river was so high. I asked Phil, and he laughed at me. But oh, sir, is it true?"

It was hard for me even to attempt a lie to her, yet could I tell the truth just then?

"Bolton and the engineer both pronounce them safe," I said gravely; "and they should know better than the rest of us."

She read my face while listening to the words.

"But you? you do not?" she cried.

I struck my tin pail against the post and drew a long breath.

"Mary," I said, with a tenderness new to me, "I am not satisfied, but I hope for the best."

She stood there as if the news had touched her very life.

"Poor Phil!" almost in a whisper, "and all I can do is to pray for him."

I bent lower and closer to hear the words.

"And will you forget all the others?" I asked, lovingly. "It makes men stronger to think some one remembers them at home."

She looked up into my rough face a moment with tear-dimmed eyes, then placed both her little hands in mine.

"I have always remembered you," she said, and, as a shrill whistle came down the frosty air, recalling me to duty, I followed the impulse of my heart and kissed her cheek, now flushed with red. What I saw in the blue eyes is hard to tell, but I turned away happier—without knowing why—than I had been in many years.

Twenty of us went down in the cage that night together, and I remember yet the last grand scene as we sank slowly into the shaft. The sun was just going down behind the ridge, and the distant snow-crowned peaks stood out like cathedral spires against the rosy sky, while across the valley a bridge of golden wire seemed suspended in the air; and then we dropped away into the black damp depths below.

After seeing that the men were well at work, I led a small party up into one of the side tunnels to fix some props which had fallen down.

It was hard work, pressed together as we were in that narrow space and breathing the hot damp air, the room lit by the small oil lamps flickering on each miner's cap. They took turns with the timbers, and for over an hour nothing was to be heard save the heavy breathing of the men, and occasionally a low spoken order.

I thought over my little talk with Mary as I stood there leaning against the rocky side, and was building air-castles and making her their queen, when suddenly we were startled at hearing swift footsteps echoing along the tunnel, and the next moment, with the face ghastly white, under the glare of his hat-lamp, McGinn burst in among us.

"Run!" he cried. "Run, lads, for the stables! Snake river has broken out!"

With pale faces and cries of fright, the men dropped everything to plunge into the darkness, and we stood there alone. I needed to ask no questions. I was miner enough to understand it all.

"Come, Phil," I said, for the boy stood there panting for breath; "we must get out of this!"

He looked up, startled at hearing my voice.

"You here!" he cried, "why didn't you go with them? Don't wait, sir, I must cut the barricade."

Like a flash the whole situation burst upon me, and my cheek paled at the thought. Every life in the mine depended upon that. Impulsively I stepped forward and clapped my hands on his shoulders.

"I had forgotten," I said. "We will go together, my lad."

Hand-in-hand to steady our steps over the wet rocks, we went down into the main gallery; feeling our way in the intense blackness, hearing the gurgle of the water, already sweeping to my waist.

We could distinguish some cries far off in the mine, and hear the frightened bats flitting about our heads, as we finally struggled to the heavy timbers, and I hacked at them with an ax.

They would not start! The lives of every man in the stables hung with that barricade, yet still it clung there, and as we toiled, the water kept creeping up, until it had reached the boy's throat. Like rain I showered my heavy blows, scarcely able to keep my own feet in the sweep of the current.

"For God's sake, lad!" I groaned in despair and agony, "what can we do?"

"I know, sir," he cried out, for I could not see him in the darkness, "and may God help me to do it!" And catching the lower timbers he clammered up.

What he succeeded in cutting I can only guess, but I heard a cry and a crash, then down come that great mass, completely blocking the passage and sending an immense black wave over my head, and clear to the top of the tunnel.

Oh, heaven what a night of horror that was! I have wondered since that it did not turn my hair to snow. Back of me the black, gloomy, silent mine yawning like a grave; before me the barricade and on every side the eddying currents of water.

In vain I called for Phil, and felt my way back and forth along the wet rocks. Nothing answered but the flitting of the bats and the gurgling of the waves.

Sobbing, crying, praying, half crazed the long night wore away, sometimes dreaming that I saw the boy's face in the darkness—calling to him only to have the echoes of my own voice come back in mockery. I think I was truly mad when the party of rescuers came at last, guided down the tunnel by my cries.

In the flickering rays of their lights, the first thing my eyes saw was poor Phil, lying crushed under the timbers. At the sight, and before they could reach me, I fainted dead away.

It was up in the pit-house, with a crowd of rough, sympathetic faces about me, that I came back to life once more and looked eagerly around.

"The girl?" I asked, for she was the first thought, "where is the girl?"

They drew back silently, and then I saw her kneeling over a shrouded body in the corner. For her own sake she must be taken away, while the men did all they could with the poor battered figure. The lads helped me to her tenderly.

"Mary," I whispered, taking her cold hand in mine, "you cannot help Phil any more, now. Come, let us go home."

She looked up at me, her face like death, but without a tear in the clear eyes.

"It is so hard to leave him here," she said, piteously; "is it right?"

"Yes, my girl," my own voice trembling. "I think so and you must trust me, Mary."

"Yes."

I led her out of the sad place, down the hill toward their little cabin. At the bottom she stopped and looked wistfully back, and as she did so, the tears broke forth at last.

"Oh, Phil,' she sobbed, "you were all I had in the world!"

The heart came up into my throat at the pitiful loneliness of that cry, and I knew I loved her.

"Not all, Mary," I whispered, tenderly, "not all, if you will turn to me."

She looked up into my face bending over her, and I think read there my earnestness.

"You were good to him," she said, simply, "and I love you!"

The early morning sun came out above the crags, and showered a gleam of gold across the brown hair, as I led her into the little house alone.

* * * * * *

That is Phil's grave out yonder, by the trail, with the white cross and the snow-covered cedars standing silent guard above it, and somewhere in the years, I think, God has wiped away the trouble, has covered up the roughened hands of toil, and rewarded the boy according to his deeds.—George R. Parrish.

A Woman With Brittle Bones.

A curious case which is now puzzling Chicago physicians has been reported to the medical society of that city. The patient is a young woman whose bones are so brittle that they break at the sligtest jar. She has been under treatment for sixteen years, having been afflicted ever since her birth. Over 170 fractures have occurred in her life, and her ribs, legs and arms have been affected. She weighs about forty-five pounds. Merely stepping from the sofa to the floor or stumbling on the carpet is sufficient to cause the breaking of a bone.

These fractures heal slowly. Her doctor has had splints bound about her leg for two years at a time. The doctors think that her bones consist principally of hollow shells. The broken bones have knit together in uncouth shapes, and she is badly deformed. Her muscles are well developed, with the exception of those which have been atrophied through sickness. Dr. Blanchard has made casts of her limbs, and intends to preserve them in some medical institution.

SMALL BITES.

Home is the rainbow of life.

A nod corner—The end of the pew.

A bad sign—Endorsing a man's note.

Men love women; women love a man.

Egotism is an alphabet with one letter.

The old slipper strikes the hardest in the fall.

Barbers should reside in an-next districts.

Queen Victoria has nineteen grandchildren.

The Legislature of Texas has made gambling a felony.

Cicero: To live long it is necessary to live slowly.

The dime museum makes no bones of exhibiting live skeletons.

Beau—"Why do you prefer a wood fire?" Belle—"Because it pops!"

Hardly a dozen people who participated in the war of 1812 are still living.

"I must shake off this bad habit," said a tramp, as he gazed at his tattered coat.

Although photographing is dull, new features are constantly being introduced in it.

Mrs. Partington says that it is not true that her son Ike has ulsters in his throat.

The ice man may not be much of a skater, but he is able to make fancy figures on ice.

Man is made out of the dust of the earth, and some of them are terras all their lives.

"My bow is all unstrung," warbles a fair poetess. Wonder if her beau had been on a racket.

The camel is the only bird we yearn to hear after listening to a man learning to play on the violin.

An exchange says that it makes a woman sick to keep a secret. [illegible] has this been proved?

In newspaper parlance the merchant who gets ahead of his fellows is the one who has the "ad" vantage.

Massachusetts was the first of the thirteen original colonies to introduce slavery and Georgia was the last.

It is well to remember that while the worst of all critics sees only the good, while the good critic sees both good and bad.

The inmost purpose of an author ought always to be sharply looked into, as carefully as were it a question of sweet air or foul sewage.

There's love on a railroad,
Love in a carriage,
Lots of it in courtship,
Not much in marriage.

The London Times uses 2,250,000 types for printing each daily edition, and the other daily papers of that city not quite 1,000,000 each.

An obituary sermon is a mild form of perjury. No matter how mean a man has been in life, the average clergyman manages to give him a complimentary send off in death.

Boy (with feeling)—"I'm an orphan, and father's broke his legs and is in jail, and mother's in an insane asylum, and if I go home without any money they'll lick me."

The editing of a newspaper rightly appreciated and entered upon with conscience, is a high and holy priesthood, whose responsibilities are as vast as its power for good is far-reaching.

"Where have you been, my pretty maid?"
"I've been a-milking, sir," she said.
And then they stopped so long to talk
That the weather froze her water and chalk.

A Baptist minister was once asked how it was that he consented to the marriage of his daughter to a Presbyterian. "Well, my dear friend," he replied, "as far as I have been able to discover, Cupid never studied theology.

"Are you superstitious, Mr. Badger?" asked Miss De Silva.

"Not in the least," replied that gentleman.

"Would you prefer a dinner party of six to one of thirteen?"

"I would decide by"

"Ah! I knew you were superstitious. Why would you, Mr. Badger?"

"Get more to eat!"