

# THE DANBURY REPORTER

VOLUME XIII.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY

## Reporter and Post.

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PEPPER & SONS, Pubs. & Props

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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 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 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 outward 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 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 the best country papers 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.*

## THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stirred our hearts in youth;  
The impulse to a worthless prayer,  
The dreams of love and truth;  
The longing after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The striving after better hopes—  
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid  
A brother in his need;  
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,  
That proves a friendly aid;  
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,  
When justice threatened high,  
The sorrow of a contrite heart—  
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,  
The pressure of a kiss,  
And all the trifles sweet and frail  
That make up life's bliss;  
If with a firm, unchanging faith,  
And holy trust and high,  
Those hands have clasped and lips have met,  
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word  
That wounded as it fell,  
The chilling wants of sympathy  
We feel but never tell—  
The hard rebuke that chills the heart  
Whose hopes were bounding high,  
In an unflinching record kept—  
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand  
Must find some work to do;  
Lose not a chance toaken love—  
Be firm and just and true.  
So shall a light that cannot fade  
Beam on thee from on high,  
And angel's voices say to thee,  
These things shall never die.

—All the Year Round.

## My Little Boy.

I was a widow.  
A young widow, I suppose—for no one would regard three-and-twenty as a very venerable age. And a pretty widow, people said. Whether they were right or wrong, I cannot take upon myself to say. Of course I knew, whenever I looked in the glass, that I was not an absolute fright—and so, when my cousin, Mrs. General Foxley, invited me to spend a summer with her at the Oriental hotel, where there were balls and soirees, lawn tennis and archery breakfasts going on all the while, I wasn't at all sorry that Miss Chate-lage had sent home my lovely new half-mourning dress, all trimmed with pearl and lavender, sparkling jet and prismatic clear de lunas, and that Aunt Lavina, our family "etiquette-book" had decided that it was quite proper to wear my diamonds if I pleased. For I was a decided brunette, and dark women always look well in diamonds.

Not that it had occurred to me that I should ever marry again. My old com-modore had been very good and kind to me, but he was feeble and ailing, and required a great deal of care and my general impression of matrimony was that it involved trouble and solici-tude, and a constant burden of responsibility.

And now, I was free, and I intended to remain so! I loft like a caged bird that had managed to give its golden wires the slip—a butterfly in the blue June air! I meant to go to the Oriental hotel and have a royal time, waltzing, dreaming—even coquetting a little in a harmless sort of way, if it seemed good to me—but as to marrying again—no, not I! Even Priscilla Bent, my companion, who was the most logical of creatures, declared that I would be the greatest fool alive to do that!

But we never know just what is going to happen to us. The very night before we were to start for the Orient, I came into the room where Priscilla was packing the lace things, which were too nice and delicate to be entrusted to Filine, the maid.

"Prissy," said I, "look here! a telegram from San Domingo! My cousin, Fanny Black, is dead!"  
"Dear me, how said!" said Prissy, putting on the regulation look of affliction, although she had never in her life seen Mrs. Captain Basil Black, of H. M. 114th Fusiliers, stationed in the West Indies. "But I suppose that won't interfere with our trip to the sea-side, will it?"  
"But that isn't all," said I. "She has left a son. And with her dying breath she charged it on her attendants that I should take him to this country and make a home for him."  
"How old is he?" said Priscilla Bent looking agast. And—  
"Let me see," said I, counting upon my fingers. "Basil Black—that's his name, for I remember cousin Fanny writing about him to mamma when I was a mite of a thing—must be one and twenty at least by this time."  
"Bless me!" ejaculated Priscilla, "and you are only just turning twenty-three yourself!"

"Prissy," cried I, with mischievous glee, "You're as good as a book, dates!"  
"But it won't be proper," said Priscilla.  
"Not proper!" echoed I. "Why won't it be proper? Isn't that dear old com-modore's house big enough for all of us? And ain't you here to matronize us? I think myself it will be rather fine to fit up a suite of bachelor apartments—smoking room; dressing-room—"  
"Elsie," cried Miss Bent, in despair, "I believe you would make fun of anything! Don't you see how—"  
"Write at once to these San Domingo people, and tell them it is out of the question!"

"It's too late now, Prissy," said I. "They are on the way here, don't you see? I shouldn't wonder if the steamer were in port now. And you know, Prissy, I've always wanted to adopt a little boy, only the dear commodore wouldn't let me."  
"Elsie."  
"Well, Prissy?"  
"I think you must be crazy," groaned Miss Bent. "A little boy, indeed! A dashing, flirting, drinking West India fellow, six feet high, I'll go bail, and broad to correspond! I shall leave the house!"

"No, you won't Prissy," said I, coaxingly. "You'll just make the best of it, as I am going to do. I dare say he is very nice,—and poor Fanny never would have left him in my charge if he wasn't all that is delightful. And perhaps he'll want to go to college, or study law or something, so he won't be very much in the house, after all—and you know, Prissy, one can't neglect a dying woman's request."

"It was very thoughtless of her, at all events," grumbled my faithful old chaperon. "A young thing like you!"  
I laughed. "I dare say she heard I was a widow," said I, "and probably imagined me a middle-aged horror with eye-glasses and a double chin. Leave these things, Prissy—we shall not go to the sea-shore now and our cousin Basil is safely installed with his gun case, his hookahs and chibouks, his books and papers, in my rooms! Come with me and we'll have up the house keeper, and turn them into a bachelor suit at once."

I was very happy for the next three days, studying the imaginary tastes of my unknown cousin, calling out choice editions of the poets, hanging rare engravings on the walls, and matching carpets and curtains. Miss Bent, poor old soul, said it was nonsense,—that no young man of any spirit could condescend to "set down" (that was her expression) "in a house where he was to be a dependent."

"But he is my cousin," said I. "He has a claim on me."  
"Nonsense," said Priscilla, "that doesn't alter the case in the least."  
In the meantime I was watching the papers—and when I saw in the shipping columns the arrival of the "Bonnie Kate" from San Domingo, I put on my hat and veil, ordered the carriage, and called Prissy to go and accompany me to welcome my new guest.

"If I must, I must," said Prissy. But she was not at all enthusiastic about it.  
I was just pinning the crape bow under my chin, when Alice, the parlour-maid, came courtesying in.  
"A young gentleman in the parlor wants to see you ma'am," she said in a smiling flurry. "From the San Domingo steamer. And—"  
"I'll go down at once, Alice," I cried, tearing off my hat and veil and flinging the heavy crape streamer on one side.

"Elsie, Elsie, wait," Priscilla's shrill voice entreated me, but my mind was full of poor cousin Fanny and her orphan child—and hurrying down stairs, I found myself face to face with a tall, slender young man, very pale and fair, with dark blue eyes, a soft, silky mustache, and a plain mourning dress.

Involuntarily I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him.  
"You are welcome, Cousin Basil," said I, "welcome a thousand times."  
He drew back, colored a little. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Chatteris," he said, "but there is some mistake here. This is your cousin!" and a pale child of four or five years old, whose long golden curls hung over his black suit, crept out from the shadow of the curtains, slowly and shyly.  
"I am Frank," he said. "And Mr. Lesley is my dear, dear friend. He lives on the next place, in San Domingo. He has come to the United States with me!"

"And Mr. Lesley, too?" said the little lad, solemnly reaching out his hand to his friend. "Cousin Elsie likes Mr. Lesley, or she wouldn't have kissed him."  
I could feel myself color to the very roots of my hair, but Mr. Lesley's features never stirred.

"She thought I was you, Frankie, don't you see?" said he. "She didn't expect to see such a mite of a chap as you. Good-bye, now, I am going to the hotel, and I shall see you very often, if Mrs. Chatteris is—"  
But at this Frankie burst into an infant cry of dismay and desolation, and I recovering my presence of mind, spoke up at once:

"Frankie, don't cry," said I, "Mr. Lesley will not leave you—just at present, at least. You were my dear cousin's trusted friend, Mr. Lesley," I added, holding out my hand. "May I get hope that you will be my guest, also?"

And Mr. Lesley seeing that I was thoroughly in earnest, consented. "If I shall not be a bore!" he said, when little Frankie jumped and danced around him for very joy.

"Now I shall love you cousin Elsie, all my life" said he. "And so will Mr. Lesley!"  
"Mr. Lesley occupied the suite of apartments which I had so unconsciously fitted up for the poor young cousin who was sleeping the while in the West India cemetery. Little Frankie who had refused to be parted from his friend, slept in a crib close to his bedside.

"Well Prissy," I said merrily to my mother chaperon, "so we've got two guests instead of one!"  
"It's dreadful," growled poor Prissy.  
"Do you think so?" said I. "Now it seems to me that it is very good fun!"  
Well, of course anyone can conjecture for themselves how it ended. Mr. Lesley was young and handsome,—more-over he had a snug little property of his own. He liked the United States, and incidentally remarked that if he had any object he would prefer to remain here permanently.

"But," he added, mournfully, "it is sad to be so entirely without ties, that no one cares whether you stay in one place or another."  
"I care," piped up Frank, who sat as usual by his side, holding his hand.  
"And so does cousin Elsie."  
"Yes," said I, laughing, though not without some confusion. "Frankie is right. "We both care."  
"Then," said Mr. Lesley, "I will stay." We were engaged within the month.

And as soon as I laid off my half mourning we were married, so that Frankie never yet has been compelled to separate from his friend.  
And Miss Bent lives with us still, and we are very happy! There is the end of my love story. Ought not all love stories to end so? Miss Bent says that all real romances end sadly,—but my experience, you see, has been altogether different. And perhaps I am a better judge than she is.—Shirley Browne.

## The Boy is Father to the Man.

The lad who speaks with affectation, and mimes foreign tongues that he does not understand at school, will be a weak chameleon in character all his life; the boy who cheats his teacher into thinking him devout at chapel will be the man who will make religion a trade; and bring Christianity into contempt; the boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers will figure some day as a treacherous politician. The boy who, whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eyes and keeps his answer inside of truth, always counts his friends who will last his life-time, and holds a capital which will bring him in a surer interest than money."

clucking to her downy brood and industriously scratching for their maternal meal when there appeared in the sky overhead a huge hawk whirling in concentric circles. A sharp note of warning from the patriarchal cock hurried the feeding fowls to places of concealment, and followed by the sharp cluck of the old hen, sent the infant spring scurry beneath the protecting wing of their mother. And none too soon came the alarm. The next instant there was a whirring sound in the air, and, with wings close to his body, coming head-foremost like shot out of a cannon, the hawk landed among the panic stricken brood. The old hen had sand in her gizzard and was true blue. With her wings extended and the feathers on her neck standing apart like quills upon the fretful porcupine, she met the onslaught of the bird of prey. No sooner had he touched the ground than she was upon him. The conflict, which was witnessed by several reliable parties, was as brief as it was brilliant, and before success could reach the plucky little hen she had stretched the feathered pirate lifeless at her feet. The hawk measured just four feet from tip to tip, and was carried to Aiken and exhibited. A lucky blow from the spur or beak of the hen entered his eye and penetrated his brain.—Augusta, Ga., Chronicle.

## A Hog Exploded

"Talk about dynamite, I can tell you a true story of what nitroglycerine once did on our State. It was out near Prairie du Chien, where they were blasting on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road. The contractor had several kegs of the stuff in an underground place. One day a workman left the place open; by and by some hogs came along, found a keg open, and as glycerine is as sweet almost as honey, the animal filled himself. He came out by and by and wandered into a stable which contained about forty horses belonging to the contractor. The hog got fooling around among the horses' hind legs, when one of them drew off and gave Mr. Hog a good one. The concussion started the business, and not a vestige was ever discovered of the hog or of a single horse or the stable. And where the stable once stood there was a hole 50 feet deep and 200 feet in circumference. Fact, gentlemen!"—Madison (Ill.) Democrat.

## An Infant Smoker.

Hattie Ketchum, the five-year old daughter of a farmer and tobacco grower near Weedsport, N. Y. is said to be hopelessly addicted to the use of tobacco, and has been since she was two years old.

When between one and two years of age she was afflicted with colic, and at the suggestion of a friend tobacco snook was blown into milk and given her. This remedy proved effective, but created an uncontrollable desire for tobacco, and by various subterfuges the child has ever since found means to satisfy her craving for the weed.

## A Settler.

A party of newspaper correspondents recently met in London and were giving their experience of the drinks to be got in the various parts of the world. One told of a famous concoction prepared in Italy; another spoke of the drinks of California; another of Mesopotamia, Australia, etc. The last man to speak said that at supper in Russia he once got a drink consisting of a pint of champagne and a pint of brandy hot, which was drunk with a toast to the guest of the evening. "Well!" said a listener. "Oh, after that you were put to bed; there was nothing else to that evening," was the rejoinder.

Mr. A. W. Swink in Davidson county one year ago placed thirteen carp in his pond and last fall added forty more; he drew the pond off last week and found two hundred and forty-six carp.

The printer wants two lines to fill this column and here they are.

licentiousness never seems to realize what a mean infringement it is upon decency.

We have cases of the pride of learning, but a multitude of the pride of ignorance.

Truth flourishes only with proper care, but villainy will survive under all circumstances.

No matter how gray and venerable vice may get, it will always be pretty active for its age.

Knowing when and how to take advantage of rare occasions is really the brains of business.

In the education of children love is first to be instilled, and out of love obedience is to be educated.

In this commonplace world everyone is said to be romantic who either adires a fine thing or does one.

The season is gradually unfolding its horrors. Yes, but gradually. So far spring poetry has bloomed in but very few places.

"Signal-Service Hazen wants to be restored to duty." By all means let him be restored to duty, and sent to the North Pole.

Pride, like the magnet, constantly points to one object—self; but unlike the magnet it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.