

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

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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.—*Cassell 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*.

The Major's Stratagem.

Major John Brindon, a member of the Arkansas Historical society, was requested to read a paper relative to the days of the code within the memory of men now living. The major cheerfully responded in the following:

Arkansas had been a State some ten years when I became one of her citizens. I was a very ambitious young man. Devoted study had failed to win for me a name of any distinction in the East, so, in this wild country, I was determined to get a living if nothing else. Knowing nothing of the State, I had no particular point in view, but mounted on a good horse, I struck out for some place to seek my fancy. One evening, when the winter's sun, losing his glare just above the tree tops, sank down like a ball of dull fire, I stopped at a large double log house. The surroundings spoke of refinement. The yard was a perfect wilderness of shrubs and flowers, and the fields lying adjacent bore evidence of a fine state of cultivation.

"Get down, sir, get down," said a polite old gentleman, coming out to the fence. "Here, Abram, take the gentleman's horse. Come in and have a seat."

The room into which he ushered me was large and comfortable. The furniture was old fashioned, and as I held out my hand to the blaze, I wondered how the great old brass andirons had escaped the cannon molder in the early days of the American revolution. My host, I soon learned, was Judge Blake, an eminent jurist of that day. When I told him I had come to practice law, his face beamed with pleasure.

"Young and ambitious, of course," said he. "Well, I shall not discourage you. We have need of youth and ambition in a country like this. The ability that would often go unrecognized in an older State, many times meets with brilliant success in a country where oratory has a peculiar charm and where logic, although an audience may be uneducated, finds an appreciative conviction. Let me introduce my wife and daughter."

I assented to a pleasant middle-aged lady and a girl of surprising loveliness.

"Mr. Brindon will remain over night with us," said the judge. "Houses are scarce in this section. My dear sir," turning to me, "my wife brings me the welcome news that supper is ready—welcome news indeed to me, for I have, as no doubt has been the case with you, ridden several miles to-day. Come."

At the table, the young lady whom they called Jassamine, sat opposite me. I had ample opportunity for studying her face, at first a pleasure and then a fascination. She would occasionally steal a glance at me, and my eyes, falling, would rest on the cold roast of a bear into which my appetite, despite my admiration, was making something of an incursion. After supper we sat around the log fire. I found Jassamine to be proud and well educated, though she did not affect that super-refinement which prompts so many young people to despise their surroundings.

"If you are going to practice law," said the judge, "I don't know of a better place than this. Our county seat is about four miles from here. It is not much of a village, but its legal business is large. The letters of recommendation which you have shown me"—which I had shown, too, rather proudly—"will admit you into the best society. The one from Judge King should be treasured as a precious document. I am going to town to-morrow, and if you desire it, will assist you in locating."

I thanked him warmly. I fancied Jassamine's eyes rested on me in approval.

The village was indeed small, but, as the Judge said, there was a future before it. There was evidently not much of a past behind it. The court house and jail were log structures, very much alike in appearance, I thought. The business houses were small, and seemed to be filled up with the skins of animals. I decided to locate. Offices were few, but after much persuasion, I found room with the county clerk. A boarding house was the next question. This was even more difficult than finding an office.

"Young man," said the judge, "if you don't mind the distance, you can board at my house and ride in every day."

I was delighted, and shook the judge's hand with a tight grasp of gratitude. I was anxious to know what Jassamine would think, whether or not she

would like the idea of admitting a boarder, and especially if she would like the thought of my being the boarder. That evening I found her alone in the sitting-room. Her face showed no surprise when I told her.

"I hope you have no objections," said I, disappointed.

"Why should I have? Whatever father does is right."

"Don't you get very tired of living here in the woods?"

"Oh, I suppose we all get tired living anywhere. It is the mind rather than the abode that makes life agreeable."

"Then," said I, in an attempt at compliment, "life should be agreeable to you for you have a more pleasant mind than—"

"Abode?" she immediately suggested.

Finding that I could not finish the sentence as I had intended I dropped it; and catching up a handful of little nothings, discussed them. While we were talking, a footstep aroused Jassamine, and I fancied she changed color. She went to the door and said "good evening," in a cordial voice. A man entered. She introduced him as Dr. Gray. I did not like him. I thought that he rather ridiculed the work of sailing. Every time Jassamine said a word, he would turn to her and smile. He did not smile at me but two or three times, for I frowned at him. After this he grinned at me in a cold, merciless way.

"Have you been here long?" he asked of me when Jassamine had left the room.

"No."

"Sort of a lawyer, eh?"

"I am a student of the law."

"I am a kind of a doctor," said he. "If you ever need my services, call on me."

"I hope that I shall never need you."

"Probably not, but in a country town like this a smart young chap never knows how soon he may need a physician."

"Sir," said I, arising.

"Be seated. Supper is not ready. No, he doesn't know how long he may need a doctor. When a similar atmosphere in this country." And turning his face full upon me he grinned like a possum.

"The other day," he continued, "I had to fill a smart young man full of stitches. Lawyer, too, I believe. Kept fooling around a knife. Yes, sir, they need a doctor every now and then. Don't forget me, sir; in case you should get hurt."

"Sir, I am not a ruffian." The ruffians don't get hurt. Only the smart men—lawyers, mainly. Strange, isn't it?"

"I do not care to talk to you, sir."

"It's only through politeness that I am talking to you. The physician's business is to carve rather than to court a fool."

I sprang to my feet in a rage. Just then Jassamine entered.

"What is the matter, gentlemen?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, nothing," replied the doctor.

"This young Bacon wants to fight. I have not thought much of the subject, but I will consider it. Chancellor," turning to me, "my friend will call on you."

"Yes," he suggested, "and with the weapons of a brute."

I could no longer stand his taunts. With a blow which he did not expect I knocked him down. Jassamine screamed, out by the time the judge and his wife had run into the room, I had given the doctor what the men in the east would have called a sound thrashing.

I soon learned that the doctor bore the name of a desperate character. He had fought several duels. I expected that he would post me as a coward, and he did so, but he kept out of the way. The people, I saw, attached great importance to what they termed the defense of honor. No matter how preposterously a man resented an insult and knocked the other down, he was not to be taken into the fold of brave men until he had shown his willingness to burn dangerous powder. When anyone reproached me for not fighting the doctor, I attempted to laugh it off, but to my sorrow I found it was a serious matter.

"He would have killed me," I said one day to an acquaintance who sat in my office.

"Presumably," he replied.

"Well then do you suppose I want to be killed?"

"Of course not but what is life unless it is honorable?"

"Do you mean that since I have refused to fight a duel with that desperate man, my life is no longer honorable?"

"The fact that people do think you have acted dishonorably, you cannot deny."

"I don't believe that Judge Blake thinks so."

"But I warrant you that Miss Jassamine does."

My blood tingled; my face burned.

"Why should she pay any attention to the unfortunate affair?"

"I don't suppose she pays any more attention to it than she can help. Gray loves her and regards you as a rival."

"But she cannot love him!"

"I don't know. Stranger surmises have proved to be true. Miss Jassamine is rather a peculiar girl. You cannot tell her by her actions. Once, I thought I could. I thought she loved me. When I asked her, though, she told me confidentially that she did not. As I rode home, I tried to recall Jassamine's looks and expressions since the doctor had challenged me, but comparing them with her previous actions, I could detect no change. I could disguise it from myself no longer. I loved the girl. As I neared the house, I saw her walking along the path toward a large spring that flowed from the foot of the hill. I tied my horse and joined her. I shall never forget the golden light of that evening, falling on her hair. I made numerous experiments in trying to work myself to a point where I could suddenly break off and make a declaration of my love, but my tongue was not eloquent. My mind was afloat, but its fuses were choked. Finally, with a desperate effort I said:

"Miss Jassamine, I love you!"

She stopped, looked at me calmly and replied: "You have made a mistake, haven't you?"

"Oh, no, how could I make a mistake? How could anyone make a mistake in loving you?"

"I don't know, but I do know that I did make a mistake in loving you. Keep away from me. No, you shall not take my hand. I loved you once because I thought you were brave and chivalrous. I suppose if Gray had insulted me you would have refused his challenge!"

"I would have killed him on the spot."

"Very likely. No, Mr. Brindon, it is useless to talk to me of love. I cannot marry a man who refuses a challenge."

"How can one so fair be so blood-thirsty?"

"It is not blood-thirstiness. It is love of chivalry."

"You are a curious girl. Good evening."

Late one evening Jassamine and I were strolling in the woods not far from her father's house. I had not spoken to her of love since the time of her refusal. I knew that she would never alter her decision, for I could read determination in every expression of her face.

"No, let us go to the brow of the hill and look down on the river."

I had scarcely finished the remark when four men sprang from behind an enormous log. Each man wore a mask. Jassamine tremblingly grasped my arm.

"What do you want?" I demanded, drawing a brace of pistols.

"We have come after that woman!" replied one of the men.

Raising both pistols I fired in rapid succession. The rascals fired at me, but luckily their shots took no effect. Jassamine fainted just as the ruffians closed upon me in a hand-to-hand encounter. When she regained consciousness the ruffians had gone. She looked up gratefully, and when I supported her in my arms she placed her head on my breast. Ah, delightful moment of love!

"I have judged you hastily," she said, as we drew near the house. "Your bravery surpasses anything I had ever hoped to see."

I kissed her.

The entire country rang with my praises. There were no sensational daily papers in those days, or I would have been indeed a far-famed hero. The judge took me warmly by the hand when I told him how I loved Jassamine, and said:

"You have made a noble fight my boy. When you presented those letters of recommendation, I knew that you were generous and brave, even though others thought differently. I have for some time known that Jassamine loved you, but I knew that with her foolish ideas of chivalry, she would not marry you after your refusal of the challenge unless you could do something to redeem yourself."

Jassamine and I were married with great ceremony. All the neighbors were invited. Whole calves were barbecued, and it seemed whole distillers were turned loose. Shortly after our marriage we moved to Little Rock, then a flourishing town. My business prospered, and within a year I owned a well furnished house.

One day, about six years after our removal to Little Rock, Jasper Patterson, with whom I had been intimate during the days of my courtship, paid me a visit. I was delighted to see him, and late at night he and I sat in the library talking over old times, as we termed the first days of our acquaintance. The lamp was burning low. We sat by the fireplace. My wife had gone to bed, I thought, but I afterward discovered that she was dozing on the sofa.

"I never saw anything work so well," said Jasper. "You not only secured a wife, but it made you a hero. Your wife has never suspected anything, has she?"

"No, not a thing. The boys played their parts well. I was afraid that Nick Jones would ruin everything, for after Jassamine fainted he snorted. He was so full of laugh that he could hardly run away. I—"

"Bip! Something struck me on the head. The room swam. I saw Jasper getting out of the way; I saw my wife standing near me, and then I sank to the floor. When I recovered I was lying on the sofa. Jassamine was bending over me."

"Oh, don't die," she was saying.

"Don't die, for I didn't mean it. I found the paper weight in my hand and I threw before I knew it. But it was cruel to treat me that way."

"Yes," I replied, "but it was because I loved you."

"Yes, I know, dear," slipping her hands under my head. "There, now, it's all right."

As I lay there in a semi doze I thought I heard Jasper lean against the house and laugh.—*Arkansas Traveller*.

The Raleigh News and Observer, of April 24th, says: Under an old law ex-Confederate soldiers who while in the service of the State lost both eyes or hands, &c., are allowed \$120 per annum pension. There are about 25 pensioners on this roll. Yesterday another name was added to it. It was that of J. N. G. North, of Alexander county, of the fourth regiment, N. C. T., who lost both hands. A warrant was yesterday sent him.

A sensation was caused at Norfolk, Va., last week, by the arrival of a Russian vessel in port, quickly followed by an English vessel. The latter subsequently dropped down to Hampton Roads to avoid newspapers reporters and correspondents.

SMALL BITES.

Agricultural reports—The corn popping. When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

The wise man never makes the same blunder twice.

Like the worm, the roller skate will turn when trod on.

One acre of cucumbers in Florida netted \$475 last year.

People's intentions can only be decided from their conduct.

Male jokes like a tramp's shoes, are always out at the heels.

Bakers are generous. They never keep all the bread they knead.

It is not life to live for one's self alone. Let us help one another.

A judicious silence is better than truth spoken without charity.

Pride grows before a fall, but a great deal of bad language cometh after it.

One good honest trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly "professions."

A man may live to a good old age and then commit the biggest mistake of his life.

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

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

The rarest, and surely the happiest marriages, are between those who have grown in love.

Remembering the poor is well enough; but it is much better to give them something.

Speaking of spreading one's self, the skating rink seems to be the place of all others to do it successfully.

A man can no more escape from his ordinary grooves of thought than he can from his habitual grooves of action.

The Wisconsin hog which ate two quarts of nitro-glycerine is the American animal which Bismarck should be invited to kick.

We have met many people who never knew enough to attend to their own business; but they always knew how to run a newspaper.

When a woman arrives at the age of 35 without accumulating a husband, she enjoys attending one funeral more than a dozen balls.

It is said that a bee can draw twenty times the weight of its body. But it is not by a pull that a bee gets the best of his victim; it is by his push.

It is not until the flower has fallen off that the fruit begins to ripen. So in life, it is when the romance is past that the practical usefulness begins.

The red, white and blue—the red cheeks, white teeth and blue eyes of a lovely girl—are as good a flag as a young soldier in the battle of life can fight for.

Whenever you find a poor man who is truly grateful for the pittance you give him, you may be sure that he would himself be generous if he had money to give.

There is only now and then an opportunity of displaying great courage, or even great wisdom; but every hour in the day offers a chance to show our nature.

The very last curiosity spoken of in the papers is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was a waggie. The man who discovered it has retired from public life.

You may have youth, beauty, health, spirits, everything that can gladden the soul and charm the senses, and yet feel like an ordinary human being when you find a hair in the butter.

According to a Chicago paper, "An Illinois doctor has discovered a sure cure for rheumatism in geranium-leaves." This will be welcome news to geranium-leaves afflicted with that distressing trouble.

Let the dogs bark, but confound them, says the Boston Transcript, they shan't do all the growling—not if the forty odd millions of people in the United States know themselves.