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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.—*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.*

Jewels.

"It's very lonesome here!" sighed Isabel Darling.

And to one who had been brought up in the very heart of busy, bustling New York, it might well have seemed "lonesome" in that solitary ravine of the hills, with only the sigh of moaning pines overhead and the rustle of a mountain stream, as it fled foaming over rock and bowlder, to people the weird silence!

Grandmother Kesley had lived there all her life. To her there was companionship in every stately tree and shuddering clump of bushes. The sound of wind shrieking down the huge stone chimney was sweeter, in her ear, than Nilsson's clearest notes—the creaking of the shutters at night was the voice of some gossipping companion! How could Grandmother Kesley, at seventy, and Isabel Darling at seventeen, be expected to view life from the same platform?

"Lonesome!" echoed old Mrs. Kesley. "Oh, fiddlesticks! Get your knitting, and then you won't be lonesome!"

"And, reluctantly enough, Isabel obeyed."

Nightfall had long descended upon the solitary homestead among the hills. Here and there a star glimmered through the ragged rack of clouds that were scudding from the northwest, and the wind was holding high carnival among the tree-tops, in the glen below. Mrs. Kelsey sat before the fire—with such a generous heap of burning logs as that no auxiliary candles were needed—and her queer, brown, wrinkled face looked like that of a Fairy Godmother in a ruddy shine. Isabel sat opposite, her soft brown eyes mirroring the blaze as it flashed and flickered, her dark hair shining like bands of satin.

Isabel Darling was very pretty—so pretty, in sooth, that her thrifty parents, who had five other feminine "darlings" to dispose of, considered that her rosebud face ought to buy her a fortune, and indignantly bundled her off to Grandmother Kesley's, among the Adirondack hills, when the first soupcon leaked out of a lover who had no more money than he himself could earn, at his artist craft of wood engraving.

"Our Isabel, to throw herself away on Fred Hensley!" cried Mr. Darling. "And with her face, and the education we've given her!"

"Of course it's quite out of the question!" said Mrs. Darling, who had just such keen eyes and wrinkled brows as her mother might have had twenty-five years before—a worthy descendant of the line of Kesleys. "We must send her to Grandmother Kesley's at once."

Grandmother Kesley had written back a favorable response to the letter of inquiry that was at once dispatched upon the subject.

"Let her come," said Grandmother Kesley, with a very sputtering quill pen on paper that was fashionable half a century ago. "You needn't worry yourself about her lover. Lovers arn't in my line, and this Hensley chap may have her, if once he finds his way inside my doors, and welcome!"

And it was in answer to this trumpet of defiance that poor Isabel Darling was now wearing her heart out, in the solitude of these wild, northern hills!

Grandmother Kesley was kind-hearted, too, in her way. She had done her best to enliven the pining prisoner—and brought down a packet of musty old novels, "Clarissa Harlow," "Charlotte Temple," "Alonzo and Melissa," and the like—furnished Isabel with materials to work a sampler exactly like that which hung framed above the "best room" mantel, a memorial of her own school-days, and even undertaken to show her how to spin! Could any mortal, however unreasonable, ask more? Yet, with this, Isabel Darling still drooped!"

To-night Grandmother Kesley had a new entertainment provided. She had seen Isabel covertly crying once or twice in the course of the day, and her heart grew soft within her.

"Isabel," said she, as they sat tete-a-tete in the twilight, "I never showed you my box of jewels?"

"No, grandmother," said Isabel, listlessly.

"Would you like to see 'em?"

"Yes, grandmother," still without anything of interest in the tones.

Grandmother Kesley went to a curiously clamped old hair trunk that always stood under the head of her bed, hidden by the voluminous fall of the patchwork quilt, and with a great rattling of rusty keys, drew forth a small square box, of some aromatic smelling wood.

Isabel's eyes opened in spite of herself, as the old lady helt up a glittering string of anncient beads.

"I had them when I was a girl o' fourteen," said she, bobbing her becapped head. Father—that's your great-grandfather Kesley, child—give them to me when I finished my first set o' shirts for him. And here is a lot o' amethysts my Uncle Poundridge brought from sea—there was a Spanish ship wrecked on the shores where he chanced to be coastin,' and them was among the things cast up."

The purple stones, set in strange old fashioned filagree of fine wrought gold, winked and glimmered oddly in the firelight, as Grandmother Kesley elevated them in her skinny fingers.

"And this 'ere is a gold watch and chain Squire Seth Duplex left your Grandfather Kesley, when he died. Your grandfather and he was great friends, Isabel, and the squire was always a great hands to do things liberal. But John Kesley never carried the watch he always said it was too fine for him and he stuck to his silver one. And here's your Uncle Lamech's snuff-box—and your Aunt Sylvy's wedding ring—poor child, she died before she had been married a year, and the corae ear-drops she used to wear! It's a pretty good box full of crinkum-crankums, aint it, child?"

"Oh they are beautiful!" assented Isabel, roused to enthusiasm at last.

"And I don't mind saying, Isabel, they shall be yours, one of these days, if—mercy upon us—what's the matter with the child?"

For Isabel had sprang from her seat like a frightened hare from its form.

"A face, grandmother—a pale, rigid face, looking in at the window through the darkness without.

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Mrs. Kesley. "there ain't a soul lives within two miles of us. Who on earth should be lookin' in at my winder?"

"I don't know," persisted Isabel "but I did see a face."

Mrs. Kesley opened the door and looked up and down.

"I told you so!" she nodded triumphantly, closing and bolting the door. "Not a creetur to be seen, not so much as a stray dog. It's your fancy, Isabel!"

And not all her grand-daughter's protestations could convince the ancient dame to the contrary.

But about half an hour afterward, just as Mrs. Kesley was spreading the round cherry table with a cloth of home-spun damask, two-tined forks and plates of some foreign ware, curiously decorated with unlikenesses of birds, bees and insects, a knock came to the door, and Isabel started again, almost as nervously as before.

It was beginning to snow softly, as Mrs. Kesley opened the door, and the crooked little finger that stood there was powdered over with the white drift—an old woman wearing a crumpled black bonnet, and an ancient brown cloak with a double cape descending below her elbows.

"Who be you?" curtly questioned Grandmother Kesley, "and what do you want disturning honest folks at this time o'night?"

"I'm Louisy Ann Paddock," was the humble and conciliating reply, and I started to walk from Hollyford to stay a spell with Mrs. Squire Johnson below here—she and my mother were first cousins you know—and somehow I got belated, so I calculated you'd keep me all night on a pinch!"

"Humph!" grunted grandmother Kesley, "I ain't acquainted with Mrs. Johnson, but I've heard she was a dreadful likely woman! Well, walk in." Mrs. Paddock—it's an ugly night to be out in, and although we ain't no great hands for company, I guess you can put up with our ways! Won't you lay off your things?"

"Thankee"' said the new comer, in a regular New England twang. "I'll take off my cloak, but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather set with my hood on—I'm dreadfully subject to neuralogy in the face!"

And all they could see of Louisa Ann Paddock's face was the startling bright eyes that were veiled beneath a screen of a pair of spectacles.

"She's a queer looking old creature, ain't she?" said Mrs, Kesley in a whisper, as Isabel helped her ladel up a dishful of delicious, limpid, "apple sauce" from a stone jar of the same, that always stood on the second pantry shelf. But Isabel did not answer—she was watching the half open door.

"I suppose I'm fanciful," thought she—"at least grandmother always says so; but I do think the face is just the same that was flattened against the window when she was showing me the box of old fashioned jewelry. I wish we hadn't let her in. I wish there was a man about the house. I wish—"

"Dear heart alive, Isabel, what on earth be you doin'?" scolded Grandmother Kesley—"holdin' the dish so that all the sirup's runnin out?"

And Isabel with a blush and a start, was forced to own her absent-mindedness.

There own utter helplessness, their isolation and distance from aid—the rich old jewels in the wooden casket and the pallid face at the window, vanished almost instantly as it appeared these combined with one or two discrepancies in the conduct and appearance of their uninvited guest, filled Isabel Darling's heart with vague alarm. People had been ruthlessly murdered before now, for treasures less valuable than these, and had an opportunity presented itself, she would have taken counsel with her grandmother on the subject. But even as she pondered the new comer rose to get a drink of water from the stone pitcher on the table. One or two long, vigorous strides, and then catching a glimpse of Isabel's startled face, the soidisant Louisa Ann subsided once more into the halting step of old age.

But one instance of forgetfulness had been sufficient to confirm the young girl's already aroused suspicions.

"I was right," thought Isabel, her heart beating wildly. "I was right! she is no woman, but a man in disduise. And Grandmother Kelly never suspects! Oh, what, what shall I do?"

At that moment Mrs. Kelly rose, and taking the shining brass candlestick, began slowly to climb the stairway that led to the little attic of the onestory dwelling.

"For I s'pose," she thought. "the poor tired creetur'll be glad to get to bed, and I may as well see if the cot in the north chamber is alk right, with blankets enough to keep off one's death of cold."

Isabel had risen instantly to follow her, with one forward stride "Louisa Ann Paddock" closed the door at the foot of the stairs and drew the bolt.

"Stay where you are!" uttered a low voice in unmistakably masculine accents.

Isabel uttered a wild scream.

"Help!" she shrieked involuntarily uttering the watchwood although she knew no human ear was nigh to respond. "Help! for heaven's sake do not murder us, two helpless, lonely women!"

"Isabel!"

In an instant the brown cloak and hood lay in a lump on the floor, and she was clasped in a pair of arms as strong as they were tender. And through the cannonade of knocking and rattling at the stairway door, kept up by Grandmother Kesley, who had been alarmed ed by her grand-daughter's scream, Isabel could only grasp out the half audible syllables:

"Oh, Fred! Fred Hensley! how could you frighten me so?"

"Open the door, some one!" squeaked Mrs. Kesley. "Murder! Thieves! Fre! Rrobery! Let me in I Say!"

Grandmother don't be frightened!" cried Isabel, tremulously; "it's only Fred!"

"And," added the stanger, blandly, "Fred will be very happy to unbolt the door at any moment you are willing to satisfy your agreement!"

"What agreement?" demanded Mrs. Kesley.

"That if once I found my way inside your door I might have Isabel and welcome?"

"I never said so!" cried the old lady.

"But you wrote so," said Fred, calmly, "and I have it down in black and white!"

Grandmother Kesley made no attempt to deny her own "hand-ofwrite," but changed her tactics with laudable promptitude.

"Isabel, are you going to keep me here in the cold all night? Why don't you open the door?"

"I can't grandmother! faltered Isabel, her cheeks radiant with blushes. "Fred won't let me!"

(But then she didn't try very hard!)

"I tell you what, ma'am," said Mr. Hensley politely, "I shall be delighted to release you at any moment you say 'Yes' to my suit for Isabel!"

There was a moment's meditative silence, and then Grandmother Kesley, sensible to the last, uttered the fateful monosyllable!

"Yes!"

And when she immerged from her state of seige on the stairway, the only observation she hazarded was:

"Young folks will be young folks—and there ain't no use fightin' against Fate!"

"And I thought you were a robber!" said Isabel looking with timid happiness into her lover's eyes, "come to steal Grandmother Kesley's jewels!"

"So I am!" said Fred, smiling. "And I have stolen the very brighest of them all!"

When Frederick Hensley went away, a fortnight afterward, he took Isabel Darling with him as his bride, and Grandmother Kesley's wedding present was the wooden box of antique treasures, gold beads, amethyst necklace and all.

Zeb Vance's Pot-Liquor.

The Asheville Citizen, who is ever on the alert to gather all the latest news, comes to us to-day with the following:

From an exchange we take the following (to us new anecdote of Senator Vance:

When Senator Zeb Vance was a boy his father kept a tavern at Marshall, now a town on the French Broad. One day several Kentuckians passed through on horseback, and seeing Zeb out in the road, asked him if there was any chance to get some liquor. Zeb studied a few minutes and then replied: "My mother has the only liquor to be had that I know of, and if I get it for you I'll have to be powerful sly." They gave him a green quart bottle and rode on to a turn in the road, and presently Zeb came panting with the bottle full and handed it to the travelers with the remark: "Don't drind a drop of it till you get clean outen sight, for my mother would tan me good if she found out that I had stolen her liquor." They gave him a quarter and started off at a brisk gait. When out of sight one of them pulled out the bottle and took a powerful swig at it, but as soon as he took the bottle from his mouth he spit out a mouthful, and ejaculated with a great Kentucky horse-trader oath: "Sold boys, sold! That rascal boy has filled this bottle with pot liquor!" Looking back down the road they saw Zeb, who had followed them, and there he was, laughing fit to kill himself. Those who had not drank out of the bottle joined in the laugh, but the fewllow who paid for it and drank liberally of the "liquor" was mads a fury, and swore vengeance against Zeb if ever he passed that way again.

Fable of the Fox and Woodchuck.

A Woodchuck who had, a great Labor and many Back-Aches, managed to excavate a Hole for Himself in a Hillside, was resting and congratulating Himself when along came a Fox, who said:

"Ah—um! Just fits me! Ive been loking for just such a Den the last three months."

"You don't mean to Steal my Home away?" quried the Woodchuck.

"Might makes Right in this Blizzard country, and don't you Forget it! Take yourself off, or I'll make you sad!"

The Fox took posession, and the Woodchuck withdrew, but the next morning he passed that way to find the Fox fast in a trap at the mouth of the Den. Some boys had Baited for Woodchuck and caught a Fox. As they appeared on the scene Reynard called out:

"I am but a poor Fox, while you are Learned and Intelligent Human Beings. You have no right to Sacrifice me in this manner!"

"Ah! Yes, but this is a Question of Might instead of right!" was the reply, as he was knocked on the Head.

"Moral: "It ceases to be funny when Both Sides begin to play the Same Game.—Detroit Free Press.

A philosopher writes, "Man is the merriest species of the creation." Did the philosopher ever see a man when it was first broken to him that he was the father of twins? We trow notr—New York Graphic.

A widow in India burns herself for her husband. In America she marries another and gives him a roasting.

SMALL BITES.

Bad habits—Worn out garments.

A railroad strike—A collision.

A roller skater is known by his bumps.

Sallie Ratus is the girl that takes the biscuit.

The wife's pathway in life is generally a buy way.

When a stovepipe is out at the elbow the soot beging to play out.

Sleep:—The thief that robs us of our time, giving us health in exchange.

Would it be just to say that all physicians partially get ther living by pillage?

In Denmark the rooms in the hotel are all bald-headed—that is, they have no locks.

The longest legitimate word in the England language is disproportionableness.

Custom compels an Icelander in his native island to kiss every woman he meets.

A violin played near a flock of geese will start them into a grand march about a circle

A man grows in statute up to his fiftieth year, although the growth is vey slow after twenty.

According to the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, the last man will undoubtedly be a tailor.

Often a cold shoulder pleases the recipient, especially if it happens to be a cold shoulder of lamb.

The empress of Australia has a private circus. Many American ladies have tried to do the same thing.

A poetess sings, "I Have Found What Silence Is." Her friends, it is understood, are not so fortunate.

Some people pass through various vicissitudes in life without losing a hair. Probably because they were bald-headed.

"More light" is the watchword of progress, but more of the opposite quality in a load of coal is what the people are beginning to demand.

"What is the 'dollar of our daddies?'" asked a college paper. It is what the average undergraduate pays his wagers and anti temperance subscriptions with.

"What One Girl Did" is the title of a new story. She doubtless did the same as all others girls do—jump up on a table and frightened a poor little mouse to death.

In the time of Herodotus (440 B. C.) chickens were hatched artificially, in underground ovens, which contained six thousand eggs. So you can hardly claim this as a Yankee invention after all.

Turkey took its name from the turks or Turcomans, which signifies wanderers, and originally belonged to the Scythians or Tartars. It is sometimes called the Ottoman Empire, from Otheman, one of their principal leaders.

A very large proportion of the suffering that inflicts mankind proceeds from the simple feeling of discouragement. Beside the misery which it inflicts, there is the palsying effect which it exerts on all human effort. As long as hope reigns in the heart, our exertion seems too great; it is when hope sinks away and despondency takes its place that labor of head or hand langnishes.

Be Saving.

Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out, you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, heads gets bald; straw by straw, the thatch goes off the roof, and drop by drop, the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tank leaks but a drop a minute. In all things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs farther than the blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, nothing is left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard when you are young, and you have a chance to rest when old.