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.*

The Purser's Story.

BY LUKE SHARP.

I don't know that I should tell this story.

When the purser told it to me I know it was his intention to write it out for a magazine. In fact he had written it, and I understood that a noted American magazine had offered to publish it, but I have watched that magazine for over three years and I have not seen the purser's story in it. I am sorry that I did not write the story at the time, then perhaps I should have caught the exquisite peculiarities of the purser's way of telling it. I find myself gradually forgetting the story and I write it now for fear I shall forget it, and then be harassed all through after life by the remembrance of the forgetting.

Perhaps after you read this story you will say there is nothing in it after all. Well, that will be my fault, then, and I can only regret that I did not write down the story when it was told to me, for as I sat in the purser's room that day it seemed to me that I had never heard anything more graphic.

The purser's room was well forward on the Atlantic steamship. From one of the little red-curtained windows you could look down to where the steerage passengers were gathered on the deck. When the bow of the great vessel dove down into the big Atlantic waves, the smother of foam that shot upward would be borne along with the wind and splatter like rain against the purser's window. Something about this intermittent patter on the pane reminded the purser of the story and so he told it to me.

There were a great many steerage passengers getting on at Queenstown, he said, and as you saw when we were there it is quite a hurry getting them aboard. Two officers stand at each side of the gangway and take up the tickets as the people crowd forward. They generally have their thickets in their hands and there is no trouble. I stood there and watched them coming on.—Suddenly there was a fuss and a jam.

'What is it?' I asked the officer.

'Two girls, sir, say they have lost their tickets.'

I took the girls aside and the stream of humanity poured in. One was about 14 and the other, perhaps, 8 years old. The little one had a firm grip of the elder's hand and she was crying. The larger girl looked me straight in the eye as I questioned her.

'Where's your tickets?'

'We lost thim, sur.'

'Where?'

'I duono, sur.'

'Do you think you have them about you or in your luggage?'

'We've no luggage, sur.'

'Is this your sister?'

'She is, sur.'

'Are your parents abroad?'

'They are not, sur.'

'Are you all alone?'

'We are, sur.'

'You can't go without your tickets.'

The younger one began to cry the more and the elder answered:

'Mebbe we can foind them, sur.'

They were bright-looking, intelligent children, and the larger girl gave me such quick, straightforward answers, and it seemed so impossible that children so young should attempt to cross the ocean without tickets that I concluded to let them come, and resolved to get at the truth on the way over.

Next day I told the deck steward to bring the children to my room.

They came in just as I saw them the day before, the elder with a light grip on the hand of the younger, whose eyes I never caught sight of. She kept them resolutely on the floor while the other looked straight at me with her big, blue eyes.

'Well, have you found your tickets?'

'No, sur.'

'What is your name?'

'Bridget, sur.'

'Bridget what?'

'Bridget Mulligan, sur.'

'Where did you live?'

'In Kildormey, sur.'

'Where did you get your tickets?'

'From Mr. O'Grady, sur.'

Now I knew Kildormey as well as I know this ship, and I knew O'Grady was our agent there. I would have given a good deal at that moment for a few words with him. But I knew of no Mulligans there, although, of course, there might be. I was born myself only a few miles from Kildormey. Now, thinks I to myself, if these two children can baffle a purser that's been twenty years on the Atlantic when they say they came from his own town, almost, by the powers they deserve their passage over the ocean. I had often seen grown people try to cheat their way across, and I may say none of them succeeded on my ships.

'Where's your father and mother?'

'Both dead, sur.'

'Who was your father?'

'He was a pinshoner, sur.'

'Where did he draw his pension?'

'I dunno, sur.'

'Where did you get the money to buy your tickets?'

'The neighbors, sur, and Mr. O'Grady helped, sur.'

'What neighbors? Name them.'

She unhesitatingly named a number, many of whom I know, and as that had frequently been done before I saw no reason to doubt the girl's word.

'Now,' I said, 'I want to speak with your sister. You may go.'

The little one held on to her sister's hand and cried bitterly.

When the other was gone, I drew the child toward me and questioned her but could not get a word in reply.

For the next day or so I was bothered somewhat by a big Irishman named O'Donnell, who was a firebrand among the steerage passengers. As we had many English and German passengers, as well as many peaceable Irishmen, who complained of the constant ructions O'Donnell was kicking up I was forced to ask him to keep quiet. He became very abusive one day and tried to strike me. I had him locked up until he came to his senses.

While I was in my room, after this little excitement, Mrs. O'Donnell came to and pleaded for her rascally husband. I had noticed her before. She was a poor, weak, broken-hearted woman whom her husband made a slave of, and I have no doubt beat her when he had the chance. She was evidently mortally afraid of him, and a look from him seemed enough to take the life out of her.

'Well, Mrs. O'Donnell,' I said, 'I'll let your husband go, but he will have to keep a civil tongue in his head and keep his hands off people. I've seen men for less put in irons during a voyage and handed over to the authorities when they landed. And now I want you to do me a favor. There are two children on board without tickets. I don't believe they ever had tickets, and I wan't to find out. You're a kind hearted woman, Mrs. O'Donnell, and perhaps the children will answer you.'

I had the two handed in, and they came hand in hand as usual. The elder looked at me as if she couldn't take her eyes off my face.

'Look at this woman,' I said to her; 'she wants to speak to you. Ask her some questions about herself,' I whispered to Mrs. O'Donnell.

'Acushla,' said Mrs. O'Donnell with infinite tenderness, taking the disengaged hand of the elder girl. 'Tell, me, darlint, where yee are from.'

I suppose I had spoken rather harshly to them before, although I had not intended to do so, but however that may be at the first word of kindness from the lips of their countrywoman both girls broke down and cried as if their hearts would break. The poor woman drew them toward her, and stroking the fair hair of the elder girl, tried to comfort her while the tears streamed down her own cheeks. 'Hush, acushla, hush, darlints, shure the gentlemin's not goin' to be hard wid two poor childher going to a strange country.'

Of course it would never do to admit that the company could carry emigrants free through any matter of sympathy and I must have appeared rather hard-hearted when I told Mrs. O'Donnell that I would have to take them back with me to Cork. I sent the children away, and then arranged with Mrs. O'Donnell to see after them during the voyage, to which she agreed if her husband would let her.

I could get nothing from the girl except that she had lost her ticket, and when we sighted New York I took them to the steerage and asked the passengers if any one would assume charge of the children and pay their passage. No one would do so.

'Then,' I said 'these children will go back with me to Cork, and if I find they never bought tickets they will have to go to jail.'

There were groans and hisses at that, and I gave the children in charge of the cabin stewardess with orders to see that they did not leave the ship. I was at last convinced that they had no friends among the steerage passengers. I intended to take them ashore myself before we sailed, and I knew of good hands in New York who would see to the little waifs, although I did not propose that any of the emigrants should know that an old bachelor purser was fool enough to pay for the passage of a couple of unknown Irish children.

We landed our cabin passengers and the tender came alongside to take the steerage passengers to Castle Garden. I got the stewardess to bring out the children, and the two stood and watched everyone get aboard the tender.

Just as the tender moved away there was a wild shriek among the crowded passengers, and Mrs. O'Donnell flung her arms above her head and cried in the most heart-breaking tone I ever heard:

'Oh, my babies, my babies.'

"Kape quiet,' hissed O'Donnell, grasping her by the arm. The terrible ten days strain had given away at last, and the poor woman sank in a heap at his feet.

'Bring back that boat,' I shouted, and the tender came back.

'Come here O'Donnell.'

'I'll not!' he yelled, shaking his fist at me.

'Bring that man aboard."

They soon brought him back and I gave his wife over to the care of the stewardess. She speedily rallied, and hugged and kissed her children as if she would never part with them.

'So, O'Donnell, these are your children?'

'Yis, they are; an' I'd have ye know I'm in a free country, bedad, and I dare ye to 'ay a finger on me.'

'Don't dare too much,' I said, 'or I'll show you what can be done in a free country. Now if I let the children go will you send their passage money to the company when you get it?'

'I will,' he answered, although I knew he lied.

'Well,' I said, 'for Mrs. O'Donnell's sake I'll let them go, and I must congratulate any free country that gets a citizen like you.'

Of course I never heard from O'Donnell since.

An Eccentric Chancellor

Chancellor George M. Bibb, of Kentucky, twice a senator from that State, and secretary of the treasury in Mr. Tyler's administration, was known in Washington as 'the last of the small-clothes.' Until his death he wore a broad-brimmed hat, fine linen, long waist-coat, knee-breeches, black silk hose, and low shoes with silver buckles.

The chancellor's personal appearance and manners proclaimed him a gentleman of the old school—dignified, high-toned, and courteous to everybody. Even the boys, knowing that he took snuff, would often stop him in the streets with,—

'Please, sir give us a pinch of snuff!'

'The chancellor, with an air that would have become Louis XIV. himself, would at once offer his snuff-box to the little fellow.

One day the chancellor met in Washington a friend from Kentucky, and inquired particularly about the gentleman's family—his son and his son's children.

'His youngest,' said the friend, 'is named for you and for one of the Biblical characters, Nehemiah.'

'That's right,' replied the chancellor. 'The law and the prophets should always go together.'

The chancellor's fondness for angling always amounted to a passion. Whether the fish 'bit' or not, he would sit for hours on the bank of a stream, with rod and line waiting for a nibble. A story, illustrative of his reputation as the most patient of anglers, used to be tlod in Washington circles:—

A gentleman seeing that the chancellor had been sitting on the wharf for several hours, watching his float strolled down to him, and asked,—

'What luck?'

'None,' replied the chancellor. 'I thought I had a bite two or three hours ago, but apparently there is not a fish about.'

'What is your bait?'

'A live, plump young frog, hooked through the fleshy part of the leg.'

'Look there, chancellor!' said the friend, bursting into a laugh and pointing to a log partly out of water.

The chancellor looked, and saw his bait sunning itself on a log!

It is no disgrace not to be able to do everything; but to undertake, or pretend to do, what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious.

CALENDAR

Of Criminal and Civil Causes for Trial at Summer Term of the Superior Court of Stokes County, Commencing Monday, August 10th, 1885.

Monday 10th, Tuesday 11th and Wednesday 12th for Criminal Trials and Motions.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1885.

7 Ruffin heirs vs Overby.
13 Tilley vs Jessup, et al.
14 McCanless vs Flinchem et al (4 cases)
18 Morgan vs Lewis et al.
22 Hall vs Watts.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1885.

23 Robinson and wife vs Smith et al.
27 Smith vs Joyce.
28 Merritt vs Hairston.
34 Hicks vs Lawson.
36 Smith vs Lewis.
37 Boyd vs Taylor.
55 Kreeger vs Kiger.
38 Burrell vs Martin.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1885.

39 Nicholson vs Reeves.
42 Nicholson vs Tuttle.
43 Flynt vs Burton.
46 Boze vs Sarles.
48 Lasley vs Fulton.
52 Eaton vs Lambeth.
53 Martin vs Frazier.

MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1885.

State vs Valentine.
54 George vs Estes.
56 Lash vs Martin.
57 Smith vs Davis.
58 Slate vs Thomas.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1885.

58 Francis vs McKinney.
60 Carroll vs Pepper.
61 Martin vs Hall.
62 Lash vs East.
63 George vs Tilley.
64 Caudle vs Fallen.
65 Dodd vs Lawson.
66 Pepper & Sons vs Alley.
67 Gibson vs Lewis.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1885.

68 Simpson vs Simpson.
69 Steele vs Pringle et al.
70 Lawson vs Pringle (4 cases.)
75 Nelson vs Tilley.
76 Nelson vs Nelson.
77 Stewart vs Stewart.
78 Wagner vs Dodd.
79 Hill vs Hill.
81 Ruffin heirs vs Bennett.

MOTION DOCKET.

1 Wilson vs McCanless.
2 Hutcherson vs Martin.
3 Smith adm'r vs McCanless.
4 Francis vs Worth adm'r.
5 King vs King.
6 Hutcherson vs Hutcherson.
8 Griffin vs Griffin.
9 Martin adm'r vs Hutcherson.
10 Carter vs Poore.
11 Timmons vs Watts.
12 Steele vs Hawkins et al.
19 Harris vs McCanless.
20 Bynum vs Mickey.
21 Warner vs Carroll.
24 Smith vs Jackson.
25 King adm'r vs Scales.
26 Tatum vs Pringle adm'r.
29 Kiger and others Ex Parte.
30 Chambers vs Bynum.
31 Winston vs Winston.
32 Newsom adm'r vs Newsom.
33 Moore Ex Parte.
35 Moser and others vs Boles.
40 Myers vs Golding.
41 Ellington vs Steele et al.
44 Martin vs Rierson et al.
45 Lawson vs George.
47 Smith vs Johnson.
59 Amos vs Martin.
50 Baker adm'r vs Hill ex. and Taylor.
41 Pepper guardian Ex Parte.
74 Smith vs Smith.
80 Boyles vs Rutledge.

In the call, any case not reached on the appointed day will be called in order on next day, and in precedence of cases set for the next day.

Motions heard according to the convenience of the court.

Witnesses will be allowed pay for attendance only from the day cases are set for trial, and after that time until the cause is disposed of.

J. F. GRAVES,
Presiding Judge.

Danbury, N. C., June 15th, 1885.

A cruel husband calls his wife "green fruit," because she never agrees with him.

Silence does not always mark wisdom.

Something to be sneezed at—snuff.

SMALL BITES.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.

Much danger makes great hearts most resolute.

Heaven will permit no man to secure happiness by crime.

Few advise how to make money, many know how to spend it.

There is not so much danger in a known foe as a suspected one.

There is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.

Many delight more in giving of presents than in paying their debts.

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.

There are in business three things necessary,—knowledge, temper, and time.

The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.

Comparison, more than reality, makes men happy, and can make them wretched.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.

I would desire for a friend the son who never resisted the tears of his mother.

Speaking much is a sign of vanity, for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deed.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

The moment a man begins to rise among his fellows, he becomes a mark for their missiles.

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great wisdom; and to forgive it, of great mind.

How wise we are in thought! How weak in practice! Our very virtue, like our will, is—nothing.

The highest luxury of which the human mind is sensible is to call smiles upon the face of misery.

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.

To have respect for ourselves guides our morals, and to have deference for others governs our manners.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough; but riches, fineless, is as poor as winter to him that ever fears he shall be poor.

In the affairs of life activity is to be preferred to dignity, and practical energy and despatch to premeditated composure and reserve.

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to bed with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence.

The primary use of knowledge is for such guidance in conduct in all circumstances as shall make living complete. All other uses of knowledge are secondary.

A Little Too Fresh.

A young man who had introduced himself to a lady by raising the window for her, was glibly talking of his travels. He had been in a good many places during his lifetime, hadn't forgotten any of them and didn't seem to miss one in his account. He was so much interested in his conversation that he failed to notice the lady's frequent yawning and other palpable evidences that she was feeling bored.

'As for the water,' he said, "I just love the water. I am a splendid sailor. Never have any trouble at all. Never get scared. They used to call me a regular old salt. I—'

'But you never sailed on salt water, did you?'

'Yes; yes, indeed. Many a time. But why do you ask?'

'Oh, I was merely thinking that you hadn't.'