

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

VOLUME XIV.

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NO. 8.

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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 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.*

A Barrel of Soft Soap.

"Hain't you put that rack in the cellar yet, to hang that er dried beef on?" asked Mrs. Stutson.

"No, Judy, I thought mebbe 'twould rain in a day or two, and then Jabe could be spared to help a little about the house, for I must get my work ketch'd up while we have good weather."

"Yes, there's nillus something yo can't do if it don't rain, and ye can't if it does; I declare for it; I'd like to know what on arth would become of us all if 'twant for me to look after things."

"Come, come, mother, don't fret any more; we don't want a cloud in the kitchen when there ain't none outside."

"Wal, I've got something else to do besides peck' at the weather; and if you ain't it's time that you had."

Giles Stutson was a farmer—a man of good habits, honest in his dealings with his fellow men—who in his youth had married Judith McLutosh. "A smarter girl never trod shoe leather."

So said the elder Stutson on the morning of their marriage. They had by the closest economy acquired a small fortune, in the shape of a farm, located about two miles from the village of M—. Only one child had been given them to brighten their home, and this was a daughter, who at the time of our story had reached the age of twenty years.

Mrs. Stutson, as you will observe by this conversation, was one of that peculiar type of women whose very life seemed to depend upon scolding and working, all at the same instant; and the more she fretted and scolded, the more work she accomplished.

The whole family had become so accustomed to this that its effect was, as Mr. Stutson once said, "it went in one ear and out 'tother."

"Wal, Giles, there's jest this much about it; if that ar rack ain't up by ten o'clock, I'll git some nails and drive up, to hang that beef on myself. I've got to clean the dyke room to-day, and I want that pile of beef out of my way."

So saying she went into the milk-room, to strain the morning's milk. "It's no use arguin'," said Mr. Stutson to Jabe, the hired man. "When Judy gets set on anything, she'll have her way, and if she says she'll do a thing, she'll do it every time. I guess that choose room won't spile if 'tain't cleaned to-day, and the beef is well enough where it is; I can't bother with it to-day, anyhow."

Having this expressed his opinion, he followed Jabe to the field, leaving Martha Ann to clear away the breakfast.

Having cared for the milk, Mrs. Stutson appeared and exclaimed, partly to herself and partly to Martha: "Whoever sees sich men folks? They think a woman can git along any way, no matter how. Here is biled dinner to git, then starch clothes to iron, pies to make, cheese-room to clean, and mussy knows what, I don't. Yes, and there's the donation party to the parsonage to-night. Was ever a woman so put to it to know what to do fust? I never was. Wal, I shan't go to the party, that's one sure thing."

"Why, mother, of course you'll go." "Of course I shan't go! I've got something else to do besides going sky-larking round nights. There will be enough on 'em without me. Let them go that hain't got so much to do as I have. Here, Martha, you go into the shed, and behind the door get me some nails, and out on the wood pile and fetch me the hatchet, and I'll see what I can do."

All things now ready, Mrs. Stutson, with hatchet, nails and beef in hand, started for the cellar, stopping on the top stair to tell Martha to be sure and wash the greens clean, and not be agaping out the window to that Tom Ryder."

Thomas Ryder was the son of a neighboring farmer, who had at sundry times shown Martha Ann some attention at apple bees and candy pulls, these incidents being sufficient to impress the mother with the great responsibility which devolved upon her to keep a watchful eye upon Martha, lest Tom, whom she deemed unworthy the prize, should rob them of their precious treasure.

On reaching the cellar she found a suitable place over the pork barrel, where to her mind the beef would be out of the way of rats, and yet be handy to get at, as she afterward told Mr. Stutson. Having armed herself with hatchet and nails, she mounted the barrel and prepared to drive the first

nail, when the barrel cover slipped, and splash she went—into what?

It seemed that Giles and Jabe had been there before her, and in getting out some cider barrels, had changed things about in such a manner that the barrel of soft soap stood where the pork should stand; and she, in her haste, not noting the change, had mounted the former.

"Lord o' massy! What won't that man do next, I'd like to know?" Making a plunge for the top of the barrel, she tried to extricate herself, but each successive attempt proved only a failure.

"What on airth's a body going to do in this fix? Martha! Martha Ann! What can that gal be about that she don't come when I call her? Hanging on the fence, I warrant, a-talking to that Tom Ryder. I will Tom Ryder the hull lot if I ever git out of here!"

Just at this moment Martha came through the hatchway. "Where are you, mother?" "Where be I? I should think you'd ask! Go ask Tom Ryder! Mebbe he'll tell you—that's all you think on—and leave me to git along alone."

"Where are you, mother? I didn't hear you call. I was washing the greens." "Here I be, I tell you, in the soap barrel. Where do you s'pose?" "In the soap barrel?" queried Martha.

One glance was sufficient. Convulsed with laughter, she seated herself on a stone jar to recover sufficiently to render the needed assistance.

"Martha Ann Stutson! What do you mean? Haven't I learn't you never to laugh at other folks' calamities? And here you be a-laughing right in your mother's face!"

"But, mother, I never saw you in a soap barrel before."

"Pain't no ways likely you ever will again if I git out of this one. Go out into the lot and call your father and Jabe to come here quick as their legs'll fetch 'em. But you needn't tell them what's happened; they'll not that out quick enough when they get here."

Martha, once out of her mother's sight enjoyed another hearty laugh and ran for the men, who, dropping their rakes, hastened toward the house. Martha waited at the top of the stairs, trying to compose her countenance before entering the presence of her mother; at least she led the way for Jabe, saying:

"Mother has met with an accident down here."

Peering through the darkness, honest Jabe exclaimed, on beholding her mother's situation:

"How did you get in there?" "It's none of your business how I came here. I'm here, and have got to be got out some way or 'tother. Where's your manners, Jabe's fovey, that you'll stand there and laugh at me in this predicament?"

"Perdickment! I should say it was a soap barrel, if I was any judge." "What if 'tis? Do you think I'm so big a fool that I don't know what I've got into? Martha, where's your father? Why don't he come along?"

"He is coming." "Yes, so's Christmas. I s'pose if the house was afire he wouldn't hurry a mite quicker?"

"Why, Judy," said Mr. Stutson on entering the cellar, "where on arth be ye anyway?" "Where be I? Can't you see nothing? Better put on your specks and look in the soap barrel. Wal, I declare for it! If I hain't got to stand here and wait for another to haw-haw and giggle! For my part, I don't see nothing to laugh at. What are you thinking on, Giles Stutson, a-standing there laughing like that at me? What kind of use is it for me to learn Martha Ann to be respectful when you, her father, don't show no respect?"

"Come, come, mother, don't scold, if you could see yourself as we can, you'd laugh yourself; you couldn't help it."

"But how came you to get in there, Judy? Guess you must got foul of that cider barrel."

"Giles, what do you mean a-talking so when you know I was one of the leading winners in the temperance cause, and the idee! accusing me right afore my own child of doing sich a thing." "Wal, Miss Stutson, how are you going to get out?" asked Jabe.

"That's what I'd like to know, Jabe; you get that wash bench around here so that I can have it to step on to; and you take hold of this side, and Giles, here, you take 'tother, and when you two twist me up, Martha Ann can scrape off the soap. Here, Giles, you ain't good for nothing! Ye never was knee high to a toad. If I ever git another man, I'll git one that won't have to stand on a sheet of paper to reach a soap barrel!"

After numerous attempts, Mrs. Stutson was partially outside the barrel, with one knee resting on the top, when splash she went back again, spluttering the soap in every direction, a goodly portion lodging on Giles shirt front, while he, with the others, was enjoying another hearty laugh.

"Did I ever see sich a pack of fools?" "There's no use crying over spilt milk, Judy."

"Spilt milk and a woman in a barrel of soft soap are two different things, and you'll find it out so afore you get through."

"I always told yo, Judy, if you'd do a little less scolding, and use a little more soft soap, you'd make a good many more friends than you do now."

"Wal, I guess I've got enough out this time to suit you, and don't you never say soft soap to me again as long as you live."

After spending a great deal of time and strength, Mrs. Stutson was at last as far out of her dilemma as the wash bench, and commenting upon her personal appearance:

"Who ever seed sich a looking critter? Caliker dress all spilt, shoes, stockings, and the hull rig!"

She then ordered Jabe to get a tub of water and Martha to bring clean clothes. Mr. Stutson had already gone for the meat rack, thinking it would have been cheaper to put it up in the first place than have been hindered in this way, and wishing women folks would mind their own busines and let the men folks alone.

"Jest look at this cellar bottom," Mrs. Stutson exclaimed, "and this bench and things? I'll make a hull day to clear it up as it ought ter be, and all this because the men folks didn't tend to things they'd orter."

But from that day to this, whenever Judy begins to scold, Mr. Stutson says, "A little more soft soap, Judy, and Judy is silent."

An Enterprising Boy.

One of the most promising of the younger artists in Boston has a wealthy father who opposed his son's aspiration, and wanted him to devote himself to business instead. The boy, however, was determined to study the art abroad, and finally the father compromised. He was a large western dealer in cattle, and sold his son on a credit, but at a stiff market price, a small herd of choice cattle with the stipulation that the boy should take them to Liverpool to sell. The profits on the transportation, if any, he could have to pay his expenses while studying abroad, but if he lost money he should return home and go into business.

The boy brought the cattle to Boston, shipped them from there to Liverpool, reached on the same steamer with them, going that part in nine days, struck a good market, sold out in one day at a big profit, cabled a check to his father for the amount of his loan, and in less than a week, with the profit of the transaction in his pocket, was in Paris studying, where he was able to remain two years. His pluck and his present success has so pleased his father that the latter now says, "Go back and continue your studies whenever you get ready, and call on me for what funds you want."

The mosquito always makes himself to hum.

The railroad in Pennsylvania cost 471,199,712.

Marriage, with peace, is this world's paradise; with strife, this life's purgatory.

Human foresight often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.

Abiath Twitchell, of Lancaster, N. H., aged ninety-five, works daily on his farm.

Among the Persians, if a man is caught stealing the second time, his hands are cut off.

CALENDAR.
Criminal and Civil Cases 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 McCaless vs Flincham 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.
58 Burrell vs Martin.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, audloged
39 Nicholson vs Reeves.
42 Nicholson vs Tuttle.
43 Flynt vs Burton.
46 Boze vs Scales.
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 Peppers.
61 Martin vs Hall.
62 Lash vs East.
63 George vs Tilley.
64 Gaudie vs Fullen.
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 Dadd.
79 Hill vs Hill.
81 Ruffin heirs vs Bennett.

MOTION DOCKET.
1 Wilson vs McCaless.
2 Hutcherson vs Martin.
3 Smith adm'r vs McCaless.
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 McCaless.
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.
40 Moser and others vs Boles.
41 Myers vs Golding.
42 Ellington vs Steele et al.
41 Martin vs Rierston et al.
80 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.
45 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 1885; the cause is disposed of.

J. F. GRAVES,
Presiding Judge.
Danbury, N. C., June 15th, 1885.

The Mahanates of Virginia have nominated John S. Wise for Governor.

Abraham Lincoln, just before he died, was measured, and found to be 6 feet 4 inches in height.

Among cultivated plants 250 are poisonous, 66 being narcotics, and the remainder deadly poisons.

SMALL SKETS.

Better lose a jest than a friend.
Feed a pig and you'll have a hog.
Faults are thick where love is thin.
From saying to doing is a long way.
What is bought is cheaper than a gift.

He that clatters to himself talks to a fool.
Fancy may bolt bran and think it flour.
Cunning craft is but the ape of wisdom.

Three may keep counsel if two be away.
Who looks not before, finds himself behind.
Every man a little beyond himself is a fool.
Diffidence is the right eye of prudence.

Double charging will break even a cannon.
A single fact is worth a ship load of argument.
A rasal grown rich has lost all his kindred.
The poor man wants much, the miser everything.

No man knows himself until he has tasted of both fortunes.
The dentist is no chicken. He is always a pull-it.
It is wise not to seek a secret, and honest not to reveal it.

A good word for a bad one is worth much, and costs little.
He that hath many irons in the fire, soon of them will cool.
Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.
He who says what he likes, must bear what he does not like.

Presumption first blinds a man, and then sets him a running.
Friendship often ends in love, but love in friendship never.
Nature takes as much pains in forming a beggar as an emperor.
He hath a good judgment that relies not wholly on his own.

Better ride on an ass that carries me than a horse that throws me.
Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.
Experience without learning is better than learning without experience.

The charitable give out at the door, and God puts in at the window.
Better one's house be too little one day, than too big all the year after.
When we have gold we are in fear, when we have none we are in danger.

He who sows peas on the highway does not get all the pods into his barn.
The next thing to having wisdom ourselves is to profit by that of others.

Wishing to be Baptized Thoroughly.

At a negro baptising in an Arkansas bayou a rather small preacher conducted a rather large brother down into the water, but only partly succeeded in immersing him.

"Look leah," said the large brother, drawing himself up, "is dis all de baptizin' what I se gwine ter get?" "Ain't dis eruff?" the preacher asked.

"No, it ain't." "Whyso, sah?" "Case wid dis little de debil will git me sho'. I se prowled eruff' too much to have my sins washed away by dis little dip."

"Come on brudder, ye's been baptized eruff. Ricollect that it am do faith 'stead o' de water dat do the good."

"Dat's well eruff, but I se skittish 'bout dat faith. Come, souse me under ergin'."

The preacher roused him under again. Arising he began to shout, with a loud voice:

"O, I se got de old debil by de ho'ns dis time. Gwine up yander whar—' he suddenly stopped. The preacher asked the cause.

"Oh, deah' say nothin'. Dar's er white man out yander wint an ergon' to 'euse me of stealin' his coat. I neber seed him afore, but I jes' knows dat he an er gwine ter do dat fack'."—*Arkansas Traveller.*