

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

VOLUME XIV.

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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 snipe 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 celebrated its 12th 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 it not the best county 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.*



BE A WOMAN.

Oh! I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the older duty—
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."
What's a lady? Is it something,
Made of hopes and wishes and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Lid the fancy rings and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
It is this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be more fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brightest star.
If you, in your strong adhesion,
Urgo your son to be a true man,
Urgo your daughter no less strongly,
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! Brightest model,
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind and soul and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman! Naught is higher
On the glided crest of time;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

—Montague Marks.

Nannie.

A Story in which the course of true love did run smooth.

I cannot set down in so many words just when or how it came to be understood between my partner, John Stillman, and myself, that I was to marry his daughter Nannie, when she was old enough. I have an impression that she was in long clothes at the time we first talked of it.

Her mother died when she was a little girl, and old Mrs. Stillman took her home to the family at Owl's Corner, one of the prettiest little villages I ever had the good fortune to see. But Nannie was eighteen when I first met her a woman, and this was the scene of our meeting.

John had sent for me to come to Owl's Corner on a certain July day, promising to drive out to the station and meet me, as my elderly legs covered the ground but slowly. We had retired from business, rich men both, some five years before, and corresponded regularly. But I had been abroad, and this was my first visit to Owl's Corner in ten years. I remembered Nannie as a romping child, fond of swinging on the gates, climbing up grape arbors and impering her neck fifty times a day, John always saying on such occasions:

"She's a little wild, but she'll get over that."
I waited at the station for half an hour, then seeing no sign of John, I started to walk to the house. It was midday and fearful hot, and when I had accomplished but half the distance I turned off the road and started through a grove that gave me a longer walk, but thick shade. I was resting on a broad stone, completely hidden by the bushes on every side, when I heard John's voice:

"Where have you been?"
There was such dismay and astonishment in the voice that I looked up in surprise, to find that he was not greeting me, but a tall, slender girl coming toward him. Such a sight! She was dark and beautiful, dressed in a thin dress of rose pink, faultless about the waist and throat, but from the waist down clinging to her one mass of the greenest, blakest, thickest mud and water.

"In the duck pond," she answered, "with a voice as clear and musical as a chime of bells. 'Don't come near me!'"
"You are enough to wear a man into his grave."

"There, don't scold," was the coaxing reply, "little Bob Ryan fell in, face down. It did not make any material difference in his costume, but I was afraid he would smother, so I waded in after him. The water is not over too feet deep, but the mud goes clear through to China, I imagine. It is rather a pity about my new dress, isn't it?"

"A pity," roared John, "you'll come to an untimely end some day with your freaks. As if there was nobody to pick an Irish brat out of the duck pond but you!"

"There actually was nobody else about.

There, now, don't be angry. I'll go up to the house and put on that bewitching white affair that came from New York last week, and be all ready to drive over to the station with you, at what time?"
"About 8. Lawrence is coming on the 2:10."

And I had come on the 12:10. This accounted for the failure to meet me. I kept snug in my retreat until John and Nannie were well on their way homeward, wondering a little how many young ladies in my circle of friends would have so recklessly sacrificed their dresses to pick up a beggar's brat out of the mud.

When I, in my turn, reached the house, John was on the porch waiting for Nannie's reappearance. He gave me a most cordial welcome, ordering luncheon, called Nannie his mother, and a man to go for my trunk, all in one breath, and seemed really rejoiced to see me.

Presently a slender girl with a truly "bewitching" white dress trimmed with dashes of scarlet ribbon, and smoothly braided black hair, tied with scarlet bows, came demurely into the room, and was introduced. Never, however, in that first hour, could the faintest imagination have picked Nannie Stillman wading into a duck pond. But the half-shy, half-dignified court manner soon wore away, and Nannie and I were fast friends before dinner. She sang for me in a voice as deliciously fresh as a bird's carol, she took me to see her pets, the new horse that was her last birthday gift from "papa," the ugly little Scotch terrier with the beautiful brown eyes, the rabbits Guinea, hen, and the spernannated old pony, who had preceded the new horse.

In a week I was as much in love as ever John could have desired. Nannie was the most bewitching maiden I had ever met, childlike and yet womanly, frank, bright and full of girlish freaks and boyish mischief, and yet well educated, with really wonderful gifts and full of noble thoughts. She was a perfect idol in the village, her friends and neighbors thinking no party complete without her, while the poor fairly worshipped her.

John allowed her an almost unlimited supply of pocket money, and she was lavish in all charity, from blankets for old women, tobacco for old men, to candies for children, and rides on her horse for the urchins. And she had a way of conferring favors that never wounded the pride of the most sensitive.

We rode together every morning, we walked in the cool evening hours, we spent much time at the piano, and discussed our favorite authors, and one day, when I asked Nannie to be my wife, she said, coolly:

"Why, of course, I thought that was all understood long ago!"
I was rather amazed at such matter-of-fact wooing, but delighted at the result. How could I expect any soft, bushing speeches? I suppose I ranked just where John and Nannie's grandmother did in her affections.

But one morning when Mrs. Stillman was napping her geraniums in the sitting room, and John was reading the morning newspapers, Nannie burst in, her beautiful face all aglow, her eyes bright with delight, crying:

"Oh, Grandma! Walt has come home! I saw him from my window riding up the road."
She was going then just as John exclaimed:

"Confound Walt!"
"Who is Walt?" I naturally inquired.
"Walter Bruce, the son of one of our neighbors. He has been like a brother to Nannie all her life, but went off to Europe two years ago, when he came of age. They wanted to correspond, but I forbade that. So he has turned up again."

It was evident that John was terribly vexed, and I very soon shared his annoyance. Walt, a tall, handsome young fellow, improved, not spoiled by travel, just haunted the house.

He was generally off with Nannie as soon as he arrived, and blind to Mrs. Stillman, her concealed coldness and John's satirical speeches about boys and puppies.

As for me, by the time my sleepy eyes were opened in the morning Nannie had taken a long ride with Walt, and was at the piano when I came into the room, and Walt was walking beside Nannie when the hour for our usual stroll arrived.

And the very demon of mischief possessed the girl. There was no freak that she was not inventing to imperil her life—riding, driving, boating—and I fairly

shivered sometimes at the prospect of my nervous terrors when it would be my task to try to control this quicksilver temperament.

But one day when I was in the summer house, a very rueful little maiden, with a tear-stained face came to my side.
"Walt is going away," she said.
"Indeed?"
"Yes, and he says I'm a wicked flirt, with a choking sob; 'I thought I would ask you about it.'"
"About what?"
"Our getting married. You know papa told me to marry you ages and ages ago?"
"Yes!"
"And I knew it was all right if he said so. But Walt says you must be a muff if you want a wife who is all the time thinking of somebody else."

"And you know I can't help it. Walt has been my friend ever since we were little, and we were always together. And when he was in Europe papa wouldn't let us write to each other, but I kissed his picture every night and morning, and wore his hair in a locket, and thought of him all the time. And he says you won't like it after we are married."

"Well, not exactly," I said, dryly. "You'll have to stop thinking of him then."
"I don't believe I ever can. And so I thought I'd tell you, and perhaps—"
"Perhaps you will tell papa we don't care about being married after all. I don't think I could ever be sedate and grave like an old lady, and of course I ought to be if I am to be an old man's wife."

"Of course."
"And I am so rude and horrid, I know I am not nice like city girls, and I am altogether hateful, but Walt don't care."
I rather agreed with Walt as she stood in shy confusion before me, her eyes full misty, her sweet lips quivering. It was a sore wrench to give her up, but I was not quite an idiot, and I said gravely:

"But your father?"
"Yes, I know, he'll make a real storm; but then his storms don't last long, and maybe you have changed your mind. You have, haven't you?"
"Yes; the last half hour has quite changed my matrimonial views."

I could not help smiling, and the next moment two arms encircled my neck, a warm kiss fell upon my cheek, and Nannie cried:

"You are a perfect darling—a perfect darling; and I shall love you dearly all my life!"
So when I lost her love I gained it. She flitted away presently, and I gave myself a good mental shaking up, and concluded my fool's paradise would soon have vanished if I had undertaken to make an "old lady" out of Nannie.

John's wrath was loud and violent. He exhausted all the vituperative language in the dictionary, and then set down panting but furious:

"Come now, I said what is the objection to young Bruce? Is he poor?"
"No, confound him! He inherits his grandfather's property, besides what his father will probably leave him."
"Is he immoral?"
"I never heard so."
"What does all him, then?"
"Nothing; but I have set my head on Nannie's marrying you."

"Well, you see, she has set her heart in another direction, and I strongly object to a wife who is in love with somebody else."
"What on earth brought the puppy home?"
"Love for Nannie, I imagine. Come John, you won't be my father-in-law, for I will not marry Nannie if you are ever so tyrannical; but we can jog along as usual, the best of friends—look!"

"I pointed out of the window as I spoke. On the garden walk, shaded by a great oak tree, Walter Bruce stood, looking down at Nannie with love lighted eyes. Her beautiful face, all dimpled with smiles and blushes, was lifted up to meet his gaze, and both her little hands were fast prisoned in his strong ones.

John looked. His face softened, his eyes grew misty, and presently he said:
"How happy she is, Lawrence!"
"And we will not cloud her happiness John," I answered. This is right and fitting. Nannie is too bright a May flower to be wilted by being tied up to an old December log like me."

So when, half fearful, the lovers came in, they met only words of affection, and Nannie's face lost nothing of its sunshine.

She was the loveliest of brides a few months later, and wore the diamond parure I had ordered for my bride at her wedding. And she is the most charming little matron imaginable, with all her odd freaks merged into a sunny cheerfulness, and her husband is a proud, happy man, while I am Uuble Lawrence to the children, and the warm friend to the whole family.

A Successful Scheme.
Two darkies had to carry a large desk to the house of Dr. Bliester, who had bought it at the furniture store. When they arrived with the desk he was in and directed them where to put it. The darkies expected to get a quarter apiece at least for their extra trouble, but alas! the doctor did not give them anything at all. He forgot all about their sufferings in carrying the heavy desk up two flights of stairs.

They consulted together for a moment in the hall, and then they began to fight and pound each other, calling each other all manner of vile names. No such uproar had been heard since the adjournment of the Legislature.

Dr. Bliester, hearing the noise, came out and wanted to know the cause of the disturbance.

"Dis heah nigger kep' for hisself de money what you giv him for us bofe, for totum de desk up de stairs," said Sam.

"You is a liar. De doctor didn't gib me de money. You got de money and kep' it," retorted Jim.

"You are both wrong, boys," said Dr. Bliester. "I didn't give either of you anything, but I'll make it all right. Don't fight any more," and taking out his pocket-book he gave them a quarter each.

Those who assert that the colored man has no executive ability should ponder over this item.—*Texas Siftings.*

Leeshneering Agin Andy.
Col. Will Beasley, who has just returned from the mountain districts of Arkansas, was determined not to be outdone by the squatters. "One day," said the colonel, "I stopped near a cabin and asked of an unconcerned-looking man who sat on a fence:

"How far is it from here to Jones' ferry?"
"How fur is what?"
"The road."
"What road?"
"To Jones' ferry."
"Do you want to go thar?"
"Yes, or I wouldn't ask how far it is."

"Didn't know but you was out surveyin' the country."
"He leaned over the fence, spit at something on the ground, and, seemingly, dismissed the subject from his mind.

"Come, wake up," said I, but he paid no attention to me. Then I thought it would be a good idea to startle him.
"My friend," said I, did you know that Andrew Jackson was dead?"
"He jumped off the fence and shouted: 'Mose, fetch me my gun here quick. Here's a blamed feller 'leeshneerin' again old Andy.'"

Financial Melancholy.
A few days since a Detroit physician called at the office of a prominent physician to consult him regarding her husband's state of health, and being invited to explain the points, she said:

"Well, he eats enough and he doesn't shirk work, but he doesn't seem to have any ambition to go anywhere. He hasn't been to church for a year, won't even go to the door of an evening when a brass band is playing, and he seems to have fallen into a sort of lethargy and despondency. I think he will go crazy yet over his melancholy."

The doctor agreed to look into his case in a day or two, and when he finally called at the house he was met by the wife, whose countenance betrayed perfect satisfaction.

"Is there any change?" queried the physician.
"Oh! yes—a great change!" she replied. "A friend came along last night and gave Obadiah a free ticket to the negro minstrel's and he was so anxious to go that he hardly ate a mouthful of supper. I think the indications are cheering, doctor, perfectly cheering!"

Speech is certainly silver at the telegraph office. Ten words for a quarter.

SMALL BITES.

All the summer resorts are now well patronized.

Nothing gives more peace than a clear conscience.

Justice exacts nothing that may not be honestly paid.

Diligence in any calling will produce satisfactory results.

The number of colleges in the United States is set down at 370.

Judge James Garland, of Lynchburg, Va., died on last Saturday.

The weight of an ostrich egg is equal to twenty-eight hen's eggs.

Reason exerts the most powerful influence over all human affairs.

Allow some hours out of every twenty-four for rest and recreation.

Strength is given in accordance with our needs for every undertaking.

No man can long expect to prosper who is not guided by legitimate action.

The fraud of right will ever triumph over fraud and cunning and rascality.

To secure the esteem of the wise it is necessary to show respect unto wisdom.

Among men he is esteemed the wisest who is the most patient under affliction.

Riches are not so much to be desired as the natural ability to earn a competency.

Reason conduces to reflection, and reflection produces judgment and discretion.

To grow old in usefulness and honor is noble, and brings the sweetest reward man can claim.

Michigan allows to each farmer who uses wide tires on his wagon a rebate on his taxes.

To reap the fruit of labor, the employment of energy, tact and talent are indispensable.

Mercy is still abroad in the land, notwithstanding the heart of man is closed to her appeals.

Pride is never a concomitant of genius, nor is true worth ever wrapped up in a handsome garb.

To be satisfied with little savors of wisdom, and he who is so constituted is happier than a king.

He who delights in labor has found the philosopher's stone that ennobles and purifies everything.

Two wrongs do not make a right; nor would a thousand actions of right purpose constitute a wrong.

If we are in health, peace and safety, we can not reasonably expect more of a vain and uncertain world.

The day of ruin is near, when unwarrantable pleasures are pursued and vicious company encouraged.

Sometimes it behooves me to forget themselves in order to lend assistance to their fellow-creatures.

Experiments made in Paris show that the corollid can bring its jaws together with the force of over 300 pounds.

It is said that the electric lights at Sacramento can be seen from the high land near Jackson, Cal., a distance of sixty miles.

A boy will eat and a bay will drink, and a boy will play all day; but a boy won't work, and a boy won't think, because he ain't built that way.

A bit of nonsense all the way from Germany: Carl—Mother, in the milk bucket was a dead mouse. Mother—Well, hast thou it thereout taken. Carl—No, I have the cat therein thrown.

Riding Pegasus with a side-saddle; Julia W.—We must decline to publish your beautiful poem on the Ewig Weibliche in Goethe for two reasons. The one is, because in the first stanza you make Goeth rhyme with "both," in the second with "teeth," and still again in the third with "thirty."

At noon Monday, while under the influence of liquor at Nashville, Tenn., Henry Vanderlight, a baker, leaped from the suspension bridge across the Cumberland river to the water below, a distance of 110 feet. He turned several times in the air and struck the water with a terrific force. He will probably recover.