

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

W. H. Sweet

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

VOLUME XIV.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1885.

NO. 19.

Reporter and Post.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
DANBURY, N. C.

PEPPER & SONS, Pubs. & Props.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One Year, payable in advance, \$1.50
Six Months, .85
RATES OF ADVERTISING:
One Square (ten lines or less) 1 time, \$1.00
For each additional insertion, .50
Contracts for longer time or more space can be made in proportion to the above rates.
Transient advertisers will be expected to remit according to these rates at the time they read their flyers.
Local Notices will be charged 50 per cent. higher than above rates.
Business Cards will be inserted at Ten Dollars per annum.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ROBERT D. GILMER,
Attorney and Counsellor,
MT. AIRY, N. C.

W. F. CARTER,
Attorney-at-Law,
MT. AIRY, SURRY CO., N. C.

R. L. HAYMORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Mt. Airy, N. C.

B. F. KING,
WITH
JOHNSON, SUTTON & CO.,
DRY GOODS,

J. W. JOHNSON, R. M. SUTTON,
F. H. GRABBE, G. J. JOHNSON.

DAY & Jones,
Manufacturers of

Tucker, Smith & Co.,
Manufacturers & Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS AND CAPS.
No. 300 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

Henry Sonneborn & Co.,
WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS,
20 Ansony St., (between German & Lombard Sts.)
BALTIMORE MD.

Watkins, Cottrell & Co.,
Importers and Jobbers of
HARDWARE,
1307 Main Street,
RICHMOND, VA.

STEPHEN PUTNEY & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in
Boots, Shoes, and Trunks,
1219 Main Street,
Sept. 9-31-85. RICHMOND, VA.

WINGO, ELLETT & CRUMP,
RICHMOND, VA.,
Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, & C.
Prompt attention paid to orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Special Virginia State Prison Goods a specialty
March, 6.

B. W. POWERS & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
Dealers in
PAINTS, OILS, DYES, VARNISHES,
French and American
WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, & C.
SMOKING AND CHEWING
CIGARS, TOBACCO A SPECIALTY
1305 Main St., Richmond, Va.
August 16-

J. L. C. BIRD,
WITH
W. D. KYLE & Co.,
REPRINTERS AND JOBBERS OF
HARDWARE, Cutlery,
IRON, NAILS and CARRIAGE GOODS
No. 9 Governor Street,
RICHMOND, VA.

PISOS REMEDY FOR CATARRH
Easy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package. Good for Croup in the Head, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup, &c. Fully tested. By all Druggists. Price, 25c. Sold by W. H. Sweet, Danbury, N. C.

PISOS CURE FOR
SORES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
One in ten. Sold by Druggists.
CONSUMPTION

SUBSCRIBE FOR

Your County Paper,

The Reporter and Post

ONLY \$1.50 A YEAR!

SUBSCRIBE NOW

It is your duty to aid your county paper. We propose publishing a good family paper, and solicit from our friends and from the Democratic party in Stokes and adjoining counties a liberal support. Make up clubs for us. Now go to work, and aid an enterprise devoted to your best interests. Read the following

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 twelfth anniversary and under the efficient management of brother Duggan 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 and, especially, 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 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.*



THE HONEY MOON.

The world is fair, the world is bright,
And joy stains its noon;
Life's sky is flushed with rosy light
During the honeymoon.
Their hearts overflow with tenderness,
They bill, and oo, and spoon,
And each new day dawns but to bless,
During the honeymoon.
No cloud obscures the sunshine bright,
For life is in its June;
The steak is tender, biscuit light,
During the honeymoon.
Each of the other never tires,
Their fond hearts beat in tune;
He splits the wood and lights the fires
During the honeymoon.
Fair honeymoon, why should it wane,
Why should it end so soon?
Why cannot wedded life remain
One long, sweet honeymoon?

A Famous Duel.

One of the most interesting figures in the Virginia campaign is Capt. Page McCarty, the bachelor editor of the Richmond illustrated paper which is making such a sharp fight against Wise and Mahone. Capt. McCarty is very well known in Washington. He has spent a number of winters here. He is now in the neighborhood of forty years of age. He is a man of slightly above the medium in height and has a well rounded figure. His fresh-colored face and twinkling blue eyes have always a pleasant expression. He has a very low voice, and the precise gravity of a man to whom elaborate politeness is a second nature. His smooth-shaven, aquiline-featured face is ornamented with a drooping yellow moustache. He is one of the leading political writers of Virginia. He has a very keen sense of humor, and is one of the most charming of companions. He is a believer in the code, and has served as a second in a number of duels and as a principal in one of the historical duels of his time. He is the reverse of quarrelsome. He never could be an aggressor, but 10,000 devils could not make him budge one inch to avoid a quarrel. He has been at the front in nearly every campaign in Virginia during the last ten years.—None of the Mahone people have ever dared to seek a quarrel with this quiet-voiced, easy-going, cultivated gentleman. His reputation acquired in the celebrated McCarty-Mordecai duel has made him a shield against ambitious duellists. No one has challenged him from that fatal day.

That duel was one of the most dramatic duels known in the history of the code. Mordecai and McCarty were life-long friends. They were representatives of two of the best families in Virginia. They had fought together during the civil war upon the Confederate side. Both had reputations for the most reckless and unquestioned courage. After the war they were bright particular stars in the very best society of Richmond. McCarty became engaged one winter with one of the belles of the season. She was handsome, proud and very high spirited. For some slight reason, not known, the two lovers quarreled. The engagement was broken. Hardly had the news of this estrangement gotten out, when the gossips were startled by the news of the engagement of the young lady to Mordecai. This was doubtless the result of a fit of pique. A deadly coolness at once established between the two young men. This is the prelude to the drama.

One night, not long after this, at a German given at one of the leading houses in Richmond, the evolutions of the figure danced brought McCarty and his former betrothed together. She, with a haughty turn of the head, left him, refusing silently and peremptorily to dance with him. This marked out naturally made a disagreeable social sensation. The next evening, at another house, there was also a German. Fate again brought the two—once lovers, now enemies—to this house. The same fate wove a figure which was once more to bring them face to face as partners. The leader of the German, an amiable young man, saw that the two were coming together again. He passed near to the young lady in the dance and whispered in her ear: "Dance with him this time, I beg of you. Don't make a scene." The young lady complied. The two lover enemies, without

a word, embraced each other coldly, and for the last time, in the set figure, where they for a moment waltzed together.

The next morning there appeared in one of the Richmond papers a brief poem. It described the bliss of a lover who holds his dearly beloved in his arms as they are whirled about to the passionate measure of a flying waltz. This poem was signed "P. McC." The young lady read this poem, and thought that she read between its armorous and glowing lines a caustic satire from her former lover, and that he had seized upon the occasion of dancing with him the night before to "avenge himself for her insulting refusal to dance with him upon the previous night. She told Mordecai of the fancied insult. He, spurred on by the indignation of his lady love, called upon McCarty and reproached him in wild and violent language. A challenge was passed. The seconds, who were gentlemen, examined carefully into the affair before taking their men upon the field. They found that the poem in question had been written for a long time, and had been actually in type for more than a week previous to the affair of the German.

As a matter of course the seconds declared that there was no cause for a duel, as McCarty was wholly innocent of the most remote intent to insult Mordecai or his lady love. The seconds drew up an agreement in which it was stipulated that Mordecai should apologize to McCarty for his injustice, and that the duel should be declared off without any reflection upon the honor of either the combatants. The friendship between the two men had now turned to such bitter hate through their mutual love for the same woman that the reconciliation was of the coldest character. It was in effect the covering over of the hottest of fires with a thin layer of ashes. The two proud young men stipulated in the agreement that henceforward they were to be strangers and to show no sign of recognition when they should meet. The two comrades who had with the hearty affection of brothers faced death with the cheerful courage of brave men upon many a bloody field, were now separated, never to meet except as the fiercest of enemies.

Here under ordinary circumstances should have been an end to the whole affair. But the undercurrent of Richmond society was cruel. The odor of a tragedy had been in the air and no peaceful commonplace drama could take its place without public dissatisfaction. Murderous minded gossips knowingly when they said the affair had been so easily compromised. It was evident that the two men were not anxious to fight. Cowards who had no idea of what was real courage spoke lightly of the bravery of these two veteran soldiers. One night McCarty was in the smoking room of the fashionable club of Richmond. A group of young men about him. Some of them indignantly commented upon the low gossip, the echo of the tigerish dissatisfaction of cruel minds over the fact that the blood of neither of these gallant men had been shed. Suddenly McCarty said, impatiently, "I am tired of this talk. I wish to God the affair was back in the hands of seconds again." Again fatally interposed. As these words were uttered, in a loud, impatient voice, Mordecai entered the room. He was just in time to hear what was said. A moment sooner or later and he would not have encountered the danger of reopening the quarrel. Every one was dumb when Mordecai came. All turned to him. He walked quickly up to McCarty and said: "What was that you said?" In a tone of sharp irritation, McCarty in his reply adhered to the agreement made in the settlement of the first difficulty. He said: "I don't know you sir."

"I will have you to understand that I am a gentleman."
"Oh, you are?" sneered McCarty.
At this Mordecai struck McCarty in his face. Friends instantly rushed up and separated the two men. Now it was evident that a duel to the death could alone result. After blows were exchanged the possibility of a peaceful settlement was forever at an end. The same fate pursued the victims of this duel to the end. The first surgeon asked to assist refused. It is always supposed that he gave the information to the authorities, for the police came upon the ground just as the duel had ended fatally for Mordecai. When the first shots were exchanged neither was hit. This was very strange, as

both the principals were dead shots and could sniff a candle at thirty paces. McCarty wore a single button coat. Mordecai's first bullet took off this button, as McCarty stood sideways to him. McCarty's ball passed wide of Mordecai. If the code had been observed here the duel would not have had a fatal ending. It was now the duty of the seconds to retire their principals to examine them to see if either was injured and to ask whether the principals would not settle their differences before again placing their lives in jeopardy. But the principals took the affair in their own hands. One said: "Are you hit?"

"No."
"Are you?"
"No."
"Then, 'Are you ready?'"
"Yes."

Then, as if actuated by one mind, the two men raised their pistols and fired again. The two reports were so close together that they sounded as one. Mordecai fell on his face as fall men with death wounds. McCarty reeled and fell over backward. Both men were hit in exactly the same spot upon the right side. The ball in Mordecai's case went right through his bowels, giving him a wound from which he soon died. The ball entering McCarty's body at the same place passed around. He was six months in bed and then recovered.

If the police had not come up over the hill just as the two men fired there would have been no evidence against McCarty. As it was, he had a hard time getting out of the clutches of the law after he recovered. It cost him all the fortune he had; but the fact of his having placed his own life absolutely in the balance against Mordecai's, and that the latter had provoked the quarrel, finally freed him. The young lady is still living. She has never married.—T. C. Crawford in N. Y. World.

TOBACCO—IS IT HURTFUL.

Professor Huxley, a very eminent British man of science, in a recent debate on smoking took ground in favor of tobacco. He said he tried to use tobacco but it was a poison. This lasted for forty years. But recently he had tried it and was delighted. He said:

"There is no more harm in a pipe than there is in a cup of tea. You may poison yourself by drinking too much green tea, and kill yourself by eating too many beefsteaks. For my own part I consider that tobacco in moderation, is a sweetener and equalizer of the temper."

WHAT AN EGG WILL DO.

For burns and scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than colloidion, and bangs always at hand, can be applied. It is also more cooling than the sweet oil and cotton which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from the ordinary accident of this kind, and anything that excludes the air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied.

The egg is considered one of the best of remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed as a gulp, it tends by its excellent qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating on these organs, to enable nature to resume her healthful sway over a diseased body. Two, or at most three eggs per day would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and since egg is not merely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise and the quieter the patient is kept the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

THE NEW YORK MUGWUMPS

It cannot be denied that the Independent, or mugwump, vote of New York, was largely instrumental in the election of President Cleveland. But they came into our party without even an invitation, and as the recent nomination of a Democratic ticket don't suit them, they have gone back to wallow in the mire of Republicanism. Let them go.

They made trouble in our political household. They quarreled with or about everything that did not suit them in our camp. They have expressed dissatisfaction and contempt with every effort made to please them. They seemed to suffer with a sort of chronic political indigestion.

They brought into our ranks a bad case of the politically diseased liver, which the best known patent medicine seemed powerless to alleviate.

They could not assimilate nor affiliate with us. The Pearson remedy was tried on them, but without avail.

It is now an established fact that they came to us from purely personal reasons, and not from any spirit of fraternity, sympathy or community of principles.

They wished merely to serve spiteful and selfish ends, and to administer to Mr. Blaine a malignant spirit of revenge.

They are led by the New York Times and Evening Post. They are gone.

They are supporting the regular Republican ticket. They have driven, or will drive, dissatisfied democrats back into the folds of the party, and make Gov. Hill's election only the more assured.

They wanted to lead the Democrats, but the Democrats wouldn't be led by them.

They wanted the whole world. They disclaimed the theory that they were neophytes and converts. They wanted to be generals, and colonels, and majors, and captains. Their demands were cheeky. The Saratoga convention rebuked them, and laid them out on the shelf. Let them go. Selah.

THE BET WAS OFF.

A few days ago, after a couple of esteemed citizens, who are close neighbors, had arranged to pass a few days with their families at a lake in Oakland county, one of them offered to wager a box of cigars that he would catch the largest fish. The wager was promptly taken, and next day one of the gentlemen put in an appearance at a fish stand on the market, and said to the dealer:

"Have you got a fresh pickeral weighing about fifteen pounds?"
"I have, sir!"
"Well, I want you to put him on ice and ship him to me at—Lako. I propose to catch him on a hook out there."

"Very well sir. I think I'll ship the two together."
"The two?"
"Yes, sir. Mr.— [mentioning the other esteemed citizen] was here an hour ago, and bought one weighing twenty pounds. It will take less ice to pack the two in the same box!"

The fish were paid for but the bet was declared off.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FROZEN WONDERS.

"When I was in Siberia," said Capt. Furskins, "it was so cold that your breath would freeze and drop off in lumps to the ground. But we had lots of fun. There were plenty of jack-rabbits and other game but it was too cold to handle a gun. So on a clear moonlight night we would set a couple of big head-light lanterns on the glistening snow way out on the steppes, and just wait for developments. The rabbits would be attracted by the intense light, which was reflected for a great distance over the snow crust, and would all gather in a circle around the lamps in mute astonishment at the frolic they were having. By-and-by their eyes would begin to water from the intensity of the light and drops roll down, forming an icicle from the ground up, which finally froze solid to the eye-balls and there we had 'em. Next morning all you had to do was to take 'em by the tail and break 'em off the icicles."

It does us good to admire what is good and beautiful; but it does us infinitely more good to love it. We grow like what we admire; but we become one with what we love.

The foundation of good labor in any sphere is a good man, and all that is due to give breadth, depth, and fullness to him will react in ultimate improvement upon his work.

SMALL BITES.

Church music is easy to a choir. The apparel oft proclaims the man—in debt.

Silence does not always mark wisdom. A worthy old maid—one worth \$60,000 or more.

An oculist always has an eye to the main chance. Apprehension of evil is often worse than the evil itself.

Mean fortunes and proud spirits act like fuel and fire. A false grounded hope is but a waking man's dream.

Virtue and a trade are the best portions for children. It is better to buy your rye by the loaf than by the pint.

Taking the cents of the meeting—pausing around the hat. 'Beware of imitations,' as the monkey said to the dude.

'Put yourself in his place.' He is an offensive partisan. Our acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

The man who rises by his profession—a builder of elevators. A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

Brevity is not only the soul of wit, but the best substitute for wit. All other knowledge is hurtful to one who has not the science of honesty and good nature.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light. When a miner has been eaten by a grizzly, the Western people speak of him as being admitted to the bar.

'Good gracious,' said the hen, when she discovered the porcelain egg in her nest, 'I shall be a breel-farmer next.'

When a man was knocked down and tramped by a sheep and asked how he felt, he said: 'A little under the weather.'

An exchange gives a recipe for 'a dangerous heart disorder,' but suppose a man hasn't a dangerous heart. What then?

A man who can umpire a baseball game and please both sides, has in him the main qualifications for a successful politician.

A young lady whose frivolous mother was jealous of her said one day, "I always want to apologize for having been born."

'The tomato is a very healthy fruit,' says an exchange. Don't know about that. We see a good many tomatoes that look very sick.

Cannibalism is still practiced by 1,250,000, people and its very evident that the demand for missionaries will long exceed the supply.

An old proverb says: "All things come to him who can wait." If a man fees the writer, some of the things will come to him sooner.

Sin taken into the soul is like liquor poured into a vessel—so much of it as it fills it also seasons. The touch and the uneture go together.

He who has a suspicion that his friends are no better than his enemies, will do well to consider how it came about that he had enemies.

"Is it true that a bee can pull more in proportion than a horse?"—"Anxious." "Oh, yes! It is also true that a bee can push more than he can pull."

"The English liturgy," said the learned Grotius, "comes so near to the primitive pattern, that none of the Reformed churches can compare with it."

Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.

It does us good to admire what is good and beautiful; but it does us infinitely more good to love it. We grow like what we admire; but we become one with what we love.

The foundation of good labor in any sphere is a good man, and all that is due to give breadth, depth, and fullness to him will react in ultimate improvement upon his work.