

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

VOLUME XIV.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1885.

NO. 21.

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, .75

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 One Square (ten lines or less) 1 time, .50
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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 successes, 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 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 smke 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 outward 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 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, as Minnesota, as any in the State of North Carolina, and to battle for correct political measures.—*Danville Times.*



HOW TO LIVE.

So should we live that every hour
 May fall as falls the natural flower,
 A self-reviving thing of power;
 That every thought and every deed
 May hold within itself a seed
 Of future good and future need,
 Esteeming sorrow, whose supply
 Is to develop, not destroy,
 Far better than a barren joy.

In a Bottle.

It was a beautiful day in midsummer, and the half-a-hundred-odd cabin passengers on the good steamship Nantic were lustily lunging about the deck. They were already nine days out from Liverpool, and owing to an unfortunate accident, which had occurred early on the voyage, only half the distance to their port of destination had been accomplished.

The accident had been attended with no danger to the precious human freight, but the monotony of the voyage was becoming unbearable, and the passengers were beginning to grumble.

Every artifice had been resorted to to relieve the tedium of the slowly moving days, and now they were literally at their wits' end.

Charades, mock trials, skittles, and amateur theatricals, had in turn been resorted to, but now, with their faces turned longingly toward home, they lounged about the deck, and bemoaned their sad fate.

A particularly discontented group leaned against the port-rail, amidship, composed of two young ladies, shrewdly dressed, two young men who looked rather jaunty in their semi-sailor dress, a stout, red-faced, coarse-looking man, and an equally stout, red-faced, and coarse-looking woman.

The two latter were called "pappa" and "mamma" by the smirking young ladies, and deferentially addressed as Mr. and Mrs. Gale by the young men in semi-sailor dress.

They were venting their indignation against the steamship, and the combination of untoward circumstances that had delayed their voyage.

Standing a little apart from the group was a slim, pale-faced girl, in a dress of quiet-gray, unrelieved save at the throat, where a bit of cherry-colored ribbon was gathered into a prim bow.

This was Elsie Annabel, and she was maid and companion to the Misses Gale, and who were named respectively Agnes and Eunice.

She took no part in the conversation, but there was a sad and wistful look in the gray eyes, as she turned her face toward the western horizon.

"It's outrageous!" cried Papa Gale. "Shameful!" echoed his wife.

"I'm really faint with ennui!" chirruped Miss Agnes.

"I'm decidedly unfortunate," chorused the young men.

"If something would only happen!" continued Agnes.

"I tell you what?" cried the elder of the young men, addressing Miss Eunice, in particular.

"Well?" interrogated that young lady, with a listless attempt at interest.

"Let's write letters to our friends, enclose them in bottles, and throw them overboard." They're no doubt considerably worried over our long absence, and as it's impossible to tap the cable and telegraph them a message, we'll make old ocean's waves our letter carrier!"

"Pshaw, Rob!" retorted Miss Eunice, shrugging her shoulders. "How sentimental you are! As though a letter put into a bottle and thrown into the sea would ever reach anywhere!"

"I've read somewhere," said Rob Carrington, "that ship-wrecked sailors often send messages to their friends that way. We're about as bad as shipwrecked, why can't we?"

"Let's ask the captain!" said Eunice; and she walked toward that officer, who was moodily pacing up and down the bridge.

The others followed.

"Yes, Miss," answered the captain, when Eunice had asked him about the possibility of the bottles being washed ashore. "I've no doubt they'll reach land somewhere. The steward will furnish you with bottles if you desire to make the experiment."

"There was something novel in the idea, and every empty bottle on ship-board was soon brought on deck.

Everybody, young and old, began to write letters—everybody except Elsie Annabel.
 No waiting kindred anxiously expected her return, and the only real friend she had ever had, handsome Guy Chalmers, was lost to her.
 Two years before she had engaged herself to the young artist, but they had quarreled, and separated in anger, as lovers will.

She was too proud to ask his forgiveness, and he was too stubborn to ask hers.

Gradually they had drifted apart and finally lost all sight of each other.

Elsie sighed as these thoughts of the past surged through her mind, and she sighed—a bitter, quivering sigh.

Papa Gale was a rich pork merchant, and in his rough way, was kind to her. He paid her liberally for the service she rendered in polishing up the somewhat neglected educations of his two daughters, but they were selfish and capricious, and her lot was not, by any means, a happy one.

The steamship's deck now rang with joyous laughter and merry jest, as the passengers prepared the messages that they confidently hoped would be wafted shoreward.

All sorts of letters were written, read over laughingly, placed in their frail receptacles, and cast into the sea.

Even the sailors became interested in the experiment, and sent out messages to waiting friends or anxious sweethearts, in dear America.

"Have you written your message yet, Miss Annabel?" asked Agnes Gale, halting for a moment beside her maid, as she leaned over the rail and watched the tightly corked bottles as they bobbed up and down.

"My message?" cried Elsie, with a guilty start, for she had just been thinking of Guy Chalmers. "Ah—eh—really—I have no one to write to!"

"No one?" persisted Agnes.

"No!" was the low answer, and Elsie's eyes dropped.

"That's too bad!" said Agnes, commiseratingly. "Everybody is sending out a message. If I were you I'd just write something and send it off at random. You could sign your name and address, and perhaps someone would find it who'd be anxious to know who you are and would write. That would be romantic!"

"I've no taste for romance!" answered Elsie, but she nevertheless procured a bottle, and after a moment's thought wrote on a piece of paper.

"IN MID OCEAN, ON STEAMER NANTIC, Aug. 12.—An accident which happened to our propeller has delayed our voyage, and we are nine days out from Liverpool. The Captain says we are just half way between that port and New York. Everybody is well."

"Elsie Annabel,
 'Care of John Gale, Esq.,
 'Walnut Hill, Cincinnati O."

She placed this simple message in a bottle, and corked and sealed it and tossed it overboard.

The bottle was particularly long-necked, bright green in color, and her inexperienced hand had smeared the whole top with red wax.

She stood watching it a long time, but finally it disappeared, and with a weary sigh she turned and went below.

The Nantic ultimately reached New York, and Mr. John Gale hurried back to Cincinnati, to attend to his pork.

Rob Carrington and his cousin, Arthur Stevens' bade the Misses Gale farewell, and secretly promised to correspond with them.

The Gales had been home nearly a month, when one morning a hired hack came slowly up the long carriage road which wound through the rich pork-packer's extensive grounds, and, when it finally reached the house, the door opened, and a young man leaped lightly to the ground.

He required of the servant who answered his ring for Miss Elsie Annabel, and the man showed him into the back parlor.

Elsie was considerably surprised when told that a gentleman wished to see her below, but she went down and timidly approached the back parlor.

She halted for a moment on the threshold, and the gentleman, who had been idly drumming on the window, turned.

At the sight of his face she recoiled, and would have fallen had he not sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

"Elsie, my darling!" he said, holding her very tightly. "Have you no word of welcome for me?"

"Oh, Guy!" she murmured, as her eyes met his. "Have you really come back to me? I have been so lonely without you! Forgive me for my cruelty!"

"It is I who have come to ask forgiveness!" said Guy, leading her to a seat. "After we parted, two years ago, and I got over my stubbornness, I tried to find you, but you had disappeared, leaving no trace behind you. I was inconsolable, and reproached myself for my harshness, because it was all my fault. Finally, however, I grew moody and cynical, but I could never bring myself to think of you with aught but love and tenderness. Six months after you disappeared my old uncle died, and left me his heir. Since that time I have hunted for you, far and wide. Last summer I took a run along the coast in my yacht, stopping at every port. Two weeks ago we were lying off Cape Breton, in a dead calm. One of the sailors called my attention to a bottle that was drifting by us. I fished it up with a scoop net. It was sealed and all gathered round to see what it contained. I broke the neck, and found this little note; and he produced from an inner pocket the identical message she had written on board the Nantic, in mid-ocean. 'You can imagine my joy at the strange discovery of your hiding-place, and, a breeze springing up, I ordered the yacht put about, and we ran into Halifax. I have come to you as fast as steam would carry me, to ask your forgiveness, and assure you that I have never ceased to love you.'

"What answer she made him can but be imagined. Anyway—when Papa Gale returned to dinner he heard the whole story, and declared in his hearty way that he'd give away the bride."

Accordingly, as soon as a suitable trousseau could be prepared, the two, so strangely united, were made one.

The Misses Gale officiated as bridesmaids, and Rob Carrington and his cousin were the groom's best men.

Papa Gale, true to his word, gave the bride away, and the great pyramid of flowers which occupied the centre of the banquet table was crowned by the identical bottle that was responsible for the happy event.

SAM JONEISMS.

The following are some of the latest proverbs of the Rev. Sam Jones, whose reputation as a revivalist has rapidly spread over a continent:

"I would not let my cook go to a german. Dancing is nothing but hugging set to music."

"I have doubts," say one. Well, you must quit your meanness and you will quit your doubting."

"If a man hasn't enough religion to pray in his family he hasn't enough to save his soul with."

"It's not so much when and where a man joins the church. It's all right, just so he sticks up to it."

"Be honest and pay your debts. There are too many men in the church boarding with their wives."

"Get in the right attitude and faith will come. Bread is the gift of God, at the end of the plow handle."

"Have religion at home, train your children right, and no revival will be needed. Religion is catching."

"There is not a man in Chattanooga who doesn't have family prayers that has got as much religion as a goat."

"Twelve years ago I consecrated myself to God, and since that time have never had an invitation to a ball."

"A man's hates and his likes determine character; a man's affinities determine what he is and who he is."

"There was never a sinner in this town, however hoary headed, who would want the churches done away with."

"Do you think a pale, weak looking fellow like me could preach four times a day the year round if I wasn't upheld by the grace of God."

"In certain places they tell you if you want to get into society you must join our church. If you want to go to hell join that church. That is the plain English of it."

"If I could take my choice getting into heaven between church, Sunday school, prayer meetings and a good mother, I would take the latter and be sure of the better home above."

"God won't keep a young lady pious who has her waist encircled seven times a week by a spider-legged dude."

"Sow billiards, reap fools. Sow cards, reap gamblers. Sow whiskey, reap drunkards. Sow Germans, reap spider-legs."

"The dude looks as if he was melted and poured into his pants."

"There's many a fellow with a white-wash brush trying to clean up a little before he goes to God."

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

A farmer hired a man to help work the farm. One summer day, when labor was very scarce, the two were mowing in the field, when several larks flew up.

"Look at those big cranes," said the hired man.

"Those are not cranes; they are only larks," replied the farmer, somewhat surprised.

"If you don't say they are cranes, I'll knock off work right now," said the hired man.

As the farmer could get nobody at that time to take the hired man's place, he was obliged to yield to the whim of the mental.

"Yes," said the farmer, "I see now that they are cranes; but they are not big cranes, they are only half grown cranes."

The hired man was satisfied with this concession. Some months afterward, the hired man still being in the employment of the farmer, the latter said at dinner one day, as he poured out a glass of water:

"Here is some very fine beer."

"That's no beer; that's only water," replied the hired man.

"If you don't say it is beer you can tender your resignation, for I don't want any offensive partisans about the place."

The hired man knew very well that he couldn't get another situation at that time of the year, so he tasted the water and cheerfully endorsed the administration, saying:

"Of course it's beer, but it hasn't got much body to it."

MULES ON THE FARM.

Treat a mule decently and he will be a decent animal. The best team we ever drew a line over was a span of mules; they had been accorded kind treatment, and they were as trusty and gentle as horses could be.

They could be driven anywhere, ridden by small children in safety; left standing anywhere in the field with assurance that when you returned you would find them where you left them; and were never afraid they would make so forcible an exhibition of their good will by tickling our ribs with their heels.

They were always ready for work and to drive them was a pleasure. For a work animal on the farm the mule is superior to the horse; he does more work, and in proportion to his size will draw a heavier load or pull through a longer furrow. He is much less affected by the weather than is the horse; he endures both heat and cold better, and is much more indifferent to exposure. He is rarely sick, and is always on hand in a busy time. He eats less than a horse, does more work, and of course is a good deal cheaper.—Exchange.

SCRATCHES IN A HORSE.

Scratches or grease in a horse, is due to disordered blood, loaded with impurities which should have been carried off through the kidneys or bowels. It usually accompanies urinary disorder, and is most prevalent among horses which are fed largely upon grain. Exposure of the legs to mud or wet, or melting snow, aggravates the condition of the skin, and assists in the inflammatory eruption. The treatment should be to give cooling medicines, as twelve to sixteen ounces of Epsom salts, followed by mild diuretics, as one ounce doses of sweet spirits of nitre. But a change of food will be helpful; give bran mash, with some cut roots if possible. Wash the legs in warm water and soft soap, and then apply a solution of one dram of sulphate of zinc in a pint of water. The latter should be continued for ten days to two weeks. The legs must be strictly protected from contact with manure or mud.

A negro in Jackson county, Ga., near Nicholson, killed a two-year-old cow by butting it with his head. He was trying to catch the cow, when the owner told the negro to look out or the cow would butt him. The negro remarked that he could play the same game, and that he could kill the cow by butting it. The owner of the cow told him that if he killed the cow with his head by butting her down he would give the cow to him. The negro bowed his neck and went for the cow, striking her in the forehead, and killed her.

SMALL BITES.

Plaster is excellent for clover at all times.

The tendency to reversion in breeding is great.

One rent paid is worth a dozen in your hand.

There are 650 butter and cream factories in Iowa.

England's milk product is \$1,150,000,000 a year.

Millers say that shrunken grains make the best flour.

A three or four years' rotation of crops is usually the best.

Poultry as flesh costs more per pound than any other meat.

So fast as ground is plowed for wheat it should be rolled.

A Tennessee man says that there are 300,000 dogs in that State.

The distribution of seeds by Congress is a vexed question.