

# THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

VOLUME XIV.

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This valuable medicine, published in  
Danbury, N. C., the REPORTER AND  
POST, has entered upon its 12th anni-  
versary. Long may it live to call the  
attention of the outside world to a com-  
modity which is as rich, we suppose, in  
virtues as any in the State of North Car-  
olina, and to battle for correct political  
measures. -Danville Times.

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Your County Paper,

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ONLY \$1.50 A YEAR!

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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 thirtieth 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 thirtieth 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 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 the best county papers 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 commodity which is as rich, we suppose, in virtues as any in the State of North Carolina, and to battle for correct political measures. -Danville Times.



LIKE THE SUNRISE.

Her face is like the sunrise,  
Her eyes are like the sea,  
And morning comes into my heart  
If she but look on me.  
Her lips are like wild roses;  
And when she utters  
Her tender words of love, they bring  
To me the wild flower's breath.  
And so a holy daybreak  
Is mine with every hour;  
Each moment feels the blue sea's might,  
The rose's magic power.

Brought to Life.

Fifty dollars a month is not much of a salary, but I had arrived only a fortnight before, and had no acquaintances in the country; therefore I could not presume to ask for better terms. My two pupils, M. Rabut assured me, were very well behaved children; the girl was just fifteen, already a young lady, and the ten-year boy was equally apt at study. After all I was only required to give five hours a day to teaching; the rest of my time was altogether my own, to be devoted either to work or sleep, as I pleased.

"And remember," he said, "your pavilion is at such a distance from the family residence that you can feel perfectly at home there and perfectly quiet. Of course everybody will treat you with the consideration due to your position in the household. You will observe that my poor old mother's head is a little weak, but she is the kindest of souls."

I accepted the situation. Ombreville is situated on the heights of Moka. The mule itself walked quite cautiously up the ascent, and as I was careful to keep the animal at a walk on the descents also, I came to the conclusion that I might just as well walk. I got down. Without troubling himself further about my wishes, my black who guided the vehicle soon began to urge his animal rapidly along the road, which made a sharp turn at the bottom of a long steep slope. When I reached the turn both vehicle and negro had disappeared. I was all alone. I reckoned that there was scarcely another league to travel, and as it was not quite seven o'clock, I would be able to be in time for breakfast.

It was in April. A threatening storm had been growing all the day before on the other side of Le Ponce summit; on either side of the road, the trees drenched in torrential rain, shook down showers of water from the leaves with every breath of wind; the water of the ditches to right and left ran with a loud murmur under the shadow of the high grass; the air was fresh and all impregnated with sweet smells; the sun still hung at the edge of the forest retreat; it was a delight to walk. From the bottom of my heart I thanked the intelligent black who had imposed this pleasure upon me, and I continued on my way.

As I walked on I began to dream. What future did this new land hold in reserve for me? I had not come to it with any idea of making a fortune—(although a young man of twenty-five, I had acquired enough common sense to save me from such illusions)—but only to earn a good living, and lay by enough to enable me, when an old man, to return to France and sleep at last under the shadow of my own village spire.

Meanwhile, after half-an-hour walk, I had reached a point at which three different roads forked off from the main one. One of them, I knew must lead to Ombreville—but which? I invoked the Triple Hecate, sat down upon a rock and waited.

A negro passing on the run, pointed out to me which road to take. Soon I caught sight of the lofty chimney of the sugar-mill—then the house itself, buried in a thick grove of mango trees, and, as I feared being late, I quickened my step. Under the verandah, already crowded, I saw people rushing back and forward—running, and no one noticed me as I ascended the front steps except a big fat negro crouching at the entrance, who sobbed and cried with renewed despair at my coming. There on the sofa, at full length, lay a young girl—almost a child! Her long, bright hair, all streaming with water, fell over the back of the sofa, and had dripped upon the verandah until a little pool had formed upon the flags. She was whiter

than a piece of marble; the violets of death were on her compressed lips; her lifeless arms lay rigidly straight by her side, and M. Rabut, on his knees beside her, was kissing one of her hands.

"Drowned, my dear sir, she got drowned," said a good lady of about sixty years of age, who came to me, holding out her hands in the friendliest manner imaginable. "But you have walked here," she continued; "you must be tired. Of course you will take something! Myrtle!"

"Mamma! oh, mamma!" exclaimed M. Rabut, raising his head. "You see," he said to me, with a sob, "she was out of her mind; the river suddenly rose, and—"

His head fell forward again over the little white hand, to which his lips clung.

"Myrtle! Myrtle!" again cried the good lady, "bring a glass of Maderia to the gentleman. Or perhaps you would prefer something else?"

I questioned the family. The girl had not been twenty minutes under water. And yet they had done nothing—had not even tried to do anything.

I gave my orders briefly—they were obeyed. They had laid her on her back. I lifted her head so that it leaned sideways on the left. Her teeth were clenched. How cold her lips seemed when I pressed my own upon them! The poor father, senseless with grief, allowed us to do as we thought best, and the grandmother walked hurriedly to and fro, busy, fussy, always calling Myrtle, and declaring "the breakfast will never be ready, and here are all the people coming!"

And a carriage in fact suddenly drew up before the front door steps. Two young girls descended with a happy burst of laughter. I can see them even now as they stopped, looked, turned pale, and stood there with arms twisted about each other's waist, and eyes big with terror—silent and motionless.

Half an hour had passed. What was not that a flush we saw, mounting to the colorless cheeks. Oh! how fervent a prayer I uttered that moment to the good God! And it seemed to me the arm I held had become less rigid.

At that moment a horseman came up at full gallop. "Myrtle! Myrtle!—take the doctor's horse to the stable!" cried the good lady, descending the steps to meet the physician. "Ah, doctor, I knew it!—your powder could not do me any good. The whole night, doctor, I was in pain. Ah! how badly I slept!"

The doctor came to us. "Good! young man!—very good indeed! That is just what should have been done."

"Come, come!" he cried in a joyous tone, after a few moments had passed. "We are all right now—we shall get off with nothing worse than a fright! Why you old coward, have I not already told you so. Here! let me see a happier face on you!" And he gave M. Rabut a vigorous slap on the shoulder.

Then suddenly turning to me, he asked: "But you—where are you from? I don't remember ever seeing you here before."

"I came from Brittany, doctor, by way of Paris and Port-Louis. 'Look!—look!'—he had already turned his back upon us—she is opening her eyes!"

M. Rabut involuntarily seized my hand, and dragged me to the sofa. She opened her eyes. They were blue—the eyes I always liked best.

"Helene! my own Helene!" murmured the poor father, stooping to kiss her forehead.

"Gentle! you!" exclaimed the doctor, pulling him back. "Let her have air if you please?"

"M. Rabut drew back, without letting go my hand. Myrtle returned from the stable. "Myrtle! Myrtle!—well, how about that breakfast? Is it going to be ready to-day, or to-morrow?"

"Ma foi! I'm ready for it!" cried the doctor. "That gallop gave me a ferocious appetite."

"Why, Myrtle!—serve the Maderia to those gentlemen!"

This time Myrtle obeyed. It was four in the afternoon when I left my pavilion to return to the house. M. Rabut came to look for me on the verandah. "Come," he said, "you can see her now."

He brought me close to her bed. Her clear blue eyes still had dark cir-

cles about them; but the blood was circulating under the clear skin; for she blushed at my approach.

"This is he, my Helene; if it hadn't been for him"—and his voice choked.

"Don't fret any more, papa. I am only sorry about my locket. Do you think they will ever be able to find it?"

The locket contained her mother's hair.

It was barely daylight when I reached the river. The negro who had taken her out of the water had shown me the evening before the precise spot where the current had carried her away, and also the place where he had found her—about fifty yards further down. It was a long narrow basin, shut in by great jaouroses, whose tufted branches met above and stretched from one bank to the other. The pale light, gleaming through the leaves, made gleans here and there upon the water like the reflection of molten lead; beyond the darkness was complete; it looked perfectly black there.

I dived and brought up three flat pebbles! But breakfast would not be ready until ten o'clock; I had plenty of time.

By eight o'clock the bottom of the basin had no mysteries for me. There was not a single eel-fish that I had not disturbed beneath his rock—not a single camaron that I had not compelled to crawl backward into his hole. But the locket was not there—accordingly it must be further down. I left the basin and followed the course of the stream—interrogating all the roots, exploring all the boulders, questioning every tuft of grass. I was about to pass on, when I saw a little serpent, like a thin silk string caught upon the root of a wild strawberry plant, wriggling in the current. I seized it—it was the locket!

She would not come down to breakfast; but M. Rabut told me she would certainly come down to dinner. She was still a little weak but that was all.

Man is a selfish creature; the medalion remained in my pocket.

While they were laying the table that evening, I stole softly into the dining-room. When her father had led her to her seat, and she unfolded her napkin, she found a little box in it.

"What is this? Another of your attempts to spoil me, papa?"

But the astonished look of M. Rabut must have convinced her more than his denial.

She opened the little box. "My locket! my locket!" she cried, putting it to her lips and kissing it over and over again. I watched every kiss—I looked at her out of the corner of my eye. Finally, her eyes met my own—she understood. But the little mysterious beauty did not even say "Thank you."

And the long and short of it is, dear sir that I never gave Helene, who became my wife, a single lesson.

Ah, yes, *parbleu!* I taught her how to swim.

REFORM THE FOOLS.

At a meeting of the farm animals the Dude once attempted to prove his relationship to the Jackass. "Why," he said, vainly, just look at my ears! We must be nearly related." "True," returned the Jackass, "you may be a degenerated mule, but though I have often heard men call you a Jackass, they have never yet insulted me by calling you a Dude." At this speech the other animals burst into roars of laughter, and the crestfallen Dude slunk silently away.

Moral: This Fable teaches us that an ordinary mortal should not attempt to claim the acquaintance of a fool.

THE SMALL BOY'S COMPOSITION.

He wrote: "A pin is a queer sort of a thing. It has a round head and a sharp point; and if you stick pins into you, they hurt. Women use pins to pin on their cuffs and collars, and men use pins when the buttons is off. You can get pins for five cents a paper; but if you swallow them they kill you; but they have saved thousands of lives."

"Why, Thomas, what do you mean by that?" asked the teacher. The boy answered: "By people not swallowin' of 'em."

"But Henry has talent, father!" "May be, child, may be; but you can't live on that without a little bacon to mix with it."

It is wise to seek a secret, and honest to not reveal it.

IT IS WELL TO REMEMBER.

That every path hath a puddle  
That the fruit of success ripens slowly.

That he is the richest who wants the least.  
That a million dollars will not buy a ray of sunshine.

That the greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.  
That the brightest thoughts sometimes come from the dullest looking men.

That Methuselah, even, never complained of time hanging heavy on his hands.

That all of the good things of this world are of no further good than as they are of no use.  
That a newspaper may be a sewer, or a stream of pure water, according to its source.

That what a man gets for nothing he is very apt to value at just about what it costs him.  
That we unlock the door of fate with our own hands, and then throw the key away.

That compliments and congratulations cost nothing but pens, ink and paper, or—words.  
That the easiest way to outwit the world is to let it believe that it is smarter than you are.

That there can be no greater mistake than the stopping to worry over a mistake already made.  
That with contentment the lowest hotel is more of a palace than the loftiest mansion without it.

That while few are qualified to shunc in company, it is in the power of most people to be agreeable.  
That our homes are like instruments of music, of which a single discordant string destroys the sweetness.

That the path of life is beset with thorns, and that they who are not afraid to encounter them may gather the rare flowers that grow between.—Good Housekeeper.

THE HUMAN FIGURE.

The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks make all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eye-brows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

DRY BREAD IS BETTER WITH LOVE THAN A FAT CAPON WITH FEAR.

Pettors of gold are still fetters, and silken cords pinch.

If an ass goes traveling, he will not come home a horse.

It is a great point of wisdom to find out one's own folly.

Saying well causes a laugh; doing well produces silence.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

Absent none without blame; present, none without excuse.

Rebukes ought not to have a grain more of salt than of sugar.

To one who has a pie in the oven you may give a bit of your cake.

Better ride an ass that carries more than a horse that throws me.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

He knows enough who knows how to live and keep his own counsel.

The friendship of great men is like the shadow of a bush, soon gone.

It is not the greatest beauties that inspire the most profound passion.

That often happens in a day which does not happen in a hundred years.

A necessitous man, who gives costly dinners, pays large sums to be laughed at.

SMALL BITES.

A hired horse—tired never.

Every fool looks his bauble.

Spots of the sun—A boy's freckles.

A man that is warned is half-armed.

A miserly father makes a prodigal son.

Be a friend to yourself, an' others will.

Credit keeps the crown o' the cause-way.

We ask advice, but mean approbation.

A bow long bent, at length must wax weak.

A vaunter and a liar are both alike.

Every man's tale is gude till another's be tauld.

A ill wain penny will cast down a pound.

A man canna thrive except his wife let him.

Courtesy is cumbersome to them that ken it not.

Every one knows best where the shoe pinches him.

Every age confutes old errors and begets new.

A man is weel or wae, as he thinks himself sae.

Love, a cough, and smoke will not remain secret.

Every man can rule a shrew save he that hath her.

The worth of a thing is best ken'd by the want of it.

He cannot be a friend to any one who is his own enemy.

No estate can make him rich that has a poor heart.

He that does you a very ill turn will never forgive you.

He had need rise betimes who would please everybody.

He has the greatest blind side who thinks he has none.

Dry bread is better with love than a fat capon with fear.

Pettors of gold are still fetters, and silken cords pinch.

If an ass goes traveling, he will not come home a horse.

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