

# THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

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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.—Lexington 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.—Cassel's 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 country 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.



SONG OF THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of cool and fern; I make a sudden sally, And sparkle out among the ferns, To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down, Or slip between the rocks, By twenty throngs, a Hille town, And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Phillip's farm I flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways, In little sharps and trebles, I bubble into eddying bays, I tinkle on the pebbles,

With many a curve my banks I fret, By many a field and fallow, And many a fairy forland set, With willow weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on forever.

I wind about, and I wind out, With here a blossom falling, And here and there a lusty trout, And here and there a graying,

And here and there a foamy flake Upon me as I travel, With many a silver water-break Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots, I slide by hazel covers, I move the sweet forget-me-nots That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I glisten, I glance, Among my skimming swallows, I make the netted sunbonnets dance Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars In brambly wilderness; I linger by my shingly bars; I leiter round my crosses.

And out again I curve and flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on forever.

### Courting Under Difficulties.

Bob Wilkins was one of the most popular young men in Canton, Miss., and was a clerk in one of the largest stores in town. His employers did a fine business, not only in Madison county, but also in the counties of Scott and Leake, lying east of Pearl river. Bob was frequently sent out by his employers to visit their customers, to get orders, collect bills and to keep them posted in regard to the condition of crops on which they made advances. One of the customers was a well-to-do, thrifty farmer, and had unlimited credit with his merchants. This farmer lived in Scott county, three miles from the river, on the main road, and about fifteen miles from Canton. He had a sweet, interesting daughter of some 17 summers, and whenever Bob crossed the river on one of his business trips he invariably made it convenient to stop at "Farmer Moore's" house, where he always met with a hearty welcome, for he was bright and intelligent, and kept well posted with the current news of the day, politics, etc. The old man enjoyed Bob's company on this account especially, and then, Bob always carried with him the latest newspapers and was sure to leave them with his friend Mr. Moore. Then he would not forget Mrs. Moore and the daughter, for he always had some interesting periodical that was sure to please them. He was not long in gaining the good will of the entire family; but he longed for a closer relationship, and, finally, when he proposed to Miss Sallie, she hung her dear little head, and twisted her pocket handkerchief and said: "Ank pa."

Bob was rejoiced, and told her that he would do so the next time he came, and begged her in the meantime to tell the old folks on the subject and ascertain their views. She agreed to do so, and when Bob took his departure it was with the understanding that he was to return to the Moore homestead the following Saturday night, one week, and spend the Sabbath with them and attend church, as a big time was expected it being "quarterly meeting."

The ten days intervening went by on sluggish wheels, and notwithstanding Bob worked hard in the store every day hoping that the time thus employed would pass more quickly, he thought

the day of his departure for Scott county would never arrive. The anxiously-looked for Saturday came, however, but it was an unusually busy one, and it was quite late in the afternoon before Bob could get off. While he was making his toilet he dispatched the porter to the livery stable for the best saddle horse there, and just as the lamps were being lighted in the stores he mounted and went galloping out of town. He reached the river, twelve miles distant, in about two hours, and then he rode down the bank to the ferry landing. To his great disappointment, the ferry—a flatboat which was propelled by a wire rope stretched across the river—was not on his side of the river. By straining his eyes he could see, through the darkness, that the boat was moored on the Scott county side, some two hundred yards distant. He knew that old "Ike," the negro ferryman, had a cabin on that side about a quarter of a mile distant, and that it was frequently the custom of travelers to hells to him to come down and put them across. So Bob commenced calling:

"Uncle Ike! oh, Uncle Ike!" But he got no answer, though he called time and again, even until his voice was hoarse and his throat sore.

What was he to do? He was bound to see his sweetheart, and there was no use of thinking about returning to Canton, and, then, it was fully five miles back, through a dismal swamp, to the first house, and it was doubtful about his getting lodgings there. To remain where he was until morning was death almost from mosquitoes and sand flies, and those pests had already commenced their attacks upon him. Finally he thought if Leander could swim the Hellespont for his lady love, why could not he swim Pearl river for the girl he loved? He was not long in putting the thought into practical effect, and procuring a stout cane, the butt end of an old fishing-pole, he spliced it from the saddle girth to the pommel of the saddle then he stripped his clothes and making them up securely into a bundle tied them to the top of the pole. Everything being ready he led old Roan down to the water's brink, and heading him for the opposite shore struck him a lick and ordered him to "go along." The horse seemed to divine what was intended for him to do and was soon swimming with Bob holding on to his tail. The passage across the river was successfully made, but the current being quite swift the two voyagers were carried down below the usual place of landing, some one hundred yards or more, where the bank was quite precipitous covered with reeds, brambles and briars.

Old Roan came up out of the water snorting and blowing and mounted the bank, Bob still holding on to his tail. The strain, however, was too much for Bob, and then the briars and brambles had such fair play at his naked skin he was obliged to turn loose his hold and scramble out the best way he could.

When at last safely on the top of the bank he could see nothing of his horse and clothes, yet he could hear the former moving through the woods and commenced calling to him.

"Cope, Roan," "Cope, Roan."

Then he heard him nicker and he felt better, for the noise came from the direction of the ferry road, and he felt that the horse was going the right way, and hoped he would stop when he reached the road. After twisting and turning and enduring many ugly and painful scratches and bruises, Bob arrived at road himself, but there was no horse there. He stopped to listen, then he began calling again.

"Cope, Roan," "Cope, Roan."

And again, he heard a nicker, this time several hundred yards up the road and in the direction of Farmer Moore's house. Bob struck a trot and soon got a view of the horse, which was leisurely walking along the road. When old Roan saw Bob in a run he, too, struck a trot and was soon out of sight again. The two kept up for fully a half hour, Bob having in the meantime fallen down in the dust and dirt two or three times, and having run and fretted himself into a profuse perspiration.

Finally, Bob emerged from the woods and swamp and had just entered the lane leading up to Farmer Moore's house when he saw old Roan, several hundred yards ahead of him, turning up to the big gate of the pasture in front of the house. Bob entered by the same gate, and had almost overtaken his horse, when the latter jumped over the low fence that surrounded the house-yard. This aroused the dogs and in another moment a lot of curs and hounds

came bounding toward the fence. Bob had but a moment to think, and in only a short time revolved a great many things in his mind. To stay there was to be cawed and mangled by that yelping pack of dogs. To reach the pasture gate was his only hope, so, without further ado, he faced about and put out at the top of his speed. In the meantime the dogs had cleared the garden fence and were tearing toward him, yelping and howling—and were only a few feet from him when he reached the big gate, which was still open. Poor Bob was almost out of breath, but he managed to mount the fence and to climb to the top of one of the gate posts, where he, with great difficulty, steadied himself while he yelled at the dogs:

"Get down! keep back!"

Presently, aimed the noise made by the dogs, he could hear voices in the yard, and at the door of the house, then somebody cried out:

"Hello! Who's that? What do you want?"

Then he heard some one call, "You, Tig! you Bose! Come here, sir!"

But Tig and Bose and all the rest of the dogs kept up their racket at the pasture gate leaping up and snapping at poor Bob, who with great difficulty held his position on top of the gate post.

After awhile Bob saw parties with a pine torch coming toward him, and he soon recognized old Mr. Moore, and made known to him who he was and begged him to get the dogs away. This was done with some difficulty, and Bob got down. He had a kind and sympathizing friend in his host, who conducted him into the house by the side door, where Bob was not long in telling the whole story of his mishap. The old farmer could not keep from laughing; and repeatedly apologized, but Bob took it all in good part, and at times, laughed heartily himself. Water was brought, and while Bob was cleaning himself of the dirt and perspiration, the old man went out to look for the horse and get the bundle of clothes. He found old Roan quietly grazing in the yard, but there was no bundle of clothes attached to the saddle. This information almost killed Bob, but the old man, who had left the room, soon returned, bringing a complete outfit of his own clothing. They would have answered very well if Bob had not been very slender and almost six feet tall, while Mr. Moore was very corpulent and hardly more than five feet two.

It was the best that could be done, so Bob put them on, and there was another hearty laugh.

It being quite late, and Mr. Moore, knowing that Bob must be very tired, he proposed to him to retire, and bade him good-night, telling him that he would start two of his negro servants by daylight down to the river in search of his lost clothes. Bob thanked him, but had made a mental resolve himself to go on the same errand. The thought of those terrible dogs in the yard, however, deterred him, and he concluded to trust to the services of the two negroes. He went to bed and was soon asleep, and when he awoke in the morning it was to answer the call of "Mose," who was knocking at the door and calling:

"Mars' Bob, Mars' Bob, here's them clo's of yours."

Bob bounced out of bed and admitted his sable visitor, who entered the room followed by his fellow servant, Joe. The bundle was intact, just as Bob had tied it to the pole—not a thing missing. The men had found it suspended to the limb of a tree a few yards from where the horse had ascended the bank. When Bob had dressed himself he compensated the servant liberally, and promised to remember them still further when they came to town in the fall with their cotton.

Mr. Moore entered the room about this time and announced that breakfast was ready—when Bob remarked:

"If you haven't told the ladies of my adventure, don't, Mr. Moore, if you please."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I never kept anything from my wife, in fact, I told her all about it last night, and what do you suppose she said?"

"I am sure I don't know, Mr. Moore."

"Well, she said, 'don't tell Sallie anything about it,' and she made me promise that I wouldn't. Come, let us go to breakfast," said Mr. Moore, and the two adjourned to the dining-room where Bob met Mrs. Moore, all smiles and hospitality and Miss Sallie prettier and sweeter looking, he thought, than he had ever before seen her. All hands attended church, Bob accompanying Miss Sallie, who rode horseback. Re-

turning from church Miss Sallie told Bob that "mas was willing, and that mas' word was the law in the family and that he need have no fears of an unfavorable answer." So that afternoon when the old man asked Bob to walk with him to the barn to see his shorthorns and Holsteins, Bob was over so anxious to get the old man all to himself, not-withstanding he had to leave Miss Sallie to entertain a young preacher who had accompanied the family from church to dinner.

Bob thought the old man would never get through expating on the merits of registered and improved stock so as to give him an opportunity to ask for Miss Sallie's hand.

Finally, when the old man remarked that he greatly regretted that he had no sons to take an interest in his affairs, Bob suggested that "probably the next best thing was a son-in-law," and offered himself in that capacity.

The old man grasped his hand and remarked:

"Bob, you can have Sallie on one condition, and that is that you are not to take her away from us as long as the old woman and myself live."

Bob agreed to this, and before he left for town that evening the day for the wedding was fixed; and last week the Canton Mail contained the notice of the marriage of the happy pair.—Detroit Free Press.

### CHILDREN AT THE TABLE.

What an annoyance it is to sit at a table where children are allowed to behave badly. There is no excuse for it. It is the parents' fault every time. Children will behave in a quiet and pleasant manner if they are taught to do so from the first. Is a very little child must be present, in order that his mother may come to the table, let him have a neat piece of white cloth under his plate and cup, and be furnished with a napkin or large bib besides. Every child likes to sit at the table, but he should be made to understand from the beginning that bad behavior inevitably incurs his removal to another room, with the privilege of finishing his meal alone afterward when no one is present to be annoyed. An occasional lesson of this kind will effectually produce a quiet, obedient, and respectful child, waiting pleasantly for his turn to be served and talking only when it is proper for him to do so. It is just as easy—and in fact, a great deal easier—to have nice, well-behaved children in the dining-room or anywhere else, if one only begins right. If mother wants to destroy her influence over her child, let her, with a flushed and worried face, exclaim: "Johnny does act so, I can't do anything with him!" He has won the victory, knows it, and will act as best pleases himself. Had she corrected his first little transgressions promptly and firmly instead of laughing at or ignoring them, she might just as well have made a pleasant, nice-mannered child of him as anything else.

A TOUGH JOB.

Mental exertion of any kind is something that tires the average African, and writing a letter just breaks him up. Colonel Yergor has a negro man named Sam employed about the place, and the other day Sam wanted some clerical work done. He said:

"Boss, I want yer write me a letter to my gal in Waco."

"All right, Sam, I'll do it."

"Has yer got de paper an' de ink an' de pen ready dar?"

"Yes, Sam, go ahead."

"Write Austin, Texas."

"All right."

"Has got lit writ?"

"Yes."

"All of hit?"

"Certainly."

"What has yer got written? Read it to me, boss."

"Austin, Texas."

"Dat's right, Now write June de fourteens."

"All right, Sam."

"Has yer got it down already?"

"Yes."

"G'way, boss, you'se jokin'." Read it to me."

"June fourteenth."

"Foah God, you has got bit down all right. Now, boss, read it all ober from de berry beginning."

### SAVED BY A DEVOTED DOG.

A wood-hauler by the name of Jean Baptiste Larue left the city late one evening for his home, some where on the other side of the valley. It appears that by the time he had reached the middle of the valley the effect of the liquor he had drunk died away, leaving him to the mercy of the cold. At first Larue tried to overcome it. He got out of the wagon and ran beside the team, but in his weakened condition the exercise soon exhausted him.

The motion of his arms struck into the horse and they struck off on a round trot, leaving Larue behind. The team disappeared and Larue dropped to the ground tired out and discouraged. How long he remained at the roadside he does not know, but he was first partially and then wholly aroused from the stupor which had overcome him by his dog tugging at his coat and finally biting him, first slightly and then more severely in the leg.

Maddened at the dog he staggered to his feet with the intention of beating him, but he was too far gone to even raise his hand to strike a blow. The faithful dog seemed to take in the situation, and instead of running from his master he again slightly bit him in the leg. Larue kicked at the watchful brute several times, but failed to reach him.

The exercise forced the blood to his extremities, and at the same time he gained a clearer comprehension of his real danger. With a great effort he aroused himself to action, but having lost his reckoning he didn't know which way to turn.

Again his faithful dog came to his rescue. With a whine and low bark the animal led off at right angles from the road. Larue, now trusting all to the dog, followed him as fast as he could, and in the course of half an hour reached a cabin on the hill side, occupied by a wood-chopper, who let him in and kindly attended to his wants.—Bute City Inter Mountain.

### SMALL BITES.

Babies cry for the same reason that some men swear. It's because they don't know any better.

The truly conscientious dentist spares no pains to get three dollars worth of gold into a 25-cent tooth.

Men are a good deal like dried apples. When they are soaked in the water of prosperity they begin to swell.

Old Mr. Bently (reading the paper.)—I see that in a recent storm at sea a ship loaded with passengers went ashore.

Old Mrs. Bently (placidly)—How fortunate I can imagine just how glad those passengers must have been to get on dry land.

"It's a very solemn thing to be married," said Aunt Bethany. "Yes, but it's a great deal more solemn not to be," said her niece.

If you wish to get on, you must do as you would to get in through a crowd to a gate all are equally anxious to reach. Hold your ground and push hard.

"Robbie," said the visitor kindly, "have you any little brothers and sisters?" "No," replied wee Robbie, solemnly, "I'm the only children we've got."

Tobogganing in Canada is an extremely popular sport with back-sliding bankers from the United States. The easy down-hill glide has for them a peculiar charm.

"Have you any kids?" inquired a young lady of a new clerk in a glove store. "Not yet," said the clerk with a blush; "I have been married but 3 weeks."

"No," said the honest grocer, "it's all both about us fellows sanded our sugar. We've learned that finely sifted ashes are cheaper, have less grit and leave less sediment."

Bishop Williams puts history in rather a laconic form when he says: "The first thing the Puritan Fathers did on landing was to fall on their knees; the next was to fall on the aborigines."

When a young man who had recently found the Saviour, was asked under whose preaching he was convicted, he gave the following significant reply:—"Under no one's preaching; I was convicted under my uncle's praunting."

A swordsman rarely makes a good politician because he is on the fence.