

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

VOLUME XIV.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1886.

NO. 41.

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.
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We keep constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of Groceries—suitable for Southern and Western trade. We solicit consignments of Country Produce—such as Corn, Feathers, Glue, Beans, Wool, Dried Fruit, Pars, etc., etc. Our facilities for doing business are such as to warrant quick sales and prompt returns. All orders will have our prompt attention.

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.—*States 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 celebrated 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 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 country 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 county which is as rich, we suppose, in minerals as any in the State of North Carolina, and to battle for correct political measures.—*Denville Times*.



I WONDER.

CHARLES R. BARNETT.

I wonder that the flowers,
With such beauty, should decay,
To mark the flight of seasons
As they gently pass away.

BELEATED HOPE.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

Beleated hope is like the feeble rays
Of clouded daylight through dim desert
ways,
Less than the foam that haunts a wave-
worn space,
Or light that falls across a dead man's
face.

Cissy's Lover.

It was an ordinary picture—a pretty, slender young girl seated under an ivy-
wreathed porch, darning stockings; but
Phillip Staunton's eyes brightened as
they rested upon it, and a strange thrill
stirred his unusually unsusceptible
heart.
"Have I traversed the wide world
over and gone unscathed all these
years," he asked himself, "only to fall
in love, at first sight, with a rustic di-
vinity out in the wilds of Yorkshire?"
At the sound of his footsteps the
girl looked up, with a startled air, the
lovely peach bloom color deepening and
brightening in her velvety cheeks.
What Cissy Moreland saw was a tall,
dark young man, of eight-and-twenty,
with a somewhat listless expression upon
his fine, handsome face. He wore a
tourist's dress of gray tweed, and car-
ried a small knapsack slung across his
broad shoulders.
"May I trouble you for a drink of
water?" he asked, in a low, musical
voice, that made the young girl stare,
its refined accents were so different
from the rough speech to which she was
accustomed.
Before Cissy could comply with the
request, the kitchen door swung sud-
denly open, and a hard, strong-featured
face, with beetling black brows and
fiery eyes, peered out.
Mrs. Moreland, Cissy's stepmother.
"Don't come in here!" she cried, in a
shrill, acrid voice, glowing angrily at
the astonished young man. "You have
nothing to do with this. I never deal
with tramps."
"Oh, mother!" cried Cissy, in dis-
may. "I am sure this man is no ped-
ler."
"He's something worse, then, and
had better go about his business,"
Mrs. Moreland was about to slam the
door, when, by an amusing coincidence,
a pedler's cart drove into the yard.
She was one of those women who
make "distinctions." Though unable
to abide one who carried his pack on
his own back, she had a weakness for
peddlers who had arrived at the distinc-
tion of driving a cart.
The angry look instantly vanished
from her coarse face, leaving it bland
and smiling. She decided that Philip
must be the avant courier.
"I'm sure I beg your pardon," she
said humbly. "I took you for one of
the sort that goes about with smuggled
goods made at home, and cheap leas-
es they try to palm upon one as genu-
ine. I'm disgusted with the whole
tribe. And Cissy there has put me all
out of temper with her trifling and
idling. Just like her dead mother they
say. It's a dreadful trial to have an-
other woman's child to bring up. I
would never have married Robert More-
land had I known he would up and die
at the end of five years and leave me to
take care of his first wife's brat. I
have children enough of my own to look
after."

Cissy was accustomed to these tirades
but they always brought tears to her
eyes. She might have retorted that
her stepmother had seized upon the bit
of property that was left, and used it
for her own progeny, and kept her sla-
ving from morning till night, but she
refrained.

"Wait a minute," Mrs. Moreland
resumed garrulously. "I've got a lot
of rags stowed away in the garret that
I've been keeping until the right per-
son comes along. If you don't mind
being hindered, I'll go and gather them
up."

A requish twinkle showed itself in
Philip Staunton's eyes, as the good wo-

man disappeared in the direction of the
upper regions.

"My pack" contains the bit of a
strolling artist," he said smilingly.
"But here comes the real Simon Pure,"
as a freckle-faced man, with a scraggy,
sandy mustache, climbed the steps,
bringing an armful of tinware and some
old-fashioned steeplechairs. "I shall ab-
dicate to his favor."

Cissy's cheeks were burning hotly,
but she caught up her straw hat, and
bringing a tumbler from the pantry
shelf led the way to the well, in the
shadow of some lilac bushes at the rear
of the house.

Philip drank the cool water she pro-
ffered, as though it had been ambrosia.
On returning the empty glass his gaze
happened to fall upon the pin that fast-
ened Cissy's collar. It was a cameo of
considerable value—a portrait finely
cut, but it did not look out of place,
though her dress was of common al-
paca.

"I beg your pardon," he said eagerly.
"But may I ask where you got that
brooch?"

"It was my mother's," Cissy replied;
"that is why I like to wear it."

"O—an heirloom! Can you tell me
anything of its history?"

"Very little. My mother prized it
highly. The likeness is that of some
relative—a great aunt, I believe."

"What was your mother's maiden
name?" he inquired.

"Cicely Durrant."

Philip gazed at the young girl curi-
ously. He would have said more, but
Mrs. Moreland's shrill voice sounded
at that instant, calling sharply for Cis-
sy.

"Don't be loitering there, you good-
for-nothing child! You might try to
make something useful occasionally.
You've only been a burden to me ever
since your father died. Go up into the
garret and bring down the rest of them
rags."

Cissy flitted away, a painful flush
suffusing her face.

But she had not seen the face of the
handsome artist.

That evening, as she stood dejectedly
at the garden gate, and trying to escape
for a few moments from her step-
mother's shrewish tongue, he came
whistling along the lane, and paused
beside her.

"You have been crying," he exclaim-
ed abruptly, looking into her pretty
forget-me-not eyes.

"Yes," she admitted. "It was very
foolish of me."

"That dreadful woman has been
scolding you again?"

"I deserved it, no doubt. I am not
strong, and cannot accomplish much."

Philip muttered something under his
breath.

"Why don't you leave her? Have
you no relatives to whom you could
go?"

Cissy shook her pretty head.

"There is only the great-aunt of
whom I spoke this morning—and I don't
even know where to find her. It would
make no difference if I did. She is
very rich, but my stepmother says she
hates girls, and could not be induced to
give me a penny."

"Suppose you go away with me?"
The girl stared at him, her cheeks
flushed, her lips apart.

"I don't understand what you mean,
sir," she stammered.

"There is no occasion to look so
frightened, little one, though it is very
sudden. But I took a liking to you at
once, and I cannot bear to see you
abused. I want you for my wife, dar-
ling."

Cissy had had lovers before, but never
one for whom she cared.

A thrill of tingling sweetness shot
through her veins. She felt the spell
of those magnetic dark eyes, but Phil-
ip was a stranger, and she dared not
yield to it.

Yorkshire, but it is time you saw some-
thing of the world. You can come to
me for a six weeks' visit if you like.
But don't expect to become my heiress.
My will is already made, and does not
give you a shilling.

"AMY DURRANT."
"Bless me!" Mrs. Moreland exclaim-
ed, startled almost out of her senses.
"It is from that miserly old woman,
your great aunt. How did she learn
your address, I wonder? And she has
actually sent a check for fifty pounds to
buy a new outfit and defray expenses.
Well I never!"

Cissy's heart beat high with hope and
expectation.

"I may go!" she cried, in an eager,
pleading tone.

Mrs. Moreland frowned.

"I don't know how to spare you, just
as harvest is coming on, but that crab-
bed old maid would be angry if I re-
fused to let you go. She lives in Lon-
don, it appears. Ten pounds will take
you there, and leave some money in
your pocket, and you'll want fifteen
more for new clothes. That will leave
twenty-five for me and my daughter
Sarah. Yes, you might as well begin
to get ready."

When Cissy's preparations were all
made, and she was about setting out
upon her journey, Mrs. Moreland said—
"Now I want you to speak a good
word for Sarah. She ain't no relation
of Miss Durrant's, to be sure, but the
old miser might send her a few new
dresses and jewels, and never miss 'em.
Take everything that's offered you, Cis-
sy, and when you come back I'll divide
the things between you two girls."

Cissy was quite startled by the mag-
nificence of the grand house where her
grand-aunt resided.

Her grand-aunt, wrinkled old crone
in black velvet and lace, welcomed her
with a kiss.

"You have your mother's face, my
dear. I am glad of that."

"Oh," cried Cissy, eagerly, "do you
remember my mother?"

"Certainly. I used to wish she was
a boy, that I might leave her my money.
But girls are not of much consequence
in this world. I had lost all trace of
poor Cicely. And so Robert is dead?
He was a good man but sadly wanting
in energy."

"How did you find me, Aunt Amy?"
"That's a secret," an odd twinkle in
her beady eyes. "By the way, I see
you wear a cameo brooch that was your
mother's. It was out in Italy half a
century ago. Do you know whose head
it is?"

"Yours, Aunt Amy."

The old woman laughed softly.

"Yes, dear; though it does not bear
much resemblance to me now. One
changes in fifty years. There were two
out at the same time. I have always
kept the duplicate."

It was a charming life that opened for
Cissy. The gay city, with all its attrac-
tions and novelties, seemed like enchan-
ted land. She was thoroughly happy
for the first time in her life.

Miss Durrant appeared quite fond of
her, and her sweet dreams were never
interrupted by Mrs. Moreland's sharp,
rasping voice.

Six weeks went all too quickly, and
at last she was summoned to her great-
aunt's dressing room.

"The limit of your stay has expired,"
Miss Durrant said, looking at her keen-
ly. "I hope you have enjoyed your-
self."

"Very much," Cissy returned, her
sweet voice choking a little. "It was
very kind of you to invite me here."

"You are ready to return home?"
"Whenever you think that I had bet-
ter go, dear aunt."

Two or three great drops fell down
the girl's pretty face. She wiped them
superstitiously away, but not before the
cunning old woman had seen them.

"Cissy," she cried abruptly, "what if
I were to ask you to remain?"

The girl sprang toward her with an
impulsive little cry.

"Will you, aunt?" Oh, I would be
so glad!"

"You can stay upon one condition.
I have learned to love you, but my will
is made, as I wrote you. It cannot be
altered, even to please you. The bulk
of my fortune goes to my half sister's
son, a very worthy young man. Cissy,
you can remain as his wife! I have
communicated with him, and he is will-
ing to consent to the arrangement."

Cissy grew very pale. Consent to
marry a man she had never seen? No,
that would be impossible, even if Phil-
ip's image did not fill her heart.

"I must go," she said sadly. "There
is no other way."

"Wait until you have met my heir.
You might change your mind."
"Never!"

Poor Cissy dropped floods of tears
into the box with the new clothes Miss
Durrant's generosity had provided.

At last, when the good-bys had been
spoken, she groped her way blindly
down stairs. A gentleman stood near
the drawing-room door. As she looked
up a startled cry broke from her lips.
Philip Staunton!

"You here? How very strange!"
She blushed furiously, but as the
young man opened his arms, Cissy lean-
ed her head upon his shoulder with a
weary sigh.

"Are you glad to see me, darling he
whispered.

"Oh, very glad!"
"Then you do love me a little?"
"Yes," she answered, unable to keep
back the truth.

Just then Cissy heard a low laugh,
and, looking up, saw Miss Durrant
standing upon the landing, her kind old
face beaming with delight.

"You might as well ring for the maid
to take your wraps, my dear," she
said.

Cissy glanced bewilderedly from the
smiling woman to the handsome lover.

"What does she mean?"
"That you are going back to be ab-
used by your shrewish stepmother,"
Philip replied. "Forgive me for try-
ing you so sorely, but it was Aunt
Amy's wish. I am her heir."

One week later, Mrs. Moreland re-
ceived a large box of clothing and knick-
nacks, but she had seen the last of Cissy
herself.

THE SMALL BOY.

One day I sat in a car seat on the
Saugus branch of the Eastern road be-
hind a pale, careworn lady who was
taking a little boy from Boston to Malden.
As the little boy was of a very inquir-
ing mind, and everything seemed to
attract his attention, I could not help
listening to some of his questions.

"What is that, auntie?" the little boy
commenced, pointing to a stack of hay
on the marsh.

"Oh, that's hay, my dear," answered the
careworn lady.

"What is hay, auntie?"
"Why, hay is hay, dear."
"But what is hay made of?"
"Why, hay is made of dirt and water
and air."

"Who makes it?"
"God makes it, dear."
"Does he make it in the day time or
in the night?"

"In both, dear."
"And Sundays?"
"Yes, all the time."

"Ain't it wicked to make hay on Sun-
day auntie?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'd keep still
Willie; that's a dear. Auntie is tired."

After remaining quiet a moment, lit-
tle Willie broke out:

"Where do stars come from, auntie?"
"I don't know; nobody knows."
"Did the moon lay 'em?"
"Yes, I guess so," replied the wick-
ed lady.

"Can the moon lay eggs too?"
"I suppose so. Don't bother me."
Another short silence, when Willie
broke out:

"Benny says oxen is an owl, auntie
is they?"
"Oh, perhaps so?"

"I think a whale could lay eggs—
don't you auntie?"
"O, yes—I guess so," said the shame-
less woman.

"Did you ever see a whale on his
nest?"
"O, I guess so."

"Where?"
"I mean no. Willie, you must be
quiet; I'm getting crazy."

"What makes you crazy, auntie?"
"Oh, dear! You ask so many ques-
tions."

"Did you ever see a fly eat sugar?"
"Yes, dear."
"Where?"
"Willie, sit down on the seat and be
still or I'll shake you. Now, not an-
other word!"

And the lady pointed her finger
sharply at the little boy, as if she were
going to stick it through him. If she
had been a wicked woman she would
have sworn.

There are eight million little boys
like Willie in the United States, and
half as many in England.—Boston
Post.

Raleigh is to have another cattle
show.

CRUMBS OF HUMOR.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Very "taking" in its way.—Small-
pox.

There nonsense—trying to cut the
hair of a bald-headed man.

In regard to modern languages it is
said that the Chinese is the most diffi-
cult. We find this out when we try to
explain to our Chinese laundryman that
a pair of our socks is missing.

A friend of ours, absent on a trip to
Washington, writes us that he has been
all through the national capital and con-
siderable of his own.—Lowell Olli-
zens.

Billy's little sister had fallen and
hurt her nose, and she cried a great
deal over it. Hearing his mother tell
her to be careful lest she'd spoil it next
time, he said, "What's the good of a
nose to her? She never blows it."

The weather bureau reports that on
Tuesday last there was not a section of
the United States which was not visited
with rain. The whole continent, in other
words, was under a cloud. The fact
was unprecedented.

"I see that an Ohio postmistress has
resigned her position in order to get mar-
ried," remarked an old Benedict to his
wife. "Poor thing! I pity her," said the
helpmeet. "Why so?" "Because, after
the honey-moon is over, she'll have to
sit up nearly every night and wait
till the male comes in."

There was a wedding last week from
a certain rather famous home on the
Back Bay, and the church ceremony in-
terested the small sister of the bride
immensely. A day or two after the
husband and wife had gone away on
their wedding journey the little sister
interrupted her doll-playing to ask:

"Grandma what church were you mar-
ried in?" "I wasn't married in a church,
my dear; your grandmother was a
naughty girl, and ran away with grand-
papa; we were married at a minister's
house." "Oh, ho!" laughed the mid-
dle, "how did you ever manage to make
such a fussy old fellow as grandpa
run?"

WHAT A SMILE DID.—A lady of po-
sition and property, anxious about
her neighbors, provided religious serv-
ices for them. She was very deaf—could
scarcely hear at all. On one occasion
one of her preachers managed to make
her understand him, at the close of
their conversation, asked, "