

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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To the Weary, Feeble

AND

PLEASURE SEEKER.

Seeing the need in this section of a place where the weary, feeble and broken down may recruit their health and rest; where they and their families may spend the hot season pleasantly when it is necessary to leave their homes or change air, that the failing health of some loved one may be restored, we have laid out

A NEW TOWN

and are now offering for sale lots in probably the healthiest section in North Carolina. The town is located on a beautiful

Flat Mountain Ridge

2 1/2 miles west from Danbury, about 1/2 of a mile from the celebrated Piedmont Springs; about the same distance to Pepper's Alum Springs; 1/2 of a mile from Smith's Chalybeate Spring, and two miles from C. E. Moore's Sulphur spring, while the location presents

The Finest Views

of Moore's Knob, the Hanging Rock, and other prominent peaks along the Sauratown mountain. The lots are well covered with large and small forest trees, which will afford shade in summer and form

Beautiful Groves.

The whole is

Surrounded by Springs

of the purest mountain water, entitling it to the Indian name, "Camaca," a land of springs, which, together with the pure mountain air, would bring color to the faded cheek, and strength to weary frame, even if there was no real mineral water within a hundred miles of the place.

The undersigned propose also to erect a saw-mill, planing machine, &c., that they may build cottages or furnish lumber to those who wish to purchase lots in this healthful locality, where no malaria ever comes, and a case of typhoid fever was never known, except it was contracted out of the neighborhood.

The price of lots this season, 50x100 feet, will be \$25 each. For further particulars address,
N. M. & W. R. PEPPER,
May 20, '85. Danbury, N. C.



WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things we have done,
And, counting, find
One self-deceiving act, one word,
That ceased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count that day well spent.
But if, through all the living day,
We've cared no heart by yea or nay;
If, through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

Captured by Apaches.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

There arrived on the Southern overland train one day last week a short, fair-haired woman, of perhaps 35 years. Her features were wrinkled and careworn, though, and gave evidence that their owner had seen more than her share of mental suffering and anguish. The woman was Mrs. Rosina Laxton, and she had come direct from New Mexico to this city, where she had a married sister living. During the past eight years of her life she has lived through what few members of her sex have been called upon to undergo. Each one of those wrinkles which now mar what was once a handsome face was gathered while she was a suffering captive in the hands of the cruel Apache Indians. To a Call reporter who visited her in her sister's cosy little cottage in the Mission, Mrs. Laxton related the story of her life, the terrible trials and pains borne through eight miserable years, and the details of her final escape from the brutal captors.

"In 1878," said Mrs. Laxton in a subdued tone of voice, which occasionally quivered as if recalling the past awoke emotions which she could hardly restrain, "John, that was my husband, and I moved from Leavenworth, Kansas, to Santa Fe. John worked there for a long time, and we were happy. He then got an idea in his head that he could do better if he struck out for himself and went into stock-raising. He had some money and I thought with him that it would be a good move. So we packed up all our things in a big prairie schooner, and in this, with two children I rode, while John and a scout, who kindly volunteered to see us fixed in some place, drove the cattle. Our march was a long and weary one, and I cannot remember how we went, but I know that we at last stopped at a place the guide said was called White Water. All around was short stubble grass, and where we were camped some one had dug a well. The guide said we would have to stop here for at least two weeks, as he did not care to push on until he had heard from the fort whether the Indians were off their reservation or not. I did not like the place at all. It was so dreary, and when the guide left us to gain the information he wanted I felt very nervous indeed. John, however, said the guide assured him that we were in the safest place in the Territory at White Water.

Three days passed away, and we had heard nothing from the absent guide. On the evening of this day John, who had taken a long tramp, came home looking quite flurried, and after repeated questions he at last told me that he was afraid Indians were near, as he had observed a stray mustang roaming over the plain grazing on the bunch-grass. I advised him to harness up the horses at once and drive on, but he said that would be a sure way to run into them. Oh, how well I recollect John saying that to me. I folded the children up in their blankets that night and over their slumbering forms I prayed that we might not fall victims to the blood-thirsty Indians. I could not sleep and lay tossing about, starting up at every moan of the night wind that swept over the prairie. John, too was wakeful. It must have been about midnight when our dog began to bark, and we could hear the cattle moving. I was paralyzed with terror, but John sprang up and looked out. In another moment he gave a grasping cry, and said to me: "Ellen, the Indians are upon us."

John fired his pistols and there were return shots, and in the blaze of fire I fell over my children in a faint."

The recollection was too vivid, and Mrs. Laxton leaned her head upon the table by which she was sitting and wept piteously. After a few moments she composed herself and resumed, in a broken tone: "When I came to I was in the arms of a horrible brute of an Indian, and around me were a score more. Our wagon was a blazing mass, which lit up the scene with its light. The Indians were hastily gathering our cattle together, and I knew they were going to leave. I cried out aloud for John and the children, but the best that held me only jeered at me and shot me. Then I struggled to get away from him. In doing so I turned around, and behold—oh, God! it is horrible—my dear husband and children. They were lying on the ground—dead, dead, dead; yes, and bleeding and scalped. From the belt of the wretch that held me dangled the white, silky hair of my little girl and brown locks of my loved boy. That was all I can recollect. I became a maniac, I believe, and dashed my fist again and again in the face of my captors until I sank unconscious from exhaustion.

My life after that was but the case that all female captives of the Apaches lead. For days and days they kept me bound hand and foot, and cruel squaws and children beat me with sticks. The pass became a blurred belt in my memory. I no longer dwelt upon the horrible sight presented by memory when I thought of my husband and children. They at last released me, and I was allowed to wander about their camp in the mountains. I was a slave, and was made to carry water and wood, and do all sorts of menial and disgusting work. I was fed upon scraps, and at night had only a ragged blanket to protect me from the cold. How I lived through it I know not. One day the chief pulled me into his wigwam, and gave me to understand that I was to be his squaw. There was no help for it; my degradation became complete. As the chief's squaw my lot was not so hard, as I was no longer a slave for the tribe. Then, too, not being compelled to labor and wander about half-starved and bruised and sore, as before, my mind became clearer and I thought once again of my children and husband.

While my Indian husband was away I would sit and weep, as I thought and lived over again that awful night near White Water well. The chief, seeing my red eyes, always beat me and used hard language. All I prayed for was death, but it did not come, and I would not take my own life. My final escape happened in this way: The Indians moved from their mountain camp very suddenly and started through the hills, which there are called the Organ on account of their looking like organ-pipes across what is called the "bad lands." From all I understood they knew that some troops were after them. Upon hearing of this a strange longing for liberty came over me, and I determined to escape or perish with my child, for I was now the mother of an Indian girl. I loved it, though. Taking my baby in my arms, I one night secured one of the camp Mustangs and escaped without being observed, for the Indians were holding an orgie over some liquor which they had stolen from from a station-house on the stage road. My wanderings lasted two days, and both baby and I were well nigh dead from the exposure. I at last found the state-road and went along it. I was so weak I could hardly hold the baby in my arms and keep my place on the horse. How overjoyed I was you can imagine when I heard a wagon rolling along the road behind us. It was the stage. I was taken up, and, off; so kindly cared for. The good people in it could not do enough for me and baby. The passengers made up some money and gave it to me. At Santa Fe I was also kindly cared for, and from there I came to San Francisco to live with my sister. She is all I have to live for now. Baby died at Santa Fe. It never survived the exposure on the plain. I do not expect to live long myself. I have a severe cough, which has settled on my lungs, and the horrors which I have just passed through have made me a nervous wreck. I cannot sleep at night. I see before me a terrible picture of the bleaching bones of my husband and children lying beside the dreary White Water well."—San Francisco Call.

Scotland wants home rule, too, but is Scotland willing to give it to Ireland?

VANDERBILT AND GARRETT.

A Western Marylander, an intimate friend of the late John W. Garrett, related to me the other day the circumstances of the first meeting between Mr. Garrett and old Commodore Vanderbilt, the pioneers in that railroad world in which their sons have since become kings. Mr. Garrett related the interview to my friend a few days after its occurrence.

The president of the Baltimore and Ohio called upon the old commodore just after Bob Garrett had graduated from Princeton College in 1867. Bob and Harrison were with their father at the time, and when they were ushered into the presence of the Commodore the two boys took themselves to an obscure corner of the room. Mr. Vanderbilt's greeting was:

"Garrett, you have run that B. and O. d—d well."

Such words from the lips of such a clerical-looking gentleman as Mr. Vanderbilt astounded Mr. Garrett, who admitted his success, but modestly attributed it to the board of directors rather than to any ability of his own.

"The directors de—d—d," sharply interrupted the clerical-looking old Commodore; "they are the most intolerable nuisances outside of h—."

Bob and Harry snickered so loudly at this that Mr. Vanderbilt looked at them, seemingly surprised at their presence. "Who are these youngsters?" he inquired of his guests. Mr. Garrett introduced them as his sons.

"Look here," he continued, "if you want to make men out of them take some advice from me. Put them at the hardest work you can scrape up in your office and keep them at it all the time. Marry them as quickly as you can and make them support their wives and families without any help from you."

Mr. Garrett and the old commodore never met again.

"Bob" has become the successor of his father, and it was at his feet that the son and successor of the man who told his father how to raise him fell dead.—Baltimore Herald.

THE COLOR OF THE EYE.

Some curious researches have recently been undertaken by Swiss and Swedish physicians on the color of the eyes, but without any apparent purpose. For convenience all eyes were divided into blue or brown, the various shades of gray eyes being classified according to the prominence of blue or brown in their color. Some of the conclusions from a great many observations are these: That women with brown eyes have better prospects of marriage than those with blue, that the average number of children is greater with parents whose eyes are dissimilar. In children both of whose parents have blue eyes ninety-three per cent. inherit blue eyes; but in children both of whose parents have brown eyes only eighty per cent. have brown eyes. The above results were reached in Switzerland. In Sweden the discoveries were not quite the same. The woman with brown eyes were more numerous than the men with brown eyes; but brown eyes are apparently increasing there, as in Switzerland.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE LOCAL PAPER.

Every year every local paper gives from 500 to 5,000 free lines for the sole benefit of the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The local editor in proportion to his means does more for his town than any other ten men, and in all fairness, man with man, he ought to be supported, not because you may happen to like him or admire his writing, but because a local paper is the best investment a community can make. It may not be brilliant or crowded with more thoughts, but financially it is more of a benefit to a community than the preacher. Understand us now, we do not mean morally or intellectually, but financially, and yet on the moral question you will find the majority of the local papers are on the right side of the question. Today the editors of local papers do the most work for the least money of any men on earth. Subscribe for your local paper, not as a charity, but as an investment.—David Davis.

"Mamma," said little Frank Potter, who was my great-great-grandfather, on as far back as you can go? "Why, I suppose it must have been Adam," said Mrs. Potter. "Adam?" said Frank. "Well, I never knew that Adam was a Potter."

GENERAL NEWS.

The Congressional Investigating Committee is in session at St. Louis.

Milwaukee brewers have granted the demands of their striking workmen.

Six or seven men are reported killed in Chicago last night, in the labor troubles.

386,062 standard silver dollars were issued from the mints during the week ending April 24th.

The reply of the Greek government to the ultimatum of the Powers is considered insufficient.

Indictments were found against the leaders of the street railroad strike in New York for conspiracy.

The Vulcan Iron Works at Carondelet resumed, the men accepting the terms proposed by the bosses.

The public debt reduction in April is about eleven and a half millions; two millions have been paid out in pensions.

An earthquake shock that swayed buildings and broke windows is reported from Athens and Nelsonville, Ohio.

It is now said that the Supreme Court of Virginia will deliver its opinion in the Cluverius case on next Tuesday.

The pedestal to the Bartholdi statue at the entrance to the harbor of New York, is at last complete according to design.

Every planing mill of importance in Milwaukee was shut down April 29, in consequence of demands by the workmen.

Apache Indians are on a raid in Arizona and have killed a number of settlers; volunteers and troops are in pursuit.

There was a great labor demonstration in Baltimore, participated in by all trades; six thousand people were in the procession.

The pork-packers at Chicago stock yards want eight hours to constitute a day's work; it is probable that it will be conceded.

The Turks have 200,000 men in arms. The Greeks have 70,000, the Servians 100,000 and the Bulgarians 100,000.

A mob of strikers at Bay View, Wis., threaten trouble; the Governor has ordered several companies of militia to the scene of the disturbance.

There is an entire suspension of building in Washington, D. C., but no evidence of trouble, on account of the demand for eight hours as a day's work.

Heavy rains in Mississippi, all trains delayed; a construction train wrecked by a washout; conductor and fireman were killed and the engineer badly hurt.

The prohibition election in Richmond on the 26th, ult., resulted in an overwhelming majority for the "wet" ticket. The vote stood—"wet," 6,941; "dry," 3,269.

The Philadelphia Times estimates the number of laborers now on a strike at 100,000. All are demanding eight hours a day. They say less work but the same wages.

Three wheelmen have started from New Orleans for Boston. They are on bicycles and expect to make the 1,600 miles in 30 days. Each will carry 10 pounds of baggage.

The railroad strike at St. Louis has ended, the strike being declared off by the Executive Board of the Knights of Labor, the result of the labor of the Congressional investigating Committee.

A St. Louis physician cured a case of alcoholism by means of opium; he then cured the opium habit through the agency of cocaine, and now he is searching for some thing with which to cure the cocaine habit.

President has sent a basket of choice flowers from the White House conservatory to ex-President Arthur, with a note in which the President expresses the hope that the distinguished invalid would soon recover and enjoy many happy days.

Mercury Jones a notorious negro was shot down by a mob of citizens about midnight April 28, near Auburn, Ky. On Monday night Jones entered the room of two respectable young ladies and tried to chloroform them, but was discovered, and made his escape. He was captured by officers, who were taking him to jail when a mob seized Jones and hung him.

CRUMBS OF HUMOR.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

When a young man tries for three minutes in church to brush a sunbeam off his new coat under the impression that it is a streak of dust and then looks up and sees a pretty girl laughing at him, he kind of loses the thread of the sermon, temporarily, as it were.

A little girl sat on the floor, crying. After awhile she stopped and seemed buried in thought. Hooking up suddenly, she said: "Mamma, what was I crying about?" "Because I wouldn't let you go down town." "Oh! yes!" and she set up another howl.

Astronomers tell us in their own simple, intelligible way, that the gradual lengthening of the day is due to the obliquity of the ecliptic to the terrestrial horizon. This ought to set at rest the foolish idea that the days are longer because the sun rises earlier and sets later.

WANTED TO HEAR HIM TALK.

Enfant Terrible (jumping into visitor's lap): You're Mr. Noodleby, ain't you?

Noodleby: Yes, dear, that's my name.

E. T.: Well, I want to hear you talk.

Noodleby: And why, my pretty dear?

E. T.: 'Cause pa says you talk like a jackass, and I never heard one.—Rambler.

THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW FOR HER.

"Papa," said the daughter of a large employer of labor, "are you in favor of eight-hour system?" "Well, daughter," he answered, "under certain circumstances I am."

"Oh, I'm so glad," she rapturously exclaimed.

"Why my dear, why are you so interested?"

"Because, papa, George has been only staying four hours every evening, and he told me last night if you favored the eight-hour system he needn't go home nearly so early. You dear old papa, I'm so glad you are in favor of it," and she threw her soft white arms about his neck and choked off all explanations.—Washington Critic.

THE KIND OF FARMING THAT PAYS.

Mr. Richard Reed, a young Georgia planter, who began farming seven years ago with a mortgage of \$4,000 over his place and who has since cleared \$40,000 attributes his success to giving personal attention to business and to raising his own provisions. He says: "I never saw a man who did not raise his own corn that made money in cotton.

I never saw a corn raiser that wasn't a prosperous farmer. You can often figure out that you can buy corn cheaper than you can raise it—but that is only on paper. Corn raisers always prosper—the others fail. My cotton crop is always a cash surplus. I make my other crops carry the farm.—E. M. Uzel.

Farmers, you are the bone and sinew of the land. Your progress and success deeply concern all classes and conditions of men. Progressive farming implies diversified crops. You have found out by experience and observation that it is not good policy to extend all your time and labor on a single product. You know well that cotton alone will not feed, clothe and educate your family and free you from debt. The same may be said of corn and wheat. Then try another remedy. Quit the imported fertilizers. Make your manure, sow grass and clover. Raise your own hay and make your own meat.—Pittsboro Home.

Texas is a curious State. It is so cosmopolitan that the Governor's messages are printed in four different languages. About thirty thousand copies are printed in English, ten thousand in German and five thousand each in Spanish and Bohemian.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune, they say, and it needs but a glance to convince the most skeptical that some men don't know any more about architecture than a hen knows about artificial incubation.—Merchant Traveler.

Prohibition met with an overwhelming defeat in Richmond and Manchester and Lynchburg, Va.