

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

VOLUME XV.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1886.

NO. 6

Reporter and Post.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
DANBURY, N. C.

PEPPER & SONS, Pubs. & Prop.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One Year, payable in advance, \$1.50
Six Months, \$0.75

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
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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; who, with 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 1/4 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 a

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.



CULTIVATE HAPPINESS.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

Is happiness a plant of mortal birth,
Which slowly cultured, grows in gracious earth?
Bather a heavenly glory, or bright dew,
Slipped from the bosom of the cloudless blue,
On some fair morning, to the soul's surprise,
Fresh from the fragrance born in Paradise.

THE LOVER'S VOW.

WILLIAM SHARWOOD.

Nay I love thee and will leave thee never,
Till death's dark veil shall hide me from thy face,
And then methinks my soul will stay with thee,
If earth can from its circling orb be turned,
And leave the sun, and be in turn the zones;
If you cluster stars that mark the north,
Can leave their rightly appointed places,
Darkening the spots they once illumined,

Bright beguilers to the watchful pilot;
If heaven's rule can leave the world,
That it by will ordained, hath justly fastened—
Soul, man, earth, stars, creation's rule may part,
I shall from thee never—Levellingine:
My thoughts and actions are alone of thee.

—FROM THE DETROTTED, a drama.

Catching a Spy.

SONNES IN ATLANTA IN THE TURBULENT DAYS OF '61.

HOW ABOLITIONISTS WERE DETECTED—
STORY OF A VIRGINIAN WHO
WAS REWARDED WITH
SUSPICION.

The first blood spilled in Georgia during the war was right here in Atlanta, says the Constitution, of that city. There was no battle, not even a riot, but it was a very serious affair at the time. Patriotism was at the bottom of it—patriotism and apples.

It was in the early part of '61 just before the State seceded or a little later. We were in a regular state in those days. So many startling rumors were afloat that even the most conservative of our citizens felt it their duty to keep a sharp watch on suspicious-looking strangers.

Atlanta was then about one-third its present size. People knew each other, and it was an easy matter to spot a stranger. Visitors who were here for a day or two were in the habit of spending much of their time in a reading-room annexed to a publishing house on Alabama street. The reading-room was on the second floor, and was furnished with desks running around the apartment. There were no chairs, and the readers had to stand up. At this place several abolitionists were spotted while the secession excitement was at its height. Their appearance drew attention and patriotic citizens were readily found who made it a point to lounge about the room while the suspects were present. In every instance the simple abolitionists gave themselves away. They eagerly devoured the southern papers, especially those from South Carolina, and from time to time copied in their notebooks such choice extracts as they thought could be used to advantage in the North. After stuffing themselves with information these pilgrims were quietly taken in charge by a committee and conducted to a secluded place, where they were searched and interrogated. It speaks well for the community that there was no resort to violence. In every case the offensive interlopers were given a chance to leave town, and they never failed to go without delay.

One case, however, was peculiarly calculated to excite bad feeling and provoke violence. We were just drifting into war. We dreaded the secret work of spies and oranks of the John Brown stamp. It seemed that self-preservation demanded vigilance and decisive action. It was whispered around the hotels one rainy afternoon that a Yankee abolitionist had been in the reading-room and taking copious notes. What settled the matter was the fact that he wrote his notes in a kink of shorthand or cipher that could not be understood by

several patriots who had been sufficiently public-spirited to peep over his shoulder. When this came out, there was general indignation. Those who had seen the stranger swore that he was a Yankee. His pink and white complexion and his brogue made that plain. Gradually stray citizens dropped into the reading-room until there was a considerable crowd. The spy, with singular stupidity, continued his work. He whistled as he read, and frequently paused to scribble in his note-book. Finally, just about dusk, he put up his book and turned with the evident intention of leaving. By that time every-thing had been arranged. The spectators stood, some of them in the room and the others in the hall leading to the stairway. A young man approached the suspect, who, by the way, was a good-looking, mild-faced youth, and said with an air of authority:

"Sir, we know who you are, and we know your business here. If you will go with us quietly, it will be better for you."

The stranger was simply dumb-founded—paralyzed, as it were. Unfortunately, this was against him. It was mistaken for the brazen self-possession of a malignant enemy.

"Come, sir," said the leader of the Citizens' Committee, "we do not desire to use force."

The prisoner said not a word. A desperate glare flashed from his eyes, his face hardened, and he suddenly backed into a corner.

"Look out!" exclaimed two or three voices.

The warning was not a second too early. The man thrust his right hand behind him.

This action was entirely unexpected. Nobody had dreamed that this public enemy would have the madness in the very heart of the South to attempt resistance in the face of a score of determined men.

"He's drawing a pistol!" shouted a dozen citizens.

Two or three yelled "Murder!" Several volunteered the statement that they were going for the police, and the entire crowd backed precipitately into the dark hall, where they came in contact with the outsiders, who were doing their best to get into the room. In half a minute the bewildered members of the crowd were pummeling each other, pulling hair, and yelling in the most blood-curdling way imaginable. Each man expected a bullet in his back from the mysterious outlaw, and at the same time he was afraid of being knifed by the latest comers, who appeared to be incapable of understanding the situation.

So, with yells, cries and curses rivaling pandemonium, the vigilantes struggled in the gathering darkness to the stairway, and went thundering down, kicking and fighting and spluttering, until they landed—some of them head-foremost—on the pavement. Here they were picked up and separated. Reinforcements arrived, explanations were made, and in less than five minutes from the time the racket began everything was ready for another attack upon the abolitionist. Four or five broken boxes, arms, were left behind.

A dozen well-ascended as

When they

What's all this ab-

Lits insolence was

was thought best to an-

"You are a Yankee. your documents and they have copied from these pa-

The man burst into a fit He laughed until he was i- faces. Several started to b- roughly, but he brooded up and

"It's all right, gentlemen, have unintentionally acted sump-

but I will explain. My name is Shuttles. I live at Danville, Va an in the tobacco business. I t-

over a day here, and have been r- over these papers here for the quotat-

of tobacco everywhere. Here is a book. Some of the notes are in short hand, but you can make out those figures. I regret having caused all this excite-

ment."

A dead silence fell upon the crowd. "Why did you draw a pistol?" said

one. "I did not. I drew this apple from my coat pocket. I was so confused that I did not know what I was doing, and almost mechanically I commenced tagging away at the apple, which I could hardly get out of my pocket."

It was recollected then that no one had seen him draw a pistol.

"I am going down now to the store of Blank & Blank," said the stranger, "and if the gentleman will accompany me he will receive assurances from the firm that I am a true Virginian and an original secession man."

He laid his hand on the arm of the leader of the vigilantes, and the two walked off together, the others standing aside to make way for them.

It turned out that the tobacco man was O. K. He was a good fellow, and took in the town with the boys that night. But his reticence, confusion and peculiar conduct placed him in a position of great danger. If any of the vigilantes had been armed, he would doubtless have been riddled with bullets when he reached behind him for that apple.

MICA.

Mica is so called from the Latin word mica a grain. It is sometimes mis- properly called insinglass which is a gluey preparation made from the sounds or air-bladders of fish, and is used for making jelly, also for making a strong glue. Mica is a mineral, and is in- combustible. It is found in six-sided crystals and masses of irregular shape, but all showing the peculiar crystalline form, which may be split into thin sheets.

Mica has a variety of uses. It splits very readily into thin, elastic plates, which are generally transparent, and sometimes not more than one 300,000th part of an inch in thickness. These are used in setting objects for the micro- scope. Large plates of it, often a yard in diameter, are found in Norway Sweden, Siberia, Peru, Mexico and the United States. In some of these coun- tries it is sometimes used as a substitute for glass in windows. It is also put in lanterns, especially for ships at sea, and bears sudden changes of temperature better than glass and is not liable to be broken by the discharge of cannon. It is also employed in a powdered state to give a brilliant appearance to walls, and as a fine sand sprinkled on writing.

When it is in a state of very fine powder it is known as *cat's gold* or *cat's silver*, according to its color. It is usually colorless but is often white, gray, green, red, brown, black, or yellow. It is more common use however, is for the doors of stoves and for the openings of try- ingers of blast furnaces through which the furnaces observe the interior of the furnaces. Poor qualities that are not clear are common and are rarely market- able, the clear colorless kind are sold by the pound at prices ranging ac- cording to the size.

LARGEST BILLEDS AND TUN- NELS.

Maxwell

THE GARFIELD FAMILY.

The Garfield home on Prospect street where Mrs. Garfield has lived since President Garfield's death, is empty and for sale. Mrs. Garfield and her family have gone to live at the Mentor farm, where, she says, she can find more peace and comfort than anywhere else. Before she went there the house on the farm was remodelled and added to.

Still, it was much too small for the equipments of the city house, and a few days ago a private sale was held, at which a great many things were disposed of at fabulous prices. During the unsettled period Grandma Garfield went to her old home at Solon, a village twelve miles from town, and near Hiram College, where her boy was taught and taught others. The old lady is pestered almost to sickness by auto- graph hunters, and will attend to them no more. She is strong and very clear of mind, as of old. Since the removal of Mrs. Garfield to Mentor grandma has rejoined her.

One reason why the house on the farm was enlarged was the need of a room where President Garfield's effects and papers could be placed. These have all been arranged with the utmost care, and placed in systematic order. The articles in the memorial room of the Prospect street house have also been removed to a specially built room in the Mentor home, a rare collection of tributes from nearly every State in the Union, and from nearly every civil- ized nation in the world. Mrs. Garfield's father, Mr. Zeff Rudolph, is with her. He and grandma are nearly of the same age—about 83. Harry Garfield is at home. He has returned from St. Paul's school, near Concord, N. H. where he has been teaching. James R. is studying law with Judges Boynton and Hale of this city, and is going to make a good, and perhaps a great law- yer. He is a close student, and has his father's retentive and legal mind.

Molly is with her mother at Mentor, but often comes to town. She is Presi- dent of the McAll Mission Society, an organization for missionary work in Paris. Mrs. Garfield looks well, but lives very quietly, and retains her gar- ments of black. She gave \$50,000 for the Prospect street house, and has only, as yet, been offered \$45,000.—Cleveland (Ohio) Leader.

PETRYFING HUMAN BODIES.

A New York undertaker an embal- mer said to a Mail and Express reporter that he believed the time was not far distant when the lost art of mummify- ing bodies would be discovered.

"What struck me with that idea was the great state of preservation the body of Preller, killed by Maxwell in St. Louis, was found when exhumed to undergo in examination by the physicians. The body had been buried some time, and the lawyers for the defense imagin- ed that it would be so decayed no post-mortem examination could be made the way to discover the t-

Maxwell

The New York Times gives a special from Winston, N. C., concerning the ten year old daughter of Mr. Samuel Reid who has been singularly afflicted for six months. It says:

"The child has no organic disease. She is confined to the bed, and often lapses into insensibility that lasts for 20 days. During these periods the little girl refuses nourishment, and food is only given her by main force. Occa- sionally she awakes and asks for some- thing to eat, and takes small quantities and then again sinks into an unconscious state. A stranger would declare the young girl to be dead, so deathlike is her appearance, with her eyes closed, respiration gentle and scarcely percepti- ble, and resists all attempts to bring her to a state of consciousness, and refuses to speak only at the intervals when she calls for food. No signs of pain are ex- hibited, and the case baffles the skill of the attending physicians. The little sufferer has not lost flesh. She retains her color, and but for her continued trance-like condition would be thought to be asleep."

FALL PLOUGHING.

Every year increase the acres of fall ploughing, because every year farmers receive evidence of the value of it. In the first place the conditions for ploughing in the fall are all favorable. The horses are at their best, the soil is in good condition, the weather is pleas- ant, the crops are harvested or out of the way, and there is ample time for doing the work leisurely and well. It has grown into a proverb that frequent til- lage is manure. This means that the earth is a great absorbent, and if thrown up and exposed to the air it will gather in the fertilizing elements which the atmosphere carries. Fall ploughing viewed from any standpoint, pays as farmers will see after it has been thor- oughly tested.

GOOD SOUND SENSE.

Many of our State papers are urging our farmers to improve their stock. What we want first is to im- prove our farming. We want grasses for meadows and pastures; barns, sheds, and more care given to animals than they now receive; then get improved stock, but first be in a condition to take care of it. Ten years on an upland farm in the central part of the State has taught us that grasses of every kind used for forage and pasture do as well here as in any part of the United States, and when the same strict attention is given to stock of any kind it can be raised here cheaper than at the North and of equal quality.—The Forest and Farm.

COST OF RAISING WHEAT.

The Michigan Secretary of State fig- ures the average cost of growing wheat in that State at 59.1 cents per bushel, oats at 29 cents and corn at 21.1 cents. The prices of these grains there are respectively 84 cents, 29 cents, and 18 cents bush- 38 bush-