

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

VOLUME XV.

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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 a mile from the celebrated Piedmont Springs; about the same distance to Pepper's Alum Springs; 1 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, "Cananea," 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,

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GOD REIGNS.
—
MRS. BROWNING.

God reigns above. He reigns alone;
Systems burn out and leave His throne,
And still His years roll on,
Mists of creation melt and fall
Around Him changeless amid all,
Whose ages still roll on.

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear Him charge His saints that none
Among His creatures anywhere,
Blaspheme against Him in despair,
Though darkly days go on.

For us whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, wilt what is done,
Though our dark days go on,
Perhaps the cup was broken here:
That heaven's new wine might show more clear.

So let the days go on,
I praise Thee while the days go on,
I love Thee while the days go on;
The day-spring cometh on,
Thro' dark and death, thro' fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasures lost,
My days are going on.

A Fascinating Girl.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "For Her Sake" "The Romance of a Buck Street," Etc.

CHAPTER II.

MAJ. CRAWSHAW BLUNDERS TO BEGIN WITH.

The last train from town had reached Battleton Junction at 9:30 p. m., and the station girls were extra busy in consequence, when a tall, stern, bronzed man, with closely cropped gray hair and an iron gray mustache, strode up to the counter and demanded a cup of tea. Maj. Crawshaw had chosen his time well, for young Todd was not present at the occasion—the Todd dining late on that particular evening, by some kitchen mischance which had been carefully prepared beforehand by more than one conspirator.

Maj. Crawshaw had marched at once to that portion of the counter over which Miss Racket presided. From a hasty glance over the heads of a struggling mob his keen eyes had taken stock of Miss Racket—her tall, full figure, her round, rosy cheeks and broad, continual smile; and he had decided that this was the particular vixen who had upset the mental equilibrium of his family, and fascinated his fool of a nephew. Just the sort of young woman to wind poor little Todd round her finger, he thought—pert, showy, saucy and far from unreserved in her demeanor. This was she, without a doubt.

Miss Racket drew her cup of tea leisurely and indifferently, and after five stentorian applications for the beverage. She was in no hurry, if he were, and there was a young man to attend to who was going north, with a white hat all on one side, and who had complimented her on her appearance that evening, and regretted that he did not live at Battleton, and would have heaped other compliments had time allowed him, and Maj. Crawshaw had not bawled persistently for tea over his left shoulder.

The major drank slowly, and at a ham sandwich meanwhile, which he forgot to pay for, until another of the young ladies reminded him of his error. This was Miss Daly, always as sharp as a needle in her employers' interest; not Miss Racket, who, when furred by admirers, would have allowed a quarter of hundred of Watling's pines to escape her notice with impunity.

When the railway bell had rung and the white hat had drifted away with other traveling atoms, and there was peace, and only one man left at the counter, Maj. Crawshaw began to attract the attention of Miss Racket. He was not going on by the 9:35; he was a resident at Battleton, or a visitor, or—for such odd things do occur at refreshment counters—he had been struck by her personal appearance and disposed to proceed by the next down train. Miss Racket was impulsive and romantic and leaped quickly to conclusions, but then the major stared at her very much, did not even take his eyes off her when drinking his tea, but glared at her with the rim of his cap pressed against the bridge of his aquiline nose. Miss Racket glanced at him again. By the side of the offensive young man in the white hat he had appeared grim and old enough, but alone in his glory he

was a trim, good looking, stalwart gentleman of imposing appearance. Miss Blard called him "an old buck," and asked Miss Racket behind the soda water bottles who the old buck was that was making eyes at her, but Miss Racket did not answer her rude question and thought within herself that he was only a middle aged buck, and middle aged bucks are deserving of a little consideration when they are struck "all of a heap" at first sight. There were many tales, true or false, in history of lucky "catches" in this fashion, perhaps her time had come and this stern gentleman was her fate. She wished she had not let him ask so many times for tea now and that he would not glare quite so fiercely at her, perhaps there was a "black" somewhere on her nose. The "blacks" came in very frequently through the open doors of the refreshment department. She had been unconsciously smudged for ten minutes yesterday, having been all that time without looking into the glass at the back of the counter.

Yes, she had made a conquest. "It's a fine evening," said the major. "Yes, sir, very fine."

"You'll soon have finished here, I suppose?"

"Some of us will, and some of us won't. I'm one of the 'wonts' this evening, she said, facetiously.

"You'll excuse me, young lady," he said, penitentially; "but I do not quite understand you. What is a 'wont'?"

"Won't go home till mornin'—almost," she said, lightly. "Why, how dull you are!"

"Yes, I am dull. I always was dull of comprehension, I am afraid," he replied. "You mean as trade falls off a less number of young ladies is required at the refreshment stand?"

"Oh yes, she means all that, sir," Miss Blard broke in here, to Miss Racket's suppressed annoyance, and then Miss Blard and Miss Dart had an animated conversation together, interspersed with hysterical laughter, and much "Did he, though?" and "Really?"

"You young ladies appear to be very happy here," said the major, still to Miss Racket.

"We are very happy as times,"

"Plenty of admirers, of course?"

"Lots of them—such as they are," said Miss Racket.

"Ah! they vary in quality as well as quantity, I suppose?"

"I should think they did," replied Miss Racket, while the outspoken Miss Blard muttered "Rather," and nearly killed Miss Dart with laughter.

"I suppose you get used to them all, and don't pay any heed to their persiflage," said the major.

"Their pury-what?" inquired the bewildered Miss Racket.

"Their light compliments and their foolish love making—their silly and unadvised sentimentalities, half drink and half damned nonsense—I beg pardon," he said, gravely raising his hat; "I am addressing a lady, and didn't mean to be so forcible."

"We don't believe everything we are told," said Miss Racket. "Oh, no."

"In your position, young lady," he said, "you should not believe anything you are told—unless its in disparagement of the sandwiches, and they are confoundedly bad, to be sure. I never before came across so much fat in one sandwich in the whole course of my existence."

"I'm very sorry."

"Pray don't mention it. I did not call here for sandwiches, but to talk quietly and naturally to a sensible young woman," said the major.

"Oh, sir, how can you say so? Oh dear me!"

"I came to Battleton on purpose, I assure you."

"Why, I never saw you in my life."

"No, I don't think you did," said the major. "Perhaps you'll wish you had never seen me, or be very glad one day that we have met in this fashion. There's no telling. Life's a queer enigma. I'll take one more cup of tea."

"Yes, sir,"

The tea was drawn, and the major continued his fixed stare.

"Your name is Daly, I presume?" he said at last.

"Oh no, it ain't," said Miss Racket, very quickly now.

"Not Miss Daly? Indeed," and the major's face shadowed as with a keen sense of disappointment.

Miss Racket suddenly became pert and sharp and satirical.

"I'm not the beauty; oh no! I wonder where your eyes were if you came all this way to look at her. Oh no! Lord bless you, we're none of us half as

good-looking as Miss Daly. Three pence, please, for that tea, and thank you."

Miss Racket would have retired immediately had he not said quickly, "Wait a moment, please," in so audacious a tone that he reminded her of Mr. Javelins on his inspection tour, and when the receipts did not quite correspond with the consumption of material.

Maj. Crawshaw looked round the place very carefully now, and for the first time observed a quiet, thoughtful girl standing at the back of the counter reading a letter.

"If—is that Miss Daly?" he inquired.

"Yes, that's her," answered Miss Racket. "Shall I tell her you want to speak to her?"

"Not this moment, if you please," replied the major. "I'm very sorry you are not Miss Daly; it's exceedingly aggravating to lose my time like this. Besides it wouldn't have mattered so much if you had been—dash it!" and Maj. Crawshaw stamped with his foot and looked vexed.

Miss Racket by this time had recovered herself, and lost the little amiability which she had been ever known to possess. She did not love Miss Daly as a sister, on the contrary, as she had told Miss Blard more than once in confidence, she hated her like poison; and to be gravely informed by a gentleman that he had lost time in talking to her, under the misapprehension that she was the identical Miss Daly, whom he had come especially to see, would have tried the temper of a greater saint than she was likely to turn out.

"Miss Daly," she said, with almost a screech of envy, "here's another gentleman wants to talk to you for a little while."

Miss Daly looked up from her letter, and then went on calmly with its perusal.

"Oh! it's true—it is, indeed," said Miss Racket. "Ask him."

"I am busy," said Miss Daly, without looking up this time.

"Miss Daly—if you will excuse my abruptness—I should be glad of your attention for a few moments," said the major.

There was a genuine ring in the voice that was not a little startling to the Battleton Junction girls, and it impressed Miss Daly, who put her letter in her pocket and advanced at once. When she was facing him, and regarding him with two thoughtful brown eyes, he was more sorry than ever that this was Miss Daly; he hardly knew why at this moment, there seemed too many reasons to be sorry, and they were all jumbled together at that instant inextricably.

"Well, sir," said Miss Daly very quietly,

TO BE CONTINUED.

COMPLETING A GREAT GUN.

There is being completed at the Scott foundry in Reading, Pa., under the direction of Col. Norman Ward, a breech-loading, chambered 12-inch combined rifle and smooth bore gun from which great results are anticipated. As soon as it is finished it will be taken to Washington for a test before the ordnance board. It will be fired thirty times an hour in this test, with a charge of 300 pounds of powder and a projectile of 600 pounds weight, producing an initial velocity of 2,000 feet per second. Col. Ward says that under this test 9,000 pounds of powder will be consumed and 18,000 pounds of projectiles delivered in an hour, an amount of work estimated in foot-pounds per hour far greater than can be performed with equal safety by any gun now in possession of or contemplated by any nation in the world.

In Turkey a man cannot have more than four wives, and if the first objects he cannot bring a second under the same roof. As a result a man cannot usually have more than one wife unless he is wealthy enough to keep up separate establishments for each. In Constantinople one wife is the general rule.

THE CUTTING CASE.

The real facts in the case of Cutting are gradually coming to light and it may be well to wait for all of them before the mind is fully made up as to the propriety of declaring war right away. Ex-Governor Rice, of Massachusetts has just returned from the Texas border and he says of Mr. Cutting and the disturbance he made:

"Cutting was a printer in El Paso. His reputation was not the best possible. He started a paper, but failed. Becoming a defaulter, he crossed the river and started a sheet in Paso del Norte. A Mexican started another newspaper in opposition. This angered Cutting, and he made a violent editorial attack upon his rival. The article was libelous in the extreme, according to Mexican law, and Cutting was arrested. The magistrate before whom he was arraigned treated him with great leniency, and let him off without payment of costs on condition of his publishing a retraction in his paper. He did so, but printed this in the smallest type and in the most obscure corner of the sheet. Then he went to El Paso and got the Herald of that place to publish a card attacking the magistrate. This paper is printed in English and in Spanish, and circulated almost as much in Mexico as in Texas. Cutting took copies of this paper containing the article against the justice and personally distributed them in Paso del Norte. For this he was arrested and is still held. Of course, there is a certain amount of what might be termed popular sympathy with Cutting. Perhaps if a public meeting were called in El Paso to-day the majority would side with Cutting, but that majority would be made up largely of the lawless element. The sensible part of the people are of a different opinion."

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 24.—The state department has received an official notice of the release of Cutting. The release will not affect Mr. Sedgewick's mission, which is to learn all the facts in the case. The government does not at present concern itself with any question of the damages due Cutting, but will use the information it may gather through Mr. Sedgewick in furtherance of its negotiations for a change of the Mexican laws so far as they are held to give a right to try Americans for acts committed within American territory.

The Arresures-Moudragon murder is still a subject of correspondence.

THE GREY AND THE BLUE.

Mrs. James K. Polk, the venerable widow of President Polk, has written a letter inviting the Grand Army of the Republic to hold its next reunion in Nashville, in which she says:

"Before I die I would that mine eyes could see the grand re-union of my beloved country in the city where my dear husband lies—see the veterans of the North embracing in amity where they once did in anger, and those who wore the grey shaking hands with their fellow-countrymen in the fellowship of a common destiny. I cannot but think the meeting of the grand army of the republic in Nashville in 1887 would be the grand turning point in the complete reconciliation of the land my husband presided over, and whose unity is dear to my heart."

The population of the United States has doubled itself in 25 years. It has taken France 140 years to do the same thing, and there is nothing slow about the French either.

The last Congress which has recently adjourned will be remembered for the bill regulating the presidential succession and the bill imposing a tax on oleumargarine. It was a very extravagant Congress.—Concord Times.

President Cleveland's vetoes will make the last session very memorable. He vetoed one hundred and fifty measures, and the famous Morrison resolution failed, because he did not sign it.—Concord Times.

Daniel Magone, a lawyer of Ogdensburg, N. Y., a prominent Democratic politician of the northern tier, has been appointed by the president to succeed Collector Hedden, resigned. It is said that Mr. Magone is a friend of the president's civil service policy.

FARM NOTES.

As a rule frosts comes about the middle of October, sometimes earlier, sometimes late.

In selling tobacco it is well to remember that the larger the parcel of any kind the better.

There is no branch of farming that yields safer or more steady returns than orchard fruit.

The most rational method of increasing the fertility of the soil is to plow under the crops that grow upon it.

The farmer who pastures ordinary meadows in the fall robs his next crop to an extent that he does not realize.

A tablespoonful of saltpetre just after dropping her calf is good for a cow, to prevent parturition fever or swelling of the bag.

Wheat bran oilcake meal, combined in a proportion by weight two of bran to one of meal, is an excellent food for cows giving milk.

Every orchard tree should always be staked for the first year or two, for if not killed at once by swaying about, its vitality is greatly injured.

It is said that if apples are covered with buckwheat chaff they will keep well and do not freeze as easily as when straw, sawdust or earth are used.

If you are going to set a new orchard remember that it is an excellent way to prepare a plan of the orchard, showing the position of each tree, variety, &c.

As to when it is the best to sell no general rule can be given, except that in face of a short crop it is good policy to hold but if the crop be a large one early sales are advisable.

Remember that as the fruit is taken from the land year after year, valuable chemical elements are removed, and hence it becomes necessary to apply some fertilizing material.

Fruit trees are benefited by mulching. Various substances may be used for the purpose. Straw, weeds, small bushes, sawdust, manure, or the like, affords suitable material for mulching.

The wheat crop this year is greatly in excess of last year's crop. The agricultural department estimates the entire crop of winter wheat at 295,000,000 bushels, at against 212,000,000 bushels last year. The New York Times estimates the total crop for the year at 420,000,000 or 427,000,000 bushels. It says: "But if there shall be no more than 420,000,000 in all, there will be an abundant supply, for the quantity used in the last fiscal year for consumption, seed and export was only 416,000,000 bushels. Crops abroad are on the whole in pretty good condition. The country carried over on July 1st a quantity of wheat estimated at from 65,000,000 to 75,000,000 bushels. It is not probable that the foreign demand will greatly increase this year. It seems plain, therefore, that our supply will be large enough to meet all requirements and that the surplus to be carried over on July 1, 1887, will not be less than the surplus with which we began the current crop year."

A LOCK-OUT.

AUGUSTA, GA., Aug. 11.—This is the first day of the lock-out in the cotton factories here. The following mills are in the league: Augusta, Enterprise, King, Sibley, Algernon, Shamrock and Riverside. All is quiet in the factory settlements. Relief committees are looking after needy families and moving many people into the country or sending them to other cities. The number of people shut out is 2,738. To these are paid in wages \$47,140 per month, not including officers or overseers. These mills consumed 3,756 bales of cotton per month. The proposition of the Knights having been accepted, the factories have resumed work.

A BIG BOND CALL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 12.—A call was made today for \$10,000,000 per cent. The call matures September 15.

Uncle Sam welcomes into his domain 3200 babies a day, not counting those who come by sea.—Ex.

The town of Skien, Norway, was burned, involving a loss of \$1,000,000.