

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

VOLUME XV.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1887.

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Reporter and Post.

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Six Months, .90
Three Months, .50
RATES OF ADVERTISING:
No Square (ten lines or less) 1 line, .81 00
or each additional insertion, .50
Contractors for longer time or more space can be made in proportion to the above rates.
Transient advertisements will be expected to remit according to these rates, at the time they send their favors.
Local Notices will be charged 50 per cent. higher than above rates.
Business Cards will be inserted at Ten Dollars per annum.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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P. B. JOHNSTON, JULIUS JOHNSON

BOYD, REID & JOHNSON,
Attorneys-at-Law,
WENTWORTH, N. C.

Messrs. Reid and Johnson will regularly attend the Superior Courts of Stokes county.

R. L. HAYMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Mt. Airy, N. C.

Special attention given to the collection of claims. 1-12m

W. F. CARTER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
MT. AIRY, SURRY CO., N. C.

Practices wherever his services are wanted.

F. DAY, ALBERT JONES,
Day & Jones,
Manufacturers of

SADDLERY, HARNESS, COLLARS, TRUNK
No. 236 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

W. A. Tucker, H. C. Smith, B. S. Spranglin
Tucker, Smith & Co.,
Manufacturers & Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS AND CAPS
No. 250 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

R. J. & R. E. BEST,
WITH
Henry Sonneborn & Co.,
WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS.

29 Annapolis St., (between German & Lombard Sts.)
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H. SONNEBORN, B. BLEMLINE
Stephan Putney, L. A. Blair

W. H. MILES,
WITH
STEPHEN PUTNEY & CO
Wholesale Dealers in

Boots, Shoes, and Trunks,
1219 Main Street,
sept. 8-81-0m. RICHMOND, VA.

RICHARD WOOD, SAM'L P. GOODWIN,
HENRY BRIDGEMAN, BIRD'N. BACON.
WOOD, BACON & CO
Importers and Dealers of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
WHITE GOODS, ETC.
Nos. 209-211 Market St.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Parties having
CUT MICA

for sale will find it to their interest to correspond with

A. O. SCHOONMAKER,
158 William St., New York.

G. E. LEFTWICK,
with
WINGO, ELLETT & CRUMP,
RICHMOND, VA.

Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, & C.
Prompt attention paid to orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Virginia State Prison Goods a specialty
March, '86. m

ROBERT V. POWERS, EDGAR D. TAYLOR,
R. W. POWERS & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
Dealers in

PAINTS, OILS, DYES, VARNISHES,
French and American
WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, & C.
SMOKING AND CHEWING
CIGARS, TOBACCO A SPECIALTY
1305 Main St., Richmond, Va.
An advertisement 26-

WILSON, BURNS & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
30 S. Howard street, corner of Lombard.

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 Cotton; Peas; Beans; Potatoes; Wax; Wool; Dried Fruit; Raisins, etc. Our facilities for doing business are such as to warrant quick sale and prompt returns. All orders will have our my attention. 74

GEO. STEWART,
Tin and Sheet Iron Manufacturer.

Opposite Farmer's Warehouse,
WINSTON, N. C.

ROOFING, GUTTERING AND SPOUTING
done at short notice.

Keeps constantly on hand a fine lot of Cooking and Heating Stoves.

TO

W. S. Remson

TISE BLOCK,

Winston, N. C.

FOR GOOD

Tobacco Flues, Sheet Iron and Home made Tinware at

Living Prices

Also Roofing and Gutting at short Noticing, at BOTTOM PRICES.

Sept 16-ly

J. W. SHIPLEY,

Corner Main and 3rd Street
WINSTON, N. C.

MANUFACTURER OF
Under Jacobs Clothing Store.

Harness, Bridles, Collars and Saddles,
Also dealer in Whips, Hames,
Brushes, Lap Robes, in fact
everything in the Har-
ness and saddlery line

CHEAPEST HOUSE IN WESTERN NORTH
CAROLINA.
Will sell my own manufactured goods as
cheap as you can buy the Western
and Northern city made goods.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.
Has a stock of the old army McClellan
Saddles on hand.
Come and see me Sept 26 1-y.

Brown Rogers & Co

Wholesale and Retail
HARDWARE.

Largest line of STOVES in Winston.

Agricultural Implements.

MACHINERY of all kinds

HARNESS AND SADDLES & C.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, & C.
Special attention invited to their Whites
Clippers, Planes.

Agents Dupont's old and well known
Rifle Powder.

Sept 26-ly

Doors, Sash, Blinds.

Having rebuilt our Planing Mill,
Door, Sash and Blind Factory, and fit-
ted it up with all new machinery of the
latest and most approved patterns, we
are now prepared to do all kinds of
work in our line in the very best style.
We manufacture

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
Door Frames, Window Frames, Brack-
ets, Moulding, Hand-rail, Balusters,
Sawels, Mantels, Porch Columns, and
are prepared to do all kinds of Scroll
Sawing, Turning, &c. We carry in
stock Weatherboarding, Flooring, Ceiling,
Wainscoting and all kinds of Dress
ed Lumber, also Framing Lumber,
Shingles, Laths, Lime, Cement, Plaster,
Plastering Hair and all kinds of Build-
er's supplies. Call and see us or write
for our prices before buying, elsewhere.

MILLER BROS., WINSTON, N. C.

THOMPSON'S
COMPOUND

TONIC BITTERS.

A MILD TONIC
AND
APPETIZER.

MANUFACTURED BY
Dr. V. O. THOMPSON,

DRUGGIST,
Winston N. C.

A cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion and
Constipation. It promotes the secretion of
the Liver and Kidneys, and gives a gentle
tone to the Organs. Believes Nerveless
Prostration following Protracted Soreness,
and enfeebled condition of the general sys-
tem.

WANTED—LADY. Active and intelligent,
to represent in her own locality
an old firm. References required. Permanent position
and good salary. QAY & BLOOM, 12 Barclay St., N. Y.



THE COFFEE MY MOTHER USED TO MAKE.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"I was born in Indiana," says a stranger

lank and slim,

As us fellows in the restaurant was kind o'

guyin' him,

And Uncle Jake was slidin' him another

punkin pie

And an extra cup of coffee, with a twinkle

in his eye.

"I was born in Indiana—morn' forty year

ago,

And I hain't been back in twenty—and I'm

workin' back'ards slow,

And I've in every restaurant 'twixt here

and Santa Fe,

And I want to state this coffee tastes like

gettin' home to me!

"Pour us out another, daddy," says the fel-
low, warm'n' up,

A-speakin' 'erost a saucerful' as Uncle tuck

his cup.

"When I seed your sign out yonder!" he

went on to Uncle Jake—

"Come in and get some coffee like your

mother used to make!"

"I thought of my old mother and the Posey

County farm,

And in a little kid ag'n, a hangin' on her

arm

As she set the pot a bilin'—broke the eggs

an' poured 'em in,"

And the feller kind o' halted, with a trem-
ble in his chin.

And Uncle Jake he fetched the feller's coffee

back and stood

As solem' for a moment as an undertaker

would;

Then he sort o' turned and tip-toed to ride

the kitchen door, and next—

Here comes his old wife out with him a

rubbin' off her specs—

And she rushes for the stranger, and she

hollers out "It's him!"

Thank God, we've met him comin'. Don't

you know your mother, Jim?"

And the feller, as he grabbed her, says:

"You bet I hain't forgot—"

But wipin' off his eyes, says he: "Your cof-
fee's mighty hot!"

AIMEE AND HER GUIDE.

Once upon a time a little girl named

Aimee set out upon a journey, all alone,

or at least she thought she was all alone

then. It was a journey she was obliged to

take, and though she often felt inclin-
ed to stop and wait to see if some one

would not overtake her and walk with

her, she was not able to do so. It was

rather dark, and she felt frightened,

and now and then cried, but still she

could not stop. Very soon her foot

struck against something hard, and she

fell down, and lay there on the ground.

She was not hurt, but she had soiled

her dress, for it was a muddy place

where she fell. She did not try or want

to get up, for she was tired and could

not take the trouble.

In a few minutes she felt a gentle

hand lifting her. Was there some one

with her then? Oh, if there were!

She turned to look; but no, it was all

dark behind, though she fancied there

was a little stream of unusual light on

her path, at least for a few yards.

"Did some one really lift me up?" she

thought; but it could not be, for, if so,

why should he have gone away? "It

must have been imagination," she said,

"and I must have got up myself."

She walked on a little farther. Which

was the way now? There were two

paths here, and in the dim light they

looked so much alike that she did not

know which to choose. She determined

at last to follow the one to the left; it

seemed rather smoother than the other.

But soon she repented her choice, for

she saw just before her, coiled in the

middle of the path and apparently asleep,

a large snake. Aimee was afraid to

step over it, lest she should touch it

and the pain went away. She looked

quickly back, and thought with a thrill

of pleasure that she saw a figure behind

her in shining white garments, with a

hand stretched out as if it had been laid

upon her own; but while she was try-

ing to get a clearer view of the figure,

it vanished altogether.

The sting was well now; nothing

but a tiny red mark remained, and she

went on boldly. But yet she did not

think she was in the right path, because

it was getting darker and darker, and so

she made up her mind to look for the

first turning to the right, which would,

she expected, lead into the path she had

left for this. She went on, but nearly

missed the turning she wanted. Her

thoughts were away upon something else

and she would have passed the narrow

opening if a hand had not taken hers

and almost before she was aware, guid-
ed her a few steps down this path. She

turned round quickly, hoping to see the

shining figure again, but she could not

distinguish anything. Then she thought

again. "It must have been fancy; I

was looking for the path, and turned in-

to it before I was aware. If any one

had led me, I should surely have seen

him when I looked round so quickly."

Then the remembrance came back to

her that she had never seen her unknown

Guide once, and this recollection grew

the more distinct the more she dwelt

upon it.

The way now was very rough and

thorny; but yet the thorns did not hurt

her feet much. She wondered that,

treading upon them with her bare feet,

as she was often obliged to do, they did

not prick her more; and then she

thought struck her, "Perhaps He is

holding me up, that I should not step

heavily upon them. If He is really

with me, I need not be afraid. I could

leap upon him."

The way began to get lighter now.

She went on so much faster; but for

one moment she forgot to look where

she was putting her foot. It touched

a sharp stone, and she fell down!

This time she tried all she could to

rise, but could not. Something put it

into her heart to say, "Lift up my go-

ings in Thy paths." Then, as before,

an unseen hand lifted her from the

ground, and again she saw, but much

more clearly this time, the same beau-

tiful figure.

"Oh, leave me not," she cried, earnest-

ly; and a voice answered, "I will

never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Then the little Aimee felt very glad;

she stretched out her hand to her heav-

enly Guide, and He came by her side

and took the hand she held out to Him,

and the way grew very bright and pleas-

ant. She could now look up at His

kind face and listen to His words.

Soon they came to a very steep hill.

Aimee found it hard work to climb up;

it was darker, too, and she could not

see her Guide. But that only made her

grasp His hand the tighter, and she

leaned upon Him more than she had

ever done before.

The top of the hill was reached at

length. Then there was a steep path

down the other side. Once she heard

a rustling in the grass, like that she

so well remembered; a snake darted out,

and was just going to sting her hand,

when something checked it. Perhaps

it saw that other hand in which hers

was clasped. With an angry hiss it

glided back. Then Aimee looked up at her

companion with a beautiful expression

of love and confidence.

But they were drawing near, now,

to a valley that looked very dark from

a distance, and her Guide told her that

the other side of the valley was the end

of her journey. She seemed very glad,

for the hill had tired her; but still she