

# THE DANBURY REPORTER.

VOLUME XXXIII.

DANBURY, N. C., APRIL 18, 1907.

No. 11



WOLF GAP.

Bits of Wisdom and Chunks of Philosophy From the Sage of Sauratown Mountain.

Wolf Gap Rabbit F. D. No. 1, 19, 1907.

I think the Reporter should issue at sudden and unexpected intervals, a special sheet to be called the "Matrimonial Intelligencer." The mission of it to be to report all marriage licenses issued by the Register of Deeds from Thursday morning until the next issue of the Reporter goes out.

The reason for the "Matrimonial Intelligencer" is apparent. Young men have got into the habit of waiting for the Reporter to be printed, and then slipping to Danbury and procuring their license to marry, the event generally happening on the following Sunday, like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. They love to take the folks by surprise, and set the neighborhood agog by producing the solemn document all hitherto unbeknownst to anybody. And before the dear people can have time to think, much less discuss, such a startling event, the "happy couple" have done gone and done got tied, and "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one," is the result, to the infinite prejudice of all the noble gossips of the neighborhood.

I have had some suspicion that Charley Jones has been aiding and abetting this thing by helping to keep the affair shady, especially in cases where the gal has meant to be stole. I think that such is an outrage on the rights of that most important body of our citizenship known as old maids, as well as the old bachelors, and extremely prejudicial to the prerogative of that distinguished circle whose business it is to sit and dip snuff and roll sweet morsels of "news" beneath their tongues.

Fellow citizens, will we act! Shall we submit to such injustice linger! Sic semper tyrannis, E Pluribus Unum, modus operandi—no!

A bird in the hand is worth 400 in the bush." Saw wood and say nothing. He who laughs last laughs best. Every dog has his day.

I notice that millions of chinchies are eating up tobacco plants. This is awful to contemplate. It seems that our downtrodden farmers are doomed to experience every trial that can be imagined. But I think we should always try to look on the bright side of everything, and I find room for thankfulness even in this distressing situation, for imagine the consternation if this vast aggregation should turn from their agricultural depredations and reinforce their domestic comrades.

I have heard it said that music at night when the silver moonbeams are shimmering through the trees, and you chance to be perambulating along with your girls at your side—you in the throes of the "psychological moment," and yet stricken with a

severe attack of word failure;—I say, I have heard it said that the sudden starting of music at such a time is purely divine, not alone because of the responsive condition of the soul, which immensely enhances the beauty of the melody, but for the additional reason that it has the power of breaking an awkward silence. I suppose, however, that the effect is sometimes qualified by the personnel of the band. But even a regiment of cats have been known to start a conversation.

The rabbit that carries the mail from Hard Bank via this point to Stomping Ground is either a fool or a knave. Half the time he passes here without stopping, and last Friday I didn't get my copy of the Reporter because he didn't have sense enough to stop. He went up the road so fast that his tail caught fire by air friction, and had to hasten on to Cascade Creek to get it extinguished. I learned afterwards that he was scared by an account he read in one of the papers he carried of the advance in the price of bacon.

"Doodle-bug issue" may be defined to be a stationary or retrograde condition diametrically opposed to "great speed of rapidity." The phrase has been not inappositely applied to a certain Stokes county town. By the way, I notice in a paper that Noah Webster's bones were exhumed from his mausoleum in a Massachusetts cemetery recently, and the old fellow was found to have not been resting well lately. Indeed he had turned clear over in his coffin. Scientific investigations as to the cause of the phenomenon were immediately instituted, and a peculiar machine invented by one Marconi traced a record of certain etymological vibrations hundreds of miles, finally losing them at the foot of the Sauratown mountains.

I think that the most important question that should be agitating the minds of the people today is the question of taking care of the insane. Before this astounding problem everything else pales into a dreamy, opaque insignificance. The last legislature was derelict of its duty when it failed to appropriate \$20,000,000 for this purpose. Why even up here in the mountain, in the most weird and solitary fastnesses of the granite hills, they are running loose in gangs because of shameful lack of facilities at Morganton and Raleigh. And they are generally armed, too, with bats. They will fight you over imaginary situations and combinations between others of their kind. As for instance, suggest a game between Sandy Ridge and Pinnacle. This is enough. War follows immediately.

Mr. Rufus P. Mabe, of Danbury Route 1, who is a prosperous farmer of his neighborhood, visited Danbury on business Thursday.

The sympathy of many friends is felt for Mr. J. Walter Booth and family in the recent loss of two members of the family—two little girls, who died with scarlet fever.

## KEEP IN GOOD HEALTH.

There are many thousands of people all over the world who can attribute their good health to taking one or two Brandreth's Pills every night. These Pills cleanse the stomach and bowels, stimulate the kidneys and liver and purify the blood. They are the same fine laxative tonic pill your grandparents used, and being purely vegetable they are adapted to children and old people, as well as to those in the vigor of manhood and womanhood.

Brandreth's Pills have been in use for over a century and can be obtained in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

## REV. P. OLIVER WRITES AGAIN.

Replies To An Article Published In the Reporter Of March 21st, Signed "1861."

Mr. Editor:

I desire a little space in your paper to offer a reply to an article in your issue of March 21 over the signature "1861." It was noticeable that my friend dropped the most important matter that I mentioned as though he was burnt. As to the second matter if there was ever a law passed by our legislature to reimburse certain townships, their subscription to the railroads, I certainly knew nothing of it. It would be just the same unjust thing fostered by Republicans or Democrats. I did not think there was any politics in my letter except my reference to myself. I thought it was right for ministers to expose and condemn sin, regardless of who might be guilty, and as I could see nothing in the bill but unreasonable and uncalled for injustice, though it originated with and was offered by preferred Democrats, I desired to show that there was not the sign of Democracy in it. Reverse all the circumstances and I would say just the same things. No reader of the Reporter, I imagine, understood me in my former article to intend or to try to convey the idea that I had been supporting this latter day Democracy. I was talking about principles and not party. I know this is a fast age, but my friend introduces an entirely new idea to me, that is that Democracy, secession and anti-union must of necessity go together. If this be true, what will you do with the thousands of Democrats north who gave their blood and treasure to save the union?

You charge that I am anti-Confederate. To this, I plead guilty. You ask if I was not in sympathy with the union in 1861. I answer yes, and for fear you disbelieve me, will try to prove it now. As "1861" seems to be about my own age he will remember that when the Democratic convention met in 1860 to nominate a man for President that the majority of the convention were in favor of Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois. There was a minority who refused to be governed, bolted and re-organized and put before the people Mr. Bockenridge, of Kentucky. This I insist was un-Democratic. There were four candidates in the field for President, two of them, Douglas and Bell, were for the Union, the other two were sectional. As the Democratic party had controlled the country in the main through the past, I thought Douglas was the stronger man, hence I voted for him. He got only ten votes at my precinct. I would have voted for him had I been entirely alone. My schoolmates for some time called me "the ten cents crowd." If the Southern Democrats had stuck to the national party, perhaps Douglas would have been elected. Mr. Lincoln was legally elected, and my Democracy was to abide by his administration, majority rule. But you know what followed in some of the Southern States. In the winter of 1861 the question of convention or no convention was submitted to our people. I voted for "no convention" and for Union candidates. This ticket was in the majority and not a fair test, as many strong Union men voted for convention, believing it best, in order to declare our allegiance to the Union in this public way, when this effort failed our Governor called the legislature together, the legislature called a convention over the heads of the votes. That body met and I believe voted the State out of the Union the first day of their session. By this time

many of our people became much excited, and efforts were being made to raise troops. One of my schoolmates who had volunteered asked me to join his company, I said "for what?" The answer was "let us come out and show a bold front, raise a strong force and scare them to peace." I replied if this is your object you had just as well stop now, for they have more than three fighting men to our one. I confess that about this time I tried to convince myself that the move was right and for the best, but I could not.

I want to quote here a sentence that impressed me so much that I retain it until this day. A prominent man in South Carolina was canvassing his state in opposition to secession. In one of his public speeches he said, "if it ever does take place (but I cannot believe in such stupendous madness) I shall consider the institution of slavery as doomed, and that the great God in our blindness has made us the instruments of its destruction." This has been literally fulfilled.

The leaders in the South are or were responsible for the abolition of slavery at the time it occurred. If we had held our places as we should, all the blood and treasure spent in the war might have been saved, and for anything I know slavery continued in the States until this day. But now with all the evils connected with the war on both sides, I am forced to believe that God had a purpose in allowing these errors to be committed, and that purpose has been at least in part, accomplished. The abolition of slavery was the salvation (financially) of the South. The poor white people, just such as this writer, have had much better chances than they could have had if slavery had continued. I have voted, if my memory serves me correctly, in only three state and county elections in the past 39 years and voted for President of the United States only the one time in life (1860). Never tried to make a political speech in life, never wrote an article for publication on politics, unless this and my former letter are of that character. So I leave this matter of deserting my life-calling to the intelligent readers of the Reporter. Now you will see, as I see and understand this subject, that I have not forsaken my party but the party has forsaken me. I claim to be a Democrat after the order of Jefferson, Jackson and others that I might mention, and not after those who claim the name, but have lost the principle. The motto of so many has been and is still as it seems to me, "rule or ruin."

May I ask "1861" and any others who may read this not to decide against me until you have thought the matter over carefully and compared what I have said with the history of our country? Let us forget the past so far as our feelings are concerned. Work together like brethren to build up our beloved Southland by honorable and fair means. This is my native state; all my earthly interests are here, and certainly I am for these measures which are for our good, and for the good of our entire country from 1861 until now. I claim the United States as my country. I am an American.  
P. OLIVER.

## BITTEN BY A SPIDER.

Through blood poisoning caused by a spider bite, John Washington, of Bosqueville, Texas, would have lost his leg, which became a mass of running sores, had he not been persuaded to try Bucklen's Arnica Salve. He writes: "The first application relieved, and four boxes healed all the sores." Heals every sore. 25c. at all druggists.

## COMING BACK TO NORTH CAR.

Mrs. H. C. Watkins III—Smith School Closes—Other Items.

Smith, April 8.—Our school closed last week at the academy here. Miss Maud Payne was our teacher and we have had a good school year. We were sorry to see our teacher leave. All the scholars went to her boarding place to tell her good bye.

Mr. Percy Martin is going to Virginia to school.

Mr. Sanders Hart, our mail carrier, turned his cart over Saturday. You bet he got muddy.

The young people of this section went to Dan River Easter. I guess they had a lively time on that day. Mumps and measles are in this section.

Mrs. W. S. Watkins has returned home from Providence, R. I., where she has been visiting her son and daughter. She reports her daughter-in-law, Mrs. H. C. Watkins, very low.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Lackey have written that they would be back to old North Carolina by the 20th of April. We are glad to know that they are coming back to their native state.

## BLACK RABBIT.

### SANDY RIDGE ROUTE 1.

Sandy Ridge Route 1, April 4—Miss Lucie has the blues this week as her best fellow didn't call to get his hat Sunday.

Mr. C. W. Sisk and sisters, Misses Carrie, Claudie and Lucie, visited over on the Creek Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Covington visited at Mr. P. H. Young's Sunday.

Mr. O. F. Young gave a jolly little party on Monday night.

Mr. T. Helon Sheppard left on Monday March 25, for Charleston, W. Va., where he expects to spend the summer.

Mr. Lin Wilkins expects to call to see his best girl some time about the shank of the month.

Prestonville is preparing for a grand ball team this summer.

Mr. R. W. Hill calls down on the creek right often. We think Miss Carrie is the attraction. Wonder what Mr. Henry will say to that? You had better hurry if you haven't already gone too fast.

Mr. J. F. Hawkins has decided not to leave. He is going to get married soon.

Preparations are being made to paint North View church soon.

Mr. Frank Mitchell calls to see Miss Sibbie Sheppard every third Sunday and I think he will call again about the third Sunday.

Farmers are getting hopeless for their tobacco plants. Some are sowing their beds over.

## APRIL FOOL.

### Cleared \$4,000.

Last fall Mr. M. F. Overby, of Gap, sold the timber on several hundred acres of land to High Point parties for \$1,000. Last week these speculators re-sold the same body of timber to a High Point furniture company for \$5,000, realizing a clear profit of \$4,000.

Mr. S. F. Simmons, of Quaker Gap township, was here Thursday.

## "PNEUMONIA'S DEADLY WORK

had so seriously agitated my right lung," writes Mrs. Fannie Connor, of Rural Route 1, Georgetown, Tenn., "that I coughed continuously night and day and the neighbors, prediction—consumption—seemed inevitable, until my husband brought home a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, which in my case proved to be the only real cough cure and restorer of weak, sore lungs." When all other remedies utterly fail, you may still win in the battle against lung and throat troubles with New Discovery, the real cure. Guaranteed by all druggists. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

## SANDY RIDGE AND PINNACLE.

Will Probably Play At Danbury Some Time Soon For the Championship Of Stokes County.

The Danbury baseball enthusiasts have invited Sandy Ridge and Pinnacle, the two crack teams of the county, to play for the Stokes championship at Danbury.

Both teams have expressed their willingness to play some time in the near future.

The visiting teams will be entertained at the hotels for dinner, and guaranteed a big crowd and a good time. Hundreds of people will be here to see the struggle between the two best teams of the county.

## Some Westfield News.

Westfield, April 8.—Mr. Reid Jackson, who has been attending school at Orange Grove, returned home Wednesday.

Mr. A. M. Smith, of Mt. Airy, spent a few days in this vicinity last week.

Misses Iris and Arma Crumpler, of Germantown, who have been visiting relatives here, returned to their home Monday.

Rev. R. W. George, of Francisco, was in town Monday.

Mr. Eliot Jessup, who has been sick for some time, died Friday morning and was buried Sunday. Dr. J. T. Smith conducted the funeral services after which the remains were laid to rest in the Baptist graveyard. The deceased was a son of Mr. J. H. Jessup of this place. He was a man who was honest and upright in all dealings with his fellowman and will be greatly missed in this community. A wife and two small children survive him.

Mr. Meiggs Simmons and Miss Fannie Frans were married Sunday morning at the home of the bride's father, Mr. J. C. Frans. The ceremony was performed by Dr. J. T. Smith in the presence of a few relatives and friends.

The popular young couple have a host of friends who wish them a long and happy life. They left Monday for a visit to the groom's father near Stuart, Va.

## Letter From Hallsville, West Va.

Hallsville, W. Va., April 9. — As I have been in the state of West Virginia for most 15 months and have never written to my old home paper, I will write a few lines about what I know of this part of this state. It has been misrepresented to some extent. I have found some as nice people here as I ever met anywhere, lots of good church members, while there are some rough, wild people, But I can say for Davy, it is as nice a place as I ever saw, a large church and there is preaching and Sunday School every Sunday. There is also a nice large school house, a three-story building with three teachers and an 8-month school.

It is mountainous, rivers and railroads and small towns between the mountains. When it rains very much the river gets under our houses. We live on the bank of Tug River. As for the climate there is but little difference in this part of West Virginia and North Carolina. Well, it snowed here Easter Sunday and it is snowing now.

The principal work that is going on here is mining, saw-milling and railroading. Wages are from \$1.50 to \$3.50 per day for common labor. It is owing to what your trade is.

We have one good rule here. If anyone has a misfortune or gets in tough luck the people will look after them until they are able to help themselves.

DIXIE BOAZE.