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LOST, A BOY.

He went from the old home hearthstone
Just twenty years ago.
A laughing, rollicking fellow,
It would do you good to know;
Since then we have not seen him,
And we say with a nameless pain,
The boy that we knew and loved so
We never shall see again.

One bearing the name we gave him
Comes home to us to-day,
But this is not the dear fellow
We kissed and sent away.
Tall as the man he calls father,
With a man's look in his face,
Is he who takes by the hearthstone
The lost boy's olden place.

We miss the laugh that made music
Wherever the boy went;
This man has a smile most winsome,
His eyes have a great intent,
We know he is thinking and planning
His way in the world of men,
And we cannot help but love him,
But we long for our boy again.

We are proud of this manly fellow
Who comes to take his place,
Who hints of the vanished boyhood
In his earnest, thoughtful face;
In his earnest, thoughtful face;
And yet comes back the longing
For the boy we must henceforth miss,
Whom we sent away from our hearthstone
Forever with a kiss.

The Sorrowful man from Co- lumbus.

At the Union depot the other morn-
ing, Officer Button observed a tall,
long-legged stranger who seemed to be
clothed mostly in a linen duster, wipe
his eyes and blow his nose like one suffer-
ing mental distress, and he approached
and asked the cause.

"Oh, lots of things," replied the man
as he shook out his handkerchief. "Is
there a camping place anywhere around
here?"

"Not that I know of."

"And they don't have any prayer-
meetings here in the daytime?"

"No."

"There isn't anybody around the de-
pot who makes a specialty of singing
Gospel hymns, is there?"

"Don't know of any. Has your wife
run away?"

"No. I never had one."

"Lost your wallet?"

"No. I never carry a wallet."

"Anybody abused you?"

"No. Everybody is kind to me."

"Then why this sorrow and these
tears? Strong men do not weep with-
out a strong cause."

"I weep—I weep because the world
is cold—because it is wicked—because
human nature has become suspicious.
I weep because another sun has risen
on the evil passions of men."

"Are you naturally sorrowful?"

"I am. I sometimes wish I wasn't
that way. How long before the Lake
Shore train goes?"

"About twelve minutes."

"Then I'll spend eleven minutes in
further weeping. Have you a private
room in which I can sit and cry?"

"Say, old man, what's your lay?"
asked the officer, after looking him
over.

"My lay is weeping. I am the sor-
rowful man from Columbus."

"That's too thin. What is the partic-
ular racket this morning?"

"Won't you give me away?" asked
the man, after a fresh dig at his eyes.

"No."

"I'm dead broke, and I want to get
to Toledo. The conductor who runs out
on this train stands over there, and I'm
weeping for his benefit. He has already
remarked my grief, and he wonders
what ails me. When he asks me for
my ticket, I'll either be a missionary
who weeps over the avices of railroad
corporations and appeal to his charity,
or a person from the country who lost
his money on the confidence game. Now
let me weep some more.

He wept some more, and then said:
"It's the best lay in the world. It's
a hundred times better than cheek or
riding on the springs, and it costs me
nothing, and is always ready. I cried
my way from Columbus to Indianapolis,
wept from there to Chicago, and then
sobbed my way along to Detroit. I
now weep that I may see Toledo, and
I shall depend upon emotion to scoop
me through to Columbus in good style.
I will now edge along toward the con-
ductor and give way to an extra burst
of mingled grief and contrition. Ta-ta,
old blue coat—don't give away a man
who couldn't raise a nickel if his eyes
should give out to-morrow."

"Which do you like best, your father
or your mother?" inquired a visitor of
a little chubby fist. "Oh, I like ma
the best. She spans me with the soft
side of her hand; pa takes a shingle."

—New York Express.

A Critique.

A man, a desk, a room. The man
was in the room, and his feet were on
the desk.

Nothing was wasted.
The man was an editor.
Somebody rapped at the door.
"Come in," said the editor.

It was a boy.
He laid a book on the editor's table
and went out again.
The editor looked at it awhile, and
then took it into another room, where
there was another man with his feet on
a desk. He was writing busily, but
ceased his work as the editor came
in.

He was a literary person.
"Give this a good notice," said the
editor.

"All right said the literary person.
Then the editor went out.
The clock in one corner of the room
kept up an incessant ticking. The lit-
erary person disliked this clock, but the
man who wrote the financial articles
owned the clock and would not allow it
to be removed. He said its ticking re-
minded him of the way bankers did busi-
ness.

After a while the literary person
finished his review of a book on the ethics
of protoplasm and stopped writing.
Presently he looked at the book which
the editor had left. He had never seen
anything like it before. But he did not
weaken. Again his pen traveled rapidly
over the paper. This is what he
wrote:

"We have received from the publish-
ers a dainty little work entitled 'Records
of Trotting and Pacing in the United
States and Canada for 1880,' and can
warmly recommend it to our readers.
While the plot is one replete with sen-
sational incidents and situations, it is
yet of a character that can offend none,
teaching, as it does, the lesson that true
progress is attained only by earnest effort.
The almost idle story of Maud
S. and St. Julian, who seem to be the
principal characters in the story, is told
in a simple yet finished manner, and one
lays down the book with a respectful feel-
ing at the heart that should always be
produced by a properly constructed novel."

The next day the editor saw that in
his paper. He read it carefully and said:

"—San Francisco Post.

Society Notes.

Mrs. Filgibbons has gone to see her
aunt.

The most stylish purse of the season
is made of undressed sealskin, with
nothing in it.

A novelty in neck lingerie, for gentle-
men is made of hemp or manilla, and is
so worn as to close up pretty snug when
the gentleman steps through the trap.
It is much affected in Nevada and New
Mexico.

The engagement of Johnny Snebby
and Miss Lebechin will be announced as
soon as Mr. Snebby has got a lift in his
salary to \$11 a week.

Mrs. Ingle held a brilliant recep-
tion in the back parlor of her fashionable
l hotel on Saturday evening last. She re-
ceived \$5.65 apiece from all her regular
boarders except young Mr. Fastboy, who
paid her sixty cents and a silver watch,
and stood her off till next Saturday for
the rest of it.

The fascinating Mrs. Tommary, of
North Hill, had a new girl last week;
a genuine Swede, imported, that runs at
one hundred and seventy-eight pounds
and broke two lamps and a soup tureen
the first day in the house.

Miss Diffebach, the accomplished
and beautiful cantatrice of West Hill,
slapped her old mother over the head
with a dish rag last Tuesday evening,
because the old lady wouldn't let her go
down and sing in a Dutch chorus at the
masquerade in Bogus Hollow. Miss
Diffebach has the true temper of a lyric
artist, and our city will yet be proud of
her.

Mrs. Dinkleman read a profound pa-
per last week before the "American
Woman's Society for the Elimination of
the B. B. in the B. S." Mrs. Dinkle-
man said she always got the drop on
them when she used corrosive sublimi-
mate.

Miss Birdie McWhelter fell up-
against the side of the skating rink the
other night, and blacked one of her eyes
and knocked the other clear out. The
one she knocked out was a glass one. It
was gallantly rescued by Mr. Percival
de Claude O'Halligan, who unfortun-
ately stepped on it before he picked it
up. Insured in the Glen Eyrie Mutu-
al by George Dunleavy.

At the Stamp Window.

Just before eleven o'clock yesterday
forenoon there were thirteen men and
one woman at the stamp window of the
postoffice. Most of the men had letters
to post for the Eastern trains. The
woman had something tied up in a blue
match-box. She got there first, and she
held the position with her head in the
window and both elbows on the shelf.

"Is there such a place in this country
as Cleveland?"
"Oh, yes."
"Do you send mail there?"
"Yes."

"Well, a woman living next door
asked me to mail this box for her. I
guess it directed all right. She said it
ought to go for a cent."

"Takes two cents," said the clerk,
after weighing it. "If there's writing
inside it will be twelve cents."
"Mercy on me, but how you do
charge!"

Here the thirteen men began to push
up and hustle around and talk about an
old match box delaying two dozen busi-
ness letters, but the woman had lots of
time.

"Then it will be two cents, eh?"
"If there is no writing inside."
"Well, there may be. I know she is
a great hand to write. She's sending
some flower seed to her sister, and I pre-
sume she has told her how to plant
'em."

"Two threes!" called out one of the
crowd as he tried to get to the window.

"Hurry up!" called another.

"There ought to be a separate window
here for women!" growled a third.

"Then it will take twelve cents!" she
calmly queried, as she fumbled around
for her purse.

"Yes."

"Well, I'd better pay it I guess."

"From one pocket she took two cop-
pers. From her reticule she took a
three-cent piece. From her purse she
fished out a nickle; and it was only after
a hunt of eighty seconds that she got
the twelve cents together. She then
consumed four minutes in licking on the
stamps, asking where to post the box
and wondering if there really was any
writing inside, but woman proposes and
man disposes. Twenty thousand dollars'
worth of business was being detained by
a twelve cent woman, and a tidal wave
suddenly took her away from the window.

In sixty seconds the thirteen men had
been waited on and gone their ways,
and the woman returned to the window,
handed in the box, and said:
"Them stamps are ficked on kind o'
crooked, but it won't make any differ-
ence, will it?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Little Damp.

"Have we had any rain in Indiana
this spring?" he echoed, as he turned in
his seat.

"Yes."

"Well, it's been a little damp out
there," he softly answered. "The day
before leaving home I had to hang up
twenty-eight of my ducks. They had
become so water soaked they could no
longer swim. During the month of
April it rained on twenty-nine differ-
ent days."

"What about the other day?"

"Oh, that was the day on which it
snowed twenty-two straight hours."

"How is corn?"

"Well, I planted mine in two feet of
water, and between you and me I don't
expect over thirty bushels to the acre."

"Wheat looking well?"

"Tolerably well, but the sturgeon
and catfish are doing considerable dam-
age."

"Didn't you get any dry weather in
May?"

"There was about fifteen minutes one
day when it tried to clear up, but I
hadn't commenced to bring out my
sheep before the rain came down
again."

"Grass must be good?"

"Shouldn't wonder, but can't say.
When I get back I'm going down in a
diving-bell to see."

"Got your potatoes in?"

"Not yet; I've got them loaded on a
saw, and the saw anchored in the field
in three feet of water."

"Then the prospect looks gloomy?"

"Not any, sir—not any. I've got an
ark almost ready to sail, and if it will
only rain for another week I'll be the
best-fixed man in Indiana."

Resolved, That the Bourbon leaders
of the Democratic party are respon-
sible for the passage of the prohibition
bill and the agitation resulting there-
from.—Republican Coalition Platform.

Prohibition was not and is not a po-
litical or party question. I regard it as
res adjudicata.—Folk, Republican-
Coalition Candidate for Judge.

A Good Boy.

A Detroit grocer was the other day
hungrily waiting for his clerk to return
from dinner and give him a chance at
his own non-day meal, when a boy came
into the store with a basket in his hand
and said:

"I said a boy grab up this 'er basket
from the door and run, and I run after
him and made him give it up."
"My lad, you are an honest boy."
"Yes, sir."
"And you look like a good boy."
"Yes, sir."

"And good boys should always be en-
couraged. In a box in the back room
there are eight dozen eggs. You may
take them home to your mother and
keep the basket."

The grocer had been saving those eggs
for days and weeks to reward some one.
In rewarding a good boy he also got
eight dozen bad eggs out of the neigh-
borhood free of cost, and he chuckled a
little chuck as he walked homeward.

The afternoon waned, night came and
went, and once more the grocer went to
his dinner. When he returned he was
picking his teeth and wearing a compla-
cent smile. His eye caught a basket of
eight dozen eggs as he entered the store,
and he queried:

"Been buying some eggs?"

"Yes; got hold of those from a far-
mer's boy," replied the clerk.

"A lame boy with a blue cap on?"

"Yes."

"Two front teeth out?"

"Yes."

The grocer sat down and examined the
eggs. The shells had been washed
clean, but they were the same eggs that
good boy had lugged home the day be-
fore.

His Exact Age.

When Uncle Reuben Clay, an old
darkey of about seventy winters, drop-
ped into a Griswold street tobacco store
a day or two ago, and was asked his
age, he promptly replied:

"Wall, sah, I reckon I'se about as
nigh 70 years ole as day can make 'em."

"If you can't read, or write or cipher,
how can you tell?"

"I'se kept de dates in my head, sah,
an' if you'll take a pencil I kin prove
my age in no time 'tall."

One of the loungers prepared himself
with pencil and paper, and Uncle Reu-
ben proceeded:

"Now, sah, in what y'ar did Columbus
discover America?"

"In 1492."

"Den sot dat down."

"Why, what has the discoverer of
America to do with your age?" asked
several voices.

"It makes no difference, sah. I'se got
to git some pint to reckon from, an' I
take dat one kase it's handiest. Put
down 1492."

"Yes."

"Now, den, when was de revolu-
shunary wa' fit?"

"In 1776."

"Exactly. Take dat from 1492, and
it leaves how many?"

"Just 284 years."

"Dat's k'rect. Now, when did dey
fight de next wa'?"

"In 1812-14. Take that out and
it makes a difference of thirty-six years,
and reduces de figures to 248."

"Dat's all right," said Uncle Reuben,
as he bent over the figures. "Now den,
in what y'ar did my great-grandfather
land in ole Virginia?"

"Why, how do I know? You must
know if any one."

The old man scratched his head, look-
ed over the figures and said:

"Dat's kinder curus. De ole man
comes in dare sum whar?"

All the men began to laugh at him,
and the old man got up and tied on his
comfort and said:

"You white folks needn't feel so nigh-
ty peart kase you find you've got an ole
nigger in a box. I's gwine ober to see
my son George an' George he'll take a
piece o' chalk an' de bottom of a choer
an' run my aige down to de werry mawn-
in' heel 'n de smartest o' you kias rab
a so' hicker!"

"A Newspaper Man's Sad Fate" is the
title of a touching article which we did
not read. We suppose it is the old old
story of some editor who married a girl
and then the old man refused to lift the
mortgage on the son-in-law's office.—
McGregor News.

A philosophical bookeller saying
that every phase of humanity represented
some kind of a book, was asked to what
kind of publication a baby corresponded.
"A baby," he replied, "is a primer of
humanity, bound in more rocks."

Democratic Platform.

We congratulate the people of North
Carolina on the era of peace, prosperity
and good government which has been
unbroken since the incoming of a Demo-
cratic State administration; upon the
pure and impartial administration of jus-
tice; and the honest enforcement of the
laws; upon the efficiency of our common
school system and great advance made
in education, and the general improve-
ment and enterprise manifested in every
part of the State, and we pledge our-
selves to exert all efforts to advance the
material interests of all sections of the
State in the future as we have done in the
past. And we challenge a comparison
between a Democratic administration of
our State affairs and the crimes, outrag-
es and scandals that accompanied Republi-
can misrule. Affirming our adhe-
rence to Democratic principles as de-
fined in the platform adopted by the
National Democratic Convention, held
at Cincinnati in 1880:

Resolved, That we regard a free and
fair expression of the public will at the
ballot-box as the only sure means of pre-
serving our free American institutions,
and we denounce the Republican party
and the interference of its federal officials
for their gross frauds upon the elective
franchise, whereby whole districts,
States and the Union have been deprived
of their just political rights; and we be-
lieve the corrupt and corrupting use of
federal patronage, and of public money
drawn by taxation from the people, in
influencing and controlling elections, to
be dangerous to the liberties of the
State and the Union