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Reporter and Post.

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Reporter and Post.

Entered at the Danbury N. C., Post-office as Second Class Matter.

THURSDAY JULY 31, 1884.

The Democratic Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT:
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:
THOS. A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

ELECTORS AT LARGE:
WM. H. KITCHEN,
JOHN N. STAPLES.

FOR GOVERNOR:
ALFRED M. SCALES,
OF GUILFORD.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR:
CHARLES M. STEADMAN,
OF NEW HANOVER.

SECRETARY OF STATE:
WILLIAM L. SAUNDERS,
OF WAKE.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL:
THEODORE F. DAVIDSON,
OF BUNCOMBE.

FOR TREASURER:
DONALD W. BAIN,
OF WAKE.

FOR AUDITOR:
WILLIAM P. ROBERTS,
OF GATES.

FOR SUPT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION:
S. M. FINGER,
OF CATAWBA.

FOR SUPREME COURT JUDGE:
AUGUSTUS S. MERRIMON,
OF WAKE.

It is now said that Blaine will not canvass.

See our club rates for the campaign. Every reading Democrat in Stokes county ought to take this paper.

The Internal Revenue officers get in North Carolina $300,000 annually.—The Republicans uphold the system because upon its retention depends the life of their party. "Self-preservation is one of the first laws of nature." Is there a Republican in Stokes county with a thimbleful of brains who has the remotest idea that his party is willing to sacrifice such magnificent spoils?—Surely not!

If York uses up Scales on the stump like he did Maj. Robbins, we hardly know which would be most deserving of pity: our Democratic friends who have been boasting of their big majorities or Gen. Scales.—*Winston Republican.*

York, as a campaigner, compared with Gen. Scales, is as a small cur, of an insignificant breed, compared to a mastiff! This Mr. Goslen knows as well as any man. And "York using up Robbins on the stump!" Bah! The crab nibbled Hercules on the heel, and became a constellation, it is said, but no one has ever claimed that the hero of antiquity was much "used up."

The Winston *Republican*, of last week, in speaking of the Democratic District convention, says:

"Without expressing any preference as to candidates, we may be permitted to hope that the lawyers will not entirely monopolize that patriotic body."

We desire to ask the *Republican* who voted Stokes county in the convention that nominated Tyre York for Governor? Why, a Revenue officer, to be sure! And it has been a long time, so far as we know, since this county has had any other kind of representation in the Republican State and district conventions. Between revenue officers and lawyers, give us the latter all the time. Our people regard the law a legitimate and honorable calling, but mention internal revenue to a Stokesite, and you raise his ire immediately, "if not sooner."

OUR MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

Since our first and only trip across the great mountain ranges lying between Greenville, Tenn., and Morganton, N. C., we have been impressed that there is not so little known about any part of the old States as there is about this grand old mountain section of western North Carolina, where the tallest mountains rise and the purest waters gush from the base of a thousand hills, and ripple over gravelly beds or leap down one precipice after another until lost to view amid the rich foliage that line the banks of the clear sparkling streams.—Yes, we must believe that the impressions made on the mind of the pedestrian, as he marches home from a faraway Yankee prison, will hang around him until he gets to the bank of the river where he will "cross over and rest under the shade on the other side."—But we leave a description of this grand old section to a pen with better descriptive powers than the "old goose" with which we write, and it is only with a view of inducing some one who can give some faint idea of the scenery here in Middle Western North Carolina, that we pretend to write.

Being somewhat at leisure a few days since, and having a special fondness for rambling in the wild woods, especially among and over mountains, together with a solitary friend we started out to view the range of hills, one and a half to three miles south from Danbury, known as the Flat Shoal mountain.—This mountain lies immediately south of the old Sauratown, with but a narrow valley between, and is some twelve or fifteen hundred feet above the bed of the river. Rising in the west amid the hilly country round the heads of Flat Shoal and Neatman creeks, it extends about four miles north-east (or nearly so) until the eastern terminus is lost amid the "beautiful hills of the Dan." Passing up Camping Island creek, over two spurs of the old Sauratown, and crossing the ridge that divides the waters of the Flat Shoals and Camping Island creeks, leaving the heavy beds of flexible sandstone behind, and passing over the bold ledges of white and black granite, which seems to be the dividing line between two separate and distinct geological formations, we began to ascend the Flat Shoal proper. Winding our way along the narrow path, with millions of black and blue huckleberries on either side, we soon had comfortable seats on moss-covered rocks on the top of the first peak. We did not rest or stay here long. (We were not tired.) Resuming our tramp we descended into the first swag or cove, known to the mountaineers in this section as the Miler place. Here it is said that an old pioneer huntsman of long ago had his cabin. Here, too, is the Tory Den of the old revolution. We had never seen it before, and were really amazed, when looking at or into this tremendous grotto. Our imagination may picture, but pen cannot describe the grandeur of this scene. Notwithstanding we had spent the greater part of our manhood days within three miles of this wild scene, we had never dreamed it to be half so grand as it is. Immediately south and rising almost to the top of the first tall peak, this tremendous opening or grotto lifts as it were its ponderous jaws. We soon found ourselves in the bottom, or what might be termed the floor, of this old revolutionary Tory Hall where he feasted on the fat deer and held high carnival one hundred and more years ago, and from the walls of which the rains of more than a century have not washed the traces of smoke. The hall is about 150 feet long by 70 or 80 feet broad, while the walls, of solid rock, on the north and south sides rise nearly 100 feet, not perpendicularly, but bending toward each other so as to form something like an arch. The bottom, of loose stones, is covered at some places with dry leaves which do not seem to have been wet for an age. The ends of the hall are open, and while large, loose bolders at the east end make it difficult to get in or out, the ascent at the west end toward the old Miler cabin is not so steep, while saplings and giant forest trees line the way. Just east of the Tory Den, we learn from an old mountaineer is what is known as the Devil's Den, (we had no guide and did not visit it). Here it is said is a bottomless well, from which issues in warm weather a current of air almost ice cold. The opening is said to be about the size of an ordinary well, and that a stone dropped into it may be heard rumbling down the sides until the sound is lost to the ear. Leaving the Tory Den, and passing the Miler cabin place (some of the stones of the old chimney are yet here) we commenced ascending to the top of the next peak, which is probably 100 feet higher than the one just crossed over, the south and east slopes of which are covered with real giants of the forest, hickory, poplar, chestnut, &c., while the soil is really rich, and almost clear of rock. We are soon on top in plain view of Danbury, as well as the hundreds of plantations and farm houses that dot the country over. We now wind our way along the top or back bone of the mountain, passing the buzzard cove, a deep depression on the very top of the mountain, which, agreeable to our idea, looks as if it might be the opening left by some ancient volcano.—Turning due north we were soon at the head of a deep ravine, known to mountaineers as the "Deep Cut." This is a truly wonderful cut or ravine, extending from near the top of the mountain almost due north for at least a mile to its foot. It sides rise at an angle of 60 or 70 degrees. Its great length, depth and its almost (in many places) perpendicular sides, all add to make it a wonder for this country. Along this ravine we find some of as fine timber as the country can afford, such as hickory, maple, beech, ivy, &c. The ivy bushes (you would call them trees) will measure from 6 to 16 inches across the stump. By the time we reached the road on Camping Island creek it was too warm and late in the day to visit the Rock House, Blow Holes, and other places of interest on the Sauratown, so we returned home, where we arrived in time for dinner, which we did justice whether we did ourselves or not.

SELECTIONS.

Kicked by His Lost Leg.

Statesville Landmark.

A one legged ex-Confederate soldier from one of the mountain counties was in Statesville a few days ago on business, and in one of our wholesale stores was engaged in conversation on the subject of politics. He expressed his perfect satisfaction with the Democratic State ticket and announced his purpose to vote it throughout. Continuing, he said he had been cured in a very singular manner of voting for Radicals and brindle-tails. He has always been a Democrat and though, in 1882, a little cold on the trail, he still expected to vote the Democratic ticket, but a parcel of fellows got around him at the polls, over-persuaded him, and almost before he knew it had voted for York. "That night," said he, "I dreamed that the leg that I lost at the battle of Sharpsburg, got up out of its grave and kicked me all over the county. I had the same dream two or three nights in succession, and so help me, that lost leg having let up on me at last, will never have reason to kick me for the same cause again."

ABOUT DRIED FRUIT.—A firm in New York, of large experience in the dried fruit trade, requests the Raleigh *News* "to advise those going to dry peaches and can do so, to dry them unpared and in halves, as they will bring more net money in that condition than if pared. The stock of pared fruit carried over is enough to supply the demand for a year if not another pound should be made; while unpared will be scarce and comparatively high."

Instead of James Gillespie Blaine, suppose we call the Doctor Jay Gould Blaine?

Stick to Your Bush.

Sunday School Visitor.

One day, when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortle berries. I wanted to go with them, but was fearful that my father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, he at once gave me permission to go with them. I could hardly contain myself for joy and rushed into the kitchen and got a big basket and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm and was just going out of the gate, when my father called me back.

He took hold of my hand and said in a very gentle voice: "Joseph what are you going for—to pick berries or to play?" "To pick berries," I replied.

"Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this, when you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to find a better one. The other boys and girls will run about, picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time and not getting many berries. If you do as they do, you will come home with an empty basket. If you want berries, stick to your bush."

I went with the party, and we had a capital time. But it was just as my father said. No sooner had one found a good bush than he called all the rest and they left their several places, and ran off to the new-found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place. They rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had a very few berries. My father's words kept ringing in my ears, and I "stuck to my bush." When I had done with one, I found another and finished that; then I took another. When night came I had a large basketful of nice berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half as tired as they were.

I went home happy; but when I entered I found that my father had been taken ill. He looked at my basketful of ripe berries, and said: "Well done Joseph. Was it not just as I told you? Always stick to your bush."

He died a few days after, and I had to make my own way in the world as best I could. But my father's words sank deep into my mind, and I never forgot the experience of the whortleberry party, I stuck to my bush. When I had a fair place and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months in finding one a little better. When the other young men said, "Come with us, and we will make a fortune in a few weeks," I shook my head and "stuck to my bush." Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I stand with the old house till the principals died, and then I took their place. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me, a character. I owe all I have and am to this motto: "Stick to your bush."

Rerublican Campaign Opens

Wilmington Star.

"A friend informs us that on Friday last there was expected to be a big speaking at Pates,' in the Seuffletown section, Robeson county, where Norment, Dockery and O. S. Hayes were to hold forth. At the appointed time, however, only Hayes put in his appearance. During the speaking a free fight occurred among the mulatoes or half-breed Indians and colored men present, during which pistols were drawn and Stephen Jacobs and Struckland Locklear were both wounded, one in the head and the other in the hip. Frank Cobb, one of the blacks, was so badly beaten and bruised that he couldn't tell whether he had been shot or only pounded with a big stick, and had to be stripped before the question was settled."

If you want a sewing machine, you can save money by seeing Pepper & Sons. They take machines for advertising, and can save you from $5 to $15 on almost any machine you want. You will find in their house now several of the very best machines, including the Remington, Weed, Hartford, &c. It is an old saying that a "penny saved is two made."

—Josh Billings reads nothing. He gets the materials for his numerous paragraphs through his eyes and ears. He never wrote anything till he was 45 years old. Up to that time the world was his college and men were his books. Billings says that humor does not pay as much as it did a few years ago. The market is over run, and young men who think of going into the humorous writing are simply wasting their time.

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

Adopted at Raleigh, June 26th, 1884.

We again congratulate the people of North Carolina on the career of peace, prosperity and good government on which she entered after the inauguration of a Democratic State administration and which has been unbroken for so many years since; upon the just and impartial enforcement of the laws; upon the efficiency of our common school system, and the great progress made in popular education; and upon the general improvement and enterprise manifested in every portion of the state. And we again challenge a comparison between this state of things and the crimes, outrages and scandals which attended Republican ascendancy in our borders; and we pledge ourselves to exert in the future, as we have done in the past, our best efforts to promote the material interests of all sections of the State.

Affirming our adherence to Democratic principles as heretofore enunciated in the platforms of the party, it is hereby

Resolved, That we regard a free and fair expression of the public will at the ballotbox as the only sure means of preserving our free American institutions, and that the corrupt and corrupting use of Federal patronage, in influencing and controlling elections is dangerous to the liberties of the State and the Union.

Resolved, That we are in favor of the unconditional and immediate abolition of the whole internal revenue system, as an intolerable burden, a standing menance to the freedom of elections, and a source of great annoyance and corruption in its practical operation.

Resolved, That no government has a right to burden its people with taxes beyond the amount required to pay its necessary expenses and gradually extinguish its public debt. And that whenever the revenues, however, derived, exceed this amount, they should be reduced so as to avoid a surplus in the treasury. We therefore urge upon our Senators and Representatives in Congress to exert themselves in favor of such legislation as will secure this end.

Resolved, that with respect to the tariff we reaffirm the life long and fundamental principles of the party as declared in the National Democratic platforms and that the details of the method by which the constitutional revenue tariff shall be gradually reached, are subjects which the party's representatives at the federal capital must be trusted to adjust; but in our opinion the duties on foreign importations should be levied for the production of public revenue, and the discriminations in its adjustment should be such as would place the highest rates on luxuries and the lowest on the necessaries of life, distribute as equally as possible the burdens of taxation and confer the greatest good to the greatest number of the American people.

Resolved, That the course of the Democratic party in furtherance of popular education, by efficient public schools in all sections, and the establishment, of graded and normal schools in the larger towns and accessible centers, is a sufficient guarantee that we favor the education of all classes of our people and we will promote and improve the present educational advantages so far as it can be done without burdening the people by excessive taxation.

AND WHERAS, There is now more than a hundred millions of dollars in the treasury of the United States wrung from the pockets of the people by unjust taxation on the part of the Republican party; therefore,

Resolved, That we will accept such distribution of said surplus revenues of the government for educational purposes as may be made by the Congress of the United States: *provided always*, that the same shall be disbursed by State agents, and not accompanied by objectionable features and embarrassing conditions.

Resolved, That it is due to the white people of our eastern counties, who have so cheerfully borne ther share of our common burdens, that the present or some other equally effective system of county government shall be maintained.

Resolved That in view of the existing and increasing harmony and kindly feeling between the two races in this State, and a similar condition of things which we believe to exist generally in other Southern States, we deprecate the attempt of the Republican party, in its recent platform at Chicago, to force civil rights as a living issue, and we denounce it as a fire brand and a hypocritical expression of interest in the black race, a wanton insult to the whites of the South, and tending to stir up strife between the now friendly races.

Something new and Useful.

Drying fruit a pleasure instead of drudgery. No trouble to dry fruit with my Patent, Solar, Fruit and Vegetable Dryer. It dries rapidly, on both sides alike, and all over at the same time. It has no equal for drying bright fruit, as there is no scorching or smoking the fruit, no sticking, no expense for wood or water, no waste, as it dries all the juices and sugary matter in the fruit. It is not only the best drier for drying peaches and apples, but also for all the small fruits, sweet potatoes, snap beans, or anything that you wish to dry quick in the sun, as priming leaves of tobacco &c., as any intelligent person will know at once who sees it. It is made of thin muslin cloth, such as is used for covering plant beds, stretched over a light frame made of laths, with a tin reflector so arranged as to throw the rays of the sun over the cloth. The material for making one dryer 33 inches wide and 10 feet long costs less than one dollar and will weigh about 28 lbs. Anybody that has seen one, or wish my printed instructions how to make, use &c., can make it in a few hours. Three dryers is about as many as an ordinary family can manage. The combined heat of the sun and reflector causes a continual upward current of air to draw up through the cloth which causes the fruit to dry rapidly. Set the drier in the shade, place the fruit on the cloth and then set it out in the sun, square with the rays, then in about two hours lift one end around so as to bring it square with the sun is all you have to do until the fruit is dry. It will dry sliced fruit in about half a day. Fruit dried on the above dryer for making pies &c., requires no cooking or stewing, simply cover the fruit you wish to use with boiling water, just enough to cover it, and let it stand 30 or 40 minutes, then put the water with the fruit into your pie, sweeten and flour to taste and bake, and you will find it equal to green fruit pie in flavor and color, and I think better than when the fruit is put up in cans. The above dryer and parts therof is fully covered by Letters Patent either with or without the reflector, and any infringements upon the same will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Any one sending me an order with two dollars and 12 cents I will send him by registered letter a farm right to make as many dryers as he wants to use at his place of residence only, with printed instructions how to make, use, &c., or five farm rights for ten dollars. Write name, Post office, County and State plain. All ordess promptly filled. Address Riley F. Petree, Germanton, Stokes co, N. C.

Gentle Mothers.

"My mother dear, my mother dear,
My gentle, gentle mother."

I thought I was singing my boy to sleep with the little ballad of which the above is the chorus, but the blue eyes opened, and the quiet voice said "Mamma, you ain't always gentle." In self-justification I replied, "But you know, darling, mamma has to scold when you're naughty."

"Yes'm.' The argument dropped, so did the little head upon my bosom. I did not finish the song, nor have I sung it since. Tenderly tucking in the little truth-teller, I reproached myself for deserving his remark, and gently questioned the truth of my answer. Do mothers ever have to scold? Has scolding any legitimate place in the family government? How is the word defined? "Railing with clamor, uttering rebuke in rude and boisterous language?" Is this a helpful adjunct to parental authority? Why do Christian parents sometimes scold? For two reasons, it seems to us. First, for lack of self-control; second, from habit. Children are often terribly trying, and loud and angry tones seem a safety-valve for our stirred tempers. Besides, we feel that gentleness alone can never safely steer the family bark over life's troublous sea. Force, firmness, decision, sternness even severity are often necessary. A suitable degree of these is not incompatible with gentleness. It is not a synonym for weakness. The gentleness that makes one great comes from subdued strength. The lovely fruit of the spirit proves an element of power. The soft answer often costs the answerer dearly. Sweetness of spirit is the outgrowth of self-control. Serenity of soul, whatever be the constitutional characteristics comes most frequently from long self discipline and prayerful struggle.

Don't buy a coach in order to please your wife. It is much cheaper to make her a little sulky.