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Reporter and Post.

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Price 50c. By all Druggists or by mail.

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OF THE PEOPLE! FOR THE PEOPLE!
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ONLY \$1.50 A YEAR!

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It is your duty to aid your county paper. We propose publishing a good family paper, and solicit from our friends and from the Democratic party in Stokes and adjoining counties a liberal support. Make up clubs for us. Now go to work, and aid an enterprise devoted to your best interests. Read the following

NOTICES OF THE PRESS:

The Danbury Reporter and Post is a paper of policy and politics, and deserves a liberal support.—*Reidsville Weekly*.

The Danbury Reporter and Post begins its thirteenth year. It is a good paper and deserves to live long and live well.—*Daily Workman*.

The Danbury Reporter and Post celebrates its twelfth anniversary, and with pardonable pride refers to its success, which it deserves.—*News and Observer*.

The Danbury Reporter and Post is twelve years old. It is a good paper and should be well patronized by the people of Stokes. It certainly deserves it.—*Salem Press*.

For twelve long years the Danbury Reporter and Post has been roughing it, and still manages to ride the waves of the journalistic sea. We hope that it will have plain sailing after awhile.—*Lexington Dispatch*.

The Danbury Reporter and Post has just passed its 12th anniversary and under the efficient management of brother Duggins cannot fail to increase in popularity with the people of Stokes and adjoining counties.—*Winston Sentinel*.

The editorials on political topics are timely and to the point, and the general make up of every page shows plainly the exercise of much care and painstaking. Long may it live and flourish under the present management.—*Mountain Voice*.

The Danbury Reporter and Post has entered the thirteenth year of its existence, and we congratulate it upon the prosperity that is manifested through its columns. To us it is more than an acquaintance, and we regard it almost as a kinsman.—*Leaksville Gazette*.

The Danbury Reporter and Post last week celebrated its twelfth anniversary. It is a strong and reliable paper editorially, it is a good local and general newspaper and in all respects a credit to its town and section. It ought to be well patronized.—*Statesville Landmark*.

The Danbury Reporter and Post has just entered its 13th year. We were one of the crew that launched the Reporter, and feel a deep interest in its welfare, and hope that she may drift outward with a clear sky and a smooth surface for as many more years.—*Cassell News*.

The Danbury Reporter and Post has celebrated its 12th anniversary. The paper is sound in policy and politics, and deserves the hearty support of the people of Stokes. It is an excellent weekly and we hope to see it flourish in the future as never before.—*Winston Leader*.

The Danbury Reporter and Post came out last week with a long editorial, entitled, "Our Twelfth Anniversary," and reviews its past history in a very entertaining way. Go on Bro. Pepper in your good work; you get up one of the not the best country paper in North Carolina.—*Kernersville News*.

That valued exchange, published in Danbury, N. C., the Reporter and Post, has entered upon its 12th anniversary. Long may it live to call the attention of the outside world to a country which is as rich, we suppose, in minerals as any in the State of North Carolina, and to battle for current political measures.—*Danville Times*.

How a Copper Mine Was Found

The big eagle that dropped Sinbad into the valley of diamonds was a "story bird," and it may be fiction that tells us the first genius of the now famous Transvaal were discovered in the crop of a South African Dutchman's hen; but it is unquestionable that more than one revelation of the riches of the earth to men has been unconsciously made by the act of a dumb animal. In this line of service the pig has beaten all competitors if what a correspondent of the *Cleveland Leader* tells us is true:

I have just returned from the shores of Lake Superior, where I spent some time visiting the copper regions, the greatest in the world.

Throughout the rock, barren Keweenaw peninsula, good for nothing as farming lands, the immense copper deposits have caused large towns to spring up, and they now give employment to thousands of men.

About eighteen years ago a pig strayed from the drove to which it belonged, and fell into a pit on a spot where the city of Calumet now stands. In rooting about, it uncovered a mass of native copper, and showed to the world the location of the greatest copper mine it has ever known.

As the result of the pig's rooting, humanity is now thirty-five million dollars richer in the use of the copper there discovered, and the stockholders, who led by the pig, have helped the world to this wealth, have received about twenty-five million dollars for their trouble. A town of six thousand inhabitants has gathered around the pig's hole, and nearly two thousand men are employed in operating the mines beneath it.

Consoling the Squire.

Squire Patterson, wearing an air of deep concern, approached his friend, Farmer Glover, and without speaking, leaned on the fence and sighed:

"What's the matter, Squire?"

"I don't know what this country's comin' too. What would you think if your daughter should run away and marry an ignorant hired man?"

"Oh, I don't know, Squire, but I would not take it to heart if I were you. I would try to think that it happened for the best."

"Would you forgive the girl?" asked the Squire.

"Yes, I believe I would. There's no use in holding out, you know. When did it happen?"

"Just a while ago."

"Who performed the ceremony?"

"Did."

"What! Then you could not have been opposed to the marriage?"

"Oh, it makes no difference to me," replied the Squire, "for you see, it's your daughter instead of mine.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

Possibilities of Farmers.

1. They have ten votes to seven of all other occupations.

2. They have enough to carry any election.

3. The can effectually put an end to the extortions of railroads, which take one bushel of every two the farmer raises.

4. They can put ten farmers in Congress and the State Legislature for every one they now have.

5. They can make their own laws in all the State.

6. They can secure the same payment per hour for hard work that is demanded by brain work.

7. They can have all the comforts and luxuries now enjoyed by the classes which prey upon them.

8. They can combine themselves into a compact body.

9. They can co-operate, can stand by one another and if they do so, can rule the world—or

10. They can continue to be the dull drudges they have been, the prey of every cunning politician, lawyer and speculator in the land.

Upon the keys south of Daytona there grows a veritable upash tree, called the manchineel. Any one taking shelter under it during a rain or sleeping under it when the dew falls is sure to be poisoned. One who experienced it says it "swells a fellow all up and makes him feel as if he had been skinned and peppered." Sawing some of the wood to make canes for the Exposition, Mr. Hall of Daytona, suffered from its poisonous effect so severely that he refuses to handle it again at any price.

A True Gentleman.

A few years ago a young man, fashionably dressed, took his seat at the table of the Girard House, in Pennsylvania. There was an air of self-conscious superiority in the youth which attracted general attention. He read the menu with smothered disgust, gave his order with a tone of lofty condescension, and when his neighbor civilly handed him the pepper-box, started at him for his presumption, as though he had insulted him an insult. In short, a person of the blood could not have regarded a mob of serf with more arrogant hauteur than did this lad the respectable travelers about him.

Presently, a tall, powerful built old man entered the room, and seated himself at one of the larger tables. He was plainly dressed, his language was remarkably simple. He entered the conversation with his neighbor, who happened to be a poor tradesman; and occasionally during the dinner exchanged ideas with a little lady of five summers who sat beside him. The colored servant spoke to him as an old friend.

"How is your rheumatism, John?" he said to one, and remembering that another had lately lost his son.

"Who is that old-fashioned gentleman?" asked a curious traveler of the steward.

"Oh, that is Judge Jere Black, the greatest jurist in the country!" was the enthusiastic reply.

"And the young aristocrat? He surely is somebody of note."

"He is a drummer who sells fancy soaps."

Judge Jeremiah Black, who has recently died, was noted and feared in public life for his massive force of intellect.

"Every blow kills!" said a listener to one of his arguments.

On the other side, an old farmer and neighbor wrote of him, "We shall never have another man as pure, kindly and simple among us."

The boys who will make our next generation could find much to study in the massive nature of this old man with his powerful brain, his simple, direct manner, and his unflinching childlike faith in God. With his last breath, he took his aged wife by the hand, saying, "Lord, take care of Mary," and so died.

The Professional Teacher.

Correspondence by a Colored Teacher.

If teaching is to be made a profession the teachers themselves must act professionally. They must act for and with each other and not against one another. If one physician visits the patient of another and tries to make him dissatisfied with the treatment of his attending physician or proposes to give him medicine at less cost, and procures the discharge of the attending physician, he acts unprofessionally. He has not pursued an honorable course. So if one teacher approaches the patron of another teacher, and by representation or misrepresentation induces the patron to believe his present teacher is not pursuing the best or not giving the best instruction; or if he offers financial or other inducements to draw away his patronage, he acts unprofessionally, and dishonorably. Yet this is a very common thing, so common that it calls for reform. Let each and every teacher respect each other, act honorably towards each other, cooperate with each other, and drive from their ranks the quacks who will not do so, then teachers will be respected by the people, and the profession be established.

The Speed of Thought.

Many people have noticed the remarkable quickness of thought in dreaming, how a long story, with many details and extending over a great period of time, will flash through the mind in a few minutes, but they seldom have any means of even approximately measuring the quickness with which they sometimes dream. There is now going the rounds of the press a story purporting to tell the dream of a railway engineer, which, if true, affords a means of measurement, and the story itself has every appearance of being a genuine relation of experience. The engineer had been without sleep on duty for many hours, and at last fell asleep on his post. Then he dreamed quite an elaborate story of an accident resulting from a confusion of train orders; how he studied over the words of the dispatch, trying to make out their meaning, and then how, his train coming into collision with another, he was thrown into the air and dropped back into his seat in the cab with his hand on the throttle. At this instant consciousness returned, and he found that it was all a dream, and that although his train was traveling at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, it had gone only two hundred and fifty feet while the dream was passing through his mind, this distance being fixed by the position of the train with respect to signal light on the line. This is the interesting part of the story, for if these measurements are approximately correct the dream occupied less than four seconds of time.

PUNISHMENT.—Garroting and wife-beating were found difficult to check in England until resort was had to the whipping post. It is unquestionable that the most hardened offender there dreads this form of punishment more than any other that can be inflicted upon them.

Mr. Bayard's State is the only one in the Union, so far as we are aware, where the whipping post is a permanent institution. Perhaps it would be as well to introduce it wherever wife beating is a popular amusement. We want no divorces in South Carolina, but if we have wife beaters, we certainly need the protection of a whipping-post.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

POISONOUS COAL GAS KILLS TWO YOUNG MEN.—The following is clipped from the *Lynchburg Virginian* of the 26th instant:

Great excitement prevailed in Wytheville Saturday morning, when two young men were found dead in a house owned by Mr. Ewald, having been suffocated with coal gas. Our informant was unable to obtain full particulars, but states that the two young men, Thomas Vernon and Walton, retired about 10 o'clock Friday night, and left a coal fire burning in the stove. Saturday morning one of them was found in the hall and the other one on the floor of the room, which would indicate that they awoke during the night, realized that they were being suffocated with gas and endeavored to reach a place where they could breathe fresh air. They were the only occupants of the house.

Pomdexter Dunn, who is making such a good run for U. S. Senator from Arkansas, is a native of Wakarusa county, N. C., says the *Raleigh Visitor*.

An Indian Tale of the Deluge.

A recent writer gives us the following version of the flood, which he says is believed in the East Indies: In East India there is a legend that ages ago mankind became so very bad that God determined to destroy all except just enough to begin with new. The exceptions were mostly preserved, along with pairs of all sorts of animals, in a golden palace on a mountain top. A boy and a girl, born of parents who were virtuous and good, had been previously carried off by an angel from their respective homes on the day of their birth, and were brought up in a crystal palace suspended in mid air, where they were tended by a mute figure of gold. When they grew up they were married, and a girl was born to them. The destruction of the wicked having been effected by fire, the earth was thereby greatly sanctified. So giants were sent to wash it clean. They used so much water that a deluge was produced, and the water rose so high that the golden palace and its inmates were in danger of being submerged.

Col. McClure Arrested.

Col. A. K. McClure, editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, who passed through the State about two weeks ago enroute for New Orleans, was arrested on his arrival at that city at the instance of M. A. Dauphin. The trouble comes from an article published in the *Times* concerning Mr. Dauphin and his connection with the Louisiana State Lottery.

Dauphin sues for \$100,000.

About this unpleasant affair the *Charleston News and Courier* says:

The arrest of Col. A. K. McClure in New Orleans, at the instance of Mr. Dauphin, the manager of the Louisiana Lottery Company, is as unpleasant a surprise to the people of the South as it could have been to Col. McClure himself. Mr. Dauphin probably congratulated himself upon having his distinguished adversary with reach of a court and jurors, not to say judges, who can be controlled by the Lottery Company; but the people of New Orleans and of Louisiana have no reason to share in his satisfaction. It will be to their interest in every way to see to it that the objects of the arrest shall not be accomplished, and that the insult and injury attempted to be inflicted upon their friendly visitor shall be atoned for as far as possible.

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CLOCKS AND BUSTLES.

A STRIKING INCIDENT.

Not long ago a lady left a Paris hotel at or about the same time that the clock which ornamented her room left also. The landlord pursued her, caused her arrest, and dragged her into court, where she was accused of stealing the clock. Although justly indignant at such an accusation, the lady, strong in her own innocence, sought her innocence in such a convincing way that the magistrate was on the point of discharging her when she unexpectedly struck twelve. The strokes came from the neighborhood of the bustle, and as the lady could not prove that nature had provided her with a striking apparatus she was searched and the missing clock discovered.

This pleasing and affecting incident will it is hoped, suggest to dress-makers the propriety of utilizing the waste space now occupied by the bustle. A small clock capable of striking the hours and half hours could be easily carried by any woman in the locality in which the Parisian lady carried her ill-gotten clock. Women invariably miss railway trains and all manner of appointments for the reason that they have no means of telling the time and nothing to remind them of its flight. It may be said that women wear watches. This is true, but what has it to do with the matter? Nothing is better known than that a feminine watch is entirely worthless as a time keeper, and even were it not worthless no woman with an appointment for 4 o'clock would think of consulting her watch until 4.30. If, however, clocks were generally worn in bustles, women would be reminded of the time whenever they might hear themselves strike. Were such clocks to be provided with an alarm attachment they would be still more useful. A careful mother, for example, might wind up her daughter's alarm and set it so that it would go off at 11 p. m., thus notifying all young men who might be present that the hour of departure had arrived. If a husband anxious to wake at 4 a. m. could set his wife for that hour, and be sure to be waked, provided the bustle were hung over a chair within a reasonable distance of the bed.

The fact is, the length of time which has passed without any attempt to utilize the carrying capacity of the bustle is a disgrace to the age. Women notoriously suffer from a dearth of pockets and yet they have never—except in the instance of the feloniously lady of Paris—made any attempt to convert the bustle into a pocket. This, however, cannot last, and the day will soon come when every bustle will contain, if not a clock, some other article or articles useful to the sex.—*N. Y. Times*.

Children's Sayings.

Little Jessie, who has been much interested in collecting butterflies, asked her paper one day,—

"If butterflies couldn't fly, and couldn't do anything but walk, we'd have to call them butterflies, wouldn't we?"

One beautiful starlight night Eddie went out a short distance with his mamma. After gazing up intently at the sky some minutes he said solemnly, "Dod's eyes!"

Little Charlie heard some one say that their minister's salary was \$800 and the parsonage. He afterwards told a gentleman that their minister got \$800 and parsnips!

Marcy was naughty one day—very naughty. She struck her mamma.

"What would you do if you didn't have any mamma?" asked Auntie Nell, solemnly. "I'd get gramma to make me a rag one," was the quick answer.

Ava very much dislikes thunder, which she calls "a large, big noise." One day during a shower she ran to grandma with,—

"I don't like thunder, gramma; I don't like it cooked nor any way!"

At another time she asked, "Is God rolling barrels around?"

Little Author was chopping with a hatchet one day and cut his finger.

"Oh, the bad old hatchet, I'll dull it!"

"No, don't, dear; you can't chop with it if you do."

"Yes, I can chop just the same," (making the motion with his arm), "but it won't leave any tracks."

When Landseer, the great animal painter, asked Smith to sit for his picture, Smith replied, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

Clocks and Bustles.

A STRIKING INCIDENT.