THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

VOLUME XIII. DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1885. NO. 38

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

Reporter and Post.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

DANBURY, N. C.

PEPPER & SONS, *Pubs. & Props*

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, payable in advance,.....$1.50
Six Months,.....75

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square (ten lines or less) 1 time,.....$1 00
For each additional insertion,.....50

Contracts for longer time or more space can be made in proportion to the above rates.

Transient advertisers 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.

A. J. BOYD, J. W. REID.

BOYD & REID,

Attorneys-at-Law

WENTWORTH, N. C.

Practice in the Superior court of Stokes county.

ROBERT D. GILMER,

Attorney and Counsellor,

MT. AIRY, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Surry, Stokes, Yadkin and Alleghany.

W. F. CARTER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

MT. AIRY, SURRY CO., N. C

Practices wherever his services are wanted

R. L. HAYMORE,

ATTORNEY-AT LAW

Mt. Airy, N. C.

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

B. F. KING,

WITH

JOHNSON, SUTTON & CO.,

DRY GOODS,

Nos. 27 and 29 South Sharp, Street,

T. W. JOHNSON, R. M. SUTTON
J. H. R. GRABBE, G. J. JOHNSON.

F. DAY, ALBERT JONES.

Day & Jones,

manufacturers of

SADDLERY, HARNESS, COLLARS, TRUNK
No. 336 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

W. A. Tucker, H. C. Smith, B.S. Spraggins

Tucker, Smith & Co.

Manufacturhrs & 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.

90 Hanover St., (between German & Lombard Sts)

BALTIMORE MD.

H. SONNEBORN, B. BLIMLINE

C. WATKINS, W. S. ROBERTSON
O. L. COTTRELL, A. S. WATKINS.

Watkins, Cottrell & Co.,

Importers and Jobbers of

HARDWARE.

1307 Main Street,

RICHMOND, VA.

Agents for Fairbanks Standard Scales, an Anker Brand Belting Cloth.

Steyhen Putney, *L. H Blair*

W. H. MILES,

WITH

STEPHEN PUTNEY & CO.

Wholesale dealers in

Boots, Shoes, and Trunks,

1219 Main Street,

Sept. 8-81-6m. *RICHMOND, VA.*

J. E. ABBOTT, OF N C.,

with

WINGO, ELLETT & CRUMP,

RICHMOND, VA.,

Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, &C.

Prompt attention paid to orders, and satisfaction gauranteed.

Virginia State Prison Goods a specialty

March, 6. m

ROBERT W. POWERS. EDGAR D. TAYLO .

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.

August 6 m 26—

J. L. C. BIRD,

WITH

W. D. KYLE & Co.,

IEPCRTERS AND JOBBERS OF

HARDWARE, Cutlery,

IRON, NAILS and CARRIAGE GOODS

No. 9 Governor Street,

RICHMOND, VA.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH

Easy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package. Good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Dimness, Hay Fever, &c. Fifty cents. By all Druggists, or by mail. E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

Your County Paper,

—The Reporter and Post.—

OF THE PEOPLE! FOR THE PEOPLE!
OF THE PEOPLE! FOR THE PEOPLE!
OF THE PEOPLE! FOR THE PEOPLE!
OF THE PEOPLE! FOR THE PEOPLE!

ONLY $1.50 A YEAR!

SUBSCRIBE NOW

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 REPORTER AND POST is sound in 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 onward with a clear sky and a smooth surface for as many more years.—*Caswell 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 Twelth Anniversary" and reviews its past history in a very entertaining way. Go on Bro. Pepper in your good work; you get up one of if 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 county which is as rich, we suppose, in minerals as any in the State of North Carolina, and to battle for correct political measures.—*Danville Times.*

"BOBBITTS."

The boys in Dutchman's gulch usually alluded to him as "The Kid of the Camp," but he said his real name was Bobbitts. I have spoken of the miners of Dutchman's gulch as "boys." Some of them wore beards as thick as a hedge fence, and hair which floated on the breeze like sea weed streaming from a weather-beaten wharf. Leadville was the nearest supply to Dutchman's Gulch, and at Leadville could Bobbitts usually be found.

The Kid of the Camp was about nine years old, with a thin, weazen face, a shrewd twinkle in his rat-like eyes, and a perverted taste for Monte and dog-leg tobacco. Bobbitts invariably "played in" what few nickels, dimes, and quarters he could earn or beg, but the older gamblers liked to have him to lean over their shoulders when engaged in bucking the tiger, regarding it as good luck, and Bobbitts as a Mascotte.

"My ma named me Bobbitts," he would explain, whenever interrogated regarding his early history; "and I reckin she knowd me."

Bobbitts had made his appearance in the far West at Cheyenne, where he had quietly dropped off from a Union Pacific freight train, with a boot-black apparatus slung over his shoulder, and a paid up capital of eighteen cents in his pocket.

From Cheyenne, Bobbitts drifted over to Leadville.

"Where were you born?" inquired Joe Watrous, alias the "Count," one evening, after he had turned in a couple of hundred dollars' worth of dust to the Monte bank. With the count this was not an unusual experience; in fact, so monotonous had it become of late, that it was far from possessing any very great degree of fascination.

"Dummed ef I know," answered Bobbitts, rubbing away industriously at the gambler's boots. "The fust thing I knowd I was in Clinton, Iowa, living with my ma. Me and her lived together."

"Who was your father?" continued the Count, lazily removing a polished boot from the box, and substituting another heavily coated with yellow clay.

"Dummed ef I kin tell yer. Guess he was no great shakes of a man, or ma would have told me suthin about him. But she didn't. Reckon he was a fly-by-night and no good."

"Then you never saw him to know him?" said the Count.

This conversation between Bobbitts and the Count had attracted quite a crowd of penniless or indifferent gamblers who had been lounging about the saloon, and they commenced to manifest something of a listless interest in the broken, sketchy, biographical narrative of Bobbitts.

"Well I dunno, exactly," replied Bobbitts, pausing in his work, and sitting back on his heels. "I'll tell yer. There was two men come to ma's house one night, about nine o'clock, and they both talked with ma, and ma, she talked back at 'em, as wild as a jack rabbit an' I heard one of 'em say as how ma was a bad woman, an' then the other man hit him with a cheer, an' drawd a knife to stick him; but ma she got between 'em, an' kep the man off his pardner, an' then they both quieted down an went away together, an' ma cried, an' said one of 'em was my fader, but I never knowd which, an' never did git the right on it. I was pretty young then, you know."

Again Bobbitts applied himself vigorously to the mud-coated pedal of the Count, and the crowd laughed at the curious idea of youth advanced by the precocious youth.

"Where is your ma now?" inquired one of the group of listeners.

"She shook me, about a year ago," answered Bobbitts, rubbing away at the gambler's boots harder than ever.

"Ran away, did she?"

"Yes; left one day when I was down town selling some papers, an' when I went to our house her trunk was gone, and a letter was on a cheer fer me. I knowd it was fer me, an' I took it over to a neighbor what had been kind to me, an' got him to read it."

The last boot was finished now, and Bobbitts carefully rolled down the Count's pant leg, and brushed from it the yellow splotches of mud.

"What did the letter say?" inquired a low, hoarse voice from the edge of the crowd. Bobbitts peered between the forms of two men, and then, after having carefully looked the stranger over, addressed himself to the crowd generally.

"It said, 'Dear Bobbitts,' an' the letter was wet and dirty, as if ma had cried over it a good deal, 'I am going away for a time, but I will come back to you within a year. Be a good boy, an' I will pray for yer.' I hain't been the best kind of a Sunday school kid, but I'll bet high ma has prayed for me, all the same."

"What makes you think so?" inquired the man with the hoarse voice on the edge of the crowd. Several other persons including Bobbitts, now regarded the stranger more attentively. He was a tall, sallow complexioned man, well dressed, in a style approaching the extreme of fashion. His age might have been anywhere between thirty-eight and forty-five. Bobbitts now exhibited evident signs of uneasiness.

"Yes," continued Bobbitts, turning his back on the stranger, yet apparently addressing him through the medium of the crowd; "she allus prayed for me an' fader every night. But I don't want to talk to you any more."

Instantly the attention of the crowd was divided between Bobbitts and the stranger. Intuition is one of the keenest senses of the gambler and, gambler like, the crowd, by different individual mental processes, began to connect, in an indefinable manner, the personalities of Bobbitts and the stranger. The Count now addressed the former:

"Do you know that man?"

"What man?" said Bobbitts sullenly.

"The man who just spoke to you."

"No, nor I dont want to know him"

"Why?"

"'Pears to me he is one of the blokes what come to ma's house an' raised a ruction, that night I was tellin' about. I don't say as t'was him, but only that it 'pears like it.

"Yes, you little devil, you're right!" exclaimed the dark complexioned stranger; pushing his way through the crowd, and viciously kicking the little boot-black, who fell with a low moan to the floor.

In another instant the man lay stretched on the sanded, grimy floor of the saloon, stricken down by a blow square from the shoulder of another stranger, a brawny hercules in a shaggy Petersham coat, and who tenderly raised Bobbitts on his knee and called for a glass of water. Bobbitts was insensible.

"Shame! shame!" rolled savagely from the throats of a dozen indignant men and the well-dressed stranger had barely risen to his elbows, trying in a dazed manner to comprehend the situation, before he was seized by the shoulders, dragged to the door, and thrown bodily on to the sidewalk.

Another instant, and a ball from the outside crashed through the saloon window. The Count sank to the floor, a dark purple stream trickling from his mouth. Intended for another man, the bullet had reached his heart.

"That might have been any one of us!" shouted "Peg" Moffit, Deputy Sheriff, and followed by half the crowd as a valiant posse, he bolted out into that night after the stranger.

A physican, hastily summoned, let fall the hand of the Count and turned to Bobbitts, who still rested upon the friendly knee of his protector.

The Count had "coppered" his last bet, and passed over to the great majority, in the silent, unhappy country of the dead.

"Has this boy a home?" inquired the doctor.

"He will go to the hotel with me," answered the stranger.

"And your name ——"

"Is John Morley. I am his father. His mother is with me, at the Carndall House."

"That is good," said the physician; "for I am afraid the little fellow's spine is injured, and that he may become a cripple for life. What internal injuries he may have sustained I cannot now determine."

John Morley bent down and kissed the thin, white lips of Bobbitts.

"Call a hack," he said, huskily.

The little elfish features of Bobbitts looked up from a background of snowy pillows scarcely whiter than his face. Over those pillows tenderly bent a handsome woman, still on the sunny side of thirty, John Morley and the doctor. The tears which dimmed the eyes of the lady but heightened her beauty—a beauty softened by past care and patient waiting and watching.

"He will live," said the doctor, and the mother of Bobbits murmured, "Thank God!"

"But will always use a crutch."

Bobbitts closed his eyes wearily when he heard this, and then opened them again, with the shadow there of the old-time twinkle.

"An' the kids will all call me a limping jigger from Jigtown," he said.

"No, no, darling!" answered the mother, burrying her sweet face in the pillows beside his own; "you shall know no more of this world's rudeness, its wickedness, its poverty, its woe."

The doctor drew his chair before the cheerful grate fire. John Moreley sat down beside him, according to promise, told the story of his life.

"The man who shot Joe Watrous, the 'Count,' is my wife's cousin, Thomas Darkle. His father, James Darkle, died when Thomas was a boy; he, an only son, was taken home by an uncle, Robert Darkle, an eccentric bachelor, and by him reared and educated. My wife's father was lost at sea, soon after we were married in new York, where Robert 'Bobbitts' was born. Robert Darkle was very wealthy; he informed us that he had made a will, leaving the bulk of his property, a half million, to our little Robert, the annual interest thereof to be paid to my wife, quarterly, until the maturity of his namesake Robert, when the whole should be his. To Thomas Darkle he had willed fifty thousand dollars.

"From that moment Thomas Darkle commenced to plot for a reversion of the will, and he succeeded. Both Thomas and my wife were only children, orphanaged at an early age. His first onslaught was against the will, was made through me. By various temptations he turned me from an honest, hard-working man, to a dissipated, liquor-inflamed wretch, with the manhood almost burned out of my soul, and then—then he plunged the knife deeper into my heart and turned it 'round. He attacked the reputation of my wife. He worked upon a naturally too jealous disposition, and tried in New York to cause an estrangement between us. He followed us to Clinton, Iowa, and attempted there to blast the character and cast a cloud upon as pure a woman as ever breathed the air of purest Heaven. Daily he fed the flames of passionate jealousy, and then he came one night with what he claimed were the strongest proofs of her infidelity; we went home, openly upbraided her, and when he went too far, I struck him with a chair, even as I struck him last night; and he—he feigned forgiveness, and again we went forth from my home together, he to plot and scheme and rob, and I to believe and become his willing dupe. Thomas Darkle went East, I West. He saw his uncle, and by friendship, lies, and gross misrepresentations speedily convinced him of my wife's alleged unworthiness, and stooped to blight the honest parentage of Bobbitts. The will was revoked, a codicil was added, and when Robert Darkle died his will was read, and Thomas Darkle was sole heir to all his wealth."

John Morley paused in his narrative, while his face flushed with the fires of a righteous indignation which had not yet burned out.

"How did you regain your wife?" quietly asked the doctor.

"One year ago she left Clinton, and Bobbitts to the care of strangers. Much of the testimony against her, as given by Thomas Darkle involved the names of parties living at a great distance—one in Texas and one in Georgia. To each of them my wife journeyed, and obtained irrefutable proof that Tom Darkle was a liar. As I said, I came West. I worked mines. I bought and sold, and made money; and then, when I began to think that life was not worth living, especially a wrecked and broken life like mine, my wife came to me in Denver, came with all the proof that loyal love could bring, and we were again most happily united. One sorrow only shadowed us. Where was Bobbitts? Together, hand in hand, my wife and I began the search for our son. Tom Darkle, too, was on his trail. The thought of wills being set aside by courts, on proof of undue influence, frightened him. He, too, tracked Bobbitts here, as I now believe, to kill him. He knows moreover, that he is next of kin, and somehow it is natural for a man to hate his rival, and hate his successor in office. Doctor, you know the rest."

A bell boy, with a white face, came to the door of the room, and called the doctor out into the hall. In a moment he returned, and said:

"I am obliged, by the duties of my office, to leave you now, and conduct an inquest. I am Coroner of this County."

"Some accident?" asked Mrs. Morley, coming forward from the bed where lay her crippled son.

"No, it was not an accident," replied the doctor. "By the way, did I understand that by the death of Tom Darkle intestate his property descended to Bobbitts?"

The face of John Morley blanched, as he replied:

"By the terms of his uncle's will the money cannot be willed by him.'

"Then Bobbitts is again an heir. The Vigilants have just hung Tom Darkle to a telegraph pole"

A Midnight Duel.

An old ex-Confederate soldier describes in the Athens (Ga.) Banner a duel which took place between two young soldiers — one from Georgia and the other from Mississippi. The duel was caused by the rivalry of the two soldiers for the smiles of a village belle at a dance. The narrator says: "The Georgian seemed to have the lead on the Mississippian, and when the dancers were called to take their places he led the belle of the valley to a place in the set. At this point the Mississippian was seen to approach the couple and heard to claim the lady's hand for the dance. An altercation ensued; but both were cool, brave soldiers—two of the best shots in the army—who did not believe in a war of words. So it was ended by the Georgian dancing with the lady, and the significant remark of the Mississippian that 'I will see you after this set.'

"When the dance was over the Georgian was seen to seek the Mississippian, and together they each called a friend from the crowd and departed. When outside, both claimed that an insult had been passed which could only be wiped out in the blood of the other, and that a duel to the death should be arranged at once. A full moon was just appearing over the tops of the surrounding forest, and I tell you this talk of blood in the silence of the night was anything but pleasant. No argument, however, would avail with these men. So it was arranged that the duel should take place on the top of the Blue Ridge, near the centre of the road that passes through the gap; that the weapons should be pistols at fifteen paces, and to fire at or between the words 'one, two, three,' firing to continue until one or both were dead.

"The point was reached, the ground measured off, and the men took their positions without a tremor. The moon shed its pale light down on a scene never to be forgotten. A moment or two and the silence was broken by the signal: 'One! Two! Three!' At the word 'one' the report of two pistols rang out on the midnight air, but the principals retained their respective positions. The Georgian's arm was seen to drop closer to the side, but the Mississippian was immovable, and still held his pistol to the front. Again a pistol shot was heard, coming from the Georgian, and the Mississippian still held his position but did not fire. The Georgian protested that he had not come there to murder him, but no answer was returned. The Mississippian's second approached his principal and found him dead, shot through the eye on the first discharge of the weapons. Death, it seems, had been instantaneous, so much so as not even to disturb his equilibrium. I may forget some things, but the midnight duel, on the top of a spur of the Blue Ridge, with its attendant circumstances, is not one of them."

Moral Decay.

Moral decay in the family is the invariable prelude to public corruption. It is a false distinction which we make between public integrity and private honor. The man whom you cannot admit into your family, whose morals are corrupt, cannot be a pure statesman. Whoever studies history will be profoundly convinced that a nation stands or falls with the sanctity of its domestic ties. Rome mixed with Greece, and learned her morals. The Goth was at her gates; but she fell not till she was corrupted and tainted at the heart. When there was no longer purity on her hearth-stones, nor integrity in the Senate, then, and not till then, her death-knell was rung.

The danger of reading too much is, that we shall have only the thoughts of others. The danger of reading too little or none at all, that we shall have none but our own.—Acton.

Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week.—Longfellow.

George Washington's Feet.

Washington's boots were enormous, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune. They were No. 12. His ordinary walking shoes were No. 11. His hands were large in proportion, and he could not buy a glove to fit him, and had to have his gloves made to order. His mouth was his strong feature, the lips being always tightly compressed. He weighed 200 pounds, and there was no surplus flesh about him. He was tremendously muscled, and the fame of his great strength was everywhere. His huge tent, when wrapped up with the pole, was so heavy that it required two men to place it in the camp wagon. Washington could lift it with one hand and throw it into the wagon as easily as if it were a pair of saddlebags. He could hold a musket with one hand and shoot with precision as easily as other men did with a horse pistol. His lungs were his weak point, and his voice was never strong. He was at this time in the prime of life. His hair was a chestnut brown, his cheeks were prominent, and his head was not large in contrast to every other part of his body, which seemed large and bony at all points. His finger joints and wrists were so large as to be genuine curiosities. He was an enormous eater, but was content with bread and meat—if he had plenty of it; but hunger seemed to put him in a rage. It was his custom to take a drink of rum or whiskey on awakening in the morning.

Of course all this was changed when he grew old. A year before he died his hair was very gray and his form was slightly bent. His chest was very thin. He had false teeth which did not fit and pushed his under lip outward. He probably drank much more in his old age. He was a great lover of fine wines and horses.

CHAFF.

A subscriber advertises "[illegible] girl to cook." He probably was afraid he would be hanged if he cooked a pretty girl.

At one of the customary school examinations an urchin was asked, "What is the chief use of bread?" To which he replied: "To spread butter upon."

"Can a man be hanged twice?" asks the New York Tribune. This may be a mooted question; but some men deserve to be hanged twice—and each time fatally.—N. Y. Dial.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood carried as many States as Butler or St. John, anyhow, and that is doing pretty well for a woman's first run against old experienced politicians of the pantaloon gender.—Norristown Herald.

An ingenious girl confided to a friend that she thought a certain young gentleman was going to propose. "I'm sure of it," she said, earnestly. "Why, only the other evening, when he called, he told me how to prevent babies from being bow-legged."

"Curious how much cleaner all the people look!" exclaimed a Texan who had been away on a trip for a couple of months. "Yes," replied the old settler to whom he was talking; "you have no idea what a thundering lot of rain has fallen here this season!"

A traveler through Arabia writes that when a Bedouin is asked to drink, his answer would frequently be: "No, thank you; I drank yesterday." In this country the answer usually is: "Well, I have been at it all the morning, but I guess I can stand another."

He Grew in Two States.

"Are you a native of the State?" asked the Judge of the United States Court, addressing a fat man who had been summoned to testify in a case of illicit distilling.

"Mostly, Jedge."

"I mean were you born in this State?"

"I understand. I wa'n't born here, but I am mighty nigh a native."

"Came here when you were quite young, I suppose?"

"No, sir, ain't been here but about ten year."

"How old are you?

"Fifty."

"Then how is it that you are very nearly a native of the State?"

"Well, when I came here I only weighed about a hundred pounds. Now I weigh two forty, so you see one hundred and forty pounds of me are native while only one hundred pounds comes from Missouri."—Arkansaw Traveler.