

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

VOLUME XIII.

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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 does its duty to the 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 its 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.—*Lexington 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.—*Stateville 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 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 it 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 correct political measures.—*Danville Times.*

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That strove our hearts in youth;
The impulse to a worthless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need;
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proved a friend indeed—
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatened high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart,
These things shall never die.

The memory of a chipping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail
That make up life's bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and love,
These hands have clasped and lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling wants of sympathy
We feel but never tell—
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unflinching record kept,
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm and just and true.
So shalt a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel's voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

—All the Year Round.

A Pair of Partners.

A LAWYER AND A DOCTOR IN SEARCH OF PRACTICE.

The far west is a great place for young doctors as well as for old ones who have never had much success in the east.—Almost every western town has an overplus of physicians and lawyers. The former find the most to do, and the latter get the most money. The sickness and wounds which have to be attended to are numerous, but the capacity of the patients to pay is not usually very great, and frequently amounts to nothing at all. For this reason the doctors always make their bills high, and when they collect one they have received pay for several which they never hope to get direct. Ten or fifteen dollars a visit is a moderate charge for many of these inexperienced physicians, and in every section you can see one or more of these fellows who come out here to get a bill for \$25 or \$50 for half an hour's time.

The lawyers are not called so often, but they have to deal with men who have money or can get it, and they make money when they can find anything to do. An old lawyer and a young doctor, the former with a very fine nose and the latter with only a suspicion of a mustache, were in Laramie, Wyoming, recently prospecting for a location.

They had been hunting together for about two years, and had been unable to find a place where the chances of success seemed good. The lawyer called the young man Doc, and the Doc called the old man Judge. In the hotel they got to telling some of their experiences, and before they had gone far they were surrounded by a large and appreciative crowd. They had taken in their travels about half of the prominent mining camps, and when they left Laramie they announced that they intended to try their luck the coming summer up in Idaho and Montana.

"The first town we struck," said the Judge, "was Lead City, up in the Black Hills, and as there were only three or four lawyers and doctors there we thought we had hit it right the first time. We got a couple of rooms and fitted up one for sleeping and the other for an office, while we took our meals in a saloon beneath us. A week after we had located and got our signs out we set one evening talking matters over and wondering if we hadn't made a mistake after all, when our conversation was interrupted by two pistol shots that sounded almost as if they had been fired in our own rooms. There was a great hubbub, and as we rushed down stairs there was a cry of

"A doctor! a doctor! Call a doctor!"

"Here's one," I said, elbowing my way through the crowd and making room for the Doc; "here's one right here."

"The Doc and I saw at a glance what the trouble was. One man had shot another in the saloon. The wounded man lay on the ground and two or three men were holding his assailant. I perceived at once that there was a case for both of us. So I whispered to the Doc to pitch in and save the man if he could, and I would see to the legal defense of the guilty party. Oh, you see, I'm older'n he is, and I think all these various aspects of a case come to an elderly person quicker than they do to a

younger fellow. He pitched in and so did I, and before midnight we were both solid, with all the other lawyers and doctors in town hanging around with nothing to do.

"Along about 2 o'clock in the morning we both got to our room and reported progress. He had dressed the man's wounds and was to call again in the morning, and I had seen the prisoner, had a long interview with him and his friends, planned out a very brilliant line of defense, and spent three bits treating the deputy sheriffs. The Doc reported that the wounded man seemed to have money, and I reported that the prisoner and his crowd had agreed that if I got him clear I was to have \$250.

We went down stairs and took a couple of drinks in honor of our good luck, and then went to bed confident that we had made a good beginning. The next morning the Doc was up sometime before me, because he was a little anxious about his patient, and, as he was leaving the room, he said:

"I'll be back after a little. Wait half an hour or so, and I will go to breakfast with you."

"I got up after a while, and, as he had not returned, I sat down and began mopping out on paper the case of my client. I had just got well into the business, when I looked up and there stood the Doc.

"The man's gone!" he gasped, looking vacantly around.

"Gone where?" says I.

"Don't know," he said. "Some of the boys say he's dead and buried, and others say he's gone to Decatur. I couldn't find any trace of him or the gang. I saw your client though."

"Where 'bouts," says I.

"Down here hanging to an awning."

"Jerusalem!" says I, and grabbed my hat and walked down the street. Sure enough, there was my man hanging dead to an awning. I felt of his pulse and of his pockets, but didn't get anything. Everybody had disappeared from the town for the time being, and I went back to our rooms. We talked the matter over long and earnestly, and after we had looked at the thing all its bearings, we came to the conclusion that young men had no chance in that town, and left."

The Doctor, who had listened attentively to everything the Judge had been saying, here took a bite of plug tobacco and said: "you can't very often tell about a town by appearances. We have found that out. Places that seem to hold out the fewest inducements are sometimes the ones that offer the best chances. When we had been in Tin Cup three weeks without getting sight of a dollar we came pretty near deciding to leave, and I guess we would, but we were mighty short, and we have always made it a point either to leave a place before we got strapped or to stay until we made something. In this case we were strapped, and there was no use of thinking of making a change in the condition we were in then."

"One day not long after this a young woman came into our office and asked to see the judge. He rose and greeted her in his most majestic way, giving her the spare chair. Then, when they had passed the time of day, she looked at me rather sharply, the judge frowned, and I got up and walked out. It seems as though she would never go, but finally I saw her trip away, and I crept slyly back to the office. The judge was radiant with smiles. He had got a divorce case, and he believed that he would be able to work me in as an expert. I listened to the recital of the facts with the greatest interest, and when he had finished he told him that we were fixed beyond a doubt.

"The young woman had been married to a well-to-do old miser whose success had led him into various excesses, and when drunk he had repeatedly pounded her unmercifully. She never cared much for him, but she did have a hankering after his dust, and so did we. She had given the judge all the points and instructed him to bring suit right away. As a retainer she had left \$25 with him, and of this the judge gave me ten. All at once we seemed to be rolling in riches. In the afternoon a messenger came to the office for me, saying that the lady was very sick and that she services were needed at once. I got myself into as good shape as possible and called. She was reclining on a lounge, and after many tears she told me, apparently with great reluctance, that she had fallen down the cellar and bruised herself severely; and she feared broken some bones. I made an examination and found a small black and blue spot on one arm and a slight abra-

sion of the skin on her left knee. After prescribing for her and bandaging the arm and knee, she confessed that her husband had inflicted these injuries, and wanted to know if I would testify in court as to the nature of the bruises, and make them out fully as bad as they were.

"Well," I said with great deliberation, "that is somewhat unprofessional, you know. I would hardly like to be mixed up in a divorce proceeding, for it might injure my standing as a practitioner. Still, I might testify if compelled to by an order of the court, in a general way. Of course, I could do nothing to compromise the honor of my profession."

"I will give you an even hundred if you will drop your profession in this matter and think of only me," she said, rather abruptly, I thought.

"Of course," I said, "that alters the case somewhat. I will testify and make the thing out fully as bad as it is."

"So I left her then with the understanding that I was to call every day for a week, and I did, too. I gave her good medicine for her nerves, and to such people as I saw I shook my head gravely and said she was very low, but that I hoped to pull her through. When court convened the judge had her case ready, and after the plaintiff's witnesses had all testified, including myself, I got the hundred dollars. The husband's attorneys devoted their efforts to the task of showing that he was not half as rich as we made out, but the divorce was granted, and with it a big slice of alimony and counsel fees. When the judge got his pay, he was in favor of staying right there and growing up with the country, but they got out a warrant against me for perjury, and I left for New Mexico. Six months after that the judge came too. He hadn't had another case since the divorce, and he got tired of waiting. Since then we have hung together. There's money in a medico-legal partnership, if it is properly worked."

A Terrible Adventure.

The Italian Alps, a paper relates some striking incidents to which the recent avalanches have given rise. A man of the name of Rapelli, an ex-marshall of carabinieri, lived with his wife and his children in the village of Grosavello. The wife was an invalid, and while her husband and their little girl were in her bed-room two Sundays ago an avalanche fell on the village and crushed the house. Rapelli was killed, and the child, one of whose feet was caught between two joists, was thrown head downward, without any possibility of extracting herself. The mother, though saved from destruction by a beam, had one of her arms so tightly wedged under it that she could only just touch the child's head with the tip of her fingers. After hanging in the position described for thirty hours, continually crying to her mother for help, she died in convulsions. Mme. Rapelli would probably have perished of hunger and cold if a hen had not come within reach of her free hand. She seized and strangled it with her teeth, and placed the feathers under her neck, which was in contact with the snow. Then she devoured the fowl just as it was. After remaining thus imprisoned nearly sixty hours she was got out by a rescue party and carried into a stable hard by, where a short time ago she lay in a condition bordering on id'oy. The cause of these disasters (a correspondent points out) is well known. There is nothing like forests for stopping or breaking the force of an avalanche, and slopes of the Italian sides of the Alps have been almost completely denuded of their timber. The Swiss owe their comparative immunity from the catastrophes which have wrought havoc among their neighbors to the care they bestow on the preservation of their mountain woods.

LUCK.—Not long after President Cleveland's election he received a small package by mail from Alabama. The package contained a letter which read about as follows: "Dear Gov. Cleveland, everybody says you are the luckiest kind of a man, and I'm glad of it. I want you to keep your luck, so I send you a buckeye. You must keep the buckeye in your pocket, and you're sure to be lucky. I'm only a little boy but I keep a buckeye, and I'm the luckiest boy you ever saw. I've found a penknife and a marble. I don't want no office nor nothing else. I'm only eight years old."

Send us the news from every quarter.

Twenty Years Ago.

On the 11th day of April, 1865, the last number of the Daily Confederate was published in Raleigh. Hon. D. K. McRae was the editor and the editor of this paper was the localizer and mailing clerk.

On the morning of that day Col. McRae and we parted to meet, as we intended, in Charlotte, a few days later, where we were to resume the publication of the Confederate. He was to go by rail and carry the type, presses, &c., while we were to go by private conveyance, as we wished to carry our negroes, teams, and some provisions from our farm.

But, neither of us made the trip.—The Colonel had not the time to move the office before the coming of Sherman's army, and we, after reaching the western portion of Cumberland county, heard of General Lee's surrender, and knowing that the war was over, wheeled about and went down into Harnett county where we rented land and put our negroes and teams to plowing. By the first day of May we had nearly or quite a hundred acres planted in corn, and although freedom came along and took the negroes away, we managed to work the crop and made a big pile of corn which we sold in Fayetteville at prices that would pay any farmer well, if they could be secured now.

We had never seen a greenback when we pitched our tent in Harnett, and had no other currency than North Carolina Treasury notes. Of course Confederate money would not even buy a plug of tobacco. We did, however, buy a sheep skin and an old inch sager for \$10 in Confederate money, but we always thought the fellow who sold them to us considered them a gift.

But, although we had no currency we did have a plenty of bacon, and that would buy anything else. In the summer we sent a load of watermelons to Fayetteville and the boy brought home about five dollars in greenbacks—the first we ever saw. We lived happily that year, made a good crop, sold it for good prices, and rather enjoyed, than we did in any other year, the new set of things.

Can it be that twenty years have flown since that morning on which Col. McRae bade us meet him in Charlotte, as we shook hands in front of the store now occupied by Mr. M. Rosenbaum? How swiftly they have sped.—[Spirit of the Age.]

The Member Who Was Left.

A Washington letter says: I heard a member the other day bitterly reproaching some of the lackeys about the hall of the House for the neglect of him.

"They all know I haven't been re-elected," he explained, "and it is all I can do to get any service out of them. The member who sits next to me has been returned, and if he makes the slightest signal half a dozen pages will fly toward him with the utmost alacrity. I frequently beat my hands together until they are almost blistered without attracting their attention, and when I do succeed, they move toward me as leisurely as you please, and execute my orders with a display of condescension that would be amusing if it were not so annoying."

"Perhaps you have incurred their displeasure in some way," I suggested, "and their neglect of you is not due to your defeat."

"No, indeed," was the reply. "Before I went home last spring, all the clerks, messengers and pages were most assiduous in their attentions. But when I came back in December, after getting left at the election, I found that they regarded me as a person of very little importance, and since that time have been inclined to look upon me in the light of an intruder. It is so with all the members who failed of re-election. They are all making complaints, and I guess they have reason to. I tell you that these fellows who hang about the Capitol picking up the crumbs that fall from the Congressional table have a keener eye for the main chance and no use whatever for a statesman whose days of official life are numbered."

Edison is to the fore again. He is to test his new Electric Motor with the Duff Electric Motor. It is claimed that the invention is destined to supersede the greasy locomotive. Every car is to have its own motor and a speed of twenty miles an hour will be easily attained. There are no cinders, no dirt and but little noise.

SMALL BITES.

Mind is from God.

The mind is the man.

The mind only is true wealth.

We live not in body but in mind.

A good mind is a kingdom in itself.

The march of the human mind is slow.

A great mind becomes a great fortune.

A vacant mind is an invitation to vice.

The best empire is the empire of the mind.

It is the mind that ennobles, not the blood.

The mind to the soul is as the eye to the body.

It is through the mind the man knoweth God.

Judge not the mind by the shape of the body.

As sight is in the eye, so is the mind in the soul.

He that doubts the existence of mind, by doubting, proves it.

The beauty of the mind is more lovely than that of the body.

Wise men are chiefly captivated with the charms of the mind.

The mind grows narrow in proportion as the soul grows corrupt.

A man may know his own mind, and still not know a great deal.

The sufferings of the mind are more severe than the pains of the body.

The mind wears the colors of the soul, as a vail those of his master.

In a firm mind there is always found an unflinching countenance for good and evil.

Great minds lower instead of elevate, those who do not know how to support them.

The common mind is the true Parian marble, fit to be wrought into likeness to a god.

Man can make heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

We measure minds by their stature; it would be better to esteem them by their beauty.

We in vain summon the mind to intense application, when the body is in a languid state.

A mind, by knowing itself, and its own proper powers and values, becomes free and independent.

The mind does not know what diet it can feed on until it has been brought to the starvation point.

The mind is nothing less than a garden of inestimable value which man should strive to cultivate.

Every great mind seeks to labor for eternity, and alone is exalted by the prospect of distant good.

Old minds are like old horses; you must exercise them if you wish to keep them in working order.

The mind and memory are more sharply exercised in comprehending another man's things than our own.

Mind is the brightness of the body—lights it, when strength, its proper but less subtle fire, begins to fall.

As the mind must govern the hands, so in every society the man of intelligence must direct the man of labor.

He who learns not from events rejects the lessons of experience; he who judges from the event makes fortune an assessor in his judgments.

There are eleven thousand cider mills in the United States, which turned out 5,500,000 barrels of the popular farm beverage last fall and winter.

The Popolo Romano lately printed the following advertisement in English: "A Roman gentleman wishes to marry English, American or German lady. Very serious affair. Apply W. W."

Wisdom and politeness are not always associated. The owl said to be the wisest of birds is also the most contemptuous. He hoots at everything.

It is a strange fact that while numerous privates are found among Mexican war veterans none but officers have survived the war of the States. It is not possible to get up a regiment of any but Generals, Colonels, Majors, Captains, Chaplains, and others.