

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

VOLUME XIII.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1885.

NO. 51

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, .85

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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 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.—*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 if not the best county 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.*

Mrs. Morris' Mortgage.

BY EDWIN H. TRAFFON.

I.

Whatever brightness there was in that little household was strictly home-made. Home-made things may lack style and polish and a great many other qualities, but they are solid and satisfying. The widowed mother was brave and patient; fourteen-year-old George was manly and hopeful; Baby Bess, a wee tot, insisted that she was 'mamma's sunbeam and George's joy,' and between them the love these three had for each other was their principal fortune. To be sure, they had their cottage, nestled like a brown little wren of a house among the cherry trees, but so far from the more pretentious street of the village as to be quite secluded in its modest retirement—a home-nest where there was more peace than plenty.

One thing this tiny residence had in common with many stately mansions that unwinkingly stand forth as if begging for public admiration—there was a mortgage on it. It was so very small a house that it really seemed as though it would not take much of a mortgage to crush in its low, rambling roof, like a too heavy load of snow, and, like the snow, is a mortgage on a poor man's home, a cold, pitiless dead weight.

Next after her two children Mrs. Morris loved this wren-like house best of anything, and for three long years she had worked at that mortgage, saving up and paying it off 'by a little,' until at last when of the original \$500 there only remained a trifle less than \$10 to pay. Lawyer Harding had given her notice from the holder of the mortgage that he could no longer extend the time, and that unless the balance was settled by the first day of the month he would foreclose. This simply meant that she would lose all she had paid and be turned out of doors into the bargain. At the same time the lawyer had intimated on giving this disagreeable intelligence, that if Mrs. Morris would consent to marry him he would relieve her of all further trouble, not only in regard to this but all future financial embarrassments.

The mortgage itself was trouble enough for one poor woman to bear; but she would rather have had all the mortgages in the world to fight than endure the thought of life with a man with the mean traits of this lawyer. She gave him to understand this fact as clearly as a good use of plain, matter-of-fact English could do. His words were smooth enough—too smooth, in fact—as he went away, but there was the sort of smile that boded no good to the object of his thoughts. It was as evident to her as though he had said so in so many words, that the time mentioned would be the last day of grace.

April 1st came—but not the paltry balance needed to clear off the mortgage. And no sum of money is paltry when one must have it to avert disaster—and cannot get it. Mrs. Morris could see no earthly way out of her trouble that morning. Everything looked dark. It was hard to have worked so long, to have struggled for weeks and months and years, as she had done, only to lose all at last. No, not all! For she had George and Bess left. Thinking of them made it still harder to bear, for it was for their dear sakes she had toiled and economized and saved. There was a suspicious suggestion of what her eyes had been doing when George came cheerily in to his breakfast.

"What, my little mammie's eyes are half-drowned!" he exclaimed, in his hearty, boyish way, with part fun and more tenderness in his tone, as he hugged her like a young bear, and dabbed kisses into each damp eye.

"Tisn't me!" he continued, searching for a cause for the rather unusual display of discomfort. "No! I'm glad of that, because I don't think I've done anything downright awful lately, and it can't be Bess! She's all right, I know—no measles, or whooping cough, or anything—for I just saw her sleeping like a—!" here he paused for a satisfactory smile, dabbing more warm kisses from rosy lips into red eyes the while—like a happy little kitten.

"Georgie, do eat your breakfast. It's as bad to have one's eyes kissed out as drowned out."

"Oh, I know!" he continued, pursuing the subject with no intention of being put off. "That old Harding is coming again, I'll bet anything."

"Yes, dear, he is coming," but the little woman had not the heart to tell all that dreaded coming implied.

"Pshaw, mammie! Don't worry so about it. That blamed mortgage is almost paid off and you won't have to see the mean sneak many times more."

"I don't like to hear you speak that way. It doesn't help me and it hurts you."

More kisses that said as plainly as words could, 'It was because I love you and can't bear to see you so unhappy, but if it hurts you I won't do it any more.'

Then he pitched into his breakfast with as savage earnestness as though he thought he was a half-starved cannibal and his food was the luckiest but well-cooked Harding.

"I'll bet it's an April fool!" said George, at the sound of an unusually loud ring at the front door. It was in reality a boy with a large official envelope, addressed to Mrs. Morris, who simply said he was told there was no answer to wait for.

Nervously Mrs. Morris tore it open, as some people have a way of doing with their telegrams.

"It is the mortgage!" she cried, as she unfolded the formidable document. It was not her familiarity with law papers that enabled her to so promptly identify it; every fold and crease and blot of this mortgage she knew by long and sad acquaintance.

"Are you quite sure 'tisn't an April fool, mammie?" asked George suspiciously. Neither he nor his mother had from past experience any reason to expect favors from Harding or the rich property owner he represented. Here was the mortgage in her hands—there could be no doubt of that—a small piece of paper, after all, to have been such a dead weight on the tiny home and the three that were in it. Careful examination failed to discover any scrap of a letter or word of explanation accompanying it.

"It is too good to be true," sighed the widow, still dazed by the event, "but people are sometimes better than we give them credit for. I've already more than paid the original amount of money which your poor father was obliged to raise, when the interest is counted in, and they may have been moved to do a kindly, generous act, although," she added, "I would as soon look for sunshine in a coal hole. If any one has been really good it is not Mr. Harding, I am sure of that much; it must have been the man to whom the money really belonged and for whom he works."

"If it isn't some kind of a mean 'April fool' I'll eat my hat," said George, with greater force than elegance, who would not believe the evidence of his own eyes when that evidence was in Harding's favor.

Presently that person himself made his appearance. He had the air of one who had earned a warm welcome and expected to receive it. Between gratitude and doubt the widow smiled, and her manner was so much more friendly than ever before that Harding flattered himself that he had done a very clever thing indeed.

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Morris, I sent on the mortgage ahead of me because I thought you would like to get it into your own hands at last."

"Indeed, I am very glad if all my trouble with it is finally at an end."

"I fully appreciated that fact, and wished to relieve you of all annoyances as soon as possible," with a plausible, self-satisfied look. "But I felt so sure your own good sense would urge you to agree kindly to my proposition, that at last you would consent to make me the happiest of men, that I did not hesitate to let you see with what perfect confidence I was ready to carry out my part of the contract to relieve you of all financial troubles."

"Mr. Harding!" was all she could say in her indignant surprise.

"Perhaps I have been too hasty—"

"I am sorry you have put me to the disagreeable necessity of repeating what I thought I had said plainly enough before; I would rather give up this little home of ours and take my children I know not where than to accept any home you could provide."

Rising as she spoke, with a very becoming color in her cheeks, she indicated that the interview was at an end.

"Then madam," he replied, also rising, "it is my painful duty to inform you that the alternative of your own selection must be enforced. If you will please to notice this mortgage still lacks my signature as agent with power of attorney. That signature I shall be pleased to affix on the payment of the

balance due—thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents."

"But, I thought—" stammered the widow.

"You thought I was fool enough to release you from the obligations of this document before I knew you were ready to marry me? Hardly. Have you the \$37.50 handy? No? I thought not. Then, madam, I shall foreclose without any further delay, and—"

"Count that, will you, and see if there isn't \$37.50 there."

It was George who had heard enough of the conversation to find out that the mortgage was not paid off, after all, and slipping out of the room had returned a minute later with a small box full of silver and copper, which he slapped down rather unceremoniously on the table in front of Harding. Which was the more surprised, the mother or the lawyer, it would be quite impossible to tell.

"What's all this mean?" demanded Harding with a scowl.

"Never you mind what all this means. Just count that money and sign your name, and then if you ever bother my mother again just look out for yourself, that's all."

"Oh, George! was all Mrs. Morris could say.

There was nothing for Harding to do but to count the money, which was correct to a cent, and affix his signature, which he did with a face that looked like a thunder cloud, and not without mutterings that faintly suggested the disagreeable commotion inside. When he was at last out of the house, viciously banging the door behind him as a sort of harmless malediction as he went, George caught his mother in his arms, and hugged and kissed her till both were fairly out of breath.

"I earned and saved it all myself, mammie," he finally was able to explain, "doing odd jobs and things—all but the last \$10, and that I got for my stamp collection yesterday. I knew you hadn't the money to make this last payment, and I meant to surprise you all the time. I knew that was an 'April fool' when that mortgage came, but if there is a bigger April fool in this town than that blamed old Harding, I don't want to see him."

"You blessed boy!" was all 'mammie' could say between laughing and crying, while it would have been hard to find three happier people on the face of the earth that day than the brave, patient mother, her manly, helpful son, and sweet Baby Bess, who got her full share of the sunshine of joy.

And it will not make you the least bit sorry, I am sure, to know that the reason Harding was so anxious to marry Mrs. Morris was that he knew of some property that was soon coming to her, of which she had never a hint. But when this new and unexpected blessing did come to them they did not desert the brown little wren-like home-nest under the cherry trees—only it made possible George's dream of college days and a broader future.—*New York Graphic.*

The Burden of Bereavement.

Another burden some have to carry is the burden of bereavement. Ah! these are the troubles that wear us out. If we lose our property, by additional industry, perhaps, we may bring back the estranged fortune, if we lose our good name, perhaps by reformation of morals we may achieve again reputation for integrity; but who will bring back the dear departed?

Alas! for these empty cradles and trunks of childish toys that never will be used again. Alas! for the empty chair and the absence in the halls that will never echo again to those familiar footsteps. Alas! for the cry of widowhood and orphanage. What bitter marshes is the wilderness, what cities of the dead, what long black shadow from the wing of death, what eyes sunken with grief, what hands tremulous with bereavement, what instruments of music shut now because there are no fingers to play on them! Is there no relief for such souls? Ay, let that soul ride into the harbor of my text.

The soul that in Jesus hath learned to repose I will not, I will not desert to its foes; That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

Over 200 new doctors were turned out of a New York medical college recently. This looks as though their institutions were working on full time to keep pace with the establishment of sleeping rinks.

Positive Preaching.

The fact down at the bottom is that people live by their beliefs. Truth is the soul's daily bread, and even though there be bran in the loaf, it is still and evermore the bread of life. To tell people that are hungry that bread of fine flour is sure to give dyspepsia, that baker's bread is a mixture of bad flour and alum, and very injurious, that barley and rye are deficient in nutritive qualities, and that oat cakes are only fit for horses, is to detract attention while the body starves for food. The negative preaching of our day destroys confidence in the great nutritive faiths on which generations of Christians have lived and wrought, and puts nothing in their place. It is not what men doubt, but what they believe with mind and might—the beliefs they live upon, the faiths they assimilate and reproduce in conduct and character—that save them from sin, and make them strong to do and endure. And it is only the inculcation of such positive faiths in the pulpit that will attract congregations and edify them much. Preachers who declaim against old beliefs, who grow eloquent in denouncing outworn superstitions and the sins of the times which have ceased to be fashionable, may have a short run of popularity, but they make no endurance mark. People soon tire of such exhibitions. They hungry for something positive. They want a faith of some sort that will support them in trial, strengthen them in temptation, help them in trouble, sweeten their joys, and span the dark passage of the future with a bow of everlasting hope. And only the preaching that comes from such faith, and builds up such a faith as this in the heart of the hearer, is fit for the Christian pulpit. In an age of latitude-darianism, and among indifferents, whoever believes anything thoroughly, and maintains his belief with his whole mind and might, is called dogmatic. But to be dogmatic under such circumstances is a great merit. Better be a zealot with a heart on fire with zealous enthusiasm for Christ, than a half-hearted expounder, raising more questions than can be answered, and starting inquiries in fruitless fields. Too much of what is called popular preaching is hammering in general, instead of driving a few great truths home, like spikes, with well directed, energetic blows.—*The Evangelist.*

SMALL BITES.

The best thing out—a big fire.

The most popular book—the pocket book.

The call to arms—John, take the baby.

A fall which is enjoyed—falling heir to a fortune.

Servants belong to the hire types of humanity.

The cotton broker always has an 'eye to the future.'

The mouse a woman never fears—A moustaiche.

A court nose—The home of marriageable daughters.

Never reply to the epithet of a fool, or a law fellow.

Is it correct to speak of a sick lawyer as an ill legal man?

A bridge should never be condemned until it has been tried by its piers.

The giraffe presents the most wonderful case of soar throat on record.

In these "shutting down" times it is evident that ten mills do not make a cent.

The most valuable metal known is vanadium, which is worth about \$10,000 a pound.

Spicer asks: 'What is the rate of interest when distance lends enchantment to the view?'

Apples are the youth, new cider the middle age, and vinegar the old age of humanity.

The dentist who announced that he will spare no pains to pull teeth well is the man to keep away from.

'Yes,' said the duke, as he gathered himself up, 'the hardest thing about roller skating is the floor.'

'There are poems unwritten and songs unsung.' 'Yes,' says an editor, 'it is this that reconciles us to life.'

'Rents are high this year,' sadly murmured the tramp as he borrowed a pin with which to hold his coat-tail together.

Nothing makes a fat man learning roller skating so mad as to have the bad come in with a terrific clash on the cymbals every time he sits down hard.

'What is a lake?' asked the teacher. A bright little Irish boy raised his hand. 'Well Mickey, what is it?' 'Sure, it's a hole in the kittle, mum.'

A Philadelphia woman says she was kissed by a spirit at a seance. That sensation must be almost as gratifying as being hugged by the ghost of a chance.

'Of all my family patients,' said Dr. Killmuck, 'not one is sick.' "Guess you haven't called on any of them lately?" inquiringly remarked a brother M. D.

Some one says: 'You can tell when it is noontime by looking in a cat's eyes.' Certainly. All you have to do is to hold the cat, look directly into its eyes and wait for the clock to strike 12.

'Hello, Smith! Suppose a man marries his first wife's step-sister's aunt, what relation is he to her?' 'First wife—um—step-aunt—er—let's see—I don't know.' 'Bright fellow. He's her husband.'

True Gentlemen.

'I beg your pardon!' and, with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmond handed to an old man, against whom he had accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. 'I hope I did not hurt you! We were playing too roughly.'

'Not a bit,' said the old man. 'Boys will be boys, and it's best they should be. You did not harm me.'

'I am glad to hear it; and lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join the playmates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.'

'What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?' asked his companion, Charley Gray. 'He is only Old Giles, the bucketeer.'

'That makes no difference,' said Harry. 'The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat or hawks vegetables through the streets instead of sitting in a counting-house.'

Which was right?