

# THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

VOLUME XIV.

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## Reporter and Post.

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Prompt attention paid to orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup,  
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The Reporter and Post

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

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 REPORTER AND POST is found in policy and politics, and deserves a liberal support.—*Redville Weekly.*

The Danbury REPORTER AND POST begins its thirtieth 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 thirtieth 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 it 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.*

## From the Country.

"It's Seventy-eight Pickett Place," said Miss Diver. "And here is my check, driver!"

Miss Dorothy Diver gave these orders with an assumption of being well up in the ways of the metropolis; in fact, she tried to speak as if she were in the daily habit of engaging hacks. But her feigned manner did not impose upon Charlie Kingston at all.

"A little girl from the country," he said to himself. "Never been here in her life before. She'll lose that commission before she has been here many months."

Charlie Kingston, be it understood, was not a professional job. He himself was not so very long from the rural districts. It had become necessary for him to come to New York to take care of an old uncle who was an invalid; it had also become necessary that he should earn his living.

A neighboring livery-stable was to be sold out at a bargain, and Charlie had a healthy man's liking for horses. So he bought it, paying part of the money down and giving a mortgage for the rest; and he was here this misty February evening because one of his drivers had sprained a wrist in lifting a heavy trunk, and business was brisk.

Dorothy looked at him as he held open the hack door for her, and secretly wondered if this was the typical New York hack driver of whom she had read and heard so many evil things.

His eye was bright and clear, his cheek wore a healthy glow, and no prince of the blood could have been more quietly courteous than was he.

While she was still considering these things, the hack stopped.

"Seventy-eight Pickett Place, miss," said the driver, jumping down from the box.

"Oh, have we reached it so soon?" cried Dorothy, starting out of a reverie. "Oh, dear, I forgot to ask how much the fare would be!"

"One dollar, miss," said Kingston, smiling in spite of himself at her evident panic.

Dorothy drew a sigh of relief. This surely was not the overcharge she had dreaded.

"If you would please carry the trunk up stairs," said she, timidly, half-fearing lest the New York hack-driver should cast the baggage, with imprecations, on the pavement, and decline further to serve her.

But Charlie Kingston did nothing of the sort. He only said, "Certainly, miss," and went up stairs at once, with the trunk well-balanced on his shoulder.

"The fourth flat—this is quite right," said Dorothy. "I'm so much obliged to you, driver."

And she timidly touched the dollar bill, with a little silver dime.

Kingston gave back the latter coin.

"One dollar is my fare," said he, calmly.

"But for your trouble with the trunk," she faltered.

He smiled a little.

"It is my business to take trouble," said he. "Good evening, miss."

And before Dorothy could reconstitute he was gone.

"I never saw such a nice hack-driver in my life," thought she, as she tapped at the door.

She listened. There was no voice, but there were footsteps inside.

"I wonder," she mused, "if Norman will open the door himself?"

For Dorothy, be it known, had planned a surprise for her brother Norman, who had come to New York, about a year since, to follow his trade of printer.

Dorothy had longed to come, too; but alas, she was not a man, but a woman!

But of late her stepmother had made the family home so obnoxious to her that she had suddenly conceived the determination of coming to New York to live with Norman, thus severing the Gordian knot of affairs.

"He will be glad to have me keep house for him," she thought; "and I hope, I would go to the very top of Pike's Peak to get away from that woman!"

So here she was, upon that winter night, rosy, smiling and eager, when the door was opened at Number Seventy-eight Pickett Place.

"Oh, Normy—dear Normy!"

And she flung herself, sobbing, upon the broad shoulders that eclipsed the one cheery daylight.

"I beg your pardon," faltered a deep voice, "but it isn't Normy! Mr. Diver hasn't come in yet. I am Royal Brooks—his clerk, you know! You are his sister, I suppose—you look exactly like him. Pray sit down by the fire and warm yourself; it's very cold."

And Dorothy, blushing to the very roots of her hair, obeyed.

"Will he be in soon?" she stammered.

"Very soon now. May I give you a cup of tea? I flatter myself I'm rather a dabster in the brewing of tea. We take turns in keeping house, we fellows—Normy Diver, Bill Blake and me, and this is my week. We club together and rent this fine. We couldn't stand the boarding-house business any longer, you know, Miss Diver."

And thus—sitting, to relieve her embarrassment, as he bustled around, and presently brought her a cup of very nice tea on a dusty Japanese tray, with two or three fossil biscuits and a slice or two of cold beef.

Before she had finished it, Norman himself came in, fresh and breezy.

"Who have you here?" he cried.

"Hello! it's Doty! Why, you precious little pussy, how on earth came you here?"

And then Dorothy told her tale, interrupted a few minutes later by the appearance of the third young printer, Willoughby Blake by name, who was equally amazed and equally disposed to be hospitable to the pretty stranger.

"And so," said Dorothy, holding tight on to Norman's hand, "I've come to live with you."

"You are the dearest little lass in all the world," said Norman, with a puzzled look; "but, you see, it won't work. There's the other fellows, you know. It's share and share alike in our house-keeping affairs, and we haven't any extra room."

"I could sleep on the sofa, with a rug over me, and give Miss Diver my den!" suggested Brooks, eagerly.

"Your den is all very well for a rough chap like you," said Bill Blake, in a superior way, "but it wouldn't do for a young lady. I'd offer mine, but it is only lighted by a shaft, with 'Pilkina's' bulbs hanging all night, directly below. I'm used to it, but I don't think any one else could stand it."

"She could stay with Kitty Cliff," suggested Brooks, suddenly.

"The very idea!" shouted Bill, smiting his knee.

And Norman whispered to her that Kitty Cliff was the fiancée of Brooks—a bright girl, who lived a few doors down the street.

"You'll be sure to like her, Doty," said he. "And I can see as much of you as if you were here."

Dorothy's lip trembled.

"But I wanted to surprise you," said she. "I wanted to be your little house-keeper, Normy."

"You have surprised me, Dot," said he. "And next spring, when the lease runs out, I'll give Blake and Brooks notice to quit, and you shall come to live with me!"

He walked around with her, a little later, to Miss Cliff.

Miss Cliff received them with a smiling welcome.

"Oh, I'll take the very best care of her," said she. "I'm so glad to have you for a room-mate, Miss Diver. And perhaps I can get you a place in the store where I try on."

"Try on?" repeated Dorothy, in some bewilderment.

"Jerseys and mantles, you know," explained Kitty Cliff. "For the customers to judge the effect. I know if they want another girl at the ready-made linen counter, and I think that my recommendation would be worth something."

It was a quiet, home-like house, kept by a respectable widow, and Dorothy grew quite cheerful sitting by Kitty Cliff's fire, in spite of the disappointment she had that night sustained.

The rattling of milkmen's carts over the stones awoke her betimes in the morning, and she went with Kitty down to the breakfast-table, where only the earliest boarders had as yet made their appearance. And the first she knew she was courtesying to the very hack-driver of last night, while Kitty was saying:

"Miss Diver, this is Mr. Kingston. Mr. Kingston, let me present you to my friend, Miss Diver, from Schoharic county."

"Why," cried Doty, "it's the hackman!"

"It's the young lady for Seventy-eight Pickett Place!" said Mr. Kingston. "But I am not a hackman!"

"Neither do I live at Seventy-eight Pickett Place!" said Dorothy, laughing.

And then ensued a mutual explanation, in the course of which Charlie and Dorothy became excellent friends.

## Our little heroine succeeded in obtaining the vacant situation at the store where Kitty Cliff tried on, and, contrary to Mr. Kingston's prediction, her roses bloomed as brightly as ever at the expiration of three months. For Doty was happy, and there is no tonic like happiness.

"Well, puss," said Norman to her, as the winter wore itself away, "I gave the fellows notice to clear out to-day. I shall be all ready for you to come and keep house for me on the first of May."

Dorothy blushed vividly.

"Oh, Norman!" cried she, "I'm aso sorry, but—"

"But what?" said Norman. "You're not going back to the country?"

"No, not exactly," said Dorothy. "But I'm going to keep house for some one else. I'm engaged to Charlie Kingston."

"Hello!" said Norman Diver. "Then the fellows may as well stay where they are!"

"If you don't mind," whispered Dorothy.

"Well, you'll have a good husband, said Norman. 'And now that his uncle is dead, he'll have a nice little property of his own. After all, puss, it was a clever idea of yours to come to the city.'"

"But I never dreamed how things were going to turn out!" said Dorothy.

### Sam Jones on Backsliders.

Sam Jones, the revivalist goes for the dancing church member and the high interest money lender. He beholds too much inconsistency and hypocrisy in the church and calls for a cleaning out of the clans of the black and tan stripe. Here is an extract from one of his sermons:

"If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye that are spiritual restore him." God in heaven stands pledged to the churches of Nashville to convict all the sinners they can take care of. If there is one incorrigible backslider among you the whole church has backslidden. There is no half-way measure about this, as you think there is. You see that old church member there? He stands well because he pays his debts, while he is charging sinners 30 per cent. interest on the money he lends them. Here is another fellow that is a great dancer. You don't want to turn these money lenders and dancers out. They are willing to stay in the church, these dancers and usurers, can get along very well together, but as soon as their preacher differs from them they jump on him with both feet. Let a poor brother backslide and the church members will jump on him. When I neglect my fallen brother after he has backslidden that makes me as much of a backslider as he is. When I see a poor spiritual cripple I must help him. One brother should get under one arm and be a crutch, and another brother get under the other arm as a crutch, and on these two crutches the crippled brother can be hobbled into heaven and when he gets there the crutches will be there too."

### A Word to the Boys.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fuss.

Nothing makes a man prouder than to find who he has got his garden nicely laid out and the seeds all in, that every hen within a mile of him seems to be determined to have a claw in the job, and to show him how she would have arranged matters if he had consulted her.

Dakota well diggers keep a sharp look out for ants. They have found out that ants always build their houses over a vein of water.

There are said to be 11,000 lawyers in the State of New York.

## CALENDAR.

Criminal and Civil Causes for Trial at Summer Term of the Superior Court of Stokes County, Commencing Monday, August 10th, 1885.

Monday 10th, Tuesday 11th and Wednesday 12th for Criminal Trials and Motions.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1885.

7 Ruffin heirs vs Overby.

13 Tilley vs Jessup, et al.

14 McCanness vs Finchem et al (4 cases)

18 Morgan vs Lewis et al.

22 Hall vs Watts.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1885.

23 Robinson and wife vs Smith et al.

27 Smith vs Joyce.

28 Merritt vs Hairston.

34 Hicks vs Lawson.

36 Smith vs Lewis.

37 Boyd vs Taylor.

55 Kreeger vs Kiger.

58 Burrell vs Martin.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, until 10 o'clock

39 Nicholson vs Reeves.

42 Nicholson vs Tuttle.

43 Flynt vs Burton.

46 Boze vs Sarles.

48 Lasley vs Fulton.

52 Eaton vs Lambeth.

53 Martin vs Frazier.

MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1885.

State vs Valentine.

54 George vs Estes.

56 Lash vs Martin.

57 Smith vs Davis.

58 Slate vs Thomas.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1885.

59 Francis vs McKinney.

60 Carroll vs Pepper.

61 Martin vs Hall.

62 Lash vs East.

63 George vs Tilley.

64 Gaudle vs Fallen.

65 Dodd vs Lawson.

66 Pepper & Sons vs Alley.

67 Gibson vs Lewis.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1885.

68 Simpson vs Simpson.

69 Steele vs Pringle et al.

70 Lawson vs Pringle (4 cases.)

75 Nelson vs Tilley.

76 Nelson vs Nelson.

77 Stewart vs Stewart.

78 Wagner vs Dodd.

79 Hill vs Hill.

81 Ruffin heirs vs Bennett.

### MOTION DOCKET.

1 Wilson vs McCanness.

2 Hutcheson vs Martin.

3 Smith adm'r vs McCanness.

4 Francis vs Worth adm'r.

5 King vs King.

6 Hutcheson vs Hutcheson.