

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."
DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1885. NO. 10

Reporter and Post.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
DANBURY, N. C.

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Present advertisements are expected to remit according to these rates at the time they are published.
Local Notices will be charged 50 per cent. higher than above rates.
Business Cards will be inserted at Ten Dollars per Annum.

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Attorney and Counsellor,
MT. AIRY, N. C.
Practices in the courts of Surry, Stokes, Yadkin and Alleghany.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
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WITH
JOHNSON, SUTTON & CO.,
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Nos. 27 and 29 South Sharp Street,
F. W. JOHNSON, R. M. SUTTON,
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Stephen Putney, L. H. Blair
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WITH
STEPHEN PUTNEY & CO.
Wholesale Dealers in
Boots, Shoes, and Trunks,
1219 Main Street,
Sept. 5-31-85. RICHMOND, VA.

J. R. ABBOTT, OF N. C.,
with
WINGO, ELLETT & CRUMP,
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Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, & C.
Prompt attention paid to orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Virginia State Prison Goods a specialty
March, 6.

EDGAR W. POWERS, EDGAR D. TAYLOR.
R. W. POWERS & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
Dealers in
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WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, & C.
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CIGARS, TOBACCO A SPECIALTY
1205 Main St., Richmond, Va.
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J. L. C. BIRD,
WITH
W. D. KYLE & Co.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
HARDWARE, Cutlery,
IRON, NAILS and CARRIAGE GOODS
No. 9 Governor Street,
RICHMOND, VA.

PISOS REMEDY FOR CATARRH
Easy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package. Good for Stomach, Headache, Indigestion, Hay Fever, &c. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
Prepared by
DR. S. H. BAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

PISOS CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
Easy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package. Good for Stomach, Headache, Indigestion, Hay Fever, &c. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
Prepared by
DR. S. H. BAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

SUBSCRIBE FOR
Your County Paper,
The Reporter and Post.

ONLY \$1.50 A YEAR!

SUBSCRIBE NOW

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

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.—*Rockville 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.—*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 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.*



THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred 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 proves 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 clapping 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 high,
Those hands have clasped and lips have
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling words of sympathy
We feel but never tell—
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unending 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 shall 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 DIVORCE WANTED.

Snoring Indelicately Declared Not to be Good Grounds for the Severance of Marital Relations—Hard, But Just.

'Judge, I just can't live with my wife any longer, and I must have a divorce if it takes every cent I've got.'
'On what grounds?'
'Eh?'
'What's the cause of your complaint?'
'Why, haven't I told you that I can't stand it, and I won't put up with it any longer.'
'What has she been doing?'
'Eh?'
'What has the woman done?'
'Why, she ain't done nothing, but I just can't live with her, and I won't. How long will it take you to make me out a divorce, and what'll it cost? I want to get it on weekly payments if I can.'
'Well, see here, man. I've got to know all about the case to begin with.'
'Eh?'
'Tell me all about the trouble.'
'There ain't been no trouble; but don't I tell you that I can't live with her, and I won't; and I want the writings to show for it, so that she can't come on to me if I ever get any property.'
'What do you want a divorce for?'
'So she can't sue me nor nothing, as I've just said. They tell me she can get board wages if I leave her without writings.'
'Oh, fudge! How long have you been wanting to get a divorce?'
'Most two weeks.'
'How long have you been married?'
'About two weeks.'
'Well, that beats the Dutch. What's the cause of the trouble?'
'Don't I tell you there hasn't been any trouble?'
'Well, then, what the blazes do you want a divorce for?'
'So that she can't have any claim on my property. I told you that before.'
'Thunderation, man! What did you come here for?'
'A divorce.'
'How do you expect to get it?'
'On easy payments, if I can. If not, I'll have to borrow the money from my brother.'
'What reason have you for wanting a divorce?'
'Because I can't live with her, and want to be on the safe side.'
'What's the reason you can't live with her?'
'Do I have to tell you that?'
'Certainly, and you'll have to tell it in court, too.'
'Before all the people?'
'To be sure.'
'Ain't there some way of getting around it by paying a little more?'
'Of course not. The court must know all about it.'

'But can't I tell him in a whisper, without blurring it right out before everybody?'
'No, that wouldn't do at all.'
'But I don't want to mortify the girl and spoil her prospects. We ain't had no trouble, and I'd live with her if I could; but I tell you, Judge, I just can't.'

'Well, now, what's the reason you can't? I've got to know it if you want my help; so out with it. What's the drawback?'
'Eh?'
'What fault is there with her?'
'Snoring.'
'What?'
'Judge, she does snore just awful, if I must say it, but I don't want to, and thought maybe I wouldn't have to. There's no such thing as getting a wink of sleep in the same house with her, and as I have to work for a living, I've got to do my slumbering at night.'

'But that won't give you a divorce.'
'Not if I pay for it?'
'Why, no; you'd be kicked out of court.'

'But along with her snoring she whistles through her nose like a tug boat. She's a little woman, but good heavens, Judge, she'd raise the dead!'

'That don't make any difference. The law says you must put up with it and make the best of it. To get a divorce you must have a reasonable cause to begin with.'

'Well, great Censar, Judge! Ain't having to sleep in the coal shed enough to begin with, I'd like to know? I thought the law was made to help a body along. Don't it take no pity on a man at all?'
'Not in a case like that. It presumes that you married this woman with your eyes open.'

'So I did, Judge; and they've been open ever since. Does the law say I've got to go without sleep till I drop or bunk in the barn? Does the law give that woman a right to make a fog-horn of herself, and shake the whole house with her nose as soon as she shuts her eyes? Does the law say I've got to relub me of sleep that's the same thing as bone and muscle to me? Does the law give her the right to whistle through her nose and more fit to make a cow bawl the livelong night, and at the same time give her a whack at my property, if I leave her and take to the timber to save my life. Does it do all that, Judge?'
'Well, yes; it simmers down to about that.'

'Well, then, I'll never vote again as long as I live, and I won't pay a cent of taxes if I hang for it. If the law tries to bulldoze me that way, it'll have to paddle its own canoe after this, that's all. I fit for the Government once, but I'll be blamed if I'll ever do it again.'

MOUNTAIN HOUSE OF THE "CITY IN THE WOODS."

Though not a stick of timber has been cut at Cannon, except for a saw-mill; so beautiful is the location, so grand the scenery around, so many are its natural advantages, and so popular and pleasing is everything connected with it, that already a grand mountain hotel is talked of (capable of accommodating 1,000 guests) right in the midst of what promises to be one of the grandest mineral water sections of the United States.

This hotel will probably be built by the capital of the Twin-City; and the probability now is that so many of the wealthy of the East and South will erect summer houses in this "land of springs," to which their families may flee from the malarial districts during the hot season, that a hotel, as above, will be filled, not for two but for six or eight months of the year.

Some will think we are gassing when we say that it will be but a few years when the visitors will be numbered by the thousands; and that a score of springs which have never been noticed will be brought to the knowledge of the great health and pleasure seeking public; but time will recall what we predict, that this is the great health, and summer resort of the State, which can boast of one hundred mineral springs with medicinal properties for almost every disease to which flesh is heir.

Sales of new tobacco are noted at many of the markets. Cutting goes on rapidly, and the results are more than even the most hopeful imagined. The facilities for curing are about twice as great as last year.

Trying to Sell a Horse.
'What do you think of that horse?' asked a Wall street banker of a friend at an up-town boarding-stable after the close of business the other afternoon, as he pointed to a thin-legged specimen of horse-flesh which a hostler was hitching up to a road wagon.

'Looks a trifle aged,' replied the friend as he gazed at the animal with a knowing look.

'Whose crowbar is that?' inquired another friend, who joined the couple at that moment.

'What do you think of him?' asked the first.

'What do I think of him? He was a respectable plow horse once. Is he yours?'

'What are you going to do with him?' 'Sell him to a street car company?'

'What's the matter with him?' 'Can't you tell,' replied the other pityingly. 'I thought you understood horses. He is foundered. Listen to him breathe.'

'What horse are you talking about?' asked another acquaintance. 'That bag of bones?'

'Yes,' replied the owner. 'Why don't you finish him? You've got a good framework there. All you need is to put the weather-boarding on, then send him around to the upholster's to have some hair put on.'

'When did you feed him last?' asked another acquaintance. 'He looks rather shaky.'

'He has wind galls on his hind legs,' remarked one of the party. 'I wouldn't give you five dollars for him.'

'He's forty years old if he's a day,' said another. 'Why don't you send him to a museum?'

'He's got the bots,' said another. 'I had a horse once that had the bots, and a horse that's got the bots ain't worth shooting.'

'What will you give me for him?' asked the owner when the horsemen had finished expressing their opinions. 'Will any gentleman here give me \$500 for him?'

'Five hundred dollars for a horse that's got the heaves?' asked one of the party. 'Why I wouldn't give you five hundred cents.'

'No, sir,' said another. 'That's too much for a wind-broken, wind-galled piece of bris-a-brac. Why don't you have it stuffed and varnished?'

'Will you give me one hundred dollars?' asked the owner, who began to look as if he was sick of his bargain.

'He isn't worth half that,' said the former speaker with decision.

'What will you give me, then?' 'I'll give you ten cents if you'll throw in the harness and pay the funeral if he dies before I can drive him out to the fertilizers.'

'Well, gentlemen,' replied the owner, as he stepped into the wagon and started to drive away. 'I see I can't make a trade here.'

'That's a mighty good horse,' remarked the proprietor of the stable as the wagon rattled out of the door.

'Good?' replied the others in derision. 'Yes, rather.'
'How old is he?' they asked.
'Six years old.'
'Yes, but he is all knocked up.'
'Sound as a dollar.'
'In bad condition, though?'

Financial Melancholy.
A few days since a Detroit wife called at the office of a prominent physician to consult him regarding her husband's state of health, and being invited to explain the points, she said:

'Well, he eats enough and he doesn't shirk work, but he doesn't seem to have any ambition to go anywhere. He hasn't been to church for a year, won't even go to the door of an evening when a brass band is playing, and he seems to have fallen into a sort of lethargy and despondency. I think he will go crazy yet over his melancholy.'

The doctor agreed to look into his case in a day or two, and when he finally called at the house he was met by the wife, whose countenance betrayed perfect satisfaction.

'Is there any change?' queried the physician.

'Oh! yes—a great change!' she replied. 'A friend came along last night and gave Obadiah a free ticket to the negro minstrels' and he was so anxious to go that he hardly ate a mouthful of supper. I think the indications are cheering, doctor, perfectly cheering!'

The Pittsboro Home says, "an officer in searching the house of Jerry Finch charged with the Finch murder, discovered a peculiar little bundle of rags sewed up with a thousand stitches. Jerry's wife was excited at the discovery and begged earnestly that it be not opened. Upon being pressed on the subject, she finally said it was a 'hand' that Jerry carried with him to prevent 'tricks' and 'spells' being laid on him; that there were conjurers about who could do such things, and this 'hand' would destroy their power over the one who kept it about them. It was opened before the jury and found to contain a dime, a half dime, a piece of a file, and a half dozen black peppers wrapped compactly, in different colored rags and sewed tightly together. We had thought conjurer's art had played out, even with the darkies, but it is not so."

The Detroit Free Press notes that of the twenty-one Presidents, or Vice-Presidents who have become Presidents, seven, including Grant, have died in July—three of them, Adams, Jefferson and Monroe, on the fourth of that month, while Garfield was shot in July, four of them have died in June, thus proving the debilitating effect of hot weather upon old and feeble persons; nearly all of them being over 70 years of age, one over 90, and three of them 80 years and over. Polk was the youngest—54— who died from natural causes; Lincoln being 56 and Garfield 50 when they were both taken off by violence.

A gentleman has investigated the Asheville Advance, from which we gather that the jailor was not particular to look the bar that bolted the cage in which the murderers were confined.

The bar being unlocked, one of the fellows with a small hand, deftly passed his hand through the cage turned the bolt and opened the door. But then the prisoners could not have escaped had not the jailor been alone in the corridor; nor even then had not pistols and other weapons been passed up through the grated window from the street or yard to the prisoners.

The free scholarship law has been terribly abused. There are 96 counties in the State. The law gave one free scholarship to each county. But it is well known that there were more than 100 students sent to Chapel Hill under the free scholarship law, and that these were from a little over 40 counties.

How was that? Was that not a very shameful violation of the law? Not only this, but many well-to-do men took advantage of the law and got free tuition for their sons.—*Wilmington Star.*

Riding Pogues with a side-saddle; Julia W.—We must decline to publish your beautiful poem on the Ewig Webliche in Goethe for two reasons. The one is, because in the first stanza you make Goeth rhyme with "both," in the second with "teeth," and still again in the third with "thirty."

A report on tobacco from Asheville says the crop is the finest possible. The increase in acreage in the counties west of the Blue Ridge this year is given as 20 per cent.

The question with the Tarborans is, whether they shall submit to the exactions of the washerwomen's union or have a steam laundry. They are calling on the almond-eyed Chinese to come over and help them.

Nothing but frank intercourse with independent minds, nothing but discussion on equal terms, will keep a thinker intellectually humble and conscious of fallibility.

Miss Emma Harris, of Mooresville, was passing a fire in the yard of her father, her clothing ignited and in half a minute she was enveloped in flames. She will probably die.

Education pays. It pays in dollars and cents. It pays in knowledge and power. It pays in satisfaction and happiness. It pays in position and influence. It pays in usefulness and moral good. It pays in social, mental and moral culture. It pays parents; it pays children; it pays young men and women; it pays Church, State and Society.

The leaves that give out the sweetest fragrance are those that are the most cruelly crushed; so the hearts of those who have suffered most, can feel for others' woes.

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SMALL BITES.
A hired horse—tired never.
Every foot likes his bauble.
Spots on the sun—A boy's freckles.
A man that is warned is half armed.
A miserly father makes a prodigal son.
Be a friend to yourself, and others will.

All the summer resorts are now well patronized.
Nothing gives more peace than a clear conscience.
Justice exacts nothing that may not be honestly paid.

Diligence in any calling will produce satisfactory results.
The number of colleges in the United States is set down at 370.

Judge James Garland, of Lynchburg, Va., died on last Saturday.
The weight of an ostrich egg is equal to that of a hen's egg.

Reason exerts the most powerful influence over all human affairs.
Allow some hours out of every twenty-four for rest and recreation.

Strength is given in accordance with our needs for every undertaking.
No man can long expect to prosper who is not guided by legitimate action.

The cause of right will ever triumph over fraud and cunning and rascality.
To secure the esteem of the wise it is necessary to show respect unto wisdom.

Among men he is esteemed the wisest who is the most patient under affliction.
To grow old in usefulness and honor is noble, and brings the sweetest reward man can claim.

Michigan allows to each farmer who uses wide tires on his wagon a rebate on his taxes.
To reap the full fruits of labor, the employment of energy, tact and talent are indispensable.

Mercy is still abroad in the land, notwithstanding the heart of man is closed to her appeals.
Pride is never a concomitant of genius, nor is true worth ever wrapped up in a handsome garb.

The tobacco crop of North Carolina for the present year is the largest ever known.
To be satisfied with little savors of wisdom, and he who is so constituted is happier than a king.

He who delights in labor has found the philosopher's stone that ennobles and purifies everything.
Two wrongs do not make a right; nor would a thousand actions of right purpose constitute a wrong.

If we are in health, peace and safety we can not reasonably expect more of a vain and uncertain world.
The day of ruin is near, when unwarrantable pleasures are pursued and vicious company encouraged.

Sometimes it behooves me to forget themselves in order to lend assistance to their fellow-creatures.
Experiments made in Paris show that the corcodile can bring its jaws together with the force of over 300 pounds.

It is said that the electric lights at Sacramento can be seen from the high land near Jackson, Cal., a distance of sixty miles.
A Chinaman who arrived in Chicago recently from San Francisco is afflicted with a case of genuine leprosy.

A report comes from London that Spanish refugees have left that city sworn to kill King Alfonso and are new in France.
A tadpole, the larva of a frog, has a tail and no legs, gills instead of lungs, a heart precisely like that of a fish, a horny beak for eating vegetable food, and a spiral intestine to digest it.

With the approach of maturity the hind legs appear, then the front pair; the beak falls off, the tail and gills waste away; the lungs are created, the digestive apparatus is changed to suit the animal diet; the heart becomes reptilian in type by the addition of another auricle; in fact, skin, muscles, and blood-vessels vanish, being absorbed stem by stem, and a new set is substituted.

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