

# THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."  
DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1885.

VOLUME XIV.

NO. 16.

**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  
For each additional insertion, 1 cent.  
**RATES OF ADVERTISING:**  
One Square (ten lines or less) 1 time, \$1.00  
For each additional insertion, 1 cent.  
Special notices will be charged 50 per cent. higher than above rates.  
Business Cards will be inserted at Ten Cents per square.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

**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, 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.

**B. F. KING,**  
WITH  
**JOHNSON, SUTTON & CO.,**  
DRY GOODS.

**F. W. JOHNSON,** R. M. JOHNSON,  
**J. H. R. GRABBE,** G. J. JOHNSON.

**F. DAY,** ALBERT JONES,  
**Day & Jones,**  
manufacturers of

**SADDLERY, HARNESSES, COLLARS, TRUNKS**  
N. E. 326 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

**W. A. TUCKER,** R. C. SMITH, P. S. SPRINGSTEAD  
**Tucker, Smith & Co.,**  
Manufacturers & Wholesale Dealers in  
**BOOTS, SHOES, HATS AND CAPS.**  
No. 226 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

**R. J. & S. E. DEST,**  
WITH  
**Henry Sonneborn & Co.,**  
WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS.  
No. 440 Broadway, (between German & Lombard Sts.)  
BALTIMORE, MD.

**H. SONNEBORN,** B. BELMINE  
**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  
Acker Brand Rolling Cloth.

**W. H. MILES,**  
WITH  
**STEPHEN PUTNEY & CO.,**  
Wholesale Dealers in  
**Books, Shoes, and Trunks,**  
1219 Main Street,  
Sept. 5-31-01. RICHMOND, VA.

**J. R. ABBOTT, OF N. C.,**  
with  
**WINGO, ELLETT & CRUMP,**  
RICHMOND, VA.,  
Wholesale Dealers in  
**BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, & C.**  
Prompt attention paid to orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.  
Virginia State Prison Goods a specialty.  
March, 6, 1885.

**ROBERT W. POWERS, EDGAR D. TAYLOR,**  
**R. W. POWERS & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,  
Dealers in  
**PAINTS, OILS, DYES, VARNISHES,**  
French and American  
**WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, & C.**  
SMOKING AND CHEWING  
TOBACCO, & SPECIALTY  
1219 Main St., Richmond, Va.  
Sept. 5-31-01

**J. L. C. BIRD,**  
WITH  
**W. D. KYLE & Co.,**

DEPOSITORS AND JOBBERS OF  
**HARDWARE, Cutlery,**  
**IRON, NAILS and CARRIAGE GOODS**  
No. 9 Governor Street,  
RICHMOND, VA.

**W. J. REMEDY FOR CATARRH**  
This is a certain cure. Not expensive. The only medicine that will cure. Good for old and young. No pain. No danger. No return. No cure, no money.  
W. J. REMEDY, Warren, Pa.

**INSURE YOUR**  
PROPERTY AGAINST  
FIRE AND THIEF.  
THE DANBURY FIRE INSURANCE CO.,  
DANBURY, N. C.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

**Your County Paper,**

**The Reporter and Post**

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.—*Daily Worker.*  
The **Danbury REPORTER AND POST** begins its thirteenth year. It is a good paper and deserves to live long and live well.—*Daily Worker.*  
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 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.—*Carroll 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 the best country papers 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.*

## An Uncommon Proceeding.

"How cold it is growing," said Miss Wait, the teacher of the common school in the then brick little manufacturing village of Shattuckville, as she tied on her soft blue hood, buttoned her warm flannel coat, looked at the window (panes of the not over commodious or attractive, but snug school room, looked her desk and carefully shut the damper of the air-tight wood stove, preparatory to quitting her domain of labor for the night.

And as she picked up her rubber overshoes and stooped to draw them over her shapely kid boots, she cogitated: "Oh, dear! Tommy Howe's red toes sticking so pathetically through those old gaping shoes fairly haunt me. I wonder if, in all this prosperous, busy village, there is no way of getting that poor child decently clad. I must think it over and see what I can do about it."

Twenty-four hours later the leading man of the village, and the owner of the little factory there, who, years before, when a poor boy, had stranded down from Vermont to this little hamlet, eccentric and brusque, but kind hearted, keen eyed, and observant of all that was going on within his domain, was walking along the street and met a bright eyed and sprightly lad of 10 speeding ahead with that amusing, unconscious, consequential air that a boy carries with his first brand-new pair of boots.

"Old Sam" Whittier, as this gentleman was familiarly called, not by reason of advanced age by any means, but because of his supremacy as the mill owner and employer of all the help in the hamlet, took in the situation at a glance, and called out to the absorbed child, "Hallo, youngster! where d'ye get them fella's?" "Teacher gave them to me, sir," and the lad's staid cap came quokka off, and he stood up in his hand.

"Does she buy boots for all the boys in the school?" "I got 'em out." "Guess not; but she bought Joe Briggs a speller and Jane Cass an arithmetic, and she gives away stacks of slate pencils and paper and ink, and such things." "What made her go and buy them nice boots for you?" "She said she wanted to, sir, and when I said I had no money to pay her for them, she said she'd rather be paid in perfect lessons; and I will try my best to pay for them in that way, you may be sure, sir."

"Pretty good sort of a teacher, is she, bub?" "Oh, yes, indeed! I guess she must be the best teacher that ever lived, sir,—she tells us about so many things that we never knew before; and she wants us to be good and honest and not tell lies, and she says we shall be men and women by and by, and she wants us boys to know something so we can own factories our own selves some time. The other teachers we've had only heard our lessons and let us go, but she's so different!"

"Well, well, bub. I shall have to think this business over a little. Now run along, and go to scratchin' over them perfect lessons." "I don't suppose you'll find a person in Shattuckville a better judge of perfect lessons, or how much they are worth, both to the teacher and to the scholar, than 'Old Sam' Whittier. So, bub, look after your ways, and I shall look after you."

The next morning a little note written in a coarse business hand was dispatched to the teacher by the hand of one of the children. It ran as follows:

and I won't worry; and Miss Wait resolutely went back to 'seven times nine,' and so proceeded in the usual routine.

But she ate no dinner that noon, and had a decided headache as she crossed the big bridge over the hill to the mill-owners residence.

"I shall not back down in anything where my clear duty and self respect are involved," thought she. "I have set up a certain ideal as to what a teacher of these little common schools ought to be, and I will, with my mind, good courage and health not forsaking me, bring myself as near to it as possible. Moreover, I will not consider, in the premises, whether the scholars are children of the rich or learned, or of the poor ignorant. For the time being God has placed in my care ragged, dirty little wretches of a factory village, as well as clean, well-dressed, attractive children."

"Good evening, good evening, ma'am," said 'Old Sam' Whittier, in his gruff way, meeting the teacher at the door. "As I said in my note to you, I heard to-day of some rather uncommon proceedings on your part. I saw, ma'am, little Tommy Howe in a new pair of boots this morning. Do you know how he came by them?"

"I bought them for him, Mr. Whittier," wondering whether the local naginate suspected the poor child of stealing.

"Oh, you did! Are you in the habit of furnishing your scholars with such articles? Was the providing of boots a part of your business contract with the committee? If it was, I can put you in the way of buying boots at wholesale in Boston, where I get my supply for my store."

"It will not be necessary, sir," replied the teacher, with dignity. "I thank you for your kind offer, however."

"Why did you furnish boots in this particular case, if I may inquire?" "The lad is very poor. His mother has her hands full with the smaller children. Tommy is learning rapidly; I see marks of intelligence in him. It would be a pity to have him taken out of school at this time when he is so much engaged. Should he continue coming clad as he was in such weather as this he would be ill soon. I could not take the risk in either case."

"Are you able to let your heart get the better of you in this way?" "I have my wages only," replied the young woman, with dignity.

"Then you probably will have to retrench not a little in your own expenses."

"If I do it will harm no one's purse or pride but my own. In this instance it may be the matter of a pair of gloves or an ostrich tip with me. With him the little act may make a difference that shall be lasting through time and eternity."

"You have been attending that school over to South Hadley, I hear?" "Yes, sir."

"Have you been through it, or graduated, as they call it?" "Oh, no; I have attended but two terms. But I am fully determined to complete the course."

"Hun—all right. Miss Wait, you seem to be doing some good work among the children over the river there. I am going to think it all over; but look here—if any more of those little rascals need boots, let me know. I shall consider it a privilege to provide for them. You know I can obtain them at wholesale—ha! ha! ha! and the now greatly relieved teacher's interview with the mill-owner ended.

"If she goes on teaching on and off, and then taking a term on and off at Mount Holyoke, she can't graduate for years," ruminated Old Sam Whittier, as he watched her tripping off over the hill; 'it's ridiculous.'

## Fed Him on Ground Glass.

A Montreal special of the 28th Sept. says: Charles Wilson, who resides on City Councilor street, is possessed of a young and beautiful wife. The couple move in the best society. Some time ago the husband became suddenly and unaccountably afflicted with a queer illness. He consulted his physician, who, while treating him to the best of his ability, was unable to enlighten him as to the manner in which he had contracted the disease. Young Wilson, however, in spite of the efforts of his medical adviser, continued to grow worse until an astounding revelation solved the difficulty.

It appears that Mrs. Wilson was enamored of Bertie Smith, a highly respectable young man with whom she spent some time at Murray Bay, in company with Mrs. Beaudry, lately a widow, who had also found a lover in the person of a well known ademan. Affairs were progressing swimmingly until Mr. Smith, father of Bertie, becoming alarmed at the extravagance of his son, conceived the happy idea of opening his trunk, when to his surprise he came across a number of letters from Mrs. Wilson, in which she frequently stated that she was slowly doing away with Mr. Wilson (her husband) by administering to him doses of ground glass.

This was a horrible discovery for him and not daring to approach Mr. Wilson, he went to the latter's brother-in-law, a well known contractor, and confided to him the letters. He lost no time in calling upon his afflicted brother-in-law, who had already the appearance of a man in the last stages of consumption, and revealed to him the secret of his illness. Mr. Wilson could not be prevailed upon, however, to mistrust the affections of his wife, but when the letters were produced and read the enduring terms in which she addressed Young Smith, together with her descriptions of how she was progressing with her work of slow murder, he gave in. He finally decided to leave his wife in the hands of his brother-in-law to do as he thought best. The guilty and inhuman wife, hearing that her murderous plans had been discovered and that her husband knew all, decided to never again see his face and hurriedly left the city, thereby avoiding prosecution. She is now in Boston, stopping under an assumed name at one of the principal hotels.

## Failures in Business.

The man who has never failed in business can not possibly know whether he is honest or not, can not possibly know whether he has any 'grit' in him or it is worth a button. It is the man who fails and then rises who is really great in his way.

Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as a cabinet maker, locomotive builder and grocer; but as often as he failed he tried and tried again, until he could stand upon his feet alone, then crowned the victory by giving \$1,000,000 to help the poor boys in time to come.

Abraham Lincoln failed to make both ends meet by chopping wood, failed to earn his salt in the galley slave life of a Mississippi flatboatman. He had not even yet made up to run a grocery, and yet he made himself the grandest character of the nineteenth century.

Horace Greeley tried three or four lines of business before he founded the Tribune, worth to-day \$1,000,000. Patrick Henry failed at everything until he made himself the orator of his age and nation.—(Golden Argosy.)

## A Word to Grumblers.

Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growing would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your part of the trouble, and bear it bravely. You will be sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirk yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about the other boy who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the job that others leave undone—they are the true peacemakers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers.

## How to Kill the Blues.

Generally speaking if you are troubled with "the blues," and cannot tell why, you may be sure it springs from physical weakness. Instead of lying on the sofa and courting painful ideas if you are a despairing lover, a hypochondriac or a valetudinarian, you should be up and stirring yourself. The blood of a melancholy man is thick and slow creeping sluggishly through the veins, like muddy waters in a canal; the blood of your merry chirping philosopher is clear and quick, brisk as a newly bronched champagne. Try, therefore, to set your blood in motion. Try, rather, what a smart walk will do for you, set your pegs in motion on rough rocky ground, or hurry up a steep, cragged hill; build stone walls; swing an axe over a pile of hickory or rock maple; turn a grindstone; dig ditches; practice ground and lofty tumbling; pour water into a sieve with the Danaiades, or with Sisyphus 'up the hill leave a huge round stone; in short, do anything that will start the perspiration, and you will soon cease to have your brains lined with black, as Burton expresses it, or to rise in the morning, as Cowper did, like an infernal frog out of Acheron crowned with the ooze and mud of melancholy.

## What Sporting Men Rely On.

When Lewis R. Redmond, the South Carolina moonshiner cornered, after for eight years eluding the government officials, was asked to surrender, he exclaimed:

"Never to men who fire at my back."

Before he was taken, five bullets had gone clear through him, but strange to relate he got well, in the hands of a rural backwoods nurse.

By the way, if Garfield had been in the hands of a backwoods nurse, he might have lived. A heap of volunteer testimony against the infallibility of the physicians has been accumulating of late, and people are encouraged to do their own doctoring more and more. It is cheaper and quite as certain.

## Good Advice to Slangy Girls.

If young ladies who, through association with young men whose limited education and poverty of ideas compel the use of slang in lieu of correct expressions, comprehended the meaning of many of the terms thus put in their innocent mouths, they would be shocked at the vulgarity of their companions.

Almost without exception words and phrases popularly denominated "slang" are drawn from the slums; they are the invention of the most depraved elements of human society, and should be avoided by all persons with any pretensions to refinement and gentility.—[Little Rock Gazette.]

## A Watauga Girl's Bravery.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Fanny Jones, of Cilley, went into the orchard and was standing beneath a tree when she heard a peculiar noise and felt the wriggling of something beneath her feet. Looking down she was horror-stricken to see the tail of a rattlesnake in agitation before her. She screamed and jumped and, turning around, discovered that she had been standing on the snake's head. With great coolness and bravery she dispatched the rattle with a stick, and when she measured it found it to be 24 feet in length.—[Lenoir Topic.]

White frosts were reported in various parts of New England on the night of the 10th September.

New Bedford has increased some 7,500 in population in the last five years owing to manufacturing interests.

The old oak bed on which King Richard is said to have slept the night before the battle of Bosworth Field is still in regular use near Loughborough, England.

The low price of wheat has caused the Western farmers in considerable numbers to hold the bulk of their crop for higher figures, and this will naturally have them for the present short of flour to make the purchases which merchants and traders in their sections have anticipated.

## SMALL BITES.

Charcoal is good for pigs.

Attend well to your hogs at this season.

Early chickens make the best winter layers.

No stock is more fond of apples than are horses.

The wheat crop in England is below an average.

Potatoes which sprout in cellars lose part of their value.

A large proportion of the wheat this year has a shrunken berry.

The security against western competition is to grow better crops.

The wheat crop of Tennessee is just one-tenth of an average crop.

The use of chequers has diminished the sale of coffee in England.

Ragweed in a pasture is frequently the cause of bitterness in cream.

Nearly five thousand patents have been granted in this country for churns.

The Mormons are purchasing land in Mexico for agricultural development.

Half a million dollars' worth of cut flowers are sold every year in New York.

There are produced annually in this country about thirteen million lambs.

A farmer's wife says that mustard-seed will prevent mould forming in vinegar.

Pees have their dislikes, and some persons cannot handle them without danger.

A hundred hens will pay as well as four good cows. So says one who has tried it.

Chicago packs more pork than all other cities combined, Kansas City ranking second.

Stable manures are often distributed over the farm.

Stock should always be confined within fences. Poor fences teach them to be brazen.

There were imported into this country during the year 1884, \$6,108,000 worth of eggs.

Pastures in Illinois and Iowa have been overrun with grasshoppers and are bare of grass.

The Clawson wheat is not in much favor just now, owing to its liability to be attacked by the Hessian fly.

This is a good month for painting buildings, as the paint dries more slowly than it does in hot weather.

The fibre of silk is the largest continuous fibre known, as an ordinary cocoon will reel a thousand yards.

The honey boxes should now be removed from the hives, as there is but little prospect of any more surplus.

Five million acres of land are devoted to the cultivation of cereals and roots, and ten million acres under grass.

The Ohio Board of Agriculture has forbidden the sale of intoxicating liquor on the grounds of their State Fair.

The best results are obtained when from five to six pecks of winter wheat are used per acre when sown broadcast.

Ewe's milk is generally richer than that from the cow, and makes a cheese that is highly prized in many countries.

The bee moth is a small miller of a rusty brown color which deposits her eggs in the hives of weak colonies during the night time.

Many agriculturists advise the burning of what stubble in order to destroy the Hessian fly. To this there are numerous objections.

For the first six months of this year, 27,364 cattle have been exported from Boston, 32,844 from New York, and 31,339 from Montreal.

Hens of the white Leghorn breed will each produce, on an average, about 150 eggs in a year, fifty per cent more than the average obtained from mongrel fowls.

Pigs fed upon grass and middlings will have larger frames and grow faster than those fed on corn, especially in summer, when fat should be avoided, if possible, in feeding young pigs.

Some Western farmers advocate keeping their swine in the yards every morning in the fall of the year until after the dew is off the grass, as during the cool nights the germs of hog cholera are thought to collect on the damp grass.