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NOTICES OF THE PRESS:

THE REPORTER AND POST is sound in policy and political position, and deserves a liberal support.—Redville 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.

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 Duggan cannot fail to increase in popularity with the people of Stokes and adjoining counties.—Winston Sentinel.

The Danbury Reporter and Post is timely and to the point, and the general make up of every page shows plain 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.—Leakville 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 no 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.



### THE OLD DINNER HORN.

I've heard many a strain that has thrilled me with joy, But none, I will say, since the day I was born, Has pleased me so much as, when a small boy, I heard, on the farm, the old dinner horn. The trumpet was tin, a yard or so long, And was blown for "the boys" at noon and at morn. The monotonous strain was piercing and strong; But sweet, for all that, was the old dinner horn. When building the fence, or tossing the hay, Or reaping the grain or plowing the corn, With appetite keen, at the noon of the day, Oh, sweet to my soul was the old dinner horn! A mother's fond lips pressed the trumpet of tin, And blew her full soul through the barley and corn. Oh, I hear even yet the "Welcome, come in, Come in, my dear boys, to the sound of the horn!" These lips are now still, and the bosom is cold, Which sent to us boys the blast of the horn; She is waiting in sleep, beneath the dark mold, The archangel's trump and eternity's morn.

### The Embalmed Heart.

One evening a poor physician sat in his room in Florence, wishing that some Christian would have pity upon his meagerly filled purse and fall ill where he should be forced to take the case in charge. Not the smallest accident or the most trifling sickness had come into his hands in weeks, and starvation was staring him in the face. At this moment a man wrapped in a dark mantle glided into his room, addressing me—for I who write am the hero of my story—by name: "I need your assistance, doctor," he said in an agitated whisper, "not for the living but for the dead. My sister, who came here with me on a visit to some relatives from our home in a foreign country, has just died, and before interring her remains in this strange land I desire, according to the custom of our family, to carry away with me her embalmed heart, that so much at least of our beloved one may repose among the ashes of our kindred. My mission is to ask if you will assist me in this painful duty. It is necessary that it be done at night, and quietly, since we do not wish to start the tongues of the gossips, or to allow the servants of the house to become aware of it. Here is the certificate of her death signed by her regular physician, and as an earnest of my willingness to make the visit worth your while, allow me to lay this purse of gold upon your table." Seeing the glimmer of the large, bright pieces in the flames of my expiring lamp, I could no longer hesitate. Beside the straightforward manliness of my visitor and his evident emotion quite won my sympathy. I followed him, and after a long walk—during the latter part of which I consented to be led blind-folded—we stopped at the small side gate of a large and stately palace. Opening this, we ascended in the dark a winding stair case, emerging in a dimly lighted corridor. Preceding me with noiseless footsteps, the stranger touched the spring of a secret door, which, flying back, revealed a lofty chamber lighted by a silver lamp swinging between marble columns. Here on a low couch lay the body of a beautiful young girl. "You will excuse my personal attendance, doctor," said my guide, turning away his face as if to conceal his tears. "It is more than I can bear, and I shall wait without until your task is finished." After a brief examination of my subject, who lay as if disposed for burial, and noting with interest the fact of her extreme youth and beauty, I prepared to make an incision in the region of the breast. Quickly, but less skillfully than usual, I plunged my long, sharp knife into her breast—when, horror unpeakable!—the dead girl stirred, opened a pair of dark, imploring eyes, moaned once, as the blood gushed in a current over the bed, and then lay motionless as when I had seen her first. So completely did this circumstance unnerve me that my hand was paralyzed. Evidently the case had been one of suspended animation, and the hand that might

have rescued the poor girl from the jaws of death had but served to hurl her into them. Dizzy and despairing, cursing the poverty that led me to accept this fatal commission, not daring to look a second time at my victim upon her blood-stained bier, I dashed my knife upon the floor and fled. The door opened easily, but my visitor was nowhere to be seen. My wish now was to avoid him, and I rushed headlong down the long stone staircase into the courtyard, into the street, believing the stars above a thousand watchers set there to taunt me. How I finally reached home I know not, but when I found myself once more in the quiet of my poor room, everything as I had left it, books in their places, the cat purring, my mother's picture looking at me with a smile from the frame above my bed, I felt as if I had been wandering like Cain with a mark upon my brow during a century of woe. Throwing myself upon my couch, I hid my face in my pillow, trying to shut out the look of her dying eyes. Not until the day broke did I fall in a tortured sleep, awaking from which toward midday with a start I tried to persuade myself that the event of the night was nothing but a dream. But there in the drawer, where I had locked them on going out, were the gold pieces, a silent but eloquent reminder of my misfortune. Seizing the purse with feverish fingers, I set out for a long tramp in the environs of the city, determined to bury the accursed thing out of my sight forever. In a remote spot on a solitary hillside I made its grave, wishing that I too might rest beneath the sod. As I walked home, hunger and thirst overpowered me. I gave my last bit of copper to a woman who was milking her cow, receiving in return a draught of the foaming fluid. This sustained me to reach home again, and in the street I met an old comrade, who, raling me on my wild looks, invited me to breakfast. As I had no dinner the night before, poor human nature urged me to accept, and with the hot coffee, the rolls, the fruit and the omelet, a semblance of comfort stole into my heart. While talking with my friend an undercurrent of thought about the tragedy kept lapping up every other subject, as the tide comes in that nothing can hold back. Then it occurred to me to wonder if the brother, finding my mission unaccomplished, would not renoustrate with me, and to take away the money I had not earned. How could I explain to him the reason of my failure and my flight? Yes, surely he would come to seek me, and as an honest man it was my duty to face him.—As to explaining to him, that was another matter. Only one person in the world could have told that my knife was plunged into a living breast, and not a dead one, and she would speak no more. Why harrow her survivors with the unavailing knowledge of her brief return to life? After all I had acted without knowledge, and at the instigation of the one who loved her best. Certainly he loved her, as brothers rarely loved their sisters, it seemed to me. I recalled the shudder with which he turned from a brief glance at the bed of death, and the sob in his voice that came, apparently, from mighty grief. Assuredly I should see him again. Even now he might be awaiting me at my lodgings. As I rose to go, my friend, who had been carelessly looking over a journal of the morning, read aloud a paragraph announcing that this was the wedding day of the young Princess N., a Russian beauty, famous of late in Florentine society, who was to marry Prince L., a Roman nobleman as young, rich and well born as herself. "Let us go to the church door," said Paul, my friend, even if we are not bidden. A cat may look at the king, and all the world may admire a bride alighting from the carriage." Excusing myself on the plea that my garments did not entitle me to a place even upon the pavement, I broke away from him and returned to my solitary room. As I mounted the steps, I walked slower, dreading the apparition of my visitor of the previous night. I opened the door to find the room was empty and undisturbed. But upon my table lay a parcel, and tearing it open I saw within my bloody knife enfolded in a paper on which these words were written: "I return to you your property, my somewhat careless and decidedly nervous doctor. You will probably never hear from me again, but consider your gold well earned."

A cold sweat broke out upon my brow. Now, indeed, had my feet touched the waters of a dark and unknown sea. Could it be that I was the instrument of a crime? I pass over the anguish of that day. In the evening, able no longer to endure my thoughts, I went to a cheap cafe, where I could venture to ask for a simple meal on trust, since by to-morrow would arrive the small allowance sent me by my widowed mother every month. I asked for little, but I ate less. In my dazed state I was conscious that people around me were talking excitedly. By and by some newcomer suggested to have the story ever which they were all gabbling, told connectedly. Thus it was that, like a creature in a dream, I heard of the tragedy with which Florence that day was ringing—the tale of an infamous attack the night before upon lovely Princess N., on the eve of her wedding day, by some unknown miserant, who, stabbing her while she lay asleep, had left her there for dead. That she did not die was a marvel, but the stab, though deep, was not necessarily mortal. Clearly the assassin's hand must have wavered in its aim. Almost immediately the attendants, roused by some noise in the princess' room, had found her and by prompt measures the unfortunate lady was restored to consciousness. Although hardly possible that she could survive, the physicians yet gave some hope. Useless to speak of the sorrow befalling the noble household, or of the young bridegroom thus cruelly robbed of his intended. Much more was printed and said regarding the murderer, his motive, and the search for him that was to be set on foot, but for that I cared little. I was ready to deliver myself up at that moment, if it could serve to expose the villain who had used me for his tool. When I returned home again to meditate upon the best course for me to follow, I found another note from the destroyer of my peace, curt and mysterious as the preceding. "Fear nothing, doctor. You are safe and unsuspected. Our patient has escaped us."

A SINGULAR STORY.

Here is a story, every word of which is true, which is about as strange as anything ever evolved from fiction. In a Pennsylvania town the proprietor of a store received an invoice of goods so valuable that he departed from his usual custom and placed a guard in his storage room. The young man on duty was a novice, and it is probably he had never handled a pistol. The darkness of the room was a sure preventive of sleeping, and, for want of something better to do, the watchman concluded to test his pistol. So he raised it and fired it at random, the thick walls of the house preventing the sound from being heard any great distance. The rest of the night was passed in a desultory manner, but when daylight streaked the sky the guard was startled by a knocking on the door by the early risers in the village. He took down the bars and pushed back the bolts, and saw the villagers surrounding the body of a man. A barrel covered by a board stood in front of the door, and the glass in the transom was pierced by a bullet which entered the man's forehead. It was therefore conclusive that the man had been standing on the barrel and peering into the room. The dead man was recognized as one whose life had been checkered, and who was regarded as a notorious thief, and the ransom shot caused more joy than sorrow. The watchman's hair didn't turn white, nor did he become a raving maniac; but it is certain that the events of the night are still fresh in his memory.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A poor Arab traveling in the desert met with a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water. Used as he was only to brackish wells, such water as this appeared to his simple mind worthy of a monarch, and filling his leathern bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself. The poor man traveled a long way before he reached the presence of his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The caliph did not despise the little gift brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured in a cup, drank it, and thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward. The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water; but to the surprise of all the caliph forbade them to touch a single drop. After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyful heart the caliph turned to his courtiers and thus explained his conduct: "During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in his leathern bottle became impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well knew that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; and, therefore, I forbade you to touch the draught, lest the heart of the poor man would have been wounded."

SMALL BITES.

Who has not, cannot. Fore-talk spares after-talk. With wishing comes grieving. He who says nothing never lies. Better lose a jest than a friend. Honest nobody is so blame for all. Right overstrained turns to wrong. Ill weeks are not hurt by the frost. He who has not health, has nothing. Services unrequited go unrequited. Love and the wise man's companion. When fortune knocks, open the door. Who does too much often does little. There is no worse thief than a bad book. Think much, speak little, and write less. He who fears to suffer, suffers from fear. Who sows thorns should not go barefoot. Silence and reflection cause no dejection. Necessity teaches even the lame to dance. He who grasps too much holds not firmly. Everybody's companion is nobody's friend. Time and opportunity are in no man's sleeve. Who comes unbidden, departs unthankful. He who seeketh trouble never misseeth it. When the will is prompt the legs are nimble. It is good to buy when another wants to sell. Sit in your place and none can make you rise. Being on the sea, sail; being on the land, settle. He who sows brambles must not go barefoot. The pains of power are real, its pleasures imaginary. Wit is folly, unless a wise man hath the keeping of it. He who revealeth his secret maketh himself a slave. Enjoy your little whilst the fool is seeking for more. What is worth receiving is worth returning. He that would be long an old man must begin betimes. Who goes softly goes safely, and he that goes safely goes far. He is not a thorough wise man who cannot play the fool on occasion. He is the world's master who despises it, its slave who prizes it. Neither praise nor dispraise thyself, thine actions serve the turn. Everybody knows good counsel expect him that has need of it. No one ever became poor through giving alms. The eyes believe themselves, the ears other people. Jealousy is a pain which eagerly seeks what causes pain. Better a lean agreement than a fat lawsuit. A single penny fairly got is worth a thousand that are not. A father maintains ten children better than ten children one father. He that has a little knowledge is far more likely to get more than he that has none. He that is good, will infallibly become better, and he that is bad, will as certainly become worse. A man's folly is his worst foe, and his discretion his best friend. Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them. They who would be young when they are old, must be old when they are young. Human foresight often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils. An Alabama man has been discovered with a tail nine inches long, said to be the result of an ante-natal fright.