

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

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The Reporter and Post is sound in policy and politics, 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 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 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 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.*



HARVEST.

The South wind breathes a chant as it goes, Blessing the ripened ears that bend And murmur low as if in one voice, The warm South wind that is the touch of a friend. The inland sea has no epic song Of storm and conquest and trophies won, The sweet South wind as it sweeps along Has no note in it of fear or care. The golden strings of the inland sea Sound rich full chords of a grateful land; Plenty and peace are all that I see Where the bustling wheat ears nodding stand; Garners full with a yellow store, Cupboards once empty no longer bare, Labor repaid, no craving more, Joy and contentment every where.

Judge Cloud's Charge.
Delivered in Boone Twelve Years Ago.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY:—I am glad to be with you in the good old county of Watauga. The law requires that the grand jury be composed of good men of moral character who have paid their tax. We can have no assurance that the grand jury will perform their duty unless it is composed of moral character men. You have got a pretty country and should feel proud of it. Not because you have mountains and hills covered with pretty ivy and beautiful rhodo-dendrons, and not because the sparkling rivers and creeks go coursing down the hillsides and through the grass-covered valleys. No, not these, but you have a pretty country because you have good citizens. The county is much indebted to the grand jury and other officers of the law for its character. They give tone to the county. Go into a county where the jury do not perform their duty, and that will be spoken of as a bad place. Why, my dear sirs, they will talk about it a 100 miles off—they will say, "Laws are intended to regulate society. You are a good looking set of men. You see if the grand jury does not do its duty, the laws cannot properly be administered. All the people in Watauga look very well. Every man is bound and necessarily compelled to fulfill the laws. No person has protection for life or property except which the law gives, therefore it should be respected. Ah, yes, but it's mighty hard to respect some of the laws made by the last drum-head Legislature, [looking towards the late Representatives.] If there were no laws the big strong men would do just what they pleased with all the little and weak men. The good character of our jurors depends upon the way in which you perform your duty during this court. It is creditable to Watauga that you have such a small docket. Only about 44 cases on State docket and 31 on Civil docket. This speaks well for the county. This is the smallest in the circuit. Why, down yonder in Rowan or Surry county it is four times that much. Here we do not have but one week court, according to that know-it-all Legislature; but when we get down to Sparta—yes, Sparta, stop right there now, for that name has got to be changed. You see, down in Allegheny, that's the tail end of the whole thing. I'll tell 'em all about it when I get down there. Well, down they have two weeks court. Now I want to caution you against this. No man or lawyer takes exception to it. The greatest evil in the whole country, in the whole State of North Carolina, is this: a great disposition in this State to favor men who disturb society. There is too much sympathy with the evil doers and too little sympathy with the victims. You see, if a poor man kills a negro his poor body is stuck into the ground and he is never thought of again. The man who commits the murder, a nasty fellow, is probably acquitted and if not he is sent down to Raleigh and these one-horse Governors will pardon him in a few days. Some men are mighty contrary. When you see two Legislators taking sides with each other you may know that there is something wrong. Now I want to tell you about illegal voting. This is all wrong. Doan in my county (Surry) there were two men, Dobson and Brower, candidates for Commissioner, the one on our side claimed that he was elected and the Democrat claimed that he was elected. Don't you see there were illegal votes. One proved that he had received 30 fraudulent votes and the other proved that the one

had received 60 stuffed votes. I tried my best to get the grand jury to indict the whole set of them but don't you see some of the jury was Republicans and some Democrats and they agreed not to tell on each other. Now don't you see they were not good moral character men. I caution you against any such conduct as that that jury was guilty of. I beg and implore you for the sake of the good name of Watauga county to stop such mischief. Stop right there. There is a disposition on the part of grand juries, the Legislature, the newspapers and everybody to favor lawlessness, and this is what makes the people so bad. The war, the last Legislature, the public press and the politicians have joined together and work or connive at what is not right—they are responsible for nearly all the mischief. I will give it as my opinion that crime is on the increase. My experience since the war shows that there is great need and much room for doing better. A great many of the offenses that are now only a fine and imprisonment will be penitentiary offenses before long. This will have to be done in order to improve society. I think the next Legislature or the one following it will fix the matter. A man down in Judge Schenck's district got up a petition to have a man pardoned and got 10 cents per name for 300 or 400 names, and this goes up before the Governor and he grants pardon. According to law there are four capital offenses, Murder, Rape, Arson and Burglary. If we had laws like those of our forefathers just after the revolutionary war, [there] would be but little horse-stealing and man-murdering. The people would be better, so they would. Murder is the taking of life with malice and forethought. When a man kills another with a deadly weapon, a gun, pistol or big club, the law presumes and pronounces it murder. Then in litigation it is for the accused to show to the contrary. Manslaughter is when one man kills another in self-defense—without malice or premeditation of the act—this is attributed to the weakness of mankind when in the heat of passion. Arson is the burning of a house in the night time. Burglary is to enter a man's house in the night time and carry off his property or do other damage. To burn a barn, stable or any other house is a capital offense, a very high offense. The next thing which this court will call your attention to and over which it has jurisdiction is perjury and forgery. The Legislatures have led thousands and thousands to commit this sin against the law. I do not speak of political parties, for A will swear for B and B will swear for A, and away it goes. I want you to watch out for these soundbore who are always putting false names to papers, notes and such. Stop right there now! Let me tell you what these dirty fellows in Caldwell have done. They have changed the name of Turkeycock mountain, and now call it H-i-b-b-i-t-t-e-n. The last one of them should be indicted. Now watch out, watch out I say, or some of them here struck puppies will be running up here to Watauga and change the name of the Grandfather mountain. Then, don't you see, here'll be the Grandmother mountain standing alone without a companion just like the Turkeycock mountain in Caldwell. This is all wrong. It's got to be stopped. Indict them. Bring them into court. Let me tell you, a man came from Virginia to my town some time ago, he carried a cane, had a big moustache and whistled very nice. That very fellow was not there long till he courted one of our prettiest girls and ran away and married. Now this was wrong, for the very next day a letter came from his State saying that he had a wife and three children there. The villain runs off and so the law does not reach him. Now if this had been a negro who had stolen a bushel of corn there would have been fifty men after him at once. This is a high offense and the Grand Jury is responsible and so they are. The law permits no two men to conspire together to cheat another one out of his property by whiskey-drinking or playing cards. If you know any such indict them. Larceny is the felonious taking in the night time or secretly taking personal property. The law makes it larceny to take your potatoes, cabbage or buckwheat, and if you know any such it is your duty to make a presentment. You have a very good law in this respect and it is as much in favor of your mountain folks as any other people. We have a statute against any injury or bad use of stock, sheep or hogs while in an inclosure—also the law goes so far as to prevent injury to stock while running

at large. You have a law against the burning of the woods, for don't you see, the fire might come licking down the hillsides and destroy all your fences. If an officer or jailer lets a prisoner escape by not doing his duty he is responsible. Hundreds of the worst convicts in the States have already escaped from the jails and penitentiary. The law intends for no guilty man to escape and if you know of anybody who has let a prisoner loose so far back as two years—you indict him. Grand Juries make a great mistake sometimes because they do not know precisely what the law is—now let me tell you—if A follows B over the streets and uses any language which seems to invite him to fight, why A is guilty too even if B knocks him down with a brickbat. An act of the Legislature which prohibits away ardent spirits on the day of election is a good thing and if you were to oppose that you would be hanged out. It is generally hot enough on election days without the liquor. Now to catch these fellows that sell the liquor on the sly or give it away, you can just—now let me tell you how they done down in Lenoir last week. Well, down there they have the liquor law for two miles around the town, but one evening about a dozen fellows who had been drinking stopped on the street and sung and patting and danced Juba. I went out to see it for I like just such. It is very pretty. But one poor fellow got down drunk and had to be put in jail till next morning, and then he was brought before Judge Ciley and they made him tell where he got his liquor and so forth, and now they have about 25 cases for next grand jury, just because he told on the boys. This is the way. Do this and you'll find out every time. Show the world that you are doing your duty. Here's a good law and it strikes me that a mountain man introduced it. This statute prevents a man from trespassing upon your land to hunt if you forbid him. He will say he's hunting deer and "possums" but will generally find your hogs or sheep. Another good law was made some time ago, which did not allow seining in the rivers and creeks for trout and the killing of deer at certain seasons—but that that foolish Legislature went and repealed it, repealed it, and so they did. But I got a large petition signed by men and children and sent down that and had the fish part of it revived on Elk river in this county. They have a fish law in the Catawba and Yadkin rivers but what good does it do? Why they put those little minnows in the Catawba river and they come up to Patterson factory and can't get any further. You see it does you Watauga people no good. Another thing those little fish will go sailing down the river and over that big dam in Governor Hampton's State, and then they get so large that they can never get back. Then now, you see what the legislature did. Another thing you've got to indict everybody who does not keep the public road in good condition—the law requires it to be 12 or 16 feet wide there must be a good place for the wheels to run and signboards every mile and at every fork-of-the-road. Why down the turnpike road below Blowing Gap they have nice little boards with white tops and black letters. Go, gentlemen of the jury, perform your duty, and keep up the good name of your county. If you need any more law during the week come into the Court, I am ready to instruct you at any time, swear an officer Mr. Clerk.

OUR COLORED FOLK.

For several days past there has been a remarkable family of negroes in Atlanta. Their name is Williamson, and they came from Wilson County, North Carolina. There are three brothers and four sisters, all of whom have been totally blind from their birth. They are the children of black parents who were slaves and ordinary field hands. Unto them were born fourteen children, seven of whom had sight while seven were blind. The blind children were not only harder and healthier, but their mental endowments are superior to those of their brothers and sisters who could see. They went to Raleigh to the State Blind Asylum and were there well educated. Every one of them developed a remarkable talent for music, and on leaving the Asylum they organized themselves into a concert company and began to travel through the South. The oldest brother married a smart negro woman, who acts as guide and business manager of the party. They have been all over the South giving entertainments

which have paid them handsomely. They sing and play on various instruments with remarkable skill. All of them have good voices, which have been well trained. Their most remarkable performances are the exhibitions of their powers of mimicry. They imitate a brass band so perfectly that a person outside the hall in which they are humming would almost invariably be deceived. Their imitation of the organ is equally perfect. Each of the singers make a peculiar noise and carries his or her own part of the performance, and the combined result is a deep music, very like to the pealing of a grand organ. These are two of their many tricks. They are constantly adding to their repertoire and perfecting themselves more and more in their curious arts. They have educated the sense of touch to a very remarkable degree. By feeling of a person's face and head they can give an accurate description of his or her appearance; and one of the sisters claim that she can tell the color of the hair by touching it. The seven stand with joined hands and any object can be placed in the hands of the object brother at the end of the line; while he holds it he claims that the magnetic current which passes through the entire line will enable any one of his brothers and sisters to tell what he has in his hand. At any rate some remarkable guesses of this kind are made. The blind negroes have given a series of entertainments in various negro churches in the city, and have created a great sensation among the colored population. It is said that they take good care of the aged parents who still reside at the old homestead in North Carolina, in the same cabin where they lived as slaves, and where their fourteen children were born. The blind singers have bought the place and presented it to their parents. The brothers and the wife of the eldest manage the financial affairs of the combination successfully that they have accumulated a snug lot of property. The oldest brother is about twenty-eight, the youngest sister about sixteen years old. Various efforts have been made by professional managers to secure the control of this remarkable family, but they prefer to take care of their own affairs. They are all intelligent and remarkably well posted on matters in general.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HISTORY OF A COUNTRY TOWN.
Bill Rivers has a new hat. He'd better pay for the old one. Jerry Bluenose has come down to five cent whiskey. That's better than he ought to have. Young Staggsby is home from New York, to live on the old man again. It is doubtful if he ever becomes self-sustaining. Four pounds best rice at Skinner's for 25 cents. The four pounds will probably shrink about twelve ounces by the time you get it home. Duzenberry's hat store has been closed on a chattel mortgage. The skinner, he'd mortgage the breath he draws, if he saw a chance to beat any one. A. L. Singabout has gone to the lake for a week. He would confer a favor on the community if he would anchor himself to the bottom for twenty minutes. A lot of trout fry was put in the creek last Friday. Our readers had better strain the milk they buy of the milkman for a few weeks, as the trout are very small now. We observe that John Ridley has been buying a set of lawn tennis. If he would pay us that \$5 borrowed money, he wouldn't have to slink across the road to avoid the meeting us. Hon. Thaddeus Barnstable has a new family carriage. If all the groceries he has swindled our dealers out of during the past year were piled into it, the new wagon would need extensive repairs. "What is ease?" asks a philosopher. Ease is a thousand-dollar salary and a hundred dollar job. A school journal advises, "Make the school interesting." That's what the small boy tries to do to the best of his ability. Mirth should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture. Bred upon the waters—Reared at sea.

SMALL BITES.

In old times barbers used to pull teeth and bleed people. Now they talk them to death. Latin is a dead language—especially when an inexperienced drug clerk fools with it. The smaller the calibre of mind, the greater the bore of a perpetually open mouth. Adam was not a polygamist, although in his day he married all the women in the world. The pen is mightier than the sword, but it can never hope to compete with the toy pistol. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart. Goethe says a man must be either an anvil or a hammer; yet how many are nothing but bellows. The man who is given to making cutting remarks should be treated like a jack-knife, and shut up. Caucuses for town meetings is where thirty or forty men get together and vote as one man tells them to. A maxim of incomparable value to persons of sedentary habits, invalids, women, and all who have leisure, is to leave the table hungry. "Ma, which milkman gives the most cream; the one that has the best cows?" "Hardly, my child! It is the one who has the best conscience." Falseness, like poison, will generally be rejected when administered alone; but, when blended with wholesome ingredients may be swallowed unperceived. One of the first lessons that ought to be taught at the man; fashionable cooking schools is: "Never stir the hash with one hand and smooth the hair with the other." A country girl, who was being treated to ice cream for the first time, was asked by her young man how she liked it. "It tastes pretty good," she replied, "but I always prefer my pedding hot." **SAM JONEISMS.**
If you want to know what your neighbors think of you disguise yourself and go among them. Preachers know a great deal more about their flocks than they dare tell. It might endanger their salaries. A pretty woman has ruined more than one church. You needn't turn up your nose at God, for he knows you. "Whatsoever a man soweth he shall reap," is true both in the Bible and the almanac, whether God said it or not. Some of you have sown enough seed to damn the world. Grocery stores with bar room attached are moral bell holes. Your daughter may be beautiful and lovely, but first thing you know the devil may pack off a drunken son-in-law on you. A man who gets drunk will steal if he is not too much afraid of the jail. A man who would swear before his children is a brute. I have a contempt for a man who has the time to play cards. I never knew a first-class billiard player who was worth the powder and lead it would take to kill him. There's about forty men in this congregation who are going to hell on a blooded horse. The most beautiful sight in this world is to see a man leading his wife and children into the gates of heaven. Live so your children may put their feet in your tracks and be honorable. Most of you don't care if your neighbor goes hungry so you have enough. Christ and whiskey don't stay in the same bide at the same time. The devil enjoys the way many preachers preach. Ingersoll does no harm. The real infidels are in the churches. They believe but don't practice. There are women here who have not struck a lick of work for years. They do nothing but shop, shop, shop. Hell is full of such women. The man who don't laugh needs a liver medicine. The moper and growler never gets to heaven. This three-mile an hour lick in religion ain't no good. Bring me a corpse and a coffin, and I will be gloomy; flowers, and I will smile. Tell the truth though you die in a pookhouse. If you don't like my style of preaching you know the way out.