THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

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Reporter and Post.

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS:

The REPORTER AND POST is sound in policy and politics, and deserves a liberal support.—*Reidsville 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.*

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.—*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 Twelth 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.*

UNTIL NEXT SUMMER.

Fold up the robes which summer has kissed,
Lay them away, they will not be missed.
Crumble the furbelows, fleecy and light;
Crush down the gossamer floating and white:
Fold them up softly sweet maiden to-day,
For the sunshine of summer has melted away

The roses and lillies so fair and so frail,
Have gone from the garden and died in the vale;
And pansies and gentian and sweet mignonette,
With the tears of October are droping and wet;
So, fair little maiden, the light tissues fold
Ere the sun of November shines whitely and cold.

Yet dream not to wear them again, as today,
When the weeds of the year crush the blossoms of May;
For ah! the gay bodice may clasp in the breast
A heart full of sorrow and weary unrest;
And sombre-hued broad cloth the spirit may shroud,
While the form bears the colors it flaunted unbowed.

So folding thy vesture to lay out of sight!
With sweet-swelling noises, with heart bounding light,
Yet fold in a prayer for the strength you may need—
A prayer which he grants to the storm-beaten reed
For strength in its weakness—a stay evermore
Until winters and summers on earth shall be o'er.

Uncle Ulric's Money.

'So he's dead at last!' said Mrs. Glover.

'Dead at last" said Mr. Glover.

'He always said he should live to be ninety,' sighed the old lady.

'And missed it by just six months,' observed her husband sagely.

'Poor old man!' said Mrs. Glover, instinctively, shaking out the folds of a new black bordered pocket-handkerchief.

'We must all die,' originally remarked Mr. Glover.

But in this decent and seemly regret with which they, as the legatees and last surviving relatives of old Ulric Upshur, spoke of his death, there was no overwhelming sorrow. Why should there be?

A man who lives close on to the edge of ninety, and dies leaving a snug little sum over and beyond his funeral expenses may surely be said to have fulfilled his destiny.

If he had desired to be sincerely mourned, he should have surrounded himself with family ties. Second cousins can hardly be expected to weep floods of tears on the coffin of an eccentric old personage, whom they have never seen more than a half a dozen times in their lives; the Glovers bought themselves proper mourning and straightened their countenances into regulation gravity, when they alluded to the deceased; but the first thought was one of exultation at the wealth which had now descended to them.

'A thousand dollars in good, hard cash,' said Mr. Glover.

'To be paid over at once,' sighed his wife.

The Glovers looked radiantly at each other. They had never had so much money in their possession at any one time since they had got married, twenty good years ago.

'My dear,' said Mrs. Glover, 'if ever any man deserved it, you do! You have always worked hard and paid your honest debts.'

'Martha don't say a word," remarked Mr. Glover, patting his wife's plump shoulder. 'No man ever had a better wife than you to save and economize, and make every penny go as far as two.'

'Of course the money is yours,' said Mrs. Glover.

'No, Martha yours,' corrected her husband.

'But Uncle Ulric was your relation.'

'The law my dear, regards husband and wife as one.'

'But, Silas, you have the best right to it,' reasoned Mrs. Glover, tenderly eager.

'Not a particle more than yourself, Martha.'

Mr. Glover beamed upon his wife. Mrs. Glover looked affectionately at her husband. Surely this golden shower of wealth was bringing their courting days back again.

Mr. Glover thought to himself that Martha was really prettier than ever. Mrs. Glover thought that her husband never had been so noble and Jove-like. It was all nonsense about money being the root of all evil. One never could put any dependence on these old proverbs.

'Silas,' said Mrs. Glover. 'I'll tell you what we will do with the thousand dollars. We'll put a wing on the south end of the house.

'A wing!' repeated Mr. Glover. 'My dear, what a preposterous idea!'

'I don't see anything very preposterous about it,' said Mrs. Glover, reddening a little. 'We have always wanted more room.'

'If we're going to squander it in building—' began her husband, with some acerbity.

'Squander it, indeed!' exclaimed the indignant Martha.

'Pray be so good as not to interrupt me, my dear, said her husband. 'If, I say, it is to be expended in building—'

'That's more like it!' said Martha, with a toss of her head.

'It had a great deal better,' pursued Mr. Glover, 'be put into a substantial new barn. Ours has been unfit for use these five years.'

'We don't need a barn,' impatiently interrupted Mrs. Glover. 'As long as the horses and cows have a shelter over their heads, it is all that they require. And our barn is as good as anybody else's barn!'

I am perhaps the best judge of that, Mrs. Glover!' said her husband.

'I've been wanting a little more elbow room for a long time,' observed Mrs. Glover. 'Our best room is perfectly disgraceful, with those big beams in the corners and a tucked-up little wooden mantle with a cupboard over it!'

'Some people are never satisfied with anything,' said Mr. Glover, drumming his finger ends on the table.

'There ain't another woman in the place that would put up with such a parlor!' said Mrs. Glover, just ready to cry.

'Well, you may as well make up your mind to be satisfied with it,' announced Mr. Glover.

'I'd like to know why?' flashed his wife.

'Because it's the best you are likely to get.'

'Indeed!' said Mrs. Glover.

'That money is going to be spent—sensibly spent,' said Mr. Glover, nodding his head to keep time to his sentences, 'upon a new barn.'

'No, it isn't!' cried the lady.

'Why isn't it?' said the gentleman.

'Because I'm going to have a south wing built out!' averred Mrs. Glover.

'No, you're not!' said Mr. Glover.

'We'll see about that!' shrieked Mrs. Glover.

'We will see!' said Mr. Glover. 'Legally, Mrs. Glover, you're no right to one cent of that money of Uncle Ulric's!'

'Fiddlesticks!' said Mrs. Glover. 'Wasn't Uncle Upshur my relation?'

'And aren't you my wife?'

'To my sorrow, I am!' said Mrs Glover, preparing to use her pocket handkerchief. 'But that fact don't authorize you in robbing me of what is rightfully my own.'

'Woman,' sputtered Mr. Glover, 'what do you mean?'

'Exactly what I say!' retorted his wife.

'I mean to be master of my own house!' said Mr. Glover, hastily.

'You can do as you please about that,' said Mrs. Glover,' but it's a house I shan't stay in if I'm to be treated like a mere cipher. I'll leave you, Silas Glover—yes, I'll leave you—and all the neighborhood shall ring with your tyranny and meanness!'

'You're a vixen" said Glover.

'You are a brute!' said Mrs. Glover.

'Will you hold your tongue?' said he.

'There isn't the power on earth that can silence me!' protested she. I leave you, Silas Glover!'

'The sooner the better,' said Mr. Glover, 'if you are going to turn into such an outrageous shrew as this!'

But just as their voices raised to an unwonted pitch, were striving for precedence, the sound of prodigious and long-continued knocking at the front door, served, momentarily at least, to calm the tempest.

The wordy combatants eyed each other comprehensively.

'Woman,' hissed Silas Glover, 'you have disgraced me!'

'If there's any disgrace in the matter,' retorted Martha, 'it don't lie at my door?'

At that moment in walked Nehemiah Nixon, the village attorney and counselor-at-law, a stout, short man, with a bald head and a little stumpy growth of white beard under his chin.

'Bless my soul said Mr. Nixon, 'what a noise you're making, good people!'

Mr. Glover invited the newcomer to take a chair. Mrs. Glover began to poke the fire. Evidently the embers of their wrath yet smouldered, ready to blaze up again the moment the temporary pressure of conventionality should be removed.

'Well,' said the lawyer, 'I've brought you a piece of news.'

'Eh?' said Mr. Glover.

'Unpleasant news,' added Mr. Nixon. 'Or at least I suppose you all regard it in that light. It seems—ahem!—that that vagrant son of old Mr. Upshur, who was reported to have died in Manitoba didn't die at all, but is alive and flourishing, with a wife and two children.

'What!' cried Mr. and Mrs. Gloyer, in a duet of dismayed voices.'

'And,' added Mr. Nixon, in the indifferent way of one to whom the subject does not matter personally in the least, 'they are comming on at once to take possession of all that the old man left. Upon the whole, I am not surprised. The Upshurs always were peculiar. I am told that old Ulric and his son hadn't spoken to each other for ten years. And when the report of his death was bruited about, old Upshur didn't take the slightest pains to ascertain whether it was true or false.'

Fortunately for the peace of the Glover family, Mr. Nixon did not stay long. But when the big front door closed behind him, Silas and Martha looked at each other.

'Martha,' said the husband, who was the first to break the unpleasant silence, 'I am glad of it—glad from the very bottom of my heart!'

Mrs. Glover burst into tears.

'So am I, Silas!' sobbed she. 'Because—because we were nearer quarreling with each other than we ever have been in all our wedded life.'

'I don't care one straw about the new barn,' magnanimously declared Mr Glover.

'And I don't need the south wing,' cried Martha. 'We are very comfortable just as we are.'

'I can patch up the old roof, and put a few boards on the end,' said Mr. Glover. 'I was always a good hand at carpentering!'

'And what was good enough for your mother is good enough for me,' said Mrs. Glover. 'As long as we're both spared to each other, I don't care if we live in a wood shed.'

'I was a villain to speak as I did to you!' cried the conscience-stricken Silas.

'It was all my fault, Silas,' said Mrs. Glover. 'It was I that provoked you.'

And the middle aged couple kissed each other as tenderly as if their honeymoon were yet shining in the sky, and the first and last cloud that had ever darkened their horizon went down in mutual smiles.—Ruth Ransom.

A CLEVER CRITIC HAS NOTICED.

That purses will hold nickels as well as gold.

That all men are honest when well watched.

That there is more gratitude in dogs than there is in men.

That poverty is the worst banner that a man can put up.

That a young wife and an old man is like a light in a sick room.

That the most enduring love is that of a mother for her children.

That nearly every office seeker is the right man in the right place.

That mock philanthrophy is like giving a mermaid a pair of boots.

That life is too short to give young men advice as to whom they should marry.

That most men choose a wife as a child does a doll, no matter if the head is filled with sawdust.

That diamonds, silks, fans, broadcloth, velvet, gold watches and chains are often bought with other people's money.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Tomatoes are nice with cream and sugar.

Sugar losses part of its strength by boiling.

Figs are good boiled five minutes and served hot.

Wet and flour well the inside of pudding bags.

Wrap fruit jars with paper to keep out the light.

Sugar should be browned in a dry pan for sauce.

Never wash raisins; wipe then with a dry cloth.

Keep preserves in a dry place; seal with flour paste.

Boil coffee in a salt sack; it is nicer than eggs to settle it.

Put soda in sour fruit for pies and they will require less sugar.

A little sulphate of potassa added to preserves prevents fermentation.

After paring fruit, drop it in cold water to prevent its changing color.

When sauce boils from the side of the pan the flour or corn starch is done.

Glaze the bottom crust of fruit pies with white of an egg and they will not be soggy.

Always put a little soda in milk that is to be boiled, as an acid is formed by boiling.

Seal the juice left from canning fruits in small bottles and keep for making fruit pudding sauces.

Do not boil vinegar for pickles. Boil the vegetables in salt and water, drain and pour the vinegar on.

For convenience in cleaning lamp chimneys, nothing is nicer than a small sponge atlached to the end of a stick.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

The young man lingered near the managing editor's desk waiting for an appointment on the regular staff.

'But you drink,' said the manager, wishing to let the candidate down easy.

'Yes,' replied the young men, 'so did Alexander the Great.'

'You are a dude,' glancing at the youtu's dandified dress.

'So was Disraeli.'

'And you are a liar.'

'So was Napoleon Bonaparte.'

'And you are head and ears in debt."

'Like Alexander Dumas.'

'And you are a glutton.'

'So was Peter the Great.'

'And you swear occasionally?'

'So did George Washington.'

'You are liable to get drunk?'

'Like Daniel Webster.'

'You are not not a college man?'

'Neither was Lincoln.'

'And then you write a wretchedly illegible hand?'

'Like Horace Greeley.'

'You can't make a speech?'

'Like Grant.'

'Well,' said the manager, plunging at a heap of manuscript, 'anyhow we don't want you; you won't do. Good morning.'

The young man turned away exceedingly sorrowful. 'It's no sort of use,' he said, 'a fellow combines in his own brain and person the traits of all the great men from Alexander to Grant, and can't even get a place on the Brooklyn Eagle. This world is growing too fast for genius.—Brooklyn Eagle.

WHERE'S YOUR GIMLET!

Little Johnny Yerger has caused a breach between Gus De Smith, an Austin society gentleman, and the Yerger family. Gus called to make a friendly visit after supper, he having previously informed Col. Yerger of the intended honor. The whole family and Gus were in the parlor, when Johnny riveted the attention of all present by asking Gus De Smith:

'Have you brought your gimlet with you?'

'Hush, Johnny,' said Mrs. Yerger.

'Go to bed, sir,' remarked Col. Yerger.

'What do you mean, Johnny,' asked Gus.

'I don't mean nuffin; except I heard pa say you were coming up this evening to bore us all, and I just wanted to look at your gimlet. There ain't no harm in just looking at it.'

The Provincial bank of Buenos Ayers has a capital of $33,000,000 and deposits amounting $67,000,000. These figures are not equaled by any United States bank.

SMALL BITES.

Sloth is the key to poverty.

The will is the soul of the work.

A clear conscience is a good pillow.

Lovers' purses are tied with cobwebs.

Fools grow without being watered.

Five fingers hold more than two forks.

All the keys don't hang at one girdle.

No good lawyer ever goes to law himself.

Nothing is so liberally given as advice.

Company in distress makes trouble less.

He gains much who loses a vain hope.

Drop the jest when it is most amusing.

He who does not look before, lags behind.

The greatest cunning is to have none at all.

One sword keeps another in the sheath.

He laughs at scars who never felt a wound.

Follow the river and you will reach the sea.

Nobody so wise but has a little folly to spare.

To change and to better are two different things.

Rest comes from unrest, and unrest from rest.

He is lucky who forgets what cannot be mended.

He has much to do who would please everybody.

Always something new, seldom something good.

Speaking comes by nature, silence by understanding.

Disputing and borrowing cause grief and sorrowing.

The end of wrath is the beginning of repentance.

Life is half spent before one knows what life is.

You will not be loved if you care for none but yourself.

More are drowned in the bowl than in the sea.

He pays dear for honey who licks it off thorns.

Pride went out on horseback, and returned on foot.

Look with a suspicion on the flight of an enemy.

They must be strong legs that can support prosperous days.

Greatness alone is not enough, or the cow would outrun the hare.

If you have no arrows in your quiver, go not with archers.

A hundred years of wrong do not make one hour of right.

Everybody must wear out one pair of fool's shoes, if he wear no more.

An ounce of discretion is better than a pound of knowledge.

No one can do nothing, and no one can do everything.

We punish little thieves, and take off our hats to great ones.

With patience and time the mulberry leaf becomes a silk gown.

Thousands drink themselves to death before one dies of thirst.

As fast as laws are devised, their evasion is contrived.

He that picks up all sorts of wood, soon gets an armful.

The stone is hard and the drop is small. but a hole is made by the constant fall.

Where there is no want of will, there will be no want of opportunity.

The mother-in-law does not remember that she was a daughter-in-law.

Who is always prying into other men's affairs, leads a dangerous life.

Gaming is the child of avarice, but the parent of prodigality.

He that speaks doth sow, but he that holds his peace doth reap.

Friendships are cheap when they can be bought by doffing the hat.

A fool knows his own business better than a wise man knows that of others.