

# THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

VOLUME XIV.

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## Reporter and Post.

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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.—*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 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.—*Salen 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 hope that she may drift onward with a clear sky and a smooth surface for as many more years.—*Cannell 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 county 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*.



### DON'T KICK.

Here's a piece of advice I'll give to you, ye bub,

Old man, old woman or chick,

No matter what comes no matter what goes,

Don't permit yourself ever to kick.

If the world, as it gravely goes jogging along,

Throws the thorns in your path, fast and thick,

Dodge all that you can, and step on the rest,

But of all things, I pray you, don't kick.

If you throw yourself into political strife,

And get hit with a political brick,

You will show your good sense by holding your jaw,

And never once making a kick.

If you play for a winning and draw on a blank,

And some other chap makes the thing stick,

Just swallow the dose like a good little man,

And, for heaven's sake, don't make a kick.

Take things as they come, they'll be right in the end,

If you're hungry, rich, beggar, or sick.

You'll only be wasting your valuable time,

If you use it in making a kick.

### Two Lovers.

"Of course I know it is a great piece of folly in me." "Then why do it?" The other young man laughed with a certain bitterness. He was standing in front of a large oak tree which was half cut through; he was leaning on his axe, and looking at the man near him, who was seated on a fallen trunk and smoking a cigar.

About this person was the unmistakable air of wealth and success. He was, nevertheless, gazing at his companion with the air with an expression of admiration.

"Why do it?" repeated Holt; and he lifted his weapon and swung it furiously against the oak. "I do it just for the same reason that that tree is bound to fall, because it can't help it."

"Pshaw!"  
Mr. Barron, though he uttered this exclamation as if in reproof, could not help a look of relief coming to his face. He felt that his countenance expressed too much, and he stooped down and picked up a twig from the ground, breaking it in his fingers, and not raising his eyes.

"You see, I have grown up near her since she was a child," went on Holt, "and I don't think she would ever think of me, save as a kind of brother. I'm not going to give her the trouble of saying 'No' to me. Girls don't care for people they have seen all their lives."

"How do you know so much about girls?" rising suddenly to his feet, and flinging away his cigar.

"Who is it who knows so much about girls?" asked a voice behind them among the trees, and a girl stepped out into the opening and looked from one to the other, not a smile stirring her dark and vivid face. But there was a flash of fun in the eyes which was not allowed to overrun.

Naomi Barto must have known very well what was the effect of that crimson, fleshy thing which was twisted over her black hair; and was she unconscious that none could wear the drapery of a smile with more grace than she could bring to bear upon that apparently passive act? There were little red mittens on her hands, and one of those hands held a three pint tin pail.

"I suppose you think it a manly thing, Ralph Holt," she said, turning to that person, whose face, despite herself, was glowing with pleasure at sight of her, to leave your poor old mother to suffer from fears that you will starve to death. You forgot your dinner again to-day.

Barron had quickly removed his hat as he had bowed profoundly to Miss Barto, and now he stood looking at her with that undisguised but perfectly respectful admiration, which is so great a compliment to woman.

Did she see that admiration? Holt, at least, saw it, and it was like a sudden and terrible revelation to him.

Of course, Barron was attracted to her; of course that attraction must be mutual; for Holt was not so perversely blinded but he could see that this stranger, rich, handsome, of good address, and, he added to himself, a good fellow, too, was one to ensnare a woman's fancy.

He had just announced to Barron that he had made up his mind to try his fortune in the Far West. He was going to Colorado. He could not help going, he had asserted, for it remained at home he should some time be obliged to see Naomi Harto smile with love at some one else.

Before Holt could speak, Barron said, gaily:

"You put a premium on forgetfulness, Miss Barto. You'll miss me leave his dinner-pail every day if I come and bring it to him."

Holt said nothing. The girl wondered why his face was so black as he advanced and took the pail from her hand.

Everything was now made plain to him. He knew why Barron had continued staying in the country when one would think he would prefer his usual haunts.

"Well," Barron had ought to love her. What could be said against it? Holt saw Naomi turn with a brilliant smile toward Barron, and in a silent fury he took up his axe and began plying it with vigor, finding a sort of savage relief as the blade cut off huge chips from the tree.

The girl remained some minutes, but she did not appear to notice Holt again until she went away, when she said good-by to him with the free pleasantness of any acquaintance to whom his whims were nothing for good or ill.

Barron looked after her as if almost decided to follow, but something held him back. He sat down again and watched the chips flying fast from the swift gleaming ax.

Suddenly he exclaimed:

"I believe you are right. Women don't love the men they've known from childhood. If they think they do, they are mistaken."

Holt stood still, breathing heavily. He scarcely dared look at his companion. There was some painful impulse in his mind to go back and take up his axe against that handsome face.

For the moment he was afraid of himself. He saw again, as through a course of blood, the sweet involuntary smile Naomi had given Barron.

He turned toward Barron, who sprang back involuntarily a step, crying out:

"Good heavens, Holt! what has happened to you?"

The exclamation recalled Holt to himself. He tried to laugh. Then he said, awkwardly:

"I am glad you agree with me about women and their way of loving you. You see I am right in deciding not to stay here and endure the torture of seeing that girl love some one else. Instead of waiting until next week before I go, I can be ready the day after to-morrow."

Holt was looking full in his companion's face as he said these words, and he saw something there that made him say, sharply, and yet with a kind of guttural sound in his voice:

"Barron, you love her!"  
Barron turned away, but Holt saw his face grow red and then pale. Then he fronted his questioner and said, almost in a whisper:

"If I do you cannot wonder, can you?"  
Holt was silent a long time. So long that Barron at last came toward him, and put his hand on his arm, repeating his question:

"You cannot wonder, can you?"  
Instead of replying, Holt said:  
"I was thinking of that old saying about looking at happiness through another man's eyes."

"But I am not happy yet?"  
"You will be. I saw her smile at you to-day."

"You must not put too much into a woman's smile."  
Though Barron said this, his face showed that his hope was high.

"I shall not cut any more wood to-day," abruptly said Holt. "Will you go down the hill with me?"  
He hurriedly put on his jacket, then swung his ax over his shoulder. He looked and acted in haste.

"If I see Steuben before noon," he said, as if to himself, "I can easily arrange to leave the day after to-morrow. Every hour that I stay about here is misery to me now."

"I heard nothing," he answered. "What was it like?"  
He spoke indifferently, as if he cared very little.

"I can scarcely tell. It might be a cry for help."  
"Not likely," listlessly.

"But if it were," returned Barron, still detaching his companion by a hand on his arm—if it were, you would wish to head it, would you not?"

Holt was plainly impatient; but he said, "Of course," and tried to listen.

Then they both heard what might have been a cry, but it had such a strange and suffocated sound in it that it was impossible to tell if a human voice had uttered it.

"You heard that?" said Barron, who felt irritated that the other should feel so little interest in this sign of distress.

"Yes; but I don't know what to make of it. Some dog, perhaps."

"Whatever it is, I shall follow it up."

And he turned off to the left and began pushing through the thick growing wood, while Holt kept by his side sullenly but persistently, as one having no interest in the affair in hand.

In a moment the two had emerged into a space where the trees had been cut that winter. It was a somewhat steep slope down the hill, and here and there were still small patches of snow fast melting beneath this sun.

On one of those patches of white, close to where a small group of walnut trees had been left standing, both men saw at the same instant the same object.

That object was a spot bright red on the snow, something resembling what women call a cloud.

It was like what Naomi Barto had worn a half-hour ago.

Holt dashed toward a step by the side of Barron; then, recalling the smile he had seen giving to that man, by an effort which took all his will, which was not weak, he drew back, and followed the impetuous rush that Barron made down the hill.

"I will be ready to help, but I will not be first," was what he thought.

As they came nearer they saw that a tree seemed to have fallen, and the next moment revealed to their eyes that a woman was pinned down beneath one of the branches.

They saw the dark hair loosened and lying on the snow. The face was turned from them, but neither seemed to see it to know that it was the woman they both loved who was in such need of help.

Holt's eyes mechanically took in the whole scene, aside from that helpless figure. He saw that the tree which had fallen had been sawed nearly through the butt, and that it stood ready for the first blow of wind from the right direction.

He knew, too, or though he knew, whose careless work it was.

Strange how many swift thoughts raced through his mind in the brief time while he was flying down the hill.

Barron reached the spot an instant before Holt. The two men saw at a glance the position of a heavy branch across the girl's chest, and saw also from what place it must be moved.

But Holt had the better judgment, and in this terrible moment the cooler eye. He felt as though every nerve and muscle were strung to the utmost tension.

His swift glance at the suffering face on the snow told him with almost unerring precision how many minutes longer Naomi could endure the burden that was pressing her young life out.

To his unspeakable surprise, he saw the thick branch rise slightly beneath Barron's power. He had not known how thoroughly that gentleman's muscles had been trained.

As quickly as light, as strongly as love, Holt now acted.

In that flash of time while the weight was lifted he drew the girl from beneath it.

Having done so, he fell down on his knees beside her, not looking now toward Barron, who did not come forward.

Naomi, whose senses had been painfully kept alive, had now become unconscious; but, being naturally strong and well, she revived in a few moments, as Holt rubbed snow upon her hands and temples, keeping himself outwardly calm only by a great effort.

When she opened her eyes and looked at him, though his heart thrilled beneath that glance, he felt that he must not yield to the temptation it brought to him. Now he remembered Barron.

He rose quickly and glanced over the tree-trunk, some stifled cry escaping him as he did so.

He saw Barron lying on his side, his face almost as white as the snow near it, and a thin stream of blood slowly trickling from his lips.

Something resembling a smile came into Barron's eyes as Holt came round and bent over him.

"Is she safe?" whispered Barron.

Holt nodded. He did not think he could speak. Young, unused to death as he was, he knew that death was near the man before him—so near that he never thought of going for aid.

"They said I was fickle," said Barron, slowly; "but how could I have been fickle to her?"

He looked up wistfully at the strong, moved face before him.

"I suppose it is all right," he said, after a pause. Then more loudly and strongly: "Where did I read, the other day, that it was not difficult to die?"

As he finished speaking his glance met the eyes of Naomi, who had risen, and had come to Holt's side. A gush of blood came faster. His eyelids tell softly, peacefully.

The man and woman standing there remained silent and motionless for several moments.

Then Holt turned and looked at the pallid, tear-wet face of the girl beside him.

He took off his hat, as he reverently said:

"I do not wonder, Naomi, as I love you, so you loved him. Even I could not help having an affection for him."

The blood came painfully up over Naomi's face. The pulse at her throat beat heavily.

"You mistake," she said, in a voice that, sad as it was, started Holt into what seemed to him then to be a guilty happiness. "I did not love him. I have always loved you."

Holt took the little half frozen hand quickly in his.

"He gave his life, as I would have given mine," he said, as soon as he could speak without too much tremor in his voice.

### SMALL BITES.

Darke county pays \$15,820.94 taxes.

Boston and Chicago have had great fires.

Fine High School opens on the 18th inst.

The stock law fence in Guilford county cost \$3,500.

The Presidential succession bill has passed the House.

A malignant epidemic of diphtheria is prevailing at Hawley, Pa.

President Cleveland contributed \$100 to the Grant Monument fund.

During the cold snap the Savannah river froze over at Augusta, Ga.

The business portion of the town of Cuba, Missouri, was burned recently.

W. W. Corcoran, the Washington City philanthropist, is 87 years old.

Leon trees and young orange trees were killed by the cold snap in Florida.

There was a brilliant gathering at the White House in Washington on New Year's day.

Gen Lee's two daughters have been presented with gold watches by the jewelers of Richmond.

The car record office of the Virginia Midland R. R. has been removed from Alexandria, Va., to Charlotte, N. C.

A very large meeting was held in Belfast, Ireland, Jan. 15th, endorsing the Queen and renouncing home rule.

An Irish High Sheriff has written the London Times saying that famine threatens Ireland, and trouble may be expected.

The silver men seem to have the whip hand in Congress and it does not seem that there is any danger of the discontinuance of silver coinage.

Twelve persons are said to own one-fourth of Scotland. It is worth something to be an American.

The average housewife will take more pains to keep a sickly fifteen-cent plant through four months of winter than she will to keep butter on ice in summer.

There have been enormous losses of cattle in Texas by reason of the cold weather. Some parts of the great State has also been swept by large prairie fires.

Col Edmund Richardson, the largest cotton planter in the world, died of apoplexy in New Orleans last week. He was a North Carolinian and was worth between \$10,000,000 and \$15,000,000.

Eternity is crying out to you louder and louder as you near its brink: Rise, be going! Count your resources; learn what you are not fit for, and give up wishing for it; learn what you can do, and do it with the energy of a man.

The physicians of Mecklenburg county have gotten up a black list of men who persistently refuse to pay any of them and none of the doctors will attend professionally the family of any person on said list without the pay down.

Belief in the virtues of the rabbit foot increases. How many people in Raleigh carry them. How great is the number of believers in luck, anyway. Over half the houses in Raleigh, both stores and dwellings, have horseshoes nailed at the front doors.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 18.—The boilers of the tow boat Modoc exploded about 8 o'clock this morning near Sixteenth street, at the bridge on the Allegheny river. The boat was completely demolished. The pilot was killed and the captain and fireman injured.

Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers and martyrs; the greater part will never be known till that hour when many that were great shall be small, and the small great.

Fannie is a little girl who has a big wax doll as a companion. A few days ago a new sister came to her house, and after a few days she went over to a neighbor's. "Well, Fannie," said the lady, "where's your wax doll?" "Oh," she answered, turning up her nose, "I don't have nothin' to do with wax babies any more. We've got a meat baby at our house now, and that takes up all my time."