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M. H. Ames

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

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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.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS:

The Reporter and Post is sound in policy and politics, and deserves a liberal support. The Danbury Reporter and Post begins its thirteenth year.

The Danbury Reporter and Post celebrates its twelfth anniversary, and with pardonable pride refers to its success, which it deserves.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.



SONG.

Bloom, sweet maiden In love's garden growing; Fleet of foot is spring; It is going—going— Summer is its tomb; Bloom, in beauty bloom.

DRINKING SONG.

While the wine's flowing The senses are glowing, As light as a cork floating, On the beer froth o'er flowing.

The Fact of the Matter.

"That will never do, Miss Josie. Your work does not improve much, I observe," said a chunky individual with a sleek, coppery head, a sombre visage, and a marvelous cravat.

We had just entered the long work-room, and he was critically examining an elaborately braided jersey, completed at the moment.

"Is there something wrong with the braiding?" asked Josie, an uncommonly pretty girl, with large brown eyes and a delicate lily face.

"The braid does not follow the lines of the pattern, and you are using thread much too coarse," the chunky young man said, as he still inspected the work and still with the air of an experienced authority.

"You instructed me yourself, Mr. Hunt, to use none other than that particular thread," Josie said with spirit, but not unbecomingly.

"I think not, Miss Josie. Very likely you have forgotten what my instructions really were. The fact of the matter is, our manufactory is not quite the place for you. I am not blaming you, Miss Josie; you are willing no doubt, but you are not strong enough for such unremittent labor; and you cannot help being remiss when you are weary and worried."

The girl lifted her tired, pale face, and for an instant she attentively regarded him. Certainly he was not eminently prepossessing, with his chunky frame, his shambling gait, his dull and shifting eyes.

She did not know precisely how much authority he really had in the manufactory; he was always shambling and prying about the building when the superintendent chanced away, and she had decided that he must be a moneyed member of the new firm.

"I try not to be remiss at all," Josie said somewhat impatiently and with a prompt motion to change the spools of her braiding machine.

"We are sure of that, Miss Josie," he said in a smooth whisper close to her dainty ear.

With that extraordinary declaration he stepped back, seemed profoundly occupied with the unadorned Jersey, and awaited her response.

afford to refuse me," he pursued, with the suggestion of a threat in his sombre, shifting eyes.

"I can maintain myself and—elsewhere," said she, abruptly putting down her spools, and hastily arising from her seat.

"O just as you please! We can easily obtain somebody for your place, you know. You can come to the office for the trifling due you," the interesting young gentleman said with a change of aspect and with his most insolently autocratic air.

As he shambled away, she became conscious of another presence—the presence of a stalwart and plainly dressed young fellow, who occasionally came there and who always had a genial smile or a bit of courteous commendation for the pale little braider.

There he stood, beside a great square column, his hands full of orders, his pen thrust behind his natty cloth cap, his steady blue eyes fixed somewhat knowingly upon her agitated countenance.

The knowing look did not lessen her agitation; she felt he had witnessed the whole little scene and that perhaps he might not pleasantly judge her.

"I need not have left the factory; Alf Kameron will consider me silly for that—I am certain he will," she sighed as she glanced after the stalwart young fellow, who just then moved from the column and went toward a busier division of the department.

Josie did not go in quest of the trifle due her. She donned her neat hat and trim jacket and went straightway from the big and noisy building, where she had been employed only since the beginning of the season.

The early dusk was already darkening in the snowy winter street, and the tall lamps, like huge orange sparks, glimmered along the pavements.

"He will be sorry I have gone—I am certain he will," she thought. And at the instant the steady and familiar footstep sounded behind her, and the vigorous and plainly dressed figure was beside her.

"What was the trouble?" he inquired in his gentle and direct way. "Did that Hunt make himself offensive?"

"He has never made himself anything else," said Josie, ready to cry. And then with girlish diffidence and in a pathetically deprecatory way, she narrated what he had already sufficiently comprehended.

"You are a brave little working girl," Mr. Kameron commented with a peculiar smile. "You would never profess to honor a person you deem despicable—not even when a bit of deceit might be an advantage to you."

"But I should always like to honor an employer," she ingenuously replied, as she paused before the entrance of her own home.

"Your employer?" Mr. Kameron repeated, with a peculiar little laugh, as he held her hand for a second and then reluctantly let her go.

"I should always like to honor an employer," she ingenuously replied, as she paused before the entrance of her own home.

"The fact of the matter is you cannot

thing except the attentive face before him. "The fact of the matter is, we want only skilled labor. We cannot afford to keep working-women who spoil our goods and who are prone to a most reprehensible insubordination."

"And the fact of the matter is," began the quiet voice of Mr. Kameron, who had suddenly become visible, his hands full of papers, the familiar pen thrust beneath the natty cloth cap.

The substitute superintendent shambled backward, and so obsequiously that the irate Josie actually and unblushingly laughed, despite her sore bewilderment.

"Your mistake was not so singular, though," he explained. "The name of the firm has not yet been altered, although the firm itself was dissolved some time ago. I happen myself to be the proprietor and master, Miss Josie, and you can resume work whenever you like."

But Josie was not destined to resume the tedious braiding. As she turned toward her old place, he rather hesitatingly detained her.

"Josie," he began, with tenderest deference, "can you not honor your employer sufficiently to give your sweet self all to him, to become the mistress of his home, the sovereign of his heart? My dear love, how shall I be answered?"

Her answer was not audible; but, all the same, he knew her innocent, girlish heart was entirely his own. Master or workman, rich or poor, she loved and honored him.

THREE CROPS A YEAR. J. H. Alexander, of Augusta Ga., has tried successfully the experiment of raising three crops a year off the same ground.

The melon ground had been prepared with compost in hill. The seed he planted in three lots—the first one the last week in April, the next a week later and the third a week after the second.

After the first plowing of the melon vines he dropped between every two hills two or three seeds of the Coneh peas. When the melon crop was all cleared out he dropped into the hills a couple of Coneh peas.

BEAUTY OF THE SOUL. After you know people very intimately you do not remember whether they are pretty or not.

STEWART'S LAST DINNER. The last Sunday dinner at the A. T. Stewart palace was a memorable one.

After you know people very intimately you do not remember whether they are pretty or not.

GENERAL NEWS.

Secretary Manning is reported to be improving. The Earl of Shaftesbury killed himself with a pistol while riding in a cab in London.

Land in Connecticut upon which pine trees were planted a few years ago, is now worth \$100 an acre for its timber.

Coal miners of the St. Louis district have struck and resolved to remain out until the strike by the railroad men shall have been ended.

The presence of military in East St. Louis prevents interference with men employed in the places of Knights of Labor by the railroads.

It is computed that one fourth of all the hats worn in the country are made at Danbury, Conn. The average produce is 1,343 hats an hour.

The River and Harbor bill, as completed by the House, appropriates \$203,500 to rivers and harbor in North Carolina; Cape Fear River, \$125,000.

A monument to Gen. McClellan is to be built at Philadelphia. Of course Gen. Hancock will be honored with a monument that he so richly deserved.

In East St. Louis the strikers are rapidly resuming their places in the railroad yards, and in a few days it is expected a resumption of operations by the roads will be complete.

The Knights of Labor boycotted iron mills, etc., at East St. Louis, because they use coal from cars handled by non-union switchmen; all the establishments were forced to shut down.

The articles of incorporation of the Debardeleben Coal and Iron Company, were filed at Birmingham, Ala., March 27. The capital stock is put down at \$2,000,000.

Fifty masked men were reported on the way to destroy a railroad bridge near Leonard, Texas; the sheriff from Waco, with an armed posse has gone to the place; bloodshed was expected.

Senator Edmunds offered a resolution in Executive session to return fifty-three re-nominations laid before the Senate, on the ground that failure to confirm the original nominations had the effect of rejection.

New York markets; Money 1 to 2 per cent; wheat, ungraded red 83 to 92c; corn, ungraded 41 to 46c; southern flour steady; North Carolina bonds are still booming. The latest quotation for 4's was 95; 6's, 118.

The memoirs of the late Gen. McClellan will be published this fall. The greater part of the book was written by the general, and it has been edited by his literary executor, Hon. Wm. C. Prime. Its general character is that of personal recollections and memoirs, chiefly regarding his military life.

A diver went down to the wreck of the steamer Oregon, and entered the state-room which had been occupied by Mrs. E. D. Morgan, and brought to the surface Mrs. Morgan's hand-bag containing \$30,000 worth of diamonds. The jewels were last night returned to Mrs. Morgan. The divers find the Oregon in such a condition that no efforts will be made to raise her.

HORSE-TRADING IN GEORGIA. Horse-swapping is one of the attractions at Jackson court. This is a time-honored custom, but it is now indulged in with unusual interest.

HE WAS USED TO IT. "So Bangs has gone to jail for forgery? Who would have thought it!" "It is very sad. Four years solitary confinement. It will kill him."

CRUMBS OF HUMOR.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Miss Lucy—It was bitter cold coming home; I drove down the avenue with Horatio in a cutter and each of us froze an ear. All present (interrupting in chorus)—Oh, yes the outside ear!

Stanley, when he started across Africa, took with him sixty-nine books for entertainment on the way, and the only one to arrive the trip was the Bible. It is amazing how long the Bible will last some people. In some families the Good Book, bound in flimsy muslin, will outlast a dozen novels substantially bound in leather.

Tramp—Will you please give me ten cents, sir? I'm on my way home to die.

Gentleman (handing him the money)—I don't mind giving you ten cents for so worthy a purpose as that, but your breath smells terribly of whiskey.

Tramp—I know it does, sir. Whiskey is what is killing me.

They were arguing about the usefulness of using tobacco.

"What would you think," said the minister, impressively, "if you met an angel coming down the street with a cigar in his mouth?"

"What," retorted the sinner, "would you think if you saw one in a plug hat and a pair of ear muffs coming up the street?"

"I would have brought you a pair of ear muffs," he said, as they took their seats in the sleigh, "but your ears are so small Jack Frost will never see them and they are so pretty that if he did see them he wouldn't hurt them." Then she said, as a sweet smile illuminated her face: "Dear George, we must sit as close to each other as possible, to prevent our taking cold, and I don't mind if you hold my hand."

Mark Twain has conferred another honor upon his generation. At a recent dinner party the subject of eternal life and future punishment came up for a lengthy discussion, in which Twain took no part. A lady near him turned toward him, and exclaimed: "Why do you not say anything? I want your opinion."

Twain replied, gravely: "Madame, you must excuse me. I am silent of necessity. I have friends in both places."

THREE BON MOTS ABOUT WOMEN.

Gen. Porter to the Nineteenth Century Club. Who shall do justice to woman in describing her? Not her own sex, for one of them, Lady Montague, has said: "It goes far to reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that thus I am in no danger of ever marrying one."

Let us be satisfied with Ruffini's description of her: "Just corporeal enough to attest humanity, and yet sufficiently transparent to let the divine origin shine through."

Kate Field recalled the saying of Horace Greeley, when asked as to the relative superiority of men and women: "It depends upon the man and woman you select."

HORSE-TRADING IN GEORGIA.

Horse-swapping is one of the attractions at Jackson court. This is a time-honored custom, but it is now indulged in with unusual interest. The swappers assemble on the Martin institute hillside, with their blooded and scrub stock, (most of the latter), prance up and down and across the grounds, finally stopping under the shade of a tree or in some fence corner, exchange saddles and bridles and ride away to chest or to be cheated by some other jockey. Your correspondent saw one man who had swapped twenty-seven times Tuesday. He was riding the first horse he swapped early in the morning, and had put out during the day \$15 differences. —Athens (Ga.) Banner.

HE WAS USED TO IT.

"So Bangs has gone to jail for forgery? Who would have thought it!" "It is very sad. Four years solitary confinement. It will kill him."

"Oh, no! he won't mind that part of it at all. He is quite used to solitary confinement." "Indeed. Has he ever been in jail before?" "No; but he has been clerking for six years in an establishment that never advertised.—Philadelphia Call.