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**WINGO, ELLETT & CRUMP,**  
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Wholesale Dealers in  
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Prompt attention paid to orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.  
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SMOKING AND CHEWING  
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August 26-

**J. L. C. BIRD,**  
WITH  
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IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF  
**HARDWARE, Cutlery,**  
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**Williamson & Corrie,**  
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Liberal discounts to merchants and teachers

**WILSON, BURNS & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.  
20 S. Howard street, corner of Lombard; BALTIMORE.  
We keep constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of Groceries—suitable for Southern and Western trade. We solicit consignments of Country Produce—such as Cotton, Feathers, Glue, etc.; and we are prepared to do business on such terms as to warrant quick sale and prompt returns. All orders will have our prompt attention.

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**Your County Paper,**  
**MAHARD,**  
**The Reporter and Post—**

ONLY \$1.50 A YEAR!

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**CAMACA!**  
To the Weary, Feeble  
AND  
**PLEASURE SEEKER.**

Seeing the need in this section of a place where the weary, feeble and broken down may recruit their health and rest; where they and their families may spend the hot season pleasantly when it is necessary to leave their homes or change air, that the failing health of some loved one may be restored, we have laid out

**A NEW TOWN**

and are now offering for sale lots in probably the healthiest section in North Carolina. The town is located on a beautiful

**Flat Mountain Ridge**  
2 1/2 miles west from Danbury, about 1/2 of a mile from the celebrated Piedmont springs; about the same distance to Pepper's Alum Springs; 1/2 of a mile from Smith's Chalybeate spring, and two miles from C. E. Moore's Sulphur spring, while the location presents

**The Finest Views**

of Moore's Knob, the Hanging Rock, and other prominent peaks along the Saugatun mountain. The lots are well covered with large and small forest trees, which will afford shade in summer and form

**Beautiful Groves.**

The whole is

**Surrounded by Springs**

of the purest mountain water, entitling it to the Indian name, "Camaca," a land of springs, which, together with the pure mountain air, would bring color to the faded cheek, and strength to weary frame, even if there was no real mineral water within a hundred miles of the place.

The undersigned propose also to erect a saw-mill, planing machine, &c., that they may build cottages or furnish lumber to those who wish to purchase lots in this beautiful locality, where no malaria ever comes, and a case of typhoid fever was never known, except it was contracted out of the neighborhood.

The price of lots this season, 50x100 feet, will be \$25 each. For further particulars address,  
**N. M. & W. R. PEPPER,**  
May 20, '85. Danbury, N. C.



**SPRING.**  
CHARLES OF NEW ORLEANS.  
The Time hath laid his mantle by,  
Of wind and rain and icy chill,  
And dons a rich embroidery  
Of sunlight poured on lake and hill.  
No beast of wild earth or sky,  
Whose voice doth not with gladness thrill;  
For Time hath laid his mantle by  
Of wind and rain and icy chill.  
River and fountain, brook and rill;  
Bespangled o'er with livery gay  
Of silver droplets, wind their way.  
All in their new apparel vie,  
For Time hath laid his mantle by.

**Aunt Rin's Legacy.**

"Little Rin—that is what I have always heard you called. Pray, Miss Blanchford, what is your name?"  
"I am named for my dear old fashioned aunt Dorinda," she said, addressing Llewellyn, who had asked the question. "Having two of the name in the family, I, the younger, am called Little Rin. It isn't a pretty name, or romantic, but very convenient, and so appropriate!"  
The party were at the Osprey House, near the South Downs, in the finest of the fine summer weather; and, as the young lady spoke, she turned and pointed to one of the prettiest of the shore cottages.

"There is my aunt Dorinda's summer house," she said.  
"Is Mrs. General Blenville your aunt?" asked Llewellyn with surprise.  
A moment more and the group had separated, Aubrey Villars taking Geoffrey Thorne by the arm, and leading him off to whisper in his ear:  
"Mrs. General Blenville is very old—very eccentric—but the richest woman I know; and if Little Rin is her niece, she must be an heiress, as well as a belle and a beauty!"

The others exchanged much the same confidences. Llewellyn alone said nothing, but walked away thinking.  
He had often wondered how a girl could be as beautiful as Miss Blanchford and not be spoiled; and now it turned out that she was, in perspective rich, he marvelled still more.

Certainly Little Rin, with her accomplishments, her lightness and grace, did not seem fitted to be the wife of a poor man. He had better not dream of it. But the beach, with its fine outlook, its free breezes, its pleasant nooks, suddenly had lost its satisfaction. Her guest restlessness; there was a gnawing pain at his heart. It amazed him to find that he had hoped.

The rustle of Miss Blanchford's silver-gray dress upon the piazza aroused him.  
"It is very naughty to be idle," said a musical voice. "Come and take care of me while I go down to the rocks and catch some smelts for papa's breakfast."  
She led the way down upon the rocks, merrily talking.

"I love to steal awhile away," don't you?" she quoted. "We have nice social times here—the boarders are very agreeable; but it's so deliciously quiet out here—it rests one."  
He had baited her hook and put the rod into her hand. He then held a drooping branch of the single tree to shelter her face. Then he stood and watched the perfect contour of the roseate cheek and dimpled chin, while she dropped the hook into the water and quietly waited. Suddenly the lovely eyes, bluer than the ribbons, looked full up.

"Hasn't this been a delightful summer?"  
"It has been to me," he replied. Something flashed from his gray eyes into her blue ones; the white lids fell quickly.  
"But it is past," he added after a pause. "I go home to-morrow."  
"I suppose we, too, will go before the month is out."  
"Let me tell you why the summer has been so pleasant to me," he said: "because the sweetest woman I have ever known has been so much my companion. And I go to-morrow, much as I would like to stay, because—let me say it, for I say it without hope—I love her."  
One little moment all was still but the clashing of the waters and the shrill cries of the noisy wheeling gulls.

Then the blue of the lovely eyes shone out.  
"Why should you not hope, Lewald, when she loves you?"  
He knelt down, took the oval face between his trembling hands so that there was no escape for the eyes of blue from his searching gaze.

"Does she love me?"  
"Dearly."  
"God bless her!"  
Then she sprang laughing from his embrace, for a fish was running off with her rod.  
"Help me, Lewald! help me!"  
He laughed, too, as he caught it—so glad to be happy, hopeful.  
"Let me do your fishing, Ladybird, while you sit there, like a queen, and tell me why you love me."  
"Because I trust you, and you suit me."  
He strung the fish in silence.  
"Your father will never consent."  
"My father does not want me to marry poor. He likes you, but—you are not rich, Lewald."  
"No, I am poor," he said bitterly.  
"So am I," she answered. The waves dashed, and the wheeling white gulls cried. "But do not despair. If Aunt Corinda forgives papa, I shall be rich."  
"I do not want you rich," he replied absently his brow corrugated.  
"You must have me rich if at all."  
"Let me tell you about it. My grand-father was poor, and his children had their fortunes to carve out. Dorinda, the eldest, was wonderfully good, brave, and capable. She taught school."  
"Of the boys, who were Uncle Arthur and my father, she made papa her favorite. She was anxious that he should prepare himself for college; she offered to pay, herself, the collegiate course. But he did not care for a classical education. He agreed, but wasted his time, took another course and bitterly disappointed her."  
"For twenty years they did not meet or communicate. Meanwhile aunt had married General Blenville and grown old, and I had been born. Though papa had not gratified his sister, he admired and respected her. He named me for her."  
"It is only a few years ago since she drove one day in her carriage to call on us and see me. Then she sent me some lovely dresses, shawls, and jewels. But papa believes that she has never forgiven him, and I do not know."  
Lewald heard this story in silence.  
There was no possible fortune waiting for him. The times were bad, and growing worse. His importing interests had failed; his daily business as an art dealer was hourly becoming less. His partner's letters were daily more discouraging.

His lease of his store and art gallery only kept him still engaged in business. It had been a congenial occupation, but of late had been unprofitable.  
He told all this to Mr. Blanchford that evening.  
"It is a very hopeless matter, sir, but I love your daughter none the less."  
"I will be frank with you, Mr. Llewellyn," said Mr. Blanchford.  
"I like you, but my Little Rin is not fitted for poverty. To wed her to it would be disastrous. But, since she so evidently loves you, I hope—perhaps in vain—that a legacy from her aunt may facilitate matters."  
"My sister is very old and failing, and Little Rin will spend the winter with her as soon as she returns to town."

By the last of October all had flown city-ward. Mrs. Blenville's city residence was kept quiet during the fall, for she was very feeble and unable to receive; but she did not object to her niece entertaining her friends informally. Llewellyn came frequently to the great rich mansion, where rich carpets muffled his steps to soundlessness, and where wonderful pictures haunted his dreams.

Aubrey Villars came, too. He was well known in town, a young man of good family of French extraction, not as wealthy as it had been, but somewhat distinguished. He was handsome and agreeable, and at the seaside Little Rin had enjoyed an idle hour with him. But now, her heart despoiled; all her thoughts another's she cared little for his visits, and said so to Llewellyn.  
"But he cares for you; I assure you he is serious," he replied, "and has been since you became exalted in his eyes as the niece of your aunt. He is my rival."  
Little Rin laughed incredulously. But time proved Llewellyn's words true.

Mr. Blanchford, unstable, and pressed for money, began to complain to his daughter that she had not preferred Villars.

"Villars is of better position than Llewellyn, and has more money than the latter will ever have—why are you so foolish as to prefer him?" he said irritably. "If you had a fortune it would not matter so much, but my family are long-lived; your aunt may live an invalid for a score of years. Let Llewellyn go, and marry Villars."  
Shocked, grieved, distressed, Little Rin knew not what to reply. But then commenced a long, weary struggle. Her father reproached, expostulated, implored. Rin, knowing him well, temporized, hoping for better times.

The winter passed; the spring, however, was equally shrouded in financial depression. Mrs. Dorinda pursued the even tenor of her way, never asked if her brother were rich or poor. She was polite when they met—nothing more. To Rin she was kind and affectionate.  
In the early summer, without special warning, Mrs. Dorinda Blenville died.  
When Mr. Cuthbert Blanchford met with the relatives to hear the will read, he shook like a leaf.  
Several large bequests to various institutions and personal friends, and then:  
"To my brother Cuthbert and his daughter Dorinda, I bequeath, jointly, the Latin grammar to be found in my library."  
The yellow old Latin grammar that she had pressed upon her brother in his youth when life was all before him—it was a bitter satire.

She had not forgiven him. Rin's life, too, was spoiled. Must she marry for money? "Never," she said, and held out bravely; but her beautiful cheeks grew thin. Her father's hair became white. He aged fast.  
And Llewellyn was wretched and helpless as most men in a financial crisis. His business was ruined. At one time he offered Rin her freedom, but she smiled tenderly and shook her head.  
"Wait," she said.

For what? Llewellyn had a taste for antiquities. The Latin grammar was thirty years old, and one day he asked Rin for the privilege of examining it. She went for it.  
"It had not been opened," she said.  
Not for long years, certainly—the yellow leaves broke apart stiffly under his hand. He turned pale—paler as he continued to turn them.

Little Rin came to his side. The volume was filled with bank-notes. Ten thousand pounds were hidden in the book.  
It was not satire now—but to Cuthbert Blanchford's conscience it was a reproach. But for his wilfulness he need not have needed so sorely the bounty of a sister.  
He was happy only in Rin's enjoyment of it. Three sweet years as his wife, a wonderful baby son, and then Llewellyn began to hold his own—the tide turned, and today they are as rich as happy.

**WHAT ONE FARMER DID.**  
Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Hamburg township Jackson county, N. C., went into the deep forest nine years ago with his axe and his family.  
To-day he has seventy acres of fine land, cleared and fenced, and which produced large crops of wheat, oats, rye, buckwheat, timothy and clover, potatoes, etc. He has a large orchard of apples, pears and peaches now bearing, a comfortable house, a handsome side bar buggy and a horse, a good bunch of stock cattle, of which he sells a few now and then for cash; a flock of sheep, and other stock, and is a thoroughly independent man. There are thousands of farmers who have done as much, but so few in this part of the country as to make such instances noteworthy.

He has some neighbors who are equally good managers, and equally successful, and there is room for thousands more, who can do as well in all parts of the South if they have the necessary energy and perseverance. Yet here, as in the West, a small capital to begin with is a powerful help. Bear this in mind.

The centennial of the founding of Lynchburg, Va., is to be appropriately celebrated in October next, under the auspices of the Lynchburg Agricultural and mechanical Association. The programme includes, in addition to the regular exhibition of the society, a trades display illustrative of the products and industries of that rapidly developing and attractive section.

**GENERAL NEWS.**

The Greek war is over; the fleet of the Powers has departed.

Savannah, Ga., offers a \$400 prize for a brass band contest, May 3d.

High water in the Mississippi threatens a suspension of railroad traffic at Vicksburg.

The strike on the Lake Shore Railroad at Chicago ended; all the men returned to work.

The breaking of a levee at Austin, Miss., April 27 threatens the inundation of two counties.

Prohibition met with an overwhelming defeat in Richmond and Manchester Va. April 25.

Ex-President Ivis gives his views on the labor troubles in a letter to W. H. Pope of Texas.

Barnum's "baby" elephant, four years old, is dead. There was \$800,000 insurance on it.

Thirty boycotters have been arrested in New York for interfering with the business of a clothing firm.

There were 24,40 trade societies in the United States in 1880. Of these 629 were in Pennsylvania.

The Eagle and Phoenix Cotton Mills, Columbus, Ga., have voluntarily advanced wages of operatives ten per cent.

Geo. D. Graham, evangelist and wife murderer, was hanged by a mob of 400 armed men on April 27, at Springfield Mo.

Croton oil put in a pitcher of water at a temperance revival meeting at Benton, on April 25, Mo., made many people deadly sick.

Part of the town of Los Vegas, N. M., has been inundated; many dwellings were swept away and other property greatly damaged.

A son of Dr. Almon Brooks of Chicago, was injured at Harvard University by an accident in the laboratory. He asks for \$50,000 damages.

The French ministry of war has ended the antiquities by issuing a peremptory order for all soldiers and officers to raise beards immediately.

A Deputy U. S. Marshal April 25 attacked by moonshiner's at Manchester Coffee county, Tenn, mortally wounded four of the gang, but was himself shot and killed.

A bill has passed the House to permit the valuable relics taken from Southern families during the war, and deposited in the Treasury Department, to be restored to their owners.

Ex-President Arthur is suffering from Bright's disease, and it is thought he will never again leave the house. It is pretty generally conceded that he made a fair President.

A dispatch from Pascoula, Miss., says that ex-President Jefferson Davis and party left Beauvoir for Montgomery Ala., on time. Mr. Davis is in good health and fine spirits.

Railroad strikers at Atchison, Kansas, took forcible possession of the yards of the Missouri Pacific R. R., April 26, and drove out all the men who had gone to work since the strike began.

The wheelmen at Boston are preparing to have a grand time when the League of American Wheelmen meet in that city on the 27th of May. They are preparing to entertain 5,000 bicyclists.

The Secretary and Treasurer of the Knights of Labor were examined by the Congressional Investigating Committee, which closed its sittings in Washington April 23, the Committee goes to St. Louis Monday.

A train on the Missouri Pacific Railroad was wrecked near Wyandotte, Kas. April 25; a fireman and a brakeman were killed and the conductor wounded; Hoxie offers \$2,500 reward for the wreckers.

Madrid, April 23—An attempt was made this morning to destroy the church of San Luis, in this city. An explosive was placed inside of one of the enormous hollow candles which stand on either side of the altar. The explosion instead of taking place while the church was crowded, as probably intended, occurred before people began to arrive for Good Friday services. The edifice was badly wrecked, and for a time was filled with smoke and flying debris. Two persons, who were in the building, were badly burned.

**CRUMBS OF HUMOR.**

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Trump—-I say, boss! what time is it by your watch?" Stranger—-About time to look out for it."

Not many women are blacksmiths, but all of them will undertake to shoe a hen when occasion seems to demand it.

"My motto is, 'Live and let Live,'" said the soldier as he turned his back to the enemy and fled from the battlefield.

Little Boy—Pa, why does the world move? Pa, (thinking of something else) Because it finds it cheaper than to pay rent.

It costs only a dollar to get a marriage license in Maryland. This cheap style of marrying is a good deal like a church fair, where it costs ten cents to get in and everything you've got to get out.

"Bridget," said a Hartford housewife, "have the dinner put in the oven to warm; Mr. Skimmerhorn will be late to-day." "Yes, mum; sure, the dinner's been in the oven all the morning; mum; I allus roasts beef in the oven, mum. Duz yez want the rare part rared again?"

The brightest thing said on yesterday's Sunday school lesson, as usual, was by the good little boy in the primary class, who being asked whether Jesus made wine, replied: "Well, if he did, it wasn't wine that would hurt anybody; for wasn't it made out of water?"

**A SICKENING TALE FROM THE WEST.**

A western writer comes to the front with a ghastly and horribly tragic tale. Half of a mining camp among the mountains were so grievously afflicted with scurvy that, as the only hope of saving their lives, the well buried the sick up to their necks in the earth—which mode of treatment is said to be a specific for the ailment. One of their number was detailed to guard the sufferers during the night, and the man overcome by fatigue, fell asleep, when hungry wolves came and ate off all the heads of the poor wretches close to the ground. Rendered speechless by the disease, they could make no outcry, and met their awful fate in silent, shuddering horror.—Observer and Gazette.

**THE MORTGAGE SYSTEM.**

This is a gigantic evil which is crushing the very life-blood out of the hearts of the toiling sons of the soil, and shedding its withering and blighting influences over every nook and corner of our land. Whenever this system prevails the farmers become hewers of wood and drawers of water. The mortgagee is virtually the slave of the mortgagor. The accommodating "time merchant" exacts of his poor neighbor an oppressive and burdensome rate of interest. In the beginning of the year it is long time and long prices. In the end it is short crops and short prices, and the scene closes in bankruptcy and financial ruin.—Ex

According to Professor Walter H. Smith, of Montreal, May will be an unpropitious month. He says the month will likely come in with bleak, cold weather, damaging crops considerably. This cool term will be followed by a change for the better, but will again change between the 10th and 15th into a second term of cool weather, with rains. Then we shall have another spell of summer weather, to be followed by a cold term with rains and hail storms more like the beginning of April than the end of May. The Professor does not state how he found all this out, but we suppose it will all prove true.

Canadians are beginning to worry over their loss of forests. In the more thickly settled part of Ontario only 10 per cent. of woodland remains, and wells now must be dug to the depth of fifty feet, where formerly water could be reached at six.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York city rents for \$185,000 a year. The lessee gets back about \$80,000 of this from storekeepers who have leases on the premises.

True wealth consists in health, vigor and courage, domestic quiet concord, public liberty, plenty of all that is necessary, and contempt of all that is superfluous.