

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

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DISTANCE.

MARGARET W. HAMILTON.

On softening days, when a storm was near, At the farm house door I have stood in the grey, And caught the distance, faint but clear, The sound of a train passing far away.

The warning bell when the start was made, The engine's puffing of smoke unseen, With the heavy rumble as wheels obeyed— Across the miles between— And so sometimes on a moonless night, When the stars shine soft and the wind is low, To my listening soul in the pallid light, Come the trembling voices of long ago.

The tender sigh of love serene, And the throbbing rhythm of passion's tongue—

Across the years between. "THE NEW SOUTH."

MR. HENRY W. GRADY'S SPEECH AT THE NEW ENGLAND DINNER.

The following is an extract from the speech of Mr. Henry W. Grady, one of the editors of the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution, at the dinner of the New England Society in New York.

"In speaking to the toast with which you have honored me I accept the term, 'The New South,' as in no sense disparaging to the old. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. There is a new South, not through protest against the old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself. I ask you, gentlemen, to picture to you the footsore soldier who, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was taken, testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-bearded, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find all the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for your year's sacrifice—what does he find when he reaches the home he left four years before! He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulder. Crushed he defeat, his very traditions gone, without money, credit, employment, material, or training—and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a statue for the vast body of his liberated slaves, what does he do, this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness, in despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had scourged him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity! As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow; and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June, women reared up in luxury out your dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and with a patience and heroism that fits woman always as a garment gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. 'Bill Arp' struck the keynote when he said: 'Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I am going to work.' Or the soldier, returning home after defeat and restoring some corn on the roadside, said to the woman who was his comrade: 'You may leave the south if you want to, but I am going to Sander-ville, kiss my wife, and raise a crop, and if the Yankees tool with me any more I will whip 'em again' I want to say to Gen. Sherman—who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire—that from the ashes left us in 1864 we have raised a brave

and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes and have bidden therein not one single ignoble prejudice or memory.

"But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the general summing up the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hill top, and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron makers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the \$400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich. Then the supplies that make it are home raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from 24 to 6 per cent., and are floating 4 per cent. bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and has smoothed the path to Southward, wiped out the place where Masons and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out our latch-string to you and yours. We have reached the point that makes perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his own wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake, and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did 'before the war.' We have established truth in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let our economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab grass which sprang from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee as he squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, against any Down-Easter that ever swamped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausages in the valley of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these 'piping times of peace' a fuller independence for the South than which our fathers sought to win in the form by their eloquence or compel on the field by their swords. It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part. However humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial and political illustrations we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

"When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnson surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met Gen. Sherman 'last as the time when he determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle'—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnson quit, the South became, and has been since, loyal to the Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accepted as final the arbitration of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her job of a toad's head. The shackles that held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old regime the negroes were slaves to the South, the South was a slave to the system. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood is gathered at the heart filling that with affluent rapture, but leaving the body chill and colorless. The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presses a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading into the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of his complex age."

Witness the diplomacy and presence of mud shown in this answer, in the case of the young lady who sat in an alcove of an evening party with a bright young military man, her little niece on her knee to play propriety. Suddenly the company is electrified by the exclamation of the child: "Kiss me, too, Aunt Alice!" But the sudden shock is succeeded by a feeling of relief as Aunt Alice calmly replies: "You should not say 'Kiss me too,' dear; you should say 'Kiss me twice.'"—The Independent.

BEAUTIFYING OUR HOMES.

Since the days in the long, ago when Adam and Eve dwelt in the garden of Eden and the beauty of that paradise were theirs to enjoy, the chief pursuit of man has been to search out happiness. The ideal of that happiness is to gain for himself an abode like unto that of our first parents, and call it his own. Each of us can make for ourselves a home, adorn it with the beautiful things Nature has so lavish given, if we so desire, and all she asks in return is the care and labor bestowed on her treasures. Those whose heart's desire is to have for themselves this ideal of a home—this little Eden all of their own—have only to bring to their aid the beautiful things Nature has provided and with willing hearts and ready hands rear for themselves an abode of peace and plenty. It is not wealth which gives to some homes that air of attractiveness so inviting. It is the individuality of the inmates that is impressed upon their surroundings and gives character to all about them. There is no surer exponent of the refinements and high moral culture of a neighborhood than the appearance of the homes and their surroundings. The humblest cottage, about whose doorways are climbing vines and whose windows are draped with their clinging tendrils, presents to us a much more inviting picture of happiness and homely pleasure than its more pretentious neighbor of stone with its barrenness of grandeur. The inspired writers sang of the loveliness of nature, and the grandest inspirations and illustrations were drawn from the same inexhaustible source. The bards of all ages have taken up the refrain, and it shall continue to echo down the halls of time shall be no more. It is our privilege and our duty to gather about us all that will help to make us better, and to make for ourselves such a home as will influence our character for good and develop in us higher ideas of living than that of a mere animal existence. Let us surround ourselves with the luxuriance and beauty of nature, become familiar with her charms and graces, and bring of her stores to deplete our homes. There is an influence emanating from an intimate association with nature that is ennobling in its tendency and which will lift our thoughts above the gasser things which are physical to things intellectual and spiritual. In this intercourse with Nature we are developing a love for the truly good and beautiful and receiving a refining influence that cannot fail in having its effect on our lives. We look through nature up to Nature's God. When his riches are brought into the homes of the poor, even the splendor of poverty disappears and a ray of the brighter light from above takes its place.

—Exchange FOR VALUE RECEIVED. Cheap journalism will not do, whether it consists in quantity or price. There is just standard of value for all marketable gifts as well as commodities, and this will sooner or later regulate itself. Some of our contemporaries have made efforts to furnish themselves to subscribers at figures far below the standard. People certainly do not think more of a paper which puts a low estimate upon itself. We doubt whether they pay for one such with any greater regularity or promptness. People are eager to clam, they should, as in all things else, so in journalism, be willing to pay for value received. Cheap journalism, in whatever sense, we believe to be a mistake.—Charlotte Church Messenger. APPROPRIATIONS FOR PUBLIC BUILDINGS. WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds to-day ordered a favorable report on Senate amendments to the bill making an appropriation for a public building at Jacksonville, Fla. It appropriates \$250,000. The committee also ordered a favorable report on the bill appropriating \$100,000 for a public building at Charlotte, N. C. The Senate Committee on the District of Columbia this morning ordered an adverse report on the nomination of J. C. Mathews, of Albany N. Y., the colored register of deeds of the District of Columbia. The vote was 7 to 2. It is understood that the two were Senator Harris and Brown. Matthew Stanley Quay is the name of the new U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania. He is a Republican.

EX-PRESIDENT DAVIS AND THE ORPHAN.

One morning my train, which was the first one to go through to New Orleans, ran considerably past Beauvoir station, and the engineer had to reverse and go back to pick up a couple of passengers. One of them was Mr. Davis. He boarded the last car and set down to a seat behind a young couple who got on just above Mississippi City. They had evidently just been married, and were Yankee to the backbone. Hailed from Philadelphia, as I learned afterwards. She was very pretty, but evidently disgusted with the South. Presently I sat down just behind Mr. Davis, in time to hear the young lady say: "What place was that where we stopped just now?"

"Beauvoir, I believe," answered the young fellow, without looking up from his newspaper.

"Why that's where Jeff Davis lives," she exclaimed; then in an under breath. "The old rebel; he ought to have been hung!"

"And pray, Miss," said a stately voice at her elbow, "why do you, a young, innocent girl, pronounce such harsh sentences on him?"

"Because," she replied, not recognizing the speaker, "because he deserved it. He tried to run our country, and caused thousands of brave men to die. He made widows and orphans—he made me an orphan," and tears swelled into her eyes.

"Did Jeff Davis do all that?" asked the man, huskily.

"The girl looked curiously over her shoulder and said: 'I believe he was responsible for it.'"

"The stranger bowed in silence, and when he raised tears fell on his coat sleeve and he said: 'I understand the spirit which prompted you to speak, but I wish to correct the view you entertain of Jeff Davis.'

"He is not the cruel person your imagination paints him, young lady.

"—Here in the South, as well as in the North, thousands of mourners for dear ones who fell in the war. Jefferson Davis sympathizes with all. Whether they wore the blue or gray makes no difference now. You, I take it, are a soldier's orphan. In the loss of your father you have Mr. Davis's sincere pity. If he can aid you in any way he will gladly do so." With the words the stranger took a card from his pocket, and presenting it to the young lady left the car. She read the name in silence and handed it to her somewhat annoyed companion. Much to his surprise he saw inscribed in a plain, firm hand the name.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, Beauvoir, Mississippi. —Beauvoir Cor. Boston Globe.

A REMARKABLE PETITION.

A petition of a somewhat remarkable character will shortly be presented to the Legislature of North Carolina, by the farmers (or more properly speaking, a portion of the farmers) of Mecklenburg county. This petition will pray for special legislation to prevent the importation of Georgia watermelons into Mecklenburg county. The petition had its start among the farmers of Berryhill township, and it was yesterday placed in the hands of sheriff Cooper. The paper is quite numerously signed, and the chances are that a large addition of names will be appended to it, before it goes to our representatives in the Legislature. The petition calls for protection for our home watermelon raisers, and prays the legislature to pass a special law for the benefit of Mecklenburg county, prohibiting the shipment into this county of Georgia watermelons. The petition sets forth that our home watermelon growers need protection from the influx of the Georgia production, and a high watermelon tariff is demanded. The petition is in the hands of sheriff Cooper and it will be sent to Raleigh this week.—Charlotte Chronicle.

We have in vain looked among all of our exchanges for a single opinion favorable to the innocence of Cluverus outside of North Carolina. We have not seen one dissecting opinion as to his guilt and the extreme baseness of the crime—first seduction of his cousin, who loved and trusted him, and then her foul murder during the darkness of night and in the gloomiest of places.—Wilmington Star.

Francis B. Stockbridge, who succeeds Conger from Michigan, was born in Maine in 1826. He is a Republican and a "boodle Senator."

PICKINGS.

From the Wilmington Star.

The English Liberals believe that an extreme coercive policy on the part of the Tories will smash up their Ministry. Let them coerce then.

We regret that Gen. Jo McDonald was defeated in the Legislative caucus for U. S. Senator. David Turpie was the successful man. He once served for a few days in the Senate. Gen. McDonald was the man and ought to have been chosen.

You cannot find two daily Democratic papers in the United States that advocate the same measures all the way, and oppose others. Some are so extremely independent as to favor many more Republican measures than they do Democratic, and yet they pretend to be among the faithful and the "unterrified."

Mr. C. B. Farwell, Logan's successor was born in New York State in 1823. He has served two terms in the House of Representatives. He has held many offices at home. He is said to be very generous and charitable. He is very rich in money.

POLITICAL.

"Did the President remove the wrong man?" is a question, it is said, that caustic Senator Ingalls proposes to argue the affirmative of in connection with the removal of District Attorneys Stone and Benton.—Montgomery (Ala.) Dispatch Dem.

Every Democrat in Missouri is a Thurman man, but it is not that many Democratic papers are pronouncing for Thurman and Hill in 1888. Missouri will stand by any good Democratic nomination—but at present it looks Clevelandish.—Kansas City Times.

President Cleveland's intimation that he may be constrained to call an extra session of Congress next spring in case the present Congress shall be unable to reduce taxation and dam up the Treasury flood brings into prominence the question of the Speakership of the next House of Representatives.—Phil. Record Dem.

CREDLITY ON STILTS.

A Raleigh correspondent of some paper says of old people in this State:

"Quite frequently there are paragraphs in papers of this State noticing the fact that people aged 100 or upward have just died, or done something to bring them before the public. Incredible persons laugh at these statements and say that people do not live to the age of 100. Your correspondent will venture the assertion that there are now living in this State over 100 a century old. There is one in this city who is certainly 103. Hannah Potter, colored woman of Craven county, is certified to be 109."

As the Star had more to say about the easy credulity of newspaper men as to very old people we may comment briefly on the above. As far as this paper is concerned it has not denied that there were now and then persons even as old as 100 years or more, but the cases are extremely rare.

Nearly all of the persons said to be over 100 are negroes. This is very suspicious. We saw a negro some years ago who remembered well when Columbus discovered America. No record that could stand the test of the courts has ever been offered to prove the certainty of a negro's age being above 100 in North Carolina. If so, when and where.

Life insurance has been operating for over 200 years. Life companies select their subjects. They have to be carefully examined by a medical expert, and all persons are excluded who are not of sound health, and in whose family there are consumptions, scrofula, heart disease, insanity and so on. Millions of people are insured and all have been critically examined. Now it would be reasonably supposed that if any class of inhabitants would attain to extreme age it would be some of the insured. They are picked subjects, and are almost always people of means so as to avoid hardships and exposure. Now as to the result. Of the tens of millions thus selected and insured not one has ever lived to be one hundred years old. Not one cent has been paid by any insurance company on account of death when the person insured had attained to his hundredth year or more.

And yet all over North Carolina according to the newspapers, there are scores of old negroes from 100 years to 165 years.—Wilmington Star.