

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

VOLUME XVI.

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Reporter and Post.

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DANBURY, N. C.

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 Monthly, 15 cents
RATES OF ADVERTISING:
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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. L. HAYMORE,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW
 Mt. Airy, N. C.
 Special attention given to the collection of claims.

W. F. CARTER,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
 MT. AIRY, N. C.
 Practice in Federal Districts and in all the courts of the State.

WOOD, BACON & CO
 Importers and Jobbers of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
WHITE GOODS, ETC.
 No. 30-31 Market St.
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Parties having
CUT MICA
 for sale will find it to their interest to correspond with
A. O. SCHOONMAKER,
 158 William St., New York.

G. M. LEFTWICK,
 with
WINGO, ELLETT & CRUMP,
 RICHMOND, VA.,
 Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, & C.
 Prompt attention paid to orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.
 Virginia State Prison Goods a specialty.
 March 5.

DEBART W. POWERS, EDGAR D. TAYLOR,
R. W. POWERS & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS
 Dealers in
 PAINTS, OILS, DYES, VARNISHES
 French and American
WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, & C.
 CIGARS, TOBACCO A SPECIALTY
 1305 Main St., Richmond, Va.
 August 26-27

GEO. STEWART,
 Tin and Sheet Iron Manu-
 facturer.
 Opposite Farmers' Warehouse,
 WINSTON, N. C.
**ROOFING, BUTTERING AND SPOUT-
 ING**
 done at short notice.
 Keeps constantly on hand a fine lot of
 Cooking and Heating Stoves.

SUMMER MILLINERY
 AND
STAPLE NOTIONS
 CONSISTING OF
 Gloves, Hosiery, Zephyr, and
 the best and most reliable
CORSETS.

Trimmed Hats and Bonnets,
 To Suit Everybody.
 First door South of Hotel Fountain,
 WINSTON, N. C.
Mrs. N. S. Davis.

L. KLINE,
 Practical Watch Maker

AND
JEWELER;

The Singer Sewing Machine
 Office

WINSTON, N. C.

If you want your watch cleaned out, re-
 paired or any other work in the Jewelry
 line this is the place to get it done in the
 best style.



It is peculiarly efficacious in
 its effect on the process and
 skill in compounding as to
 the ingredients themselves.
 Take it in time. It checks
 diseases in the outset, or if
 they are advanced will prove a potent cure.

No Home should be Without It.

It takes the place of a
 doctor and costs only
 a few cents. It is a most
 salutary and healthy
 remedy. It is the best
 preventive of
 indigestion,
 constipation, headache,
 biliousness,
 piles and mental depression. No loss
 of time, no interference with business
 while taking. For children it is most in-
 nocent and harmless. No danger from
 exposure after taking. Cures Colic, Di-
 arrhoea, Bowel Complaints, Feverish-
 ness and Excessive Cough. Invalids and
 delicate persons will find it the most
 agreeable and healthful remedy. A little
 taken at night induces refreshing sleep
 and a natural evacuation of the bowels.
 A little taken in the morning sharpens
 the appetite, cleanses the stomach and
 sweetens the breath.

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.
 "I have been practicing medicine for
 twenty years and have never been able to
 put up a vegetable compound that would
 like Simmons' Liver Regulator, promptly
 and effectively move the Liver to action,
 and at the same time all instead of weak-
 ening the digestive and assimilative
 powers of the system."
 L. M. HIGGINS, M. D., Washington, Ark.

MARKS OF GENUINENESS: Look for the red
 Trade-Mark on front of Wrapper, and the
 Seal and Signature of J. C. H. Zellerbach & Co., in
 red, on the side. Take no other.

CHEAP COFFEE.

HOME ROASTED
COFFEE
 AT 15 CTS. A POUND.

PUT UP IN POUND PACKAGES
 Every Package Contains a
 Present, in Value from 5 cts.
 to \$3.00.

TRADE SUPPLIED BY

Southern Chemical Co.
 Charlotte, N. C.
 Mention this paper.

Do you believe it?

It is a fact!

What everybody says
 must be so.

HAVE YOU HEARD IT?

D. D. SCHOULER'S,
 The original Cheap John

Winston N. C.
 IS HEADQUARTERS FOR LOW
 PRICES!

Greater Bargains
THAN EVER BEFORE

OFFERED IN
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
 FOR MEN AND BOYS,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND
SHOES, ALSO DRY GOODS
AND NOTIONS OF ALL
KINDS.

We would call special attention to our line of

FINE ALL WOOL CLOTH
FOR MEN'S WEAR.

at the low price of 50c per yard
 worth anywhere \$1.00 per yard.

Just received a nice line of hoods for
 ladies and children, to be sold at prices
 that defy competition.

ANOTHER LOT OF
SATIN JUST RECEIVED,
 which will be sold for the next few days
 at only 10c per yard, worth 20c.

A nice line of
-Jerseys received to-day-

NEW MARKENS.

Cloaks and all kinds of Winter wraps
 for ladies and children to be sold exceed-
 ingly low.

It will be to your interest when in Winston

To call at

The Original Cheap John's

for any thing you may need, found at the
 same old stand, next door to Post Office.



THE SQUIRRELS' HIGHWAY.

The cornfield joins the shady grove,
 The mill stands in the valley;
 The miller lives where daily sounds
 The cat's paw's spiteful saucy:
 Along the fence, across the stream,
 There is a misadventure,
 That leads up to the sloping eaves,
 And forms a squirrel's highway.

All summer long we daily hear
 A merry ringing clatter;
 The whistling squirrels storing spoils
 With quaint, defiant chatter;
 From early dawn to silent night,
 Their antics never ending.
 A happy life the gay things live,
 Brisk toil and frolic blending.

But still they doubtless have their cares,
 Mayhap their share of sorrow;
 And like us, hope for better things
 Upon the coming morrow.
 There is an under tide to life,
 Although it may seem by play
 That makes its thralldom even felt.
 Along the squirrels' highway.

—Burford Times.

A HASTY CONCLUSION.

"Very proud family, these Beltons!"
 said Frederick Haynes, interrogatively,
 as he stretched himself on the grass near
 the stream where he and his friend,
 George Myle, had been fishing.

"Oh, yes, very proud—can't touch 'em
 with a forty-foot pole," laughed George
 Myle.

"Oh, you needn't laugh. You know
 what's reported about them in town? Is
 true. Mother and daughter are proud
 as Lucifer."

"That's it exactly, Fred. People from
 a distance can always tell you more about
 your neighbors than you know yourself.
 But what if the Beltons are proud?
 That doesn't take away from the attrac-
 tion of Laura Belton. I tell you she's a
 beauty, Fred, and you must not go back
 to town without an introduction."

"Now, George, I came down here to
 fish, shoot and have a good time with
 you, not to make love to your pretty
 girls, and least of all to Princess Belton.
 No introduction for me, thank you. Not
 that I object particularly to being intro-
 duced to a pretty girl, but you see I
 haven't read up my pedigree of late,
 neither have I my credentials with me.
 The fact is, I never could find any use
 for your grandees—your high-toned
 families, who will not proffer the tips of
 their fingers until they know your
 great-grandfather was."

"Fred, you're prejudiced."

"All right, we'll let it go at that,"
 said Fred, laughing.

The morning after this conversation
 Fred Haynes, who was fond of the sad-
 die, probably because he was handsome
 and dashing, and looked well in it,
 started for a canoe before breakfast.

"Not very partial to riding out before
 breakfast in this part of the country,"
 said Fred to himself, as he rode about
 two miles without meeting anybody.

But presently the sound of horses' hoofs
 coming tearing along a by-path he
 was approaching fell upon his ear. He
 reined back his horse and the next mo-
 ment a young girl, splendidly mounted,
 dashed out on the road, and on before
 him.

As she appeared, Fred caught sight of
 a bright, handsome face: her figure was
 perfect, and she sat in her saddle like a
 born equestrienne.

Fred was quite charmed by the young
 girl's appearance and gave a free rein to
 his horse once more.

How he managed to lose control over
 his horse, or how the horse managed to
 land him clear across the road in an in-
 sensible condition, was something Fred
 never could make out, unless it was that
 he was paying too much attention to the
 girl or before him and too little to the
 spirited creature he was riding.

What had happened was painfully im-
 pressed on Fred's mind the minute he
 opened his eyes. He tried to move, but
 he groaned aloud with pain: His shoulder
 and ankle were both dislocated, and
 what under Heaven was he to do here
 on this lonely road, where he might lay
 all day, perhaps, without seeing the face
 of a human being.

Suddenly he thought of the young
 girl who was before him on the road
 when he fell. Did she see him fall, and
 not turn back to render him any assist-
 ance? No, she did not look like a girl
 that would play the part of the Levite of
 old.

"Oh, you have recovered. I am so
 glad," said a frank, girlish voice.

And looking up Fred beheld the girl
 of his thoughts.

The train of her habit was thrown
 over her arm, in her delicate white
 hands she carried a stone jug of water.
 She knelt down on the ground beside
 him, bending her bright, handsome face
 over him, as she said:

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Thank you," murmured Fred, and
 he forgot that he had a shoulder or an
 ankle, "but I cannot understand how it
 is that I find myself in this condition."

"You were thrown from your horse,"
 she said, dipping her hands in the water
 and bathing his brow. "I think you are
 severely injured."

Yes, Fred thought so, too, for he
 moved again, and the pain of his shoulder
 and ankle made him wince.

"I believe my ankle is sprained," said
 Fred.

"Then it must be attended to without
 delay. Belton Villa is not a great way
 from here. I will go and report your
 accident and Mrs. Belton will send the
 carriage."

"No, thank you, I would rather not
 trouble Mrs. Belton. Is there no other
 house near by on this road? Are we far
 from Mr. George Myle's? My name is
 Fred Haynes. I'm a guest of Mr. Myle."

"Ah, indeed!" and the young lady
 opened wide her beautiful brown eyes.

"Mr. Myle's is a considerable distance
 from here; but if you are satisfied to go
 to any house on the road, why not go to
 Belton's? I never heard of any of the
 family refusing assistance yet to any one
 in need of it."

"I suppose they wouldn't turn away a
 suppliant at their door, but do you
 think the proud Miss Belton would do
 for me what you have done?" said Fred,
 earnestly, as he looked straight into the
 brown eyes bent so curiously upon him.

"Yes, she would, if she took a notion,"
 and the girl laughed, as she took her
 handkerchief and wiped the dripping
 water from his brow.

"I shall never forget your kindness
 and the trouble you have given yourself
 on my account."

"Now please don't mention the trouble.
 You are in need of more assistance than
 I can give you, and that, too, as I said
 before, without delay. Do I understand
 you to say that you refuse to go to the
 Belton Villa on principle?" said the girl,
 laughing as if her own words amused her.

Fred nodded his head.

"Then I will go to Granny Myres' cot-
 tage, where I got this water; it is just
 round the path, and the boys will come
 and help you. Once at the cottage, you
 are all right," and before Fred could
 make any reply the girl was off.

"I wonder who she is! I thought she
 would tell me her name when I told her
 mine. I'll ask her, when she comes
 back," was Fred's mental comment.

But the young girl did not come back.
 Two stalwart boys came instead, and
 helped him up to the cottage.

She was waiting for him, though, had
 the sofa ready for him to lie down, and
 when he was settled comfortably, she
 dispatched one of the boys for a doctor.

"Now you must keep quiet, and if
 you have no objections I'll sit down
 here until the doctor comes," said the
 young girl, drawing a chair over to the
 sofa.

Fred murmured something under his
 breath about an angel, and he said aloud:

"It is a pleasure to have you near me;
 I forget all about my pain."

"Now, don't be too complimentary,"
 and the brown eyes were fixed smilingly
 on his face.

"May I ask the name of the kind ben-
 efactress?"

The young girl colored to the roots of
 her wavy brown hair and shook her
 head.

"You must ask no questions to-day,"
 she said, and Fred saw at once that she
 wished to keep her name from him.

The doctor came, attended to Fred
 and coolly told him that he couldn't
 leave the cottage for a week.

"You heard what the doctor said; will
 you come and see me again through the
 week?" said Fred as he held the
 young girl's hand in his as she was
 about to depart.

"I will come every day," she answered
 frankly.

"Don't tell him who I am, granny,"
 was the warning the girl gave the old
 woman who owned the cottage as she
 mounted her horse and flew away.

"What is the young lady's name?"
 asked Fred of the old woman the mo-
 ment she appeared at his bedside.

"If the young lady wants you to know
 she'll tell you herself," answered the
 old woman in a tone that stopped all fur-

ther questioning.

Fred was mystified. All he could do
 was wonder who the girl could be.

"Well, this is a pretty state of affairs.
 So you've been trying your best to kill
 yourself," said the hearty voice of Geo.
 Myle, as he entered the cottage about an
 hour after the accident.

"George, I consider myself the luck-
 iest fellow alive," said Fred.

"Because you weren't killed, I sup-
 pose," answered George.

"Because I wasn't killed. No. Be-
 cause I've made the acquaintance of
 one of the prettiest—one of the nicest
 girls in creation."

"Yes, I know she called at the house
 and told me all about it."

"Who is she?" asked Fred breath-
 lessly.

"Miss Belton." And George Myle
 walked away, whistling.

"Miss Belton!" cried Fred, and he
 started up in a manner that threatened
 dislocation of the shoulder the second
 time.

But George was merciful; he stayed
 away and allowed Fred to ask himself
 a few questions.

"Miss Belton, before you sit down, say
 that you forgive my foolish talk of yester-
 day morning," said Fred, when his
 benefactors called to see him, bright and
 early next morning.

"Don't say anything about it. I
 have forgotten it," and she placed her
 cool hand on his feverish brow as
 she continued, smiling: "You know I
 can't help being so very proud."

When Fred recovered he didn't think
 the Beltons too high-toned to visit, and
 the acquaintance that was formed in so
 romantic a manner ended in a mar-
 riage-exchange.

AN ITEM FOR GOVERNOR SCALES.

A merchant of New Berns received
 from Salem, N. C., a few days ago two
 barrels of common clay pipes, the freight
 on which was \$1.35 per barrel. The
 freight on the same from Baltimore,
 nearly three times the distance, would
 have been only twenty cents per bar-
 rel.

We call the Governor's attention to
 this little matter to further satisfy him
 if possible that the great railroad cor-
 porations doing business in this State
 have "divided the empire," and in the
 terms of division it has been decreed
 that there shall be no traffic between the
 people east of Goldsboro and those west
 of that point. All community of in-
 terest is destroyed and we are forced
 to go North for even clay pipes when they
 are made in our own State.

New Berns with her cheap water
 routes ought to supply a large portion
 of eastern and middle N. C. with their
 heavy groceries, and would do it but
 for the Railroad corporations who are
 interested in building up other
 points.

We sought to free ourselves from such
 influences by a connection with the C.
 F. & Y. V. R. R., but the Governor
 prefers to foster the interest of those
 who oppress us.

Let us appeal to the next General
 Assembly to accept the proposition
 of the C. F. & Y. V. to buy the A.
 & N. C.—New Berns Journal.

AN INDIAN FUNERAL.

The Indian funeral—it is a solemn,
 impressive, interesting ceremony. The
 mourners are still. They point up to
 the Great Spirit, down to the bad spir-
 it. They hand round the remains. They
 chant on their knees; later stand-
 ing up—they lay bows and arrows and
 other implements on the remains—the
 chanting continues. The body is placed
 on a scaffolding, where it decays in time.
 The skull is then washed and cleaned.
 It is placed in a circle with other skulls,
 and in time disappears. The spirit is
 now thought to have crossed the
 wide river to the happy hunting ground
 beyond.—Boston Globe.

A TREELESS FOREST.

Away down in Devonshire, in the
 southwestern part of England, there is
 a very interesting tract of land. It is
 known as Dartmoor forest, and is so na-
 med in all old deeds and grants of land;
 yet, with the exception of a small grove
 of dwarf oaks, it is almost entirely with-
 out trees! This strange contradiction is
 said to be due to the fact of the greater
 part of Dartmoor having actually been a
 forest years ago, but it was so infested
 with fierce wild animals that the people

were forced, in self defense, to set fire
 to trees, and so, by degrees, the forest was
 destroyed.

Certain it is that the soil of the moor
 is composed of rich, black, vegetable
 matter, and that remains of tree trunks
 have been found under the ground.
 Moreover, the people of one district have,
 for generations, enjoyed the privilege of
 free pasture, through a grant awarded
 their ancestors for services in de-
 stroying wolves in Dartmoor forest,
 for the same reason they are allowed to
 gather the peat which abounds in the
 fens or marshy lands, and which makes
 an excellent fuel. The atmosphere of
 the moor is nearly always moist and fog-
 gy. Indeed the people who live there
 say—

The west wind always brings wet weath-
 er.
 The east wind wet and cold together;
 The south wind surely brings us rain,
 The north wind blows it back again.
 —American Agriculturist.

PUNGENT SNUFF.

"Did the wedding go off smoothly?"
 "About as smoothly as such affairs al-
 ways go off. The only hitch that oc-
 curred was when the pair stood up to be
 united."—Boston Courier.

Lady (who has a sick husband)—
 Don't you think doctor, that you ought
 to bleed my husband.

Doctor (absent-mindedly)—No, mad-
 am, not until he gets well.—Epoch.

The Buffalo Courier tries to show how
 a man can live on \$1 a week. It is
 done here in Detroit by a man borrowing
 the rest from his friends.—Detroit
 Free Press.

An anti-fat restaurant has been open-
 ed in London. Anti-fat boarding hous-
 es have long been known in this country.
 —Lowell Courier.

Some people appear to be surprised
 because Cleopatra was a little woman.
 It doesn't require a giant to make a fool
 of a man.—Saturday Evening
 Gazette.

People have been known to talk
 against gambling all their lives on
 every possible occasion, and then, after
 all, to go and get married.—Somerville
 Journal.

A new disinfectant is called creolin.
 It is said to be superior to carbolic acid.
 Mayor Hewitt ought to order several
 ship-loads of the stuff and have it
 sprinkled about the New York news-
 paper offices.—Charleston News and
 Courier.

A Kentucky man's life was saved by
 eating an onion. If he drank whiskey
 shortly after partaking of the fragrant
 fruit (and being a Kentuckian he prob-
 ably did), the people he conversed with
 doubtless wonder why Providence spared
 him.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Tramp—Will you give me twenty
 cents, sir, to buy a bottle of whiskey
 with? Gentleman—Isn't that rather a
 cheeky request? Tramp—You won't
 think so when you hear the particulars.
 You see, I've been drinkin' all the morn-
 in' at a fren's expense, an' I want to re-
 ciprocate. I'm white, if I am a tramp.