

THE DANBURY REPORTER.

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DANBURY, N. C., AUG. 16, 1906.

NO. 28

Vote Cast For County Officers in Stokes November 4, 1902

PRECINCTS.	CLERK.		R. D.		SHERIFF.		TREASURER.		COMMISSIONERS.					
	Hylton.	Chilton.	Brown.	Gordon.	Tillotson.	Joyce.	Mitchell.	Reynolds.	Neal.	Frans.	Finn.	Gann.	Flippin.	Martin.
Danbury	64	124	60	126	47	137	64	123	69	65	65	121	123	121
Wilson's Store	150	78	147	85	141	78	151	77	188	150	136	74	77	31
Germantown	61	106	59	107	59	107	60	108	61	61	60	106	107	103
King	89	112	91	109	88	110	91	111	91	91	91	110	111	110
Boyles' Store	94	93	93	92	97	88	95	92	95	95	95	92	91	92
Pinnacle	82	99	86	81	87	87	82	99	81	82	82	99	99	99
Covington's School House	73	207	57	218	75	199	74	202	75	76	73	203	205	203
Francisco	95	123	99	119	91	128	96	120	99	137	73	83	143	117
Lawsonville	117	210	115	211	112	210	113	213	107	113	99	212	213	231
Sandy Ridge	197	91	187	97	171	105	181	98	180	181	175	103	98	100
Mitchell's	90	44	79	52	69	60	100	32	67	89	84	64	50	52
Pine Hall	47	16	46	17	45	18	43	18	46	46	49	15	16	14
Walnut Cove	117	107	112	110	93	122	110	110	127	113	106	108	108	100
Freeman's	33	21	33	21	32	22	32	22	32	32	31	21	21	21
Totals	1309	1431	1264	1442	1207	1471	1292	1425	1318	1331	1220	1411	1462	1394

How John Smith Was Arrested

HOW SHERIFF RUFÉ DALTON KEPT HIS PROMISE TO THE PEOPLE OF STOKES COUNTY.

The following tale is taken from the Charlotte Daily Observer of August 6:

"My boyhood days were spent in Surry and Stokes counties said, a fat-faced young traveling man as he leaned back to get a comfortable position, "and I recall some lively citizens of those mountainous regions. One day last week, as I drove through a portion of Stokes, I was glad to hear the name of John Smith come from the lips of the negro driver.

"What, the John Smith who killed Sheriff Baker, is he still in Stokes?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, an' dat's des whar he's gwine ter stay till he die' too' bossman," declared the old darkey.

"Well, uncle, is he behaving himself?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, but he's des as mean as ever, sir. Dey ain't no difference, cepin he's gittin' ole. He'll kill er man des as quick as he uster."

"Those few jerky remarks brought back old times to my mind. Well do I remember John Smith, in his better days, when he made blockade liquor and fought his fellowmen at every turn of the road. Blockading was a business with John, and fighting a pastime.

"John Smith had two brothers, Drew and Jim, who were just about as dangerous as he was, but they lacked the principle that John had. Drew was killed. John is a small, swarthy man, with a big, fierce moustache. Sober, he was always a wellbehaved, illicit distiller, but drunk, he was a desperado. On one occasion a preacher from our neighborhood was holding a meeting in a church not far from the Smith place. John was on a mean spree. Seeing the crowd in the little house of worship he dismounted from his horse, went in, and after looking the crowd over, announced that he would give the congregation five minutes to disappear from the hill. The minister did a wise thing by dismissing his audience. Within less time than it takes to tell it every man, woman and child, who had assembled there to hear the preaching of the Gospel, was on his or her way home, and John Smith had the house all to himself. He would not have done such a thing had he been sober.

"That was the sort of a man we had in John Smith. I have heard but little of him for a decade or more. About 15 or 20 years ago he killed Sheriff Baker. At that time he was a terror. At the crack of his gun his enemies fell. He roamed about the mountains of North Carolina and Virginia and

but he escaped unharmed. After he turned up in Stokes he sent Sheriff Dalton word that he was at the old stand subject to his orders. Sheriff Dalton had kept his promise and if John Smith ever went back to prison I never heard of it. He is today living at his little mountain home. After the penitentiary episode he went into Virginia, where, it was said, that he cut the throat of a man.

"One day during his service on the road Smith fell out with a negro and struck him in the head with his pick. The officers started to whip him, but he backed himself up in the cut and told them that he would brain the first man that came close. The men with their lashes kept their distance; they did not whip Smith.

"I should like to see the old man in his calmer days. He was always interesting. There have been but few dull days in his life. I should like to hear him talk. His kind are rapidly passing away. The mountain outlaw is almost unheard of today."

UGLY'S BRANCH.
Ugly's Branch, Aug. 9.—The hum of the threshing machine is over for this season around here. Miss Gracie Dunlap, of Gideon, is visiting at Mr. W. P. Ray's this week.

Mr. Gid Dunlap and Mr. Sam Woods were visiting at Mrs. M. F. Dunlap's Sunday.

Mr. Herbert Ray, of Danbury Route 1, is visiting friends in Greensboro this week.

Misses Gracie Dunlap and Judea Ray visited Miss Berchie Dunlap Monday evening.

Miss Berchie Dunlap and Mr. Speedy Mabe visited Mr. Daniel Duggins Sunday.

Mr. Bruce Gatewood visited Danbury last Thursday on particular business, we hear.

Mr. Jesse Flinn, of Lamburg, was down in these parts visiting Sunday.

How did you girls like to wade in the cool, clear water of Snow Creek Sunday evening, near Davis' Mill?

Mrs. Bettie Martin and daughter, Miss Annie, are visiting in Danbury this week.

Mr. Lite Isom visited his father near Walnut Cove Friday.

The infant of Mr. Bud Allen, of Winston, was buried near Hartman's store Monday.

At Pulaski Alum Springs, Virginia

PLEASANT VISIT OF MR. J. G. H. MITCHELL OVER THE MOUNTAINS WITH FRIENDS OF OTHER DAYS.

Gideon, July 30.

Mr. Editor:
If you will allow me space, I will endeavor to give your readers a brief account of my recent trip to South West Virginia.

I left home, accompanied by W. M. Flynt July 16, went by Madison and spent the night with my friend and kinsman, W. S. Wilson and family, who vied with each other in kindness and hospitality. Met many of my old Stokes friends and others.

We boarded the train next morning for Roanoke and Pulaski City and spent several hours pleasantly at the former place meeting with Messrs. A. J. Wall and Elisha Ward, who now lives there and after traversing some beautiful and fertile country arrived at Pulaski and spent the night with Mr. Barte and until 12 o'clock next day looking over the beautiful city and its grand mountain scenery. Then we took a hack for Pulaski Alum Springs which is a delightful place between two lofty mountains. Here we were met by a conveyance sent by Dr. J. C. Blackburn, a former citizen of Stokes, now a resident of Giles county, Va., who with his good lady gave us a hearty welcome, which we enjoyed very much after our long and tiresome journey. The doctor is quite an invalid but knows how to entertain royally.

After spending several days here we procured a conveyance from doctor Blackburn and went up to Mechanicsburg to visit Mr. J. O. Reid, another native of Stokes and visited his people here some two years ago and has many relatives here, who will be glad to hear that he is doing well and is highly respected as a Christian gentleman, and by the way a subscriber to the Reporter.

Along those fertile valleys we found excellent crops of corn and hay, and the country in a prosperous conditions, as it is in nearly every section where tobacco is not made.

It was a true prediction that old man Wesley Hammons made several years ago that "pride and laziness, fertilizer and tobacco would ruin any country."

This is a digression, but I return to my subject. After our return to Dr. Blackburn's I received a letter from home saying that my sister was sick and we made preparations to return home and bade an affectionate farewell to doctor and his good lady; we started early Wednesday morning by White Gate along a beautiful turnpike road surrounded with the most beautiful mountain scenery I ever

Very respectfully,
J. G. H. MITCHELL.

Challenge For Debate Accepted.
Danbury Route 1, Aug. 14.

Mr. Editor:
Please announce that the Buck Island Literary Debating Society gladly accept the challenge sent us by the Muff Debating Society on the evening of the 13th inst. at 4 o'clock, p. m., at the Buck Island School House.

The query for discussion being "Which Has Done More Harm to the Civilized World, Intoxicating Spirits or the Sword," we desire to announce to our opponents that we take the sword as doing more harm than spirits.

All are cordially invited out to hear the discussion.

O. M. BENNETT, Pres.
Angmon Nelson, Sec.

Democratic Convention.
A convention of the Democratic party of Stokes county is hereby called to meet in the town of Danbury on

saturday, August 18, 1906,
for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the House Representatives, heriff, Clerk of the superior Court, Register of Deeds, Treasurer, urveyor, Coroner, County Commissioners and for the purpose of selecting a Chairman and Executive Committee for the next two years and transacting such other business as may properly come before it.

The convention will convene at 11 o'clock A. M.
This July 12, 1906.
J. D. HUMPHREYS,
Chm'n Dem. Ex. Com. Stokes Co.

PLOWING WET LAND. ALL RIGHT

Mr. I. G. Ross Replies to "Mc."

Locust Hill Farm, Aug. 13.
Mr. Editor:
I want to ask "Mc." where he has been to. I had not heard anything from him in so long and did not see him at the Farmers Institute. I was at a loss to know what had become of him. So I decided that he had migrated to the moon where he could practice on cows for the hollow horn and talk back and no one there would think that much talking and much brain were not always found together; his clods that form and never dissolve until they freeze leaves the man that lives where the land never freezes with clods to knock all of his days. I will tell the farmers that fear clods how to prevent them from forming. Plow in the morning and in the evening run a harrow over what you plowed breaking that little crust that has begun to form and you will never have clods to knock. That was the only theory that "Mc." produced for plowing wet land; if that is the only hurt, I can easily prevent that. As I understood the question and as I answered it, would it hurt the productiveness of the land to plow it wet. I said that I could see no mechanical reason why it should. I guess Mc. knows of some that has been hurt by plowing wet and can never be restored until it passes through the cycle of rotation from rock to soil and back to rock again and then to soil as it has been doing for many million years.

DALTON ROUTE 1.

Dalton Route 1, Aug. 6.—Mrs. M. E. Culler and two children are the guests of Mrs. S. E. Edwards.

Mr. Ernest Wall visited Miss Virginia Edwards early Sunday morning.

Misses Virginia Edwards and Lula Shultz visited Mrs. J. H. Keiger Sunday. They must have found them a lover or at least it looked so when Miss Virginia arrived Monday morning with a Roanoke beau.

Mr. Doctor Boyles and Miss Grace Wall visited Miss Margaret Edwards Sunday.

Mr. Squire Edwards is right blue today because he said he said he would have felt better if he had called on his best girl Sunday.

Mr. Colonel Boyles and Miss Grace Hamm were out driving Sunday, and I think Mr. Boyles needed more Grace.

JOHNNY JUMP-UP.

Are you interested in getting Fire, Life, Health, Accident or Liability insurance? If so write us.

BANK OF STOKES COUNTY.

Two Lonely Idlers.
A Mystery Solved.
How to keep off periodic attacks of biliousness and habitual constipation was a mystery that Dr. King's New Life Pills solved for me," writes John N. Pleasant, of Magnolia, Ind. The only pills that are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to everybody or money refunded. Only 25c at all drug stores.