THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

VOLUME XV. DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1887. NO. 52

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

Reporter and Post.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

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Unfailing Specific for Liver Disease.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; sour stomach; loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick, yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

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Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action.
It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the
LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.
AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR
Malaria, Bowel Complaints, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Kidney Affections, Jaundice, Mental Depression, Colic.
Endorsed by the use of 2 Millions of Bottles, as
THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE
for Children, for Adults, and for the Aged.
ONLY GENUINE
has our Z Stamp in red on front of Wrapper.
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SOLE PROPRIETORS. Price, $1.00.

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Anything in the
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Having rebuilt our Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory, and fitted it up with all new machinery of the latest and most approved patterns, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work in our line in the very best style. We manufacture
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
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Main Street nearly opposite the Centr Hotel.

POETRY

PARVULA.

[Little things.]

A tiny, tiny little bud,
With flaxen curls and eyes of blue;
And arch and ever smiling lips,
That rival roses in their hue.

A tiny, tiny little tot,
With pattering, restless, active feet;
With arms held out, as she her "dad"
Across the floor starts forth to meet.

A tiny, tiny little grave,
Where, hidden from our loving sight,
Our darling sleeps beneath the turf,
O'er sprinkled with the daisies white.

A little, little span of time,
And we to her, we trust, shall go;
Where all Earth's tears are wiped away,
And none shall grief or sorrow know!

—*All the Year Round.*

HATTIE BENTON'S ADVENTURE.

The adventure of Hattie Benton, a girl of sixteen, with a gang of outlaws on the Arkansas River proved her bravery to be equal to that of any man living. Soon after the war, while everything was yet in confusion in the South, and especially in the Southwest, Benton moved from Missouri to Arkansas, and settled upon the Arkansas River at a point midway between the Pine Bluffs and Arkansas Post. The country was then full of outlaws of all sorts, and robbery, assassination, and murder were rife in the lonely sections. Benton lived on the band of the river, and furnished wood to steamboats. Hattie was his only child, and had been accustomed to the wild life of the West since babyhood. The mother was an invalid, who could scarcely leave the house or wait upon herself. The father was a man of fiery temper, and people soon learned that to attempt any over making with the girl would be pretty certain to end in somebody's death. The three or four gallants who came sighing about, were made to walk the plank, and in time it came to be known along the river that the old man Benton looked upon his daughter as too good a match for any one in those parts. Then it was that an outlay named Jack Cummerford sent the old man a message that he was coming to make Hattie his wife. The fellow was proprietor of a floating whisky shanty, and had two or three hard cases constantly with him. While there was no question that his crew were guilty of stealing and robbing and worse, the victims hesitated to complain, and the law to arrest.

Cummerford heard of the girl long enough before he saw her, and the first Benton heard of the outlaw was by way of a message in which Cummerford told him that he would be on hand in about ten days to look the girl over, and if she suited him, he would take her away. The father boiled over at the impudence of the message, and he arranged to kill the outlaw on sight. Had it been known just how he would come Cummerford would have been welcomed with a bullet, but the messenger did not state that part of it, and after being on his guard several days the father began to relax his vigilance and believe the message to be nothing more than an idle boast. One morning he went down to his wood piles to find a shanty boat moored at the bank, and a rough looking fellow just coming ashore. Jack Cummerford and his gang had arrived, and the villain intended to make his words good. Benton was not armed, the outlaw had a rifle in his hands. Suspecting some evil, the pioneer started to retreat, but was shot in the back before he had gone thirty feet, and he was dead almost as soon as the outlaw reached him. The three men then proceeded to the house together. The mother and daughter were preparing breakfast, and were ordered to make provisions for their visitors. They had heard the rifle shot, but before they could voice their suspicions of what had happened, the leader of the gang brutally said:

"Come now, hurry up. I've come to take the gal away, and as I thought the old man might object I just laid him out on the start. No sniveling, now, but git breakfast ready and then prepar' to go with me.

The mother was so overcome that she dropped into a chair and began moaning and weeping. It was a terrible shock to the girl, but she realized from the first moment that if she was to be saved from the fate planned for her, she must save herself. She therefore went ahead with the preparations for the meal, and about the time the men were told to sit down to the table the mother hobbled out and sat down beside the dead body of her husband, so dazed and terrified that she could not shed a tear. After the first shock the girl began to plan against the gang, and every move made by the men was narrowly watched. As the place was isolated they had no fear of being disturbed, and took matters very leisurely. They talked of the shooting of Benton as coolly as if they had had only fired upon a dog, and as they drew up to the table, Cummerford observed:

"Ought to have hit him about two inches lower, but it wasn't so bad for a snap shot. Kinder sorry for the old woman, but she'll feel better after we fling the body into the river. Say, gal, how d'ye like me, any way? You orter be proud of such a man as Jack Cummerford!"

"Come, Jack, be a bit easy on her until we git afloat," remarked one of the others.

"Oh, sartin," chuckled the outlaw. "She's kinder 'afraid of me now, but she'll soon be proud of her husband. Rather pooty gal, Hattie is. Sorry I didn't come last week, but my motto is to attend to bizness fust. Say, gal, don't be afeard to laugh if you feel like it!"

Cummerford had brought his rifle or carbine to the house, while the others had left their firearms aboard the boat. The carbine leaned against the wall in the rear of the men, and just as they got fairly to eating the girl examined it sufficiently to note that the chamber contained four or five bullets. No sooner was she certain of this than she snatched it up, and sprang out doors, and as ran for her mother, who was in the direct line of the boat, she called to her leave the body and hasten aboard the craft. Dazed as she was, the mother did not hesitate a second about complying, and she was aboard before any of the outlaws came out. When they did appear it was to find the girl with the carbine at an aim, covering the mother's retreat, and walking slowly backward herself. The ruffians were all upset for the moment. Then Cummerford sprang into the cabin after the dead man's rifle, and when he reappeared he brought it to his face and commanded the girl who was by that time on board the shanty boat and trying to cast off the line to come ashore. She paid him not the least attention, and he coolly fired at her head. The bullet drew blood from the edge of her right ear, and in retalliation she picked up the carbine and fired an off-hand shot, which killed the man who stood on the right of Cummerford. The recoil of the heavy piece knocked her down, but before they could rush upon her the mother seized an ax and cut the line, and the boat floated away on the current.

Cummerford ran back into the cabin after ammunition, but before he found it the boat was half a mile below the house, and when he opened fire the women sheltered themselves in the cabin. As fast as he could load and fire he fired upon the boat hoping that a stray shot might wound or kill. The girl made no reply until the current carried the float into a tree top on the opposite side of the stream. Then, when the outlaws began to prepare to swim or float off to it she opened fire from three or four revolvers hanging in the cabin, and did such good shooting as to force them to abandon the attempt.

Had it been coming on dark the two men would doubtless have found means to recover the boat and recapture the women, but the craft had not been detained more than an hour in the tree top, when a Government survey party came along and were soon in possession of all the particulars. The women were taken off, the boat was stripped of its plunder, and then the structure was given over to the flames. During this time two men were landed to hunt for the wretches, but like the cowards they were they left the locality with all possible speed, and Cummerford was not heard of again until killed in a fight at Arkansas Post.—*New York Sun.*

MANY BUILT THIS WAY.

"Get married, Charlie, get married. One never knows how cheaply he can live with a good, economical wife until he tries it. Why, when I was married I couldn't even support myself, now—"

"Well?"

"Now my wife supports me, It is cheaper for me than being single."—Ex.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

THE DELICIOUS CIGARS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The good old times' Young man, you may shake your head as much as you please when you hear old folks talk of the good old times; but what say you, supposing you are a smoker—a question hardly necessary to put, as nowadays smoking is the rule, not the exception—when I tell you that fifteen years ago you could buy, for one cent, four Alexandra cigars (rat-tails), two half Spanish cigars made of soaked Kentucky leaf, burning a snowwhite ash; a very nice, pleasant flavored cigar made of Seed leaf wrapper and St. Jago de Cuba filler. If you were well enough off to spend a six pence at one time, you got seven of them. For two cents apiece you had your choice of the best home-made, and few people ever so well off thought of spending more, except some extravagant young buck, or some who knew what a real Havana was, for which the price was three cents apiece, in some instances five for one shilling. The importation of Havana cigars at the time was very limited, and mostly confined to houses in the West India trade, in exchange to our produce.—*Southern Tobacco Journal.*

THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK.

The change of the day of rest from the seventh to the first day of the week—from the Jewish Sabbath to the Christian Sunday—is a standing evidence—it might almost be called a tangible evidence—of the resurrection of Christ. There have been in round numbers 96,600 Sundays since the first Easter day. They are all so many links in an unbroken chain. The last link we held in our hands on April 25th, 1886, the first is rivered to the fact of the resurrection, which took place on the 17th Nisan, or April 9th, probably in A. D. 90. It is an unchallenged fact, traceable through all history, modern mediaeval, and through the Early Fathers, that the first day of the week has been observed br Christians for the last 18 centuries; thus we get direct to apostolic times. But, surely, if the Apostles and their contemporary Christians had not been convinced by the evidence of their senses that Jesus of Nazareth rose again on the first day of the week, nothing would have induced them to depart from their cherished traditions, and to offend the prejudices of their countrymen, whom they were so anxious to conciliate, by relaxing the obligations of the seventh day, and transferring them to the first day of the week.—Chicago *Living Church.*

SMOKING A PISTOL FOR A PIPE.

A little West Side child had a miraculous escape from death, or at least serious injury, a few days ago. A small self-cocking revolver was carelessly left loaded in a dressing case. The little one, who is about two years old, discovered it, and shortly after horrified his mother by appearing in the parlor, where she was entertaining a caller, with the muzzel of the revolver between his lips for a pipe. The terrified mother sprang forward and tore the dangerous plaything from the child's grasp and threw it across the room, where it exploded with a crash. Fortunately no one was injured. And the youngster set up an angry cry for his pipe, as he called it. It was afterward discovered that he had been enjoying his smoke all the way down from the third floor, having come down two flights of stairs with the pistol in his possession.—Chicago *Journal.*

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

We cannot picture a scene of keener sorrow than the return of a husband and the little ones to the sad hearthstone from the burial of a wife and mother. The children never knew her abscence before. At every opening of a door their eyes turn in expectation of seeing her come in. They cannot believe she will stay away all the time. The notion is in their minds that some how their father can bring her back. They do not grow sleepy as on other nights. They sit with hands in the other one's lap, looking in the fire and listening in silence for her step. She always fixed them for bed and heard their prayers. Will she not come presently? The heart of the father aches in agony all the while. God pity the homes so sorely bereaved. The heart of such a household has sounded the profoundest grief. —Wilson *Mirror.*

STATE NEWS.

Durham *Plant*: A little son of Mr. Wm. Carter, janitor of the market house and a little negro boy, on Sunday evening were playing with a pistol known to be empty. It is empty now and the boy has a hole in his hand.

Wilmington *Star*: The steamer *Cape Fear* from Fayetteville, brought reports that the river after a rise of about five or six feet, was slowly falling. Arrivals from Black River yesterday evening, reported the Cape Fear rising at that point.

Murfreesboro *Index*: Fifty years ago the town of Murfreesboro had the opportunity of having the Seaboard & Roanoke Railroad built by it, but the opposition of a few grumblers kept it away. Now that we have another chance to get a road, after so long a time, don't let us fail to get it or we may never have another chance.

Statesville *Landmark*: A fat doctor who lives near town and who rides much in all directions, says he has not seen this spring or summer, anywhere, a crop of corn, cotton or tobacco which was not as clean as a floor or which, from appearances, could have been any better worked than it is. The fat doctor has a slight propensity to joke some times but he was not joking when he said this. The people have been at work.

Asheville *Citizen*: Judge Graves, holding the present term of Buncombe Superior Court was called home on the 22nd by a telegram announcing the extreme illness, at Mt Airy, of his son-in-law Mr. Hines. A note received yesterday morning by Mr. Geo. A Stanford gives information of the death of Mr. Hines, which occurred on the 21st, and before Judge Graves could have reached home.

Winston *Daily*: Mt. Airy is suffering severely from an epidemic somewhat resambling cholera. There were nine deaths there in one day last week, five corpse in the town on Monday last.—The official vote on the railroad question stood as follows: 2,895 for, 59 against, registered vote 2,896, it was a larger per cent, of the vote cast than Winston township gave but not as larger per cent. of the registered vote.

Greensboro *North State*: Mr. R. H. Stanley showed us last Saturday a land tortoise, or upland terrapin, which he picked up near the house of Wm. Dennis, on the Guilford battle ground. It was 6 ins. long and four wide. It had clearly cut on it the following "W. D. 1851" Mr Stanly took it to Mr. Dennis who said he distinctly remembered having cut his initials on it 36 years ago, when quite a lad and that it was about the same size then. No one has ever been able to tell how long this class of tortoise does live.

Murphy *Bulletin*: Some years the chestnut crop in the mountainous portion of the old North State is really prodigious and amazing. To the uninitiated, what we are going to state, may smack somewhat of exaggeration. Numbers of old and truthful denizens of the coves, flats and steeps of the Alleghanies, have told us that they had frequently seen chestnuts so plentiful as to be gathered by the handful on the upper side of old logs that lay along the sides of the mountain slopes. The chestnut orchards of Western North Carslina are free to all who have the time or the disposition to gather the fruit, of which hundreds of bushels are gathered some seasons by the mountaineers, for which they usually find a ready and profitable market.

At 12 o'clock June 28th '87 the cars passed over the bridge across Town Fork creek, three-fourth of a mile of this place.—Two new streets are being opened, the fences, trees &c., are being removed, and by the last of the week we can go in any direction without much inconvenience.—Messrs. Crews and Sullivan, have secured the contract to furnish the lumber for the depot at this place. We hear that they began sawing it last Monday, and will deliver all of it in in a short while. The contractors will begin the erection of the building by the middle of next month.—On Monday 20th inst the first timbers in the Railroad bridge were put up over Town Fork creeks now a strong and handsome structure has been reared, and the cars will probably pass over the bridge to pay or next day. Capt. Hall, the superintendent deserves great credit for his supervision and management of the work, and in making greater head way than is usually made in building so large a structure.—Germanton *Times.*

A MIXTURE.

Wilson Mirror.

A lion is a very superior creature, but she never could lay a cornerstone.

He who is ashamed of his poverty would be equal proud of his wealth.

How seldom you hear of a woman fainting anywhere else than in a man's arms.

The coffee market is said to be on the eve of a panic. We suppose there are grounds for the excitement.

They already have grass thirty feet high in Texas. The way they cut it down is to fire scythes at it out of a cannon.

The big snake seems to be rather late making his appearance this year—or the snake liar has become conscious stricken.

The bold young man who tried to kiss the pretty widow says that the power of the widow's smite has been greatly over estimated.

"Circumstances alter cases; but I wish I could get hold of some cases that would alter my circumstances," said a struggling lawyer.

When a laboring man undertakes to support a family and a saloon at the same time, the saloon will grow rich and the family grow poor.

It is said that a mule will not bray if a brick is tied to his tail. In tying the brick we recommend letting the job out to the lowest bidder.

One danger of female suffrage is that the women may want the men to bet them fifty dollar bonnets against six dollar hats on the result.

"Look here Judge," said the burglar, "I am't so bad as you think I am. Only give me time, and I'll reform." And the Judge gave him fifteen years.

A Sydney woman, by way of experiment, recently tied a pedometer to her chin, and discovered that she talked 33 miles between breakfast and lunch.

In Ella Wheeler Wilcox's opinion "the world has outlived all its passions." How about John Sherman? He is just getting angry over the events of the late war.

PICKINGS.

From the Wilmington Star.

There were twenty divorces in one day at Atlanta. Shocking! It will soon rival at that rate Chicago.

There is now a question as to the election of Mr. Pasco as U. S. Senator from Florida because of certain alleged "Senate illegitities."

Gen. Joe Wheeler had sixteen horses killed under him during the war and did not get a scratch. It is good to be born "lucky."

The crops in South Carolina, we are pleased to see published, are reported better than they have been in twenty-five years. Cotton is number one.

The Federals captured 560 Confederate flags during the four years' war. How many did the Contederates capture? Also, how many batteries did they capture?

At Columbia, S. C., on 19th the mercury stood at 100½. In many houses and offices it was 105. Wilmington, take it all and in all, is about the coolest place in the South.

During the first ten years of freedom the death rate of the negroes in New Orleans was 52 in the 1,000. The last ten years show it to be but 42 a very hopeful improvement although still very high.

There is a farmers' alliance in Texas that numbers 250,000 members. What a power they can be at the polls. There are not many Barbed Wire Fence Fellows among them, we may well suppose.

Mr. Blaine is the recipient of numerous social honors in England But few Americans, not even excepting Buffalo Bill, have been so feted. He has been the guest of Mr. Gladstone.

What is to become of the West Point graduates? There are but fifteen vacancies and the class just graduated was large. There 106 "newels" have passed the examination and will soon be enrolled as cadets.

Wall Street, the New York *World* says, regards "the collapse of the coffee and wheat booms to be a bad omen." Bad for the speculators but good for the bread eaters and coffee drinkers.