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MARY'S LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb:
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
The teacher took his ruler, then,
And flogged him out of school.
But when the teacher turned around,
Before he closed the door,
He found himself "permalite" like,
All scattered on the floor.
When up again, "From this," he said,
"A moral may be read:
This lamb would no. a flogger be
If he were better bred."
And you a tender lamb like this
To you for life may bind;
But if you do, don't walk before,
But always walk behind.

Mr. and Mrs. Wickie.

Old man Wickie and his wife, while
walking along the street going home
from a mite society, engaged in a quar-
rel.
"I am not going with you any more,
Samuel," said Mrs. Wickie. "You are
too old a man to cut up the way you did
to-night. The idea of an old man who
has the rheumatism so bad that he can't
put his socks on mornings, going to a
mite meeting and cawing and rumping
as you have done to-night! I say
it's a shame."
"I may have rheumatism," said the
old man, "but I haven't got dyspepsia.
I don't growl and snap at everybody.
You have been growing worse for the
last ten years. If you didn't have me
to pick at I believe you'd die."
"I won't walk with a man that acts
like a rhinoceros," said
"How does a rhinoceros act?" asked
the old man, thinking that he would
catch her on natural history.
"Acts like a fool, that's how he acts,"
said Mrs. Wickie, walking rapidly away,
leaving the old man several paces
behind. He finally caught up just as a
young man came walking along.
"You are walking pretty fast," said
the old gentleman.
His wife didn't say anything.
"It's clouding up," he remarked, "it
must be going to rain."
The old lady made no reply, but the
young man took in the situation.
"You old villain!" he exclaimed, ad-
dressing Mr. Wickie, "what do you
mean by attempting to thrust your com-
pany upon a lady who does not want
you? It's becoming too frequent for
ladies to be insulted on the streets by
loafers. Get back!"
The young man struck at Wickie.
The old lady clutched her umbrella, and
exclaiming, "That's my husband," gave
the young man an undignified blow.
The old man, encouraged by his wife's
strike for the Union, jumped on the
young man and held him while the rat-
tling ribs of the old umbrella fell on the
young man's head with a sound like the fall-
ing of hail stones.
"Samuel, no one can break up our
domestic felicity," said his wife, after
the battle.
"No, sir," said the old man. "When
a man tries to destroy the domestic hap-
piness of my household he catches my
consolidated power of wrath."
Tell Your Mother, Girls.
We wonder how many girls tell their
mothers everything. Not those "young
ladies" who, going to and from school,
smile, bow, and exchange notes and
pictures with young men, who make fun
of them and their pictures, speaking in
a way that would make their cheeks
burn with shame if they heard it. All
this, most credulous and romantic young
ladies; they will do, although they will
gaze at your fresh young faces admir-
ingly, and send or give you verses or
bequests. No matter what other girls do,
don't you do it. School-girl flirta-
tion may end disastrously, in many a
foolish, wretched young girl could tell
you. Your yearning for some one to
love you is a great need to every woman's
heart. But there is a time for every-
thing. Don't let the bloom and fresh-
ness of your heart be brushed off in silly
flirtations. Rerend yourself truly intel-
ligent. And above all tell your mother
everything. Never be ashamed to tell
her, who should be your best friend and
confidante, all you think and feel. It is
strange that many young girls will tell
every person before "mother" that
which it is most important that she
should know. It is sad that indifferent
persons should know more about her
fair young daughters, than she does her-
self.
The house often says "noigh" when
he means "yes."

Young Love's Dream.

They are young married people and
have just gone to housekeeping, and the
neighbors who assemble at their front
windows to witness the harrowing sight
of their pining for the day declare that
the following is a verbatim account of
their conversation:
"Good-bye, Charley, now be careful
the street-cars don't run off the track
with you and kiss me, Charley, there
was something I wanted to tell you—
let me see. Was it hair-pins? No, I
got them—what could it have been?"
"It's due at the office, pet," says
Charley, bracing up and looking very
handsome and manly: "was it something
to eat?"
"Why of course it was; there isn't a
bit of mashed potatoes in the house, nor
a mouthful of bread and butter. We
want half a yard of beefsteak—see and
have it out bias so it will be tender—
and a loaf of sweet bread, Charley, and
a strawberry shortcake, dear, and—and
anything else you think of, dear."
"But, my little wife," says Charley,
looking very wise, these things must all
be made before we can eat them."
"Must they? Oh, dear, and I never
learned to do fancy work! I never
crocheted a biscuit fit to eat, and I
couldn't paint a tomato to save my life.
Oh, Charley, go to the ready-made
stores, do, there's a darling!"
He did; and they had a picturesque
meal of lobster and strawberries with
baker's rusk and lemonade, but Charley
has written to his mother to come at
once and make them a long visit, they
are so delightfully situated they can
make it pleasant for her now, he says.—
Detroit Post.

A Cheap Orator.

There is yet living in Central Michi-
gan a lawyer who, some fifteen or six-
teen years ago, was waited upon by a
committee from a small village for the
purpose of engaging him to deliver a
Fourth of July oration. When they
asked his price, he said that he consid-
ered \$25 cheap enough.
"Very low," explained the chair-
man, "but we can't pay no such price
as that! That must be for a regular
Henry Clay oration."
"Well, yes. I think it will compare
favorably with anything Henry got
off."
"Oh, but we can't stand it—we must
have a cheaper one."
"How cheap?"
"Not over five dollars. We'll give
you five dollars, your dinner, and all
the lemonade you can drink for the
cheapest oration in your head."
"I'll do it!" replied the lawyer, and
the money was paid on the spot.
He was on hand on the glorious day,
and by-and-by the procession moved
to the grove, the orator took the stand
and was introduced, and without any
feeling around he walked to the front
and said:
"Fellow countrymen: We whipped
England twice and Mexico once. We
are a free people. This is the glorious
Fourth. Give 'em 'Hail Columbia'
and go in for a good time—the end."
He had given them a \$5 oration, and
every soul in the crowd except one old
woman was perfectly satisfied. She fol-
lowed the orator around until she had
cornered him, and then expressed her
disgust by saying:
"Seems to me that if you had really
desired to please the crowd you wouldn't
have choped that off without a single
word about Noah's ark or the battle of
Bunker Hill!"—*Free Press.*

SUCH IS LIFE.

A girl,
A whirl,
A dance,
A glance,
Some coo, coy, quizzish intrigue.
A walk,
A talk,
A sweet
Retreat,
A pensive sigh halt stifling.
A gate,
Quite late,
Oh, bliss,
A kiss!
What would my mamma say, sir!
A thirk
Ash stick,
A whack!
My back!
"You're getting quite too gay, sir."
"The Lord sends meat and the devil
sends cooks;" but when a woman's
"help" lights out in the middle of the
season she wishes the old gentleman
in black would send 'em along a little
faster.

"Gwine to the Pos' Office."

One of the oddest sights in the South
is to see the negroes hang about the post
offices. They are the first ones to call
in the morning and the last to leave at
night, and it is by no means rare to
have them inquire for mail ten or fifteen
times a day. I was in the office at Mar-
rietta, Georgia, when an aged darky
lumped in and inquired:
"Am dar fo' or five letters heah fur
jumbrook's Duke?"
"No, ah," replied the postmaster,
after taking a look.
"Well, den I'll take one."
"There are no letters for you."
"Am dar a newspaper?"
"No."
"Ham I got numb' 'tall?"
"Not a thing."
"Dat's curus—very curus," muttered
the man as he walked out.
I followed after and when I asked
him if he expected an important letter
that day he replied:
"Sartin I does. Dat's why I've walk-
ed fo' miles dis mornin'."
"Where was the letter coming from?"
I dunno."
"Who did you expect to write to
you?"
"I dunno."
"Did you expect news or money in
the letter?"
"Deed I did, sah. I 'spected dat
letter might had \$20 into it."
"Who from?"
"I dunno, but I 'pected it."
He then told me that he could not
read nor write, had no friend to write
to him, had never mailed a letter nor
received one in his life and yet he had
inquired for mail at the post ten years or
more. In fact, it wasn't an hour after I left him
before he chafed round to the office
again and said:
"I reckon I must hab some mail by
dis time."
"No—nothing for you."
"Wall, if dat hadt curus—very curus—
I reckon I'd better wait for dis it;
o'clock 'tall!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Southern Industries.

BY HON. CASSIUS M. CLAY.
I am tired of hearing the depreciating
cry of, "We want 'Yankee brains and
enterprise." We don't want any such
thing: we want southern brains and en-
terprise. What the South wants is
common sense and action. The old
ruling class was not, and is not, a more
efficient class than the same strata
in New England. On the contrary,
history shows that when we applied our-
selves to the thing in hand, we excelled
the North. We had more good states-
men and orators than the North. Our
military men were the foremost. In
manners and taste, the South with all
her smaller cities and sparse population,
was at least equal, and abroad held
superior, to the North. In physical
development they are, and have been,
superior to the North. Slavery pre-
vented manufactures and commerce,
and interfered with common education,
and therefore was a block to most of
the progress of modern civilization—
mechanic arts, roads, buildings, ships,
and all that. It prevented inventions,
and the intelligent use of the methods
already known. It warped against
economy and self-restraint. But slav-
ery is gone, and gone forever, and the
road to progress lies flat and free before
us.
There is plenty of capital in the South
for all legitimate purposes. Where
comes the money for our foreign travel;
our summer watering-places, our extrava-
gance in household and personal de-
coration? We have enough to begin
with, and more will join us if need be,
as in our new cotton factories.

Learning to Swim.

There really is no mystery in learning
to swim—an accomplishment which is
possessed in perfection by the most stu-
pid of frogs. More than once I have
explained how any one can teach him-
self. The trunk, less the arms, is heav-
ier than water; with the arms it is
lighter; all, therefore, that a person has
to do is to acquire the habit of drawing
in the breath when he is preparing to
make a stroke, and expelling the breath
while he is making it. Let any one do
this and keep calm, and he will find that
he can swim. But, perhaps, it is better
to acquire confidence by a preliminary
course of floating. To do this it is only
necessary to lie flat on the water, stretch
out the arms with the palms of the hands
downward, throw back the head, and
whenever the body sinks low, slowly fill
the lungs with air.

Dr. Closs as a Witness.

Dr. Closs, Tarboro N. C., was on the
witness stand in court the other day.
In "giving in" testimony he used the
word "scalawag" frequently, until final-
ly the presiding judge asked the Doctor
what he meant by the term "scalawag."
The Doctor replied: "I mean a man
who says that he is no better than a
negro, and when he says so tells the
truth."
Webster, Worcester, Walker may
stand aside. The English language is
incapable of adding anything to the
force and completeness of that defini-
tion.
Where one man carries an umbrella
to keep his whole body dry twenty carry
it to keep their toes dry while the rain
streams down their coat-tails.

Conversation.

Among all the "accomplishments"
which our young ladies are expected to
acquire it is to be regretted that the
art of conversation is not included. No
grace of person or manners can com-
pensate for this. In youth, the conversa-
tion of our women is too apt to be tri-
fling and insipid, and in middle age is
too often confined to complaints of
health and the scandal of the day.
Lively conversation upon instructive and
elevating topics is but little practised,
but whenever it is found, it gives a
charm to the society of females which
nothing else can. It triumphs over de-
formity and old age, and makes ugliness
itself agreeable. Curran, speaking of
Madame de Staël, who was by no means
handsome, but a splendid conversation-
alist, said that she had "the power of
talking herself into a beauty." Ladies
should think of this. Beauty lies in
other things than fine features and cos-
metics.

Where He Saw Her.

Just before a Western-bound train
left the Union Depot yesterday morning,
a man with his little grip sack slung
around to a woman standing near the
ticket office and remarked:
"Excuse me, but can I be of any as-
sistance in purchasing your ticket?"
"No sir" was the short reply.
"Beg pardon, but I shall be glad to
see that your trunk is properly checked,"
he continued.
"It has been checked, sir."
"Yes—ahem—you go West, I pre-
sume."
"I do."
"Going as far as Chicago?"
"Yes sir."
"Ah—yes—to Chicago. I also take
the train for Chicago. Beg your pardon,
but didn't I meet you in Buffalo last
fall?"
"No sir."
"Ah, then it was Syracuse?"
"No sir."
"No? I wonder where I have seen
you before?"
"You saw me at the depot about
five minutes ago with my husband I pre-
sume."
"Your husband?"
"Yes sir. And if you'll stay around
here three minutes longer you'll make
the fifth fellow of your kind that he has
turned over to the coroner this month."
Some members would have made a run
for it, but this one didn't. He went off
on the gallop, and as he wanted to go
light he left his grip sack and a ton of
brass behind him.

The Cost of Revenue.

It is reported of one of the great cap-
italists of Gotham that once upon a time
he found an article in one of the dailies
which rather "peeled the man off his
spots," and he called in his confidential
secretary and said:
"James, go out and see what the
Daily Blister can be bought for. I'll
buy it, and throw everything into the
bay."
James went out on the errand and re-
turned and reported the price at seven
hundred thousand dollars.
"Too much! too much!" replied the
magnate. "James, go out and see what
it will cost me to start an opposition
daily."
James sallied forth to get the figures,
and on his return reported that half a
million dollars would perhaps run it for
a year or so.
"Too much! too infernal much!" was
the decided reply. "James, go out and
buy a dollar bouquet and send it to the
editor with my compliments,—im!'
James, —im if revenge costs that
much money, we've got to knuckle and
let him take the trick."

Democratic Platform.

We congratulate the people of North
Carolina on the era of peace, prosperity
and good government which has been
unbroken since the incoming of a Demo-
cratic State administration; upon the
pure and impartial administration of jus-
tice; upon the honest enforcement of the
laws; upon the efficiency of our common
school system and great advance made
in education, and the general improve-
ment and enterprise manifested in every
part of the State, and we pledge our-
selves to exert all efforts to advance the
material interests of all sections of the
State in the future as we have done in the
past. And we challenge a comparison
between a Democratic administration of
our State affairs and the crimes, outrages
and scandals that accompanied
Republican misrule. Affirming our ad-
herence to Democratic principles as de-
fined in the platform adopted by the
National Democratic Convention, held
at Cincinnati in 1880

Resolved.

Resolved, That we regard a free and
fair expression of the public will at the
ballot-box as the only sure means of pre-
serving our free American institutions,
and we denounce the Republican party
and the interference of its federal officials
for their gross frauds upon the elective
franchise, whereby whole districts,
States and the Union have been deprived
of their just political rights; and we be-
lieve the corrupt and corrupting use of
federal patronage, and of public money
drawn by taxation from the people, in
influencing and controlling elections, to
be dangerous to the liberties of the
State and the Union.
Resolved, That we are in favor of the
entire and immediate abolition of the in-
ternal revenue system, with its attend-
ant corruptions, and that we denounce
the present tariff laws as grossly unequal,
unjust and vicious. We favor such a
revision of the tariff as will produce a
revenue sufficient for the economical
support of the government, with such
incidental protection as will give to do-
mestic manufactures a fair competition
with those of foreign production. That
there should be an immediate repeal of
all laws imposing a direct tax for the
support of the government of the United
States, but if it should prove imprac-
ticable to abolish the internal revenue
system with all its attending demoraliza-
tion, fraud and corruption, then we
urge upon our Senators and Representa-
tives in Congress the importance of so
amending the law that the revenue offi-
cers who now receive in salaries in North
Carolina alone more than \$500,000
shall be elected by the people of the
localities to which they are assigned.
Resolved, That the course of the Demo-
cratic party since its accession to power
in North Carolina in furtherance of
popular education is a sufficient guaran-
ty that we earnestly favor the education
of all classes of our people, and that we
will advocate any legislation looking to
an increase of the fund for that purpose
that will not materially increase the
present burdens of our people.
Resolved, That the question of pro-
hibition is not new, and never has been,
a party question in North Carolina, and
never been endorsed by the Democratic
party, and the people of the State at
the general election, in the year 1881,
having by an overwhelming majority vot-
ing against prohibition, and the Supreme
Court having decided that the prohibi-
tion act is not and never has been a law,
we regard the matter as finally settled,
and any attempt to renew the agitation
is merely a weak effort of designing per-
sons to divert the minds of the people
from the dangerous principles and cor-
rupt practices of the Republican party.
Resolved, That while we are not wed-
ded to any particular form of county
government, we recognize the fact that
a large part of the taxes of the State are
paid for the common benefit by the
white people of our eastern counties, and
that we consider it the bounden duty
of the white men of the State to protect
these people from the oppressive domi-
nation of ignorant blacks, and pledge
ourselves to such legislation as will se-
cure this end.
And whereas it is seriously suggested
that a vigorous effort will soon be made
to compel the State, by judicial proceed-
ings, to pay the fraudulent and unlawful
special tax bonds, amounting to \$22,-
000,000, issued under legislation passed
by the Republican Legislature in 1868
and 1867; therefore,
Resolved, further, That the Demo-
cratic party will resist such recovery and
the payment of such bonds by every
lawful means.

SMALL BITES.

How to serve a dinner: Eat it.
The farmer is known by his fruits.
When the cats are away, the mice will
ply—thunder.
The watermelon is like a book: It
isn't read until it is open.
In the interchange of thought use no
coin but gold and silver.
What word of seven letters will read
the same backward? "Reviver."
Gold is either the fortune or the ruin
of mankind, according to its use.
Trees in the forest may be barren, but
trees in the garden should be fruitful.
As too long retirement weakens the
mind, so too much company dissipates
it.
It is no point of wisdom in a man to beat
his brains about anything impossi-
ble.
Duties and rights are inseparable—
one cannot be delegated without the
other.
It is the care of a very great part of
mankind to conceal their indigence from
the rest.
A stern discipline pervades all nature,
which is a "little cruel" that it may be
very kind.
The prompt performance of duty in
the past is the best pledge for future
faithfulness.
"Oh, who is waiting on my girl," is
fast taking the place of "Oh, where is my
boy to night."
Despair and postponement are cow-
ardice and defeat. Men are born to
succeed, not to fail.
The visionary are always dangerous.
No man can delude others so easily as
he who deludes himself.
The law cannot supply brains for
fools, and those who attempt it are one
order who hope to profit it.
It is one of the worst errors to sup-
pose that there is any other path of
safety except that of duty.
Don't be anxious until you are com-
pelled to be; many a man worries about
a ghost that never appears.
In a crowd the average individual is
small, and the purpose of parties is to
take advantage of this fact.
One year of a noble and generous life is
worth a century of cowardly years and
self cares and over solitudes.
Boston is an inconsistent city. Her
Milk street is a whole mile away from
Water street. How are they to go to-
gether?
Some men are with their character
much as they are with their money—
the less they have, the more careful they
have to be.
It is scarcely surprising that the age
is so full of falsehood when such a vast
number of words are compelled to pass
through false teeth.
The average life of an iceberg which
puts in an appearance on the Atlantic
coast is only twenty days. It wouldn't
pay to fit one up for a beer garden.
A faro bank in St. Louis lost \$13,-
000 the other night in three hours play-
ing. Through some accident the play-
ers were allowed one chance in twenty
to win.
As Iowa judge says of the prolixity
of the lawyers: "This State pays a quar-
ter of a million of dollars annually for
unnecessary gab." That's getting off
pretty cheap, judge.
The editor who was asked by a lopsided
subscriber if he could tell him "the first
step toward matrimony" and replied
"misstep," was either a punster or a
horrid old bachelor.
When you read of the shady groves
and sylvan dells and hidden waterfalls
and cool forests don't get anxious. Let
a dozen mosquitoes hop on to you and
you'll feel as if you were there.
A Boston paper says Lena, the defen-
ter was in his old pew in Exeter last
Sunday. When a Massachusetts man
has paid pew rent in advance nothing
but the walls of a penitentiary can keep
him from getting the worth of his
money.
A conceited young country parson
walking home from church with one of
the young ladies of his congregation,
said, in allusion to his rustic audience:
"This morning I preached to a congrega-
tion of asses." "That was why," ob-
served the lady, "you called them
your beloved brethren."