THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE REPORTER AND POST.

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Reporter and Post.

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DANBURY, N. C.

PEPPER & SONS, *Pubs. & Props*

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Six Months.....75

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[illegible] at Ten Dollars [illegible]

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Manufacturers and Dealers in
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Bayne, Anderson & Baird,
Wholesale Grocers,
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BALTIMORE MD.

On the Road Again.

"They may talk about the romantic of temperance as the rumbling [illegible] loaded wagon is heard away down the mills, and the creed heads of Dead's ever-true, never-flinching team (Geo. and Bob) first heave in sight and [illegible] in front of [illegible] occupied [illegible]

We [illegible] will do, [illegible] we will [illegible] and while [illegible] your interest to hear, we tell you that we will make it to your interest, if you have to buy, or have anything you wish to sell.

We have opened here, not to build a trade for a month or a year, but hope to do a business that we will be able to point back to, should we live to be old men, and have the satisfaction of knowing that while we have made an honest living out of it, we may also have the pleasure of feeling that we have been of some advantage to our fellow-men and this section of the State. In our business we propose to "let live" as well as to live. To accomplish this we mean to buy goods in the best markets from the best houses, and to sell for a profit at the same time as low as a similar article can be bought in any market at retail.

As previously announced, it will be impossible to get everything at once, but having sent forward large orders, we will fill up just as fast as the goods can be hauled from the depot, and will continue to add to our stock until we have in store everything that the demands of this section will justify in keeping, and any article not usually kept in a general store like ours, will be procured upon short notice, if to be found in any market North or South.

If the people will lay aside all prejudice, look at it as it really is, they can see no reason why we cannot sell goods here, hauled with our own teams, in our own house, by our own labor, as cheaply as those who do business in railroad towns, and pay heavy rents, enormous local taxes, and high clerk salaries. All that we ask is that we are paid as much for goods here as a similar article can be bought at in any market in the State, unless it be for salt and one or two other heavy articles.

We will do business upon a strictly cash basis, but will take in exchange for goods produce of every kind at full market prices, and should we meet with the patronage we intend our efforts shall merit, and should the people appreciate an honest effort on our part to build them up while we advance our own interests, we hope to make a

MARKET FOR TOBACCO

here at their own doors, which will be of inestimable advantage to the county.

N. M. PEPPER & CO.

Danbury, N. C., July 3rd, 1882.

ROBERT 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, SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO A SPECIALTY.
1305 Main St., Richmond, Va.
August 26—6m

NEW RICH BLOOD!
Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take a pill each night from two to six months may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 6 letter stamps.
J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL and TOE, complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Universally Adjusting Machine Co., 439 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous DEBILITY, PREMATURE DECAY, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence.
JOHN B. OGDEN 42 Cedar St., N. Y.
Feb. 16 '82-1y.

Seminal Pastille
An entirely New and positively effective Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Seminal Emissions and Impotency [illegible]
HARRIS REMEDY CO., (Pat. Chemists,) Napoleon and 4th Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

PIMPLES.—I will mail (Free) the receipt for a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3c. stamp, BEN. VANDELF & CO., 12 Barclay St., N. Y. Feb. 16 '82-1y.

J. R. ABBOTT, OF N. C.,
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, 6. m

NOTICE.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Stokes county, I will sell at public auction at the court-house door in Danbury on Monday Nov. 6th, 1882, a tract of land lying on the Little Yadkin, adjoining the lands of D. N. Dalton, Matthew Phillips and others, containing 100 acres, more or less, said as the land of the heirs of Mary Boles, deceased. Terms one third cash, the remainder on a credit of six months.

WM. H. WATTS, Com'r.

STRONG FACTS!

A great many people are asking what particular troubles BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is good for.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all nervous diseases.

Its wonderful curative power is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation, and by building up the system, drives out all disease.

A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.
Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880.
My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I scarcely had strength enough to attend to my daily household duties. I am now using the third bottle and I am regaining strength daily, and I cheerfully recommend it to all.
I cannot say too much in praise of it. MRS. MARY E. BRANNAN, 173 Portsmouth St.

Kidney Disease Cured.
Christiansburg, Va., 1881.
Suffering from kidney disease, from which I could get no relief, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. My child of nine, recovering from scarlet fever, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to eat much. I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results.
J. EVES MONTAGUE.

Heart Disease.
Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa.
[illegible] I was [illegible] After trying different physicians and many remedies for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief.
MRS. JOANNA HESS.

For the peculiar troubles to which ladies are subject, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is invaluable. Try it.

Be sure and get the Genuine.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Remember that Malaria, that enemy, the Dyspepsia, or whatever you may choose to call the malarial power which battles against the causes of disease and death, is the grand safeguard of health. It is the garrison of the human fortress, and when it waxes weak, the true policy is to throw in reinforcements, in other words, when such an emergency occurs, commence a course of Hostetter's Bitters. For sale by Druggists and Dealers, to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1883.

EARS FOR THE MILLION
Foe Chee's Balsam of Shark's Oil.
Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the Only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.
This Oil is abstracted from peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as CANCHARADON BONBERIS. Every Chinese fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered by Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 500 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at $100 per bottle.

Hear What the Deaf Say.
It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no the earthly noises in my head and hear much better.
I have been greatly benefited.
My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Dey Street, New York, enclosing $1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so."—EDITOR AMERICAN REVIEW.
To avoid loss in the Mails, please send money by Registered Letter.
Only Imported by
HAYLOCK & JENNEY,
(Late Haylock & Co.,)
SOLE AGENTS FOR AMERICA,
7 Dey St., New York.

GEO. E. NISSEN & CO.,
SALEM, N. C.,
WAGON MANUFACTURERS.
Using only the best of materials, we make the best of work, and warrant every job. We have the oldest and largest Wagon Works, and our Wagons have the best reputation of any in the State. Every wagon bears the name "J. P. NISSEN, Salem P. O., N. C." Write for prices. Refer to all who are using our Wagons.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

God comes to dwell in mortal flesh,
He comes in childhood's form;
Not with imperial pomp He comes,
Nor riding on the storm.

His mission is to save the world,
To comfort the forlorn,
Yet in no dazzling shape appears,
But as a Babe is born.

The light that shines o'er Bethlehem's plain,
Is radiant, pure and calm;
The heavenly host in softest strain
Sing forth the joyful psalm.

They tell of One of highest name,
Whose wondrous charge is made,
Of David's Son and David's Lord
Now in a manger laid.

May we be like that Holy Child,
And lowly as was He,
That we God's children may be called,
His face in glory see!

Three Christmas Eves.

The ground was white with piles of drifted snow, and feathery flakes flew downward in beautiful confusion, increasing the soft white covering of the earth.

Marie Strong looked out over the white fields, the distant, snowy hills, and the naked woodlands with happy, dreamy eyes.

There was a bustle and confusion all over the house, and within her own fair chamber a soft, low hum of merry voices.

"Marie, do look at this robe and these exquisite pearls."

Marie turned her pretty face from the scenery of white without, only to be met with another snowy pile on the bed, a heap of white satin lace and orange blooms.

"Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes," said Marie, carelessly, "but how little matters of dress affect me."

"You are so queer, Marie."

"So much in love," laughed Debby Short, smoothing out tenderly the satin sweep of the train.

Evening came with its bright lights, flowers, music and handsome bridegroom, but just as the wedding party descended the long stairway, there came a sharp, piercing cry from the large parlor, where the invalid father had been wheeled in his easy chair.

What did it mean, that sharp cry of anguish and horror? and as they hurried forward they found the guests in wild confusion.

"What is it?" cried Marie, pushing her way forward. "What has happened?"

"Your father!" some one gasped; "they brought him a telegram and he has fainted."

Fainted! No, not fainted; it was death! and Marie knew it the moment her eyes fell upon his calm, white face.

"Papa, dear, dear papa!" she moaned, sinking down beside him, careless of her trailing satin and snowy veil.

The telegram was still clutched in his hand, and, taking it from out his clasp, Marie read, in blank amazement:

"I invested all as requested and, *all is lost.*

J. FRENCH."

She knew then the cause of this sudden death. Poor old father, he had been trying to patch up his broken fortunes by speculation, and had lost everything; she was now an orphan and penniless.

Little such thoughts troubled Marie. What was loss of fortune to her beloved parent? But, her handsome betrothed read the telegram, and, with a muttered curse, thrust it in his pocket.

And the day that promised so much joy ended in sorrow and death.

Christmas Eve, two years later, opened upon quite a different scene.

A little country school-house nestling in a woodland, and half buried in drifted snow, from whose doors issued troops of merry, rosy-faced children of all ages, and last, with quiet step, and serene face, came forth the lady teacher.

Down the road the merry jingle of sleigh-bells rung out, and a soft pink came into the sweet face of the teacher as she recognized the handsome grays coming nearer at a sweeping trot.

"Good evening, Marie," said the gentleman. "It's delightful sleighing; won't you get in?" and out he sprung and soon had her tucked in among the buffalo-robes and away they dashed.

Marie Strong—for it was she—raised her bright eyes shyly to her companion's face; it was a remarkable face, not for beauty as much as for strength, power and manliness. Not a city dandy, with superfine clothing and smirking bow; no, only an honest country farmer, sensible, well read and true to his heart's core. So different from that other she had known, and who had left her when her loss of fortune came.

"Marie," he said, a sudden grave light coming into his fine eyes, "I—there is something in your dear face that makes me bold. I know you are a lady born and bred, and I cannot offer you the home you could fill so perfectly, but I love you very dearly. I've a good farm and there's plenty of poor girls would be glad of the home and wages I could pay, and your life need not be a hard one. Do you think you could care for me, Marie, darling?"

Marie Strong raised her drooping eyes, and they were full of happy tears as she answered:

"I'm not the spoiled child you think me, and the home you offer me is a beautiful one; but oh! the tender, honest love is dearer than all."

And so this Christmas Eve closed in with only joy and thanksgiving.

Twelve years later; another Christmas Eve. The city is in gala dress; the children dance along with happy, merry feet; all is confusion and busy motion.

An open carriage rolls slowly down the crowded thoroughfare that is greeted with a cheer of recognition.

"Who is it?" asked a seedy-looking individual leaning against a lamp post.

"Governor Lee," answered some one at his elbow, "and his wife and children. She's a beauty, and the children are lovely, two boys and a girl."

"Governor Lee," mused the first speaker. "Ah!" and a startling change came over his *blase* countenance, as the face of the lady was turned in his direction. "Marie Strong! yes, it is Marie! And the Governor's wife," he muttered, in amazement.

"He was only a common farmer-boy," continued the voice at his elbow; "but the people grew to love him and know him, and I shouldn't be surprised if he was our President some day, and he deserves it. I've known him since he was a lad."

And the handsome carriage passed on, and Marie never knew that the ghost of the old love had looked at her from under the old hat of the seedy individual, and shrunk back from fear of recognition.

Happy Marie! Thus ended the later Christmas Eve, for time brings wonderful changes.

It is not surprising that we rejoice in the Christmas tree; that, when the leaves which reveled in russet and crimson and gold in the autumn have all disappeared, we should welcome, as a substitute, a tree whose perpetual green is only indicative of the eternal nature of the sentiments which inspire its being. Divine or human beneficence planted it in Germany, where it illuminates every dwelling, and from thence it is now fast spreading over the civilized globe.

How to Get Even with the Banker.

A little boy called at one of our banks on Christmas morning, says the Hartford (Conn.) *Times*, and, standing on tiptoe so that he could just look over the counter, said: "Wish you a merry Christmas." The bank office to whom it was addressed, having been greeted thus about six dozen times in the last half hour, paid no attention. But, noticing that the little fellow still stood his ground as if expecting, the man said:

"Well, sonny, what is it?"

"Wish you a merry Christmas," repeated the lad.

"Oh, well, I wish you a happy New Year, and that makes us about square, doesn't it?" answered the bank man.

This was a set-back to the boy, who stood for a moment evidently trying to collect his thoughts. Finally the little boy's eyes brightened as though a happy idea had struck him, and he said: "Mister, you wish me a happy New Year," and, reaching over the counter as far as his little arm could go, continued: "Here's a penny for you."

He dropped the coin and ran out of the bank as fast as his legs could carry him, doubtless fully satisfied that he had done the proper thing.

The Elmira *Advertiser* says that were it not for Christmas, December would be the meanest month in the year. The *Advertiser* is too hard on December. It is a good deal better month generally than either of its three successors. Besides it has the last day of the year, and that introduces us to New Years.

I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year.—*Dickens.*

A Confederate Christmas.

Christmas, 1864, was the Confederate Christmas, par excellence. Outside supplies of all kinds had disappeared, and whatever comforts were provided were of home manufacture. The Confederate dollar was worth just two cents in gold, and flour was $600 a barrel; sugar was $30 a pound; salt, $1; butter, $40, and beef, $35 to $40 a pound. Wood sold at $100 a cord and coal was not to be had, save in a few of the cities, owing to scarcity of transportation. The day was Sunday, which in itself would have tempered the usual merriment. At a country residence below Richmond and not far from the lines of the contending armies a party of seven—ladies and gentlemen all in the strictest Southern sense of the term—were assembled at dinner. The mansion had been proverbial for its hospitality before the war. Now the welcome was as cordial as ever, but the board was spread in accordance with the necessities of the times.

At the head of the table was placed a large ham, worth $300; at the foot was the last turkey the farm could boast, worth $155. The vegetables consisted of cabbage, potatoes and hominy, worth, at a reasonable calculation, $100. Corn-bread was served, flour having been unknown in this house for months. The meal of which it was made was worth $80 a bushel, and the salt that seasoned it $1 a pound. Dessert there was none, but in its place the hostess provided a coarse, black molasses, worth $60 a gallon. The same kind lady, as a rare treat for her guests, brought out, with a glow of pride, a steaming urn of real tea—not sassafras—(worth $100 a pound) at the same time warning the company that they must expect but one cup apiece, as this was the last of her store. After this there was "coffee," made from sweet potatoes cut into little bits, toasted brown and ground to powder. Such was a Confederate Christmas dinner in the last winter of the war. From this suberb repast the scale descended to army rations—a bit of salt pork, corn bread and sweet potato coffee without sugar.

The company consisted of three ladies and four gentlemen. The ladies' toilets the writer cannot venture to describe, but they were largely made up of 'home-made' articles in the fashion prevailing at the commencement of the war. The tresses of one were fastened with "Confederate hair pins," made of long black thorns, with the heads tipped with sealing-wax, and the dress was of simple home-spun. With the exception of the master of the house, whose age compelled him to pursue the ways of peace, the gentlemen were in uniform, two being officers and two privates from the neighboring lines. The country road beyond the farm was lined with slowly moving trains of army wagons, and occasionally a small party of cavalry would pass by at a sharp trot. From the windows of the mansion, thin, light clouds of smoke could be seen rising from the camp fires on the lines, and now and then the dull thud of a heavy gun would break the stillness of the scene, and a fleecy cloud would rise over the trees' tops and melt away in the air.

On the lines the veteran of many a hard-fought field were watching their antagonists with sleepless vigilance, some on duty in the works and others gathered about their fire toasting bits of army pork, roasting potatoes or trying to bake corn bread in the ashes, and recalling memories of home and other days when Christmas was not wont to wear so stern a look and life was easier, and the land was at peace. Even then, amid the ruins of a falling cause, these stout hearts cherished high hopes that the next Yuletide would see them safely at home once more happy and peaceful under the bright folds of the flags they had fought so well to uphold—hopes that were destined to perish ere the grass of another spring should be green.

The Lynchburg *Advance* says that Mr. R. W. Allen, of Nelson county, has invented an implement for making tobacco hills. After the land is fertilized and harrowed, this machine, drawn by two horses, leaves a row of perfectly formed tobacco hills behind it, doing the work of eight (8) men. A fertilizer attachment is provided which deposits any required amount of fertilizer in each hill. The thing has been thoroughly tested for several seasons and works like a charm.

The Supreme Court of Missouri has issued a peremptory with ordering the registers to count two disputed precincts in the Ninth District. This elects Francis O. Broadhead to Congress and defeats McLean, Republican.

Christmas Eve.

If the old adage is true, and there be few that dispute it, that "there is more pleasure in anticipation than in realization," then Christmas Eve ought to be more enjoyable than Christmas. What dreams have we not of things to come, rich and poor, young and old? Whether our hopes are still bounded by the toy shop in any of its gradations of cost, from a penny whistle to a guinea rocking-horse or doll-house, or if we are grown-up children and can still see happiness in a gold watch, or a set of jewelry, or a big dinner, or whether as we have grown older we have grown wiser and learned how much more blessed it is to give than to receive, and anticipate our Christmas pleasure only in the happy faces, grateful looks and loving words of those around us, we all, (except the wicked and unfortunate,) have happy thoughts of the morrow reflecting as from auroral clouds the coming light upon to-day.

Dwelling upon this feature of the holiday, the editor of the Charleston *News and Courier*, last year, on Christmas Eve, advised its readers thus impressively: "Let us open our hearts to that light, and let it make us as happy as it can. Let the elders put away for a brief period business cares and selfish ambitions, as the younger without bidding put away their books and slates, and let each in his sphere do what he can to make to-morrow Christmas in reality as well as in name. So far as in us lies, let the motto, 'Glad Tidings,' which will be seen in all the churches, be a mockery to none, but let our families, our friends, our dependents and those within reach of our charity, feel that the event which we celebrate after the lapse of nearly nineteen centuries did indeed bring light and peace into the world.

Then, having faithfully performed our duty to-day, if to-morrow by some mischance our pleasantest dreams should vanish, our most cherished plans go wrong, we shall not be left without consolation. The pleasures of anticipation may be revived in the pleasures of memory, and the disappointments of a day be forgotten in the calm content of a clear conscience, which, after all, will be the only earthly pleasure that we shall enjoy in the Christmas that shall be eternal."

The Saviour was deeply affected—so says the legend—and, blessing them, left the good people in a state of supreme happiness and exaltation. Heinrich became a Bishop, thereby adding greatly to the honor and dignity of the family; but the Saviour wept with joy, and wherever a tear fell there sprang up a beautiful evergreen, so that now there are evergreens enough for Christmas trees throughout the land; and ever since that time, when Christmas eve comes, Christ revisits the earth; and wherever the Christmas tree is planted, and the Christmas lights shine, in cottage or in palace, Christ looks upon them and blesses them.—*Jennie June.*

A car has just arrived here from Washington, D. C., in which the United States Fish Commissioner has sent the Commissioner here 800 buckets, containing 16,000 German carp, for the supplying of the State applicants.—*Raleigh Evening Visitor.*

The *Watchman* pleads against allowing children to pin their faith to the Santa Claus myth. There isn't much danger—we all got disillusioned pretty soon.

To Advertisers.

The REPORTER AND POST offers the following inducements to advertisers who may wish to reach the people of Middle and Western North Carolina, and other sections:

1. It is the only paper published in Stokes county, the population of which is about 16,000.

2. It goes to nearly every State in the Union, circulates to a considerable extent in Surry, Forsythe and Rockingham counties, in this State, as well as the adjoining counties in Virginia, while its circulation among the 16,000 of Stokes county's population, is nearly as great as that of all other weeklies combined.

3. It is in a prosperous condition and growing in favor, its circulation today being greater than at any time since the first number was issued more than ten years since, and has nearly doubled within the last two years.

4. The rates offered by the REPORTER AND POST to advertisers are as low as are offered by any paper with a circulation and success its own.