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MT. AIRY, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Surry, Stokes, Yackia and Alleghany.

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MT. AIRY, SURRY CO., N. C.

Practices wherever his services are wanted.

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WITH

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STATIONERS AND BOOKSELLERS

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School Books a Specialty.

Stationery of all kinds. Wrapping paper, Twines, Bonnet Boards, Paper Blinds.

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J. S. HARRISON,

WITH

A. L. ELLET & CO.,

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A. L. ELLET,
A. J. WATKINS,
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B. F. KING,

WITH

JOHNSON, SUTTON & CO.,

DRY GOODS.

No. 27 and 29 South Street,

T. W. JOHNSON, R. M. SUTTON,

J. H. B. GRABBE, G. J. JOHNSON.

F. DAY, ALBERT JONES.

Day & Jones

manufacturers of

SADDLERY, HARNESSES, COLLARS, TRUNKS

No. 206 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

W. A. TUCKER, H. C. SMITH, B. S. SPRAGGINS

Tuolser, Smith & Co.

Manufacturers & Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS AND CAPS.

No. 20 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

R. J. & R. E. BEST,

WITH

Henry Sonneborn & Co.,

WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS.

25 Adams St. (between Chancery and Lombard St.)

BALTIMORE MD.

H. SONNEBORN, B. BLENKINE.

C. WATKINS, A. S. ROBERTSON

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Importers and Jobbers of

HARDWARE.

1807 Main Street,

RICHMOND, VA.

Agents for Fairbanks Standard Scales, and

Anchor Brand Bolting Cloth.

Stephen Putney, L. H. Blair

W. H. MILES,

WITH

STEPHEN PUTNEY & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in

Books, Shoes, and Trunks,

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with

WINGO, ELLETT & CRUMP,

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Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, & C.

Prompt attention paid to orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Virginia State Prison Goods a specialty

March 6.

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

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1505 Main St., Richmond, Va.

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P. H. Winston, jr.

ATTORNEY AT LAW

WINSTON, N. C.

Attends the courts of Davidson, Yad-

low, Surry, Davie, Stokes and Forsyth,

and the U. S. and Federal courts.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.
FOR DYSPEPSIA, COX WINDNESS, SICK HEADACHE, CHRONIC DIARRHOEA, JAUNDICE, IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD, FEVER AND AGUE, MALARIA, AND ALL DISEASES CAUSED BY DEPLETION OF THE BLOOD AND WEAKNESS OF THE SYSTEM.

A True Story.
BY WHO?
"Twas ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away."
In the North-eastern part of Stokes county, North Carolina, lived many years ago, a man of reputation by the name of Henry Marik. His parents dying while he was but a child, he was taken in a store in a town in a neighboring county as a clerk. And he was so admired for his honesty and correctness that he very soon won the esteem and admiration of all who knew him. He continued in this occupation until he had arrived to the age of fifteen, when he was sent to school until his twentieth year. He excelled by far the greater part of his schoolmates in most of his studies. After having left school, he entered business in the town of C— as a wholesale merchant. His income increased rapidly, for his popularity was not excelled. Among his numerous customers were many of the fair sex, and it may be supposed that Henry Marik's mind was not wholly fixed on making money, for since his removal to the city his mind had been absorbed in another sphere; he had become enamored with a beautiful and lovely little maiden for whom he would at any moment have sacrificed his last cent.
Henry Marik was tall, rather slender, with black hair, dark brown eyes, and had a very pleasant appearance.
He was handsome, and so thought Eugenia Thompson, as he sat by her side with his large hazel eyes fixed steadfastly upon her beautiful face, speaking more touchingly than words the sentiments of his heart. She really accepted the prize, as she thought, and in a short while they were man and wife.
The first few years of their married life were spent as in a happy Paradise. There was nothing lacking to complete their happiness, and all the future seemed bright and lovely. But alas! how often do we see our fondest hopes decay! Henry Marik had tasted of that poisonous liquor which destroys the happiness, obstructs the prosperity and crushes the hopes of so many thousands. The more he drank the more his craving appetite thirsted for it, and thus he continued until his business was fast decreasing, and it was the general impression that Henry Marik, the gifted and noble young merchant and citizen was doomed to fill a drunkard's grave.
Poor Eugenia! how we pity her! Only two years ago she looked upon the future as bright and lovely. She saw no lowering cloud that would tend to mar her earthly peace and happiness. But ah! she has seen her brightest, loveliest and most sublime hopes and prospects crushed by the demon of drunkenness. Her husband was being speedily deprived of his property by making bad bargains, &c., until his creditors, seeing the end to which he was fast drawing, began to secure their debts, and it is not surprising to say that he had not enough to pay them all. His store was compelled to be sold at public auction, and also his elegant mansion and furniture. Nothing was left him but his ever craving appetite for alcohol, and his little family, consisting of his wife and one child—a little girl of five years. They were driven to the necessity of seeking shelter in a poor miserable hotel without windows, to protect them from the chilling blasts of the winter storms.
But Henry Marik was not lot long for this, for in a few weeks he slept in a grave over whose no star of hope shed its radiant beams. His wife was thrown upon the cold world with nothing to cheer and comfort her drooping spirits, nothing to console her broken heart but her bible and her interesting little girl, who was named after her mother. But amid all these misfortunes, and under all these severe trials, Mrs. Marik bore up with the greatest fortitude. She was employed as a teacher, and in this occupation she did justice to herself and gave entire satisfaction to her patrons.
Twelve years have passed, and Eugenia Marik the younger has grown up a beautiful and accomplished woman. She had many admirers, but she politely declined all, till there came one who bowed at the shrine of her beauty and loveliness, and poured his love from a true heart that won her own. But both were doomed to see their fondest hopes decay; for having once seen him intoxicated, she spurned him from her presence as she would a poisonous serpent. Oh, what remorse he experienced! He

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.
What the great restorative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will do, must be gathered from what it has done. It has effected radical cures in hundreds of cases of dyspepsia, bilious disorders, intermittent fever, nervous affections, general debility, constipation, sick headache, mental depression, and the peculiar complaints and ailments to which the female are so subject.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

EARS FOR THE MILLION
Poo Chee's Balsam of Shark's Oil.
This Oil is acknowledged from peculiar specimens of small White Sharks, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as CAROLABADON RONDSEAL. Every Chinese fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered by Bushist Priest about the year 1480. 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 200 years the Emperor has selected among the Chinese people, sent, charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.00 per bottle.

Hear What the Deaf Say.
It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no untidy 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 ungettonable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Day 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 Mail, please send money by Registered Letter.
Only imported by
HAYLOCK & JENNEY,
SOLE AGENTS FOR AMERICA,
7 Day 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 of G. E. NISSEN, Salem, N. C., N. C. Write for prices. Refer to all who are using our Wagons.

implored for forgiveness time and again, but all in vain. The serpent had stung her mother and its fangs still rankled in her tender breast. She could not think of marrying a man who loved the accursed cup.
Mrs. Marik has long since died, and her body quietly reposes in a village cemetery in a bordering county in Virginia. The beautiful and lovely Eugenia was subsequently married to a noble and deserving young man. She has an elegant home, over which she presides with queenly dignity, and her husband is the leading citizen and largest property holder in no very mean city in the Old Dominion.

Wisdom for Boys.
Do you wish to make your mark in the world? Do you wish to have the respect of the respectable? Do you desire to acquire a competence of this world's goods? Do you wish to be men? Then observe the following rules:
Hold integrity sacred.
Observe good manners.
Endure trials patiently.
Be prompt in all things.
Make few acquaintances.
Pay your debts promptly.
Yield not to discouragements.
Live not only with consideration.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.
Question not the veracity of friends.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Consider well; then decide positively.
Injure not another's reputation in business.
Solved the Puzzle.
The other night a merchant in a village in Ohio was discovered in his store at an unusually late hour, and in reply to inquiries he said:
"My confidential clerk is missing."
"And what of it?"
"Why, I'm looking over the books but they seem to be all square."
"Have you counted your cash?"
"Yes, and it is correct to the dollar."
"Looked over your bank book?"
"I have, and it is satisfactory. That's the puzzle, you see. He's skipped, and I can't make out what for."
"Been home since noon?"
"No."
"Perhaps he has eloped with your wife?"
"Lands alive! but it may be so! If it is, then the puzzle will be solved."
He hurried home and it was so, and he felt a great anxiety off his mind.

Rad Advice.—An old Arkansas gentleman, advising his son, said: "You are now about to shift for yourself. You'll find the world mighty rough in places, and it won't take long to cut your eye teeth. Your first duty is to build up a character. I would advise you to establish yourself by whipping somebody. Nothing builds up a man in a new community like whaling a man."
"Suppose nobody gives me an opportunity?"
"Hang the opportunity. There are men in every community who ought to be whaled. Go on now, and remember that a father's love goes with you."
The young man left and went into an adjoining neighborhood. Two days afterward he was brought home in a wagon. One of his ears was gone and his teeth were shattered.
"I failed to build up, pap," he said.
"Raised a row with an old fellow and he downed me. Afterwards I heard that he'd killed three men."
"Ah, Lord," sighed the old man. "The world is going to pieces and a father's advice ain't worth nothing any more. Times have changed since I was a young buck."
The correspondent of the New York Times, in Florida, writing up Arthur, says that in the journey to Florida "there were no crowds anywhere north of Jacksonville, except at Goldsboro, N. C., and at the latter place the President did not have time to acknowledge the boisterous demands that he should appear."
The University Normal School will commence June 21, and continue five weeks.

"May I Kiss That Baby?"
To a soldier, far away from home, there is no more touching sight than that of a baby in its mother's arms. While on their way to Gattyburg our troops were marching by night through a village over whose gateways hung lighted lanterns, while young girls shed tears as they watched the brothers of other women marched on to possible death. A scene of the march is thus described by the author of "Ballet and Shell." Stopping for a moment at the gate of a dwelling, I noticed a young mother leaning over with a chubby child in her arms. Above the woman's head swung a couple of stable lanterns, their light upon her face. The child was crowing with delight at the strange pageant, as it watched the armed host pass on.—"I beg your pardon, Ma'am said Jim Manners, one of my men, as he dropped the butt of his musket on the ground and peered wistfully into the faces of the mother and her child—"I beg pardon, but may I kiss that baby of yours? I've got one just like him at home, at least when I last saw him, two years ago."—The mother, a sympathetic tear rolling down her blooming cheek, silently held out the child. Jim pressed his unshaven face to its innocent smiling lips for a moment, and then walked on, saying: "God bless you, Ma'am, for that!" Poor Jim Manners! He never saw his boy again in life. A bullet had him low the next day as we made our first charge.

An Old-Fashioned Editor.
We were greivous to read the other day of the death of one of Michigan's noblest pioneer editors—almost the last man of a band who published weeklies in the state when a coon-skin would pay for a column "ad," and three bushels of corn dumped on the office floor for a year's subscription. Never was a publisher more liberal with his space. It was hard work for him to charge for anything except the tax list and mortgage sales, and he measured short even on them. One day in the years gone by this paper copied an attack on a county official, and old Mark was dozing at his desk when the injured party stalked in and began:
"You are a coward, sir—a—coward!"
"Mebbe I am," was the editor's complacent reply.
"And I can lick you sir—lick you out of your wrinkled old boots!"
"I guess you could," answered Mark, as he burst the wrapper off his only exchange.
"I'm going to write an article calling you a fool, liar, coward, cur, slunderer, and body-snatcher, and go over to Ionia and pay five cents a line to have it published!"
"Hey!" queried the old man as he wheeled around.
"Yes, I'll pay five cents a line to have it published."
"Say, let me tell you something," replied Mark. "I've got 200 more circulation than the Banner, and I'll publish your attack on me for two cents a line and take it out in mill-feed or corn-stalks Don't trot over to Ionia when you can help build up your own town!"
Mark would have published it free gratis but the official cooled off.

Dan Rice as a Temperance Lecturer.
Dan Rice, the veteran showman delivered an address at a temperance meeting in New York Sunday. He told his hearers the story of his conversion at St. Louis by Moody and Sankey. They urged him to take a new departure and join the band he said. The advice at first suggested to him the idea of a good speculation, and he thought the combination of Moody, Sankey and Dan Rice would be invincible. He never regretted his step, however, and since he had given up whiskey he had become a new man physically and mentally. "Talk about your drunken men here," he said; "you never saw me here. You have heard perhaps, about people seeing snakes. I have seen anacondas, grizzly bears, rhinoceroses and hippopotamuses. Why, Pilot and Jumbo ain't a circumstance to what I saw." He advised every one who wished to become temperate to try a touch of the "jim jams," and they would never touch a drop of liquor afterward.
"Just for fun" a scoundrel at Richmond, Va., gave a boy a pint of whiskey to drink. The boy died, and his murderer has been sentenced to twelve years imprisonment.
Large buckles or slides are the preferred ornament of large hats and bonnets.

A Crank in Lynchburg.
The Virginian gives the following account of a crank who appeared in Lynchburg last week and who claimed to be "Major General Winfield S. Hancock."
He is evidently a crank, and claimed the hospitality of the city, saying: "It is not often your city is honored by a man who has so distinguished himself in the service of his country and who was nominated and elected to the highest office in the gift of a loving people." The policeman on duty in a few appropriate remarks tendered him the keys of a cell, telling the "General" that he would find a bed in there, on which he could rest. "The accommodations," the officer said, "are not such as the city of Lynchburg offers to distinguished visitors, but it is all we can offer you now. In the morning we will give you a reception, at which the Mayor will be present." "I much prefer the hospitality extended by a great city, even of the plainest character to the finest room and bed in a hotel," the crank politely responded, and retired to his allotted room without the light of a candle, and the policeman sat for hours reading the life of Hancock.
In the morning the "General" came from his cell, and in the best of language profusely thanked the hospitable citizens saying he must now depart for Washington, where he had been for ten years trying to get his back-pay as "General," but upon solicitation he consented to await His Honor's arrival. When the Mayor arrived, the "General" unfolded to him his past life, as follows: "I was in Florida during the war at the navy-yard, where I studied for the position of 'Major-General.' After the war I left Florida and went to Norfolk where I was made 'Major-General.' I then went to Washington, and since that time I have been elected President, but would not serve, preferring to be a 'Major-General.' The officials of Washington have been experimenting with me for all these years, and I have not collected one cent of all my pay as 'Major-General. I am now on my way to that city, and it shall be either back-pay or blood."
The Mayor said he was sorry the General and ex-President was having such a hard time, especially when President Arthur was off on a frolic in Florida, and giving him a quarter to buy a breakfast, His Honor told him not to repine, but to strike onward. The "General" thanking the Mayor for his hospitality, &c., said that with "On to Washington and Back-Pay" on his banner, he would move on, and left. Another "crank" contemplated the "removal" or "elimination" of somebody in Washington.

Confidence.
"You say you have confidence in Cookem, the plaintiff Mr. Smith?"
"Yes, sir."
"State to the court, if you please, what caused this feeling of confidence?"
"Why, you see, sir, there's allers reports 'bout eatin'-house men, and I used to kinder think—"
"Never mind what you thought—tell us what you know."
"Well, sir, one day I goes down to Cookem's shop, an' sez I to the waiter, 'waiter,' sez I, 'give us a weal pie.'"
"Well, sir, proceed."
"Well, just then Mr. Cookem comes up, and sez he, 'How du, Smith, what you going to hev?'"
"Weal pie,' sez I."
"Good," says he, 'I'll take one too,' so he sets down and eats one of his weal pies right afore me."
"Did that cause your confidence in him?"
"Yes, indeed, sir; when an eatin'-house keeper sets down afore his customers and deliberately eats his own weal pie, no man refuses to feel confident—it shows him to be an honest man."

An Iowa man traded his wife for a sluek mattress and a bottle of nuuclilage.
A man might as well try to lose buttons from a coat of paint as to talk reason to bigots.
Madder colors red. This is the reason why the madder you get the redder you grow.
Burdette, of the Burlington Hawkeye, relates some of his early newspaper experience as follows: "When I first got at it the printers would draw lots for my copy, and those who got a slice of it would go around trying to hire a boy to kick them down stairs and break their necks. However, there was one fellow who thirsted after it, and when he got a piece of it he immediately put on a 'sub and went out and got drunk. Under any other circumstances he would have been discharged. I do better now. I had to, because it had almost broken up the printers' temperance union. The patrons of the cause in Burlington traced the thing back to me, and I had to improve my copy. It didn't hurt me much but it was a terrible blow on the printers."
Judging from the evidence, the Tewksbury (Mass.) Almshouse should be called the Tewksbury slaughter-house.—Ball, American.
A Washington man named King has invented a suicide pellet. They are of the size of a capsule, and are flavored to suit any taste. When swallowed by the victim the moisture of the stomach causes them to explode—and the man is blown to atoms.

Symptoms of Old Maidism.
A Scotch paper thus details them:
When a woman begins to drink her tea without sugar; that's a symptom.
When a woman begins to read love stories in a bed; that's a symptom.
When a woman gives a sigh on hearing of a wedding; that's a symptom.
When a woman begins to say that she's refused many an offer; that's a symptom.
When a woman begins to go to bed with her stockings and a flannel night cap on; that's a symptom.
When a woman begins to change her shoes every time she comes into the house after a walk; that's a symptom.
When a woman begins to say what a dreadful set of creatures men are, and that she wouldn't be bothered with one for all the world; that's a symptom.
When a woman begins to say that a servant has no business to have a sweetheart; that's a symptom.
When a woman begins to rub her fingers over the chairs and tables to see if they are dusty; that's a symptom.
When a woman begins to put her fingers before her mouth when she's talking to any one, for fear they should see she's losing her teeth; that's a symptom.
When a woman begins to take rheumatism in her knees and elbows; that's a symptom.
When a woman begins to find fault with her looking-glass, and says it doesn't show the features right; that's a symptom.
When a woman begins talking about cold drafts, and stops up all the crevices of the doors and windows; that's a symptom.
But, what of it? Better be an old maid, than make a foolish or unloving marriage.

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