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OF THE PEOPLE! FOR THE PEOPLE!

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It is your duty to aid your county paper. We propose publishing a good family paper, and solicit from our friends and from the Democratic party in Stokes and adjoining counties a liberal support. Make up clubs for us. Now go to work, and aid an enterprise devoted to your best interests. Read the following

NOTICES OF THE PRESS:
The Reporter and Post is sound in policy and politics, and deserves a liberal subscription. The Danbury Reporter and Post begins its thirtieth year. It is a good paper and deserves to live long and live well.—*Daily Worker.*
The Danbury Reporter and Post celebrates its twelfth anniversary, and with pardonable pride refers to its success, which it deserves.—*News and Observer.*
The Danbury Reporter and Post is twelve years old. It is a good paper and should be well patronized by the people of Stokes. It certainly deserves it.—*Salem Press.*
For twelve long years the Danbury Reporter and Post has been roughing it, and still manages to ride the waves of the journalistic sea. We hope that it will have plain sailing after awhile. *Lexington Dispatch.*
The Danbury Reporter and Post has just passed its 12th anniversary and under the efficient management of brother Duggins cannot fail to increase in popularity with the people of Stokes and adjoining counties.—*Winston Sentinel.*
The editorials on political topics are timely and to the point, and the general make up of every page shows plainly the exercise of much care and painstaking. Long may it live and flourish under the present management.—*Mountain Voice.*
The Danbury Reporter and Post has entered the thirtieth year of its existence, and we congratulate it upon the prosperity that is manifested through its columns. To us it is more than an acquaintance, and we regard it almost as a kinsman.—*Leaksville Gazette.*
The Danbury Reporter and Post last week celebrated its twelfth anniversary. It is a strong and reliable paper editorially, it is a good local and general newspaper and in all respects a credit to its town and section. It ought to be well patronized.—*Statesville Landmark.*
The Danbury Reporter and Post has just entered its 13th year. We were one of the crew that launched the Reporter, and feel a deep interest in its welfare, and hope that she may drift onward with a clear sky and a smooth surface for as many more years.—*Cassell News.*
The Danbury Reporter and Post has celebrated its 12th anniversary. The paper is sound in policy and politics, and deserves the hearty support of the people of Stokes. It is an excellent weekly and we hope to see it flourish in the future as never before.—*Winston Leader.*
The Danbury Reporter and Post came out last week with a long editorial, entitled, "Our Twelfth Anniversary" and reviews its past history in a very entertaining way. Go on Bro. Pepper in your good work; you get up one of it not the best county paper in North Carolina.—*Kernersville News.*
That valued exchange, published in Danbury, N. C., the Reporter and Post, has entered upon its 12th anniversary. Long may it live to the attention of the outside world to a country which is as rich, we suppose, in minerals as any in the State of North Carolina, and to battle for correct political measures.—*Danville Times.*



LEAVE DAYS.

When May with apple blossoms
Her loving cup is brewing,
With beams and dews and winds that get
The honey from the violet,
With hopes on which the heart is set,
Oh, then's the time for wooing,
For wooing, and for wooing,
Dear lad, the time for wooing!
When August calls the loaves,
To sound the year's undoing,
And, like some altar dressed of old
In drapery of cloth of gold,
High pastures thick with broom unfold,
Oh, then's the time for wooing,
For wooing, and for wooing,
Dear lad, the time for wooing!
When brown October pauses,
The ripened woodland viewing,
And all the sunny forest spread
Their fallen leaves, as hearts blood red,
A carpet fit for brides to tread,
Oh, then's the time for wooing,
For wooing, and for wooing,
Dear lad, the time for wooing!
Oh, listen, happy lover,
Your happy fate pursuing:
When fields are green when woods are clear
On each sweet day on each sweet year,
Oh, then's the time for wooing,
For wooing, and for wooing,
Dear lad, the time for wooing!
—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Bazar.

A Story With a Moral.

"Helen, my dear, said Mrs. Herbert to her daughter one morning, "do you know I have heard it said that John Kendall is forming habits of dissipation? It grieves me deeply, my child, to tell you this, but it is well to be warned of danger before it is too late, and in a matter of this kind, where your whole life's happiness is at stake, it becomes my duty, as your mother, to inform you of these rumors; when even in his own friends are forced to acknowledge that he is not the same man as of old, the reason for that he is listening with a charmed ear to the siren whose song ends in destruction. You have heard these reports, my daughter! And Mrs. Herbert regarded Helen with a grave and anxious face, as she awaited her answer.

A slight quiver came over the lips of the girl, who stood silently before her mother, a pale, certainly, and as beautiful as a marble statue. Lifting her soft eyes to her mother's face, while a dark, upturned frown kindled in her gray depths, she answered: "Yes, mother, John's enemies have not been slow in bringing such cruel reports to my ear. I know what they say—I have heard all, but I do not believe them." The lovely, innocent girl spoke as she truly thought. In her heart she could not, nay, would not believe that one whose nature was so noble, so generous—who evinced so many correct feelings and principles, and who possessed, in an eminent degree, all manly qualifications, could yield, by any possible temptation, to the baleful influence of the Destroyer, and so degrade the dignity of manhood before the brutes that perish. And why was it, amid the censures and harsh judgment of the world, the secret regrets of his friends and open attacks of his enemies, she only enriched deeper in her heart the image of the man to whom she had given her whole heart's affection. She loved him, and her heart, embroiled in the mantle of devotion clung with increased tenacity to its object; and the light of her pure affection only shone brighter as the dark shadow of evil closed 'round her idol.

Constancy is a striking and peculiarly beautiful trait in the character of woman, and in a nature and love like Helen's there is surpassed strength. It has nothing gross or earthly in its yearnings, for its source is the purest fountains of the heart. Alas for the priceless riches laid on the altar of love! It is seldom worthy of its fostering.

But time passed on, and at length the bridal day was fixed—for Helen did become the bride of John Kendall, and I was present, as an honored guest, at their wedding. I marked the smile of conscious triumph and exulting love, as before God's holy altar, he pledged that deep and solemn vow to be to her a true and kind husband, a comforter and protector forever. And she, the gentle being at his side, I saw her look of entire, trusting confidence when she gave her hand to him with whom she had

chosen, above all others, to tread life's stony pathway. And I watched the widowed mother, too, who she gave her only darling to an untutored groomsman. There was sorrow in the tones of her fond and tearful blessing on that fair young bride, who was thus, in tenderest years, leaving the safe shelter and loving guidance of a devoted mother's heart, to make her home with him in whom she believed she realized her fondest dreams of exalted manhood. Dreams, alas, which were only soon to be broken! I felt her mother's solemn benediction, and her precious charge, and I felt that he should deal kindly and truly with her, as he hoped for God's blessing. I heard all, and I turned aside to conceal the tears which were unconsciously creeping into my eyes. An ill-omened melancholy came over me, which I strove to banish, for why should I dim that lovely picture with my tears? Helen was my niece, my sister's only child, and scarcely less dear to me than my own children.

I have said that she became John Kendall's wife; and, alas! she became his victim also. The blight fell early on the rose, and the worm reeled all on the leaves. We need not trace John Kendall in his erring, downward path of folly and dissipation; enough that he did bow down his high spirit at the shrine of intemperance. But Helen—she, who in the trusting earnestness of her own heart, had thrown all on the "venture of his vow," she was made to feel the perishing of all that was bright, noble and elevated—it was hers to feel, in its most refined bitterness, the keen and withering bite of disappointment, when she looked on him she called her husband. For years her believing spirit sustained her heavy trail; for one hope hung even as an anchor to her soul—the hope that he would reform. He loved her too well, she thought, to make her unhappy. Pity the poor, deceived woman! Love may be strong, but the wine cup hath yet a mightier power. But the day came when the truth, as it were, came to her, and she saw that Helen, in the purchase of her heart, thought it a sin to think of staid before her, a lamentable and sure reality. Her husband was an irreclaimable drunkard!

She did not long survive the dead reality. She died young, but not before Hope's last ray was quenched in that stricken bosom, and a death-like withering had come over the heart—not until every beautiful flower of affection had dropped and stilled away in her outraged soul, and every generous and devoted feeling had given place to loathing and indifference. Her last moments were unsmoothed by a husband's tender affection, though at times, indeed, a bloated visage, with haggard, expressionless eyes would bend over her couch and mumble words of disgusting and inebriate fondness; but, with a look of abhorrence, she motioned him away—how had once been her idol, the beloved of her heart, the delight and blessing of her fond eyes.

Oh, girls, who may read this sad story; oh, wives, who may, in the bitterness of your hearts, recognize the truthfulness of the picture, neither marry yourselves, nor give your daughters in marriage with any man who is accused with that fatal love of strong drink. Let woman, lovely, devoted, confiding woman, avoid even the appearance of evil. Let her beware of the revel, the wine cup, the feast, for vice and intemperance ever follow in their train. Let her remember that in giving herself with a drunkard, she is degrading herself, a fearful doom and incurring the heaviest curse of Heaven. Her own destiny will be a sad one, her whole life ruined, and her children, born with that fatal inheritance, will grow up to cause her additional sorrow and shame. The marriage of a pure and lovely girl with a drunkard is like uniting truth with perjury, the dove with the vulture; it is the wedlock of purity with pollution, beauty with pestilence. Let woman beware of the intemperate, if she values her self-respect, her honor, her whole life's happiness.

For a cold give a baby flaxseed tea in the bottle; take half teaspoon flaxseed and two quarts water, let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes till well cooked but not too thick, strain and sweeten and give for the evening and night food. Always use less proportion of milk and give less of it when baby has a cold; dieting is as well for them as grown people; some even advise giving only tea and gruel stopping the cows milk entirely till they are better.

FOR CROUP.

To one-half cup N. O. molasses add a tea-spoon of soda beat to a white froth and give spoonful every few minutes till relieved by vomiting; or one part pulverized alum to two parts white sugar, and give in same way, or grease a cloth (made in the shape of a bib) thoroughly and dust thickly with nutmeg, and put on over the throat and chest, keeping it on for a few days, and then some morning take this off and bathe well in cold water and rub dry. This we have tried thoroughly and know whereof we speak. It is of great value in an ordinary cold where there is a cough, and hoarseness as well as in regular croup when it wants to be put on when that "croupy sound" comes in the evening, making every mother fear what the midnight hour will bring. Some take four or five hollyhock blossoms, boiled, and apply wet around the throat; or apply hot fomentations to the throat and chest, sponge off with tepid water, rub dry, and apply oil and ammonia; or some apply cold wet cloths over the throat and chest, covering well with flannel changing often, until inflammation is subdued. From two years to eight is the croupy period; and when a cold assumes croupy symptoms great care should be taken to keep the child indoors, in a warm, well ventilated room giving light food, no meats, hot bread, or berries. (Raw or cooked onions are good as a preventive to either worms or croup.) A remedy, said to give relief where other means fail, is to let a healthy person fill his lungs with pure air, then slowly breathe upon the patient's throat and chest, commencing at the point of the chin and moving slowly down to bottom of windpipe.

HOW TO USE HOT WATER.

One of the simplest and most effectual means of relieving pain is by the use of hot water, externally and internally, the temperature varying according to the feelings of the patient. For bruises, sprains, and similar accidental hurts, it should be applied immediately, as not as can be borne, by means of a cloth dipped in the water and laid on the wounded part, or by immersion, if convenient, and the treatment kept up until relief is obtained. If applied at once the use of hot water will generally prevent, nearly, if not entirely, the bruised flesh from turning black. For pains resulting from indigestion, and know as wind colic, etc., a cup of hot water taken in sips will often relieve at once. When that is insufficient a flannel folded in several thicknesses, large enough to fully cover the painful place, should be wrung out of hot water and laid over the seat of the pain. It should be as hot as the skin can bear without injury, and be renewed every ten minutes, or oftener if it feels cool, until the pain is gone. The remedy is simple, efficient; harmless, and within the reach of every one; and should be more generally used than it is. If used along with common sense it might save many a doctor's bill and many a course of drug treatment as well.

THE SPIDER CURE.

Spiders were formerly considered to be a cure in rural districts for agues. Some years ago a lady in Ireland was famous for her success in curing people thus affected. It appears that the only medicine she employed was a large spider rolled up in treacle. The patients were ignorant of the contents of this novel bolus, so that imagination had nothing to do with the matter. In England, also, the spider has been called in as an ague doctor. In Lincolnshire the creature was treated very much after the above mentioned Irish fashion, being rolled up in paste and swallowed; but elsewhere the animal is put into a bag and worn around the neck.

SORE THROAT.

Everybody has a cure for this trouble, but simple remedies appear to be most effectual. Salt and water is used by many as a gargle, but a little alum and honey dissolved in sage tea is better. An application of clothes wrung out of hot water and applied to the neck, changing as often as they begin to cool, has the most potent for removing inflammation of anything we ever tried. It should be kept up for a number of hours; during the evening is usually the most convenient time for applying this remedy.

ROMANTIC ELOPEMENT.

Miss Stella Snyder, a daughter of Mr. Logan C. Snyder, of this city who has been attending the Wesleyan Institute, at Staunton, was one of the parties to a very romantic elopement last Saturday night. She had been receiving attentions from a young Mr. Harman, of Staunton, who proposed an elopement as the romantic manner in which to consummate their wedding, but explained to Miss Stella that he did not have sufficient means to carry it off. She, however, was not deterred, and Harman left on Friday, requesting her to follow on Saturday and stop at the Greenbrier White Sulphur springs to await instructions from him which she did. She remained at the White Sulphur several days, and hearing nothing from her intended husband, she telegraphed to his uncle in Staunton as to his whereabouts, and received the reply that Harman was in Winchester, Ky. By the next train Miss Stella went thither, but only to learn on the day before young Harman had married a young lady named Rankin, and left on the same day for the home of his bride in another portion of the state. The gay deceiver was all the while using the money advanced by Miss Snyder to consummate his marriage to the other.

Miss Snyder saw the folly of her romantic notion, and the predicament in which she was placed, so she communicated with friends, who went to her and brought her home. This is another instance of the folly and fickleness of woman and mankind.—Roanoke Review.

MILK DIET.

Milk should enter largely into the diet of children. It contains casein, or flesh forming material, cream and sugar, which are heat producers; mineral salts, for the bony structure, and water as a solvent for all the other materials necessary in nutrition; however, not drunk immediately, but taken slowly as food, after the pattern given of nature. Milk as taken is a fluid, but as soon as it meets the acid of the gastric juice, it is changed to a soft, curdy, cheese-like substance, and then must be digested, and the stomach is overtaken if too much be taken at once. A large glass of milk swallowed suddenly will form in the stomach a lump of dense, cheesy curds, which may even prove fatal to a weak stomach. Under the action of the stomach this cheesy mass will turn over and over like a heavy weight, and, as the gastric juice can only attack its surface, it digests very slowly. But this same milk, taken slowly, or with dry toast, light rolls, or soft, dry porridge, forms a porous lump through which the gastric juice can easily pass, and which breaks up every time the stomach turns it over. Milk should be slightly salted, and eaten with bread-stuffs or sipped by the spoonful. Cow's milk produces less heat than human milk; a child would grow thin upon it unless a little sugar were added. Wheat flour has such an excess of heat-producing material as would fatten a child unduly, and should have cow's milk added to it to reduce its fattening power.—Philadelphia Call.

WAX AND ITS USES.

"The most valuable product of the work of bees is honey," but the most useful is wax," said a dealer in beeswax. "It is used for all sorts of purposes, in medicine, in glues, in cements, and a thousand other things. Makers of fancy paper use it in coloring the paper; cutlers use it to polish the handles of knives; jewelers use it in waxing molds in which they cast articles of jewelry; tailors and shoemakers use it in waxing threads; painters use it in cements; druggists use it in hair oil, pomade, salve, and perfumery, and pattern-makers close up holes in their patterns with it. Much of it is made into wax flowers, and flowers are dipped into melted wax to preserve them.

Reader, Wheeling, Va.: There is no cure for the scars of smallpox unless they are situated where they can be treated by a surgical operation.—A. B. S.
Ever-ready lye is made by filling a barrel half full of hard wood ashes and filling up with water. Handy to use when soft water is not plentiful.
Frost bitten feet. Bathe the feet in spirits of turpentine and salt.

OF CORSETS IS.

is the shape of a woman's waist, on which a corset is laced. The ribs, deformed by being squeezed, press on the lungs till they are diseased. The heart is jammed, and cannot pump. The liver is a torpid lump; the stomach, crushed, cannot digest, and in a mass are all compressed. Therefore this silly woman grows to be a fearful mass of woe, but thinks she has a lovely shape, though as hideous as a crippled ape.



is a woman's natural waist, which corset never yet disgraced. Inside it is a mine of health. Out side of charms it has a wealth. It is a thing of beauty true and a sweet joy forever now. It needs no artificial padding vile or bust less big to give it style. It's strong and solid, plump and sound, and hard to get one arm around. Alas! if women only knew the mischief that these corsets do, they'd let Dame Nature have her way, and never try her "waste" to stay. —Exchange

SMALL BITES.

Many a man finds out after marriage to a pretty girl that what he thought a thing of beauty is a jawey forever. "What is your circulation?" asked the inquisitive individual of the editor. "Blood principally," was the calm reply.
Bob Ingersoll refuses to kneel in religious devotion, and yet a pinch of snuff can bring him to his knees.—Hatch-et.
A Hampshire street grocer wants to know how to protect dry peaches from the cold. Put ear muffs on 'em.—Saturday Optic.
Time is money, they say. And we have often observed that it takes a good deal of money to a good time.—Somerville Journal.

"Dear me, I'm continually getting into hot water," said the oyster. "Well, you needn't make such a stew, said the spoon.—Palmer Journal.

"Mother," said a little girl who was trying to master a pair of tight boots, "it's no use talking, I can't wear them. My toes can't get a chance to breathe.—Lynn Union.

Customer—"Why, hang it, man! You're wiping off my plate with your handkerchief." New Water—"That's all right. I'm going to put it in the wash next week, anyhow."—Sittings.

The moon shone softly down on them. And life seemed more than words could utter. He said, "We'll live on, my gem." She said she wanted bread and butter. —Merchant-Traveler.

Mrs. Professor Matrix—"Professor, you should have told me earlier in the evening that you wished that button sewed on. Here it is midnight and I—" Professor Matrix—"Wife, it is never too late to mend."—Tid Bits.

Minister's wife (rather trying at times) —"How much did you get for performing that marriage ceremony this morning? Minister—"Two dollars." Wife —"Only two dollars!"—Yes. The poor fellow said he had been married before, and I hadn't the heart to charge him more than that."—Milwaukee Sentinel.