

W. H. Ames

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

VOLUME XV.

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Prompt attention paid to orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Virginia State Prison Goods a specialty
March, 6.

GO TO
W. S. Rempson
TISE BLOCK,
Winston, N. C.

FOR GOOD
Tobacco Flues, Sheet Iron and Home made Tinware at
Living Prices
Also Roofing and Gutting at short notice, at BOTTOM PRICES.
Sept 16-ly

J. W. SHIPLEY,
Corner Main and 3rd Street.
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Under Jacobs Clothing Store.
MANUFACTURER OF
Harness, Bridles, Collars and Saddles.
Also dealer in Whips, Hames, Brushes, Lap Robes, in fact everything in the Harness and saddlery line.

CHEAPEST HOUSE IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.
Will sell my own manufactured goods as cheap as you can buy the Western and Northern city made goods.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.
Has a stock of the old army McClellan Saddles on hand.
Come and see me Sept 26 1-y.

Brown Rogers & Co
Wholesale and Retail
HARDWARE.
Largest line of STOVES in Winston.

Agricultural Implements.
MACHINERY of all kinds
HARNESS AND SADDLES &c.
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c

Special attention invited to their Whites' Clipper Planes.
Agents Dupont's old and well known Rifle Powder.
Sept 26-ly

Doors, Sash, Blinds.
Having rebuilt our Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory, and fitted it up with all new machinery of the latest and most approved patterns, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work in our line in the very best style. We manufacture
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
Door Frames, Window Frames, Brackets, Moulding, Hand-rail, Bolsters, Jewels, Mantels, Porch Columns, and are prepared to do all kinds of Scroll Sawing, Turning, &c. We carry in stock Weatherboarding, Flooring, Ceiling, Wainscoting and all kinds of Dress Lumber; also Framing Lumber, Shingles, Laths, Lime, Cement, Plaster, Plastering Hair and all kinds of Builders' supplies. Call and see us or write for our prices before buying elsewhere.
MILLER BROS., WINSTON, N. C.

GEO. STEWART.
Tin and Sheet Iron Manufacturer.
Opposite Farmers' Warehouse.
WINSTON, N. C.
ROOFING, GUTTERING AND SPOUTING
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Keeps constantly on hand a fine lot of Cooking and Heating Stoves.

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INVITATIONS DECLINED.
MRS. R. A. BLODGETT.

I said to New Boy
When he asked me to come,
"I've engagements to-day
That will keep me away."
I said to the Wine
When he asked me to dine,
"Can I grant your request
When Cold Water's my guest?"
Then Whisky came up
And offered his cup—
"You know I was born
Of the bright yellow corn.
No field crop I'm sure
Was ever more pure,
More stately in form
In sunshine and storm,
More pleasing to view,
Ever changing and new,
From the tiny green blade
That grows in the shade,
To the plumes that appear
On the top of the spear."

I answered in scorn,
"Away, sir! begone!
Thou demon of drink,
To hell you have led
Many souls in despair,
Go, dwell with them there."
Then said Lager Beer,
With a sickening leer,
"You do right to decline
The proffers of Wine
And his brother and chum
Who calls himself Rum;
I've no doubt they would
Be friends if they could,
But their nature is such
They blight with their touch;
But from me it is clear
You have nothing to fear
You may drink me for years,
Nor have cause to shun them;
The Germans know well
This truth that I tell."

Then I said in my wrath,
"Begone from my path!
A dullard and bloat,
You see only the moat;
The boat's in your eye,
So, forever good-bye!
I remain to the end
With Cold Water my friend."
—Appalachian Philosopher.

HIS FIRST "SPARKING."

In early times there lived in Indiana a man by the name of George Boone, a descendant of the celebrated Daniel Boone. He would have stood well in those days when there were giants in the land, if there were such. He was near seven feet high, with large bones and muscles; his hands were large and his feet were of extreme size in length, breadth and depth. The following anecdote was one Boone used to relate himself, with evident relish, after he became one of the State Senators:

I was about eighteen years of age, when, for the first time, I took it into my head to go a-sparking. One of my neighbors, a few miles off, had a pretty daughter that I thought would just suit me.

It was late in the fall, and the weather pretty cold; still it was too early to put on shoes for those primitive times. When Sunday afternoon came, I dressed in my best butternut-colored suit, made some six months before, but soon found that the pantaloons reached only just below my knees, and my coat stretched over me as tight as an eel-skin dried on a hop-pole.

I started barefoot, wading the creeks and muddy bottoms till I reached the house. The family were about sitting down to supper, and invited me to eat, Sally sat by my side. They had mush and milk, and plenty of it. The old lady, who was dishing out the pudding told me to pass my bowl. I reached out my hand with the bowl; but I had made no calculation of the size of the table, the space between the big milk-pitcher and the bowl, nor the width of my hand. With all my embarrassment I struck the milk-pitcher in some way upset it, and out went the milk over the table, Sally and myself. She jumped up and went, shaking with laughter, into the other room. I saw that all was lost. I saw nothing more of her.

When the clock struck the old lady said:
"Mr. Boone, won't you wash your feet and go to bed?"
"Yes, ma'am," said I.
"Here is an old iron pot—all I've got that's fit," said the old lady.

I took the pot and found it so small that I could only get my feet into it by sliding them in sideways. But I got them in. The water was hot and I soon found them swelling tighter and

tighter; I couldn't get them out. I said nothing, though the pain and anxiety was so great that the sweat rolled down my face.
The clock struck eleven.
"Mr. Boone, are you done washing your feet?" sleepily inquired the old lady.
"What did this pot cost? I've got to break it," I groaned.
"A dollar."
"Bring me the axe."
She brought it. I took the axe, broke the pot in pieces, handed the old lady a dollar, opened the door and started for home.
I never went there again.

SANCTUM SKETCHES.

Two pictures! Every one ought to adorn their rooms with pictures—interesting lifelike pictures. Such adornments sometimes teach useful lessons. We were recently invited into a gentleman's study; there was cheerfulness and comfort within. Upon the wall we noticed a picture, "From Shore to Shore"—a boat crossing a stream and the occupants represented youth, manhood and old age—the voyage of life. On each face was depicted the joys and happiness that make up one's existence. In another portion of the room was the scene of a shipwreck. The life-boats were filled and sailors were pulling with might and main against the storm. Contrast the two and what a lesson it teaches! In one case we have a merry party gliding smoothly over a peaceful stream—all in joy. The other struggling against the storm on a raging sea—despair and death staring them in the face.

It requires no effort to go with the tide. Any one can drift. The bright sea-weed floats along on the ocean, and, as it goes, sends us back by the ripples, a final farewell. The flowers we carelessly toss in the stream pass onward, and we see them no more. Boats must be anchored or they, too, are swept away by the restless waves. There is no standing still in this world. We must either go up or down stream; resist the current, or drift with it. It is so easy to drift! We think while the sky is blue and cloudless, and the bright green shores skirt either side, that there is no need of thought or care. We are content to enjoy the present. We have so many companions drifting on with us. Now and then we meet some one struggling against the current, working manfully, heartily, hopefully, and gaining slowly. We admire his pluck, his steadfastness of purpose, but the question comes home to us, are we ready for such life work? Will we assist those workers?

Many will often discourage those who are battling the earthly tide; it may be by a thoughtless word. Christian sailors tell us that rest in worldly pleasures is drifting us to destruction. When we hesitate, they tell us of One whose "grace is sufficient" for us, who will help us in every time of need, and he breathes a prayer to Him who increases the strength of those that have no might. We are urged to take the cross put on a compass and be guided by it. But poor humanity is so prone to turn away. We are not ready to deny ourselves. Besides the choice will not be popular. Then frail humanity drifts with the tide and takes the consequences.

Did it ever occur to you, esteemed reader, when everything seemed against you—repeated failures staring you in the face—when discouraged and disheartened, you were almost ready to give up—that the boat is staving the powerful current of this life? Then you need courage, and the anchor of hope. You have only to renew your energies and battle on.

We need no assistance in yielding to temptation. It is so easy to drift out into the vortex. But it takes prayer, religious principle, and constant watching, to resist the evil in this world—to struggle against the tide.
And here comes in the mission of kind and loving words of encouragement. All of us can speak those. They are as sweet and refreshing as the perfume of flowers when breezes caress them. Kind words—the glorious lights of a sunny nature, which send out their beams to cheer and fringe in lustre the deepening shadows. Tears for one's sorrows are the pearl-drops from the crystal fountain of friendship and loving sympathy. Hearts thus tuned strike higher melodies that make life sweeter and more beautiful.—Charlotte Chronicle.

The pension roll increased 21,000 during the last year.

GERMAN EDUCATION FOR AMERICANS.

The Wilmington Star in an editorial on—"Education at home and in Germany"—comments upon an article of the editor of the Richmond Advocate which discusses the custom of sending American youth to Germany to complete their education. The Star says:
"It has come to pass that a man taught only in this country is not considered full up in the books and he must, therefore, go abroad to get a title. The difficulties of being greatly benefited intellectually, leaving out of the count the moral and religious aspects of the question, must be great when it is remembered that but few American students can speak a word of Dutch (German) when they land from the steamer on German soil. The Advocate says as to this point:
The lectures are in Latin or German. It requires two years of unceasing study by a quick mind to have the German well enough in hand to catch an address on a literary or technical subject. As to understanding what a Professor says in rapid utterance and with foreign accent when using the Latin—that is out of the question.
One of the half-dozen men in America who have done worthy work and won honest distinction in Germany, told us that he knew but one American student who even kept up an effort for two months to find out what the University lectures were about! The brightest college-bred man we ever knew, on returning from a residence in Leipsic of years, spoke out plainly against the deception practiced on wiregrass college and confiding visitors."
Any one who has acquired some acquaintance with the German and has attempted to understand a lecture delivered in that tongue, can appreciate how unquestionably difficult must be the effort to understand a lecture on a philosophical, technical, or literary subject. It requires a vitalized acquaintance with the language, such as very few graduates of American colleges acquire, to understand a lecture delivered in the Latin language. By a vitalized acquaintance with Latin we mean the acquisition of such a degree of proficiency as enables one to read a prose Latin author at sight, and to write a letter in that language with ease. We here introduce by way of illustrating what we mean by writing with ease—an extract from a letter of candor addressed to this writer on the death of his father, by J. Jos. Bianconi, professor of natural history, in the University of Bologna, Italy. It is gracefully conceived as to sentiment, and elegantly expressed as to language, and moreover, is written with ease.

Nesio quid mihi gratias accidero potuissem quam tuas accipere litteras. In summo opere laetatus sum cum mihi epistolae tuae ad me pervenire; nisi carum postrema dolorem tuum ex misisset pariter mihi sperant. Condoleo summo! Genetorem licet annis gravem amittere semper lacrimabile est. Totum enim charos nostro natura ipsa deligitur, consuetudo diuturna cum illi vincit; et memoria dolorem vel suavitatem quae cum ipsis peritulis merorem ex his amissis infundit. Heu nimis! et ego quidem talia passus sum. Filiolam majorem natu, et prole sua parvula gaudentem amisi! Solamen tamen unum, et maximum sane inter lacrymas restat nobis. Spes reversuri charos nostros. Haec spes me aegrum sustinet. Haec te sustinet quidem a Deo tibi ero.

We agree with the Star that it is possible to teach men high enough in the United States to equip them for solid work in academy or college. The course of instruction pursued at our best institutions, when supplemented by the post-graduate course should qualify a man for acceptably filling the department which he affects in any of our colleges of the ordinary grade. But if a young man is endowed with marked talent for pursuing any special line of original research and feels confident of possessing that force of intellect which would fit him for becoming one of the directors of scientific thought in this country, he would undoubtedly be benefited by the actual advantages afforded by a residence at a German University.

A correspondent of the Beekeepers' Magazine holds that it is generally a poor location for beekeeping where the bees have to go eastward to pasturage, as 9 out of 10 thunderstorms are from the west, and when the bees are out a mile and the storm comes up quickly it usually meets the heavily laden workers before they reach the hive, and many are thus destroyed.

The Romans called the baggage of their army impediments (impediments). Our modern lady of fashion does not however, find baggage any impediment in traveling, judging by the number of Saratoga trunks with their contents, satchels, wraps, umbrellas, parasols, etc., that form her traveling outfit.

FUTURE PRICES OF AMERICAN LEAF TOBACCO.

We see that the United States agricultural department places the average production of tobacco the present year at 700 pounds per acre, and the total yield about 480,000,000 pounds. While, of course, it is impossible to give the yield accurately, still this about illustrates the comparative yield when placed in juxtaposition with the figures of last year's yield about 100,000,000 pounds more. The effect of this reduction in yield on prices will not be felt this year then the effect on values will be visible in a steady improvement in prices, as by that time the surplus stock now checking active trade in the principal markets will have disappeared to a great extent, and with the certainty of a crop materially below actual current requirements staring them in the face, manufacturers and speculators will be urged to active efforts, and the competition thus engendered will naturally result in improved prices. It is this lack of competition that now makes a dull market and begets low prices, and the reason for the refusal of buyers to bid actively against each other is found in the fact that the large stock in all markets proves to them there is far more tobacco than is actually required in the near future, and consequently it would be foolish on their part to strive actively for what can be secured with much less energy and effort. The use of tobacco is constantly spreading, and its consumption increasing, and it is only due to unusual increase in its production that the demand for it becomes stagnant. Were the increase in its production only to keep pace with the increase of its consumption, there would always be a healthy and active market for it. Planters should bear this in mind.—Western Tobacco Journal.

A SHORT SERMON.

TEXT—Owe no man anything.

Keep out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence and famine. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with a perfect abhorrence. Dig potatoes, break stones, peddle tin-ware, do anything that is honest and useful, rather than run into debt. As you value comfort and independence, keep out of debt. As you value good digestion, and healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, pleasant dreams and happy wakings, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of all taskmasters, the most cruel of oppressors. It is a mill stone about the neck. It is an incubus to the heart. It spreads a cloud over the firmament of man's being. It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles, it plucks from the eye its light, it drags all nobleness and kindness out of the port and bearing of man. It takes all the soul out of his laugh, and all the stateliness and freedom from his walk. Come not under its accursed dominion, nor ever be its slave.—Ez.

THE MOTHER OF THE MURDERED LILLIAN.

MANQUIN P. O., Dec. 4, 1885.

My Dear Governor:
Please, my dear Governor, let the law take its course with that wretch, Claverius, who has caused a father, mother and eight brothers and sisters to see so much trouble. Only, if possible hasten all such on as quick as possible for the sake of other poor maidens and innocent females. Please, for the sake of a mother whose heart and mind have been nearly crazed with grief and distress, let it stay as it is, is the prayer of the mother he has caused so much trouble. Much more, dear Governor, I would say, but will leave it all to your tender, parental heart. I leave, I pray, grant me this one petition, is the prayer of your humble and respectful fellow creature.
LUCINE T. MADISON.

THE LATEST WRINKLE IN SOCIETY.

The society young men will surprise the girls with a new wrinkle this winter. Let it be only faintly whispered but they will powder their hair. To be prematurely gray is to be in the height of fashion. If you have a florid face so much the better, but gray you must be and still look young. A fashionable hair dresser has been besieged with applications for a lotion which will bring about the desired result, but he has failed to produce anything satisfactory as yet, although he has sold quantities of stuff which he claims will bring the "silver threads." Those who are impatient have given up its use, however, and will powder their hair.—Rockingham Rocket.

BRIEFS ADRIFT.

It is proposed to keep the German army down this year to a peace basis—427,274 men.

Snow fell at Lynchburg, Va., the beginning of last week to the depth of fifteen inches.

A patriot at Rochester, N. Y., voted sixteen times before his trickery was discovered.

It is understood that Thomas J. Jarvis wants to succeed Senator Ransom in the U. S. Senate.

Another effort will be made in this Congress to pass the bankruptcy bill, and to have the trade dollars redeemed.

A rich and philanthropic Philadelphia woman has undertaken the task of founding an institution for the technical instruction of poor girls.

By unanimous resolutions of the Conference, Dr. Bagwell was expelled from fellowship and from the ministry of the Methodist church, South.

Judge Scott, of Illinois, has granted a stay of proceedings in the case of the condemned Chicago anarchists, until the Supreme Court can review the case.

The Jews are talking of transferring their Sabbath to our Sunday, beginning with the year 1900. The matter is exciting much attention in England.

In New York city there are between 3,000 and 5,000 Chinamen, nearly all of the lower class, yet there are less than twenty-five Japanese residents.

A pearl that is declared the largest in Europe was sold in London lately for \$3,150. It was two inches long, four inches in circumference, and weighed three ounces.

Col. A. B. Andrews has been re-elected President of the Western North Carolina Railroad and Maj. J. W. Wilson returned to his old place as chief engineer.

If it is true that valuable gold deposits have been discovered in Oklahoma the Indian question as to that region may be regarded as settled, and not in favor of the Indian.

The lady lawyers of this country will hold a convention at Ann Arbor, Mich. They propose a campaign to secure access to the bench, believing that if a woman can practice she can sit in the seat of judgment.

A pension check for \$3,000, altered from one for six dollars, was presented at the St. Louis sub-treasury for payment. It came through the Merchants' Bank for collection for account of a Kansas City bank. The latter bank will be the loser.

Senator Wade Hampton was badly hurt a few days ago, by his horse falling down upon him. He was hunting, his gun was accidentally discharged, the load entered the horses head, killing him instantly, which caused the animal to fall upon the Senators leg.

In removing bodies from the Moravian Cemetery in Philadelphia recently it was found that the body of Joseph Woezell, who was buried 75 years ago was completely petrified. The features were as lifelike as if sculptured in marble. The casket was filled with clear water.

PICKINGS.

From the Wilmington Star.
Russia's public debt amounts nearly to three thousand trillion dollars.

Senator Wade Hampton is very unfortunate. He would be wise to give up hunting.

There is but little doubt that Senator Jones, of Florida, is off his mental balance. He is still in Detroit, Mich.

A considerable demand for "possum and taters" has sprung up in New York city. A good many opossums are finding their way to the market.

"Smile when you can," is the advice we find in an exchange. That is precisely what six or eight millions of American citizens are doing. Give them a more difficult lesson.

The Adams family, of Massachusetts, is the only one in American history that has furnished four generations of genuinely able men. The late Charles Francis leaves two sons of superior abilities.

We hear Gov. Seales's reason for commuting the sentence of a burglar sharply criticised. People why pay taxes ought to be protected in their property. Shall they not be protected also in their life?