

# THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

VOLUME XV.

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## Reporter and Post.

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MACHINERY of all kinds, HARNESSES AND SADDLES &c PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c

Special attention invited to their Whites Clipper Planes.

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SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; sour stomach; loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and water-brash; or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately constipated and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick, yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

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### LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.

AS AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR Malaria, Bowel Complaints, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Kidney Affections, Jaundice, Mental Depression, Colic, Endorsed by the use of 7 Millions of Bottles, and

### THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE

for Children, for Adults, and for the Aged. ONLY GENUINE has a Z Stamp in red on front of Wrapper.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Sole Importers. Price, \$1.00.

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W. S. Rempson

### TISE BLOCK,

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### FOR GOOD

Tobacco Flues, Sheet Iron and Home made Tinware at

### Living Prices

Also Roofing and Gutting at shore notice, at BOTTOM PRICES.

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### IF YOU INTEND TO BUY

Anything in the

### HARNES LINE

LOOK FOR THE

### BIG RED SADDLE,

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Next to Messrs. Pfohl & Stockton,

HARNESSES, BRIDLES, COLLARS, HALTERS WHIPS, LASHES, SPURS, HAMES, BACK BANDS, HORSE BRUSHES, BITS, CURB BITS, COMBS, LAY SPREADS, FLY NETS AND EVERYTHING IN THE HARNES LINE.

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Yours Truly,

J. W. SHIPLEY, Winston, N. C.

### 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, Balusters, Newels, 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 of 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.

Mrs Stanton & Merritt, Winston N. C. DEALERS IN—

### Millinery and Fancy Goods

DIREL TRIMMED HATS, LACES EM BROIDERIES, &c., &c. Main Street nearly opposite the Centr Hotel.



### MY NATIVE STATE.

(North Carolina.)

L. E. B.

My native State! I hold her dear, Above all favored lands of earth; With warmest pride I know that here The joys of freedom had their birth.

I love her rivers, brooks and lakes, That dot her surface o'er; They one and all have dearest charms From mount to ocean shore,

How dear her mountain forests, too, The home of timid deer; While down among the fields of pine The breath of peace seems near.

I love to wander o'er her vales Where nature's favorites grow, And quench my thirst from crystal springs Where purest waters flow.

I know the fragrance of Italy's air And the glories of her Rome; But I love my native State, And there I want my home,

The Swiss may boast his mountains grand, And France her sunny sky, But nearer to me my native State, O, there I want to die.

—Star.

### REST.

THE BOON THAT MANKIND SEEKS.

"O, some seek bread—no more—life's mere subsistence! And some seek wealth and ease—the common quest; And some seek fame, that lovers in the distance; But all, at last, seek rest!"

Aye! when we are finishing up this Book of Life, as we see, with eyes grown misty with a nameless longing, the last page completed and gently press the eternal blotter of Death over the last line: when our pleasures have palled when life's fairest and brightest chapters of flowers are withered and dead, leaving only "ashes of roses" to mark the spot where they once bloomed, so sweet and fragrant, when life's fruits are bitter as the apples gathered from the Dead Sea shore; when we search in vain for the waters of Lethe to steep our senses in a draft of forgetfulness—at that day, even those to whom change and excitement and gaiety were existence, at last turn away their weary eyes their drooping limbs, and sigh for rest.

Yet, 'tis sweeter to have earned that garden—that calm and repose which follow fall, whether it be of the body or mind, the tired hand or the tired brain, each are glad to lay down the burden of the day and seek a rest. Forgetting the toil, the task behind, dark though they may have been—they are of the past—and stepping all in the dreamy oblivion of sweet rest. For the none too happy to look ahead and trouble the mind with the cares and toils that lie before us, we rest peacefully and sweetly.

"I am tired. Heart and feet Turn from bust and street; I am tired; rest is sweet."

But what of the outworn heart; laden with anxious care, and busy, wandering thoughts! Only can it breathe a prayer in words such as Richter's: "Oh, Rest! thou soft word! Autumnal flower of Eden! moonlight of the spirit! when wilt thou hold our head that it may be still, and our heart that it may cease beating! Thou comest often and goeth often, but only down below with sleep and death thou abidest!"

It is not for us—this blessed privilege—to often indulge our senses so blissfully. We can not tell why, and yet 'twas ever so:

"Some find work where some find rest. And so the weary world goes on: I sometimes wonder which is best, The answer comes when life is done."

"Some sleep on while others keep The vigils of the true and brave; They will not rest till roses creep Around their name above a grave."

And yet all our wanderings can but be answered at best by vague conjectures, sometimes wild and utterly improbable. We can not know why this is so. We can only say and are conscious of the fact, in the beautiful words of our lamented Southern Poet-Priest, Father Ryan:

"My feet are wearied and my hands are tired, My soul oppressed— And I desire, what I have long desired— Rest—only rest.

My way has wound across the desert years, And cares infest My path, and through the flowing of hot

### A DESPERATE FIGHT.

"When I was a boy," said Judge Poland to a newspaper reporter, "the woods in Vermont were mighty thick and the settlers were few. At that time the woods were full of catamounts or loup-cervier—loo sevee," the hunters called them—and the farmers had great to do to keep the fierce beasts from carrying off their sheep and killing their cattle. A loup cervier is pretty nearly as big as a mastiff, as fierce as a tiger, and as strong as a lion, and is altogether about as uncomfortable a creature to deal with as ever lived. My father had with him on his farm then a man named Jonas Shepherd, a fellow of prodigious strength and such great courage that I don't believe he ever knew the sensation of fear. My father had not lost much by the loup-cerviers, because he had kept his stock securely closed in a strong shed, which none of the prowling beasts had yet succeeded in breaking into. The house stood on the edge of the clearing, and back of it for miles and miles there was nothing but the mountains and woods. One night the family had all gone to bed except Shepherd, who sat up by the big pine fire shelling corn with a jack knife stuck in a log of wood. All of a sudden he heard a crash from the cattle shed and a big noise among the cattle. He dashed out in his shirt-sleeves and found that an enormous loup cervier, the biggest of his kind ever seen in the country, had broken in the roof of the shed and was in among the sheep.

As soon as he heard Shepherd approaching he jumped to the roof of the shed and, crouching for a moment, sprang through the air for the intruder. Shepherd jumped aside and the big cat landed harmlessly on the ground. In an instant he was up again and furious battle between the man and the savage brute began. Shepherd had a knife, and for a while he tried to make it reach a vital spot, while the loo' screamed and bit and tore its tremendous claws through the man's flesh. The noise of the first attack drew the rest of the family and father, grabbing up a pine torch from the fire, ran out of the house. He was just in time to see a curious spectacle. Shepherd, without a stitch of clothing on and covered from head to foot with blood, was holding the screaming, struggling loo' by the throat and heels high above his head, and running as fast as he could towards the woods. We all dashed after him, and were just in time to see the end of the contest. Shepherd ran into the brook until he was in up to his waist, and then plunged the ferocious brute in and out of sight. There was a tremendous struggle for a few minutes, during which Shepherd's blood died the brook red, and then everything was still. Then Shepherd came out, dragging the drowned body of the loo' after him. We got to bed as soon as we could and did everything possible to relieve him, but it was more than three months before he was able to stir, and he never quite recovered from his injuries. My father said he counted more than 200 distinct wounds on his body. Old hunters said that if he hadn't had sense enough to drown the brute he would have been killed sure. The fight took place where one of the finest churches in New England stands to-day."

### ELEGANT HEAD.

"There," said the young wife, turning from the mirror to her husband and giving him a sweet smile, "what do you think of these bangs, Charles? Do they become me?"

Charles, who was at that moment engrossed in the task of reckoning up the total cost of bonnets, bangs, dresses and so forth answered with a clouded brow: "I should think you would be ashamed to ask such a question, Mary. Your vanity is becoming absolutely insufferable."

"Charles," she said in a tremulous voice, "if I am vain it is for you. You would not love me if I was a slattern and a dowdy. It is for your sake that I try to make myself as attractive as possible."

Having said this she burst into tears. Then Charles arose and gathered her into his arms and kissed her fondly, and said: "Your bangs are lovely, dear, and you are lovely, and if all wives were as neat and as desirous of attraction the admiration of their husbands as you are there would be a great deal more congenial happiness in the world than there is at present. There, my love. Now forgive me for my rudeness.—Boston Courier.

### A FAMOUS WOMAN FARMER.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph gives a brief description of Mrs. Barney Newell, who is nearly 70 years old, and resides in Greenfield, Franklin county, Mass. Her husband died 20 years since, and left her with a farm of 140 acres, a part of it under mortgage. She is entirely alone, never having had any children to assist her. She has kept the farm, paid up the mortgage, made repairs on her buildings, and, at the present time is hale and hearty. For the past 20 years she has had her house filled with summer boarders, and all who once enjoy her hospitality are anxious to come again and bring their friends with them. At the present time she employs 4 servants, 2 on the farm and the same indoors, except during the summer, when more help is needed in the house. Her barn is well stocked with nice cows, from which she makes, and sells for the highest price, her gilt edged butter. She also keeps poultry, having kept through the past winter 140 fowls, which she herself never failed to feed every morning. Last autumn, in October, a hen stole her nest and brought off 16 chicks. She raised them all and now they pay her in nice fresh eggs. She has 200 hens and chickens all hatched the natural way. She keeps 2 horses and any number of all kinds of pet animals, who follow her around as she walks over her farm. I spent a pleasant day with her not long since and I said to her: "Why do you keep this farm and burden yourself with all these cares and work so hard yourself?" Laughing she replied: "Oh, I am happy; I enjoy it all. It is mine own." And 'tis true that there is occasionally a woman who can take care of herself and manage a farm.

### GUARDING AGAINST DROUGHT.

With the continued, unremitting destruction of forests, and the consequent change in the general character and condition of the surface of the earth, there appears to be a tendency to increased droughts. It may not be a fact that no less rain falls than in previous years, but it may be that the season of rainfall is somewhat changed. It is so that during the summer season, the period when the want of moisture is most needed, there is a decrease of rainfall, injury must result. The question then arises, how can this be avoided, or partially guarded against?

In the first place, it is known that in forests where there is a large quantity of vegetable matter in the shape of decayed leaves, etc., moisture is much longer retained than in a soil that is sandy. Now, if soils are well supplied with vegetable matter or humus, it possesses a power of absorbing and retaining moisture that a soil without it would not. For that reason all the animal manure that can be employed assists, being largely vegetable in its character. On the other hand, the employment of commercial manures will have a tendency to increase the force of a drought, and their exclusive use should be avoided. —Germantown Telegraph Pa.

Wester Union declared a dividend of one per cent.

### THE DUDE AND THE BEAR.

Under the Inter-State Commerce law a dog cannot ride on the elevated road, but this does not apply to other wild or domestic animals.

That is the reason that a dude yesterday accompanied by a young bear, weighing forty pounds, successfully evaded the ticket taker and rode down town on one ticket.

The dude wore one of those short-waisted and sawed-off ulsters, commonly called Norfolk jackets, but the cub wore nothing but an air of defiance.

The two sat down near each other, but the bear was restless. Finally he jumped up on a seat near a lady, who was riding down town, and she went into another car. There was a good deal of room then near the dude, but nobody wanted any of those seats.

There ought to be some ruling on this question of bear transportation. It is a matter that interests all of us. Can wild beasts and reptiles, be classed as people, while dogs are ruled out? Can a man accompanied by a small dog be barred out while the owner of an elephant or an active hornet's nest may take his property with him on his journey?

Here was a clear case of a wild beast whose youth alone prevented his eating people, for he looked hungry enough to eat the hind legs of a railroad frog.

The question to be submitted to the Inter-State Commission is whether the railways by this leaving down the bars are not, as common carriers, to admit a gentleman accompanied by a pet hyena, a goat, an alligator or a rhinoceros. Unjust discrimination cannot be made to the prejudice of anyone.

It is to be hoped, however, that further complications may be avoided by leaving the bears at home, and if owners can tear themselves away from their during business hours and leave them at home, it will do much to restore travel to its normal condition.

### BEE NOTES.

It cannot be too often repeated that change the position of a bee hive, even if it is only a foot or two, is often fatal to the colony. If a change is made, it should be done at night, while all of the bees are in the hive.

Bees do not work as well in a hive exposed to the sun. In mid-day, when very hot, work on the inside, such as comb-building and storing honey, has to be suspended. Sometimes combs melt down, and the brood dies in the heat of the sun.

A successful apiculturist will take one strong swarm, and by fall have four or five colonies from it, and all with honey to spare. By the old system of natural swarming, only one good swarm would be hoped for. If a second or third came forth, they were weaklings and not worth saving.

If a colony becomes queenless and you do not wish to unite it with another give them a frame of brood from another colony containing brood in its first stage, and they will convert a portion of said broods into queens, which would have otherwise all hatched into worker bees.

A bee-man says that by placing your ear close to a hive twelve or twenty-four hours before the second swarm issues, you will hear the shrill voice of the queen. It is called voice, but it is the vibration of the wings. The sounds are "p-e-e-p-p-e-e-p-p-e-e-p-p-e-e-p."

The next nearest mated queen yet imprisoned in the cells with answer, "Quack-quack-quack." Whenever you discern these sounds, if the day is fine you may look out for the swarm.

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Such an act of noble heroism should not go unrewarded. A handsome purse should be presented to her.

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### PICKINGS.

From the Wilmington Star.

The President's hair having become exhausted he will return to civilization.

Mr. Coreoran remains about the same. The paralysis has not extended as yet.

Thus far a million and a half has been raised for the Episcopal Cathedral in New York.

Gov. Hoody thinks Mr Cleveland will be renominated by acclamation.

Texas has a splendid showing for crops. It no blights come the crop will surpass the great one of 1882.

Virginia talk is that the Democrats will carry that State in the fall elections. Prophecy of good is well but do good is better.

Another man has been shot at Danville, Va. Jeff Terry was fatally wounded by James Mason. Mason claims it was accidental.

Six Hamlys and six Starnes in Georgia married. The father and mother of the respective families wound up the fun. A very rare business.

Mrs. Darling, a widow of a Confederate soldier, was robbed by the Federal soldiers of \$25,000 in gold-bearing bonds and jewelry. She brought suit in the U. S. Court of Claims and we are glad to see that she gained it.

At West Point there were 64 graduates. Three members of the third class and ten of the fourth were found deficient and will be dismissed. Among them are Leake, of Texas; Strickler, of Virginia; R. B. Clarke and R. H. Hines of Georgia; Duncan, of Kentucky; Laidley, of West Virginia; A. T. Lamb, of Tennessee; McDowell, of Texas; and Nicholson, of Arkansas. There are but 30 vacancies in the army.

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