

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

W. H. Ames

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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Two middle "sippers" you behold Before the colt is two weeks old. Before eight weeks two more will come. Eight months the "corners" cut the gum.

The outside grooves will disappear From middle two in just one year. In two years from the second pair. In three the corners, too, are bare.

At two the middle "sippers" drop; At three the second pair can't stop. When four years old the third pair goes. At five a full row set he shows.

The deep black spots which pass from view At six years from the middle two. The second pair at seven years; At eight the spot each "corner" clears.

From middle "sippers" up per jaw At nine the black spots will withdraw. The second pair at ten are white; Eleven finds the "corners" light.

As times goes on, the horseman knows. The oval teeth three sided grow; They longer get, project before. Till twenty, when we know no more.

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PATRICK HENRY'S DEATH.

In an age when it was fashionable to avow sceptical sentiments, Patrick was always ready to defend the Christian faith. A member of the Episcopal Church, according to his biographer, Prof. Tyler, he not infrequently received the communion. On such occasions his habit was to fast until he had spent the day in retirement.

One hour, at the close of the day, he spent in private prayer and meditation, and during it no one suffered to intrude upon his privacy.

While he was Governor of Virginia, he was so alarmed at the spread of infidel sentiments among the young men of the State that he printed at his own expense, an edition of "Some Jew's View of Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion," and an edition of Butler's "Analogy." When he met a young man of sceptical tendencies, he would give him one of these books. Doubtless the fact that the book was presented by the Governor of his State secured it an attention from the young Virginian which he might not have paid had it been distributed by a more humble colporteur.

Patrick Henry wrote out an elaborate answer to Paine's "Age of Reason," but, being impressed by the replies to Paine then appearing in England, he directed his wife shortly before his death, to destroy the manuscript, which she did.

In his last will, written by his own hand, he concluded thus: "This is all the inheritance I can give to my dear family. The religion of Christ can give them one which will make them rich indeed."

On the 6th of June 1799, his kindred being sent for, found him sitting in a large old fashioned armchair. He was dying from an incurable internal disease.

His physician, Dr. Cabell, was about to administer a preparation of mercury. Taking the vial in his hand, the dying man said, "I suppose, doctor, this is your last resort."

"I am sorry to say, governor, that it is," replied the doctor, "Aente inflammation of the intestines has already taken place; and unless it is removed, mortification will ensue, if it has not already commenced, which I fear."

"What will be the effect of this medicine, doctor?"

"It will give you immediate relief, or—the doctor could not finish the sentence."

"You mean, doctor," said the sick man, "that it will give relief, or will prove fatal immediately?"

"You can only live a short time without it, and it may relieve you."

"Excuse me, doctor, for a few moments" said Patrick Henry, drawing over his eyes the silk cap he wore. Holding the vial, he prayed aloud for his family, his country and for his own soul. "Amen" said he, and swallowed the medicine.

Dr. Cabell, who greatly loved the old patriot, had gone out upon the lawn, where throwing himself under a tree

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he wept bitterly. Mastering himself, he returned to the house, and found his patient calmly watching the blood coagulating under his fingernails. The old orator fixed his eyes on Dr. Cabell, with whom he had held many discussions about the Christian religion.

"Doctor," said he, with great tenderness, "I wish you to observe how real and beneficial the religion of Christ is to man about to die."

He then breathed so gently for a few minutes that those around him knew not when he breathed out his spirit.—*Youth's Companion.*

WHEN SHE MEANS BUSINESS.

"Clara has returned an engagement ring," sighed Charley, "and all is over between us."

"What kind of a ring is it?" asked experienced George, "diamond?"

"No; a cheap affair; only cost a couple of dollars."

"Well, don't you give up the ship, old man; she'll be all right in a day or two. It is only when a girl lets go of a diamond ring that she really means business."—*Harper's Bazar.*

TESTING EGGS.

The following is a simple French test for telling whether eggs are fresh or not: Dissolve two ounces of kitchen salt in a pint of water. When a fresh laid egg is placed in this solution it will descend to the bottom of the vessel, while one which has been laid the day previously will not quite reach the bottom.

If the egg be three days old it will float in the liquid; and if more than three days old, it will float on the surface, projecting above the latter more and more as it happens to be lighter with increased age.—*Ex.*

WHERE THE HEATHEN CAN TEACH US.

Dr. Corbett, a returned missionary from China, says that "the heathen never got their temples to worship without carrying an offering of some kind as a proof of their sincerity. When they become Christians this conviction is not rooted out, but rather it is heightened in proportion as Christianity is regarded as superior to heathenism. I have seen them give to such an extent that I felt it a duty to remonstrate, and remind them that they owed duties to their homes which must not be forgotten."

WAYS OF BREATHING.

There are lazy ways of breathing and one-sided ways of breathing, and the particularly bad habit of breathing through the mouth. Now, the nose was meant to breath through and it is marvellously arranged for filtering the impurities out of the air and for changing it to a suitable temperature for entering the lungs. The mouth has no such apparatus, and when the air is swallowed through the mouth instead of breathed through the nose it has an injurious effect upon the lungs.—*Chicago Herald.*

SHE TAUGHT HIM SOME ETIQUETTE.

"Madame," he began, as the door opened. "I am selling a new book on etiquette and deportment."

"Oh, you are!" she responded "Go down there on the grass and clean the mud off your feet."

"Yes, 'em." As I was saying, ma'am, I am sel—

"Take off your hat! Never address a strange lady at her door without removing your hat."

"Yes'm. Now, then, as I was saying—"

"Take your hands out of your pockets. No gentlemen ever carries his hands there."

"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, this work on etiq—"

"Throw out your cud. If a gentleman uses tobacco he must not disgust others by the habit."

"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, in calling your attention to this valuable—"

"Wait! Put that dirty handkerchief out of sight and use less grease on your hair. Now you look half-way decent. You have a book on etiquette and deportment. Very well. I don't want it. I am only the hired girl. You can come in, however, and talk with the lady of the house. She called me a liar this morning and I think she needs something of the kind."

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

"What was the closest place you were ever in, in your frontier experience?" was the conundrum fired by a *Chronicle* reporter at Captain Jack Crawford, "The Poet Scout." The scout ran his fingers through his long, black hair, reflected a few moments and replied:

"Well, I'll tell you, but you mustn't give it away in print. It occurred about a year ago, when Geronimo was on the war path with his murderous Apaches. I was out deer hunting near a range of mountains west of my home, and about noon I saddled my horse on a mesa, or piece of high table land, and after picking the annual out in the grass sat down to eat some cold lunch from my saddle pocket. After finishing the lunch I concluded to let the horse graze for awhile and leisurely strolled out to a long arm of the mesa, the sides of which were very precipitous—a sort of perpendicular wall extending for fully 500 feet to the plain below.

"I stood there gazing from the giddy heights for several minutes, and then looked up. Imagine the uneasy feeling which crept along my spine when I saw a row of at least thirty painted savages between me and my horse. There I was, utterly unable to defend myself, my rifle and pistols back with my saddle, and a great precipice on three sides of me, and that band of Indians in front. To jump over the cliff would be certain death, to rush upon the Indians unarmed and single handed as certain in result, and if I remained where I stood it would be only a matter of a few moments before they would advance and kill me.

"I never was so scared in my life. My blood seemed to freeze in my veins, and my long hair stood up like a ship's mast. To me it seemed there was absolutely no escape from sure and terrible death. I observed that the Indians were holding a discussion among themselves, and soon saw them drawing lots. I had discovered that I was entirely unaimed, and were drawing lots to see which one should advance and despatch me with a knife. The lot fell to a stalwart warrior with a hideously painted and with a long knife in his hand he advanced toward me.

"If ever a man made good time in reefing off a prayer I did it just then. I think I must have beaten the record by several points. I thought I knew that I must die, but just when I was about to give up in despair a cold calmness came over me, and I resolved that the fiend should not murder me without a struggle. When he got near me I sprang upon him with the ferocity of a tiger, and we were soon engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle. The savage huddled himself up to the neck, and I stood quietly enjoying the sport, for they knew I had no weapon. During the struggle I observed to my horror that we were nearing the edge of the cliff, and almost before I could realize it the savage grasped me by my long hair, bent me backward and over we went, down, down to certain death on the rocks below."

"And you fell on top of the Indian, and scaped?"

"No; the Indian fell on top of me, with fingers still locked in my hair, and over and over we rolled, clear across the room."

"The room?"

"Yes, the bedroom. You see, it was an ugly dresm, and my desperation I grabbed my wife, and she retaliated by entwined her fingers in my hair. In our desperate struggle we rolled out of bed, and after we awoke my wife held on with her deathlike grip until I had explained. Then we both laughed until the echoes stirred up the whole Rio Grande valley, forgave each other, and went back to bed. That was the most desperate fight in which I ever took a hand, but I have been in far more dangerous ones."—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

WHAT IT LOST.

A quaint and pleasant talker of the old school is Major Smith ("Bill Arp") of Atlanta, Ga., who is now delivering a lecture. The Major was a slaveholder in his younger days, having received three families of negroes, some twelve persons in all, as the wedding portion of his wife. In talking about the slave question he said: "This talk that the South lost \$400,000,000 by the Emancipation Proclamation is all nonsense. I am prepared to show that the South did not lose a dollar. In all my experience as a slave owner, if I ever made a dollar by my labor, I do not know it. We got our labor in exchange for their food and their clothing, the rearing of the young and the caring for the old. We got their labor for the same price now without having the burden of responsibility of the young and the aged and sick. We used to pay their doctors' bills; now they pay their own. The difference is already seen from the fact that many men were accumulating wealth through the employment of negroes who never got ahead a dollar in the slave days, although they were owners of many slaves.

TENDER FEET.

If the feet are tender or painful great relief can be had by bathing them in salt and water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can comfortably be borne. Immerse the feet and throw the water over the legs as far as the knees with the hands. When the water becomes too cool, rub briskly with a fresh towel. This method, if used night and morning, will cure neuralgia of the feet.

THE TOBACCO TAX.

There is evidently a growing sentiment in the country in favor of the repeal of the tobacco tax. Those who have been investigating the views of Congressmen in Washington, and also the views of tobacco growers and manufacturers throughout the tobacco producing area, are satisfied that Congress will certainly abolish it. It is widely believed that president Cleveland will send to Congress a supplementary message in a few days, recommending it. We fully agree with those who think if the tax is to be removed, the sooner the better. There is no valid reason, it occurs to us, why the matter should be delayed until the Ways and Means committee makes its report, thereby deterring the matter at least until Spring. The tobacco trade will be seriously injured by the delay. Purchasers of manufactured goods are already, we learn, buying lightly. They do not want to have large stocks in store when the tax is repealed. Although there would doubtless be a rebate, yet it would involve trouble and take time for its collection.

The work of tax reduction would not be impeded by the instant repeal of the tax either. The abolition of the tax would make a reduction of a given number of millions, and starting from this point, the committee could carry on its work of tariff reduction until the needed aggregate is reached.—*Charlotte Chronicle.*

A LITTLE THING MAY DECIDE.

A Commodore put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but, in putting up a stove in the pilot-box, a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officers, decided by that distracted compass, put the ship two hundred miles off her course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried: "Land, ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of demolition on Nantucket shoals. A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a great Commodore. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

CAUSE OF DIPHTHERIA.

According to Dr. Hunt, Secretary of the New Jersey State Board of Health, diptheria is largely due to damp cellars, which are suddenly heated in the fall, and his theory is verified by various reports where the disease has raged. It is claimed that during the summer in many cellars a good deal of vegetable matter is allowed to decay, and when fires are started in the fall this decayed matter is stirred up and mingled with a peculiar dampness which must be in the cellar, and it pervades the entire house.

RETAINING FERTILITY BY ROTATION.

The grass sod, when the hay begins to fail, still contains a great amount of fertility. The clover and other roots have brought much up from the depths, and if crops have been at times somewhat encouraged by "hand fertilizers," though the original heavy dressing of manure may have been all used up, the soil would have improved both in texture and fertility. The grass may, indeed, be kept up by top dressings, and on rich bottom land we find, not unfrequently, "permanent meadows," which yield paying crops year after year without manuring, and others which do so with occasional top dressing of bone, lime, ashes or similar manur. Whether these shall remain or shall be plowed up is a question of profit, and is often the very worst policy to break up fairly profitable meadows. When again laid down to grass they may come full of weeds, that will give a bad flavor to butter, or the catch may be irregular, and it may be years before a good, even sod can be had and the same is especially true of old pastures. Many different rotations have been recommended, but the principle is the same in all, and what rotations should be followed, and how they should be broken in upon with commercial crops, and whether or not to repeat our crop several years in succession, etc., are matters of policy for individuals to determine.—*American Agriculturist.*

HOW BOYS CAN MAKE MONEY.

Russell Sage's advice: (1) getting a position; (2) keeping his mouth shut; (3) observing; (4) being faithful; (5) making his employer think that he would be lost in a fog without him; (6) to be polite. This is a good way for a man to begin after he gets there. If he lives up to these rules he will not want a friend at court for any length of time—in fact, not at all.

Jay Gould's policy: "Keep out of bad company and go to work with a will. The boy who does that is bound to get on in the world."

Cyrus W. Field's scheme: "Punctuality, honesty and brevity." Mr. Field says, "are the watchwords of life."—*Interviews in Washington Post.*

All reports from Washington are to the same effect as to the reduction question—that it will be a compromise between the Randall kickers, who hold the tort, and the Democrats. A Washington special to the *World* of 25th inst., says Mr. Randall, after his visit to the President said this:

"A tariff bill will be introduced in the House that will not affect the industrial interests or disturb the business of the country. It will pass the House, and if it fails to become a law the responsibility will be with the Republican Senate. It will provide for the repeal of the tobacco and fruit brandy tax. A bill, too, very much like the Henderson bill of the Forty-ninth Congress will pass the House. There is a misapprehension as to the President's position on the internal revenue question, and he may deem it necessary to send a supplementary message to Congress on the subject. He does not oppose the repeal of the tobacco and brandy tax, and, furthermore, he believes that the internal revenue laws are oppressive as enforced under existing legislation."

The President ought to write plainer if he favors any such repeal for there is nothing of it in his very able message.—*Wilmington Star.*

THE CONSTITUTION DIFFERS WITH PRESIDENT CLEVELAND ON HIS MESSAGE.

The *Constitution* differs with President Cleveland on his message. The message was unwise, in our opinion, and involves a wrong political and business policy.—*Atlanta Constitution.*