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A W Graham

THE DANBURY REPORTER.

OLUME XXIII. DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1895. NO 9

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

The Old Friend

[illegible] that never fails is Simmons Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this [illegible] medicine, and people should not be persuaded that anything else will do.

It is the King of Liver Medicines; is better than pills, and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

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Has the Z Stamp in red on wrapper.
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Attorney - at - Law,
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THAT WILL GROW
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Greensboro Seed and Plant Co.,
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Use "Interficio" for insects on plants, weavil in grain. Send for abridged price list of plants, seeds and bulbs.

In Poor Health
means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters
It
Dyspepsia
Neuralgia
Co[illegible]

IN MEMORY OF CUSTER.

Colonel John A. Cockerill Writes of the Gallant Soldier.

For nearly 20 years the "affair" at Little Big Horn has been misunderstood, and a grave injustice has been done, first to General Custer, and secondly to the offices and soldiers under his command, who died with him that day. There are to-day, probably, thousands of people in the United States who believe that General Custer engaged with the Indians on that occasion with a recklessness and a purpose which to point of fact aimed at self-destruction. This most unjust and cruel belief grows out of the fact that General Custer, having been but a few weeks before summoned to Washington to testify concerning the management in the West of army affairs, and especially with reference to the "sutler" or "post-trader" system, as well as the methods of awarding and fulfilling army contracts, had given testimony not only wholly unexpected and surprising, but most embarrassing and doubtless incredible to certain high Government officials. He was, therefore, made very uncomfortable. He was brought to feel that he was in disgrace. Never before had his cards been returned to him when he called at the homes of distinguished men and influential officers of the Government. His [illegible] career during the war, wherein he rose from the rank of a just graduated Second Lieutenant to that of a Major-General of volunteers, his proven courage and wonderful success in all his calling, dashing forages upon the enemy or charges to battle—all these had made him a favorite before Washington and up to this time he had been accustomed to be warmly welcomed and made much of wherever he went. When all this was changed he was cut to the heart, and refused to be comforted.

He undoubtedly left Washington feeling most keenly the injustice with which he had been treated; but to assume that he went determined to find death on the first occasion is to cast a shadow of shame upon his name—a thing intolerable! Doubtless he went inspired by the purpose to demonstrate anew his value as a soldier, but those who knew him knew well that there was not a drop in his veins of the cowardly blood which would lead a man to seek to escape by death unfairly accomplished those annoyances which had grown grievous to him.

Aside from this there is the testimony of the battlefield itself to show that Custer did not take a headlong plunge from a precipice from motives of pique, dragging down with him as brave a battalion of soldiers as the sun ever shone upon. The "Custer massacre" was not a "massacre" in the sense in which it has been understood. It was a scene of [illegible] was an awfully [illegible] were [illegible] had [illegible] numbering not less than 5,000 of the most savage and bloodthirsty of the Sioux and Cheyenne warriors.

Whatever he may have comprehended, he fought like the accomplished soldier that he was. After the battle the poor, defaced and mutilated bodies of his brave followers were buried where they fell, and where they were found—and through this circumstance we are afforded ample proof that neither he nor his followers suffered in the slightest from panic or demoralization. A long and mathematically accurate array of marble headstones dotting the front of the line of his main force shows where his skirmishers fell, each dead on his post, for the field has now become a national cemetery, and the cheap and simple boards which once marked the last resting place of these brave men have been succeed by more lasting monuments.

No white man, as has been said, lives to tell the details of this battle; but there is a direct and pathetic story in the battlefield itself which speaks with a clearness which cannot be misunderstood.

As he rushed forward with the major part of his five companies, the serried ranks of Sitting Bull's warriors rose up about and closed him in a wall of ferocious human devilishness—right, left, front and rear. He made his dispositions with rapidity, but skillful coolness. Two troops of 60 men were thrown out upon the left to advance in parallel lines with his own movement.

With every step the slaughter became more terrible, but every landmark, every indication, shows that he fought his men with a presence of mind he could not have exceeded on parade. But the end was inevitable and in the length of time, as one Indian witness estimates, that it would take "a hungry Indian to eat his dinner," or as another said that would allow a candle "to burn a quarter of an inch," in, say from 20 to 25 minutes—all that was left of Custer and his men were their torn, mutilated and bleeding bodies lying on the spot where they had fought.

Instinctively, but according to military drill and discipline, as the mute but convincing testimony of the field itself demonstrates, the doomed soldiers gathered in groups of twos and fours; and here and there one fell fighting single-handed, without the "elbow touch" which gives courage to even the bravest. And there are are 60 headstones which mark the graves of the men sent to the left—none are unaccounted for.

Around Custer himself was, of course the greatest number of those under his immediate command—of the five companies—and on them the fiercest, hottest anger of his assailants was spent. Every white man slain without mercy, [illegible] the lead of the red demon, [illegible] Face, who commanded a [illegible] Cheyennes, each and every [illegible] of Custer alone, was [illegible] mutilated. That chief [illegible] the heart, hot and reeking, [illegible] body of Lieutenant Tom [illegible] General's brother, and ate [illegible] diabolical applause of the [illegible] he led. This was in pur[illegible] ow which he had made, [illegible] for a fancied wrong done [illegible] Lieutenant. Custer's body [illegible] insult and mutilation. [illegible] career of the fearless [illegible] to the savages, and [illegible] unity.

[illegible] this it is not necessary [illegible] story. It is true that [illegible] to the relief of his [illegible] been most severely [illegible] lure. Whether he [illegible] cannot pretend to [illegible] offered such [illegible] of sound [illegible] how it [illegible] nothing [illegible] terrible [illegible] were [illegible] why, [illegible] not [illegible] his

Is There Sorrow In Heaven?

New York Herald.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him—Psalm ciii, 13.

We know very little about heaven, and the Lord has seen fit to allow our imaginations full play with regard to the subject. The word heaven is rather vaguely used in the Bible, as though all definite information concerning it were purposely obscured. It is used to designate the air as when Job speaks of "the fowls of heaven," meaning the birds which fly over the forests; and again, in reference to that illimitable space in which the stars swing along their orbits, as when the author of Deuteronomy tells us of "the host of heaven;" and, once more, to call attention to the place in which God and the angels dwell, "the temple of heaven."

It may unfortunate to many that we are left to our own resources so completely to discover the conditions of life which prevail in the hereafter, but without doubt it is better as it is. If we could see the shining domes of the Celestial City and catch even a faint echo of the songs with which the departed worship the Eternal Father, we should become restless and unfit to perform the tasks which a proper discipline make necessary. We may well rest satisfied with the fact that a continued existence after death is the basis on which the teaching of Christ securely rests and seek no further. What He has withheld is a matter of unimportant details, as when an architect, with a few strokes of his pencil, draws a dim picture of the house we contemplate building, assuring us that in good time we shall have the perfect plan.

There are some questions, however, which so sorely perplex us that a degree of speculation is necessary to our spiritual comfort. For example, we have been told of a heaven in which we shall be rid of all solicitude and unrest, and lead curiously unnatural lives. This view is an heirloom which we are supposed to keep intact and leave to our children unrevised by the larger thoughtfulness and the wider knowledge of the present age. It is safe, nevertheless, to examine even heirlooms, and find out to what extent they are either useful or useless. Especially should we exercise our best judgement on a subject of this kind for false ideas are sometimes very disturbing.

Is it true—can it be true—that death so changes us that we shall be quit of all sorrow and all anxiety? Or on the other hand, shall we take a keener interest than ever in the welfare of love ones here below, find a measure of happiness in doing what we can to protect them from danger?

If you retain your personality, if you are yourself the day after your friends carry your body to the church yard will you lose your interest in those who remain behind, whom you hope to meet when their years have all been told? If memory is an essential element of the soul, will that soul enter into dumb forgetfulness when it reaches the further bank of the river? Would not immortally be a misnomer if in the other life you lose all remembrance of this life?

And if you are yourself after the blow has been struck which makes you fly from your body, and if you retain your self-consciousness, your memory, and also your affection, is it possible that you can be indifferent to what is happening in this lower world? If you have no means of knowing what struggles your dear ones are passing through, that ignorance must itself be poignant pain, and if you are not ignorant, can you look on with a careless eye?

Suppose we take an extreme case by way of illustration. The Almighty is our Father, and His generous and guiding providence extends over the whole universe. It is His wish as well as command that we shall grow with circumstances and make the highest use of events. His love for us is very tender, and "like as a father pitieth his children," so He pities us. He is always represented as loving us with a love so great that He sent His Son to prove our shortcoming and teach us the way to light and life. If this unmistakable Being both loves and pities is possible that sorrow forms no part of his nature? When he sees one of His children going astray, either through dulness or blindness, does He look on the soul that is falling from divine possibilities with entire indifference? And if not with indifference, then what can be His attitude except one of grief? There is no escape from the conclusion that a father must be sorry for his disobedient children. An inevitable logic drives us, and escape is not within reach.

Then descend to the hosts of loving souls who live below the throne, and what shall we say of them? Does the ecstacy of bliss eliminate all interest in the sons and daughters who are in the school of experience and learning its hard lessons? Can a mother in heaven sing so absorbingly that the cry of her beleaguered child is never heard? Will she look down from the battlements on a scene of misery and suffering and take no pains to rescue those whom she would have given her life to save when she was in the earthly home?

We cannot believe this. It is more consistent with what we know of God's ways to assure ourselves that the departed share with us our sorrows and our joys—that so long as dear ones remain on the earth, just so long will the angel hover about them to give such assistance as may be needed, and it is quite safe to say that when we ourselves get to heaven we shall be surprised to know that those who have "gone before" have invisibly stood our friends when we needed friendship most.

Such a faith uplifts and encourages. It brings us nearer to God to feel that He is present with us in our daily work, and nearer to righteousness to know that the angels do what they can to soothe our grief and strengthen us in our struggles.

The Word of Salvation.

A young man in America was once at work upon his farm. He was careless about religion, indeed nobody had ever said a word to him about it. He had no Bible, and only worldly friends. There seemed little chance of his ever hearing of Christ and salvation, and of heaven and hell. On this particular day, it was a bright morning in early summer, he had to take his cart drawn by oxen, along the high road. He was thinking of nothing except his daily work and his daily bread.

A gentle breeze was blowing, and as he went along it stirred a little piece of paper that had been lying by the roadside, so that it fluttered in front of him. But on went the young man, the oxen and the cart, all the same. When he had gone a short way further, however, a thought came over him, "I wonder what that bit of paper was! I've a great mind to go back and see." And stopping his team, he did go back. He picked it up and read it as he walked along. It was a leaf out of the Bible.

The summer passed away with its flowers and sunshine, and the corn grew ripe, and was gathered into the garner; there was another harvest too, standing ready for the sickle. The young man who had found the leaf lay upon his bed, sick and dying. A sore disease had smitten him, and his parents knew there was no hope of his life. They were stricken with grief, but he—O he was rejoicing!

And now his lips were open to tell them what he had never told before. The leaf out of the Bible had brought to him first the sense of sin and then the knowledge of a Saviour. He sought for a whole Bible, and ever since it had been his constant companion, and now, though called almost suddenly away from life with all its happiness, he knew whom he had believed, and he was ready. He had an anchor, sure and steadfast, for the Lamb that was slain to take away sin had taken away his sin. Without a doubt or a fear he entered into rest.—The Worker.

That Republicans Think of Butler.

In the House yesterday, Senator-elect Butler was denounced by his fellow Republican co-operationists and declared to be:

1. A Lier.
2. A self-constituted Czar.
3. A Bulldozer.
4. A Penny-a-liner.
5. An Intimidator.
6. A Brutal Scribbler.
7. A Falsefier.
8. An Unjust and Ungentlemanly Fellow.

These descriptive endearments show the growing affection of the Republicans for the man who cracks his whip, and drives them as a gang of slaves.—News and Observer.

Ladies who are in need of anything in the millinery line will do well to call on or send orders to Mrs. L. K. Stanton, 209 Main St., Winston, N. C. See her card in this paper.

HIDES AND TAN BARK.

If you have any beef or other hides around your place going to waste, I will tan them for you and charge just half the worth of the leather they make for tanning, or if the hides are heavy enough to make harness or sole leather, will tan them for half the leather they make. Later in the season I will buy some hides. I will want 10,000 lbs. or more for spring and summer stock. I will not buy hides just yet, but if you want your hides tanned as above bring them any day you come to town. I will mark them and give you receipt, the sooner to hand, the sooner in tan.

I will want a considerable quantity of tan bark, black oak, red oak and chestnut oak. When clearing for tobacco leave the good bark trees standing until the sap gets up in the spring, skin the bark, four feet long, let it dry a few days, then pack it up, off the ground. Be sure to pack it so that the rain will not wet it. It will keep good for years.

Having fully determined to make tanning a business, I advise that you take good care of your hides and save the bark from the trees in your clearing which will make good bark.

Bring hides as soon as you will to Pepper & Sons' store, at Danbury.

J. Frank Pepper.

THE Baltimore Sun has an editorial on "Wasted Time and Opportunities," which is so admirable that we reproduce it and commend it particularly to our younger readers. Our philosophy of life is that man should enjoy the pleasures of existence; but should do so in a rational, reasonable way, having regard to the conditions that surround him. While still young, he should fit himself not only for the duties and conflicts of life, but for the enjoyment of its social and other pleasures. Asceticism is as far wrong as dissipation, though not not so harmful. We subjoin what The Sun says:

Time slips by us almost unheeded, never to return. It cannot be saved like money, to be used after awhile, or stored as in a reservoir. Each moment is given to us but once. We must make use of it or it will pass away, never to return. To the wage-worker especially time is of very great value. He cannot afford to waste any of it. This does not mean that he should never be idle. On the contrary, he will make a great mistake if by overtasking himself he cripples his powers of work. Time is wasted unless it is used so to keep a sound mind in a sound body. There must be an adequate allowance of time for rest and time for recreation, or the time for work cannot be fully utilized. The greatest waste of time and opportunities, however, is committed by young men and young women. They do not realize the value of time until years have rolled away and they find themselves bound down to hard labor that they might have escaped if they had taken time to improve their minds or develop some kind of special skill that would put their services in demand. Much of the distress of the world falls upon the workers of little skill, whose places can easily be filled from a great throng of other incompetents, always seeking a job. Very many of these (not all, perhaps) have wasted their time and opportunities in their youth. They have sought recreation and amusement when they should have been studying; they have refused to work at any calling that required them to soil their hands or their clothes; they have accepted easy situations and have reached manhood or womanhood ignorant, lazy, and incapable of giving useful service to their employers. But they cannot recall one minute of the wasted hours and days of their youth. No repentance will bring back to them lost opportunities. The are doomed as by a fate, for which they are themselves in part responsible, to a life of ill paid toil or of shame. This lesson cannot be too often held up before the young, for they are thoughtless and always more or less indifferent to the lessons of experience. Here and there, however, one may be found who will listen to the warning and guard against the waste of time. In doing so he need not sacrifice the rational enjoyments of life. There is abundant time for play, as well as for study and and work and rest, if one will make a proper division. And there will be no waste of time if each hour is made to help build up the physical, mental or moral qualities, or to develop some special skill that will be useful in the bread-winning contests of the future.

Your Heart's Blood
is the most important part of your organism. Three-fourths of the complaints to which the system is subject are due to impurities in the blood. You can, therefore, realize how vital it is to
Keep It Pure
For which purpose nothing can equal S.S.S. It effectually removes all impurities, cleanses the blood thoroughly and builds up the general health.
Our Treatise on Blood and Skin diseases mailed Free to any address.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment
is a certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Granulated Eye Lids, Sore Nipples, Piles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum and Scald Head, 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists.

TO HORSE OWNERS.
For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over worked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists.

GEISER THRESHERS
HORSE POWDERS,
and Engines.
Bie ford & Huffman's "Farmers' Favorite Grain Drills. [None better, few, if any, as good.]
McCormic Mowers and Reapers. Hay Rakes. Cutaway Harrows.
Oliver chilled Plows and many others.
Ye Olden Times cook Stoves. [We have sold great numbers.]
Belting, Oils, Varnishes, &c., &c.
"P. C. P." Paints (Sherman-Williams Co,'s, more sold than any other on this market.)
Hardware for Everybody don't forget it.
Also, Kentucky Cane Mills and Evaporators.
BROWN, ROGERS & CO
WINSTON, - N. C.

NOTICE!

By virtue of a decree made by N. O. Petree Clerk of the Superior Court of Stokes county in an action wherein William F. Campbell, administrator of Hugh Poor deceased, was plaintiff, and S. H. Poor, Robert Poor and Mary Poor were defendants. I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door in the town of Danbury, on

MONDAY, April 1, 1895,

one tract of land in Stokes county, on the waters of Crooked Creek, adjoining the lands of H. W. Southern, Steaven H. Poor, Anderson Mabe and others, containing by estimation two hundred and twenty-five acres. This is a valuable tract of land, finely timbered and well watered, has upon it a good dwelling house and a number of good and substantial out buildings, fine orchard land, produce fine tobacco, corn and wheat. This land will be sold subject to the dower right of the widow, Mrs. Mary Poor.

February 23, 1895.

WILLIAM F. CAMPBELL, Admr.