

The Surry Visitor.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

J. M. BROWER, Proprietor.

MOUNT AIRY, N. C.

Saturday, June 6, 1874.

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J. M. COOK, CABINET MAKER. Will furnish, at short notice, anything in his line, cheap for cash or barter. The best Furniture is made at his shop.

J. F. HARRISON & MONTGOMERY, SADDLE & HARNESS MAKERS. Are prepared to furnish the best Saddles and Harness at short notice.

THOMAS M. BROWER'S Bargain Store. Is, as usual, well stocked with a full assortment of GOODS, which are being sold very cheap. Here you can find the largest stock of goods, the best goods and the cheapest goods in the town.

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The People's Paper, Devoted to the Material Interest of All Classes.

Vol. 3.

MOUNT AIRY N. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1874.

No. 3.

L. G. WAUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, DOBSON, N. C. Will practice in the courts of Surry, Yadkin, Wilkes and Alleghany.

Job Printing. We have just received a large and varied supply of Printing Material, consisting of Fancy Type, Rollers, Ink, Paper, &c. of every kind, color and quality, and are now prepared to execute Job Printing in the best style.

Dr. T. J. Mitchell, Blue Ridge Hotel, Mt. Airy, N. C.



WANTED. We will give one hundred dollars to any person who will give information leading to the capture of the following persons: J. LATHAM & CO., 29 2 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

AMERICAN TURBINE WATER WHEEL. If you want the best and latest improved WATER WHEEL, get the AMERICAN TURBINE. It has two only, even improved and subjected to thorough test by James EMMERSON, HOLYOKE, Mass., showing higher average results than any Turbine wheel ever known.

HOLYOKE MACHINE CO., Manufacturers, HOLYOKE, MASS. J. M. BROWER, Agent, MOUNT AIRY, N. C.

Farmers and Traders LOOK TO Your Interest! AND PATRONIZE THOMAS LOWRY & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF WAGONS, MOUNT AIRY, N. C.

Prices very low to suit the "Panic" and hard times. Come and try us. We are prepared to do anything in the Black-smith line, and are always on hand to attend to the wants of our patrons. If you want a good Job of work done, go to Lowry & Son. Come and purchase a wagon.

The Surry Visitor, Published Weekly AT MOUNT AIRY, N. C., at \$2 a Year, in Advance. JOHN M. BROWER, PROPRIETOR.

The SURRY VISITOR is a large 28 column family newspaper, devoted to Political and Miscellaneous news of the day. The Visitor is published in one of the most live, energetic and enterprising localities in the State—a live farming and manufacturing locality. The Visitor is one of the best advertising mediums to be found anywhere, being, as it is, the only newspaper published in a scope of territory almost a hundred miles square! Advertisers will find it to their interest to advertise in the Visitor and let the people of this vast scope of country know what they have for sale.

The Visitor is Republican in politics; it is pleased to believe that, under the present Administration of our Government, all may enjoy peace and plenty. As a reliable family newspaper, the Visitor claims to be up with the times, furnishing the very latest news obtainable. The Visitor circulates in nearly every county in N. C., has a large circulation in Virginia and Tennessee, and also to Nebraska, Nevada, Indiana, Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania, Utah, Rhode Island, Mississippi, Missouri, Oregon, &c., in large numbers. Subscribe for it. Specimen copies sent free.

Address "SURRY VISITOR," Mount Airy, N. C.

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POETRY.

WILLOW WHISTLES.

The world is wide awake to-day, The laziest drones are bustling, The brook slips by, the wind is gay, And every leaf is rustling.

Oh, heavenly sunshine of the May, Succeeding winter hoary, What shade can shut its light away, What gloom resist its glory!

Such wealth of leaf! such worlds of green! Such balmy, no words can utter! And all the birds that'er were seen, Have gathered here to flutter.

How dare you, comrade, trifle so, In these grand forest temples, And laugh and beat your sappy bough, And set me but examples!

They say the world's a vale of tears, And man is born to trouble.— The words sound ill in my ears Beside the brooklet's rattle!

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A Furious Sweetheart.

The habit of hanging mackerel on a nail near the door to dry broke up a match on Essex street Wednesday night. The couple got home late in the evening and going around back of the house so not to disturb the folks, they sat down on the stoop to think.

During the process she leaned her head, in a new spring hat, against the house, and became absorbed in the stars and other improvements, while he turned over his boots. About half an hour was spent in this profitable occupation, when the young man felt something tickle down his neck. "Don't weep, Julia," he softly murmured, "I am," she said, surprised. He looked up and his eyes rested on an oozy substance back of her head.

"What's that on the back of your hat?" he cried. She jumped up at this interrogation, and instinctively placing her hand on the back of her head, drew it away again full of an unpleasantly flavored slime. With a shriek of rage and passion the infuriated girl tore the mackerel from the nail, and trampled it beneath her feet, while she snatched off her hat and tore it in shreds with her holed fingers.

The hollow-stricken young man not knowing what else to do, jumped the first fence and disappeared, and hasn't been seen since. —Danbury News.

A Boy's Composition on Girls.

Girls are the most unaccountable things in the world—except women. Like the wicked fleas, when you have them they ain't there. I can cipher clean over to improper fractions, and the teacher says I do it first-rate, but I can't cipher out a girl, proper or improper, and you can't either. The only rule in arithmetic that hits their case is the double rule of two.

They are as full of the Old Nick as their skins can hold, and they would die if couldn't torment somebody. When they try to be mean they are as mean as pursely, though they ain't as mean as they let on to be, except sometimes, and then they are a great deal meaner. The only way to get along with a girl when she comes with her nonsense is to give her fit for tat, and that will flummox her; and when you get a girl flummoxed she is as nice as a new pie. A girl can sow more wild oats in a day than a boy can in a year, but girls get their wild oats sowed after a while, which boys never do, and then they settle down as calm and placid as a mud-puddle. But I like girls first-rate, and guess all the boys do. I don't care how many tricks they play on me—and they don't care either. The hoity-toitest girl in the world can't always hold over like a glass of soda. By and by they will get into the traces with somebody they like and pull as steady as an old stage-horse. That is the beauty of them. So let them wave, I say; they will pay for it some day, sewing on buttons, and trying to make a decent man of the fellow they have spiced on to; and ten chances to one if they don't get the worst of it.

Influence of Newspapers.

Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply rewarded is its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price.—Every parent whose son is away from home at school, should supply him with a newspaper. I will remember what a marked difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had and those who had not, access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last in debate, composition, and general intelligence. —Daniel Webster.

Headquarters Republican Ex. Committee.

7th Congressional Dist. Salisbury, N. C., May 5. There will be a Convention of the Republican Party held at Yadkinville, on TUESDAY, the 16th day of June, 1874, to nominate a candidate to represent this District in the 41st Congress of the United States; also at the same time and place, a candidate for Senator for the 8th Judicial District will be nominated. A full delegation from each county in the Congressional and Judicial Districts is earnestly requested to be in attendance for the purposes above set forth. By order of the Executive Committee of the Congressional and Judicial Districts: DAVID L. BRINGLE, Chm. 7th Cong. Dist. WILLIAM B. GLENN, Chm. Rep. Ex. Com. 8th Judicial Dist. of No. C. All Republican papers in the District, will please copy.

Gallantry Among the Indians.

The following story, the truth of which is vouched for by a California paper, would seem to show that the noble traits attributed to the Indians by novelists and playwrights have some foundation of fact to rest upon: Six weeks ago seven male Indians and a young Indian woman started to cross Clear Lake, near the northern end in a small boat, which was capsizeed three miles from land. They righted it, but as the rough they could not bail it out, and while full of water it would not support more than one person. The men put the girl in and held on the edges of the boat, supporting themselves by swimming till exhausted and chilled through by the cold water, and then dropping off, sank one by one. They showed no thought of disputing the young woman's exclusive right to the boat. She was saved by their self-sacrifice.

The Weather.

I will not say anything here about the importance of this subject. We all know how unbearable society would be without it—how tame and commonplace would become heaven and earth in its absence.

I merely wish to call the attention of the reader to the care that has been taken in selecting the weather for this book. Being warmed by last season, I have patently of rain, which will be found to arrive just in the nick of time.

I have dealt lightly in thunder storms—I find they are not popular—and I have such an antipathy to lightning rod men that I lose no opportunity to injure them.

I have been rather liberal with snow, for the sake of the young and livery stables, and have put in some extraordinary hail, for the encouragement of the oldest inhabitant, and a little frost to stir up the amateurs in tobacco and other varieties of cabbage.

But accuracy is the strong point in the volume. When it says "Look out for rain," then is the time for you to "hump yourself" to the house. And when it says "Frost," and delay in getting your wife's father's coat over the tomatoes and dahlias will prove eminently disastrous to those articles. Yes, I have aimed to be accurate, looking more to the personal comfort of my patrons than to the plaudits of a wicked world and gold, which perish in a day, I am told.

I have not lost sight of the fact that I have a formidable and unscrupulous opposition at Washington. But trusting to an honest purpose, a discriminating public, and eight years of promiscuous trustings as the editor of a country newspaper, I shall press steadily on, and hurt that Washington chap.—Bailey.

An Alarming Evil.

One of the saddest and most alarming evils of the day among us, is the want of parental discipline, and the lawless spirit resulting from it among the youth of our land.

Children, now-a-days generally govern their parents. When they get beyond the period of infancy, they almost immediately become young gentlemen and ladies. Boys and girls are generally, to a very slight extent, under the oversight of their parents. Not infrequently they are sent into the streets that mothers may not be troubled with them, and such boys very frequently acquire all the accomplishments which belong to young gentlemen of the period. The girls walk the streets arrayed in the fashions of the day, and read the illustrated papers, and before they enter womanhood, often have their minds corrupted with false views of life, and imaginations excited by images ruinous to mind and heart.

Why, with such an education as our young people generally obtain, need one be surprised at the dissipation of our young men, and the fast habits of some of our young women? The evil seeds that are being sown every day in our streets, must be expected to take root, and in due time spring up and bring deadly fruit. Has not the time come for parents to observe and watch more closely the impressions for time and eternity, being daily made upon the minds of their children? Disobedience to parents, is one of the perils of "the last day." 2 Tim. iii: 2. Let Christian parents labor, watch and pray, and seek to save from ruin those they love.—Central Presbyterian.

Anger.

There is a noble and ignoble anger. There are moments and situations in life when one requires a burst of anger to be able to grapple powerfully and lend justice a strong helping hand. But such moments come seldom; and the danger of falling, in the annoyances and little vexations of every day life, from a noble to an ignoble anger, is so great that we ought to do all we can to govern and conquer this emotion and its eruptions. When our Saviour in noble wrath thundered his anathema against the hypocritical Pharisees, He knew what He did. But we weak narrow-minded beings often know not what we are doing when our feelings are agitated. A noble, high-minded character ought, therefore, not to quell any of the feelings which the Creator has interwoven in his nature; but he ought to so rule and direct them that like the waves in a river, they fertilize its banks without inundating them.

A Dodge.

An Irishman took the contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about twenty five feet below the surface, he came one morning, and found it caved in, filled nearly to the top. Pat looked cautiously around and saw that no one was near, then taking off his hat and coat he hopped them on the windlass, and crawling into some bushes, he awaited the result of events.—In a short time the citizens discovered that the well had caved in, and seeing Pat's hat and coat they supposed that he was at the bottom of the excavation. Only a few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the citizens had reached the bottom and were wondering where the body was, Pat came walking out of the bushes, and good naturedly thanked them for relieving him of a sorry job. The tired diggers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow anything more than a hearty laugh which soon followed.

Good manners.

A Raleigh editor has a new method of saving paper. He writes his articles with borrowed chalk on the soles of his boots, and goes barefooted while the copy is being set by the printer.

Paddy's description of a fable.

Paddy's description of a fable cannot be beat: "It was the snape of a turkey, and the size of a goose; he turned it over on its back and rubbed its belly with a stick; and oeh! St. Patrick! how it did squeal!"

The young ladies of Sacramento.

The young ladies of Sacramento, California, have a secret detective society for finding out the habits of the young men. Every unmarried lady in the place is a member of course. Such a society ought to be organized in these parts.

ONLY 50 cents for the "Surry Visitor"

ONLY 50 cents for the "Surry Visitor" from now until after the election! Send in your names at once!!

Little Rock, Arkansas.

Little Rock, Arkansas, is now as quiet as it was before the war of factions. The armed men are all disbanded and at home. The House of Representatives of the State, have passed, by a vote of 47 to 7, a resolution of thanks to President Grant, for the proclamation which sent Brooks home, and gave the State peace.

It is related of George Clark.

It is related of George Clark, the celebrated negro minstrel, that, being examined as a witness, he was severely interrogated by the attorney, who wished to break down his evidence. "You are in the negro minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "Isn't that rather a low calling?" demanded the attorney. "I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel, "but it is so much better than my father's calling that I am rather proud of it." "What was your father's calling?" "He was a lawyer!" replied Clark, in a tone of regret, that put the audience in a roar. The lawyer let him alone.

A singular natural curiosity.

A singular natural curiosity is found at Sadawaga Pond in Wittingham, Vt., consisting of one hundred and fifty acres of land floating on the surface to the water, covered with cranberries, and even sustaining trees fifteen feet high. When the water is raised or lowered at the dam of the pond, the island rises and falls with it, and fish are caught by boring a hole in the crust and fishing down as though the ice in winter. A similar island once existed in a small lake near Bangor, Maine and there are many such in Southern Florida.

The following story.

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Be always at liberty to do good.

Be always at liberty to do good; never make business an excuse to decline the office of humanity.

She tied the halter to her waist.

She tied the halter to her waist, and led the cow to water; the brute look fright and gave a twist—"My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

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