

THE REPORTER AND POST.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

VOLUME XII.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1883.

NO.

Reporter and Post.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
DANBURY, N. C.

PEPPER & SONS, Pubs. & Profs

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
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Three Months, .40
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WINSTON, N. C.
Attends the courts of Davidson, Yadkin, Surry, Davie, Stokes and Forsyth, and the State and Federal courts.

A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "28 Cedar St., New York Oct. 21, 1883.
"Gentlemen: My father resides at Glover, Va. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the enclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you I never felt so miserably afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I can easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case.
Yours truly, W. M. FARRAR.

FROM THE FATHER:

"It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sore. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the Sarsaparilla in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Va., Oct. 21, 1883.
Yours gratefully,
HIRSH PHILLIPS."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strength the whole system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The firms of N. M. Pepper & Co. and Pepper, Neal & Co., having been this day dissolved by mutual consent, all debts now due by the said firms will be paid by N. M. Pepper, and all those indebted to either of the said firms will make payments to the said N. M. Pepper, at the following address:

N. M. PEPPER,
J. G. NEAL,
J. W. PEPPER,
Danbury, N. C., Oct. 22, 1883.

The firms of N. M. Pepper & Co. and Pepper, Neal & Co. having been dissolved by mutual consent, I will continue business at

their old stand under the firm name of Pepper & Sons, where I hope to meet the friends of the old firms and in a short time will exhibit for their inspection the best assorted

stock of goods ever offered in this market, which all who know me, know that I will

sell at bottom prices. My motto in the future, as it has ever been, will be quick sales

and short profits; and not to be undersold by any one who will give 16 ounces for a

pound and one hundred cents for dollar.

N. M. PEPPER.

LAND SALE.

By virtue of a decree of the Probate court of Stokes county, we will sell at public auction on the premises on a credit of 6 months, on Saturday the 22nd day of December, 1883, at 1 o'clock, P. M., a certain tract or parcel of land in Quaker Gap township, Stokes county, containing 30 acres more or less, adjoining the lands of George Pearce, L. Robinson and others, on the waters of North Double Creek, being the lands of William Pearce, dec'd. This the 5th day of November, 1883.

PRESLEY PEARCE,
WILLIAM PEARCE,
Executors of Wm. Pearce dec'd.

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SOLEMN WARNING
GENTS WHERE ALL THE FALLS
BEST OVER THE WORLD
Use in the...
GENTLEMEN...

A Yankee Romance.

A PLEASANT LITTLE EPISODE OF THE BOSTON EXPOSITION.

[State Chronicle.]

The time—a beautiful Autumn afternoon about five years ago; the place—a quiet little park in a city in Connecticut; the persons—a pretty girl of about twenty, and a young man some few years her senior. They were lovers, and this meeting was their last one for some time, perhaps forever. She, let me call her Mabel Bonner, was the daughter of a very wealthy and arrogant gentleman who measured every one he met by the amount of money he had. Her lover, his name shall be Edward Curtis, was a young man of good habits, good family, but poor purse. The two had plighted their troth, but the mind of the father was set against their union and his heart was steel to all their entreaties. Had she not been more of a dutiful daughter, than he was a yielding parent, she might have been tempted to defy his authority, and disregard his wishes by uniting herself to the young man whom she loved and whose great fault was that he was poor. The father objected, not to him personally, but to the fact that he possessed this disqualifying impediment. He argued, and there was logic in it, that his daughter had been an only child, who had had the luxuries of wealth lavished upon her, and that a union with a man unprepared to provide for her in the way she had been accustomed to would be an unfortunate one, and would result in heart pain and eventual separation.

The young man realized all this, and having the desire to be able to gratify every wish of his wife, if this child of wealth ever became such, he set himself to thinking as to what should be the proper line of policy to pursue, to attain the wealth which in this case was so necessary to gain the object of his love.

A few days before the opening of this story a paragraph something like this might have been seen in the personal columns of the morning paper:

"Col. Charles R. Lacy whom our citizens will remember returned to the South after the rebellion, is here on a visit. He was so well pleased with a little place he passed through during that memorable struggle that he determined to make it his future home. The Colonel is now proprietor of a large spoke and handle factory in North Carolina, and is said to be immensely rich."

Curtis, who had up to this time become strongly persuaded to try his fortunes in the West, read this item, and at once became imbued with the desire to make the South his home. At the first opportunity he met Col. Lacy, talked with him in regard to the openings for young men in North Carolina and became fully convinced that he could come to the Old North State, with some capital, and his indomitable Yankee energy and push to back it up, and in due course of events find himself a wealthy man.

It was the evening before his departure when our story begins. He had met his sweetheart to tell her good by, and to ask her to be faithful to him and ere long he would return a wealthy man and would claim her for his bride.— There in the russet splendor of an Autumnal twilight they pledged themselves to be true, each to the other, and then they parted.

The next morning he and Col. Lacy left for the South. They proceeded at once to T—, a thriving town in North Carolina. Curtis was most favorably impressed with this growing little city and thought that it had bright possibilities ahead. Through the influence of Col. Lacy, who was well known and equally as well liked by the clever people, Curtis secured a position in the office of one of the mammoth tobacco manufactories of this place. He applied himself steadily to business, learned the desires of his employers with whom he lived in the most amiable manner, and studiously strove to please them, and it may be said too that he succeeded. Every fact regarding tobacco he treasured up, and at every

leisure moment, he familiarized himself with its manufacture. At the end of a couple of years he had saved up a nice little sum which, together with the amount he had brought South with him, was drawing a fair rate of interest.

It was at about this time that a former companion and friend wrote to him, and desired to know if there was any chance there to invest some idle capital judiciously. Then it was that he became possessed with the idea to go into business for him, and he thought that if his friend would put up a certain amount of capital he would also produce his little pile, and enough experience to make up for the discrepancy, and thus equipped they would commence the manufacture of tobacco. Loyal to his employers, he conversed with them regarding this ambition, and they, eager to see him succeed, and see the place built up, encouraged his plans, and offered to give him all the assistance in their power, to get the new factory in operation.

Curtis wrote to his friend, and explained the whole situation to him.— The result of this letter was that the friend came to see him, the copartnership was formed, and the large factory built.

The business of the first year was all that they could have wished, that of the next year was considerably better, and with a proportionate increase for the third year. In all this prosperity and success Edward Curtis did not forget that there was little woman far away up North who had promised to be true to him. No, he had not forgotten his vows nor his love.

When the State Agricultural Department appealed to the manufacturers of the Boston Mechanics' Fair, the firm of Curtis & Co., of T—, was among the first to respond. An elaborate display of the various brands of their tobacco was artistically arranged in a handsome case and forwarded to the Hub.

In October, Curtis went to Boston to see the magnificent exhibit which North Carolina had there, and with the intention of "bringing a wife back home with him." He had come to love his adopted State very dearly, and when he entered that great building and saw there so conspicuously arranged the practical proofs of an exhaustless prosperity, his heart swelled within him with a genuine State pride for old North Carolina. He had hardly more than entered, when a gentleman just in advance, in drawing forth his handkerchief dropped his pocketbook, and passing on unconscious of his loss, Curtis sprang forward in time to secure it from the grasp of a suspicious looking man, who said:

"My friend, I dropped that book.— You'll do me a favor by giving it back to me."

"Oh, will I?" ironically asked Curtis, and hastily turning it over he discovered the name and address of the owner done in gilt letters. Before the gentleman who had dropped the book had gotten out of hearing, Curtis read his name out loud, and the old gentleman turned round in surprise and advanced towards Curtis. He at once discovered his loss and laid claim to the book, which was promptly restored to him, while the pretender seeing the turn things had taken, sulked away in a crowd.

To relieve the reader of any embarrassing surprise I desire to casually mention the fact that the gentleman whose book had just been returned was none other than Mabel Bonner's father.

On the following day Curtis, after having interested himself "taking in" the State's exhibit, and being fatigued, had seated himself near to the case containing the display made by his own firm. Buying a paper of a passing newsboy, he began to read, when a soft and strangely familiar voice was borne to his ears. With senses thrilled he

started up, and there, standing in front of the products of his own factory, was the woman he loved. He could not move, so overcome was he with emotion.

"Let's see," said the same soft voice, where is this from?" and then a pair of little tapering hands reached forth and grasped an anemone lithographed card bearing a picture of an immense building, above which was the name in large letters, "Curtis & Co's Tobacco Works."

Some sudden feeling seemed to unnerve her and the bit of paste board fell to the floor. As she stooped to pick it up, she found that another hand had reached it first, and as she looked full into the eyes of the handsome well built fellow who handed the card to her, a little cry of joyous surprise escaped from her lips and she sank into a seat near by.

It was then time for Mr. Bonner to be surprised. As he came up, and read the familiar name of Curtis above the case which had escaped his daughter's inspection, he recognized our friend as the gentleman who had saved his pocket book the day before. Seeing him seated beside Mabel had the additional effect of causing him to recognize in Curtis, the poor young man who had several years before inspired to the hand of his daughter.

What's the use of my going into further details when I have but to add Curtis returned to North Carolina a few weeks later accompanied by a little woman whose name the reader will have no difficulty in guessing.

For the Boys.

The Wide Awake gives the following true: Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose! Each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved out of a tenement house, into a brown-stone mansion. The other man—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of a year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and as his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse, if one harvests wheat instead of chaff.

A New Wig.

A girl employed in a New York button factory had her entire scalp torn off by accident and is now in St. Luke's hospital, where she has had a new scalp grafted on. The process has occupied six years, and the house mother says she has suffered more than any other three persons ever in the hospital. Bits of flesh the size of a grain of rice were cut from the arms of physicians, nurses or who soever would volunteer, and these were grafted into the raw head to root and grow. Frequently these grafts would not take root, when the process was repeated. The girl supplied from her own limbs many hundred grafts. It has required 14,263 of these to cover her head. Of course the hair will never grow again, but with a wig "Lucy" looks very well.

ABOLISH THE IRON-CLAD OATH.— Senator Edmunds has wisely introduced a bill to abolish the iron-clad oath, and it ought to be promptly passed. This oath is a relic of war legislation, which has not only outlived every reason that prompted its adoption, but it serves to keep up a discrimination which has become unwarranted and injurious. It is high time that this distinction between Northern and Southern public men be swept away. Let the same oath be administered to all alike.—N. Y. Herald.

A Wife's Tact.

After having been married some weeks it came into the head of a young husband one Sunday, when he had but little to occupy his mind, to suggest to his wife that they should plainly and honestly state the faults that each had discovered in the other since they had been man and wife. After some hesitation the wife agreed to the proposition, but stipulated that the rehearsal should be made in all sincerity, and with an honest view to the bettering of each other, as otherwise it would be of no use to speak of the faults which marriage had opened their eyes. The husband was of the same mind and the wife asked him to begin. He was somewhat reluctant, but his wife insisted that he was the first to propose the matter, and, as the head of the house, it was his place to lead the lead. Thus urged, he began the recital. He said:

"My dear, one of the first faults that I observed in you after we began keeping house was that you neglected the tinware. My mother always took great pride in her tinware and kept it as bright as a dollar."

"I am glad you have mentioned it, dear," said the wife, blushing a little. "Hereafter you shall see no spot on cup or pan. Pray proceed."

"I have always observed," said the husband, "that you use your dish rags a long time without washing them, and finally throw them away. Now, when at home, I remember that my mother always used to wash out her dish rags when she was done using them, and then hang them up where they could dry, ready for the next time she would need them."

Blushing as before, the young wife promised to amend the fault. The husband continued with a most formidable list of similar faults, many more than we have space to enumerate, when he declares that he could think of nothing more worthy of mention.

The wife sat in silence. Her face flushed to the temples, and a great lump came in her throat which she seemed to be striving hard to swallow. "Proceed, my dear; tell me all the faults you have discovered in me—spare none."

"Arising suddenly from her seat the little wife burst into tears and throwing both arms around her husband's neck, cried:

"My dear husband, you have not a fault in the world. If you have one, my love for you that so long as we have been married I have never once observed it. In my eyes you are perfect, and all that you do seems to be done in the best manner, and just what should be done."

"But, my dear," said the husband, his face reddening and his voice growing husky with emotion, "just think, I have gone and found all manner of fault with you. Now do tell me some of my faults; I know I have many—ten times as many as you ever had or ever will have. Let me hear them."

"Indeed, husband, it is as I tell you; you have not a single fault that I can see. Whatever you do seems right in my eyes, and now that I know what a good-for-nothing little wretch I am, I shall at once begin my work of reform and try to make myself worthy of you."

"Nonsense, my dear, you know that sometimes I go away and leave you without any wood cut. I stay up town when I ought to be at home. I spend money for drink and cigars when I ought to bring it home to you. —"

"No you don't," cried his wife, "you do nothing of the kind. I like to see you enjoying yourself. I should be unhappy were you to do otherwise than just exactly as you do."

"God bless you, wife," cried the now subjugated husband "from this moment you have not a fault in the world. Indeed, you never had a fault; I was joking; don't remember a word I said!" and he kissed away the tears that still trembled in the little woman's eyes.

SMALL BITES.

Affliction, like the ironsmith, shapes as it smites.
Hope is the brightest star in the firmament of youth.

Every man esteems his own misfortune the greatest.
If you would create something you must be something.

The bible without the Spirit is a sun-dial by moonlight.
It is opinion that win battles, and it is opinion that loses them.

He who throws out suspicion should at once suspect himself.
A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

Many delight more in giving of presents than in paying their debts.
Drudgery may occupy the hands; only noble services grow from their heart.

We never receive for a good purpose. Knavery adds malice to falsehood.
Our actions must clothe us with an immortality loathsome or glorious.

Whatever is becoming is honest, and whatever is honest, must always be becoming.
Good is never more effectually performed than when it is produced by slow degrees.

What is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step of something better.
The history of all the world teaches us that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.

I was never afraid of failure, for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest.
He who knows most, grieves most for wasted time.

We seldom find people ungrateful so long as we are in a condition to render. Let friendship creep gently to us; if it rush to it it may soon run itself out of breath.
The quality of books in a library is often a cloud of witnesses of the ignorance of the owner.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame that no one ever had the confidence to own it.
All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not the confidence of honesty and good nature.

To educate a child properly requires profounder thought, greater wisdom than to govern a state.
As soon as we divorce love from the occupations of life we find that labor degenerates into drudgery.

Fully to understand a grand beautiful thought requires, perhaps, as much time as to conceive it.
Fate is the friend of the good and the guide of the wise, the tyrant of the foolish, the enemy of the bad.

The best part of our knowledge is that which teaches us where knowledge leaves off and where it begins.
The religious observations of the Lord's may legitimately be regarded as essential to the Christian life.