W H Arms
THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

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Reporter and Post.

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DANBURY, N. C.

PEPPER & SONS, *Pubs. & Props*

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Local Notices will be charged 50 per cent. higher than above rates.

Business Cards will be inserted at Ten Dollars per annum.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. L. HAYMORE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Mt Airy N. C.
Special attention given to the collection of claims.

W. F. CARTER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
MT. AIRY, SURRY CO., N. C
Practice wherever their services are wanted

THE MCADOO HOUSE,
GREENSBORO, N. C.
CHAS. D. VERNON, Pro'r.
Has the largest, most elegantly furnished and best ventilated rooms of any Hotel in the city.

F. DAY, ALBERT JONES
Day & Jones,
manufacturers of
SADDLERY, HARNESS, COLLARS, TRUNKS
No. 806 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

RICHARD WOOD SAM'L P. GOODWIN.
HENRY HENDERSON. RICH'D W. BACON
WOOD, BACON & CO
Importers and Jobbers of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS, ETC.
Nos. 309-311 Market St.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Parties having
CUT MICA
for sale will find it to their interest to correspond with
A. O. SCHOONMAKER,
158 William St., New York.

G. E. LEFTWICH.
with
WINGO, ELLETT & CRUMP,
RICHMOND, VA.,
Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, &C.
Prompt attention paid to orders, and satisfaction gauranteed.
Virginia State Prison Goods a specialty
March, 6. m

ROBERT W. POWERS. EDGAR D. TAYLO
R. W. POWERS & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS
Dealers in
PAINTS, OILS, DYES, VARNISHES,
French and American
WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, &C
SMOKING AND CHEWING
CIGARS, TOBACCO A SPECIALTY
1305 Main St., Richmond, Va.
August 6m26—

GEO. STEWART.
Tin and Sheet Iron Manufacturer.
Opposite Farmers' Warehouse.
WINSTON, N. C.,
ROOFING, GUTTERING AND SPOUTING
done at short notice.
Keeps constantly on hand a fine lot o Cooking and Heating Stoves.

SUMMER MILLINERY
—AND—
STAPLE NOTIONS.
CONSISTING OF
Gloves, Hosiery, Zephyr, and the best and most Reliable CORSETS.
Trimmed Hats and Bonnets, To Suit Everybody.
First door South of Hotel Fountain,
WINSTON, N. C.
Mrs. N. S. Davis.

Mrs Stanton & Merritt,
Winston N. C.
—DEALERS IN—
Millinery
and
Fancy Goods
DIESS TRIMMED HATS, LACES EM BROIDERIES, &c., &c.
Main Street nearly opposite the Centr Hotel.

LOOK OUT!
Compare this with your purchase:

As you value health, perhaps life, examine each package and be sure you get the Genuine. See the red Z Trade-Mark and the full title on front of Wrapper, and on the side the seal and signature of J. H. Zeilin & Co., as in the above fac-simile. Remember there is no other genuine Simmons Liver Regulator.

Brown Rogers & Co
Wholesale and Retail
HARDWARE.
Largest line of STOEVS in Winston.
Agricultural Implements
MACHINERY of all kinds
HARNESS AND SADDLES &c
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c
Special attention invited to their Whites Clipper Plows.
Agents Dupont's old and well known Rifle Powder.
spet 26-1y

Do you believe it?
It is a fact!
What everybody says must be so.
HAVE YOU HEARD IT?
D. D. SCHOULER'S,
The original Cheap John
Winston N. C.
IS HEADQUARTERS FOR LOW PRICES!
Greater Bargains
THAN EVER BEFORE
OFFERED IN
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
FOR MEN AND BOYS,
HATS CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, ALSO DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS OF ALL KINDS.
We would call special attention to our line of
FINE ALL WOOL CLOTH
FOR MEN'S WEAR,
at the low price of 50c per yard worth anywhere $1.00 per yard.

Just received a nice line of hoods for ladies and children, to be sold at prices that defy competition.

ANOTHER LOT OF
SATINS JUST RECIVED,
which will be sold for the next few days at only 10c per. yard, worth 20c.
A nice line of
—Jerseys received to-day.—
NEW MARKENS.
Cloaks and all kinds of Winter wraps for Ladies and children to be sold exceedingly low.

It will be to your interest when in Winston
To call at
The Original Cheap John's
for any thing you may need, found at the same old stand, next door to Post Office.

POETRY

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

"Help one another," the snowflake said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed;
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt;
But I'll help you and you'll help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll be."

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow leaves one day;
"The sun would wither me here alone,
Long enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you and you'll help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be!"

"Help one another," the dewdrop cried,
Seeing another drop close by its side;
"This warm south breeze would drive me away,
And I should be gone ere noon to-day;
And I'll help you and you'll help me,
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea."

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain just at hand;
"The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then, O, what will become of me?
But come, my brother, give me your hand;
We'll build a mountain and there we'll stand."

—*Chambers Journal.*

OPENING OF THE NEW TOBACCO YEAR.

We are fairly entering upon the new tobacco year. In some parts of the "bright belt" the markets ase already crowded with new stock, and daily sales are heavy. Oxford, Durham and Henderson are having unusually heavy breaks, while other markets in the Danville section will open up the coming week. The opening of this new tobacco year is watched with something of unusual interest.

Prices have started off very high. In most sections the leaf is of very fine quality, for which there is a strong demand. Some parties have cried out against the opening as a bad omen, and predicted another last year's dilemma before the season closes. Such predictions are generally used for effect, but usually fail in the end. There are always some persons in the trade who have axes to grind, and try to do their grinding by incessant talk. They are always on the alert to take advantage of any favorable or unfavorable turns in the tobacco market, but never speak hopefully of its future.

Just at this juncture, when the market for the new year opens brightly, we hear the croaking of these all-knowing prophets. They say that a brisk opening always presages a bad year, without ever stopping to study the real health of the market. We hope that the majority of our readers are too wise to listen to such croaking. The new tobacco year has opened briskly, and has done so on a solid basis. It has been many years since a more favorable October was known. The old crop, according to the best judgment, has been practically sold, while last year at this time, at least a third of the previous year's was in the hands of the farmers. We have before us 60 per cent of an average crop of bright tobacco of the finest quality. The West has 33 per cent. of an average crop of pour quality. The demand for leaf is strong in all sections, and yet we have these small crops to supply this demand with for the next twelve months. Is it unreasonable that the new year should open bright? Is there any reason for it to open otherwise? With all the facts before us can prices range otherwise than high for the coming year. The case is so plain that he who runs may read.—*Southern Tobacco Journal.*

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

The Rev. Dr. Harsha, of Omaha, narrates the following incidents as told to him by John Dixon, of Dixon City, Illinois:

"General Winfield Scott, then a young man, was stationed at Fort Smelling, at that day perhaps the remotest outpost of the United States. When the Indian outbreak known as the Black Hawk War was inaugurated, the militia from Illinois proffered their services to aid in conquering the savages; and, with a view to mustering them into the services of the United States, two lieutenants were sent by Scott to the then village of Dixon. One of these was a very fascinating, good-looking, easy-mannered affable and fluent young gentleman; the other, an equally pleasant looking but exceedingly modest young man. On the morning when the mustering in was to take place a tall, gawky, slab-sided, homely young man, dressed in a home-made suit of blue jeans, presented himself to the two lieutenants as the captain of the recruits and was duly sworn in. This was he who afterwards became the President of the United Stotes—the lamented Lincoln One of the lieutenants, the modest one, was he who fired the first gun from Sumter, Maj. Anderson. The other, and he who administered the oath, was in after years the President of the Southern Confederacy, Jefferson Davis."

Dr. H. was in the book rooms of Carlin Brothers, New York where he chanced to repeat these coincidences to a friend. An elderly gentleman, who was sitting near by, and was an auditor arose and remarked that he was happy to be able to confirm the facts as given by Mr. Dixon, as he was the chaplain at Fort Smelling at the time, and was fully able to corroborate each statement. A bystander then gave this additional testimony: That Mr. Lincoln had often been heard to say that the first time he had ever taken the oath of allegiance to the United States it was administered to him by Jeff Davis.

WILL WE QUIT CHEWING TOBACCO.

Then the cigarette has done a great deal to put an end to the habit of chewing tobacco. The growth of the cigarette practice in this country is, as they say of western towns, "phenomenal." The consumption of cigarettes has doubled many times over in the last fifteen years. About seven out of every ten boys who are growing up now smoke cigarettes. And after a boy has smoked cigarettes a few years he not only has no taste for tobacco in any form, but he has no constitution left to stand chewing tobacco. It is curious how boys will take to cigarettes. I believe it is very largely because of the fuss that is made about them. It has got to be the common opinion that cigarette smoking is the most injurious practice known That is just why boys adopt it. It makes them an object of awful interest to other boys and girls. It is soothing to a boy's foolish pride to know that people have marked him out as one who is rushing with frightful temerity to early destruction. Whether that is the cause of it or not, it is perfectly certain that more and more cigarettes are being sold every year and less chewing tobacco.—*Southern Tobacco Journal.*

THE SECRET OF BOOMS.

A boom always originates with a few persons. They have to fight with discouragements, but if they persevere they will always succeed. It is not often that they are assisted at first by older men that have capital. But if they persevere these will come in good time. The secret of booms is combination. If but few men attend public meetings held in interest of the material progress of a place, there will be no boom until things are changed in this regard. If men leave their own business to attend such meetings, the boom is verp near. And when the town prospers, the individuals prosper. So when new enterprises are started. If men generally say that they need all the money they can get for their own private business, no combination is possible. But if they are willing to risk money to help practicable enterprises of the joint stock order, they will see prosperity brought to their own doors.

In a town not more than a thousand miles away, they had less money and more public spirit than in any other town that could be found. All the citizens, however poor, attended all public meetings and talked when they could do nothing else. Every one made sacrifices in his private busines to help public enterprises. The result is such a wave of prosperity to-day as astonishes people both North and South. —North Carolina Herald.

A FROG STORY.

Speaking of traveling on Sunday. I am reminded of a good thing I heard on Judge Colquit, father of Senator Colquit. He was a Methodist preacher, and a good one, too. He used to go to courts on Sunday, and to ease his conscience he always stopped if he came across a church on his way, and sometimes preached. On one occasion he stopped at a Hardshell Baptist Church. When he went in the preacher was belaboring the different denominations other than his own. He at length got the Methodist (of course he didn't know Judge Colquit). He said they reminded him of a tree frog. They get on one limb and they said higher, and then get on another limb above and they say higher, and thus, they go on till they get to the top, and down they come ker-flop, and brethren, that's what they call falling from grace. When he was done he said if there was anybody present that wanted to speak he'd be glad to hear from them. Judge Colquit arose and thanked him for the privilege of speaking; said the brother's illustration of the tree frog reminded him of another sort of frog in Southern Georgia. You may wald along the creek and shake a bush, and you'd hear something go ker-dip as it struck the water, and seemed to say, as it went under, safe. Then after awhile you'd see the same frog crawling out on a rock in the middle of the stream, and changing his voice, he would say, "Gim-me the jug—gim-me the jug."

The Baptist brother admitted that he got him on the frog story.—*Life recollections in Wesleyan Advocate.*

WHEN THE MOON CHANGES.

During a long storm persons who are well versed in weather lore are often heard to console themselves with the prediction that there will be a change of weather when the moon changes. Nasmyth and Carpenter characterize as a popular error in its most absurd form this belief that a gradual turning of the moon's face toward and away from the sun could, at certain points, upset the existing condition of our atmosphere, generate clouds and pour down rain. In England (and the same may be said of America) the weather changes about every three days, and there is a change of the moon every seven days, so that many coincidents must occur. Those who believe that "the moon rules the weather" always credit such coincidences to lunar influences. But the theory is untenable unless it applies to every case, and unless the same effect is always produced by the same cause. To suppose that a change of the moon will turn dry weather to wet, or wet to dry, indiscriminately, is the merest childishness, and contrary to all meteorological records.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

CULTIVATING COFFEE.

Dr. W. F. Hutchinson in the American Magazine.

There is needed a rich soil, plenty of water and perfect shade; for the coffee plant cannot stand direct suurays any more than cold. Just before the rainy season, seeds are planted in peculiar diagonal lines, so as to give about ninety trees to the acre, and given over to a farmer's care for five years. He at once plants banana trees beside them which answer a double purpose of shading the tender growth and of producing quick returns. Meanwhile, the slower growing bucare, is planted, and by the time the coffee is large enough to bear, is ready to shild it for life. The owner now takes posession of his estate and it begins to yield, continuing for thirty years or more, with an everage annual product of ten pounds to a tree About the middle of March it is in full blossom, bearing a pretty, daisy-shaped flower, with half a dozen lanceolate leaves and a delicate vanilla perfume. The fruit or berry, containing two coffee beans lying face to face like chesnuts in a burr, ripens early in autum, when it is picked husked, washed, sorted according to size and quality, and sent off to market in sacks of from 126 to 130 pounds.

POISONED BY CIGARETTES.

Walter Pierce, a young man of seventeen, whose home is at Gloversville, had a close call the other day. He is addicted to smoking cigarettes, and took advantage of his visit to this city to enjoy himself to his fullest capacity smoking several packages a day. Of late he has complained at times of feeling drowsy, and thought the cigarettes did not agree with him. The sequel shows that they did. Yesterday after breakfast he smoked about fifteen, and then went into the parlor of his aunt's house on Central avenue to lie down. When called for dinner he was found in an unconcious state, with his body perfectly rigid. The frightened family called in Dr. Schiill, who recognized his symptoms, and after working over the victim for several hours got him in a partially normal condition. The doctor says the young man will recover and the young man says he is done with cigarettes.—Ex.

PUNGENT SNUFF.

"No, darling," said a Burlington mother to a sick child, "the doctor says I mustn't read to you." "Then, mamma," begged the little one, "won't you please read to yourself out loud?"—Burlington *Free Press.*

"Dress," said Bagley, with all the force of an original idea, "does not make a man." "No," replied Pompano gloomily, as he fingered his wife's dressmaker's bill he had just received, "but it often breaks a man."—Philadelphia *Call.*

Got There First: "Oh, Tom," she whispered, after the momementous question had been propounded, "I am so happy! Papa and brother Frank have been teasing me awfully about you lately, and, besides, I'm the first girl of our graduating class to be engaged!"—*Harpers Bazaar.*

There is a woman in Connecticut who wears a number nine shoe. The date of her removal from Chicago is not given. —Pittsburg *Chronicle Telegraph.*

"No," said old Bill Squeezers, who was down from Bodie the other day; "no, I didn't go to Judge Podger's wedding. The notice said 'No cards,' and I'm durned if I can fool away a whole evening where there's no chance of a little four-bitante."—San Francisco *Wasp.*

A Business View: "You admire beauty in women, then, Mr. Kamphor?" "O, very much: I never see an exceptionally pretty face and figure that I am not filled with enthusiasm at once." "Are you an artist, Mr. Kamphor?" "No; my business is getting up soap advertisements."—*Tid-bits.*

Mrs. Moneybags (to her husband)—Now understand me, Mr. Moneybags. Unless I can sit on the righthand side of the ship I don't want any meals at all. Mr. Moneybags—Why, my dear? Mrs Moneybags—I heard some one say the star board would be on that side and I guess we're rich enough to have the best.

Domestic Co-operation: "Well," said the persevering governess, "I will put it in another shape. If it takes one servant nine hours to do the entire housework of one family, how long will it take three servants to do it?" Little Nell—"Oh, I can answer that. I heard mamma speak of it this very morning." Teacher—"Well, how long will it take them?" Little Nell—"Three times as long."—Philadelphia *Call.*

Old Lady (in drug store, to small boy)—What am I to take this medicine in, sonny?

Sonny—Take it in your mouth, mum. Taint to be rubbed on.—New York *Sun.*

He (at States Hotel hop, Saratoga)—"Are you fond of dancing, Miss. Diamond-bedecked?" She—"O, passionately, but in this warm weather one does get so het up."

A chemist that could have discovered a method of rendering permanent the brilliant color of the juice of polk-berries would have made a fortune before the discovery of the aniline dyes made from coal tar.

The longest lived of our State dailies either contempory or of the past is the Wilmington *Morning Star*, and it shoes no signs of being on the wane. During the last month a goodly number of our State contemporaries have alluded to its twentieth anniversary of publication in a manner that exhibits a very marked degree of personal regard for its editor, Mr. Theodore M. Kingsbury. If these congratulations as well as those for a number of years were collected into a scrap book, after the manner Mr. Childs has been doing with notices of his paper the Philadelphia *Ledger*, they would form an interesting souvenir of its kind. We have more than once during the last two years expressed our opinion of the *Star*, but do not care to repeat what we have already said and must cut short our congratulations by sincerely wishing it a continuance in its good work and successful management. We need not say more, we could not say less.

PICKINGS.

From the Wilmington *Star.*

Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, brother of the late Henry Ward, has accepted the nomination of the Greenback party in New York for Secretary of State. Up to now we believe there are only seen tickets in the field. Some are probably mere side shows of the old parties.

The New York *World* wished to learn all about the internal working of the insane asylum at Blackwell's Island; one of its female reporters got herself arrested as a crazy person and passed all the tests of insanity at Bellevue Hospital. Her name is Nellie Brown. Nellie is a "brick."

If the President has any poetic sentiment and human sympathy, he must have been most pleasantly moved when the little flaxen-haired girl at an obscure water-tank reached forth her rustic arm and presented her little bunch of golden rod adorned with pink tinted paper to the most prominent of living Americans for the nonce, upon which in girlish style was written—"For the President and his Wife." We are quite sure the Wife must have had a thrill of pleasurable emotion at the homely offering, given in such perfect loyalty of admiration, if she is as sweet and lovely as she is beautiful.

The New York *World* has now a daily circulation of over 300,000. It leads all others.

Chauncey Depew, Rep., estimates the railroad vote of the country at 700,000.

The London Anarchists have held a meeting in behalf of their Chicago brethren. They protest against their execution. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

A funny suit is to be brought in New York. The Church of the Holy Trinity invited Rev. Mr. Warren, an English clergyman, to become rector. He has taken charge. He is a son of Samuel Warren, author of the once greatly read and still very readable "Ten Thousand a year." It is now affirmed that foreign eloquence cannot be imported or contracted for, and suit for damages are to be begun. The Society of St. Andrews will bring suit. A Scotsman named Cumming was obliged to return to his country because he had come under contract. It is resolved to get that law repealed, and hence the promised suit.

Iron Mountain a prosperous village in Michigan, has been almost depopopulated by the ravages of typhoid fever. The doctors have never yet been able to find out the real cause or causes of that terrible scourge.—

PLUCK AND LUCK.

Pluck and luck are wonderfully different affairs. Luck is a delusion. We cannot learn by luck; we cannot acquire anything worth knowing by it; it is all imagination. Pluck is a quality of character worth possessing.

The boy or girl who waits on luck for success will wait long. On the other hand, all who have pluck will either succeed or make a dignified or excusable failure. It is not pleasant to fail of success in anything that we attempt, but better far something good attempted even if it be not obtained, than the idle, aimless waiting for a shower of good fortune that may never fall. Life is not a lottery wheeel dispensing favors without any regard to the deserts of the winners. Life's best prizes are worked for, struggled for, toiled for and all the sweeter when secured by reason of the toil and struggle that have won them. Easy won, little worth, might well be a proverb. We do not generally appreciate what it has cost us nothing to secure. Let us not be afraid of effort and push, but cheerfully put our shoulders well to our load in life. Having set some good aim before us, let us work with pluck and perseverance, with push and patience, for the object we desire. We shall be the better for the effort, even if the coveted prize be not grasped, and in all things the old couplet is worthy of remembrance:

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

—*Youth.*

The burning of the trestle in Arkansas and escape of Pres. Cleveland was false.