

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

W. H. Amos

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

VOLUME XVI.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1888.

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Reporter and Post.

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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.
Practices wherever his services are wanted

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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. LEFTWICK,
with
WINGO, ELLETT & CRUMP,
RICHMOND, VA.,
Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, & C.
Prompt attention paid to orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.
*F. Virginia State Prison Goods a specialty
March 6.

DEBRY W. POWERS, EDGAR D. TAYLOR,
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
1805 Main St., Richmond, Va.
August 16-

GEO. STEWART,
Tin and Sheet Iron Manu-
facturer.
Opposite Farmers' Warehouse.
WINSTON, N. C.
**ROOFING, GUTTERING AND SPOUT-
ING**
done at short notice.
Keeps constantly on hand a fine lot of
Cooking and Heating Stoves.

WINTER MILLINERY
—AND—
STAPLE NOTIONS,
CONSISTING OF
**Toys & Christ-
mas Goods.**
Trimmed Hats and Bonnets,
To suit Everybody.
First door South of Hotel Fountain,
WINSTON, N. C.
Mrs. N. S. Davis.

The Wilmington Star.
REDUCTION IN PRICES.

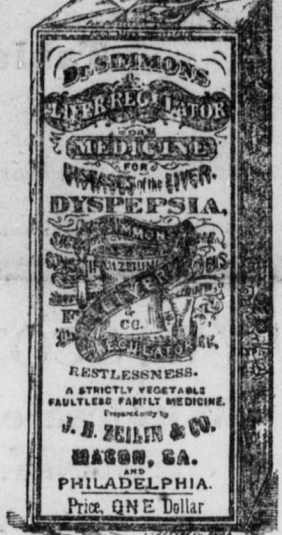
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duced rates of subscription,
CASH IN ADVANCE:
THE DAILY STAR.
One Year \$6.00 | Three Months \$1.50
Six Months 3.00 | One Month .50

THE WEEKLY STAR.
One Year \$1.00 | Six Months .60
Three Months .30 cents.

Our Telegraph News service has recently
been largely increased, and it is our deter-
mination to keep the STAR up to the highest
standard of news-paper excellence.
Address, **WM. H. BERNARD,**
Wilmington, N. C.

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 tale
on front of Wrapper, and on the side
the seal and signature of J. C. Zeller &
Co., as in the above fac-simile. Remember there
is no other genuine Simmons Liver Regulator.

CHEAP COFFEE.

**HOME ROASTED
COFFEE**
AT 18 CTS. A POUND.
PUT UP IN POUND PACKAGES.
Every Package Contains a
Present, in Value from 5 cts.
to \$3.00

TRADE SUPPLIED BY
Southern Chemical Co.
Charlotte, N. C.
Mention this paper.

**THOMPSON'S
COMPOUND
TONIC BITTER.**
**A MILD TONIC
AND
APPETIZER.**

A cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion and
Constipation. It promotes the secretions of
the Liver and Kidneys, and gives a gentle
tone to the Organs. Relieves Nausea,
Prostration following Protracted Sickness,
and enfeebled condition of the general sys-
tem.

MANUFACTURED BY
Dr. V. O. THOMPSON,
DRUGGIST,
Winston N. C.

**DON'T
BUY YOUR**

TOMBSTONES
UNTIL YOU SEE

I. W. DURHAM,
Winston, N. C.
Designs mailed free.

H. H. CARTLAND,
Merchant Tailor,
And dealer in Cassimeres
**FINE CLOTHS
And Furnishing Goods**
Greensboro, N. C.
Under Central Hotel.



HOME, SWEET HOME.

There's a beautiful realm in the far away
past
All lovely with sunshine and flowers,
And voices as sweet as songs of birds,
Laugh away the bright, happy hours;
I can hear them now, come echoing back,
As I watch the starry dome,
And memory bells chime soft and low—
Home, Sweet Home.

There's a coming step! now a gentle hand
Rests lightly upon my brow—
A whispered word and the sweet caress
Call me back to the beautiful now,
To another realm where flowers bloom,
From which nothing can tempt me to
roam,
And my heart throbs 'chime with voices
sweet:
Home, Sweet Home.
The voices loved so in that long ago,
And those which make music now—
The coming step and the hand whose touch
Lingers gently on my brow—
I hope to greet in that fadeless realm
Beyond the starry dome,
Where angel voices welcome breathe,
Home, Sweet Home.
—The Baltimorean.

TENDER THOUGHTS.

Little children! Who does not love
them? A bright-eyed boy, or a rosy
cheeked girl; cold indeed must be the
heart that is not drawn to one of these.
What is more innocent than the cherry
countenance of a little child—one across
whose ruddy lips an unkind word has
never passed. No unkindness in that
little heart. No treachery. No spiteful
revenge. It knows nothing of the cares,
sorrows and heartaches of a deceitful
world. It confides implicitly in its
earthly parents and thus teaches the
christian a beautiful example of trust in
the Heavenly Father. Children are
God's jewels, placed in our keeping—
the golden fetters that hold together
the volume of wedded bliss. How it moves
the heart to love and higher aspirations
when the man of family goes home from
his daily avocations, to see the bright
faces, either at the window or door,
wreathed with smiles and joy to welcome
his coming! When they climb upon
your knee, and their tender little hands
clasp your neck, and their soft little
faces press against yours in warm affec-
tion, and you can feel the throbbing of
their young hearts; what can be more
entrancingly endearing! Hear their in-
nocent, merry childish praise! Parents,
those who now enjoy the company of lit-
tle ones love them more. You will never
know how much you can love them until
they are called away. Angels
they seem. Blessed visitants from heav-
en to soothe, calm and allure your
harsher spirits to melodies of that happy
land.
All over this beautiful land there are
desolate hearts that feel as though the
pall of night were upon them. Even
while these thoughts are being placed on
paper, tears are falling and little graves
are opening to receive the caskets of
some treasure, torn from loving hearts.
Yet there shines a light upon these little
mounds. In the sweet promise of the
gospel, the shadows flee away, and we
discern a tinge of glory, like a fringe of
gold behind the dark cloud. God di-
rects the fall of even a little sparrow,
and he orders, in his own wisdom, the
sad event that tears from bleeding hearts
the little ones they so much love, but
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven,"
and all is well with the children whom
the Saviour gathers home.—Wilson
Mirror.

THE NEW YEAR AND ITS OUT- LOOK FOR THE TOBAC- CO TRADE.

We are entering upon the portals of
the New Year and with a flattering out-
look for the tobacco trade. 1887 with
its "ups" and "downs" is a thing of the
past and we stand in the morning of the
new era, eagerly scanning the future and
trying to divine what it has in store for
us.

The New Year opens brighter for
the tobacco trade than has been the case
for many years past. The whole industry
to-day presents a pleasing contrast with
that of twelve months ago. Then there
was despondency and doubt everywhere,
but to-day we see confidence and hope
in every branch of the trade. Twelve
months ago the price of leaf was down at
the bottom notch and trying to get even
lower—to-day the market is brisk, all
grades selling at outside figures with a
stiff upward tendency. The manufactur-
ing business was dull from the effects of
an over crowded and depressed market,
and yet to-day, in spite of congressional
agitation of the tax, we find the manu-
facturers in good spirits and pressing
forward into the New Year with strong
confidence in its business possibilities.

NO MAN'S LAND.

There is a tract of land lying south of
Kansas and Colorado and between the
Indian Territory and New Mexico which
has been known for many years as "no
man's land." It contains 3,687,300
acres being 167 miles long by 344 wide.
It is fertile, well watered, has valuable
deposits of coal and a fine climate. It
will make 23,000 farms of 160 acres
each. It contains at present 10,000
American farmers who have sent one of
their number, Mr. O. G. Chase, to ask
Congress in their name to give them ter-
ritorial government, with its Laws
and protections. Cimarron is the name
given their territory. They have found-
ed towns, built school houses and
churches. Until within two years it was
only inhabited by cattle men.—Ex.

THE BELLOWS, A NORTH CAR- OLINA INVENTION.

It is not generally known that the
Fan Bellows is an invention of a Chatham-
ite. Yet such is the case. We had the
pleasure of examining Letters Patent
granted by our Government to
Jesse Dixon, of Chatham county, in
1827. It is done in parchment in ex-
cellent style and signed by John Quincy
Adams President, H. Clay, Sec. of
State, and William Wirt, Attorney
General. This is a genuine document.
These signatures were done by these
men themselves, and not simply a fac-
simile of their autographs. The great
seal of the nation is attached. It grants
exclusive rights and privileges to the in-
ventor for the period of fourteen years.

Jesse Dixon lived on Crane Creek
and was of that same estimable family
of that name that lives in the same sec-
tion. Having conceived the plan of im-
provement in the bellows he proceeded
to make a model of his invention. But
how was he to utilize it without a patent?
To secure this it was necessary that he
should take his model to the National
Capitol. At that time there was not a
locomotive engine in America, and Mr.
Dixon was under the necessity of find-
ing some other means of transportation
than by steam. He rigged up a one
horse wagon, put his machine upon it
and carried it to Washington City. Hon.
John Long was then our member of
Congress. Though his friendly interest
the invention was brought to the notice
of the government. It was seen at once
that it was an invention of great merit
and a patent was at once granted.

It is not claimed that Mr. Dixon in-
vented the bellows. The use of this
machine goes back to time immemorial.
Jeremiah describes the bellows and
Ezekiel tells us of gathering
"silver and brass and tin and iron and
lead, into the midst of the furnace, to
blow the fire upon it to melt it." Homer
describes the furnace in when the iron
shield of Achilles was forged as being
blown upon by twenty pairs of bellows.
His was the moral and original plan of
throwing draughts of air by means of a
fan. He never was profited greatly by
his invention, important as it was. His
name is hardly now known in con-
nection with it. Whitney invented the
cotton gin and achieved fame. Dixon
invented the fan bellows, and is forgot-
ten; and yet his invention is as exten-
sively used and as important as the gin.
—Fittsboro Home.

POWERFUL MAGNETIC ORE.

A Georgia paper tells of a man who
got lost in a cornfield, and after a day's
search his friends found him sitting on
an ear near the top of the stalk. That
rather lays it over our corn but it doesn't
compare with the simple virtues of our
magnetic iron mines. They possess an
ore that draws just a little. The work-
men all wear moccasins because it draws
the tacks out of shoes. Houses in the
vicinity of our mines have to be bolted
together, as nails would all pull out
over night. A wild duck that had in a
thoughtless moment swallowed a few do-
mestic hairpins tried in vain to fly over
the mines, but was drawn to earth by the
remorseless power of magnetic attrac-
tion. Iron-clad vessels are often at-
tracted shoreward and left helpless upon
the beach, while people with too much
iron in their blood are overcome as in a
trance and sleep on in the perpetual
delights of an earthly nirvana. Such
a few of the wonders of this power, but
perhaps its greatest achievement was in
attracting the irony of the Twin Cities.
Georgia may have the corn, but when it
comes to a harvest of earthy greatness
Minnesota takes the Johny cake.—Dal-
lath Paragapher.

Two bright New Jersey women
men, dissatisfied with the money they
made teaching invested \$50 in poultry.
The first year their profits were \$1,000,
the second \$3,000.—Ex.

it is found in the short acreage of 1887.
Let us learn a lesson here. A crop
planted this year like the one in 1885
will bring to our farmers next year 1886
prices and 1886 depression to the whole
industry. We appeal to farmers to cur-
tail their acreage again and help to keep
prices up. We appeal to tobacco buy-
ers everywhere to use their influence in
urging a reduced planting again this
year. And most of all we urge
on the press of the tobacco sections to
help us present this matter to the farm-
ers in such a way that they may see the
evil of over cropping.

ROMANCE IN TOBACCO.

A group of New York business men,
after dining at a fashionable restaurant,
were seated around the table discussing
the exquisite flavor of an all-tobacco
cigarette which had been furnished them
by one of their number, and were great-
ly surprised when informed that no more
of that kind could be obtained in the
city. Being pressed for the history of
their origin, he told the following story:
"In Mexico, a few years ago, a wealthy
and aristocratic gentleman had the ill
luck to lose his fortune, and when he
died from the effect of his loss, his widow
found herself without the means of
living. She was young, handsome and
amiable, but she could not do even
plain sewing. Her prile excelled her
beauty, and rather than depend upon
others, she would have committed sui-
cide. A little strip of land had been
saved from the wreck of her husband's
fortune, on which a fine tobacco grew.
The old gentleman had been in the habit
of growing his own smoke, and none
of the tobacco had ever been sold. His
friends knew the flavor of that particular
weed, however, and they advised the
widow to make cigarettes for private
sale. Every Mexican woman can roll
tobacco most divinely, and she adopted
the suggestion. She has supported her-
self ever since, and these are some of
the cigarettes she made. I bought them
at the rate of one Mexican dollar—or
75 cents of our money—for a package of
150."
"But why cannot they be imported?"
asked a member of the group.
"Because she has a romantic idea that
she will utilize the means at her disposal
only for her own support, and will not
let anybody assist her in her work.
The patronage of the Mexican residents
is enough to keep her as busy as possi-
ble, and she will not undertake to push
the sale of her cigarettes into other
markets."—Danville Tobacco Journal.

PUNGENT SNUFF.

JUST FEEBLE ENOUGH.

Smith—"You look a little mused
up, Brown."
Brown—"I should say so! I've
just had a row with my mother-in-law,
and I'll be hanged if she didn't put me
out of the house. The house belongs
to her, you know."
Smith—"You told me a day or two
ago that your mother-in-law was very
feeble."
Brown—"Yes; I meant feeble for
her."—Harper's Bazar.

RAISED HIS WEIGHT.

"Hello, John, you look quite hap-
py!"
"Well, I have cause to be happy. I
was married two weeks ago, and last
night my wife got me on the police
force."
"Your wife got you on? Why, you
were ten pounds below the standard
weight when the surgeons rejected you,
and you are no heavier now."
"I know it, but three days after be-
ing married I ate two of my wife's first
biscuits, went before the surgeons again
and tipped the scales at the standard
weight."—Cincinnati Telegram.

MUSIC BARS.

There was a large company at dinner
the other day at the Dean's, and Miss
Ella was looking out of the window as
if expecting some one.
"That's dear Mr. Karlstop; now we
shall have some music! Is it he?
Yes, it is! No it isn't, that's his gait
I know!"
"Taint his gait either, sis, an' don't
you forget it," shouted a sweet youth
in knickerbockers. "Pop says he ain't
a-goin to have no music-man a hanging
on his gate with you!"
But here he was muzzled and drag-
ged out of the room.—Detroit Free
Press.

A GIRL OF HER WORD.

Omaha Youth—"Say, Dick, will
your sister be at home to-night?"
Little Dick—"Nope."
"Did she say where she was going?"
"Nope."
"Has she any special engagement
for this evening?"
"No, guess not."
"Then maybe she'll be at home."
"No she won't, 'cause Sis is a girl of
her word."
"Her word?"
"She said if you asked if she'd be at
home I should say 'no,' and then she'd
go somewhere, so it wouldn't be a lie."
—Omaha Herald.

BY A LARGE MAJORITY.

"This is all so sudden, Mr. Sampson,"
she said, with maidenly reserve, "and
so unexpected, that although I confess
I am not entirely indifferent to you, I
hardly know what to say in reply to
you."
"If you are in favor of the proposi-
tion," suggested Mr. Sampson, who, like
Dick Swiveler, is a Perpetual Grand
Master, "you will please signify your
assent by saying 'Aye.'"
"Aye," came softly.
"Contrary?"
"No!" thundered the old man, open-
ing the door.
"The noes have it by a large majori-
ty," said Mr. Sampson, reaching hastily
for his hat.—New York Sun.

MISSED THE GIRL AND KISSED THE COW.

"Well Jud, what is it yer are so an-
xious to tell the boys?" asked Deacon
Skinberry of the village Ananias.
"Waal, I donno's you'll b'lieve it."
"Never mind; tell it anyhow."
"Er—you fellers was telling 'bout
fast train time, sixty miles or nour, n
so on; but I calculate I kin tell yer 'bout
a listenin' train ez beats 'em all. I went
down ter ther depot one day wen I
lived at Scoperville, on the Tearing
Thunder Road, an' ez I stepped on the
cars an' turned to kiss my wife good-bye
ther train pulled out 'n I kissed a cow
six miles out in ther kentry."—Dallas
(Tex.) News.
"Have a smoke." "No, thank you,
I've sworn off." "Well, put one in
your pocket to smoke tomorrow."—Hart-
ford Post.

PIKINGS.

From the Wilmington Star.

In the United States there are 1,
200 different railroads. These are
operated by 500 corporations.

The Pope fainted during the recent
jubilee. He declined to receive the
gifts sent him by the King of Ita-
ly.

The President flatly contradicts the
manufactured-to-order statement that
he would send a supplementary message
to Congress.

There now. Nearly half of the Sen-
ators "have no hair on the top of the
head where it ought to grow." That
is a long way to say they are
bald.

There are five miles of empty cars in
the coal regions of Pennsylvania. The
stagnation is perfect and all on account
of a great strike.

Anniston, Alabama, has been blowed
to the utmost. It is a small place af-
ter all. At the municipal election last
week, but 491 votes were polled. It is
nothing but a village after all.

Miss Frances C. Fisher ("Christian
Reed") was married, December 29,
to Professor James N. Tieruan, min-
ister of the Gospel, and the ceremony
was performed in New Or-
leans.

There are three members of Presi-
dent Buchanan's Cabinet still living—
George Bancroft, Rufus King and Jo-
seph Holt. They all live in Wash-
ington. Bancroft was Secretary of the
Navy; Holt Secretary of War, and
King Postmaster General. Jeff-
erson Davis was Secretary of War under
Pierce.

Southerners living in Chicago will
erect a monument in memory of Con-
federates buried at Camp Douglas, near
that city, that will cost \$30,000.
There should be inscribed on it this
truth: thirty-one Confederates per-
ished from cold in one night, within
two miles of a great city filled with
fuel, clothing, and blankets. One of
these was young Davis, of Franklin
county, connected with one of the
prominent families of that section.

GRANT AS A SMOKER.

I once heard Gen. Grant tell Mrs.
Grant that his cigars cost 39 cents each
by the thousand. He smoked a very
long and large cigar, especially made
to order. In fact his cigar would put
an ordinary sample in the shade as
regards size. He generally had two do-
zen boxes on hand, and two brands of
them. He always favored the largest
cigar. The valet could always gain the
consideration of being an alert servant
if he would notify him in the near ex-
haustion of his stock. "General, only
one box of cigars on hand!" Well
I will have some sent up was his in-
variable answer, and he never failed.

I would next enter his bedchamber,
and offered would find him lying in the
bed smoking a cigar. He had a chair
by his bed where he deposited the
ashes. It was the invariable custom
of the General in the morning to go straight
from his bed-chamber across the outer
hall and enter the boudoir. On his way
he would pass Mrs. Grant's sleeping
chamber, and her door generally stood
ajar. He would never miss, but would
always look in, and in a clear cherry
voice would call out: "Good morning,
Mrs. G.?" She would invariably an-
swer back with equal playfulness:
"Good morning, Victor." This was
about the only time they varied from
their more dignified greetings, and it
was very pleasant to hear this.

The boudoir was also the place where
the general opened his mail. The
mail! he emphasized, that was con-
fused over with the mail! No less than
100 letters came to his residence daily,
which I was told was only a third of
the mail that came to his down-town
office. During the time he was con-
fined to his room his private secretary
called every afternoon to receive the
orders concerning the mail. The bou-
doir was also the favorite room for the
entertainment of his special friends in
evening amusement. The general had
many callers. The evenings with the
family were of course spent in the parlor,
where father and boys would sit and
smoke and chat. Mrs. Grant was nev-
er inconvenienced by the smoke.—
Grant's Valet.