

MISC FOLDER
1872

SURRY WEEKLY VISITOR.

VOLUME 1.

MOUNT-AIRY, N. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1872.

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Surry Weekly Visitor.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
By The Surry Publishing Co.
AT MOUNT-AIRY, N. C.
"Equal Rights."

TERMS:
ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

All business letters should be addressed to the Publisher of *The Weekly Visitor*, Mount Airy, N. C.

All Communications, hereafter should be addressed to SAMUEL FORKNER Mt. Airy, N. C.

RATES OF ADVERTISING,
FOR 1872.

One Square, first insertion,	75
Each subsequent insertion,	35
One square, three months,	4 50
" " six months,	7 50
" " twelve months,	11 25
Two " " three months,	7 50
" " six months,	11 25
" " twelve months,	15 00
Quarter column twelve months	30 00
Half " " " " " " "	45 00
One " " " " " " "	75 00

The above are our fixed rates of advertising, for which, there will be no variation. We hope our friends will notice our terms, we have adopted the motto live and let live, and we hope our friends will do the same. Ten lines or less constitute one square. We are compelled to adopt a strict cash system.

JOB-WORK
OF ALL KINDS NEATLY
EXECUTED at this OFFICE
Westfield
SCHOOL.

The Fall Session of the Friends' School at Westfield, Surry county, North Carolina, will open 8th month, 12th, 1872, and continue twelve weeks.

The Winter Session will open 11th month, 18th, 1872, and continue thirteen weeks.
The Spring Session will open 2d. month, 28th, 1873, and continue twelve weeks.

TERMS OF TUITION:
The tuition per month, for those studying Spelling, Writing, Primary Arithmetic, Primary Geography, and Reading as far as the 2d. Reader, will be \$1.00.
Those above these studies, \$1.25, and those studying Algebra, Philosophy and the higher branches will be charged \$1.50.
Boarding can be had in the neighborhood for \$8.00 per month.
Tuition will be half due at the beginning, and the other half at the middle of each Session.
Arrangements are being made to place new seats and desks in the school-room, and in other respects to make it more comfortable.

ELLEN MINTHORN will continue to occupy the position of Principal Teacher. She will be assisted by ANNA M. HOOPER.

Those desiring more information in regard to the school are desired to address,

John Y. Hoover, S. perintendent, Westfield, Surry Co., N. C.

New Blacksmith Shop.

We would respectfully inform the citizens of Mount-Airy and surrounding country that we have opened a Blacksmith shop in the rear of Mr. T. Schaub's Wagon and Buggy establishment. We are prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing on the most reasonable terms if you want a

WAGON IRONED,
A BUGGY IRONED,
HORSE SHOD,
PLOW MADE,

Or Machinery repaired, bring it to us and it will be done in style. Country produce or money taken in exchange for work, but

"Since man to man is so unjust,
We do not know what man to trust,
We've trusted many to our sorrow,
So pay to-day—We'll trust tomorrow."

T. J. LOWRY, Sr.
Mount Airy, N. C.,
Aug. 17, 1872.

An epitaph on a North Carolina mule is as follows:

Here lies a mule, blind as a bat,
The more corn you'd give him, the less he'd grow fat;
He belonged to the bummers of old Morehead,
And died the death of a "sorehead."

When is it right to take any one in?—When it rains.

Pen-makers are a bad lot. They make people steel pens, and then they say they do write.

The Legislature meets on the third Monday in November, the 18th day of the month.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

Somebody says "a wife should be like a roasted lamb, tender and nicely dressed." A cynic adds, "and without any sauce."

Billings says: "There ain't anything that will completely kure lazyness, but I hav known a second wife to hurry it sum."

"Do you like novels?" asked Miss Fitzgerald of her backwoods lover. "I can't say," he replied; "I never eat any; but I tell you I'm death on 'possum."

A young gentleman recently created quite a sensation, while reading to a circle of young ladies a poetical effusion "To a Beautiful Belle," by pronouncing the last word in two syllables.

"I say, pompey," said one freedman to another, "dis chile has tried lots of gift fares and tings fur a prize, but nebber could draw anything at all." "Well, Jim, I'd vise you to try a hand cart; de chances are a tousand to one dat you could draw dat."

Killed.
Andy Cummings, colored, while in a state of intoxication, laid down upon the track of the N. C. Railroad on Friday night last, and was run over by the train and killed. One hand and both feet were cut off and the body badly mangled.—*Greensboro Patriot.*

The Danbury Reporter says: "We have somewhat of a noted character living in a cabin on the east end of Flat Shoal mountain, who was annoyed a good deal the other night by something unusual rustling and twisting about his feet in his bed. He bounded out of the bed and found a rattle-snake comfortably coiled up on the foot of his bed. The way Ned cursed all snakes would have made a flanders horse driver think he was not well skilled in the art of cursing."

Democratic Intolerance.
"Harper's Weekly ought not to be admitted into any decent Southern man's house."—*Charlotte Democrat.*

"Why, bless your eyes, friend Yates, that's just what you and your party used to say about *The New York Tribune*, and now you are supporting the editor of that "vile Radical sheet" for President of the United States! If you continue in your present course you will support the editor of *Harper's Weekly* for President in less than a dozen years.
Hail Columbia, happy land,
If you ain't a consistent set, we'll be bland.—*Era.*

Make Others Happy.

Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one far and near, who can listen. Some men fill the air with the perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the honey-suckle over the door, yet like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great a bounty and a blessing is it to hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to some, and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy; to fill the atmosphere in which they must stand with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves.

An Accurate Boy.

There was a young man once in the office of a Western railway superintendent who occupied a position that four hundred boys in that city would have wished to get. It was honorable and it paid well, besides being in the line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a poor laborer. The secret was his beautiful accuracy.

He began as an errand boy, and did his work accurately—his writing and arithmetic. After a while

step his employer commended his accuracy and relied on what he did, because he was just right.

It is thus with every accurate boy is the favored one. Those who employ men do not wish to be on the constant lookout as though they were rogues or fools. If a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure that his work is right, or if a cashier must run over his book-keepers' column, he might as well do the work himself as to employ another to do it in that way; and it is very certain that an employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman as soon as he can.

Singular Verification of a Dream.

The Gloucester Advertiser gives a singular verification of a dream by Captain Samuel Elwell, of the schooner Belvidere, which arrived from Georgia at that port. It says: "On Sunday morning 21st ult, Captain Elwell, being unwell retired to his berth and soon fell asleep, when he dreamed that he saw a dead body afloat on the water and attempted to secure it, but that it passed under the counter of his vessel and escaped. His efforts and the disappointment caused him to wake and going on deck he could not throw off the sensation produced. Half an hour afterwards a floating box was discovered—it passed under the counter of the schooner and could not be seized till the vessel put about when it was secured and found to contain the body of a little girl, about four years old with golden brown hair and attired in a plaid dress, with apron, and nice gaiter boots.—There were severe injuries upon the forehead, and holes were bored in the box indicating that the child was murdered, and the perpetrator intended the sea should cover the

crime. As decomposition of the body had commenced, and the vessel was not to return for several days, the box was nailed up and sunk.

Making Friends.

He that would have friends must show himself friendly. Scarce one of us but has a weak point that may be ridiculed, a fault that may be censured, an infirmity that may betray us into vice or unworthiness. Not one of us but needs a friend to supplement our defects, to reflect the luster of our virtues, to help us in being true to what is noblest in us and of absolute worth in itself. There are unhappy persons who exist only upon the frailties and vices and mistakes of their fellow creatures. To them conversation is insipid unless spiced with scandal, jokes are meaningless if some one's feelings are not hurt, a moral is valueless unless pointed by the delinquency of some hapless mortal.

There are those also whose mission on earth is peace. Evermore they bear with them the mantle of charity, and with its ample folds cover the unfortunate, the weak, the erring. They know full well that "every human heart is human," that every soul needs sympathy, forbearance, affection, that all men are equally precious to God, since He has made of one blood all flesh. If words of commendation fail they keep silence; if censure must be

justice; to the returning prodigal they give welcome, to the repentant criminal words of cheer and hope.

Only shallow observers of human nature ridicule its weaknesses, and like ghouls feast on its vices. He who looks deepest into the throbbing floods of humanity that surge around us is most profoundly pitiful; he sees under all the disguises of fortune in every woman a possible angel, and his approaches are made on the angel side.

The great fault with most of us is that we act on the defensive. Instead of making advances ourselves we wait for others to make advances to us.—Said one of the wisest of our American philosophers to a friend who was rather fond of holding up to laughter the foibles of his acquaintances, "William, if you make a friend every day, in three years you will have a thousand friends. If you make an enemy every day in three years you will have a thousand enemies. A man with a thousand enemies will be likely to get tripped in his way through life by some one of them, and I would rather have a thousand friends than a thousand enemies." Is not this instruction worth taking to heart? How happy the reflection, when one draws the drapery of his couch about him each night, "to-day I have won a friend, or I have bound in closer ties one already mine." Full of divinest philosophy as of heavenly charity is that utterance of the Saviour, "Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God."—The field of their operation is as broad as the world; there is work for them to do every family, in every social circle, in every church, in every neighborhood. Let those who are inclined to sing

"Ah what is friend-ship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep!"

let them apply themselves to the delightful task of winning friends by encouraging the distrustful, by cheering the sad, by raising the downfallen, by sympathy with the aspiring, and thus bind to their hearts the hearties of those about them. They will find that in loving the Supreme God they are indissolubly joined with all the noble and the true, and friendships thus based must exist parallel with the existence of the soul and of its maker.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Young Men go to Work!

There is no time to idle now. You must carve out your own fortune. You have no inheritance upon which to depend.—You must reconstruct your own fortunes by industry, perseverance and toil. Labor is honorable, and the ignoble are those who will not work. Get you a home. Fence a field, and plow and plant it, and gather around you the comforts of a home. And when you have made a character for industry and thrift, ask some young lady to share your home with you.—We would say to every young lady, mark those young men who are lounging around, attempting to live by their wits, or on the interest of their debts; and when they ask you to share the fortunes of life with them, just let them pass on. No young lady can consent to marry

its, unless she has made up her mind to sell her self to the lowest bidder.—Young men watch for chances, one man makes chances; while ten men wait for something to turn up, one turns up something so while ten fail, one succeeds, and is called a man of luck, the favorite of fortune. There is no luck; luck and fortune most favor those who are most indifferent to fortune. Young men go to work.—*New Jersey Mechanic.*

A Good Daughter.

There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than she, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals, more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of her father's house. Her ideal is indissolubly connected with that of the fireside. She is his morning sunlight and his evening star. The grace, vivacity and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness.

Keep Plowing Under.

A Georgia farmer, in 1865, fenced in a field of ten acres—land worn out, and plowed it in June and sowed it to wheat in September, and at harvest time got four bushels to the acre. The next season there was a fair crop of weeds. These were plowed under and wheat tried again. The yield, per acre, was nine bushels. The same process the succeeding year produced seventeen bushels per acre, and the last year twenty-seven bushels. As no mention is made about the use of clover these successive croppings and constantly increasing yields are somewhat remarkable. He is assured that

had the ground been subsoiled twenty inches deep, the last yield would have been doubled.

Cooking Food for Animals.

All doubt of the economy of cooking by steaming the food fed in winter to all the domestic animals, is removed by the many careful experiments that have been made under a great variety of circumstances, by the most reliable men in the country. The improvement and reduction of the cost of steam generators has, of late been very great. The danger from their use has gratefully retarded the more general introduction of arrangements for steaming food for stock. They are very economical and safe, operate well, and are so simple that any farm hand can run them.

A great advantage arising from steaming all the food for stock, in which there are liable to be seeds of any description, is that the vitality of such is destroyed, and the manure is freed from all noxious weed seeds—a matter of much greater importance than it is considered by culturists generally. The chaff of our grain crops, which contains most of the foul seed gathered with the crops, should be steamed to destroy the vitality of the seed, ere it goes into the manure heap. If not steamed before it is returned to the land, it would be better to burn it, rather than take such an amount of foul seeds back on the land.

Storing Winter Apples.

A correspondent of *Laws of Experience*, is "decidedly of opinion" that apples keep far better when put in close boxes or barrels, and secluded as much as possible from the air. When thus stored, he says they will come out in the spring full and plump as when taken from the tree. Many varieties, as the Talman Sweet, Spitzenburg, and those kind that are not considered as long keepers and shrivel badly, will do well treated in this way. He adds:—

I have found universally, that they keep better to let them lie without picking over. It is much better to pile them into a large bin across the cellar, six or seven feet wide, and cover them up tightly, than to lay them on the shelves.—I once saw such a bin that the man had kept through the winter. About the first of April, he thought he would open the windows on the side of the cellar next the window to let the in air, that they might keep better. I was at this place, and called my attention to the fact. Two windows just over the bin were opened about ten days or two weeks, and the apples exactly opposite the windows, about one-third rotted for as much as a foot in depth, and the remaining part on either side were not rotted at all. Another instance: A neighbor of mine had about five hundred bushels in a pile in the cellar. As they became a little speckled, he commenced picking over; when about half done, got tired and concluded to let them go. When marketed about six weeks after, found that about one-third of those picked over were not fit for market, while all but about one-twentieth of the others were good. This I have seen in numerous instances. If you wish to try the experiment, make a box as tight as a carpenter can make it, and when picking from the orchard fill it and nail it fast. Let it lie in the orchard till it is in danger of freezing; then put in the cellar. Put the same quantity on the shelves for trial. I am pretty sure one experiment will convince you.