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THE FARMER'S BANNER.

Upheld by hands made brown by toil,
And hearts both true and tried,
O, patient tiller of the soil,
The nation's heart and pride,
Send o'er high hills and valleys wide
The gladness of thy right,
That farmers in their humble homes
Have majesty and might.

Then monarchs proud shall honor,
And kings on you shed,
For to the humble farmer
They look for daily bread;
Yet need ye not to covet
The prince's power and wealth,
For crown contains no jewels
Compared to peace and health.

Your wealth consists of meadows green
And fields of waving grain;
Your homes made neat by labor sweat,
Prove you've not lived in vain.
Then hail to the farmer's banner,
From war and blood stain free!
May peace, good-will and charity
Its motto ever be.

An Affecting History.

In a Paris garret, reaching as far up toward the clear blue sky of the heavens as William Laue could find one, was a painter's studio, or perhaps it would be more correct to call it a work-shop, for William was only a sign-painter; indeed, his genius did not reach beyond the course designs of the humblest business shops, but such as his occupation was, it sufficed for his simple wants, and as to earthly goods he was content. But the way of the world is trouble in some form or another, and William had his. Perhaps he made it for himself, as the majority of us are daily doing, but it was, nevertheless, trouble, and he thought no trouble could be greater.

William had dwelt alone fifteen years, though there was a fair and beautiful girl who saved his life from utter dreariness. Did I say she was beautiful? Yes, as the bird in its glad, singing, fluttering life is beautiful, so was Nina Laue; beautiful for the joyous freshness and buoyant life that sparkled out from her eyes and rippled over her dimpled cheeks, making you smile with pleasure as you looked upon her, whether your heart were sad or merry.

The neighbors said that William Laue had a fortune in his Nina, worth more than the wealth of gilded palaces, and so thought he. She was the one treasure of his heart, which made all things bright to him; her prattling tongue, ever glib with love and happiness, beguiled him from the weariness of labor and gave a relish to his brown bread and wine such as rarely blesses the palate of the revelers of wealth. She was his bird, the star of his life, the sunbeam of his attic-room, his joy and his gladness; nay, she was his life, and he often called her by each endearing name, and rarely spoke the name of Nina until she was 20; then a dark, threatening cloud rolled up between them, casting its shadow over their faces and into their hearts; and Nina, or girl, were the only names he ever gave her. Her step lost its elasticity, and where the once joyous smile of a happy heart played in the dimples and with the roses of her cheeks, settled a despairing wretchedness, so silent, so uncomplaining that the heart sadly ached as one looked upon her; but not so with William Laue. His face became dark and threatening with a lowering discontent, and his voice harsh and stern.

The other occupants of the house frequently heard him, after all were abed asleep, railing out upon her in a voice the angry tones of which was full of curses and abuse. Upon several occasions they were sure they heard blows; while from Nina ever came low, plaintive tones of pleading, mingling with heavy sobs.

Thus it had been for two weeks, when the nightly scene became more terrific to the listeners ears than all others had done. Just as several had determined to interfere, the angry sounds ceased, and William Laue was heard to slam Nina's door and stride on to his own room. At early dawn next morning the report of a pistol was heard in the young girl's room; and as the people came quickly forth, William Laue rushed out of her room, and looking wildly about, sprang down the steps, flight after flight, like a stag over projecting rocks when pursued to the death by hunters and hounds. None thought of following him, all were intent upon getting to the room from whence came the startling sounds. There, stretched upon the floor weltering in blood, lay the young girl dead. The aim had been fatal; the ball passing through her heart, death had been instant, and no distortion disfigured the fair young face. So beautiful, so sad was it, turned up to the by-standers, so terrible was the great pool of blood surging out from the pure, girlish heart; so demonaic was the death that men

groaned and cursed deeply from between set teeth and livid lips; while women shrieked and sobbed with horror and agony. One spoke: "Comrades, while we stand here the murderer escapes!"

With flushed face and flashing eyes all angrily strode from the room. As they descended the steps the banister was, here and there, stained with blood, where the offender had clasped it with his hand as he leaped down the stairs. The pistol that did the dreadful deed bore upon a metal plate the name of William Laue. Evidence was conclusive; all knew the murderer beyond a doubt. The news that the painter had killed his daughter flew like wild-fire. The carpenter laid down his tools, the blacksmith closed his shop, and the searchers increased to a great number. The mob was infuriated, and called to their assistance the blood-hound; they tracked him forth from the city several miles, and came upon him crouched behind a fallen log and beneath a heavy undergrowth. When asked if he did the deed, he simply replied, "Yes," and spoke no more. Beyond that one word none could induce him to speak, and in the court of justice, before his judges, he might have been thought dead, but for a wild fire glaring from his eyes, so silent, so immovable stood he until sentence was passed. Then he only said: "It is well; I deserve to die." Three days from the sentence William Laue was hung for the murder of his own daughter, and the mob soon forgot them both.

The law had its justice, and the murderer and the murderer were nothing more to them.

Years rolled on, and the owner of the house that father and daughter had lived in had the old frame torn down to build a fine residence upon the spot. The workmen were tearing up the floor of the room in which the terrible deed were enacted. As they removed the plank next the hearth, a spacious rat-hole was revealed, and in it lay a letter almost as brown as the bricks, but not even the seal was broken. Reading the direction, that could scarcely be spelled out, they found that it was to William Laue. We will give its contents:

"My Beloved Father: God only knows how deeply I love you; but I cannot live without Charles. Last night you told me you would rather see me dead than his wife, and that if I married him you would surely kill him. This morning I take my own life, not in anger with you, but because I cannot live without either you or Charles. If I were not to marry him, I should die slowly and miserably. If I were to flee with him and never see your dear face again, it would be the same with me; so I prefer death to losing either of you. God have mercy on you, beloved father, and may he forgive this last act of my life. When I am dead, tell Charles that I preferred death rather than life to give him up. Oh, father! forgive your own loving child,
NINA."

All now saw that a human life had been sacrificed to the demands of the law; that it was the terrible sight which blasted his eyes and his heart from which William Laue fled; that it was because he knew he had indirectly caused his child's death and wished to die that he answered yes.

It was now easy enough to see that Nina had procured her father's pistol with which to do the deed; that the blood was gotten upon Laue's hands in his frantic efforts to stop the flow of blood, and that when her death was certain to his mind he became frantic and fled wildly without other thought than getting away from the terrible spectacle. All that could be done was to hand over the letter to Charles Michel, who was then old and palsied, yet had never married. As he read the faded, yellow lines, tears trickled down the furrowed cheeks. Three months after, when he was found dead in bed, the letter lay upon his heart; none removed it, but buried it in the grave with him.

Bashfulness.

Sometimes detracts from usefulness as well as pleasure, but never from personal goodness and amiability. A brazen faced boy or girl, sometimes called 'fast' is an object of aversion, not of hatred. For a while they may be agreeable, but when seen too often, they become tiresome, and with many people really disgusting. Let the little girls cultivate gentleness and modesty, and the boys commendable self-reliance. If any be overmuch afflicted with bashfulness, it may be cured by looking the person you speak with fully, but kindly in the eyes, by not thinking of yourself, and largely associating with older and wiser persons,

She Wanted Comedy.

Three months ago, when a new servant girl came to a brush street family, the mistress said she desired to post the girl in advance on one certain point.—She and her husband belonged to an amateur theatrical company, and in case Jane heard any racket around the house she must not imagine they were quarreling. They would be simply rehearsing their parts. The "play" began on the third evening of the girl's engagement. The husband taunted the wife with extravagance, and she said he played poker for money; and chairs were upset and footstools were kicked around, and threats were made of going home to mother. Next morning the mistress said to the girl:

"Did you hear us playing our parts in 'The Wronged Wife' last night?"

"Yes'm."

"It was simply a rehearsal, you know; and you mustn't think strange of my throwing a vase at my husband and calling him a vile wretch."

Three or four nights after that the curtain went up on a play called "The Jealous Husband," and Jane heard sobs, sighs, protestations, threats and exclamations. The next play was entitled "Coming Home Tight," and was mostly played in the front hall. Then followed "The Depths of Despair," "Threats of Divorce," and "Such a Wretch," until Jane was at last tired of having a private box and being the only audience. The other morning she appeared in the sitting-room with her hat on and her bundle under arm, and said:

"Please, ma'm, but I'm going this morning."

"What, going away?"

"Yes'm."

"For what reason?"

"Please ma'm, but I'm tired of tragedy. I'm a girl as naturally likes to see hugging and kissing and love-making on the stage, and when Marks, the lawyer, comes in on the what-do-you-call-it, I'm sure to be ticked to death. I think I'll try some family where they rehearse comedy and have a deal of kissing, and, perhaps, I may come in as a supe, and get a small share of it for myself."

A Human Bottoms.

There is a man in the hospital named James Dwyer who has three bullet-holes in his chest, one of which is still unhealed. Through the last mentioned wound, which is a little way below the left armpit, he expels air from his lungs. A reporter visited the man last evening at St. Mark's hospital. He had no hesitation in exhibiting his peculiarity, and when requested to strip, removed his shirt, and showed the reporter four holes in his chest and back where two bullets had entered and another where a ball had struck his shoulder and came out under his arm. There was also a hole or two in his leg. From the wound under the armpit he breathed so loudly that the sound of air escaping through the orifice could be heard the length of the room. The reporter held his hand before the hole and felt the air rushing out. Dwyer tells his story as follows:

"I was at Bonanza City about three years ago. Had a mind claim, and a man named Flaxon, Charley was his first name, came at me with a six-shooter, for a fight. Well before I knew it he had filled me up with lead. I had holes all over me, and they crossed this way and that until I couldn't tell for a certainty which bullet made any two holes. For a while you could look into one of the holes and see my heart quite plain, but that healed up and now there is no show to see the heart at all. I ain't much of an exhibition now; all I can do is to pump air out of my lungs by this hole. Once I could take it in at one place and send it out another. I was all well once, but the wounds opened again."

"Did you return the fire?" asked the reporter. "Hada'n't any gun; but after I was shot a few times I went for him, and got him down and the crowd pulled me off. When I got him down he began to holler murder; nice chap to be singing 'out murder after the way he had acted. Guess I'll be out in a few days all right."

"Take your time," as the jeweler said to the customer who had forgotten his chronometer.—Free Press.

The late snow North was from 14 inches to two feet deep.

The Gazette boasts of the sales of tobacco in Leaksville.

The Greensboro skating rink netted the owners \$700.

Bald mountain is having its periodic shake up.

Four Legged Babies.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has taken thought upon the startling news that "Mrs. Culver's new baby in Kansas has four legs," and condemns unqualifiedly this innovation. It demands that until we see our way more clearly we put up with the two-legged variety. Its reasoning is such as to suggest a pause:—"A large proportion of a child's expense is for shoes. The little toddlers wear out twenty pairs of shoes to one frock. Some parents tell us that one frock will outlast thirty pairs of shoes. Think, then, of the additional cost of rearing a large family if each individual member of that family required two pairs of shoes at one time! This burden might be borne if it fell upon the rich. The proverb gives us this pointer: 'A fool for luck and a poor man for children.'" And so it is. The poor have reared the children which are to-day the glory of our country, and they will continue to rear them until the last syllable of recorded time. Let us not impose any more hardships upon the bone and sinew of the nation. Times are good, it is true, but wages are not commensurate with the demands upon the poor man for children. It now often takes his uttermost penny to provide shoes and stockings and the other necessities of life for his family. The poor man's family very often consists of eight, ten, twelve, and occasionally thirteen children. Only a few weeks ago a poor man's wife in California gave birth to five children in one day. This was an exceptional case, the man, probably, being exceptionally poor. But, take the poor man's family as it comes, multiply it by four, and behold the perfect canebreaker of the legs and feet there are to be provided with covering. Ladies, we tell you it will never do. Let the four-legged idea stop right here."

Is the Earth Drying Up.

Physicists and scientists say, that the amount of water on the surface of the globe is steadily decreasing, and that the land gains on the sea year by year. It is true that in some portions of the globe the sea is eating up, as it were, the land. This is true of the Atlantic coast, which gives evidence of a steady encroachment of the ocean upon its shores. New York will some day be under the sea, and its great bridge and ruins can be examined and disinterred only by means of diving bells. Geographers tell us that two-thirds of the earth's surface is composed of water, so we can afford to lose a good deal of that element without suffering. If the nebular hypothesis is correct, and the earth was once a vast sea of fire, water was then non-existent, and when it first appeared must have come in the form of steam. Life was not possible until the fluid cooled, and it must have been myriads of years before the great salt seas formed. If the earth should gradually lose its moisture, great changes will be effected. There will be more land and a denser population, fewer marine animals, and more room for the races which now inhabit the land. Certain districts will become arid, swamps will dry up, vast waterways will be converted into dry land. What a pity we cannot go to sleep for a thousand years, so as to see what kind of a world this will be in 3000. There will, we apprehend, be some water left even then.

Sweet-Minded Woman.

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around, that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister does much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home, worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting-room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits, that are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough school-boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile, the little one full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.—Ex.

Giltenu's Gallows.

The gallows is painted a light green color, and is a rather pretty piece of carpenter work. The first thing that strikes you about it is the height of the floor above the brick ground. It is, perhaps, ten or twelve feet, or even more, above the floor; and a plain, tall set of steps, wide enough for four people to go up abreast, ascends it directly as you approach. It consists of a platform, with a large trap in the middle. The trap is half as large as a door to your room, and hinged on one side and on the other well bolted, but the bolts are withdrawn by the action of a cord which runs under the gallows floor, and passes into a small, barred cell-window right by. A man concealed there jerks the cord, and the trap falls. Several ropes are here which have been provided to hang Giltenu, sent by the animated people in different parts of the country, particularly in the South and West. Most of them are carefully tied, and the slip-knots arranged as if the persons in control had been hanging people all their lives. He will be hung with one of these ropes, for they have all been kept. Over the gallows rises a cross-bar on two supports, and the length of the rope is perhaps twelve feet, so that the prisoner will drop five or six feet. His head, when he stands up to be hanged, will be, say five feet and a half above the gallows floor, and when he drops the head will be half a foot or more below the gallows floor. On the gallows can stand thirty or forty people, and it is about ten or twelve feet square.—"Galt," in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Set or Set.

The Christian World thus sets at rest a perplexing question among agricultural editors:

Many of the agricultural editors are sorely troubled to know whether a hen sits or sets. If some editor of dignity would set a hen on a nest, and the editor would let her set, it would be well for the world. Now a man, or a woman either, can set a hen, although they can not sit her; neither can they sit on her, although the old hen might sit on them by the hour if she would allow it. A man cannot sit on the wash-bench, but he could sit the basin on it—and neither the basin nor the grammarians would object. He could sit on a dog's tail if the dog were willing, or he might set his foot on it. But if he should set on the aforesaid tail, or sit his foot there, the grammarian as well as the dog would howl. And yet, strange as it may seem, the man might set the tail aside, and then sit down, and neither be assailed by the dog nor the grammarians. Geographers accustomed us to thinking of the sun rising in the east and setting in the west.

A Word for Boys.

Ashamed of work, boys!—good hard honest work! Then I am ashamed of you—ashamed that you know so little about great men.

"Open your old Roman history now and read of Cincinnatus. On the day when they wanted to make him dictator, where did they find him? In the field ploughing. What about Marcus Curius who drove Pyrrhus out of Italy. Look him up; you will find him busy on his little farm.

The great Cato; you have surely heard of him—how he rose to all the honors of the Roman state—yet he was often seen at work in the field with slaves. Scipio Africanus, who conquered Hannibal and won Carthage for Rome, was not ashamed to labor on his farm.

Lucretia, one of the noblest of Roman matrons, might have been seen many a day spinning among her maids.

Better even than the example of noble Romans is the advice of the wise man. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Better than this, even, are the beautiful New Testament words: Not slothful in business fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

There 'after this, you will feel ashamed not to work.—Visitor.

Rates of Conduct.

Adhere most scrupulously to truth, and labor to preserve the strictest integrity, simplicity and sincerity.

Strive to be as kind, forbearing, and forgiving as you can both to friends and foes.

Never speak evil of any one on any pretence whatever.

Strive to recommend religion by the courtesy, civility, and condescending character of your conduct.

Mortify lusts, sensuality, and sloth.

Shut out evil imaginations and angry thoughts.

The Editor and the Shoemaker.

One day an editor, hard at work trying to devise a plan to make delinquent subscribers pay their dues, was called upon by a shoemaker, who dropped in to give the editor some valuable hints on running a newspaper. The editor, overjoyed at the opportunity, gave the man his best cane bottom chair, handed him a fresh cigar and listened attentively. Quoth the shoemaker as he lit the weed: Your paper needs a hundred improved features. You don't grasp the topics of the day by the right handle; you set the locals in the right kind of type; your telegraph news is too thin; even the paper itself is poorly manufactured, not thick enough and too chalky and white. You don't run enough matter, and what you do run ain't of the right sort. Your ideas about protective tariff are infernally foolish, and your stand on the Conkling matter was bad, bad. I tell you these things because I want you to succeed. I tell you as a friend. I don't take your paper myself but I see it once in a while, and, as a paper is a public affair, I suppose I have as good a right to criticize as any body. If a man wants to give me advice let him: I'm glad to have him, in fact."

"That is exactly it," said the editor kindly; "I always had a dim idea of my shortcomings, but never had them so cleverly and convincingly set forth as by you. It is impossible to express my gratitude for the trouble you have taken not only to find out these facts, but to point them out also. Some people knowing all these things, perhaps, nearly as well as you, are mean enough to keep these things to themselves. Your suggestions come in a most appropriate time; I had wanted somebody to lean on as it were, for some weeks. Keep your eye on the paper, and when you see a weak spot come up."

The shoemaker left, happy to know that his suggestions had been received with such a Christian spirit. Next day, just as he was finishing up a boot, the editor came in, and picking up the mate, remarked:

"I want to tell you how that boot strikes me. In the first place the leather is poor; the stitches in the sole are too wide apart, and in the uppers too near the edge.—Those uppers will go to pieces in two weeks. It's all wrong, putting poor leather in the heels and smoothing it over with grease and lampblack. Everybody complains of your boots, they don't last; the legs are too short, the toes are too narrow and the instep too high. How you can have the gall to charge twelve dollars for such boots beats me. Now, I tell you this as a friend because like to see you succeed. Of course, I don't know anymore about shoemaking than you do about a newspaper, but still I take an interest in you because you are so well disposed to me. In fact—

Here the exasperated cobbler grabbed a lapstone, and the editor gained the street, followed by old knives, pincers, hammers and awls, sent after him by the wrathful cobbler, who, on regaining his seat, swore by the nine gods that no impertinent, lop-eared idiot should ever come around trying to teach him his trade.

A CURIOSITY IN VACCINATION.—A gentleman in the west end, when the smallpox scare was first agitated in the city, purchased some vaccine matter for the purpose of vaccinating his family. He mixed the matter with some mortar on a piece of glass, and in doing so a portion of the mixture adhered to one of his finger nails. Soon after, having occasion to pick his nose, he unfortunately used the finger which had come in contact with the matter, and the consequence was it took splendidly in his nasal organ. Coming in contact thus with the membranes of the nose, it spread all through his head, and, as a result, he has been confined to his bed for two weeks. There will be no question hereafter with this gentleman that, if there is any virtue in vaccination, he never will have the smallpox.—Fort Wayne Gazette.

INFANTICIDE.—The attention of some of the residents near the reservoir was attracted on Tuesday by a number of buzzards in the hollow east of Reservoir street, and upon looking for the cause the body of a white infant was discovered. On last Sunday Dr. Terrell was called to visit a girl by the name of Crutchfield at Nat. Snipe's and upon examination he told her she had recently given birth to a child which she stoutly denied. A jury of inquest has been summoned and will investigate the matter.—Winston Sentinel.

There are 82 mercantile establishments in Chatham.

SMALL BITES.

High time—A church clock.

A bad position—Imposition.

Lost—The buttons from a coat of paint.

Great truths are often said in the fewest words.

A good guess at a tailor's name—Mr. So-and-So.

Apprehension of evil is often worse than evil itself.

Many mourn for their sins who do not repent of them.

Defeat is a school in which truth always grows strong.

Despair is the offspring of fear, laziness and impatience.

Try what you owe, then what are worth your own.

If we could have friends we must show ourselves friendly.

A favorite air with the ladies—In the sweet "merry-and-bay."

We hand folks over to God's mercy but show none ourselves.

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortune of others.

Take care of the poor Indian, and he'll take hair of the white man.

Babies are described as coupons attached to the bonds of matrimony.

About the greatest thing known is a fowl eating corn. It takes a peck every time.

It is a mistake to judge of excellence of your work by the trouble it has cost you.

Man that is born of woman, is of a few days and full of schemes to get his name in print.

Poverty wants some, luxury many, and avoids all things.

The waves of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when a storm is on.

The light of true friendship is like the light of phosphorus—a pleasant when all around is dark.

In the nose of Cleopatra had been a little shorter it would have changed the history of the world.

Unity and simplicity are the two true sources of beauty. Supreme beauty resides in God.

Can a man who has been fined by the magistrate time and again be considered a refined man.

"Yes, Sir," said Mr. Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a do-key laugh. I laugh as till I cried."

Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find that you are better off than you fancied.

A girl never looks so killing as when you find her dress. If you have a doubt, try it.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dress was in our composition.

Some men are born poor, others achieve poverty, and a legion more start newspapers, and live on cordwood and promises.

To pretend to the possession of many good friends is the gentle illusion of folks who fancy they merit the affection of their fellows.

If anything will impress the human mind with awe, it is the expression of the man's face who has just been aroused from snoring in church.

Colored women of Anderson, S. C., have formed a union, and will not work for less than six dollars a month. Whoever violates the agreement will be flogged by the others.

Mr. Brown went home the other night considerably elevated, and affected with double vision. He sat down with his sleepy gaze riveted upon Mrs. Brown, and then he quietly remarked: "Well (hic) if you two girls don't look enough alike to be (hic) twins."

This is the season of the year when the minnie pie comes to town, and the citizen comes down the street after dinner trying to copy a rasin seed out of a hollow tooth with a buckskin mite, and he steps in the drug store and orders another box of those powders for indigestion.

"What did he marry for?" is the title of a recent novel. We have not read the work, but we imagine it was because she had an income of \$10,000 a year. That's what young men marry for now-a-days, for they work so hard that they need all the money they can get to support a wife.

Miss Rosa Van Dieman of Milwaukee has brought a suit against Adolphus Thielas because he kissed her. She claimed \$5,000 damages. She says that "he then and there did seize plaintiff by the shoulders, put his arm around her neck, and did then and there kiss her," and by reason of said act the plaintiff was sorely hurt in her feelings, and suffered and underwent great mental pain."

One illusion vanishes after another. Life seems nothing else than a tour through the illusory world, where the traveler communes with phantoms as he passes along, listens to their vain imaginations, attempts to realize the golden dreams which they engender or encourage, falls and sighs but still goes on listening to other phantoms and reveling in other dreams, which grow fainter and fainter as life advances.

There is an opinion prevalent that young ladies lose their presence of mind under circumstances of peril. This was not the case with a lady of Buffalo, whose lover took her sleigh-riding, and began to propose just as his horses started to run with the sleigh. Being determined to have it over with, he got the question out at the moment the sleigh struck a mile-post. The girl was thrown high into the air, but as she came down she uttered a firm "Yes, Charlie," and then fainted.

A finely dressed gentleman was passing a new building, when he was stopped by a negro hood-carrier.

"Say, boss, am you de man dat gib de lecture las' night?"

"I an," was the response.

"Did you say dere was a dignity in labor, higher dan any thing else a man can know?"

"Yes, I did; and I hope you laid it to heart."

"I did boss. An' didn't you say you loved dignity better'n anything else?"

"I did."

"Well, suppose you take this hod, and try a little dignity on dat sixty foot ladder. I want to go across the street to see a man."