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DIVORCE.

A faded rose from a long dead June
Shut in the page of a hidden book—
I remember so that afternoon
The smiles and curves that her red lips took.
Here it is, marked in a girlish hand,
Year and initials, age, date as well.
What hopes we built upon the sand—
What tales a poor dead rose can tell.

Odorous days of hair and love
Hopes that we reckoned ages ago,
Voors that we pledged no chugs should move,
Dead sea fruit ye have yielded me so.
But it stirs old fires to find again
Even ghosts of what once was true,
Brought a rusted link of a chain,
"Even a rose once wet with dew."

Blame? Ah, yes—we were hasty and young,
Both were antested, and both did wrong.
I had a temper and she had a tongue;
We sold our love for less than a song.
Then came the blackest of days to me,
We were deserted, my home and I.
May be—God knows—it was all to be;
Love could not be saved—too late to try.

Divorced? Yes, Tom, it was better so;
It might make her happier, after all.
She loved me no longer, and thus I know
"Twas wiser than keeping still in thrall.
I saw her once, when it all was done;
Her eyes were white, but her face was white,
"Twas not the face of the girl once won
In the still, sweet garden that June night.

And then, in a little less than a year—
But you know, I think, the ship went down,
I read the tidings without a tear.
My hair next morning was white not brown,
I know that the end was best and still
I think of the time we first were wed,
It will come all right, I know it will,
In the day the sea gives up its dead.

Saved by Accident.

A Detective's Story.

"Langley, I've got a job for you; one that must be attended to immediately. Are you ready to travel?"

This was the salutation I received from my chief one afternoon, as I entered headquarters about a half past five.

"At a moment's notice," I replied—"or at least as soon as I can put on a disguise, should that be necessary."

"Good!" said the chief, "for that is about all the time I am able to give you. I have just received information that Sam Wolfe is in this town, and that he is to leave to-day by the C—and E—R. R. I think we have now an opportunity of tracking him to his headquarters, and I want you to do the job."

"I should like nothing better,"

"Very well; then start at once for the depot. I don't know what train he is going on; but you can wait until you see him. You are sure you cannot mistake him?"

"I should know him in any disguise," I replied, as I left the room.

Sam Wolfe, or "Slippery Sam," as he was generally called, was, at the time of which I write, one of the most dangerous counterfeiters in the country, and the chief of a large gang. We had for a long time been in search of his headquarters, but without success. We very seldom had a chance to "shadow" one of the gang, and when we did they managed to put us off the track before we had traced them to their lair. It would be a "big thing" for me if I unearthed their den; and I felt that the chief had paid me a high compliment in selecting me, and me alone, to do the job. I hastened to my lodgings, and quickly but carefully "made myself up" as a well-to-do farmer. "My reputation is at stake!" I muttered to myself, as I strode along toward the depot, "and, by Jove, I'm bound not to lose it!"

I thought, it very probable that I should have a long wait for my man, but in this I was agreeably disappointed, for, on arriving at the depot, almost the first man I beheld was slippery Sam. He had just entered, and was making his way toward the ticket office. I followed him, and saw that he bought a ticket for Watkin's Junction, a small village about thirty miles out. I purchased a ticket for the same place, and followed Wolfe into the car, just as the train started. Throughout the journey I kept him in sight. He glanced at me several times, but showed no signs of recognition, and I was confident that my disguise was perfect. Slippery Sam and I had met more than once in the course of my professional career, so I had been more than usually careful in my "make up," and was certain that it was effective. In something less than two hours the train reached Watkin's Junction, and several passengers alighted, among them Sam Wolfe and myself. The counterfeiter started up the main road,

and I stepped up to the depot master and asked:

"Can you tell me who that man is?" pointing to Wolfe.

"I don't know his name," was the reply, "but his face is familiar enough. He stops at Rorke's place."

"And where and what is Rorke's place?" I asked.

"You are a stranger in these parts or you wouldn't ask that," said the depot master. "Rorke's place is a little public house about a mile up the road, kept by one Jim Rorke—though how he manages to keep it going I don't know, for everybody in these parts steers clear of it—they know him too well."

"His reputation is not good, eh?" I asked.

"He's a rascal," said the depot master; "that's what he is."

Having ascertained the exact location of the public house in question, I started up the road, determined to make sure that I had really found the counterfeiters' headquarters. It was eight o'clock and very dark when I paused in front of a miserable looking hovel, over the door of which was written the name of James Rorke. From the inside I heard sounds of revelry, and glancing into the half open window I saw four men standing before a bar drinking. Sam Wolfe was not among them, but I doubted not that I had discovered the headquarters of his gang. Now nothing remained to do but to procure assistance and make a descent on the place; and I was about turning away with the intention of doing this, when I was seized from behind, thrown to the ground and in a twinkling bound hand and foot.

"Ah!" cried the voice of Sam Wolfe. "You will follow me from the city, eh, you cursed spy! Fool! did you think I didn't know you from the first?"

He lifted me in his arms and bore me into the room.

"Here's the spy, boys," he cried; "let's take him down stairs and decide what to do with him. An ordinary death will not do for a d—d police spy; and I have an idea to suggest on this point."

I was carried through a long, winding hallway and down a flight of steps.

"Strike a light," ordered Wolfe.

His command was obeyed, and a moment later I saw I was in the cellar of the building and in the counterfeiters' den. Apparatus for the manufacture of spurious money surrounded me on every side.

"Now, men," said Wolfe, addressing his four companions, "nothing remains but to settle the mode of his death; and as I suppose none of you will object to letting me have my own way in this matter, I now decide that he shall be tied to the railroad track and left to the mercies of the express which passes in about half an hour."

My blood ran cold as these words fell upon my ear, but I remained silent. The men were very warm in their expressions of approval of their captain's fiendish plan.

"Well, boys, I'm glad you like the idea," said Wolfe; "but let us waste no more time. It is several minutes' walk to the track; so off with him!"

Two of the men lifted me on their shoulders, and bore me up the stairs, out of the house, and along the lonely road, Sam Wolfe following. Presently they paused.

"Here we are," said one of the men. "Now, then, cap, nothing remains but to tie him down."

"Gag him, first," directed Wolfe.

He was obeyed, and then I was fastened securely to the track.

"Ha!" exclaimed Wolfe, "I hear the whistle of the train. It is less than two miles off. Now, cursed spy, say your prayers, for your time is short! Boys, you may return to the house. I will wait and see that the job is effectually done."

"All right, cap," and the men departed.

Nearer and nearer came the train, the shrill whistle sounded in my ears, the terrible rattle grew louder and louder, till it sounded like thunder.

"Ha—ha!" laughed Wolfe in fiendish glee, "in half a minute more you will be safe in kingdom come!"

The noise of the train became deafening and the headlights flashed along the track. The engine was almost upon me. I closed my eyes and waited for the end.

Suddenly came a succession of short, shrill whistles. I knew they meant "down brakes." The speed of the train began to slacken. A wild hope sprang up in my breast. Slower and slower came the train. Would it stop in time?

"Curses on the luck!" exclaimed Wolfe. "It will not do to leave you here!"

He began untying the knots which bound me. But he had scarcely commenced when the train passed within six feet of the spot where I lay. It was too late for Wolfe to remove me.

"You shall not have a chance to give me away!" hissed the villain, between his teeth, as he drew a knife and raised it in the air preparatory to striking the fatal blow. At that instant a man leaped from the engine.

"Ha! what is this!" he exclaimed, rushing toward us.

With an oath Wolfe dropped his knife and fled. But the stranger pursued and in a few minutes captured him and led him back. In the meantime I had been released by some of the employes of the road. In a few words as possible I gave an account of my adventures to the group of passengers which assembled around me, a number of whom at once volunteered to assist me in making a descent upon the counterfeiters' den. I gladly accepted the offer; and in less than fifteen minutes the house and its contents were in my possession. It was the most complete and best appointed place of the kind I ever saw. We took five prisoners beside Wolfe, and succeeded in conveying them all safely to the city early the next morning. They were soon tried and sentenced, and are now serving out their terms at Sing Sing.

In closing I will state that the train stopped on account of a slight defect in the engine which it was necessary to repair before it could go further. Had this little fault been discovered one short minute later, I should have been a dead man. So I was really saved by accident.

The Five Obedient Husbands.

There were five of them together, and it was late. They had been drinking. Finally one of them looked at the clock and said:

"What will our wives say when we come home?"

"Let them say what they want. Mine will tell me to go to the mischief," responded No. 2.

"I'll tell you what we will do. Let us meet here again in the morning, and tell our experiences. Let the one who has refused to do what his wife told him to do when he got home, pay for this evening's entertainment."

"That's a good idea. We will agree to that." So the party broke up, and went to their respective homes.

Next morning they met at the appointed place and began to tell their experiences.

Said No. 1:

"When I opened the door my wife was awake. She said: 'A pretty time of night for you to be coming home. You had better get out and sleep in the pig pen, for that's what you will come to sooner or later, anyhow.' Rather than pay for all we had drunk last night, I did what she told me to. That lets me out."

Next!

No. 2 cleared his throat and said:

"When I got home, I stumbled on a chair and my wife called: 'There you are again, you drunken brute! You had better wake up the children, and stagger about for awhile so they can see what a drunken brute of a father they are afflicted with.' I thought the best thing I could do under the circumstances was to obey: so I woke up the children and staggered around until my wife hinted to me to stop. She used a chair in conveying the hint. That lets me out."

Next!

No. 3 spoke up and said:

"I happened to stumble over the pan of dough, and my wife said: 'Drunk again! Hadn't you better sit down in that dough?' So I sat down in it, and that lets me out."

Next!

No. 4 said:

"I was humming a tune and my wife called out: 'There you are again! Hadn't you better give us a concert?' I said 'certainly' and began to sing as loud as I could, but she told me to stop, or she would throw something at me; so I stopped. That lets me out."

Next!

No. 5 looked very disconsolate. He said:

"I reckon I'll have to pay. My wife told me to do something none of you would have done, if you had been in my place."

"What was it?"

"She said: 'So you thought you would come home at last! Now, hadn't you better get out to the well and drink a couple of buckets of water just to astonish your stomach?' That was more than I had bargained for, so it's my funeral."

Aimless People.

There are many people who commence to do a thing in great haste, hardly pause to consider for what port they are bound. They are full of ardor and enthusiasm, brimming over with hope and energy and have a vital force and ability capable of producing grand results; yet they fail in effecting anything that is of real and permanent value from the want of a well-defined life purpose. They witness the exciting scenes of a busy life, and rush thoughtlessly into them, never stopping to consider what is best to be done nor to form a clear idea of what they expect to accomplish. They seem to drift along at the mercy of circumstances like a ship without a rudder. Many of the crimes and much of the sufferings in this world may be traced to lives that begun and continued to aimlessly float hither and thither for the want of a well-defined purpose. The energy that would have accomplished solid good and diffused happiness all around them, if but directed to some special and honorable pursuit was lost to mankind because that energy was turned into impure channels, thus poisoning the whole life and character. Vital energy must always find vent in evil if not guided into paths of worthy exertion. It will soon make an avenue for itself that will lead to ruin. The waste of time and talent by people who are aimless in their habits, is, indeed, incalculable. There are some who are always in a hurry; always overworked with their work, and never seem to have any leisure, and yet they mostly fail to accomplish anything of moment, because they exhibit no system or design in their efforts; they fly from one thing to another in a loose and desultory way, and so effect comparatively nothing. The amount of power thus wasted on unfinished work would, if judiciously directed, under well-laid plans produce valuable results. Such persons may be fond of their work, and resolute in will; they may be faithful in the performance of their duties, but they fail for the want of discrimination and judgment; they do not see that certain obstacles are in their way, and must be cleared away before they can perform their labor to advantage. They can not observe favorable opportunities, and so they pass by unnoticed and unimproved. They also fail to detect the many impediments that embarrass their business. When the errors are at length discovered, they bring bitter disappointments which seem not altogether undeserved. In all our aims and pursuits we find much to distract our attention, and prevent us from accomplishing all we wish, and unless we are armed with an earnest and steadfast purpose that can conquer difficulties and resist pernicious allurements while we bend circumstances to our will, we cannot expect to meet with marked success in any of our various avocations.

Our Young Men.

North Carolina had 150,000 troops in the "late unpleasantness." Prior to 1861 she had but 112,500 white voters. Thus we see that 37,500 of the youth of this state, ere they reached their majority, entered that bitter struggle and manfully fought for the cause their fathers espoused; and the quality of their valor is attested by such men as Lee, Jackson, Hampton, the Hills, Lane, Hood and other generals not natives of this State.

One may search the annals of civilized warfare from the earliest period in its history, and will fail to find a parallel to this remarkable statement.

Ought not our young men of this generation feel imbued with a similar love and patriotism for their old mother, State, and stick to her in preference to going among strangers? Because some, by pure strength of will and intellect and the extraordinary play of circumstances, have made names for themselves in the great outer world, it does not follow that all who leave North Carolina will better their condition. And we verily believe that if the whole truth was laid open to the public eye, we would view a scene fraught with disappointments, suffering and even death, to the greater portion of those who, not content to "let well enough alone," have left their friends and the sweet associations of their earlier years to begin life anew in sections often uncongenial with their health, habits and dispositions.

It is the success of life that we hear most of. The misfortunes are little mentioned.

We see it mentioned that in Pittsylvania county, Va., there have been thirteen murders and but one hanging. That explains the matter.

The Editorial "We."

The *Oil City Derrick* gives the above subject a list as follows: Some people are reasonably inquisitive and curious, especially about matters that do not concern them in the least. For example, here is a correspondent who makes the startling revelation that he is a "constant reader of our valuable and influential paper," and would like to be informed why it is, an editor or newspaper writer, when speaking of himself in his writings, invariably uses the plural pronoun "we" instead of the singular "I."

There are several reasons. Self-presence is the first law of nature. It begins at home, like old Mother Charity. There is some human nature about an editor, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. An editor thinks too much of his "I's," to wear them in mourning, and therefore when speaking of some slab-sided six-footer as a miserable red-nosed, pusillanimous, wife-beating moozer, he considers it the better part of valor to drop in an occasional "we." This creates in the mind of the six-footer the impression that the editorial force consists of a standing army, armed with deadly "we"-apons.

Furthermore, in cases where the victim comes around to the office to kill the writer of any particular item, it is so pleasant to have the guilty man's identity buried in the obscurity of the plural "we." The editor-in-chief, the commercial editor, the reporter, the bookkeepers, compositors, devil-binders, jobbers, pressmen, and all the delivery boys are thus placed on a common footing by the little pronoun "we," and when the enraged person looks about him and finds how many homes he would make desolate, how many wives he would make widows and how many children orphans, by killing off all included in the little "we" at one fell swoop, he shies of the sanguinary undertaking, turns sadly away, goes to some bar-room, takes a drink, condemns the paper, prophesies that it is being run into the ground, and declares that he will henceforth use his political influence to squelch the sheet.

There are other reasons. When no one is at home, a "we" implies that at least a box of cigars will be required to go around.

An editor says "we" when advising the President how to conduct his administration, because the President might not act upon his suggestion if it was written in plain "I."

When telling the minister how to preach the editor uses "we" to induce the belief that he has just had a conference with all the ex-ministers about the establishment.

The editor who tells the teacher how to teach says "we" because he has consulted with his wife about the matter, and she, having been a teacher a few years before, of course knows all about it.

"We" is sometimes used because of the writer's modesty. Most writers are troubled in this respect.

In short we use "we" because no man could survive the trials, tribulations and taffy fount about a print shop.

Silence.

To say the right thing in the right place is generally easy to leave unsaid—the wrong thing at the tempting moment is the difficulty. Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves, and the strongest feelings are generally those that remain unspoken. People who know much speak little, and men who most stir the lives of others, lead the most silent and tranquil lives. They feel society to be oppressive, because it is hindrance to the exercise of reflection. Corneille, Descartes, Addison, Virgil, Dryden, Goldsmith, and many others, eminent in the walks of literature and science, were silent and even stupid in company; and, strange to say, their silence was sometimes appreciated. The Countess of Pembroke assured Chaucer that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation; and an observer of Lafayette said of him that it was easy to be either a man of wit or a fool, but to be both, and that in the same extreme degree, was admirable, and only to be found in him. The saying of Talleyrand that language was invented for the purpose of concealing thought, savors of the wily diplomatist. It is no small accomplishment to talk and yet not tell; but silence on a forbidden topic is the safest course. This judicious reticence is a valuable quality in a professional man, and is, to a considerable extent, a result of the practice which demands tact, self-command, and patient attention to and comprehension of a rambling narrative.

A Sensible Girl.

"I'll tell you what," said a New York girl the other day, while examining a printed curriculum, and trying to make up her mind what study she would take up next, "I'll tell you what I would like to study—I would like to study medicine. I don't mean I'd like to be a physician and practice, but only to know what to do at home if anybody is sick, or anything happens. I am sure it would be more useful to me than"—and here she turned to the course of study—"than spherical trigonometry and navigation. What is the use of me studying navigation? But we cannot run for the doctor every time any body sneezes or coughs, and I would like to know what to do for any one who is a little sick."

This New York girl is sensible, and has made a wise choice. Perhaps she will never be smart enough to work out an intricate problem in algebra, and maybe she will never know the technical names of all the bones in her body, but if her baby brother, while left in her charge, should burn his hand or be suddenly seized with croup, she will know what is the best thing to do for him while waiting for the doctor to come. And when she is a wife and mother she will meet calmly and intelligently the accidents and illnesses which are inevitable in every family.

Dave Cavin's Grouse.

Dave Cavin, keeps a boarding-house at Emigrant Gap, on the Central Pacific Railroad, he is very hard of hearing—can hardly hear anything that is not shouted in his ear. Dave is very fond of hunting, and often takes his gun and scouts about the mountains in search of grouse, quail and other game.

A Comstocker, who was snow bound at Cisco for a day or two last week, tells the following story about Cavin: He had been out hunting and was going home with a grouse he had killed. As he came out of the wood and struck the railroad track he was overtaken by a stranger, who asked:

"How far is it to Cisco?"

"Yes," said Dave, holding up his grouse, "I got one of 'em."

"I don't think you understand me," said the stranger; "I asked you how far it was to Cisco?"

"Yes, he's pretty fat," said Dave; "he'll make a very good stew."

"You must be a damned fool," cried the stranger.

"Certainly, certainly!" said Dave; "there's a good many of 'em flyin' about this year."

He was a very small boy with lustreless blue eyes. With a cat-like tread he was making tracks out of the backyard during the last frost, each step as soft as mud. He had something under his jacket which he held in place with one hand. A window of the house was suddenly thrown up, and a sharp voice shouted, "George!" "What?" He had turned around, this quiet stealthy child, and given utterance to the interrogation with a roar that would have dismayed a boiler explosion. "Come back here," said the voice. "What for?" he yelled. "You come back here, if you know when you are well off, young man!" spoke the voice. He retreated his way, not softly like a cat, far from it, and when he got into the shadow of the house he pulled a pair of skates from under his arm and threw them against the wall, and tore his cap from his head, threw it to the ground, and passionately jumped upon it. What do you suppose could have made that quiet little boy act so?

"Run for a doctor and a glass of brandy, quick," cried a red-nosed man, slightly overcome by heat and so forth, on Pawtucket avenue, Sunday afternoon. Good Samaritans started off in answer to his appeal in every direction, when they were rounded to by an additional cry, "Don't too many of you go for the doctor and not enough for the brandy. I guess you had better all go for the brandy first and for the doctor afterwards." They all looked upon the old humpback, who was thus presuming upon the best impulses of humanity, then left him alone with his thirst under a shady tree.

Tommy was a little rogue, whom his mother had hard work to manage. Their house in the country was raised a few feet from the ground, and Tommy, to escape a well deserved whipping, ran from his mother and crept under the house. Presently the father came home, and, hearing where the boy had taken refuge, crept under to bring him out. As he approached on his hands and knees, Tommy asked, "Is she after you, too?"

SMALL BITES.

Who invented the steam-engine? Watts his name.

Domestic Magazines.—Wives who blow up their husbands.

What tree does a man hope to become when he marries? A fruitful pear (pear).

Why is a locomotive like a beefsteak? Because it is good for nothing without its tender.

Why is the early grass like a pen-knife? Because the spring brings out the blades?

Is there anything in the world that can beat a good wife? Yes, a bad husband.

Why should a man marry a widow? Because, then, he can't possibly be mistaken.

Why are clergymen like waiters? Because they both wear white ties, and take orders.

What do you say when you wish to request a doctor of divinity to play the violin? Fiddle d-d.

What does a wife sometimes make a present to her husband? She gives him—a bit of her mind.

Why is the cold of a lady, when asked to sing, like a certain kind of pipe? Because it is a mere-sham.

Some helpless sort of a person in Pittsburg advertises for "one or two steady girls to help on pantaloons."

Why is a hungry boy looking at a pudding like a wild horse? Because it would be all the better if he had a *bit in his mouth.

When a boy becomes ashamed to sit in his mother's lap, he's probably in business for himself—holding somebody else on his lap.

"There now," exclaimed a little girl while rummaging a drawer in the bureau, "grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles."

"I declare," said Julia, "you take the words right out of my mouth." "No wonder; they are so sweet," said Peter. "The day was out that evening."

Having a home that is all preaching and no pleasure—all duty and no fun—is a dull old trade mill which will drive the children away from home sooner or later.

"Pa," asked little Johnnie, "what does the teacher mean by saying that I must have inherited my bad temper?" She meant Johnnie that you are your mother's own boy.

A little ten year old miss told her mother the other day that she was never going to marry, but meant to be a widow, because widows dressed in such nice black, and always look so happy!

A gentleman advertised for a wife and received answers from eighteen hundred and ninety-seven husbands, saying he could have theirs. This is given as an illustration of the value of advertising.

The man who goes fishing and sits in a cramp-inviting posture on a narrow plank form early morn till dewy eve, and calls it fun, is the same chap that never goes to church because the pews are not comfortable.

Singular, isn't it, that when a man gives his wife a dime, to buy a box of hairpins or a gum ring for the baby, it looks seven times as big as when he plunks it down on the bar for a little gin and bitters for the stomach's sake.

A bad tempered man had lost his knife and they asked him the usual question: "Do you know where you lost it?" "Yes, yes," he replied, "of course I do. I'm merely hunting in these other places for it to kill time."

"The wisest of all sayings," said some one one night at the old Fielding Club, "is the old Greek maxim, 'Know thyself.'" "Yes," said the late Mr. Charles Leub Knoney, "there's a deal of wisdom in it. Know thyself; but," he added, "never introduce a friend!"

"Ough."—Those who are sometimes troubled to know how to produce the termination "ough"—so troublesome to foreigners—may see how simple and easy it is by the following:

"Wife, make me some dumplings of dough.

They're better than meat for my ough; Pray let them be boiled till hot through. But not till they're heavy and tough.

"Now I must be off to my plough, And the boys (when they've had enough) Must keep the flies off with a ough, While the old mare drinks at the trough."