

# THE REPORTER AND POST.

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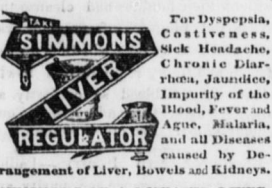
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If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or are sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator.

In the House!

For whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alternative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasures.

**IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE.** And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Government Testimony. Simons Liver Regulator has been used in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to medical science.

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Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: "I have derived some benefit from the use of Simons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial."

"The only thing that never fails to relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver, Biliousness and Febrile, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simons Liver Regulator has. I vent from Simons Liver Regulator for it, and would recommend it to all who are suffering from any of the above ailments, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: "From actual experience in the use of Simons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and recommend it as a valuable medicine."

Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZELLEN & CO.

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For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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Foo Cho's Balsam of Shark's Oil.

Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the Only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.

This Oil is abstracted from peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as CARBONADON ROXDELLETT. Every Chinese fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered by Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.00 per bottle.

Hear What the Deaf Say.

It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no unearthly noises in my head and hear much better.

I have been greatly benefited. My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Day Street, New York, enclosing \$1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so."—EDITOR AMERICAN REVIEW.

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**WAGON MANUFACTURERS.**

Using only the best of materials, we make the best of work, and warrant every job. We have the oldest and largest Wagon Works, and our Wagons have the best reputation of any in the State. Every Wagon bears the name of G. E. NISSEN, Salem, N. C., and is written for prices. Refer to all who are using our Wagons.

## Jackson's Death Wound.

On Friday, the first of May, before the break of day, we were on the march down the old Fredericksburg road towards Chancellorville to meet Hooker's army, which had just crossed the Rapidan and striking out for Gen. Lee's rear. On this march, for the first time, Gen. Jackson appeared in full military costume, and conveyed by his personal appearance an idea of the great military hero he was. My regiment and a Mississippi command were detailed for the purpose of feeling the enemy, and were deployed to drive them in when found, my left resting on the road and acting as an extended skirmish line. Gen. Jackson rode down the turpicks with the artillery, and whenever necessary would have it to unlimber and feel the woods in our front, and would then ride along my line and upon much resistance being shown by the enemy would say in suppressed tones, "Press them, Colonel."

In this manner, without halting, we marched down near their main body, driving them from every position, and several of their regiments leaving their knapsack piled up where they had been thrown off when called out to oppose our onward march. Upon crossing a creek and mill pond, driving the enemy before us, all wet, tattered and torn, and marching over the brow of the opposite hill, the whole line of the main army opened fire upon us. If they had reserved their fire until we had gained the summit, my command would have been annihilated. As it was, they were so astounded by the suddenness of this alarming fire that they began to fall back in confusion, when I rallied them, ordered them to "lie down," as we were protected by the eminence upon the hill above, and went forward to reconnoitre in person, when I saw that we had come upon a large force entrenched. Made a report of these facts to Gen. Jackson and was ordered to hold my position until relieved, which was done about 12 o'clock that night, and we then went down near the turpicks to bivouac for the night. When about 8 o'clock, after noticing Generals Lee and Jackson in close conference, for some time, we took up that long march for the flank movement which resulted so seriously to the Confederate cause by the loss of Gen. Jackson, though successful in an unprecedented degree in the result of the movement. After a long, tedious and circuitous route to get in the rear of Hooker's army, about 3 o'clock on Saturday evening, the 21st of May, we were in position with Rhodes' Division in front, and unexpectedly to them, fell upon Seigel's that was in reserve, and drove them back for miles upon their lines behind the entrenchments, attacked them and carried the line of earthworks, took the enemy's camp baggage, the meals and hot coffee then boiling hot on the fire, which we found very refreshing, and just at dark when we supposed the fighting over and I was in the act of eating my supper by an enemy's campfire and from his ladder, then unexpectedly a brisk fire commenced, and in a few minutes commencing, the enemy raking the woods and plankroad with grape and canister. Fearing the enemy were about to charge, I called upon my troops to occupy the breastwork which we had captured an hour previous, and be prepared for the attack.

After getting in position and near the plankroad, I went up the road to see if I could hear anything to account for the sudden firing, when I met a party bearing a litter off the field and enquired who it was. Some one said "Lieut. Sumter," and upon going a step or two further I encountered Gen. Rhodes, who informed me that the wounded officer was none other than Gen. Jackson, but he thought it advisable that it should be concealed from the troops for fear of dheartening them in view of the serious work ahead of us in the morning. We lay down behind breastworks and rested for the night.

Sunday, May 23, Chancellorville. Before daybreak this morning we were called upon to hold ourselves in readiness to support other troops when called upon, as in consideration of our having borne the brunt of the fights for the two previous days others were to take the advance. We rested just in rear of the "brigade," a brigade of previous good reputation, which occupied the breastworks captured by us the day previous. A staff officer rode up and directed by command of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart (who had assumed command after Gen. Jackson was wounded) the officer in command of this brigade to advance and charge, the enemy, Gen. Rausser and myself being on the plank-road and hearing the

## Naomi Wise.

A TRUE TALE IN REAL LIFE.  
What I am about briefly to relate is not a thing of the imagination, but an "over true tale."  
Just below Union, now known as Randleman, on Deep river, in Randolph county, stand the beautiful village and cotton mills of Naomi Falls, which viewed from almost any direction, and especially from the opposite side of the river would furnish a beautiful subject for the landscape painter. Nearly, if not on the very spot, where the cotton mills now stand, stood at the time of which I am writing, Ball's Mill.

Just below the mill was a ford, some traces of which can still be seen, as well, perhaps as some vestiges of the old country road, leading to it across the picturesque hills, which wall the noble stream on both of its sides.

This place, now full of life and enterprise, was then but little more than a wilderness; a few citizens only, dwelling on the plains in quiet seclusion, knowing but little of the vicissitudes and excitements of the more densely populated communities. "Naomi Falls" took their name from that one of the principle characters in the tragedy which this brief story records.

Naomi Wise, who is supposed to have been beautiful, lovely, intelligent and of good family, became acquainted with a man by the name of Lewis, who was noted no less for his reckless daring, than for his great physical strength. Naomi loved him too well, the dashing, handsome Lewis, who repaid her confidence by accomplishing her death.

Under a promise to make her his wife, he prevailed on her to meet him at a given time and place, with the understanding that he would take her beyond the river, where their marriage would be duly solemnized. She met him according to promise, and he, taking her on his horse, hastened to the river with thoughts blacker than the night which enshrouded them. When midway the swollen stream, he halted, and there in the darkness of the night, while her screams and entreaties mingled with the roaring of the rushing waters, mercilessly dragged her from her seat, forced her under the water, and held her there till life became extinct. Then relinquishing his hold on the limp, lifeless form, he suffered it to float down the dark river.

The body was soon recovered by her friends. Suspicion at once pointed out Lewis as her murderer, and I believe he was arrested, found guilty and duly executed his crime.

For very many years it was the sorrowful theme on which the old, no less than the young and romantic often conversed, while sitting around their hearthstones; while the rustic poet summoning his saddest muse, wrote and sang in melancholy strains the tragic fate of the beautiful Naomi Wise; and sympathetic and sentimental maidens would often pause in their sylphic rambles; look sadly upon the rushing river, hear, in imagination the lamentations of the beautiful Naomi, as they seemed to mingle with the roar of the restless waters, and then drop into them a tear as a sad tribute to the memory of one who had experienced so hard a fate.

Some old people still living, no doubt remember seeing or hearing the song, once very popular among the country people, which recited in mournful numbers, the beauty, trust, and tragic fate of Naomi Wise.

I would not be surprised if the song, together with a brief history of the characters and events alluded to in this little story, could still be found in some of the old families of the community.—*Correspondence of Winston Republican.*

## Discovery of Petroleum.

The Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter, published at New York, says that "it is reported that petroleum has been found near Lenoir, N. C. and close to the spot where a water spout recently caused such extensive destruction of property." The old saying that "one must go down from home to hear the news," still holds good. The only thing that our esteemed New York contemporary got right in the above article is that Lenoir is in North Carolina. Petroleum Y. Nashly was one time discovered hiding in the woods near Lenoir to keep out of the way of the soldiers, and probably this is the thing that our New York exchange has got hold of. But the water spout part of the item still puzzles us.

Illustrated Book of Cage Birds mailed for 3 cent stamp. Bird Food Co., 273 South St., Philadelphia.

Subscribe for this paper. Only \$1.50 a year.

## Caught in a Bear Trap.

About three weeks ago a resident of Antoine street who has a fine woodpile at the back of his lot discovered that some person was helping himself in the most liberal manner. Instead of loading a stick with powder, or of posing himself to watch, he set a large bear trap where he thought it would do the most good. Nothing came of it the first night, but soon after midnight the second a great noise was heard at the wood pile, and the citizen roused out of bed to find that he had a victim. It was a colored man about 30 years old, and he was talking on in the most energetic manner. Nothing was said until the jaws of the trap were sprung and his leg pulled out. Then he sat down on a log and coolly observed: "I reckon you is kinder curious to know how I cum to be catched in dat trap?"

"Well, Yes."

"Has you been missin' any wood?"

"About half a cord."

"Well, dat wood was tooked by my nex' door naylor, an' it went agin his conscience so much dat he axed me to bring back what he hadn't burned. I toted it ober heah on de sled, an' was pilin' it back when dat bear trap jumped for me an' gu me such a shock dat I spok to trouble for a hull week."

"Well, you can go, but the next time you come you may find a spring gun depending the wood pile."

"Dat won't be no nex' time, sah."

"I think you'll find it cheaper to buy your wood."

"Looks dat way, sah—looks 'zandy dat way, though I think I'll hole on till I know whether you has the only bear trap in dis ward, or whether dar am a sort o' plaque craze an' ebery family an stockin' up to catch a nigger!"—*Deloit Free Press.*

## A Gentlemans Dispute.

On the train between Montgomery, Ala., and Nashville, Tenn., there were a dozen of us chatting away in the smoking car when one of the men drew out a pack of cards and proposed a game of euchre. He soon found a partner, and after a few hands they began for \$1 a point and ten points for a game. Naturally enough we were all interested, and more or less excited. By and by there was a slip somewhere, and the one called Colonel remarked:

"Major, hands off the cards!"

"Beg your pardon, Colonel, but the trick is mine!"

"Major, I hope you will excuse me for calling you a liar."

"Oh, certainly, Colonel, but I take that trick with the king of spades."

"If you do, Major, I'll take you with this!" said the Colonel, as his shooter came out.

"Ah! let me see, Colonel—let us see. You led the nine of spades and you refused suit."

"That's so—that's so," said the Major, as he looked over his cards. "Colonel, I beg your pardon for having taken you for a blackleg."

"Oh, don't mention it. Excuse me for having hesitated to shoot you when I believed you to be a Chicago gambler. It's your play, Major!"—*Chicago Herald.*

According to an account given of the trial of ex-Representative Phil Thompson in a letter from Harrodsburg, Ky., to the Philadelphia Times, dated 17th inst., there was once a terrible vendetta in which Thompson, senior, and son Phil were concerned. Old Thompson, this was ten years ago, had a suit against Theodore Daviess. Each litigant had three sons present and all were armed. The account says:

"The Daviess boy who bore his father's name, Theodore, proposed to young Phil Thompson that they go out into the court-yard and settle the matter. On the way out, in the hallway, before reaching the yard a shot was fired. Every man's hand in the court room reached for his hip-pocket. The Thompsons and Daviesses all drew and fired, and old Theodore Daviess and his son Laure fell dead. Sharp work, meanwhile, was going on in the yard, where young Theodore Daviess had clawed young Phil Thompson's scalp like a tiger. Old Phil, his pistol still smoking looked through the window at the combatants and, seeing his boy's face besmeared with blood and supposing him to have been killed or shot, sprung over the sill. Young Theodore ran out of the yard and started down the street. Thompson chased as far as the gate, when he fired at the retreating figure and the undertaker made three coffins instead of two that week for the Daviess family. The preliminary hearing satisfied the community that everybody had had a fair chance and the grand jury refused to indict."

With lines at her belt and a cyclone for her hansom, spring is a gay old girl. For good board apply at any saw-mill, and for plane board go to any carpenter shop.

An underpaid teacher is a standing argument to the young to despise education.

One who knows says that in the country they blow a horn before dinner, but in town they take one.

To secure the best results of labor it is necessary to use the most powerful assistants—fact and talent.

Avoid giving your customers an opportunity to complain of your indolence to serve them acceptably.

There is a time for mirth and a time for labor, but do not mix them lest sorrow grow out of the compound.

A cent expended foolishly every day for a year will leave your savings depleted, and bring dissatisfaction.

How often do we commit errors from rather than by taking courage from the first seek to make future amends.

Mrs. Parvenue says she would like to die of apoplexy, because it's so fashionable and means you have lived well.

Simpson says that when he asked the girl who is now his wife to marry him she said "I don't mind," and she never has minded.

A Southern man who, during the crisis, named his son "Pinafore," hopes he will die before his boy gets big enough to lick him.

The Moss Pointers (Miss.) place eggs instead of dimes in the contribution box. They are entered in the church books as lay offerings.

To save money, commence by saving the pennies, and in years to come the number of dollars you will have accumulated will astonish you.

"You said, Mr. Jones, that your umbrella had a straight handle?" I thought it did, but since it vanished I am quite certain it ended with a hook."

During the last year of its existence, William and Mary college had but one student, and how he managed to make a base-ball nine out of himself we can't imagine.

This bit of conversation, which we find in an exchange, is both timely and expressive: "I think this ice-cream tastes a little covey," said he. "Mino tastes bully," said she.

"How is it," asked the landlady, "that you never complain of anything but the butter, Mr. Jones?" Mr. Jones said "Well, that is big enough contract for one man."

"What a bore Jenkins is!" exclaimed Conery; "just met him and he talked about that old horse of his for half an hour, and I could get a word in edgewise about my new dog."

Wiggins has written a treatise on lunar forces. We know of no man more capable than Wiggins to discuss that subject, being himself a born citizen of the moon—a natural lunatic.

"I've never saw the book?" is rather remarkable language for a member of the board of school commissioners of the city of Baltimore. He "should have went" to school when he was young.

A religious exchange tells a story of cornet player employed by a Baptist church, who lost his position by playing the well-known melody, "Pull for the shore," at the baptism of a number of converts.

"Are your domestic relations agreeable?" was the question put to an unhappy looking specimen of humanity.—"Oh, my domestic relations are all right," was the reply, "it is my wife's relations that are causing the trouble."