

# THE REPORTER AND POST.

VOLUME XII.

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NO. 37

**Reporter and Post.**  
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**BOYD & REID,**  
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Practice in the Superior court of Stokes county.

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Practices in the courts of Surry, Stokes, Yainkin and Alleghany.

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Practices wherever his services are wanted.

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Special attention given to the collection of claims. —12m

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**WM. J. C. DULANEY & CO.,**  
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School Books a Specialty.  
Stationery of all kinds. Wrapping paper, Twines, Bonnet Boards, Paper Blinds.  
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WITH  
**A. L. ELLET & CO.,**  
DRY GOODS & NOTIONS  
10, 12 & 14 Twelfth Street,  
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A. L. ELLETT,  
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F. DAY, ALBERT JONES,  
**Day & Jones,**  
manufacturers of  
SADDLERY, HARNESSES, COLLARS, TRUNKS  
No. 236 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.  
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Tucker, Smith & Co.  
Manufacturers & Wholesale Dealers in  
**BOOTS, SHOES, HATS AND CAPS.**  
No. 230 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.  
B. J. & R. E. EAST,  
WITH

**Henry Sonneborn & Co.,**  
WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS.  
50 Ansoyer St. (between German and Lombard Sts)  
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H. SONNEBORN, B. BLIMLINE,  
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O. L. GOTTRELL, A. S. WATKINS.  
**Watkins, Cottrell & Co.,**  
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**HARDWARE.**  
1807 Main Street,  
RICHMOND, VA.

Agents for Fairbanks Standard Scales, an Anker Brand Bolting Cloth.  
Stephen Putney, L. H. Blair,  
W. H. MILES,  
WITH  
**STEPHEN PUTNEY & CO.,**  
Wholesale Dealers in  
**Boots, Shoes, and Trunks,**  
1219 Main Street,  
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with  
**WINGO, ELLETT & CRUMP,**  
RICHMOND, VA.,  
Wholesale Dealers in  
**BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, & C.**  
Prompt attention paid to orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.  
Virginia State Prison Goods a specialty  
March, 6.

ROBERT W. POWERS, EDGAR D. TAYLOR,  
R. W. POWERS & CO.,  
**WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,**  
Dealers in  
**PAINTS, OILS, DYES, VARNISHES,**  
French and American  
**WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, & C.**  
CIGARS, SMOKING AND CHEWING  
TOBACCO A SPECIALTY.  
1305 Main St., Richmond, Va.  
August 25—6m



### YOUNG HEADLESS.

Young Headless is a boy  
Who lives in every town.  
His name? 'Tis sometimes Jimmy Smith,  
And sometimes Tommy Brown.  
Young headless goes to school—  
When he can find his hat;  
At home he loves to play at ball  
When he can find his hat.  
Of mittens, one is gone;  
Of rubbers, two or more;  
And on the very coldest day  
He never shuts the door.  
The hammer's always lost;  
The saw left on the ground;  
And when he wants his button-hook  
It never can be found.  
To buy a piece of beef,  
You send him to the shop;  
He loses all the change he had,  
And brings you mutton-chop.  
For all these careless things,  
And more that I could name,  
Young Headless always feels quite sure  
He never is to blame.  
His father would despair,  
But that this thing is true—  
That forty years or so ago,  
He was Young Headless too.

### A Narrow Escape.

One cold rainy night, I found myself in the city of Paris—the city of all cities where vice is never slumbering, but stares you in the face on every side in the most bewitching forms imaginable. Some matter connected with my profession had bought me there—but, after registering my name at the Hotel de Ville, I found that I should have some hours of idle time before my business could possibly be commenced. I thought I would stroll out and admire beautiful Paris by gaslight. But a heavy mist hung over the city, and all the beauty, (if it can be called that) was the flickering of a street lamp ahead. I sauntered along unconscious of the distance I had walked until I found myself on the Seine. I was about retracing my steps when I observed a brilliantly lighted house in one of the side streets. I resolved to enter and ascertain the way back to the hotel. I crossed the street and ascended the broad marble steps, which reminded me of some of our fifth avenue residences, as they were of the same style. I rang the bell and immediately a very polite Frenchman opened the door, bowing and smiling as if I was some great personage. I requested him to inform me the nearest route to Hotel de Ville. His face assumed a very important air and he answered, "Monsieur will step within and inquire. I am not allowed to converse with visitors." I stepped into the hall and was soon ushered into a large, elegantly furnished apartment and at a glance took in the surroundings. Seated around a coffin-shaped table sat several men playing cards, who seemed to belong to the better class, who staked their all on luck, if their dress was indicative of respectability; and at one corner of the room I noticed a man turning an oblong box out of which dropped small, red balls with numbers on the sides, which he called in loud, clear tones. And every few moments the cry of "keno!" would arise from the long row of men seated at a table near the window fronting the street. The truth dawned upon me that I was in a gambling hell, so common in Paris, where ladies go incognito to invest in the game of chance. Distinguishing the proprietor of the house, I gained the information I came in to ascertain, and he very hospitably extended a cup of coffee, at the same time exclaiming: "Monsieur must be wet, and so coffee does very good in wet weather." I took the coffee and drank it; handing him some change in payment. He held his hand up and shrugged his shoulders in astonishment, and seemed to be offended. I apologized, and accepted his invitation to accompany him and hear an explanation of the games. He explained how the game was played, and what the cards and checks on the table meant. In ten minutes I understood exactly how to play the game of ruin and misery which had blighted many a happy home (as well in the New World as in the Old,) of that boon called happiness, leaving nothing but desolation and despair. Finally, I became so interested in the playing, that I seemed to be as much

excited as the players themselves. And an incomprehensible resolve prompted me to participate in the game. I thought to myself it would do no harm, as I would only play just one game. Oh, human nature, how weak thou art! when in our estimation we are the strongest, we find too soon, that we are the weakest. I paid for my checks and quietly waited for the game to proceed, picturing myself as a gambler and everything that was wicked. But my musings were cut short by hearing the crier call the numbers, and one after another I covered my cards with the numbers corresponding until the line of numbers were covered, and then I tremblingly cried "Keno!" and immediately a man came and gave me a large amount of gold. How long I played I know not, for I was blinded by the excitement, and knew not when to stop. At last a voice cried in French, that the bank was broken for that evening, and I was the winner with a heavy bag of gold! I arose from the table and was about leaving the room, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder and a voice asked: "Monsieur, may I ask your name?" I turned around and beheld the proprietor. I answered: "My name is Summers, from the United States. What can I do for you?" "You may deem it quite impertinent in me, Monsieur Summers, for asking your name; but I thought perhaps you might never be heard of again, and by knowing your name I might throw some light on your murder." "Murder?" exclaimed I in astonishment. "Monsieur, I presume that you are aware that all eyes are fixed upon you, and as they know that you are a stranger in Paris, they are likely to take advantage of your ignorance of the city and waylay you before you are half way between here and the hotel." "I have kept this place for fifteen years," he continued, "and I feel bound to protect all who enter this house. I propose that you remain here until morning, for I can accommodate you with a room where you can sleep with safety. Take a glass of Madeira with me! 'tis of the best quality." I weighed his words carefully and determined to remain all night. "The true house was in a very desolate portion of the city with the Seine, but his politeness and his frank manner convinced me that there was nothing to fear. We sat up until all the guests departed and feeling the effects of the wine, I concluded to retire. At his urgent request I concluded to drink another glass of Madeira, and immediately after I became quite dizzy, and could scarcely stand erect. I was assisted up stairs and ushered into a room comfortably furnished. After locking the door I put the bag of gold on the table and began examining the apartment. The room contained an old oak bedstead which stood in the center of the room. It was a most singular piece of workmanship that I had ever seen, as the head and foot of the bed rose to an equal height, both made of massive wood, at least three inches thick. If they had hinges, I thought, at the ends they would meet perfectly when let down. On the wall were hung three pictures, one representing the execution of Louis XIV, the gory head, staring eyes and matted locks, dropping into a basket, with the fishermen seated around, laughing, taking a stick in their knitting whenever a head dropped into a basket. The other was the death of Robespierre the inventor of the instrument of man's depravity; and the third picture which hung on the wall at the foot of the bed where the light fell upon it seemed to me like a jumping jack, with its hand about to lift off its hat, which had a large plume stuck into it. I threw myself upon the bed, thinking of the illustrations upon the wall, of the blood stained past, which conspired to create a feeling of dread. I endeavored to keep awake, as I now had serious suspicions regarding the keeper of the house. I felt myself being carried into the land of dreams, and I tried to cast off the spell. I would open my eyes and gaze languidly around, but at last I fell asleep. How long I slept I know not. I had a faint recollection of feeling something giving way under me, and awakening with a start, I listened. All was as still as death. I heard the faint sound of a bell in the distance, striking two o'clock. My eyes wandered to the picture on the wall at the foot of the bed,

Good Heavens, the figure in the frame is moving! the hand lifting the hat from its head, and I can see the plume move! What can it mean? My attention is so absorbed in the movement of the figure, that I notice not the sinking of the bed. I see the foot falling, and feel the head almost crushing me. One herculean effort, and I manage to free myself and regain the floor. The bed by this time looks like an immense sofa, and the bottom has fallen out and the cushioned sides take its place. Lifting one of the ends up, I can look down in the dark, murky sea. I turn away with an icy shudder and thank God for my narrow escape. While meditating upon the means of escape a panel in the door opens, and a hand is thrust through to unlock the door. In a moment I have one of the pictures down and snap the cord, and quick as lightning tie the hand to the door knob, taking the key. A smothered oath reaches my ear but I wait no longer. I snatch the money from the table, and jump from the window into the street. Bruised and bleeding, I manage to reach the hotel. The next day, followed by several stout guardsmen, I reach the place of my terror the night previous; but the birds had flown. The door had been battered down in order to extricate the individual's hand, which I had tied so firmly. To this day the vividness of the ordeal which I had passed through is strongly impressed upon my memory. Do. Do attach as much importance to your mind as to your body. Do be natural; a poor diamond is better than a good imitation. Do observe; the faculty of observation, well cultivated, makes practical men and women. Do, at least once in a while, reflect; most things, if worth consideration at all, look different upon reflection. Do avoid causes of irritation in your family circle; do reflect that home is the place in which to be agreeable. Do, if a man says he loves you, try to find out what he means by it; a good many men love themselves when they imagine they are loving you. Do, if you hear a scandalous story, even from your bosom friend, forget it; try to remember only what is to the credit of others. Do be exact in money matters; every debt you incur means loss to some one, probably to some one less able than you to bear it. Do cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry; every man likes to talk about himself, a good listener makes a delightful wife. Do speak intelligibly, and not as if you had pebbles in your mouth; and do remember that your nose was given you to breathe through and not as a vehicle of sound. Do be contented; "martyrs" are detestable; a cheerful, happy spirit is infectious; you can carry it about with you like a sunny atmosphere. Do avoid whispering; it is as bad as giggling, both are to be condemned; there is no excuse for either one of them; if you have anything to say, say it; if you have not, do hold your tongue altogether; silence is golden. Do be strictly truthful; do avoid exaggeration; if you mean a mile, say a mile, and not a mile and a half; if you mean one, say one, and not a dozen.—New York Mail-Express.

### He Didn't Believe It.

A private banker in a town in Wisconsin received a call a few days ago from a stranger, who deposited \$10, and then turned around and asked the banker for a loan of fifty. "Why, sir, I can't lend you any money," replied the banker. "I think you can. Please take time for reflection." "I don't want to reflect upon the subject, sir." "Would a run on this bank damage you \$50 worth?" "There will be no run here." "Suppose there was?" "It is too absurd to suppose. Good day, sir!" The stranger walked out doors, and the bank closed for the day. He entered a grocery and stated that he was a depositor, and asked if the bank was sound. He entered a dry goods store and inquired if the hard times might not pinch the bank. He entered a drug-store and offered his certificate of deposit for \$5. He met a lawyer and inquired if a receiver had been appointed to look out for the interests of depositors. Next morning he was at the door of the bank, gesticulating and lamenting, and behind him were 75 or 80 citizens. Before noon the bank was cleaned out and its doors closed, and an ex-private banker was skipping out to avoid being lynched.—Wall Street News.

### The Hottest Spot on Earth.

One of the hottest regions of earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water; yet a comparatively numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to the copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great gait skin bag around his left arm; the hand grasping its mouth; then he takes in his hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped, he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped on board. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges in again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some 500 or 600 miles distant.—Catholic Herald.

### A Woman's Economy.

"Nothing for dinner?" asked a Park street gentleman the other day when he went home and found his wife sewing and a cold bit set out for him. "I'm busy, dear," murmured the good woman. "Sew I see," remarked her husband. Then he took his hat, went down to the Women's Exchange and had a hot lunch—hot rolls, hot meat-pie, coffee, and a delicious pudding. "An excellent meal," he said pleasantly as he laid down the change for it. "It ought to be good," replied the lady cashier: "your wife baked that pie, and made the rolls and pudding; she is such a good cook that we keep her busy sending in lunches all the time." "You might have knocked me down with a feather," he said afterwards to his confidential friend. "I thought we were getting a good many new things up at the house, and that Sue was economical, and here she's just been starving it out of me. Well: well: it takes a woman to practice economy—at some other fellow's expense!"

### Sleeping Together.

Somebody has said that more quarrels occur between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between clerks in stores, between apprentices in mechanics' shops, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes which their nervous systems undergo by lodging together night after night under the same bed-clothes, than by any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force than to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorbent will go to sleep and rest all night; while the eliminative will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault finding and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose.

### What Is Zero?

Perhaps not one in one hundred can tell off hand why a point thirty-two degrees below the freezing point on Fahrenheit's thermometer is called zero. For that matter, nobody knows. The Fahrenheit scale was introduced in 1720. Like other thermometric scales it has two fixed points, the freezing point, or rather the melting point of ice, and the boiling point of water. The Centigrade and Reaumur scales call the freezing point zero and measure there, from in both directions. This is a very natural arrangement. Fahrenheit kept the principle on which he graduated his thermometers a secret, and no one has ever discovered it. It is supposed, however, that he considered his zero thirty-two degrees below freezing the point of absolute cold or absence of all heat, either because, being about the temperature of melting salt and snow, it was the greatest degree of cold that he could produce artificially, or because it was the lowest natural temperature of which he could find any record. The grounds on which Fahrenheit put 180 degrees between the freezing and boiling points are likewise unknown.

### The Dear Old Mother.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheek, but is she not beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but these are lips that have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks and the sweetest cheeks in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love, which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is the dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is she will go farther and reach down lower for you than anyone else upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight haunt where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall forsake and despise you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die, unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms and carry you home, and tell you of all your virtues, until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, cheer her declining years with tender devotion.—Watch Tower.

### School Rules.

Superintendent Luckey, of Pittsburgh in a recent trip into the country ran across a school where the teacher had been furnished with the following "School Rules" by the trustees:  
No swearing  
fitin  
quorrelin  
nicknamin  
go in into the water  
reslin or jumpin  
go in in any persons vinepatches or orchard without the consent of the owner  
no pinchin  
stokin of pins intil each other  
pullin of hair durin book  
cortin in skool  
not more than one pupil must go out at a time unless for wood coal or water  
no crackin of walnuts unless dried  
no whisperin  
Those Rules must be observed for a violation of these rules will be punished with a lash according to a verdict of the trustees.  
Uncle Moses, who suddenly deserted the pit of a show, was asked why. "Nuffin much, 'ceptin' a 'oman on the platform got to talkin' bout family fairs wid the husband eb assuder 'oman, an' I didn't perpose to stay. My ole master in Virginy got shot plum ter pieces fur don't dat berry foolishness. Dars allers trouble whare dat sort ob foolishness is gwine on, an' Ise a judishus nigger, I is. I don't want ter be shot in do leg by mistake, or be brunged up as a witness in de case when it strikes de courts."  
When Mr. Wilberforce, the great anti-slavery advocate, was once a candidate for parliamentary honors, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new gown to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother, on which she was saluted with the cry of "Miss Wilberforce forever!" when she pleasantly observed, "I thank you, gentlemen, but I cannot agree with you, for I really do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever."

### SMALL BITES.

Truth is the daughter of time.  
Shallow streams make most din.  
Praise a fair day in the evening.  
It needs a high wall to keep out fear.  
No man limps because another is hurt.  
He who seeketh trouble never misseth it.  
Can a mill go with the water that's past?  
Do nothing hastily, but catching of fleas.  
He is most cheated who cheats himself.  
Vice is learned without a schoolmaster.  
For a flying enemy make a silver bridge.  
Promises make debts, and debts make promises.  
God hath often a great share in a little house.  
Proverbs are the daughters of daily experience.  
Don't scald your tongue in other folks' broth.  
He who revealeth his secret maketh himself a slave.  
Cast no dirt in the well that gives you water.  
Go into the country to hear the news of the town.  
A single day grants what a whole year denies.  
Every good scholar is not a good school-master.  
Deceit is in haste, but honesty can wait a fair leisure.  
Lawyers and painters can soon change white to black.  
Damage suffered makes you knowing, but seldom rich.  
Reason governs the wise man and outdigs the fool.  
A covetous man does nothing that he should do for his ease.  
A wise man does at first what a fool must do at last.  
Where the bee sucks honey, the spider sucks poison.  
The crutch of time does more than the club of Hercules.  
He has the greatest blind side who thinks he has none.  
Knave imagine that nothing can be done without knavery.  
Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for them.  
Hastiness is the beginning of wrath, and its end repentance.  
That fish will soon be caught that nibbles at every bait.  
A broken friendship may be soldered but will never be sound.  
Gaming is the child of avarice, but the parent of prodigality.  
He that speaks doth sow, but he that holds his peace doth reap.  
Neither praise nor dispraise thyself, thine actions serve the turn.  
Great talkers are like leaky pitchers, everything runs out of them.  
Every fool can find faults that a great many wise men can't remedy.  
Some had rather guess at much than take the pains to learn a little.  
From our ancestors come our names, but from our virtues our honors.  
He is a fool that praises himself, and he a madman that speaks ill of himself.  
Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.  
He that has a little knowledge is far more likely to get more than he that has none.  
You may often feel that heavily on your back which you took lightly on your conscience.  
Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.  
Schoolboys are the most reasonable people in the world; they care not how little they have for their money.  
We are much deceived when we fancy that we can do without the world, and still more so when we presume that the world cannot do without us.  
When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.