

# THE REPORTER AND POST

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

VOLUME XII.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1884.

NO. 42

## Reporter and Post.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT  
DANBURY, N. C.

PEPPER & SONS, Pubs. & Props.

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## The Miseries of a Mean Man.

Sometimes I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed. When he turns out the light and lies down. When the darkness closes in about him and he is alone and compelled to be honest with himself. And not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a manly act, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look, comes to bless him again. Not a penny dropped into the outstretched hand of poverty, nor the balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart; no sunbeam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life; the strong right hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet.

Of these things, come to him as the "God bless you" of the departed day, how he must hate himself. How he must try to roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed. When the only victory he can think of is some mean victory in which he has wronged a neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when tries to smile. How pure and fair and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and how cheerless and dusty must his own path appear. Why, even one lone isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed of the average man, and what must be the feelings of a man whose whole life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering and heartache and misery in the world, anyhow, why do you add one pound of wickedness or sadness to the general burden? Don't be mean, my boy.

## Accommodating.

A travel stained tramp called at the house of an old negro.

"Have you got some wood I can chop?"

"O, yas. Dar's de pile an' yonder's de axe. Jes he'p yesself."

The tramp went chopping for about a half-hour, went to the old negro and said:

"Well, I'm done."

"Done chopped ez much ez yer wants, is yer?"

"I've chopped enough, I think."

"Ch hah, but doan' be no way back-ard about it. Jes he'p yesself, an' recollect' dat when yer wants ter lumber up yer jints, here's de place whar yer kin find accommodations."

"But I want something to eat. That's why I chopped the wood."

"Yer didn't say nuthin' 'bout dat. Said yer wanted to chop wood. I ken go out any time an' git somebody ter eat. Good day, sah. Recollect' dar's allus a axe heah at yer 'sposal, sah."

A HARD BUT TRUE YARN.—Some time ago a party of men, finding themselves in a colloquial mood, vying with others telling the biggest stories they could, when one of them, after hearing all the others through, told of an incident which put an end to the competition and silenced the crowd.

He related that on one occasion a farmer was coming to Danville with wagon and team and that just as he passed Mr. John S. Glasgow's residence near Fall creek and was coming down the hill, the tire came off one of the wagon wheels. Four persons happened to be standing in sight, and seeing the tire off they watched the wheel to see if it would be crushed under the load, but the wagon went on down the hill and the tire following rolled along too, sometimes appearing to be as much as two feet behind the wheel to which it, belonged, until getting to the bottom of the hill, where as the wagon was going slower, the tire caught up with and passed itself around the wheel again taking its former place, no one having touched it. The driver then fastened it on with a wedge and came on to town.

The incident is vouchered for by four truthful and clear-sighted persons. Can anybody beat it for a fact?—*Danville Register.*

A hint or two as to old-time leopards privileges or penalties may be found in the following from a book printed over a century ago: "Albeit it is now become a part of the common law in regard to social relations of life that, as often as every sixtieth year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege during the time it continueth of making love to the men, which they do either by words or by looks, as to them seemeth preferable; and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of the clergy who doth in anywise treat her proposal with slight or costumely."

## An Entire Family Annihilated.

The most shocking tragedy in the history of Fauquier county, was enacted at the residence of John Glascock at an early hour Sunday morning, resulting in the annihilation of the entire family. The murderer is a son of Thomas Glascock, the largest land owner in the county and one of the wealthiest men in Virginia. From his youth up John has been wayward and frolicsome, addicted to liquor and fond of low company, but in spite of his habits he was quite a favorite. Some years ago he married a daughter of Herod Fraser, a prominent citizen of Loudoun County, who bore him three children, two boys and a girl. With them he was living on one of his mother's finest farms of several hundred acres, about three miles north of this place, up to last Sunday morning.

The first intimation that anything unusual had happened was given to a hired man who was attending to the horses at the barn, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning. To him Glascock came and said, in a calm and indifferent way: "You had better go to the house, I have played the devil up there," and mounting his horse rode out as usual to the field where his cattle were feeding. The hired man after a while went to the house. The doors being open he went in and saw a shocking sight in the family bedchamber. On one bed, with her head hanging partly over its side, lay the dead and yet bleeding body of Glascock's young wife. On the other side of the room in bed lay her two younger children drenched with their own blood, and by the bedside, where it had evidently fallen in its death struggle, was the body of the oldest child, with a thin stream of blood flowing from a hole in its head. Death came to all of them in the same way, by shooting with a revolver, and so close had the weapon been held that their faces were blackened with powder. So effectually had he accomplished his work—evidently done while his victims were sleeping—that not a spark of life was left in either of the four.

The hired man, as soon as he recovered from the shock, gave the alarm. Neighbors came in and hearing what little the man had to say supposed Glascock had taken flight. Some of them walked up to the cattle field whether Glascock was said to have gone, and there in a little piece of woodland adjoining the field they found his lifeless body, with the now empty revolver which had done such deadly execution lying beside him and his own brains and blood scattered around on the freshly fallen snow.

Glascock was a free liver and gave frequent entertainments at his house, the last of which was an oyster supper on the night preceding the murder. No authentic clue to the cause leading to the tragedy has been found, but various theories are advanced. One of the most plausible is that his father, in his efforts to check his son in his mad career, had recently cut down his allowance, and perhaps given notice that he would no longer be responsible for expenses incurred in riotous living. Another theory is that he has for some time, with or without cause, suspected his wife of infidelity, and that on the night of the oyster supper he saw some action on her part with some of the guests that gave confirmation to his jealous mind and determined him to put an end to the whole affair. Mrs. Glascock has always borne an irreproachable reputation.

The father, mother and three children were buried side by side, yesterday in the cemetery near Middleburg, Va.—*Redortown (Va.) Special.*

## Hash.

On one of the northern trains recently was an old lady, who evidently had never before made a railway journey. After looking about her for some time in curiosity, her eyes alighted on the bell line, and she asked the water boy, who happened to be passing at the time what it was for. "That, marm," said the boy with a twinkle in his eyes, "is to ring the bell when you want anything to eat," and passed on. Shortly after the old lady got down the family umbrella, and, reached up to the bell line, gave a vigorous pull. Of course the brakes were applied, the windows were thrown up, questions asked, etc., the old lady sitting calmly through the confusion. Presently the conductor came rushing into the car, exclaiming, "Who pulled that bell?" "I did," replied the old lady meekly. "Well, what do you want?" snapped the official impatiently. "Well," said the old party, meditatively "you can bring me some hash."

## New Weather Predictions.

### VENUE IMPROVED.

An intensely blue sky indicates a temporary absence of clouds. Under other circumstances, again, an intensely blue sky indicates a tornado.

When a woman leaves a piece of soap upon the stairs where her husband will tread upon it, it is a dead sure sign of a storm.

When the sun rises behind a bank of clouds, and the clouds hang low all around the horizon, and all over the sky, and the air feels damp, and there is a fine drizzling mist blowing, the indications are there will be rain somewhere in the United States or Canada.

When it begins to thunder look out for lightning.

When a man gets up in the night, and knocks the top partry shelf in the dark, and knocks the big square bottle without any label down to the floor and breaks it, it is a sign there is going to be a dry spell until 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning.

When the cradle begins to vibrate with irregular, spasmodic motions about one o'clock in the morning, look out for signals, and try to remember where you put the pargeoric the last time you used it.

When the youngest boy in the family comes home three hours after closing of school, with his hair wet and his shirt wrong side out, look out for a spanking breeze.

To see the head of the family feeling in his right hand pocket, then in the left hand pocket, then in all his vest pockets, then in his hip pockets, then in his coat pockets, and then whistles at the ceiling, indicates "no change."

If he suddenly stops waisting at the ceiling and expands his face into a broad grin of delight, it means "unexpected change."

The weather during the whole of Thanksgiving week—\* \* \*

If the corn husks are very thick, the winter will be colder than the summer.

If the corn husks are very thin, the summer will be warmer than the winter.

If the corn husks are neither too thin nor too thick, the summer will be warm and the winter will be cold.

## How Farmers help Each Other.

A successful farmer finds it to his interest that his neighbors should also be successful. A single instance of well-ordered and productive fields does not make the reputation of an entire locality for profitable agricultural enterprises. It becomes noted for fertility, and acquires comparative importance as a center of production, when the number of good farmers is in the majority; when its yields of grain or hay or other crops attract general notice; when buyers learn that such a country town will supply the largest quantity and finest quality of butter or cheese or wool or apples or other speciality; when those who travel observe the general excellence of roads, the beauty of the shade that overhangs them, the neatness of the lawns by which they are bordered, the orchards and gardens that adjoin them, the evident prosperity of the community at large. To what extent the money value of one's land who lives in such a community is enhanced thereby—not to mention the pleasures and profit of associating with those having similar aims for improvement and gradually securing similar means for attaining it—would be difficult to determine.—*Country Gentleman.*

ENOUGH SLEEP.—A medical man discoursing upon sleep, makes this remark: "One man may do with a little less sleep than another; but as a general rule, if you want a clerk, a lieutenant, a lawyer a physician, a legislator, a judge, a president or a pastor, do not trust your interest to any man who does not take on the average eight good solid hours of sleep out of every twenty-four. Whatever may be his reason for it, if he does not give himself that, he will snap sometime just when you want him to be strong."

It's mighty strange, but, de biggest sinners in de worl' beliebs in de everlasting fire of de debil. I has knowed many a good man, what didn't believe dat de debil was half sich a powerful fellow as de preachers said, an' I has knowed many a thief dat believed everything dat he was told about de ole man. I ain't got much confidence in dat 'ligion what is based on fear. A convict may work mighty hard 'case de oberseer is lookin' at him, but de work is never done as well as if he want fo'ced to do it.

## Rules for Riding.

In mounting, face the near side of the horse. The near side is the side nearest yourself. If you stand on the right side of the horse, which is the wrong side, when you mount you will face the crupper. Then everybody will know that your name is Johann Gottlieb Emsigefolger. If you cannot mount from the ground, lead the horse to a high fence, climb up on the fence, say "whoa" two or three times, and jump over the horse's ears. You will light somewhere on his back, and you will have plenty of time to adjust yourself while the horse is running away. Another method of mounting, largely practiced by young gentlemen from the city, is to balance yourself on one foot on the fence, and point the other leg at the horse, in the general direction of the saddle, saying "whoa" all the time. The horse, after this gesture has been repeated a few times, backs away, pulls the alleged rider off the fence, and walks up and down the lane with him at a rapid gallop. This gives the rider, in about ten minutes, all the exercise he wants for a week. If by some miracle you manage to get into the saddle, hold on with both hands and say "whoa." The faster the horse goes the tighter you must hold on, and the louder you must "hollo." If you are from New York or Philadelphia, you will shorten the stirrups until your knees are on a level with your chin. Then as you ride you will rise to your feet and stand in the attitude of a man peering over a fence to look for his dog, and then suddenly fall in the saddle like a man who had stepped on a banana peel. This is the English school. It is hard on the horse, but is considered very graceful. A man cannot wear false teeth, however, and ride in this manner.

## The Editor Was In.

"Is the editor in?" asked a wry-faced man, who stood six feet and two inches in his socks, of the office boy of a Bloomington newspaper.

"I do not know," said the boy. "I'll ask him." He was gone about ten minutes, when he returned, smiling blandly, and said: "I guess he's in. He's in if you're the man he thinks you are. Is your name Smithers?"

"Yes, my name is Smithers, and I reckon he won't be in the cowardly puppy, when he knows that Jake Smithers is after him."

"So you're Smithers, are you?" said the boy.

"Yes, I'm Smithers. The same Smithers that the gun-starting editor called a ham in this morning's paper. I've come to clean the shop and thresh that editor till he won't know himself from a stuek pig. I reckon the editor ain't in now, is he?"

"Oh, yes! I'll show you up to his room in a minute. He told me to ask you if you was Smithers, and if you was, to show you up. When I left the room he had two revolvers, a ten pound weight and a sword lying on his desk, and he told me to show you the door to his room right away, and to get behind the base-burner for safety as soon as you went in. Right this way sir. The editor's in, and he is anxious to see you."

"Well, you tell the editor that I said he might go to Chicago, if he wants to. I ain't got no time to fool away on him. And Smithers hurried to catch the train.—*Through Mail.*

"I took the pledge," said an old man, "at the foot of the gallows where I saw a young man hung. The Sheriff took out his watch and said, 'If you have anything to say speak now for you have only five minutes to live.' The young man burst into tears and said, 'I had only one little brother. He had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him. But one day I got drunk, and coming home found him gathering berries in the garden, and becoming angry without cause. I killed him with a rake. I had done it; it has runned me. I have but one word to say—never, never, never touch anything that is intoxicating!'"

## Preaching and Practice.

"See here, Mr. Blank, what are you going out to-night for?" asked Mrs. B. with a threatening look.

"Big political meeting to-night," explained Mr. B. apologetically.

"Political meeting, eh?" echoed Mrs. B. "You have been going to political meetings every night for five weeks, and if it had not been for me you would have worn your boots to bed every time."

"But just think how nice it would be if I should get nominated for something! Think of the loads of money I could rake in, and the nice furniture, and new clothes, and sealskin sagues, and—"

"That will do," interrupted Mrs. Blank. "I have heard that story before. You made a speech last night at a ward meeting, I see."

"Yes," responded Mr. B., with pardonable pride.

"And I see by the two or three lines notice of it in the newspaper that the burden of your remarks was 'the office should seek the man and not the man the office.' Now, you just take off that orocoat; sit right down, and if any office comes along and knocks I will let it in."—*Philadelphia Call.*

## A Crop Story.

The old Dutch farmers in the Piedmont portion of this State believe that the weather on Ash Wednesday indicates whether or not they will have a good wheat crop that year. If that day is inclement the wheat crop will be short, but if it is a good day there will be a bountiful crop. If this be true we may expect an abundant crop of wheat this year, because Ash Wednesday was a delightful day.—*Bugle.*

## THE CINCINNATI WAR.

They have had a terrible time of it in Cincinnati, and indeed all Ohio seems to be carried away by excitement and frenzy. For some months the failure of the juries to convict murderers has been a theme of hot discussion in the city, for while murders became common the crimes were unpunished, or at least the convictions were of but light offenses. In the meantime the fact that the city jail contained forty-two murderers was a subject of indignant remarks.

Such was the condition of affairs when the jury in the Berner case brought in a verdict of manslaughter in the third degree, notwithstanding Berner's full confession of the murder and robbery of his victim. That trial was attended by a very large number of citizens and the verdict was a great source of chagrin and disappointment. About 200 persons were killed and wounded in the riot which followed, and the destruction of property is said to be great. That a city of the size and pretension of Cincinnati, and in a section that boasts of its exceptional civilization, should give so much cause for comment and censure, is perhaps surprising. The accounts read more like the wild western stories that used to come up from the mining camps, than from a civilized community. But suppose such scenes had occurred in St. Louis or New Orleans, or Charleston, what a general outburst of lecturing would follow throughout the North. Not a paper would fail to point to it as a legitimate outcome of Southern ignorance and barbarism. But what will John Sherman say? Will he ask for a smelling committee?

## SOMETHING ABOUT STONEWALL JACKSON'S OLD WAR HORSE.

Col. John E. Brown yesterday, had Stonewall Jackson's historical war horse, "Old Fanny," in his stables in this city and to day the old horse is on his way to the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. Old Fanny has been in the keeping of Dr. Morrison, Gen. Jackson's father-in-law, on the Doctor's farm in Lincoln county, ever since the war. Mrs. Gen. Jackson, having presented the horse to Gen. Smith, of the Virginia Military Institute, Dr. Morrison sent him to Col. Brown last Monday, and the Colonel forwarded him to Lexington today, over the Richmond and Danville Railroad. "Old Fanny" is now about 30 years old, and has lost a great deal of his former beauty. He is a fine sorrel, and though his eyesight is still good, his joints are becoming stiffened and his gait is broken. Gen. Jackson, the remarkably good care of the famous old animal and would only drive or ride him enough to give him the necessary exercise. Up to a short time ago, Dr. Morrison would ride "Old Fanny" about the country regularly but as the Doctor is now in his 85th year and too old to ride horseback at all, he retired "Old Fanny" as well as himself from this exercise.

Gen. Jackson was at one time a professor in the Institute and it was on this account that Mrs. Jackson presented the horse to Gen. Smith. It is the purpose of Gen. Smith to care for "Old Fanny" as long as the animal lives, and when the old war horse finally yields up his burden of life, to turn him over to a taxidermist, who will stuff his skin and mount it for preservation in the museum of the Institute.—*Journal Observer.*

## Money For Women.

F. M. Holland thus discourses on the pecuniary dependence of women: Even wives who have inherited money sometimes find they can not get hold of it except by coaxing or teasing their husbands. Nothing is commoner than for a woman to be obliged to tell how she spent what she had last. Girls usually have to tease their mothers into coaxing their fathers. One of the richest members of a society to which I once preached gave his son five dollars to spend at one of our church festivals, and let his grown up daughters go there without a cent of money to pay the entrance fee. Many men keep their wives and daughters, either intentionally or thoughtlessly, in such a state of pecuniary dependence as is simply slavery. It has been said that the only way a woman can get any money of her own is to become a widow. There is no doubt that many girls hurry into teaching, acting, authorship or domestic service simply in order to have money of their own which they can spend without being questioned annoyingly. Of course it is well for the members of a family to consult each other about expenditures of importance, but for a man to limit and question his wife to an extent he would not endure himself is tyranny."

The Hickory Carolinian thinks Gilmor and Steedman the right ticket.

## SMALL BITES.

A bow long bent at length must wax weak.

He bears misery best that hides it most.

No estate can make him rich that has a poor heart.

A blind man will not thank you for a looking-glass.

He had need rise betimes who would please everybody.

Rebukes ought to have a grain more of salt than of sugar.

If an ass goes a traveling, he will not come home a horse.

De only difference twixed de proud and de fool is dis: De fool's got de de most sence.

He that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

Our minds are as different as our faces. We are all traveling to one destination—happiness; but none are going by the same road.

A book publisher announces: "In press—A Pretty Girl." She is often in that pleasant predicament—and the work is to be continued next week.

"Yes," said Fogg, "I've not many successes in life. That's the trouble, you know. The things a fellow meets are always going the other way."

He had been ridiculing her big feet, and, to get even with him, she replied that he might have old sealskin sagues made over into a pair of earmuffs.

It is said that Mr. Howell's first poem was rejected. But he needn't let that worry him. Our first poem was also rejected. And so by the way, was our last.

A Williamsport youth sent fifty cents to a New York firm to learn how to keep from swearing, and received in reply: "Don't open your mouth." He has sworn ever since.

"Climb to Rest" is the name of Lucy Larcom's latest poem. Whence the inference that her poetry does not pay enough to permit Miss Larcom to room on the parlor floor.

"Yes," said the dealer in crockery-ware, "send one of our circulars to Mr. Jones. He is getting up a little in the world, and has just hired a servant. We'll have his patronage immediately."

Two brothers and a sister in Connecticut married at different times, the brothers marrying two sisters, and the first son of each couple, born in different years, were all born on the 29 of February.

It was like the song of some wonderful bird, and it made the air shine after the sound had died away, and yet it was just the remark of a brave young man who walked past me one day arm in arm with a companion:

"Depend upon it, Tom, St. Edmund of Canterbury was right when he said to somebody: 'Work as though you would live forever. Live as though you would die to-day.'"