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MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA, RICHMOND.

THE FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL SESSION will begin on MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1883.

Reidsville Male Academy. Having completed satisfactory arrangements for giving proper attention to the Primary Department of our School, by securing the services of a fully competent assistant, and by having a movable partition put in the school-building, desire to say that there is still room in that Department for ten or fifteen more pupils.

THE SMITHDEAL BUSINESS COLLEGE. IS designed to give a practical course of business training, including the various forms of Book-keeping, Banking, Wholesale and Retail Merchandising, Insurance, Post Office, Exchange Office, Real Estate Agency, Railroad, Commercial Law, Commercial Calculations, Commercial Geography, Business Economy, Letter Writing, etc.

FINE Pianos J.F. RUECKERT also Superior ORGANS.

PROF. RUECKERT WILL ATTEND TO PIANO TUNING ORDERS COMING FROM ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY. He is the only competent Piano man in the surrounding counties.

Reid House, Wentworth, N. C. This Hotel has been recently refitted furnished and offers GOOD ACCOMMODATION. E. H. DEGROTT, Boot and Shoe Maker.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN LIVER VEGETABLE PILLS. Secure Healthy action to the Liver and relieve all bilious troubles.

The Reidsville Times.

Facts Alone Can Influence the Minds and Actions of Men.

VOL. 8. REIDSVILLE, N. C. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1883. NO 32

POETRY.

WOOD AND FIELD.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

Rare odors float through wood and field, And to the dawn their fragrance yield; Borne from the woodbine's waxen cells; The hoarse-suckles' soundless bells; The intricate foliage of the vines, Where morning's earliest dewdrop shines; The moisture lingering o'er the thorn; The ribbons of the ripening corn; The wheat where wanton shadows play; The beautiful increase of the hay; The aromatic pines that spill Their resinous perfumes o'er the hill; The feathered fern by lake and ledge; The wild wet grass by the silvery sedge; The light leaves half inclined to press Their bitter bark in tenderness; The green boughs, as they softly brush The breast of mocking-bird and thrush; The honey of the wild bees home, Shined in the cloister of the comb; All these the heart of Nature holds, And to the morning wind unfolds.

RIPPLES.

A man and a wallet. It is morning. The wallet is full. The man puts it into his pocket and goes down town. Now it is night. Is the wallet full now? Oh, no. The wallet is empty and the man is full.

A sponge measuring eight feet in circumference was recently discovered at Key West. It had several fresh newspapers in its hand and a borrowed umbrella, and wore white breeches and a silk coat.

Thousands of men have commenced at the bottom of the ladder and stayed there. Others have carried bricks and mortar, and reached the top by honest industry.

A correspondent who has been inspecting western cities says: "Helena, the capital of Montana, is accented, orally and morally, on the first syllable. It is probably the richest and wickedest city of its size in the country."

"The difference," mused Twitem, "between a necessary adjunct of the kitchen and a fat party going up a ladder is simply this: One's a fiddle pan, the other's a pullin' man."

"It's kind of rough to be afflicted with affection of the scalp, isn't it?" said a sympathetic Pittsburger. "Yes," was the laconic reply, "dandruff."

I knowed one man what was so good dat he wouldn't pull a steer outen de ditch on Sunday. He was arterwards sent ter de penitentiary for stealin' a boss on Tuesday.

The grindstone is the one piece of mechanism in use by all nations, and with all it is identical in form and principle. Everybody has some axe to grind.

The Winston Republican wants Pat Winston nominated for Governor. Republicans up this way think there is too good Presidential timber in Pat to be sacrificed for a little gubernatorial office.

Tempestuous: "Wind!" exclaimed Mrs. Ramsbotham, who was giving her account of the gale ten days ago on the southeast coast; "wind! why, my dear, it blew a perfect harico."

WHAT CHARMS AN EDITOR.

One of the beauties and charms of an editor's life, says the Asheville News, is in his dead-heading it on all occasions. One who has never tasted the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in his glory and happiness. He does \$100 worth of advertising for a railroad company, gets a 'pass' for a year, rides \$25 worth, and is looked upon as a dead head, half blown dead beat. He 'puffs' a concert troupe \$10 worth, and gets \$1 in 'complimentaries,' and is thus passed 'free.' If the hall is crowded, he is begrudged the room he occupies, for his 'complimentaries' were paying tickets that troupe would be so much more in pocket. He blows and puffs a church festival free to any desired extent, and does the poster printing at half rates, and merely gets a 'thank you' for it—[sometimes not even that.] He upholds, defends, and expends money for various benevolent schemes and associations; but you know it goes as a part of his duty as an editor. He does more work gratuitously for the town and community than all the population put together, and gets curses for it all—while in many instances where a man donates a few dollars for the 4th of July, a base-ball club, or a church, he is most gratefully remembered. He passes 'free,' you know.

Two of Barnum's circus riders have been killed within a few days. Mlle. Celistia died from the effects of a fall and a male rider was thrown and instantly killed at Stevenspoint, Minn., on the 3d.

DUFFY'S DOG.

[Milwaukee Sun.]

"What is the trouble with the minister?" said the grocery man to the bad boy. "He was in here this morning with the tail of his black coat sewed up, and when I asked him to sit down he said he was standing up almost entirely now, and when I asked him if he had seen you lately he said he had, to his sorrow, and he never wanted to see you again. I hope you have not done anything you will be sorry for?"

"It wasn't me at all. It was Duffy's dog," said the boy, as he broke out with a laugh. "You see the minister felt as though he had been cross to me when I asked questions of him, and he met me on the street and apologized, and said hereafter he would try to show a Christian spirit and would answer any questions I might ask him. So I began to ask him how he thought it was that Daniel had such control over the lions when they cast him into the den. I told him I thought Daniel had chloroform on his handkerchief, and when the lions got a sniff of it they didn't want any Daniel in their's, but he said that wasn't it. He said it was the power of man over the brute creation and showed the efficacy of prayer. He said Daniel prayed three times every day, and then looked the lions right in the eye, and a lion wouldn't have gall enough to eat a man that looked straight in his eye. To illustrate, he said he could look a vicious dog right in the eye and the dog would turn tail and run, and just then we passed Duffy's, and the dog barked and growled, and the minister said he would demonstrate to me the power of the human eye over the brute, and he went right into Duffy's yard. Well, I knew that dog, 'cause Duffy used to raise melons, and I went right up a tree. I didn't want that dog to think I was trying to play any Daniel business on him, because every little while Duffy has to take a file and pry pieces of pants out of that dog's teeth; so I got up on a limb. The dog looked at the minister a minute, and the minister looked at the dog, and when the dog began to lick his chops I says to myself: 'Daniel, you better be getting hence,' but Daniel didn't get hence till it was everlastingly too late. But I guess he would have saved his coat if he hadn't tried to pull the dog over the picket fence. The minister is usually a very deliberate man, but when the dog began to tangle his teeth up in his coat he felt that it was good to be somewhere else, and he began to go away to look some other dog in the eye. I guess Duffy's dog is not the right kind of a dog to look in the eye. I think some dogs is different about being looked in the eye. The minister looked like a flying trapeze performer when he came over that fence. They needn't tell me our minister never belonged to a gymnasium, 'cause he couldn't get over a fence that way and always have been a good little boy and never stole melons. I could tell by the way he got over the fence that his neighbors used to raise melons when he was a boy. Well, Duffy was taking a nap, but he woke up and came out and called the dog off, and the minister went off, and when Duffy chained up the dog I came down. I am not yet convinced about that Daniel business, and until the minister demonstrates it I shall hold to the chloroform theory. And so the minister wouldn't sit down? I thought that dog's teeth had been filed."

A NEW WESTERN STYLE.

MATURE REFLECTION.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

The other day when old Major Sloman announced his readiness to proceed in the direction of church, his wife appeared, wearing a Mother Hubbard dress. The old man intently regarded her for a few moments and asked: "Mary, what sort of a coat do you call that?"

"It's a Mother Hubbard, Jeems." "Are you going to wear it to church?"

"Why, certainly, Jeems. The Mother Hubbard is all the fashion now." "Well, I'm glad to hear it," the old man replied. "Just wait until I get ready and we will go."

The old man went into his kitchen, took a couple of meal sacks, cut the bottoms out, sewed the tops together and put them on in imitation of pantaloons. When he returned his wife uttered a loud cry of astonishment and exclaimed: "Great goodness, Jeems, what's that?"

"Father Hubbard," the old man replied. "You are not going to wear them sacks, are you?"

"I've got to be fashionable to keep up with you. I've got as much right to wear these bags as you have to go in that bran sack."

"I'll take it off." "All right, off goes the Father Hubbard," and turning away, he added to himself: "Only one way to beat a woman, and that is by agreeing with her. If it hadn't been for the Daddy Hubbard I'd a bin in a mighty bad fix."

HEART BROKEN BUT LEVEL-HEADED.

[Philadelphia Times.] A lawyer for a husband who is being sued for divorce had a visit yesterday from his client. The client is madly in love with his wife and believes that she wishes to be rid of him only to marry another.

"I can't live without her," he said to his legal adviser, "and I am sure that away down in her heart she has a little feeling for me. I am going to test her."

He pulled out a pistol and said: "I am going to her with this and say: Here, shoot me down; I don't care to live any more."

"You had better not," said the cautious legal man, "she might pull the trigger."

"I don't care for that," replied the heart-broken husband; "I don't care for that; I have filled the weapon with blank cartridges."

A MARRIED WOMAN ELOPES WITH A BOY.

[Lincolnton Press.] At the term of the Superior court held in April last, Sarah Hause, aged about 35, and Eli Helms, aged 17, were tried and convicted of fornication and adultery. Helms was sentenced to a term in the county jail and Sarah Hause was released on a bond of good behavior. Her bond was secured by her husband, Joseph Hause, giving a mortgage on his property. Helms' term of imprisonment expired and he was released. About two weeks ago Mrs. Hause persuaded Helms to elope with her. They took the train here for some point in South Carolina, since which time they have not been heard of. The husband was here on last Monday and took the preliminary steps towards securing a divorce. The woman has several children, the oldest of which, a boy, is about the age and size of her paramour.

PEANUT FLOUR.

[Savannah Telegram.] No doubt, ere long, "peanut flour" will be an important product of the South. Virginia is set down this year for 2,100,000 bushels, Tennessee at 250,000, and North Carolina at 135,000 bushels—these being the chief States engaged in their cultivation, and those in which they were first introduced from Africa. In Virginia they are called "peanuts," in North Carolina "ground-peas," in Tennessee "goobers," and in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi "pinders."

Virginians are beginning to turn the peanut into flour, and say it makes a peculiarly palatable "biscuit." In Georgia there is a custom, now growing old, of grinding or pouncing the shelled peanuts and turning them into pastry, which has some resemblance, both in looks and taste, to that made of cocoonut, but the peanut pastry is more oily and richer, and we think, healthier and better every way. If, as some people believe, Africa sent a curse to America in slavery, she certainly conferred upon her a blessing in the universally popular peanut, which grows so well throughout the southern regions that we shall soon be able to cut off the now large importation altogether.

DEMAGOGUE AND DEMIJOHN.

[Biblical Recorder.] A little boy in one of the city German schools, while engaged in the delightful exercise of defining words, a few weeks since, made a mistake which was not all a mistake. He said: "A demagogue is a vessel that holds beer, gin, whiskey, or any other intoxicating liquor." He was probably thinking of demijohn, but he hit the truth just the same. This new definition of a demagogue is a good one when reference is made to politics; but we have known demagogues who neither drank whiskey nor were connected with politics.

A COMMENDABLE EXAMPLE.

[Asheville Citizen.] Charley Osborne, a lad of 15, living about two miles from Asheville, has set an example of pluck and industry to grown men, and gives excellent promise of future success and usefulness of life. Last spring, alone, he cleared out a piece of abandoned swampy land, ditched it and drained it, broke it up and put it in corn, worked it thoroughly, and now has his reward in a crop of sixty bushels to the acre, corn of unusual excellence.

Rev. Charles Monk has been arrested at Hoboken, N. Y., for theft. He stole a watch, and confesses his guilt.

A possum has been killed in the Capitol grounds, Washington.

The largest tobacco factory in North Carolina is at Henderson, Vance county. There are 200,000 feet of lumber in the building. The largest store in the State is that of Watkins & Bro. of the same town of 1,800 people.

JOB PRINTING

We are doing all kinds Job Printing SUCH AS POSTERS, HANDBILLS, CARDS Letter Heads, Envelopes, &c. Executed with neatness and on short notice. Prices reasonable.

THE UBIQUITOUS FIGURE 9.

You cannot get rid of the figure nine by multiplication; and scarcely by any method. Whatever you do it is sure to turn up again, as was the boy of Eugene Aram's victim. One remarkable property of this figure (said to have been first discovered in 1794) is that all through the multiplication table the product of nine comes to nine. Multiply by what you like, and it gives the same result. Begin with twice nine, 18; add the digits together, and 1 and 8 make 9; three times 9 are 27; and 2 and 7 are nine. So it goes on, up to eleven times nine, which gives 99. Very good; add the digits; 9 and 9 are 18, and 8 and 1 are 9. Going on to any extent it is impossible to get rid of the figure nine. Take a couple of instances at random. Three hundred and thirty-nine times nine are 3,051; add up the figures and they are nine. Five thousand and seventy-one times nine are 45,639; the sum of these digits is 27; 2 and 7 are nine.

HE GOT IT MIXED.

[Macon Telegraph.] One of our merchants received the following notice under a few days since: "Mr. B— please send me \$1 worth of coffee and \$1 worth shoogar, some small nales. My wife had a baby last site, and also two padlocks and a monkey rench."

Horace Greeley, the prince of editors, said: "There is nothing easier than to edit blackguard newspapers, and nothing more difficult than to get up a newspaper free from foulness and blackguardism. Fish-women and bar-room loafers are skilled in the art of bandying epithets and bespattering each other with dirty words. It requires no brains to do this; but it does require both heart and brains to print a newspaper that a decent man or woman can read without a blush."

QUEER FAMILY NAMES.

A family named its sons One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney; and the daughters were named First Stickney, Second Stickney, Third Stickney. The three elder children of another family were named Joseph, And, Another; and it was proposed to call the rest, if any appeared, Also, Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. Another house had actually named their child Finis, supposing it was the last; but three more were born, who were called Addenda, Appendix, and Supplement.

Gen. Grant, speaking of the published report that he was worth \$1,000,000, said: "I have sixteen children and grandchildren (counting the babies) more or less. Granting that each are worth \$50,000, I might safely say that there is \$1,000,000 in the family. I am a poor man comparatively."

MILLE VAN ZANDT.

[Le Figure.] Her father possessed an estate in Texas, and his little daughter was brought up amidst tattooed Indians, wild buffaloes, and little Chinese dogs. At the age of four she followed her father to the chase, riding behind him or bestriding a horse. She used to visit Indian camps all alone and partake of the frugal meals of the squaws, etc. It is astonishing, then, that she refuses to sing on a fixed date!

A Nebraska thief devotes his time entirely to the larceny of hogs, and with great success. He goes forth by night armed with a long stick, to which a sponge is fastened, and a bottle of chloroform. The porcine victim is lulled to rest by the anesthetic and then borne silently away.

Lack of confidence in the police system of Philadelphia by bankers and merchants is shown by the fact that banks and large stores employ watchmen of their own. There are in the city 1,500 of them. They ought to send down this way for police, if they want to feel entirely "safe."

Police—Men employed to draw salaries.