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The Miller's Voting.

"Love me little, love me long,"
Sang the dusty miller
To his wheat art, and his song
Did a maize and thill her.

"Bid me barley hope; oh give
Me one grain of comfort;
I would eat on thee and live
Holding on to some fort.

In your eyes now love looks shine,
There lies cereal pleasure,
Oh! hominy joys are mine,
Filling up my measure."

Came the maiden's corn-fall laugh
At the miller's fawning;
"You can't winnow girl with chaff—
Sir! to you good morning."

A Victim of Charity.

It was at a church fair, and he had come there at the special request of his cousin, who was at the head of the flower table. He opened the door bashfully, and stood, hat in hand, looking at the brilliant scene before him, when a young lady, rushed up and grabbing him by the arm said,—

"Oh, you must take a chance in our cake. Come right over here—this way."

Blushing to the roots of his hair, he stammered out that "really he didn't have the pleasure of knowing—"

"Oh, that's all right," said the young lady. "You will know me better before you leave. I'm one of the managers, you understand. Come; the cake will all be taken if you don't hurry," and she almost dragged him over to one of the middle tables. "There now; only fifty cents a slice, and you may get a real gold ring. You had better take three or four slices, sure. It will increase your chances, you know."

"You're very good," he stammered. "But I'm not fond of cake—that is, I haven't any use for the ring—"

"That will be ever so nice," said the young lady, "for now if you get the ring you can give it back, and we can put it in another cake."

"Y-e-e-s," said the young man, with a sickly smile. "To be sure; but—"

"Oh, there isn't any but about it," said the young lady, smiling sweetly; "you know that you promised."

"Promised?"

"Well, no; not exactly that; but you will take just one slice" and she looked her whole soul into his eyes.

"Well, I suppose—"

"To be sure. There is your cake," and she slipped a great slice into his delicately gloved hands as he handed her a dollar bill. "Oh, that is too nice," added the young lady as she plastered another slice of cake on top of the one she had just given him. "I knew you would take at least two chances," and the dollar bill disappeared across the table; and then she called to a companion, "Oh, Miss Larkins, here is a gentleman who wishes to have his fortune told."

"Oh, does he? send him right over," answered Miss Larkins.

"I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid you are mistaken. I don't remember saying anything about—"

"Oh, but you will," said the first young lady, tugging at his arm. It's for the good of the cause, and you won't refuse," and once more the beautiful eyes looked soulfully into his. "Here we are. Now take an envelope; open it. There; you are going to be married in a year. Isn't that jolly? Seventy-five cents, please." This time the youth was careful to hand out the exact change.

"Oh, I should like to have my fortune told. May I?" said the first young lady.

"Of course you may my dear," said Miss Larkins, handing out one of her envelopes. "Oh, dear, you are going to be married this year, too. Seventy-five cents more," and the poor youth came down with another dollar note.

"No change here, you know," added Miss Larkins, putting the greenback in her pocket.

"Oh, come, let's try our weight," said the first young lady, once more tugging at the bashful youth's coat sleeve, and before he knew where he was he found himself standing on the platform of the scales.

"One hundred and thirty-two," said the young lady. "Oh, I should like to be a great heavy man like you," and she jumped on the scales like

a bird. "One hundred and twenty. Well, that is light. One dollar, please."

"What?" said the youth; one dollar? Isn't that pretty steep? I mean—"

"But you know it is for charity," said the young lady; and another dollar was added to the treasury of the fair.

"I think I'll have to go. I have an engagement at—"

"Oh, but first you must buy me a bouquet for taking you around," said the young lady. "Right over here," and they were soon standing in front of the flower table. "Here is just what I want," and the young lady picked up a basket of roses and violets. "Seven dollars, please."

"Oh, Jack, is that you?" cried the poor youth's cousin from behind the flower counter; "and buying flowers for Miss Giggie, too. Oh, I shall be terribly jealous unless you buy me a basket, too," and she picked up an elaborate affair. Twelve dollars, Jack," and the youth put down the money, looking terribly confused, as though he didn't know whether to make a bolt for the door, or give up all hope and settle down in despair.

"You'll excuse me, ladies," he stammered, "but I must go. I leave—"

"Here, let me pin this in your button-hole," interrupted his cousin. "Fifty cents, please," and then the youth broke away and made a straight line for the door.

"Well, if ever I visit another fair may I be—!" he ejaculated as he counted over his cash to see if he had the car fare to ride home.

Sunshine.

From an acorn weighing only a few grams a tree will grow for a hundred years or more, not only throwing off many pounds of leaves every year, but itself weighing several tons. If an orange twig is put in a large box of earth, and that earth weighed, when the twig becomes a tree, bearing luscious fruit, there will be very nearly the same quantity of earth. From careful experiments made by different scientific men, it is an ascertained fact that a very large part of the growth of a tree is derived from the sun, from the air, and from the water, and a very little from the earth; and, notably, all vegetation dies unless it is freely exposed to sunshine. Wood and charcoal are but condensed sunshine, which contains three important elements, all equally essential to both vegetable and animal life—magnesia is important to any of the tissues. Thus it is that the more persons are out of doors the more healthy they are and the longer they live. Every human being ought to have an hour or two of sunshine at noon in winter, and in the early forenoon in summer.

The Charlotte Home and Democrat has the following to say about the Mormons:

"We are really informed that delegates from the Mormon church are now within the vicinity of King's Mountain, and have induced the authorities of a Baptist church, in Gaston county, to surrender the keys for the use of these 'Latter-day Saints.'—It seems incredible that in the midst of an enlightened people that Mormonism could obtain any converts. No one at the present day who reads a newspaper can fail to know what is the great feature of their belief, and how a woman who has been reared in the path of virtue and religion can renounce all and flee to this lecherous sect, is hard to comprehend. We see where a man and his wife have been remarried in accordance with the rites of the Church. The practice of polygamy is so revolting that all protestations of piety they might offer should prove of no avail, for it is only to conceal their true life. They ought never to be allowed to enter the State, corrupting the minds of those who are persuaded of their honesty, concealing their disgusting practices. They are a worse epidemic than small-pox, and should be treated the same.

It is remarkable that Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray were alike unhappy in marriage. Thackeray's wife was insane nearly all her married life. In all cases the wives survived the husbands.

Lost in the Fog.

Erasmus T. Ruggleson, a young man of Saxon lineage, worked on a farm out here in Yellow Springs township. He was not rich, but he was industrious and just too pretty for anything. So was the daughter of the farmer for whom he worked. She was wealthier than Erasmus, but she was not proud. When the chores were done in the winter evenings, she went with him to the singing school and she walked by his side to church. She loved him; she had rather sit at her easement in the gloaming, and hear him holler "po-oo-ey" in long-drawn, mellow cadences, at the hour of the feeding of the swine, than hear Campanini sing "Macaroni del Venezia!" from "Handorgzhamni in Venezuela." And he—he was clean gone on her. Mashed past all surgery. When they foolishly let the old man into their plans for each other's happiness and half the farm, the wrathful agriculturist said if he heard one more word of such nonsense, just another word, he would lay that farm waste with physical havoc, and blight its winter wheat with the salt tears of his only child, and that was the kind of a father-in-law he was inclined to be.

Naturally, the young people determined to fly. Finally the night was set, so was the ladder. At its foot waited the ardent Erasmus Ruggleson, gazing at the window for the appearance of his love. Presently the window opened softly, and a face he loved appeared.

"Rasmus!"

"Florence!"

"Yes, dearest. Shall I drop my things right down?"

"Yes, love; I will catch them. Let the bundle fall."

The glittering starlight in the clear March night fell on Erasmus' glad and feet high, four feet wide and about eight feet long. It weighed about 2,700 pounds. It contained a few "things" that no woman could be expected to travel without, and Florence had spent three weeks packing that trunk for her elopement.

Erasmus Ruggleson did not scream. He did not moan. He couldn't. He had no show. Florence came down the ladder, having first, with a maidenly sense of propriety, requested her lover to turn his back and look at the barn. He was busily engaged in looking at the bottom of that trunk and thinking how like all creation he would yell if he ever got his mouth out doors again.

Florence reached the bottom of the ladder. "Did you get my trunk, Erasmus?" she said, looking around for him.

"Oh, yes," said a hoarse mocking voice at her elbow. "Oh, yes, he got it. Got it bad, too."

She turned, knew her papa, shrieked once, twice, again, and once more for the boys, and fainted away.

"I never worried about it a minute," the heartless old man told his neighbors the next day; "though I knowed well enough what was going on all the time. I've been married twice, an' I've married off four daughters and two sons, an' I don't know what baggage a woman carries when she travels, by this time, I'm too old to learn."

And Erasmus Ruggleson! The jury brought in a verdict that he came to his death by habitual drunkenness, and the temperance papers didn't talk about anything else for the next six weeks.

Stung to Death.

We sometimes hear of a person being stung to death, but there are more deaths caused by stinging than most people suppose. A bee, inflicting a sting, it is said, leaves its barbed weapon in the wound, and being thus mutilated, inevitably dies. In ninety nine cases out of a hundred, the stinger dies, while the person stung lives. The bee stings itself to death in trying to sting some one else.

There are men and women who might learn a lesson from this fact. If you purpose to sting others, remember that you may be more likely to injure yourself than them. Your stinging may hurt others, and kill yourself. "He that will live life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile."

A Woman's Ingenuity.

A Dublin chambermaid is said to have got twelve commercial travelers into eleven bedrooms, and yet to have given each a separate bedroom. Here we have eleven separate bedrooms:

1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11

"Now," says she, "if two of you will go into No. 1 bedroom and wait a few minutes I'll find a spare room for you as soon as I have shown the others to their rooms. Well, now, having thus bestowed the gentlemen in No. 1, she put the third in No. 2, fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back to No. 1, where you will remember she left the twelfth gentleman alone with the first, and said: 'I have accommodated all the rest and have still a room to spare; so if one of you will please step into No. 11 you will find it empty.' Thus, the twelfth man got his bedroom. Of course, there is a hole in the sidepan somewhere, but we leave the reader to determine exactly where the fallacy is, with just a warning to think (when before declaring as to which if any of the travelers was the "odd man out."

Boys.

A wide-awake boy is always a fruitful subject for newspaper talk. The *Huckeye* man has this to say on the subject, and we must admit that there is much of the real boy about it.

An exchange says a boy will tramp two hundred and forty-seven miles in one day on a rabbit hunt and be limber in the evening, when if you ask him to go across the street and borrow Jones's two-inch nigger, he will be as stiff as a meat-axe. Of course he will. And

the water three hours at a time, and dive and paddle and puff, and next morning he will feel that an unmeasured insult has been offered him when he is told by his mother to wash his face carefully so as not to leave the score of the oob and flow so plain as to be seen under the gills. And he'll wander around a dry creek bed all the afternoon piling up a pebble fort, and nearly die off when his sister wants him to please pick up a basket of elms for the parlor stove; and he'll spend the biggest part of the day trying to corner a stray male or a bald-headed horse for a ride, and feel that all life's charms have fled when it comes time to drive the cows home; and he'll turn a ten acre lot upside down for ten inches of angle-worms, and wish for the voiceless tomb when the garden demands his attention. But all the same, when you want a friend who will stand by you and sympathize with you, and be true to you in all kinds of weather, enlist one of the small boys.

About Salt.

Nothing that we eat is more valuable than salt, nor could any thing except bread be more misused. Animals, in fact, will travel distances and brave great dangers to obtain it. On the coast of Sierra Leone brothers will sell their sisters, husbands their wives, and parents their children, for salt. In the district of the Gold Coast of Africa, a handful of salt is the most valuable thing upon earth, after gold, and will purchase a slave or two. Salt with the Bambers is such a luxury that to say of a man, "He flavors his food with salt," is to imply that he is rich. No stronger mark of affection can be shown in Muscovy than the sending of salt from the tables of the rich to their poor friends. Spilling salt was held to be an unlucky omen by the Romans, and the superstition has descended to ourselves. Leonardo de Vinci availed himself of this tradition in his famous picture of the "Lord's Supper" to indicate Judas Iscariot by the salt-celler knocked over by his arm. When we say of a lazy fellow that "he does not earn his salt" we unconsciously allude to an ancient custom among the Romans. Among them a man was said to be in possession of a "salary" who had his "salarium," his allowance of salt, wherewith to save the food by which he lived. Thus salary comes from salt, and in this view of the word how many there are who do not "earn their salt."

A Monster of the Air.

Thomas Campbell and Joseph Howard, two woodchoppers working in the timber five miles northeast of Harleton, Cal., inform us by letter of a singular creature they saw flying through the air last Friday afternoon. They write thus: "About 4 o'clock Friday afternoon, while at work we were startled by the sound of many wings flapping in the air. Looking up, we perceived passing over our head, not more than forty feet above the tree tops, a creature that looked something like a crocodile. It was, to the best of our judgment not less than eighteen feet in length, and would measure two feet across the body from the head to the tail, a distance of probably twelve feet. The tail was about four feet long and tapered from the body to a point probably eight inches wide. The head was two feet in length and the jaws (for its mouth was open) could not have been less than sixteen inches long. On each side of the body, between the head and the tail, were six wings, each projecting between eighteen inches and two feet from the body. As near as we could see, these wings were about fifteen inches broad, and appeared to be formed similar to a duck's foot. On the under side of the body we counted twelve feet, six on a side."

Mr. Howard fired one barrel of a shotgun at the monster, and writes: "It uttered a cry similar to that of a calf and bear combined, but gave no sign of being inconvenienced or injured. In fact, when the shot struck, we heard the bullets rattle as though striking against a thin piece of sheet iron. The object was also seen by a number of Chinamen working near us, who were badly frightened and fled to their cabins." This is the first time we ever heard of such a creature as this; but we cannot doubt their statements.

—*Grindley Herald.*

Ludicrous incidents will occur, even in the midst of misfortune. The only damage done to the furniture at the fire on Chestnut street this forenoon was to a looking-glass, and that was in a manner entirely unlooked for and unexpected. The glass had been taken from the house and carefully leaned up against the fence, where it stood unharmed during all the confusion and alarm occasioned by the fire. But a goat happened to come along and spying a reflection of himself in the glass, he gazed for a moment, shook his head a few times and mounting on his hind legs, he went for that other goat in a hurry, and only found out his mistake after the looking-glass was smashed into smithereens, and no goat was to be seen. He seemed confused for a moment, stared a little, shook his head a while, and then walked quietly away to make a breakfast of any old piece of tinware or broken crockery which might be left lying around loose.

—*Wilmington Review.*

A DOG WITH THE TOOTHACHE.—Who ever heard of a dog with the toothache? Well, Augusta can boast of the novelty. The poor old fellow has been howling for a week with neuralgia of the jaw, and when his master, who is a thoughtful and considerate surgeon as well as an artist, discovered the cause of the canine's grief, he set to work to extract a whole row of decayed teeth in the dog's mouth. Now this may seem absurd to some very ignorant people, but it is all true, and the poor dog held his mouth open and sat perfectly quiet while the teeth were being drawn. And yet some people think a dog has no sense or appreciation.—*Augusta (Ga) News.*

At the recent visit of General Hancock to the city of Little Rock, Arkansas, while a military salute of thirteen guns was being fired at the arsenal, a premature discharge blew off three fingers and a thumb from the hand of a brave soldier named Geitz. The whole hand had to be amputated above the wrist. In the hospital General Hancock visited him expressing his heartfelt sympathy, and in conversation with him said: "Well, my gallant friend, we all deeply deplore the accident; and now let me assure you that so long as I live you shall never want for anything."

"The bravest are the tenderest."

SMALL BITES.

The new Garfield stamp will be issued to the Post Offices throughout the United States on next Monday.

Hanging a man in effigy is a good deal like kissing a cow owned by the father of a young girl. It don't fit the case.

Old umbrellas and buggy tops are now being utilized by ladies for theatre hats. The demand for them almost equals that for Confederate bonds.

"There are plenty of men who paint and powder." "Yes, but then they don't wear corsets." "No; they use something else in getting tight."

Ladies' water proof cloaks so light that they can easily be folded into a parcel small enough to be carried in the dress-pocket, are now sold.

The hides of all the cats in America would be worth \$10,000,000 to commerce. And it's a fearful shame to have so much property lying idle.

"Can there be happiness where there is no love?" solemnly queries an author in a book on marriage. Not much perhaps, but if the girl is awfully rich, there can be lots of fun.

A man in Ohio was struck by lightning and instantly killed a day or two since just as he was trying to say something original about winter lingering in the lap of spring.

A French paper advises its readers who may happen to be caught out in a storm to take shelter under a beach tree, as this tree has never been known to be struck by lightning.

A Posey county justice concluded a recent marriage ceremony thusly: "Them as this court has joined together, let no man put asunder; but suffer little children to come unto them, so help you."

This is the last oyster month. The saying is a very old one, it was written by Rutilius, in 1,569, and runs thus: "It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an 'R' in their name to eat an oyster."

There is nothing that so takes the starch out of a young man who has been wedded about a year as to have to go to a store where there is a girl clerk that he used to keep company with, and enquire for those large safety pins.

A shot that told: A French officer said to a Swiss colonel: "How is it that your countrymen always fight for money, while we French fight for honor?" The Swiss shrugged his shoulders and replied: "I suppose it is because people are apt to fight for that which they need most."

A Methodist clergyman who had been assigned to a congregation that began to criticize his preaching, said that they only ridiculed themselves. "Because, beloved friends if I could preach well do you think I would have been sent out here to minister to a lot of lunkheaded ignoramuses like you?"

They are very conscientious in Deadwood. A man there recently saw another reach for his hip pocket, and thinking he meant fight, shot him dead. The fellow, however, lived long enough to explain that he intended to draw a flask to treat, and then expired, and the shootist said the last wishes should be obeyed, and took a rousing drink from the flask.

A remarkable case of the intricacies of law is shown in the contest over a will in Marseilles. A man and wife were drowned together in the upsetting of a boat. The wife left a will bequeathing \$375,000 to the husband, and the heirs of both parties are struggling to decide which drowned first. There seems to be no way out of the difficulty, and the lawyers will probably bag the whole fortune.

A man under life-sentence in the Iowa Penitentiary for wife murder, died the other day, and his daughter was asked what disposition should be made of the body. She answered that, as her father had murdered her mother and attempted to kill her, and then burned their home, she would rather have nothing to do with the matter. The body was therefore interred in the prison graveyard.