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ALL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES.

'Twas in the flow'ry month of June... What will you take, sir? he inquired, 'Stout, bitter, mild, or clear?'

Politeness Pays.

Among the acquaintances of my youth there was one Peter Cox; and I am sorry to say that, from what little stock of patience he may have possessed, he invested none of it in politeness.

"How d'ye do?" said the stranger, as Peter laid aside the slate he had just finished. "How d'ye do?" returned Peter, in a sort of uncouth grunt.

"You are not very busy, I take it," added Wilkins. A quick, rough answer was making its way to Peter's lips, but he did not speak. He recollected himself in season.

"Darn it." They had a terrible time at a wedding up at Petaluma the other day, and which only goes to show how the smallest drawback will sometimes take the stiffness out of the sweetest occasion.

Three of 'Em. THE MOUSE AND THE LION.—THE FOOLISH HARE AND THE ALLIGATOR. A mouse who was taking his evening ramble through a great forest, encountered a lion under a tree, and at once called out:

A Sickening Story. The trial of Judge E. St. Julian Cox, of the Ninth Judicial District of Minnesota, by the Senate of that State, has ended in his ejection from the bench as a drunkard.

SMALL BITES. The tailor knows how to get around a customer. Measure your mind's height by the shadow it casts.