

W H Amos

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### OUR DAILY RECKONING.

If you sit down at set of sun And count the acts that you have done, And, counting, find One self-denying act, one word That eased the heart of him who heard, One glance most kind, That fell like sunshine where it went, Then you may count that hour well spent.

### A Thrilling Event.

An Incident of the Creek War.

A terrible bit of news was carried from month to month through the region that is now Alabama at the beginning of September, 1813. The country was at that time in the midst of the second war with Great Britain, and for a long time the British agents had been crying to persuade the Creeks—a powerful nation of half-civilized but very war-like Indians who lived in Alabama—to join in the war and destroy the white settlements in the Southwest.

For some time the Creeks hesitated, and it was uncertain what they would do. But during the summer of 1813 they broke out in hostility, and on the 30th of August their great leader, Weatherford, or the Red Eagle, as they called him, stormed Fort Mims, the strongest fort in the Southwest. He took the fort by surprise, with a thousand warriors behind him, and after five hours of terrible fighting destroyed it, killing above five hundred men, women and children.

This was the news that startled the settlers in the region where the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers come together. It was certain, after such a massacre as that, that the Indians meant to destroy the settlements, and kill all the white people without mercy.

In order to protect themselves and their families the settlers built rude forts by setting timbers endwise in the ground, and the people hurried to these places for safety. Leaving their homes to be burned, their crops to be destroyed, and their cattle to be killed or carried off by the Indians, the settlers hastily got together whatever food they could, and took their families into the nearest forts.

One of the smallest of these stockade forts was called Siquelield. It stood in what is now called Clarke county, Ala., and, as that region was very thinly settled, there were not enough men to make a strong force for the defense of the fort. But the brave farmers and hunters thought they could hold the place, and so they took their families there as quickly as they could.

Two families, numbering seventeen persons, found it was not easy to go to the Siquelield on the 2d of September, and so, as they were pretty sure that there were no Indians in their neighborhood, they made up their minds to stay one more night at a house a few miles from the fort. That night they were attacked, and all but five of them were killed. Those who got away carried the news of what had happened to the fort, and a party was sent out to bring in the bodies.

The next day all the people in Fort Siquelield went out to bury their dead friends in a valley at some little distance from the fort, and, strange as it may seem, they took no arms with them. Believing that there were no Indians near the place, they left the gates of the fortress open, and went out in a body without their guns.

As a matter of fact there was a large body of Indians not only near them, but actually looking at them all the time. The celebrated Prophet Francis was in command, and in his sly way he kept as near the fort as possible to look for a good chance to attack it. Making his men lie down and crawl like snakes, he had reached a point only a few hundred yards from the stockade without alarming the people; and now while they stood around the graves of their friends without arms to defend themselves, a host of their savage enemies lay looking at them from the grass and bushes on the hill.

### A Ventriloquist's Tricks.

(Omaha Bee.)

For some time past there have been strange doings at the jail, which have given the impression that the place must be haunted. Every night some prisoner would hear his name called by some one outside of the jail, and, going to the nearest window, would in the darkness carry on a conversation with some friend or relative, who failed to materialize, however. A short time ago a man was put in jail for assaulting his brother-in-law with a knife, and cutting his throat badly, and some one calling him at the window. He got out of his bunk, and, feeling his way to the window, asked the name of the visitor. The name was given, and proved to be that of an Irish friend who had taken this way to hold a little chat with him. The voice could not be mistaken, and the prisoner had no suspicion of there being anything mysterious about the matter or anything wrong. The visitor in bidding him good-bye told him that he had left some tobacco for him with the jailor. In the mean time Jailer Schotz, hearing the voices, staid outside to see who was there, and, though he could hear the talk, could discover no one. The next day the prisoner insisted on the jailer giving him the tobacco which his friend had left for him, and was quite indignant when told that his friend had left none. The same sort of an occurrence was repeated with other prisoners. The colored boy who was lately imprisoned for stealing a watch was called for the other night by some one outside, and on going to the window held quite a conversation with a colored friend of his, in which he talked over his case quite freely, but Jailer Schotz could not discover any one. The colored boy next day was equally earnest in demanding the package of smoking-tobacco his friend had left with the jailer, but of course the jailer had no such package. In none of these cases could Jailer Schotz discover that any one had been around the outside of the jail.

The puzzling matter has now been straightened out and its mystery solved. The young man, Fred Hill, confined in jail on charge of being a confidence man, seems to be at the bottom of the whole affair and the cause of the manifestations. He is a remarkable mimic, and only needs to hear a man's voice once to be able to duplicate it. He is also a good deal of a ventriloquist, and these two features of his own vocal ability, aided by the peculiar construction of the jail, and the location of his cell, have enabled him at night to throw his voice outside, so that it appears to prisoners on the south side of the jail as if there were some one at the window calling them. He had used his ventriloquism for much amusement, and, by learning the prisoner's name and something of his history by the prisoners mingling in the day time, has been informed for a midnight chat with them, impersonating some friend or relative. To add to his enjoyment he has invariably added the "tobacco" postscript at the close of the conversation, thus causing the prisoners to bother Jailer Schotz by insisting on having what their friends had left for them.

The men, of course, had to follow the women closely, as they were too weak in numbers to risk a battle outside. If they had done so, the Indians would have overcome them quickly, and then the fort and everybody in it would have been at their mercy, so they hurried into the fort as soon as the women were safe.

But the hero who had saved the people by his quickness and courage was left outside, and not only so, but the savages were between him and the fort. He had charged entirely through the war party, and was now beyond their line, alone, and with no chance of help from any quarter.

His hope of saving himself was very small, indeed; but he had saved all those helpless women and children, and he was a brave enough fellow to die willingly for such a purpose as that if he must. But brave men do not give up easily, and young Haden did not mean to die without a last effort to save himself.

Blowing a loud blast upon his hunting horn to call his remaining dogs around him, he drew his pistols—one in each hand—and plunged spur into his horse's flanks. In spite of the number of savages, he broke through the mass of savages, but the gallant horse that bore him fell dead as he cleared the Indian ranks. Haden had fired both his pistols, and had no time to load them again. He was practically unarmed now, and the distance he still had to go before reaching the gates was considerable. His chance of escape seemed smaller than ever, but he quickly sprang from the saddle, and ran with all his might, hotly pursued, and under a terrific fire from the rifles of the savages. The gate was held a little way open for him to pass, and when he entered the fort his nearest pursuers were so close at his heels that there was barely time for the men to shut the gate in their faces.

Strangely enough, the brave young fellow was not hurt in any way. Five bullets had passed through his clothes, but his skin was not broken.

### What a wife Likes to See.

(Omaha Bee.)

A husband who is not always "a little short."

Who gets home at a reasonable time of night, and in reasonable physical condition.

Who always lets her know beforehand when he brings a friend to dinner.

Who doesn't want to sleep until noon every Sunday morning.

Who takes pleasure in buying his wife a spring bonnet.

Who compliments her occasionally, and calls her pretty, whether she is or not.

Who, when he comes home late at night, will come in like a man, and not like a thief.

Who can lie in bed while his wife walks with the baby without swearing like a trooper.

Who isn't always telling her that times are hard and business is poor.

Who will give her credit for working as hard as he does, and sometimes harder.

Who is willing to put up with a poor dinner on Mondays.

Who won't keep the dinner waiting and then growl because the roast is overdone.

Who doesn't labor under the impression that cigar ashes on the carpet tends to keep the moths out.

Who is willing to give his wife half of the bed.

Who knows when it is time to get up, and does not rely on his wife to arouse him.

Who is blind to the follies of women.

Who takes his wife along occasionally when he "runs down" to the city "on business."

Who will give her a stated sum per month for household expenses, instead of growling about the "bills."

Who will empty the ashes and carry the coal when the girl has been bounced for impudence.

Who, when he builds an "addition" to the house, will allow his wife to arrange for "closet room."

Who admires his wife and has the common sense to tell her of it.

Who will not insist on having the pillow with the most feathers.

Who does not require coaxing to get his wife a new dress or a piece of jewelry.

Who will be as polite to his wife as he is to other women, and will lift his hat to her when he meets her on the street.

Who can be generous to himself if he is only just to her.—Rochester Express.

### In those Good Old Days.

After the late civil war had been going on for six or eight months and everybody was going for a Government contract and riches, President Lincoln was one day approached by a little old man, who introduced himself as the proprietor of a second hand clothing store just started in Washington.

"Well, do you want a colonel's commission?" asked old Abe.

"Not at all now. I believe I like a Government contract."

"Oats or hay?"

"Oh, no! I keep some second-hand clothing."

"And what sort of a contract can you take?"

"Well, I don't exactly make dot out myself, but I sell members of Congress sheepskin coats and vests and pants and any other dealer in der peensies. I like you to pass some law to make 'em pay of me."

HEART-RENDING.—The Fayetteville Observer says that a Mr. Knight, of Chatham county, has been recently bereft of his whole family of six children by such a strange and fearful tragedy, or rather by a succession of tragedies, as makes "truth stranger than fiction." Three of the children were taken with diphtheria, and died shortly after in quick succession. Just after their death two of the remaining three children were playing in the yard, the mother being inside the house with the youngest. A scream outside caused her to rush forth, to find that a rattlesnake had bitten both the children, who were even then in the agonies of death—and the crowning horror came upon the distracted mother when she discovered that a large pot of boiling soap had fallen from the fire, and burned or scalded the baby beyond recovery.

INFERIOR COURT OF FORTSYTH.—The Magistrates of the county are in session as we go to press, and up to this hour, they have elected J. W. Fries, John Boyer and N. S. Sullivan as Justices' of the Court, with R. B. Kerner solicitor.

### A Monster Spider.

(Omaha Bee.)

Mr. E. D. Todd, private watchman at the corner of Mosher and Calhoun streets, caught Monday night in that locality a monster spider, with a diameter when spread over four inches. He brought it yesterday in the Sun office.

Prof. Otto Luggen says it is the "Mygale Hentzia," an American species of the gigantic bird-spider, and is supposed to have been brought to Baltimore in a shipment of bananas from Florida.

As the animal is nocturnal in its habits, it may be in a locality or wander about for some time without being discovered.

This spider in erroneously called tarantula. It is found throughout all the drier portions of the Western or South-western States, extending into Mexico, where it is replaced by still larger species. It is considered a very poisonous animal, though whether truly so or not is a point still to be demonstrated. Like all spiders, its fang-like mandibles are perforated, and a canal communicates with a bag of poison located in its base. When they bite the poison is injected into the wound. From the fact that its mandibles can not be separated to any great extent, it is questionable whether it even could inflict a bite on a human finger. The habit of this spider is to hide during the day in a closely-woven tube of silk, which is either suspended between foliage or between stones on the ground.

In the tropical parts of both America these spiders are very abundant in houses, where they feed upon various kinds of domestic insect pests and are not dreaded at all. Large and formidable as it appears, it has a deadly enemy in a large species of "digger-wasp," which stings and paralyzes it. The "digger-wasp," is the so-called "tarantula-killer." This wasp, though living itself upon nothing but honey, still needs animal food for its young. The mother wasp, after having dug a hole in some hard and dry soil to the depth of seven inches, flies about in search of one of these large spiders. When found it darts like lightning upon the spider and stings it. The poison injected into the spider has the peculiar property of paralyzing without killing. The helpless spider is dragged to the prepared nest and a liquid egg deposited on its soft parts and the hole closed. The larva hatched from the egg feeds upon the still living but defenseless spider until full grown. If such an egg should not hatch the spider will remain in this hole for an indefinite period without dying or decaying.

Efforts have been made for a long time by scientists to imitate artificially a fluid of this peculiar character, with a view of treating Texas cattle as wasps treat spiders, for transport to Europe. While in the paralyzed state and not needing any food or water, they could be placed on ships like sardines, and killed as wanted after their arrival in Europe. It has been shown that such poison taken internally is perfectly harmless to the consumers of the meat. The system of the medicine known as Baumescheidism had its origin in consequence of Baumescheid being cured of rheumatism and paralysis by the sting of a common "digger-wasp."—Baltimore Sun.

EXACTLY SO.—Sometimes we think Winston is a pretty clever kind of a city and again we don't know what to make of her.—The great trouble is that every merchant and manufacturer here wants to wait and see what somebody else is doing across the street is going to do. It is this hanging back, and being afraid to risk a nickel on anything that will not guarantee a hundred per cent profit that has kept this city from being just twice as large as it is to-day.—Leader.

The engine and tender of a passenger train on the Mobile and Montgomery Division of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad went through an open draw-bridge near Mobile last Saturday, and the engineer, Edward Brown, was drowned. He could have escaped, but he stuck to his post and succeeded in preventing the train from following the engine through the draw.

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.—We never feel so mad arter we shed tears. De cloud ain't nigh so dark arter de rains fall.

De worst sort of boastfulness is showed by de man what thinks dat he can outsmart you wid a long story.

Hearts that overflow with kindness are often hearts that do not waste much of that commodity.

Conscience is the central station on the telephone wire between the head and heart.

### Marrying a Dead Wife's Sister.

(Omaha Bee.)

The English House of Lords has again rejected the bill legalizing the marriage of a man to his dead wife's sister. The vote was 140 to 145. We hope the day is not far distant when the old-foggy concern of "House of Lords" will be squelched and abolished by the English people. Civilization and humanity teach and prove that, where possible and agreeable, a man shows good sense and proper regard for his wife's children by marrying his deceased wife's sister.

The bitter quarrel which occurred in Fayetteville Presbytery, this State about 35 years ago, in regard to a Rev. Mr. McQueen marrying his wife's sister, will be remembered by many of our citizens.

A good, but eccentric, old divine, Rev. Colin Melver of Fayetteville, led the opposition to such marriages, and much bad feeling and hard words occurred, but we think Mr. McQueen was finally justified in marrying his dead wife's sister, though the Presbyterians have always refused to change their church edicts against such marriages, but acquiesce when they occur.

The quarrel between the McQueen and anti-McQueen party was very bitter according to our recollection.

It seems to us that if there is anything reasonable in this world, it is that men should be permitted to marry their dead wife's sister, where the parties are willing to do so and the proper affection prevails. Poor orphan children are often blessed in that way, and there are but few unhappy marriages of the kind. Not one in all our experience.

### Minor Trials of this Life.

Trying to recollect the store you left your umbrella in.

Losing penknife.

Losing cane.

First grease spot on new pantaloons.

Shirt buttons found wanting on cold morning.

Mosquitoes.

Fies.

Bugs.

Flea in trousers.

Uncut books and magazines.

Getting shaved.

Full barber shop when you are in a hurry to be shaved.

House hunting.

Piano practice next room.

Accordion, flute, violin, next room.

News-papper with five supplements.

Trying to interest the girl who wants the other man.

Hand organs.

Trying to talk to an "Oh, dear!" "Oh, my!" and "Oh, isn't that nice!" girl.

Trying to save money.

Remembering what a fool you made of yourself when tight last night.

Heading your own love letters when it was very bad and you were not expected to recover.

Tumbling up stairs.

Tumbling down stairs.

Conundrums.

Puns.

Rickety chairs.

Leathery steak.

Old bill against you forgotten.

Toothache.

Trying to write home because it's your duty.

Atmosphere of stove-heated railroad cars in winter.

Cold feet.

Making a purchase at one shop and seeing the article marked fifty per cent cheaper at the next.

Having your ash-box stolen.

Salesman or woman who argues that you ought to like this or that pattern.

Four friends giving directions to some place at once.

Some old yarn you heard forty times before.

"That reminds me of a little anecdote."

Invalid who will tell all his complaints.

### What He Heard in Church.

He lived in a country town near Providence, R. I., and had not attended church for many months. At length, having a friend visiting him, he accompanied him one Sunday to meeting.—Arriving in front of the edifice, one of the deacons beckoned him to one side, and he expected a "talking to" for his delinquency. He was much relieved, however, by the deacon's remark, "Looking all around to assure himself that he would not be overlooked, the dispenser of bread and wine said to him, 'I heard you had a very fine calf you wanted to sell.'"

Send your Job Printing to this office.