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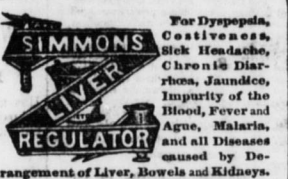
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Pain in the side, sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; bowels generally constipated, sometimes alternating with lax; the liver is enlarged with pain, is dull and heavy; with occasional loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving unless something like sugar has been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weakness and dizziness; nervous, easily started; or cold or burning, sometimes a prickling sensation on the skin; vertigo and depression, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up spirits to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the liver to have been extensively deranged.
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Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!
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IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE. And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after-effects.
A Governor's Testimony.
Simmons' Liver Regulator has been used in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medicinal cabinet.
J. GILL SHORTER, Governor of Ala.
Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: "I have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a testimonial."
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"Take only the Genuine, which always has on the wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO."
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



THE BRIDAL GIFT.
To the stately village bride,
With its feasting, dance and mirth,
There came a gray-haired singer—
One of the poor of earth.
Silver and gold and jewels,
The rich guests brought along;
The bard had naught to offer
But just one little song.
"It is the bride and bridegroom,
The proud guests lowly lie;
The costly gifts have crumbled—
The song can never die."
THEY LOVE.
It brightens all the cruel gloom
That clouds round me like a tomb,
And fills my heart with summer bloom.
It makes me quite forget the pain
That grief has wrought within my brain,
And brings a flash of joy again.
It makes the darkest night to me
More clear than ever day can be,
For in my dreams I am with thee.

The Stolen Note.
Except that he indulged too freely in the use of the intoxicating cup, John Wallace was an honest, high-minded and extraordinary man. His one great fault hung like a dark shadow over his many virtues. He meant well, and when he was sober did well.
He was a hatter by trade, and by industry and thrift he had secured money enough to buy the house in which he lived. He had purchased it several years before for three thousand dollars, paying one thousand down and securing the balance by mortgage to the seller.
The mortgage was almost due at the time circumstances made me acquainted with the affairs of the family. But Wallace was ready for the day; he had saved up the money; there seemed no possibility of an accident. I was well acquainted with Wallace having done a little collecting and had drawn up legal documents for him. One day his daughter Annie came to my office in great distress declaring that her father was ruined, and that they should be turned out of the house in which they lived.
"Perhaps not, Miss Wallace," said I, "I am trying to console her, and give the affair whatever it was, a bright aspect."
"What has happened?"
"My father," she replied, "had the money to pay the mortgage on the house in which we live, but it is all gone now."
"Has he lost it?"
"I don't know. I suppose so. Last week he drew two thousand from the bank and lent it to Mr. Brice for ten days."
"Who is Mr. Brice?"
He is a broker. My father got acquainted with him through George Chandler, who boards with us, and who is Mr. Brice's clerk.
"Does Mr. Brice refuse to pay?"
"He says he has paid it."
"Well, what is the trouble, then?"
"Father says he has not paid it."
"Indeed! But the note will prove that he has not paid it. Of course, you have the note?"
"No. Mr. Brice has it. Father is positive he never received the money. The mortgage he says must be paid tomorrow."
"Very singular! Was your father—"
I hesitated to use the unpleasant word which must have grated harshly on the ear of the devoted girl.
"Mr. Brice says father was not quite right when he paid him, but not very bad."
"I will see your father."
"He is coming up here in a few moments, I thought I would see you first and tell you the facts before he came."
"I do not see how Brice could have obtained the note unless he paid the money. Where did your father keep it?"
"He gave it to me, and I put it in the secretary."
"Who was in the room when you put in the secretary?"
"Mr. Brice, George Chandler, my father and myself."
The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Wallace. He looked pale and haggard, as much from the effects of anxiety as from the debauch from which he was recovering.
"She has told you about it, I suppose?" said he in a very low tone.
"She has."
I pitied him, poor fellow, for two thousand dollars was a large sum for him to accumulate in his little business. The loss of it would make the future look like a desert to him. It would be a misfortune which one must undergo to appreciate.

"What passed between you on that day?"
"Well, I merely stepped into his office—it was only the day before yesterday—to tell him not to forget to have the money ready for me by to-morrow. He took me into his back office, and as I sat there he said he would get the money ready next day. He then left me and went into the front office, where I heard him vend George out to the bank to draw a check for two thousand dollars, so I supposed he was going to pay me then."
"What does the clerk say about it?"
"He says that Mr. Brice remarked when he sent him, that he was going to pay me the money."
"Just so."
"And when George came in he went into the front office again and took the money. Then he came to me again and did not offer to pay me the money."
"Had you the note with you?"
"No; now I remember he said he supposed I had not the note with me or he would pay it. I told him to come in the next day and I would have it ready—that was yesterday. When I came to look for the note it could not be found. Annie and I have hunted the house all over."
"You told Brice so?"
"I did. He laughed and showed me his note, with his signature crossed over with ink and a hole punched through it."
"It is plain, Mr. Wallace, that he paid you the money, as alleged, or has obtained fraudulent possession of the note, and intends to cheat you out of the amount."
"He has never paid me," he replied firmly.
"Then he has fraudulently obtained possession of the note. What sort of person is that Chandler who boards with you?"
"A fine young man. Bless you, he would not do anything of that kind."
"I am sure he would not," repeated Annie, earnestly.
"How else could he obtain the note but through him? What time does he come home at night?"
"Always at tea time. He never goes out of the house in which they lived."
"But, father, he did not come home till ten o'clock the night before you went to Brice's. He had to stay in the office to post books or something of the kind."
"How did he get in?"
"He has a night key."
"I must see Chandler," said I.
"No harm in seeing him," said Mr. Wallace. "I will go for him."
In a few moments he returned with the young man, Chandler, who, in the conversation I had with him, manifested a lively interest in the solution of the mystery, and professed himself to be ready to do anything to forward my views.
"When did you return to the house on Thursday night?"
"About twelve."
"Twelve," said Annie. "It was not more than ten when I heard you."
"The clock struck twelve as I turned the corner of the street," replied Chandler positively.
"I certainly heard some one in the front room at ten," said Annie, looking with astonishment at those around her.
"We are getting at something now," said I.
"How did you get in?"
The young man smiled, as he glanced at Annie and said:
"On arriving at the door, I found that I had lost my night-key. At that moment a watchman happened along and I told him my situation. He knew me, and taking a ladder from an unfinished house opposite placed it against one of the second story windows, and I entered in that way."
"Good. Now, who was it that was heard in the parlor unless it was Brice or one of his accomplices? He must have taken the key from your pocket, Chandler, and stolen the note from the secretary. At any rate I will charge him with the crime, let what may happen. Perhaps he will confess when hard pushed."
Acting upon this thought I wrote a lawyers letter—"demand against you," etc.—which was immediately sent to Mr. Brice. Cautioning the parties not to speak of the affair, I dismissed them. Brice came.
"Well, sir, what have you to say against me?" he asked stiffly.
"A claim on the part of John Wallace for \$2,000," I replied, poking over my papers and appearing perfectly indifferent.
"Paid it," he said, short as pie crust.

"Have you?" said I, looking him sharply in the eye.
The rascal quailed. I saw that he was a villain.
"Nevertheless, if within an hour you do not pay me \$2,000 and \$100 for the trouble and anxiety you have caused my client, at the end of the next you will be lodged in jail to answer a criminal charge."
"What do you mean, sir?"
"I mean what I say. Pay or take the consequences."
It was a bold charge, and if he had looked like an honest man I should not have dared to make it.
"I have paid the money, I tell you," said he, "I have the note in my possession."
"Where did you get it?"
"I got it when I paid the—"
"When you feloniously entered the house of John Wallace on Thursday night at 10 o'clock and took the said note from the secretary."
"You have no proof," he said grasping a chair for support.
"That is my lookout. I have no time to waste. Will you pay or go to jail?"
He saw that the evidence I had was too strong for denial, and he drew his check on the spot for twenty-one hundred dollars, and after begging me not to mention the affair, he sneaked off.
I cashed the check and hastened to Wallace's house. The reader may judge with what satisfaction he received it and how rejoiced was Annie and her lover. Wallace insisted that I should take the \$100 for my trouble; but I was magnanimous enough to keep only \$20. Wallace signed the pledge, and was ever after a temperate man. He died a few years ago, leaving a handsome property to Chandler and his wife, the marriage between him and Annie having taken place shortly after the above narrated circumstances occurred.

(Written for the Reporter and Post.)
A HAPPY HOME.

"Earth's nearest spot to Heaven is a happy home, where kind words and pleasant tones are forever heard." I know not the author of this language, but go to the ancient or the modern bard—search the writings of the sage or sophist, if you will, and find a more beautiful, a truer thought or expression. It is, indeed, among the brightest gems of thought. I am sometimes led to think that happy homes are few and far between. How many such homes, dear reader, could you find in your own town or county? Certain it is, that they are not as numerous as they should be.
A happy home! Notwithstanding it is a sweet, and perhaps a sacred spot, we suffer ourselves to be torn away by the god of discontent from its endearing scenes and cheerful sunlight. We are sent adrift upon a wreck strewn sea, only to yearn and weep, at last, like the traveler at the source of the Nile!
One whose age is now three score and ten has amassed wealth and acquired learning, but he is not happy. Though his life has been spent in the pursuit of happiness, he has not found it. He has lived a "cold, care-fretted, heartless man," forgetful of the truth so beautifully expressed in the lines:
"Now could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Persia;
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new."
and forgetting also, that one can live nearest to heaven in a humble and happy home.
Affluence is not required to make a happy home. It is not poverty, but envy, jealousy, pride, hatred—these mar and destroy the happiness of home.
Imitates of a happy home! They may possess but little more of this world's goods than did Scotia's honored bard. The bleak winds of winter may howl about their humble hut—what matters it! If the heart blooms, if love and peace are there, it is enough! Let every one make haste to possess himself of a happy home—a home where love and peace abound. It is earth's warmest and brightest spot.
"With his ice and snow and rime
Let bleak winter sternly come;
There is not a sadder clime
Than the love-lit winter home."
R. E. PORTER.
Reidsville, N. C., Nov. 17, 1883.

THE BAD BOY AT A SOCIAL.

His Ma Appointed a Committee to Get up a Grab-bag.
"You see, ma appointed a committee to fix up a grab-bag," said the bad boy to the grocery man. "Me and my chum were digging bait that morning to go fishing, when pa came out and said, 'Henry I don't believe anything but hard work will reform you. I want you to spade up the ground' under the current bushes." I asked him if he wanted a hump-backed, disfigured boy, made so by hard work. Pa said he would risk the bump, and told me to pitch in, and then went down town. My chum said he would help me, and me and him got the job done before two o'clock. When we had got done I came in and found ma had finished the grab-bag, and had it all loaded, with the top fastened with a pecker string, and hung on the back of a chair. Ma was up-stairs getting her Sunday clothes on, to go to the social, so it didn't take me and my chum long to empty the bag and get first choice. Then I got our mouse trap and took it to the barn, and caught two nice fat rats and put 'em in a collar-box with holes cut in it to give 'em air, and dropped them in the bag. Then my chum remembered a big snapping turtle he had in the swill-barrel, and me and him got that and wiped it as dry as we could, and tied it all up but its head and put that in just as the deacon's hired man came to take the bag over to the social. Me and my chum went down to his house and waited till the people got over to the social and then we went over and got up in a tree where we could see through an open window and hear all that was going on. Pa, he stood over by the bag and shouted 'ten cents a grab; don't let anybody be backward in a good cause.' Three or four put in their ten cents and made a grab when an old maid from Oshkosh, who had been to the springs for hysterics, got in her work on the collar box. When she got her cover off, one of the mice that knew his business, jumped on her shoulder and crawled down her neck, and the other dropped on the floor and started around to meet the other one. You'd a died to see her flop and scream. The deacon's folks thought it was another attack of hysteria, and pa and the deacon got her on the sofa and held her while they poured paregoric and cayenne pepper down her. When she got loose she screamed all the harder. Then one of the other women saw the mouse and got up in a chair and shook her skirt. Just then the bottom of the chair broke and let her fall over on ma and tore her bangs all down. Ma called her a 'hateful thing' and told her she ought to be ashamed of herself. Finally she got things in order, but no one wanted to tackle the bag, and as there was where the profits came in, pa braced up and said he'd like to know why everybody acted so 'spicious, he'd like to see a grab-bag that would give him the hysterics, and said 'women are always getting scared at nothing. He then put down ten cents and jammed his hand way down in the bottom of the bag, but he didn't keep it there long. He gave a jump and yanked his hand out, yelling 'thunder!' Then he swung it over his head to shake it off, and brought it down on the deacon's head, and smashed his specs. Then he swung it over the other way, and struck the woman president of the sewing society in the stomach and knocked her down in the deacon's lap. After pa had hollered himself hoarse, and thumped half the people in the room, the turtle let go, and pa said he could lick the man that put the steel-trap in the grab-bag. Then pa and ma got mad, and everybody began to jaw, and they all went home. I guess pa won't have a hump-backed boy, if I'll get even with him, you just see if I don't."
And the boy went out and took a sign, "Warranted Fresh," from the fruit stand, and hung it on a blind horse that was hitched to a cabbage wagon in front of the store.

Beecher no Prophet.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent lecture in Brooklyn, said: "I told them at the South that Butler was going to be the Democratic nominee for the presidency and that I was going to get leave of absence from my church and come down and see them vote for him—see them eat crow's." We hardly think the reverend gentleman will ever see his prophecy fulfilled.
Two young men in Forsyth county, Ga., took out licenses to marry the same girl, and she refused them both.

GREEK NET GREEK.

How a Confidence Man Got Best at His Own Game.
The local article of confidence man is quite ineritorious in its way, but hardly yet able to compete with the scientific members of the fraternity now rapidly arriving from New York and Chicago to gather in the country visitor crop.
Last Wednesday, as the overland train was disgorging its passengers in the Oakland depot, a plausible looking young man walked up to a gray-headed granger who was staring open-mouthed around him, and clasped him fervently by the hand.
"Why, how do you do, Mr. Guffy?"
"If-how did you know my name was Guffy?" asked the delegate from the foothills, much astonished and apparently oblivious that "James Guffy, Ukiah," was painted in big letters on the valise he carried in his hand.
"Why, Jim, old man, you can't have forgotten me—Tom Saunders, your old friend. How are all the boys in Ukiah?"
"Glad to see yer, glad to see yer. I've got a powerful bad memory, but it seems to me I do remember your face, somehow," said the granger.
"Of course you do. Coming down for a little look around, eh? All right—where do you put up? I'll meet you after dinner, and we'll take in the town together. Here's my address."
"God bless you, my boy," said the haysed party, much affected. "Them's the best kind words I've hearn since I left home," and, with the honest impulse of his simple nature, the farmer took the young man in his arms and hugged him. Then arranging where to meet later, he shuffled along.
That afternoon the plausible young man was down at headquarters complaining that he had been robbed of his watch and pocketbook by a "bloodier," got up as an old granger.
"There was't nothin' particular in the pocketbook," he indignantly exclaimed, "and the watch was oroid; but I'm blessed if I want to be beat at my own game."

The Guitar Period.

There is a time in the life of every boy when he is taken with a fever to learn to play a guitar. The fever comes on about the time he falls in love, and that is at the age of twelve, but that is only a symptom. At fourteen he is in love to such an extent that it actually makes him tired to carry it around. He has been reading novels in which there is always a Spaniard or an Italian lover who takes a guitar and goes to serenade the girl in the novel, and she comes to the window and throws a kiss at the lover, and then comes down herself, and they lallygag on the grass and talk foreign love and catch cold, and the boy thinks that is about the finest scheme he ever read of, and so he decides to obtain a guitar. It is some days before he dares to speak to his father about it. His mother has noticed that he has not seemed well lately, and as she watched him moping and sighing around, she has felt he is having his young life snuffed away by study, or that worms are feeding on his danak stomach. The old man, who has been there himself, knows that the kid is in love, and his recipe would be wedding onions or carrying in coal; but the good mother's tender heart is touched, and she consents to the guitar scheme, and shortly afterward there is a weird ghostly sound coming from the attic that is a cross between the aeolian music sighing through a window screen, and a couple of cats tuning up for a gooseberry-bush symphony in E-flat with boot-jack bouquets.
The guitar period is one of the most critical periods in the life of a boy. If he succeeds in learning to play a tune, and his voice becomes trained to such an extent that he can sing without being frightened at the noise, then he is gone. From that out he becomes a dude, whose sole ambition is to be called upon to sing, and he will try to look sweet, and he will sing love songs at private parties, with his hand in his bosom, and think the ladies yearn for him, when they feel as if they would like to take him across their knees and caress him with a press board. However, a boy wants to be attended to at the guitar period, and shown the folly of it, or he will hate himself forever after. When parents find he is coming out they should consult each other and take prompt action, or the boy that is their pride will go through life singing through his nose, "Ody a Pady Blossom," or "Oh, oh, Cab with Be, the Hood is Beebing."