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CHANGE.

Shady tree,
Babbling brook,
Girl in hammock
Reading book;
Golden curls,
Tiny feet,
Girl in hammock
Looks so sweet;
Man rides past,
Big mustache,
Girl in hammock
Makes a mash;
Mash is mutual,
Day is set,
Man and maiden
Married get.
Married now,
One year ago,
Keeping house
On Baxter Row.
Red hot stove,
Beefsteak frying,
Girl got married,
Cooking frying,
Cooks all burning
Eyes look red;
Girl got married
Nearly dead.
Biscuits burnt up
Beefsteak chary,
Girl got married
Awful sorry;
Man comes home,
Tears mustache,
Mad as plazes,
Got no hash.
Thinks of hammock,
In the lane;
Wishes maiden
Back again.
Maiden also
Thinks of swing,
Wants to go back
Too. Poor thing!
Hour of midnight
Baby squalling,
Man in sock feet
Bravely walking.
Baby yells on,
Now the other
Twin, he strikes up
Like his brother.
Paregoric
By the bottle
Emptied into
Baby's thottle.
Naughty tack
Points in the air,
Waiting some one's
Foot to tear,
Man in sock feet—
See him—there!
Holy Moses!
Hear him swear
Raving crazy,
Gets his gun,
Blows his head off,
Dead and gone.
Pretty widow,
With a book,
In the hammock
By the brook.
Man rides past,
Big mustache,
Keeps on riding.

Edenton.

When that portion of the "Press
gang" that did not stop at Avoca reached
the historic old town of Edenton, they
were met by E. L. C. Ward, of the
Enquirer, and colored brass band.
Here the hospitalities of the citizens were
lavished upon us with unstinted hands.
Edenton is a beautiful town. Large
shade treeline each side of the broad
streets. Nature has done much for the
place; but its citizens are far behind
in the way of improvements, and the use
of paint. It was the Leader's good fortune
to be the guest of W. R. Skinner,
clerk of the court, who has held that position
for thirty-three years without inter-
ruption. He is the father of S. J.
Skinner, the Democratic David who
tackled the Republican Goliath in Gran-
ville county for so many years. Edenton
has many ancient landmarks and
relics. The brick of which the court
house is built were made in England;
and Gov. Eden's residence was also
framed across the water and brought
over. It is still standing. There is also
Washington's masonic chair; pieces of
Mrs. Washington's dress, and letters from
the father of his country framed. In
the library of the Episcopal church, are
the records of the first vestry meeting in
1701. In 1776 the church people met
with the sheriff, at the court house, and
by resolutions declared themselves
against the powers of England.—Near
Edenton, is the grave of Gov. Eden. It
is very near the water's edge, and only
a plain slab over it bearing this inscription:

"Here lies ye body of Charles Eden, Esq.,
who governed this Province eight years to
ye greatest satisfaction of ye Lords Proprietors
& ye ease and happiness of ye people.
He brought ye country into a flourishing
condition & died much lamented March ye
26, 1722, Aetatis 42; and near this place
lies ye body of Penelope Eden his virtuous
consort who died Jan'y ye 4, 1716 Aetatis
30.

Vinit
Post Funera
Ile

Quem virtus non marmor
In Aeternum
Sacra T."

—Winston Leader

A Rising Gentle.

A Connecticut man is never bappy
unless he is inventing something. Even
the children have a fancy for the business.
Last summer a Connecticut farmer's boy
visited Barnum's circus and saw the
catapult. It suggested a tramp bouncer
to be set under a man's doorstep, and he
at once went to work to build one. As
he wanted to surprise his father he
kept the matter a secret, and worked like
a beaver up in the hay-loft of the barn,
building the machine. Finally he got it
done. It was a magnificent machine,
worked by a spring capable of throwing
150 pounds a distance of 30 feet. This
machine he buried in the hay till he
should be ready to test it. Something
possessed his father's hired man to go
up in that hay-loft the next day, and he
convinced to get right on the foot-board
of the machine, and was slung whirling
across the barn into a half-filled bay of
hay on the opposite side. Alighting on
the hay saved him from serious injury,
but not from surprise. He didn't expect
any such experience, and was not at
all pleased at it. Neither did he un-
derstand it; and as \$500 wouldn't have
induced him to go on that hay-loft again,
he didn't find out what threw him. And
fear of ridicule prevented his mention-
ing it. That night two tramps tried to
sleep in that hay-loft, and gave it up as
a bad job, after a sad experience. They
had crawled into the hay, and were get-
ting themselves fixed when one got foul
of the machine, and immediately his
companion heard a whiz, a wild yell and
then calls for help from the other side of
the barn. He arose to go to his com-
panion, and got there quicker than he
expected. He found his friend very
curious to know what tossed him and
somewhat scared. The way those tramps
fled from that barn was a caution. The
next day, while all the folks were away
on a visit, the lad got the machine down
under the front doorstep. Temporarily
he attached the wire that set it going to
the doorknob. When the folks returned
they all stood on the doorstep, and the
old man rang to be let in. With so
much weight the machine couldn't throw
'em far, but it rose up enough to dump
'em. The old man was the first to get
up. He sprang once more on the step
and rang violently. He wasn't a very
big man, and it did seem as though the
Lord had put that deep snowdrift, forty
feet away, just on purpose to catch him.
They got him out, filled with terror and
went in the back way. There they told
the story and the boy explained, and the
old man ran him out and stood him on
the machine six times, and he butted
that snowdrift all to pieces. He will
not patent the machine, believing that it
is too cruel a thing for these enlightened
days. But he's glad the old man had
an ear nearly torn off when he got slung
by it.

Culinary.

BEEF COLLOPS.—Put one ounce of
butter and half an ounce of flour in a
stewpan; blend them over a fire until
they turn brown; then add seasoning to
taste, with half a saltspoonful of powder-
ed mace; mix them well together, and
add half a pint of good brown stock,
three tablespoonfuls of mushroom catsup,
and half a gill of port; mince one pound
of rump steak finely (not cooked,) put it
into the prepared gravy; add a grain of
garlic, let it gently simmer fifteen min-
utes; serve in a hot dish, with alternate
forcemeat balls and sippets. If the grav-
y for this dish is made with bones of a
roast hare, with a little currant jelly
added, it can scarcely be told from
game.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.

Boil one
chicken with an onion thrown into the
water; add some bones and pieces of
beef also. Cut the chicken, when cook-
ed, into small dice, mince half a large
onion, or one small one, and two sprigs
of parsley together. Put into a sauce-
pan a piece of butter the size of a small
egg; when hot put in the minced onion
and parsley, and half a cupful of flour.
Stir well until it is well cooked and of
a light brown color; then add a cupful
and a half of stock in the kettle boiled
down until quite strong, then freed from
fat; the stronger the stock the better.
Stir it into a smooth paste, add pepper,
salt, not quite half a grated nutmeg,
and the juice of a quarter of a lemon.
When all is well stirred mix in the
pieces of chicken; mould into croquette-
shape, or into the form of peas; when
they are dipped in egg and fine cracker
crumbs fry them in boiling-hot lard. If
they are pear-shaped put a stem of
parsley into the small end of each
pear.

When did the ocean produce crops!
—In the days of Cecrops.

The Baby's Autograph.

They gave it to me at Christmas—the
pretty new autograph album—and I was
very proud of it; the binding was so
gay, and the white, gilt-edge sheets so
spotlessly pure. I could hardly make
up my mind who should have the honor
of dedicating that album, or what verse
was grand enough to be inscribed on its
pages, and before I had quite decided,
baby found it! She had toddled into
the parlor and taken it down from the
table before we missed her, and was sit-
ting cross-legged like a Turk, with the
precious book in her lap. That would
not have been worth recording, and I
should not value my album beyond
price now if it were all. (But she had
pencil—for she dearly loved to scribble
on bits of paper—and she had made her
mark on the front leaf (the title page) of
my beautiful book. She had made a
dozen marks, criss-cross and zig-zag,
and there she sat, her bright hair tossed
over her face, her little demure mouth
pursed up, her blue eyes full of mischief,
half shy, half defiant, and we three wo-
men looking at her.
"Oh, you naughty, naughty baby!" I
cried; "you've just ruined my new al-
bum, you bad little thing!"
"Bless her dear little heart," said my
mother; "doesn't she make a picture?"
"Whip her," said Aunt Harriet in a
vindictive tone. She has no children of
her own and knows just how to bring up
other people's.
I was angry enough to do it, and had
made one step forward intending to wrest
the book out of the clasping baby hands,
and then—what? beat my own child? I
was saved that degradation by my own
good mother, who shook her head at me
over Aunt Harriet's shoulder.
"How long is it since Christmas!"
Counting by heart-throbs I should say
years! years! It is only a couple of
months, and to-day I would give, oh!
what would I not give, to have those
little hands doing their sweet mischief.
Peace, foolish heart! "He giveth his
beloved rest." The baby is gone. But
when I look at the little, short lines that
dedicate my album—the sweetest, sad-
dest lines to me that were ever written—
soon ended, like her little life—I am glad
that I took her in my arms, kissed the
rosebud lips, and put the book away
without one reproving word—glad that I
caused no angry feelings in the baby
heart, or left memories for myself that
would now have power to wound.
That is why all the leaves of my new
album are blank—pure, spotless, just as
the fair page of her little life was; but
you who think these characters on the
dedicating page unmeaning, have never
had the key to them.—Mothers can tell
what they are. Angels will be glad
over this record without blot or stain.
There is no handwriting so fine that I
would exchange it for the baby's auto-
graph.

As for us—

Our lives are albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true,
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles
And blot the bad with tears.
—Detroit Free Press.

Railroads.

If there is any one thing, more than
all other things combined, to which the
greater prosperity of the North as com-
pared with the South may be ascribed,
that thing is the superior railroad sys-
tem of the North. The chief reason
for this difference between the two sec-
tions as to their railroad advantages has
heretofore been found in the fact that
the South, being an agricultural country,
had not the same urgent necessities as
the North for transportation facilities of
this particular character. But now,
with slavery gone and, gone forever, and
with the attention of our people directed
to the mineral resources, the manufac-
turing capacities, the great wealth of
forest timber around them—the South
has ceased, and ceased forever, to be
an agricultural country only; and rail-
roads are as indispensable to her prosper-
ity as is rain to the farmer's crops.

If at the close of the war the South
had had the railroads which she has now
she would long ago have been upon her
feet again. But it was not so; and in
their efforts for recuperation the south-
ern people have had to move forward
step by step, making progress of the
railroads that have been built in differ-
ent directions through different regions
of their country. These railroads have
been constructed, for the most part, by
northern capital coming into the South
for the development of southern resources.
These resources are the foundations
on which the hopes of the South for her
future wealth and strength are based.

Weather Forecasts.

Yennor has published the following
predictions of the weather for the remain-
der of the year 1882: The season will
merit the designation of cool to cold and
wet, generally. Not that there will not
be terms of summer warmth, and even
intense heat, for periods, but rather that
these last will appear in the retrospect
as of but comparative insignificance, or
as the exceptions to the general rule.
The season will be marked by not only
great precipitation, but by a mugginess
of atmosphere, generally, caused
by the reeking condition of the earth
and the long continuance of clouded sky.
This will result in periods of extreme
sultriness and heavy weather, during
which thunder and hail storms will occur.
In other words, the summer will be the
reverse of clear and dry.
There is a likelihood of June and Au-
gust frosts in Northern, Western and
Southern sections, and a general cold
wave may occur toward midsummer.
The autumn months will continue moist.
September will probably give rains and
floods in Western and Southern sections
of the United States. October will be
much the same, with early cold and
snow falls. November will begin the
winter of 1882-'83—a winter likely to
be memorable on account of its excep-
tionally heavy snow falls and very cold
weather over the whole Northern Hemis-
phere. That a "cold and wet summer
is invariably followed by a cold and
stormy winter," is a truth now so well
proven and borne out by the testimony
of past records that we cannot lightly
put it aside, and if we have good and
sufficient grounds for predicting the for-
mer—as we most assuredly have at this
time—it is but right that we should warn
the people of the latter in good season.
The approaching season will probably
be the first of a couple of wet summers,
and, as 1882 is, so is 1883 likely to be.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Over a year ago a man named George
Bennett was sent to the penitentiary
from Montgomery county, Iowa, for three
years, a sentence imposed upon him after
being convicted of selling a quantity of
grain to a dealer in Red Oak, repre-
senting himself to be a farmer residing near
that place. The fraud was not detect-
ed until the sharper had skipped, and
after some search Bennett was taken in
on the charge by one of that class of
men who are detectives because they
are too stupid to make a living at any-
thing else. Bennett was taken before
the divided grand jury. They recollect-
ed that the man who swindled them had
a chin of peculiar shape, and this man
had that kind of a chin. On this sort
of testimony one of that wise body of
men known as grand juries indicted the
man. He was tried in court. The
grain man swore to the chin story. The
poor fellow himself on the stand denied
each and every charge, but the jury
were all men too smart to believe any-
thing that a man under arrest would say,
and voted him guilty, and the wise judge
sentenced him to three years in the pen-
itentiary.

It seems that Sheriff Palmer, of the
county, was not satisfied with the iden-
tification of the man, and set to work
to ferret it out and discover the true crim-
inal. He found a clew, and was soon
on the track of his man—one William
Hill. He found him in Missouri and
arrested him. At first he vociferously
denied the charge. But when he was
told that another man had been arrested
and convicted for the crime and was
now serving out a term in the peniten-
tiary for it he said, with a touch of hu-
man feeling:

"I was mean enough to swindle the
grain firm out of the money when I was
hard up, but I am not mean enough to
let another man serve out the punish-
ment for my crime."

He went willingly with the sheriff to
Red Oak, and seemed so impatient to
free the man who was suffering on his
account that he asked to be taken before
a notary, where he swore to his own
guilt. This sworn statement, with a
large petition from the people, including
two of the juries who had tried and con-
victed Bennett, and the judge who had
sentenced him, were laid before Governor
Sherman, who signed the pardon at once.
The grand jury also investigated Hill's
case and indicted him.

A huge whale, harpooned off Provin-
cietown, on Monday, was towed into
one of the Boston docks, on Wednesday.
It weighs 27 tons; is 62 feet in girth,
and its jaws have a spread of 25 feet.
The monster is now undergoing the
swimming process and will probably
bring round the circle in the wake of
some traveling show during the summer.

A Wonderful Case.

Among the passengers who arrived in
the city of the south bound train Wednes-
day night were man and a woman from
New York, who were a particularly con-
spicuous couple. The woman was the
man's wife, but accompanied him more
as a nurse than anything else. The
man was an invalid, on his way to the
sunny clime of Florida, and stopped
over in Charlotte to get a night's rest.
He was afflicted with some peculiar mal-
ady of the throat, which made artificial
respiration necessary. A hole was cut
in his throat just under the chin, and
into this was inserted an iron tube which
was held in place by a chain passed
around his neck. The man could not
talk, but seemed to breathe with the great-
est ease. He has been living in this
manner for two months, subsisting on
liquid nourishment which is passed into
his throat through the tube. They
stopped at the Central over night and
resumed their journey on the noon train
yesterday. It is a most remarkable case
and is a striking evidence of the skill
and ingenuity of the profession of to-day.
—Charlotte Observer.

Applauding a Bill's Passage.

There was an unusual and touching
scene in the House of Representatives
at Washington recently. In the front
row of the gallery, while the Senate bill
providing for the payment of the claim
for the destruction of the brig General
Armstrong was under consideration, sat
a lady with four curly-headed little boys
and one sweet-faced little girl. The
little group manifested great interest in
the proceedings. They kept their eyes
on the floor and watched when the tellers
announced every vote. When they
announced the result—the passage of the
bill by a two-thirds majority—the boys
unable to contain themselves, leaped
upon the bench on which they had been
sitting, and clapped their hands vigor-
ously, kissing the lady who had them in
charge the while. Of course they at-
tracted attention, and as soon as it had
been whispered around that they were
Mrs. Reid and her children, the heirs to
whom tardy justice was about to be
done, the men on the floor joined in the
applause of the curly heads in the gal-
lery.

In the early days of Buffalo a leading
lawyer was arguing a case in the Court
of Common Pleas where one of the side
judges presided—the first judge not be-
ing on the bench. To show his superi-
ority, the judge often put irritating
questions to the counsel. To help the
matter along, the two other side judges
on the bench annoyed the lawyer in a
similar manner.
At last he could stand this no longer,
and, pausing in the midst of his argu-
ment, he said: "If your Honors will
excuse me I would like to say that this
court reminds me of a Virginia rag-bag
team."
"Well, sir, what kind of a team do
you call that?" asked the judge.
"It is a team, your Honor, composed
of two mules and a jackass."
For this the lawyer was fined \$15 and
two days' imprisonment.

There is nothing innocent or good
that dies or is forgotten. Let us hold
to that faith or none. An infant, a
prattling child, dying in its cradle, will
live again in the better thoughts of those
who loved, and play its part, through
them, in redeeming actions of the world,
though the body be burned to ashes, or
drowned in the deepest sea. There is
not an angel added to the Host of Heaven
but does its blessed work on earth in
those who loved it here. Forgotten! oh,
if the good deeds of human creatures
could be traced to their source, how
beautiful even would death appear; for
how much charity, mercy and purified
affection would seem to have their growth
in the grave.—DICKENS.

FARMER'S PUDDING.—Peel and core
four or five apples according to size, cut
them in slices and lay them in a pie dish;
sprinkle them with sugar (pounded), and
then put a thin layer of apricot or other
jam. Take two ounces of arrowroot, mix
it with a pint of milk, a little sugar and
a small piece of butter; stir it over the
fire until it boils, and then pour it into
the pie dish with the apples and jam, and
bake until done.

"What is the matter?" asked a law-
yer of his coachman.
"The horses are running away, sir."
"Can't you pull them up?"
"I am afraid not."
"Then," said the lawyer after judicial
delay, "run into something very cheap."

SMALL BITES.

The corn in Georgia is in silk and
tassel.
There are nine daily papers in North
Carolina.
Impatience gives adversity its sharp-
est sting.
Great truths are often said in the few-
est words.
What sort of monkeys make the best
wine? Gray-apes. (Grapes.)
My first and second are the same,
They never meet but to complain.—Mur-
mur.
We know that we must meet to part,
but we know that we part to meet
again.
Last Sunday morning the mountains
in the vicinity of Asheville were covered
with snow.
The census gives us 6,000,000 miles
fence in the United States, which has
cost over \$2,000,000,000.
The recent cold nights have had a
most injurious effect upon the cotton
crop in South Carolina, in many places
making replanting necessary.
When Amos Lawrence was asked for
advice he said: "Young men, base all
your actions upon principle; preserve
your integrity and character, and in do-
ing this never reckon the cost."
Mr. and Mrs. Scoville, who had been
having considerable trouble in New
York through the efforts of the former
to prevent his wife from lecturing, met
in Chicago and had a reconciliation.
In peace, patriotism really consists
only in this—that every one sweeps
before his own door, minds his own busi-
ness, also learns his own lesson, that it
may be well with him in his own house.
Many people who boast of being
"plain" and "blunt" speakers are mere-
ly coarse and boorish. Such persons
are constantly inflicting wounds which
neither time nor medicine can ever heal.
"Set 'em up," said the printer to the
barkeeper, and he locked up his form
around a glass of beer, made a fat take
of a piece of pie, threw down a quoin
with a hole in it, and was chased out.
Heard in a rural village: "What!
no supper at your house to-night! Are
you all sick!" "Oh, no; we are all
well and as hungry as bears; but you
see we have a donation party at our
meeting to-night, and we are merely
savin' up our appetites that's all."
Vernal lamentation: There are mil-
lions of pins used every hour, and the
wonder is what becomes of them. As
we shiver over the stove to-day, we wish
that one might have been arranged in
the lap of spring before winter sat down
in it.
Powder explosion: A literary man
who has just published a book, was ob-
served to be very downcast last week.
"What is the matter?" said a friend,
"you look all broken up." "No won-
der!" "I've just been blown up by a
magazine."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a blun-
dering counsel, in a suit about a lot of
hogs, "there were just thirty-six in the
drove. Please remember the fact—
thirty-six hogs; three times as many as
in that jury box, gentlemen." That
counsel didn't gain his case.
An old farmer was in town last week
looking for an editor's table on which
to build a hen's nest. He explained
that he had learned from the papers
that the biggest eggs were always laid
on the editor's table, and he wished to
ascertain whether the papers lied or not.
In his annual address before the con-
ference of the Methodist Episcopal Zion
church at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Bishop
Moore declared that the colored Metho-
dist Episcopal church had a membership
of three millions scattered in nearly
every State and Territory, Canada,
and the West India islands. There are
twenty-two annual conferences, presided
over by six bishops, church property
to the amount of \$16,000,000, and a
recently established institution of learn-
ing in North Carolina.
A litigant who had been unsuccessful
before a general term of the Supreme
Court demanded that his case should be
appealed.
"On what ground?" asked his law-
yer.
"On the ground that the court was
drunk."
"Drunk!" ejaculated the counsel.
"Drunk!" repeated the client.
"Didn't you tell me that was a full
bench?"