

# THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

VOLUME XIV.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1885.

NO. 6

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**NOTICES OF THE PRESS:**  
THE REPORTER AND POST is sound in policy and politics, and deserves a liberal support.—*Reidsville Weekly.*  
The Danbury REPORTER AND POST begins its thirteenth year. It is a good paper and deserves to live long and live well.—*Daily Workman.*

The Danbury REPORTER AND POST celebrates its twelfth anniversary, and with pardonable pride refers to its success, which it deserves.—*News and Observer.*  
The Danbury REPORTER AND POST is twelve years old. It is a good paper and should be well patronized by the people of Stokes. It certainly deserves it.—*Salem Press.*

For twelve long years the Danbury REPORTER AND POST has been roughing it, and still manages to ride the waves of the journalistic sea. We hope that it will have plain sailing after awhile.—*Lexington Dispatch.*

The Danbury REPORTER AND POST has just passed its 12th anniversary and under the efficient management of brother Duggins cannot fail to increase in popularity with the people of Stokes and adjoining counties.—*Winston Sentinel.*

The editorials on political topics are timely and to the point, and the general make up of every page shows plainly the exercise of much care and painstaking. Long may it live and flourish under the present management.—*Mountain Voice.*

The Danbury REPORTER AND POST has entered the thirteenth year of its existence, and we congratulate it upon the prosperity that is manifested through its columns. To us it is more than an acquaintance, and we regard it almost as a kinsman.—*Lenoirville Gazette.*

The Danbury REPORTER AND POST last week celebrated its twelfth anniversary. It is a strong and reliable paper editorially, it is a good local and general newspaper and in all respects a credit to its town and section. It ought to be well patronized.—*Statesville Landmark.*

The Danbury REPORTER AND POST has just entered its 13th year. We were one of the crew that launched the REPORTER, and feel a deep interest in its welfare, and hope that she may drift onward with a clear sky and a smooth surface for as many more years.—*Cassell News.*

The Danbury REPORTER AND POST has celebrated its 12th anniversary. The paper is sound in policy and politics, and deserves the hearty support of the people of Stokes. It is an excellent weekly and we hope to see it flourish in the future as never before.—*Winston Leader.*

The Danbury REPORTER AND POST came out last week with a long editorial, entitled, "Our Twelfth Anniversary," and reviews its past history in a very entertaining way. Go on Bro. Pepper in your good work; you get up one of the best country papers in North Carolina.—*Kernersville News.*

That valued exchange, published in Danbury, N. C., the REPORTER AND POST, has entered upon its 12th anniversary. Long may it live to call the attention of the outside world to a county which is as rich, we suppose, in minerals as any in the State of North Carolina, and to battle for correct political measures.—*Danville Times.*

**My First Love Affair.**

BY ZACHARIAH ALLEN.

[Written for the REPORTER AND POST.]

At about seventeen years of age, I attended school where the mysteries of the light fantastic were taught. The school was large, and the girls were exceedingly pretty—the town being noted for its beautiful women. There was one rosy-cheeked miss, rather older than myself, whom I thought particularly charming. She was exceedingly spirit-ed and graceful, and, though not tall, she was finely formed, and her eyes were of great beauty and brilliancy. Her temper was very lively, and her conversation polished and humorous.—"When an opportunity offered, I selected her as a partner for a promenade. She seemed 'nothing loth,' and we were most happy. But I could not talk to her, for my bashfulness was extreme.—I would have given one of my great toes to be able to tell the tender things that then crowded about my heart. I found it vain, however, and was forced to content myself looking only, with unutterable emotion.

Six months were passed in this blissful experience. She treated me as if I were a promising boy, who might grow into something. In this she did not show much judgment, as was clearly proven by my wasting all my first hilarity of spirits in the sober meditations of a first attachment.

There was, during the winter, a party in town, to which all the young people were invited. It was here I met this young "daisy," where, for the first time, our intercourse could be unretained. I succeeded, after divers efforts which sent the perspiration in streams to my forehead, in seating myself at her side, and finally struck off into an interesting conversation.

The evening passed off delightfully. The party rose to go; and then, watching my opportunity, I asked lief to escort my fair one to her dwelling. She smilingly consented. We walked slowly along the quiet streets of the town, apart from the rest of the party, and now and then asking and answering some question of trivial interest.

The walk, though near a mile, seemed only a few steps, and as her stately edifice appeared in view, I walked still slower. When we reached the steps of the front door, a small, glimmering light upon the kitchen hearth announced that the family had retired for the night. She ascended the door steps and stopped, and the bright moon shone full on her radiant face as she raised her blue eyes to her "loverest of lovers." I seized her hand, and she made no effort to take it away; I looked up in her face, and she looked down on me, and—'I can't say how it was done—our lips met—warm, blushing, trembling with emotion. I took, I believe, only one kiss, but that was sufficient for the exact moment. She sprang within the door, saying "good night!" in tones that sounded to my ear like the softest, sweetest breathings of a negro "corn song," and the door closed upon her charms.

This was the first love kiss I had ever received. I walked slowly toward my home, I believe on the tip of my toes. I stopped after a moment to get breath; the moon seemed to wink at me roguishly, and as I leaned against the bars of a railing near a green pasture, I murmured: "How delicious that was! Was ever molasses sweeter? Did ever a banjo sound such sweet notes as fell from her lips? That 'good night!'—Ah, if an angel had leaned from the cloud, it could not have whispered 'peace' in more ravishing strains. Ah, Zack, you are a plucky fellow. May millions of blessings descend and rest upon your name, and the most blissful of earthly pleasures perpetually flow in upon you!"

Soliloquizing, I reached my father's dwelling, and entered the kitchen door, softly and slyly. All the lights were extinguished. I locked the door, and crept toward the parlor. How nice, thought I, that all are gone to bed.—Not one soul to disturb the blissful attitude of my feelings.

I opened very softly the parlor door. Thunder and earthquakes! There sat my father! He had been doing in the arm-chair, but my entrance aroused him.

"This is pretty doings for a boy," he exclaimed. "Where on earth have you been? Tell me, sir, where have you been so late?"

"Only waiting on the ladies home from the party, sir," I timidly replied.

"Ladies!" he exclaimed with a sneer. "How long since they have learned to go alone, and left off their sucking bottles and dolls? How long since your mother reeked you in the cradle and cleaned your dirty face? Mere children! Go to bed, sir, and when you are old enough to cut 'limber' from your chin, you may consider yourself capable of gallanting the ladies, and perhaps of feeling a preference for one among their number. At present you are about as fit for a beau as a year-old colt is for a coach horse!"

Since that eventful night, I haven't taken much stock in 'gallanting ladies,' but if any of the fair ones choose to write me a line, they can direct their letters to Zack Allen, P. O. Box No. 5, Prestonville, N. C., and their wishes will receive due consideration.

**An Extraordinary Capture.**  
A thief contrived to gain admission into a set of chambers during the absence of the lawful occupant, and at once proceeded to lay hands on everything of value he could find. In the midst of operations it occurred to him that his wardrobe was in urgent need of renewal, and he therefore took off his clothes with a view of replacing them by others he found in the room. Scarcely, however, had he reduced himself to the garb of primitive man when he heard a step outside, and promptly laid himself under the bed. Some one entered the room, and the thief lay noiseless for several minutes. At length the new comer departed, and he ventured to leave his hiding-place. But, such to his disgust, he discovered that his visitor had been a gentleman in his own way of business, for not only was everything in the chamber carried off, but even his own suit of clothes disappeared! He was therefore compelled to await the return of the owner of the property, who handed him over to the police.

**How Men of Iron are Killed.**  
People know nothing about each other. Every man is a globe, a natural history to himself. When we have beaten every enemy outside of us, there arises unseen enemies within us. You see the powerful horse to go to the field every day and take his place at the plow, and one day you find him dead, and you ask what the trouble might have been. The horse could not speak, but the doctor comes along and tells you that he has had the bots. You ask what the bots may be. Bots you find are some kind of insect that are propagated within the animal, feeding upon his health and life. So it is with men at work, when they are apparently most healthy most unknown species of thing seems to want to prey upon them, if for nothing else than because of such abundant health. We slay the fattest steer; the noblest sheep we want upon our plate. Therefore, strong, sensible men are often the victims of the commercial necessities of life and wear themselves down and out when everybody else is wondering how they procured such an iron fabric.

**Washington's Argument.**  
Speaking of two legislative bodies as against one, there is no better illustration than the story that is told by the great French publicist, Laboulaye, of Washington and Jefferson. Jefferson was taking tea with the father of his country, and, having recently returned from France, was talking of the legislative chamber. Washington listened with interest to the end, and then said:

"You have just shown the superior advantage of the two-chamber system of legislation."  
"How is that?" asked Jefferson.  
"Why, you have poured your tea out of your cup into your saucer to cool."

It is said that the argument was considered a powerful one with Jefferson.

**A Timely Reply.**  
"How are clocks to-day?" asked a dude as he stepped into a Superior street jewelry store and smiled on the clerk.  
The clerk almost fainted under the dude's sickening grin, but had the presence of mind.

"Oh! they're all on a strike," he would be said in a novel, Herbert de Quincy, the dude, muttered a curse between his zinc stuffed molars and disappeared athwart the glimmering gloom.

**Premature Burials.**

"The world would be horrified," said a well known undertaker the other day, "if it knew the number of bodies that are buried before life is extinct. Once in a while one of these cases comes to light, but no steps are taken to prevent its recurrence. Something that happened to me about twelve years ago has worried me ever since. I was sent for one day to take charge of the body of a man in — street. The man was a tailor, and had fallen over while sitting on his bench sewing. He was a big, fleshy man, about forty years of age, and weighed about 250 pounds. The body was warm and the limbs were limp. I did not believe the man was dead, and said so. His friends told me that a physician had pronounced him dead. I was ordered to put the body on ice at once, but I delayed this operation, on one pretext or another, for nearly two days. During this time the body lay on the bench in the little shop. Finally, I could delay no longer. The limbs were still as limber as when I first examined the body. I prepared the body for burial, and the next day it was buried. I do not believe that man was dead when the earth was shoveled in on his coffin. If the same thing were to happen again I would let somebody else do the burying.

"About the same time a young woman living up town was supposed to have died very suddenly. A physician was called in. He said she was dead. An old woman who was present thought otherwise and insisted upon it that she was in a trance. The body was buried. A few weeks later the old woman determined to satisfy herself about it, and bribed the grave-diggers to disinter the coffin. The lid was removed and a horrible sight was seen. The young woman had come to life and had made a terrible struggle for liberty. Her hair was torn out, and her face was frightfully scratched. She had turned over on her face.

"A person is generally believed to be dead if there is no action of the heart or pulse. A vein should be opened. If blood flows the person is not dead. This operation would take about thirty seconds, but it is not often resorted to. Supposing the person is suffering only from a temporary suspension of animation before he can recover the use of his faculties an undertaker comes in and he is put into an ice-box, where whatever life there may have been in him is frozen out. The board of health should take hold of this matter and devise some means of ascertaining beyond all doubt that life is extinct before the body is buried. I have thought of a good many different means. A receiving vault could be built in every cemetery, where bodies could be placed until decomposition had begun, when they could be buried."—*Philadelphia North American.*

**It Was His Custom.**  
A clerk and his country father entered a restaurant recently and took seats at a table where sat a telegraph operator and a reporter. The old man bowed his head and was about to say grace when a water flew up, singing, "I have beefsteak, codfish, balls and bullheads." Father and son gave their orders, and the former again bowed his head. The young man turned the color of a blood-red beet, and touching his arm, exclaimed in a low, nervous tone, "Father, it isn't customary to do that in restaurants!" "It's customary with me to return thanks to God wherever I am," said the old man. For the third time he bowed his head, and the son bowed his head, and the telegraph operator paused in the act of carving his beefsteak and bowed his head, and the journalist put back his fish ball and bowed his head, and there wasn't a man who heard the short and simple prayer that didn't feel a profound respect for the old farmer than if he had been the President of the United States.—*Syracuse Herald.*

Driven by an instinct which neither we nor they can comprehend, the swallows pass with the changing seasons from clime to clime. Over miles of weary plain, over lofty mountain walls, across leagues of sea, into lands unknown before, they follow with gladness and trust the Hand that guides them. We, too, have a journey to make into land unknown to us; we, too, have a Hand to guide us in that long journey. Shame it is for us if we follow the leadings of that Hand with less of gladness and of trust than the unreasoning birds of heaven.—*Sunday School Times.*

**CALENDAR.**

*Criminal and Civil Causes for Trial at Summer Term of the Superior Court of Stokes County, Commencing Monday, August 10th, 1885.*

Monday 10th, Tuesday 11th and Wednesday 12th for Criminal Trials and Motions.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1885.

7 Ruffin heirs vs Overby.  
13 Tilley vs Jessup, et al.  
14 McCaules vs Fincham et al (4 cases)  
18 Morgan vs Lewis et al.  
22 Hall vs Watts.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1885.

23 Robinson and wife vs Smith et al.  
27 Smith vs Joyce.  
28 Merritt vs Hairston.  
34 Hicks vs Lawson.  
36 Smith vs Lewis.  
37 Boyd vs Taylor.  
55 Kreyger vs Kiger.  
38 Burrell vs Martin.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, untiled

29 Nicholson vs Reeves.  
42 Nicholson vs Tuttle.  
43 Plynt vs Burton.  
46 Boze vs Scales.  
48 Lasley vs Fulton.  
52 Eaton vs Lambeth.  
53 Martin vs Frazier.

MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1885.

State vs Valentine.  
54 George vs Estes.  
56 Lash vs Martin.  
57 Smith vs Davis.  
58 Slate vs Thomas.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1885.

58 Francis vs McKinney.  
60 Carroll vs Pepper.  
61 Martin vs Hall.  
62 Lash vs East.  
63 George vs Taylor.  
64 Gaudle vs Fallen.  
65 Dodd vs Lawson.  
66 Pepper & Sons vs Alley.  
67 Gibson vs Lewis.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1885.

68 Simpson vs Simpson.  
69 Steele vs Pringle et al.  
70 Lawson vs Pringle (4 cases.)  
75 Nelson vs Tilley.  
76 Nelson vs Nelson.  
77 Stewart vs Stewart.  
78 Wagner vs Dodd.  
79 Hill vs Hill.  
81 Ruffin heirs vs Bennett.

MOTION DOCKET.

1 Wilson vs McCaules.  
2 Hutcherson vs Martin.  
3 Smith adm'r vs McCaules.  
4 Francis vs Worth adm'r.  
5 King vs King.  
6 Hutcherson vs Hutcherson.  
8 Griffin vs Griffin.  
9 Martin adm'r vs Hutcherson.  
10 Carter vs Poore.  
11 Timmons vs Watts.  
12 Steele vs Hawkins et al.  
19 Harris vs McCaules.  
20 Bynum vs Mickey.  
21 Warner vs Carroll.  
24 Smith vs Jackson.  
25 King adm'r vs Scales.  
26 Tatum vs Pringle adm'r.  
29 Kiger and others Ex Parte.  
30 Chambers vs Bynum.  
31 Winston vs Winston.  
32 Newsom adm'r vs Newsom.  
33 Moore Ex Parte.  
40 Moser and others vs Boles.  
44 Myers vs Golding.  
35 Ellington vs Steele et al.  
41 Martin vs Ranson et al.  
80 Lawson vs George.  
42 Smith vs Johnson.  
59 Amos vs Martin.  
50 Baker adm'r vs Hill ex. and Taylor.  
41 Pepper guardian Ex Parte.  
74 Smith vs Smith.  
45 Boyles vs Rutledge.

In the call, any case not reached on the appointed day will be called in order on next day, and in precedence of cases set for the next day.  
Motions heard according to the convenience of the court.  
Witnesses will be allowed pay for attendance only from the day cases are set for trial, and after that time 1889 the cause is disposed of.

J. F. GRAVES,  
Presiding Judge.  
Danbury, N. C., June 15th, 1885.

The Mahonettes of Virginia have nominated John S. Wise for Governor.

Abraham Lincoln, just before he died, was measured, and found to be 6 feet 4 inches in height.  
Among cultivated plants 250 are poisonous, 66 being narcotics, and the remainder deadly poisons.

**SMALL BITES.**

A bag of hot sand relieves neuralgia. Warm borax water will remove dandruff.

Salt should be eaten with nuts to aid digestion.

Milk which stands too long makes bitter butter.

Bake custards in cups and set in a pan of cold water.

It rests you, in sewing, to change your position frequently.

Rusy fatirons should be rubbed over with beeswax and lard.

A hot, strong lemonade, taken at bed time, will break up a bad cold.

Tough meat is made tender by lying a few minutes in vinegar water.

A little soda water will relieve sick headache caused by indigestion.

A cup of strong coffee will remove the odor of onions from the breath.

A cup of hot water drank before meals will prevent nausea and dyspepsia.

There is many a dynamiter who is afraid to give his mother-in-law a blowing up.

Clean green window blinds when faded by brushing them over with linseed oil.

A cruel husband calls his wife "green fruit," because she never agrees with him.

It is said that camphor gum placed in shelves or in drawers will effectually clear away moos.

"How sleep the brave?" asks a poet. This depends largely upon the number of cats in the neighborhood.

Some one has been lecturing on the "Danger of Eating Candy." Cut this out and show it to your sweetheart.

They eat 300,000 bakers' pies every day in Chicago, which accounts in part for the tough character of the city.

The Indians are the landed aristocracy of this country. They average more than one square mile to the individual.

Cesar conquered Gaul after ten years of steady fighting, but he was afterward "downed" in ten minutes by a book agent.

Funerals are getting to be so costly that one of the most extravagant things a poor man can do is to lie in his bed and die.

Fifty young ladies were made bachelors last week at a Boston college. If this continues there will be a shortage in old maids.

Paper plates are coming into fashion, in the East. The only way the hired girl can get even is to bounce the tinware around and break stove corners.

By desiring what is perfectly good even when we don't quite know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil.

A Lancaster lawyer gives as a reason for not going to Europe this summer that a rich client has just died, and he is afraid the heirs will get the money.

In Lapland, where the nights are from three to six months long, beaux often kiss their sweethearts 'good night' about six weeks before day-break. Their stock of caramels, peanuts and small talk becomes exhausted by that time.

"What brought you to prison, my colored friend?" said a philanthropic visitor to a New York prisoner. "Two constables, sah." "Yes, but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah; dey was bof of 'em drunk."

**Important to Scientists.**

"Just look at this coin. It is more than a hundred years old," remarked Mrs. Yergar to Kosciuska Murphy.

"That's nothing. I've got one at home that's a great deal older than that. It's more than two thousand years old."

"Look here. When you lie, why don't you lie so it will sound probable. Don't you know it is utterly impossible for a coin to be two thousand years old?" observed Mrs. Yergar, pleasantly.

"Why is it impossible?"

"Because this is only eighteen hundred and eighty-five. In fifteen or twenty years from now you may have a coin two thousand years old. A coin could not have been minted before the beginning of time."

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