

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

M. H. Amos

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

VOLUME XV.

DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1886.

NO. 21

Reporter and Post.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
DANBURY, N. C.

PEPPER & SONS, Pubs. & Props

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One Year, payable in advance, \$1.50
Six Months, .75
RATES OF ADVERTISING:
One Square (ten lines or less) 1 time, .50
For each additional insertion, .25
Contracts for longer time or more space can be made in proportion to the above rates.
Transient advertisers will be expected to remit according to these rates at the time they send their orders.
Local Notices will be charged 50 per cent. higher than above rates.
Business Cards will be inserted at Ten Dollars per annum.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. J. BOYD, J. W. REID,
P. B. JOHNSTON, JULIUS JOHNSTON,
BOYD, REID & JOHNSON,
Attorneys-at-Law,
WENTWORTH, N. C.

Messrs. Reid and Johnson will regularly attend the Superior Courts of Stokes county.

R. L. HAYMORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
MT. AIRY, N. C.
Special attention given to the collection of claims. 1-12m

W. F. CARTER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
MT. AIRY, SURRY CO., N. C.
Practices wherever his services are wanted

F. DAY, ALBERT JONES.

Day & Jones,
manufacturers of
SADDLERY, HARNESS, COLLARS, TRUNKS
No. 336 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

W. A. TUCKER, H. C. SMITH, B. S. SPRAGUE,
Tucker, Smith & Co.,
Manufacturers & Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, AND CAPS
No. 85 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

R. J. & E. E. BEST,
WITH
Henry Sonneborn & Co.,
WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS.
No. 400 Broadway St., (between German and Lombard Sts.)
BALTIMORE MD.

H. SONNEBORN, B. BLIMLINE,
Myken Putney, L. H. Blair
W. H. MILES,
WITH
STEPHEN PUTNEY & CO
Wholesale Dealers in
Boots, Shoes, and Trunks,
1219 Main Street,
Sept. 5-31-6m. RICHMOND, VA.

RICHARD WOOD, SAM'L P. GOODWIN,
HENRY HENDERSON, IRISH W. BACON.
WOOD, BACON & CO
Importers and Jobbers of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
WHITE GOODS, ETC.
Nos. 309-311 Market St.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Parties having
CUT MICA
for sale will find it to their interest to correspond with
A. O. SOHOONMAKER,
158 William St., New York.

R. S. OGLESBY,
WITH
C. W. SCOTT,
WHOLESALE
NOTIONS AND WHITE GOODS,
612 Main Street
LYNCHBURG VA.

G. E. LEFTWICK,
WITH
WINGO, ELLETT & CRUMP,
RICHMOND, VA.,
Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, & C.
Prompt attention paid to orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Virginia State Prison Goods a specialty
March, 6.

ROBERT W. POWERS, EDGAR D. TAYLOR,
R. W. POWERS & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
Dealers in
PAINTS, OILS, DYES, VARNISHES,
French and American
WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, & C.
SMOKING AND CHEWING
CIGARS, TOBACCO A SPECIALTY
1305 Main St., Richmond, Va.
Aug 24 6m 20-

WILSON, BURNS & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
No. 8 Howard street, corner of Lombard,
BALTIMORE.
We keep constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of Groceries—suitable for Southern and Western trade. We solicit consignments of Country Produce—such as Cotton; Feathers; Ginseng; Beeswax; Wool; Dried Fruit; Furs; Skins, etc. Our facilities for doing business are such as to warrant quick sale and prompt returns. All orders will have our prompt attention. 74

GO TO

W. S. Rempson

TISE BLOCK,
Winston, N. C.

FOR GOOD
Tobacco Flues, Sheet Iron and Home made Tinware at

Living Prices
Also Roofing and Gutting at short notice, at BOTTOM PRICES.

Sept 16-ly
J. W. SHIPLEY,

Corner Main and 3rd Street,
WINSTON, N. C.

Under Jacobs Clothing Store.
MANUFACTURER OF
Harness, Bridles, Collars and Saddles,
Also dealer in Whips, Hammes,
Brushes, Lap Robes, in fact
everything in the Har-
ness and saddlery line.

CHEAPEST HOUSE IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.
Will sell my own manufactured goods as cheap as you can buy the Western and Northern city made goods.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.
Has a stock of the old army McClellan Saddles on hand.
Come and see me Sept 26 1-y.

Brown Rogers & Co
Wholesale and Retail
HARDWARE.
Largest line of SHOES in Winston.

Agricultural Implements
MACHINERY of all kinds
HARNESS AND SADDLES & C.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, & C
Special attention invited to their Whites' Clipper Planes.

Agents Dupont's old and well known Rifle Powder.
Sept 26-ly

Doors, Sash, Blinds.
Having rebuilt our Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory, and fitted it up with all new machinery of the latest and most approved patterns, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work in our line in the very best style. We manufacture

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
Door Frames, Window Frames, Brackets, Moulding, Hand-Rails, Balusters, Newsels, Mantels, Porch Columns, and are prepared to do all kinds of Scroll Sawing, Turning, & C. We carry in stock Weatherboarding, Flooring, Ceiling, Wainscoting and all kinds of Dressed Lumber, also Framing Lumber, Shingles, Laths, Lime, Cement, Plaster, Plastering Hair and all kinds of Builders' supplies. Call and see us or write for our prices before buying elsewhere.
MILLER BROS., WINSTON, N. C.

GEO. STEWART.
**Tin and Sheet Iron Manu-
facturer.**
Opposite Farmers' Warehouse,
WINSTON, N. C.

**ROOFING, GUTTERING AND SPOUT-
ING**
done at short notice.
Keeps constantly on hand a fine lot of
Cooking and Heating Stoves

Oak Ridge Institute.
**A FIRST CLASS HIGH
SCHOOL.**
With Special Business College De-
partment

ADMIT BOTH SEXES.
A FULL and thorough 3 years Academic Course of Study in Classics, Natural Science and Mathematics. One of the most flourishing and successful Business Colleges South of Washington. 200 students from various States last year. Special classes, Fall Term of 1886, in Elocution, Vocal Music, and Pedagogy, under the instruction of expert and experienced teachers.
Depends for patronage on its thorough methods, and refers to its students in all departments of business and vocation.
New Literary Society Halls, Reading Room & C. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location in every way desirable. Fall term opens August 16th. For Catalogue, etc., address
J. A. & M. H. HOLT, Principals,
Oak Ridge, N. C.



THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home.
All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown.
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home:
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the faithful ears to store
In his garner evermore.
Even so, Lord, quickly come:
To Thy final Harvest-home:
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come with all this angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.
—From the Church Hymnal.

MINUTES.

I strove to make a desert of thy mouth,
To gather all its treasure in an hour,
But laughing love forbade the cruel drouth
And kisses fathered kisses, as a flower
Half-thirsty, when the summer shower is done.
Sighs faintly in expanding; so thy lips
Grew sighing up to mine. And as the sun
With ardent ray the jewelled nectar sips,
So drank I of their beauty till my soul,
Quickened with glad desire, as birds in May,
Burst into bloom. And we together stole
The conscience from the hours till all the day
Was one long kiss, and the dark, jealous night
Prophecies of another day's delight.
—Philadelphia Evening Call.

Our Thanksgiving.

The morning came. It came as other
Thanksgiving mornings had come—with
fresh, frolicking winds and sunlight,
and blue skies; with merry voices, with
cloudless faces and happy hearts.
I remember just how yellow and
murky the sunshine lay on the floors
that morning, and how I thought the
wind wafted about the corners of the
house—to me it had no frolic. The
children came in from play while I was
at work, all flushed and eager, and hap-
pily, jostling and pushing each other
naturally in the entry.
Dinner time came at last and they
gathered round the table gleefully—
just as gleefully, I thought, with a half
bitterness, as if they had all been
there.

"Why, what's this for?" asked Harry
stopping. "Mother, you've got one
chair too many."
"Hush, Harry—I know—don't you
see?" and then Lucy finished her sen-
tence in a whisper.
Why had I done it; I hardly knew.
To lay the plates and set the chairs, and
pass that one plate by—that plate that
always was by mine—it seemed hard.
It was a very little thing; but you know
how dear these little things become to
women sometimes.

So I had put it there—the empty
chair; and with its pitiful, appealing
blankness beside me, I sat down to the
festive meal. I remember just how
everything looked, as in a picture—my
husband's face, with its peaceful smile,
and the children grouped around in the
old places; and a fleck of yellow sun-
light that had fallen in through the
warm south window upon the table
cloth. I remember everything. I know
that John had just bowed his head to
ask a blessing on our food, and the
children's eyes were closed, when I saw
—I saw as distinctly as I see this paper
upon which I write the words—a shadow
fall across the empty chair.

I turned my head, and I saw him, my
dead boy Willie. I knew it was Willie.
You need not doubt me, for I tell you
I cannot be mistaken. Should not I
know him, I his mother? I looked deep
into his eyes. I saw the old, rare smile;
I touched his own bright curls upon his
forehead; I spoke to him, he spoke to
me.

"Willie!"
"Mother!"

The voice was breathless, but it was
his.
"Willie! Willie!"
Again the old, rare smile. With one
hand he motioned silence. His father's
voice hushed the amen, and the
children looked up and began their
chatter.

"Did you speak to me Mary?" asked
my husband.
"No."
"Why, I thought some one spoke
during the blessing."
So they did not see him. I alone
was chosen. I looked into his face,
smiling, smiling down to mine so ten-
derly—you cannot know how tenderly—
but his eyes I saw—and I thought my
heart would break to see it—a certain,
sad, reproachful look, that I had caught
on his face once, years ago, when I ac-
cused him of injustice of some trifling,
childish fault—a look that had haunted
me in many a still hour since. And
then I heard him say distinctly, though
to not another ear was the breathless
voice audible:

"I want you to be happy. I want
you to enjoy the day. Did you think
I should not be with you, mother?"
He was with me, thank God, and I
was happy. I talked, I laughed, and I
chatted with the children; their merriment
increased with mine; my husband's
pale face lighted up; I felt my own eyes
sparkling. And all the while, where
they saw only that empty chair, I saw
the beautiful, still face and happy smile.
I saw him pleased with the old familiar
customs. I saw him mindful of the
children's jests. I saw his eyes full of
their own home love, turn from one to
another and back again to me—I saw
and I was content. All that day he
was beside me. He followed us into
the sitting room and took his old seat
by the cozy fire. He listened to his
father's stories and watched the chil-
dren at their games and joined us when
we gathered around the piano for our
twilight song. I heard his voice; the
children asked what made me sing so
clearly.

Just as the shades began to fall heav-
ily he drew me toward him by the frost
bound window. He stooped and kissed
me. He took me in his arms and said,
as he had said before:

"Did you think I should not be with
you, mother?"
And then I missed him. I called to
him, but he did not answer. I stretch-
ed out my arms to him, but he did not
come back to me. The room grew dark;
my head swam; I tottered over to my
husband.

"Oh, John! I have lost him!"
"Mary—why, Mary! what is the
matter?" and he caught me in his
arms.

I looked up. I was not in the parlor
by the frost bound window; the chil-
dren were not beside me. The sitting
room fire had died down into the ashes;
the door into the hall was open, and my
husband had on his overcoat. He was
holding me tightly in his arms.

"I thought—oh, John! John!" And
then I told him all my dream. When
I had finished he was still a long time,
then—

"Mary, perhaps the boy has been to
you."
At this moment the clock on the man-
tel struck 12. We listened to its
strokes till the last one died away.

"It is Thanksgiving morning," said
my husband, solemnly.

When the morning really came, with
its fresh, frolicking winds and sunlight,
and blue skies; with its merry faces
and gay voices; and the happy children
rapping at my door, I thought of what
he said, "Perhaps the boy has been to
you." Sometimes I think he must have
been, so real and sweet is, even now,
the memory of his coming. All that
day he stood beside me. All that day
I saw his peaceful face, and felt the
blessing of his smile, and heard his low,
sweet voice. What for months I had
looked upon and feared with the bitter-
ness of a great dread, the face, and
smile, and voice made almost painless.

The children's merry greetings did
not hurt me; my fingers did not trem-
ble when they touched the fresh green
leaves about the walls.

The older children went with us
church that morning. The little church
was very still and pleasant, and some-
how the service stole away down into
my heart. It was no eloquent preacher
that we heard; only a plain man, with
God's plainest gifts of mind and culture;
but the day was real to him, and I lis-
tened. A bit of Mrs. Browning's music
kept singing itself in my soul:

I praise thee while my days go on,
I love thee while my days go on;
Through dark and death, through fire and
frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank thee while my days go on.

I think that I did thank him—I who,
only last year, had sat there with my
boy beside me.

I think that when the dear familiar
words flooded the church with harmony
again, as on that other morning, and
John and I clasped hands silently—I
think we uttered the old, old cry:
"Blessed be the name of the Lord."

We stopped after church together
where the boy was lying, to let May lay
down here little green wreath, and I was
glad that she could do it only. Some-
how I felt as if tears would be profana-
tion just then. Then we went quietly
home.

It was a happy home that day—as
happy as it could be when we did not
see him. Yet I knew he was there.

"Did you think I should not be with
you mother?"
I heard it over and over; I hear it
over and over now; I shall bear it when
the next Thanksgiving sun brightens
his grave. He wished us to be happy;
I know he was with us. I think he al-
ways will be.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING

A PURELY PURITAN FESTIVAL OF RE-
JOICING OVER WORLDLY THINGS.

As if to resist the bitterness and sad-
ness of the failing year the most genial
and kindly of all our festivals occurs at
the end of November. Its very name,
"Thanksgiving," betrays its pious ori-
gin—an origin unmingled with any prior
tradition. The great Christian festival
of Christmas stretches back card to yule
logs and mistletoes, to Scandinavian
and Briton heathenry, nor does it lose
by the graceful, happy association. But
Thanksgiving is purely Puritan. It is
the good, warm heart conquering the
tough head and ascetic manner of the
old pilgrims.

In Elliott's "New England History"
you may read that in 1623, after the
harvest, Governor Bradstreet sent out a
company to shoot game to furnish a
dainty feast of rejoicing after the labors
of the colony. Having followed the
directions of the governor, and the prin-
ciple of the excellent Mrs. Glass, they
cooked their game and invited Massa-
soit and some ninety other savages, and
all fell to and devoured the feast thank-
ing God "for the good world and the
good things in it."

Think of that little shivering band
clustered on the bitter edge of the con-
tinent, with the future before them al-
most as dark as the forest behind them,
many of them with such long lines of
happy memories in Old England flashing
across the sea into the gloom of their
present position like gleams of ruddy
firelight that stream far out of the cheer-
ful chimney into the cold winter night
and think of the same festival now, when
our Governors and our President invite
millions of people to return thanks to
the great giver of harvests; and the
millions of people obeying, sacrifice he-
catombs of turkeys and pumpkins and
pour out seas of cider and harmless
wine.

It might do dangerous to stake one's
reputation upon the assertion that
Thanksgiving is a strictly religious
feast. It is a day of practical rejoicing
in the good things of this world, and
there may even be people whose mouths
are fuller of turkey than their hearts of
thanks. But every year the area of the
feast enlarges. Every year there are
more people who sit down to "groaning
boards," as the reporters happily ex-
press it, upon occasions of civic festivi-
ty.

Dear old Thanksgiving! Long and
long may his hospitable board be spread.
Long and long may he stand, benignant
at his door, calling in the poor and the
weary, the blind and the lame, even as
the old Puritans called in Massachusetts
and many other savages. Rich in bless-
ings and revered in years, may good
old Thanksgiving last with the content
knitting closer the ties of family and
friendship; its cheerfulness beaming like
the smile of a patriarch; its charity
burning like a central fire, warming all
the year and lighting up every dark day
of care and sorrow.

The Prohibition vote in Ohio was
over 25,000—a great excess above the
estimate before the election. Its vote
in New York was also much larger than
the previous vote. It was not far from
50,000. It will have to be taken into
the estimate for 1888.

THE HOLY GHOST FLOWER IN BLOOM.

Of the several varieties of lothouse
flowers in the park conservatory the
Holy Ghost blossom has been attracting
the most attention lately. The plant
has been blooming during the past week,
and many persons have daily admired
the singular and devout appearance of
the blossoms. The flower is about two
inches in diameter, and is cup-shaped.
Nestling in the shadow of the curled
leaves is a beautiful white dove. The
wings are extended toward the outer
edge of the leaves, and have a salex of
small brown spots extending over nearly
half their surface. A slightly curved
bill and two small horns, which answer
for the eyes, are yellow. The tail of
the dove is fan shaped and has an edg-
ing of brown. Looking closely at the
lifelike, waxen bird through a magnify-
ing glass, it seems to be lying in the
cup-shaped nest asleep on its back. The
body and head are beautifully modeled.
The joining of the upper part to the bell
of the flower is apparently a small liga-
ment along the back of the dove, while
the wings and tail are not in such dis-
tinct relief. The head is entirely sepa-
rate from the flower proper. The wings
are not perfect in shape. They are too
round at the end and have a lump on
the outer edge which somewhat spoils
their symmetry. Attached to the tail
by an invisible but active hinge is a
curled leaf, which falls downward over
the outer leaves of the cup. When the
flower first opens, this leaf or shroud
covers the dove almost entirely. When
the bloom is complete it falls down,
and although the hinge admits of a par-
tial return to the old position the leaf
cannot be made to hile the dove from
sight.—San Francisco Call.

SOME ORGANS IN AMERICA.

The organ in the Boston Music Hall
is the largest one in America. It was
seven years in course of construction
and cost seventy-thousand dollars. It
was built by Walker of Germany, ex-
cept the case which was designed in
New York. The organ in Trinity
Church, New York, built by Henry
Erben comes the nearest to our ideal of
any though it was constructed many
years ago before the pneumatic action
and other mechanical aids were invented.
The instrument in the Church of the
Jesuits, Chicago, built by Michael,
Montreal, cost forty-thousand dollars.
The instrument in the Cathedral of Sts.
Peter and Paul, Philadelphia, by Stand-
bridge, contains some fine examples of
solo voicing, and the organ at S. Cle-
ment's, Philadelphia, by the same build-
er, is rich in variety. The following
large instruments were built by the
Hooks and Hastings, Boston.—Cath-
edral of the Holy Cross, Boston; cente-
nial Exhibition organ Music Hall, Cin-
cinnati, claimed to be the largest organ
yet built in America, and contains 6,237
pipes. The fine instruments in the fifth
Avenue Cathedral and St. George's
Church of New York, and the Mobile,
and Pittsburg Cathedrals were built by
the late George Jardine, New York.
Roosevelt in New York and Philadel-
phia has achieved a high position in the
art of organ building.

SOME UNPUBLISHED DRAMAS.

Of the tragedies written by Robert
Montgomery Bird of Philadelphia, who
died in 1854, none but Jack Cade has
a printed existence. They are among
the best contributions to the Drama in
this country. Edwin Forrest, for whom
they were written, would not consent to
their publication. The following are
the titles,—Calaynos (Jack Cade), the
Broker of Boyota, the Gladiator. In
addition to these Dr. Bird sketched
Metamora which was written by Stone.

The capitalists of the large cities of-
ten invest large sums of money in the
erection of immense buildings of the
French flat style, a kind of fashionable
apartment house to be rented to wealthy
families. Enough money is often invest-
ed in a single grand building of this
kind to start a town in the more spar-
sely populated portions of the country,
and these buildings do not always pay.
The capitalists who desire to invest in
building enterprises should go to Flori-
da or come to the mountains of North
Carolina and start or help build up new
towns and reform settlements, or build
winter and summer hotels for tourists.
Towns and hotels with the modern im-
provements are needed in these sections,
and ought to prove to be good invest-
ments.—Jefferson Appalachian Philo-
sopher

BRIEFS ADRIFT.

An epidemic of diphtheria prevails at
Lynchburg, Va.
Earthquakes, severe storms and floods
in Portugal and Italy.

The total registered vote of New
York city is about 250,000.
Cold weather and snow storms in the
north and west of the country.

There are 434 churches in Philadel-
phia, 354 in New York, and 240 in
Brooklyn.

No. 1 wheat sells at 60 cents per
bushel at Ellsworth and other Wiscon-
sin towns.

Hunters living near the foot of Iron
Mountain, Tenn., are said to have killed
600 squirrels in one week recently.

The Chicago stock yards have resum-
ed work with a force of both new and
old employees, at ten hours for a day's
work.

Barnum's show, which has been ex-
hibiting in some of the Southern cities
recently, took in \$14,000 in one day in
Charleston.

It costs \$70 per night to keep the
electric lights in the great statue of
Liberty at New York going. Conse-
quently Liberty's torchlight is not
ablate.

The Postmaster General has ordered
the discontinuance of ninety-two fourth
class postoffices, mainly for the reason
that there were no candidates for the
postmasterships. In a large number of
cases the business of the offices did not
justify their continuance.

A Washington dispatch says that Col.
Ward Lamont receives a fee of \$250,-
000 for his services in the case recently
decided by the Supreme Court whereby
the Choctaw nation is awarded a
judgment of over \$2,500,000. He
took the case for the nation on specula-
tion.

If manure at 50 cents a ton is less
profitable than clover, what may those
farmers think who are paying \$2 to \$3
per ton for manure is a question pro-
pounded by Henry Stewart. The
cheapness of clover and its far greater
value as compared with manure render
it especially beneficial for farmers who
grow grain, and for them the practice of
growing it to plough under is most use-
ful.

PICKINGS.

From the Wilmington Star.
The newspapers should cut Cutting
He is "fuss and feathers."

There is an improved condition of
affairs in Ireland, so the Liberals ad-
mit.

Alf Taylor, although a boy, fought on
the Yankee side. It took Demo-
cratic Bob to wax him.

Prince Waldemar is the Czar's brother
in law, and still the Russian was not
willing for him to rule over Bulgaria.

A Henry George Club has been formed
in Philadelphia. The Labor move-
ment is destined to spread both North
and South.

After 1st December next Chief Jus-
tice Waite and Justice Bradley ("Jal-
vande" Joe) Miller and Field are eligi-
ble for retirement. But will they retire?
"Not if the court knows herself."

Prince Waldemar has a pa and he has
said no for him. So Bulgaria must
look for some other Prince. Prince
Nicholas, of Mingrelia, and Prince
Nicholas, of Montenegro, are said to be
willing to try it.

When the sculptor Bartholdi took
leave of his friends in New York it was
in tears. Perhaps they were produced
by the fact an extinguisher has been
placed upon the light of "Liberty en-
lightening the world."

Southern travel this season is expect-
ed to be greater than it was last year;
but it has not set in fairly yet, and
there are some who think that the earth-
quake disturbances in the South will
have a tendency to check it. An amus-
ing incident in this connection is men-
tioned of a party of Northern tourists
who stopped in Columbia, S. C., last
week and who expressed themselves as
being very anxious to experience an
earthquake shock. The party were at
dinner at their hotel last Friday when
the last shake occurred, and although
it only made the glass and crockery rat-
tle and the building tremble, they were
greatly alarmed, and took the first train
that came along going north.