

Reidsville Times.

Published every Thursday by T. C. EVANS. Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE OVER REIDSVILLE DRUG STORE, NEXT DOOR TO REDD'S WAREHOUSE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTAGE PAID: \$2.00 a year, Always in advance.

Reidsville Directory.

Arrival and Departure of Mails. Mail going North arrives 9:25 A. M. Mail going South arrives 2:47 P. M. Mail closes 30 minutes before the arrival of each train.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Sheriff—J. S. Johnston. Clerk Sup Court—Col David Settle. Register of Deeds—R. J. Lewellyn.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Cayor—W. S. Allen. Constable—W. H. Williams. Treasurer—J. G. Staples.

Rev P H Fontaine preaches in the Baptist church 4th Sabbath at 11 o'clock a.m. and Sunday preceding at the same hour.

Rev W A SNAPE preaches in Presbyterian church 2nd Sabbath in each month at 3 p.m. and Thursday before 4th Sabbath in each month at 8 p.m.

David S. Reid, Thomas S. Reid, Wentworth, Reidsville.

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All Diseases PROMPTLY CURED IN THE OFFICE PRACTICE. A 1 calls in the town, attended to, and especially TICE.

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Reid House, Wentworth, N. C. This Hotel has been recently refitted and offers GOOD ACCOMMODATION.

The Reidsville Times.

Facts Alone Can Influence the Minds and Actions of Men.

VOL. 4. REIDSVILLE, N. C. THURSDAY MAR. 27, 1879. NO 10.

J. B. SMITH, WITH Roberts, Beall & Co., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN Boots Shoes AND Trunk's, No. 20 Fourteenth Street, RICHMOND, VA.

Scott, Small & Co. GREENSBORO, N. C. WHOLESALE DEALERS IN NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS, GLOVES, BUTTONS, HOSIERY, RIBBONS, ALPACAS, SHAWLS AND SMALL WARES GENERALLY.

Respectfully inform the Merchants of the State that they carry a LARGE and WELL SELECTED STOCK OF GOODS in their line, purchased from manufacturers and Importers, and fear competition neither at home or abroad.

No charge for "Boxing and Draying." Orders solicited from CASH PURCHASERS and from merchants in good credit.

Our terms same as any first class house in New York.

Goods ordered of us not suiting either in quality or price can be returned at our expense. Your orders solicited.

LIVER. This important organ weighs but about three pounds, and all the blood in a living person (about three gallons) passes through it at least once every half hour, to have the bile and other impurities strained or filtered from it.

LUNGS. The faculty of Consumption or Throat and Lung Disease, which sweep to the grave at least one-third of all death's victims, arises from the Opium or Morphine treatment, which simply kills the work of death.

BLOOD. Grave mistakes are made in the treatment of all diseases that arise from poison in the blood. Not one case of Scrofula, Syphilis, White Swelling, Ulcerous Sores and Skin Disease, in a thousand, is cured without the use of Mercury in some form.

MARRIED DR. BUTTS' LIFE. No. 12 N. Eighth St. St. Louis, Mo. Who has had greater experience in the treatment of the sexual troubles of both male and female than any physician in the West, gives the results of his long and successful practice in his new work, just published.

Barham's Infallible PILE CURE. Manufactured by Dr. Barham, 215 E. 12th St., N. C. It never fails to cure Hemorrhoids or Piles, when a cure is possible.

A Sermon for the Sisters.

I nebbler breaks a colt afore he's old enough to trubble; I nebbler dig my taters till dey plenty big to grabble; An' when you sees me rain' up to structify in meetin', I see some sistahs praisin', mighty proud of whut dey wearin'.

Oh sistahs—let'se apples (for you're rally misty like 'em) I lub's de old time russets, dough it's sildom I kin strike 'em; An' so I lub's yu, sistahs, for yo' grace, an' not yo' graces— I don't kerr h-w my apples looks, but o'ny how it tas'es.

My Christian friends, dis story probes dat eben men is human— He'd had a dozen fancy coats if he'd a' ben a 'oman! De cussidness ob showin' off, he found out all about it; An' yet he wuz a Christian man, as good as ever sizzled.

It larned him! An' I bet you when he come to git his riches Dey don't go for stylish coats or Philadelphia breeches!

Now, sistahs, won't you copy him? Say won't you take a lesson, And mind de soddam warnin' bout de sta ob fancy dressin'!

I better close, I sees some gals dis salmon is kinder hittin' A-whisperin' and sturbin all dat's near whar dey is a-settin'.

PETER CARTWRIGHT. Among the most notable of the American pioneer preachers was Cartwright, who was born in Amherst county, Va., in 1785, and died at Pleasant Plains, Ill., in 1872.

He was ordained as Deacon in 1806, and as Elder in 1808. In 1812 he was appointed Presiding Elder, and acted in that capacity sixty years; the last forty-five in the Illinois Conference.

One day, on approaching a ferry across the river Illinois, he heard the ferryman swearing terribly at the sermons of Peter Cartwright, and threatening that if he ever had to ferry the preacher across, and knew him, he would drown him in the river.

"Stranger, I want you to put me across." "Wait till I'm ready," said the ferryman, and pursued his conversation and strictures on Peter Cartwright. Having finished he turned to Peter and said:

"Now, I'll put you across." On reaching the middle of the stream, Peter threw his horse's bridle over a stake in the boat, and told the ferryman to let go his pole.

"What for?" asked the ferryman. "Well, you've just been using my name improper-like; and you said if I ever came this way you would drown me. Now you have got a chance."

"Your name Peter Cartwright?" asked the ferryman. "My name is Peter Cartwright," Instantly the ferryman laid hold of the preacher; but he did not know Peter's strength, for Peter instantly seized the ferryman and holding him by the nape of the neck, plunged him in the water, saying:

"I baptize thee [splash] in the name of Satan, whose child thou art." Then lifting him up dripping, Peter asked: "Did you ever pray?" "No." "Then it's time you did." "I'll do no such thing," answered the ferryman.

"Will you pray now?" asked Peter. The gasping victim shouted: "I'll do anything you bid me!" "Then follow me—Our father, which art in heaven," etc.

Having acted as clerk, repeating after Peter, the ferryman cried: "Now let me go!" "Not yet," said Peter. "You must make me three promises: 1st, that you will repeat that prayer, morning and evening, as long as you live; 2d, that you will hear every pioneer preacher that comes within five miles of this ferry; and 3rd, that you will put every Methodist preacher over free of expense. Do you promise and vow?"

"I promise," said the ferryman; and, strange to say, that very many became a shining light in the church.

WHY SHE STOPPED HER PAPER. She came bouncing through the sanctum door like a cannon ball, without pausing to say, "How d'ye do," and brought her umbrella down on the table with a mighty crash, and shouted:

"I want you to stop my paper." "All right, madame." "Stop it right off, too," she persisted, whacking the table again, "for I have waited long enough for you to do the square thing."

She quieted down for a moment and we ran our finger down the list of names, and when we reached hers and scratched it out, she said: "There, now, mebbe you'll do as you ought to after this and not slight a woman just cause she's poor. If some rich folks happen to have a little red-headed bandy-legged, squint-eyed, wheezy squawler born to them, you puff it up to the skies, and make it out an angel; but when poor people have a baby you don't say a word about it, even if it is the squarest, noblest little kid that ever kept a woman awake at night. That's what's the matter, and that's why I stopped my paper."

A PARTICULAR BEGGAR.—A ragged little urchin presented himself at the door of one of our citizens, a few days ago, and asked to be given some old clothes. The gentleman ran up stairs, and searched out and brought down a pair of pantaloons and a vest which he thought would be a comfortable fit. Young America took the garments, and examined each with the look of a connoisseur—then turning his eyes up with an air of disconsolation, said—"There ain't no watch pocket!"

In a primary school not long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the uses of the hyphen. She wrote on the black-board "Bird's-nest," and pointing to the hyphen asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause a little Fenian piped out, "Plaze, ma'am that's for the bird to roost on."

A certain resident of North Adams, Mass, recently buried his wife, a woman of unusual size, and a few days after the sad event a neighbor attempted a little in the consolatory by remarking, "Well, Mr. —, you have met with a heavy loss." "Yes," replied the mourner with a sigh, "she weighed 'most 400 quans."

He could stand it, he said, to have wife paint everything, from a tin cup to an old straw hat, and stick it all over with cupids and heathen Chinese. But when she scooped down upon the last minute pie and embellished that, he thought it was time time to "kick." And he did.

WHEN A FISH IS NOT A FISH.

I landed my first pickerel the first evening we were on Lake Minnetonka. I am not a skillful fisherman, I told the boys that I could do a little plain fishing, but I didn't want to be set down for anything with any kind of fluting, embroidery, knife plaiting, or anything of that kind about it. I fished from the shore, by the side of a veteran fisher, Mr. A. K. Dunlap, of Titusville. He knows every fish in the lake by name. He can tell by the movement of the line what kind of a fish is at your hook. Something ran away with my line.

"It's a pickerel," shouted Mr. Dunlap, in intense excitement, "A big fellow. Take out your lines," he yelled to the rest of them, "Let him run! Keep your line taut! Don't give him an inch of slack! Look out! Don't let him do that again! Let him run! Now, bring him in this— Look out! Don't let him do that again!"

By this time I was so excited I was on the point of throwing down the pole and rushing out in the lake, intending to run the fish down and kick it to death. I screamed to Mr. Dunlap:

"You take the pole and land him—I never can." He refused. He turned and hurled his own pole, lance fashion, into the woods.

"Here!" he shouted, rushing down the bank about twenty feet below me, stooping down and spreading out his arms. "Here! Now! Bring him in here through the shoal water! I'll get him! Careful, now! Careful! Steady! Ah—"

And flip, flap, I had him on the shore. He was a beauty. A little sunfish about three and a half inches long. It was a long time before we said anything. Mr. Dunlap climbed a big birch tree, in the top of which his pole had lodged, and we resumed our fishing. Presently Charley Armknecht coughed, and I said:

"How funny the frogs sound over in the marsh." And then we laughed a long time at the frogs. A long, long time and very heartily. They were very funny frogs.

But Mr. Dunlap fished on very silently, and by and by he said the fish wouldn't bite when there was so much noise. So we held our hush and the fish bit. But they didn't bite any of us very badly.

The fishing's excellent almost anywhere in the lake. That evening on the upper lake one of the boys caught nine large pickerel. When we came to count the fish, however, it appeared that we had caught one pickerel nine times. It was a very large fish and they are going to have its skin dried whole for a spectacle case. I caught more fish than anyone else in the party, but they were all, with one exception, catfish, and I learned, to my amazement, that I had disgraced myself and the lake. Why isn't a fish a fish, I'd like to know! —Burlington Hawkeye.

The best are the cheapest. This is more especially so in the matter of wives. If you are in love, just constitute yourself a "Teller committee" of one and settle the business.

"On this head," said the lecturer, "there is nothing left to be desired." The bald-headed man in the front row immediately rose to call to order.

A western editor thus kindly alludes to a cotemporary: "He is young yet, but he can sit at his desk and brush cobwebs from the ceiling with his ears."

When you doubt between words use the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge, love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheek.

It is related of Sidney Smith that once on entering a drawing room in a West-End mansion, he found it lined with mirrors on all sides. Finding himself reflected in every direction, he said that "he supposed he was at a meeting of the clergy, and there seemed to be a very respectable attendance."

Reidsville Times.

EAT OF ADVERTISING 2 NOS. 3 MOS. (3 CTS.)

Table with 4 columns: Rate, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 1 column, 2 column, 3 column. Rates range from \$4 to \$140.

Local Notices 15 cents a line for first insertion, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

How to produce a telling effect—Communicate a secret to a woman. Why is a ship called sea? Because the rigging costs more than the hull.

A Connecticut woman uses her husband's wooded leg to pound the matutinal beef-steak.

A writer having spoken of a charming young lady of eighteen springs, a punster suggests, probably her name is Sofy.

There are twenty thousand unmarried women living in Philadelphia, which confirms the report that the city is one of brotherly love.

Old Equestrian: "Well, but you are not the boy I left my horse with!" Boy: "No, Sir; I just speckulated, and bought him of t'other boy for six cents!"

The class in grammar will please stand up and answer this question: How do you parse the word dollar? "Please, sir, if it is a trade, you parse it for ninety cents."

In an Indian church the best looking young ladies are selected to pass the contribution boxes, and there is not a young man in the congregation that dare drop in a button.

Detroit Free Press: Some people regard it as singular that a man who never played cards in his life, because it's wicked, will exact 15 per cent. interest from a widow.

The other day a professor of German asked an unregenerate Junior what the gender of a certain noun was. The Junior quickly replied: "I think it is neuter, sir. At any rate it is neu ter me."

Mrs. Partington again: "Poor man!" said the old lady; "and so he's really gone at last! Ninety-eight, was he? Dear, dear! I wish how that if he'd lived two years more he'd have been a centurion."

The only lady who has ever enjoyed the distinction of being school director in the city of Philadelphia, is Mrs Harriet W. Paist. She is eminently qualified for the position, and ought to stick to it.

There is a bar-room in Blue Ridge, North Carolina, that has posted up notices, that "Children under 10 years of age will not be allowed to get drunk on these premises, unless accompanied by their parent."

A young man in San Francisco found an old deacon he knew 'bucking the tiger' in a gambling hell, "What," exclaimed, 'deacon you here!' "Yes," was the reply. "I am bound to break down this evil institution."

"Who made the world?" shouted the Sunday school superintendent, looking over the school. No answer. "Who made the world?" he repeated, eyeing a trembling child on the front bench. "I did," he whimpered, "but I'll never do it again."

Up hill and down—Fred—was going to marry a poor girl. "Don't do it," said his friend, "you can't marry any one you like. Take my advice—marry rich. It will be up-hill work." "Good," said the other, "I had rather go up hill than down hill any time."

Nothing pays better than making carpet rags. After a woman has cut up a dozen old flannel shirts, five pairs of pantaloons, seven coats, ten vests, and fourteen old dresses, and three months in converting them into carpet balls, she can take the whole lot to a carpet weaver and get \$2 for them.

"Now, John," said a father to his gawky son, "it is about time that you got married and settled down in a house of your own." "But I don't know any girl to get married to," whined John. "Fly around and get acquainted with some; that is the way I did when I was young. How do you suppose I ever got married?" inquired the old gentleman. "Well," said John, pitifully; "you married Mother, and I've got to marry a strange gal."

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