

THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."
DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1885.

VOLUME XIV.

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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 twelfth 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.—*Leavesville 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 Standard.*

The Danbury REPORTER AND POST has just entered its thirteenth 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 twelfth 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 twelfth 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.*

Deacon Gray's Lesson.

Deacon Gray was assisted carefully into his chair, then his wife mounted beside him. Things were reversed since his long sickness—she took the driver's seat and then the reins. As for Dobbin, the faithful family horse, he was a slow-going beast at best, such a horse as old ladies like to drive, and the Deacon's wife was verging on sixty.

"Mother's hair was really beginning to turn gray," said the eldest daughter, and so it was; but mother, blessed good woman, don't care. She had lived a spotless life, and the peace of her soul had given to her face a sweetness of expression that was far better than beauty.

"Deacon, are you warm enough?" Mrs. Gray always called her husband "Deacon," but now there was a peculiar intonation of tenderness in her voice, never very musical.

"Oh, yes, I'm comfortable. Dear, dear, how sweet the clover smells. I didn't know as the scent would ever come to me again, when I lay there in the south chamber choking for breath."

"Never mind, Deacon, we won't talk of the past now. See Uncle Biah's molder, don't it look splendid? and the corn over there, why it's grown a sight since yesterday. 'La! do see Dr. Baird's apple trees, don't they look beautiful?"

"Everything looks beautiful. Marthy," said the Deacon—a light breaking over his rugged and somewhat hard face.

"So it does, and the good woman's eyes were lifted to the sky, across which the softest, whitest clouds were floating, with a motion so airy that they seemed like spirits of the upper ether taking forms of grace and beauty.

"Don't care about stopping anywhere, do you, father?" asked the Deacon's wife, as the old horse jugged along.

"Well, yes, guess we might as well get out at the lane."

"Old Joe!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, aghast; "aren't you afraid he'll worry you, now you're so weak, Deacon?"

"Well, no, I guess not, Marthy, he's a poor critter, and—and you know I feel different how about such things. Forty years of health goes nigh to hardening a man's heart, Marthy," and he sighed as he spoke.

So Dobbin was reined in at the head of the lane, and Mrs. Gray making herself a crutch for the Deacon, went towards the homely little house, over whose door, poor and lowly though it was, the honeysuckle wandered, full of sweets.

"If I ever did! Here's Deacon Gray a coming!" cried Joe's maiden sister, smoothing his hair.

"I don't want to see him," said Joe, moving uneasily on his bed.

"Good morning, and how are you all?"

It was Marthy's cheerful voice, and Joe couldn't choose to turn; and when once his faded eyes caught sight of the Deacon's altered face they stood there, fastened by the expression of pallor—of tenderness that rested on those weather-beaten features.

"Joe, I didn't know as we should ever meet again," said the Deacon, holding out his hand. "I have thought of you every day since I was laid on my sick bed. How hard it must be for you to stay there month after month."

Joe's lip trembled a little. These words coming from a man who had so many times once reproached him with shiftlessness and shamming, touched his heart.

"Well, yes, it's sort of hard," he answered, "but I s'pose I'll have to bear it. There's them that's wuss off, I guess."

"What can I do for you, Joe?" asked the Deacon, his voice still soft with that strange tenderness. "Is there anything you'd like? Is the bed soft enough? Perhaps you could use my sick chair, it wheels about, and you might go to the door, or even outside, in it. You're welcome to it, Joe, only say the word. And anything in the way of word, or delicate things that you fancy to eat, and books or papers if you'd want them. Don't make a stranger of me, Joe; send to me as you would to a brother."

"But you know I ain't a brother—I ain't one of your kind—Deacon, I—"

"Never mind what your opinions are just now; the Lord s'g, and may be he'll bring you round to my way of thinking yet. What I s' after now is to make the body comfortable. And I just want to ask your pardon for all my hard ways and ungenerous words. I know I've done wrong, the Lord forgive me. I couldn't tell what a difference sickness makes in body and mind then, but I do now. Come, Marthy, we'll be going, and Joe, I'll take it hard if you don't tax me for something. God bless you, Joe. Good morning."

The two had vanished, but it seemed, some way, as if the air streamed more genially over the place they had left.

"Well, I never," exclaimed Joe's sister. Joe himself was silent for a long time.

"What ailed the Deacon?" he asked at last, as his sister came back to his bedside.

"Diphtheria, they said."

"Putty sick, want he?"

"Thought he would die; folks said so."

"Well, it's done him more good than all—no matter—and Joe ended his sentence abruptly.

"To think how he used to fret and fume!" muttered Joe's sister. "And what a blessing that clair will be, and how you wished you could get one, and he coming and offering it himself. Well, I'll never say Deacon Gray ain't a Christian again, never!"

Meantime the Deacon's wife was lifting the attenuated frame of her husband into the carriage again, her vigorous shoulders his main support. There were tears in her eyes, but she bustled about looking this way and that, tucking the big shawl over the Deacon's knees, and pressing him snugly back, as if she feared a gust of the strong spring wind would blow him away. Oh! but in her heart it seemed as if she had never felt such wealth of tenderness. The one thing that this poor, old, worn man had lacked, had now, almost by a miracle it seemed, been wrought into his being, and taken its lodgement in his heart. In his face, a new, a holier benignity shone, even on the strongly bearded forehead, and in the deep lines that toil and thought had worn in his face. The eyes the gray eyes, that only on extra occasions had lighted up with a human beauty, seemed now to have gained an almost unearthly softness.

"Marthy, Christ morn, didn't he?" he asked, in a tender voice.

"Know what, dear?" The good woman started at her own tenderness—at the unusual term of affection.

"Through suffering"—and he turned to his wife.

"How to pity us. Oh, yes! and he took it all on himself."

"It was put on me, thank God! I wouldn't have it; no, no. Humanity shrinks from the suffering, from the cross. Forty years of health, Marthy, is a fearful test. I don't know, looking at the past as I do now, feeling what I have lost and what I have gained—I don't know as I had grace enough to save me, Marthy. It didn't seem to me as if anybody need to be sick. Many a time I thought folks give up because they were weak and lazy. I don't know, but it seemed a sin to me to be sickly and ailing. But you see God knew what I needed. Stop Dobbin, Marthy; there's poor Stephen's little lame boy. I wonder if something can't be done for him."

So Dobbin was stopped and the poor child, gladdened with a kind word and a handful of coppers, that set his face shining. What with delight and surprise, tears came again into the good wife's eyes, for children had rather avoided the Deacon, sterling man though he was.

"I'll see if that boy can't be helped," the Deacon went on, "I've heard that if his father could only afford it, there's a place where he might be cured. He's a fine little fellow, and it is a shame to let him go stumbling through life."

"Shan't we turn round now, Deacon?" asked his wife.

"I think I would like to go to Tom Blake's—he's another cripple, and more likely to be worse than better."

"But, Deacon, you hadn't heard, I suppose. The truth is he was taken to the poor-house."

"Marthy, is that so?" cried the Deacon, the old sternness coming back to his face.

"It is so. He grew so bad that they couldn't find any one willing to be burdened with him, so they just put him there."

"I've heard him say, many's the time, he'd rather die than go there. Poor Tom."

"Yes, it was very hard."

"We'll drive there, Marthy."

There was another refolding of the shawl, after the good woman had turned Dobbin's dull head in the direction of the poor-house. The Deacon went in, leaning on the arm of his wife, and led directly to the room of the old man, Tom Blake.

Tom looked askance at the Deacon, from whom he had taken many a long sermon—for Tom was as near an infidel as that other godless man, Joe—then at the sight of his pale mild countenance, the old man faltered, he put up his thin hand, turned aside his face and burst into tears.

"Tom, I'm sorry to see you here," said the Deacon, placing his withered hand on the old man's shoulder.

"I'd rather you'd see me in the grave, Deacon Gray," sobbed the old man. "But I won't die here"—a look of defiance crossed his features—"It shan't be said that Tom Blake died a pauper. No, sir. I'll crawl on my hands and knees at the last gasp, and I'll find strength to do it too, out of this pauper place."

"Tom, you shan't stay here," said the Deacon, resolutely.

"The old man looked up. His face was pitiful to see, all dabbled with tears.

"No, Tom I know how you feel. When I was choking with that awful sickness, I thought I'd give worlds for one easy breath."

"Yes, and I'm choking in here; every mouthful I eat chokes me."

"You shall come out. If nobody will take you I'll take you myself."

"O, God bless you Deacon Gray! God bless you for a true Christian," cried the grateful man, tears of joy falling from his dim eyes. "I used to say hard things about you Deacon Gray, because you tried to make me a better man. But the good God would show me, and it takes root and ripens, it will be because I see your faith and your works go together. You've made a new man of me. God bless you Deacon Gray."

Old Dobbin took a quicker step on his way home—oats in prospect. As for mother Gray, the way she patted and tucked that old shawl, looking up every now and then into the Deacon's gray eyes with a love that made her old face look angelic, was quite a treat to see. And as for the Deacon, he thought to himself that he had always held religion as one would an ear of corn, ignorant of its use; but now, Christ had taught him how to strip off the harsh outside husks and find within the life giving kernels.

First assistant Postmaster-General Hay proposes to put a stop to the practice of Congressmen, who have influence at Washington, getting their personal favorites into fat positions. Replying to a question on the subject, he says Congressmen have no right to dictate appointments in their districts, and therefore he proposes to disregard the long established custom of the Republicans in their appointments. He says that Congressmen are sent to Washington to legislate or make the laws not execute them; or select subordinates to execute them; they should of course be consulted because of their superior knowledge of the most suitable persons for the positions, but their decisions should not be laws from which there can be no appeal.

Mr. Hay is right. If there is an easy place of refuge, give it to the faithful man who has stood in the thickest of the storm and worked for the party. Let merit, and not favoritism be the watchword of promotion.

Dennis Kearney cut quite a figure in politics a few years ago, but for the past year or so he has been so very quiet that he had almost been forgotten. He went from the Atlantic to the Pacific speech-making. In California he got into a difficulty which resulted in his being cut off from the public gaze for a season. The latest news from him is that he has entered the race for the Governorship of California. Now he will air himself again and disgust the public.

The New Orleans Exposition was open nearly as long as the Philadelphia Centennial. The whole number of visitors at the former was 1,158,840, while there were 9,910,966 visitors at the latter. This tells the tale of the financial failure of the World's New Orleans Exposition.

CALENDAR

Of 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 Overyby.
13 Tilley vs Jessup, et al.
14 McClesse 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 Kreoger vs Kiger.
38 Burrell vs Martin.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1885.

39 Nicholson vs Reeves.
42 Nicholson vs Tuttle.
43 Flynt vs Burton.
46 Boze vs Saries.
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 Tilley.
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 McClesse.
2 Hutcheson vs Martin.
3 Smith adm'r vs McClesse.
4 Francis vs Worth adm'r.
5 King vs King.
6 Hutcheson vs Hutcheson.
8 Griffin vs Griffin.
9 Martin adm'r vs Hutcheson.
10 Carter vs Poore.
11 Timmons vs Watts.
12 Steele vs Hawkins et al.
19 Harris vs McClesse.
20 Bynum vs Mickey.
21 Warner vs Carroll.
24 Smith vs Jackson.
25 King adm'r vs Seales.
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.
35 Moser and others vs Boles.
40 Myers vs Goding.
41 Ellington vs Steele et al.
44 Martin vs Rueron et al.
45 Lawson vs George.
47 Smith vs Johnson.
59 Amos vs Martin.
60 Baker adm'r vs Hill ex. and Taylor.
41 Pepper guardian Ex Parte.
74 Smith vs Smith.
80 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 until the cause is disposed of.

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

A Pittsburg police officer arrested a man who, he thought, was a suspicious character because he seemed to be the wearer of a false beard. At the station the man took off his beard and showed that in the wearing of it he was only exercising good taste. His under jaw had years before been entirely taken off in a railway smash-up.

ARTEMUS WARD.

Charles Farrar Browne was born in this country in 1836. He was better known under the name of Artemus Ward which he adopted, and under which he wrote and lectured. Just a few words about his history and then we will see why his writings place him among the "funny men."

He began life, like Mark Twain, in a printing office setting type. Then he became a newspaper reporter, and the jokes that found their way from his pen were copied into all the leading papers, and Artemus Ward's name was the signal for something funny to follow. He went to California and gave a lecture on "The Babes in the Wood," and for an hour and a half his audience laughed at his jokes and funny sayings. Even the reporters declared they could not write they were so filled with laughter. There was very little about The Babes in the Wood, but the lecture was bright and funny and a great success. Ward traveled through the United States, making friends everywhere, and then to England, where he died.

In his lecture on the Mormons, he says: "Brigham Young is an indulgent father and a numerous husband; he has married two hundred wives; he loves not wisely but too well. He is dreadfully married. When I was up at Salt Lake City I was introduced to his mother-in-law. I can't exactly tell you how many there is of her, but it's a good deal."

Once, when he was at a loss for something to say during a lecture, he remarked: "Time passed on. It always does by the way. You may possibly have noticed that time passed on. It is a kind of way time has."

He had a panorama which he explained as it was exhibited. It was very poorly painted, but Artemus made the best of it. When anything especially poor came up he would look admiringly at it and then with a look of reproach to the audience, remark: "This picture is a great work of art; it is an oil painting done in petroleum. It is by the old masters. It was the last they did before dying. They did this and then they expired. I wish you were nearer it so you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residences and let you see it by daylight. Some of the greatest artists in London come here every morning before daylight, with lanterns, to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before and hoping they never will again. Then, pointing to some brown splashes of paint, "these are intended for horses; I know they are because the artist told me so. After two years he came to me and said: 'Mr. Ward, I cannot conceal it from you any longer. They are horses.'"

Another time he said: "When I was a boy I used to draw wood. I drew a small cart-load of raw material over a wooden bridge. The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention; they said I had a future before me; up to that time I had an idea it was behind me." And again, speaking of himself: "I became a man. I have always been mixed up with art. I have an uncle who takes photographs, and I have a servant who takes anything he can get his hands on."

Much of Artemus Ward's humor lay in his manner of saying things. People laughed before he finished telling a joke. Five minutes after he had begun a lecture his audience was completely charmed, ready to laugh or cry. He was a worthy and lovable man, kind, sensitive and affectionate. When he died, a friend of his said there had passed away the true spirit of a gentleman.

The original copy of the constitution for the provisional government of the Confederate States of America is now owned by Mrs. W. F. de Fontenay, New York. Two years ago the British proposed buying it, the price being \$10,000, but the negotiation fell through. Of the forty-nine signers over one-half are dead, and of the living, only one, the Hon. John H. Reagan, of Texas, is in public life.

The Durham Reporter says the tobacco sales at that place for the past two weeks have aggregated more than one million pounds leaf, and upwards of \$143,000 were distributed among the farmers of that section thereby.

It is always a "personal" favor to mention one man's name in a newspaper. It is the same thing to leave another man's out.

There were 381 applicants for the seven professorships filled by the Trustees of the University.