

Dan Valley Echo.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

VOL. 1—NO. 4.

LEAKSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY 8, 1885.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A. M. JEFFRIES & CO.,
FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT,
(Opposite Cabell Warehouse.)
DANVILLE, VA.

Good Meals at low prices at all hours,
day or night. apl 16-3m

D. R. B. J. F. I. E. L. D.
LEAKSVILLE, N. C.

Respectfully offers his services to the
public, in every department of

DENTISTRY.
AT OFFICE Saturdays and Mondays.
Will attend calls elsewhere on other
days of the week. apl 16-1yr

H. J. GRIFFIN,

Fancy Boot and Shoe Maker,
(Next door to A. Heccie.)
LEAKSVILLE, N. C.

Work done in best style, and out of
best material. Prices moderate for the
character of the work. Repairing done
at low rates. apl 16-5m

D. R. H. W. COLE.

Druggist and Apothecary,
DANVILLE, VA.

A full line of Drugs, Chemicals,
Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, constantly on
hand and sold at lowest rates. Mer-
chants and Physicians supplied at lib-
eral rates. Orders by mail promptly at-
tended to. apl 16-5m

A. HECCIE,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES,

DRY GOODS,

HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE,

NOTIONS

and everything usually kept in a General
Store. A full stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

on hand, and marked at small profits.
I believe in small profits and quick sales.
No trouble to show goods. Call and ex-
amine our prices. apl 16-1yr

James J. Pritchett & Co.,

(RIVERSIDE BLOCK.)

DANVILLE, VA.

—THE HEADQUARTERS FOR—

LIME,

PLASTER,

CEMENT,

BALED FORAGE,

MILL STUFF,

FLOUR AND GRAIN.

We also keep the "B. D." SEA FOWL
GRAIN and NEW METHOD PHOS-
PHATE. Our customers are invited to
our new stand on Riverside Block. Keep
in mind the firm and call around.
apl 16-3m

D. E. FIELD,

LEAKSVILLE, N. C.,

—DEALER IN—

DRY-GOODS,

GROCERIES,

NOTIONS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HARDWARE,

GLASSWARE,

and in fact everything kept in a First-
Class Store. We sell at small profits and
try to give every one the worth of his
money. A large part of our

SPRING STOCK,

is now in, and new goods are added
almost daily. We do our utmost to
please our customers, and invite patron-
age from all. apl 16-1yr

HIGH PRICES

HAVE BEEN SLAUGHTERED BY

B. F. IVIE,

General Grocery Store,

LEAKSVILLE, N. C.,

Where everything in his line is sold at
the very lowest market rates. I keep
constantly on hand

FLOUR, LARD,

MEAL, FISH,

POTATOES, BACON,

CAN FRUITS AND

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PETER D. WADE,

Saddler and Harness Maker,
(Opposite A. Heccie's.)

LEAKSVILLE, N. C.

My work will compare favorably with
any other manufacturer, both in style
and prices. I cannot be undersold. Re-
pairing done on short notice. apl 16-1yr

WARNING!

WILLIAM HOLT, who was employed
by me on the 2nd of April, 1885, for the
remainder of the year, has left me with-
out cause. This is to notify every one
not to employ the said William Holt un-
der the penalty of the law.

PETER P. WILSON,
April 21st, 1885. apl 24-1f

STONEVILLE ACADEMY.

MALE AND FEMALE.

A First Class School, conducted ac-
cording to the most approved methods.
Board and Tuition are reasonable. For
further particulars apply to

W. B. HARRIS, PRINCIPAL,
ap 24-1f Stoneville, N. C.

LUMBER!

S. S. WALL, MADISON,

DEALER IN LUMBER.

Keeps constantly on hand Dried and
Dressed Flooring, Ceiling, Weather-
boarding, and all other sorts suitable for
building purposes. Orders solicited and
satisfaction guaranteed. apl 16-1yr

DANVILLE, MOCKSVILLE AND

S. W. RAILROAD CO.

On and after Monday, April 6th, 1885,
trains will run daily as follows, Sundays
excepted:

EAST BOUND.

Leave Leaksville, 6:50 A. M.

Leave Leaksville Cotton Mills 6:52 A. M.

Leave D. M. and S. W. June, 7:23 A. M.

Arrive at Danville, 9:10 A. M.

WEST BOUND.

Leave Danville, 2:10 P. M.

Leave D. M. and S. W. June, 4:05 P. M.

Leave Leaksville Cotton Mills 4:40 P. M.

Arrive at Leaksville, 4:45 P. M.

H. M. SHIVLER, SUPT.

O. J. CATES & CO.,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE,

TINWARE,

GLASSWARE,

NOTIONS, &c.

We sell at rock bottom and hard pan
prices. Call and examine our stock.
apl 16-5m

J. H. BENSON, COSMO BENSON,

BENSON & SON,

Reidsville, N. C.,

Manufacturers and Dealers in Saddles,
Saddles, Harness, Halters, Collars,
Whips, Horse Blankets and Robes, and
in fact everything kept in a first-class
Harness establishment. We keep the
largest stock in the Piedmont section
and our prices are as low as the same
quality of goods in any market. Make
a specialty of

Hand-Made Wagon Harness.

Office and Store in rear of Eagle
Warehouse, up stairs. my 1-1f

WM. M. CRADDOCK,

Family Grocer,

LEAKSVILLE, N. C.

Keeps constantly on hand a full stock of

FLOUR, MEAL, MEAT,

CANNED FRUITS,

MOLASSES, SALT, SOAPS,

KEROSENE OIL,

and everything in the Grocery line.
Prices low and satisfaction guaranteed.
In the Billard Store House, opposite
the Postoffice. HAY just received.

DOWN WITH

HIGH PRICES!

—AND—

DON'T YOU FORGET IT!!

OUR WOMEN IN THE WAR—NO. 36.

THE HOSPITALS AT DANVILLE.

SOME GLIMPSES OF THE FIRST SHADOWS
OF WAR—THE ROCKINGHAM VOLUN-
TEERS—"OUR BOYS"—LEAVING FOR
THE BATTLEFIELD—THE HOME
WORK OF WOMEN—THE HAP-
PY AND JOYOUS SEQUEL.

(By Annie E. Johns, Leaksville, N. C.)

PART III

I stood one day by the side of a
dying soldier belonging to a Florida
regiment.

"I want to go home," he said.

"Where is your home?" I asked.

"In New Hampshire," he replied,
and in a few minutes he had "gone
home."

How strangely was the ludicrous
mingled with the tragic in this hospi-
tal life.

"I do not know what did make
that man die," said the nurse one
day as we stood looking at all that
was mortal of a soldier, "for the doc-
tor gave him some of all the medi-
cine in the drug store."

The nurses in the hospital were
soldiers unfit for more active service.
I remember what a pet with us one
little nurse was who had lost a leg,
till alas! this became too common
to notice, as others came in who had
lost both legs or both arms. In any
special emergency orders were sent
from headquarters for every man who
could possibly bear arms to be sent
to the field, and sometimes there was
great scattering among our hospital
employees.

In the autumn of '63 our hospitals
were removed from the tobacco fac-
tory to a large vacant building form-
erly a hotel, near the depot of the
Richmond and Danville Railroad.

The lower part of the building was
used as a wayside hospital for the
benefit of the soldiers constantly
passing and repassing to different
parts of the army. The upper rooms
were appropriated by the surgeon in
charge and his wife, refugees from
Fredericksburg, and the matrons of
the hospital. The third story was
sometimes used for the patients,
though the hospitals were chiefly
long, narrow wards ranged side by
side near the main building, and
built by the Government for that pur-
pose.

The rooms of some of the matrons,
including myself, were just above the
Wayside Hospital. There was no
way of admittance to our rooms ex-
cept through the Wayside, and the
crowd of soldiers was often so great
that I found some difficulty in get-
ting to and from my room. And
sometimes the soldiers were so crowd-
ed that they would mount the stair-
case and seek a resting place on the
floor in the hall adjoining our rooms,
and I would be roused from my slum-
bers at night by hearing a soldier ac-
cidentally strike against the wall as
he turned uneasily on his hard couch.
But I never felt a sensation of fear.
I rather felt as if a body guard lay
between me and all possible danger.
A soldier—even the most common—
was to us an embodiment of chivalry,
and rarely did we have occasion to
look upon him in any other light.

The tobacco factories were now
converted into prisons for the Feder-
al soldiers, and on the hill above us
hospitals similar to our own were pre-
pared for the sick among the prison-
ers. The matrons of these hospitals
were all ladies of position, refugees
from Fredericksburg.

The smallpox hospital was at first
located in the country a short dis-
tance from the town. The soldiers
had a great horror of this place,
where they were left to the tender
mercies of men only, and in one in-
stance, I remember, a man who had
varioid vacated his bed about
the time the surgeon went on
his round to prevent his being sent
there. As familiarity, however mitiga-
ted the fear of the dread disease, the
smallpox patients were simply re-
moved from the various wards in
which it appeared to a hospital in a
line with the others appropriated for
that purpose. The clothing and bed-

ding, instead of being burned as at
first, were washed by slaves who had
had smallpox, and used as before.

And I would here give my testi-
mony to the efficacy of vaccination—
when it takes. We went daily into
hospitals from which smallpox pa-
tients were carried. I lent my books
to a man with varioid on the floor
above us, and when he returned them
I only threw them in a window to air.

A STRIKING FEATURE OF HOSPITAL LIFE

was the visits of the wives and moth-
ers of the patients. Sorely beset
were we at times to know what to do
with them. Late one afternoon, dur-
ing a pouring rain, there was a
knock at the door leading to our
rooms. On opening the door I found
several women, with two babies, who
had walked between twenty and thirty
miles that day, to take the train
the next morning to visit their hus-
bands in camp. A woman in my
neighborhood said that she could not
get along without talking to Mr. —
her husband. As to whether he ex-
pressed the same desire to hear her
talk, I did not understand.

Another poor woman came from
Georgia to see her sick son, after
sending him sage in a letter to make
tea for him, and arrived in time to
see his dead body. I remember the
name on his headboard, "B. Still,"
and characteristic it was of him.

One day an order was received
from the Government, which sur-
prised me much, though on farther
experience of the subject I confess
that I understand it better. It was
that all alcoholic liquors used for the
sick soldiers should be taken out of
the hands of the hospital stewards
and surgeons and put in those of the
matrons. It was a responsibility
which I did not in the least desire,
but there was no help for it, and my
neat clothing-room in which I took
such pride was converted into a re-
ceptacle not at all included in its
original purpose. I gave out the
spirits according to the surgeons'
prescriptions, except on occasions of
extra and alarming haste, which
were not frequent, in fact I only re-
member one such.

Just before they left for the field I
gave a number of beautiful blankets
to a party of rejoicing soldiers made
of carpets taken from the floors by a
Rockingham lady. The girls of the
county cut up their merino dresses—
though dim and distant was the pros-
pect of another—to make shirts for
the soldiers. My young cousins
lined their brother's blanket with oil-
cloth to protect him from the weath-
er; my sister took her new one from
the table to line her husband's blanket.

We held frequent communication
with our neighbors on the hill in
charge of the hospitals for the Feder-
als, and our hearts were moved to
hear of the sufferings of the sick
prisoners. The orders of the Govern-
ment were to treat them just as our
own sick were treated. But alas!
we had not the comforts required by
sick people for either. The chief
matron of our hospital—a refugee
from Fredericksburg—and I agreed
to visit the sick prisoners and see if
there was anything we could do for
them. As we approached the hospi-
tal we saw with regret that the win-
dows were down—the same trouble
that

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

had in the Crimean war. She would
go round after the surgeons and or-
der the windows to be thrown up.
From the deadly stench that met us
at the door one would think that
common sense would have taught the
nurses to raise the windows. That
was our first work.

A Federal soldier, originally from
Lynchburg, Virginia, was sweeping
the floor; another nurse was scouring.
Every bed in the long ward was fil-
led—many of them with very ill men.
I approached a man with an interest-
ing countenance lying in a corner.

"How are you?" I asked.

"Little hope left for this world,"
he replied.

"You have hope, then, of a better,"
I said.

He bowed his head, and added, "I
have a sister, who lives at Saratoga

Springs, now in the South looking
for me. Will you write her at Sara-
toga Springs and tell her I am here?"

I promised that I would, and pass-
ed on. The letter was written. Was
it ever received?

I next stopped at the bedside of a
man with rheumatism; not a muscle
of his body could he move, except
the head, but he was cheerful and
light-hearted.

My attention was next directed to
a boy who had lost an eye, and then
to a man with a quiet, strong face
leaning in a sitting posture against
the wall, who seemed to be suffering
with violent pneumonia. I saw the
large drops standing on his forehead,
but thought "He is suffering so much
he don't know they are there," when
he said, "Take the corner of the
sheet and wipe my forehead." I
took my handkerchief—he shook his
head—but I wiped it and passed on.

"I am from East Tennessee," said
another man, "and did not go into
war for slavery, but for the Union."

"Is there anything I can do for
you?" I asked, not wishing to discuss
the subject.

"Will you send me some milk?"
he said pleadingly.

I promised to do so and we left
the hospital.

Returning in a few days we found
the beds of the men of the letter and
the handkerchief each vacant—they
had gone, not back to prison, but to
their last resting place. The man to
whom I had sent the milk told me he
believed it had saved his life. Since
the war I have seen his name, Carter
of a Tennessee regiment, in the
Federal cemetery in Danville.

The feeling between the Confed-
erate and Federal prisoners seemed
to be that of entire cordiality. I
have known Confederate soldiers as
they passed through Danville to take
the provisions from their own haver-
sacks and give them to Federal pris-
oners on their way to Salisbury—

HUNGERING THEMSELVES TO FEED THE

ENEMY.

As the war advanced provisions
became more scarce with us. I
heard one of our surgeons, Dr. Car-
nicheal, of Fredericksburg, say that
he saw a nice looking Confederate
soldier pick up a piece of bread
which lay on the ground and eat it,
saying: "Here is a good piece of
bread—some fellow has thrown away."

One day a group of soldiers came to
the foot of the stairs leading to Dr.
Carnicheal's room, clamoring for
bread. The good doctor was silent.
I know that his great heart was ready
to burst; but Mrs. Carnicheal sent
them down a basket of apples, all
she had to give them, and they quietly
dispersed.

The Federal prisoners confined in
the tobacco factories made various
attempts to escape. Those on the
lower floor took up the planks and
dug down and through the earth be-
yond the guard, with what instru-
ments it would be hard to say, but
anything that could be converted to
such a purpose. When this was dis-
covered they were removed to the
upper floors of the building. But
this did not deter them. An of-
ficer made a daring attempt to escape.
His followers failed him at the ap-
pointed signal, and he was shot and
badly wounded and taken to the hos-
pital on the hill.

I had some lemons placed in my
hands by Dr. Porcher, of Charleston,
for South Carolina soldiers, and hear-
ing that the wounded man begged
for lemonade I sent to ask the doc-
tor's permission to send him some of
the lemons, which was readily grant-
ed. I visited him with the matron
on the hill, and repeated passages
from the Bible to him. He died
shortly after. Before he died he
asked the nurse to bring him a Bible
and read the verses I had repeated to
him.

And now changes, like the shifting
scenes of a panorama, awaited us.
Orders were received to remove all
the Confederate sick, except those
belonging to the guard, to Richmond
and fill our hospitals, also, with Fed-
eral sick. This created quite a com-
motion among us. One of our mat-
rons sent in her resignation and left

Others were refugees and could not
do so, even if they desired it. And
some, like myself, who could have
left, decided to remain. There was
no need for me at home. My sister
was with our father. My brother, of
the 6th Tennessee, had so far recov-
ered his health as to become an en-
rolling officer. My other brother, a
physician, had been appointed assist-
ant surgeon of the 4th North Caro-
lina regiment. Our good chaplain
and noble band of surgeons could re-
main and labor as before. My duties
did not necessarily call me in
personal contact with the sick pris-
oners unless I chose it, as I had al-
ready done before it became my offi-
cial duty to minister to them. And
beyond all, and more than all, the
unanswerable reason for staying was
—while we were yet enemies, Christ
died for us.

The number of Federal sick being
divided they were more comfortable
than heretofore. His great desire
in prison, one of them said, was "to
have fresh air and see ladies some-
times." And strange as it may seem,
I felt, in standing among those men,
if danger assailed me they would de-
fend me as soon as our own soldiers.

And now came orders that the Fed-
eral sick should be sent to Richmond.
They were delighted at the prospect
of going, hoping for an exchange of
prisoners.

The 1st of March, '65, feeling the
need of change, and there now being
little work to do in the hospitals, I
went to Lynchburg, Va., on a visit
to relatives residing there. A few
hours before leaving I stood sponsor
at the baptism of our chaplain's baby
(the chaplain and his wife were refu-
gees from Fredericksburg, Va.) a rosy
cheeked, dark-eyed boy in his nurse's
arms, a lovely sunbeam.

(To be Continued.)

Eig Dog and Little Dog.

In a way unknown to those who
chanced to be on the spot, a small
terrier dog fell from the stringer of
the wharf into the bay. He swam
around for some time in a circle, and
many plans were suggested for his
rescue by witnesses to the misfort-
une, but none of them proved prac-
tical. Just at the moment when all
hopes of saving the terrier were giv-
en up the bark of a dog in the crowd
attracted attention, and but a mo-
ment passed when there appeared
upon the stringer in front of the
wharf a large Newfoundland. He
saw the little fellow in the water, and
with a low wail he ran to and fro
along the wharf for a moment or two,
and then, to the surprise of every
one present, he sprang into the wa-
ter and at once swam to the terrier,
seizing him by the neck with his
teeth, and after swimming about for
some time he sighted the new sea
wall extension, about a hundred
yards distant, for which he headed.
He was eagerly watched by the ad-
miring crowd until he reached his
destination, when everybody started
on a simultaneous run toward the
rescuer.

Upon landing his burden on terra
firma the Newfoundland gave two
or three sharp barks, and seemed to
be proud of what he had done. It
was some time before the terrier was
able to gain strength to walk away.
One of the witnesses to the strange
sight took his handkerchief from his
pocket and tied it about the neck of
the Newfoundland, saying: "This
dog is mine, and I would not take
\$1,000 for him at this moment."—*San
Francisco Bulletin.*

The President proposes to make a
clean sweep of the Mahonite office-
holders in Virginia, and has already
begun by supplanting the famous
Republican Confederate Brigadier
Mosby, and appointing Col. Robert
Withers, of Virginia, to his place as
consul-general at Hong Kong. These
Mahonites were for Arthur, because
Arthur was for them, and now Presi-
dent Cleveland will put in a few men
who were for Cleveland. "The sooner
the better."—*News and Observer.*

REV. J. J. LAFFERTY, of Richmond
will lecture in Reidsville, on the even-
ing of the 18th inst., for the benefit
of the Methodist church at that place.