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PICKED BY MACHINERY.

STEEL SPINDLE DOING THE WORK OF BLACK FINGERS IN THE COTON FIELD.

The essential feature is 333 fingers or spindles projecting through and from a hollow cylinder. These fingers are ten inches long, and have at the end a brush or tip of fine wire, and set in four grooves radially is horse hair, clipped so it projects from the fingers about one-twelfth of an inch, the tip and the hairs on the side being the means of getting the cotton from the bolls. The spindles or fingers are given a whirling motion by a system of cog gear enclosed within the cylinder. Moving forward, the cylinder revolves, the fingers come in contact with the cotton, the whirling motion of the fingers entangles the cotton lint and it is picked, then carried upward and backward until cleaned from the fingers by brushes, and thrown into receptacles holding sixty pounds of seed cotton.

The revolutions are so timid that the fingers which project at the spokes of a wheel strike the plant without a raking motion, for that would damage the plant. No injury come to the leaf or boll from running the machine over the plant.

With a width of four feet, length seven feet, and a height of five and a half feet, the machine complete, weighs about 1,200 pounds, and is of easy draught for two mules.

Thursday a party of gentlemen went to the Ruffner place, on the Robinsonville road, and saw the Campbell machine in operation.

The rows were 185 yards long, and were gone over twice, the result being the cotton was cleanly picked out of the bolls, the machine being as thorough in this respect as the fingers of the negro. No injury to foliage, bolls or branches of the plant.

In the morning, when the cotton was slightly damp, a gathering from one row made by the machine weighed a little more than thirty pounds; the waste, knocked on the ground by the machine, was picked up by hand and weighed five ounces. In the afternoon with the cotton perfectly dry, the cotton picked weighed over twenty eight pounds, and the waste picked up weighed nearly three and one half pounds.

The time made was about five pounds a minute or 300 pounds an hour. Allowing time, liberally, for emptying the receptacles, stopping for repairs, meals and so on, the machine could easily work ten hours a day and would gather 3,000 pounds at a total expense of not more than \$3 per day, making the total cost of the picking of each bale \$1.50. At present prices the cost is fully \$16.—Waco, (Tex.) Day.

Does Experience Count

It does, in every line of business and especially in compounding and preparing medicine. This is illustrated in the great superiority of Hood's Sarsaparilla over other preparations, as shown by the remarkable cures it has accomplished.

The head of the firm of C. I. Hood & Co., is a thoroughly competent and experienced pharmacist, having devoted his whole life to the study and actual preparation of medicines. He is also a member of the Massachusetts and American Pharmaceutical Association and continues actively devoted to supervising the preparation of and managing the business connected with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hence the superiority and peculiar merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is built upon the most substantial foundation. In its preparation there is represented all the knowledge which modern research in medical science has developed combined with long experience, brain work, and experiment. It is only necessary to give this medicine a fair trial to realize its great curative value.

A farmer of Alpharetta, Ga., has an acre of cotton, every stalk of which is a deep red color, leaf, boll and bloom. This novel crop is the product of seed derived three years ago from two stalks of red cotton found in a cotton field. If this variety can be perpetuated it will likely mean a fortune for the successful planter.

THE STATE CAN HELP.

BY LENDING MONEY ON LAND AS HAS BEEN DONE BEFORE.

Now that the Republican Senatorial caucus has decided upon their bill for financial relief, it is apparent the scheme is devised chiefly to help the national banks in the financial centres of the country, and only those who have United States bonds or gold or silver bullion can avail themselves of the privileges contained in the bill.

Until there is elected a Democratic Congress and President we cannot hope for any financial legislation that will help the agricultural portions of the country. The present Congress will not pass Senator Stanford's bill to issue greenbacks to be loaned to the farmers, nor will it make the coinage of silver free.

The enquiry here arises can the several States afford the necessary relief by their individual action. For instance, would it be constitutional for the incoming Legislature of North Carolina to pass an act to issue, say, five or ten million of 4 per cent. bonds, the proceeds of which, to be loaned to the people of the several counties on unincumbered real estate at 4 1/2 per cent. interest, for a period of fifteen years. Not more than \$1,000 to be loaned to any one person. Conceding the Legislature has such power, would it be a good thing to do? We may form some idea as to this, from a study of the results of just such legislation upon the people of this State when a colony of Great Britain. It may surprise some to be told that in 1727, the General Assembly of North Carolina, as a relief to the people suffering from a scarcity of money, passed an act providing for the issue of \$200,000.00 in bills which were to be legal tender for debt, and were to be loaned to the farmers of the several counties (precincts) for a period of 15 years, at 6 1/2 per cent. interest. This interest and one-fifth of the principal was payable each year. The county treasurer was authorized to lend on unincumbered farms to one-half their value. If the interest was not promptly paid, he had the right to distrain upon any personal property of the debtor he could find. If the interest was not paid for three consecutive years, the county treasurer was then to re-enter and take possession and sell the land on thirty days notice.

It will still more surprise some to be told, that the above scheme, open to so many objections, and presenting so many difficulties; in other words, apparently so visionary, met with complete success. It was so beneficial to the people of North Carolina, that it was substantially adopted in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and South Carolina; and the plan was recommended to the Governor of Massachusetts, to the mother country for introduction in all the colonies. It would seem but simple justice, that as the National Banking law denies to the farmer the privilege of borrowing money from a national bank on his farm as security; and as Congress has gone still further and legislated out of existence our State banks that formerly afforded this aid to the farmer, some plan should be devised by which the owners of land, a species of property of all the most stable in value, indestructible in its nature, immovable; the very mud sill of all other property as a basis of credit.

Such a scheme must look to government aid, either National or State, rather than to the banks.—*Col. W. H. S. Burgess in State Chronicle.*

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists at Weldon, Brown & Carraway, Habtax, Dr. J. A. McGowan, English, W. M. Cohen, Weldon.

BABIES AND BARN.

THE SINGULAR EXPERIENCE OF A PENNSYLVANIA FARMER IN CONNECTION WITH THE INCREASE OF HIS FAMILY.

Farmer John Griscomb, of Daly's Run, is the most uneasy and anxious man just now in the whole Pine Creek country. Farmer Griscomb was married six years ago. He has a good hill farm, and is well-to-do. A year after he was married a child was born to him. A few days later his barn was burned to the ground. How it caught fire he never knew. The barn was replaced with a new one. A year and a half later his wife presented him with their second child. In less than a week his new barn caught fire while Griscomb was away fighting forest fires, and was destroyed. The barn was rebuilt. The Griscomb family was increased by the birth of a third child in July, 1886. The next day was the fourth of July, and Griscomb celebrated by firing off some mild fireworks. Somehow or other, sparks from the mild fireworks got into the barn, and it went up in a fourth of July bonfire. Fortunately, the hay crop had not yet been mowed.

This successive signaling of the event of every increase in his family by burning a barn struck Farmer Griscomb as something monotonous as it was expensive, and he began to look into the future with no little foreboding. But he had to have a barn, and his neighbors got together, made a frolic, and soon raised the third new barn. Griscomb had built within four and a half years. The farmer prospered, and last summer his hay crop was so good that he built a second barn for storing hay in a meadow not far from his house. Last Sunday Mrs. Griscomb again became a mother, this time adding twins to the family treasures. When farmer Griscomb was told that he was the father of twins, he stood dumb for a moment. Then he exclaimed:

"That's right! That's the way it ought to be! I've got two barns now! Twins is right! A barn to burn for each twin!"

The barns are still standing, but farmer Griscomb has men watching each one night and day. He says he will not be able to rest for a week, at least.

"I think may be the crisis will be past, then," he says.

But he is, beyond doubt, just now the most uneasy and anxious man in the whole county.—*New York Sun.*

FROM NATURE'S STOREHOUSE.

Comes all the component parts of S. S. S. There is no chemical nor anything which comes from chemist's shop contained in it. S. S. S. is therefore a perfectly safe and harmless remedy, yet so powerful is it that it has never failed to cure Blood Poison. It always cures Scrofula, if taken before some vital part is so seriously impaired as to render a cure impossible. It relieves Mercurial Rheumatism, and cures all sorts of Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, etc., by eliminating the poison from the blood. S. S. S. has cured thousands of cases of Skin Cancer, and many cases of Scirrhus Cancer. It is no experiment to take S. S. S.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by W. M. Cohen.

That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by W. M. Cohen.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. At W. M. Cohen's drugstore.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by W. M. Cohen.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale by W. M. Cohen.

HERSELF, YET ANOTHER.

STRANGE STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL.

Dr. Richard Hodgson is preparing for the next issue of the London Journal of Psychological Research an exhaustive paper on the case of Mary Vennum, says the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Record, and it is a strange story. Mary Vennum is a young girl, a real flesh and blood heroine, living to-day with her parents in Rollins county, Kansas, and for the present clothed in her right mind. But in her fourteen years she has lived two lives, two separate, individual existences.

For almost a year this girl lived and talked and ate as an entirely distinct personality. It cannot be said that she thought she was this other girl into whose individuality her own had been transferred, for she was that other girl. The Mary Koff whom she became and remained for nearly twelve months had died several years before. Yet where her life had been broken by death Mary Vennum took it up, continued its interrupted duties, went to live at her old home and could not be dragged away.

She strongly resembled the dead girl and in pity they let her live in the Koff household, hoping, too, that she would be cured in time, for they thought that she was suffering from a disease.

Her story finally got abroad, and it has puzzled no end of students of such phenomena. Finally Dr. Hodgson, who is the secretary of the English psychological society, had his attention called to the girl. He has gone carefully step by step over Mary Vennum's whole life, and not only authenticates all the strange details of this tale of transformation, but has gathered much additional material, which he will weave into his treatise.

Mary was subject to cataleptic fits; after one of these she didn't know her parents, and began to talk of things about the Goff house and articles in it that her parents knew nothing about. The Vennum family took the girl to the Koffs, as she was always pleading to be taken home.

There she stayed perfectly content. From the moment she first stepped inside the door she treated all the members of the household as old acquaintances. She understood all their peculiarities as if she had been reared among them. She was perfectly familiar with every piece of furniture and every chair and picture, and seemed in every way happy and contented.

Though she had never even visited the place she immediately recognized every object that had belonged to the dead girl, and called it her own. One day she ran through the house several times as though looking for something, and she afterwards said to Mrs. Koff: "Mother where is Gyp? I want to see him. I am afraid he has not been properly cared for."

Gyp had been the favorite pet of Mary Koff, and had been buried eleven years. His name had never been mentioned before Mary, and the Koffs never remember to have spoken of him since their acquaintance with the Vennums.

Many other instances of like nature are given by the doctor. Mr. Hodgson claims that he can verify the story with the best of testimony. He regards the affair as a remarkable case of thought transference, and explains it thus: "The girl was suffering from frequent and acute attacks of catalepsy. While in this condition she was visited by Mr. and Mrs. Koff. She reminded them forcibly of their departed daughter, whom she resembled very much."

"Their daughter had died of the same disorder, and had displayed the same symptoms. What could be more natural then, if thought transference is ever possible without the aid of the senses, than the intense feelings toward their absent daughter, just aroused, should impress her personality upon the cataleptic child? And when the communion between the different minds had been once established independent of senses, what should hinder its continuance for an indefinite period?"

REDBONES OF CAROLINA.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE WHO DWELL CLANDESTINELY DOWN IN DIXIE LAND.

"There is a singular race of people in South Carolina called the Redbones," said Senator Wade Hampton. "Their origin is unknown. They resemble in appearance the gypsies, but in complexion are red. They have accumulated considerable property, and are industrious and peaceable. They live in small settlements at the foot of the mountains, and associate with none but their own race. They are a proud and high spirited people. Caste is very strong among them. They enjoy life, visit the watering places and mountain resorts, but eat and keep by themselves."

"When the war broke out several of them enlisted in the Hampton Legion, and when the legion reached Virginia there was a great outcry among the Virginians and the troops from other States because we had enlisted negroes. They did not resemble the African in the least except in cases where Africans had amalgamated with Indians."

"This intermixture, which is common in the Carolinas, produces marvelous results. It takes the kink out of the hair of the African, straightens his features, and improves him in every way except in temper. These Afro-Indo people are devils when aroused."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

A STRING OF PEARLS.

The poet Tennyson can take a worthless sheet of paper, and, by writing a poem on it, make it worth sixty-five thousand dollars. That's genius.

Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet of paper, and make it worth five million dollars. That's capital.

The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an "eagle bird" and make it worth twenty dollars. That's money.

The mechanic can take material worth five dollars and make it into a watch worth one hundred dollars. That is skill.

The merchant can take an article worth seventy-five cents and sell it for a dollar. That's business.

A lady can purchase a very comfortable bonnet for three dollars and seventy-five cents, but she prefers one that costs twenty-seven dollars. That's foolishness.

The ditch digger works ten hours a day and shovels two or three tons of earth for two dollars and fifty cents. That's labor.

SWALLOWED THIRTEEN WATCHES.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

James McFadden, of Ben Springs, Cal., once captured a beautiful specimen of a sn owl which measured four and one half feet from tip to tip of wing. He sold him to a jeweler, who exhibited him in his show window. Everything went well until one day when the jeweler missed a tray of watches.

A thorough search failed to reveal where the missing watches were. While the jeweler was excitedly hunting for the timepieces he heard a muffled ticking. Putting his ear to the breast of the owl the ticking was distinctly heard. In his anger the jeweler decapitated the bird, and on opening its stomach discovered thirteen gold and silver watches.

Six of the watches were in an excellent state of preservation, while seven of the number were in various stages of disintegration. On opening the gizzard a thirteenth watch was found. The sides of the watch had been digested, but the hands and face were still intact.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. For sale at W. M. Cohen's drugstore.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia in Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer and guaranteed to cure you. For sale by W. M. Cohen.

For a full, reliable test, use Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 25 cents. For sale by W. M. Cohen.

AT HER HUSBANDS BIER.

A DEVOTED WIFE COMMITS SUICIDE—END OF A ROMANCE.

A dispatch from San Diego, Cal., under date of December 27th, says: A rarer story of love, devotion, death and suicide is seldom penned outside the pages of fiction than that which was enacted in National City yesterday. Nearly two years ago a couple arrived, evidently foreigners. Both were young and rich and they rented a cottage. They were known by the name of Paris, and had several servants and a number of grey-hounds.

Paris was recently taken sick. Many doctors were called, but he died on Christmas Day. The wife seemed to be broken-hearted. While the body was being embalmed the woman begged to lie under the winding sheet, but was refused. Presently the doctor missed the chloroform and found the woman lying beside the dead man, caressing him and saying, "Why could I not go with you?" The doctor tried to remove her. She resisted, and said: "Let us lie together." Her voice was so thick that the doctor became suspicious, and found on investigation that she had taken carbolic acid. Her mouth and chest were burned. She was accused and admitted it, saying: "Yes, I must go to my husband," and died.

The story came to light, through the bank, that they were Count and Countess Jesor Paris de Hochkoffer, of Trieste, Austria. The Countess (nee Mina Altot) who died with her husband, was of German nobility, her lineage dating back eight hundred years. She was beautiful, educated and an artist. The Count was the son of a man who was the head of one of the largest banking firms in Austria. The Count was wild and his father sent him travelling. He settled here a short time ago.

Mothers and Nurses should always remember that disappointment never attends the use of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price only 25 cents.

No wonder people say the climate is changing, with all the queer weather we are having lately, and to be free from catarrh is a privilege. We have, however, an excellent remedy for this ailment: Old Saul's Catarrh Cure.

Esocri's glory was that "he walked with God." No man can have a higher or more blessed distinction. All else fades and decays. Youth's beauty and manhood's vigor wither like the flowers of Spring. Honor's garlands perish. The achievements of science are short-lived. Passing away is written upon every earthly thing. But holy walking with God is something which is both enduring and glorious. It imparts a perennial joy, yields an abiding peace, conquers death and wins God.—*Presbyterian.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

It being definitely ascertained, says Joe Howard, in the New York Press, that the New York World netted \$800,000 in the year 1890, the New York Herald \$600,000, and the Boston Globe \$200,000.

BRICK POMEROY, as he appears nowadays, is a portly, well dressed gentleman, whose attire is topped off with a slouch hat. He is described as the same jolly, good natured, abstemious, cynical gentleman that he was of old.

THE mean term of human life has gradually increased in the last fifty years from a thirty four to forty two years. Of those who have attained the age of sixty six years, out of 1,000 forty three were physicians, forty farmers, thirty five office holders, thirty two military, thirty two clerical, twenty nine lawyers, twenty eight artists, twenty seven professors and twenty four doctors.