

The ROANOKE NEWS

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NO. 15.

DEATH OF A MISER.

\$10,000 FOUND IN STOCKINGS AND CRACKS—A CABARRUS COUNTY MISER DIES, AGED EIGHTY YEARS.

Old uncle Bill Bost, of No. 10 township, Cabarrus county, died the other day and his body was buried at Bethel. He was about eighty years old, was a bachelor, and was known to be miserly in his habits to a wonderful degree. His only companions were two dogs, and an old negro woman who had been living with him during his entire life. Curious to say, in his will he left her nothing but her old age and a worn-out constitution—not a penny or even a shanty to cover her head. His real estate consisted of 1,800 acres of land. His home place containing 500 acres he left jointly to his two nephews, Allen and Peter Bost. The former is his executor. The balance was left to other nephews in 100 acre lots each. To his nieces he gave nothing. In his dilapidated home he had a safe which was thought to hold thousands of dollars. When this was opened the only money found was a punched nickel. Further search was instituted and in old bureau drawers, old cupboards, in pitchers, jars in old clothes-pockets, in old stockings and in cracks in his miserable house was found \$10,000 in gold, besides a large quantity of gold dust and bullion. He had on hand only a few hundred dollars in paper money and no notes or mortgages of any consequence. In the search a package from a Charlotte bank was found containing several hundred dollars that had never been opened at all. This was received by him in 1880. Last spring he made tax returns and gave in as money on hand \$4,000.

Perhaps he did not know how much he had stuck about in different places. He had corn and bacon on hand four years old, and some hay that has been stacked twenty five years. He eased his conscience by leaving of his hard earnings \$100 to Bethel Church. He made his will only three weeks ago, and there is much talk about contesting it, for some of his kin have been left without anything.

A FLEETING VISION.

A colored man stood watching the loading of a freight car with watermelons at Augusta, Ga., and he seemed so greedily interested that I asked:

"Would you like to go along in that car?"

"Deed, sah, but I would," he replied.

"In case you were locked in with those melons, how many do you think you could eat between here and Cincinnati?"

"Locked right in?"

"Yes."

"Nobody to bodder me?"

"No."

"Jist turned right loose to eat all I wanted?"

"Yes."

"Yum! Yum! Taint no use, boss. Dar's no sich luck for me. If dey locked me in an' tole me to spread myself, dat eah we wouldn't git ober fo' miles from town afore it would run off de track an' bust me all to fenders! Hu! Might as well 'spect to see six fat 'possums cum walking into my cabin an' ax me to bake 'em fur Sunday dinner!"—N. Y. World.

Guaranteed Cure for La Grippe.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with La Grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free at W. M. Cohen's drugstore. Large size 50c. and \$1.

If you feel weak and all worn out take **OWN'S IRON BITTERS**

WOULD PLAY HIS HAND.

A RURAL ROOSTER WHO COULD NOT BEGIN TO STAND EVERYTHING.

His hair was sofferino, his necktie cerulean, his sack coat purple, and his trousers a loud, yellow plaid, truncated at the lower extremity.

There protruded from an inner pocket the neck of a tickler, containing a decoction labelled "Nash County Apple New Dip, for Shark and Mosquito Bites."

He occupied two seats on a crowded train going to the Hammocks, and he was meditative.

Rousing himself as he caught a whiff of the briny breeze, he exclaimed, looking out upon the ocean, "Gosh! But are they agwine to try ter cross that river on this train?"

Finally, disembarking and standing on the ocean shore, and gazing over the waters with open-mouthed wonder, he thus accosted a reporter:

"Say, mister, haint they got a mighty freshet down here?"

He was assured it was only an ordinary flow.

"Well, whats them gals er wadin' in thar fer—did'n they never see er river afore?"

"They are bathing," he was informed.

"U'm, h—u—u, well, them gals is frisky as kittens an' looks like they was gwine to play circus right thar in that water."

Just at this juncture some young men joined the fair bathers and they began to frolic together in the billows. The rural coon grew excited, pulled off his coat and vest and began tugging at his shirt.

"Hold up," exclaimed the reporter, staying the shirt-shucking, "what are you going to do?"

"Lem-me lone, I'll be dad daddledy bust if I kin stan' everything; of gals has ter be handled ter keep 'em fum bein' drowned in ribbers, den I kin pla' my han' wid de bes' uv'em."

The situation was explained and the rustic individual calmed down.—Wil. Messenger.

FOR HIS FEELINGS.

"I had a boss killed right at this crossing last year," said a Long Island farmer to me as we were coming back from Coney Island the other day.

"Get damages?"

"Oh, yes. I put in a bill and the railroad folks paid right up."

"How much of a bill?"

"Even \$200."

"Was the horse really worth that?"

"Wall, now, I don't kalkerlate he was. He was wuth about \$150. I thought it all over and I made up my mind that \$150 would kiver his loss."

"But you got \$50 more."

"Yes. But the rest was fur damage to my feelin's. 'Taint in human natur' to see a boss who has worked fur you twenty-three years killed the way he was without harrowin' up your feelin's at least \$50 wuth. I orter had \$75. But he was six years old when I got him and was sort o' dyin' of old age anyhow, and so I let 'er slide at half a hundred."

Holt—You ran after the nobility when you were in England, did you?

Higgins—Yes. All through Europe I followed my motto, "When in Rome do as the Romans do." I flirted in France climbed in Switzerland, drank in Germany and posed in Italy.

Holt—Why didn't you go to Monte Carlo? People shoot themselves down there.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious look, if your stomach be disordered you have a Dyspeptic look, and if your Kidneys be afflicted you have a Pinched look. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and tonic and acts directly on the vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at W. M. Cohen's drugstore, 50c., and \$1 per bottle.

A PETRIFIED GIRL.

PRESERVATION OF A YOUNG WOMAN'S BODY IN INDIANA.

Mary Ann Grier disappeared from her father's home, two miles south of Wauatah, Ind., nearly forty years ago. A few days ago her body was recovered in an abandoned bog iron ore pit, without one vestige of change from the appearance it had known in life. The last shred of clothing was long ago destroyed, but the same chemicals which removed the garments preserved the flesh. Not only is the contour as perfect as in life, but even the color has remained unchanged. The hands are brown, and one of them still bears the stains of the berries with which she was working on the afternoon of her disappearance.

The cheeks are slightly brown, but suffused with a ruddy flush, which old settlers here will remember as one of the girls' chief charms. Were it not for the unsightly cavities that once contained the eyes, the petrified frame, which has lain almost half a century in the soil, would appear as the beautifully sleeping figure of a healthy, handsome young woman.

When the body was found it was at first believed to be that of some woman recently murdered, but one of the discoverers struck the body with a knife and proved that it was stone. The father of the dead girl was the first to recognize her. He had always believed that she had run away from home with a young man named Whitesel, with whom she was in love, in face of the objections of her parents.

Old man Grier, now almost 80 years old, was brought to the place where his long lost daughter lay. He looked upon the face of the girl, whose beauty was perfectly preserved, except that in place of her eyes were unsightly holes. Then he laid both hands upon the body and broke down utterly, crying "My Mary, I thought you were gone away; I thought you were bad." And it was more than an hour before he could be persuaded to leave her and return to his home.

This whole country is full of a kind of iron called bog ore. In early days it was extensively mined by farmers. It is probable that the girl went to meet her lover. She must have fallen into one of the pits from which the ore had been taken, drawing down upon her as she fell an avalanche of loose but heavy soil. There must have been water in the pit, as was almost invariably the case, and this with the iron must have produced a solution that tended to preserve and petrify the body.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A MATRIMONIAL DISAPPOINTMENT.

The Hon. Stephen A. Douglas addressed the banqueters as follows:

"This ceremony to-night makes me think of a story, a real circumstance, that happened in North Carolina some years ago. A negro man and woman went to a Justice of the Peace to get married. Two or three weeks after the man came back and said:

"Marse Justice, you must unmarry us."

"I can't unmarry you," was the reply.

"You must!"

"I can't."

"But you must."

"I can't. You have got to go before a court and get a divorce."

"Boss, you got me into all this trouble and you must get me out of it."

"I can't do it. You took that woman for better or worse."

"I know that, but she is a d—d sight worse than I took her for."—Chicago Herald.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Not if you go through the world a dyspeptic. Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are a positive cure for the worst forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. Guaranteed and

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Druggist, Weldon, N. C.

JUDGE GILLIAM DEAD.

AFTER LONG ILL HEALTH HE RESTS FROM HIS LABORS.

Judge Henry A. Gilliam, one of our most esteemed citizens, passed away at noon on the 9th. He had been very feeble for a long time, and his mental faculties had become much impaired. His disease was softening of the brain. He lived a long life of usefulness and his death is greatly deplored. He was seventy-six years of age.

At the time of his death, Judge Henry A. Gilliam was about seventy-six of age. He was a native of Gates county. In the war he was a Major in active service and was taken prisoner at the fall of Roanoke Island. For almost twenty years he was the leading lawyer of the north eastern Carolina bar, and was regarded as a man of unusual intellectual power. He practiced law in the first and second judicial districts until 1879, residing at Edenton, when he removed to Raleigh and formed a co-partnership with the late Major John Gatling. This partnership continued until he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court by Gov. Jarvis to fill out an unexpired term. At the end of the term he declined to be a candidate for the nomination. At the conclusion of his judicial service he removed to Tarboro, where he practiced law in partnership with his son, Don Gilliam, Esq. Judge Gilliam had the misfortune to lose his wife about 1875. He leaves surviving him, two sons, Donnell Gilliam and Henry A., Jr. Before the war he carried the county of Washington, which was strongly Democratic, he being the Whig nominee, and represented that county in the Legislature. He is the last to leave us of a large list of leading and influential lawyers and representative men of the north eastern section of the State among whom were Col. Outlaw, David M. Carter, W. T. Martin, Patrick H. Winston, William A. Moore, Gen. Stubbs and Fenner Satterwaite, who were ornaments of that section. Judge Barnes is the last survivor of this brilliant coterie.

IT IS TRUE.

WHERE WOMEN ARE IN DEMAND, EVEN THE UGLIEST OF THEM.

We are almost daily in receipt of letters from the over-crowded Eastern States asking:

"Do you think I can get married if I come out there?"

These letters are written by old maids, widows, cross-eyed girls and grass-wives, and we wish to state here and now that this town offers them greater advantages in this direction than any other in the West. Out of a population of over 4,000 we have only thirty-three women, and seven of them are over eighty years old. We'll bet a dollar to a cent all day long that 500 Eastern females can find husbands here in twenty-four hours. If it was known that there was a consignment on the way one-half our population would ride fifty miles on mule back to get the first pick.

Women are not asked to come out here to be criticised and allowed around. We don't believe there is a man in this town who wouldn't jump at the chance of offering his heart to a red-headed girl with a cateret in both eyes and a wart on every finger. We have contended all along that what this town wants most is not a boom in real estate to benefit a few, but ten carloads of women from Boston to benefit the many. Their influence would soon be felt here, and there would be a moral backing which we can never secure without their presence. We say to all inquirers: Come right along. If you are not stopped and married before you get here, we guarantee you will be within 15 minutes after your arrival.—Arizona Kicker.

"Mamie kept her word, after all."

"How is that?"

"Why, she has always said she would not marry the best man living."

"But she was married to-day."

"Yes, but she did not marry the best man."

PREPARE FOR IT.

GREAT STORMS PREDICTED FOR NEXT WINTER.

Among the weather prophets of his age and country are several whose forecasts have been so generally correct that instead of being ridiculed as guessers or charlatans, as was once the case, they receive respectful attention. One of these weather seers, Professor Forster, has recently given to the Washington Post his prognostications for eleven months, beginning with July. The professor disavows any mystery or any secret means of knowing more of what changes are to be than others possess, but plainly says that his prognostications are based on real physical causes. From his studies of these he is led to warn his countrymen to be prepared for an unusually severe winter and for great storms. These disturbances will be due to the equinox of Jupiter next January, when he anticipates a terrible weather as this country experienced in 1832-33. During that period occurred the historical hurricane that visited the lower Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico, and numerous other storms of great severity that extended over many States. He says the equinoxes of Jupiter and Saturn always cause great disturbances in our solar system, and also that "electricity is the force that causes all storms, and the sun and all the planets throw an electric force into space over their equators, as does the electric dynamo, and consequently when any plant passes its equinoctial the electrical tension of the sun and of that plant are disturbed, and simultaneously the electric force of every plant in the solar system is unbalanced, which effects the electric currents of the earth."

Whether this theory is true or not the accuracy of most of Professor Foster's weather prophecies for several years justifies the belief that this latest one will be at least measurably fulfilled. This storm period will begin in October and November, if his calculations are correct, and will extend well into next year.

Accepting the fulfillment of this prophecy as possible, there are certain things it would be wise to do. The first is to secure as much of the cotton and other late crops before the possible storm season shall begin. Another is to provide shelter for domestic animals and to lay in unusually large stores of forage. There are many parts of the South, especially in the Piedmont and mountain districts, where these provisions for the welfare of stock are never adequately made. Southern manufacturers might advantageously accumulate the materials used in their industries, so as to have a supply on hand sufficient to outlast any temporary transportation blockades that may occur because of the severity of the weather, while dealers in fuel, provisions and other essentials of every day life ought to take like precautions for the benefit of their customers.

A protracted, severe winter invariably increases the army of friendly invaders of the South. There are many signs that should the weather of next winter be merely of average coldness, yet the volume of Northern travel to the South will be the greatest on record. But should the prediction of Professor Foster prove true, all the desirable places of entertainment in the South will be overcrowded. Hotel and boarding-house keepers should be ready for this possible emergency.

What It Does.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

1. Purifies the blood.
2. Creates an appetite.
3. Strengthens the nerves.
4. Makes the weak strong.
5. Overcomes that tired feeling.
6. Cures scrofula, salt rheum.
7. Invigorates the kidneys and
8. Relieves headache, indigestion, pepsia.

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.

PICNIC AT LITTLETON.

SHAW'S SPRINGS THE SCENE OF MUCH FUN THURSDAY.

Last Thursday Littleton was full of people who went there to enjoy the day in various ways, the occasion being the annual excursion of the conductors and engineers of the Raleigh and Gaston railroad. The train carried down a tremendous crowd, and others to the number of several hundred were there also from the surrounding country, Halifax Enfield and this place, being well represented.

Everybody went at once to Shaw's Springs, because that is the Mecca of all picnic parties which can reach it. These springs are noted for their health-giving waters and every summer people from everywhere go there to get the benefit of them. They are also shipped in quantities to people who, having tested their efficacy, want to continue their use at all seasons of the year at home. The springs are situated in a valley, through which winds a musical brook in and out among the rocks and trees which line the banks of the stream and give shade and comfort to all. The spring gurgles out from the side of a high hill and the water is cool and refreshing. It was the most popular spot of the lovely grounds on the day of the picnic. People wandered about in couples or in groups, danced, sat on the rocks, rocked themselves in the swings which had been prepared, or watched the baseball game, according to their several fancies. An excellent band furnished the music for the dancers who occupied a platform built across the stream. All these conveniences and sources of pleasure have been fitted up by Mr. J. L. Shaw, the proprietor of the springs, at some expense to himself for the sole purpose of giving enjoyment to any who may choose to avail themselves of the opportunity. Situated about half a mile from town with a good road leading to them the grounds are very popular with everyone and are frequently resorted to by picnic parties every season. With his good forethought and generosity Mr. Shaw has laid off a good baseball ground. On Thursday a game was played there by the Warrenton and Henderson clubs which was called after the 4th inning resulting in a victory for Warrenton by a score of 7 to 1. The game was witnessed by a good many and only one thing came near marring the pleasure of players and spectators. Mr. Junie Cohen, who was playing with the Henderson club, while at the bat received a severe blow on the back of the head from the ball which gave him great pain, but from which fortunately he recovered in a short time. He saw the ball coming turned around and stooped to let it pass over his head, but did not bend low enough and received the full force of it on his head.

After spending a most delightful day the picnickers returned home carrying with them delightful recollections of Shaw's Springs and the charming day they had had there.

Delays are Dangerous.

There are those who are morbidly anxious about their health, watching every symptom and dosing themselves with

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