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LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

THE EXACT SPOT LOCATED—IT WILL BE MARKED BY A MONUMENT.

Dispatches received from the Chicago *Herald* expedition in search of the landing place on this continent of Christopher Columbus announce that the spot on which the new world was born to civilization has at last been found and marked by an appropriate and enduring memorial.

This spot is Watling's Island, Bahamas, and to prove that it was the San Salvador of Columbus it is only necessary to look closely into the record left by Columbus himself and compare it with the island as it exists today. A careful comparison of the description of San Salvador, as given by Columbus himself with Watling Island, as it was found by the *Herald* explorer leaves no doubt that Watling Island was the place on which Christopher Columbus landed in the early morning of Friday, October 12, 1492. Accordingly, on June 15th, the *Herald's* monument was erected upon the picturesque headland which forms the southern shore of Discovery Bay.

The site chosen was an admirable one in every particular. It is only 200 yards from the very sand beach on which Columbus landed and commands a fine view, not only of Discovery Bay, but of all the coast North and South.

Under the monument was placed a bundle of newspapers containing copies of the principal journals of the United States and portraits of many leading editors, making the monument more distinctively than ever an American newspaper offering to the memory of the great discoverer. In the surmounting shaft were placed a number of stones which friends had forwarded from Chicago, the shaft itself being capped with a block of granite from the new *Herald* building.

At 4 o'clock June 15th, the gun of the Nassau fired a salute, Governor Naim, of Watling's Island, drew the stars and stripes from the shaft of the monument and hoisted them to the top of the flagstaff, and amid the cheers of the assembled crowd of citizens, sailors and visitors, the Chicago *Herald's* monument to Christopher Columbus was dedicated to the memory of the great discoverer.

A BITING PRAYER.

In the State of Ohio there resided a family consisting of an old man by the name of Beaver and his three sons, all of whom were hard "pets" who had often laughed to scorn the advice and entreaties of a pious though very eccentric minister who resided in the same town. It happened one of the boys was bitten by a rattlesnake and was expected to die, when the minister was sent for in great haste. On his arrival he found the young man very penitent and anxious to be prayed with. The minister, calling on the family, knelt down and prayed in this wise: "O Lord, we thank thee for the rattlesnake; we thank thee because a rattlesnake has bitten Jim. We pray thee send a rattlesnake to bite John; send one to bite Bill; and O Lord, send the biggest kind of a rattlesnake to bite the old man, for nothing but rattlesnakes will bring the Beaver family to repentance!"

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper—W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

TELEPHONING BY PROXY.

A DOMESTIC SCHEME THAT DID NOT PROVE A COMPLETE SUCCESS.

Herr Muller, the manufacturer, had returned from his honeymoon trip, and after a week of conjugal bliss in the new home he awoke to the necessity of attending to his business, and so with heavy heart he said good-by to his little wife and proceeded to his office, situated about a mile from the house. The long hours of separation from the partner of his joys and sorrows were, however, a severe trial to his fortitude, and he hit on the expedient of connecting the house and his place of business by means of a telephone wire. And now sweet words of tender affection were exchanged between the loving couple every hour of the day. A week later the work of the office became more absorbing, and our manufacturer felt himself obliged to put a stop to this waste of time; besides he began to find that Ludmilla's cajoleries were growing somewhat tedious and commonplace. But he would not have his wife suspect this for worlds. His inventive genius found a way out of the difficulty. There was an old servant of the firm, Herr Kobes by name, almost past work, but retained to do odd jobs about the place. He was a queer old bachelor with a red nose and a romantic turn of mind; for he was an adept at whispering soft nothings in the ears of young ladies, and fondly imagined the whole of the fair sex were in love with him. Besides the tone of his voice had a striking resemblance to that of his principal. Herr Muller gave this man certain private instructions, and next morning Herr Kobes was duly installed at the telephone and engaged in an enormous conversation with his invisible partner, while his principal was busy with his correspondence. Quite contrary to Muller's expectation, Ludmilla appeared to take increasing delight in her husband's conversation, and the apparatus was kept constantly going. The manufacturer could now attend to his affairs without interruption, while at the same time his wife had no reason to complain of his coolness. This state of things was highly satisfactory. One day, having a business call to make in the neighborhood of his dwelling house, he left the office earlier than usual, quite oblivious of old Kobes and the telephone, and after he had gone his errand he went straight home, as it was hardly worth while returning to the office at that late hour. But what was his astonishment on entering the room to see his wife sitting on the sofa deeply absorbed in the latest novel, and at the telephone, busy talking with the gentleman at the office—Babette, the old cook!—*Fliegende Blätter.*

CHEAP FUEL GAS.

A NEW PROCESS THAT UTILIZES CRUDE OIL, SLACK COAL AND STEAM.

A new process of making fuel gas has been brought recently in Chicago, and if all that is reported of it be true it is destined to be of great service. The generator used produces a gas from slack coal, into which crude Lima oil is sprayed with a steam jet. The resulting mixture of gas, steam and smoke is driven into a chamber in which the steam, oil and unconsumed carbon of the smoke are decomposed into a fixed gas.

The company controlling this remarkable process claim to be able to make gas at a cost of 2½ cents per 1,000 cubic feet. It is said that a contract has already been made to supply the city of Waukegan, Wis., with an illuminating gas made by this process for 15 cents per 1,000 cubic feet. It is proposed to establish a number of plants for making fuel gas in Chicago.

A CHILD KILLED.

Another child killed by the use of opiates given in the form of Soothing Syrup. Why mothers give their children such deadly poison is surprising when they can relieve the child of its peculiar troubles by using Dr. Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no opium or morphine. For sale at W. M. Cohen's drugstore, Weldon, N. C.

TO EUROPE IN FIVE DAYS.

MODEL OF A STEAMER THAT IS TO ACCOMPLISH THIS FEAT.

There has been placed on view in the Royal Naval exhibition a beautiful finished model of a vessel designed by Messrs. James and George Thompson, limited, Clydebank, Glasgow, guaranteed to steam at the rate of 23½ knots an hour, which will enable the vessel to cross the Atlantic within five days. In view of the divergence of opinion as to the details of such a fast vessel, Messrs. Thompson are naturally unwilling to give everyone the benefit of their great and successful experience in the designing and constructing of modern Atlantic steamers, so that the dimensions, etc., are not indicated. We understand, however, that the vessel is about 630 feet long by 70 feet beam. The lines are very fine forward, and there is a "sweatness" aft which even exceeds the beauty of the City of Paris. The floor is flat, with a scarcely perceptible rise from keel to bilge. Unlike the City of Paris, the new vessel will have a straight stem, but she will have the same area balanced rudder and twin screws. These are 22 feet or 23 feet in diameter, and they are well supported. The tube forms a part of the solid forging, there being a heavy web between it and the internal framing, while at the extreme after end there is attached to the usual A frame another long tube, in which the shaft will work in bearings. There is only a small part of the shaft between the two bearings working outside the tubes. There are four funnels, and 200 feet of the length of the ship is left for boilers and bunkers. The engines are to be triple compound, with four cylinders working four cranks. They will probably indicate 30,000 horse power. Accommodation is provided for 700 first-class second-class passengers and about 400 emigrants, and all the arrangements worked out in the plans are far ahead, as far as regards luxury and comfort, of anything yet produced. The plating of the ship is carried up to the promenade deck, which runs from end to end, and a width of about 20 feet on each side is left for walking. In the City of Paris the plating only comes to the upper deck, the promenade being supported on stanchions. The promenade deck in the new vessel is sheltered by a deck above, where the lifeboats are carried, while the roofs of the deck structures provide a promenade presumably for second-class passengers. The smoking-room is forward, and the main dining-saloon aft, the former on the promenade and the latter on the upper deck, and over the dining saloon there is an immense arched roof as in the City of Paris. In addition to the bridge forward there is one aft, both being something like 45 feet from water level. There are two stacks as masts, but they seemed only for signals and to provide a crow's nest for the "lookout." On the promenade deck are twelve machine guns, and in other respects the vessel is made suitable for an armed cruiser, the plans indicating a more minute subdivision even than the very adequate arrangement in this respect of the recently built Inman liners.—*London Engineering.*

A Little Girl's Experience in a Lighthouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter, four years old. Last April she was taken down with Measles, followed with a dreadful Cough and turning into a Fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones." Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at W. M. Cohen's drugstore.

If Mr. Webster had known the definitions of all the words that Judge Walter G. Gresham is not uttering about the next nomination, he could have written a dictionary which would never need revising.

SAVING BABY'S LIFE.

A CARRIER PIGEON UTILIZED TO SEND FOR THE MEDICINE.

An incident occurred recently in the family of G. F. Marsh, the dealer in Japanese curiosities at No. 625 Market street and a member of the Pacific Coast Pigeon Society, which proved to him in a most impressive manner the valuable services which may sometimes be rendered by the carrier pigeon, and probably explains some of his enthusiasm in that direction.

His little baby boy was taken suddenly sick with a most alarming symptom of diphtheria. The mother, watching by the bedside of the little one, dispatched a message tied on a carrier pigeon to her husband at his store on Market street. In the message she wrote the nature of the child's alarming illness, and made an urgent appeal for medicine to save its life. The bird was started from the home of the family near the Cliff House, five miles from Mr. Marsh's Market street store.

The bird flew swiftly to the store, where Mr. Marsh received it. He read the message, called a doctor, explained the child's symptoms as his wife had detailed them in her message and received the proper medicine, then tying the little vial containing the precious medicine to the tail of the pigeon, he let it go.

The pigeon sped away through the air, straight for the Cliff. It made the distance—five miles—in ten minutes, a distance which would have required the doctor three-quarters of an hour to cover.

In twenty minutes from the time the mother's message was sent to her husband the baby was taking the medicine, and thus its life was saved.

Naturally enough Mr. Marsh is partial to pigeons, for he considers that he owes his baby's life to one.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

HER FEMINE CAPRICE.

HOW SHE TRIED TO TEST HER LOVER'S OPINION OF THE OTHER GIRL.

She—"O, don't you think Miss Browne is the nicest girl in the world?"

He—"Why, yes, of course, if you think so."

She—"And her eyes! Oh, don't you think they are splendid?"

He—"Very."

She—"And hasn't she the cutest little mouth and the kindest, dearest face?"

He—"Yes, indeed."

She—"And such a beautiful complexion! And what hair!"

He—"Very beautiful."

She—"And, then, isn't she graceful and doesn't she waltz divinely?"

He—"My, yes."

She—"And isn't she the sweetest, sweetest girl?"

He—"Yes, indeed."

She—"And don't you think she knows an awful lot; and don't you—oo-oo-oo think—?"

He—"Why, what's the matter, Mabel?"

She—"Oh! I t-h-o-u-g-h-t y-o-u l-o-v-e-d me, Tom?"

He—"Why, so I do."

She—"Well, then, how can you bear to talk so about that horrible old ugly Browne girl?"

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at W. M. Cohen's drugstore.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

DR. HUNTER H. MCGUIRE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF WAR LIFE WITH JACKSON.

Dr. Hunter H. McGuire, the distinguished surgeon, of Richmond, Va., who was attached to Jackson's command as medical director, and who was his attending surgeon and amputated his arm after he had received his wound at Chancellorsville, contributed to the Richmond Dispatch several columns of interesting reminiscences and anecdotes concerning Jackson's army life. Dr. McGuire says:

"In person Jackson was a tall man, six feet high, angular, strong, with rather large feet and hands. He strided along as he walked, taking long steps, and swinging his body a little. There was something firm and decided, however, even in his gait. His eyes were dark blue, large and piercing. He looked straight at you and through you almost as he talked. His nose was aquiline, his nostrils thin and mobile. His mouth was broad, his lips very thin. Generally they were compressed. He spoke in terse, short sentences, always to the point. There was never any circumlocution about what he had to say. His hair was brown and inclined to auburn. His beard was brown. He was as gentle and kind as a woman to those he loved. There was sometimes a softness and tenderness about him that was very striking. Under every and all circumstances he never forgot that he was a Christian, and acted up to his Christian faith unswervingly, and yet he was not a bigoted denominationalist.

"In my opinion those people who have made Gen. Jackson a narrow-minded, bigoted Presbyterian have belittled him. He was a true Presbyterian and Christian, but not a narrow one. I remember one night he was in my tent near Charleston, W. Va. It was a bitter cold, snowy night, and he was sitting by the fire that I had made. He said to me, 'I would not give one-thousandth part of my chances of Heaven for all the earthly reputation I have or can make.'

"The first time General Jackson ever saw President Davis was at the first Manassas. The enemy had been routed and the wounded brought back to the field hospital which I had made for Jackson's brigade. Out of about 1,800 shot that day in our army 600 or more were out of Jackson's brigade, and he himself had come back to the hospital wounded. The place was on the banks of a little stream of water just this side of the Lewis house. Hundreds of men had come back, the fight being over, to see about their wounded comrades, so there were really several thousand people gathered in and about that hospital. President Davis had gotten on the cars with his staff at Manassas Junction and ridden as fast as he could to the field of battle. He had been told along the route by stragglers that we were defeated. He came on down the little hill which led to this stream in a rapid gallop, stopped when he got to the stream and looked around at this great crowd of soldiers. His face was deadly pale and his eyes flashing. He stood up in his stirrups, glanced over this crowd, and said, 'I am President Davis; all of you who are able follow me back to the field.'

"Jackson was a little deaf and didn't know who Davis was or what he said until I told him. He stood up at once, took off his cap and saluted the President and said: 'We have whipped them. They ran like dogs. Give me 10,000 men and I will take Washington City tomorrow.'

"Jackson believed in States' rights; he believed in the sovereignty of Virginia; he believed that she had reserved the right to secede when she joined the Union, and that the North had no right of any kind to force Virginia back into the Union. He hated no individual Northerner—not one, so far as I know—but he hated the whole Northern race. He told me once that he had but one objection to General Lee, and that was that he did not hate the Yankees bad enough;

that Lee was the only man he knew that he would follow blindfolded.

"Thinking about Jackson's propensity to sleep, I remember after the battle of the seven days' fight around Richmond one Sunday we went to Dr. Hoge's Church. He went to sleep soon after the service began, and slept through the greater part of it. A man who can go to sleep anywhere on the face of the earth. When the service was over the people climbed over the backs of the pews to get near him, and the aisle became crowded and General Jackson em, barrased. Presently he turned to me and said: 'Didn't you say the horses were ready?' and I said, 'Yes, sir,' and we bolted out of church.

"Many a night I have kept him on his horse by holding on to his coat tail. He always promised to do as much for me when he had finished his nap. He meant to do it I am sure, but my turn never came.

"It was told that at a council of war held by Lee, Longstreet and Jackson that the last named went fast asleep, and when aroused and dimly conscious that his opinion was asked he cried out: 'Drive them into the river!'

SIMPLE HABITS.

"His habits of life were very simple. He preferred plain, simple food, and generally ate right heartily of it. Corn bread and butter and milk always satisfied him. He used no tobacco and rarely ever drank any whisky or wine. One bitter cold night at Dam No. 5, on the Potomac river, when we could light no fires because of the proximity of the enemy, I gave him a drink of whisky. He made a wry face in swallowing it and I said to him: 'Isn't the whisky good?' He answered: 'Yes, very; I like it, and that's the reason I don't drink it!'

A RICHTEOUS JUDGE.

A Judge in Nebraska recently found a remedy for one of the oppressed farmers of that State. The farmer had given a mortgage on his farm, and the mortgage had asked the court for judgment of foreclosure and confirmation of sale. The Judge said:

"I will not do it. This docket is covered, page upon page, with confirmation cases. The drought of last summer has exhausted the farmer's resources, and he is unable to pay his loans. The act of God, for which the people are not responsible, has reduced one-half of them almost to beggary, and this calamity shall not be made worse by any act of mine. We are asked to turn 100 farmers over to money-lenders and 500 women and children to pauperism. It shall never be done in this district while I am judge. The people are not able to pay, and I will not assist in robbing them. Let us wait until a crop can be raised and confidence restored, and all will come out right. If a man be living on his land, or trying to cultivate it, he should have the reward of his work. I will never confirm a sale in times like these, if the owner is trying to make a living on the land. When the people are compelled to ask aid to procure seed it would be a cruel mockery to deprive them of the land to sow the seed upon. I have a right not to confirm a case when the property sold does not bring two-thirds its actual value, and in these cases it has not brought that amount. The sale is not confirmed.

"Don't Care To Eat."

It is with the greatest confidence that Hood's Sarsaparilla is recommended for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and similar troubles. This medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion, and makes one "real hungry." Persons in delicate health, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days, find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish.

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.