

IN PURSUIT.

How the Materials for Tragedy Were Turned into Comedy.

A hansom cab from a railway station drove up to the ladies' entrance to a hotel, and out of the vehicle stepped a heavy, dark man, followed by a slender blonde woman wearing a veil. The two hurried into the hotel. The woman waited by the elevator while the man went to the desk to register.

"He wrote rather deliberately, yet with an attempt at nonchalant haste—as if the name were not his own—the words:—

"Charles Woodward and wife."

"When does the first fast train start for Chicago tomorrow morning?" he asked the clerk.

The heavy man rejoined. His companion and they entered the elevator. Just as the lift began to ascend a thin, fair man, who had come into the hotel through the front hall-way but a moment before, happened to turn his eyes toward the ascending car as it rapidly flew upward.

The thin man uttered an ejaculation. At the same instant came the sound of a gentle feminine shriek, sudden, but half-repressed, from the ladies' entrance on the other side of the elevator. A damask-checked and plump brunette stood there, and her eyes, which bore evidence of recently shed tears, were likewise turned upward in the direction whither the elevator had disappeared.

The thin man walked to the desk without noticing that the brunette started by a necessarily roundabout way for the same destination.

"Quick, tell me," said the man to the clerk, "who is the gentleman that just went up in the elevator? The large person with a black mustache?"

The clerk pointed to the latest inscription upon the register. Before the fair man could frame a second inquiry a new demand was made upon the clerk's fund of information.

"Please," spoke a trembling but still resolute voice, "can you tell me who is the woman that just went up in the elevator with—a handsome gentleman?"

The thin man looked quickly from the register to the brunette, whose eyes were fixed appealingly upon the clerk.

"Why do you ask?" said the thin man, before the clerk could begin a reply.

"What is that to you?" said the brunette, now observing the man for the first time.

"A good deal, I fancy. The woman is my wife. I've followed her from New York and have just caught up with her. And, if you can tell me, I'd be very glad to know who is the man with her."

"He's my husband."

The two stared at each other, the woman looking helpless, the man appearing to be in deep thought. It was he who eventually broke the silence.

"Madam, allow me to console with you and at the same time to beg your own sympathy for me. This—this elopement had very much excited me, and if I hadn't met you I might have done something that would have gotten the affair into the papers. Now that I've seen you, it occurs to me that we'd better discuss the situation and see what is best to be done. We have never seen each other before, but under the circumstances I'm sure you won't think me presuming if I invite you to dine with me at some restaurant while we endeavor to find the easiest solution of the problem that faces us both. We shouldn't remain longer in this hotel for it's desirable at present that neither of us—of the two uncles—should know that we're on their track. What do you say to my proposition?"

She examined his countenance for a moment and then she quietly acquiesced.

The hotel clerk, who had witnessed the above-narrated meeting and the accompanying conversation, did not see either the fair man or the brunette for many months thereafter. He was transferred to do night duty a few weeks after the time of the episode.

A year passed.

The clerk was sitting rather drowsily in the hotel office one night, wondering whether the late train from New York would bring any arrivals. It did. They were the thin, fair man and the plump brunette. The man looked happy; the woman was blushing radiantly. The man wrote upon the register:

"Henry Wilkins and wife."

Then he glanced at the clerk, and over his face an expression of recognition came. The clerk himself, whatever his surmises, was simply speechless.

"Ah," said the thin, fair man, with a smile, "this is a coincidence. Do you remember when you last saw us two? The circumstances were peculiar, weren't they? I ought to tell you how things came about. When we had finished dining on that day, we had concluded that perhaps matters were better as they were. We went back to New York and instituted divorce suits, which were successful, of course. Well, to make a long story short, we were married yesterday, and we're starting on our wedding trip."

"And—the other two?" inquired the clerk, recovering from his dazed condition.

"Oh, they were legally united in marriage a month ago. I hear indirectly that they're the happiest couple in the world."

"Except—" ventured the brunette, smiling.

"To be sure—always except—"

"There can be no doubt as to the truth of this narrative. The hotel clerk told me the facts himself.—Philadelphia Press.

Equality Among Sailors.
If you meet a sailor on the Bowers you can never be sure to what navy he belongs. To landmen the dress of all Jackies is the same, no matter what the man's nationality, and the United States navy is made up of recruits drawn from every quarter of the globe. There is probably no spot in the world where race feeling counts for less than on the deck of a United States man-of-war. The negro, who makes an uncommonly fine-looking sailor, seems perfectly at home among his Caucasian mates, and apparently is treated quite as well as anyone else.—N. Y. Sun.

A FORTY-DOLLAR MISTAKE.

Two Bidders for One Man at an Auction Sale.

An Iowa man, who is a great lover of horses, and who keeps a grocery store and a livery-stable, was desirous of obtaining a certain horse which was to be disposed of at a public sale of a gentleman's estate. He knew that it would never do for him to bid in person, as the auctioneer, aware of his weakness for fine animals, would manage by one means or another to run up the price. The story is told in the Chicago Herald.

The grocer and livery-keeper arranged to have another man bid off the horse for him, but when the hour of the sale arrived he felt that he must be present and see to it that his instructions were carried out.

He arrived a little late, and just as the horse was being sold. Yes, there was his man Jones, true to his trust, in the midst of the crowd that surrounded the fine animal. Just at that moment Jones bid one hundred and thirty-five dollars.

Some one must have immediately nodded five better, for in another moment Jones bid one hundred and fifteen. From some unseen bidder the auctioneer received another advance of five dollars.

That was as much as the horse was worth, but Jones had orders to buy it at almost any price, and he promptly raised his offer to one hundred and twenty. So matters went on till Jones' bid was one hundred and thirty-five dollars.

At that point the livery-keeper mounted a box to see what fool wanted the horse so badly. On the further edge of the crowd stood Smith, and just as he nodded another five, it flashed upon the livery-keeper that he had told Smith to do exactly what, in his forgetfulness, he had afterward instructed Jones to do.

He lost no time in stopping the fun, which had already cost him about forty dollars.

OCEAN CABLES.

Cost and Extent of the Submarine Telegraph System of the World.

According to the latest report of the international bureau of telegraph administrations, the submarine telegraph system of the world consists of 120,070 nautical miles of cable. Government administrations, says Scribner, own 12,324 miles, while 107,746 are the property of private companies. The total cost of these cables is in the vicinity of \$200,000,000. The largest owner of submarine cables is the Eastern Telegraph Company, whose system covers the ground from England to India, and comprises 21,830 miles of cable. The eastern extension, which exploits the far east, has 12,958 miles more. Early in that year the system of West African cables, which started from Cadix only six years ago, was completed to Cape Town, so that the dark continent is now completely encircled by submarine telegraph, touching at numerous points along the coast. More than 17,000 miles of cables have been required to do this, and several companies, with more or less aid from the British, French, Spanish and Portuguese governments, have participated in carrying out the work. The north Atlantic is spanned by no less than eleven cables, all laid since 1870, though not all are working at the present time; five companies are engaged in forwarding telegrams between North America and Europe, and the total length of the cables owned by them, including coast connections, is over 39,000 nautical miles.

NORMAN HUMOR.

The Legend of the Reviving Rock of Normandy.

Superstitions about rocks, which were once popular among the peasant classes of Europe, are dying out. The familiar legend is of a rock which, moved at a certain time by some strange witchcraft, revolves or rolls aside and discloses treasure hidden beneath, the time usually being specially inconvenient for witnesses, as for instance, "on the stroke of twelve on Christmas eve." A peculiar story of this kind is still told in Normandy. M. Julien Tiersot writes of it in the Revue des Traditions Populaires:

In the neighborhood of Caudbec-en-Caux there is a stone which, the country people say, revolves while the bells ring the Angelus at noon on Good Friday. A walk in the country in the spring at the hour of noon is an agreeable diversion, and the sceptical stranger readily consents to go and see the alleged magical stone.

The stranger and his escort reach the stone and wait. Time passes. It is afternoon.

"But the stone has not moved," he says.

"Wait, you have not heard the Angelus rung yet," is the smiling reply, and one might wait forever, for on Good Friday the Angelus is never rung.

The Green Cloth in Church.

The church naturally took more or less of the local color in early times, says the Bette City Miner, and the anomaly of a professional gambler as a leading church member might easily occur. A story goes that there were several of these men who were pretty regular attendants at church in Last Chance gulch. As United States money was scarce and gold dust was the ordinary medium of exchange, it sometimes happened that the knights of the green baize had no money with them when the plate went around. On such occasions they would toss a faro or poker chip into the dish, and the deacon would go the next day and have the dust weighed out in payment. It was not uncommon for amounts to range from ten dollars to twenty dollars. It is said the knights are not so reckless in these days, and that they are rarely seen at church. Their tribe is not extinct, but business with them is far from brisk.

A Queer Collision.

A collision between a ship and an omnibus is something rare, but one is just reported from Hamburg. The bus was crossing a bridge and the vessel, spoked her jibboom into it, but nobody was hurt.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisement for P.P.P. Cures Scrofula, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Malaria, Dyspepsia, and Syphilis. Lippman Bros., Proprietors, Savannah, Ga.

Advertisement for Abbott's East Indian Corn Paint, claiming to remove corns, bunions, and warts without pain.

Advertisement for Lippman's Pyrafuge, a sure cure for chills and fever, dumb ague, and malaria. Lippman Bros., Proprietors, Savannah, Ga.

Advertisement for Muny & Co. Scientific American Patents, offering a pamphlet of information and a list of laws showing how to obtain patents.

THE NEW YORK WORLD



Never crows. For what it has done it asks no favor and no consideration. That is ancient history—to be forgotten. It looks only to the future—to the work to be done. Our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows are before us—not one behind.

In THE WORLD'S work for 1891 every American citizen is vitally interested, and not one—no matter what his politics may be—can afford to be without its weekly edition, which has not an equal on earth as a newspaper. Nine men out of ten know this to be true. Every tenth man should send to day for a specimen copy, that the knowledge may be universal.

Subscribe at once. Three months costs only 25 cents, and by every week's delay you miss something worth more than the subscription price for the year—which is only one dollar.

Address: THE WORLD, New York.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUBSCRIBE

TO

THE ROANOKE NEWS!

The Best Advertising Medium.

FOR 25 YEARS

It has regularly visited its subscribers, giving weekly the

CURRENT NEWS OF THE DAY.

NATIONAL, STATE & COUNTY.

During that time it has built up an enviable reputation for fairness by fairness, in all things and by

GIVING THE NEWS.

Its subscription list is growing but it must grow faster, and no pains will be spared to accomplish this result.

8 Pages--48 Columns-A Week.

PRICE \$1.50

A Year In Advance.

Address:

THE ROANOKE NEWS,

Weldon, N. C.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

W. & W. R. R. BRANCHES.

Condensed Schedule.

Table of train schedules for the Atlantic Coast Line, including dates and times for various routes like Weldon to Rocky Mount, and Weldon to Petersburg.

TRAINS GOING NORTH

Table of train schedules for the Atlantic Coast Line, including dates and times for various routes like Weldon to Wilmington, and Weldon to Goldsboro.

Train on Seaboard Neck Branch Road leaves Weldon at 2:40 p. m. Halifax 3:22 arrive Seaboard Neck at 4:18 p. m. Greenville 6:24 p. m. Kingston 7:10 p. m. Returning leaves Kingston 7:00 a. m. Greenville 8:00 a. m. arriving at Halifax 11:00 a. m. Weldon 11:35 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Local freight train leaves Weldon Mondays Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:00 a. m., arriving at Seaboard Neck 10:00 a. m. Greenville 6:20 p. m. Kingston 7:10 p. m. Returning leaves Kingston Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:10 a. m. arriving at Greenville 12:00 noon, Seaboard Neck 3:20 p. m. Weldon 6:20 p. m.

Train leaves Tarboro N. C. via Albemarle and Raleigh R. R. Daily except Sunday 3:05 p. m. Sunday 3:05 p. m. arrive Wilmington N. C. 6:30 p. m. 1:20 p. m. Plymouth 7:00 p. m. 4:20 p. m. Returning leaves Plymouth daily except Sunday 6:20 a. m. Sunday 6:05 a. m. Wilmington N. C. 7:40 a. m. 9:58 a. m. arrive Tarboro 10:00 a. m. 11:20 a. m.

Train on Northville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 5:00 p. m., arrives at Nashville 5:40 p. m. Spring Hope 4:15 p. m. Returning leaves Nashville 10:00 a. m. Nashville 10:35 a. m. at Rocky Mount 11:15 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Train on Hilton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton daily except Sunday at 5:00 p. m. and 11:10 a. m. Returning leave Clinton at 8:21 a. m. and 3:10 p. m., connecting at Warsaw with Nos. 40, 41, 42 and 78.

Southbound train on Wilson and Fayetteville Branch N. C. Northbound is 50. Daily except Sunday.

Train No. 27 South will only stop at Rocky Mount, Wilson, Goldsboro and Magnolia.

Train No. 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North daily. All rail via Richmond and daily except Sunday via Bay Line.

Trains make close connection for all points North via Richmond and Washington.

All trains run solid between Wilmington and Washington and have Pullman Palace Sleepers attached.

J. H. KENLY, Supt. Trains. J. F. DIVINE, General Supt. T. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE. PETERSBURG & WELDON R. R.

Condensed Schedule.

Table of train schedules for the Atlantic Coast Line, including dates and times for various routes like Petersburg to Weldon, and Weldon to Stony Creek.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Table of train schedules for the Atlantic Coast Line, including dates and times for various routes like Weldon to Belfield, and Weldon to Jarratts.

All trains run solid Weldon to Washington.

E. T. D. MYERS, T. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Superintendent, Gen. Passenger agt.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE ALBEMARLE STEAM NAVIGATION CO.

QUICK TIME Between NORFOLK and EASTERN N. CAROLINA. Return after Monday, December 17th, and until further notice, the Steamer CHOWAN, Captain Withy, will LEAVE FRANKLIN on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at EDENTON, PLYMOUTH and all intermediate points on arrival of mail train from Portsmouth, say 10:15 A. M.