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AN INFANT HERO.

A SCENE WHICH BROUGHT TEARS TO MANY EYES.

In the terrible railroad disaster, which occurred near Charleston, W. Va., was one of the most pathetic scenes.

Walter Welcher and wife, of Charleston, were going on a holiday visit to a friend up the road. Between them in the fatal car sat their infant, a sturdy little blue-eyed boy, whose playful antics attracted the attention of the rest of the passengers as they watched him at times clucking about in his mother's arms.

When the sickening plunge came from the trestle it meant death to the little one's parents, both being instantly killed. The babe that sat between them escaped this fate, although the cruel glass and ponderous timbers were not so kind. When the rescuing party entered the car they found the living babe sitting by the side of its dead parents, holding up a tiny hand from which two little fingers had been cut off.

Tears came into the eyes of the strong fellow who descended into the wreckage, and bending down, he clasped the child to his breast with a warmth which told that he, too, was a father, and the thought of his little ones at home was uppermost in his mind as he grasped the infant sufferer. Out into the field it was brought and the surgeon called to attend it. On examination the physician found that in addition to the cuts, it received several bruises. The bleeding and torn fingers were carefully dressed and the little tot was laid on a blanket by its dead mother. Until then not a tear had come into the big blue eyes, and the childish voice had not given utterance to a whimper of pain.

Catching sight of that well known face, the dearest in all the world, the poor little fellow crawled to her side and silently laying his wounded hand upon the blood-stained cheek, as if to ask "mamma" to kiss away the pain that was racking every fibre. This scene was too much for the stoutest-hearted of the big strong men who stood looking on, and, although they were in a very atmosphere of pain and suffering, they broke down and gave way to sobs and tears. They could watch a strong man in his agony, but the sight of the wounded infant mutely appealing for aid from the mother it would never know again was too much for their sympathetic natures.—Rock Hill Herald.

READING THE HUMAN FACE.

Everyone knows that men's passions, propensities and peculiarities, as well as their callings, are reflected in their faces, but it is only the few who make the study of physiognomy an especial pursuit who are grifted with the power of reading those faces. Judges who have served long terms on the bench, lawyers in large practice and doctors of eminence, possess the power of interpreting physiognomies more largely than other people, but anyone can acquire the rudiments of the art by dint of hard study.

It is impossible to disguise a face (without putting on a mask) as it is to disguise one's hand-writing. When the expert comes the disguise is torn off, and the face tells the true story of the spirit inside the body. One only needs to visit the penitentiary to realize how undeniable vice writes its sign-manual upon the features. It is not the drunkard only whose red nose, flabby cheeks and watery eyes betray him; it is the sensualist whose propensity is revealed by the shape of his mouth, and the men of violence who has been betrayed by his eyes. An experienced detective or a trained jailer seldom asks the crime of which a prisoner is guilty; he can tell it on the criminal's face. In short, all the advantages which Fowler told us we are going to derive from the study of phrenology we may possibly gain from the older and more mysterious sciences of face-reading.—St. Louis Republic.

Economy—"100 Doses One Dollar."
Merit—"Peculiar to Itself."
Purity—Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FAITHFUL NEGRO.

A COLORED MAN WHO SERVED THE EX-PRESIDENT.

Frederick B. McGinnis, a well known colored man of Baltimore, has received from Mrs. Jefferson Davis a handsome orange-wood cane, which is a bequest from the ex-President of the Confederate States. The cane has a massive silver head, handsomely wrought, and beneath it a silver band with the inscription: "To Frederick McGinnis, from Jefferson Davis, in memory of faithful services during 1867."

McGinnis was with Mr. Davis in the capacity of servant during his confinement at Fortress Monroe, and by his forethought and tact contributed largely to the comfort of Mr. Davis. Speaking of Frederick in the biography of her husband, Mrs. Davis said:

"What this judicious, capable, delicate-minded man did for us could not be computed in money or told in words. He and his gentle wife took the sting out of many indignities offered to us in our hours of misfortune. They were both objects of affection and esteem to Mr. Davis as long as he lived."

Mrs. Davis also relates of Frederick two instances illustrative of his devotion to Mr. Davis. To vulgar inquiry as to the whereabouts of "Jeff," he answered with a bow, "I am sorry, madam, not to be able to inform you where he is. I do not know such a person." She insisted that he did, saying, "Are you his servant?" He answered, "No, madam, you are quite mistaken; I have the honor to serve ex-President Davis."

At another time, when about to marry Mrs. Davis's maid, Mrs. Davis asked him if she might invite several of the officers at the fort, notably General Burton, to witness the marriage. He said: "I will send them as much cake and wine as you choose, but cannot receive people as our guests who hold Mr. Davis a prisoner."

Frederick said last night: "I first saw Mr. Davis in front of General Beauregard's tent during the battle of Manassas. I had no idea at the time who Mr. Davis was, but I knew from the dignity of his bearing that he was a man of prominence. The next time I saw him was at Greensboro, N. C., and after the surrender at Appomattox, when I had the pleasure of serving him with a cup of coffee—the first, he informed me, he had had since he left Richmond. When I saw Mr. Davis again he was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe. I went there to wait on him, to prepare delicacies for his table that he could not procure at the fort. I remained with him nearly two years, until he was released from prison. I went with him to Richmond, thence to Montreal, and for several weeks had the care of the children while Mr. and Mrs. Davis went away. I stayed with them until they completed their preparations to go to Europe, when I bade them good-bye and came to Baltimore.—Baltimore Sun.

SHE WON'T CONFESS.

One can never prevail upon a woman to admit:
That she laces tight.
That her shoes are too small for her.
That she is ever tired at a ball.
That she paints.
That she is as old as she looks.
That she has been more than five minutes dressing.
That she has kept you waiting.
That she blushes when a certain person's name is mentioned.
That she ever says a thing she doesn't mean.
That she—she of all persons in the world—is in love.

The Purest and Best

Articles known to medical science are used in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every ingredient is carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. The medicine is prepared under the supervision of thoroughly competent pharmacists, and every step in the process of manufacture is carefully watched with a view to securing to Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best possible result.

A GEORGIA EVANGELIST.

HIS WAY WAS RATHER ABRUPT, BUT IT WAS EFFECTIVE.

The death of Miller Willis, the Georgia evangelist, revives many interesting stories concerning his life and methods. He was certainly the queerest character that ever preached the Gospel at a camp-meeting—at which places he was generally found. His pure and holy life, however, was a model for all. But about his methods: He frequently stopped strangers in the streets, and, planting himself in front of them, would announce some startling text and then disappear, leaving the man or woman to preach the sermon to his or her own liking.

For instance, he on one occasion stopped a stranger and shouted in his ears: "This night thy soul shall be required of thee!" Willis vanished. But a year afterward he met the man in another city. Willis had forgotten him, but the stranger knew his man. Approaching him, he extended his hand and said, "That text you shouted out strangely to me on the streets of Milledgeville set me to thinking. It was the means of my conversion!"

On another occasion a dark and rainy night in winter, he passed a crowded hotel in the city of Charleston. Men were lounging and smoking in the lobby. Willis opened the door, but the little figure, in dripping garments, attracted no attention. Suddenly, after rapping loudly on the floor with his heavy stick, every eye was turned toward him, when Willis said: "There won't be a man in this house alive in fifty years from tonight!" And he slammed the door and went out into the night.

Some time afterward he was approached by a young man on a street car, who introduced himself, saying: "I have long desired to meet you and to thank you for saying what you did in the hotel lobby one winter's night. Your words have been ringing in my ears ever since, and I am now a Christian man."

"The above are facts within the writer's knowledge. Some people called him 'Crazy Willis,' but he was far removed from that. He went about doing good, and his life was a blessing to man.—Atlanta Constitution.

MR. QUINN'S GHOST.

John Quinn, an old man died at his residence on Bowman Avenue, Danville, Ill., about two weeks ago. After his death the family vacated the house, which was soon occupied by another family.

Yesterday afternoon, after locking all the doors, the family left for a few hours' visit with some friends in another part of the city. On their return home about dusk they were startled to see Mr. Quinn, dressed in his ordinary wearing apparel, walking up and down the front floor of his former sleeping-room.

Several neighbors were called to witness the strange spectacle, among whom were Wilber Walker, Mary Wilmer and Mrs. Henry Kirby. Mr. Quinn's ghost came twice to the window, bowed to the people gathered in the street, and then sat down in the window.

Suddenly every trace of him disappeared. Mr. Spreht and Miss Wilmer mustered up courage enough to enter the house, and found that not a lamp in the house would burn. Lights were obtained from the neighbors, and search made throughout the house. Everything was found securely locked, and no trace of anyone having entered. The neighborhood is greatly excited over the occurrence.

La Grippe Again.

During the epidemic of La Grippe last season Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, proved to be the best remedy. Reports from the many who used it confirm this statement. They were not only quickly relieved, but the diseases left no bad results. We ask you to give this remedy a trial and we guarantee that you will be satisfied with results or the purchase price will be refunded. It has no equal in La Grippe, or any Throat, Chest or Lung Trouble. Trial bottles free at W. M. Cohen's drugstore. Large bottles 50c, and \$1.

VANCE AND RELICION.

THE OLD COUNTRY MEETING HOUSE WORSHIPS THE BEST OF ALL.

Rev. R. A. Young, D. D., of Tennessee, is traveling in Europe and met Senator Vance. He thus reports the meeting in the Nashville Christian Advocate:

We are comfortably quartered in London at an inn where we have stopped twice before. At the table adjoining ours we have the company of a friend of my boyhood—Zeb Vance, of North Carolina. He and I parted at Washington College forty-five years ago. With no introduction or hesitation we shook hands instantly. We are both getting old, fleshy and gray.

In the evening he sent up the following card:

DEAR YOUNG—If not too late when you come in, let me know, and meet me in the ladies' drawing room for a talk.—VANCE.

We did not talk about ourselves, but of the boys we knew long ago—of their history's success, defeats, death. Then we spoke of the changes in religious history and worship. At the close of this conversation he looked me earnestly in the face and said: "Young, you have read the history of the church and have now seen modern christianity in all its phases. Is not our good old country meeting-house worship the purest and best?" To which I replied, with emphasis, "It is." And then I delivered my mind on every species of Ritualism. This is the germ and cause of all the evils that have crept into our beautiful and holy religion.

A BIG COMET COMING.

ENCKE'S VOYAGER BACK FROM A 700,000,000 MILE RUN.

Encke's comet was seen by Professor E. E. Barnard, at Lick Observatory, Mount Hamilton, Cal., early on Sunday morning. This wanderer has been journeying in space out of sight of all star-gazers for three years and three months. In that time it has travelled more than 700,000,000 miles.

Professor Pons, of Marseilles, France, discovered this comet in 1818. Professor Encke, of Berlin, made it the subject of special study. Encke predicted its return in 1822, and it was seen in that year by Sir Thomas Brisbane in New South Wales. Encke predicted that it would return again in 1825 and 1828. The comet did so, and the comet thus became to be known as Encke's.

Encke's comet is a very staid and respectable home body. It is very different from Biela's comet. This tramp of the heavens reported as usual in 1852 and winked one eye at the earth, but failed to show up at the appointed time in 1859 and again in 1865. Nothing has since been heard or seen of it. But Biela's comet was hardly responsible for what it did, because in 1846 it split into two parts, each a complete comet in itself, and it seems to have gone off on a celestial jag and "got bewildered among the rings of meteorites," as the professors say.

Short-period comets have short tails, and Encke's comet is of this class. It has a coma and nucleus, and will probably show its tail soon. The body is transparent to the core. The coma is the haze of light surrounding the bright centre, which is called the nucleus.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster at Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt like he had a new lease on life. Only five a bottle, at W. M. Cohen's drugstore."

DYING AT THE TOP.

GREAT BRITAIN'S ARISTOCRACY STEADILY GETTING INTO DIFFICULTIES.

Burghley House, by Stamford row, with all the great estate surrounding it, will shortly be thrown upon the market. The descendants of the famous Lord Burghley, the great Minister of Queen Elizabeth, must part with their ancient inheritance, and a stranger will enter into possession.

This branch of the Cecils has not been as fortunate as the younger branch, the head of which, Lord Salisbury, has entertained the Queen, and only the other day had the German Emperor under his roof. Hatfield continues to flourish, but "Ichabod" must soon be written over the portals of Burghley.

There is scarcely a more beautiful or interesting house to be seen anywhere, and it stands in a park which is the glory of the surrounding country. Some of the finest carvings of Grinling and Gibbons are found in the rooms, and masterpieces by Paul Veronese, Castiglione, Bavano, Kneller, and Lely adorn the walls.

Since 1560 the property has been in the same family. Now it will pass to some Colonel North or Baron Hirsch, or perhaps to some wealthy American; for there are very few persons in England who can afford to launch out into such a purchase as this. The farms on the estate do not pay under the altered conditions of agriculture; the rents cannot be got in; the revenue no longer meets the expenses; all must go under the hammer of the auctioneer. Thus one after another of the historic seats are disappearing or changing hands.

The policy of Sir Robert Peel in 1846 is slowly working out the results foretold then by many. The bulk of the people are thus far benefited, but the old families are going or gone, and all have got the dry rot.

Several years ago when the Great Northern Railway was to be built, the then Marquis of Exeter spent a great sum of money in opposing the line, and he succeeded in his object; but at what an expense, for not only did he have to pay the enormous costs, but ultimately he actually found it necessary to make a railroad, connecting his property with the main line! He found himself completely isolated, while the rest of the district was deriving enormous advantages from the railroad. This was the first great step toward the impoverishment of the family. Bad harvests, cheap wheat from abroad, decaying agriculture and unrestricted foreign competition have done the rest.

Unless these obstinate, slow-moving, old families can adapt themselves to the times they will all have to go the same road. At present scores of them are holding on by a mere thread. Carriages are put down, servants are discharged, the London house is given up; but these economies will not suffice to avert the ruin that is steadily advancing on the old stock who once thought England belonged to them.—London cor. New York Herald.

THROWS IT OFF.

There is no disease more disagreeable and uncomfortable than catarrh. It attacks the young and the old, and it is too often allowed to take its course. In such cases it frequently becomes dangerous. The poison extends to the throat and lungs, resulting in complications that are not readily overcome. All forms of catarrh, however, disappear before S. S. S., and that medicine is now recognized as an almost infallible remedy for the disease. It regulates the liver, improves the digestion, and brings about conditions that enable the system to throw off the malady. Catarrh and its attendant aggravations disappear before S. S. S., and so do all other diseases that grow out of a bad liver and impure blood.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

THE OLD NORTH STATE.

AS CALLED FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

A lithia spring has been discovered near Raleigh.

The colored Methodists of Smithfield will build a \$1,500 church.

The cotton worm has made its appearance in several sections of the State.

D. G. Worth, of Wilmington, has given \$500 to remodel the chapel at the University.

The colored State Alliance was in session at Raleigh last week. It favors the Sub-Treasury.

Col. McClure of the Philadelphia Times will deliver an address at the Raleigh exposition.

An attempt to break jail in Wake county Monday night was frustrated, but the jailor was badly hurt.

The Farmers Alliance and the State Dental Association are both in session at Morehead City this week.

A tobacco exchange has been organized at Tarboro to build up a tobacco market. S. S. Nash is president.

The heirs of the late Paul C. Cameron have established ten scholarships at the University in honor of Mr. Cameron.

George Dudley who in May killed Redmond Blow over a game of cards in Greenville has been captured. Both men were colored.

A negro named Bostic killed a white man named Curris near Rockingham last week because the latter ordered him off the porch.

Karl P. Harrington, of Connecticut, has been elected professor of latin at the University to succeed professor George T. Winston. He had high endorsements.

T. J. Phillips by threats of killing her father induced Ada Bonds, twelve years old to leave her home in Martin county and go with him to Plymouth where they were married. Phillips is now in jail on a charge of abduction.

At the recent Tobacco Association at Morehead City the following officers were elected: President, John S. Lockhart, of Durham; Vice Presidents, J. R. Gaskill, of Tarboro; R. P. Watkins, of Asheville; J. P. Taylor, of Henderson; Secretary and Treasurer, G. E. Webb, of Winston.

The central portion of the main building of Trinity College including the tower 100 feet high, at Durham, fell Saturday night entirely wrecking that part of the building. The damage is estimated at from \$10,000 to \$20,000. The brick work had just been completed and accepted from the contractors. Hasty construction is assigned as the cause. The accident will not delay the opening of the college in the new buildings in October.

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 fellow. 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' Block, Rochester, N. Y. apr 30 ly.

CANTALOUPE left out in the grass over night will be nicely freshened by the dew for breakfast.

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.