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GORMAN'S BOOM.

BOTH HILL AND CLEVELAND LIKELY TO FAVOR HIM, IF EITHER FINDS HIMSELF UNABLE TO TAKE THE PRESIDENTIAL PLUM.

The talk of Gorman as a candidate for president seems to be spreading. The work that is being done in the interest of the Marylander is very subtle, and his friends are keeping very quiet. They are trying to disguise any effort on their part to help along the boom, but at the same time a considerable amount of work is being done in a quiet way, and its strength lies largely in the secrecy maintained as to the most important movements. It is a growing impression with many that there is little chance of Hill's getting the nomination, and they believe Hill will be able to prevent its going to Cleveland.

This turns attention to the possible candidates outside of the state of New York, and Gorman is most prominently spoken of. Most of the anti-Cleveland folks are willing to turn to this shrewd politician, and he is said to be far less objectionable to the Cleveland supporters than others who are mentioned.

Some two years ago it was generally understood that Cleveland and Gorman were at odds, but all differences appear now to be made up. It is said that Cleveland will be a candidate until it appears beyond doubt that there is no chance of his getting the nomination, and that Gorman and the Maryland delegation will support him. But if he fails—if Hill can control the New York delegation against him—the Cleveland forces, so far as he can control them, will be thrown over to Gorman. The Marylander's chances seem to depend upon the failure of Cleveland to get control of the New York delegation, yet Gorman is credited by Cleveland people with working for their cause.

The one thing that they are all anxious for is the nomination of an eastern man, and Cleveland folks believe that if the ex-president is not nominated the nomination will not go to New York. There are several other eastern candidates who might then be considered as available—Pattison, Russell, Abbott or McPherson—but an important consideration will be to get an eastern man who will not be objectionable to the south and west. All these men might appear to the people of those sections as gold bugs and servants of Wall street, but Gorman has endeared himself to the south by his fight on the force bill and his last vote on the silver question was for a free coinage bill, which will go pretty well with the west, while the eastern democrats believe that this was a strategic vote cast in the interest of another cause.

Since the Gorman boom is not apt to amount to anything in the end unless Cleveland fails to secure the New York delegation, his supporters have reason to watch affairs in New York with considerable interest, and there they discover great evidences of strength on the part of Cleveland's friends, and they are doing some very active and some very clever work. Even since they got Hill into the senatorship trap the friends of Mr. Cleveland, it is claimed, have had the governor at a disadvantage. He still has control of a machine in the state, which gives him power to do harm, but which, his opponents believe, he cannot operate so as to give him the delegation. Mr. Hill made some active enemies when he first tried to control, and then himself accepted, the election to the senate, and he has added to the number of these enemies with relation to the nomination for governor.—Washington Evening Star.

You Take No Risk

In buying Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is everywhere recognized as the standard building up medicine and blood purifier. It has won its way to the front by its own intrinsic merit, and has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Any honest druggist will confirm this statement. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Be sure to get Hood's.

VANCE WILL GET EVEN.

A NINETEEN YEAR OLD BEAUTY CHARGED TO HIS ACCOUNT AS A WAR WIDOW.

"At the last session of Congress I played it very low down on my friend, Senator Vance, of North Carolina," said T. F. Kennedy, Canadian Pacific ticket agent, to a reporter for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "A rather pretty girl, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, asked me for a letter to the Agricultural Department people recommending her for a place in the seed-distribution rooms. I went to Vance and he growled 'No, sir, I'll recommend no woman for a place.' I argued and pleaded with him, finally saying: 'But Senator, this is a very deserving woman. She is old and unfitted for the struggle for existence. Her husband served in my command through the war, and he was a splendid soldier. He died on the field and left his wife penniless. Do a good deed; help this poor old widow.' Vance's heart was melted, and he exclaimed: 'By George, Kennedy, I'll do it if that's the kind of woman she is.' The letter was written and the girl got the job. Some months after this I was sitting with Vance on a steamboat, when up walked this blooming damsel—she was about 19—with a 'how are you, captain?' to me. She recognized Vance and addressed him, saying she had long desired to thank him for his great kindness, telling him her name and how his letter had secured her a sinecure. Vance looked at me as much as to say, 'you just wait,' and accepted the young person's thanks and languishing glances very quietly. When she had gone Vance turned to me and remarked mournfully: 'Kennedy, you are the biggest liar and most stupendous fraud on earth. I'll pay you for this if I wait forty years.'"

HER CARTER.

A FRANK CONVERSATION THAT WAS STARTED BY AN ORDINARY MISHAP.

"Excuse me a moment," said a very bright and pretty young woman the other afternoon, during a stroll along State street with a reporter, and she vanished forthwith into the door of a ladies hair dressing establishment. She was out again in a moment however, and natural curiosity prompted the inquiry: "What did you rush in there so suddenly for?"

"Well, if you must ask, I went in to pull up my stocking. It came unfastened."

"Usual occurrence?"

"Not very frequent, but it will happen sometimes, and it is a most embarrassing not to say uncomfortable plight for a girl to be in when she is on the street. There are so few places, you see, where she can go and be secure from the prying eyes of men. It's a wonder my accident happened right where it did, for I should have been miserable company for you till I could have repaired the damage, and should have hated you and every man in sight most acutely all the time.—Chicago Times.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle at W. M. Cohen's drugstore.

"Henry," she whispered, "let us take for our motto, 'Work and pray.'"

"All right, my dear," he answered; "I can pray pretty well."

IF YOUR BACK ACHES, OR YOU ARE ALL WORN OUT, FEELING IN GENERAL DEBILITY, TRY BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

STILLING THE WAVES.

THE INGENIOUS INVENTION OF A BALTIMORE MAN.

Among the instruments invented for the preservation of life at sea that will be experimented with before the board of supervising inspectors of steam vessels in Wilmington September 28th will be an oil projectile and distributor. It is an apparatus for spreading oil on stormy waters, and is the invention of Mr. Everett D. Moore, of Baltimore, and has been patented by the American Oil Projectile Company, of which ex-Governor Groome is president and Colonel Washington Bowie secretary and treasurer. From private experiments made the projectile seems destined to be the apparatus that has long been wanted for discharging oil on the sea from the decks of storm-ridden ships, and from the beach to stranded vessels. The projectile is a simple contrivance, and is operated by being fired from a cannon. An operating rope is attached to a rod at the side of the projectile, and by this means when it strikes the water it is handled from the point where it was fired from by being hauled through the water back to the ship or beach. As the projectile travels back the water goes in one end and forces the oil out of the distributor through valves from the opposite end. The oil thus spreads over the surface and makes a smooth road through the agitated waters. At Bay Ridge recently the projectile and distributor were tested with good results. From a small cannon the instrument was fired about 500 yards off shore. The water was in a state of moderate violence, the waves being white-capped. From the point where the projectile dropped back to the beach a smooth road was left over the route the oil was discharged on, and the white caps disappeared entirely. With but three quarts of oil in the distributor, a smooth surface was made wide enough for two steamers to pass abreast. If the projectile stands the official tests it will be an invaluable aid in the preservation of the lives of those who go down to the sea in ships.—Baltimore Sun.

A GREAT MAN.

The Rev. Dr. Broadus related the following incident during a Sabbath-school talk at Detroit:

An old man used to sweep the street crossings for gratuitous pennies, near the Houses of Parliament, for many years. One day he was absent. One day he was found by a missionary ill, in a little attic chamber, barely furnished with a cot and stool.

"You are lonely here," the missionary said. "Has anyone called upon you?"

"Oh! yes," he replied; "several persons have called—Mr. Gladstone for one. He called and read to me."

"Mr. Gladstone called? And what did he read?"

"He sat on that stool and read the Bible to me."

What a beautiful position! The greatest statesman in the world, sitting on a stool in an attic, reading the Word of God to a street-sweeper! Great men lose none of their greatness by kindness to God's poor.

A Wonder Worker.

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio, states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians, and used their treatment until he was not able to get around. They pronounced his case to be Consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption Coughs and Colds and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found before he had used half a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it and is today enjoying good health. If you have any Throat, Lung or Chest Trouble try it. We guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free at W. M. Cohen's drugstore.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

RAIN-MAKERS.

THEY BRING DOWN SHOWERS OF RAIN AT WILL.

A special from Midland, Tex., to the Atlanta Constitution says that the government rain-making experiments there have resulted successfully, and wonderfully so. It is a great triumph of science over the laws of nature. They began operations a little over a week ago.

We quote: Some of their most powerful apparatuses have not been used. They have, however, exploded large quantities of giant power, hydrogen gas, rackerock mixture and dynamite in balloons and in kites. The reports of the weather bureau at Washington clearly show that the experiments here have had a great effect upon the meteorological conditions. The series of explosions, which lasted all last week produced light broken clouds on Monday night. The artificial clouds floated about overhead, hiding the moon from view. A large quantity of rackerock mixture was then exploded and in less than a minute a drenching rain was falling.

The experiment was watched by three score or more people, who pronounced it a success.

The experiment was successfully repeated four times during the evening. Whenever a cloud floated overhead a quantity of rackerock would be exploded by Colonel Drydenforth, and in less than a minute a heavy rain would be falling.

Tuesday the explosions were continued all day, and about night the rain began falling in torrents, drenching the earth.

A much more powerful and effective apparatus will be used soon by the rain-makers, and wonderful results are expected.

The thirsty prairies will be watered, and parched vegetation will take a new lease on life.

WHAT A WISE WOMAN SAYS.

That the useful girl never gets married because she can't be spared.

Thatorris root has a sweeter and more permanent fragrance than any other perfume powder.

That the woman of to-day worries more over the shape of the seams in her bodice than over the soul's salvation.

That your diamonds should be washed in boiling hot suds, rinsed in cold water, clouded with ammonia, and dried in jeweler's sawdust.

That your dress waists hold their shapes better if folded away in a drawer, and are delicious to wear if they are wrapped in perfumed covers.

That the woman who never complains gets ten times as much sympathy in her trials as the woman who frets about everything, from the shoes that don't fit her feet to the husband that dies and leaves her penniless.

That nothing is so beneficial to the complexion as a bath in cream every night while you stay in the country, leaving it to dry on the face, and for a nightcap a big glass of rich country milk taken just before you go to sleep.

FINGER NAILS.

Broad nails indicate a gentle, timid and bashful nature.

Pale or red-colored nails indicate melancholy people.

People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome.

Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy and conceit.

Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails.

Choleric, martial men, delighting in war, have red and spotted nails.

Nails growing into the flesh at the points and sides indicate luxurious tastes.

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.

A RAILROAD HORROR.

A PASSENGER TRAIN PLUNGES THROUGH A BRIDGE INTO A CREEK.

STATESVILLE, N. C., August 27.—The most horrible disaster in the history of railroading in North Carolina occurred at 2 o'clock this morning at Boston's bridge, over Third creek, two miles west of Statesville. At that hour the west-bound passenger train No. 9, which had passed Statesville on time at 1:52 A. M. was hurled from the top of the bridge, a distance of sixty to seventy five feet, the engine, tender, baggage, and second-class car, the first class coach, the Pullman sleeping car "Saluda," and the private car of Superintendent R. R. Bridgers all going overboard. The bridge was swept clear of iron from end to end.

NEWS OF THE ACCIDENT.

George Bowley, travelling for the Atlanta Rubber Company, and one or two other passengers who made their way from the car alive, came on foot to Statesville and gave the news of the accident. In a little while the town was aroused. Citizens in vehicles began hastening to the scene and the work of rescue began. Some of the passengers had crawled from the cars and were perched, dazed, on their tops.

DRAGGED FROM THE CARS.

Axes were put to work and the cars cut open and so many of the passengers as could be found were dragged out—some dead, some alive. By dawn great crowds of the people were on the ground and nothing was left undone. The dead and wounded were brought to Statesville. The wounded were disposed of at the hotels and private houses. The dead lay side by side on the floors of the Farmers' Tobacco Warehouse and the bodies were tagged. A final and accurate statement as to the dead and wounded in the disaster is as follows:

THE DEAD.

Dock Wells, colored porter of Salisbury; Rev. J. M. Sykes, Clarksville, Tenn.; J. B. Austin, Hickory; A. Davis, Statesville; William Houston, Greensboro; W. E. Winslow, Perry, Barnett, Charles Barnett, Sam Gorman, Asheville, N. C.; W. J. Fisher, Campobello, S. C.; Charles Webber, Pittsburg, Pa.; J. C. Brodie, Chicago; Warren Fry, William West, Salisbury; and Hugh Lemster, Statesville; Mrs. George McCormick, Rowan Co.; Mrs. Page, and her daughter, Rowan county; Mrs. Sue Pool, Williamston; Mrs. Frank White, Memphis, Tenn.; Miss Ophelia Moore, Helena, Ark.; Henry Patterson (colored); unknown white man named—; A. N. Testament; and L. Bingham.

THE WOUNDED.

Will Bradford, John Gaze, Marshal Nix, Asheville; Ben Smith, Reidsville, cut in the face; H. C. Deming, Harrisburg, Pa.; C. A. Bailey, Danville, Va.; Andrew Gwinn, (colored); Jim Dobbins, (colored); George Bowley, Atlanta; J. F. Spangh, conductor, Salisbury; H. C. Clepper, sleeping car conductor; O. W. Lawson, Louisville, Ky.; J. M. Brown, Salisbury; Charles Shoaf, Lewington. The above are all slightly injured.

OTHER CASES.

George W. Sanderlin, Raleigh, has painful bruises the whole length of his right side; Patrick Ransom, head cut in three places, finger cut, eye contused.—Streeter, Person county, slightly; Sam Carter, Asheville, slightly; Miss Luellen Pool, Williamston, painfully cut, but not dangerous; Mrs. R. C. Moore, Helena, Ark., badly, but will recover; A. L. Sink, Lexington, thigh crushed; Mrs. A. L. Sink, badly cut on head and face, and ugly gash in back; B. M. Estes, Jr., Memphis, rather seriously, passed a bad night, but may recover; R. E. Johnson, news-boy, badly cut, and condition grave but not alarming; J. F. Holler, Crossin, badly hurt, recovery expected; Colonel Benahan Cameron, Raleigh, not seriously; W. A. Elliott, Hickory, slightly. The issue of life and death very doubtful in the cases of Mrs. R. C. Moore, J. F. Holler, R. E. Johnson, newsboy, but slight hope in each case.

POSITION OF THE WRECKED TRAIN.

The wrecked train is lying stretched across the creek, with the engine lying upon the bank upon the further side of the gorge. The whole train seems as if it had fallen when right upon the bridge. The cars are not telescoped or piled upon each other, but are lying strung out in the positions they occupied before they left the track.

The engine is on the other side of the creek. The tender is behind it almost buried in the mud; the baggage car, in which is also the smoker, is next, the first-class car next, then the sleeper, and Superintendent Bridgers' car is lying partly on the bank on this side. The two first cars are smashed into a mass of kindling wood. Judging from the position of the engine and cars it evidently ran all the way across to the other side of the bridge before it left the track. If it had jumped on this side of the bridge it would have gone down and carried all the cars with it piling on the top of the other.

WAS THE TRACK TAMPERED WITH?

But the trouble with the track, whatever it was, was at this end of the bridge. This has given rise to the theory, and it seems to be a correct one, that the engine and the entire train had crossed the impaired place in safety till the rear car struck it and it was derailed; dragging along attached to it the other cars, it quickly wrenched them from the track also, and the whole train, toppled and fell to the bottom of the chasm.

A MYSTERY.

Engineer West was found pinioned under his cab. Within an arm's reach of him were the bodies of two of the unknown female passengers. How their bodies got from the first-class coach to the engine will forever be a mystery.

Miss Luellen Pool held the head of her mother out of the water until her strength was exhausted, when the head dropped and her mother drowned.

Parts of the sleeper and first class coach are in the water. Superintendent Bridgers was not aboard in his car, which was being hauled empty to Asheville. A car load of convicts arrived from Newton early in the morning and the wreck is being cleaned up.

It is thought that all the bodies have not been taken out of the debris, which is piled up so high that it is impossible to make a thorough examination. Crowds have flocked to the scene all day, and the accident has cast a gloom over the entire community.

A DISMAL NIGHT.

The night was dismal, and to add to the horror of the situation the water in the creek was up. It was only through the most heroic efforts of those who had hurried to the scene of the wreck that the injured were not drowned. The accident was caused by the spreading of the rails. The bridge was not injured and trains are running on schedule time. Twenty two dead bodies are now lying in a warehouse at Statesville. The injured are having the best of care at private residences and hotels.

CAUSE OF THE DISASTER.

The cause of the disaster is said to be owing to the fact that the pins which held the two rails together at the east end of the bridge were unbent, lying in the middle of the track, and the threads of the nuts were unscratched. The theory advanced by some is that these pins had been drawn with the intention of wrecking the train.

Such a suspicion is too horrible to be entertained in the absence of positive proof on the subject.

W. A. Eliason, an expert citizen, and former employe of the railroad, says: "It is impossible to get a case with three pins bent, and the cross ties safe." The fact that he had done some time or not; the reason comp.

It is a reference to the ditch and to It is the super-sapientia that prominence