

The Roanoke News

VOL. XXII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1891.

NO 30.

"I'SE MOAS' COT DAR."

DEATH CAME LIKE A SOFT AND FLEECY MANTLE, AND ITS TOUCH HAD BEEN PAINLESS.

They said there was an old colored man in the smoking-car who was going back to visit his old plantation home in Alabama, and I went in to have a talk with him. I found him to be old and wrinkled and white-headed, and when I expressed wonder that his friends in Kentucky should let him set out on such a long journey he replied:

"Dey jest couldn't help deirselves, sah! I tole de chill'en I was bound to cum, an' dey jest had to let me."

"And how long since you left the old plantation?"

"Way back in wah times, sah, I dun went right off wid some Yankee sogers, an' dat's de last I eber did see of Mars Thomas's folks Ize gwine down to surprise 'em."

"Where is it?"

"Jest a leetle ways out o' Selma. Dey tell me dar' an' great changes 'bout Selma, but I reckon I kin walk right down de road an' find de plantashun in de night. Bress de Lawd, sah, but I doan' reckon I could hev closed my eyes in death if dey hadn't let me cum. Dar's bin sich a longin' to see de ole place agin dat I couldn't stand it."

Three or four of us chipped in to get his meals and make him comfortable, but we saw that the journey was telling on his strength. On the morning of the day we were to reach Selma I could see that he was weak and nervous, and when I sat down beside him he said:

"Izo feelin' sort o' skeart 'bout myself dis mornin' I had a dream last night dat I was walkin' long de road an' met a funeral, an' when I axed who was gwine to be buried a white man spoke up an' said:

"'Pon my soul if dat hain't Mars Thomas's ole nigger Job, who runned doorin' de wah! Heah, boy, let me tole you sumthin.' Yo' has come too late to see ye' ole Mrs. dat's him in de coffin, an' he was axin' 'bout yo' jest de day afob he died."

I told him that dreams didn't signify, and after a bit had the old man quite chirked up. I got him some tobacco for his pipe, saw that he had breakfast, and as I left him he smiled all over with happiness as he said:

"Only two hours mo' to Selma. Ize moas cot dere!"

Thirty minutes later the conductor beckoned to three or four of us to come into the smoker. The old man sat in his seat, leaning against the side of the car, and seemed to be sleeping.

"He's been dead ten minutes," quietly observed the conductor, "and he died as peacefully as a child falling to sleep!"

So he had. There was a smile on his old black face—a smile of anticipation, and the pipe had not fallen from his fingers. Death had come like a soft and fleecy mantle, and its touch had been painless.

ABRIDGED HISTORY OF A COURTSHIP.—Met him.

Met him again—in love with him.

Met him again—no longer in love with him, but he is in love with me because I am so beautiful, but because I am also good. Sorry for him.

Again I met him—he is colder than he was. Think he has forgotten my beauty and my goodness. I, however, am inclined to think that I am in love with him after all. How lucky he is, and how angry mamma will be!

Mamma proved to be strangely pleased. Makes me angry, for I know she is not a good judge of a young girl's heart.

Flirted with him outrageously to make mamma mad—didn't succeed.

Engaged to him—glad.

Married to him—sorry.

When all other remedies for scrofula fail, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, if persistently used, effects a cure. Being a powerful alterative, it cleanses the blood of all impurities, destroys the germs of scrofula, and imparts new life and vigor to every fibre of the body.

THE OLD HOME.

THE QUIANT OLD TOWN—THE DEAR OLD FOLKS—MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

Everything seemed so funny there in that pretty little old town. I had lived up in the city ten years when I went back to the place of my birth, to go to the fair and meet all of the friends who had known me since I was such a wee boy that I did not know them. When I got off the train the depot seemed smaller to me than it used to seem, when my happy feet of boyhood trod its platform's boards, so full of knot-holes and splits. I got into one of the "busses" that stood just a few feet away. Was this the same vehicle to whose rear step I had hung and dodged the driver's whip? How little and cramped, and what a noise it made! I used to think this "bus" the greatest thing I ever saw, and, as I come to look back at it, I guess it was.

I went to the hotel and up one flight of stairs into the office, and signed my name, and then looked around at the people sitting there to see if I knew any of them. One of the men nodded, and asked me when I got in. I could not place him at first, but when he shook hands with me I remembered the driver of the "bus"—the same old fellow who used to whip at me from his high seat, when I was such a little boy, in bare feet and with care-free mind. But I was dressed up this time, and something of that indefinable city air hung about me. I looked at the other faces, but they were new to me—even the hotel, which I once thought incomparable in its grandeur and elegance of appointments had changed hands. If ten years would do all this, what changes might twenty effect!

Then I went home to that dear place with a big yard and great, friendly, shade-trees, so unlike anything I had seen in these ten years of life in the city. Not that there are no trees just as big and yards just as spacious, but they all lack something. At home the maples that line the moss-covered brick walk that lead up to the low and rambling house look so friendly. I remember—it was ever so long ago—when a man came to our house, and told my mother that he was from the nursery, and would lay off the grounds. They were mere switches—to freedom they occupied the same relation as I to manhood. And so we were children together. I was glad to go up the walk once more, under the sheltering shade of those happy maples—they looked like brothers to me, and I thought they nodded their heads as I looked up at them.

Years have passed since I paid that chance visit home, but even yet memories crowd my brain, and a picture of youth spreads itself before my mind's eye. It is the same to us all. The old home is a vision to every man. It may have been a wee place high up in the rugged Alps, or an humble peasant cot in the valley of the Rhine; it may have a sweet little vine-clad place in England, or a lowly home in sunny France; it may have been in the Southland, with cute little negro boys playing about the broad grounds with their infant masters; it may have been a rough cabin somewhere in the West—but wherever it was, there the mind lingers. There go the thoughts in the quiet hours of the night, when the cares of a busy world have flown till another sunrise. Beside the old home there may be a little fenced plot on the hillside, green in summer, brown in autumn, and oh! so drear in winter! Little white headstones may be there, and around them many memories cling.

There was no sweeter moment in my life than when I walked over the moss-covered brick under those maples that I had grown up with—Homer Bassford in Detroit Free Press.

Beauty is said to be only skin deep; but to possess and preserve a beautiful skin, pure vigorous blood is essential. This is best secured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla in small but frequent doses. It is the most reliable of blood-purifiers.

HENRY W. GRADY.

CEREMONIES AT THE UNVEILING OF HIS MONUMENT.

The monument to the late Henry W. Grady was unveiled in Atlanta on Wednesday of last week. At 1:30 o'clock the streets of Atlanta were thronged with visitors from every State in the South, and when the veil fell from the bronze statue which stands on Marietta street, between the government building and the old capitol, 30,000 people joined in cheers as the familiar features of the beloved Georgian stood in bold relief above the great sea of human faces. The monument was unveiled by Miss Gussie Grady. Never in the history of Atlanta has a more imposing procession passed through its streets than the parade which passed from the capitol to the monument. Every civic and military organization in the city, and many organizations from surrounding cities participated in the procession, which was not less than a mile and a half long. Confederate Veterans and members of the Grand Army of the Republic marched together and were greeted with applause all along the line. Governor David B. Hill, of New York, the orator of the day rode in the first carriage, drawn by four white horses. By his side was Governor Northern, of Georgia.

When everything was in readiness at the monument the band struck up Dixie and the great throng went wild with enthusiasm. Col. Chas. S. Northern, president of the Grady monument association, presided. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. W. Lee, of this city, after which Fulton Colville in behalf of the monument association told the story of its construction. The monument originated in a call by the young men of Atlanta the day after Grady died. The association was organized in Grady's old room in the Constitution office, and it at once resolved to make an appeal for funds with which to build the monument, stating that it would ask for contributions to this fund for only one month, after which time it would build the monument with whatever amount it had succeeded in collecting at that time, whether large or small. Contributions came from every hamlet in Georgia and from every State in the Union. Subscriptions were received varying from 5 cents to \$1,000. In thirty days \$20,000 had been raised and designs for the monument asked for. Alex Doyle, of New York, was selected as the sculptor and shortly afterward a contract was signed for the monument to be completed in the fall of 1892. This, in brief, was the work of the association and history of the monument.

Hon. Clark Howell, Grady's successor as managing editor of the Constitution and speaker of the Georgia House of Representatives, then introduced Governor Hill, in an appropriate address, giving the reasons for the selection of a Northern orator on the occasion.

Governor Hill was greeted with great enthusiasm, and spoke for about fifty minutes, being frequently and enthusiastically applauded. His address is too long, but the opening and some of the closing paragraphs are given:

"This is an unaccustomed spectacle. The scene which we are now witnessing scarcely finds a parallel in all the history of the world. It is an occurrence upon which the earnest attention of the whole American people is riveted at this hour, because of its peculiar significance. Not to the memory of a great soldier or a famous statesman is this statue unveiled to-day, but a plain citizen of the Republic—a 'journalist, orator, patriot.' Did ever sculptor's chisel cut a truer or worthier epitaph? 'Journalist, orator, patriot'—what three words portray more truly Grady's life-work? What are fully in suggestion and significance?"

"Henry W. Grady was not only a great orator and a public benefactor—he was a typical citizen. The solid virtues of his private life fitly supplemented the brilliant qualities of his genius and the great accomplishments of his public efforts. He was a domestic man. He

loved his home and his family; he was always delighted to entertain his friends around his own hospital fireside. He loved the country and its quiet pursuits. He loved this city of his adoption and fondly watched its proud progress. He loved its people and was by them in turn beloved. He was a rare conversationist and a genial companion. He was a true friend and an honest man. Absorbed in his profession, he never held or sought office.

"He died at the early age of 39. His wonderful career resembled a meteor flashing through the Heavens, dazzling us with its brilliancy and startling us with its sudden departure.

"Proud ought Georgia to be of her noble son! Proud ought the South to be of her great benefactor! Proud ought the nation to be of her eloquent pacifist!"

"Beneath this bronze memorial and throughout this broad land let Henry Grady's memory be cherished by every patriot. Let the story of his great work inspire every true American. Let the example of his exalted purpose and generous effort make fairer partisans and better partisans."

"The sacred task which he accomplished let no man try to undo. The reconciliation which his eloquence brought about no man dare disturb. Let that hand wither which seeks again to kindle the fires of sectional strife that Grady quenched. A reunited people shall quickly avenge that insult to his memory and smother with reproach that incendiary effort."

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

The monument was designed by Alexander Doyle. The statue is of heroic size. It represents Mr. Grady with uncovered head, standing in an easy attitude with the left foot somewhat advanced.

On the right and left of the statue are allegorical figures of Memory and History, and the figures surmount a great stone pedestal, the sides of which bear the following inscriptions:

Henry W. Grady, journalist, orator, patriot,
Editor of the Atlanta Constitution,
Born in Athens, Ga., May 24, 1850.
Died in Atlanta, December 23, 1889.
Graduated in the State University in the year, 1868.

He never held nor sought public office. When he died he was literally loving a nation into peace.

Below this in large letters, the name Henry W. Grady.

Among the decorations on the stand about the monument this morning were pictures of Jefferson Davis, General Lee and Stonewall Jackson. They were ordered by the committee to be taken down before the exercises took place. The only decorations on the stand were the national colors.

ALADDIN'S LAMP

A PENNY AS COMPARED WITH THE MODERN STANDARD OIL OCTOPUS'S FABULOUS WEALTH PRODUCING CAPACITY.

It is remarkable that the greatest of fable fortunes, as well as the most gigantic of actual accumulations of wealth, were created by a lamp.

Aladdin and Rockefeller—the fabulous and the real!

The story of Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp may have appeared sufficiently marvellous in the long to serve as a first-class nursery surprise story. It doubtless served its purpose of making lisping infants open their big, innocent eyes in wonder.

Perhaps it was all-sufficient to illustrate the limit of inventive imagination in the primitive period which produced it.

Even very small children knew the stories were "fairy tales." Grown up children have admired with equal earnestness the inventive brain that produced "Monte Cristo."

Had the authors of these romances waited until the Standard Oil Company had reached its present stage they would

have remained silent. Beside this wonder of the twentieth century, the stories of Aladdin's lamp, Jack's bean stalk and Monte Cristo's would have fallen so flat that no publisher would have accepted them as a gift. But their authors had not heard of the Standard Oil Company.

There is nothing in the history of fiction of wealth that will not suffer by comparison with the Standard's contributions to the coffers of its prestiges. Jay Gould, as a marvel of the possibilities of financial enterprise, is a penny whistle beside John D. Rockefeller. And yet Jay Gould does know something about speculative financiering.

Twenty years ago the Standard Oil Company had not been brought to life. Twenty years ago John D. Rockefeller was a poor man, and the score or more of millionaires associated with him were, as a rule, filling humble positions with establishments that were competing with Mr. Rockefeller in the oil business.

Those men owe their prosperity to the shrewd judgment, which prompted them to desert their early patrons before they were mowed down by the tornado of opposition with which the Standard wrecked all would be rivals. They got out of the doomed establishments in such shape as to make them valuable to the Standard.

They were properly and liberally rewarded for this exercise of business sagacity. Some of them have thus been enabled to extend small favors to their patrons now financially wrecked on the Standard reef.

John D. Rockefeller began a refining crude oil in Cleveland, O., a little more than thirty years ago. He began in a modest, unassuming way, and for many years was content to plod along without ostentation and gather in an honest dollar when the occasion offered.

He wished a refinery so he could increase his business somewhat and prepare to retire before he was too old to enjoy his competency. He didn't begin to attract attention as a financier until about eighteen years ago. Then some people alluded to him as a millionaire. He perhaps was worth in the neighborhood of a million.

That was more than in his early days he had pictured in his mind's eye as a competency. He was probably too busy then to bother about early dreams, however. At all events he did not retire. Money began to roll in on him so fast that all his time was occupied in placing it in safe and promising investments.

John D. struggled along under the burden of increasing wealth and growing business cares until about 1875. Then he called to his assistance his brother William. Wm. Rockefeller is not much given to the dull routine of ordinary business affairs. He is a born financier. Some people speak of him as a "natural born schemer."

Nearly all the gigantic products with which the Standard Oil Company has startled the public were the product of William Rockefeller's prolific brain. And yet he is a comparatively poor man only worth a paltry fifty million dollars.

The Oil City, Pennsylvania section, was then the only place where petroleum had been found in this country. One by one rivals found that they could not compete with the Standard and fell by the wayside.

For a time the Standard's sway was undisputed. Then the Ohio oil fields were discovered and efforts at opposition to the giant monopoly were made. When the Rockefeller's had recovered from the astoishment such audacity caused, war was again declared. Some of the producers attempted to fight the giant. Then a systematic attack was made through the local dealers, grocery-men, crockery ware stores, etc.

Agents of the octopus were actually sent to watch the local dealers when delivering oil, that their customers might be enticed away with oil at their own price or, if necessary at no price at all. Thus, in time, another monopoly was obtained. The Standard invested a large amount of money in suppressing this attempt to revive opposition.

The Standard managers are shrewd business men, however. They soon recruited their losses. They argued that the benighted people who had so far forgotten their patriotic duty as to encourage opposition to the Standard were to blame for all the trouble. Therefore, as fast as the company re-established its monopoly in any section it promptly advanced the price of oil for that section.

The advanced was maintained until the company had recovered all losses sustained in eradicating opposition. As a rule the advance was found to be so satisfactory to the company by this time that it was adopted as a permanency. While prices are kept up to the consumer the poor producer is crowded to the wall.

It is alleged that the refined oil sold by the company does not cost it a penny; that residuum, which is known as paraffine and of which vaseline, cosmoline, chewing gum and many other articles of commerce are made, reimburses the company and leaves the oil proper as clear profit. For this oil the company gets \$5 or \$6 a barrel. When the company obtains full control of the oil producing regions its profits will be larger.

If its plans do not miscarry, and there is no reason to suppose they will, it will in a short time own real estate of fabulous extent and value. Its revenues are counted by the scores of million dollars annually, and it is engaged in a never ceasing effort to extend them.

There is a constant outlook for investments on a larger scale. The finances of the company and its promoters have long since exceeded the demands of the business proper. The managers are too shrewd and thrifty to allow themselves to lie idle. They are always on the alert to turn an honest million or two.

And what a sleek, well-fed, pleasant collection of managers the building 26 Broadway shelters! First there is John D. Rockefeller. He is but little past fifty years of age, and appears to be good for many years more of active pursuit of a competency on which to retire. He is worth so much over \$100,000,000 that he himself cannot make an estimate of the amount.

He is easily the wealthiest man in this country. If he lives five years he will unquestionably be the richest individual in the world. His income is the largest of any man living. It is estimated at \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000 a year. When his daughter was married recently he gave her a check for \$1,000,000 to begin housekeeping on.

William Rockefeller is said to be worth \$50,000,000. His income is probably now over \$5,000,000 and possibly as much as \$10,000,000 a year.

John D. Archbold, vice-president of the company, started in as an office boy for F. W. Abbott, an oil dealer at Titusville, Pa. He was promoted and became valuable to his employer. He was secured by the Standard company, and being brilliant was rapidly advanced. He is worth \$12,000,000 or \$15,000,000.

Henry M. Flagler, secretary of the company, started in with some money. By industry and economy he has accumulated about \$20,000,000. He daily glides up and down the Hudson River in a \$500,000 yacht. He runs the Ponce de Leon in Florida, as a plaything to amuse his leisure moments.

Henry B. Payne, ex-Senator from Ohio, is worth \$8,000,000 or \$10,000,000, the bulk of which was made in Standard Oil speculations.

Ex-Senator Payne's son is credited with \$5,000,000 made out of Standard Oil, and his son-in-law, William C. Whitney, of this city, is supposed to be worth \$4,000,000 or \$5,000,000, mainly derived from the same source.

In their train is a "job lot" of one and two millionaires, probably fifteen or twenty of them in all, who owe their modest fortunes to Standard.

Is the unit of this incredible aggregation of wealth the rich man's dollar? No! The pennies of the poor compose the tribute.—New York Recorder.

Popularly called the king of medicines—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It conquers scrofula, salt rheum and all other blood diseases.