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A BABY'S DIARY.

DAD MAY GO ANY DAY NEXT WEEK, BUT AS FOR ME I'VE COME TO STAY.

First Week—As near as I am able to judge from appearances, my arrival has kicked up quite an excitement in the household. I have been weighed, and figures were given at eight pounds. I have also been carefully inspected, and have been pronounced sound in wind and limb. It's a go as far as I am concerned. My young dad seems to be tickled half to death. When he heard I was a boy he went out back of the house and jumped on his hat for joy. If I don't make him jump for some other cause before I get over this redness of complexion then you can play marbles on my bald head!

Second Week—Nurse is here yet, and I'm on my good behavior. She looks to me like a woman who wouldn't take much sass from a youngster, and I don't want a row until my muscle works up a little more. Several parties in to see me, and I had to listen to the usual congratulations. Some talk of bringing me up on a bottle, but I'll have something to say about that later on. I'm lying low and taking things easy. Dad is still walking around with a grin on his face. When he remarked that I was just the quietest and most good-natured baby in this community I came near giving myself dead away. There's a surprise in store for that brayced, and it'll hit him like a load of hay.

Third Week—Everything so-so. Nurse goes Saturday night. She brags about what a little darling I am, but she's talking for wages. I'm quite sure she mistrusts me. People keep coming in to paw me over and look at my feet. The general verdict is—ahem!—that I'm just the cutest, handsomest young'un ever born. That's all bosh, however, and I'm not at all stuck on my shape.

Fourth Week—I told you I'd do it, and I did! The night after the nurse left I took up that unfinished business with dad, and along about 1 o'clock in the morning he was the sickest man you ever saw. I didn't want to kill him in one night, and so saved some of him over for the next. Colic, you know. All babies have it, and I wasn't going to be left out. Kicks, squirms, wriggles, yells, with dad trotting up and down, until he finally shook his fist under my nose and said: "You little red-headed devil, where in the h—l did you come from, any way?"

Then I let up a little, but I've got a lot more colic zaved up. The happy grin has quite vanished from his face, and they say he has lost five pounds. That's all right. I propose to take a hand from this on. If the old man gets out to the lodge again this winter you just ask me how it happened. I'm keeping the run of things under proper dates, and now and then I'll dish you up half a column or so, and let you know who's running the house.

LICKING THE EDITOR.

"What are you crying about?" asked a kind-hearted stranger of a lad who was standing in front of a newspaper office weeping as if his heart would break.

"Oh, dad's gone up stairs to lick the editor."

"Well, has he come down yet?" pursued the gentle Samaritan.

"Pieces of him have," exclaimed the boy, indulging in a fresh burst of tears, "and I'm expecting the rest every minute."

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by W. M. Cohen.

Why do you wear the Patent Sole Shoe? Because it excludes dust and water, and wears better than others.

John, try the Patent Sole Shoe. They are the best I ever saw.

THE WAY TO FLORIDA.

ELI PERKINS HAD BEEN THERE AND FOUND OUT.

There was a blizzard up North and the New Englander was in a hurry to snuff the roses at Charleston and Savannah and see the alligators and pick oranges in Florida.

"I've studied these guide books till I'm blind," he said. "I wish some old traveller would tell me in a word how to go South easy."

"I'll tell you," I said; I've been there a thousand times."

"Well, how?"

"Why, just throw that guide book away. There isn't, and never has been, nor ever will be, but one great straight coast line to Florida, Havana, New Orleans, Galveston and Mexico."

"What's that?"

"Why, the 'Atlantic Coast Line.' Now, you just go into any ticket office in New York or Boston and ask for that coast line ticket. Then pin it onto your coat, jump onto the Pennsylvania road and you'll be in St. Augustine picking oranges or at Tampa, Florida, walking onto a Havana steamer in twenty-four hours."

"What will I see on the way?"

"Why you'll slide through Washington and see Arlington Heights, Alexandria, Fredericksburg, where Hooker and Burnside tried to cross the Rappahannock. You'll glide through Richmond, see Petersburg and the Wilderness fortifications. You'll see Goldsboro and then drop down to Wilmington on the ocean. On you'll go, snuffing the ocean breezes all the way to Charleston with its palmettoes, and Savannah with its beautiful live oaks and hanging moss. You are in the tropics from Wilmington down to Jacksonville, Palatka and St. Augustine, or around on the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans and Galveston."

"And no trouble at all?"

"Not a bit. You step into the Pullman at Jersey City and walk out of it in Florida. The coast line is a great system. All roads wait for it and you can't get left. It don't run up to the sterile red hills, but down through the everglades. It is the Sea Island cotton line, the rice and the palmetto line. It is the antipodes, and that is what the live Yankee is looking after."

"Does the Coast line make time?"

"Why, it destroys time. It kills it dead. Trains on time? Well, when the Atlantic Coast train pulls into Jacksonville over the Plant system, you will see the mayor and common council standing there waiting to set their watches by the train, and if the train is five minutes late the whole State of Florida waits for it.—Eli Perkins' Syndicate Letter.

LOOK OUT.

THESE MEN WERE KILLED BY OVERWORK.

Senator Beck's death resulted from overwork.

Henry Ward Beecher succumbed to overwork.

Zach Chandler died of apoplexy due to overwork.

Family troubles and overwork killed Horace Greeley.

Secretary Fulger fell a victim to the demon of overwork.

Senator Plumb, though a giant in strength, died from overwork.

Dan Manning died from lack of exercise and excessive brain labor.

Edwin M. Stanton's death was superinduced by overwork and worry.

Family troubles and overwork killed ex-Senator Pendleton, of Ohio.

Worry and disappointment killed Charles Sumner, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster.—Washington Post.

We brag, because the Patent Sole Shoe is the only one made that excludes water, dust and dirt.

THE THIRD PARTY.

IS GETTING ITS SUSTENANCE FROM THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

The Atlanta Constitution says: A lively sensation has developed at Washington in the report that the Third Party movement in the South is being backed by the Republican national campaign committee. It is said that the Republican committee is quietly at work communicating with prominent advocates of the Third party in Georgia and other Southern States, and that Republican emissaries are zealously at work in this new effort to break the Democratic integrity of the South, as they have been unable to do it by any other method. The report goes that the Republican campaign committee has set aside a liberal contribution from its campaign fund to be used in spreading Third party doctrine in the South. If this report is true, the Third party movement in Georgia is being supplied from the Republican national campaign fund with the wherewith with which to do the work of breaking up the Democratic party. It is a sharp trick of the Republicans, and there seems to be no doubt that there is something in it. A well-known Republican, on being asked concerning the matter to-night, said:

"Suppose it is so, though of course I know nothing about it, would it not be all right? The Republican party never has had a fair showing with the South solidly Democratic, and it never will until that condition of affairs is broken up. We cannot do it by making a straight fight as between Democracy and Republicanism, but if the apple of discord is thrown into the Democratic ranks by the Republican managers it may have the effect of dividing the Democrats and giving the Republican party a surer foothold in the South. It is fair politics, and it seems that the scheme, if such a scheme is on foot, is being worked to decided advantage from the reports received from the South."

Active Republicans are in correspondence with the Republican campaign committee on the subject, and in some Southern States it will be observed that many of the most active leaders of the new party came from the ranks of the Republicans. Whether or not the Alliance men of the South are going to be fooled to any extent by this Republican trick remains to be seen. But the Alliance men in Congress say that they will not be, and that the farmers will remain true and steadfast to the Democratic party and will work through it their great mission of financial reform, which, if not successful through the Democratic party, cannot be won at all.

This is Meant for You.

It has been truly said that half the world does not know how the other half lives. Comparatively few of us have perfect health, owing to the impure condition of our blood. But we rub along from day to day, with scarcely a thought unless forced to our attention, of the thousands all about us who are suffering from scrofula, salt rheum and other serious blood disorders, and whose agonies can only be imagined. The marked success of Hood's Sarsaparilla for these troubles, as shown in our advertising columns certainly seems to justify urging the use of this excellent medicine by all who know that their blood is disordered. Every claim in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is fully backed up by what the medicine has done and is still doing, and when its proprietors urge its merits and its use upon all who suffer from impure blood, in great or small degrees, they certainly mean to include you.

"Johnny, Johnny," said the minister, as he met an urchin one Sunday afternoon carrying a string of fish. "Do these belong to you?" "Yes, sir; you see that's what they got for chasing worms on Sunday."

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the scalp free from dandruff, prevents the hair from becoming dry and harsh, and makes it flexible and glossy. All the elements that nature requires to make the hair abundant and beautiful, are supplied by this admirable preparation.

MIGHT WRECK THE TRAIN

A PLACE WORN ON THE WHEEL MAY THROW THE CAR OFF THE TRACK.

"There's a flat wheel on this truck under this end of the car," said an Erie official who sat in the back seat of the rear car of a passenger train. "That must be taken out. It might wreck the train."

"What's a flat wheel?" asked the scribe.

"Listen," said the railroad man "You hear that rapid pat-pat-pat of the wheel? That's caused by the flat wheel. On a spot on the surface of the wheel a flat place is worn. It may be done, and is generally, by setting up a brake so tight that the wheel slips on the rail. Let it slip but the least, yet a small place no larger than a silver dollar will be worn on the wheel. The next time the brake is set up hard the wheel stops with that same place on the rail and it is worn larger.

"By the time it is a couple of inches in diameter it begins to pound every time the wheel turns. Instead of running a true circle as it revolves the wheel strikes flat on the rail when the flat spot is reached. The consequence is that when the flat spot has grown to be three or four inches across it is a very dangerous thing. Every stroke against the rail by the flat side of the wheel is liable to break the wheel and ditch the train."

Around the shops and at nearly every cripple track in the railroad world these flat wheels may be seen. As soon as one is discovered the pair of wheels affected is taken out and sent to the junk track to be cast into new machinery. The flat spots are plainly perceptible, but they would hardly be judged by the uninitiated to be of sufficient importance to be one of the most dangerous elements of railroading, yet such is the case.—Bradford Era.

FARMING VS. PLANTING.

We frequently hear men speak of "resting" land, particularly in the cotton belt. By "resting" they mean allowing a field to lie a year between crops of cotton, and grow up in all manner of weeds and grass, and ripen quantities of seed to give trouble in future crops.

Now, as we before remarked, we cannot "stimulate" inert matter, neither can we "rest" it. Land does not get tired; it simply gets starved. The so-called practice of "resting" is a little better, in some respects, than annual clean culture in cotton, inasmuch as the wild growth protects the land from the sun and furnishes a little vegetable matter to plow under. But the true way to rest land is to feed it by keeping it at work growing crops that will add food to the soil and enable it to produce larger crops.

The true use of commercial fertilizers is to give a heavy growth of recuperative crops, between our sale crops, to enable us to feed stock and raise more home-made manure and to store up nitrogen in the soil for other crops. And herein consists the difference between the farmer and the planter. The first uses fertilizers freely to enable him to make a store of fertility in his soil and to draw thence dividends in the shape of constantly increasing crops, while the planter draws on the original deposit in his soil until his drafts are dishonored, and then gambles in fertilizers, taking the chances of seasons as to whether they will pay him or not his account with the soil being continually overdrawn, until the bank bursts.—Home and Farm

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

This is beyond question, the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a positive guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and \$1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Pectoral Plaster. Sold by W. M. Cohen.

THE AMERICAN DESERT.

ONE OF THE STRANGE CORNERS OF OUR COUNTRY.

The great American desert was almost better known a generation ago than it is to-day. Then thousands of hardy Argonauts on their way to California had traversed that fearful waste on foot with their dawdling or teams, and hundreds of them left their bones to bleach in that thirsty land. The survivors of these deadly journeys had a very vivid idea of what that desert was; but now that we can roll across it in less than a day in Pullman palace cars its real—and still existing—horrors are largely forgotten. I have walked its hideous length alone and wounded, and realized something more of it from that than a great many railroad journeys across it have told me. Now every transcontinental railroad crosses the great desert which stretches up and down the continent, west of the Rocky mountains, for nearly two thousand miles. The northern routes cut its least terrible parts; but the two railroads which traverse its southern half—the Atlantic & Pacific railroad and the Southern Pacific—pierce some of its grimmest recesses.

The first scientific exploration of this region was Lieut. Wheeler's survey, about 1850, and he was first to give scientific assurance that we had here a desert as absolute as the Sahara. If its parched sands could speak their record what a story they might tell of sufferings and death; of slow-plodding caravans, whose patient oxen lifted their feet ceaselessly from the blistering gravel; of drawn human faces that peered at some lying image of a placid lake, and toiled frantically on to sink at last, hopeless and strengthless, in the hot dust which the mirage had painted with the hues and the very waves of water.

No one will ever know how many have yielded to the long sleep in that inhospitable land. Not a year passes, even now, without record of many dying upon that desert and of many more who wander back, in a delirium of thirst. Even people at the railroad station sometimes off, lured by the strange fascination of the desert and never come back, and of the adventurous miners who seek to probe the golden secrets of those barren and strange-hued ranges there are countless victims.

A desert is not necessarily an endless, level waste of burning sand. The great American desert is full of strange, burnt, ragged mountain ranges, with deceptive, sloping broad valleys between—though as we near its southern end the mountains become somewhat less numerous and the sandy wastes more prominent. There are many extinct volcanoes upon it, and hundreds of square miles of black, bristling lava flows. A large part of it is sparsely clothed with the hardy greasewood; but in places not a plant of any sort breaks the surface, as far as the eye can reach. The summer heat is unbearable, often reaching 136° in the shade; and a piece of metal which has been in the sun can no more be handled than can a red-hot stove. Even in winter the mid day heat is insufferable, while at night ice frequently forms on the water tanks. The daily range of temperature there is said to be the greatest ever recorded anywhere, and a change of 80 degrees in a few hours is not rare.—St. Nicholas.

FOR CORNS, WARTS AND BUNIONS

Use only Abbott's East Indian Corn Plaster.

Erysipelas, Swollen limbs, Bad Sores, Scabs and Seabs on the leg have been entirely cured by P. P. P., the most wonderful blood medicine of the day.

A course of P. P. P. will banish all bad feelings and restore your health to perfect condition. Its curative powers are marvelous. If out of sorts and in bad humor with yourself and the world, take P. P. P. and become healthy and rational.

For sale by W. M. Cohen, Druggist, Weldon, N. C.

Many persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is torpid the Bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy Liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficacy.

NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED.

As a general family remedy for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Constipation, etc., I hardly ever use anything else, and have never been disappointed in the effect produced; it seems to be almost a perfect cure for all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels.

W. J. McELROY, Macon, Ga.



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