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POOR SUE, POOR JIM.

HOW A MOTHER CARRIED THE DEAD BODY OF HER CHILD TO HER HUSBAND.

About three miles from town I overtook a woman carrying a heavy bundle in her arms. She was barefooted, wore a man's straw hat, and it was easy enough to identify her as a mountain wife. I offered to take the bundle.

"It's Baby Sue," she said, as she passed it up.

"Ah! a baby. Well, I'll be careful of her. How old is she?"

"Gwine on two yers."

"She's pretty heavy for such a long walk."

"I've dun walked over ten miles with her already, but I felt I had to do it. Jim, he's a waitin' far her."

"And who's Jim?"

"My man, sah. They's dun got him in jail for moonshinin', and the Lawd only knows when he'll be free. I jest knowed he'd neard die if he couldn't hav one last look at Sue."

She lay like a log in my arms, and, I supposed, sound asleep. I raised the veil to get a peep at her face. One glance told me all.

"Why, woman, your baby is dead!" I exclaimed, as I made the discovery.

"Yes, sah; dun died last night," she replied.

"And you—"

"I've got to take her to jail and let Jim see her. 'Pore old Jim! He dun loved baby Sue like his own life. He'd never forgive me if he didn't dun see her afore she was buried."

She wiped the tears away as he walked alongside. At the jail she took the little body from my hands, tenderly kissed the white, cold face, and said:

"Lawd bless ye, stranger, fur yer kindness! Jim's in yere, and when he sees baby Sue I reckon he won't care no mo' what they do with him. Poor Sue! Poor old Jim!"—New York Sun.

LIKE THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

A PAIR GIRLS THREAT WITH HANGS OVER THE HEAD OF A RICH NEW YORKER.

Washington Post.

You go into a fashionable restaurant and notice a man, well dressed and evidently courted by everybody around. You hear that he is Rev. Mr. Millionaire Dollar, and you think to yourself of the good acts and kind acts that you could do if you had a quarter of his money and then wish you were in his place.

Do you? No, you don't. He's where it's light because he's afraid to be alone.

A year or so ago he induced a young girl to run away with him—of course she believed he would marry her—and it was the old story, but it had a different ending. She is not dead; no, she is simply going to her ruin as fast as she can. And because one man ruined her life she is dragging a lot of men with her. When she left this man, this coward, she said to him:

"Some day I am coming back; not to stay with you, but to kill you. It may be to-morrow; it may be next week; it may not be for a year; but as surely as you have made me a bad woman so certainly will I kill you, and so certainly do I call on God to make you remember that at any minute of your life you may look for a blow from me."

That's the way that man is living. I don't want to change places with him.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The sign perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk and do not nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For lame back, side or chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by W. M. Cohen, Druggist.

GOOD INTEREST.

SENATOR SAWYER'S RETURN TO A BROTHER WHO DID HIM A SMALL FAVOR.

Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, accumulated an immense fortune in the lumber regions of the Northwest. He left New York State comparatively a poor boy, with \$200 in his pocket, which he earned by working on a farm. His brother was then a well-to-do farmer in his native State. As young Sawyer was bidding farewell his brother asked him how much money he had to begin life with in the West.

"I've got \$100 in my pocket," said the senator of the future. His brother gave him a dollar to make it an even two hundred.

A few years ago Senator Sawyer, returning from a visit to Europe, stopped at his brother's house in New York State to spend a week amid the scenes of his youth. He noticed a cloud on his brother's face. One evening at supper the senator casually inquired into his fortunes, and, before the conversation closed developed the fact that he was troubled over some outstanding notes. They were not exactly pressing, but as a thrifty farmer and a conscientious man generally troubled him. By adroit questioning the senator ascertained the amount of each note and the name of the holder. The next morning at breakfast he said to his brother:

"I want to use your horse and buggy to-day, to take a drive over the country and call on some of my friends. But I go alone."

The horse and buggy were got ready, and away went the eccentric old senator.

They were sitting together that evening after supper, when out of his inside coat pocket the senator drew a small package of papers and handed them to his brother.

They were the notes, representing an aggregate of \$1,300. He had paid and taken them up.

His brother was at first dumbfounded. Still he was not averse to the senator's course. The notes had been scattered among three or four men. In the senator's hands they were all together, and then the senator was his brother, and it was only natural that he should prefer him as his creditor.

"Now, you make out a note for the whole amount, and I will secure it," he said.

"When I went West," said the senator looking up at the border of the wall paper "you gave me a dollar to make up the two hundred with which I began life for myself. Probably you have forgotten it, but I never forget a financial transaction. Every dollar I took West earned me \$1,450. The notes I took up to-day were for only \$1,300, and so, instead of being in my debt, I still owe you \$150. Here it is." And he handed him the amount in crisp bank-notes already counted.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A GAME CHICKEN.

Mr. McDermott, of Columbus, Ind., has a game cock, which is "cock of the walk" and lord of the barnyard. For a long time the honors of the yard have been divided between him and an Alderney bull. Recently the bull took exceptions to the forwardness of the cock, and attacked him. But in a very few minutes the bull was minus an eye, and retreated in very great disorder. About one year ago this same cock in one day killed seven geese, which had attacked him in a gang, eleven turkeys and three roosters singly. When the owner beheld the havoc he threw the cock into a pen with an old sow condemned of chicken-eating. But within ten seconds he had knocked both her eyes out and was on the pen crowing lustily.

A lady, whose hair came out with every combing, was induced to give Ayer's Hair Vigor a faithful trial. She did so, and not only was the loss of her hair checked, but a new and vigorous growth soon succeeded that which had gone.

TOLD IN A DREAM.

THE INVENTOR OF THE SHOT TOWER WAS TAUGHT HIS PRINCIPLE AT NIGHT.

Before Watts, the discoverer of the present mode of making shot, had his notable dream, induced by over-indulgence in stimulants, the manufacture in question was a slow, laborious and consequently costly process. Great bars of lead had to be pounded into sheets of thickness nearly equal to the diameter of the shots desired. These sheets had then to be cut into little cubes, placed in a revolving barrel and there rolled around until, by the constant friction, the edges wore off from the little cubes and they became spheroids.

Watts had often raked his brain trying to discover some better and less costly scheme, but in vain. Finally, after spending an evening with some boon companions at an ale house, he went home to bed and soon fell asleep. His slumbers, however, was disturbed by unwelcome dreams, in one of which he was out with "the boys," and as they were stumbling home it began to rain shot—beautiful globules of polished shining lead—in such numbers that he and his companions had to seek shelter.

In the morning Watts remembered his curious dream and it intruded itself on his mind all day. He began to wonder what shape molten lead would assume in falling through the air, and finally, to set his mind at rest, he ascended to the top of the steeple of the Church of St. Mary at Redcliffe and dropped slowly and regularly a ladleful of molten lead into the moat below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of the most perfect he had ever seen. Watt's fortune was made, for from this exploit emanated the idea of the shot tower, which ever since has been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so important in war and sport.

SIGN OF DEATH.

A FRENCH PHYSICIAN GIVES A FORMULA FOR PUTTING DOUBT AT REST.

Probably ninety-nine people out of a hundred have a terror lest they should be buried alive, and numberless have been the cases where a dying person exacted a sacred promise that a vein should be cut, or some means adopted by which death could be assured. From time to time we are horrified by learning that some person has been buried alive after assurances have been given of death.

Under these circumstances the opinion of a rising French physician upon the subject become of world-wide interest, for since the tests which have been in use for years have been found unreliable, no means should be left untried to prove beyond a doubt that life is actually extinct before conveying our loved ones to the grave. Dr. Martinot asserts that an unfailing test may be made by producing a blister on the hand or foot of the body by holding the flame of a candle to the same for a few seconds, or until the blister is formed, which will always occur. If the blister contains any fluid it is evidence of life, and the blister only that produced by an ordinary burn; if, on the contrary, the blister contains only steam, it may be asserted that life is extinct.

The explanation is as follows: A corpse is a thing more than inert matter, under the immediate control of physical laws which cause all liquid heated to a certain temperature to become steam; the epidermis is raised, the blister produced; it breaks with a little noise and steam escapes. But if, in spite of appearances, there is any remnant of life, the organic mechanism continues to be governed by physiological laws, and the blister will contain serous matter, as in the case of ordinary burns.

The test is as simple as the proof is conclusive. Dry blister, death; liquid blister, life. Any one may try it; there is no error possible.

Every testimonial regarding Hood's Sarsaparilla is an honest, unpurchased statement of what this medicine has actually done.

MILES OF SALT.

THE SALINE INCrustATION OF THE FAMOUS PERSIAN DESERT.

Gulbheritees Geographical Magazine.

One of the natural curiosities of Asia is the Great Salt Desert of Persia, which covers a large territory about 70 miles south of Teheran. C. E. Biddulph, who recently visited this place, says that Darya-i-Namak is an extensive tract of ground sloping on all sides toward the centre, covered with an incrustation of solid salt several feet thick in most places, while some parts it is of unknown depth. As he saw it from the mountain top it stretched away for many miles, appearing like a vast frozen lake. It extended as far as the eye could reach toward the south and west, and glistened in the sun like a sheet of glass.

His party finally approached the margin of the salt plain and decided to cross it. They found swampy ground for a mile or so and then entered upon the sheet of salt itself. Near the edge the incrustation was thin and the salt sheet was soft, sloppy and mixed with earth. At a distance of three or four miles from the edge looked like solid ice as it is seen on any pond in northern latitudes during the winter. The surface was not quite level, but resembled that of which had partially thawed and then frozen again, after a slight fall of snow. Of the reality of this incrustation there could be no doubt, for camels, horses and mules were traveling over it without a vibration of any kind being perceptible.

After marching for about eight miles upon this unusual surface the party halted to examine its composition. They tried, by means of a hammer and an iron tent peg, to break off a block of salt to carry away as a specimen. The salt, however, was so very hard that they could make no impression upon it. They managed at last in another place to chip off a lot of fragments which were of the purest white. In two or three days they had absorbed so much moisture that they became soft and slaty blue in color.

KISSES SAVED UP.

A travelling man, who was also the head of a prosperous firm, promised his newly wedded wife that he would give her a dollar every time he kissed her, and in that way she could save plenty of money. Things went on in this way for several years, and, as he made plenty of money, he faithfully kept his promise. Finally reverses came and the once prosperous travelling man found that he was virtually a pauper. He went home to his wife, and told her all.

She, however, did not seem to feel worried, and he was somewhat surprised when she asked him to take a ride with her that afternoon, but he accepted her invitation.

Passing a large block on a well known street she said: "That's mine." Soon she came to a handsome flat and said, "that's mine." Well, she showed him several places with the same remark until he began to be suspicious, and inquired, "How in the deuce did you accumulate so much wealth?" "Do you remember the contract you made when we were first married?" she said. "Yes," he replied "I do." "Well, I invested it and it has made us rich." The traveling man hung his head and said nothing. This was kept up thirty minutes until his wife became alarmed, and she asked, "What in the world is the matter, and what are you thinking about?" He said, "I was thinking how rich we would be if I had done all my kissing at home."

A Crank

is constantly turning the world, keeping it in commotion. Its vigorous exercise keeps the whole body active. But it's the constant going that wears. You've no time to rest, no time to eat, and hardly time to live. It's miserable living at the best. Constant indigestion, Biliousness and Constipation. The body crank needs attention. Keep the Liver active with Shiloh's Liver Regulator, and you can go as much as you please.

EARNED THE MONEY.

A DETERMINED LITTLE WOMAN WHO WENT TO THE THEATRE BUT DIDN'T LAUGH.

New York Recorder.

"Yes," said the little shop woman, smoothing down the black alpaca apron that covered a well worn, black bombazine dress. "Yes, I went to the theatre once, and earned \$25 by doing it, too."

"You see I was born and brought up right here in Greenwich village. My folks were all Dutch Reformed and dreadful strict, and my mother thought it was an awful sin to go to the theatre."

"My husband was different. He was younger and gayer, and he was always beggin' me to go to the theatre or the opera with him, until at last, Washington's birthday, he came in and said:

"Now, see here. There's a-goin' to be a big minstrel show here to-night, and I want you to go. I know you'll laugh yourself sick."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't," I says.

"Yes, you would," he says, "You couldn't help it. I'll give you \$25 if you'll sit through the show without laughing."

"Do you mean it? I says.

"I mean it," he says.

"Then I'll go," I says, "and I'll go that \$25, too."

He laughed and I knew he thought he was pretty safe not to lose the money. We were pretty well off then, and I never used to suppose I'd have to keep a thread and needle shop for a livin'.

"Well, the evenin' came and we went to the show, and I do say it was the funniest thing I ever see. I thought I'd die I wanted to laugh so, but every time I felt like smilin' I'd think of that \$25 and pull my face straight in a hurry. My husband kept lookin' at me whenever they got off the best jokes, as if to say: "Surely you'll laugh at that," but there I sat, looking as solemn as a judge.

"Towards the end of the time he got kind of uneasy about his money, and he'd point out the jokes and nudge me with his elbow, but through it all I never laughed once. I thought of all the bad and dreadful things I'd ever heard of, but even while thinkin' of funerals and corpses and all it was all I could do to keep my face smooth.

"And when we got out he says:

"Well, I'll keep my word and you shall have the money, but I never would have believed you could have done it, never!"

"So I earned my \$25, but it was the hardest night's work I ever did, and I wouldn't have done it again for twice as much."

A CHILD'S REPLY.

Some time ago, upon the occasion of a visit of the Lord Bishop of London, Canada, to a friend here, the Chicagoan gave his children a preliminary course of instruction in etiquette.

"Now, remember, children," was the last and most emphatic admonition, "that you are not to speak unless the Bishop addresses you and then you must answer, 'Yes, my lord,' or 'No, my lord,' but be sure to add 'my lord.'"

After dinner the Bishop suddenly turned to little 5 year old Johnnie and remarked: "I suppose you are a good little boy, aren't you? Do you go to Sunday school regularly?"

There was a moment of silence, the child being too terrified to speak. After vainly trying to recall the phrase which his father had sought to impress on his mind, the youngster shouted: "Oh, my God, yes!" burst into tears and rushed from the room, leaving the Bishop speechless with astonishment and the father horror-stricken.—Chicago Mail.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DYSPEPSIA

Is that misery experienced when suddenly made aware that you possess a diabolical arrangement called stomach. No two dyspeptics have the same predominant symptoms, but whatever form dyspepsia takes

The underlying cause is in the LIVER,

and one thing is certain no one will remain a dyspeptic who will

It will correct Acidity of the Stomach, Expel foul gases, Allay Irritation, Assist Digestion and at the same time

Start the Liver working and all bodily ailments will disappear.

"For more than three years I suffered with Dyspepsia in its worst form. I tried several remedies but they afforded no relief. At last I tried Shiloh's Liver Regulator, which cured me in a short time. It is a grand medicine. I would not be without it."—JAMES A. ROSS, Philadelphia, Pa.

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J. F. MILLAN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



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THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet, made of the best fine calf, styles and easy, and because we make more shoes of this grade than any other man's factory, it equals hand-sewed shoes costing from \$4.00 to \$5.00.

\$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for \$5.00, equals French imported shoes which cost from \$8.00 to \$10.00.

\$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, styles, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom-made shoes costing from \$6.00 to \$8.00.

\$3.00 Patent Shoe, Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy three soles, extension edge. One pair will wear a year.

\$2.50 fine calf no better shoe ever offered at this price; one trial will convince those who want a shoe for comfort and service.

\$2.25 and \$2.00 Workingman's shoes are very strong and durable. Those who have given them a trial will wear no other make.

Boys' \$2.00 and \$1.75 school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, at the increasing sales show.

Ladies' \$1.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best fine calf, very stylish, equals French imported shoes costing from \$4.00 to \$6.00.

Ladies' \$2.00, \$2.00 and \$1.75 shoe for Misses; the best fine calf, styles and durable. Children—See that W. L. Douglas's name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe.

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