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HE GOT THERE.

HIS ARM STOLE AROUND THAT GIRL CRITTER, AND HER HEAD FELL UPON HIS SHOULDER.

It was the hour of sunset in the United States of America. In front of a picturesque log cabin situated in the State of Tennessee two people sat on a log.

They were male and female, both young and tender. Neither had ever loved before. He owned a coon dog and a mule, and she could read, write, and cipher.

"Jen," he said, breaking a long silence.

"Yes, Tom."

"Any 'skeeters hit yo' yet?"

"Heaps."

The sun disappeared behind the Roanoke hills, and twilight fell. Insensibly the gal critter heaved a long, quivering, tremulous, trembling sigh. Insensibly the man critter hitched toward her on the log.

"Jen, s'posin'?" he queried, as he looked straight into the gathering darkness.

"S'posin' what Tom?" she answered as she thumped the life out of a mosquito which was trying to carry her off bodily.

But he stuck there, while the darkness grew deeper and the old man Sheppard trotted by on his mule and an owl in the swamp gave utterance to his lonely cry. Her heart was beating wildly, but a gal critter must wait for a man critter to ask her. Insensibly, however, they hitched in unison toward the centre of the log.

"Jen, s'posin' yo'r pop was to be eat up by a bar?"

"Yes."

"And yer mam was to git the break-bone fever and die?"

"Yes."

He got stuck again. He picked up a chip with his naked toes and worked it about in a nervous manner, while the owl whooped it up for the next five minutes for all there was in it. She could hear his heart flipflop and he knew that she was red clear back to her shoulder blades. Insensibly they drew together.

"And s'posin' yo'r brother Jim should git snake bit and expire?" he continued as he dropped his voice to a whisper.

"Yes, Tom."

"And the cabin should burn down?"

"Yes."

"What would you do then?"

"Reckon I'd go over to yo'r house."

"What for?"

"To ax yo'r mam if—"

The owl stopped his consarned hooting to listen and Tom worked his toes under a root and quivered.

"To ax my mam if what?"

"Yo' won't be mad, Tom?"

"Reckon not."

"And yo' won't git up'n run away?"

"No."

"Then I'd go over to yo'r house to ax yo'r mam if—if she reckoned I was old nuff to git married."

His arm stole around that gal critter, and her head fell upon his shoulder. The owl hooted, and the 'skeeters bit, but they heard nothing but the whispers of love—felt nothing but that overpowering sense of happiness which comes to calves who bite each other's ears for the first time.

FATHER OF FORTY GIRLS.

Moses Williams, colored, lives on a farm about five miles east of Fayetteville, Texas. He is 65 years old, but no one would take him to be more than about 50. He was married twice, and had borne to him 45 children. By the first wife he had 23 children—three boys and twenty girls—and by his second 22 children—2 boys and 20 girls. He says he has about 40 grandchildren.

The use of Hall's Hair Renewer promotes the growth of the hair, and restores its natural color and beauty, frees the scalp of dandruff, tetter, and all impurities.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

EDWIN BOOTH THREATENED TO TEAR DOWN THE WALLS OF FORD'S THEATRE AFTER HE DIED.

Atlanta Constitution.

No greater argument is in favor of the spiritualistic doctrine than the burial of Edwin Booth and the fall of Ford's Theatre. Years ago Edwin Booth, in an outbreak of passion, made the remark that if, after his death, such a thing were possible, he would come back and tear that old barracks to the ground.

At the time the statement was given publicly, the spiritualists took hold of it and printed it everywhere throughout the country. The daily press laughed at the thing, and it was soon forgotten. Yesterday morning a spiritualist recalled the old saying of Booth's and spoke of it in that connection. Booth had sworn to destroy the building after his death. It was a place that had made his entire life a nightmare. He never went to Washington. No money could induce him to give a performance in that city. If in his travels it was necessary to go through Washington, he generally arranged to go at night, when he should be in bed and asleep. If Washingtonians wanted to see Booth perform, they had to take a train and go to Baltimore. There was not enough money in the Treasury to get the tragedian in the capital.

Now the spiritualists are arguing the question, did Booth keep his word? Is the great tragedian's spirit responsible for the catastrophe of a few weeks ago? Did he cause that building to fall? Men who knew this great actor and his great heart refuse to accept any such theory. It could not be possible that Edwin Booth would cause the widespread distress that this accident causes. Yet the spiritualists reply, that he made the threat and it has come true.

At the very least, it seems a most remarkable coincidence. Booth states that after death, he would tear that building down, and almost at the very moment that the burial service is being read over his body the building collapses.

Was it coincidence?

With the fall of the old building and the death of Booth, the Lincoln tragedy passes from life to eternity. Booth was the last of his race. The theatre has gone forever. It is singular to think to what a tragic end most people came who were connected with the assassination of the President. Secretary Stanton committed suicide by cutting his throat, and Corbett, the man to whom was accredited the killing of John Wilkes Booth, died in a lunatic asylum. These are but single instances; violent deaths have come to nearly every one having a direct hand in the affair.

The world will discuss the matter; the spiritualists will take courage from it, and all manner of men will stop to ask.

Was it coincidence?

PATIENCE.

They say patience, perseverance and a little sweet oil will accomplish almost anything, and sometimes when the sweet oil can't be gotten water will do on a pinch. A prisoner sentenced to solitary confinement in Siberia for twenty years has just made his escape by removing two big stones from the prison wall. It took him nine years to do it, as he had no tools to work with, and had to loosen the two stones, which were two feet long, by moistening the mortar with water given him to drink, and rubbing it away with his fingers. But he kept pegging, or rubbing away until he succeeded.

BAD BLOOD—is at the bottom of many a feud, and the cause of strife and murder. It is also the root of all ailments of the body. Good blood nourishes and bad blood poisons, therefore take Simmons Liver Regulator to keep the liver active, the bowels free, and promote digestion. This done, your blood will be good, the system free from malarial poison and Rheumatism.

CURRENCY OF THE PEOPLE.

REPEAL THE TEN PER CENT. TAX ON STATE BANK NOTES.

It is now very evident that the extra session of Congress will repeal the 10 per cent. tax on state bank notes. The Democratic platform recommends this action, and it is apparently the only way to meet the general demand for an expansive currency.

We may take it for granted then that Congress will repeal the Sherman law and re-establish the State banking system. The change will not be in the nature of a new and a hazardous experiment. For eighty years state banks of issue flourished in this country. They supplied the people with a convenient and a flexible currency that enabled them to make their exchanges and move their crops without being subject to the whims and caprices of Wall street.

The system was thoroughly suited to the wants and necessities of a vast territory divided into separate states having all the requisite machinery for independent political and commercial existence. It enabled the people to use their credit to aid their trade and industry. The nation prospered under the system and our currency was regulated by the natural commercial and financial laws of supply and demand. During the war the capitalists who had invested in the bonds of the federal government secured the passage of a law imposing a tax of 10 per cent. on state bank notes. The law was intended to be prohibitory. It was designed to destroy the credit of the people and give a monopoly of banking privileges to a favored class—the bondholders. Their scheme established national banks, and under the operations of these institutions only the commercial and speculative classes in cities and towns have derived any benefit. The farmers and owners of real estate have been practically deprived of the advantages of credit, so far as banking accommodations are concerned.

Within the past few years the reaction in public sentiment has been so great that the Democratic party has pledged itself to re-establish state banks, and the opposition to this reform is now confined to the few who would be benefited by the further issue of bonds and the perpetuation of the national banking system. It is generally conceded that there is no difficulty in the way of making the issues of state banks as safe as those of the national banks. State laws requiring a deposit in the public treasury of the state and municipal bonds would be a sufficient safeguard, with, of course, a provision requiring efficient inspection.

The danger of wild cat issues is purely imaginary. The people will not accept an unsound currency, and men are not going to the expense and trouble of starting banks that will be promptly repudiated by the people, and forced to close their doors almost as soon as they are opened.

Two excellent features of the system are the facilities for expansion and the fact that it provides every section with a local currency. There need be no fear that the notes issued by these banks will be subject to a discount when they cross state lines. The leading state banks before the war suffered no such inconvenience, and their successors will circulate their notes without any trouble under the requirements and regulations that the states will impose upon them. The change will re-establish the credit of the people and emancipate it from the oppressive conditions dictated by the monopolists who abolished the state banks as a war measure and substituted the national banks in the interests of the cities and towns, practically ignoring the farmers of the country.

The redemption of this pledge in the Democratic platform will restore general prosperity, especially in the south and west.—Atlanta Constitution.

Whether Pasteur and Koch's peculiar modes of treatment will ultimately prevail or not, their theory of blood contamination is the correct one, though not original. It was on this theory that Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., nearly fifty years ago, formulated Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"I was prostrated with a severe bilious complaint," writes Erastus Southworth, of Bath, Me. "After vainly trying a number of remedies, I was finally induced to take Ayer's Pills. I had scarcely taken two boxes when I was completely cured."

THE FUNNY POSTMASTER.

HE HAS A FEW WORDS ON SENDING THINGS BY MAIL.

A funny postmaster recently sent to the Post Office Department a new set of post office rules, says the New York Telegram. They were:

A pair of onions will go for two cents. Ink bottles must be corked when sent by mail.

It is unsafe to mail apple or fruit trees with the fruit on them.

Alligators over ten feet in length are not allowed to be transmitted by mail.

As all postmasters are expert linguists, the address may be written in Chinese or Choctaw.

John Smith gets his mail from 674-279 post offices; hence a letter addressed "John Smith, United States," will reach him.

Ducks cannot be sent through the mails when alive. The quacking would disturb the slumbers of the clerks on the postal cars.

It is earnestly requested that lovers writing to their girls will please confine their gushing rhapsodies to the inside of the envelope.

Nitro-glycerine must be forwarded at the risk of the sender. If it should blow up in the postmaster's hands he cannot be held responsible.

The placing of stamps upside down on letters is prohibited. Several postmasters have recently been seriously injured while trying to stand on their heads to cancel stamps placed in this manner.

VANCE'S WIT AND WISDOM.

Wilmington Messenger.

The very best of the many good and bright and humorous things that Senator Vance has "got off" in the last forty years, we think, is the following. It is very happy. It is both witty and wise. It is but little known and yet it is authentic. Here it is: "Just after Vance was elected to the United States Senate and was not allowed to take his seat on account of his war record, he was returning home sad and dejected. In front of him on the cars sat a Presbyterian and a Methodist preacher discussing the doctrines of their respective churches—election, predestination, free grace, etc. Coming to no agreement, as might have been expected, the two theological disputants of opposing schools never accomplish the impossible feat of convincing each other of their gross errors, and noticing the interest of Vance, who was a stranger to them both, they asked him what he thought of the question. Vance's reply was: "Well, gentlemen, I'm a Presbyterian myself, but my experience has taught me that your election is not worth a continental if you don't have your disabilities removed."

LOVE OF MONEY.

After all, what does the rush for hoarding of the same amount to? "We brought nothing into the world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." It is well to "put money in thy purse"—and in the bank. It is not money, but the love of money, which is the root of all evil. It is this love for it that becomes a moral leech, sucking every drop of kindness, charity and joy out of human hearts. Don't let the chattering of golden eagles deafen your ears to your surroundings! Don't look at every act to see if its results will be wreathed with bright shining dollars, like a garland of posies! Have a soul. Don't masquerade your miserable money grasping body in a meaningless so-called soul, which is so small and mummified that it couldn't be seen with the most powerful magnifying glass ever constructed by the hands of man.—Durham Record.

THE VERB "DONE."

In answer to a Northern friend I give below the conjugation of the verb "done."

It is from advanced sheets of a new grammar which I am now working out.

THE VERB DONE—PAST TENSE.

Singular—I done it. You done it.

He or she done it.

Still more Singular—I done done it.

Thou or you done done it. He done done it.

Plural—We done it. You done it.

They done it.

Still More Plural—We done done it.

You done done it. They done done it.

PRIOR PAST TENSE.

Singular—I done gone done it. Thou or you done gone done it. He done gone done it.

Plural—We done gone done it. You done gone done it. They done gone done it.

POSSIBLE PRIOR PAST TENSE OF VERB DONE.

Singular—I might, could, would or should of done it. Thou or you might, could, would or should of done it. He might, could, would or should of done it.

Plural—We might, could, would or should of done it. You might, could, would or should of done it. They might, could, would or should of done it.

PECULIAR PAST TENSE.

Singular—I might, could, would or should of jest plumb done gone and done it. Thou or you might, could, would or should of jest plumb done gone and done it. He might, could, would or should of jest plumb done gone and done it.

Plural—We might, could, would or should of jest plumb done gone and done it. You might, could, would or should of jest plumb done gone and done it. They might, could, would or should of jest plumb done gone and done it.

They might, could, would or should of jest plumb done gone and done it.

BILL NYE.

A MUCH MIXED PRAYER.

Sampson Democrat.

The Rev. Dr. Marshall's prayer at the Jefferson Davis ceremonies, in Raleigh, was published in many papers in this State. The Goldsboro Argus, by a blunder of the foreman, gives the following as part of this prayer:

"Oh, Lord, our Heavenly Father, the high and mighty Ruler of the universe, who doth from Thy throne behold all dwellers upon earth, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth, Thou art God from everlasting and

The price of prime Irish potatoes is looking up on the Northern markets. They were quoted yesterday at \$4.10 per barrel.

world without end."

This is almost as badly mixed as the old minister's description of Noah's wife, whom he confounded with the ark. In reading he skipped a page and read, "she was three hundred cubits long, fifty cubits wide, thirty cubits deep, and pitched inside and out."

Or, suggests the Charlotte Observer, as that of the sermon of the darkey who said: "An' while Paul was preachin' de maiden fell out uv de winder, and de fragments dey gathered up was twelve basketfuls, an' whose wife shall she be in de judgment?"

How do you do when you buy shoes or clothing? Don't you go to the place (if you can find it) where they tell you that you may wear the articles out, and then, if you're not satisfied, they'll refund the money? Why not do the same when you buy medicine?

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MISS LIZZIE R. DAVIS, Arcola, Warren Co., N. C.

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