

# The ROANOKE NEWS

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## HIS OWN FATHER.

A PATHETIC AND ALMOST INCREDIBLE GALLOW'S SCENE AT SPOKANE, WASH.

It was a strange meeting of father and son on the occasion of the hanging of old Bill Stebbins for the murder of his second wife at Spokane, as described in the Review of that place. The murder was atrocious, the people said, and there were few glances of sympathy for the doomed man among the morbidly curious stares of the little crowd that filled the jail yard.

The sheriff's deputies had attended to the details. The trap was set, ready to be sprung and in an instant sent a man into the great beyond. The nose had been made carefully of the best hemp rope, greased with tallow for that occasion.

With businesslike dignity the sheriff, who had been notified, stepped from his office, crossed the courtyard and mounted the scaffold with the death warrant in his hand. He read the document in a calm voice, as one would a notice of a sheriff's sale.

"And now, sir," he said, turning to the condemned man, "you are at liberty to speak if there is anything on your mind."

Throughout the trial, in the dark hours after his sentence, through the last night of life and while viewing curiously from his cell the rays of the last sunrise he would ever see on earth, the victim of the law had been stoically sullen. Emotion had never shown itself in his face. He had taken his fate philosophically from the first, making no defense, saying nothing when the stern judge had given him an opportunity to before passing sentence. Few noticed it, but it seemed as if a tear glistened in his eye then. Addressing himself to the sheriff, he said in a suppressed tone:

"Won't you shake hands, my boy, before I go?"

The sheriff did not hear him, or if he did no one could have told it. He was still the businesslike executive officer of the county in which he lived—nothing more.

"I know I didn't treat you right," the condemned man continued, showing a trace of excitement, "nor your mother either, but a word of comfort to a man that is going to die isn't much. Won't you say something?"

Twenty years of battling with the world on his own hook had hardened the sheriff's heart. Silently he motioned the assistants to buckle the straps, adjust the trap and fix the noose.

Then, with steady hand and unwavering countenance, he pressed the button and sent his father into eternity.

## BRACE UP.

Once upon a time two frogs who had been living in comfort and ease in a cool pool of clear water were accidentally scooped up by a pious milkman in a bucket of water which he poured into his can in order to give his milk more body, and thereby increase his revenue.

The frogs were astonished to find themselves in an unknown element, in which it was not possible to support life, and they had to kick vigorously in order to keep their heads above the milk. One of them, disheartened by being shut up in the dark in an element entirely new to him, said: "Let's give it up and go to the bottom; it's no use kicking any longer." The other said: "Oh, no, let's keep kicking as long as we can, and see what the outcome will be. Maybe things will change presently." But one frog gave up and went to the bottom.

The other kept kicking, and when the pious milkman got to town and opened his can behold! the frog had kicked out a lump of butter large enough to float him, and he was sitting on it very comfortably.

Moral—In hard times never give up, but keep kicking.—Goldsboro Argus.

You can never have a really good complexion until the impurity is cleansed from your blood. What you need is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is absolutely free from all harmful ingredients, and therefore, perfectly safe.

## COLORADO'S CHANCE.

THE BANK OF FRANCE WILL TAKE HER ENTIRE SILVER PRODUCTION.

Ex-Senator L. Smith, and chairman of the finance committee of the French senate, just left Aspen for Park City, Utah. The object of his trip here was to look into the silver producing regions of the United States, and he was sent out by his government to more particularly ascertain the extent of silver production. He came to Aspen with a letter from President Hagerman, of the Mollie Gibson mine. It has leaked out since his departure that the Bank of France would, if desired, establish a branch at Denver, that such a branch might be controlled by a directory composed of Colorado capitalists, the bank simply sending a manager from Paris to represent the parent institution; that they would agree to furnish from fifty to one hundred million dollars, or whatever would be required to carry all the silver produced in Colorado for several years without allowing any to be sold until the price was fully satisfactory. That the rate of interest would not exceed 1 or 1½ per cent. per annum. Propositions could be made at once, as soon as the course of events representing silver were thoroughly determined in the United States. France has a deep interest in the future of silver, and will be quite willing to enter into an amicable arrangement with the producers of Colorado whereby both parties would receive mutual benefits.

It would not be to the interest of France to enter into any arrangement to depress the price of silver, but on the contrary to sustain it at a proper valuation. There are but twenty large smelters in the country, and if a majority of those were to go into the combination a corner on the silver production of the country could be had. Of course, France would not be the first to make the proposition, but Mr. Smith says if it should come from the other side it would be accepted within less than one week. From the time France got the silver production of the United States under control she would dictate the price of the metal to England for use in India and compel all the silver using nations to come to her for money. The scheme finds much favor among such silver producers as your representative has seen, and will no doubt take shape here if Congress fails to give silver men something better than the Sherman law.

Thin or gray hair and bald heads, so displeasing to many people as marks of age, may be averted for a long time by using Hall's Renewer.

## JUDGE AND THE MINSTREL.

Judge Armfield and Barlow Bros. Minstrels both struck Asheville at the same time last week and there were lively times. The result was that several people were put in jail, among them a member of the minstrel troupe. The show people were parading and the people in the court room crowded to the windows to see the procession. A deputy sheriff was sent to turn the procession aside. But it soon returned and followed the usual parading route, which is around the court house. Judge Armfield gave an order for the arrest of the drummer and sent him to jail till 6 o'clock. About two hours later a countryman named Robinson, began playing "Dixie" on a fife, under the window. He was also promptly arrested and locked up. Robinson said policeman Yeatman sent him under the window to play. Yeatman admitted that he told Robinson to go there, but did so thoughtlessly and without intending to disturb the court. The judge placed a \$50 fine on Yeatman.

AFTER BREAKFAST—To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, and give nervous and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Continue the medicine after every meal for a month or two and you will feel "like a new man." The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is proven by its thousands of wonderful cures. Try it.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. They are the best after dinner pill and family cathartic.

## THE PROSPEROUS SOUTH.

CHANGES IN MANY DIRECTIONS HAVE PLACED THE SOUTH ON A SURE AND A STABLE FOUNDATION.

It would be hard to assign an acceptable reason for the South's present prosperity. While the North, West and East have been troubled by a restless condition in financial circles, the New South seems solvent and quiet. Possibly their bank deposits are not made up as largely from a class of small depositors as are those in the other sections of our country. But the cause lies deeper. Changes in many directions have placed the South on a sure and stable foundation.

But a few years ago the exportation of fruits and vegetables from the favored land was no element of trade. Now, with rapid train service, this trade probably aggregates \$50,000,000 per year and is rapidly growing. New and large orchards of small fruits will be added from year to year to this total. While cotton is low in price, the production has nearly doubled in ten years, and now the United States, or the South, produces two-thirds of the cotton used in the world's manufacture.

In permanent value, however, the development of manufacturing establishments in new lines has been a much more important factor than the products of the soil. The cotton that blossoms and blooms in the sun is now being turned into thread and cloth in sight of the fields wherein it grew.

Coal and iron are so largely produced that the day may not be far distant when Pennsylvania's crown of iron will be placed on Alabama's brow. At that Massachusetts, too, will be compelled to give up her pre-eminence in the making of cotton goods and congratulate Georgia upon her success in the race.

The production of corn has increased largely, and naturally therewith more cattle and hogs. In short, all the possibilities of this section of our country are being developed. No man in the North begrudges the south one iota of her prosperity. Indirectly all enjoy the usufruct. The prosperity of one part is the prosperity of all.

It is but the beginning of greater things. Not a generation ago it was a desolate land. It required a person with a stout heart to even hope. But the change came and came with a rush and it has not stopped, nor will it stop so long as the natural advantages of the South exist and need development.—Cincinnati Tribune.

## TO THE WORLD'S FAIR VIA THE B. & O.

GOING VIA WASHINGTON AND RETURNING VIA NIAGARA FALLS.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has placed on sale at its offices throughout the East excursion tickets to Chicago, good going via Washington and returning via Niagara Falls, with the privilege of stop-over at each point. These tickets are valid for return journey until November 15th, and are not restricted to certain trains, but are good on all B. & O. trains, and permit holders to travel via Pittsburgh or via Grafton. By either route passengers cross the Allegheny mountains 3000 feet above the sea level, amid the most picturesque scenery in America. Sleeping car accommodations may be reserved in advance upon application to nearest B. & O. ticket office.

BAGGAGE SMASHING—Should be a crime. It nettles the best natured man to see his baggage handled. It sours the sweetest temperament and sends a chill down the back every time. For such a sensation punish the baggage smasher and take Simmons Liver Regulator. It will soothe the agitated feelings, keep down the bile and make you vigorous enough to stand up for rights.

Rev. Dr. Black, superintendent of the Oxford Orphans Asylum, is quoted as saying that unless money comes in speedily thirty-eight of the orphans will have to be dismissed. Contributions this year are few, it appears, and there is pushing, need of money. There are now 236 children in the Asylum.

## A STATE FOR NEGROES.

SOLUTION OF THE RACE PROBLEM OFFERED BY JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES.

John Temple Graves, a grandnephew of John C. Calhoun, lectured on the negro problem at Chautauqua, N. Y. on Saturday and created more excitement, sensation and discussion than any other Chautauqua speaker in years. He was dramatic at times, and at others in recitative fierce as Cataline's fell from his lips.

He pronounced the present plan a failure, and the ballot in the hands of the negro a mockery. He said the edict had gone forth that "this is a white man's government, and it will remain so forever, for God Almighty has stamped his seal and sign of sovereignty upon the Anglo-Saxon tribe." He maintained that we owe protection to the negro for his loyalty in war and his docility in peace, and that he could not compete with the white but in competition with his kind his greatest developments would be attained.

His plan is as follows: Let the Government set aside, out of its vast public domains, a large territory for a sovereign State to be officered and controlled exclusively by the negroes, and no white man to have the right to vote therein. The Government to maintain troops to preserve order. The only price the negro need pay for this privilege would be his right to vote in any other State.

## MEDICAL MATHEMATICS.

He was a doctor of the advanced school. He laid his finger on my pulse, and with his watch in his hand, gave it a fair start and observed it carefully all of the way around, says Harper's Bazar.

"Strong, seventy-four," he said, in a moment. Then he consulted a card that was covered with figures and continued: "That equals sixty-three," and he placed that number on a slate. "Put out your tongue. Good! That is four-teen," he said.

"Inches?" I asked.

"How is your appetite?" he inquired, ignoring my question.

"Equal to the supply."

"That makes 204," he replied.

"Can't you reduce it a little?" I asked, but failed to get his attention.

"Cold feet?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Three," he said.

"No, two," I replied, to correct him.

He set the three under the other figures. He then placed a thermometer in my mouth, which he afterwards consulted in connection with the card.

"A good 198," he said.

"Impossible!" I suggested, mildly.

He wrote down the 198 and asked if I had headaches.

"Sometimes in the morning, after being kept late at the office," I answered.

"Four," he said.

"Isn't that rather low?" I asked.

"Do you smoke?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Ten," he replied.

"No, two for ten," I said.

He put down the ten.

"Do you sleep well?" he asked.

"That depends upon the baby," I answered.

"We won't consider that," he said.

"You had better call it 980," I suggested.

He added together the figures that he had placed on the slate.

"That the amount of the bill?" I asked.

"Bill!" he replied. "That is the number of the prescription. I want you to know that medicine with me is no longer an experiment, for I have reduced it to a mathematical certainty. Every symptom has its number, and the sum of these numbers indicates the medicine that is needed. I have worked for fifteen years in formulating my prescriptions and perfecting the treatment, but I have it now. Your bill is \$10."

I understood that number, and left the office feeling relieved and deeply impressed by the doctor's learning.

## HOLLERED IT TOO LOUD.

SPEAKIN' OF COLTS, I'M REMINDED OF A story that Amos J. Cummings, the distinguished editor and statesman of New York, tells touchin' the financial scare I met him and Tom Murrey in the Shoreham the other night. Amos is a good fellow and fond of stories, which I'm not, but this was a good one. He said that this little flurry in financial circles was due to the fact that the bankers and speculators wanted to squeeze the government into issuing a lot of gold bonds, and so they began to howl about silver and all that and finally overdid the business—scared the people too much. He said it reminded him of the old fellow who was breakin' in a very frisky colt out west. He got him purty well trained to the saddle but he didn't know whether he would scare on the road or not, so he hid one of his neighbors to hide in the bushes alongside the road and when he rode past to holler Boo! The neighbor did as he bided and when he hollered the old man landed the old man across a fence and went tallyhootin' down the road as soon as the old man came to he said to his genial assistant, "What did ye do that for?" "Didn't you tell me to holler Boo?" "Yes, I did," whinned the old man, "but dam your soul you said it too loud!" The trouble with them goldbugs, thinks Mr. Cummings. They hollered too loud and scared the country a leetle too much.

## WATERSON ON THE TARIFF.

It is worse than a fraud. It is a variegated assortment of frauds. It is a beggar on horseback. It is a beggar on crutches. It was a bully in the saddle. It is a poor devil by the wayside. It pretended to be a statesman. It has been proven a mountebank. It has been set up for a patriot. It has been shown to be a highwayman. It posed as a philanthropist. It turned out an imposter. It put on heaven's livery to serve the devil of Mammon. It plucked the wage earners. It pillaged the poor box. It stole the communion service and robbed the treasury, and took out a post-obit on the national credit. O Belisarius, Belisarius, thou dire old brigand, hath it come to this? Hath it come to this? No matter. Naught will avail—nor prayers, nor prayers, not even those of the Inter-Ocean. The old sinner must go—e'en in his rags and dirt—with one eye bandaged and both legs on wooden pins. He has had his say and his day. The plea of "infancy," the subterfuge about "the business of the country," the cant as to his love for the American workingman, all to no purpose. He has broken every promise to reform. He has kept no single pledge either to himself or to anybody else. There he stands or rather totters—Old High Tariff—the veriest red nosed vagrant—the toughest blear eyed tramp, rotten from head to heels! Presently he will be carted off, like any other carrion, and dumped into the nearest ditch, and then all the high priests and low priests of the Robber Baron persuasion, finding their business "busted," can go down to the grocery and swear at the court!

## NEW 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.

REV. R. G. WILSON, Princeton, N. J., says:—"I find nothing helps so much to keep me in working condition as Simmons Liver Regulator."

See that you get the Genuine, with red Z on front of wrapper. PREPARED ONLY BY J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

## TO THE LADIES OF WESTERN HALF OF HALIFAX CO.

I know Dr. J. A. McGill's ORANGE BLOSSOM to be a very great blessing to our sex. We have long needed something which we could use ourselves and which could conquer the stubborn forms of chronic inflammation and congestion which lie at the foundation of all female troubles. That Dr. McGill's treatment meets the demand of this long felt want is shown by the fact that many cases which have baffled the skill of our best physicians, are being cured by it. I have pledged myself to let my suffering sisters in the above Counties know of this simple, entirely safe, yet wonderful cure. To accomplish this I must have the help of some good Christian lady in each township. There are not less than one thousand ladies in each of the above Counties to whom this cure would be of inestimable value, many of them mothers who need strength that they may train their little ones; then there are so many young girls whose trouble is not considered serious, but nevertheless need attention, as only a little time will be required for it take the color from the cheeks and all the joy from their glad young lives as it has done in thousands of cases. Write for information. I answer all questions. I will also send Township Agent's Terms to those who will assist me. MISS LAZZIE R. DAVIS, Arcola, Warren Co., N. C. 4-20-ly

## THE TALK OF THE TOWN NOW IS

## Have YOU Seen

The pretty goods at

## Tillery's Store?

Dress Goods of all Kinds, And trimmings to match.

## EVERYBODY

says they are the prettiest in town. A noble line of Gents' Furnishings A large line of sample goods to be sold at

## NEW YORK WHOLESALE PRICES.

and if you can't get a suit of clothes in stock you can select a pattern and the fit is guaranteed; it takes only five days to make a suit.

## HATS: A big line of the Newest styles straw and felt hats just opened.

I am always glad to show goods, and prices shall compete with the lowest that good goods can be sold at.

Respectfully,  
W. B. TILLERY,  
Weldon, N. C.

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