

# The ROANOKE NEWS

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1893.

NO 26

## ONE ON SAM JONES.

HE WAS SUPPLIED WITH BUTTERMILK IN DALLAS.

Dallas, Texas, News tells a good Rev. Sam Jones. Brother Jones is very fond of butter-milk in conversation with a reporter other night jocularly remarked he could drink more buttermilk than dy in town. "And no one," said he, "send me anything that I would like more than fresh buttermilk." A News published Rev. Sam's remark, but it seemed that the brethren in Dallas failed to see the joke and took seriously. The next morning brother Jones had not been out of bed ten minutes before there was a knock at his door and the bell boy handed him a tin bucket full of fresh milk, sent by a sister who had a fine Jersey cow. He accepted it and turned the bucket up to his parted lips and took a long swig. Just then another knock sounded on the door and the bell boy had a pitcher of buttermilk sent by a lady who had a Holstein cow.

"Humph," said brother Jones, "I won't suffer for buttermilk on my last day in Dallas."

He resumed reading and in a few minutes a knock came again, and this time the bell boy had two half gallons of buttermilk sent by two different sisters, and brother Jones commenced to smile. Then he went down to pick a chicken bone and drink a cup of coffee.

Then he hastened back to his room. When he arrived at his door there were less than three men and two boys, and each had buttermilk for him, and before he could get his door locked two more brethren came, bringing buttermilk.

Brother Jones commenced to grow angry and was beginning to wonder why sister in town had churned the milk before. He lighted his cob pipe and started to read the morning paper, when the bell boy informed him that there were two ladies in the parlor who wanted to see him. He went down and his horror each lady had a pitcher of buttermilk for him, and they commenced upon the praises of their cows.

Brother Jones was beginning to look angry and distressed, and when the bell boy brought up the card of a caller he muttered, "Go back and tell the gentleman that it is impossible for me to see you, and that I've got milk enough to last a Trinity river steambot."

Bro. Sam then picked up the News and read his talk with the reporter about himself. "That's what's the matter," said, throwing the paper to the floor, "that long legged, gaudernecked, slabbed little fool of a reporter put that in my paper, and here they are sending me enough milk to drown one in."

Then another knock at the door was heard, and a darkey entered with a flour pickle bottle full of fresh buttermilk. "Take that stuff back and tell them it is sick of buttermilk."

Then he made a bee-line for the water, and barely escaped three more men with pails of milk.

Next time brother Jones works off a day in Dallas he will see that it is accompanied by a diagram, and will end, "to buttermilk wanted."

A colony of Japanese are to settle on rich agricultural lands in the Southern States of Mexico.

A wondrous advantage to a man is to remain or vocation, to secure an in a sensible woman.

There is at once suitable and a plain soundness of mind which are rarely combined to an degree in man.

A general rule, it is best not to correct by the use of saline or purgative. When a purgative is used, it is best to use a prompt, effective, and safe one. Their tendency is to weaken, and not weaken, the bowels.

## A MONSTROSITY.

AS GREAT A WONDER AS THE SIAMESE TWINS BORN IN ATLANTA.

Atlanta Constitution.

A human monstrosity that will create a sensation in the medical world as an anatomical wonder was born in Atlanta day before yesterday and died immediately after its birth.

It was a child with but one chest but two pair of perfectly developed legs and two pair of arms, and had it lived it would have taken rank among such anatomical specimens as Chang and Eng, the famous Siamese twins and Millie Christine.

As it is, the child will be preserved in alcohol and will be considered one of the greatest human curiosities known to the medical profession.

Yesterday, no less than fifty prominent physicians of the city viewed and examined the child and pronounced it a veritable wonder.

The monstrosity is at Dr. Curtis's drug store on the corner of Broad and Mitchell streets, and that place was the center of interested groups of physicians throughout the Holstein row.

The child is the offspring of negro parents, its mother being Lizzie Grant, of No. 27 Battle street. The father is a day laborer.

It weighs fifteen pounds, and is of normal size. The head is large and well formed and is covered with hair. The features of the face are perfectly developed, as are the bust and arms. The arms are especially well developed and are of good size.

Below the ribs two bodies begin and are finely developed. One is the body of a male. Two arms are in the normal place and two grow out from between the ribs and hips. The four legs are even larger than normal size and grow out from the hips.

One of the strangest things about this strange piece of humanity is the arrangement of the digestive organs. These organs are located outside the abdominal cavity, as are the heart and liver. The lungs are in their proper place in the chest. There is but one spinal column.

The child died immediately after birth, and Dr. Curtis, who was present, took it to his place of business and placed it in a glass jar filled with alcohol. He placed it in charge of Dr. E. L. Griffin, a young graduate, who invited scores of physicians to look at it.

## CONTENTMENT DWELLS.

Webster's Weekly says that a properly conducted farm, on which the necessities of life are grown, is a little independent republic in itself. Conspirators may plan to raise the price of bread and meat, but the man with his crib and his smokehouse in his yard can defy them. Tightness of the money market does not affect him much, for he has little use for money. One of our subscribers who has pursued this course for years recently defended his views against the ridicule of some of his brethren and showed them the inconsistency of putting the hand in the lion's mouth and then complaining because it bites. While others have been paying tribute to the gamblers of Chicago, this sensible man has been eating bread and meat raised on his own farm.

A FEW RIDDLES SOLVED.

Feet have they, but they walk not—stones.

Eyes have they, but they see not—potatoes.

Teeth have they, but they chew not—saws.

Noses have they, but they smell not—teapots.

Mouths have they, but they taste not—clocks.

Ears have they, but they hear not—corn stalks.

Tongues have they, but they talk not—wagons.—Good Housekeeping.

If you want a reliable dye that will color an eye brown or black and will please and satisfy you every time, use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

## PRESIDENT JACKSON.

HOW HE MADE GOVERNMENT CLERKS PAY THEIR BOARD BILLS.

Washington Post.

"I tell you what it is," said an irate boarding house keeper the other day. "Boarding department clerks is not what it used to be. I was not in the business when Jackson was President, but I knew an old lady who was, and she said that while 'Old Hickory' was in the White House there was no such thing as a department clerk getting much behind in his board bill.

"My old friend had a number of clerks boarding in her house, and some of them were satisfactory in every way except in paying for what they got. She tried dunning them in every reasonable way, but they had skins as thick as a rhinoceros and consciences as impressionless as an asphalt pavement.

She finally got tired of being systematically robbed, and, having known the President before his election, he being an ex boarder of hers, by the way, she went to him with her complaint. He heard the story, and told her to get the worst of the boarders to give her his note for the amount due. This she readily did, the men fondly imagining there was no easier or more inexpensive way of settling with her. But when she had gotten the note she carried it up to the White House and coolly indorsing it on the back. You may guess when his landlady carried that note back, the young man started to hustle for the wherewithal to meet it, as it was not likely that he would let it go to protest with the President's signature on the back of it. When the story got out, and the rest of the clerks saw what an interest the Chief Executive was taking in their board bills, there was a general revolution in their methods of meeting such obligations.

## A SNAKE STORY.

Leaksville Gazette.

Reliable gentleman narrates an incident which very recently occurred under his own observation, which forcibly illustrates the reasoning faculties of reptiles. A few days ago our informant was riding along a public highway when he saw a frog hastily crossing the road in front of his buggy. In a moment a huge black snake appeared in hot pursuit, gaining so rapidly upon the fleeing frog that his doom was settled. Suddenly the frog seized with his mouth a broken twig about the size and length of a lead pencil, and holding it firmly between his jaws deliberately turned round and faced the snake. The hungry serpent came up at a full sail, but when he saw that his mouth could not stretch across the stick, and therefore the frog could not be swallowed, his disappointment was apparent, and with an obvious expression of chagrin, he glided away in another direction. The frog held on to the stick for some time afterward, but was evidently conscious of the fact that he had played a shrewd trick upon his adversary, and seemed to enjoy the snake's discomfort.

The woman who works, and is tired, will find a special help in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Perfectly harmless in any condition of the female system. It promotes all the natural functions, and builds up, strengthens, regulates, and cures. For women approaching confinement, nursing mothers, and every weak, run down, delicate woman, it is an invigorating, supporting tonic that is peculiarly adapted to their needs.

But it's more than that too. It's the only guaranteed remedy for all the functional disturbances, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of womanhood. In "female complaints" of every kind, periodical pains, bearing down sensations, internal inflammation, and kindred ailments, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

A negro at Madison, Wis., says he owns a bulldog with three eyes, one in the center of the head.

## THEY MET.

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE YAM FARM THIS MORNING AT AND BEFORE EARLY DAWN.

Durham Globe.

The Old Man was trying to sleep a part of last night away—he wanted to lie down to pleasant dreams. He wanted to dream that no one called to "lick" him, and that all who are in arrears called and whacked up—he wanted the sweet slumber to restore him, to dish him up in good shape, as we would say in the kitchen.

But black and alas! And a boy! The Devil and Tom Walker. He didn't sleep much. Just as he got a good hold on the sweet restorer, a delegation of mosquitoes held a mass meeting about his ear. Are they hummers? Well, we should box! They met. And the meeting was full. The discussion seemed to be on the silver question. We take it that it was on that, judged by the way and length of time congressmen discuss it.

They resolved and they resolved. They said the stringency of the times caused them to present their bills as often as possible—and the good Lord knows they did throughout the meeting. It was finally resolved to put us on a parity with everything else which they could eat.

It wasn't sixteen to one—and we happened to be the one.

Anyhow, after dragging us out on the Yam Farm, and leaving us with the silent stars, they adjourned. It may be that they tackled the Old Lady, as we have not seen her for several days. Maybe they chewed her up into mince meat, as our esteemed friend, Simon Largee, used to say when he was playing Uncle Tom's Cabin. It is truth—all this—and Truth, like corn likker, is terrible.

## A VERY BUSY MAN.

"Speaking of busy men," remarked the drummer incidentally, "I ran across one in Chicago not long since who takes the rag right off the bush. He is one of Chicago's liveliest types, and is making big money every year. I had some business the other day with him, and after waiting my turn to see him, I went in and found him hard at work at his desk, looking over and signing papers, dictating to two or three stenographers at once, and talk between breaths. I think I was there just five minutes, and as we talked he had a call to give some change to one of the clerks, and he dropped a dollar on the floor under the desk. He made no effort to pick it up, but kept on talking and writing.

You dropped a dollar there," I said, nodding toward the bill.

"I know it," he replied, "but I haven't time to crawl under there after it. It would take at least a minute to do that, and I'm making right now \$10 a minute doing something else, and I can't afford to stop for only \$1. So long. Come in again when I'm not so rushed, and with this mild hint that my interview was over I backed out and let another man take my place."

"Wasn't he losing money, talking to you?" inquired a doubting Thomas, who had been listening.

"Losing nothing," retorted the drummer. "I had made a proposition to him on a little deal that before noon next day had netted him \$500. You bet he wasn't losing anything talking to me," and the drummer looked hurt to be thus questioned as to his veracity.

"Any letters for me?"  
"Who's your?"  
"I'm Bill Jones's son."  
"And your name's Jones?"  
"Ain't he my daddy?"  
"What's your Christian name?"  
"Hain't never joined the church!"

The people quickly recognize merit and this is the reason the sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla are continually increasing. Try it.

There is enough iron in the blood of 48 men to make a 24 pound plowshare.

## TRUMPET CALLS.

RAM'S HORN SOUNDS A WARNING NOTE TO THE UNREDEEMED.

The devil was the first counterfeiter.

Fortune smiles on the man who hopes.

Riding a hobby is sometimes very restful.

It never hurts the value of gold to call it brass.

When the wicked are honored the devil is promoted.

Mark this: When you worry you have ceased to trust.

God's children all have a light when He sends the night.

Sin is the surest detective any man ever had on his track.

The corner stone of a lawyer's house is a fool's head.

It is not often that the devil makes a mistake in his bait.

All eggs will count as such, but only the good ones will act.

Nothing can make us richer that does not make us thankful.

The right cross for you is the one you don't want to take up.

Every trouble that comes to a Christian makes his Bible bigger.

If your scales and measures are wrong your heart is not right.

The moment a man wills to be good God will begin to tell him how.

The man who would be a leader must always be the first to start.

The more a mother loves the more she can see in her child to love.

People who can talk about themselves to the satisfaction of others are very scarce.

It will not take much dust on your Bible to drive God clear out of your heart.

Take the conceit out of some men and there wouldn't be enough left to stand up.

If God is now giving us the bitter we may be sure that He is preparing the sweet.

If talk were walk, what great multitudes would be headed straight for Heaven.

Had Paul asked for grace to patiently endure his thorn one prayer would have been enough.

The man who expects to bid his sins goodby one at a time will never get them all behind him.

The man who says the world owes him a living, always has an up-hill time in collecting the debt.

Your good deeds will weigh nothing with God when you begin to take the credit of them yourself.

Some preachers try so hard to feed a few worldly giraffes, that they almost starve the Lord's sheep.

There isn't very much light in the life of a man who keeps his church letter in the bottom of his trunk.

A great many people have the name of being back sliders who have never had anything to backslide from.

That man can rob God and make something by doing it, is the biggest lie that was ever turned loose on earth.

The devil never gets anybody to follow him until he has managed somehow or other to cover up his cloven hoof.

Whenever the devil asks a man to take a step away from God, he first tries to convince him that he is doing it with a good motive.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla does what no other blood medicine in existence can do. It searches out all the impurities in the system and expels them harmlessly through the proper channels. This is why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is so pre-eminently effective as a remedy for rheumatism.

## 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, dependency 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; 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 to 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's Agent's Terms to those who will assist me. MISS LIZZIE R. DAVIS, Arcola, Warren Co., N. C.

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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 nobby 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. TILLEY,

Weldon, N. C.

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