

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXXIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1898.

NO. 10.

## Manos Organ

PERFECT TYPES  
that a good instrument should be.

## STIEFF PIANOS

The wonderful singing qualities of these organs are recognized by every social artist constituting recommendations them.

AND ORGAN, TUNING AND REPAIRING.

Plans for Rent—Terms to Suit. Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

CHAS. M. STIEFF,

9 N. Liberty st., Baltimore, Md.

Washington, 321 Eleventh st., N. W.

2217.

From FACTORY TO CONSUMER.

\$1.39

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

Incubator, Hatchery, etc.

## A Great Battle.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Interesting Story of An Old Soldier Who Alone Won It From Little Round Top.

By

Capt. H. S. Cole, one of the best-known

famous soldiers and an old soldier of

Minnesota, who recently adjourning at

Indiana Mining Springs, Ind., in

celebration of the 25th anniversary of

the battle of Gettysburg.

"When the best battle of Gettysburg

was fought," said Capt. Cole, "I was

setting quartermaster of Gen. Grigg's

division of the cavalry. About noon of

July 3, 1863, I had packed up my train

in the rear of Little Round Top. The

barrels were at the roadside of a car

riage, when about one o'clock, I went to

the top of Little Round Top with two

orderlies. One of them I sent back to

the train to look out for any orders that

might be sent me. High up on the

mountain, beyond shot and shell, I seated

myself, and, with a field glass, looked

down on the terrible struggle below. Just

then was proved to be the high-water

mark of the fighting between the blue

and the gray and what really proved

to be the turning point of the fortunes

of the confederates took place. To my

right, four miles away at Hanover,

there was a fierce cavalry fight, but it

is of Pickett's famous charge that I speak

now.

"Of course there was fighting all

along the line and we were on the defensive

when Pickett's men marched out of

the woods. I can see now Pickett

mounted on a white horse in the lead

of the troops as they reached the open field.

As the federal artillery poured a frightful

fire across the open, the shells and

the solid shot tore holes in the line of

the gray and it wavered, but only for a

moment. The men in gray marched

onward in the face of the slaughter; the

work of the federal guns until the position

held by the Philadelphia brigade

was reached. It was a frightful scene as

the maddened soldiers clashed and

bayoneted their enemies. Pickett,

still on the white horse, was conspicuous

in the mingled mass of demoralized

fighters. His brigade made the most desper-

ate effort to push farther forward, but

the brave followers of the Virginian were

finally forced back, and under a terrible

fire, retired into the woods from which

they had come, but not all of them.

"The path of Pickett's brigade was

marked by the dead and wounded men of

the confederate. It was the last desperate

effort of Lee to save the day and

the battle, but fate was against the

men of the south, and the result forced

the beginning of the downfall of the

confederate cause. It was only when I

visited Gettysburg with United States

Senator Knute Nelson, of our state, last

year that I saw a statue of Gen. Warren

and learned that the chief of engineers

had been standing on the top of Little

Round Top at the time I watched Pickett

charge. He was only a short distance

away, but I was too deeply stirred then

to see anything but the battle at my

feet."

A Thru: Miss Passy—"I dread to

think of my father's birthday."—Miss

Pert—"Why did something unpleasant

happen today?"—Brooklyn Life

"Yes," he said, "I can trace my

descent back hundreds of years."—"I don't

doubt it," she replied.—"Your poor

## Inasmuch.

VISITED BY THE SAVIOUR.

"Martin, dost thou know Me?"

A poor shoemaker, Martin by name,

had a great longing to behold the Lord

Jesus. One night, in a dream, he re-

ceived the promise that the Saviour

would visit him on the morrow. Martin's

dwelling was a cellar, and his work bench

stood beside the low window, from which

he saw nothing but the feet of those who

passed by. As was his custom, he re-

cently worked at his trade, ate his morn-

ing meal, and said to himself: "To-day

the Lord Jesus will visit me." Looking

up, he saw a pair of shabby feet wearily

dragging themselves past his window.

Fall of pity, he went out and found a

poor woman, hungry and homeless, who

had wandered about the streets all night

long carrying a sick baby in her arms.

Martin took her into his dwelling, gave

her the remnant of his breakfast and fed

the child with milk. When she had gone,

he again sat down to his work, believing

that now the Lord Jesus would soon ap-

pear. About noon he saw another pair

of tired feet shuffling past. Hurrying

out, Martin found an old man, who had

not tasted food that day. He invited

him in and shared his midday meal

with the hungry guest. When he had

gone, Martin thought sadly: "The day

is half spent and the Lord Jesus has not

yet come."

Toward evening he saw more feet, in

his silent moment hurriedly flying hither

and thither, and when he went out he

found an old fruit seller and a street boy

in a fierce fight. The woman clutching

the sleeve of the boy's threadbare jacket,

exclaimed: "He stole my apples, and I

will beat him for it." Martin made

peace between them, and, finding that

both were hungry, he took them home

and shared his supper with them.

The day being ended, he went

to bed with a sad heart; for the Lord

Jesus had not visited him as it had been

promised him in his dream.

He slept, and again he dreamed,

and behold, in his dream appeared first

the tired woman and her sick child. She

looked into his eyes and said: "Martin,

dost thou know me?" And the old man

came, and the fruit seller, each asking:

"Martin, dost thou know me?" Then

Martin understood, and he remembered

the words: "Inasmuch as ye have done

it unto one of the least of these my

brethren, ye have done it unto me."—

Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Lonely Laborers.

NEVER MIND WHERE YOU WORK.

You May Be Unknown to Fame, But the

Angels May Be Acquainted With You.

Many Christians have to endure the

solitude of unnoted labor. They are

doing God's work in a way which is ex-

ceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable.

How very scarce to many workers are

those little corners of the newspapers and

magazines which describe their labors and

success; yet some who are doing what

God will think a great deal more of it

at the last, never saw their names in print.

Yonder beloved brother is plodding away

in a country village, nobody knows any-

thing about him, but he is bringing souls

to God. Unknown to fame, the angels

are acquainted with him, and a few pre-

cious ones whom he has led to Jesus know

him well.

Perhaps yonder sister has a class in the

## James Buchanan.

THE BELLED BOY.

He Afterward Rose to Be President of The

United States.

During the political campaign of 1856

James Buchanan, the Democratic nominee

for the presidency, paid a visit to Mer-

ensburg, Pa., his native place, where he

was received with the cry: "Hurrah for

Uncle Jimmie!" He stopped with the

late Dr. Schaff, then a professor in the

theological seminary, and Mrs. Schaff,

anxious about the dinner, gave special

instructions to her colored cook, empha-

sizing them by the remark that the guest

might become president of the United

States. "Well, missus," placidly an-

swered the cook, "I guess he ain't God

Almighty, is he?"

The father of Buchanan, the fifteenth

president, was an immigrant from north-

east Ireland, and in the latter part of

the eighteenth century built two log cabins

three miles from Merensburg, to serve as

trading posts for the Indians and the

settlers in that sparsely settled region.

When James was a little boy, his mother

bought at the counter of the store and with

household care, used to tie a bell

around his neck that he might not get

devoid of hearing. The motherly

device gave rise to the story—one of the

traditions of the neighborhood—of

"Jimmie and the bell," which Dr. Schaff

shortly after the inauguration of Mr.

Buchanan told to a Sunday school at

Carlisle. The incident, afterward

erroneously told of James G. Blaine

when he was a candidate for the presi-

dency, is thus narrated in the address,

which we copy from the "Life of Philip

Schaff," by his son:

"Three miles from the town (Merens-

burg) where I live a little boy was born

in the mountains whose name was

Jimmie. When he was 4 or 5 years of

age, his good mother, afraid that she

should lose her Irish boy amid the rocks

and bushes, tied a little bell around his

neck, that she might know if he were

nearby or far off. This was little

Jimmie with a bell around his neck."

&lt;