THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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VOL. XIX. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1888. NO. 20.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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A NERVE TONIC. Celery and Coca, the prominent ingredients, are the best and safest Nerve Tonics. It strengthens and quiets the nervous system, curing Serious Weakness, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, &c.

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And Everything that can be called for.

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The public is respectfully invited to call.

oct 6 1y W. H. BROWN, Weldon, N. C.

THE DYING WIFE.

I had fancied health returning,
But the dream is over now,
For I feel the chilling breezes
From the river fan my brow.

Over my form a chill is creeping
As the billows roll along,
And I almost hear the murmur
Of the angels' distant song.

From the same bush where they gathered
Dewy roses, fresh and white,
For my snowy bridal chaplet,
Just one year ago to-night.

They will bear the fragrant blossoms
On my silent breast to lay,
Ere the quiet, holy dawning
Of another Sabbath day.

Oh, my happy, joyous bridal!
Little dreamed I then of this;
While we took the vows together,
Sealed them with the marriage kiss.

When I sleep within the churchyard
Will he woo another bride?
Will he stand before the altar
With another by his side?

Will he wander with another
Where with me he loved to stray,
By the brooklets in the meadow
Where the willow branches sway?

When the grass is waving o'er me
Will some fairer, sweeter face,
Greet him from the vine wreathed doorway,
In my old accustomed place?

Will he think of me, I wonder,
When the years have rolled around?
Will his footsteps sometimes linger
By my lowly, grass grown mound?

Must another call him husband
When the sods are o'er me piled?
Fill my place beside the hearth stone,
Be a mother to my child?

Oh, my precious dark eyed darling!
For her sake I long to live;
Who, of all the world can love her
With the love that I would give?

Who will guide her, lest her footsteps
In the paths of evil stray;
Shield her from the world's temptations,
Teach her baby lips to pray?

Will they tell her of her mother,
Of the love she must miss?
Will she long for my caresses,
For the lips she may not kiss?

Will some times her childish footsteps
Seek the place where I shall sleep?
Will a little dark eyed maiden
Kneel beside my grave and weep?

'Mi' the fancies that are flitting
Past my vision all the day!
But I can not read the future;
I can only trust the way.

Will he guided and be guarded,
By the wise? One of all,
He Who cares for all His children
Knows when e'en the sparrows fall.

Hush my heart; a calm is settling
Round me, while I think of this.
But a chill is creeping o'er me,
And my eyes are growing dim.

Can it be?—Yes earth is fading
With its treasures from my sight.
Baby—one more kiss, dear husband;
"'Tis my last, my last good night.

—*Clara A. Mattoon, in Current.*

HANK FIRESTONE.

Another Instance of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

(Written for this Paper.)

IN a thinly populated county of Eastern Kentucky—a county which comprised within its limits some of the wildest of wild mountain land in the State—were two great men. Both of them were, so to speak, "head and shoulders" above the rest of the citizens of the district, and both of them were, though in widely different ways, leaders of men.

One was Hon. Amos Eldridge—sometimes known as "General" and as often called "Judge"—wealthy and respected; a man who had held an important command in the Confederate army; a successful lawyer who had more than once been elected to the judicial bench, and a trusted politician who had represented for a full term his Congressional district at Washington. Though barely fifty years of age his life had been full of honors, and indeed his ability deserved all the recognition which it had received. The other man was Hank Firestone, the bold and notorious ringleader of a most daring and successful gang of moonshiners, and the terror of all the peaceful and law-abiding citizens of the county.

Besides being great in their way both of these men were reputed to be immensely rich. Judge Eldridge certainly lived in greater style than any other man in Smithville, the small county seat, owned more and better horses than any of his neighbors, and paid just about one-half of the entire amount of taxes collected in the county.

As for Hank Firestone, his wealth could not very readily be computed, as he paid no taxes. Indeed, that was the sum-total of his wrong doing—evading the payment of the whisky tax. But it was known very well, indeed, that he literally coined money, for he was principal owner and controller of half a hundred stills of no mean capacity. He was so rich (and powerful in his way) and had such a large following among the "poor whites" of that wild district that he made no secret of his business, and his teams laden with barrels of whisky for his agents along the Ohio river were seldom molested. Once a detachment of United States troops made a raid on some of the stills, but they failed to capture Hank or any of his men, and a few weeks later the whisky business in Eastern Kentucky was as brisk as ever.

Hank Firestone, it was currently reported, owned real estate "up North" and was alleged to have a wife and family in a magnificent home in New York City, where rumor had it he moved in the very best of society, of course under some other name. But then this was rumor, or in other words a fiction which the glamor of his wild and outlawed life called forth among the not over-intelligent citizens of Smithville and vicinity. Doubtless he made considerable money, but how he spent it was a mystery not yet solved by respectable people. He had often been seen in the mountains and along the valleys, riding his roan mare. Once or twice he had even walked boldly along the main street of Smithville in broad daylight, but it was very seldom that he showed himself in the small town. Not that he was afraid of capture—at least not afraid of the local guardians of the peace. He was well aware that Uncle Sam bore him no good will, but Uncle Sam had never made but one serious effort to ruin him and his business—an effort that had resulted in ignoble failure to Uncle Sam.

Hank Firestone was looked upon as a good deal of a hero round about Smithville, and only one man of any account had ever been known to speak harshly of the notorious moonshiner. That man was Judge Eldridge. Of course, when he was on the judicial bench, it became him as the official interpreter of law and order to resent and deprecate the lawless practice of Firestone and his crew. But it was not only in public that he expressed his ill-will toward the moonshiners. Long after his retirement from public duties he still cherished a strong hatred for Firestone and his followers, and had actually offered to pay a thousand dollars to any man or men who would secure Hank Firestone's arrest.

Now there were two other persons in Smithville whom it will interest us to know. One was a very beautiful young lady—an adopted child of Judge Eldridge's—known as Miss Sadie Eldridge; the other a rising young lawyer of Smithville, John Thurber, who was known to be a very warm admirer of the aforesaid Miss Sadie.

These two young people were very well satisfied with each other, but the Judge most decidedly objected to young lawyer Thurber as a prospective husband for the adopted daughter whom he thought, indeed, too good for the best man in Kentucky.

So when, one fine morning, John Thurber asked the Judge, in a blunt and straightforward manner, if he knew of any reasons why he, Thurber, should not marry Miss Sadie at an early date, the Judge replied with a great, big YES!

"YES, JOHN THURBER, THERE ARE SEVERAL REASONS."

"Yes, John Thurber, there are several reasons, any one of which is sufficient in itself. First of all you are not wealthy, neither are you famous in any way. Secondly, I have reason to believe you are a coward, and 'none but the brave deserve the fair.' Lastly, though by no means least, you have in a manner allied yourself with the moonshiners, and that fact alone would forever bar you from marrying any one, for whom I care, with my consent. No, sir; I most distinctly refuse any encouragement to you in this matter."

This reply of Judge Eldridge's needs some little explanation. What he said in regard to John Thurber's wealth and fame (or lack of both) was true enough. His remark in regard to the young lawyer's lack of bravery referred to the fact that John had refused to enlist in the Confederate army, and the Judge insisted always that he joined the North because he saw it was going to be the winning side. [It should be remembered that the events recorded in this story took place a year or two after the close of the war]. Young Thurber's connections with the moonshiners was merely of a professional character. He had defended one of their number when arrested and his tact and eloquency as a lawyer had gotten his client off scot-free. The Judge, with his old dislike for the moonshiners so often and loudly expressed, had never overlooked this glaring fault in young Thurber.

The fact of the matter was, Judge Eldridge had higher aspirations for his daughter's future and intended soon to take her to Washington and New York. His objections to young Thurber were, in the main, those he had first named, but he was glad to have the others.

John Thurber was much disappointed, but he did not give up hope immediately. That night he conceived a bold project, which, if he could carry out successfully, would at one stroke disperse three of the four objections raised by the Judge.

He would himself attempt the capture of Hank Firestone!

If he could do this he would win fame, would be able to hurl back the charge of cowardice and would also be able to show that he had no personal sympathy with the moonshiners.

The next morning Thurber learned that Judge Eldridge had left town to be gone three or four days, so he thought he could not choose a better time than the present for his task, and might be able to surprise the Judge on his return.

John Thurber was a young, athletic giant and, although called a coward by Judge Eldridge, was an utter stranger to fear. He proposed, if a capture were possible, to have all the credit himself, and decided to make the attempt quite alone.

Disguised as a countryman, he visited the haunts of the moonshiners and in a day or two had learned something of the movements of Hank Firestone. He became aware that the redoubtable Hank was likely to ride alone in a certain direction on the evening of the third day of his adventurous search. It was a lonely mountain road along which Firestone would pass, and at one point he would be six miles from his friends at either end. Unfortunately the night was rendered bright by the light of a full moon; but that made no difference to John Thurber. He knew it was a risky business and that his chances of escaping with his life were no better than his chance of capturing Hank—perhaps slimmer; but that made no difference, either. John Thurber was one of those stubborn and persistent men who, once having resolved on a certain course of action, know no "let-up" until they accomplish their purpose or die in their tracks.

So early in the evening he was in hiding. The very loneliness of the place and the wildness of the surrounding country, rendered weird and solemn by the bewitching moonlight, was enough to unnerve most men. But John Thurber stood his ground, holding in his hand a lariat ready to be thrown over his intended victim, while his pistols were ready cocked in his belt. He had not waited very long when sure enough a man approached on horse-back. Closer he came, and when within twenty feet John flung his rope. The noose dropped right over the horseman and in an instant it was tightly drawn and John had his man on the ground, his helpless prisoner.

John's first business was to disarm his captive, who was a man of fine physique, with jet black hair and a long beard of the same nature. Then he looked around and, as he noticed the horse, said:

"Ah, Mr. Firestone, you are a horse-thief as well as a moonshiner! It's strange to me if that is not Judge Eldridge's horse."

The captured man now spoke for the first time. "Idiot!" he said; "do you know what risk you are incurring in coming here? You are right, I am Hank Firestone, and you can not take me a hundred steps, hardly, before my friends will see us. And if they do your life will be snuffed out in as quick time as it takes to cock and pull a trigger. Go, fool, while you have a chance, and don't tamper with Hank Firestone!"

"Ah," replied John, coolly enough, "you seem to forget, Mr. Firestone, that just now I hold the trump cards in this game. I know these roads pretty well, and I think we can get to Smithville in about three hours without meeting any of your friends. It is just ten miles to town, and we will walk and ride, turn about. You have just been riding, so I will take a rest, and you can lead the horse. Get up and go ahead. I will be the guide and instruct you which way to turn."

Slowly enough, Firestone arose and did as he was told, while Thurber, pistol in hand, mounted the horse. It was a queer procession, but Thurber decidedly had the most of the fun. After awhile they changed off; John walked, but he took care to have his man well covered and, as he told him, he would have shot him instantly if he had attempted to ride the horse faster than a walk. All the way to Smithville the captured outlaw spoke never a word.

It was midnight when they reached town, and on their way up the deserted street they passed Judge Eldridge's house.

"Have you any objection to stopping here?" asked the moonshiner.

"What for?"

"Oh, I have a fancy to see the Judge. Maybe he will arrange for me to have better quarters than one would get down at the court-house."

"I don't think he's home, but we'll see. Indeed, I would just as soon go in, if he is home."

"That is his horse," said the outlaw, "and we may as well leave it in the barn."

So the horse was led to the barn, and Thurber and his prisoner walked up to the house.

HE HAD NOT WAITED LONG.

As is often the case in country houses, especially in the South, no doors were fastened, and the two men entered and walked into a little room near the entrance, which the Judge used as a library and office. Thurber was familiar with the room, and ordered his man to strike a light, which he did, awkwardly enough.

"Before you call the Judge," said Firestone, "I would like to ask you two questions. First, what are you going to do with me; and, second, what brought you out after me to-night?"

"First, then," replied Thurber, "I am going to land you safely in jail in the care of a United States Marshal. Second, I came after you to do myself a good turn."

"Perhaps I know more than you think I do," said the prisoner. "You want to marry Sadie Eldridge, and with that a surety you wouldn't care a d—— whether I was in jail or not."

John Thurber stared at his man. "Well, I don't know how in the devil you read my thoughts so well, but you're pretty nearly right."

While Thurber was speaking, Hank Firestone bent his head down within reach of his hands, which were at short range on account of his pinioned arms. With his hands he removed his dark, long beard and his wig of jet black hair, and, as he raised himself to his full height, he revealed the gray head and smooth shaven face of—*Judge Eldridge!*

"I have played this game successfully for twenty years, John Thurber, but you have enchred me at last. I, Amos Eldridge, am also Hank Firestone—though not one of my men up in the mountains have even a suspicion of the fact. You played a risky game to-night, John Thurber, but you won the trick. I am in your hands, of course."

* * * * * * *

In view of the fact that John Thurber married, a few weeks later, Sadie Eldridge, and that the highly respected Judge Eldridge was present to entertain the wedding guests, it is to be presumed that the young lawyer showed some clemency to the captured Hank Firestone. It is certain that the capture remained a profound secret in the town of Smithville. To this day there are old citizens who wonder what became of the bold Hank Firestone, and there are even some who regret the sudden decline, twenty years ago, of the illicit whisky stills in the neighborhood of Smithville.

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June 2 '88

WILMINGTON AND WELDON RAILROAD AND BRANCHES
Condensed Schedule.
TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Dated July, 8th, 1888.	No. 2, daily	No. 4, fast mail daily	No. 15, daily ex Sun
Leave Weldon	2 5 PM	5 45 P M	6 00 A M
At Rocky Mount	3 17 "	.....	7 15 "
At Tarboro	*3 30 "	.....	.....
Leave Tarboro	10 00 A M	.....	.....
Arrive Wilson	4 33 P M	7 00	7 48 "
Leave Wilson	*4 40 "	.....	.....
Arrive Selma	5 19 "	.....	.....
Arrive Fayetteville	7 45 "	.....	.....
Leave Goldsboro	4 45 "	7 40 "	8 40 "
Leave Warsaw	5 07 "	.....	9 26 "
Leave Magnolia	5 20 "	8 40 "	9 54 "
Arrive Wilmington	7 40 "	9 55 "	11 25 "

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	No 14, daily	No 76 daily	No 66 daily ex. Sunday.
Leave Wilmington	12 05 AM	9 00 A M	3 45 p m
Leave Magnolia	1 24 "	10 50 "	5 28 "
Leave Warsaw	.....	10 50 "	5 50 "
Arrive Goldsboro	2 21 "	11 50 "	6 42 "
Leave Fayetteville	.....	*8 30 "	.....
Arrive Selma	.....	10 50 "	.....
Arrive Wilson	.....	11 59 "	.....
Leave Wilson	*3 12 "	12 45 p m	6 48 "
Arrive Rocky Mount	.....	1 18 "	*8 21 "
Arrive Tarboro	.....	*4 50 "	.....
Leave Tarboro	.....	10 00 A M	.....
Arrive Weldon	*4 50 "	2 40 p m	9 35 "

*Daily except Sunday.

Train on Scotland Neck Branch Road leaves Halifax for Scotland Neck at 2 00 p m. Returning leaves Scotland Neck at 9 30 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Train leaves Tarboro N. C., via Albemarle and Raleigh R. R. Daily except Sunday 6 00 p. m., Sunday 3 50 p. m., arrive Williamston N. C. 8 10 p. m., 9 40 a. m. Returning leaves Williamston, N. C., daily except Sunday 7 00 a. m. Sunday 5 30 a. m. arrive Tarboro, N. C. 9 45 a. m., 11 30 a. m.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro N. C., daily except Sunday 8 30 a. m., arrive Smithfield, N. C., 10 00 a. m. Returning leaves Smithfield, N. C., 10 45 a. m., arrive Goldsboro, N. C., 12 10 p. m.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 4 00 p. m., arrives at Nashville 4 40 p. m., Spring Hope 5 15 p. m. Returning leaves Spring Hope 6 40 a. m., Nashville 7 15 a. m., Rocky Mount 11 55 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton, daily except Sunday, at 6 00 p. m. Returning leave Clinton at 8 45 a. m. connecting at Warsaw with Nos. 1 and 4.

Southbound train on Wilson and Fayetteville Branch is No. 41. Northbound is 40. *Daily except Sunday.

Train No. 27 south will only stop at Wilson, Goldsboro and Magnolia.

Train No. 28 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North daily. All rail via Richmond and daily except Sunday via Bay Line.

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