

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS-\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIX.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1888.

NO. 33.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



THE
Premier Flour of America.

PATAPSCO FLOURING MILLS.
ESTABLISHED--1774.

OUR PATENT ROLLER FLOURS

are manufactured from the CHOICEST WHEAT OBTAINABLE 6c. per lb. Baltimore as a market price pre-minent. Their superiority for UNIFORMITY, STRENGTH and UNAPPROACHABLE FLAVOR has long been acknowledged. The

PATAPSCO SUPERLATIVE PATENT

Stands unrivaled. Of a rich, creamy color, it makes a bread that will suit the fastidious.

^{Ask your Grocer for it.}
Patapso Superlative Patent,
Patapso Family Patent,
Baldwin Family,
C. A. GAMBRILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

214 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md.

aug 12 ly.

MAKE ME A SONG.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Out of the silence wake me a song,
Beautiful sad, soft, and low;
Let the loudest music sound along,
And sing each note with a wail of woe;

Drown and drown.

As hope's last tear,
Out of the silence wake me a hymn,
Whose sounds are like shadows soft and dim.

Out of the stillness of your heart—
A thousand songs are sleeping there—
Let me a song to hold in art!

The song of home in fetal despair.

Dark and low.

A chant of woe;

out of the stillness, low by tone,
Cold as a snow-flake, low as a moon.

Out of the darkness dash me a song,
Brightly dark and dimly bright;

Let it sweep me like a swift sweeping

Sing it sweet.

Where nothing is dream or dark or dim,
And earthings sorts into heavenly hymn.

SIMPLY WONDERFUL.

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE STRANGEST SURGICAL OPERATION OF THE DAY.

A New York letter to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: A young and weakly New Yorker, who has been as bald as a billiard-ball, will soon go back into society with a head of curly hair which was produced for him by transplantation from a dog. His case is one of the most remarkable surgical operations ever known in this city, and perhaps in the world. The young man is the private patient of Dr. Kane, the consulting surgeon of St. Elizabeth Hospital. He is the son of a well-known dry goods merchant, and lives in an elegant mansion on Fifth avenue. The young man was graduated from Columbia College about two years ago, and was sent to the University at Harvard to complete his education. It was there that he met with a painful accident. He had taken a special course in chemistry, and spent much of his time in the laboratory in the capacity of teacher's assistant. One evening while alone he was overcome by the vapor of sulphuric acid gas, and before he could get to the open air, fell unconscious. As he rolled over his head entered an open fireplace where there was a large log burning, and his hair caught on fire. He was found shortly afterwards. His head was in a frightful condition. The flesh running from the forehead to the shoulders on the back of the neck was roasted. When he was lifted to the floor portions of

THE SCALP FELL OFF.

exposing the bone. His face was not much injured, save for about an inch on the forehead. He was taken to his room, and there began the battle for his life. It was feared that the brain had been affected, as he remained in a comatose condition. There was a watery deposit in the lungs, but it could not be determined whether this was due to the inhaling of the vapor of the acid or the flames from the fire. The lung symptoms became worse and worse, and all hope was given up of saving his life. The best physicians in Germany were called to attend him, and everything was done that was known in medical science. Nearly all the flesh sloughed off from the skin, leaving a patch here and there like an oasis in a desert. The strongest things in the young man's favor were the exemplary life he had led, and the attention he had given to the preservation of his health and the development of his physical system. These stood him in better stead than the wisdom of his physicians, and when they had given up all hope, stepped in, assured her power, and brought the dejected man back from

THE JAWS OF DEATH.

In was a long time before his lungs healed, and much longer before the horrible sores began to heal enough to remove the skull cap that he wore. When he recovered his strength and came home, the terrible disfigurement of the electrical tissue in the scalp was hidden under a wig. The wig would have been all right but for the fact that it set up an annoying irritation and developed into a distressing inflammation from which a discharging ulcer was formed. The wigs had to be abandoned. Several physicians were consulted, and various things were tried to give relief, with little success. When Dr. Kane's attention was called to the case there was an exposed surface about as large as a silver dollar in the top of the back head. He suggested the performance of a plastic operation, or the transplantation of skin. The patient expressed his willingness to undergo anything, however painful or inconvenient, and as he was in a fair physical condition, work was begun at once. This was several months ago. As a preliminary test

A SMALL SECTION OF SKIN

and flesh was cut from the patient's breast and placed in the centre of the ulceration in the scalp, which had been previously scraped until it bled profusely. The skin took root in an astonishing short time, much to the gratification of the patient and physician, and from the outer border of the transplanted skin little shoots of healthy tissue protruded into the neighboring flesh and grew rap-

idly. Other pieces were taken from the patient's breast and were placed near the first pieces, and all took hold without any sloughing of tissue.

This was continued until the entire ulcerated flesh had healed and presented a healthy appearance. In the new flesh which had been thus formed there was an active growth of capillary substance, which showed that the hair cells had not been destroyed. This Dr. Kane to say was a novel experiment which, if successful, would not only cover the head of the patient with flesh, but with a beautiful growth of dark, curly hair. It was nothing less than to try and transplant the skin of a dog to the patient's head. It took sometime for the patient to overcome the natural aversion to such an operation, but finally he gave his consent, especially as his wealth and social position could not compensate for the horrid deformity in his head.

At length, when those who don't know where to get a shirt or a coat, whose feet threaten to protrude from boot or shoe, not met about it, not overlooking the future with gloomy forebodings. If by this anxiety they could fish up a pair of boots or evoke a good garment, there might be some sense in it. But disseminate breeding over one's poverty will never weave cloth nor cut out coats, nor sew up gaping rips and rents.

It is bad enough to be old, to wear unseemly suits, to be excluded from society for want of decent covering. It is bad enough to be obliged to carry the burden of poverty all over you; to feel every application prejudiced by the sensual eye that looks at your unseemly garb, to find yourself an object like a leper, by something that really is not a part of you, but a mere external circumstance—all this, besides the cold and the ill health which it produces.

But will flogging help you? Will it make you more honest on the outside? Why should a man put on his head the shirt of Nessus, because his body is clad in rags? Let there be peace within at any rate. That scull is left to a poor man, often, his own courage and spirit will keep his poverty from striking in and flogging.

For we notice. Some men inflict upon their families on them whenever they can, and then complain of the bad times? Repinings are thistles, and sometimes never less an opportunity of giving themselves a whipping with these thistles? This is worse. No man was ever better clothed by robbing another man made warmer by pinching

the strain from the neck and restrict all motion.

THE OPERATION

took about an hour and a half, and when the patient became conscious fortunately there was no bleeding from the other. The relative positions of dog and man were maintained for a week. The dog was fed regularly but did not seem to enjoy his food. The patient's condition was splendid, and when the flap was sown from the dog it was found to be firmly united to the head. As the healing went on some of the hair dropped out, but enough was left to make a fringe on the forehead. The experiment was remarkably successful, and as soon as the flesh had healed it was tried again with good result. The work was kept up until there had been thirteen distinct operations. All were successful save two, and in these the dog's flesh sloughed off. It took two dogs to furnish the flesh, the first one having died from the youth operation from blood poisoning. The second dog is alive, and goes around with a half-cut at his thigh. The patient's head is covered with hair, and it looks natural. When combed there is hardly a trace of犬歛, but when the hair is raised scars can be seen where the hair does not grow.

Dr. Kane was paid enough for his work to keep him from want the rest of his life.

SAVED.

"Look at that bill," said a young man as he entered a bank on Griswold street a day or two since, and laid it down before the cashier.

"Yes, I'm looking."

"Is it all right?"

"No, sir. Bank has been looted two years."

"It's terribly no good, eh?"

"That's it. Did you take it for good money?"

"I did. I was coming in with the St. Thomas excursion with my girl, and a stranger wanted change. I accommodated him."

"Yes."

"And I am here in a strange town, dead broke, and a good-looking girl expecting early, peanuts, ice cream and certain extras. Say!"

"Well?"

"After kicking myself twice around the square, what shall I do next?"

"Put your watch."

"Haven't got one."

"Anything else?"

"No."

"Any friend to borrow from?"

"No."

"Then be taken ill and sit in the depot all day?"

"I'll do it! I'll have to do it!" And I'll sigh and groan and kick and cough and take on, and the gal will never know what hit me. Thanks, old fellow—it's worth the living, after all!"—*Detrol Free Press.*

DON'S FRET.

It is sometimes thought that our clothes are a sin, then there is an immense weight of transgressions resting on Christians. Commentators, however, interpose their kind offices between clothes and clothes-women, saying that honest thoughtful dress is not forbidden, but only a "wretched, anxious thought." And they call to their help the fact that, in old England, anxiety, grief, so we may think about our troubles, if our thoughts be hopeful, cheerful, good-natured.

In other words, those who don't know where to get a shirt or a coat, whose feet threaten to protrude from boot or shoe, not met about it, not overlooking the future with gloomy forebodings. If by this anxiety they could fish up a pair of boots or evoke a good garment, there might be some sense in it. But disseminate breeding over one's poverty will never weave cloth nor cut out coats, nor sew up gaping rips and rents.

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NOT MATED.

The most absurd goings at the hotels are those married couples in which the man is old and the woman is young. There are always many of them at Saratoga. They are always the same combination—a rich widow, who marries a poor and pretty girl. Money will buy nearly everything on earth, and a handsome wife is not one of the exceptions. A married pair sit on the veranda, in sight from my window as I write. He is 60, and there is not a romantic bit among the girls he looks at, or between H. H. His wife is a pale pionee. However she looks now, for they're bald and ugly in a chair, but she couldn't get a full view of them standing. He has his spectacles in reading his newspaper. His wife is as one, plodding old age. She is 20 years old, and she is an embodiment of youthful freshness. She was a working girl in a millinery store, at \$1 a week, until two years ago. Then the poor old septuagenarian offered marriage to her, and she is now a Saratoga belle.

"Why should she be satisfied?" he said yesterday to a crony of his own age. "She has luxury in the place of poverty. Does she care for me? No, or at least not in a romantic way. I don't expect her to. She respects me, she respects her self, and won't get into any scandal. Now, John, you're a rich widower, and I sincerely advise you to buy a young, handsome wife. Be careful to pick a sensible girl who has had to work hard for a living, and who, therefore, will apportion good fortune. Don't make her live.

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Having permanently located in Weldon, we can assure you that our office is in a fine building, well situated, and accessible to all. We have a large amount of space available for office and residence, and we can furnish you with all the facilities of a modern office.

Our office is well lighted and airy, and we can furnish you with all the conveniences of a modern office.

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