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SAVED BY TRANSFUSION.

THE BLOOD OF A MAN INTRODUCED INTO THE VEINS OF A WOMAN GIVES HER LIFE.

Mae Cunningham, a young shop girl, was found unconscious in bed on the morning of January 6. Beside her lay her friend, Mary Fullon, a seamstress, dead. The unlighted gas jet was wide open, and the room was full of gas. Miss Cunningham was taken in a comatose condition to the New York Hospital. She failed to rally after receiving the usual treatment, so on January 7, her physician declined to try the transfusion of blood.

In two operations forty ounces of blood, poisoned by the inhaled gas, had been drawn from her. Amos A. Lincoln, a big, healthy telegraph lineman, under treatment for a muscular affection of the arm, volunteered to give the blood needed to fill her veins. About twenty-five ounces were drawn from his right arm into a basin containing phosphate of soda, which was intended to keep the blood from coagulating.

A little rubber pipe terminating in a glass tube was attached to the bottom of the vessel, which was elevated several feet above the girl's body. The glass end of the tube was inserted in the radial artery in her wrist, and Amos Lincoln's blood was let into her veins. Miss Cunningham remained unconscious until January 9th. She then revived enough to speak a little, but soon sank back into unconsciousness, from which she was revived during the next four days only occasionally and with great difficulty.

On the 13th she began to show symptoms of improvement, although her body was totally paralyzed, and her mind was inactive and clouded. The paralysis continued until February 1st, when Miss Cunningham began sitting up in bed and occasionally leaving it. She continued to convalesce slowly, and on Tuesday last was sent home with only a slight halt in her gait and a general stiffness of her movement to tell of her narrow escape from death. Dr. Robert F. Weir, the attending physician, said that despite the unusual length and strenuousness of her struggle for life she was just about as good as ever in mind and body.—New York Star.

THE M. E. CONFERENCES.

THE DIVIDING LINE AS AUTHORIZED BY THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Hon. Donald W. Bain, who has recently returned from the M. E. General Conference, gives the following division for the conferences in North Carolina.

The six counties lying northeast of the Chowan river remain in the Virginia Conference. The counties of Northampton, Hertford and Bertie are given to the N. C. conference.

The division line in the State begins in the Virginia line, runs South along the eastern boundaries of Rockingham, Guilford and Randolph counties, then west on the southern boundary of Randolph and Davidson counties to the Yadkin river, and down the Yadkin to the South Carolina line.

All the territory east of this line is the North Carolina conference, and the territory in the west is the Western N. C. conference.

The membership in each is nearly equal, there being about 53,000 communicants in the N. C. conference and about 52,000 in the western conference. The N. C. conference will meet this year by appointment at Wilson, but the conference made a provision that in the future there should be a division, the presiding Elders of the new conference should appoint a time and place for its meeting.

It is expected that Bishop Keener will preside over both conferences this year.

Group, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Remedy. For sale by W. M. Cohen.

CHAINED FIFTY YEARS.

DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE MAN NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, THIS STATE.

We have just received information that the life of one of the most remarkable men that ever lived in North Carolina terminated a few days ago at his home, about five miles north of Trinity College.

The name of this unfortunate being is Jay Hill, and at the time of his death he was nearly 70 years of age. He has been an idiot from birth, but since infancy has possessed physical strength to a rare degree and was well formed in every particular with the exception of his head, which was so extremely ill-shaped as to give him more the appearance of a beast than a man.

When but a child he was often so violent that it was necessary to chain him to the floor. Notwithstanding this unnatural existence he grew and strengthened day by day until his chain was not sufficient to hold him, and two or three times he broke loose and fled to the woods. During his brief liberty he was as violent as a tiger, and it was difficult to recapture and return him to his place of confinement. He was fastened with stronger bonds, and with the exception of a few days he remained chained to the floor in the same room for about fifty years.

He had an insatiable desire for tearing to pieces anything that he could get, and at times it was impossible to keep him clothed. Flax was spun into coarse, strong threads and woven into cloth which was doubled and quilted and made into garments for him, but with his teeth and talon-like fingers he tore them into threads.

He has been known to tear to pieces a solid stick of hickory wood with nothing but his teeth and fingers. He ate as ravenously as a lion and could drink, without the slightest pain, boiling coffee.

He was very dangerous. On several occasions different members of the family narrowly escaped being killed by him. One evening a sister started to go out of doors. She passed too near him and he sprang at her with great force, knocked her through the open door into the yard, so badly injuring her that it was not thought possible for her to live.

The writer has often at eventide heard his demoniac yells when more than a mile distant.

His father provided for him before his death, leaving property enough to maintain a wretched life through all these years. It was stipulated in the will that he should not be taken to an asylum, and that he should be kept on the old homestead.—Greensboro North State.

WE STICK TO OUR MAN.

Some of our people are rather previous in nominating a candidate for Governor as the election is a long way off. We have no objection to Mr. J. S. Carr, and think he would make a good Governor, but we have a man whose headquarters is anywhere in N. C. and feels at home in the humblest household from the mountains to the sea shore. He possesses a great big charitable heart, as well as being one of the brainiest men in the State and we rise from our old split bottom chair and nominate the noble Dr. B. F. Dixon, the father of the orphans, as the man above all others most suitable to be next Governor of the Old North State. He can do as much as any man to foster and encourage every enterprise that will advance the interests of our people.—Oxford Ledger.

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Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by W. M. Cohen.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by W. M. Cohen.

BIG REBEL HEARTS.

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS PLEDGED BY EX-CONFEDERATES TO THE GRANT MONUMENT FUND.

The Richmond correspondent of the New York Herald sends the following to his paper:

Here is a true story of ex-rebel officers at Richmond. On the night before the unveiling of the Lee statue about a score of them, with their friends, were sitting in the Westmoreland club, when one of them, an officer of high Confederate rank, now a resident of New York city, said:

"I see that Representative Flower, of New York, has introduced a resolution, asking Congress to give \$250,000 toward building the monument that city promised to erect to General Grant. I hope it won't be done. New York should redeem her promise, and it is to her shame that she has not. I see that Congress proposes to give \$300,000 to erect a monument in Washington. That is right. Grant should be buried at Arlington.

"Now, I have been prosperous and have means. I propose to wait until September 1, and if at that date New York has not raised the money for the monument she agreed to erect I intend to start a subscription of Southern men and head it with \$20,000. I will then advertise for subscriptions in every southern newspaper and limit them to Southern men."

There was a momentary silence, when a leading ex-officer rose and said, "I agree to add \$5,000 to your subscription."

Then, in quick succession, officers rose and pledged various sums, until within a few minutes \$50,000 had been thus raised. If names could be given the public would see that these were no idle boasts, but the words and subscriptions of men able to pay the sums they pledged and intending to go into the movement.

COME BACK FROM DEATH.

Last week Miss Polly Lunsford, of Gaddistown, Union county, Ga., aged 16 years, was taken suddenly ill, and Dr. Jones, of Athens, was summoned to her bedside. He pronounced her illness due from cold and exposure, and told the mother of the young lady that there was little chance for her daughter's recovery. For three days the young lady grew worse, and on Tuesday morning, to all appearances, died. The neighbors and friends of the family had gathered in, and the body of the dead girl was prepared for burial. Her arms were crossed over her breast and her eyelids closed. No color of life was visible in her cheeks. Her hands and face were cold, as if dead. Her pulse had ceased to beat. The coffin was sent for.

But as the mother and friends of the deceased sat around her inanimate form and mourned her as dead, she suddenly returned to life. Unaided, she arose from her bed and went to the water bucket and drank a glass of water. Then she asked her mother and brother to kneel with her in prayer, which they did together with all those present. The girl made a fervent prayer, asking God to direct her mother and brother in the paths of right. After the prayer she sang and talked with her mother for about an hour, when she told those about her that she was going to die—that she felt the death angel's touch. Hardly had she uttered the words than she fell back upon her pillow and expired. Those about her were astonished; the mother was loth to have her daughter buried, thinking that she might yet be in a trance and would return to life. But she was really dead this time, and on Wednesday evening was buried.—Athens (Ga.) Banner.

Catarrah cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrah Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free. At W. M. Cohen's drugstore.

AT HOLLYWOOD.

GOVERNOR FOWLE'S SPEECH AT RICHMOND ON DECORATION DAY.

Mrs. President and Ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association:

All nature seems to be in sympathy with this day. The sun in his journey northward has waked the earth from its winter's slumbers; hastened the ever changing skies with Southern beams; has filled the woods with the melody of birds; has laden the air with the fragrance of flowers; has clothed with verdure the fields and the trees, whilst the grass in its meridian glory is weaving its garlands above the hillocks beneath which our dead heroes are sleeping. Upon this memorial occasion; on this sacred ground, dedicated by woman's love to her departed countrymen, let us pause. Let us pause and utter one blessed expression of reverence and affection in commemoration of those who crossed the icy river amid the angry shoutings of captains and the wild carnage of battle, and now "rest under the shades of the trees." In his tour to the Hebrides, Dr. Johnson wrote: "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Cold indeed must be that Southern heart, which can stand unmoved amid these graves and contemplate that heroism which culminated in defeat, and I thank Him, before whom angels and archangels and cherubims continually bow—that in the hearts of the purest and sweetest women of which time has any record, that these are receiving that adulation and gratitude which has never before been rendered, except to the conqueror.

Of them we may say almost in the language of Pericles in his oration over the Grecians slain in battle.

Having thus bestowed their lives upon their country they have achieved a praise which will never decay, a sepulchre which will always be most illustrious. Not that in which their bones lie mouldering but that in which their fame is preserved to be on every occasion in which honor is the employ of pen or tongue, eternally remembered.

The whole earth is their sepulchre, nor is the inscription on the column in their native soil needed to show their merit, but the memorial of them, better than all inscription, in every nation reposed more durably in remembrance than upon their own tombs.

The fame of the Confederate soldier, being thus secured, time, the great justifier, will record on imperishable tablet, with golden lettered mention, the sublime grandeur of their Christian leader, Robert Edward Lee. And the poet and the orator with the historian will vie in preserving inviolate the ever-increasing glory of America's grand soldier, Stonewall Jackson, the immortal. Though reasons of policy may prevent the erection to the Confederate soldier of a national monument, yet the dead Confederate soldier will never be forgotten. Gentle women throughout this Southern land has erected monuments in his honor. At North Carolina's State capital there has been erected such a column. At its base is sleeping a young Confederate soldier, who dying wrote these lines, which his fair countrywomen had engraved in the solid marble above his head:

"Sleep, soldier, sleep; the struggle, the battle cry is hushed. Our standards have been lowered, our blooming hopes been crushed. Sleep for thy name is cherished by the bravest and best. And soldier's hearts and women's tears are with thee in thy rest."

Let their noble sacrifices lead us to become better men and women. Could I make the granite and the marble, dedicated to them, speak aloud I would say: Oh monuments erected by the people's love, commemorate the deeds of her heroes, whisper to our grand children's grand children, that by their faithfulness have shown us that there is one thing greater than success, and better than life it is the spirit of honor and devotion to duty. And further will announce to all who will hear, that we their surviving brethren are willing to bear like testimony with our blood, in behalf of a re-united and happy union.

THE UNIVERSITY.

PROF. WILLIAMS SUCCEEDS DR. MANGUM—A CHAIR OF HISTORY ENDOWED.

The 95th annual commencement of the University of N. C. was held last week.

Col. Walter L. Steele, president of the Alumni association, in a characteristic and humorous speech, announced the exercises of the day. Hon. John Manning announced the presence of Judge James Grant, formerly of Iowa, but now of Grant Springs, Cal., who had won honor and wealth in a distant State, who had returned home to his Alma Mater, prompted by a love of the home of his youth. Dr. Manning then moved, and it was carried by acclamation, to elect Judge Grant honorary president of the Alumni association.

R. H. Battle, Esq., was then introduced, and delivered his address on the life of Dr. Charles Phillips.

W. J. Peele, Esq., of Raleigh, then presented the tablet erected to the memory of Prof. Graves of old students. Mr. Peele's address was a clear cut portrait of the lamented Prof. Graves.

Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn was next introduced. His address was a long and full and careful resume of the most important epochs in the history of the State. "The necessity for preserving the memorials of the past and of transmitting to posterity a just impartial history of North Carolina." Col. Burgwyn began his address by combatting the claim made by President Haven, that the University of Michigan was the oldest institution that may rightly be termed a State institution. It was not until 1817 that steps were taken to establish the university of Michigan.

The Halifax convention in November of 1776 declared that a university ought to be established, and in 1789 the legislature proceeded to carry out the noble resolution of the Halifax Congress. The claim would not have been made if the people of North Carolina had secured an accurate history of the State. Colonel Burgwyn then proceeded to give a valuable account of the most interesting events in the history of the State.

We, in North Carolina, have had historians, but our history is yet to be written. The History of our State must be justly written, published to the world and transmitted to posterity, in order that our own character and that of our ancestors may be vindicated from calumny, and may endure as a priceless heritage for the youth of future generations.

This work must be done at the University of the State, around which cluster the glories of a century, and where the State must look for its best, loftiest and noblest culture in literature, science and art—here in this vast building, erected by the patriotism of the people, dedicated to noble purposes, in the presence of this large assembly of the noblest and best, of the beauty and wit of our land.

The Chair of History was endowed by the Alumni Association. There was a large and brilliant meeting of the Alumni and great enthusiasm prevailed.

The endowment matter was begun by Prof. G. T. Winston, who read a letter from Mr. D. G. Worth, of Wilmington, donating one thousand dollars towards the endowment.

Mr. J. S. Carr followed the announcement in a gloriously effective and eloquent speech which brought tears to the eyes of many. He closed his remarks by donating ten thousand dollars to the endowment.

Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Henderson, followed with a learned, eloquent and patriotic alumni oration, and gave one thousand dollars.

Subscription of five hundred dollars each were made by Hon. John Manning, Prof. Venable, Judge Phillips, Judge Gilmer, Col. Walter L. Steele, Mr. Ed. C. Smith, Mr. John D. Currie and General B. Barringer. Other contributions raised the amount to \$17,000.

Then Governor Fowle arose, and amid thundering applause, announced that his

distinguished kinsman, Judge Grant, of Iowa, would make his subscription \$8,000 thus raising an endowment of \$25,000 for the chair.

The Board of Trustees, with singular unanimity, elected Prof. Horace H. Williams as the successor to Dr. Mangum. He graduated at the University and obtained the degrees M. A. and B. A. in 1883. He spent several years studying Mental and Moral Philosophy. He was Professor of this chair at Trinity College and gave great satisfaction. He then obtained a fellowship at Harvard and has been studying Mental and Moral Philosophy and Theology at that institution. Mr. Williams is a native of Gates county—a young man about 30 years of age—and is a licensed minister to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. There is no young man in the State who has such scholastic attainments, or who is so peculiarly qualified to succeed Dr. Mangum. A student of Dr. Mangum's, he always entertained a loyal veneration for his late instructor whose mantle he is to wear.

Degrees of Doctor of Divinity were conferred upon Rev. F. L. Reid, editor of the Christian Advocate, of Raleigh and upon Rev. J. H. Cordon, pastor of Edenton street Methodist church, of Raleigh. Degree of Doctor of Law was conferred upon Justice Walter Clark, of the Supreme court and degree of Bachelor of Arts upon Prof. St. Clair Hester, of English literature department of the University.

THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE.

The Atlanta Constitution gives a little story, which we take occasion to use, in which one can almost see the hand of that mysterious Providence which guides and guards our lives.

A mother and her babe were seated in a car on one of the railroads going out from Philadelphia. The woman sat near an open window, holding her babe in her arms. It was leaping and laughing, clapping its hands as the train dashed on at a rapid rate of speed. Suddenly a sharp curve was rounded, the coach gave a lurch, and out of the coach went the baby—out, into the arms of death!

But that was only as they thought. The distracted mother rushed to the door, and would have sprung from the platform, but the passengers restrained her; the bell rang, the engine pulled up, and a hundred men went in search of the baby, expecting to find only its mangled remains on the road. But there, on a soft cushion of grass, it was unhurt, and laughing and clapping its hands still! It was nothing short of a miracle.

Perhaps, when from that flying train the baby fell to when seemed certain death, it was caught in the arms of an unseen angel and clasped to a breast as tender as its mother's. Who knows?

Weak Women.

The more sensitive nature of the female sex renders women much more susceptible than men to those numerous ills which spring from lack of harmony in the system. The nervous system gives way, sick headache is frequent, the appetite is lost, and other ailments peculiar to the sex cause great suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted for such cases, and has received the most gratifying praise for the relief it has afforded thousands of women whose very existence before taking it, was only misery. It strengthens the nerve, cures sick headache and indigestion, purifies and vitalizes the blood, and gives regular and healthy action to every organ in the body.

Capt. W. A. Darden, of Greene county, died at Gatesville last week. He was making a tour of the eastern counties in the interest of the Farmers' Alliance in which order he held the position of State Lecturer.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough, Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. For sale at W. M. Cohen's drugstore.

That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by W. M. Cohen.

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