

# The ROANOKE NEWS

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## ANCIENT OIL WELLS.

THEY WERE USED BY THE PENNSYLVANIA MOUND BUILDERS.

Petroleum was sought and used in North America perhaps as early as anywhere else in the world, since it was collected in many places and in large quantity by that mysterious people or peoples whom we know as the "Mound Builders." When, in 1859, I went to Titusville, like thousands of others, called there by the Drake oil well, I noticed that the bottom lands on Oil creek below the town, and were covered with a magnificent forest of hemlock trees, were pitted in a peculiar way, that is, the surface was occupied by a series of contiguous depressions ten or fifteen feet in diameter and from one to three feet in depth.

These were circular and symmetrical, in that respect differing from the pits formed by uprooted trees. Inquiring of Brewer and Watson, who had an oil well there, what was the cause of this series of pits, I received no satisfactory answer from them; but a bystander answered my question by taking me to his well, just begun in the vicinity. As it chanced, this well was sunk in one of the pits before referred to. It was carried to the depth about twenty-five feet in the earth, when the rock was reached and the drilling begun.

Throughout this depth it followed the course of an old well, which had been cribbed up with timber, and in it was a ladder such as was commonly used in the copper mines of Lake Superior by perhaps the same people who worked the oil wells. This ladder was a portion of a small tree, of which the trunk was thickly set with branches. These were cut off four or five inches from the trunk, and thus formed steps by which the well owner could go down and gather the oil as it accumulated on the surface of the water, just as was done by the old producers on the banks of the Caspian and Irrawaddy. Some of the trees which grew over the pits which marked the sites of oil wells were three and even four feet in diameter, thus proving that the wells had been abandoned at least 400 or 500 years ago.

At Enniskillen, Canada, and Mecca and Grafton, Ohio, I found similar ancient oil wells. At Enniskillen the oil was obtained by sinking pits through forty or fifty feet of impervious clay. Beneath this the oil accumulated on the surface of the limestone, and sometimes thousands of barrels flowed out when one of those reservoirs was tapped.

In sinking one pit, which was 7 by 14 feet in area, on the banks of Black creek, the operators found that one corner of their shaft cut into an older shaft which had been filled up with rubbish, twigs, leaves, etc. At the depth of twenty-seven feet from the surface a pair of deer's antlers were taken from this old pit. Here, as on Oil creek, the surface was occupied with trees three feet in diameter, and some of them were growing immediately over the old oil well.—Harper's for October.

## SPELLBOUND.

A NORTH CAROLINA LADY'S REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE IN TEXAS.

A Dallas paper speaking of the State fair and of the enterprise of one of the musical dealers who has an exhibit in the fair, says:

"As an evidence of his enterprise he has secured the services of Mrs. Joe Person of Charlotte, N. C., a lady who has quite a reputation as a performer on the piano, who will daily delight visitors by the artistic manner in which she manipulates the keys of the best instruments on the market. Mrs. Person held her audience spellbound yesterday, and as long as she remained at the piano thousands congregated to hear her play."

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.

## EFFECTIVE ORATORY.

HOW A YOUNG LAWYER MADE HIS MARK.

Jonathan H. Pugh was a pale faced young lawyer. Day after day he sat waiting for clients, but none came. The first term of court convened, and his name had not appeared on the docket. At that time my father was clerk of the circuit court, and one day there came to him a poor, sad woman, who poured into his ear a pitiful tale of woe. A brother-in-law had robbed her of all the property left to her by her dead husband, had oppressed and abused her, and was now seeking to take from her care her only child, a little girl 3 years old. My father became deeply interested in the woman, and promised to help her. He sent for Pugh, and the young lawyer came and took charge of the case.

The poor woman's brother-in-law was rich and had employed the best of counsel, making every preparation in his power to defeat her in court, and subject her to still greater oppression. He even circulated slanderous stories against her and succeeded at last in totally destroying her good reputation.

This story kindled the soul of Pugh, and he went to work with a fierce determination to unmask the villain. The day for the trial arrived. The neighborhood was thoroughly aroused, and the court room was crowded with spectators. The sad and dreary young lawyer became another man—a bold and dauntless knight fighting for outraged womanhood. He arose to speak, and the silence was painful, while with a master hand he laid before the court and jury the work of the poor woman's oppressor. The perjured witnesses writhed beneath his fiery denunciations, and judge, jurors and spectators bent forward to listen.

As he told of the woman's wrongs tears filled the eyes of all. Then he turned from the weeping woman to the author of her sorrows, and in terrible language he exposed the villainy of the man. Suddenly he faced the victim of his scorn, and, pointing his quivering finger at him, exclaimed: "You have stolen from this poor woman all her property. But more than this you have robbed her of not only her last dollar but of what is more precious than gold—her good name. And now, with savage hands, you seek to tear from her arms her darling child. In the awful hereafter you should not be allowed even the privilege of herding with the common damned, but in some lower, deeper hell be compelled, singly and alone, to howl out an eternity of woe!"

As Pugh reached this climax it fell like a bolt of thunder upon the ears of the guilty man, and he rushed headlong from the court-room. Pugh's reputation was made. He was flooded with clients, and became at once one of the busiest lawyers in town.

## THE MEN FOR A TOWN.

The only men of worth to a town or community are those who forget their own selfish ends long enough, and who are liberal enough in their ideas, to encourage every public and private enterprise; to push all projects calculated to build up the town and enhance its importance. The enterprise and push of a town or community is in the foundation of its permanent success. A town may as well prepare for its funeral as to become indifferent to the enterprise in its midst. Men who come to a town to make it their future home, who cannot look far enough before them to see that money placed judiciously in a public enterprise will be hundred fold in the appreciation of their property are to be pitied. They are not the men to put their shoulder to the wheel and build up the town. They are the class who are ready to take all they can of some one else's building enterprise, but they are not willing to do anything themselves.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Sanoh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. At W. M. Cohen's drugstore.

## A BOWER OF SNAKES.

RATHER STARTLING ADVENTURE OF TWO NORTHERNERS ON ST. JOHN RIVER.

They have snakes in Florida. They are not mentioned in the real estate advertisements, but they go with the real estate just the same, and likewise the water. A young man who has gone down there to escape any cool weather that may strike this winter was out boating on the St. John's river with a friend on a recent evening, and, seeing a little tributary coming into the main stream beneath a picturesque aisle of cypresses, they decided to explore it. They had rowed but a short distance when the creek narrowed so that there was barely room to propel the boat and none to turn it, and undergrowth of bushes hung so low as to almost touch their faces. A peculiar rustling caused them to ship their oars and listen. The noise was overhead. It was made by snakes. They had got into a regular nest of serpents. The banks were alive with them; they were crawling and squirming on every hand; the undergrowth was festooned with them; they were dangling close to their heads; they were wriggling through the water—long snakes, short snakes, harmless snakes, poison snakes, fat snakes, lean snakes, ugly snakes, lazy snakes, an arbor of materialized delirium tremens. The two oarsmen glanced at each other for a second, then bending low and moving cautiously they rowed their boat, stern foremost, back to the St. John's river. Until they reached more water neither of them spoke and they have no recollection of breathing. They do not know where any more.—New York Sun.

## DR. HOLMES ON TOBACCO.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes touches on the subject of tobacco and alcoholic stimulants in a recent contribution to the Atlantic. The older he grows, he says, the less use he makes of alcoholic drinks. Occasionally he takes a glass or two of champagne, which agrees with him better than any other drink containing alcohol. An old doctor whom he remembers, who lived to be a hundred, used in moderation a mixture of water, cider and rum. Those who are aged require less food, especially animal food, but the doctor does not blame them for being dainty, since the pleasures of the palate are among the last gratifications of the senses allowed them. "What do I say as to smoking?" continued the doctor. "I cannot begrudge an old man his pipe, but I think tobacco often does a good deal of harm to the health—to the eyes especially, to the nervous system generally, producing headache, palpitation and trembling. I myself gave it up many years ago." Those who might fancy that the wise and penetrating old doctor offers any encouragement for the indulgence of dangerous habits get this parting shot from him: "Philosophically speaking, I think self-narcotization and self-alcoholization are rather ignoble substitutes for undisturbed self-consciousness and unfettered self-control."

**LADIES**  
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take  
**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.**  
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.

LOVE can see beauty where the world sees only deformity.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists at Weldon, Brown & Carraway, Halifax, Dr. J. A. McGowan, Kenfield; W. M. Cohen, Weldon.

**IF YOUR BACK ACHES,**  
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try  
**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.**  
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give you a good appetite.

CONSETS for men are 10 inches high and curve at the hips.

## HOW TO TALK WELL.

Learn to listen well, and very soon you will find yourself speaking the word in season and surprising yourself, as well as others, by the quickness with which your thought will be well expressed.

Read the words of great writers, think them over and conclude in what way you differ from them. The woman who talks must have opinions—decided ones—but she must have them well in hand, as nothing is so disagreeable as an aggressive talker. Say what you have to say pleasantly; remember always that the best thing in life, dear, sweet love, has often been won by that delightful thing—a low voice.

Do not be too critical; remember that every blow given another woman is a boomerang which will return and hit you with double force. Take this into consideration—it is never worth while making a malicious remark, no matter how clever it may be.

Worth what while? Worth, my dear girl, the while here, which is, after, so short, and the while hereafter, which is, after all, so long and sweet. It seems to me that when you and I stand before the good God it will be the little gossip, the petty talks about others, of which we will be most ashamed.

Never forget that mere idle talk is quite as bad as gossip, for nobody is gaining any good from it, and as no vacuum exists in Nature none can in every day life. Not to be a good talker, my dear girl, not to be an interesting woman, quick in your sympathy and ready always to give the word of gladness to those in joy, or speak your tender thought to one who is in affliction, is to be that most unpleasant of people—an unfeminine woman.—Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.

## TALKIN' AND SWEARIN'.

Most old time residents of Mississippi have known, or at least heard of, Judge Thrasher, of Port Gibson, says an exchange who died a number years ago. He was an eccentric old man, strong in his dislikes and prejudices, and much given to taking revenge for real or fancied slights and injuries. A young member of Claiborne county bar named Drake, whom the judge secretly disliked, had brought an action for a client, to sustain which he relied entirely upon the testimony of the old gentleman.

"Judge Thrasher," said Drake, when the cause had been called for trial and the witness sworn, "please go on and tell the court and jury what you know of this case." The judge complied, but had not talked two minutes in his peculiar drawing tone before it became apparent to everybody that the plaintiff had no cause of action; indeed, the testimony was manifestly in favor of the defendant.

"Judge Thrasher," interrupted the lawyer, as soon as he had recovered somewhat from his amazement. "Don't you remember having a conversation with me some three months ago, touching your knowledge of the transaction in question?"

"I do, Mr. Drake," was the response. "Didn't you tell me—" and the indignant attorney went on to state the testimony he had expected the judge to give.

"I know I did, Mr. Drake. I was a talkin' then, but I am a swearin' now."

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

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

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale by W. M. Cohen.

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

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale by W. M. Cohen.

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

## COLONIAL HISTORY.

RELIGIOUS NOTES RELATIVE TO THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN HALIFAX COUNTY.

At the recent meeting of the convocation of Tarboro, held in St. Mark's church, Halifax, Mr. R. H. Smith, Sr., read a very valuable and interesting paper on the "History of the Colonial church in Halifax county" from which the following extracts are taken: "The earliest settlements in this county were made somewhere about the years 1718 or 1720 on the Roanoke river (then called by the Indian name Morattuck) and on Conocoanara and Deep creeks. My great-grandfather, Nicholas Smith, and his brother were among the first settlers. His family were Church of England people, and worshipped in Kehukee chapel, on Chapel Run. The remains of this chapel are still visible." "Dr. Simmons L. Baker, a former citizen of this county of this county, told me that when he first came to this county, about the year 1795, the old chapel was standing in ruins. In this chapel, my father, William Rufin Smith was baptized about the year 1780."

By act of Assembly in 1732, the precinct of Edgecombe was cut off from the county of Bertie, at that time embracing a large extent of territory on the southern side of the Roanoke river. In 1758 the parish of Edgecombe was divided into two parishes—St. Mary's, now Edgecombe county, and Edgecombe now Halifax county. In 1759, Rev. Thomas Burgess preached the funeral sermon of a Mr. Thomas at his home near Norfolk's Ferry on Roanoke river, as appears by papers in my possession. In 1760, an act of Assembly was passed confirming an agreement made by the church warden and vestry of Edgecombe parish with the Rev. Thomas Burgess. So also in 1764 an act of Assembly was passed allowing an increase of the salary of the Rev. Thomas Burgess. In 1770 he continued as rector of Edgecombe parish."

"As a Congress of the representation of the freemen of the State of North Carolina, assembled at Halifax on the 17th day of December 1776, the second ordinance passed was one to confirm title to all glebes, lands and tenements heretofore purchased, given or devised for the support of any particular ministry or mode of worship. And all churches, people, and other houses built for the purpose of public worship shall be and remain forever to the use and occupancy of that religious society, church, sect, denomination or for which the said glebes, lands and tenements were so purchased, given or devised, or the said churches, chapel or other houses of public worship were built." "In 1779, an act of Assembly was passed confirming any agreement and order made by the vestry of any parish for making provision for a minister to serve the parish to the 18th of December 1776. So also in 1796 an act was passed confirming to all lands, houses, tenements gifts or donation to any religious society or congregation heretofore or hereafter given." In the course of his paper Mr. Smith traced, as far as he could, the history of four chapels, viz. Conocoanara, Kahukee, Quanky, and one in the town of Halifax, all built, he concludes, by private subscription, and for the use of the Episcopal Church. "In 1832 a congregation called Trinity parish was organized in Scotland Neck, composed of the following persons who were baptized members of the colonial church, viz: Simmons J. Baker, Mrs. Rebecca Hill, Mrs. R. W. Lowrie, Wm. R. Smith, Sr., Mrs. Sarah W. Smith, Miss Sally Pecker, Mrs. S. J. Baker, Rebecca, a colored woman, and others." Mr. Smith then stated that there are at present six churches in the county of Halifax in which the services are held, and then concluded his paper in the following words: "I think it not inappropriate on the present occasion to allude to my friend the honored layman who was the principal builder and supporter of the church in which we are now holding services—Mr. Frederick Sterling Marshall—by quoting from the report of the Rev. J. S. Bout

Cheshire to the convention of 1853, "The church in this parish has sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. Frederick Sterling Marshall. He was a good man, whose heart and hand were ever open to the church's wants. "To his power, and beyond his power," his house was ever open as the minister's home. His holy life was a living witness to the faith he professed. He has gone to his reward, and we are left to our "sorrow not without hope"

## NO KISSING IN JAPAN.

Young Japanese girls, says the Home Queen, are as nature made them, and very sweet they are, too, in their quaint dresses, showing their p'ump chest and rounded arms. Pages could be written about their charms. What dear, dainty little dolls they are! Such white teeth, rosy lips, coy smiles! Who shall describe them? And what next? A kiss, perhaps? Not over here. Oh, never! They never do. They don't know how; actually they don't know how, and even peasant girls are closely guarded.

Fancy a young man in cotton kimono and wooden clogs stealing a chance to walk with his best girl under the blooming cherry trees, explaining the constellation and quoting sentimental poetry, telling her that he "hung upon her eyelids," that her voice was like a temple gong; in fact, that he loved but her alone, and then making her several formal bows at the door of her father's straw-thatched hut as they parted in the moonlight. Can an American lover stretch his imagination enough to believe in a sweetheart not kissing those pretty lips by a sort of "natural selection?"

'Tis a melancholy fact, but a Japanese has no such impulse. No lover courts his mistress with "sweetest, persuasive kisses." No mother kisses her baby as she cuddles it against her bosom.

## TETTER AND BOILS.

—For years I was afflicted with an—  
—aggravated case of Tetter. I tried—  
—lotions, salves, soaps, and other out—  
—ward applications, without any bene—  
—ficial results. In addition to the Tet—  
—ter, Boils commenced breaking out—  
—all over my body, causing me so—  
—much pain that I had to quit work—  
—and go to bed. I then decided that—  
—I had started wrong, and instead of—  
—using external treatment I ought to—  
—go to the seat of the disease and pu—  
—rify my blood, as it was obviously—  
—bad blood that caused both the Tet—  
—ter and Boils. I took several blood—  
—purifiers with any good effects.—  
—About the time my case was declar—  
—ed incurable I commenced taking S.—  
—S. S. In a few weeks the Tetter—  
—was cured, and one by one the boils—  
—disappeared, until I was entirely and—  
—permanently cured. This was three—  
—years ago, and since then I have—  
—been free from any skin eruptions. My—  
—skin is now, and has been for three—  
—years, as smooth as any one's. S. S.—  
—S. not only cured me of the Tetter—  
—and Boils, but also restored my ap—  
—petite and general health, causing—  
—me to increase in weight and im—  
—prove in every way.

M. S. POLLOCK.  
New London, O.

May 6, 1890.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,  
Atlanta, Ga.

## Epoch.

The transition from a long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is said in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health to the use of the Great Alternative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, or if you should ever feel you will surely be relieved by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c. and \$1 per bottle at W. M. Cohen's drugstore.