

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1894.

NO. 32.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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RABBIT JUMPING IN TEXAS.

A Glorious Sport Pursued on the Prairies of the Lone Star State.

From the N. Y. Sun.

"There are a good many kind of gay sports in the Lone Star State," said an old ranchman. "There is jumping jack rabbits, for instance. Just mention jumping jack rabbits to an old Texan and see how his eyes glisten at the mere recollection."

"Just imagine a fair, cloudless morning in that prairie land, and stretching far away on all sides a waving sea of green, green grass. Here and there are dark spots like islands, where an occasional mosquito flutters its feeble wings in the breeze. Scattered bunches of brown tall where the cattle are feeding, and high overhead sails one wide winged, lonely hawk. On such a day and in such grand reach of grass lands will assemble a merry band of riders. Men and women are there, but all young, for the tricks and tumbles of a rabbit run are not for the stiff joints of old age. The small wiry broncos dance and fret to be away. They are veteran cattle ponies each of them able to round the fleetest broncos on the range, to turn around in a space two feet square, and to dodge the maddest of mad bulls' with consummate ease. A pack of thin, sleek-coated greyhounds hang about the horses' heels, sharp-nosed rascals, slender of build, and with legs that can outstrip their own shadows."

"Off they go. It is simple enough to jump the rabbits. The work is only begun at that point. The whole prairie is alive with them and they are fairly dying for a good run. There is no prairie in Brer Rabbit's mind when he hears the horns in the grass. He flips one ear over his eye and sits up to meditate and look around him. Once he locates the pack and finds that they are not to be drawn off on some other scent, he is off like a flash of light. Both velvety ears are laid along the low stretched back and, with his forelegs straight out and one hind leg doubled up for a spring he is fairly sliding through the fodder. When one hind leg gets tired he will drop the other down for work and pull the weary leg up under his belly to rest. It is hard pressed he will use both, and then nothing on earth can touch him. How the dogs snap and snarl, and the ponies snort and stamble, reined in to their haunches, and how those cow boys and cow girls yell and scream when Brer Jack takes a short turn on his tracks and the impetus of his pursuers carries them far ahead before they can stop. Now, as they all turn and plunge away on the new trail, stirrups are for saken, hats dropped and spur and whip laid on. Above all things out over the peaceful prairie that feodish cow boy yell."

"Brer Rabbit has now discovered that this is no foot's play, this chase, and he has settled down to work. His forepaws and snowy tail gleam like a white lion, along the grass. The old hounds are tiring. The young ones redouble their yelps, and they see even before the riders do that dim, black, circling line that hems in the horizon. It is a barred white fence (one of the cursed innovations of the latter day) and, once under it at in the tangle beyond, Brer Rabbit will be safe. The youngest pup is long of head, and unnoted by the pack, he slinks to one side and takes a short cut. As the old dogs gradually surge ahead and turn the long curved refuge, this pup is steadily drawing nearer unnoted beneath the high grass. One rider is down, thrown by his pony, which stumbles into a burrow, and the best dog in the pack catches his foot and turns a somersault in the air. Demoralization takes possession of the hunt, and the case is high night abandoned. All at once the shrill yelp of the baby hound rings out, there is a confused whirl of small dog and big rabbit against the sky and the cry goes up: 'Young Dan; good boy, Dan.' Sure enough the youngster has headed off and captured the quarry. Then it's all to the saddle, dead jack slung on behind, and away once more. When a half a dozen jacks have been run (and most of them will escape) horses, riders and dogs are played out. But it's a glorious chase."

"I tell you," concluded the old rancher, laying down his corn cob pipe, "it makes my blood leap even now when I get to telling of old times a jumping jack rabbits down in Texas."

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

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IN SALES.



Cook—Hurry! there's a row outside, Officer Murphy.

Officer Murphy—Yes, hadn't you better bolt th' durn'—St. Louis Republic.

TRAYING FOR SELF-CONTROL.



Marle—I tell yer yer are false! False to the marrer of yer hart! I've trusted you blindly, fondly, until the present moment, and now I loath and despise yer!

Eleurette—Heaven give me power to restrain myself or I'll knock the neck off her!—Life.

POLITICAL ITEM.



"He has about decided to run and is in the hands of his friends."—Good Roads.

MERRY A MATTER OF TIME.



Fanny—Who is that handsome fellow?

Maudie—My intended.

Fanny—Why, I didn't know you were engaged.

Maudie—Neither am I.—Truth.

HE KEPT HIS WORD.



Mrs. Patrick—I thought you said you would put the money away for a rainy day?

Mr. Patrick—So I did, and th' next day it rained.—St. Louis Republic.

WOULD MEET AGAIN.



One reason why some people never get religion, is because they do not want to get enough to spoil them for the world.

An amusing incident recently occurred at King George Court-house.

One of the village merchants had in stock some fine bananas—a sight never seen by a ne of the "oldest inhabitants" and after a gray haired native had eaten freely of the fruit, he was asked how he liked it and replied: "I like the peeth of these yellowed bandanas fast rate, but the tals of 'em ain't so good—rather too tush for a man without teeth; so I just skins the darn things and eats nothing but the peeth." The old gentleman's first experience with bananas caused great laughter.—Richmond Dispatch.

It should be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa. says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Coopers, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he has ever used for Lung Troubles. Nothing like it. Free trial bottles at W. M. Cohen's drugstore. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

ONLY A PICTURE.

Their Bond of Sympathy a Baby's Face.

She had been hanging around the place for a week or more. The policeman who traveled that beat had ordered her away once, but she was there again the next day looking at the photographs on exhibition just outside the entrance to the building.

"What are you doing around here again?" he asked, gruffly, somewhat nettled that his first reproof had not been heeded. "Didn't I tell you yesterday to stay away from here? Don't you know that you are liable to be arrested? You don't look very well, you know," he added, half apologetically, touched by the appealing look in the faded gray eyes. "The artist'll soon be raising a row. You'll hurt his trade. What do you want here, anyhow?"

"That," she said, wistfully, pointing to one of the photographs in the fine collection.

The policeman looked. It was the picture of a baby.

"It looks like my boy," she said tremulously. "Don't you suppose I could get one of them? It wouldn't be any harm to ask, would it?"

The policeman's harshness vanished. Perhaps the remembrance of baby hands gone out of his own life softened his heart, and he answered kindly: "No, it won't. Come on, I'll go with you. We'll see what we can do."

The fashionable Wabash Avenue artist was visibly surprised when the couple entered his studio.

"She wants to ask a favor of you," said the officer, pointing over his shoulder to the woman in rusty black. "I guess you'd better do the best you can for her."

"It's about a picture down there on the street," she proceeded, timidly, in answer to the photographer's look of inquiry. "I've been coming here to look at it for I don't know how long. I couldn't stay away, for, as I told him a minute ago, it's just like my boy. You see, I never had a picture taken. I couldn't afford it. I kept putting it off and putting it off, thinking that some time I would have more money, and even after he got sick I neglected it, for I couldn't believe I'd lose him." She stopped.

"Well?" questioned the artist.

"But they sent me to come to the hospital one night, and they told me he was dead. The first thing I thought was, 'And I haven't even a picture of him.' So ever since then I have been looking for a face like his. I've examined every photograph and every fancy picture I came across, but I never found anything resembling him but this. You have one up here, too," she said, arising and standing before a dainty face looking down at her from its place upon the wall.

"The likeness is perfect. The same large, earnest eyes, the same long lashes, the same curve of brow and cheek, and the same boony smile. He was so pretty, my baby was. I wish I had that picture. Do you suppose I could get it?"

The policeman had walked to the window and was watching the throng on the street below. The artist caught and shaded his face with his hands; and the shabby, premature old woman gazed longingly at the pictured face before her.

"It's an unusual request," the artist commenced, doubtfully.

"But you won't refuse to grant it," a low voice interrupted, and its owner stepped through the doorway from the inner room, where she had been preparing for a sitting. "I heard what you said," she went on, and the sweet face was transfigured with gentle sympathy as she clasped the hand of her unfortunate sister, "and I want to tell you how sorry I am that your baby died. That is my boy's picture. You can have the photograph, and you can see him. Every hour I thank God for sparing him to me."

The bit of cardboard on which were lined the features of a child resembling her dead baby was given her, and the woman, whose heart had yearned for years for glimpses of a face like her boy's went out on the street again.—Chicago Tribune.

IF EARTH WERE DIVIDED.

The share of land falling to each inhabitant of the globe in the event of a partition might be set down at twenty-three and one half acres. The land surface contains, as nearly as possible 33,600,000,000 acres, which, divided among the 1,500,000,000 inhabitants which the world contains, would give to each of them the above named quantity. Taking the entire population of the world, there are nearly twenty nine inhabitants to every square mile. The following figures show the number of persons (omitting fractions) to a square mile in the various divisions of the globe: Europe, 88; Asia, 46; Africa, 18; North America, 9; South America, 4; Oceania and Polar regions, 2.

THE CYNIC.

Friendship is terribly overworked. Not even a woman ever liked all her kin.

This is the next year you expected so much of last year.

Good women are admired, but good men are sometimes disliked.

No matter how large a woman is, when a man likes her he says she is a dear little thing.

It is so easy for a man to find a man worse than he is that he thinks he is tolerably good.

The world is full of joys, but the supreme joy of them all is the fellow who tells his troubles in a crowd.

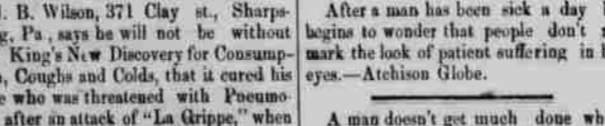
After a man has been sick a day he begins to wonder that people don't remark the look of patient suffering in his eyes.—Athenion Globe.

A man doesn't get much done when working around the house. Every few minutes he is reminded of something for which he must scold his wife, and that takes time.—Athenion Globe.

Beauty must be known to be appreciated.

A DASHING FASHION.

This remarkably chic outfit was made by a well known New York fashion leader. It will, no doubt, be copied by many women who affect the latest eccentricities in dress.



Fortune Teller—Your husband will be rich, handsome and clever.

Brown (to fiancee)—By Jove! Wonderful! How did she guess it?—Fall Mall Budget.

STUBBENDS OF THOUGHT.

Cupid claims all or nothing.

Work is an investment; rest the dividend.

The devil has a claim on every man's heart.

Men may make croods, but they can't make religion.

Two souls with but a single thought, and that thought doubled.

The tongue was not made to tell every thing the eyes sees or ears hear.

If you know what laws have to be passed to restrain a man you know it's man.

The surest way to please is to forget one's self and think only of others.

The one thing that man dislikes to do is often just the thing that stands in his way.

One reason why some people never get religion, is because they do not want to get enough to spoil them for the world.

ITEMS FROM BILLVILLE.

We are glad to hear that this country is "on the move." But if you can't move with it, you'll have to pay house rent.

Our farmers have been successful in the stock raising campaign. Let us give you credit for a cow on your subscription?

This is a queer world. Give a man a new wheel for his wagon and ten to one he'll want you to furnish the axle grease, too.

We have been elected one of the stewards of the church here, and as soon as we are able to give bond you will see us taking up the collection.

We can't have everything as we want it in this world. The fattest 'possum is always the one that climbs the highest, and the ewe that gives the most milk never comes home.

A DANGEROUS MAN.

When the Stage was "Held Up" He Came to the Front.

The business of holding up stages in the West and robbing the mails and the passengers would not be followed by so many desperadoes if a few more of the travelers were like old Robert Lane, who lives near Dillon, Montana," said George Craig of Butte, at the Riggs House yesterday. "Lane is as quiet and peaceable a citizen as ever went to church on Sunday and put his four legs into the contribution box. He has lived in Montana for twenty years, and even in youth he never personally indulged in the old time wild excesses of life out there, nor in any of the luridly luridly of frontier existence. He has always pursued the even tenor of his way on his little ranch, near Dillon, and ever been regarded as the safest and most peaceful citizen in the community. He is called "Old Man Lane" out in Montana, and everybody knows him. Several years ago the old man went down to Red Rock, which is nearer to his ranch than Dillon is, to take the stage for Junction. The mules were pulling the outfit along pretty lively through a right nasty piece of road, when the passengers were startled by hearing a voice commanding the driver to throw his reins. There were three or four passengers on the inside, and if it had been light enough to see them they would have looked mighty white, I tell you. But old man Lane was made of different kind of stuff. When he heard the agent tell the driver to drop the reins he just reached back and pulled out two guns that he used to carry, because it was the custom of the country to do it, and kept his eyes fixed on the doors, looking at first one door then the other quickly, so as to see the thieves when they made an appearance. A shadow fell in each door window about the same time, and quick as a flash old man Lane's guns struck through either opening and off they went. He got two both cracks. Then he leaned out a window and banged loose at the fellow who had ordered the driver to hold up. He got him, too, and then jumped out of the stage. There were four of the road agents, and the last one alarmed at the fate of his companions, stuck spurs into his horse and rode away on the trail. The passengers, who had nearly recovered from their terror and surprise, were now amazed to see old man Lane cut the harness from the lead mule, jump on his back, and go sailing away after the fleeing fugitive. Shots were heard pretty soon, and in ten minutes or so back came old man Lane, leading the bandit's horse, while the man himself was sitting up in the saddle, shot through the back. On examination it was found that two of the attacking party were killed and the other two wounded and the whole quartet was brought into Junction. When old man Lane was asked what caused him to bloom out into such a progressive citizen of the territory, he drawled out: "Well, I had a good deal of business to attend to up here at Junction, and I didn't like the idea of being stopped when I was on my way to attend to it." One of the men was not very badly wounded, and before leaving Junction to return home old man Lane went to see him in the temporary hospital. "Look here, my friend," he remarked, "I just want to give you a little bit of advice. If you persist in following of the business that you have started out in when I sort of stopped you, I think it would be safer for you if you would look over the way bill of any stage you might intend to hold up, and find out in advance who it was carrying. Old man Lane is living yet, and as he is hale and hearty as you please yet, and if he starts on a stage ride now anywhere in Montana the driver don't even feel it necessary to lock the treasure box."—Washington Star.

The guardians of the soul are pure and beautiful thoughts, sympathy sincere and loving, as the key which unlocks the every heart.

There is only one real failure of life possible, and that is to be true to the best one knows.

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