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THE DIAMOND BUTTON

FROM THE DIARY OF A LAWYER AND THE NOTE BOOK OF A REPORTER.

By BAROLAY NORTH.

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CHAPTER XXIX.
THE ABDUCTION OF ANNIE.



Without fear or hesitation Annie Templeton had prepared, and at once, to obey the supposed summons of Mr. Holbrook. If the truth be told, she was not displeased with the opportunity of spending an hour or two in the society of her lawyer. His companionship had become agreeable to her, and though she was far from admitting to herself the idea of any special fondness for him, still the more she saw of him the more she welcomed his visits. He was so strong, so comforting, and he knew just what was the right thing to do, and he had the faculty of lifting her mother from the contemplation of her griefs.

When Annie arrived at the door of the surrogate's office a young man of gentlemanly appearance stepped forward, and, lifting his hat, said: "I have been waiting some time for you, Miss Templeton, and quite impatiently."

"I am afraid I have been awkward in my speech," he continued. "I meant to say that for any delay Mr. Holbrook will blame me. He is very exacting in business matters. That is why I say I am impatient."

"Why, it is not yet 10 o'clock," exclaimed Annie.

"Pardon me, I am afraid your timepiece is out of order. It is considerably after 10. But there is a note I am charged by Mr. Holbrook to deliver to you."

He handed it to her with a bow. Annie took it and read: "SUBROGATE'S OFFICE. NEW YORK, Sept. 14, 1884. My Dear Miss Templeton:—I regret so much to cause you the annoyance I undoubtedly do this morning, but business knows no other law than its own. The surrogate sits at home this morning—a fact I only learned on arriving here."

"You are then a clerk of Mr. Holbrook?"

"Yes, Miss Templeton, and entirely at your service. The surrogate is confined to his house with a cold, and sent word down that he would not dare to venture out, but that he would listen to all who had pressing business at his house. Now, if you please, we will go there. Here is a carriage I have had in waiting for you."

The concocters of the design against Annie's freedom had evidently counted upon her ignorance of the methods of conducting business in the world. This would have proved but a clumsy device, yet, directed against an unsophisticated creature like Annie, its very simplicity and transparency made it the more skillful.

ing done the young man snapped a spring, the curtain shot up over the window in front of her, she was forced back on the cushions with a vigorous push on her shoulder, the handkerchief was closely pressed on her nose and mouth, and, though she struggled ineffectually for a time, unable to make a noise, she soon lost all consciousness.



Sharp pains were shooting through her head and an intolerable thirst consumed her.

"Water," she murmured.

"She's coming to," said a voice, seemingly from a great distance, which nevertheless fell upon her ear with a strangely familiar sound.

A cup was pressed to her lips, and she drank eagerly.

"She'll do now, and I'll go," said the same voice. A moment later she heard a few steps, and a door open and closed. She opened her eyes. A man of rough exterior stood over her. She closed them again in fright, and nearly swooned.

When next she opened them she was alone.

Unable to collect her thoughts, she lay still a few moments. By and by the experiences of the morning rushed over her.

"For heaven's sake, where am I?" she cried. Then she sprang from her couch, forgetful of her sufferings.

She was dazed. The room she found herself in was evidently an attic room. The roof sloped down low and close to the floor on one side. There was neither ceiling nor walls; the rafters and studs were bare of plaster. The floor was unpolished. A dormer window broke through the roof and gave light to the room. She flew to it, but could not reach it; a strong iron grating set in the timbers and floor barred her way.

She shook it in the desperation of despair. She might have tried to move one of the Brooklyn bridge towers. She flew to the door at the foot of the bed; it was locked and bolted from the outside.

There was a strong board partition running up to the roof, and in it was a door; she flew to that. It opened, and she entered a similar room. Another dormer window, and another iron grating, and another door leading to the outside. She was like a frightened bird, with throbbing breast, beating the bars of a cage.

Then for the first time she realized that her door appeared strange. She examined it. It was a coarse canvas garment of vulgar figure. She was bewildered. Then she found it had been slipped over the other dress. Her head began to whirl, and before she could reach the other room darkness overcame her.

When she awoke to consciousness again she was lying on the floor. She staggered to her feet.

How long she had lain there she could not tell. It was still bright day, but whether it had been five minutes or five hours, she was unable to determine.

Her eyes fell again upon the calico dress which she had put on, and she was filled with hurried action.

She stood a moment, her senses numbed—utterly confused.

By and by the events of the day began to come back to her vividly. She traced them one by one, to the final scene in the coach.

"It was chloroform," she said aloud.

Then she thought of her mother, of her alarm because Annie had not returned, of the mother's distress over the murder of her brother.

This thought touched a tender chord, and she wept violently.

The storm of tears acted like a storm on a sultry day; it cleared the atmosphere.

When she recovered herself she began to think.

She made a close examination of the room; it was similar in size and appearance to the one she had first found herself in.

A mattress lay in the corner with a pillow and a horse blanket tumbled on it, as if some one had slept there. Two chairs were near the dormer window. On one was a newspaper. She picked it up. It was of the date of the 14th of September. That was the day she was last at home. It must still be that day.

The newspaper was new and fresh; it had not been opened.

A small, round table stood in the center of the room, a plain, wooden top table, not particularly clean. A plate, a cup, both dirty, and some crumbs, showed that not long before some one had eaten there.

A stump of a lead pencil lay on the table.

She went into the other room.

It was bare of everything save a chair and the bed on which she had lain. Apparently there was no hope of escape. She listened. She could hear no sound in the house. Only the noises from the street—the cries of hawkers, the shouts of children at play, the roll of vehicles—all these came to her rendered by the distance.

What was the meaning of her seizure and confinement, she asked herself. Who was the enemy of her family who had first killed her brother and then abducted her? Why were these calamities so suddenly precipitated upon them, who had always lived so quiet and uneventful lives?

It was a problem too deep for her to solve; she was not even aware of an enemy.

Her thoughts instinctively turned to Holbrook. He would assist her if he knew of her distress, and he would know because of her failure to meet him as requested.

She thought of the letter from her mother. "I don't write anything. I tore the paper up."

He looked upon the floor, and saw pieces of paper which Annie had idly torn into bits.

This did not satisfy him. He looked at her suspiciously a moment, and then said: "I don't believe you. Not that you saw anybody, but you've thrown something up for a chance. I'll see to that at once. You'd better eat," he said as he turned away. "For you've a long ride before you reach home."

With that he strode hastily out of the room, locking, bolting and barring the door after him. Her heart failed as she heard the bolts shoot.

She saw bolts and bars on the inside. With a quick impulse she put up the bars and shot the bolts. She flew to the other door and bolted and barred that. She was safe from unwelcome intrusion.

Then she sat down to wait for Holbrook.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEAN DOWN AND DISS ME.

BY GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

Lean down and kiss me, O my love, my own;
The day is near when thy fond heart will miss me;
When o'er my joy, green bay, with bitter
Thou wilt lean down, but canst not clasp or kiss me.

THE BRAVE TEXAN

Who Gave His Life in Defense of a Woman—The Grave of a Hero.

A little mound near the cotton mills in Newberry, S. C., covers the remains of one who has left an eternal monument to the south's chivalry. His name is unknown. Immediately after the close of the war the negro troops belonging to Sherman's army were marched by different routes to Port Royal and Charleston, there to be disbanded. The night of which I speak, a regiment of negro troops were encamped in Newberry, near the railroad depot.

The town had been plundered, and her citizens subjected to all the indignities that a drunken negro mob could offer. A government train was then running from a point twenty-five miles north of Columbia to Greenville to carry soldiers and refugees as near their homes as possible. This night as the train slowed up at the depot, it was immediately surrounded by a drunken, howling crowd of negro soldiers. On board the train were two ladies. The negroes swarmed through the cars like a set of demons set free from the infernal regions, while white soldiers on board were helpless and at their mercy.

What a place for two helpless women without friends or protectors.

In the coach with the ladies was a soldier, and from his dress and demeanor, one would judge him to be from Texas. He was tall and stately, piercing black eyes, while his massive head of hair, well became his brazen face. He plainly showed that he had been a determined follower of the lost cause. In their wild carouse, one of the drunken negroes came to where the ladies sat, and commenced to offer insults and indignities to the younger, too revolted in its nature for rehearsal. In trying to release herself from his loathsome embrace, she cried out in despair, "My God, have I no friend; will no one protect me!" In a moment a voice was heard in the rear end of the coach: "Yes, I will protect you if I die for it." The tall form of the unknown Texan was seen rapidly approaching along the aisle. His eyes shone in the dim light like those of the wild beast ready to spring upon its prey. The keen blade of a knife was seen to glitter above his head and with a mighty blow was buried to its hilt in the breast of the black ruffian. With a wild yell he leaped from the car and fell dead upon the side-track.

The stranger quietly walked out of the coach at the other end, and stepped a few paces away, under cover of the darkness, and waited developments. He had not long to wait. All the thumps of dyakners turned loose, could not have equalled the uproar and tumult this deed created. Word flew to camp that one of their comrades had been murdered by a confederate soldier. A wild rush was made for the train, and for a few moments it looked as if all on board would be put to death. Search was made for the murderer, declaring that if found, he should be shot at once. The stranger stood but a few feet away, quietly listening to his death sentence, as the soldiers madly rushed by. At last one declared he had found the man; he seized one of the officials of the railroad, and others coming up, with equal positiveness swore to his identity. Violent hands were laid upon the innocent man, while the drunken mass that crowded around him seemed as if they would crush him to death. His vain pleadings of innocence were drowned by the wild yells of the surging crowd. He was being carried away for execution. Where was the unknown Texan? He had shown his courage, now would he waver in the face of immediate death? With his hand he had protected the person of defenceless women, by dying in the blood of her assailants, would he stand by and see an innocent man die in his stead? With calm deliberation, without any emotion whatever, he made his way to the maddening crowd, and with a loud voice, said: "Turn this man loose, he is innocent. I am the one who did it—now do your worst!" This gave new impetus to the drunk on crowd, and he was hurried away to camp. A drumhead court-martial was convened, and he was condemned to be immediately shot. While he was being tried, word flew like lightning over the town that a white man was to be shot, and every negro that could possibly go, came rushing into camp and surrounded the brave Texan, offering him every insult and indignity that their wicked souls could invent. The negro women outside the men in rejoicing over the fate of the prisoner. Even the blood-thirsty and cruel Queen Esther could not have re-joined more over her captives.

At half-past twelve a spade was given the condemned and ordered to dig his grave. Selecting a spot near the brow of the hill, he commenced the heartrending task of digging his own grave. Spadeful after spadeful was thrown up, till three feet in reached. Then, standing erect and stretching out his arms, he said: "I am ready." A breathless stillness for a moment prevailed. The command was given—a volley rings out and the brave Texan falls dead in his grave, amid the deafening shouts of the multitude, leaving behind him the grandest tribute to southern chivalry—than any other land in his own rear men who give divine lives to protect the honor of unknown women.

SAN FRANCISCO SCARED.

Plastering Shaken Down, and People Awakened From Sleep by an Earthquake Shock.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—The signal corps observer at San Francisco, California, reports that heavy earthquake shocks occurred this morning at 3:57. The vibrations were north and south.

CHICAGO, April 24.—A private despatch received here says that at the earthquake at San Francisco this morning, houses swayed four inches.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 24.—One of the most severe shocks of earthquake experienced here for a long time was felt in this city and neighboring localities a little after 3:30 o'clock this morning. Buildings were shaken perceptibly, and persons aroused from sleep. Plastering fell from the walls in places, but no serious damage reported yet.

A Mayfield dispatch states that the shock was very severe there. The railroad bridge was rendered impassable, as the piers, which are 60 feet high, settled a few inches, and the rails spread about a foot. The ground in places settled six to twelve inches. Railroad travel will be delayed several hours.

Ice-Making.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

As the general knowledge of chemistry has increased, inventions have arisen for producing cold by artificial means, and there is consequently no longer any necessity for carrying ice from cold to warm climates. Almost every Southern town now has its ice factory, and the product of artificial freezing is superior to any but the clearest natural ice, frozen in the Northern tier of States or in Canada, while its substance is pure as the distilled water from which it is made. Harper's Weekly, from which the following facts are taken, says that the apparatus required for making artificial ice includes a powerful engine, to drive the pumps, great iron retorts, for holding the aqua ammonia, a long system of pipe coils, and extensive vats, to contain the ice cans.

The process depends upon the capacity of a substance which is expanding, after great condensation, to absorb heat. The substance used in this case is ammonia. Mixed with water, it is placed in one or more of the great cylinders or retorts, which contain coils of pipe. Into these pipes steam is sent, heating the contents of the retort until the ammonia is separated from the water, and sent into another retort, where it is subjected to great pressure, under which it liquefies.

In another room, provided with double doors and walls like those of a refrigerator, are several vats, in which are suspended cans of galvanized iron. Some of these cans are calculated to hold two hundred pounds of ice, and others are still larger. Between these cans pass lines of iron pipes, connected with the retorts on one side, and the entire vat, in which cans and pipes are contained, is filled with brine.

In the great condensation to which the ammonia gas has been subjected to liquefy it, it has parted with all its heat, and the large pipes which carry it to the vat, are so cold as to be covered with frost.

When ice is to be made, the cans are filled with distilled water, and covered with thick caps. The ammonia is then admitted to the coils running through the brine of the vat. As soon as the tremendous pressure is relieved, by turning the stop cocks, the ammonia expands into gas, resumes the amount of heat with which it parted when undergoing condensation, and of course extracts it from the surrounding brine. This, in turn, extracts heat from the distilled water, which freezes, as the brine itself would do, were it not saline and kept in motion by means of pumps.

In a few hours, each can contains a mass of solid ice, and is then hoisted from the vat, dropped for a moment, in warm water to loosen the ice, and upset. The block of ice slides out, and is either stored, or placed in front of a circular saw, and divided into smaller blocks.

After the ammonia gas has done its work, it is returned to a retort, conducted to its starting place, and reabsorbed by water. It can be used over again, and this process goes on continuously, with some slight waste.

Mixed Weather.

Ted, a little fellow of four years, makes a great pretence of reading the morning newspaper.

"Well, Teddy, what kind of weather are we to have today?" asked his father.

Ted kept his eyes fixed on the paper.

"Let me see," he answered. "It's to be fair and cloudy, with north wind and rain, and warmer, and snow by high wind and sleet when it clears up."

This is to certify that after taking two jugs of Microbe Killer I was cured of a severe attack of bronchitis and nasal catarrh. Indeed the Microbe Killer does more than is claimed for it, and I cheerfully recommend it to suffering humanity.

T. J. KARAMORE, D. D. S.,
308 Cedar Street, Nashville, Tenn.
For sale by L. J. Huntley & Co., Druggists.

NEWS NOTES.

Japanese chickens with tails from eleven to thirteen feet long are being imported into this country.

A Mormon with two wives and fourteen children was found in Provo, Utah, recently, living in a hut with one room.

Governor Campbell, the Democratic leader in Ohio, has refused a pension from the government on the ground that his circumstances place him above the need for such help.

The costliest horse barn in the world belongs to D. K. Crouse, and is located at Syracuse, N. Y. It has now cost the owner, a millionaire horseman, something like \$700,000. Incidental expenses will make the stable cost little short of a round million.

An old bachelor who died at New-ton, Conn., recently, said on his death bed that there was one thing that would make him contented. That was that he might be able to swallow every dollar of the \$100,000 he had amassed by his life of slaving and saving.

The recent persecution of the Jews in Vienna becomes so dangerous to all shop-keepers that the city recently appeared covered with such signs as "I am a Christian Tradesman," "Christian Bread Shop," "Christian Cheese monger," "Christian Old Clothes Shop."

A pair of banlam chickens were sold at the London crystal Palace for \$500, which was almost exactly twice their weight in gold. This is believed to be the highest price ever paid for a single pair of fowls since the days of extravagant and luxurious Rome.

A merchant at Randolph, Ala., declared Sunday night that he would die suddenly at 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon. On Monday morning he selected a coffin, made his will and spent the day in prayer. At 4 o'clock he seated himself in a rocking chair and in three minutes was dead. The doctors say death was caused by heart failure.

James Hines took up a "quadrant" in Arkansas. He was warned off, but decided not to go, and held out for three years. During that time he was shot at thirty three times, wounded four times, had his cabin set on fire twice, his wife was driven to suicide and his boy ran away, and at last the man grew weary and hanged himself.

The experiment of treating typhoid fever by prolonged immersion of the patient in water has been tried in a Liverpool hospital with gratifying success. Four cases were recently reported, one of which recovered six days, immersion; two others eleven days each, and the fourth sixteen days. They were all severe cases, and every one of the patients recovered.—Ex.

Lois Sing is a Chinaman in hard luck. He is at present on the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls, and neither the United States nor Canada will allow him to enter their territory. He was caught trying to smuggle himself into this country and was fired back, and now he hasn't the \$50 necessary to pay his own import duty into Canada. Therefore he now stands on the bridge looking wistfully at the whirlpool rapids.

A school-boy in Elinburg scalded his left leg and foot from knee to toes so badly that the skin peeled off, and flesh ulcerated. There being no signs of healing, the surgeon obtained a grayhound puppy, seven days old, chloroformed it to death, shaved its body closely, skinned it with the skin grafted the skin of the boy so as to cover all the ulcerated spots. The result was surprising. The leg rapidly healed, and when the patient was discharged, "the color of the grafted skin was uniform, and very similar to that of the normal skin."—Ex.

Reasonable Pride.

People who have seen better days are naturally enough fond of referring to the fact, especially when in the presence of new acquaintances. The trait is not unamiable. We all like to stand well with our fellows.

One of our exchanges tells a story of a school-mistress who had gone to teach in a rural town where she "boarded round," according to the old custom.

On the second Monday she went to a "new place," and at noon sat down with the family at a small pine table on bread, fat fried pork and baked potatoes. We are not told whether she enjoyed the meal or not, but just as the chairs were pushed back, one of the children, a little girl of perhaps ten years, suddenly exclaimed: "I know what good victuals is. Yes, ma'am, I know what victuals is. 'Do you, indeed?' answered the embarrassed teacher, at a loss what to say, but ashamed to say nothing.

"Yes, un'am, I know what good victuals is. I've been away from home several times, and eaten lots on 'em."—Exchange.

In cases of Fever and Ague, the blood is so affected, though not so dangerously poisoned as by the diffusion of the malarial germ, it could be by the diffusion of the malarial germ, it could be by the diffusion of the malarial germ, it could be by the diffusion of the malarial germ.

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