

SALEM

BARRETT SKIPS

But He Didn't Get Much of the Rolling Mill Money.

ROANOKE TIMES BUREAU, HOTEL LUCERNE, SALEM, VA.

Frank Barrett, of Lancaster, Ohio, one of the interested parties in the Salem Rolling Mills, in fact being president of the company, has skipped the country, and although it was supposed that he had gotten away with a good deal of the money of the Rolling Mills, the fact is that he got very little, if any, of the company's funds.

Only four thousand dollars had been paid to the company by the land companies here, and nearly all of this was paid out to the contractors who are erecting the mills which are now under roof. No machinery has been put in, though much of it is ordered.

A second assessment to the mills, over double the one just named was due, and was to be paid when the building was at such and such a stage of erection. Though Mr. Barrett had attempted to obtain some of this money he failed.

J. J. Bright, of Point Pleasant, Ohio; J. W. Wornell, of Cincinnati, and S. G. Atkins, of Ohio, who are also largely interested in the mill are much chagrined at the imposition and deception of Barrett.

The company controlling the rolling mills will be recognized, and has not assigned as is reported in places. Mr. Bright is expected daily from Ohio to attend to the reorganization.

It is further reported in Salem that Barrett ran off with a woman whom he has been enamored of for some time and has gone to the State of Washington, leaving his wife and children at his home in Point Pleasant. The woman's name is not known here.

It is said that Mr. Bright has been left to pay some debts of Barrett's for some \$5,000 or more.

Barrett got away with \$50,000 of the city of Duluth's money some time ago, but it is said that that city was trying to steal a march on him, when he retreated and left it in the lurch. He was made what he was thought to be by Mr. Bright, who befriended him.

TWO LEAGUE WHEELMEN

From Allegheny, Pa., Arrive in Salem on Their Wheels.

Two members of the league of "American wheelmen" passed through Salem yesterday going to New Orleans from Pittsburgh. They got here at 8 o'clock Wednesday night and stayed at the Hotel Lucerne until yesterday morning, when they pulled out for Bristol.

Their names were Chas. W. Petticoat, president of the Allegheny Cyclers League, No. 6201, and Frank G. Leutz, captain of the same league, No. 4955. Both were from Pittsburgh and carried twenty pounds of baggage apiece. The first rode a 54-inch Victor, the second a 52-inch Columbia cycle. They left Pittsburgh the 9th of August.

BRIVETTES

The "Young Peoples Society of Christian Endeavor" had a picnic at Jack's cave yesterday, and in spite of the inclemency of the weather everyone enjoyed themselves, especially exploring new parts of the cave.

The Misses Martin, of Norfolk, are visiting Mrs. Major Ballard, on Main street.

The Baptist Sunday-school of Salem, held a picnic at Washington Heights and, as is characteristic had a "wet" day.

Mr. Sanders, of Hinton & Sanders, left for Washington, D. C., to watch a game of ball, in which his brother Ben Sanders, of the Athletics, Philadelphia, was to pitch.

R. S. Stearns, who has been in Cincinnati for several days, returned to the city yesterday.

J. E. Walker left for Dublin on a short visit to his home.

Miss Addie Greenwood, of St. Louis street, left yesterday for a sojourn in Northern Virginia.

Miss Minnie Burks has returned to her home on Main street. She has been visiting in Roanoke.

It was reported on the streets yesterday that Hotel Salem had been leased, but to whom your scribe could not ascertain.

THE LEGISLATIVE CONVENTION

To Meet in Salem on the Sixteenth of September.

It has been officially decided that the Democratic convention shall be held in Salem September 16.

M. C. Thomas, chairman of the Democratic executive committee for Roanoke city, told a TIMES reporter yesterday morning that the matter had been settled without the voice of the Montgomery county chairman, nothing having been heard from him, although the question was left unsettled for several days to hear from him and get his views on the subject.

The convention to nominate a senator for this district will meet at 1:30 o'clock p. m. on that day and will be composed of delegates from the counties of Montgomery, Craig, and Roanoke and Roanoke city. The convention to nominate a delegate for the house of representatives will meet at the same place at 3 o'clock and will be composed of delegates from the counties of Craig and Roanoke counties and Roanoke city, thus being equal to two separate conventions.

The delegates from this city to the convention will be selected by a mass meeting held about the first week in September and will be rated according to the number of votes cast here for McKinney in 1889, giving two delegates for every one hundred votes cast.

Toohy Fined \$15.

Owen Toohy was tried before Mayor Evans yesterday morning for being drunk and disorderly and for assaulting Officer Rensch. The wounded officer was brought over in a buggy and gave his testimony. It was much lighter on Toohy than was supposed would be. The prisoner had nothing to say in defense of himself, and the mayor assessed a fine of \$15, which was promptly paid.

DETROIT CELEBRITIES.

Gen. John Pulford, U. S. A., and Capt. Francis Martin, U. S. N.

The Former is the Most Desperately Wounded Man in America and the Latter Attended Napoleon's Funeral at St. Helena.

[Special Detroit (Mich.) Correspondence.] "Is the general in?"

Yes he was in. A neat housemaid ushered me into the library and there I found Gen. Pulford enjoying a tete-a-tete with his charming young wife, while their noble boy—the child of his old age—prattled on the rug at their feet. The veteran extended his usual genial welcome, and rose to shake hands with as much alacrity as if he did not carry a lot of rebel lead hidden in his bones.

His friend and comrade, Gen. O. M. Poe, says of Gen. Pulford: "A more gallant man than Gen. Pulford never walked the face of the earth and the records show it. I was in the same brigade with him, although not in the same regiment, but his courage and gallantry was confined by no regimental limits. It was known and recognized through the entire army."

Gen. Pulford served through the entire war and it is believed that he is the only man who ever survived being struck by a solid shot from a cannon. At Malvern Hill he was lying on his face with others of his regiment, the Fifth Michigan volunteer infantry, when a solid shot from a rebel cannon half a mile away rebounded in the air 80 feet in front, and fell on him, striking him on the left side of the head. The shock threw him up three feet in the air, split his skull, and pulverized his collar bone. His comrades picked him up, leaned him against a tree, and left him there to die.

A day or two after he disappeared and they telegraphed home to his wife that he was dead and his body missing.

Two weeks afterwards he was discovered in Libby prison where he had been tenderly cared for by his fellow prisoners, but he was delirious with pain and attacked everybody who approached him.

The prison authorities took the first opportunity of exchanging the poor fellow and he was sent to Baltimore where he lay for two months in the hospital, never speaking a word. Suddenly one day he opened his eyes and took up life where it had left him on the battle-field.

The manacles and chains which had restrained him while violent were removed and the soldier of iron constitution recovered, went back to his regiment and lived to have his back broken and both arms partially disabled in the battle of the Wilderness, besides being wounded in the knee at Dogtown plank road.

Gen. Pulford did some harder fighting after the war, when he fought the Forty-fourth congress for the maintenance of his rank in the army and a pension commensurate with his shattered condition. He finally won. His victory was established upon this clause in the report:

"It is considered that he has risked his person, as an officer, in double as many engagements and actually commanded a regiment in more battles than the oldest regiment in the United States army has participated in since its original organization in 1790."

It does not often happen that a man lives to read his own obituary even once, but Gen. Pulford has had this experience twice in the course of his varied life. The first was when he was reported dead on the battle-field of Malvern Hill, the other when he was stricken down with a stroke of paralysis, the result of his wounds, some four years ago. When he recovered it was not deemed best to let him know how



GEN. JOHN PULFORD, U. S. A.

ill he had been. To this end Mrs. Pulford burned all the papers, and cautioned friends not to talk with him on the subject.

But one day, when his wife was absent, the general sent for a barber intending to make a toilet that would surprise her on her return. The barber, like the most of his class, was loquacious.

"Well now, gen'l, you mos' gone off dat time," he said, as he lathered up for a close military shave.

"I expect I was, Barnes. Guess I must have been pretty sick."

"You done bin buried and laid out, in de papers."

"Is that so?" asked the general with a nervous shiver.

"Yes, sah. Dere was seven or eight pieces in de papers tellen how you fit de rebels, and what a great man you was in de war."

"Barnes," said the general as soon as he was shaved, "here is a dollar. Go out and buy me some of those papers you were talking about."

When Mrs. Pulford reached home she found the general sitting up flushed with fever.

"I never deserved it, Emma," he said, "I did not know I had so many friends. I really ought to have died."

But any of these fine days the general may be seen walking down Woodward avenue, from his home on Charlotte avenue, as brisk as any of the younger men about him, and he will entertain

eight soldier-visiters during the coming grand army encampment to be held in Detroit in August, with their wives and families.

And he wears his honors like the modest man he is.

Few meeting him casually would dream that he was engaged in all the actions of the army of the Potomac, that he had participated in twenty-five engagements and had seen eighteen years of hard service.

There is a chapter of history in every detail of such a life, a lesson of patriotism, which every young man would do well to commit to memory. And it is intensified by the fact that Gen. Pulford, who fought so valiantly for the stars and stripes, was born under the union Jack; is by birth an Englishman, by adoption an American.

One incident in connection with his nativity is rather amusing. When the general married his present wife he went abroad on a bridal tour, and made London his headquarters. Everywhere he went he was received as an American officer, and feted as such. It was the time when Bradlaugh was contesting his seat in parliament and the political and personal contest was very exciting. All strangers were debarred



CAPT. FRANCIS MARTIN, U. S. N.

from entrance to the house, but a diversion was made in favor of the distinguished visitor who was presented with two tickets. At the entrance carriage after carriage was turned away by the liveried lackeys, but when Gen. Pulford's name was announced there was a stentorian cry: "Room for the American general's carriage," and he and his wife were escorted to seats of honor.

And he is a true American in purpose and spirit, a member of the Loyal Legion and a loyal lover of "Michigan, my Michigan."

"Ship ahoy!" "It's-I-I-o!" "What ship is that?" "Purinton—from America bound to Java. In need of water."

This nautical conversation took place on May 6, 1821, between Capt. Williams, of the American merchant-man the Purinton, and the British ship of war Lealie, commanded by Capt. Merryat, the distinguished novelist, who, with the Vigo, a 74-gun man of war, lay at anchor in St. James bay, being there for the purpose of keeping off all vessels coming too near the prison home of the once great Napoleon.

The Purinton was, however, permitted to stop for the purpose of obtaining wood and water, and in deference to the American flag, but scarcely had the captain and his mate, Mr. Martin, then a young man, stepped ashore, than the wind, which was blowing a gale, caused the ship to slip her anchor and she was blown twenty miles out to sea.

She did not return for several hours, and young Martin was given an opportunity of seeing the solemn and lonely burial of the man who for years had been held a prisoner there by the English nation.

"He died at Longwood, a part of the island which is 2,500 feet above the level of the sea," said Capt. Martin yesterday in an interesting chat on this subject, "and it has always been thought that Sir Hudson Lowe, who was governor of the island, sent him up there to hasten his death. He died in a small frame house, and his remains were placed in a plain wooden coffin and carried to the grave in a rough hearse. The pallbearers were the officers of his staff, loyal Frenchmen who remained with him in exile. An English military band preceded the hearse, playing the 'Dead March,' and several companies of soldiers followed. The grave was beneath a willow tree in a spot selected by himself. His own chaplain read a hurried service. The soldiers fired a volley over his grave, and the band marched away playing a quickstep."

There had been a great deal of excitement; the English soldiers could hardly conceal their joy at the death of their prisoner, as they were now allowed to return to their own country. Capt. Martin said that his mind was greatly impressed with the lonely spectacle and pageant of death under such circumstances. He believes that if Napoleon had surrendered to Russia he would have been treated as a distinguished prisoner of war.

"Everywhere on the island I heard him praised for his fortitude, his courage, and his courtesy to all about him, and many incidents were related of his sufferings, and the cruelty of Gov. Lowe toward him."

Capt. Francis Martin, U. S. N., is a hale and hearty veteran of ninety-two years, being born in New York state in 1801. He has all his faculties at their best, beyond a slight deafness, and reads historical and biographical books daily. He lives with his agreeable family at 159 First street, Detroit, and is one of the picturesque landmarks of the past which are left to adorn the boundaries of the present.

Mrs. M. L. RAYNE

CHINESE IRON.

Works of a Modern Character Soon to Be Erected in China.

The Chinese wall was prohibitory of imported labor and foreign ideas. It was isolation on an imperial scale and a big patch of the planetary crust inclosed in a fence and made secure with a padlock. British cannon made a crack in the old barrier and the arts, sciences and industries of the outside world followed the redecoats into the Mongolian inclosure.

The yeast in the dough has been working ever since. Western civilization has inoculated an empire and the pigdalls of Confucius are coming under the headgear of European hatters. China is not now the stagnant pool of the past centuries. It is being permeated with new ideas and vivifying energies of alien descent are percolating through its institutions and industries. A shrewd, prudent and thrifty race are copying the figures of the western slate and in commerce and enterprise are making radical and rapid advances. Iron and steel works on European plans are included in the new departure.

On the slope of the Huangyang hills opposite the native city of Hanow a series of works are in process of erection that promise to be completed and of considerable importance, says the Age of Steel. They will comprise two large blast furnaces of the Cleveland type, with the appurtenances, apparatus and machinery capable of producing about one hundred tons of pig iron daily. A complete Bessemer plant will be added, including two five-ton converters, with cupolas, casting cranes, blowing engines, etc. The specifications also include a large rail mill, with necessary machinery and apparatus.

A Siemens-Martin plant will complete the steel works. The iron department will include twenty puddling furnaces and a plate and bar mill. These works will cover twenty acres. A foreign technical staff has been secured, and in the course of a few months steel rails for Chinese railways, soft steel for ships' plates and special metals for small arms and a gun factory will be home productions.

These industries are initial, but preliminary, and circumstances favoring the supply of crude materials and native aptitude, it is but a question of time when the Mongolian demand for foreign metal will be measured only by the limit of native supply.

TRUE TO HIS CHURCH.

A Dog That Wouldn't Change Its Place of Sunday Resort.

"In Greenfield Meadows, Mass., about 1845," writes a correspondent of the Youth's Companion, "lived one Edwin Smead, a farmer, whose dog was as constant as his master in attendance at the old First church. The meeting house contained a high pulpit, which was approached by winding stairs in front of the gallery containing the singers. When the congregation entered the church, the old dog, with the utmost gravity of manner, always climbed the pulpit stairs and composed himself for a nap.

"About 1851 alterations were made in the meeting house. The seats were turned around, a platform was erected at the other end of the church, and a modern desk was placed upon it.

"When the day came for the reopening of the church the old dog walked in with the rest, and, wearing an expression of deep disgust at the changed appearance of things, sought the stairs leading to the old pulpit, which, alas! had disappeared forever. He walked up one aisle and down the other, looking disturbed, and apparently aware that he was the object of ill-suppressed merriment, until at last, hearing the voice of good old Dr. Chandler in the opening services, he reluctantly and shamefacedly mounted the modern platform and composed himself to sleep.

"Not long after this Mr. Smead died, and his farm was sold to Mr. Parmenter, a good Baptist deacon who attended his church in the village.

"The dog stuck to the farm, but did not take to the new religion. Every Sunday morning when the family started for church he was giddy and trotted along by the side of the wagon until he came to the place where the road branched off toward the Congregational meeting house. At that point he parted company with the family and stood by his own creed.

"For some years longer the old dog was the most constant member of that society, never missing attendance upon the Sunday services, rain or shine, until his dog days were ended."

Infernal Squirrels.

A Freetown (Ky.) man at a St. Louis hotel tells a remarkable story. He says that when he was about twenty years of age he was an ardent sportsman, and used to frequent the woods about his native village. One day he met a vast army of squirrels advancing straight toward him, and he accidentally trod on one and killed it. The sight of their dead brother seemed to rouse the fighting blood in the rest, and they swarmed all over him, biting through his clothing and lacerating him terribly. He screamed with pain, and his dog, which was near by, came to his assistance, but before the faithful animal got within a dozen yards of its master it was set upon by the maddened squirrels and torn to pieces. At last the young man managed to break away, and escaped with his life, though he was confined to his bed for weeks.

Amateur Photography.

A contributor to the Boston Journal says a new summer occupation is that of teaching photography. A bright Brooklyn girl earns a living by giving lessons in photography to those who wish to understand and to use cameras for amateur or professional purposes. Besides giving lessons, she prints and mounts much of the work of her patrons and pupils. Although amateur photography may be taught all the year round, its especial season is in the summer, when tourists wish to preserve pictorial notes of travel and when summer guests look for pleasant occupation of leisure hours.

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THE FIDELITY LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY, OF ROANOKE, VA.

Statement at close of business, June 30th, 1891:

RESOURCES.	
Bills receivable	\$300,070.04
Cash	50,668.47
Furniture	1,283.30
Stocks and investments	6,150.50
	\$359,072.31
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$200,000.00
Deposits	112,869.93
Bills rediscounted	11,942.32
Cashier's checks	194.73
Dividend No. 1	10,347.57
Surplus	20,000.00
Undivided profits	3,717.76
	\$359,072.31

Authorized to execute trusts; collect interest and incomes; acts as registrar of stocks, bonds, etc.; of corporations; fire, life and accident insurance; receives deposits and allows interest thereon; negotiates loans. July 2-4f

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TOURNAMENT.

GRAND HANDICAP Billiard Tournament

—AT— RICE'S BILLIARD PARLORS

Commences April 27.

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ANYWHERE

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—AND— Southern W. Virginia.

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RAILROADS

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT AUGUST 8, 1891.

WESTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.
7:35 a. m. for Radford, Pulaski, Bristol; also for Bluefield, Pocahontas, Elkhorn, Clinch Valley Division and Louisville via Norton. Pullman sleepers to Memphis and New Orleans.
10:10 a. m. for Bristol and Intermediate Stations.
6:25 p. m. for Radford, Pulaski, Bristol. Connections at Radford for Bluefield. No connections beyond Bluefield. Pullman sleepers to Memphis via Chattanooga.

NORTH AND EASTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.
6:30 a. m. for Petersburg and Richmond.
12:50 p. m. for Hagerstown. Pullman sleepers to New York via Harrisburg and Philadelphia.
12:45 p. m. daily for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman parlor car to Norfolk.
3:30 p. m. for Lynchburg; no connection beyond.
5:40 p. m. for Shenandoah; no connection beyond.
11:20 p. m. for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman sleeper to Norfolk and Lynchburg to Richmond.

11:20 p. m. for Hagerstown. Pullman sleepers to Washington via Shenandoah Junction and to New York via Harrisburg and Philadelphia.
Clinch Valley Division—Leaves Bluefield daily 7:00 a. m. for Norton, and 1:55 p. m. for Norton, Louisville and points on L. & N. R. R. via Norton.
North Carolina Division—Leaves Pulaski daily 7:15 a. m. and 2:00 p. m. for Ivanhoe and Gosport and 8:00 a. m. (except Sunday) for Berry Baker.

For all additional information apply at ticket office or to General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

S. A. & O. R. R. CO.

TIME TABLE TO TAKE EFFECT 12:01 A. M. SUNDAY, JULY 13, 1891.

WEST BOUND.		EAST BOUND.	
First Class.		First Class.	
No. 2, No. 4.	No. 3, No. 1.	No. 2, No. 4.	No. 3, No. 1.
Passenger.	Passenger.	Passenger.	Passenger.
Daily, Except Sunday.	Daily.	Daily, Except Sunday.	Daily.
Station.	Station.	Station.	Station.
p. m. a. m.	a. m. p. m.	a. m. p. m.	a. m. p. m.
2:10 8:30	11:10 5:30	11:10 5:30	11:10 5:30
2:27 8:47	10:53 5:13	10:53 5:13	10:53 5:13
2:34 8:54	10:36 4:53	10:36 4:53	10:36 4:53
2:48 9:08	10:22 4:33	10:22 4:33	10:22 4:33
2:51 9:11	10:09 4:13	10:09 4:13	10:09 4:13
2:57 9:17	10:03 4:03	10:03 4:03	10:03 4:03
3:04 9:24	9:52 3:53	9:52 3:53	9:52 3:53
3:29 9:50	9:38 3:41	9:38 3:41	9:38 3:41
3:29 9:50	9:31 3:31	9:31 3:31	9:31 3:31
3:45 10:05	9:25 3:26	9:25 3:26	9:25 3:26
3:52 10:12	9:23 3:20	9:23 3:20	9:23 3:20
4:00 10:21	9:19 3:10	9:19 3:10	9:19 3:10
4:10 10:30	9:10 3:00	9:10 3:00	9:10 3:00
4:30 10:40	9:00 2:50	9:00 2:50	9:00 2:50
4:35 10:45	8:55 2:45	8:55 2:45	8:55 2:45
4:48 10:48	8:52 2:42	8:52 2:42	8:52 2:42
4:54 10:54	8:46 2:36	8:46 2:36	8:46 2:36
4:54 10:54	8:41 2:31	8:41 2:31	8:41 2:31
5:10 11:10	8:36 2:26	8:36 2:26	8:36 2:26
5:19 11:19	8:32 2:20	8:32 2:20	8:32 2:20
5:25 11:25	8:28 2:15	8:28 2:15	8:28 2:15
5:40 12:00 Ar.	8:20 2:00	8:20 2:00	8