

THE ROANOKE NEWS.
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Practices in the Courts of Halifax
County, and Counties adjoining, the
Supreme Court of the State, and in the
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Will give special attention to the collec-
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Guardians. June 12 1878

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sion. Jan 12 1878

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Collections made in all parts of the
State. Jan 12 1878

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Practices in the Counties of Halifax,
Marion and Nash. In the Supreme
Court of the State and in the Federal
Courts.
Collections made in any part of the
State. Will attend at the Court House in
Halifax on Monday and Friday of each
week. Jan 12 1878

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In the Supreme Court of the State and in the
Federal Courts.
Collections made in any part of North
Carolina. Jan 12 1878

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VII. WELDON, N.C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1878. NO. 2.

THE OLD TRAMP.

Good mornin', boys, and how is it? I'm a ready-looking tramp
You see last night my little bed was just a trifl-damp;
I missed the train—that's funny, too—and then I walked the rail;
I found my bed as I always do, when inn motions fail.

Last night I dreamt a dream, and I wish I'd ever awake;

Yes, boys, I dreamt I lived again before I took this voice;

I saw the terms of other days—they've dimmed the golden hill;

I mingled with a homely throng, I wish it were so still.

'Twas a barque spread in that old home, and all were gathered there
To crowd around the festal board, parentless share;

You see I lived my life again, O happy days so bright;

I slept on my dew-damp bed in the shadows of that night.

A poor tramp printer has a heart beneath his rugged garb;

Hard Times is roaming through the land, and we have felt his birth;

And strangers, when I wake this morn, with cramps and mortal pain,

May God forgive my wicked wish—to never walk again.

I've made some justification in this ancient, battered form,

And my benign wsh I've thrown aside, it's brought to me much harm;

My proof has been corrected, a revise will needed be,

For he who searcheth hearts will many errors see.

My tramp is almost ended now—old age will win the race,

You see my hands are trembly, and I can't hold a case;

But I've made an application at the City built of gold,

And I long to hear the answer: "Tis a case you can hold."

BABIES.

We always did dots on babies. In fact, we were a baby once ourselves. Or rather we were babies, as we were twins. We called our Ma Louisiana, because she was run by a dual government. There are numerous kinds of babies. Some are white, and some are not quite so white, and some black. Then there are doll babies. Rag babies are the favorites of the Greenback party. Then, again, there are wax babies. We were whacks babies, because our mother whacked us so much when we were small. But we are not proud. China babies do not wear pig-tails, or blue shirts, neither do they spin. There is a vast difference between Chinese and Chinese babies. No one ever saw a Chinese baby. Perhaps our love for babies arises from the fact that we never owned a baby, or ever had a part interest in one. A mother always has a "part" interest in one when she tries to comb his hair. When we feel lonely, we just borrow our neighbor's baby to cheer up. We don't feel lonely long, then. It is more busy than lonely. It is a stuf to sit and watch a twelve-month old (or young) baby enjoying itself. There is that after-nuete and reckless abandon about them that we cannot but abhor. There is no hesitation on their part in smearing your right pants with molasses candy, or the pulling over of a malcontent cradle. They are imbued with a sort of a don't-care-a-continent element that makes them attractive. We have seen a three hundred dollar watch ruined in two seconds by an investigating baby. Both the baby and the watch rolled down a flight of stairs. It was our cousin's baby, and we were watching it while the mother was sewing for the little heathen. We never took a job like that on tick again. Both the baby and the watch were sent to the dry-docks for repairs. A poor man once told us that when he was despondent, there was nothing but grief up his spirits so quickly as his wife's baby. We took his word for it. He couldn't give a note. Babies have many advantages—and disadvantages. They do not smoke nor drive fast horses. They do not drive fast sleep away, however. There is nothing, as yet, I've noted that will more effectively rob a child's nature's sweet restore! and a feather bed of their comforts than a choleric baby. We used to think we would like to be chief matron or patron of a foundling asylum. We have changed our mind now. A visit to the baby show fixed that. Babies, as a fad, in human form, told us the other day, would make good farmers, as they are so used to sights and wry faces while being cradled by nervous mothers. Some babies are born with a silver spoon in their mouths. Perhaps that is why so many men are so spoony. It is to one's advantage to be a baby during a riot. But when free tickets to the circus are being distributed it is very much otherwise. Were there no babies, the cheering spectacle of a ninety-five pound man pushing a coach full of twos and followed by a two hundred and forty-three pound woman, would no longer be seen on our streets. The soldiers stationed in cities would like Quidnunc, and their occupation gone, and would mourn for the nurses that were not. It is wise, therefore, that babies are. We treat them will continue to be. Some people despise babies. We don't, for we were taught to despise not the day of small things. A baby does not last more than ten or twelve years, except in rare cases. On looking over the causes of death, weekly, in the city papers, we find there is one thing of which babies never die—old age. Hence, the wisdom of being a baby. Nearly everybody was a baby once. The only notable exception to this rule are Adam and Eve, old Bill Allen, the Colorado Senator, Joyce Heath, Cleopatra, Sergeant Bluff, and old man Bender. Your own baby is always a success, your neighbor's a failure.

TIGHT BOOTS.

I had on new shoes. They were number seven when I started, but were no more than fives now and still diminishing. I walked two hours in those shoes after that before I reached home. Doubtless I could have the reader's sympathy for the asking.

Many people have never had the headache or toothache, and I am one of those myself; but everybody has worn tight shoes for two or three hours, and I know the luxury of taking them off in a retired place and seeing his feet swell up and obscure the filament.

Now the poor wayfarer danced until he was fairly tired, and then stopped. The host was upon the point of urging him on, when a horse's tramp was heard at the landing, and presently a servant put his head into the room and called the master out. Whether he forgot what he was doing, or whether he cared not to be seen outside with the pistol, we cannot say, but he left it on the table when he went out. As soon as the door was closed the guest went to the table, and took the pistol in his hand. As he had half suspected, it was not loaded; it was as innocent as a horse-shoe. The traveller had his pistol ammunition in his pocket, and he quickly loaded the weapon with powder and ball, calling upon the darky to witness.

"Allow me," said Brown, "to ask you a few questions. You are 21 years of age, I suppose, Mr. N——?"

"Yes," said John.

"Do you solemnly swear that Betty Jones, a girl of lawful age (made and enacted by the Legislature of Virginia) to take the marriage vow?"

"What's that?" said John.

"Mr. R——," said John, "I want to get married."

"Well," said John, "I want to get married."

"Hold on, Mr. Clerk, I'll swear." John turned to the church at the last service, and I wouldn't swear for a hundred dollars."

"Then, sir, you cannot get married."

"Can't get married! Good gracious, Mr. Clerk, they'll turn me out of church if I swear. Don't refuse Mr. Clerk, for heaven's sake. I'll give you \$10 if you let me out of this swearing."

"Can't do it, Mr. N——."

"Hold on, Mr. Clerk, I'll swear. I wouldn't give up Betty for dozen churches. I'll swear: 'May I be d——d if she ain't 18 years old—give me the license,'"

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Feb 21 1878

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