The Roanoke News.

VOL. VII. WELDON, N. C., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1878. NO. 12.

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

PUBLISHED BY

W. H. DAY.

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THE FROZEN HEART.

BY JOEL BENTON.

The winter snow fell deep and fast,
Perplexing all the April day,
While bitter blew the surly blast
Which shook each leafless twig and spray.

The little birds were dumb and blue,
And chirruped forth no cheerful note,
The simplest melody they knew
Had frozen fast in every throat.

Just then, beneath the cloudy sky,
A little maid demure and sweet,
Shot forth, with sorrow in her eye,
And skimmed the fields with naked feet.

She fled because her heart was sore,
[illegible] fell from [illegible];
She thought of her own grief the more,
And stepped aside to rescue him.

But, when her brother followed too,
And bore her sandals in his hand,
She said: "The cold which chills me thro.,
Is in my heart—not where I stand.

"For those who hold me in their thrall
Have linked me to a loveless mate;
No colder fortune can befall,
Since I must love the one I hate."

HER HEART'S SECRET.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

"If you refuse Duncan Holcroft you are a complete idiot, Georgina Gilroy, and I wash my hands of your affairs altogether."

Mrs. Cassowin sails majestically from the room where Georgina, her niece, remains nervously clasping and unclasping her slender white fingers, and wondering why matrimony should be a positive duty in the code by which she has been educated. She is only twenty-two, slender, fair, and looking about sixteen, with her waving golden hair and soft, brown eyes. She has twelve hundred dollars a year all her own, and why can't she be allowed to live quiet life unmolested.

Since her own parents died, only three years ago, she has been dragged from country parsonage in which her father lived and died, saving the little fortune for Georgina by close economy, to her aunt's fashionable home, such as her mother pined for thoroughout all Georgina's childhood.

"When you marry, I hope you will return to your proper sphere." Mrs Gilroy would say whenever she spoke of Georgina's future; but she never heeded much in those days.

In the cosy study with her father, her fluffy curls all ruffled by her nervous fingers as she pored over Latin exercises, or studied history; in the plainly furnished drawing room at her own little cabinet piano, playing softly or grandly as the mood seized her; in the free country, wandering here or there, Georgina was utterly, entirely happy. Her hours of martyrdom were spent in her mother's room learning worsted work, listening to the tales of the faded beauty of her former conquests, before—and her Georgianna of her noble self sacrificing other always grew hot and angry before she "threw herself away" upon a country parson.

Sitting in Mrs Cassowin's grand drawing-room, waiting for Duncan Holcroft to come and propose to her, as her aunt informed her he had requested permission to do, Georgina, timid and gentle, felt her whole being rise in revolt. Was life to be to her what it was to her aunt, a *round of calling, shopping*, party-going, party-giving, interviews with dressmakers and milliners? Could she not escape to some locality where there were nobler aims and desires? Where?

Mrs. Cassowin had expostulated in vain. Hitherto, Georgina had been gently firm. But on this day even her courage failed before her aunt's wrath at the proposal to dismiss Duncan Holcroft.

He came across the wide drawing-room as she sat thinking, his footfall unheard upon the soft carpet. He was tall, erect, handsome, past fifty, yet not old; his eyes clear as a boy's, his iron-gray hair curling and abundant, his gray moustache giving a military air to his well cut features. Faultless in attire, courteous in manner, he also possessed half a million attractions in solid investments.

But all else seemed to him worthless compared to the possession of the slender, pale child who, half-buried in a deep arm chair, realized as yet nothing of the yearning love in the large, dark eyes fixed upon her face.

It was scarcely to be supposed that Duncan Holcroft, bachelor as he was, had travelled over sixty years of life with untouched heart. But he had lived over all other love till this one came and conquered him.

It stirred his heart with a sick pain, when Georgina, looking up, paled to her lips, while her eyes were full of fear and trouble, seeing him. She had always given him a frank, cordial greeting, and he had hoped to win sweeter tokens still from her soft eyes and sweet lips, and instead he had lost what was already given.

"*Did you not expect* me?" he said, gently; "you look startled."

"I did not know you were here, and it did startle me to see you so close beside me!" Georgina said, a flaming color shooting now over cheeks and brow, as she wished herself a thousand miles away.

He spoke to her gravely then—and very, very genly, wooing her most tenderly, considerate of her youth, her timidly; and, heartily ashamed, she could only sob and shiver.

"Child!" he said at last, "do I so distress you? Am I so hateful to you—that—"

B[illegible]

"You are not hateful to me," she said, impulsively. "I like you ever—ever so much, only—oh, why do you want to marry me?"

He could not keep back a smile, though his heart throbbed heavily with pain.

"I love you, dear," he said; "I love you far too well to wish to grieve you. Shall we be friends still?"

"O, if you will," she said, eagerly, ignorant of the stab in every word, "let us forget to-day."

As if he could. But he was a true gentleman, a sincere, unselfish lover, and he led her on to talk of other matters till the ashy pallor left her cheeks and lips, and she was just her sweet shy self again.

Then he left her. Left her to meet such wrath from Mrs Cassowin that she rose against the bitter speeches.

"I will go to Grandfather Gilroy, since you are so tired to me," Georgina said.

"I would! Go, bury yourself in that wretched little farm-house at Fry Corners; you who might lead the fashion here, Duncan Holcroft's wife!"

But even Fry Corners was preferable to Georgina, to the prospect of leading the fashion. She shivered at the thought, shy, little country flower, and accepted her aunt's ungracious dismissal. It even seemed as if she threw off a burden as she stepped from the luxurious carriage at the depot. Mrs. Cassowin, slightly remorseful, was at the last moment willing to revoke her decree of banishment, but Georgina would not see the flag of true only half unfolded, and went to Fry Corners.

It was not a fascinating abode, a small farm managed by a miserly old man, and one maid servant of seventy or thereabout, whose life was a burden because old Mr. Gilroy had failed to make her his wife, after accepting her attentions for a matter of thirty or forty years. Georgina had the free, open country, perfect liberty to do as she pleased, the command of her own income. But she was not happy.

"*I do believe I am naturally of a discontented disposition*," she thought, as she wandered, listlessly, up a shady lane. "I've got all I want, a country home, old women to help, children to be kind to. I can play Lady Bountiful to half Fry Corner on a small scale. I have miles of good, useful sewing, plenty of books, my own piano, nobody to scold me, no finery to worry over, and yet—I—I wonder if Duncan Holcroft cares because I have gone?"

What made that question leap to her mind a hundred times a day. She had refused him, put him out of her life, and yet she thought often of his courtly manner, his grave, gentle kindness, his real conversation, so different from the society small talk that wearied and puzzled her. Did he miss her? She felt herself such an atom in his circle of friends; so lowly and little, compared to the belles fluttering ever in his view, so ignorant and insignificant, that she could only wonder when she remembered the honor he had paid her.

Spring flowers faded, summer bloom died, autumn fruits were gathered in, winter snows melted. It was May again, and Georgina had been one year at Fry Corners. The old farmer had failed in that year, and very tenderly and pitifully his grandchild nursed him. He learned to love her as he had loved nothing for many years, to which her coming, to fret sadly if she left him. And, wearying for an interest in life, Georgina gave time, strength and an unfailing patience to the querulous invalid, never faltering in her self-imposed duties. He died in May, blessing her with his last breath, and, after the funeral, Janet, his old servant, produced a will leaving her the farm and the savings of years of grinding economy.

Georgina had known of this, and had gently remonstrated when Mr. Gilroy would have made another will.

"I have more than I spend," she said; "and Janet has served you faithfully."

But once more homeless, she joined a party of Mrs. Cassowin's friends, and went abroad.

Here was surely interest, variety, but never ease for the old heart-hunger. What would fill her life, round it to its full perfection? Love was offered more than once, but met no return, and she sighed heavily over her own hard heart.

In Rome, where they party lingered many weeks, Georgina lived a new life of delight in seeing what she had imagined in hours of reading, what her father had often described to her, having visited the Eternal City as a tutor in his young days.

But in Rome, one of the party, lounging in lazily to the general sitting-room of the wide house where they all lodged, said, half yawning;

"Holcroft is here, down with malaria!"

"Where?" some one asked indifferently.

"At the hotel where we stopped the first week we were here. He's going to die, they say."

"Die! Duncan Holcroft!" Georgina groped her way dizzily, unperceived, to the balcony. She must have air or smother. Did—Did Hollis Taylor say Duncan Holcroft was dying? What ailed her head? Why did her heart beat so heavily and slowly? Did—Could the wide world hold so much misery as pressed her down? Like a lightning flash she read the cause of all her restless craving since she had left New York. She loved Duncan Holcroft, king amongst men. She had walked away from her own paradise, closing the door, and Duncan Holcroft would die, and never know she had loved him.

At the hotel where they had stopped. Why, it was close beside them. She could be there in ten minutes.

She never paused to think of propriety. Wrapping her head and shoulders in a fleecy white shawl, she sped along the street, thankful for the gathering twilight. The waiters stared, but led her the room. At the door she paused. She could see a Sister of Charity kneeling beside a high bed, could hear a faint voice say:

"She is here, in Rome. When I am dead carry my message. Tell her I loved her to the last. You will find her at the address I gave you. Georgina Gilroy! You will not forget the name?"

Trembling and white, Georgina crept in, softly laying her hand upon the sister's shoulder:

"I am Georgina Gilroy," she whispered, very low.

But low as it was the whisper reached Duncan Holcroft's ears, and a smile lighted his white, wasted face.

"Little Georgie," he said, faintly, "darling, have you come to say farewell"

"No!" she answered, strangling the sob in her voice; "I have come to pray you to live—for me!"

A great joy lighted the languid eyes.

"For you! Georgie, do you love me at last?"

I think I have always loved you," she sobbed, "only I know it, at last!"

"I cannot die now," he said.

And he did not. Clasping Georgina's slender hand fast, he found the life-giving sleep all narcotics had failed to give him; waking after many hours to see loving eyes unweariedly watching him. They were married when the priest came a few hours later, the good sister still remaining to share the nursing. But the life-giving joy was Georgina's love, and all the restless discontent left her happy life forever, when once she knew the secret of her own heart.

Mrs. Cassowin says:

"She can't undrstand why Georgina followed Duncan Holcroft to Rome, when she might as well have had a proper wedding and reception at home; and Georgina has never explained.

Fry Corners sees her no more, nor will her husband make her a slave to fashion or society, but hand, in hand, throughly one in heart and mind, they find useful work and tender charity to fill all leisure hours, when frieship's calls are answered.

HOW A MAN GAVE A BEAR A RIDE.

Once there was a man whose life had been spent in "going West." His father and mother moved from New England to Michigan when he was a baby, and settled six miles from any neighbor. But before the farm was all cleared, other settlers came, and the family move on.

"Don't want to be crowded," the old man said. "I heard a rifle and an ax that wasn't mine, yesterday."

And he went further and further West every year, till by the time the boy I'm telling you of was a grown-up man they had got clear to the west part of Oregon, and the Pacific coast. And as the old man couldn't move West any further without getting into the ocean, and neighbors had moved within two miles of him, he gave it up, went to bed, sick, and died.

"Tain't no use," he said, "they're bound to crowd an old man outer the world. I can't a bear to tech elbows with folks, no how."

And so he died, with his nearest neighbor two miles away.

But I was going to tell you of his son's scrape with a bear. They built their first log house at the foot of a hill; but it was so low and damp that James—for that was his name—started to build a bigger one higher up, half a mile off, near a mountain brook, with grand old trees around the spot, and a fine view of the country. He took off the two front wheels of the old immigrant wagon that they had crossed the plains in, and made him a good two-wheeled cart, with a box on [illegible]. In this he drew back and forth his carpenter tools and his dinner and [illegible], over a rough road that [illegible] through the woods.

[illegible] a little after his [illegible] meal, and one day while he was sleeping on a splendid bed of evergreen boughs that he had fixed near the timbers he was at work on, he was wakened by a loud rattling of the tin dishes in his cart. He looked around quickly, and what do you suppose he saw? A big black bear pawing over the luncheon he had left, and smacking his chops over a piece of wild honey and some corn-cakes that James hadn't eaten up.

"This is a pretty fix," said James to himself, quick as a flash. "My rifle and ax are both in the cart, and that ugly beast would claw me to pieces before I could get 'em out."

He was afraid the bear would chase him if he ran, and corner him if he stayed, and so he set his wits to work to find a way out of the scrape. Good bright wits are too much for a bear, or a hard lessor, or a tough job of any sort, if they are only kept at work with no "I can't," or, "I don't want to," or "O, dear!" to hinder them. It didn't take James' wits so long as I have been telling it to you to make a plan for him.

He jumped to his feet quick as a flash, grabbed the tongue of the cart before the bear could say Jack Robinson—if he had known him—and started on a keen run down hill, drawing the cart and the bear in it after him.

Well, I s'pose there never was a bear so astonished since the pair moved from the flood stepped out from Noah's ark and found the world drowned. He had never had a ride before, and didn't want one now; but the cart was going so fast that he daren't jump out, and so he just clung on, and looked out from one side to the other, and fairly howled as the cart bumped over the roots and stones. James had been to the city once and seen the street cars, and when he found he had the bear caught, the fun of the thing made him laugh.

When the bear roared once, he halloed back, "All full inside—take the next car!" And when the bear gave a terrific howl, he said, "Move up to the front, please—and dont grumble. This is a through car—git up there!" and he ran just the way the car drivers make the horses do when they are late and pretend they don't see a little boy crossing his fingers for 'em to stop on the crossing. The tin dishes in the bottom part of the cart rattled like a peddler's wagon on the pavement; the ax and gun bounced on the bear's toes, and he looked as if he didn't know which was the worst—his mad or his scare.

Down the steep hill James ran, straight for the corner of his log-house. He had his plans all made, and as he turned the corner, he ran the cart against a log and tipped it right over, with Master Bear on the under side. His other rifle hung over the door, in the house, and he grabbed it down in a hurry, and as the bear struck his head from under the cart, he shot him between the eyes, saying: "There, that settles the question."

"What question?" asked his wife, who came running out to see what the noise meant.

"Why, the question whether I had caught a bear or he had caught me."

"Mercy sakes!" she said, as she saw the dead bear. Then he told her the story, and she kissed him, and laughed and cried at the same time. And he had an overcoat made of the skin, to remember the time when he "gave a bear a free ride."

COMEDIES OF THE COURTS.

"TAKE OFF YOUR COAT, GIBBS"—FRESH FROM THE LIMESTONE REGION.

[Before Justice Bixby.]

Judge: Where did you find this colored man, officer?

Officer: I found him last night hanging around Devlin & Co.'s clothing store Mr. Devlin has had a good deal of clothing stolen lately and I brought this man in on suspicion.

Judge: What is your name, prisoner?

Prisoner: Napoleon Bonaparte Gibbs.

Judge: What is your occupation?

Gibbs: I'se traveling agent for de new patent white wash brush, sah.

Judge: Take off your coat, Gibbs.

Gibbs: I hope you 'scuse me sah. I'se been troubled lately wid the 'fluency in de head, de 'zoot'c, sah. I'se very bad

Judge: Take off your coat, Gibbs, (Gibbs takes off his coat slowly.)

Judge: Ah! Another coat under that; nothing like being well wrapped up, as they say in Alaska when they go a skating. Take off your coat, Gibbs.

Gibbs: I isen't well, I isen't, sah. De doctor say, Napoleon, you wear plenty clothes. De 'fluency, sah. (Takes off his coat)

Judge: Ah! What have we here? A swallow-tail! Take off your coat, Gibbs.

Gibbs: Dis yere won't do, Judge. I'se got a stuffness in do borax, I'se very bad. (Takes off his coat.)

Judge: Ah! A double-breasted frock! Take off your coat, Gibbs.

Gibbs: Dars gwine to be a funeral here, dar is, sah; I feels the stuffness rising in de borax. (Takes off his coat)

Judge: What's this? A shooting-jacket, by the soul of Nimrod! Take off your coat, Gibbs.

Gibbs: I'se gwine for a kerpus—I'se getting cold. Dis yere is murder in de first degree. (Takes off his coat.)

Judge: A linen duster. I think I've got you down to hard pan, Gibbs. I shall commit you without bail. Take him down gently, officer, for he is a lily—a lily of the valley. He toils not, neither does he spin; yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not clothed like him.

"Next!" called his honor, and a lean, hatchet-faced specimen of the rural districts, with a green cotton umbrella under his arm, stepped up to the railing and inclined his ear towards the judge.

Judge: What is your name?

Prisoner: It was the water, Judge. You see I have always lived in a limestone region.

Judge: What is your name? (in alto)

Prisoner: Yes, judge, I came down last night from Roundout to sell my teasels—

Judge: What is your name? (In alto and robusto)

Prisoner: I am sure, Judge. It was the water. I have always lived in a limestone—

Judge: My——! this man is deaf as an adder. Bore a hole in his ear, officer, and ask him his name.

Officer: He uses an ear trumpet, your honor.

Judge: Well, then, sound a cavalry charge through it and find out his name.

Officer (through ear-trumpet)—What is your name?

Prisoner: Israel Fudger. I've been troubled for the last twenty years, judge, with pneumonia, lumbago, measles, milk-sickness and worms. I use cider for the pneumonia, whisky for the lumbago, gin any tansy for the measles, [illegible] for the milk-sickness, and I feed the worms on rum and molasses. But it was the water that done it, judge, the limestone region.

Judge: Officer, tell him I shall discharge him this time, and tell him to return to the limestone region and avoid the sea coast as he would a creditor.

Our Inferior Court.

RINGWOOD, N. C.,
April 23rd, 1878.

With many promises of economy and reform our newly appointed Magistrates were inducted into office and with little or no apparent opposition organized our very efficient Inferior Courts, with an eminent jurist at the head and two strong lusty limbs of the law as right and left bowers, an eager and sharp toothed attorney as solicitor and an over ready and willing young man as clerk. Well done thou good and faithful servants was the universal gratulation tendered by each to the other after the making of this promising fledgeling and it was fondly hoped that no current of adversity would ever set it to ruffle its plumage; but let us see if it has proven to be a soaring eagle always able to face with undimmed eye the dazzling light of investigation or is it a "foul" of another kind, silent and lynx eyed searching in high places and low places for food of a miserable kind to be eagerly devoured.

True this "Pin feathered Court" must be lustily fed or else her plumage will not thrive, but let us see upon what food her many keepers have fed her that she hath grown so great. With your permission I will cite a few cases with which I am familiar to illustrate the point in question, as well as to show how great a hardship this court under the present arrangement and the disposition among its favorites to make work for it is likely to prove for our people.

State vs. George Odom, under the master and servant act, tried at the January term, verdict of jury "not guilty."

This case came up before a magistrate of this township on two separate occasions over a year ago. There was not a particle of evidence at the first of these trials that Odom had unlawfully enticed or persuaded away the servant of another, but this master carefully laid his plans and soon thought he had the game, Odom frightened out of his wits begged the privilege of submitting which was allowed at the request of the prosecutor who had the promise from Odom of a good square sum (I believe $35 00) as damages, after the payment of all costs by Odom. This infirmity owing to the poverty of the man and the great scarcity of money was not duly paid. When the suit was again revived six or eight witnesses were summoned, counsels employed and all repair to Halifax to tend court—the witnesses mainly poor men who could ill afford to spare the time much less the expense were kept from their homes from four to six days fed themselves on bread and water and were finally discharged, without one cent as compensation for this service to their county. This suit was brought for the recovery of $100, allowed the prosecutor by the act making the offence charged a misdemeanor but the people through their representatives were taxed for the costs.

Case No 2. State vs. Brazil and Constable Bill Wilkins (colored,) of Ringwood town, for unlawfully detaining the person of our only representative of the legal fraternity, who was "so slightly" inebriated that he mistook Mr. Brazil's store room floor for his bed chamber—his comatose condition lasting quite too long for Mr. Brazil's convenience, and the hour for sober men to retire having arrived, Mr. Brazil kindly suggested to Constable Bill Wilkins the propriety of giving him a comfortable lodging in the "Hotel de Ringwood." For this attention to his person, but especially because he was allowed to quit the Hotel before settling with the landlord—Mayor Harrison, the State saw fit to attempt a vindication of his injured honor. Six or eight of our busy farmers set out for town under a subpoena, the prisoners are on hand, but lo! the prosecuting witness is no where to be found, all injuries to his innocence had been repaired by the payment $2 50 in trade. How small must the injuries have been, and what a magnanimous State. But the witnesses get nothing and the people paid the damages. This is an agricultural community, the profits from this old and honored avocation are now so exceedingly small that any encroachments upon our scanty incomes by useless monopolies in any shape, should be at once pounced upon, condemned and corrected.

There seems to be a wide spread dissatisfaction among thinking men at the working of our Inferior Court and it is well to enquire into, and before it is too late remedy the evils.

I have thrown out these hints that our board of magistrates who are alone responsible for the cotinued existence of these courts as they now stand, may at our next meeting take some step to correct the evil by urging upon the General Assembly the restoration to its former status of the jurisdiction of Magistrates, as well as to reduce the number of our Inferior Courts to two terms [illegible] per year, and with their efficient officers we believe the ends of justice will be better served and with greater economy to the people.

[illegible]

Nobody who is afraid of laughing, and heartily too, at his friend, can be said to have a true and thorough love for him; and on the other hand it would betray a poor opinion of faith, to distrust a friend because he laughs at you. Few men, I believe, are much worth loving in whom there is not something well worth laughing at.

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
One Square,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Two Squares,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Three Squares,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Four Squares,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fourth Col'n,	15 00	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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Persons wishing Metallic Burial Cases can always obtain them by applying to me, at the Store of [illegible]. I am still keeping, as heretofore, a full assortment of the very Best CASES, at the Very Lowest [illegible] Weldon, [illegible] deliver Cases [illegible] them.

[illegible]