

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VII. WELDON, N. C., SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1878. NO. 15.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns: SPACE, One M., Two M., Three M., One Y. and rows for One Square, Two Squares, Three Squares, Four Squares, Half Column, Whole Column.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Feb 21 88

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Persons wishing Metallic Burial Cases can always obtain them by applying to me, at the Store of Messrs. Winsfield & Emery. I will keep, as heretofore, a full assortment of the Very Best CASES, at the Very Lowest Prices. In my absence from Weldon, Messrs. Winsfield & Emery will deliver Cases to persons who may wish them.

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apr 4 1878

THE UNDERSIGNED VERY respectfully calls the attention of the trade to his extensive stock of Domestic and Imported Liquors, to which he is still making additions and consisting of pure

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French, Apple, Blackberry and Cherry Brandy, Jamaica and New England Rum, London, Tom and Holland Gin, Port Sherry, Claret, Rhine and Five-year-old Supperburg Wine, Scotch and London Porter, and a very large lot of

which I am offering at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction.

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RECTIFIED WHISKEY

How quick is the succession of human events! The cares of to-day are seldom the cares of to-morrow; and when we lie down at night, we rarely say to most of our friends, "Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more."

He appeared to be almost gone. Rolling his eyes towards the partner of his bosom, he gasped: "Bury me 'neath the weeping willow, and plant a simple white rose above my head." "Oh, it's no use," she snapped out. "Your nose would scorch the roots!" He got well.

"This cremating I do not approve of," said a thin married lady the other day to her companion. "Fancy being burned into ashes and put up like preserves in a jar. Besides, when I die, I want to be able to come back and haunt my husband if he ever marries again."

Bachelors.—A man who passes through life without marrying, is like a fair meadow that is completed, runs dry from drought, or becomes at best but a sorry tenement, wanting the addition of that which makes the whole both useful, comfortable and ornamental.

After lingering a few days the sailor died. As was the custom at sea, he was sewed up in a basket, and for the purpose of sinking him an old grindstone and a carpenter's ax were put in with him. The very impressive services of the Episcopal Church were then read, and the body committed to the deep.

The poor boy, who had watched the proceedings closely, plunged in after his father, when an enormous shark swallowed them both. The second day after this dreadful scene, the shark continued to follow the vessel—for there were others sick in the ship—one of the sailors proposed, as they had sharks hooks on board, to make an effort to take him.

They fastened the hook to a large rope, and, baiting it with a piece of pork, threw it into the sea, and the shark instantly swallowed it. Having thus hooked him, by means of a windlass they hoisted him on board. After he was dead they prepared to open him, when one of the sailors, stooping down

to clean the kitchen and an Irishman to carry away the miraculous baiter. Naturally his wife taunted him with his culinary failure, but the unprejudiced mind will admit that it ought not to have cast any discredit on his inventive powers.

This, however, is merely told in defense of Mr. Johnston against undeserved criticism. As to one of his recent inventions, which cast a cloud of gloom over Oshkosh, it must be admitted that he made a disastrous mistake, though he was acquitted by the best of motives. Mrs. Johnston was in the habit of complaining that she found it exceedingly tiresome to operate her sewing machine, and her affectionate husband determined to supply some other power than the female foot to the machine. After experimenting with galvanic batteries until he had burned two coats and a carpet with acid, and after having tried in vain to construct a steam engine which would not fill half the space of the room in which it was placed, he fell back upon clock work. In course of time he made a really beautiful engine worked exclusively by clock-work, and fitted it to the sewing machine. When wound up it would operate the machine for five consecutive hours, and after adding to the latter an improved device for holding cloth and leading it under the needle, he felt that he was a benefactor to the female sex, and a worthy successor of Morse and the inventor of the steam engine. Mrs. Johnston was delighted with the new invention when it was explained to her, and readily agreed that the neighbors should be invited to see it in operation for the first time.

The neighbors responded heartily to the invitation, and at 7:30 on the third day of the present month Mr. Johnston's drawing room was filled with the leading citizens of Oshkosh and their wives. At 8 o'clock Mrs. Johnston sat down to her sewing machine, and undertook to run a double gusset in a new dressing-gown designed for her husband. The clockwork was wound up, the machine was started, and the gusset was stitched with twice the rapidity usual in such cases. Unfortunately, the machine did not stop when it had finished its allotted work, but continued to stitch the dressing-gown until it became fairly "quilted." Probably it would have gone on and converted the cloth into a dozen times, had not Mrs. Johnston come to the rescue and endeavored to cut the thread. She did succeed in rescuing the cloth, but at the same moment the demonaical machine fastened upon her clothing and proceeded to sew it with insatiable energy. Vainly did Mr. Johnston try to stop his clock work, and vainly did he try to drag his wife away. The machine rapidly gathered her skirts into its unholly clutches, and there was every prospect that after the skirts were finished it would proceed to hem Mrs. Johnston herself, and possibly to put a series of gussets in portions of her frame where they were not needed. Luckily, there was one leading citizen present, a young physician, who retained his presence of mind. He seized his knife and cut the fastenings of Mrs. Johnston's—that is to say, he cut her loose. The machine was compelled to satisfy its rapacity upon her skirts alone, while the unhappy lady was wrapped in a table cloth and removed to her private room.

This is why Mrs. Johnston is at least justified in denouncing her husband's invention. She was wrong about the rice-cakes. There is no doubt she did him injustice in that matter; but it is equally clear that her experience with the sewing machine motor is a valid excuse for her present views as to her husband. The event was certainly a deplorable one, and public opinion in Oshkosh is decidedly unfavorable to Mr. Johnston as an inventor.

A VERITABLE FISH-STORY.

We were making a voyage from the West Indies to New York, when the ship- fever broke out among the crew. One of the sailors—among the first victims—was accompanied by his son, a lad of 14 years, who was strongly attached to his father, and remained with him day and night, and never could be persuaded to leave his sick father for a moment.

A large shark was seen every day following the vessel, evidently for the purpose of devouring any one who should die and be committed to the deep.

After lingering a few days the sailor died. As was the custom at sea, he was sewed up in a basket, and for the purpose of sinking him an old grindstone and a carpenter's ax were put in with him. The very impressive services of the Episcopal Church were then read, and the body committed to the deep.

BISHOP WHITTLE ON ROUND DANCING.

Bishop Whittle's address to the Episcopal Council at Lynchburg, Friday, includes the following earnest denunciation of the fashionable dance:

DEMORALIZING DISIPATION—ROUND DANCING.

In his address to the Council of 1872 my venerated predecessor earnestly warned communicants against the inconsistency of indulging in "demoralizing dissipation," which he denounced as "that lascivious mode of promiscuous dancing styled the round dance."

"This scandal," he said, "is not to be tolerated in the Church of Christ. Let every appeal be made in the way of affectionate remonstrance, judicious teaching, and earnest prayer for the reformation of those led astray, if God peradventure will give them repentance. If all such efforts prove unavailing, and to remove the scandal, and at the same time employ the last expedient for awakening the offender to a sense of his sin and danger, it becomes necessary to resort to the exercise of decided discipline, it must be done."

I adopt this language as my own that he, being dead, may yet speak on this important matter. Perhaps his words struck some as being too strong and harsh when they were first uttered who think very differently now, after six years' observation and experience. Certain it is that many of our wisest and best people, ministers and laymen, judging the tree by its fruits, have become alarmed lest the effect of this

DREADFUL EVIL.

of round dancing shall be not only to injure pure and unfeigned religion, but to enervate the very foundations of all social virtue and morality. I will not discuss its character and consequences; for while St. Paul wrote to the church in Ephesus that it was a shame even to speak of those things which were done by some in secret, I should feel ashamed even to speak as the truth would require of this thing which is done openly before all. I will only say that I trust no man or woman will be prepared for confirmation who means to continue to participate in this abomination, and if the ministers of the Church have no authority to discipline communicants as "notorious evil-doers," who practice it, surely this Council should not fail to clothe them with such authority by canon.

MR. AND MRS. JOHNSTON.

[From the New York Times.]

Of the numerous eminent citizens of Oshkosh, there is none who is more deserving of respect than Mr. Johnston. Not only is he an amiable and upright man, but he is gifted with remarkable inventive genius. At least, such is his opinion, and those who are not personally acquainted with him rarely deny that his opinion is right. Mrs. Johnston, however, does not regard her husband as an able inventor. She admits that he means well, but she asserts with much emphasis that when one of his inventions comes in at the front door it is time for her to fly out of the nearest available window, if her life is really worth saving.

Mr. Johnston has always maintained that his wife's lack of faith in him was due to an unfortunate accident that occurred in connection with an attempt made by him to manufacture rice-cake cakes. As he justly says, cooking has nothing to do with invention, and it is unjust to discredit his inventive genius simply because he once made a mistake in cooking. The circumstances of the affair were these: Mr. Johnston, who had repeatedly found fault with his breakfast, remarked on one occasion that his wife seemed absolutely incapable of learning to make rice-griddle-cakes. Whereupon that indignant woman announced that she should refuse to have anything to do with the next day's breakfast, and should lay the whole burden of its preparation upon her husband's shoulders. "Of course," she added, "you know how to make rice-cakes better than the Angel Gabriel, and you can just show, for once, what you can do."

With great courage Mr. Johnston undertook the unenviable task thus thrust upon him, and made his preparations with intelligent care. There were eight persons in his family, and, as he estimated that each one would eat a pint of rice, he decided to use four quarts of rice in making his griddle-cakes. To the rice he added four quarts of butter-milk and a quart of hot water, besides a few handfuls of flour and Indian-meal, in order that the cakes should look brown. He then reflected that it would be necessary to add to the mixture something that would make it light, and accordingly threw in a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, an equal quantity of saleratus, and half a paper of baking powder. Having thus mixed his cakes to his satisfaction, he placed the pan containing the mixture in a warm corner of the kitchen and left it to "rise" during the night.

There is no doubt that it did "rise." Moreover, the rice swelled. On going into the kitchen the next morning, Mr. Johnston found that his rice cakes had overflowed and covered the floor to a depth of at least a foot, while in the immediate neighborhood of the pan a pyramid of "batter" reached nearly to the ceiling. That morning he breakfasted on dry bread and water, and subsequently employed three Irish women

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

BY DAVID B. METCALF.

In our will forsake thee, Though darkness and we shroud with gloom thy pathway In life's journey below; Though friends may prove false When fortune doth frown, One heart shall prove true, To the soul that's cast down.

How sweet for true friends In communion to meet, Where heart beats to heart, And naught is deceit; In wail or in weep, Never 'sunder the tie That binds hearts together, Though storm-clouds sweep by.

Though adversity be thine, True hearts will remain Free from the foul touch Of falsity's stain; In joy or in sorrow, False hearts, let them flee! But noble souls will be ever True to heaven and thee.

MR. AND MRS. PAOLO.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Every since Mr. and Mrs. Paolo had been married they had been in the habit of taking a Sunday afternoon walk together. They were not fashionable people, for they only kept a little shop for the sale of confectionery and small fire-works. Packs of crackers lay side by side; long rocket sticks, red, white, and blue, were displayed to the best advantage; and jars of French mixed and peppermint-drops faced other jars of lemon-drops and licorice; while under the counter, stored safely away, was one little keg of gun-powder.

It was a Sunday afternoon, and of course the shop was closed—but to-day Mr. and Mrs. Paolo were not going out to walk. They had quarrelled over their noon-dinner, and Mrs. Paolo had told Mr. Paolo that she wished she had not married him—and he had answered that he wished she had not. Now they were sitting apart sulking—he in the back parlor, she in her upstairs bedroom. She had been crying, and he had been furiously angry, and both had decided that they had made a grand mistake and only desired to be separated.

"This is what they have told me marriage brought upon a man," said Mr. Paolo.

"Mother always said that husbands generally ill-used their wives after they had been married a year," said Mrs. Paolo to herself. All the world seemed dark to each, and each desired to punish the other for it.

At last Mrs. Paolo thought of a plan. She would go out and walk by herself. That would make him finely angry when he came down. He should see she could be very happy without him, very. And with boiling blood and aching head, she dressed herself in her best, put on a veil to hide her face, and started upon the most miserable walk she had ever taken in her life. It seemed as though people could see straight down into her heart, and know what was passing there—that she was set apart as a woman who had quarrelled with her husband. Other wives passed her leaning on their husbands' arms.

There were girls with their lovers. How Paolo used to make love to her. Old couples, who had lived together more years than she had known in the world. Ah, when she was old, how would it be? Miserable little woman. At last she found her way to the little park, where, two years before, Paolo had proposed to her, and sat down under the very tree and lent her head against it. "All is over," said poor little Mrs. Paolo; "but how sweet it was." Then she arose and walked slowly homeward.

Meanwhile Mr. Paolo had come to the conclusion that in no way could he so punish little Mrs. Paolo as by going out alone to take his Sunday walk. Consequently he put on his hat and went very quietly out of the door through which his wife had slipped a little while before. He had the advantage of not having swollen his nose and reddened his eyes by crying, but he was a very miserable looking man.

In order to look jolly, he lit a cigar as he went out, and threw the match toward the fireplace, not noticing that the still lighted end touched the carpet. Then he marched down the street, but his cigar did not give him the air he desired.

Happy couples walked before him arm in arm. He saw a jolly young fellow with his arm about his sweetheart's waist; he alone was lonely, desolate, unloved.

So the unhappy couple walked the streets at a block's distance from each other, believing the other at home. Each so wretched that the bright day seemed dull, and the sweet air poisonous.

At last Mr. Paolo, like his wife, remembered the pretty park where he had made love to her, and went thither; he sat down on the old bench under the old tree, and rested his head against it. "It's all over," sighed poor Mr. Paolo; "but how happy we were."

Then he also arose and walked slowly and sadly home in the gloaming.

How pleasant it used to be, Mr. Paolo thought, as though he were thinking of ages gone, instead of last week—how pleasant it used to be to come home together and eat the nice little supper and talk over the people they had seen, and plan what their walk should be next week.

When they were separated—as they would be, of course—how he would re-

THE CHARM OF A SOFT FEMALE VOICE.

Yes, we agree with that he was a young man and a modern port poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may still have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times, she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at present day, and every advantage that wealth can procure, and yet, if she lack a low, sweet voice, she can never be really fascinating. How often the spell of beauty is broken by coarse, loud talk! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. Beside, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, flowing tones seem to us to betoken deceit and hypocrisy, as invariably as the musical, subdued voice indicates a genuine refinement. In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes a true lady! In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband! How sweetly such cadences float through the sick chamber; and around the dying-bed; with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul.—Sunny South.

CHILDHOOD.—Let man enjoy what he will to after-life, if his childhood has been blessed with the care and kindness of a judicious mother, there will come moments when the cup of pleasure will be dashed from his lips as tasteless in comparison with those hours of sweet and social intercourse when he first learned to look for a pervading spirit in the realms of nature—to welcome all the animated and joyous creatures of earth as members of his own wide brotherhood, and to hail the beams of morning as pledges of the inextinguishable beneficence which created both life and light, and ordained them as blessings to mankind.

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