

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VII.

WELDON, N. C., SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1878.

NO. 29.

SPACE	One M.	Two M.	Three M.	One Y.
One Square,	3 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	20 00	30 00
Three Squares,	8 00	15 00	30 00	40 00
Four Squares,	10 00	18 00	35 00	45 00
Fourth Col.,	13 00	20 00	40 00	50 00
Half Column,	20 00	30 00	60 00	65 00
Whole Column,	One Year,			75 00

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIGN PAINTERS
Wanted in every section of the United States and Provinces to answer this advertisement. Address, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J. Dec. 117

HAPPINESS OR MISERY, IS THE QUESTION!
Dr. W. E. Hoyt of 35 years successful practice guarantees speedy and permanent cure of all Chronic, Scrofulous, Private, Syphilitic and Female Diseases, Spermatorrhoea, or self-abuse at his Medical Institute, Agan & Cheney Block, opposite the City Hall Park, Syracuse, N. Y. Medicine sent to all parts of the U. S. and Canada. Don't be deceived by advertising quacks who through our large cities, but consult Dr. Hoyt or send for circular treating on his specialties to his P. O. Box 275.

LAMES. My great liquid French Remedy, AMIE DE FAMME, or Female Friend, is unfailing in the cure of all painful and dangerous diseases of your sex. It moderates all excess, and brings on the monthly period with regularity. In all nervous and spinal affections, pains in the back or limbs, heaviness, fatigue on slight exertion, palpitation of the heart, loss of sleep, hysterics, sick headache, whites, and all painful diseases occasioned by a disordered system, it effects a cure when all other means fail. Price \$2.00 per Bottle, sent by mail. Dr. W. E. Hoyt, Box 275, Syracuse, N. Y. Nov 25 17.

SCHOOL TEACHERS.
You can easily increase your salary by devoting a very small portion of your leisure time to my interest. I do not expect you to canvass for my celebrated Beatty's Pianos and Organs unless you see fit; but the service I require of you in both pleasant and profitable. Full particulars free. Address, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

ROCKY MOUNT MILLS,
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
January 1st, 1876.
We are now prepared to furnish the

trade with
SHEETINGS,
SHIRTINGS,
FLOW LINES and
COTTON YARNS.
all of the best quality and at low prices. Our terms strictly net cash, 30 days. Address
BATTLE & SON,
an 26 a Rocky Mount, N. C.
1878. 1878.

CLOTHING!
SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES
JUST RECEIVED BY
Noah Walker & Co's
No 143 Sycamore Street.

FINE DRESS SUITS,
FINE BUSINESS SUITS,
BOYS' AND YOUTH'S CLOTHING.
A full line of all grades of Ready-Made Clothing for Boys, Youth's, and Men, from three years old up to pieces to suit the times.
We keep all the latest styles of Gents' Furnishing Goods on hand.
Samples on hand. Clothing and Shirts made to order at our Baltimore house at short notice, at Baltimore prices. Please give us a call before buying.
NOAH WALKER & CO.
143 SYCAMORE STREET,
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ALEX. F. SEORT, AGENTS.
J. GEO. WILKINSON, }
ROBERT ATKINSON—Salesman.
Oct 1-1 Y

METALLIC BURIAL CASES FOR
SALE.
Persons wishing Metallic Burial Cases can always obtain them by applying to me, at the Stores of Messrs. New England & Emory, I can still keep, as heretofore, a full assortment of the Very Best CASES, at the Very Lowest Prices. In my absence from Weldon, Messrs. Winfield & Emory will deliver Cases to persons who may wish them.
JAMES SIMMONS,
Weldon, N. C.
apr 4 17

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
RYE AND BOURBON WHISKIES
French, Apple, Blackberry and Cherry Brandy, Jamaica and New England Rum, London, Tom and Holland, Gin, Port, Sherry, Claret, Rhine and P. v. year-old Superannated Wine, Scotch and London Porter, and a very large lot of
RECTIFIED WHISKEY
which I am offering at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction.
S. W. BELDNER, Agt.
april 6-8
21 Roanoke Square.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

BY FATHER RYAN.

But far on the deep there are billows,
That never shall break on the beach
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall find into speech;
And I have had dreams in the valley,
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley,
Ah, and how my spirit was stirred;
They wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass down the valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of this valley?
To hear that are hallowed with care,
It lies at the foot of the mountains,
And both and his angels are there;
And one is the dark mountain of sorrow,
And one is the bright mountain of prayer.

ANOTHER ENOCH ARDEN.

"If there's one thing I like it is more than another," soliloquized Five, thinking himself unobserved. We heard him, for all that, for he sat just outside the cabin under the shed, watching, between the whiffs of his pipe, the drip, drip from the shingles, while the four of us, dressed away at draw-poker inside. The bar was hardly a square inch on the bar that was not staked off with a claim. The one-streets town was bustling, the cloth-houses, stores, and saloons with their usual loaves, were drawn up in dress-parade along the thoroughfare, in which pack trains now and then meandered to and from the outer world. The doors of the Bella Union and the Blue Wing continually swung open, as the boys sent in for their hourly comforts. The devotees of the gaming-table held high revels over the cloths, and empty pouches and ringing heads were the morning bulletins.

Our cabin stood a little withdrawn from the main street, the home of five of us for many months. Those days are past and gone, when Jack used to toss his steaming slip-jacks up the chimney and deftly catch them on the outside—those days of almost unvarying pork and beans, with a very semi-occasional taste of fresh beef. We knew quite well each other's history, so far as general points went—all save that of Five, who was an enigma. Of him, the only tangible and discoverable mark was a blue 5 worked between his thumb and forefinger—and so he won his title. A spare, nervous little man, with a black, sweeping mustache, a caesarian countenance, and a restless eye. The force that draws men together in pioneer times is inexplicable. Sam had been a minister, had slipped from grace, and floated to the gold country. John Baoyan was a broken-down merchant from Troy, fond of tippie, and a master hand at a story. Brannan had last come from Calcutta, where he had been a missionary, he said, but he thumbed a jek too well for that. Five and I, a runaway from home, made up our household. Five, at first, we used to ply with questions, but gaining nothing by our trouble, gave it up. His only live companion was his dog, a bristled, sulky, snappish brute, with a stumpy tail. His faithfulness and love, withdrawn from every one else, centered in his master. Five's chief solace was his violin. When others sought the saloon, he took his violin and whiled away the hours with touching melodies, soft, dreamy airs of home, or man, wild wailing strains that thrilled the soul. Many a time and oft have I seen a knot of rough fellows hanging around a cabin at eventide, listening to the music as the quiet air bore it sweetly to them, and thus Five's violin was a minister of comfort to many a lonely man. He would rarely play when asked, and then only some ditty like the Wrecker's Daughter, or Tom Bigbee's Sanka, which would put fits into a fellow's heels—reserving for his own communion the strains that were so melting to all. And in this way he found a companionship that compensated him for his lack of friends. He was commonly set down as a musical Portuguese, but the sequel will show that the conjecture was far from right.

Hot! hot! terribly hot were the summer days, and I, unused to hard work, dropped my shovel one burning afternoon, and went up to the shanty tired and disgusted. I was surprised to find Five at the house and in his bunk, for he had gone out with the rest, and was always a steady worker.

"Sick, old man?"

"Yes, lad, very sick, dead sick. Bruce, lie down."

"For the dog at his growled viciously as I put my hand on Five's forehead and found it almost blistering with fever."

"Not so bad as that, old man, you're good for many a day yet. Have a drink!"

"I don't mind—something cool."

I fetched him a pan of water, and he drank it, saying:

"What are you doing here at this hour of the day?"

"I'm tucked out, Five, and had to give up."

"Well, I'm obliged to you," and he sank back into his blankets and fell into a deep slumber.

The next morning he was right again, but after he recovered, he seemed to open his heart to me, and often in the dim, uncertain hours we talked of men and things. I heard his soliloquy, as I said before, and not long after, tired of cards, went out to him.

"Well, old man, what are you mourning about now?"

"I can hardly say, lad, but mostly of home. I don't know how much of a home it is now, but I had a wife and two children, and a mother-in-law, which last was poison, and I hope has bolted into another and better world. Y' see, it's hard navigatin' in a shoal place, and a mother-in-law is the shoalest thing I've stuck."

"No."

"Don't you ever marry any one but an orphan, then?"

"Why so?"

"I'll tell yer my experience. I came from Rhode Island, and anciently was a captain, and have sailed the portiest creakers that ever skimmed the water. I got on well till I met a little blue-eyed girl from Maine, and I thought she would do to cast anchor with, which I did and we was as happy as two barnacles on a sunny log, till her mother came to live with us, and arter that the compass had a continual variation, and things got to be no better on short matter. That ar mother-in-law, she tried to be steward, and 'bosen, and first mate, and had her eye on the captain's cabin, and we was in a mutiny all the time. I told the wife I would pension off the old bulk and drag her into a safe harbor, and then she and me and the babies, which there was two of 'em, would go off soundings and try blue water all along. But the wife wouldn't. I'm told that wimmin think they can allus get husbands, but they never can have but one mother—so they sticks to her. Blessed if I see what they wants of any mother arter they gits a man to fill the bread-locker, and buy 'em new stin'sails. So I bought a little house with my savin's, and put 'em all in, and when the gold news came, I come out here. I tell yer, if there's a cranky mother-in-law on the quarter-deck this ship won't keep her course. Every thing goes son-sou by north, as the devil steered the wild-mild, and captain is like a lee monkey on the back stay. I gave 'em every thing but my fiddle and dog and come out here. My traps when I've made my pile I'll go back again and veer around the folks. There's little Maggie, my purty little one, she never turned agin her father, though the others did. And if I can only see her, take her little hand and walk out among the birds and flowers, and hear her talk, I think I can be happy again. And if she will only call me Father once, I want nothing more." And the old man brushed away a tear with his sleeve.

This was Five's story, sad enough to him, and when the fellows were disposed to jeer him for his oddities, and I told them that his heart was almost broken by troubles at home, and unconscious sympathy was felt for him forever after. The mines did not tempt me to remain long there. The road for future was rugged and steep, and it was not long after that I bade adieu to California and returned to civilization, to tell to wondering auditors the stories of the distant land. Five was the last to say goodbye, and even Bruce came and licked my hand.

Twenty years, a life-time to many, a weary waste to some. Where once a few scattered houses stood I find to-day a thriving city, a wealthy people. Forests of shipping line the wharves, and white sails flutter over the bay where once the occasional steamer plowed her bursting way. The broad acres where vagabond once drove their herd, and called it waste land, the hard-fisted sons of toil have dotted with thriving farms, and the railroads join their forces as a leverage in aid of progress. The Colorado and I had been ranging up and down the South Joaquin valley, spying out the lands, and worn with struggling through quicksands and sloughs, had sought shelter gladly from the pelting rain that set in at nightfall. A wonderful valley—this San Joaquin. Three hundred level miles by seventy-five, between two mountain ranges, and along the western side the swirling river winds, while down from the bold Sierra come ice-cold streams to join the tide. Myriads of browsing sheep and cattle trim down the luxuriant grass, and miles and miles of fields are budding into a promising harvest time. The cabin stood near one of the foci of this natural refuge, where four shepherds dwell, whose sheep and lambs were now encamped within the corral which my prospectors them from the rain. Three of the men were inside the hut cooing an obstinate fire into a blaze, the fourth sat alone near the door, the bright coal in his pipe shining like a fiery eye. The Colonel was soon engaged in a series of yawns, in which I had no particular interest, and so I left them and stood in the doorway.

"Looks as if it was going to clear up, sir."

"If you ain't got no regard for truth, that's so. Young feller, I kinder thought you said that for want of 'subin' to say. Look at that thar pillin' o' clouds; don't they look wet?" I was obliged to confess that they did. "Well, I did so because I wanted it to dry up, to let us go on."

"That's more like it, p'haps."

"You must have a lonely life here."

"Well, it ain't excitin', but folks can be as lonely in a great city as anywhere here on the plains. Arter a man has been through with them things he gets to be contented anywhere. I puts it down that livin' in cities is ornamental and bad. A man's got to have himself for company three-quarters of the time, and he's got to take good care of it, and got to play a lone hand any way,

and don't get no chums in his six-by-two."

"Still, I think the pleasure of living is in having good friends."

"So I thought when I was young and foolish. Experience is every thing, young feller, likewise is education, which I don't mean book-learnin', but facts which is knocked into yer by hard bumps. It makes me laugh to read them books which is printed at the colleges, which says as how we are advanced in education. Why down in Australia there's tribes of lojans as can hully-stone 'em all. They've got a weapon they call a boomerang, which is only a bent stick; but them niggers will jerk it into the air till you can't see it, and whizz! it comes back and hits any thing they want before or behind 'em. Them learned beggars can't do nor explain that. Them niggers have trained their eyes to look into muddy water, and can see fish to spier 'em—and they train porpoises to catch fish as well. So much for education."

"You have been in Australia, then?"

"Of course, or I couldn't tell yer of this. But it's time to turn in. Come, Bruce," and here a dog that I had not seen before, answered his master's call and followed him into the room. As they came to the light I thought I recognized the dog—a grandson of the old one, I afterwards learned—and scanning the man closely I found he was Five, my old missing friend.

"Why! old man from Tuolumne, don't you remember me?"

"Can't say I do."

"Don't you remember our camp in early days, and Sam, and Brannan, and Baoyan, and me?"

A cloud of recollection seemed to pass before his eyes, and at last he exclaimed:

"Is it possible that you'er the little one?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, this is master surprisin', to say the least. I am glad to see yer. How's all the folks?"

"I'll talk to you to-morrow, old man; it's too late to spin yarns now; and we've rolled up in our blankets, and soon every thing will be quiet."

Still dark and rainy was the morning, when at an early hour we were aroused by the sound of voices, and concurring a disposition for one more nap, we arose and made ready for the fragrant coffee and biscuit, prepared by the busy hands of Wacks, who sang at his toil.

Five silently swallowed his breakfast, slipped quietly from the house, opened his corral, and followed his sheep out to pasture. I went out, too, and soon came up with Five.

"Old man, I hardly expected to see you again, and here."

"Yer may say that; it's funny to me sometimes."

"Where have you been all these years?"

"Shifting."

"In this country all the time?"

"No. S'cin' you made me kinder tremble-like about the gills and brought back old times, I'll tell yer where I've been. Arter you left the diggings I struck it rich for a while, and had a good lot of dust in the locker, and the light I'd steer for home to see if that mother-in-law hadn't died, and how my babies was. And I went down to Frisco and went home by steamer to Providence—but didn't find much Providence in it, you bet. N'body knew me there, where once I knew every one. I suppose I had changed in them years I was agone. I wouldn't break in upon my wife, so I went to a hotel and cast anchor. Very curious man they thought me, askin' questions 'bout every body."

"Did you not find your family?"

"I found she was married to another feller."

"Did they think you dead?"

"I suppose so, as I hadn't sent any dispatch while I was gone. She was rich and happy, they said, and had a rich husband; but the mother-in-law hadn't yet pegged out. I could not help feelin' mean-like till I heard the last, but when I found she was a fivin' with 'em I didn't make no more sighs."

"But your children—you surely made yourself known to them?"

"Not as the roads are. There was only one I cared for—my little Maggie, my blue-eyed darling—and I found where she played in the park, and spoke to her one day. I asked her by her sunny hair and she had a little dog on the end of a spon yarn. She had the same pretty ways, though she was a heap grown. Once I walked up to her when she was alone, and I says to her: 'Good-morning, little lady!' 'Good-morning, sir,' says she, a little timid-like. 'For I suppose I did look mighty rough. 'What is your name, little lady?' 'Maggie,' says she, 'and this is my dog Dag.' Bless her heart! I did want to clutch her to my heart, and ask her to kiss me just once, and ask her if she knew me."

"Why didn't you?"

"Well, I thought I'd better not. I asked her where she lived. 'Over in 'that big house,' says she. 'Is your father and mother there?' 'My father is dead in California. Mother and Emily have got a new father, but I have not.' 'I've been to California,' says I, swallowing something like a loaf of bread in my throat. 'You have?' says she, and did you know my father?' I have been in many a tight box, young feller, but that was the hardest day I ever had. 'No, little lady,' says I; 'but are you happy here?' 'Yes, sir,' says she; 'as happy as I can be till I get to heaven and see my father. Do you think he's waiting for me there?'

"I hope so, darling; any rate, he will be. Won't you kiss me just once? The little thing looked at me straight with her shiny eyes, and give me a kiss that I can taste yet. 'Your little girl may kiss somebody from California some day. Are you going back there?' 'Yes, little lady, I shall go to-morrow.' 'Wait here then a minute.' And she darted away over to her house and disappeared in the garden. In a second she was back, and in her chubby hands were beautiful flowers—violets, pinks, and morning glories. 'Will you take these with you and put them on my father's grave if you can find it? He may be lonely there.' 'Yes, lassie,' says I, almost broken, 'I'll take them with me as you wish.' And I couldn't help catchin' her in my arms and kissin' her hard and fast. And then, without another word, I left her standin' there with a world o' wonder in her eyes, and got my damage from the hotel, and back I came again. Excuse me, I must turn them sheep. Here Bruce!"

"The poor old man could hardly speak, and I waited till he came up to me again. 'Do you see this?' He took from his rough shirt a little packet, fastened round his neck by a cord. He unwrapped this, and there lay a bunch of faded flowers."

"I told the little lady I'd put them on her father's grave and I've worn them on my heart ever since."

I could not keep the tears from welling up into my eyes, and on pretense of filling my pipe, slipped away till I could command my voice.

"But what have you been doing since you came back?"

"Most any thing. I was a fireman in the city for years. It was excitin' like, and they was a good set of boys, was the Knickerbockers. And we had a little lady in our company which always set me thinkin' of my Maggie, though in looks she wasn't. But just the same ways and actions, and I believe every man in the company would have died for her. I got to be foreman once, and our life seemed about as good as any. Ruttin' to fires, pillin' up ladders, fightin' fire and smoke, agoin' to funerals—take it all, we enjoyed life. And I thought as how I should die in that business, and that the boys would string along with the band arter my bones some day, but it wasn't to be. There ain't no parades now, nor no nothin', and the city is too dull for me since they disbanded us and put out fire by machinery. Homeopathic nonsense, I says, puttin' out fire with fire, and I never did believe in them new-fangled notions. D'ye see this Five on my hand? That led me to join that company. It has puzzled many a feller, but it's only what we did at school. There was five of us used to go for apples and melons and such, and we was all numbered. You've had my story young feller, and I'm glad to see you. The sun is comin' out through the clouds, and if you want to reach Bear Creek to-night, you must start in. If you ever come up here again, see me. Good-bye."

We shook hands, and I felt him following his sheep. Our horses were soon ready, and bidding adieu to our kind hosts, we entered southward, and my old friend Five waved his hand as a last farewell.

HE PREFERRED TO WALK.

[Commodore Rollinspin]

"She's pretty hot, ain't she?" said a backwoods passenger, addressing the engineer of a Mississippi steamer that was racing with another boat.

"Sissy," responded the engineer, as he hung an additional wrench on the safety-valve cord to stop the steam escaping.

"I reckon we'll overtake that craft soon," pursued the passenger.

"That's about it," returned the engineer, giving the cords another twitch and hallooing through the trumpet to the fireman to shove her up."

"One hundred and ninety-five," hummed the passenger, looking first at the gauge and then at the boilers.

"That's about where she is rusticated," put in the engineer.

Then the passenger ran his fingers through his hair nervously, and walked about the decks for a few minutes, when he came back to the engineer and observed:

"Hain't you better leave that boat go?"

"Can't do it. Must pass her."

"But s'posin we should blow up?"

"Well," said the engineer, as he peeped over the guard to see how fast he was gaining, "if it's the will of Providence for this boat to blow up we'll have to stand up." Then he hallooed to the fireman to roll up another cask of bacon, and to mix plenty of rosin with the coal, and give her a little more turpentine and oil.

The next moment there was a splash in the river; but before the yawl could be lowered the man had succeeded in reaching the shore, and hallooed out:

"Go on with the race. I guess I'll walk!"

A Minnesota's grown father who has seven up-landers, has used the county. He claims that a residence has been used as the Court-house for the past two years.

Elizabeth Allen, in a poem, asks, "Oh, willow, why forever weep?" Elizabeth is a little mistaken as to the facts. It isn't the willow that weeps; it is the boy who dances under the lumber end of it.

PIERCED BY A NEEDLE.

"Death comes at last, and with a little pin, Boreas through his castle wall,—and farewell King!"

What Shak spere said of the vanity of kings' lives described equally well the frailty of human life everywhere. The following singular story comes from Toronto, Canada:

A young man named Henry Hubbard, aged thirty-eight years, fell dead while walking the streets. Of course the usual inquiry was instituted and examination made. It was at first supposed he was the victim of heart disease, but the most vigorous search failed to detect any signs of disease in that organ.

The doctors were puzzled; the man was healthy, and in the full possession of his powers; what could have caused his sudden departure from this world?

It was at last traced in one section of the heart, while under the microscope, was discovered the minute point of a needle. Death had been brought about by this broken point of a needle. But how did the needle get to the heart? The doctors renewed their researches, and were at last able to follow the course of the needle's point, which had first entered the man's foot, and from there had slowly worked its way through the body to the heart, when death resulted. This is one of the most remarkable cases on record, and shows from what slight accidents death may result. All the time, the deceased man had no knowledge of his impending doom; slowly and surely the fatal piece of steel pursued its serpentine route until it came in contact with the vital organ.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that gives beauty to the flower. There is always before or around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth and gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them, and perhaps it is well that none could be. They give sinew and tone to life, fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill, where there is nothing to disturb its surface. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can within and without him; and above all, he should look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark? The longest lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run, the great balance rights itself. What appears ill becomes well—that which appears wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down their heads or lips, and those who do only show that they are departing from the path of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one unblemished than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the right side. Cultivate all that is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.

A ROSY FORTUNE.

They were in the bell-tower of the City Hall yesterday, and she leaned her yellow-haired head on his shoulder, and listened to the mighty "tick tick tick" of the big clock.

"We don't want such a big clock as that, do we, darling?" she whispered.

"No, my little daisy, he answered, as he hugged her a little closer; I kin buy a clock for two dollars which will run three days to this clock's two. I've got her picked out already."

"Well, be very, very happy, she sighed.

"You bet we will! I've figured it right down fine, and I believe we can live on twelve eggs, one pound of sugar, ten pounds of flour and one pound of butter. And you have a bank account she pleaded.

"I will, even if I have to buy a second-hand one."

"And will we keep a coachman?"

"Yes."

"And have a piano I kin buy a clock for two dollars which will run three days to this clock's two. I've got her picked out already."

"Well, be very, very happy, she sighed.

"You bet we will! I've figured it right down fine, and I believe we can live on twelve eggs, one pound of sugar, ten pounds of flour and one pound of butter. And you have a bank account she pleaded.

"I will, even if I have to buy a second-hand one."

"And will we keep a coachman?"

"Yes, darling."

"And I can have some square pillows with shams on them?"

"Yes, my tulip—yes! we'll sham every darned thing from cedar to garret, have the front door painted blue, and—but less go'n look at some second hand cook-stove!"

"I reckon we'll overtake that craft soon," pursued the passenger.

"That's about it," returned the engineer, giving the cords another twitch and hallooing through the trumpet to the fireman to shove her up."

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

T. W. MASON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
GARYSBURG, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts.
June 8-17

JOS. B. BATCHELOR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RALEIGH, N. C.

Practices in the courts of the 6th Judicial District and in the Federal and Supreme