

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VII.

WELDON, N. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1878.

NO. 39.

THE ROANOKE NEWS.
ADVERTISING RATES.

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	20 00	40 00	50 00
Half Column,	25 00	50 00	100 00	150 00
Whole Column,	50 00	100 00	200 00	300 00

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts.
June 8-11

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

Practices in the courts of the 8th Judicial District and in the Federal and Supreme Courts.
May 11-14

WALTER CLARK, E. T. CLARK,
Raleigh, N. C. Halifax, N. C.

CLARK & CLARK,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.

Will practice in the Courts of Halifax and adjoining counties.
March 16-17

W. H. KITCHEN, J. A. DUNN,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Seotland Neck, Halifax Co., N. C.

Practices in the Courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts.
Jan 18-19

THOMAS N. HILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties and Federal and Supreme Courts. Will be at Scotland Neck, once every fortnight.
Aug. 28-29

W. H. DAY, W. W. HALL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts.
Claims collected in any part of North Carolina.
Jan 20-21

SAMUEL J. WRIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSON, N. C.

Practices in the Court of Northampton and adjoining counties.
Sep 15-17

GAVIN L. HYMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts.
Claims collected in all parts of North Carolina to the Court House.
July 4-10

R. O. BURTON, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in the Courts of Halifax County, and Counties adjoining, in the Supreme Court of the State, and in the Federal Courts.
Will give special attention to the collection of claims, and to adjusting the accounts of Executors, Administrators and Guardians.
Dec 15-17

J. M. GRIZZARD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.

Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession.
Jan 12-10

E. T. BRANCH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BRIEFIELD, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.

Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe and Wilson.
Collections made in all parts of the State.
Jan 12-10

JAMES E. O'HARA,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BRIEFIELD, N. C.

Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Edgecombe 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 12-10

ANDREW J. BURTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.

Practices in the Courts of Halifax, Warren and Northampton counties and in the Supreme and Federal Courts.
Claims collected in any part of North Carolina.
June 17-18

JAMES M. MULLEN, JOHN A. MOORE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Martin. In the Supreme Court of the State and in the Federal Courts of the Eastern District.
Collections made in any part of North Carolina.
Jan 1-10

TRUE TO THE GRAY.

BY PEARL MYERS.

I cannot listen to your words,
The land is long and wide;
Go seek some happy Northern girl
To be your loving bride.

My brothers they were soldiers—
The youngest of the three
Was slain while fighting by the side
Of gallant Fittling Lee.

They left his body on the field,
(Your side the day had won),
A soldier spared him with his foot,
You might have been the one.

My lover was a soldier,
He belonged to Gordon's band;
A sabre pierced his gallant heart,
You might have been the band.

He fell and fell, but was not dead,
A horseman snatched his steed,
And trampled on his dying brain,
You may have done the deed.

I had no hatred in my heart,
No cold, unrighteous pride,
For many a gallant soldier fought,
Upon the other side.

But still I cannot kiss the hand
That smote my country sore;
Nor love the foe that trampled down
The colors that she bore.

Between my heart and yours there rolls
A deep and crimson tide,
My brother's and my lover's blood
Forbid me to be your bride.

The girls who loved the boys in gray,
The girls in country true,
May never be wedded, give their hand
To those who wore the blue.

MABEL'S CHOICE.
BY CARRIE A. WOLFE.

In the parlor of a hotel in a fashionable watering-place in a Northern State sat a group of ladies discussing a new arrival.

"She must be twenty-four," said one, "and will certainly be married before long; why she has never married before, with her face, figure and fortune, is a puzzle to me; but then, gentlemen do not always seek those qualities in a wife."

"Which ought to be a great comfort to you," said another. "Best assured that it is Mabel Weston's fault alone that she is not Mrs. Somebody. But, fastidious and haughty as she is, will step out of our way when the right one comes along."

The subject of these remarks was in her room, arrayed in a magnificent toilet, awaiting, in a listless sort of way, the summons to dinner. At last she was seated at the table with her Cousin Tom at her side. Her entrance had created a sensation; she recognized the fact intuitively. But the adulation of a crowd was so very commonplace a thing to her, that she cared less to discuss the quality of the praise given than the quality of the vixens set before her.

"What do you think of the company, Mabel?" said Tom, as he led her out of the dining-hall.

"Oh, one can scarcely tell yet," she answered. "The men, strung out in a row, reminded me of lay figures in a tailor's shop. I find the same number of pretty faces at all these places. Tom, if I had not got over my passion for dolls years ago, I might get entrapped by some of yonder creatures before I leave."

"You are a queer girl, Mabel. I am afraid you will remind Miss Weston all your life."

"Better to live as I am than to give my hand without my heart."

"You are a queer girl, Mabel, and I don't believe it will pay me to try to make an impression on you. So, since you don't like our young men, let me introduce to you a friend standing there, who is nearly old enough to be your father."

"Who is he?"

"A widower from Louisville; one of our great steamboat men, with plenty of money, whose name is as familiar as a household word throughout Kentucky and along the Ohio. Shall I present him?"

and inclination threw her almost constantly in Capt. Gilmore's society. It was not long before Mabel Weston knew that the best-satisfied; that from the inmost depths of her soul welled up the thought that she at last loved. The thought gave to her face a tender, spiritual beauty it had never possessed before. The love of other men had annoyed and worried her, but this man's love, interpreted as yet only through his eyes and voice, was heaven to her.

The weeks passed on; Capt. Gilmore showed the same preference for her society that he had always shown, but made no new advances toward her, though he must have stepped, almost imperceptibly, a little way in the path of passion, for he began to miss her when she did not appear, and he could discover himself watching for her and listening for her footsteps. And he never felt fatigue or the flight of time with her. There was an event in his life which he wished he had told her of in their earlier acquaintance; it seemed such an awkward thing to do now; and so he never troubled her, and made him look older at Mabel. She, meanwhile, noted the change, slight as it was, and was triumphant; she interpreted his new demeanor for her own way.

"Let us go out in the park," said Mabel, as she came across him one evening on the piazza. "I am so tired of the dancing and music and crowd."

"I am glad you called on me to escort you," he said, as he placed a rustic chair under one of the grand old trees, away from the throng of promenaders.

"Why?"

"Because this is the last evening I will be here, and I want to spend it with you."

The moon was shining full on Mabel's face, and revealed to Capt. Gilmore that every vestige of color had left it. She caught her breath with a quick sigh, as though stricken with a sudden pain.

"But—but you will return, captain?" she said, in a faltering voice, as she reached forth her hand to him.

He took the little hand offered him, which lay cold as ice in his, and answered—

"No, Miss Weston, I must not return."

"Is it possible," he thought, "that this haughty, peerless woman cares for me? And a great temptation came to him which he crushed almost before it became a thought, and hated himself for the transient emotion."

There was a silence for a moment between them, and then Mabel asked—

"Why must you go?"

"Because a dear friend, my wife, returns from abroad tomorrow, and I must be at home to meet her."

Mabel had not expected this. She had a vague fear that she would hear the name of some one whom he preferred to her, but never that his answer would tell her she had given the great wealth of her love to another woman's husband.

"Why have you never told me of this before?" asked Mabel, understanding here that she was a widow.

"I did not think that our short acquaintance called for a recital of my domestic affairs. Miss Weston. My wife has been abroad so long that only friends about my own home know that I have had one. If I could have known that you would have been my friend if I were married, I should most certainly have told you. You will believe this of me, will you not?"

She was too thoroughly wretched to uphold him, and the thought came to her, too, that she had nothing to uphold him for. She had always sought him and he had never in a way committed himself to her. Caring and unrequited love caused this woman to forget her womanhood, and she threw herself in her chair again in a passion of grief.

Capt. Gilmore took her hands in his.

"I am sorry, Miss Weston, believe me, and curse myself for what I have so unwittingly done. I never dreamed that you, in your youth and beauty, could care for me. You will get over this and be happy yet, I hope."

"Can I get love on and off at will, Capt. Gilmore? No, and you will leave me, but I shall see your face, hear your voice, and look into your eyes through the medium of months, weeks and days, with the calm, angelic trust that he will again be restored to her. With what earnestness she pours out her soul to God, trusting that all will be well and true."

had not married yet, and did not think she ever would. She had come home now, and was spending the summer with a friend in southern Indiana.

"Mabel," said her friend, one day, "there is to be a camp-meeting at Sugar Grove, on the Ohio, twelve miles below Louisville. We will go for a few days. You were never at one, and it will be something new for you."

So the next week found Mabel with her friend on the grounds at Sugar Grove. In all Mabel's wanderings she had never seen anything like this. They arrived at night, just after evening services had commenced. There was an almost oppressive quiet pervading the place and people. It was a different from her ideal of Western camp-meeting. There were no unearthly shouts or shrieks, no wild excitement, no rushing frantically about, but, to her surprise, everything seemed to be done decently and in order.

The rippling of the waves on the shores of the Ohio on one side, of the grounds, the sighing of the wind through the forest of trees which lined the hill that towered to almost a mountain's height on the other side, the moonlight straggling through the branches of the trees, the smell of the burning wood from the tents, the fifth glare of the lights which lighted the grounds, the changing shadows of the tents, the chirping of the night-birds, the incessant hum of insects, seemed a fitting accompaniment to the earnest tones of the speaker. And God never seemed so near to her as here.

The preacher was the Rev. Mr. M., from Louisville. A man who had given up a career of fame for the cause of religion. As Mabel listened, to the eloquence of the speaker she learned, as she never had before, from what she help must come to meet bravely such a trouble as hers had been and was still. It was well that she asked and received in that hour the strength that she needed, for, as she turned to leave the tent after the sermon, a gentleman who had been seated behind her, held out his hand in greeting. She looked up and recognized Capt. Gilmore. They walked together out of the crowd in silence.

"Mabel, I have no wife now," he said, pathetically.

"Dead?" Mabel asked.

"Yes, over two years ago. And you," he said, looking down into her face; "I suppose you are married by this time?"

"No."

"No?"

And that was all. They separated there, she to go with her friend, he to return on the day they met only once more during the meeting, and then only long enough for him to ask her where she was spending the summer.

A week after Mabel's return to her friend's home, Capt. Gilmore visited her. He met her with outstretched hands, and his first words were—

"You know why I have come, Mabel."

"Not until you tell me," she replied, quietly.

"I have come to ask you to be my wife, Mabel."

"Because you pity me?" she asked, looking up into his eyes.

"Because I love you."

"Then I will be your wife."

That was their betrothal. The wedding followed soon after. And to this day neither has had cause to regret Mabel Weston's choice.

TRUSTING.
BY JENNIE REIGHWAY.

There is an indescribable feeling of loneliness that comes to me when I meditate on the priceless thought—trusting. It is the veil of the world beyond and should be worn by all. Those who trust and wait shall not be found wanting. See a loving mother, with wonderful patience, trusting that her son may yet return, though she has no tidings of him for years; watch her through the tedious months, weeks and days, with the calm, angelic trust that he will again be restored to her. With what earnestness she pours out her soul to God, trusting that all will be well and true. How much power is involved in the word trusting. It is a beacon light to men's weary hearts, the rainbow after a storm. How many natures would sink in the heavy pressure of sorrow were it not for that Heaven-born auxiliary. What a grand idea, and what a strong anchor and support to the soul it is to trust; that, no matter how rugged the paths of life may seem, the faith that teaches us to look upward will beautify them with joy and gladness and enable us to proceed on our journey with a spirit of thanksgiving.

A SPLENDID TRIBUTE.

[From the London Standard, Sept. 7th.]

The year among us "cannot perhaps remember the keen warm sympathy with which the English of 1861-65 witnessed the heroic struggle maintained by their Southern kinsmen against six fold odds of numbers and odds of position, resources, vantage ground, simply incalculable. Even those who from sympathy with the Northern States were unfavorable to the cause of a great nation revolting against real tyranny, could not but feel proud of our near kinship with that incomparable soldier—so designated by their enemies—which, on fifty battle-fields maintained a contest such as no other race has ever in modern times maintained, and at last, when all hope was gone, held for six months, with 45,000 men against 150,000, a slender line of earthworks thirty miles in length; who marched out 28,000 strong, and after six days' retreat to face of a countless cavalry and an overwhelming artillery and infantry pressing them on all sides, surrendered at last but 8,000 bayonets and axes. It is in this people, the flower and pride of the great English race, in whom a more terrible, more merciless enemy has now fallen. There can be now no division of sympathy, as there is no passion to excite and keep up the courage needed for the occasion. Yet the men and women of the South are true to the old tradition. Her youth volunteer to serve and die in the streets of plague-stricken cities as readily as they went forth boys and gray haired men, to meet the threatened surprise of Petersburg, as they volunteered to charge again and again the cannon-crowned hills of Gettysburg, and enrich with their blood, and honor with the name of a new victory every field around Richmond. Their sisters, wives, mothers and daughters are doing and suffering now as they suffered famine, disease, incessant anxiety and alarm throughout the four years of the civil war. There may be among the various nations of the Aryan family one or two who would claim that they could have furnished troops like those which followed Lee and Johnson, Stuart and Seward, Jackson; but we doubt whether there be one race beside our own that could send its children by hundreds to face in towed desolated by the yellow fever, the horror of a nurse's life and the imminent terror of a martyr's death.

HE HAD HIS SUSPICIONS.

An elderly man wearing blue jeans, spectacles and a puzzled expression, stood on the corner of Fourth and Olive Streets, waiting for a car to pass. He was looking abstractly. Finally he happened a gentleman who was passing and inquired—

"Stranger, who are you, or rather, where are you?"

"You are a Fourth Street?"

"I have my suspicions. This isn't the right place. You see, I'm an stranger in the city—never was in St. Louis before."

And he started off, saying he had promised to meet a man on Fourteenth and Olive—a splendid card.

"Look here," said the gentleman, "do you know the man who was?"

"I don't know that name—not particularly acquainted, but he's one of the best fellows I ever saw. And he's a first-class fellow."

About six o'clock in the evening the gentleman happened to run across his suspected friend again, and inquired whether or not he had found his new acquaintance, whereupon the latter raised his glasses and remarked—

"Stranger, I have my suspicions. That man twenty-five dollars this morning, and he promised to meet me on Fourteenth and Olive at five o'clock this morning and return the money, but he wasn't there, and the worst of it is, he is a minister of the gospel, at least he told me so, and he's a Bible, God-evilence, hey?"

"Well, if you'll never get your money, you've been swindled by a stranger."

"Thank you, I've had my suspicions. Fact is, however, I don't care so much about using the money as meeting the old woman—she's up there in a boarding house pointing over his shoulder with her thumb."

"I tell you, she's a minister and will fill it out. There's sure to be a miss, though I have my suspicions."

AN EXPOSITION EPISODE.

Among other curiosities or exhibition at the American department of the Paris Exposition was a striking chicken from an American boarding-house. The chicken was taken to a table one minute, by which the house-keeper followed to see the bird gave a delighted squawk, and after one or two tremendous pecks, it made its way from under the table and made its way back to its coop in the exhibition. The knife was set for the poultry for respectability.

ADAM AT THE CIRCUS.

Adam never knew what a circus meant, at least not until Eve introduced him to one. Adam never saw a rarer female in short skirts than a young woman around a ring with a long hair through a hoop, while a man with his face painted white, and his arms in a red cage, held a long, thin, convulsive staff about which his late limbs were flung and his career going down to the end. Young Adam never saw the old Adam's, though he came very soon after Adam's day, and the Jews were commenced with his being getting off everything.

As two ladies were walking along the street one exclaimed to the other suddenly: "Look! There's a thunder-bolt coming! I'm afraid of lightning!" To which the other replied: "Yes, well, my dear, then let us slip into that coat which seems to have a good conducting."

A PIOUS OLD GENTLEMAN.

Nice old gentleman he was—big white waist-coat, low cut shoes, bald head, and silver-haired spectacles. He led in the singing on Sunday evening in the hotel parlor, and sang that old-fashioned bass in "Caravan" and "China" in that sonorous up-and-down style which country choristers used to practice in accompanying the big fiddle; and still he had the bland, benevolent look of a good, old up-country deacon. He was "looking round the house" next night, and stepped in where some of the "boys" were playing cards—something where they were talking of "caiss," and "raises," and "seeing" the "boys" looked a little disconcerted; but the old man didn't say anything until the hand was played out; and one of the party, under the pretence of having an engagement, waded to the others and said he must go, intending to break up until the old man had gone away, and then resume the game. But he had scarcely turned his back when the aged visitor remarked:

"I wonder he didn't raise ye with the hand he held?"

"Do you understand the game?" asked one of the party, taking a cigar from his mouth.

"Wall, a little. I've seen 'em playin' on it; an' sometimes I've thought I'd like to take a hand jus' for fun."

"Just so!" said another. "Suppose you try a game or two with us?"

"Wall, I don't mind, jus' for the fun of the thing." So the old man set down, and with a good deal of instruction, managed to get through with the game, and won on the penny ante.

"Tear!" said he, "if that fellow that's gone had been spunky, and put in five dollars, he'd get it instead of these eight cents wouldn't he?"

"Why, certainly!" said one of the young men—"certainly! let's your deal, uncle! Now, why don't you go in for a five dollar ante?"

"Wall," said the old man, throwing down the cards, "I dunno but I will; but I ain't got nothing but a twenty-dollar bill that I drew outen the bank to come here with."

"Well, uncle!" said the other, gathering up and glancing at his cards, "I'd go yet twenty, and you can put it in the missionary box, when you win it, if you like."

"Sh! so I see," said the old man. "I don't think 'tread be gambolin' all of that's the case."

"Not at all," said the other, winking at his companions.

"Well, then, I don't care if I go yet this ere other fifty; but I suppose you'll think I'm doin' out to steal ye. However, our denomination's ternal poor, and a big contribution is just what they are banker's arter."

"Oh, no! I cover your fifty, uncle! We ought to be liberal, you know."

And as the game went on till finally the old man remarked: "Wall, I'd no idee I had this ere roll of bills in my pocket—so you 'all, do ye? Five hundred dollars up! Yes, you have got three pi-tis—three queens and a jack! Wall, 'tis kinder queer I got tother queen! How I haw! haw!"

"Yes, I'm sorry for you, but what are your other cards?" said the young man, triumphantly.

"Wall, three of ten ex kings! Why, darn it all that put o' money's mine young fellow!" said he, stretching out a powerful paw and squeezing the bills out of the hand of the young man, who had already begun to roll them up.

"Praps, mister, you'd like to take your hand again?" said he to the other who had returned meantime; "they are goin' to sing some psalm-tunes up-stairs before goin' to bed, an' I promised to jine 'em."

There was a blank look of amazement in the circle as he left, and the thought forced itself into more than one mind of danger of trusting to appearances.

A WOMAN WITH A NEW PAIR OF SHOES.

When a woman has a new pair of shoes she performs altogether different from a man. She never shoves her feet into them and yanks and hauls until she is red in the face and all out of breath and then goes stamping and kicking around, but pulls them on part way carefully, twitches them off again to take a last look and so on if she has got the right one pulls them on again, looks at them dreamily, says they are just right, then takes another look, stops suddenly to smooth out a wrinkle, twists around and surveys them sideways, exclaims "Merce, how looke they are?" looks at them again square in front, winks her foot around so they won't hurt her quite so much, takes them off, looks at the heel, the toe, the bottom, gets up and walks down the room once or twice, remarks to her better half that she won't buy a them at any price, looks down the mirror to see how they look, turns in every possible direction and nearly dislocates her neck trying to see how they look from that way, backs off, steps up again, takes thirty or forty farewell looks, says they make her feel look awful big and never will do in the world, puts them on and off three or four times more, and asks her husband what he thinks about it, and then pays no attention to what he says, goes through it all again, and finally says she will take them. It's a very simple matter, indeed.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Dec