

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

Indian Nut Parties in Nevada.

Approaching a No ada mountain a low bushy growth is seen, strangely black in aspect, as though it had been burned. This is a nut-giving forest, the bountiful orchard of the red man. No slope is too steep, none too dry, every situation seems to be gratefully chosen, if only it be sufficiently rocky and firm to afford secure anchorage for the tough, grasping roots. It is a sturdy, thick-set little tree, usually about as broad as high, holding its knotty branches well out in every direction in stiff zigzags, but turning them gracefully upward in the end in rounded bosses. It is pretty generally known that this tree yields edible nuts, but their importance as an excellence as human food is infinitely greater than is supposed. In fruitful seasons the pine nut crop of Nevada is perhaps greater than the wheat crop of California, concerning which so much is said and felt throughout the food markets of the world. The Indians alone appreciate this portion of nature's bounty, and celebrate the harvest time with dancing and feasting.

Inasmuch as the cones require two years to mature from the first appearance of the little red reactors of the fertile flowers, the scarcity or abundance of the crop may be predicted more than a year in advance. Squirrels and worms and Clark crows make haste to begin the harvest. The Indians make ready their long beatings; baskets, bags, bags, mats are gotten together. The squaws, out among the settlers at service, washing and dredging, assemble at the family hut; the men leave their ranch-work; all old and young, are mounted on ponies, and set off in great glee to the nut-lands, forming cavalcades curiously picturesque; flaming saris and calico skirts stream loosely over the backs and heads upon the saddle bow, while the nut baskets and water jars project from either side, and the long beating poles, like old-fashioned lances, angle off in every direction. Arrived at some central point already fix'd upon, where water and grass are found, the squaws with baskets, the men with poles, ascend the ridges to the laden trees, followed by the children; beating begins with loud noise and clatter; the burns fly right and left, lodging against stones and sage bushes; the squaws and children gather the nuts with fine natural gladness; smoke columns speedily mark the joyful scene of their labors as the rustling fires are kindled; and at night, assembled in circles, garrulous as jays, the first grand feast begins. Sufficient quantities are thus obtained in a few weeks to last all winter. They also gather several species of berries, and dry them to vary their stores, and a few deer and grouse are killed on the mountains, besides immense numbers of rabbits and hares; but the pinons are their main roundabout staff of life, their bread.—Letter to the San Franico Bulletin.

A Deep Water Canal Needed in Eastern North Carolina.

The National Commercial Convention, which assembled at Chicago last week, adopted a resolution, which if carried through Congress, may make a very valuable addition to the permanent improvements of the eastern section of our State. Here is the resolution:

"Resolved, That a suitable and cheap water line, permanently navigable by steamers of 1,000 tons tonnage should be opened up between the waters of Virginia and North Carolina, as a means of enabling the greatest part of the domestic shipping of the Atlantic coast to avoid the dangers of Cape Hatteras, and we command the measure to the law-able consideration of Congress."

We have long contended that the Dismal Swamp Canal, connecting as it does North Va., and a large portion of Eastern Carolina, was but a poor plan.

If you want to hear a man tell a well developed full-grown lie just peck your head in a store door and ask change for a five dollar bill.

We call attention to the advertisement of Richard H. Smith, Commissioner, offering for sale two tracts of valuable land in Halifax county.

THANKS to the publisher, J. H. Ennis of Raleigh for a copy of Turner's Almanac for 1879. Turner's Almanac is a good one and cost only 10cts.

A Wisconsin lady opened a national intelligence office recently, but she married the first man who applied, and the career came to a speedy end.

THIRTY-FIVE years have passed since the introduction of Dr. Bell's Cough Syrup, and it still stands unrivaled. Price 25 cents; five bottles \$1.

There will be a regular communication at Roanoke Lodge No. 238, F. & A. M., on the first Thursday night in December. A full attendance is requested.

This rude man is contented if he has but something going on; the man of more refinement must be made to feel the man entirely ruined desires to reflect.

HAVE enough regard for yourself to treat your greatest enemy with quiet politeness. All petty spites are mere meanness and hurt yourself more than any one can do.

The Weldon Hotel is being put in thorough repair and we learn will soon be taken charge by Col. Davis, the recently proprietor of the Pincell House in Norfolk.

QUITE a number of celebrities have passed through town this week. Among them, Judge Howard, Hon. J. J. Yeates, Judge Hixson, Judge Brooks, and Major Winder.

No less than three young maidens were murdered last week by men they refused to marry. When will the woman of this country learn to say "yes" when man proposes?

A Texas paper has found the most unpopular candidate on record. It declares that he has not popularity enough to muster a corporal's guard on an invitation to take a drink.

Caution.—Do not let your druggist palm off a substitute, when you demand Dr. Bell's Baby Syrup or you will be disappointed, for no medicine for children equals it in effect.

Our thanks to the publishers for the North Carolina Agricultural Almanac for 1879. The calculations are made by Dr. M. Craven, President of Trinity College and can be relied on. Price 10 cents.

The Editor of this paper is in no way responsible for the views or statements of Correspondents. No communications of an anonymous character will be received, and the name of the writer must accompany all communications. Any one who may feel aggrieved at statements made by correspondents can obtain the same removed.

Correspondents will please write only on one side of the paper, and to avoid having their communications thrown in the waste basket, it is requested that—*in the interest of good faith*, We will not notice anonymous correspondence.

LOCAL.

XMAS drawing nigh.

FAREWELL November.

GET your skates ready.

My king looks for a horse!

Eods are rising in price.

Our streets are in a bad condition.

Look out for a big snow Christmas.

Some of our subscribers are paying up.

Wig hair of several marriages to come off soon.

Frogs live from 12 to 15 years (if not eaten).

LAST Wednesday was a very disagreeable day.

New pork is selling in Cincinnati, for 3½ per pound.

Now is the time to plant advertisements for Christmas.

The cold chilly winds of December will soon be upon us.

Don't forget to pay for your paper when you come to town.

LORNE and LORINE are taken care of by twenty-eight servants.

See notice of sale of personal property by N. R. Jones, Sheriff.

The little folks had a dance at Mr. V. J. New's the other night.

The Australian dog will the shopped dog of Egypt never bark.

Don't get in debt to a shoemaker if you would call your sole your own.

Rev. J. C. Gardner occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church last Sunday night.

THE heavy rain of Tuesday and Wednesday have caused a slight rise in the river.

It is now believed that every honey moon has not only a man but a woman in as well.

Exchange from all parts of the country speaks of the heavy rain fall on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Why is the leader of the Weldon String Band like a bad tavern keeper? Because he's master of a villain.

Mosse Hicks and an other colored gentleman of the town had a pretty brisk fistfight early on Thursday morning.

TRAVEL south is increasing, principally northern invalids going to Florida, and commercial agents of northern business houses.

THE North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church is in session at Charlotte, Bishop Pearce of Georgia presiding.

We are requested to state that Rev. R. T. Vann of Scotland Neck will preach in the Literary Hall on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

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MISS MARY A. GAINES, daughter of Marcus J. Gaines, ex-U. S. Consul at Tripoli, is now on a visit to her relatives in Endfield.

We are informed by an intelligent Northampton farmer, that the cotton crop in that county is a very short one. This, with the low price, will be ruinous to many of our farmers who are a little in debt.

A wedding in Rome, New York has been indefinitely postponed because the young man in the case declined to give up the habitual use of tobacco. The young lady said "no," and he chews. A fine cut all round.

"Are you a baker?" quizzed a waggon citizen of a town who had accused him for small change. "No," remarked the fellow. "Oh," said the citizen, "I thought you was; you look like a man who kneads bread."

WEATHER Report.—Notes of the weather for the month of November.

Highest Temperature 74°

Lowest " 39°

Mean " 51°

Precipitating Wind Westly.

Amount of Rainfall 1.69 inch.

For the benefit of those who probably have forgotten how much they owe for their paper, we will state they owe for 6 months semi-weekly and 6 months weekly, the amount being \$2.50. They can remit the same by P. O. Order without any trouble, we mean those living at a distance.

FOR THE RALEIGH OBSERVER. ANOTHER CASE OF BULLDOGGING.—An old and very respectable local man in this vicinity is to be bulldogged this evening. He was delivered himself as follows: "I'd sooner myself to be bridled and bolted and drug through H— before I'd ever vote the radium ticket any more."

MARRIED.—Married in the Episcopal church at Jackson, N. C., on Thursday the 28th, by the Rev. Mr. Biggs. Miss Claudia Jordan of Smithfield, Va., to Mr. Beulah of Rocky Mount, N. C. The happy pair passed through their town on Thursday evening on their way to the bridegroom's home at Rocky Mount.

HERE is what was sung recently at a religious meeting of colored men in the South:

"If you see Peter asleep at the gate, Knock him out of his bed; if he wakes, tell him to go to sleep again.

"If you see Peter up late at night, Tell him to go to bed, and stay there.

"If you see Peter sleeping in the sun, Tell him to get up and go to work.

"If you see Peter sleeping in the rain, Tell him to get up and go to work.

"If you see Peter sleeping in the mud, Tell him to get up and go to work.

"If you see Peter sleeping in the snow, Tell him to get up and go to work.

"If you see Peter sleeping in the dark, Tell him to get up and go to work.

"If you see Peter sleeping in the fire, Tell him to get up and go to work.

"If you see Peter sleeping in the water, Tell him to get up and go to work.

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