

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1879.

NO. 49.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One M.	Two M.	Three M.	Four M.	Five M.
One Square,	3 00	6 00	14 00	22 00	30 00
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	20 00	30 00	40 00
Three Squares,	8 00	15 00	30 00	45 00	60 00
Four Squares,	10 00	20 00	40 00	60 00	80 00
Half Column,	20 00	40 00	80 00	120 00	160 00
Whole Column,	40 00	80 00	160 00	240 00	320 00

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. H. SMITH, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SCOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.

Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of the State. Jan 16 17.

D. R. E. L. HUNTER,

SURGEON DENTIST.



Can be found at his office in Enfield. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extracting of Teeth always on hand. June 22 17.

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 Courts. May 11 17.

W. H. KITCHEN & DUNN,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

Scotland Neck, Halifax Co., N. C.

Practices in the Courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts. Jan 17 17.

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-a

W. H. DAY,

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. July 4-17.

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. July 4-17.

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. ORIZARD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. Jan 12-17.

E. T. BRANCH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ENFIELD, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.

Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe and Wilkes. Collections made in all parts of the State. Jan 12-17.

JAMES E. O'HARA,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ENFIELD, 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 12-17.

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 17-17.

MULLEN & 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 1-17.

DO YOUR BEST.

When honest Davy Crockett said "He sure roun'ts right 'ther go ahead," He crystallized a maxim true—"He blundered better than he knew."

Be sure you're right; or come as near the right as mortal man may; then you will have the best chance of success. Who does his best always has the most success. Angels themselves can do no more.

Be high your aim; then if you miss, Your consolation will be this: If I did miss, I missed the mark, And so has many a prouder one.

Do not discourage—work away! Words are not built in a day; Though clouds envelop you far and wide, There's a shining on the other side.

The needle, whose magnetic soul Forever searches for the pole, From this will vary judge you, then, Inconstancy vary with you men.

Perhaps the storm may by its force Compel a little change of course; Yet yield with care, and when you can, Resume your "on, straight on," again.

A WINTER'S TALE.

BY B. H. ESKER, JR.

The winter's day was drawing to a close, and the bleak shades of a snowy night were settling in. The snow had been falling since early morning, and now lay white and high on everything about.

In the silent seclusion of a deep and lovely glen, far from any other habitation, stood a small cottage, known as the "Glen Farmhouse," the property of Ralph Granite, who resided there with his wife, and had done so for thirty years. He was a cold, hard man—cold and hard as the name he bore. Mary Granite, his wife, was the exact reverse, with a motherly face and a warm and tender heart.

On this bleak night in December, this night of storm and wind and snow, Granite and his wife were seated in the large, homely kitchen of the cottage. They had drawn the table up to the rudely store, and sat on either side, the former engaged in reading, Mrs. Granite knitting.

There was silence in the cottage for some time, the only sound being that of the roar and shriek of the storm without, which seemed, as the night wore on, to grow more fierce and terrible. At last Mrs. Granite, dropping her knitting in her lap, broke the silence of the room.

"I wonder where Alice is to-night, Ralph?"

"What do you care where she is, eh?" roughly exclaimed the farmer, looking up from his paper with a dark frown.

"A sight of storm never comes but I think of my poor girl! It was on such a night as this that she left our home, and to-night I have such a strange feeling at my heart."

"Banish her from your thoughts as I have done—the disobedient wretch!"

"O Ralph, Ralph, it is uncharitably to talk thus! Remember that she is your daughter, my child—the only child God ever gave us! And tears came to the poor mother's eyes.

"What claim has she on us now? A very dutiful daughter she proved, didn't she?" cried the father, bitterly. "When Alice disobeyed me by marrying that city cap, George Conover, I tore her face and memory out of my heart!"

"Alice was never a disobedient child—never, never!" wept the mother. "She loved a man who loved her truly. She came to me and told you all; he, too, came, and asked your consent to marry Alice. What was your answer? You refused, insulted him, and thrust him from your house."

"As I'd do again," muttered the farmer, between his closed teeth.

"That night they were married in the village church," went on Mrs. Granite, "and took the night train to New York two long years ago. From that time to this, her fate and whereabouts have been a mystery, and she has never written to us."

"Yes, she wrote," said Ralph Granite, his hard face harder still. "She sent two or three letters after she went off, but I destroyed them the moment I received them from the post-office."

"And you never told me? O Ralph, Ralph, that was cruel!"

"Not more so than her disobedience to her father's wishes. Come, now, drop the subject."

Once more silence reigned in the farmer's cottage. Ten o'clock came, and the storm continued with unabated fury. The farmer and his wife took up their candle, and locking the door, took their way up to their chamber above the kitchen. They had scarcely entered the apartment when a pitiful cry came from without. Mr. Granite raised the window, and put his head out.

"Who's there?" asked Mr. Granite, trying to penetrate the darkness of the stormy night.

"A poor woman, who has lost her way in the night and storm," said a sorrowful voice.

"Where do you want to go?"

"I want to reach the village, but I'm not able to walk any further. Would you please give me shelter? Pray do—only till morning!" spoke the wanderer out in the storm.

"Poor thing!" cried the farmer's wife. "I'll go down and open the door."

"No, your wife!" And Ralph Granite stayed his wife, then spoke down to the woman: "You follow the road a couple of miles, and you'll reach the village. We don't take in any tramps."

He shut down the window, and Mrs. Granite fell into a chair, weeping.

NEW YORK MILLIONAIRES.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS AND REFLECTIONS ABOUT THEM.

From the New York Times.

The founders of the great New York fortunes of the present century—John Jacob Astor, Robert Lenox, Alexander T. Stewart, and Cornelius Vanderbilt—have all passed away.

John Jacob Astor arrived in this city at a period of great depression, in 1781. During the latter part of 1783 some 15,000 refugees—men, women, and children—left New York, Long Island, and Staten Island, for Nova Scotia and St. John, among them many persons of fortune and estates. These estates Astor began to buy whenever he could spare the money, as soon as he got a little ahead in the world. John Jacob Astor's first purchase of city real estate—two lots on the Brewery lane or road, near Elizabeth street—was made in August, 1789, and from that date to the time of his death, March, 1818, he was a steady and constant buyer of real estate. The last conveyance to John Jacob Astor was made shortly before his death, in 1818. The conveyances made to him during the 35 years which elapsed between his first and last purchases of real estate in this form seven pages of closely-printed matter in the index of conveyances on file in the Register's office. These investments have with time swollen into enormous wealth, and the Astor fortune to-day, as represented by Mr. John Jacob Astor and Mr. William Astor (grandson of the first Astor), is one of the great fortunes of the world. At the time of John Jacob Astor's death in 1818 his fortune was estimated at from \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000, and he was counted the fifth on the list of rich men, Baron de Rothschild, Louis Philippe, the Duke of Devonshire and Sir Robert Peel only exceeding him.

The late Mr. Lenox, like Mr. Astor, was a self-made man. He was, when he first began, an entire stranger in this city, where the name of Lenox is now so greatly venerated because of the noble deeds of charity and the lavish donations for religious and literary purposes of his son, James Lenox. Mr. Robert Lenox commenced business in 1783 the year before John Jacob Astor arrived—and remained here permanently until his death, which occurred in December, 1839, in the eighty-first year of his age. For many years his operations greatly exceeded those of any other merchant in the country at that day. He became eventually one of the most successful merchants in the United States. Mr. Lenox invested his accumulations chiefly in city real estate. In 1817 and 1818 he bought for less than \$7,000 about thirty acres of land running from Sixty-eight to Seventy-fourth street, between Fourth and Fifth avenues, known as the "Lenox farm," a much of which is now covered with first-class brown-stone houses. The enormous increase in the value of this land, sold for the most part at top prices between 1861 and 1872, gives Mr. James Lenox a high rank among New York millionaires. The Lenox farm today, without a brick on it, would be worth \$8,000,000. While the Lenox fortune is modest indeed, when compared with the colossal accumulations of the Astors, Vanderbilts, and Stewarts, we venture to hazard the opinion that Mr. James Lenox has quietly given away as much as the late Mr. Peabody. His donations in land and money to charitable, literary, and religious institutions situated on the Lenox farm alone amount to over \$2,500,000. This is a noble example to those who wield the great fortunes of New York. It is to be regretted that the name of Lenox, so far as the founder of the family in this city is concerned, dies with the present Mr. James Lenox, a bachelor now advanced in years. As long as New York exists, his memory will be remembered and cherished.

The fortune of A. T. Stewart—of quicker growth than that of Astor—was accumulated in one lifetime. At Mr. Stewart's death, in 1875, it was estimated at \$90,000,000, or twice the amount of the highest estimate of John Jacob Astor's fortune when he died in 1818. In 1875, Mr. Stewart's city real estate—situated for the most part below Union Square—was assessed at \$7,212,700; at that time the assessed valuation represented only sixty per cent. of the real value, so that the then actual value of the real estate was \$10,554,500, which forms but an eighth of his estimated wealth. Mr. Stewart, however, owned real estate in nearly every city in which he had dealings. He owned a number of woolen and thread-mills in this country, among them the Mohawk and Elmer, at Little Falls; the New York mills, at Holyoke; the Woodward mills, at Woodstock; the Yantic mills, in New Jersey; the Washington mills, at New Hartford; the Catskill and Waterville woolen mills. There are also large mills at Nottingham, England, and Glasgow, Scotland. The property of the house of A. T. Stewart & Co. is greatly scattered. It owns property in most of the large cities here and abroad, and has continually in its employ, outside of New York, over six thousand persons. There are branch houses at Bradford, Manchester, Belfast, Paris, Lyons, Berlin, and Oswego, in Saxony. The transfer by Coraenia M. Stewart, widow of the late A. T. Stewart, to Henry Hilton of all her interest in the firm of A. T. Stewart & Co., gives Mr.

THE GAMBETTA DUEL.

HOW MARK TWAIN DISCOURAGED HIMSELF AS THE STATESMAN'S SECOND.

Mark Twain writes for the February number of the Atlantic Monthly an account of his participation in the recent duel between Gambetta and Fourton. When he had heard of the outbreak in the Assembly he says that he called on Gambetta, whom he found "steeped in a profound French calm." Mr. Twain after being embraced began the conversation:

"I said I supposed he would wish me to act as his second, and he said, 'Of course.' I said I must be allowed to act under a French name, so that I might be shielded from obloquy in my country in case of fatal results. He winced here, probably at the suggestion that duelling was not regarded with respect in America. However, he agreed to my requirement. This account for the fact that it is all the newspaper reports M. Gambetta's second was apparently a Frenchman. First, I drew up my principal's will. I insisted upon this and stuck to my point. I said I had never heard of a man in his right mind going out to fight a duel without first making his will. He said he had never heard of a man in his right mind doing anything of the kind. When we had finished the will, he wished to proceed to a choice of his 'last words.' He wanted to know how the following words, as a dying exclamation, struck me:

"I die for my God, for my country, for freedom of speech, for progress and the universal brotherhood of man!"

I object that this would require too fingering a death; it was a good speech for a consumptive, but not suited to the exigencies of the field of honor. We wrangled over a good many anti-mortem outbursts, but I finally got him to let his obituary date to this, which he copied into his memorandum book, proposing to get it by heart:

This that France may live.

I said that this remark seemed to lack relevancy; but he said relevancy was a matter of no consequence in last words—what you wanted was truth.

I then wrote the following note and carried it to M. Fourton's friend:

Sir: M. Gambetta requests me to propose Plessis-Piquet as the place of meeting; to-morrow at daybreak as the time; and area as the weapons. I am, sir, with great respect,

MARK TWAIN.

M. Fourton's friend read this note, and shuddered. Then he turned to me, and said, with a suggestion of severity in his tone:

"Have you considered, sir, what would be the inevitable result of such a meeting as this?"

"Well, for instance, what would it be?"

"Bloodshed!"

"That's about the size of it," I said. "Now, if it is a fair question, what was your side proposing to shed?"

I had him there, he had made a blunder, so he hastened to explain it away. He said he had spoken jestingly. Then he added that he and his principal would enjoy axes, and indeed prefer them, but such weapons were barred by the French code, and so I must change my proposal.

After proposing Gatling guns, rifles, navy pistols and brick-bats, Mr. Twain left the choice of weapons to the other second, who fished out of his vest pocket a couple of little things which I

carried to the light and discovered to be pistols. They were single-barrelled and silver-mounted, and very dainty and pretty. I was not able to speak for emotion. I silently hung one of them on my watch-chain, and returned the other. My companion in crime now unrolled a postage-stamp containing several cartridges and gave me one of them. I asked if he meant to signify by this that our men were to be allowed but one shot apiece. He replied that the French code permitted no more. I then begged him to go on and suggest a distance, for my mind was growing weak and confused under the strain which had been put upon it. He named sixty-five yards. I nearly lost my patience. I said:

"Sixty-five yards, with these instruments! Poppens would be deadlier at fifty. Consider, my friend, you and I are banded together to destroy life, not make it eternal."

But with all my persuasions, all my arguments, I was only able to get him to reduce the distance to forty-five yards; and even this concession he made with reluctance, and said with a sigh:

"I wash my hands of this slaughter; on your head be it."

There was nothing for me but to go home to my own lin heart and tell my humiliating story. When I entered M. Gambetta's layings his last look of hawk upon the altar. He sprang towards me exclaiming:

"The weapon, the weapon! Quick! what is the weapon?"

"This!" and I displayed that silver-mounted thing. He caught but one glimpse of it, then frowned ponderously to the floor.

When he came to be said, mournfully:

"The unnatural calm to which I have subjected myself has told upon my nerves. But away with weakness! I will confront my fate like a man and a Frenchman."

He rose to his feet and assumed an attitude which for sublimity has never been approached by man and has seldom been surpassed by statistics.

After a long silence he asked:

"Was nothing said about that man's family standing up with him, as an offset to my talk? But no matter; I would not stoop to make such a suggestion; if he is not noble enough to suggest it himself he is welcome to the advantage, which no honorable man would take."

"At what hour is the engagement to begin?"

"Half past nine."

"Very good indeed. Have you sent the fact to the newspapers?"

"Sir! After our long and intimate friendship you can't for a moment deem me capable of so base a treachery!"

"Tut, tut! What words are these, my dear friend! Have I wounded you? Ah, forgive me; I was overhauling you with labor. Therefore go on with the other details, and drop this one from your list. The bloody-minded Fourton will be sure to attend to it. Or Tronville—yes, to make certain, I will drop a note to my journalistic friend, M. Noir."

"Oh, come to think, you may have yourself the trouble that other second has informed M. Noir."

"If I might have known it, it is just like that Fourton, who always wants to make a display."

At half past nine in the morning the procession approached the field of Plessis-Piquet in the following order: First came our carriage—nobody in it but M. Gambetta and myself; then a carriage containing M. Fourton and his second; then a carriage containing two post-boys who did not believe in God, and these had MS. General Protections projecting from their breast-pockets; then a carriage containing the head surgeons and their cases of instruments; then eight private carriages containing consulting surgeons; then a back containing the Coroner; then the two horses; then a carriage containing the head undertakers; then a train of assistants and misters on foot; and after these came plodding through the fog a long procession of camp-followers, police and citizens generally. It was a noble turnout, and would have made a fine display if we had had thinner weather.

The police noticed that the public had massed themselves together on the right and left of the field; they therefore begged a delay, while they should put these good people in a place of safety. The request was granted. The police having ordered the two main bodies to take positions behind the double file, we were once more ready. The weather growing still more opaque, it was agreed between myself and the other second that before giving the fatal signal we should each deliver a lead which would enable the combatants to ascertain each other's whereabouts.

I now returned to my principal, and was distressed to observe that he had lost a good deal of his spirit. I tried my best to hearten him. I said: "Indeed, sir, things are not so bad as they seem. Considering the character of the weapons, the general number of shots allowed, the generous distance, the impenetrable solidity of the fog, and the added fact that one of the combatants is one-eyed and the other cross-eyed and near-sighted, it seems to me that this conflict need not necessarily be fatal. There are chances that both of you may survive. Therefore, cheer up; do not be down-hearted."

This speech had so good an effect that my principal immediately stretched forth his hand and said, "I am myself again; give me the weapon."

I laid it all loudly and solemnly in the circle of the vast solitude of his palm. He grasped it and shuddered. And still more solemnly contemplating it he murmured in a broken voice:

"Alas! it is not death I dread, but mutilation."

I heartened him once more, and with such success that he presently said: "Let the tragedy begin. Stand at my back; do not desert me in this solemn hour, my friend."

I gave him my promise. I now assisted him to point his pistol towards the spot where I judged his adversary to be standing, and cautioned him to listen well and

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