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Table with columns for SPACE, One M., Two M., Three M., and One Y. with corresponding rates.

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NOW.

They are singing songs of the long ago, And the beautiful by-and-by, With never a strain for the passing time We are living in—you and I.

The long ago is an old, old time, And 'twixt wearisome when it was here, Only the enchantment that distance lends Makes it now seem so dear.

The sweet by-and-by is a radiant time, When seen through the coming years, Say, will it ever come to be now? And chase away all our fears?

When the sweet by-and-by comes to be now, Will hands grow weary and hearts still ache? As now, I would like to know?

Oh, sing us a song of the present time, That shall mellow our waiting years, While the sweet by-and-by is coming to us, And the past is obscured with tears.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY VIOLET VALE.

"Stitch, stitch, stitch! Will the work never be done? Work, work, work! Will this weary life never end?"

So thought Mabel Wilton as she sat in her little fourth-story room, where all night long she had been at work on Irene Hendrick's dress, which was to be worn that New Year's night to the grandest ball of the season.

Poor, weary, lonely, Mabel! God grant, gentle reader, you may never know how weary she was, as she pressed her face against the window pane, and gazed at the merry scene below.

There were sleighs gliding hither and thither over the glistening snow, door-bells ringing, and a "Happy New Year!" for some one on every lip. But there was no one to wish any good thing for her; no one cared whether her new year was happy or sad, unless it were some philanthropist, who wished all mankind might be happy.

Four years before it was not so. Oh, no! Then she was the beautiful daughter of the aristocratic Colonel Wilton. Then full as many tripped up the marble steps, and were ushered into the lighted parlor, to be received by the stately Mrs. Wilton and daughter, as called at any other mansion on Fifth Avenue. But the King of Terror entered their home, and after him, unknown to Mabel, stalked grim poverty.

Col. Wilton was killed by a fall from his horse. It was the old story. His financial affairs were in a precarious condition; what he had, or rather what the world supposed he had, was squandered by heartless lawyers or seized by grasping creditors. Found Mrs. Wilton retained her usual style as long as the law would allow, and strove to keep the truth from her daughter. When at last the crisis came, she sent Mabel to visit friends in a distant city, and stayed to meet grim poverty alone.

The ordeal was more than she could bear. Overworked brain and nerves at last succumbed; her strength barely lasted until she reached her daughter, and her reason left her soon after she made her child acquainted with their circumstances. She urged Mabel to avoid former friends, especially her lover, who she declared of all others would surely forsake her, and at sight from any one of their old associates seemed thin by far the worst feature of their poverty.

Death was welcomed by the mother as a friend, for he took her from a life she dreaded. And poor Mabel was left alone. No doubt Mrs. Wilton overestimated the effect which their poverty would have on their former associates, for Mabel was indeed lovable, and had some friends who loved her for her own sweet self. She certainly did not understand Richard Hendrick. He was too weakly to feel for her mother, and too noble to love her for her proudly surroundings.

He sought, watched and waited for tidings of his loved one, but in vain. It was rumored that she had gone abroad with friends. Society soon forgot the family; he tried to forget her.

For a time after her mother's death, Mabel remained with friends, and was urged to stay longer; but one possessed of proud spirit could not endure dependence.

Pride and poverty! How unutterably wretched is the dwelling which ye inhabit! How many forms ye have bowed, and victims buried to a premature grave!

She found a cheap tenement in a long brick block, and strove to keep body and soul together like many others, by her needle, and, though living in the city where she had always lived, was as far removed from former friends as though an ocean rolled between them.

Tap, tap, tap! Mabel was roused from her reverie by a colored messenger from Miss Hendrick.

"Young miss, she say how if dat ar frock of hern best done now ye'll have to fetch it yerself as soon as five o'clock, and if it beant dar by six, she won't pay you a cent on it."

"Very well," was all Mable could say as she closed the door and took up her task.

Sitch, sitch! The weary hours rolled on, five o'clock. The dress was done. At last Mabel reached Miss Hendrick's door, but ere she rang the bell her strength gave way and she fainted on the steps.

The streets were now deserted by the nearly every living being save the closely muffled policeman. One of these guardians discovered Mabel's

fainting form and rang the house bell. It was answered by a colored servant.

"Toll Col. Hendrick there's a woman fainted on the steps—a beggar, probably; ask him if I shall send her to the hospital."

"Send her there by all means," said Irene, who overheard the conversation.

"Not quite so fast, cousin," said Col. Hendrick, as he stepped from his study and rang for the servants. "After wishing so many of the fair one a 'Happy New Year' today, I cannot send perhaps the fairest of their sex away from my door, and thereby add bitterness to her already bitter cup. How worthless are our New Year's greetings when we do not strive to help others rather than scatter seeds of misery!"

These, turning to the servants, who had entered, he said,—

"Here, men, carry this woman up to the room over the library, next room to Miss Hendrick's; then, Sir, run for the doctor, and you, Nancy, stay with her, and do all in your power for her. Cousin, I'll trouble you to see that she wants nothing which the house affords."

"Thanks! When I nurse papers I will seek a situation in the City Hospital!"

With these words Irene swept into the parlor.

"There—I've let myself out again!" thought she. "As if it were not enough to fret about my dress, which I believe will never come! I wish Dick would not waste so much money on beggars! He might allow me enough to hire a respectable dressmaker. It's well he doesn't know anything about the dress or my new diamond earrings, however, wouldn't his eyes snap? I suppose I must go up to see that creature, and pretend I'm sorry for my conduct. Just wait a few months until I see Mrs. Richard Hendrick—then see if I'll wait on beggars, or eat humble pie!"

In accordance with her plan, Irene assumed a very penitent demeanor and went up to Mabel's room. She found that consciousness had returned, and that the girl was sleeping. She discovered a package in the room, and at once examined its contents.

"Oh, joy! It is my new dress! Take it to my room, Nancy, and mind you say not a word to Mr. Hendrick about it; but be sure you tell him that I think it my duty to give up the party to-night, and remain with this poor woman. Be a good girl Nancy, and I'll give you all my old ribbons to-morrow."

Irene was the only daughter of Richard's uncle, a wealthy Southern planter. During childhood she had been indulged in every whim and caprice. An overfed, wastefully nurtured girl, she had unconsciously sown seeds in her youthful mind which grew with her growth and embittered her very existence.

She was early taught to worship Mammon. No fabrics were too costly, no gems too precious for her to wear, and she was taught to consider what the world called a brilliant marriage the height of worldly ambition, and little was thought or said of anything beyond this world.

During the war her father's plantation was laid waste, his slaves liberated, and both parents, who were so bound up in earthly possessions, passed on and left their daughter dependent on her relatives. Col. Hendrick found her, while traveling over historic ground, living with a distant cousin, whose family were obliged to work for daily bread. She alone declared she would not disgrace herself with manual labor, and made her own and the lives of those about her miserable by demanding her fate. In pity for them he took her to his home, where she was in a measure happy, for she was again surrounded by luxury, and had servants to do her bidding.

When Mabel saw her, Irene discovered in her unquestionable evidence of culture; she knew before that she was beautiful. She asked her many important questions, but found her extremely reticent for a "nurse."

The sick woman thanked Irene for the kindness extended by herself and her husband, and asked to be taken to her home. Irene did not care to have one who might become her rival in the house, and, willing to be thought the cultured wife, she answered,—

"I will tell my husband that you desire to be removed at once to your home."

As she turned to leave the room, she was confronted by Col. Hendrick, who had overheard her last remark.

"Where do you expect to find him?" he asked, sarcastically. "Then, as if her speech were, after all, of but little consequence, he inquired about the patient."

"You can see for yourself," said Irene, "I think her a little insane," and try to humor her."

"Perhaps she may be unwilling to see me."

"I should be very happy to see and thank Col. Hendrick for his hospitality," came in low, sweet tones from Mabel's room.

"My darling, long lost Mabel!" "Richard! dear Richard!" For a moment she permitted his embrace, then uttered a faint cry and pointed to Irene, who had wisely fainted, and said,—

"Your wife?" "No, thank God, she is not my wife, darling."

Irene was carried to her room and left in charge of the maid, to recover and repent at leisure.

We will not relate all that passed between the two lovers. It was a meeting after each had been lost to the other for four long years, and can better be imagined than described.

Richard insisted on an immediate marriage. Mabel was so happy in again being loved that she could not resist his pleadings. She is now his happy wife.

TWO QUIDS.

Down in Caroline county, Md., the other day the Rev. Mr. Walton, of the Shepherd's chapel, was engaged in fervent prayer, a hilarious worshipper named Marvel, took a quid of tobacco in his hand, and, watching for a favorable opportunity when the clergyman's head was thrown back in earnest devotion, he flung the moist weed, which struck fair in the face of the human mark.

The prayer suddenly stopped and a scene ensued, and Marvel was taken before a resident magistrate and fined \$5 and costs. This reminds one that a prominent southern preacher has said that the only time he ever felt like laughing in the pulpit was when he saw a man in the gallery drop a quid of tobacco in the face of a sleeping man in a pew on the ground floor of the church.

"Yes," said a venerable Briton, a Cockney of the Cockneyest, to the writer, who had shown him the item above, "it is getting well on to fifty years since I saw something like that, and quite as funny, in a London theatre. The play was 'Richard,' and the Richard was Edmund Keen. The theatre was packed, and every one in it was under the spell of the actor's magic. The play was almost over—in fact they had come to the tenth scene in the fifth act, where Richard bids Ratcliff leave him, and everybody is preparing for the rising of the ghosts. Well, in the front row of the gallery I could see one admirer of the drama fairly wrought up by the player's passion and expectation, clenching the front of the gallery with his hand, and leaning away out over it, staring downwards, with his eyes protruding and his mouth opening. Right beneath him, in the pit, was another admirer of the drama and the actor, as intensely wrought upon by the mimic scene, who, with his mouth and eyes wide open, was staring upward as intently. And just at this instant, from the unheeding jaws of the man in the gallery, fell a tremendous quid. I traced its flight through the air, and—kerplap!—down it came flat in the eye of the man in the pit. He in the gallery started back, awakened from his trance, and his victim, awakened from his, jumped up, and, turning to the gallery, yelled, 'I'll give \$5 to any one who'll show me the son of a sea cook that dropped his tobacco-quid in my eye.' This incident and exclamation, as you may naturally imagine, coming right in the middle of the extreme tension to which the audience had been wrought up, had a tremendous effect, and every one in the house fairly shrieked and doubled up with laughter—even the actors on the stage could not control themselves—and the curtain had to come down. Finally, when every one's sides were sore, and the audience was too much exhausted to laugh any more, it was rung up again and the play proceeded perfunctorily but decorously till Richard, Ratcliff, and the others came on. Then there was a gurgling giggle heard in one or two quarters, choked off as by a desperate effort, till the precise passage was reached which, a little while before, the fatal quid had fallen, when, simultaneously, every soul present, remembering the exquisitely absurd incident, made one convulsive attempt to restrain himself, and burst out in a roaring guffaw. The fountains of the great deep of merriment were broken up, and people howled, hugged themselves, lay back in their seats, and grew apoplectic. Down came the curtain again, and when at last the audience was worn out, it was once more raised, and the play went on. This time all went nicely, the fatal line was passed, and there was not a snicker, when one staid old gentleman in a box, who had never smiled through the whole ordeal, but had sat in deep disgust, having been commencing with himself all this time, and having arrived at the conclusion that the conduct of the audience was shockingly ridiculous, soliloquized aloud in a still, small voice, distinctly audible in the hush, 'What a—d—d fools! This brought back instantly both the preceding scenes, plus the old gentleman's mental processes, and a scream went up to which the others were whiskered. The end of it was they had to leave the play unfinished and put on a farce. Yes," said the old gentleman, reflectively, "let a man get a quid of tobacco in the eye on any particularly solemn occasion and the result will be startling.—Tribune.

The Hindoo is capable of wonderful sacrifices. Stretching himself on the earth on his back, the devotee takes a handful of moist earth, and placing it on his upper lip, he plants in it some mustard seed and exposes himself to the stars of the night and heat of the day till the seed germinates. In this position the man must lie, in a fixed, motionless condition, without food or drink, till the vegetable process liberates him, which will be, generally, about the fourth day.

"I stand corrected," as the boy said who was too sore, after a thrashing, to sit down to dinner.

A LIVELY SOCIABLE.

CONTRIVERSY AND ROW ABOUT GOING HOME WITH THE GIRLS.

People who were present at a recent church sociable near Westfield, tell how it broke up in a free fight among the young men as to who should go home with certain girls. The minister was engaged in making the closing prayer in the parlor when his row commenced in the kitchen; but as the noise there increased, the parson, without opening his eyes, merely raised his voice a little and went on with his invocation.

The fight in the kitchen waxed hotter and more eloquently and earnestly prayed the dominion, not noticing in the babel of noise that nearly all his listeners had vacated the room. Over went the kitchen stove with a crash, and the sound of jingling dishes and orthodox words were wafted to the pious man's ears, but yet with fast-closed eyes he prayed on. One party had gained the victory in the kitchen, and with yells of triumph pursued the vanquished into the parlor, hurling at them the hastily scratched up remains of the supper table.

Just then the man of peace was about closing his prayer and had stretched forth his hands for the final amen, when a doughnut took him in the mouth and half a loaf of cake in the breast. Wildly the parson stared round as he rose from his knees, and, spitting from his lips the brown crust of the doughnut, in an instant stood surrounded by his female flock in the fleecy snow outside the house. The row at last quieted for lack of "new fighting material," but some of the young men are skipping church for a Sunday or two, being temporarily snow-blind.—Boston Globe.

BILL ARP'S WONDERFUL WEATHER.

My friend Desnoell says a man can stand any amount of cold if he'll fix himself up for it and brace his resolution up again. It is interesting to hear him tell about living away up in Maine some forty or fifty years ago, (I forget which he said) when he was a boy and how the house used to crack, crack all night, and shiver up, and one extraordinary spell it struck off the pillars, and the rooms got so small the furniture was all jammed up together—and how they sat up and eat all night, and went to prayer as the sun rose, which was all that saved em, and how a man's breath froze into icicles and stuck out sharp and straight a foot or two, and sometimes folks got hoarse from one another in the dark, and how one terrible night, when the mercury went out of sight and wouldn't register, a house got on fire and nobody dared to go to it, and next morning the house was gone but the flames were there striking up fifty feet high and frozen into red ice—and how they couldn't keep males in Maine, for their ears froze off so you couldn't tell em from horses, and when they brayed at 40 degrees below zero the bray turned into ice, shot and broke wind or glass worse than halibutones—and how, in the fall of the year, whiskey was poured into shallow pans to freeze, and then cut up the retailed all winter by the square inch, as cherrin-gum—and how one bitter day a likely lad got frozen through and through as he was going to school, and it took the doctors three days to thaw him, and they got him thawed all but his heart, and they couldn't reach that, and his frozen yet, and he couldn't refrain from calling his name, which is that same Jim Blaine, from the cold State of Maine, who is said to contain nary blood in his vein, and this serves to explain why he gets so insane at a little blood-stain on a rebel shirt.—Atlanta Constitution.

MODJESKA TELLS OF HER ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

From a Detroit News interview. "They say, mamma, that you have had quite a romantic career?" "My romantic! Why, I have lived one of the quietest lives in Poland. I think that there is nothing romantic about me but my marriage."

"Was there anything very romantic about that marriage?" "My husband belonged to one of the noblest families in Poland. My family is noble, too, but poor, and his people, when he did me the honor to fall in love with me, thought that he would make a messaline in marrying an actress. I was of this, and was proud as they. For two years I held out against him even, but at last his side bent, and I married him, and I have been happy ever since. We have had many sweet years together, mamma."

"How many might you term many, mamma?" "Ah! that is coming to the forbidden point of inquiring a lady's age, but I may tell you, between ourselves, long enough to bless with a son already nearly 17 years of age, who is now preparing for the Ecole Centrale in Paris, where he is to be educated. Have I driven away an illusion?"

"This was somewhat embarrassing, but the chronicle got over it by asking whether the son had any turn for the stage."

"No," replied mamma, "but he has a decided taste for music. He does not intend to become a musician, however, but to combine music with his other studies. I may say," she continued, "that my playing in America does not give pleasure to the Russian Government. I received a peremptory order a few days ago to return home under forfeit of 10,000 roubles. I shall pay the roubles, oblige."

A man was taken up lately for robbing his fellow lodger. He said he commenced by cheating the printer, and after that everything rascally came easy to him.

A NEVADA SHEEP DIES OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.

THE PET OF THE POLICE AND FIRE DEPARTMENT GONE.

"Billy," the black sheep, is dead. For the last eight years, says the Virginia (Nevada) Chronicle of the 13th, Billy has moved about Virginia, and has long been looked upon as one of the pioneers of the Camstock. He never had any enemies. The dogs would not molest him, and whenever he rubbed up against a man he was patted on the head and complimented on his appearance. When he was a little lamb he was given to a son of J. J. Cooper and bassine considered himself one of the family. He was a member of the police force, exempt fire brigade and wool growers' association. Whenever a policeman passed down C. street with a drunk in tow, Billy would follow in the rear and see the law-breaker safely housed. Whenever the fire-bell rang he would rush out and run with the machine. Officers Simpson and Hayton were great favorites of Billy, probably because they always carried plenty of tobacco or private flasks. Each year he turned over fifteen pounds of wool to Mr. Cooper. On New Year's day the boys got Billy off one side and clipped his wool. This proceeding made Cooper "scour," as they say, and ever since the sagacious sheep avoided the gang of wool-gatherers. Billy was—and we do not say it to cast a cloud upon his memory—a reckless incubate. He bummed drinks off everybody. Anything was well received by his throat from plain cider to champagne. He never turned his nose up at anything except Mound House whiskey and California white wine. When he was pretty drunk, however, he would not be so fastidious. The other night he was taking his rounds as usual, when some of the boys gave him nearly a quart of whiskey. He went reeling down towards the jail, intending, probably, to give himself up, and dropped near the corner of Sutton avenue and C. street. He was found there about midnight, half dead. The Examiners took him in charge, and several physicians were called. He died at 1 o'clock yesterday, and was buried with honors. The excopts and police attended. Kettle Bally Brown delivered a touching discourse, which brought tears to the eyes of Cooper, who seemed to be the heaviest mourner present. A monument is talked of.

MINISTERIAL SIMPLICITY.

[W. M. F. Round in Sunday Afternoon.]

Perhaps the worst and most mischievous of bobby-ridden ministers is he who makes a hobby of some real or fancied personal trait of his own. I know a minister, who was once complimented by some very soft and spoony young ladies—they were not so very young either—as his simplicity. From that time he cultivated simplicity in and out of the pulpit, and cultivated simplicity is very likely to degenerate into what on the outside looks very like imbecility. The truly simple minister is simple in the childishness that Christ commends. No child ever thinks of acting the part of a child. They are childlike because they think nothing about their being children. This man was simple because he was vain. He was the Reverend Cream Cheese churned into butter, he was so concentratedly simple. His conversation was prattle and his sermons as bubble. He was so lamb-like that he gambled away his diocese, and in his parishhood turned out what all lambs turn out if they escape the butcher. To this day he goes from parish to parish, leading out intellectual baby talk, not because he thinks the people will like baby-talk but because he is so simple. I once heard this man address some children—and he spoke about as follows: "I love the pretty little stars because they twinkle so. Do you know what makes the stars twinkle? I don't. Maybe we all shall know some day what makes the stars twinkle so. Would you like to know I should. Perhaps the good people who have died and gone to heaven know why the stars twinkle so. They must be very happy to know why the stars twinkle so. You must ask God to help you to be good children, and then you will surely day be with these good people, and will know why the pretty little stars twinkle so. You must think of this when you look at the stars. Do you know that pretty little star beginning 'Twinkle, twinkle!' etc. There was ever so much more, and the children looked sleepy and disgusted before my friend's fountain of simplicity had half run out.

HOW A WAGON WHEEL RUNS.

The Scientific American says: Proof that the top of a wagon wheel, when running along the ground, moves faster than the bottom, is given, by instantaneous photographs of a wagon in rapid motion. It is obvious says that writer, that an instantaneous photograph of a wheel, revolving upon its axle in the air, will show all parts of the wheel in equal distinctness. But if the wheel has a progressive motion, and any one portion has a greater motion than its corresponding part, above or below, there must be a liability to blurring in that of the picture.

These pictures are taken with so brief an exposure that the horse, though moving at a 224 p.m., is sharply outlined. The wheels of the driver's sulky, however, have a different tale to tell. The lower third of each wheel is sharp and distinct as if absolutely at rest. Not so with the top, that part of the wheel showing a perceptible movement during the two-thousandth part of a second of the exposure of the plate. The upper end of the spokes and the rim are blurred.