

# The Roanoke News.

VOL. VII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1879.

NO. 51.

SPACE	One M.	Thre M.	Six M.	One Y.
One Square,	3 00	8 00	14 00	30 00
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	20 00	40 00
Three Squares,	8 00	15 00	30 00	60 00
Four Squares,	12 00	20 00	40 00	80 00
Five Squares,	15 00	25 00	50 00	100 00
Half Column,	20 00	30 00	60 00	100 00
Whole Column,	30 00	40 00	80 00	150 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 the Supreme Court of the State. Jan 16 1y.

**D. E. I. 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 tr.

**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 8-1f

**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 f.

**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 18 f.

**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. Ang. 28-a

**W. H. DAY, W. W. HALL,**  
**DAY & 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 29 1/2

**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. Office in the Court House. July 4-1 Q.

**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. GRIFFITH,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HALIFAX, N. C.  
Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. Jan 21 c

**E. T. BRANCH,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WELDON, 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 all parts of the State. Jan 12 c

**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 c

**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 a

**JAMES M. 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 11 c

TEACH ME TO FORGET.

Why those tears upon thy cheek, love? Why turn from me, why seem cold? Closer my heart with one bright smile love. Smile on me sweetly as of old. Have I done aught to grieve thee, love? Have I caused you to regret That your smiles my heart did gladden? Then teach, oh teach me to forget.

Dry your eyes, cease your weeping. For your sadness gives me pain: With your arms about me twining, Smile on me with joy again. Bright and happy have been the moments That have vanished since we met; Had I caused you pain or sorrow, Then teach, oh teach me to forget.

HOW HE WON THE WIDOW

"Wife," said Ed. Wilbur one morning, as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand and holding a plum cake on his knee with the other, and looking across the table at his little wife; "wouldn't it be a good joke to get Bachelor Bill Smiley to take Widow Watson to Bursum's show next week."

"You can't do it, Ed.; he won't ask her; he's awful shy. Why, he came by here the other morning when I was hanging out clothes, and he looked over the fence and spoke, but when I shook out a night gown he blushed like a girl and went away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed.; "but I have to be just a little. But then, it wouldn't be much harm under such circumstances, for I know she likes him, and he don't dislike her, but, as you say, he's so shy. I'll just go over to his place to borrow some bags of him, and if I don't bag him before I come back, don't kiss me for a week to come, Nell."

So saying, Ed. started, and while he is mowing the fields, we will take a look at Bill Smiley.

second. His beautiful teeth had cost him so much, and the show coming on time to get another set—and the widow and Sockader.

Well, he must try and get them somehow, and no time to be lost for some one might come along and ask him what he was feeling around there, for he had no notion of spoiling his clothes by wading in with them on; and besides, if he did, he could not go to the widow's that night; so he took a look up and down the road to see that no one was in sight, and then addressed himself, laying his clothes in the buggy to keep them clean.

Then he ran around the back and waded into the almost icy water but his teeth didn't chatter in his head—he only wished they could. Quietly he waded along as not to stir up the mud, and when he got to the right spot he dropped under the water and came up with the teeth in his mouth. But hark! What noise is that? A wagon, and a dog barking with all his might, and his horse is starting.

"Whoa! Whoa! Stop you brute, you, stop!"

But stop he would not, but went off at a sparkling pace, with the unfortunate bachelor after him. Bill was certainly in a capital running costume, but though he strained every nerve he could not catch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground. After a while his plug hat shook off the seat, and the hind wheel went over it, making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and, after jumping his fist into it, struck it, all dusty and dimpled, on his head. And now he saw the widow's house on top of the hill, and what, oh, what will he do? Then his coat fell out and he slipped it on, and then making a desperate sport he clutched the back of the seat and scrambled in, and pulling the buggy's robe over his legs, stuffed the other things beneath. Now the horse happened to be one he got from "Spire Moore, and he got it from the widow, and the animal to which it fits his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else.

The widow heard the rattling of the wheels and looked out, and seeing that it was Smiley and that he didn't offer to get out, she went to see what he wanted, and there she stood chatting with her white arms on the top of the gate, and her face towards him, while the chills ran down his shivering back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had combined to make some nice little traces of mud that came trickling down his face.

She related him to come in. No, he was in a hurry. She did not offer to go. He did not ask her to pick up his reins for him, because he did not know what excuse to make for not doing so himself. Then he looked down the road behind him, and saw a white-face horse coming and at once surmised it was that of Gus Sockader. He resolved to do or die, and hurriedly told her his errand.

The widow would be delighted to go—of course she would. But, wouldn't he come in? No, he was in a hurry, he said; and would go to Green's place.

"Oh," said the widow, "you're going to Green's are you? Why, I'm going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quit to-morrow. Just wait a second while I get my bonnet and shawl, and I'll ride with you." And away she skipped.

"What a scrape," said Bill, and he hastily clutched his pants between his feet and scurried into them, when a light wagon drawn by the white-faced horse, driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other, and just as the widow reached the gate again, he said: "Here's your boots and socks Mr. Smiley, that you left on the bridge when you were swimming."

"You're mistaken," said Bill; "they are not mine."

"Why," said the boy, "what you the man that had the race after the horse just now?"

"No sir, I am not. You had better go on about your business."

Bill sighed at the loss of his Sunday boots, and turning to the widow, said: "Just pick up those lines, will you please? This brute of a horse is always switching them out of my hands."

The widow complied; he pulled one corner of the robe cautiously down as she got in.

"What a lovely evening," she said; "and so warm I don't think we want the robe over us, do we?"

You see she had on a nice new dress and a pair of new garters, and she wanted to show them.

"Oh my," said Bill, earnestly, "you'll find it chilly riding, and I wouldn't have you catch cold for the world."

She seemed pleased at this tender care for her health, and contented herself with sticking one of her feet out. As she did so a long silk necktie showed over the end of the boot.

"What is that, Mr. Smiley—a necktie?"

"Yes," said he; "I bought it the other day I must have left it in the buggy. Never mind it."

They went on quite a distance, he holds her hand in his, and wondering what he should do when they got to Green's; and she wondered why he did not say something nice to her as well as squeeze her hand, why his coat was but-

THE LATE HON. JOHN R. KILBY.

Sketches of the lives of men who deeply impress the age in which they live, are exceedingly valuable. They stimulate our hearts and lives, especially when it is made to appear that success has been attained in the midst of obstacles seemingly insurmountable.

The late Hon. Richardson Kilby, whose photograph appears above, was a man of mark. His name is a household word in thousands of families in Tidewater Virginia; and far beyond the limits of his native State, he was familiarly known as an honorable man and counselor, and as a model Christian gentleman.

Mr. Kilby was born in the county of Hanover, Virginia, on the 31st day of December, in the year, 1819, and departed this life in Suffolk, Va., December 10th, 1878.

He was born of honorable parentage; and he might have enjoyed the best educational advantages of his time, but for the early death of his father. His widowed mother having to assume the sole care of a number of small children, found it impossible to give to them more than a few sessions of tuition in what is called "an old field school."

At the age of fourteen, we find young Kilby beginning his business life, as an assistant to the Clerk of the Court of Nansemond county, Va. He spent a few years in this position, he became Deputy Sheriff of the county, the duties of which relation he also discharged with remarkable fidelity.

Thinking for the preparation necessary to obtain a license to practice law, he employed his time well while in the Clerk's office and while connected with the Sheriff's duty.

Entering the legal profession in 1845, he began a career, the success of which has excited the wonder and admiration of all who knew him. Almost alone and unaided, he explored the fields of legal lore, and became a workman who needed not be ashamed in the presence of any judge or jury. He knew the law; and few men surpassed him in the comprehensive presentation of his case in the least words. Indeed, such was the keenness of his apprehension, that whilst most men were marshaling their logic, his conclusions were reached almost by a glance.

No man of his day had a stronger hold upon the confidence of a jury than Mr. Kilby. His acknowledged ability as a lawyer, and his great influence over men, because of his unparagoned purity of character, gained him clients far and near, and made his profession very lucrative.

FUNERAL INCIDENT.

The editor of the New Orleans "Advocate" has this incident about the ravages of the yellow fever in that city, related to him by one of the Methodist pastors:—

"The pastor was called, a few days since, to attend the funeral of a young man. Before his sickness he was a stout, buoyant, manly youth. He was from the State of Maine, and had been here but a short time. He was attacked by yellow fever, and soon died with no mother or relatives to watch by his bedside, or to soothe him with that sympathy which none but those of our own 'dear kindred blood' can feel or manifest. He died among strangers and was buried by them. When the funeral service was over, and the strange friends who had ministered to him were about to finally close the coffin, an old lady, who stood by, stopped them and said, 'Let me kiss him for his mother.' We have yet to find the first man or woman to whose eye this simple recital has not brought tears."

THAT 'ERE DOG.

At noon yesterday there was a piece of bedcord, a dog and a man on Woodward avenue parlor of the City Hall. If the dog could have had his say about it he would probably have offered the man for sale at a low figure; but dogs in this country are dumb. It was the man who explained:—

"Yes, this ere dog is for sale. I kinder thought when I left home that I wouldn't take less'n \$10 for him, but I find on gittin' here that most everybody owns five or six dogs apiece, and so I 'spose I'll have to come down to six or seven dollars. I hate to do it, though. If the old woman wasn't wearing a horse blanket for a skirt and the children bare-footed, I wouldn't part with this dog even up for the biggest rhinoceros in Bursum's hunt collection."

"What mean traits about him?" inquired the citizen.

"Waal, he's stumpy replied the owner, "not any downright mean trick."

"Then why do you wish to sell him?"

"Waal, I can't lie, even to sell a dog and as bad as the old woman wants a new skirt. The fact is, we've kinder lost confidence in her. The fact is, we've kinder lost confidence in her. In fact, the old woman, in particular, it down on him."

"How was it?"

"I don't hear about the dog's heavin' what I say," replied the old man as he lowered his nose and drew off a little. "You see, he took the dumbest streak on you ever heard of. One day he left home and came back with a wallet in his mouth, he brought home a diamond earring. Next night he came home with a gold watch and chain, and on his next trip he brought home a thousand dollars in greenbacks. In the course of the past month this ere dog has brought home over ten hot pocket-books, seven gold watches, five diamond rings and six wolf-roles."

"Great Heaven! but is that so?" exclaimed the citizen, looking the dog over every inch.

"Yes, that is so and that's why we've lost confidence in him, and why I want to sell him. In fact, he don't come by these things honestly, and they are a burden on my conscience. The old woman has turned everything over to the Sheriff to be tested, and she says if we keep the dog we're siding and abetting robbery."

"I'll take the dog I shall simply keep him in the barn," observed the citizen.

"Just so. If you let him out he'll find a lost wallet, sure."

"I shall see that he remains locked up all day and night, my honest friend, and, by the way, let me compliment you on your rare display of conscience. You deserve the thanks of every honest man. Here are \$7 for your dog."

"Thank you," was the humble reply, and that meek and humble look didn't leave the man's face until the dog and his new owner had turned a corner. Then he didn't say anything. He merely gave vent to a chuckle which sounded like ice-break- ing off a mountain-top in a thawing day and coming down as a lot of scrap iron— Detroit Free Press.

ROANOKE AGRICULTURAL

WORKS,

WELDON, N. C.

JOHN M. FOOTE, Proprietor,

—THE—

RICHARDSON COTTON PLOW

A SPECIALTY.

MANUFACTURER OF, AND GENERAL AGENT

FOR,

ALL KINDS OF FARMING IM-

PLEMENTS,

STEAM ENGINES AND COTTON

UNITS STATES STANDARD

SCALES.

Everything in this line from a 1/2 TON Railroad Scale to the SMALLEST TEA Scale furnished at Surprising LOW Prices. A Platform Scale or STOCK Scale of FOUR TONS capacity for \$50.00 and Freight.

All kinds of

IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS

Furnished at SHORT NOTICE and at Petersburg or Norfolk PRICES.

I am prepared to do ANY KIND of Repair Work for

ENGINES, MILLS AND COTTON GINS.

As I have an Excellent MACHINIST and BOILER MAKER.

I keep constantly on hand of my own Manufacture a GOOD OFFICE

COAL AND WOOD STOVE.

Also a good assortment of HOLLOW WARE.

LUMBER furnished in any quantity at the LOWEST Market Rates.

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