

The Roanoke News.

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TO LIZZIE. 'Tis sweet to be remembered By a fond and loving friend, Knowing we are not forgotten, Till we reach life's journey's end; But how often have we longings For to be with the good and kind, Who have left such glowing footprints Deep in our hearts imbrued. How could I'er forget thee While the waters downward run, As the gleaming of the sun; Growing dimmer as I lose thee, Most thy thoughts forever dwell On the sorrow and the sadness Of that doleful vest farwell? Original. WOMAN BEWARE. BY BESSIE. A beautiful young girl, seated in her boudoir, seems lost in reverie, the birds fly to and fro past her window, pouring forth their joyous lays; Flora's redolence pervades the surrounding atmosphere. Her ruby lips part slightly, a heavenly smile plays around her beautiful mouth, then darts over her whole face, rendering still more beautiful each lovely feature, as it mingles its soft light with those mellow rays, which diverging from the golden chandelier of Helios, steal through the open window, and dance playfully over that pure brow. What awakened that smile, which do parting left its light behind? She! She opens an easel, and her tapering fingers play with a delicate billiard-ball, while she presses to her lips a beautiful spray of mignonette artificially bouquetted with ran and apple geranium leaves. All those eyelids droop and roll—a depth of tenderness. "Love's young dream!" we exclaim. Venus could look no happier, nor more beautiful, than does our fair dreamer, as she lovingly tucks flowers and notes upon the dressing table, which stands near, her head's music breaking forth into a joyous little trill, which we catch in unison with the carol of the birds, as she leaves the room. The curtains fall; and but to us, and to the golden haired cupid, is this light hearted maiden.—The curtains rise.— We start at glancing over the apartment, that disclosed to view, we recognize it as the room of a young girl, who is impatiently tapping the floor with her tiny feet. Her brow is contracted, and eye seems looking in those expressive eyes; her lips are compressed, and as she were afraid of betraying her heart's secret; she holds a letter, and as she glances at the mouth character, the expression is one of surprise, and endeavoring to decipher first the expression then that paper, a puzzled expression is diffused over her face. She turns her liquid eyes, unconsciously it seems, to the little desk, where lay a bunch of faded flowers and several delicately traced notes; immediately Venus begins to plead, through them, for her darling cupid, whom our dreamer is now crossing, even as the responsive wings of Psyche beat restlessly against the walls which enclose her own heart. She heeds them not. Listen, she is endeavoring to put a cessation to this tumultuous throbbing, she speaks:—"Happiness is the pursuit of all human, from the cradle to the grave. I am here, among thousands, in pursuit of the same. Riches bring happiness; I will have money, and thereby attain that which all mankind is striving for." The shadow of a smile was and weak steals over her face, and as she glances at the tiny bouquet, Venus speaks:—"But you love him; love brings happiness. 'Not when coupled with poverty,' she replies; Minerva, that sage goddess enters, and shaking her head mournfully, exclaiming:—"Woman, beware, your reasoning is false from beginning to end! Your major premise; Riches bring happiness, is erroneous, hence your conclusion must be false. She stamps her foot, waves Minerva to be gone, and replies:—"You learned that of some unsophisticated school girl, who would fain boast herself into realizing happiness in that faded, 'Love is a cottage'—nonsense! I'll have it!" Minerva, reluctant to leave this vain, self-deceiving brain, to its own reckless, mercenary motives, pauses and queries thus:—"Money is not misery proof, after all, even in your opinion, is it? Suppose that your beautiful nature has become so perverted that you can be happy with the muddled man, although there be no congeniality of heart, head or soul—for he is destitute of both in mind and cultivated intellect, purity and nobility. Suppose that your nature has become so unaccomplished, that you could be happy with this man and his money—riches can so suddenly take wings and depart—leaving you alone with the man, for whom, even now, you entertain feelings of contempt, but for whose wealth you have an avicious desire—and now—remember—'see brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can carry nothing out'—therefore you cannot entertain the foolish hope of this shadowy happiness in eternity. If you could be happy with a congenial spirit in poverty, can you be unhappy in it? Surely! I will be happy!" she cries. "I will have it if only for one hour." She sweeps her tiding flowers and white-swept messengers of love, from their cosy nest; and finally and affectionately, grasps the still, askew letter, which is to fill the vacuum this made. She is reading the pleading of her true womanly nature, searching principle and conscience to avowance. Her course is determined; all could not shake her resolution. The

VICTOR HUGO AT HOME. (From La Droite des Femmes for January, 1879.) Has it not happened to you more than once, after reading one of the numberless chefs d'œuvre of the Maître, The Legend of Centaur, The Terrible Year, Ninety-three, The Pope, etc., to concentrate your thoughts on the author of these immortal pages, and carried away, charmed by the vision, to represent to yourself as nearly as possible the poet's dwelling place and his private and laborious life? What would you not have given in these hours of enthusiasm and almost admiration to cross the threshold of his hospitable house, glance, in passing, at his study, raise the heavy curtain that separates the dining-room from the parlor, and find yourself suddenly, you, an obscure individual, in the presence of this august victor? Many have felt this desire, but it is not given to all the world to satisfy it. However unobtrusive may be the hospitality of the poet, it still has its limits. Victor Hugo, moreover, has his chosen ones, his profane, friends who have become his habitual guests at his quiet evening gatherings, and whom he invites from time to time to his table—a brilliant circle of poets, painters, romancers, political men and young and charming women, who are received with perfect grace by M. Deost, the devoted companion of his darker days. Among the privileged ones we have especially remembered a talented young writer, M. Gustave River, who, always attentive, not only listened, but sometimes even interpreted the poet.—Why did M. Gustave River interpret Victor Hugo? Why did he request the Maître the following day to retort in a pointed conversation of the night before? Why? Because our brother writer, became our friend, thought of those who could only admire Victor Hugo from a distance, i.e., the majority at large, and because he wished to acquaint the public with all the things seen and heard in the great poet's home. From this is taken the attractive book, published by M. River under the title which we give to this article, "Victor Hugo at Home." M. River, who knows the world's eager curiosity for all intimate details, commences by describing the principal rooms composing the dwelling place of Victor Hugo—the study, the dining-room and the little red parlor. He takes care not to forget the green velvet lounge in the corner at the right of the fireplace, on which each evening, after dinner, the poet comes to sit. These descriptions fit the thoughts; we need and wish them. Then he shows the author of Contemplations and Les Misérables, conversing familiarly with an old woman, his governess, telling anecdotes, listening to his tale, laughing, approving and discussing. What ridiculous fables have people not circulated concerning the majestic reserve with which visitors are received, on the "point" of the amygdalium "before whom all hearts are bowed." A man who had the honor of being a colleague of Victor Hugo at the Balcon assembly, and who is now a member of the Chambre de Deputés, said to me one evening, in that hoarse, monotonous tone of jealousy:—"When you enter the great man's house you drag yourself on your knees, don't you?" and he added, believing himself very witty:—"Do they address prayers to him?" "Victor Hugo has not your overbearing nature," I answered, "and that is one of the many qualities which make him superior to some upstarts." Let us listen to M. River: "He does not stand, as you have probably been told, before his fireplace in the attitude of a man who poses for posterity, or who speaks to a tribunal. He is there, dressed in his little day suit, without ceremony, familiar, laughing, conversing with all who comes to see him, as if they were his equals and his comrades. There never was a less solemn man. Suddenly the conversation is interrupted; Victor Hugo rises to salute a lady who enters the saloon; he kisses her hand gently, offers her a chair and continues the conversation. "At the close of the visits he offers his arm to the ladies, they return to the drawing-room, where a light lunch is served, and there the anecdotes, stories and discussions are continued. By this time it is midnight, nine half-past twelve; they take the master of the home recomments his guests to the bathroom, where he graciously recommends the ladies to wrap up well, and assists them in putting on their cloaks. There is your portrait!" Many times I have myself seen Victor Hugo suddenly quit the saloon filled with visitors to go off and converse a whole half hour with some unhappy woman of the people who came, confident, to intercede for a husband or a father in exile. One evening he came at the luncheon hour, Victor Hugo had her placed at the table; it was the wife of a condemned man who was on the point of starting for New Caledonia. Those who pretend that the great poet keeps at a distance the humble admirers of his powerful genius who penetrate to his home, have never crossed the threshold of his door. This is the truth. M. River recalls with striking exactitude some of the numerous short stories told by Victor Hugo, and which add to the charm of his stories, from which all etiquette is banished. I found, to my great delight, in the book

TOUCHED HER HEART. One morning a woman living on Napoleon street was seen on the walk in front of the gate, leaning on the snow, right and left, and she had only got fairly settled to work when a boy humped up and remarked:—"I'll clear off the walk for ten cents." "I guess I'm able to do it," she replied. "But see how it looks!" he continued. "Here you are, a perfect lady in looks and action, highly educated, and yet you grovel in the dust, as it were, to save the pitiful sum of ten cents." "You grovel along and mind your own business," she curtly replied, still digging away. "It's worth ten cents," he said, as he leaned against the fence, "but I'm a fellow with some sentiment in my bosom. Now we'll say five cents, or just enough to cover wear and tear of my bones. Give me the shovel and you go in, get on your seal skin sarquac and best jewelry, and while I work you stand out here and boss around, and talk as if you owned the biggest half of North America, while I had nothing and was in debt for that." She looked at him sharply, saw that he was in earnest, and when she passed over the shovel she put two nickels into his hand. He looked after her as she went in, and then sadly mused. HOW BOGGES RUN FOR OFFICE. Bogges was as respectable a man as ever lived. He was sober, honest and respected. He had never pouted his wife. Never took any interest in a dog fight. Had never been known to pawn somebody else's watch. And never had attempted to steal a saw-mill. Bogges' character was beyond reproach. He was a shining light in society. All Bogges' looked up and honored him. But a change came, a fearful, direful change. In an evil hour Bogges accepted the nomination for Constable of his native village. And poor Bogges! His eyes were soon opened however. In less than a week after he was nominated the opposition and fall and concussion established the following damaging charges against his character: 1. That he was a true lover and an infidel. 2. That he had fed his neighbors hens on poisoned corn. 3. That he had broken his mother-in-law's jaw with an iron boot jack. 4. That he had on one occasion gave a whole wagon load of green watermelons to an orphan asylum. 5. That he had served a term in the State prison for horse stealing. 6. That he had set fire to his next neighbors barn, merely because he refused to lend him a log. 7. That because he found a button off his shirt, he had his wife to the next post, and made in three of her ribs with a stove poker. 8. That his chief Sunday amusements were cock fighting and card playing. 9. That he had sold his vote every year, regularly to the highest bidder. 10. That he would fit for the place anyhow. These charges although without the slightest foundation, were religiously believed by a majority of the voters of Boggesville. And Bogges' political goose was cooked. His chances for being elected were not worth three cents on the dollar. When Bogges moved along the street, his neighbors looked at him with suspicion and crossed over on the other side. Bogges was a miserable being. The day of town meeting came at last, and Bogges' opponent scooped in the Constableship by a two-thirds vote. The said Bogges party swept their candidate into office on the third wave of popularity; and poor Bogges was left propped high upon the spike-mounted picket fence of despair. Bogges will never run for office again, not even for President. He says it is too great a strain on the character. If he ever regain the esteem of his neighbors by grubbing along in the old way, he intends to do it, and leave office seeking to people of east town reputation. Bogges is just coming to his senses. ONE DROP OF INK. "I don't see why you won't let me stay with Will Hunt," pouted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in a while swears just a little; but I have been brought up better than that. He would hurt me, and I should think you would trust me. Perhaps I can do him some good." "Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure, cold water, and put just one drop of ink into it." "Oh, mother, who would have thought one drop would blacken a glass!" "Yes, it has changed the color of the whole, but it isn't it a shame to do that? Just put one drop of clear water in, and restore its purity," said Mrs. Kirk. "Why, mother, you are laughing at me. One drop, or a dozen, or ten, won't do that." "No, my son; and, therefore, I can not allow one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your excellent training, many drops of which will make no impression on him."

THE SEA ISLANDS. Northwest on the face of the earth is there such a motley collection of islands as that which is among some the coast of the United States from Key West to Charleston. The archipelago of the Guinea Sea, or the Bahamas possibly includes a large number, but they are scattered over a large space. These Sea Islands are all flat, never over thirty feet high, and are composed of a sandy shilow, in some cases an others of a well formed coral, coral covered with coral, with others again, coral with formations. They are often divided from each other or from the adjoining mainland only by winding but deep creeks through which the tide flows. These channels are sometimes so narrow and overgrown with long, shining eel grass that one is hardly conscious that the land is separated distinct islands separated by the waters of the ocean. But although the formation would seem adapted to timber these islands are almost entirely bare, they are rarely met with any trees, for they are often overgrown in the most conspicuous manner by rank ferns, growths of palms, and ferns, with the daintiest weeds and a scrubby pine and the occasional patches and associations of the past have them with a wonderful poetic beauty, like the golden vapor which seems to weave over the rain and spray of a distant town.

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