

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VIII.

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

NO. 2.

SPACE	One M.	Two M.	Three M.	Four M.
One Square,	\$ 00	0 00	14 00	20 00
Two Squares,	1 00	10 00	20 00	30 00
Three Squares,	2 00	15 00	30 00	40 00
Four Squares,	3 00	20 00	40 00	50 00
Half Column,	20 00	80 00	80 00	80 00
Whole Column,	One Year,			75 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 19 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,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practices in the courts of the 6th Judicial District and in the Federal and Supreme Courts. May 11 17.

W. H. KITCHEN, W. A. 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 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, W. W. 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 20 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. Office in the Court House. 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. GRIFFIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. Jan 12-17

E. F. BRANCH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ENFIELD, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.
Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe and Wilson. 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, Warrenton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Martin—in the Supreme Court of the State and in the Federal Courts. Claims collected in any part of North Carolina. June 17-a

JAMES H. HUNTER, JOHN A. ROBERT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WELDON, 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. Collections made in any part of North Carolina. Jan 1-17

SOMETHING LOST.

There are gains for all our losses. There are balm for all our pains. But when youth, the dream departs, It takes something from our hearts, And it never comes again.

We are wiser, and are better. Under manhood's sterner reign, Still we feel that something sweet, Follows youth with flying feet, And will never come again.

Something beautiful has vanished, And we sigh for it in vain; We behold it every where, On the earth and in the air, But it never comes again.

SAVED BY STRATEGY.

"Stranged what can this mean? Is this a stupendous fraud, a trick, or what?" And Dr. Pomeroy stared almost vacantly at the closely written sheet he held in his hand. He read:—

"Dr. Pomeroy,—I will not apologize for the unparalleled service I am about to ask of you; suffice it to say that I have heard your history, heard of your struggles, and realize how hard a task it is for one so young in the profession and without friends in the great wilderness of houses called a city. Also, permit me to add, I have been informed of the cruel blow you received from the hand of one you loved, who was unworthy of you; and yet I am not acquainted with you, nor you with me. Indeed, we have never looked upon one another's face. Nevertheless, I am about to request you to do me a great favor. Will you come to South Street Church to-morrow at eight o'clock? Come privately, unattended, and never repeat that which takes place there. Will you give me, a stranger, a lawful claim to your name, and yet not seek to know whom you marry? If you will do so, I will make over to you fifty thousand dollars, payable to your order at the city bank, as soon as the ceremony is over. Trusting that the money will be a temptation to you, I shall anxiously await you at the appointed time."

That was all. There was no signature—nothing to give any clue to the writer's address or abode. Indeed, it was so terse and so unfeeling in its details that he was tempted to believe some of his male friends were playing a joke on him.

"I will not go—I will not be fooled!" he said to himself. He flung the missive down, then he picked it up, folding it carefully, and thrust it in his pocket.

He remembered that he had a patient to visit, and went out; but everywhere the contents of that strange letter were ringing in his ears. He then went to see his mother. She was suffering even more than usual, and a number of dueling bills had been left to his consideration—bills which he had not the most remote idea how he was to meet. He threw them down and buried his face in his hands.

"Poverty is a curse, mother," he groaned. "I do not know which way to turn."

She tried to cheer him but in vain. Everywhere he turned, hopeless chaos seemed to envelop him.

"Ah, if that letter were only real," he thought. "Fifty thousand dollars would make me rich."

And so he fretted and worried until the appointed hour came—so near moment vowing he would not go near the place, the next tempted to see the "farce" out.

Eight o'clock found him stealing in. He saw two ladies closely veiled, and a gentleman, standing in the upper part of the building, while the minister sat in a chair. There was but one gas jet lighted, and he could just distinguish the forms. As soon as he entered, the gentleman spoke to one of the ladies, and then she advanced to meet him.

"Are you Dr. Pomeroy?" she asked, in a low tone.

"I am."

"She led him to where the gentleman stood, and he extended his hand.

The three men separated; the gas was turned out; the curtain fell on the first act.

The next day Pomeroy tried to realize what he had done. He had sold his name to the unknown woman, but he thought that could not injure him.

"She must have been in deadly peril," he meditated, "to pay such an exorbitant price for a simple name."

He took an office further up town, and moved his mother to a nicer home. Patients came pouring in; a different class employed the rich Dr. Pomeroy than those who had employed the poor one.

Five years had passed away, and he had gained a reputation and added considerably to his bank account. He had been an indefatigable worker, and now he felt that he needed rest for a while.

"We will take a trip to Europe, mother," he said. "It will do you more good than you can imagine."

A great many gentle hearts felt a pang to see the "good doctor" leave, although their endeavors to catch him had been in vain. He felt no preference for any of the opposite sex. He had recovered from his disappointment, and he ceased to remember that he was a married man, or to think kindly of the unknown woman who had so radically changed his life.

They traveled leisurely through the tour they had marked out before they started, and one night found them in a French village. About the middle of the night the doctor was awakened by some one tapping at his door, and calling for him to come out.

He did so. He found the landlord, who told him in broken English, that one of his countrymen had just fallen down stairs in a fit, and seeing his name registered as an M. D., they called him up.

He went into an elegantly furnished room, where a man, some fifty years of age, was lying in a dying condition. A young lady sat near the bed fanning him. The doctor hastily examined the patient, and found that it was impossible for him to live; but the day passed, and still another, before he drew his last breath. He never recovered his consciousness.

The lady told Dr. Pomeroy that he was her father. His name was Eugene Sydenham, a native of England, and she would like to have him buried where he died. They were traveling for the benefit of his health, she went on to explain, and he was a widower. Her only remaining relative was a young sister, who was being educated in the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Paris.

After Mr. Sydenham was buried, Miss Sydenham went, under the care of the doctor and his mother, to Paris. She insisted upon their taking up their abode where she had apartments, and so not a day passed but she was with Mrs. Pomeroy. The old lady got warmly attached to her, and talked dolefully to her son about the time when they should be separated.

She told them confidentially not to wonder that she did not mourn for her father, for he had endeavored to wrong her so deeply that it was not love which held her to his side; and that in all her life she had never been so happy as now that she was free.

Dr. Pomeroy watched her. At first he was very gallant, but at last he began to be reversed and cold. A feeling he dared not cherish was growing in his heart, and it alarmed him.

"I dare not love her," he muttered to himself. "I am bound."

Then, for the first time, he felt how heavy were the fetters he had forged for himself. She noticed the change. She tried to beguile him to forget the grief that was evidently wearing on him; and at last, in a fit of desperation, he told her all.

"I am a married man!" he said, impatiently. "I love you; and I am not free to love!"

My mother was weakly, and she died a few years later, leaving all our father's property in that man's hands. He was our sole guardian, to hold our property under his control until we were married or became of age. He placed me in the Sacred Heart, and kept me there until I was sixteen, and then he took me out, and proposed to marry me to a friend of his. I rebelled. One night I heard a conversation between them, and found that he was selling me for twenty thousand dollars, that being the sum that was to be paid down to him out of my property, the moment Turner became my husband. I was shocked. I had no friends to go to, and was totally at a loss what to do. He did not allow me to go into society; I made no acquaintances, and instead of allowing me to stay in my mother's house, he kept me travelling around the country. At last I proposed to compromise. I told my step-father to take me to America, and when I returned I would marry his friend. He complied, and I got my maid to gossip with one of the servants in the hotel, and by chance she told her your history, as her sister worked for your mother. Just before I started for England an uncle of my mother's left me fifty thousand dollars in my own right, which my step-father could not touch. I had it transferred to New York, and determined to save myself with it. Hearing of you, I adapted the plan of getting you to marry me. When we returned to England, my step-father commanded me to fulfil my promise. I showed him my marriage certificate. He swore, but he saw his case was lost; I had outwitted him. I did not leave him, to protect my sister Ada from a similar fate. I never expected to meet you. I intended to have you sue me for a divorce as soon as he should die, and it would not endanger my safety."

"But this intention will never be carried into effect," Dr. Pomeroy exclaimed. "You will be mine forever, Ellen?"

"Yours forever!" she answered.

And when they went to see his mother, there were no three happier people to be found in the whole world. Years have passed since then, and Ada finds a home with her sister, who never regrets that she was saved from a fate worse than death, by strategy.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

Muscle, oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fails before the spell!
Why should I feel as I do now,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

Friendship's bloom may fade,
Love's are not more false than they;
Oh! if my only Muse's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray.—
Thomas Moore.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust thou returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heard within and God's voice,
Let us then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.—
Longfellow.

Weak and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
When with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rears away.

Some foe to his upright intent,
Finds out his weaker part,
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

"There the folly of the wise,
Through all his heart we view;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.—
Cowper.

A quiet mind, like other blessings,
Is more easily lost than gained.—
Aunt.

Every lot is happy to a person who bears it with tranquility.—
Luther.

Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural, and moral that it is by all means to be avoided. Let it be your first care then, not to be in any man's debt. Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult. Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others that wastes help himself; we must have enough before we can have to spare.—
Dr. Johnson.

"Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. Kind words make people good-natured. They do not cost much, yet they accomplish much."

Science is a good piece of furniture for a man to have in an upper chamber, provided he has common sense on the ground floor.—
Dr. Holmes.

Take well what'er shall chance, though bad it be,
Take it for good, and 'twill be good to thee.—
Thomas Randolph.

A CASE STORY.

I knew by the sympathetic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry end of the old free liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden time. And so I prepared to leave, because all these were symptoms of reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another of his tiresome personal experiences, but I was too slow; he got the start of me. As nearly as I can recollect, the fiction was concocted in the following language:

"We were all boys then, and didn't care for nothing, and didn't have any trouble, and didn't care about nothing only to shirk school, and keep up a revivin' state of devilmint all the time. This yab Jim Wolf I was talkin' about was the 'prentice, and he was the best fergivin' and onselfish I ever see—well, there could not be a more bullier boy than he was, take him how you would, and sorry enough was I when I see him for the last time."

Me and Harry was always pestering him, and plastering horsebills on his back, and putting bumble-bees in his bed, and so on, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him, notwithstanding his growling, and then we'd let on to get mad and fight across him so as to keep him stirred up long. He was nineteen, he was, and long, lank bashful, and we was fifteen and sixteen, and tolerable lazy and worthless."

So that night, you know, that my sister Mary gave a candy pullin', they started us to bed early, so as the company would have full swing, and we ran in on Jim to have some fun.

Our wander lookt into the roof of an ell, and about ten o'clock a couple of old Tom cats got to rarin' around it, and carryin' on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was frozen so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shinin' bright, and we could see them cats like daylight. First they would stand off and e-ow, yow, yow, just the same as if they was a cussin', one another, you know, and how up their backs and bush up their tails, and swell around and spit, and all of a sudden the gray cat he'd snatch a handful of fur out of the yaller cat's ham, and spin around him like the button on the barn door. But the yaller cat was always game, and he'd come and cluck and the way they'd gouge, and bite, and yowl, and the way they'd make the fur fly was powerful."

Well, Jim got disgusted with the row, and loved he'd climb out there and shake him of a that roof. He had reely no notion of doin' it likely, but we everlastingly dugged him and bully-ragged him, and loved he'd always brogged how he would not take a dare, and so on bimbeby he highbated up the winder, and in a behold you, he went—went exactly as he was, nothin' on but a shirt and that was short. But you ought to see him. You ought to see him creepin' over that ice, and diggin' his toe nails and finger nails in to keep from slippin' 'n' above all, you ought to see that shirt tail a flappin' in the wind, and them long ridiculous shanks of his a glisterin' in the moon-light."

Them company folks was down there under the eaves, the whole squad of them under the orery shed of old Washin'ton Bower's vines—all sittin' round about two dozen sassers of hot candy, which they'd set in the snow to cool. And they was a laughin' and talkin' lively, but bless you they didn't know nothin' about the panorama that was goin' on over their heads. Well, Jim he went a sneakin' right up nabbe known to them cats; they was a switchin' their tails and yow-wowin' and threatenin' to cluck, you know, and not payin' any attention, he went a sneakin' right up to the comb of the roof, till he was in a foot and a half of them, and then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yaller cat! But by gosh he missed five and slipped his holt, and his heels flew off and he flapped on his back, and shot off 'n' flapped like a dart; went a slashin' and crackin' down through them old rusty vines, and landed right in the dead centre of them company people—set down like a earthquake in them two dozen sassers of red hot candy, and let off a howl that was hark 'n' the tomb! Them gals—well, they looked, you know. They see he wasn't quite dressed for company, and so they left. All done in a second; it was just one little war whoop, and a whish! of their dresses, and blame the wench of 'em was in sight anywhere."

Jim, he was a sight. He was gorned with that billin' but molasses candy cleas down to his heels, and had more busted sassers hangin' to him than if he was a Injan princess—and he come a prancin' up stairs just a whoopin' 'n' cussin', and every jump he gave shed some chins, and every squirm that he fetched he dropped some candy."

And blistered! Why, bless your soul, that poor cretur couldn't reely set down comfortable for as much as four weeks."

San Francisco News Letter: "My darling," says Mr. Salskrake, who has been notoriously duck-shooting at San Mateo all the day and night previous, "did the office boy bring you these ducks I shot? I told him, 'No, sir, he did not,' replied Mrs. S., in an icy and appalling manner, 'but the butcher's boy has been here to say that, as he can not fill your order for wild duck to-day, he sends you a half-dozen tame ones instead.' Tabasco."

It is said Henry VIII never popped the question. He married his wives first and asked them afterwards.

A WIFE WHO IS SELDOM AT HOME.

When the peddler rang Mr. Bird's door-bell, the other day, Mr. Bird himself opened the door. Mr. Bird had the baby upon his arm, and there were four other children at his heels.

"Is the lady of the house in?" asked the peddler.

"Certainly she isn't!" replied Mr. Bird. "She is out. She is perpetually and eternally out!"

"Where can I see her?"

"Why go down to the Woman Suffrage club rooms, and if she is not there, go to the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and if she has left there, visit the hall of the Assoc'n for alleviating the miseries of the Senegambians, and if she has finished up there look for her at the Church Aid Society, or at the 9th Ward soup house, or at the home of the one-legged, or at the refuge for infirm dogs, or at the hospital for the asthmatic, or the St. Polycarp orphan asylum, or at some of these places. If you get on her trail you'll see more paupers, and straggled women, and under-clothing for the heathen than you ever saw in the whole course of your life."

"I wanted to sell her a cool-handle flat iron, just out. Do you think she will buy one?"

"She will if you can prove that the naked cannibals in Senegambia are yearning for cool handle flat-irons. She would buy diamond breast pins for the niggers if they wanted them, I believe."

"I intend also to offer her a new kind of immovable knit pin, which—"

"All right! You just go down to the home of the one-legged, and persuade those cripples to cry for immovable hair-pins, and she'll order 'em by the ton."

"Has she any children?"

"Well, I'm the one that appears to have 'em just now, anyhow."

"Because I have a gum top for a feeding bottle; this is the nicest thing you ever saw."

"Now," said Mr. Bird, "I'll tell you what to do. You get those puppers to swear they can't eat the soup they get at the soup house with spoons, but they must have it from a bottle with a rubber nozzle, and Mrs. Bird will keep you so busy supplying the demand that you won't have a chance to sleep. You just try it. Buy up the patent 'Bible' gum!"

"How'd I know her if I see her?"

"Why, she's a large woman with a best nose, and she talks all the time. You'll hear her talking as soon as you get within a mile of her. She'll asked you to subscribe to the Senegambian fund, and to the Asthmatic asylum before you can get your breath. Probably she'll read you four or five letters from returned cannibals. But don't you mind 'em, My opinion is she wrote 'em herself."

"Shall I tell her you told me to call upon her?"

"It don't make any difference. But you might mention that since she last home the baby has had four fits, Johnny has fallen out of the pear tree and cracked his skull, Mary and Jim both have something like croup, and Tommy has been bitten by Jones' dog. It won't excite her; she won't care a cent; but I'd like her to have the latest news. Tell her she can manage to drop in here for a minute between now and the Fourth of July, she might maybe wash the baby and give the other children a chance to remember how she looks. But she needn't come if it will interfere with the happiness of the one-legged mendicants or make her asthmatic miserable. Mind and mention it to her now, will you?"

"I will."

"All right then. I'll go in and put some fresh sticking plaster on Johnny's skull."

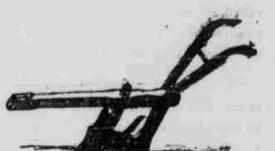
And with the baby singing a vociferous solo, and the other children clinging to his legs, Mr. Bird retreated and shut the door. The peddler had determined to propose to a girl that night. He changed his mind, and resolved to remain a bachelor.—
Max Adler.

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