

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1879.

NO. 10.

SPACE	One M.	Three M.	Six M.	One Y.
One Square,	3 00	8 00	14 00	28 00
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	20 00	38 00
Three Squares,	6 00	15 00	30 00	48 00
Four Squares,	10 00	18 00	36 00	58 00
Fourth Column,	15 00	20 00	40 00	68 00
Half Column,	20 00	30 00	50 00	78 00
Whole Column,	One Year,			78

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

EDWARD T. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
mr. 20ly.

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 15 1y.

W. H. HALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.
may 11f.

JOS. B. BATCHELOR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RALEIGH, N. C.
Practices in the courts of the 8th Judicial District and in the Federal and Supreme Courts. May 11 1y.

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 8-11f.

THOMAS N. HILL,
Attorney at Law,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties and in the Supreme and Federal Courts. Will be at Scotland Neck, once every fortnight. Aug. 28-a

W. H. DAY,
ATTORNEY 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. June 20 1 1/2

J. M. FRIEZARD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. Jan 12-1c

D. E. L. HUNTER,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Can be found at his office in Euclid. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extracting of Teeth always on hand. June 22 1/2

E. T. BRANCH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SPRINGFIELD, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.
Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe and Wilson. Collections made in all parts of the State. Jan 12-6 1/2

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

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

JAMES E. O'HARA,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SPRINGFIELD, N. C.
Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Edgecombe and Nash. In the Supreme Court of the State and in the Federal Courts. Will attend at the Court House in Halifax on Monday and Friday of each week. Jan 12-1c

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

JAMES H. HUBBEN, **JOHN A. MOORE,**
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 1/2 c

OLD LETTERS.
I cannot burn your letters yet, though out so long I've tried, I cannot bear to lose them now, with all my hope beside; As treasures I have kept them safe, And read them over again, Until in fancy I can feel Their loss with all its pain. My feelings now are just the same As when I wrote to you, And in return received the words To show I will prove true, And how can I forget to look In future hope to see Another message kinder still, Bright promise unto me? Then I will cling to those I hold 'Till others come in place; Or, what would be the far dearer still, To look upon thy face; And hear thee say, "Forgotten all, We meet again in peace;" 'Till all thy doubts and sorrows fly Kind words shall never cease."

add notions of doing good, and reforming society, and all that. Ralph had got over it. All men do, she thought. But he is a very different man from what he was in those days. He was rather giving to sneering at things that trying to change them. She doubted if he were changed for the better; he was more like herself. He had "done" society, and knew all about it. He seemed to have forgotten his Quixotic notions about "reform," unless he expected to make a reform in politics. Margaret wondered if her refusal had had anything to do with damping the glowing enthusiasm he had brought back from college. Some of it must yet remain with him, for he was a hard worker in his profession. Her rejection had not made him her enemy. She was glad of that; for when he would consent to be serious, and not chaff her over her conquests, and hail her as Queen Margaret, he was the most interesting man she knew. He was well read, and had helped to cultivate her taste in many ways. He seemed to value her opinions, too. He told her once that when she grew tired of ruling puppets, she might, with her pen, instead of her fan, for a sceptre, rule man and woman. Sitting thus, she did not notice that the object of her thoughts stood before her, until his shadow fell upon her face. She looked up startled, and for a moment flushed with confusion. "Hail to Queen!" was his salutation. "Was ever queen before who made subjects but to turn them admiring?" His tone and manner grated harshly on her present feelings, and she made no answer.

WAYSIDE THOUGHTS.
He who "puts the best foot forward" in life is sure to leave marks behind; that others will be proud to follow; his "footprints in the sands of time" will be always recognized and respected. Some people are ever ready to quarrel "on the tenth part of a hair," and it is a matter of very little importance to them whether the hair is from a camel or a rat, so it gives them an opportunity to quarrel. We often overlook many real golden grains in life's pathway because of our extreme haste to grasp some distant bauble that recedes with every advancing step we take. Every self-sacrificing action of ours in life only places another rebus of affliction in the garden soil of the heart, to develop and bloom into a flower whose fragrance and beauty will in turn awaken pure and holy sensations in other hearts around us. As the fruit in the natural world does not develop in a moment, but must pass through the various stages necessary to its complete development, so great ideas do not develop suddenly, neither are they suddenly grasped by others; time only renders them acceptable to the masses. What, fifty years ago, would bring seizure and perhaps exclusion from the church, to-day is accepted as a very truth. We develop our own hearts, best for God when we shed love's rays upon other hearts, and they in turn will act upon ours; just as the flowers need the air and the air need the flowers. Then everything moves and develops harmoniously. There is a great portion of this life that is so lived that it is about as substantial as the spray which rises above Niagara; it presides over a good deal of noise and bustle, but in point of substance and durability it is very shadowy—vaporary. What is more beautiful than the sweet, loving smiles of a dear child? They are the apple blossoms of our lives, the golden grains that descend in the quiet bed of life's turbulent stream, which we may see when those smiles say "Peace be still" to the troubled waters. Geo. S. G., M. D.

HOW TO SMOKE A PIPF.
To those who are attached to the pipe it may be a matter of interest to know how their last puff or draught of smoke may be as fresh as the first. It is well known, that smoking in the usual manner, the last portion of the tobacco becomes damp from the heated presence of oil or nicotine drawn from the heated tobacco above which causes a sickening and nauseating effect bitter to the taste, and unpleasant and unhealthy as compared with the first half of a well filled pipe. A contemporary has found the following to be effectual in giving a good, fresh smoke from first to last. Place a small quantity of tobacco in the bottom of the bowl, light it, and when well afire, fill the pipe, and before each draught, give a light pull outward through the stem, which causes the tobacco to burn upward, all below being consumed. This is a sensible way of smoking the time honored pipe.

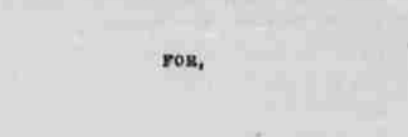
THE ROCK BESIDE THE SEA.
"Come, now, sweet cousin, confess that there is some one of whom you think a great deal."
"Why, Carl, why should I not tell you? If I thought very much of anyone you don't suppose you would be in ignorance very long, do you?"
The above conversation took place between Carl Henderson and his cousin, Joyce Martin. They were sitting on a large flat rock just by the edge of the water, and were looking out over the ocean. These cousins resemble each other a great deal; they both had Auburn hair and dark blue eyes, finely cut lips and broad white brows. Joyce was an orphan, and was living with her uncle, John Henderson, who was a widower with two children, Carl and Maud, who were as different in disposition as it was possible for two people to be. Carl was loved by every one, and gained friends wherever he went. Maud was haughty and overbearing, and every one was afraid of her. Joyce had been there two years, and had not known many hours spent in Maud's company. Carl was her favorite, and they had passed many pleasant days together in the place where we find them now. Carl had been gazing steadily seaward for a long time, when he suddenly sprang up, and exclaimed,—"There is to be a storm to-night, Joy."

ROANOKE AGRICULTURAL WORKS,
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JOHN M. FOOTE, Proprietor.

RICHARDSON COTTON FLOW

THE BRIGHTEST SIDE OF HUMANITY.

There are good men everywhere. There are men who are good for goodness' sake. In obscurity, in retirement, beneath the shadow of ten thousand dwellings, scarcely known to the world, and never asking to be known, there are good men; in adversity, in poverty, amid temptations, amid all the severity of earthly trials, there are good men whose lives shed brightness upon the dark clouds that surround them. Be it true, if we must admit the sad truth, that many are wrong, and perish in being wrong; that many are false to every holy trust, and faithless to every holy obligation; that many are coldly selfish, and meanly sensual—yes, cold and dead to every thing that is not wrapped up in the veil of fleshy appetites. Be it so, but we thank Him it is not all that we are obliged to believe. No; there are true hearts amid the throng of the false and the faithless. There are warm and generous hearts, which the cold atmosphere of surrounding selfishness never chills; and eyes, unused to weep for personal sorrow, which often overflow with sympathy for the sorrows of others. Yes, there are good men and true men; we thank them for what they are. Our Lord from on high hath blessed them, and he giveth his angels charge to keep them; and nowhere in the holy records are there words more precious or strong than those in which it is written that he loveth his righteous ones. Such men are there. Let not their precious virtues be distrusted.



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UNDER THE APPLE TREE.
Slightly bent forward, her hand clasped in her lap, and her back lying unobscured on the bench beside her, Margaret Woodford sat thinking. An easier attitude would have comported with the earnestness of her thoughts. She did not even notice that the rays of the afternoon sun had gone beneath the outstretched limbs of the apple tree, and were full upon her. She had come out to the orchard to read the story of the life of those born in the author's brain, and had come instead upon a new scene in the real drama of her own life. It was certainly through no fault of her that Alfred Carson had there sought her out and poured into her unwilling ears the passionate story of his love, and begged her for ever so little in return. She had checked him again and again; told him that she had no love to give; that she feared the capacity for love had died within her; been flattered away in a miserable round of flatterments of fashionable society. Of course she said she felt honored by the love of so good and true a man; would value his friends' if, if she might still have it; but, for his love, she could offer no turn. "Do you love another?" he had eagerly asked. "No," she said, hesitatingly, and then more decidedly, "no; I have many friends whom I love and honor as friends, but there is no one to whom I could give that love which would make us both content."

It was night, and, sure enough, the ship had struck on the very rock where Joyce and Carl had been sitting. All of the crew and passengers had been saved, but the noble ship was lost. The hotel was full, and they were going to bring one man to Mr. Henderson's house. So Carl said, as he came riding on in advance. Maud raised a perfect hurricane of exclamations, but it did no good, for the sufferer was at the door, and when he was brought in, Joy saw his pale face, and silently thanked God that she could help him. Summer and winter were past, and the noble, dark-haired, dark-eyed voyager had been gone from Mr. Henderson's month. He had taken away more than he brought, for he had now Joyce's heart, and also her promise that on his return she would be, as he said, the Joy and pride of his life. In one short summer Joy had left girlhood, and stepped upon the threshold of womanhood. She had given her hand some lover all her heart; she was bright, sparkling and happy, as was her nature, and when Carl teased her about her devotion to a man she had known so short a time, she would blush and say, lovingly, "I can trust him, Carl, and I am happy." But it did not need the letters upon which Joy had depended so much during Guy Waters' absence suddenly stepped, and Joy began to grow pale and weary, looking. But she always excused herself by saying that possibly he had started on a journey and could not write. Every day she would sit on the rock beside the seashore, and sadly muse of her absent lover. One day she was sitting there, feeling unusually sad, and by-and-by commenced repeating softly to herself:—"Come back, my ocean rover, come! There's just one place for me—Till I can greet thy sweet safe home—My love rock by the sea."

REMEDY FOR TROUBLE.
Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard; pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake and think about them. You want sleep—calm, sound sleep and eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work, and go lazing all day to tell Tom, Dick and Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake, and keep your wife awake by your tossing, spoil your temper and your breakfast next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day. There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that never can be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, you are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficiency since first Adam and Eve left behind them, with weeping, their beautiful Eden. It is an efficient remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly as well leaving no disagreeable sequel, and we assure you that we have taken a large quantity of it with most beneficial result. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the materia medica, and comes nearer to being a "cure all" than any drug or compound of drug in the market. And it will not sicken you if you do not take it sugar-coated.

SAVE MAMMA!
Captain Roscoe Burke, of the steamer Henry Clay, plying between Cincinnati and the Wabash, related to me the following, which I deem worthy of preservation in print: Down on the Mississippi, near St. Louis, one of the boilers exploded or collapsed, in backing away from a wood wharf, and the steamer was sinking. Many of the passengers had leaped on board, some with life preservers, and some without. Among the latter, who had been swept over by the wildly-rushing mass of humanity, was a boy of twelve years old and his mother. A man upon the stern of the boat attempted to throw him a rope. "No, no!" cried the little hero, pointing to a woman who was struggling resolutely close by his side, "save my mamma, and let me go! I can swim, and she cannot." Both were saved, and we can readily believe that boy was a hero in all eyes while he remained on board.

Then came youth's eager and eloquent plea for hope—hope that some day the devoted love he offered might find a return. "No," she said, firmly, and Alfred felt that the answer was final, and with a choking in his throat he turned and went slowly down the hill. And Margaret sat thinking. Now that the had spoken the irrevocable word, she queried of herself why she need have given it. Why not have said "yes" as well? Alfred Carson loved her. He offered her a homage no woman could receive unmoved. He was good and kind; had wealth and social position. He could have kept her in the circle in which she had always moved, and give her the luxuries custom had made necessities. Why not have accepted him? Simply because she could not love him, and instinctively revolted from the idea of spending her whole life with him. She hated him. But she did not fear that the way and she had inflicted was beyond cure. She had lived too long in the world and society for that. She had sent other lovers away just as broken-hearted as he, and had afterwards congratulated them as happy bridegrooms, while they stood beside their brides, and wondered in their hearts how they could ever have cold, heartless Margaret Woodford. Yet such scenes were painful. She was not a coquette—simply a belle. Society expected of her that she would smile, and she smiled; that she should be charming, and it was easy to obey; that she should resplendent, adding earth to beauty, and wit to mirth, and enjoyed her power. If some were dizzied, and would fain come nearer, she made them feel that her brightness was that of winter sunshine, light without warmth, and they went away with heavy hearts, but soon comforted themselves with the thought that they had been dazzled with an icicle. She knew better, but was not weak enough to break a delusion that gave them comfort. This interview had stirred her deeply, and annoyed her just a little. She had intended to make this country visit a season of quiet and rest. Why should Alfred Carson have remembered an old invitation of her aunt's and followed her? She did not mind Ralph Wentworth's coming. He knew the value of rest, and would bother her with no romance. Besides, he had a right there. He was like a son in her Aunt Wentworth's house, being her dead husband's favorite nephew. Ralph was a pleasant subject for thought than the painful interview she had just passed, so she let herself think of him. She remembered when he, too, was full of romance, full of bright hopes and plans for a brilliant future. He, too, had bowed before her charms, and received the same answer Alfred Carson had just got. That was when Margaret was in the very flood of her second year in society, and keenly alive to the joys of her triumphant reign. No, indeed, she had thought, she would not settle down to a quiet, hum-drum life with Ralph Wentworth, and help him carry out his

eyes. He trembled beneath the power of the mighty feeling that surged back again into his heart, and cried:—"Oh, Margaret! Margaret! were I again to offer you my love, would you again refuse?" "Would it be the same love, Ralph?" she asked with an eager look in her eyes.

THE WISE AND PRUDENT CONQUER DIFFICULTIES BY DARING TO ATTEMPT THEM.

Kingsley says: "If you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose."

DON'T LEARN A TRADE.
No, don't learn a trade, young man. You might soil your hands, with your shirt collar and spoil your complexion sweating. Go hang your chin over a counter; learn to talk twaddle to the ladies; put your hair in the middle; make an ass of yourself generally, and work for wages that wouldn't support a Chinese laundry man on rice-fed rats, and leave big enough balance to pay his washwoman—just because it is a little more gotten in the eyes of people whose pride prevents them from pouncing on a rascal having around, and whose poverty pleases more than one of those patent-crawled-up booties, plus, if the truth were only told.