

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1879.

NO. 11.

THE ROANOKE NEWS
ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One M.	Two M.	Three 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,	10 00	20 00	40 00	80 00
Fourth Col'n,	15 00	30 00	60 00	100 00
Half Column,	20 00	40 00	80 00	150 00
Whole Column,	30 00	60 00	120 00	200 00

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LONG AGO.

When beneath you aged pine,
Lone lost at even time,
There by contemplation led,
There to dream of pleasures fled,
Come the voices soft and low,
Of the loved of long ago.

When the vernal breeze sing
And the song-birds tell of spring
Among the summer's gentle flowers
In the autumn's pensive hours,
Come the vespers sweet and low,
Of the loved of long ago.

When alone from mosses gray,
Fancy takes her airy way,
Backward through the mist of time,
Circling round you resting pine,
Come the spirits sad and low,
Of the loved of long ago.

THE SILVER LINING.

After many days of weary waiting, in which her poor heart had grown sick from "hope deferred," and the circles had deepened around the sweet eyes, and the clear little mouth was drawn down in a piteous way such as sorrow alone can make us wear, Lucy Gwin entered Miss Truesdale's room, with the long expected letter in her hand, one morning, and said—

"At last, dear Miss Prudence, the tide of my ill fortune has turned, and friendly words once more extends her hand to me; for Farmer Seaton has sent for me, and to-morrow I am going to leave city life, and as many vexations as I can behind me, and assume the role of teacher in the country school at Elmwood."

Lucy Gwin was an orphan, a delicate, womanly girl of twenty, thrown upon her own resources. She had been tenderly reared, but her father, Horace Gwin, no unimportant personage, had, like a great many who are not contented with the goods the gods have given, speculated unwisely and lost, and when all was gone, and he saw the dreariness which his actions had brought into his only child's life, his heart broke, and Lucy was left in the wide world utterly alone. From a lawyer who had been her father's friend, she received enough writing to support her for nearly a year. About that time she went to board with Mr. Prudence, and being so utterly friendless, the kind, tender-hearted old maid felt for her. At first Lucy kept strangely distant to all, yet Miss Prudence's kindness had its reward, for she grew to love her very dearly.

When Lucy told Miss Prudence she was going from her, that good soul felt a pang of sorrow—sorrow that she was too poor to keep her with her, and sorrow for the loneliness which she felt a city-bred girl would experience in the country, with companions so unlike herself. Yet there was no help for it, for the legal friend's nephew stepped in to deprive Lucy of her only maintenance, and for days and days she had sought all through the city for employment, and failing to find any, she, in answer to an advertisement, and by Miss Prudence's advice, wrote to Farmer Seaton.

Lucy's few preparations were soon completed, and on the morning her trunk was placed in the baggage wagon, and she stood in the hall with her satchel in her hand, equipped for her journey. With a little choking sob she bade Miss Prudence good-by; the kind-hearted lady kissed her and cried over her, and was almost tempted at the last moment to make Lucy forego her journey and live with her, despite her inability to share her home with another. Lucy dried her tears and somewhat reassured her, by her brightly saying—

"Never mind, I am going to be as happy as I can, away from you; in the performance of my new duties; so that when you see me again I will be a regular country girl, with bright eyes and rosy cheeks."

Elmwood was quite a distance from the city, so after a journey of two days Lucy found herself at the station looking for Farmer Seaton who was to meet her. After a little anxious waiting she saw a red wagon, pulled by two steady gray-horses, loom up in the distance, and Farmer Seaton was the driver. Perceiving her peering anxiously at him, he addressed her.

"Do you the new school marm whom I'm looking for?"

She told him she was, and he assisted her to a seat beside him, and placing her trunk in the wagon turned the horse homeward.

The drive from the station to the farm was a long one, and gave Lucy a good opportunity to see the country, which was to be her home, and to judge a little of kind old Farmer Seaton's character. As he casually looked at the sweet, pale face beside him, his honest heart was stirred with pity, and he said to himself—

"The children shan't none of 'em fret her at school, and Jane and I will soon have her as bouncing as our Nancy."

In his kindly way he pointed out all the beauties of a country residence to her—which were many; for as they drove, waving wheat fields, fine orchards, deep, cool woods and gurgling streams, were presented in a moving panorama to them. The air was so pure, the scenery all around so lovely, that poor Lucy was beginning to feel glad that she had made this pleasant exchange. The long rays of a July sun were just falling aslant the long, old-fashioned porch, the lowing of the cattle, the silvery tinkle of the bell on the hammering sheep were heard, as Farmer Seaton pulled up at the gate.

"Here she is, Jane—the young school marm; come and make her welcome," while he was uttering the words, a

motherly woman, with ever such an honest, cheerful face, and in every way worthy to be the good farmer's wife, came hurrying down the flower-bordered path to meet them. She instinctively kissed the sweet mouth, which was now dimpled by a smile, for, somehow, a feeling of comparative happiness filled Lucy's heart to be in the midst of these honest, guileless folk.

She followed Mrs. Seaton into the house where she was stared at by some three or four opened-mouthed children, who evidently thought some fairy queen had dropped into their midst. She smiled upon them—and perhaps that evening ate less supper than ever in their lives before. The rich, cool milk, the fresh butter and home-made bread, the delicious honey, all tempted Lucy's appetite, which the long, pleasant drive had somewhat sharpened.

After supper the children clustered around her; one praised the whiteness of her complexion, another caught tress of her golden hair and said to Nancy, "it was the color of the gold dollar which Uncle Joyce had given her," and before the evening was over they were one and all fairly love with her. Nancy took a candle from the dresser, and Lucy, being tired from her long journey, followed her to a cosy, clean bedroom, where the stinging, happy Nancy bade her good-night.

When Nancy's footsteps died away, Lucy looked her door and walked to the open window to contemplate the beauty of the scene before her. Down in the old time garden the pinks, anemones, sweet-williams and larkspur, cast their fragrance on the night air; up in the heavens the soft stars were shining, and the silvery moon cast her splendor over all this peace and beauty. And Lucy, with her long, yellow hair unloosened, knelt at the open casement, and as she prayed, she looked like an angel guarding this scene of quiet loveliness.

Next morning after breakfast Farmer Seaton took her to the school-house over which she was to preside, and introduced her to her assemble scholars. From her strict application to her duties, her patience and her untiring interest in her pupils, she soon won the love of parents and pupils alike, and in all the country round there was none more loved than she.

One evening, after a year's teaching, in which she had been very successful, she and Nancy were taking the cut through the wheat fields home from the school-house, when after a pause in their conversation, Nancy said—

"Jim is coming home to-morrow, and I am so glad."

"Who is Jim, little one? some sweet-heart of whom I have not yet heard?" said Lucy.

"Why no?" said Nancy, with a proud light in her blue eyes, (for she loved him very dearly) "I thought you knew that Jim was my only brother. Did mother never tell you of him?"

"No," replied Lucy—"will you tell me?"

And as they walked home in the gloaming, Nancy in her clear voice, told her how Jim's name was never mentioned at home, because it made her father very unhappy and cross for days after. Then she told how some eight years before, when Jim was only nineteen, he wanted to leave the old homestead and go far away from his loved ones to the great city, and how her father, fearing for his only son the temptations of city life, opposed his going, and how Jim stole away in the night without ever a word, and how, when the morning dawned and he was not to be found, her father turned pale as death, and said he should never again come home and how his mother wept and prayed for him.

"And so," Nancy said, "after these weary years her prayers have been answered; for Jim wrote to mother, and she went to father and threw her arms around him and begged him to take their only son into his life and love again. Father's heart melted at her entreaties, and we shall soon have our Jim with us, who writes that he will never leave us again."

On the morning there was great rejoicing in the old homestead, for the prodigal was to return. When they had all gone to the station Lucy remained at home, for she thought the joy of their meeting too sacred for a stranger's presence. She wandered amid the sweet flowers and gathered a bouquet from their treasures, and placed them in Jim's room.

"Oh, Jim!" said Nancy on their way home, "how nice that you have grown to be so smart, and a minister, too. I know Miss Lucy will admire you for that alone, for she is so pious and good, and loves the church so much."

case of love at first sight, and the daily sight of her only strengthened Jim's love. Yet he wavered, and hesitated to ask her to spend her life in the lonely country. His doubts were put to flight one day, however, by his mother telling him that Lucy had repeatedly said that so much of her happiness had come to her there, that she believed she would never leave them.

When the woods were bright with the autumn leaves, and all nature seemed hushed and still, Jim met her one afternoon on her way from school and poured the wealth of his manly heart at her feet, and she did not spurn his love; for as he came crackling through the woods, gun in hand, intent on the movements of a squirrel in front of me, I heard her sweet voice saying—

"You, my noble Jim, are such a faithful worker for our Lord, who has given me all this happiness, that I love you better than all the world beside."

I do not believe you can find a happier home anywhere than the country rectory, with its fields of grain stretched far out in the back ground, its abundant orchard and beautiful garden of flowers, and the crowning jewels of the whole—the rector and his lovely wife.

In Lucy's happiness, dear Miss Prudence was not forgotten, for she received a long letter containing ever such a glowing description of "my handsome husband, who is coming to bring you to live with us forever more."

THE USE OF LEMONS.

The lemon tree is a native of Asia, although it is cultivated in Italy, Portugal and in the south of France. In Europe, however, it seldom exceeds dimensions of the smallest tree, while in its native state it grows to over sixty feet in height. Every part of this tree is valuable in medicine, though we rarely employ any of it but its fruit—that is, the lemon itself; and every one knows how to employ this, as in lemonade—to squeeze the juice into cold water; this is the shortest way; or to cut it in slices and let it soak in cold water, or to cut it in slices and boil it. Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases, is excellent in sickness—in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaints, inflammation of the bowels and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. The pippins crushed may also be used with water and sugar, and be used as a drink. Lemon-juice is the best antiseptic remedy known; it not only cures this disease, but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for this purpose. I advise every one to rub their gums daily with lemon-juice to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clear, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact, its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it externally and internally the better we shall find ourselves. Natural remedies are the best, and nature is our best doctor, if we would only listen to it. Decidedly rub your hands, head and gums with lemon, and drink lemonade in preference to all other liquids. This is an old doctor's advice.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

The Rev. Robert Christie, of Lexington, Ky., has delivered in that city an excellent discourse to young men on the dignity of labor. Having spoken of labor as a primary duty, and as a path to independence, he next pointed out how it led to promotion, and thus illustrated his idea: "I care not how humble the branch of business may be, there is not a trade or a branch of labor that some man has not made the stepping-stone to wealth, to influence, to greatness. Andrew Johnson went from the tailor's board to the presidential chair; Barnside rose from the same level; Henry Wilson went to the presidential chair from the shoemaker's bench; Mackenzie, late premier of Canada, was once a stone-mason. Therefore, if you would advance, get a trade, no matter what, for you will leap further from the lowest branch than from a dead level. Don't wait for a change in outward circumstances. Don't waste your time in lamenting your humble lot or blaming sad fate. That old Roman spoke the truth who said, 'The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings.' Archimedes said, 'Give me a standing-place, and I will move the world.' And a great many young men are content to echo the wish of the philosopher. They say, 'Give me a place suitable to my ability, and I will exert an influence. Goethe says to all such, 'Make good thy standing-place and move the world.' You must be rooted firmly in your own strength before you can move or influence anybody. Only a weakling has to be lifted into any position. The youth who is industrious, intelligent, temperate and persevering, holds the key to all positions."

An umbrella can't get ahead of a coddler in keeping a person dry. But then, would you'd fancy to have your neighbor come over in a thunder shower and ask to borrow your coddler.

HUMOR OF NEWSPAPERS.

The American journalist possesses a fund of dry humor which he knows well how to apply. He is famous for insulting by implication; few understand the art better. A California editor invested in a mule, and the fact was chronicled under the heading, "Remarkable instance of self-possession." Said one Milwaukee editor of another: "He is one of the few journalists who can put anything in his mouth without fear of its stealing anything;" and when a Western editor wrote, "We cannot tell a lie; it was cold yesterday," his rival quoted his remark with the addition, "The latter statement is incontrovertible; but the former?" Said an Idaho journal: "The weather has been hot again for the last few days; the only relief we could get was to lie down on the Herald and cover ourselves with the Bulletin—there is a great coyness between them." This kind of coyness often brings about an amusing interchange of civilities. A Michigan journalist declared in his paper that a certain editor had seven toes. The slandered man thereupon relieved his mind in a "leader," denouncing the statement as unwarranted, and its author as devoid of truth and a scoundrel to boot. The offending gentleman replied that he never wished it to be understood that all the seven toes were upon one foot, and the victim of the sell was thoroughly laughed at. "We are living at this moment under a despotism." His opponent kindly explained: "Our contemporary means to say he has recently got married." A newspaper writer asserted that his ancestors had been in habit of living a hundred years. To which another responds: "That must have been before the introduction of capital punishment." The proprietor of a Western journal announced his intention of spending fifty dollars on "a new head" for it. "Do not do it," advised a rival; "better keep the money and buy a new head for the editor"—which implied a great deal.

UNPLEASANT DEVELOPMENTS.

(Detroit Free Press.) A young lady in Sandusky can probably boast of the largest feet in the world. A Detroit gentleman who was in a shoe store in that city when the lady left an order for a pair of shoes, brought back a "chart" of the foot which was taken to secure proper lasts. The young lady is seventeen years of age, is four and one-half feet high, and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. There is nothing remarkable about her except her feet, an idea of the enormity of which can be obtained by the following accurate measurement: Length, seventeen inches; size around the heel, twenty-two inches; around the instep, eighteen and one-half inches; around ball of the foot, nineteen inches; around the smallest part of the ankle, sixteen and one-half inches. The feet are not unsymmetrical, and the only discomfort the lady experiences is from the muscular exertion required to carry them around.

LOOK FOR GOOD.

Beware of causing people whom you do not know intimately; you can judge no one by appearances. There is really some good in almost every one—something admirable in most. The still and solemn serious man may be a model of integrity and purity, though the gay Bohemian grieves at the sober man shudders may really be warm-hearted, generous, and self-sacrificing, though many libations flush his face, and he seldom saves enough to buy himself the coffin for which he makes himself prematurely ready. The business man whom others think a creature of shillings and pence, doubtless fought in his youth a very Apollonian discouragement, and is secretly more tender-hearted and charitable than he dares let the world know. It is a fact that people despise their opposites too much. Let us not be hasty in our judgment.

A GENTLE SOUL.

She was one of those women you couldn't quarrel with. She was that agreeable that her old man got tired of it, and tried to have a row for a change. So one night he let out strong language and hit her on the head with the fire-irons. She smiled, took him by the hand in an affectionate manner, and led him down stairs and into the street, and kissed him, and handed him over to a policeman. And she went down to the court the next morning and got him six months in such a pretty, agreeable way, the reporters fell quite in love with her. And when she was going away she sent over the dock and kissed him, and said, "Take care of yourself, dear. I will have a nice dinner for you the day you come out." And the last thing he saw as he went down the steps was his amiable wife kissing her hand to him and smiling as sweetly as ever.

IN THE MIDDLE OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEBT.

In the middle of life we are in debt.

THE STINGING TREE.

Though the tropical shrubs of Queensland are very luxuriant and beautiful, they are not without their dangerous drawbacks; for there is one plant growing in them that is really deadly in its effects, that is to say, it deals in the same way to that one would apply the term to fire; as, if a certain proportion of one's body is burned by the stinging tree, death will be the result. It would be as safe to pass through fire as to fall into one of these trees. They are found growing from two or three inches high to ten or fifteen feet; in the old ones the stem is whitish, and red berries usually grow on the top. It emits a peculiar and disagreeable smell, but is best known by its leaf, which is nearly round, having a point on the top, and is jagged all around the edge like the nettle. All the leaves are large—some larger than a saucer. "Some times," says a traveler, "while showing turkeys in the scrub, I have entirely forgotten the stinging tree, till warned of its close proximity by its smell, and have then found myself in a little forest of them. I was only once stung, and that very lightly. Its effects are curious; it leaves no mark, but the pain is insupportable; and for months afterward the part, when touched, is tender in rainy weather, or when it gets wet in washing, etc. I have seen a man who treats ordinary pain highly toll on the ground in agony after being stung; and I have known a horse so completely mad, after getting into a grove of the trees, that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot in the scrub. Dogs, when stung, will rush about, whining piteously, biting pieces from the affected part. The small stinging trees, a few inches high, are as any, being so hard to see, and actually impinging one's ankles. The scrub is usually found growing among palm trees."

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Never leave houses with unkind words. Never neglect to call upon your friends. A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market. It is easier and handier for men to flatter than to praise. For the sake of getting a living, men often forget to live. A great proof of superiority is to bear with impatience. The door of a secret sin supposes it is he that is taking about. Faith that asks no questions kills the soul and stifles the intellect. Never associate with bad company. Have good company, or none at all. Never appear to notice a scare, deformity or defect of any person present. The man who mounts his high horse is invariably the least pitted when he falls. Man believes that to be a lie which contradicts the testimony of his own ignorance. "See what I am!" not! "See what my father was!" is an old and excellent saying. The motives which a man man attributes to the actions of another, are the measures of his own. If all those who obtain not their desires should die of disappointment, who would live upon the earth. Pride is never so effectually put to the blush as when it finds itself contrasted with an easy but dignified humility.

GREEN CLOTH ROMANCE.

The Atlantic gambler is the most reckless; it seems to be his second nature, and he will not scruple to stake his wife's children, or, as a last venture, one of his own limbs, his life or liberty, becoming thus the slave of his antagonist. And here I am reminded of a fine point of law once extant among the ancient Hindus, and touching upon this very question. A warrior staking his last farthing on chance, finally put up his liberty upon losing which he thought him of his beautiful wife. Luck being still against him, she was summoned as a slave before her husband's antagonist, and escaped the life of servitude by the adroitness of her first query: "Did my husband lose me or himself first? For if he played away himself it he could not stake me." There is a story of a similar case as having occurred in an English-speaking country. It was during the plague in England that a young captain of the king's body-guard pledged the key of his house against all the winnings of his adversary and lost. The wife's honor was saved through the medium of a terrible avenger, the plague, one spot of which having appeared upon her throat frightened away the winner of the key. The story is a long one; there was a duel; the husband was killed; the wife died of the plague, and the cause of all this was the lucky gambler, who was only cured by the wondrous plague-prophet "to perish in everlasting fire."

SACRED MUSIC.

Providence Journal: The years passed on, and with the submission of the younger generation who succeeded to the primitive elders there was a multiplication of new musical ideas, and the meeting-houses which came down from the first settlers resounded to the long-drawn notes of the bass viol. And in this connection we may relate an anecdote of a brother who led the singing in a rural meeting house in Conn. about the year of '44, in which are the lines,

"Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound,"
he conceived might be altered to suit the instrumental condition of the choir, and he proposed to the pastor that in his next Sunday service he should adopt a new version which he had prepared, and which ran in this wise:

"Oh! may my heart be tuned within
Like David's sacred violin."
Without flinching from the new rendering, the worthy pastor observed that it seemed to him that it also might be improved, and he suggested to the poetical musical enthusiast that his verses should read,

"Oh! may my heart go diddle, diddle,
Like Uncle David's sacred fiddle."
It is needless to say that the singing brother saw the point, and there was no alteration in the palm.

"Stop sending to me your jernel any more, as you didn't notice the big hogg, me husband butchered Sunday, and it don't fit my pantry shelves anyhow." The hogg—so, the "hogg" weighed 387

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