

The Roanoke News.

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Table with columns: SPACE, One M., Two M., Three M., One Y., and rates for various ad sizes and durations.

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Practices in the County of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of the State.

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BEYOND THE CLOUDS.

Beyond the bright clouds, Where the storms gather never And low ones safe lounge, There no more to sever— And trail banks, that shattered, By earth's wind and tide, Shall anchor all safely On heaven's fair side.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Agnes, did I not see you walking out with Mr. Hadley one day last week, or was I mistaken?" "Probably you did; I was with him last Thursday."

"Why, really, Agnes, I thought your aspirations were loftier than that." "Loftier than what?" replied Agnes, indicating that a tender chord had been struck.

"Why, to promenade these streets with a mechanic." "And what do I care about his occupation, whether he be a carpenter or baker? I know Mr. Hadley, not as a carpenter, but as high-souled, intelligent and upright young gentleman; and you will oblige me, Miss Harrison, whenever you have occasion to refer to my friend, to do in a more refined and lady-like way."

"Then I understand that you claim the 'Hon.' Mr. Hadley as your friend?" said her companion, giving the word 'honorable' all the sarcasm she could command.

"Most undoubtedly I do," replied Agnes. "Under those circumstances, I bid you good-evening." "Good-evening, your ladyship." This time a little sarcasm from Agnes.

Agnes Hall and Alice Harrison were engaged in the above conversation in the unpretentious furnished parlors of the former lady's home. They had been constant and devoted friends ever since they were old enough to enter school. But two more opposite natures could scarcely be found.

Alice Harrison was, on the contrary, a tall, beautiful, active girl, whose every movement was grace itself. She was really beautiful, and was known in society as a dashing and fascinating blonde.

About six weeks before our story opens, Mr. Hall had some extensive improvements made on his property. Frank Hadley had been recommended to him as an energetic and industrious young man, and he engaged his services.

Agnes had also met Frank at work, and liked him. He would look at her flowers, discuss their merits, talk of all the latest musical compositions and productions in literature, and in fact, Agnes really looked forward to his coming as something essential.

Frank, as Agnes had said, was an intelligent young man, and was well aware that strong prejudices there were in the minds of wealthy persons against those who are merely mechanics.

Mr. Simmonds was on duty at the navy yard. His acquaintance with Agnes dated from sometime the previous year. It was very generally understood that he was her engaged lover.

CONFEDERATE STORY.

At a recent political gathering in Tusculum, Ala., Gen. Cullen A. Battle related the following story in course of his speech: During the winter of 1863, it was my fortune to be president of one of the court martials of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Day by day, it had been our duty to try the gallant soldiers of that army, charged with violations of military law; but never had I, on any previous occasion been greeted by such anxious spectators as on that morning awaited the opening of the court.

When the Judge Advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution when the court observing that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed and inquired of the accused, "Who is your counsel?"

My DEAR EDWARD:—I have always been proud of you, and since your connection with the Confederate army, I have been prouder of you than ever before.

"What did you do when you received this?" He replied: I made application for a furlough and it was rejected; again I made application and it was rejected; a third time I made application and it was rejected.

"I felt that my heart, with all its fullness and sincerity, went out to you, and ever since I have been battling and struggling against it. When I entered this house, I was determined that no act of mine should betray that feeling; but I could not help it, and here I lay my heart at your feet."

"That Monday is the only friend that I ever had and I love you." "I do," replied Agnes.

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AN ICE PILOT'S NARRATIVE.

WHY HE HAS FAITH IN AN OPEN PASSAGE—EXPERIENCE OF MANY YEARS OF ARCTIC LIFE.

Captain William Dunbar, a native of New London, Conn., leaves this morning for San Francisco. He is an "ice pilot." Yesterday afternoon he was called upon by several Down East skippers and in the course of his conversation he related the experiences of his life in the Arctic regions.

"If I was going through Davis Strait I should have my doubts about being successful, but I have had experience both in Behring Strait and Davis Strait. I was in Behring Strait when the Southern privateer Sheenadoah burned thirty-eight ships."

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THE TRAGEDY AT THE SLOAN'S.

BY MAX ADELER. "Do I understand, Mrs. Sloan," said the magistrate, "that you make a charge of attempted infanticide against your husband?"

"Well, not exactly that," replied Mrs. Sloan. "You see I—"

"One minute—permit me to explain," exclaimed Mr. Sloan. "Your honor, the situation is this. We have one baby a year and a half old, and then we also have twins just two months old. Little cherubs, both of them. Their mother's turn-up nose, perhaps, but my eyes and my amiable expression."

"His hair, too, your honor," said Mrs. Sloan, "his hair—red."

"Before we were married, may it please the court," said Mr. Sloan, "she was fond of alluding to it as absurd. But no matter. She went yesterday to a woman suffrage convention. I staid at home with the children—three of them, your honor! I have only two arms. When two of the little folks cried, I would set down a silent one and carry those that screamed. Then the one I put down would begin, and I'd have to pick him up and lay down another; and then it would scream. I tried to carry the odd one pig-a-back, but it was no use, he would slip down, and bump his nose on the floor. I longed for the situation. It was hard. I was nearly wild. Only two nursing bottles, too, and the third baby yelling like a Crow Indian while the twins were feeding."

"Could he suck his thumb?" asked the magistrate.

"Mrs. Sloan won't let him. She closed the gate of joy, so to speak, against her own offspring! Absolutely prohibited the child from sucking its own thumb! Nero, in his worst days, in his worst days, never went that far, I imagine."

"The historians forget to mention it if he did," said the justice.

"Precisely. Well, I got along as well as I could, when it comes a boy with a note from Mrs. Sloan saying that Mrs. Gibbs the vice-president of the convention, wanted her baby out of the way while she was conferring with the select committee on ways and means, so in comes the sergeant-at-arms with Mrs. Gibbs, baby for me to take care of. That made four. Your honor, if Mrs. Gibbs' baby grows up and becomes a missionary, he can preach to the heathen in Africa without leaving home. He has a voice like a fog-horn. So he turned in and cried, and the other babies cried for sympathy."

"It was hard," said the magistrate.

"Hard! Well, I'm an accommodating man, so I put one twin in one cradle and rocked it with my right foot, and I put the other in another cradle and rocked it with my left foot; then I sat Gibbs' baby on one knee and Johnny on the other, and by a peculiar action of my legs kept all four in motion at once. You understand? Well, sir, just as calmness began to prevail, in comes the sergeant-at-arms again with the secretary's baby. Said Mrs. Sloan had sent it while the secretary wrote up her minutes, and wouldn't I look after it for awhile."

"Was it asleep?"

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE.

"I have forgot to tell you," said Captain Dunbar to his visitors, "that on the first voyage when I was first officer, the captain gave the command of the whaling expedition to me. We found water some forty miles to the south. We had left the captain with five men on board and I was camped with twenty-seven men on ice. Owing to a slide, or an avalanche of snow as you may probably call it, three of our tents were buried under the snow. One man's leg was broken and another man killed. We buried this last man in the snow and two years later we recovered his remains in the same identical spot. I have since brought him home; and his name was Hebe, and he is now buried in New London. After this avalanche I went to the edge of the ice, forty miles distant with the aid of dog teams furnished us by the Esquimaux and returned to the captain in the following August. We succeeded, even then, in getting our ship out safely, as the ice in the harbor was rapidly breaking up."

Captain Dunbar here said:—"I bear in mind on the first voyage I had to go south; on the next north eighty miles to find the edge of the ice. In both instances have found an open passage. I have never lost a vessel near the North Pole, but I have lost the Flying Fish in the Antarctic, near the South Pole. There I lee, to read the path of duty, though the lightning flash scorched the ground beneath their feet and each in his turn pronounced the verdict—guilty. Fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding General, and upon the record was written:

HEADQUARTERS A. N. V. The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner is pardoned and will report to his company.

R. E. LEE, Gen'l.

During the second battle of Gold Harbor, when shot and shell were falling like torrents from the mountain cloud, my attention was directed to the fact that one of our batteries was being

The weather is very changeable in New York. An exchange a few days ago a man in that country was struck right at the close of a snow-storm because he couldn't get his ulster off quick enough.

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

Also a good assortment of HOLLOW WARE.

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