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Carolina. June 17-a

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adjoining counties, and in the Supreme
and Federal Courts.
Claims collected in all parts of North
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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 12-1 0

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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 collec-
tion of claims, and to adjusting the accounts
of Executors, Administrators and Guar-
antians. Dec 15-f

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Halifax, N. C.

Practices in the Counties of Halifax,
Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Mar-
tin—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 c

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1879.

NO. 17.

DAWN.

As breaks the morn'g Eastern hills
And harbingers the day,
No a sweet hope is struggling still
To drive despair away,
And as the gathering light appears
To weave Aurora's bloom,
So courage new unto us nears
From the dispersing gloom.
We feel that from the past we gleam
The strength with which to cope
That in the future may be seen
A brighter horizon,
That strength of heart and purpose true
On many a field will tell
Rich harvests win to feed anew
The work begun so well.

THE HARVEST.

Monahon, one of the most faithful
and zealous champions of Old Fellow-
ship, had after Brother Williams' re-
covery, determined to remove to the
country and try his luck at farming.
With the confidence and self-reliance
which is such a prominent trait in
American character, he felt that he
could swap pursuits in middle age with
out detriment to himself. People in
this country are always changing pur-
suits. The farmer who had spent half
his life between the plow-handles con-
siders himself capable of running a suc-
cessful dry goods store. The hundred
of failures all over the country attest
the folly of such a change. On the
farm he might have had plenty, and
continued to live a life of independence.
But the farm must be sold and the pro-
ceeds invested in merchandise. In
forty-nine cases out of fifty he becomes
a bankrupt in a few years, with a pen-
siless old age staring him in the face.
The merchant and mechanic think they
could farm; but they could not do it
successfully. Their extravagant habit
could never be controlled, and their ex-
pense account would grow faster than
their own. Any business to be suc-
cessful, must be the study of a lifetime.
Machines that go up and down in one
grove need only power and oil to make
them go smoothly; but the farmers,
lawyers, doctors, merchants, and me-
chanics, need brains as well as muscle.

Monahon left his bench and removed
to a farm. He had this much, however,
in his favor—that his young years had
been spent in agricultural pursuits. He
had for many years been in the shade;
but he hoped that by going into the
fields early in the spring he could be-
come accustomed to the sun. It was
a manly fellow, and, removing his wife
to their country home, he went to work
in hard earnest. Fences were repaired
and the fields plowed and planted. He
had bought out his predecessor's wheat
fields that had been sown the autumn
previous. There were twenty broad
acres of it, and the prospect of an
abundant yield was very favorable.
Each night, as Monahon would come
home, he would congratulate his wife
on their flourishing prospects. "It will
be much better," he would say, "is this
living in the country than spending one's
whole life in the dust of a shop! I
have to work harder, but when night
comes my day's work is done. The sun
and I are in the field together all
day, but we quit at the same time. The
sun has been trying all the spring to
drive me to the shade, but he can't do
it. I mean to see him through. Then,
wife, the best of it all is, that I am my
own master. There is no one to say,
"Monahon, go do this, or go do that," or
compel me to live like a newspaper editor—
on promises to pay.

Thus would Monahon argue, as
though he expected his wife to take the
opposite side of the question, and put
forth something to rebut his assertion,
but she only gave consent.
One evening the good man came
home overjoyed with joy. "Good
wife," he said with a chuckle of delight,
"did you look at the wheat field to-
day?"
"Yes; but I saw nothing unusual.
The cattle have not broken in, have
they?"
"N, indeed; but you women never
see anything. Do you not notice that
the wheat is ripening? If you had
looked you could have seen the grain
turning to that golden color which indi-
cates that it is ready for the sickle.
Next week it must be harvested. In
three weeks at the most we shall have
bread from new flour."

Mrs. Monahon only smiled at her hus-
band's earnestness.
At daybreak Monahon sprang out of
bed; but as he did so he uttered a
groan, and sat down on the bed-rail.
"What is the matter?" asked Mrs.
Monahon, springing up.
"Oh, nothing much, except that my
feet and ankles pain me so that I can-
not stand upon them."
"What can I do?" asked the good
woman, with the greatest anxiety de-
picted on her countenance.
"Get me some warm water, and I will
try bathing them. Perhaps they have
been sprained in some way."
Mrs. Monahon hastily built a fire, and
soon had a tub of hot water. She no-
ticed that his feet and ankles were con-
siderably swollen. The application of
warm water, while it slightly reduced
the swelling, did not lessen the pain. A
boy who was employed on the farm was
dispatched to L— for a doctor. The
man of medicine arrived in the forenoon,
and, after a careful examination, de-
clared that Monahon had an attack of
rheumatism. Being unaccustomed to
walking so much on the damp ground,
the ailment had been contracted.

"There is no telling. Rheumatism is
one of the most stubborn diseases we
doctors have to deal with. It is not
very dangerous to life, but often fails
to yield to treatment. It is a very ec-

centric disease. Not unfrequently it
leaves as suddenly as it came. Every
granny has a cure for rheumatism, and
each claims her own as infallible; but
nature is the great restorative. Your
attack may, and I hope will, last only a
few days. Give nature a chance—
keep off your feet, and let them rest."
"But my wheat crop."
"Oh, you can't help that. You must
keep quiet, and let the wheat go if you
can get no one to cut it."
"My God, sir, half my fortune is in
that wheat field. If I should lose it I
would be ruined!"
"You can hire men to cut it?"
"Perhaps so."
"However, you are in no condition to
work now, and I must insist that you do
not walk about until you are better."
"Your injunction is unnecessary. I
could not walk ten steps now without
crying out with pain."

The doctor then left some liniment to
be applied externally, and an anodyne
to be taken internally, in case the pain
became too great to be borne.
The following morning found Monahon
still unable to rise from his bed. That
day the noble grand of the lodge at L—
called to ascertain his condition,
and, if necessary, send watchers to
sit by his bedside at night. Monahon
declined the proffered assistance on the
plea that it was as yet unnecessary. He,
however, agreed that in case it became
necessary he would notify the officers
of the lodge.

The great burden of Monahon's
thoughts, when there was a momentary
lull in the pain, dwelt upon the wheat-
field that was now ready for the sickle.
He dispatched Tom, the hired boy, in
search of seeds; but at evening he re-
turned with the sad news that none
could be found, as all had made en-
gagements elsewhere. The next day
he was sent in a different direction, but
with no better success than before. The
third and fourth day were spent with
the same futile results. The case
looked desperate, and Monahon gave
up in despair. He sat in a rocking-
chair, with his feet placed upon a pillow
on another chair, and bewailed the
fate that awaited him out of his crop.
The wheat was over ripe, and as he
groaned with the pain of the disease he
cried out in anguish that filled his
heart.

"Wife we are doomed to starvation,
he would say a dozen times a day.
Mrs. Monahon would endeavor to
soothe and cheer him.
"It is no use wife—no use. There is
no such thing as fighting against fate. I
used to have some friends, but just as
soon as a fellow gets on his back they
desert him."
While they were thus discussing the
matter, Mrs. Monahon stepped to the
door, and naturally gazed out upon the
wheatfield. She stopped and looked as
if some unusual sight had attracted her
attention.

"Why, father," she said, "I wonder
what so many men are getting into our
wheatfield for?"
"Coming to steal it, I suppose, be-
cause the owner is tied to his bed like
Prometheus to the rock," growled Monahon.
The good woman made no answer,
but continued to gaze upon the scene.
The rheumatic could stand it no longer,
but sliding down upon his knees, crawled
to the door and looked out.
"Wife," he said, "that looks like an
army getting into our field. How many
are there?" he added, shading his eyes
with his hand.
"Fifty, father, if there is one."
"Wife get my spectacles and put them
on and if you can make out what it
means. You know you can see far off
better with my glasses than with
yours."
Mrs. Monahon, following her hus-
band's suggestion, caught up his glasses
and adjusted them. By this time at
least forty sickles were gleaming in the
sunlight as the grand army swept down
that twenty-acre field like a hurricane.
The wheat fell before the gleaming
steel like dead timber in the path of a
tornado. These forty blades made a
path through the grain fifty yards wide.
"Can you tell who it is, wife?"
Mrs. Monahon gave a kind of hyster-
ical laugh. "Yes, yes, I see it all
now; the members of our Old Fellows
lodge have come to cut our wheat for
us. I see Green and Warburg and
Stacy and Williams and McCollough,
and I don't know how many more."

"Thank God we have some friends
left yet," said the sick man bursting into
tears. His wife, heartily joined him
in crying.
After a moment Monahon asked who
led the reapers.
She took off her spectacles, and
with a corner of her apron, wiped the
tears out of her eyes and looked again
before answering.
"It's Williams, the wounded man we
nursed. He's cutting a swath twice as
wide as any of them, and next to him,
and coming like a steam engine, is
Hugh McCollough."
"That shows us, wife, that an act of
kindness is never thrown away; and
I'll warrant that Williams was the first
man in the lodge to think of coming out
here to cut that wheat."
The reapers marched back and forth
across the field, gathering the grain.
There was a large force of binders fol-
lowing in their wake, and others de-
talled to gather the golden sheaves in
the stacks.
Monahon's rheumatism was half
cured by the sight he had witnessed.
Mrs. Monahon kept an eye on the

reapers, and at two o'clock the last cap
was put on the last shock, and then
three rousing cheers were given. Mrs.
Monahon busied herself putting things
to rights expecting an immediate call
en masse. When everything looked
tidy, she went to the door to see if the
army was approaching; but there was
not a man in sight; the last had de-
parted for his home. The shocks stood
like sentinels on the field, or like the
monuments of what willing hands could
do when impelled by friendship and
affection.

PARISIAN COSSIP.

A BRILLIANT FANCY DRESS PARTY IN
THE AMERICAN COLONY.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES OF A
NOTEWORTHY ENTERTAIN-
MENT.

[Lucy H. Hooper in the Philadelphia
Evening Telegraph.]

PARIS, May 2.—We have been hav-
ing a rather quiet time, socially speak-
ing, since Easter. But a few nights ago
a brilliant fancy dress party was given
at the house of Mrs. Downing, on the
Boulevard Malesherbes, which was re-
markable for the novelty and beauty
of the costumes and the general gaiety
and animation that prevailed. At 10
o'clock the guests began to assemble,
undeterred by the vigorous barking of
a gigantic dog, a poodle as to his head
and feet and curly tail, a gentleman of
the nineteenth century as far as his
black dress suit was concerned. This
comical disguise was kept up with the
most spirit by its wearer, one of the
leading young society-women of the
American colony. Mrs. J. W. Mackay
carried off the palm of beauty and ele-
gance in her rich dress as a Gypsy
queen. It was composed of yellow
satin richly worked with gold, with scarf
draperies of black satin also embroid-
ered with gold, and trimmed with gold
fringes. On her head she wore a cap
of crimson satin fringed with gold and
with two cock's feathers at one side.
Her ornaments were an Oriental neck-
lace and earrings of gold coins, and
around one arm just above the elbow
was clasped a magnificent bracelet in
wrought gold, set with a palm pattern
in rubies, sapphires and diamonds and
large pendant pearls. This picturesque
dress was singularly becoming to the
brunette beauty and graceful form of
its lovely wearer. Mme. B. Joutot, the
wife of the Italian vice-consul at Paris,
was dressed as a Pierrette in a short
white satin dress with scarf draperies
of pink silk, the bodice studded with
large pink satin buttons. Hat of white
felt trimmed with pink satin and boots
of white satin with large buttons. M.
Bjout wore his official uniform. Miss
Downing was also costumed as a Pier-
rette, in white and blue satin. Miss
Warren, daughter to the well-known
American physician Dr. Warren Bey,
appeared in a very handsome Gypsy
costume. Over a short skirt of deep
red satin, bordered with a band of black
velvet worked with gold hieroglyphics,
was worn a tunic of black velvet caught
up at the sides and bordered with a
band of yellow satin with hieroglyphics
in black. The corset-shaped waist was
of red satin studded with stars, coins
and crescents of gold. It was laced
behind over a high plaited short-waist
of cream foulard with deep cuffs of
black velvet edged with gold and reach-
ing nearly to the elbow. The head-
dress, which was singularly effective and
picturesque, was composed of an Oriental
kerchief in striped silk, edged with
gold coins, and fastened to the head
with long gold pins tasselled with gold
coins. Three necklaces, one of gold
coins, one of amber beads, and one of
large coral beads, completed this very
rich and accurate toilette. Mrs. Steven-
son of New York went as "Madame
Gavari" in Odeon's new opera of that
name. The costume was composed of
a corsage and short skirt of red cash-
mere, with a draped overskirt in pale
blue and a shirt-waist of ecru linen with
half-long sleeves, and opera in front.
The head-dress was a knotted Breton
kerchief of pale blue foulard, front
under which fell the beautiful fair hair
of the wearer in two long braids tied
with blue ribbons. Pale blue stockings,
leather shoes with red heels, and a
hardy-gurdy carried in the hand, com-
pleted the costume. Miss Eakin, her
sister, was arrayed as a cook-maid in a
coquettish short dress of brown cash-
mere, with a plaited skirt, a shirt-waist
of white muslin worked with red, a
white cap, long apron, and long gold
earrings. Miss Hueston was a charm-
ing little "Germaine" from *Les Cloches
de Corneville*; her Normandy cap, pic-
turesque bodice of pale green silk, and
red tunic looped over a skirt in wide
stripes of red and white, became her
perfection. Her mother wore a charm-
ing shepherdess costume designed by
Worth; a short skirt of cream foulard
printed with tiny spray of flowers, and
also trimmed with Breton lace, and a
wonderfully picturesque straw hat in the
old English style, trimmed with a
profusion of red roses. The whole
cosume looked as though it might have
walked bodily out of a portrait by
Gainsborough. Miss Seligman was
dressed as a canotiere or sailor-lasse,
jacket, with gilt buttons, a round glazed
hat, and a skirt of red and white striped
cashmere, with scarf-drapery of red cash-
mere. Mrs. Seligman was superb in
powder and plumes and diamonds, and
an elegant court-dress trimmed with
costly lace. Miss Healy appeared as
"America," in a short, blue satin dress,

studded with silver stars, and with scarf-
draperies of red and white striped silk.
Miss Hooper was also dressed as
"America," in a red and white striped
silk skirt, blue velvet bodice, with scarf
of blue silk studded with stars of white
jet and worn transversely, and a scarlet
Phrygian cap bordered with a blue fillet
clashed with three diamond stars. In
her hand she carried a large silk flag.
Mrs. Lieb was dressed as "Night," in
black gauze, studded with silver stars.
Mrs. Bates was a very sweet-looking
Quaker matron, in drab silk and a poke
bonnet, her daughter being costumed
as a French peasant. Mrs. Downing
herself looked extremely bewitching
as a belle of the Restoration, in a short-
sleeved dress of pearl gray silk, with two
flounces, bare arms and neck, under a
shawl of black lace, and a tremendous
black bonnet, with wide, flaring brim
traced up with a clasp of diamonds.
Under this sombre head-gear her fair
hair and sweet sunny face showed to
peculiar advantage. An English-gentle-
man present appeared in an Italian cos-
tume of the middle ages, which seemed
chiefly to consist of a manly form, a pair
of silk tights, and a profusion of stage
jewelry. To be sure, there was also a
short tunic of white and gold brocade,
edged with ermine, but that latter in-
gredient was so minute as scarcely to
deserve mention. A Persian prince in
voluntuous robes of green and gold
brocade, a Bedouin Arab in a flowing
white hooded bournouse, and a white
cockatoo that used its perch as a walk-
ing-cane, were among the most notice-
able of the masculine costume. Nor
must we forget Mrs. and Miss Lay, the
wife and daughter of Col. Lay, of tor-
pedo fame, the elder lady looking very
handsome in the black velvet and pearls
of Mary Stuart, with the traditional coil
and veil, and the younger being one of
the most charming of Watteau flower-
girls, in a laced bodice and panier over-
skirt of pale blue silk, the latter looped
with pink roses over a short white silk
skirt trimmed with narrow blue plaited
flounces, and wearing a dainty little blue
silk hat. In her hand she carried a
basket of roses that were less sweet and
blooming than their graceful bearer.
The supper was served in two instal-
ments, the first for the chaperons and the
second for the dancers. It com-
prised every imaginable delicacy, in-
cluding strawberries and cherries in
summer-like profusion. The "german"
presented a brilliant and animated
spectacle, the gay dresses of the dancers
leading it a new attraction. It was
led by Miss Downing, assisted by
M. De Castro, who looked exceedingly
well in a white costume, with powdered
hair. The merry company did not
separate till the stars were palling in the
first flush of sunrise. And thus ended
one of the most brilliant and note-
worthy entertainments of the season in
the American colony.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

A newspaper man, possibly actuated
by jealousy of the success of Bardette,
has concocted this story about him:—
An Eastern man, a subscriber to the
Burlington Hawkeye, has been intensely
interested, during the winter, by the let-
ters which Bardette, the humorist, has
written home to that paper. Most of
all was he affected by the many refer-
ences which the wit made to babies
whom he met upon the trains in his
travels. Every line in this connection
breathed sentiments of tender love for
the little creatures. "Ah," mused the
Eastern man, "what a noble fellow this
I should know he was a father himself,
and that his own baby was his greatest
source of joy." Last week the Eastern
man chanced to be in Burlington, and
something impelled him to call upon the
man who had delighted him so often with
his expressions of fatherly affection. As
he approached the house in which he had
been informed the humorist with the ten-
der heart lived, he noted an open win-
dow, through which the form of a man,
bearding over a desk and busily writing,
could be seen. The Eastern man was
about to ring, when he was petrified by
hearing a great crash, followed by a
man's voice, in accents of the wildest
description, ejaculating—Now there
you go! I know you'd had that ink out
yourself, young scamp! Here! Mrs.
B—somebody—everybody—come and
take this horrible little wretch away. I'd
like to know how you think a feller is
going to write anything with a baby
everlastingly banging around. Oh, yes
now, yell—that's right—whooop it up!
—oh, go it! There—sh, sh, hushy,
hushy! Dry up, or I'll—oh, won't some-
body come and put this volcano out?
There, Mrs. B., take him, give him a
barrel of laudanum, and if you don't
keep him out of here in the future, I'll
swear him for a blind pup. The
nerveless hand of the Eastern man drop-
ped from the bell-pull, and he had just
strength enough left to stagger across
the street, where he sat down on a
stoop, and fanned himself with a piece
of lath until he revived. Then he took
the first train for home.

A Methodist and Quaker having stopped
at a public house, agreed to sleep in the
same bed. The Methodist knelt down and
prayed fervently, and confessed a long cat-
alog of sins. After he rose, the Quaker
observed—Really, friend, if thou art as bad
as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not
sleep with thee.

"Iowa has two hundred and twenty-four
brass bands." Now, says the *Norristown
Herald*, we understand the drift of a long
editorial entitled "The Gloomy Outlook,"
which appeared in an Iowa paper.

A MARVELOUS ESCAPE.

At Cincinnati a four-year-old boy
who was leasing out of the fourth story
of a tenement house, lost his balance
and started whirling down to the brick
pavement, fifty feet below. On the
porch of the third story, immediately
below him, stood a little girl ten years
old, the daughter of one of the residents
of that floor. She saw the boy coming,
and by an instinct of purpose which
amounted to heroism, put out her arm
to try to save the boy. She did catch
him at the risk of being dragged over
herself and of falling with him. Of
course she could not hold such a weight,
but her arm was just strong enough to
turn the course of his fall, so that he
landed at her feet on the floor of the
third porch. His head struck the bal-
uster, and he had an ugly cut on his
forehead and one eye was considerably
injured, but his life was saved. The
little girl's arm was lamed, but not
broken. She said she saw him coming,
and just thought she might save him if
she would put out her arm, and she did
it.

HOW THE CHINESE FISH.

A thousand years ago, the Chinese had
the same ideas in regard to the catching of
fish and the working of nets as they have
at the present. The lakes and rivers of
China, especially those in the north, are
so abundantly stocked, that the fish-catch-
ers make their living by actually seizing
and drawing the fish out of the water with
their hands. The man goes into the stream,
half swimming, half walking, raising his
hands above his head and letting them
drop, striking the surface with his hands.
Meanwhile his feet are moving on the
muddy bottom. By a rapid dive, he
brings up a fish in his hands. Striking
the surface frightens the fish, who sink
below, and thereby are felt by the feet and
secured. Another curious method is some-
times practiced on several of the great
rivers. A man sits at the stern of a long,
narrow boat, steers her with a paddle to
the middle of the river. A narrow sheet
of white canvas is stretched along the side
of the boat, and along the other side a net
is fastened so as to form a barrier of two
or three feet in height. The men keep
perfectly still, while the fish, attracted by
the white canvas, approach and are caught
in the net. The fishing cormorant is often
trained to catch fish, and are diligent
workers, obeying promptly the call of their
master. On the rivers and canals near
Ning-Po, Shanghai and Foo-Chow-Foo,
the employment of these birds is by no
means an uncommon sight, but they are
never to be seen fishing in the summer
months, their work being in the winter.
The birds have, of course, to be trained,
which is carried on in the cormorant breed-
ing and fishing establishments.

TWO ALLIGATOR YARNS.

Last spring a large ox went into the
waters of Lake Jackson, near Tallahassee,
to drink. An alligator fastened to the fore-
leg of the animal, crushing the leg. The
ox struggled to the shore, dragging his
antagonist with him. At this time the shore
was beset with alligators, attracted by the
smell of blood, and some crawled upon the
bank. The ox fought valiantly, tossing
one of the monsters high in the air, from
which fall he lay on the ground stunned a
considerable time. But the wounded ox
again got in the water, and a mammoth
alligator closed his nose and dragged him
under.

Not long ago a Florida paper told a
story of the charming of an alligator by a
rattlesnake. The latter upon discovering
the former, attracted attention by sound-
ing an alarm. The alligator turned his
head several times, as if he wanted to get
away, but as often faced the snake again.
"Toward the end of half an hour," says the
paper, "with fixed eyes the alligator moved
slowly toward his terrible enemy, until
within striking distance, when the snake
curled himself more compactly and struck
the alligator. For a moment the alligator
shook tremulously, and then, as if by
magic, made a semi-circle backward, and
brought his tail down on the would-be
assassin with fatal result. On several oc-
casions captured alligators and rattlesnakes
have been put in an inclosure to fight for
the benefit of spectators, and in a majority
of cases the snake has been victorious,
having succeeded in striking his fangs into
the alligator's open mouth.—New York
World.

AMERICAN COLLEGE DISCIPLINE.

Boys to Faculty—"Look here! we want
shorter 5 o'clock prayers in the morn-
ing."
Faculty—"Very well, boys; we'll nip
the prayers off at both ends. Only don't
go to the Harvard shop across the way to
buy your educations."
Boys—"And we want whisky in our
tea."
Faculty—"Now, boys, that isn't hardly
right, you know. Wine is a mock."
Boys—"Whiskey in our tea, and a pint
apiece every morning after prayers, or we
p'ntenize McCosh's shop."
Faculty—"Very well, boys. Please take
your boots off the center-table, won't
you?"
Boys—"And the professor of theology
must black our boots and cut the meat up
for our bull pups!"
Faculty—"Now, boys, that's too bad.
No college does such a thing—at least in
the mercy. Gentlemen, please put your
dogs out of the parlor, won't you?"
Boys—"Prof Degtar must black our
boots, and cut the pup's meat up, or we
go over to the New Haven shop."
Faculty—"We'll try and suit you,
boys."
Boys—"And Mrs. Prof. Hexamer must
tuck us in after we go to bed, and bring
us our soda and brandies in the morn-
ing."
Prof. Hexamer—"Mrs. Hex. shall do
no such thing."
Boys—"All right; we move over to the
Free-and-Easy Theological Institute to-
morrow."—New York Graphic.

THE END OF THE WORLD.—Whether
the world is speedily coming to an end
or not, the "Globe Life" is ready to wind
up.—New York Graphic.

SPACE	One M.	Two M.	Three M.	One Y.
One Square,	3 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Two Squares,	4 00	10 00	20 00	30 00
Three Squares,	5 00	15 00	30 00	40 00
Four Squares,	6 00	20 00	40 00	50 00
Fourth Col'n,	15 00	20 00	40 00	50 00
Half Column,	20 00	30 00	60 00	80 00
Whole Column,	One Year,			75

ROANOKE AGRICULTURE

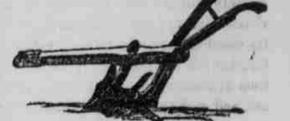
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