

# The Roanoke News.

VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1879.

NO. 20.

SPACE	One M.	Two M.	Three M.	One Y.
One Square,	\$ 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Two Squares,	4 00	10 00	20 00	30 00
Three Squares,	8 00	18 00	30 00	40 00
Four Squares,	10 00	20 00	36 00	45 00
Fourth Column,	25 00	30 00	40 00	50 00
Half Column,	30 00	40 00	50 00	75 00
Whole Column,	One Year,			75 00

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

**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 16 ly.

**W. H. DAY,** **A. C. ZOLLICOFFER,**  
**DAY & ZOLLICOFFER,**  
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. One of the firm will always be found in the office. June 26 ly.

**JOS. B. BATCHELOR,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
RALEIGH, N. C.

Practices in the courts of the 6th Judicial District and in the Federal and Supreme Courts. May 11 ly.

**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 8-1f.

**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

**J. M. BRIZARD,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HALIFAX, N. C.

Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. Jan 12-a

**D. R. E. 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 22-1f.

**E. T. 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 12-1f

**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,  
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 12-1-c

**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-15-1f

**MULLEN & MOORE,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Halifax, N. C.

## THE ANGEL OF NATURE.

No home hath she, all homes are hers; Her wretched gifts she takes in twain, To one her joy she ministers, To one her ecstasy of pain. Or maybe drops them twined in one Until their chequered use is done.

Where want hath ground the earth to dust And heart-ache settles on the cheek, She cures not the needful crust. To feed the hungry and the weak; Yet with a light of ripening fields, Her smiles the thought of plenty yields.

She walks the streets that maidens fold, Hark! tread since the nights of old, But wades not through the mirey trail— Her feet are clean as hidden gold. They move as o'er the virgin snows; Yet in her step all passion glows.

## THE SNOWFLAKE.

It was midwinter, when the days are shortest and the cold is generally most intense, and the clouds—which in the morning had been light colored, feathery forms—began to deepen and darken; then a few flakes of snow fell softly down, to be trampled in the mire by thronging feet of horses and men, for it had been unusually warm for the season. By and by the mercury in the thermometers suddenly fell, the mud began to freeze in the streets, the snow fell faster, and so large were the flakes it seemed, to the blinded eyes of the pedestrians abroad, like great sheets of foam, and the ground was so soon hidden. The wind rose and roared and veered about, blowing first from one direction, then from another, and sometimes from all points at the same time. The snow began to drift into miniature hills; then the storm turned to sleet, sharply cutting the faces exposed to it, and there was a hurrying, scurrying hither and thither of the mass of humanity, with hands pressed tightly against their ears—a rager stamped for home—until in a brief time the streets of the metropolis were deserted by all save the luckless wight who was so unfortunate as to have no home, or being caught by the storm too far away, had not yet reached it. Among the latter class was a young man of supple limbs and elegant form, muffled to the chin, who hailed a passing hack and desired to be taken to his office.

"Hello, Lawyer Gordon!" said the hackman, "what takes you so far from home in such a storm?"

"Why, yo see, I didn't go in the storm, but it overhauled me. I was called to make old Burton's will. You know him—the miser!"

"Yes, yes! guess I do—kept me for hours bagging over a few cents of coach fare. I wouldn't give in, 'cause I knew he's so small. Get in, Square; don't want to keep you in this storm. Did he leave much of anything, though?"

"Half a million in gold, and an immense amount of jewels to his daughter, Julia Barton Clare, if she is above ground, or her heirs. Turned her out of the doors for marrying Clifford Clare thirteen or fourteen or fifteen years ago. Remember him well—old schoolmate of mine—good hearted fellow—took to drink and went to the d—l fast. Lost sight of them years ago. He was poor as a church mouse—the only objection Burton had to him; for he learned him to drink, they say."

Part of this was shouted out of the coach window to the cab driver. Not a very pleasant mode of conversation, to say the least; and it was soon relinquished for silence. Gordon had made his own way in the world, being the son of a poor widow. Fourteen years ago he had loved Julia Barton more than he ever had any one since, or ever expected to. Perceiving that she favored his bosom friend Clare, he had generously abandoned the field; and it must be admitted neither goes into "a green and yellow melancholy," nor low decline, or taken poison. If he had lost any flesh or sleep on account of his disappointment, nobody was the wiser; for his appearance gave no indication of it. At thirty-five he was a handsome, somewhat noted, wealthy and healthy barrister, sought after by maneuvering mammas with marriageable daughters. To elude their snares as much as possible he continued the same habits he commenced when a poor, unknown law student—of taking his meals at a cheap restaurant, and sleeping in a small room attached to his office. He was strictly temperate, had no bad habits, and frequented no clubs. Though an indefatigable worker, he took such excellent care of himself he did not seem older than at twenty-five. When he first began his practice his mother had been dependent upon him; but she had soon been taken off his hands by an old and well-to-do lover of her girlhood; so that he often said "he didn't know who he was working for."

As he ran lightly up the stairs leading to his office he noticed the door was partially open, and the freight streamer out into the hallway—for the night had set in early—and he muttered something about the "carelessness of that office boy, thieves, etc.," but stopped on the threshold, as he beheld a dark object crouching down in a chair by the fire. It started up as if to run past him, but he flung the door to with his foot, grabbed it in one hand and turned on and lighted the gas with the other.

"Oh," he said, "my little Snowflake! Where did you come from? Why are you out on such a night? Tears? O show, now! You ain't afraid of me, lit Snowflake?" as the tiny female figure revealed by the light struggled to free herself from his arms; and falling, dissolved into something more resembling a raiidrow than snow.

"O, Mr. Gordon, what will you think of me? I didn't mean to be here when you came. I asked Jake (the office boy) if I could warm myself. He said you wouldn't be at home for a good bit yet; and I was so cold," between sobs and chattering of teeth, she managed to say at last.

"You are cold yet—why, your hands are fairly benumbed, I believe! This never will do, little pet; never, never!" and he busied about stirring the fire; and "No, no, you can't go until you are warmer," as he saw her macking for the door.

He brought from the closet a bottle of brandy and poured some into a tumbler. "Drink that—it will strengthen you," he said. "Here's to our better acquaintance!"

"O, no!" with a shudder, "that's liquor; I can not take a drop of it, Mr. Gordon."

He did not urge her, as he never used himself; but instead filled a cup with hot water from a kettle on the stove, and put in some cayenne pepper and sugar, and offered it to her, pouring half into another cup which he drank himself.

"Now, Richard will soon be himself again," he said, laughing. "I am going to take my tea at home to-night, as I have company. Tom, Dick, Harry, Jake, you rascal! where are you?"

Jake came out of the bed room which was also coal house and general store room, with a well thumbed dime novel between his fingers, forefinger marking the place he left off at.

"I want you to run into the baker's next door and buy some bread, cake, and pie; into the first meat cellar and purchase some mutton, steak or veal; into the grocery and get some butter. Can you remember all that, you lubber?"

"Yes, sah! 'in a dark and rocky gien,'" he said the young hopeful.

"Look here," shouted Gordon. "I'll just more than 'rock-y' you if you forget a single article."

At this dire threat the little negro—for such he was—rolled his eyes so completely round that nothing but the whites were visible for a second; and dropping his book on the floor, started on his errand. His employer picked it up and laid it on a table.

Alva Gordon was a most indulgent master, and although he made some astonishing threats sometimes, Jake knew very well he wouldn't hurt a fly intentionally.

"N-w," said he to her he called Snowflake (as they sat eating their supper which she had insisted upon helping about—setting the table, for he had dishes, and making the tea while he prepared the steak). "Little woman, I want you to tell me all about it. Can I help you any? I haven't lifted you over muddy places and escorted you across Broadway through the jam three several times at the eminent risk of my life, without earning a right to your confidence. I saw you first in a snow storm, and I have always called you Snowflake; and, the first thing, who are you?"

"A very romantic name. Where are your parents? I want to get all your antecedents, for I might take a notion to make you my little wife some day; who knows? That's the way such incidents as ours turn but in novels."

E-a didn't laugh. "Papa and mamma are both dead—a year ago; and I was apprenticed to the milliner's trade. I was going to my work when I used to meet you. I got sick, and Mrs. Hard-cass discharged me, and my boarding mistress set my trunk out doors to-day, because I was wing her a week's board already, and—broke down."

"There, there, don't cry, deary; I'll find you something to do. Eat your supper, and after that, I'll take you in a carriage to a friend of mine, Mrs. Minnie Hawthorne, and—how old are you?"

"Thirteen, past."

"Well, we will have a little secret between us three—you, and I, and Jake. I shall send you to school till you have a finished education, as they say; you will be supposed to be my ward, and then we will see what we will do with you. Jake! Go to the nearest coach office and order a carriage. Now you are supposed to have just arrived on the train, and I have met you, by previous appointment, at the depot, and given you a lunch at the restaurant. See—I perceive I must get a traveling suit for you, and to-morrow I will send your trunk up. It is now, presumably, locked up in the depot."

"My trunk?" asked she in surprise.

"Yes, the one I shall purchase, and fill with everything needful to commence on. You will give me your former residence, and I will have that trunk sent to the office. You can come at your leisure and get anything you wish to keep as mementoes of the past or I will send the whole thing out to mother's and have it preserved until you wish to reclaim it."

"Oh, sir! how can I ever repay you?"

"We'll see. Perhaps you may be ungratefully, and refuse to pay me when I ask you," he said, laughing; "I have a very distinct impression of the value I set upon my acts."

Rising to put on his overcoat he noticed a look of anxiety upon the honest little face. "Well, what now? Have I done or said anything amiss? throw any dust to sail the little Snowflake?"

"Oh, sir! please don't tell any wrong stories for me."

"Ah, that's it!" and off came that overcoat with jerk, and down he sat beside her. "I'm full of shams and deceit, little Snowflake, but I don't want you to be. You shall go just as you are, and tell Minnie Hawthorne the honest facts, and if she won't receive you for yourself alone I'll blot her out of my book—that's what! I'll send you some clothes to-morrow, ready made—just give me your measure, and some money. I'll look around and decide where to send you to school. During vacations I think Mrs. Hawthorne will like to have you make your home with her. She has no children. I will settle every thing, so you needn't have any care, for I have adopted you."

"Here, Mr. Gordon, is a package mother gave me when she was dying, and told me to open it only when I came of age. The lock of my trunk is almost off, and I didn't dare leave it in that out upon the street. Please take care of it for me."

"With pleasure."

Jake now arrived with the coach, driven by the same man who had brought Gordon home a short time before.

"Out again, this stormy night? Any more misers dying?" he asked.

"No; but it's the miser's heir, maybe, needs looking after this time. I have found a little wail by the name of Clare, and believe I can identify her as the sole survivor of my lost friend's family. I have a clew which I mean to follow up."

Mrs. Hawthorne readily acceded to Gordon's plans, at once conceiving a heartfelt interest in the homeless orphan, and giving her the love and care she would have bestowed upon a younger sister, and provided an elegantly furnished room in her beautiful mansion for her sleeping apartment or any other use she might desire.

Five years flew swiftly by, and Alva Gordon one morning received the following note:

"HAWTHORNE HOUSE, Dec. 12, 18--.

Dear Mr. Gordon Eva has just graduated with the first honors of her class, and arrived at home last eve. What will you do with her. I really hope you will not remove her from my care, as she is dear as a daughter to me.

Respectfully yours,  
"MINNIE HAWTHORNE."

"Please bring her out; and next spring we'll see what she is fit for!" he wrote in reply.

Eva had hoped he would come and pay her a visit, and she shed a few tears—in the privacy of her own room—over her guardian's apparent apathy. As it was his wish that she should enter society, and with the request he had sent a check on one of the banks for a large sum of money to defray all expenses, besides giving a present of a casket of rare jewels, pearls and sapphires she felt it would be ungrateful to utter a protest; but when she stood before her mirror, arrayed in all the magnificence of her youthful loveliness, enhanced by all that art could add, she said to herself: "What is it all worth if he does not care? I would rather hear him say, 'Little Snowflake, I like your appearance!' than all the fake commendations I shall hear to-night."

Then a ray of hope darted athwart her mental sky. "Perhaps he will be there and intends to surprise me. I must look my very best."

But she was doomed to disappointment in that respect, although she found the evening pass much more agreeable than she had anticipated, and now a continuous round of gay entertainments succeeded each other so rapidly she felt with deep chagrin that she had but little time to carry out the plan she had formed for improving her mind. When she spoke of her disgust at such a butterfly existence, Mrs. Hawthorne said: "Mr. Gordon expressly desired you should spend the winter in society, and intimated he had other views for you in the spring. Perhaps he intends to make a nun of you, and wishes you to become thoroughly nauseated with worldly pleasure now. I think he is a very mock himself, as I haven't heard of his attending a single social entertainment this season." Eva's recollection of the lively lawyer was very clear, and she laughed heartily at the idea of his being a recluse.

Early in the spring Mr. Gordon called at the Hawthorne residence one day, just as the gray of twilight was deepening into night, and inquired for Miss Clare. The servant said: "Walk right into the drawing room, sir! She is in there playing on the piano."

As he was quite at home there—or had been before Eva's return from school—he knew the way. The door from the hall was ajar, and he saw by the light from the large windows a slight figure perched upon the music stool. A reminiscence flashed across his mind, and stealing cautiously in on tiptoe, he threw one arm around the girl, and with the other turned on the gas and lit it, exclaiming as he did so, "What shall we do with Little Snowflake?"

He expected a scream; but no; a quiet voice said, very demurely, "I don't know as she is fit for anything."

He looked down into the rosy face upturned to his, and started back, in confusion. "I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I was told I would find Miss Clare here. I did not expect to find any other young lady here."

"Nor will you. Have I outgrown your recognition of me, Mr. Gordon?" she asked, and a piteous look of sadness stole into those glorious eyes, and a

quiver around the sweet lips, such as you often see about the mouth of a grieved child. Alva knew her then.

"Honest Little Snowflake!" he said, giving her the first kiss. "You, I am glad to see, have not outgrown your sincerity. Now, to-day my guardianship must end. I suppose you remember the papers you placed in my hands. They proved you the only legal heir of Philip Burton, who died five long years ago, leaving an immense property in money, jewels and real estate. I now place in your hands the deeds, will, and a schedule of the property. You can appoint your own agent, whom I suppose will be your husband, from the request I received last evening—I presume with your knowledge and consent. I could have wished it had been some one more worthy than young Philip Burton, who claims a distant relationship. I believe, however, he is considered respectable, and will add a large property to your own."

"What has Philip Burton been requesting in my name?" asked Eva, in indignant surprise.

"The honor of your hand in marriage."

"I think he is taking far too much for granted," she said, her nostrils dilating with scorn. "I detest his character. He is not respectable, in my view of the matter. He won the love of a trusting heart only to betray it. When you give him your answer—and mine also—tell him he had better fulfill his pledges to Clara Seaton, and if he does not in less than one month I will proclaim him to our whole circle."

"I did not know that, Eva," said Gordon. "I am glad you have escaped the toils of such a monster. I think I need have no fears of your choosing otherwise wisely and well."

He began to pace up and down the long room, talking as he walked:

"I had a little dream once, when a pure girl came to my office, and flung herself so trustfully upon my protection, and I have cherished it ever since, until it became almost interwoven with my existence; but to-day, when I thought to stand face to face with its grand reality, I see how futile have been my hopes. Eva, Eva, darling! How can I give you to another man! I want you, I need you—how can I live without you!"

A soft, half-stifled sob arose upon his ear, and once again, as once before, he perceived the snowflake in a very dissolving state. He came and sat down beside her.

"What is the matter, little Snowflake? I was utterly selfish to tell you that. Do you love some one? Don't you know I would lay down my life to secure your happiness? Never mind what I just said (choking); I—can—get over it. Tell me his name; I'll put my arm around the weeping girl and drawing her towards him."

Eva had hoped he would come and pay her a visit, and she shed a few tears—in the privacy of her own room—over her guardian's apparent apathy. As it was his wish that she should enter society, and with the request he had sent a check on one of the banks for a large sum of money to defray all expenses, besides giving a present of a casket of rare jewels, pearls and sapphires she felt it would be ungrateful to utter a protest; but when she stood before her mirror, arrayed in all the magnificence of her youthful loveliness, enhanced by all that art could add, she said to herself: "What is it all worth if he does not care? I would rather hear him say, 'Little Snowflake, I like your appearance!' than all the fake commendations I shall hear to-night."

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Meanwhile, no stamp collector ever worked more diligently in gathering varieties than I in getting together the type for my enterprise. The proprietor of the Star gave me the contents of the old boot, and I searched daily the sweepings of the office to add to my stock. I did "chores" for the friendly carpenter, borrowed his tools, and finally took him into my confidence. I made a type-case by boring in a thick plank as many holes as there are letters in the alphabet, with extra holes for numerals, "spaces," "quads," "points," double letters etc. I made a press by nailing to the end of a well-seasoned strip of two-inch oak a piece of hard wood a foot square and an inch thick. The strip of oak was two feet and a half long, and the hard-wood piece formed an upright, the strips, smoothly planed and leveled, making the bed of the press. A "cleat," nailed along the upright on its inner face, furnished a fulcrum, and a stick four or five feet long was the lever.

You will see presently how this home-made press was worked.

"Give me a fulcrum," said Archimedes, and I will move the world!" I had a fulcrum and a lever, and with them I hoped to lift into existence a new body of celestial name.

But I was like a young bear—my troubles were ahead of me. When I began to set up my battered type, I brought about me a very horned's nest of discouragement. Still I held bravely on. My jack-knife was constantly on duty straightening up the sides, or mending the faces of crooked and perverse little letters. When "sorts" or particular kinds of letters failed me, I had to reconstruct them entirely, always so far mindful of my "p's" and "q's" as to turn those letters upside down when I was short of "d's" and "b's." I made capital "E's" with "E's," just chopping off the lower limbs; and a "Q" learned to cry "O" after I had cut away its tongue. The severest strain, however, was to make two "V's" stand for "W." I imagine the editorial of a paper opening with the quotation: "Vhen in the course of human events, it becomes," etc.

Through these and many similar difficulties I led my little columns of broken English, until they stood at last in battle array on the bed of my press, which had been made true with the aid of a spirit level. Four hard-wood strips formed the "chase" or frame in which the columns were "locked up" to complete the "form." I had two pages of two columns each, the size of the page being three inches and a half by five inches. I inked the type with printer's ink, applied by a ball made of buckskin stuffed with cotton. I laid one of my little dampened sheets of printing paper on the inked surface, then a square of woollen cloth, then a piece of hard-wood board ten inches square, planed smooth and true, and then, on top of that, another block half the size. Now came the supreme moment. I grasped the lever, fitted it beneath the fulcrum, and swung myself over the other end! I seemed to sit astride the Great Dipper, in this the proudest moment of my boy life! I tell you, there is no satisfaction like that which comes from hard-earned success.

Now was fulfilled my hope to bring upon earth, my means of my fulcrum and a lever, a visitant of heavenly title. The stars, including my own village Star might "hide their diminished heads!" For I stood that moment holding in my hand the first impression of "The Comet."

Thus was ushered in, as we solemnly say of the Fourth of July and other great events, the first boy's newspaper printed in the "Far West." It made a stir where I lived, and struck with astonishment at the bays of the village.

This "Comet" struck the earth about sixty-five miles west of Chicago, but I am compelled to admit that it exercised no disturbing influence on the old planet. It made an impression of one kind, however. Patience, contrivance, and confidence were not left without reward. The Comet made me head boy in our debating club, and president of our first juvenile temperance society.

## OUTWITTING A LION.

Capitayward tells a droll story of a recon tre he won a Bushman at a lion. The man, a long way from home, was met by a lion. The animal, assured that he had his victim in his power, began to sport and dally with him with a feline jocosity. The lion would appear at a point in the road and leap back again into the jungle, to reappear again a little farther on. But the Bushman did not lose his presence of mind, and presently hit upon a device by which to outwit his foe.

Aware that the brute was ahead of him, he dodged to the right. When the lion discovered that the man had suddenly disappeared he was a good deal perplexed. He raged with mortification; then he espied the Bushman peeping at him over the grass. The Bushman at once changed his position, while the lion stood irresolute in the path, following with his eyes the shifting black man. In another moment the little man rustled the reeds, vanished, and showed himself at another point.

The great brute was at first confused, and then alarmed. It evidently began to dawn upon him that he had mistaken the position of matters, and that he was the hunted party. The Bushman, who clearly recognized what was passing in his enemy's mind, did not pause to let the lion recover his startled wits. He began to steal gradually towards the foe, who, new in a complete state of doubt and fear, fairly turned tail and decamped, leaving the plucky and ingenious little Bushman master of the situation.

## ROANOKE AGRICULTURE WORKS.

WELDON, N. C.

JOHN H. FOOTE, Proprietor.

—THE—

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