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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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When the Roses Come Again.
Nestle the shadows, down the meadow,
Dead leaves in every side,
By the river flowers shiver,
Fading, living, in their pride.
Some one straying, long delaying,
Said the parting down the lane,
I must love you some one saying,
Till the roses come again.

As I wander, I will ponder
Of the happy days gone by,
Of a summer over yonder,
Frequent with joys to you and I.
Do not sorrow for the sorrow
In the hours that yet remain
We shall know a happy mornow
When the roses come again.

United in Death.
The daughter of a wealthy father,
Beautiful and accomplished, in the full
glow of youth and health, why should
the fair Annetta Ederson wring her
white hands in anguish and pain? What
should she, the gifted, envied girl know
of sorrow?

And such sorrow! O her knees, by
the bedside, she prayed that God in his
mercy might take her from the earth.
In the delicate hands she buried her
tear-furrowed face, and so, as though
coming from a body-parting soul, broke
thickly through the solemn silence of
the night.

It was merely an excess of youth-
ful spirits perhaps, that the summer be-
fore, while at her father's country resi-
dence for the season, she should visit
the country schools during the exer-
cises. For the city bred lady there is
little of variety in the interminable suc-
cession of pleasant days green fields and
mid-mornowed cows or sheep, and this
was an agreeable diversion.

She wanted to see for herself how the
rustic idea was made to shoot, she said
to her friend, Grace Allen, and never
would better opportunity offer.

Her preconceived idea of the interior
of the little old stone school house on
the hill was not flattering. In fancy
she saw some dozen of black-headed
arches of either sex, wrestling fearfully
with the vanguard of education, led by
an ancient female Alexander in primi-
tive dress and cork-soled clogs.

How easily we often deceive our-
selves, and what far-reaching conse-
quences frequently flow from the deception.

She sent in her own and her com-
panion's name by a fair-haired scholar
they met bringing water from the spring
and asked permission to visit the class-
room.

As gracefully as it was asked it was
no less gracefully accorded. Would
the ladies come in?

They followed their youthful con-
ductor. A low collared, neatly white
wash room pleasantly furnished with
rude desks. No vacant stare from
gaping, idly curious faces greeted their
entrance. There may have been side
glances cast toward them from the
book bent eyes, but that was all.

And the teacher! Not the conven-
tional shorn-headed spectacled old maid
of Annetta's fancy by any means. A
youthful, slender man, very handsome
and courteous, bowed lowly, and spoke
a few words of cordial welcome, show-
ing them to the only two approaches
to chairs the place possessed.

Begging their patience for a moment
he proceeded in the discharge of his
duties. Rapidly and with a graceful
ease he heard the various pupils, or
oversaw their tasks and then dis-
missed them.

They had come to be amused but the
ladies were forced to admire. There
was something of manliness in this
tiller of the soil, that humble as his field
was, commanded respect.

A few commonplace remarks were in-
terchanged concerning the school which
was built upon her father's estate.

I know him well, Mrs. Ederson said
the master. Indeed it is to his favor
that I am indebted for my position. I
wish, should you think of it, you would
give him Mr. Renssels' compliments!

charms of social converse and so what
wonder if Harry Renssels and Annetta
Ederson were often alone. In her
father's absence she must act the hos-
tess and a charming one she made.

There were pleasant hours spent in
the shade of the porch, and just as
pleasant wanderings beneath the balmy
trees. It was as wise to expect that ef-
fect would precede cause in and out of
nature's work, as to imagine such things
would be without their influence.

And so the days had flown swiftly and
peacefully.

They were now seated in a favorite
seat, already consecrated, by many sweet
assurances.

Through the close-leaved trees fell
upon them the radiance of the soft July
noon.

With bowed head and sorrow-broken
voice he was speaking to her. And the
story he told seemed too sad, too full of
pain and woe for such a glorious
time.

Madam, that he was, and recog-
nizing the social difference between the
girl and himself, he had just asked the
father for permission to pay his ad-
dresses to Annetta. But the answer
crushed his hopes like a blast of light-
ning.

No, Mr. Renssels, my daughter must
wed in her own rank; and sir, when you
entered this house I believed you would
not so far forget yourself as to speak to
her or think of her as it is evident you
have. I now see my mistake. Good
night. And the proud man refusing to
hear him further, bowed him from the
room.

So the lovers were parting. Accord-
ing to the code that rules most hearts,
perhaps it were not prudent to have per-
sisted in spite of parental opposition, but
it did not belong to his nature to do as
nor to hers.

The last good-bye had been said,
with a prayer that at some happier time
they might meet again and they separated.
He to return to the city—the sum-
mer vacation having begun—she to seek
the solitude of her chamber, where
unseen, she might pour out the woe
that was torturing her soul.

What John suffered none can tell.
But his future may have been the hap-
piest. A terrible scourge had struck
the country—one that many skilled
physicians feared to encounter—and he,
though but a tyro in the healing art,
found himself useful. So bravely had
the awful fever spread itself that medi-
cal aid was wanted at all points; and in
self-sacrificing efforts to help the afflicted
—in the duties of the profession from
morning till night—he almost managed
to stifle the sad memories of his hapless
love.

But she—after that bitter night—
whatever the agony endured, seemed
more resigned. There was a nettled sor-
row upon her face, and her voice said un-
ranging through the house with its old-
time furniture, but without she bravely
met the fortune fate had willed her.

Still worse became the terrible pla-
gue. Hardly a day went by, and a
loud cry for help rose up from the
stricken land. Money was wanted;
doctors were needed and nurses need-
ed of all. Annetta Ederson heard the ap-
peal, and it was not long ere her re-
solve was made. She had heard of the
man she loved so nobly facing death, and
in administration and affection for
her hero, she became a heroine.

So she went into the city and offered
her services to the Howards. To the
credit of her sex it must be said there
were many as rich and young and fair
as she, who had done the same, but
none did so with more kindly charity or
a better heart.

Into the slues—into the worst cen-
ters of infection—into the hospitals—
everywhere that duty beckoned, she car-
ried the blessing of a gentle voice and
love. And day by day she grew to
love her work, for in relieving the sor-
rows of others she seemed to lessen her
own.

Every effort the wisdom of man could
suggest was made, but the terrible dis-
ease stalked on, slaying its thousands.
Even the physicians and nurses yielded
to its dire influence, and in some places
one was left to do the work of ten.

The less experienced or unaccus-
tomed fell earliest, and of this number
was Henry Renssels. But it was no sur-
prise, for his superiorly benevolent testi-
mony to the fact that in their corps of
workers he always stood among the first.

symptoms of the fever.
Tenderly they cared for her, but she
was not to be saved. She passed away
with the name of her lover on her lips.
Some said her imprudent kiss had been
the cause, and others that it was only
to be expected from her wholehearted
sacrifice, and attention to all the needy
and afflicted.

But let what will be the cause, how
nobly it is to die for love and duty!

She Wanted Two.
There is no reason why the inventor
of a remedy to "cure the worst case of
catarrh inside of five minutes,"
shouldn't feel it his duty to place a
bottle of the same in every person's
hand—price twenty-five cents; no cure
no pay." Therefore, the long-legged
clerk, who pulled the doorbell on John
R. street the other day, had some of
that timidity in his bearing which charac-
terizes rag-buysers, lightning-rod men and
solicitors for the fire sufferers. He had
a good thing and he knew it. When
the door opened, and a hard-featured
woman about forty years of age, con-
fident him, he pleasantly went to busi-
ness and asked:

"Madam, is your husband ever
troubled with the catarrh?"
"Can a man who has been dead seven
years be troubled with the catarrh?" she
gladly replied.

"But the children are liable to be
attacked any hour of this season," he re-
marked.

"Whose children?"
"Yours, madam."
"I never had any, sir! What brought
you here, anyway? Why do you come
asking these questions?"

"Madam, I have compounded a
remedy for the catarrh. It is a good
thing. I'll warrant it to knock any case
of catarrh sky-high in less than five
minutes."
"Well sir, what is all this to me?"
"Why, madam—why—" he stam-
mered.

"Do I look as if I needed any catarrh
remedies?" she demanded, as she stop-
ped out on the platform.

"Madam, I would not for the world
have you to think that I thought you
had the catarrh, but I suppose the fair
and lovely can be attacked as well as
the brave and strong."
"And what have I got to do with all
that rigmarole? Who are you, sir, and
what do you want?"

"Madam, he whispered, taking down
one step, I have a compound remedy
for the catarrh."
"When, catarrh, sir?"
"Madam, I am selling my catarrh—"
"Where is your catarrh—where is it?"
she interrupted.

He got down on the second step, and
baldly began:
"Madam, I have a sure cure for the
catarrh, and I am selling lots of it."
"Well, what do I care? Must you
ring my doorbell, and tell me that you
are selling lots of catarrh medi-
cine?"

He got down on the walk, clear of
the steps, and he tried to look beautiful
around the mouth as he explained:
"Madam, didn't I ask you if your
husband was ever troubled with cat-
arrh?"

"Yes, sir, and didn't I reply that he
was dead? Do you want to see his
grave?"

"No, madam, I do not. I'm sorry
he's dead, but my catarrh remedy can't
help him any. Good, bye, madam."
"Here, sir, hold on a minute!" she
called; "what was your business with
me?"

"Why, I have a remedy for the cat-
arrh."
"So you said before."
"I asked you if you didn't want to
purchase?"

"Do you want—a—bottle?" he
slowly asked.

"Yes, sir; give me two of them;
here's my money! Next time you
want to sell your catarrh remedy, don't
begin to talk about the discovery of
America by Columbus. Here you've
bothered me fifteen minutes and put all
my work behind, and its good for you
that I didn't bring the broom to the
door!"

The Man Who Never Heard of Grant.
Talking with an old gentleman from
a rural district the other day, we casu-
ally remarked upon third terms, and
asked his opinion as to Grant's chances.
"Grant!" said he, inquiringly, "who's
Grant?"

"Why," we replied, "Ulysses Grant,
General Grant, President Grant, you
know."
The look of interest passed from his
features, and his voice returned to its
natural tone as he said: "No, I guess I
never heard of him."

"What!" was our amazed rejoinder,
"never heard of General Grant, the hero
of the great rebellion, where so many
precious lives and such a vast expedi-
ture of money were offered up as a sacri-
fice?"

As we had proceeded, a show of in-
telligence had lighted up the face of our
interlocutor, until he suddenly broke
out: "Look here, you; I remember
there was some talk of a row 'long in
'60 or '61. Tell us how it came out.
Did they really get to fighting right
down in earnest?"

You can imagine how refreshing this
was after months' reading of Congres-
sional speeches replete with reminis-
cences of the late unpopularity. In
the evaporating joy of the moment, we
hid our face in our hands, while the
fountains of emotion burst their barriers
and we found relief in tears. Yes, we
wept, and we care not who knows it.—
Boston Transcript.

Strict Vegetarianism.
A man wandered into a Port Wayne
grocery store and asked of the prop-
rietor:
"You got some greens, don't it?"
"Greens? Yes, sir."
"You got nutting bakers?"
"Rabbitags? Yes, sir; how many
will you have?"
"Got so little red blates, mit green
tops?"
"Red blates with green tops? Well,
no sir; I suppose you will find them in
the office store, up town."
"Don't you got no little red blates?
guess it was better of you got some;
guess you was a liar. Vich you call
do?"
"These? why those are radishes."
"Red dishes—do's vat I said. Say,
may be I got some letters of you to-
morrow. You got it?"
"Letters? There are no letters here
for you; you must inquire at the post-
office."
"Awhire salt do best office for
letters? Done was a few sheema. I
was up town and went out a bakshop
and vant some buns, and do man said,
"Git out, you old bum, or I'll see you
thro' de door."
"You should have said 'buns.' He
—"
"Done? Do's vat I said—buns;
and den I comes and vant some red
dishes, and you dell me to go out a
chion store. I vant some letters to eat,
and you say go mit do best office. I
suspect off I vant some buns you told
me to go to de station house. I tell
you I do—you can go to blazes,
Of you was a nice man, I vant some
blages and compeppers, and plenty
shugs, but I guess I go to the drug
store and buy a brick and bed die rat
piece!"

Anecdote of a Monkey.
A rich French lady, while promenad-
ing in the Hyde Park, London, met a
Savoyard boy, who offered her his
monkey for sale, which the lady pur-
chased of him. The monkey was a
beautiful little animal, well trained,
and he behaved himself well to the great
delight of his new mistress, and proved
to her an indispensable companion.
About four weeks ago the gorgeous
saloons of the said lady were thrown
open to the refaced world for a grand
reception; the spacious halls of the
mansion were filled with the city. On
this occasion the hostess was implored
by her friends to bring in the monkey,
to which she at first objected, but at last
yielded to the wishes of the company.
The monkey was dressed up in short
order, brought in, and introduced to the
company. After everybody had ca-
ressed and admired the beautiful little
animal he retired to a modest corner,
and, of course, was soon forgotten. In
the course of the evening a great song-
stress was to delight the company, and
after the usual solicitations to sing,
the lady took her seat at the piano and
sang. During the performance the
monkey sneaked out of the corner and
listened very attentively to the music.
The piece had scarcely ended when the
monkey snatched a hat from a gentle-
man's hand near him, and—took up a
collection! All the company broke out
out in an uproar of laughter, and even
the lady of the house, who at first was
terrified at his conduct, joined in the
merriment. With a painful conscious-
ness the monkey presented the hat to
each individual, and all responded lib-
erally, and as soon as he finished his
round, he jumped on the knee of the
songstress and emptied the contents in
her lap. In three years the animal had
not forgotten his obligations or duties.
The next day a poor family was made
the happy recipient of 430 francs, the
voluntary collection of a monkey.

What! Refuse to lend a pair X
to me, your other half!" "That's
why. You'd never return the money.
I know myself too well."—French Wit-
tism.

The Sun never Sets on the United States Domain.
Few people are aware that the broad
boast of Englishmen that the sun never
sets on the British empire is equally
applicable to the United States. In-
stead of being the western limits of the
Union, San Francisco is only about mid-
way between the further Aleutian Isle,
acquired by our purchase of Alaska, and
Eastport, Me. Our Territory extends
through 127 degrees of longitude or 17
degrees more than half way round the
globe. The Rocky Mountain Presby-
terian, in commenting on this fact,
says: "When the sun is giving its good
night kiss to our westernmost Isle, on
the confines of Behring's Sea, it is al-
ready flooding the fields and forest of
Maine with its morning light, and in the
eastern part of that State is more than
an hour high. At the very moment when
the Aleutian fisherman, warned by the
approaching shades of night, is pulling
his canoe toward the shore, the wood
chopper of Maine is beginning to
make the forest echo with the stirring
music of his axe."—Philadelphia
Record.

Charity for the Fallen.
Never say anything damaging to the
good name of a woman, it matters not
how poor she may be or what her place
in society. They have a hard enough
time at best, and God help the man
that would give them a kick down the
hill. We are all too free with their
names—talk too much about them, and
we do very wrong. The least little hint
that there is something wrong, that "she
ain't all right," whether spoken in jest
or in earnest, is taken up, and unlike
the rolling stones, gathers moss as it
goes from place to place, and at last
comes home to the persecuted with
crushing weight. She has done nothing
but keep quiet while her idle per-
secutors have pursued her, and now she
is kicked from door to door, and is
fallen so low that none will do her
reverence. Give a dog a bad name
and you had as well kill him—talk about
a good woman on the streets and across
barroom counters, and you had as well
set her down at once as a social wreck.
No one wants to help her. We don't
want so much theoretic religion; we
want a kind of blue jeans and home-
spun piety that will do for the wash-
house and the kitchen as well as the draw-
ing-room and the parlor—a sort of uni-
versal honesty that will not think a woman
a thief because she happens to wear a
sun-bonnet and walk across the street
with a string of unacknowledged beads.
There is nothing wrong in manual labor,
and honest poverty is a sure passport to
heaven.

Who Was the Bad Boy.
Little Annie was prettily dressed and
standing in front of the house waiting for
her next set to go out and to do.
A lady had pressed in course clothes
padding, when the little girl said:
"Come here, boy, and shake hands with
me. I don't a boy like you named
Bobby."
The boy laughed, shook hands with her,
and said: "I've a little girl just like you
only she hasn't got any cloak with pussy
fur on it."
"Here a lady came out of the door and
said: "Annie, you must not talk with
bad boys on the street. I hope you haven't
taken anything from her! Go away, and
never stop here again, boy!"
The evening the lady was called down
to speak to a boy in the hall. He was
very neatly dressed, and stood with his cap
in his hand. It was the enemy of the
morning.

"I came to tell you that I am not a bad
boy," he said. "I go to Sunday school,
and help my mother all I can. I never tell
lies, nor quarrel, nor say bad words, and I
don't like a lady to call me names, and ask
me if I've stolen her little girl's clothes
from her!"
"I'm very glad you are so good," said
the lady, laughing at the boy's earnestness.
"Here is a quarter of a dollar for you."
"I don't want that," said Bobby, holding
his hand very high. "My father works in
a factory, and has lots of money. You've
got a bigger boy than me, haven't you?"
"Yes, why?"
"Does he know the Commandments?"
"I'm afraid not very well."
"Can he say the Sermon on the Mount
and Twenty-third psalm and the Golden
Rule?"
"I am very much afraid he cannot," said
the young lady, laughing at the boy's
bravery.

"Does he not ride his pony on Sunday
instead of going to church?"
"I'm afraid he does, but he ought not,"
said the lady, bustling a little.
"Mother don't know I came here," said
the bright little roguish; but I thought I
would just come round to see what kind of
folks you were, and I guess mother would
rather your boy would not come round our
doors, because she don't want little Annie
to talk to bad boys in the street. Good
evening!" and the boy was gone.

A Compliment.
A very sensitive editor complains thusly:
"It is strange how closely men read the
newspapers. We never say anything that
anybody don't like, but what we soon hear
at it. It, however, once in a while we
happen to say a good thing, we never hear
of that. We pay some man a hundred
compliments and give him a dozen pulls,
and he takes it all as a tribute of his good-
ness, and never thinks it does him any
good. But if we happen to say things that
he don't like, or something he dislikes, he
is a real lion on him or his character, see
how quick he flies up and gets angry
about it. All our evils are duly charged
to us, but we never apparently get any
credit for what good we do."

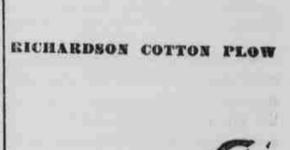
When a hunter got his body laid open
in half a dozen places by a bear's claw,
he said he didn't care about going "beat
logged" in that kind of style.

ROANOKE AGRICULTURE

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