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Love's Philosophy.

The fountains mingle with the river, And the rivers with the ocean, The winds of heaven mix forever With a sweet emotion...

ONLY FLIRTING.

"I am only flirting with him aunt," said Grace Barrows, lightly. "You're not afraid of our getting married I suppose?"

"Another's!" she repeated, contemptuously. "Why, he would throw her over for me if I gave him the least encouragement. He is completely infatuated."

And, with an air of supreme indifference, the petted belle and beauty swept from the room—at the same moment that one of the window curtains was pushed aside, and a lady stepped in from the balcony—a lady at sight of whom she who had been addressed as Auntie rose to her feet and came forward with a little cry of distress.

"You have heard our conversation? Oh, Helen!" She took the newcomer's hand, and led her, for she was trembling violently, to a seat; then, still tenderly holding her hand, sat down beside her.

"What can I say in excuse or apology for Grace?" she began, anxiously; but the other stopped her gently. "I have nothing to say to Grace in this matter, Mrs. Warren. But for him I feel contempt and scorn unutterable! I am resolved upon my course, and nothing can change me!"

"That night Charles Leton led his lovely partner, flushed and panting, from the walk, to rest awhile in the cool, green, perfumed solitude of the conservatory. She sank, with languid grace, into a seat, and Leton sank upon his knee beside her, and caught and pressed her white hands to his lips.

"You know," he murmured, low and earnestly—"you know how I love you! Oh, Grace, must it be all in vain!" She did not answer him—she did not draw her hands away. In her heart the fair coquette admired this man. He had gone nearer than any other to touch her fickle, selfish heart. And he gazed upon the heaving bosom, the tearful eyes, and a thrill of triumph moved his heart. Was this the first against whom he had been warned—this soft, sweet, yielding girl?

"You could love me Grace?" he whispered; and his arm stole round her waist. "Have you the right to ask?" she murmured.

A faint and sudden rustling in the branches beside them—the magnolia blossoms stirred as if shaken by a summer wind, and some of their perfumed white leaves fell into the fountain's basin—but the pair who sat there paid no heed.

"Yes!" he answered, firmly. "You and you alone, possess my heart! It is true I thought I loved. Oh, how we may deceive ourselves! You have taught me how great was my mistake. For your sake, Grace, I will ask her to set me free. I will implore her—'It shall not be necessary, sir!'"

Again the magnolia blossoms were stirred—were pushed aside, and Helen Dene stood before them. They started to their feet in confusion.

A Victim of Morphine.

A young girl jumped from a bridge in Chicago into the river, with the intention of committing suicide, but was rescued and taken to a station-house. A few moments after her incarceration the girl was seen by a reporter in her cell. She was a revelation in the way of peculiar and startling beauty.

"What is your name?" queried Captain O'Donnell. "Mary Hays," "Why did you try to kill yourself?" "Because—but what's the use of telling you? Nobody in this big world cares for me, and if I choose to end my misery, why, in God's name, should I be prevented?"

"Have you any friends?" "Friends? No; not one. If I had do you suppose I'd have been doing kitchen-work drudgery to keep soul and body together?"

"Matter! If you felt yourself grappled with books of steel, and knew your destiny was dragging you straight down to the lowest pit, could you stand it to face hour by hour that awful torment of a remorseless habit and fight as I have fought. Matter? The matter is I can't stop using morphine. Look at me now! Behind the bars of a common jail, bedraggled, unkempt, an outcast. My God! My God! Why didn't you let me die?"

"How long have you used morphine?" the reporter asked. "Ever since I was a child of twelve. My mother ate it, and I, a poor, silly schoolgirl, would steal from her box little quantities of the drug. It seemed a grand thing then, and I would conjure up the most gorgeous visions one ever saw or heard of. For a while the habit didn't interfere with me, but at last it bound me about with the most awful chains. You men," she continued, "may despise and sneer at me now, but it's not so very long since you'd have been glad to know me and lift your hats when I passed along the streets. I was born in New Orleans, and my father was for eight years State treasurer of Arkansas. I learned bookkeeping with him, and got a good place in the Treasury Department at Washington. Then I came to Chicago, and James Stewart gave me \$100 per month to keep his books. I lost that situation through morphine, but procured another right off just as good with W. D. Kerfoot. Morphine again, and the only resource left me was to live out as a common servant at two dollars a week. Once more—that is only a few days ago—I failed in even this miserable resource, and homeless, homeless, a wanderer, what would you have me do but die?"

"Wasn't the water cold?" "Cold (shuddering)? Oh, God! yes; but it was warm and kindly and charitable besides the people who fear it. I shall go down to the river the moment I get out of here. There is no spot in all this world for such a wretch as I."

There was a touch of inexpressible pathos in the last words, and the interlocutors moved silently away and left the poor girl with her sorrow and despair.

Not Entirely Convicted. There was a fight on Gratiot avenue, Saturday, between a man who had been called a liar and one who had called him a liar, and the man who had objected to the epithet was only about a minute getting all the advantage to be asked for on such occasions.

"I've had all the prandings I care for," said the under man, after he had realized his fix. "Well, are you still of the opinion that I'm a liar," asked the other, as he rose up. "To be honest about it," slowly replied the other, as he wiped the blood off his nose, "I am not entirely convinced. If I was on the roof of a horse-barn, and there wasn't any ladder handy, I think I'd call you a liar again, and run my chances of the dodging clubs."—Free Press.

An Irish laborer was lying in the ditch, very much the worse for liquor. He was encountered by the priest of his parish. Very much shocked, his reverence turned the drunkard over, who muttered, "Where am I?" "On the road to hell," replied the priest, sternly. "Thank God, then," replied Pat, "it's comfortable to know that Father Murrigh is with me!"

A little three-year-old, who observed her grandfather writing a postal card, requested that she might be allowed to write a letter. Upon being asked if a postal card wouldn't answer her purpose, she replied: "No! I don't want my letter to go bald-headed like yours!"

Another Mercantile Failure.

Out on Michigan avenue a man near seventy years of age started a small confectionery store some months since and the other day sent word to his three creditors up town that he had failed and desired to compromise. The trio went down to the store, which they found in full blast, and the four sat down for a talk.

"You see, gentlemen, I do no peesness, and my family eats up all der brotius," explained the tradesman by way of excuse. "You owe me \$12," said one, "and each of these others \$15 apiece. That makes \$42."

"Shut forty-two," sighed the old man. "Now, then, how much have you on hand?" "Sixty dollar and not one cent more."

"Very well, as you have had luck we will settle with you for one hundred and twenty cents on the dollar and you can go on as before."

"If I fails in peesness and pays 120 cents on der dollar, what does dot mean?" "It means that you don't understand how to fail," was the reply. "Ish dot possible?" whispered the old man. "I should say so."

"Well, I go pack to der shoe peesness again. When I fails in dot peesness I makes everything. When I fails in dis business I pays more as I owes."

Oriental Extravagance. The recent exodus of the Khedive and his family from Egypt has directed attention to the domestic arrangements of this most prodigal of Oriental princes, who was deposed by the Sultan of Turkey at the command of England and France for attempting to oust the English and French members of the Egyptian cabinet. By the Koran all true believers are permitted to have four wives, and Ismail Pasha has availed himself of this privilege to the full extent. Although only three of the ladies whom he has successively taken to wife and who are known as "the first," "the second" and "the third" princesses, enjoy local rank, the fourth, the mother of Prince Tewfik, the present viceroys, by virtue of that circumstance alone is entitled to consider herself as equal to the rest of Ismail's wives. Of the position of these royal favorites one may judge from the fact that last year the united income of the three princesses amounted to \$520,000 a year. The value of their jewelry may be imagined from the fact that in the recent crisis it was in contemplation to raise five million dollars in this security alone. Besides these ladies there are others too numerous to mention. The harem which accompanied his highness into exile consisted, besides the three princesses (the mother Prince Tewfik remaining behind), of sixty women altogether, including twenty female slaves. It took sixty of the viceregal carriages to convey the party from the palace of Abdin to the railway station, and ten men-of-war's boats to embark the fair travelers at Alexandria. The harem baggage formed a small pyramid, completely filling a lighter of 150 tons burden, and occupied over two hours in shipment. The above, however, was but a small portion of the female belongings of the late Khedive, over 600 of whom remain behind in Cairo, and are maintained by the present viceroys at a cost for feeding alone of \$15,000 a month.

Covered With Fish Scales. A man named John Armour, about forty years of age, applied to Dr. J. H. Scott, at the middle station, in Baltimore, for a permit to be sent to Bayview. The doctor, upon examining Armour, found him suffering from a very remarkable and rare disease, known as psoriasis or fish scale disease. The case is fully developed, and is an exceedingly interesting one to medical men. The skin of the arms is especially well marked, and presents the appearance of white leprosy.

Armour said he had been afflicted with the disease for several months, and it had become so annoying that he could not work. He had been employed along shore and on the water about the harbor. When asked if he suffered much from the malady, Armour said: "It itches terribly, and I cannot rest on account of it." His forehead is breaking out with the disease, and there are indications of its spreading to other parts of the body. The affected parts are covered with scales, resembling the scales of small fishes; the flesh under the scales is red, and very much inflamed.

This is said to be the best described case ever seen. At the Bellevue Hospital, New York, there was a case which was considered remarkably developed, but not near so much so as this one of Armour.

Polonius' Advice to His Son.

Grandfather Licksingie started up from a doze in his easy chair and remarked: "And so you never heard the advice that Polonius, an old chum of mine, gave to his son?"

The family said no one had said anything about Polonius, neither the son of Polonius. "Ah, very well then," said grandfather, "I'll tell you about 'em. You see Polonius' son Charley—I think his name was Charley—was going to Europe on a little splurge. Charley had engaged passage on a Cunard steamer, and they were about to pull in the gang-plank. The boy had come back to kiss the hired girl good-by. 'Yet here?' exclaimed his father; 'aboard, aboard, for shame; the wind sets heavy in the shoulder of your sail, an' if you don't look out you'll get left. Here—my blessing's with you; here's fifteen cents more for pocket money, an' these few precepts in thy memory keep. Give thy thoughts no tongue, but allow take cold tongue yourself, when you can get it, cause it's easy to digest an', besides, it's one of those things that admits of little or no culinary doctria'. The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel, for you don't know how soon you may want to borrow some money from 'em. Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but bein' in, an' you see no chance to get out, then, my son, hump thyself. If thou canst get one in on thy opposer's stomach I'd have thee do it. If it be that thine adversary has a sore place, hit him on it. Throw sand in his eyes, and never lose an opportunity to seize him 'round the legs an' trip him that his heels may kick at heaven. Give every man this ear, unless he be, like this one, thine opposer in a quarrel, who naturally would have an object in biting it off'n your head. Costly thy habits as purse can buy, an' I'm blamed if I want to run around an' pay your tailor bills any more, an' I file notice now that I will veto 'em from this time forth. This above all—to thine own self be true; that is to say always keep a sharp lookout for Number One, then it must fuller as the night the day that a man must get up tolerably early if he would get the bulge on you. Farewell, my blessing with thee goes; and also be careful of yer money, and sleep with yer watch under yer pillow."

Mark Twain's Masket. You see, the old man was trying to learn me to shoot blackbirds and beads that tore up the young corn and such things, so that I could be of some use about the farm, because I wasn't big enough to do much. My gun was a single barreled shot gun, and the old man carried an old Queen Anne masket that weighed a ton, and made a report like a thunder clap and kicked like a mule. The old man wanted me to shoot the old masket sometimes, but I was afraid. One day, though, I got her down and took her to the hired man and asked him to load her up, because it was out in the field. Hiram said: "Do you see those marks on the stock—an X and V, on each side of the queen's crown? Well, that means ten balls and give slugs—that's her load."

"Oh," he says, "it don't matter; put in three or four handfuls." "So I loaded her up that way, and it was an awful charge—I had sense enough to see that—and started out. I leveled her out on a good many blackbirds, but every time I went to pull the trigger I shut my eyes and winked. I was afraid of her kick. Towards sundown I fetched up to the house, and there was the old man waiting on the porch. "Breen out loading, have ye?" "Yes, sir," said I. "What did you kill?" "Didn't kill anything, sir—didn't shoot her off; was afraid she'd kick—I knew blamed well she would."

"Gimme that gun!" the old man said, as usual as sin. And he took aim at a sapling on the other side of the road, and I began to drop back out of danger, and the next moment I heard the cart-quack and saw the Queen Anne whirling and over end in the air, and the old man spinning around on one heel, with one leg up and both hands on his jaw, and the bark flying from the old sapling like there was a hail storm. The old man's shoulder was set back three inches, his jaw turned black and blue, and he had to lay up for a week. Guess he's coming out all right now the way I was scared that time.

A gentleman once remarked to a witty lady of his acquaintance that he must have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. She looked at him carefully, and noting the size of his mouth, replied, "I don't doubt it; but it must have been a soup ladle."

A mother who believed that education should go on without cessation, said to her little boy, as they were walking along a road: "That wagon which you see ahead there, my son, is the work of a wheelwright. Is it cried the boy. Then these tracks it makes are wheelwrighting, I suppose."

The Pith and Pointer of the New York News says, if we are to be crushed, we prefer it to be by the scorn of a pretty woman, rather than by a falling building. "That is all very well, but if you ever crush a pretty woman's corn you will be glad to crawl under any building."

If the person who sent us the following conundrum will forward his address, we will hear of something to his disadvantage: "What is the difference between a slice of ham and a newly-married woman running off with another fellow? Answer: One is being fried, and the other's a fleeing bird."

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