

One Year, in advance, \$2.00  
Six Months, " 1.00  
Three Months, " 75 cts.

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

**W. W. HALL,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WELDON, N. C.  
Special attention given to collections and  
remittances promptly made.  
may 14.

**R. H. SMITH, JR.,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
SOUTHLAND 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. BAY, A. C. ZOLICOFFER,  
DAY & ZOLICOFFER,**  
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 firms will always be found in the  
office. June 21 y.

**JOS. B. BATCHELOR,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
RALEIGH, N. C.  
Practices in the courts of the 8th Judicial  
District and in the Federal and State  
Courts. May 11 14.

**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 8-14.

**THOMAS N. HILL,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HALIFAX, N. C.  
Practices in Halifax and adjoining  
Counties and Federal and Supreme Courts.  
Will be at Southland Neck, once every  
fortnight. Aug. 23-A

**J. M. FREZZARD,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HALIFAX, N. C.  
Office in the Court House. Strict attention  
given to all branches of the profes-  
sion. Jan 12-14

**D. E. L. HUNTER,**  
SURGEON DENTIST.  
Can be found at his office in Enfield.  
Pain Extracting of Teeth always on hand.  
June 22 14.

**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 12-14

**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 17-14

**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 12-14

**R. 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 Guar-  
dians. Dec-15-14

**MULLEN & MOORE,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Halifax, N. C.  
Practices in the Counties of Halifax,  
Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Mar-  
lborough 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-Q

# The Roanoke News.

VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1879.

NO. 27.

THE ROANOKE NEWS  
ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One Mo.	Three Mo.	Six Mo.	One Yr.
One Square,	3 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	18 00	30 00
Three Squares,	8 00	15 00	28 00	45 00
Four Squares,	10 00	18 00	30 00	45 00
Fourth Col'n,	15 00	20 00	40 00	50 00
Half Column,	20 00	30 00	60 00	65 00
Whole Column,	One Year,			75

**Lies to Alice.**  
I am thinking, Alice, thinking,  
As the twilight shades appear,  
Of the many charms about thee,  
And I wish that you were near;  
Though I seem to see you darling,  
Through the misty twilight shade,  
And I'm thinking, Alice, thinking  
Of the hope that never fades.  
As the twilight shadows darken,  
And the evening star appears,  
I am looking, Alice, looking,  
Through the misty vale of years,  
And I seem to see you Alice,  
Passing 'long life's charming way  
Where the roses bloom in beauty,  
And your heart is light and gay.  
As you journey onward, Alice,  
Through the valley here below,  
May your smiles be ever gentle,  
Sorrow may you never know;  
May the roses, red and yellow,  
Bloom along your earthly way,  
Till you pass, to dwell forever,  
To the world of endless day.

**CLOUD OR SUNSHINE.**  
Hand in hand they came through the  
long chestnut avenue. The sun, fading  
in the west, bathed the lovely forest  
in its mellow light, faintly, and from  
the far distance, came the soft notes  
of the whippoorwill. Indeed, it seemed  
a perfect fairy land of beauty and quiet,  
yet Alice Baxter and Robert Crofton  
heeded not the beauty of the scene; his  
heart too full of sadness, hers of happi-  
ness in this new conquest.  
Robert Crofton, the only son of the  
village pastor, a young man of rare at-  
tainments, fine education and great per-  
sonal attractions, had at an early age  
graduated from college, and in accordance  
with his own wishes and the hearty co-  
operation of his friends, was pursuing  
the study of medicine, looking forward  
as many a young man had done before  
him, as many are still doing, to the  
time when he should become an M. D.  
and build a snug little nest for him-  
self and the one who should become his  
wife.  
Alice Baxter, the only child of a well-  
to-do merchant living in the city joining  
the little village of L. was very beauti-  
ful, but it was a cold beauty. It was  
in harmony with the laws of creature  
order, one might doubt if she had a  
heart, seeing so rarely an exhibition of  
real feeling. Have you never looked  
upon a bed of rare flowers, where the  
woods had so intertwined themselves as  
to have exhausted all the sweet possi-  
bilities of the delicate flower? So in  
Alice's life there were grand possibili-  
ties, fine traits of character, but not  
carefully guarded, her life promised only  
a harvest of weeds.  
"I know, Alice, I can only give you  
the love of an honest heart," said Robert,  
as they walked homeward, "but some-  
times—sometimes—" the words died  
on his lips as he added, "I know Hun-  
tington can give you more. Every-  
thing that money could buy would be  
yours; but would you—could you be  
happy with such a man?"  
"Why not, Robert? He has many  
times pictured to me his elegant home  
on the Hudson—and he would choose  
me from all the world to reign there.  
I am sure he loves me; he sighs so  
deeply and looks so sad when I run  
away from him, inattentive to his bleed-  
ing," she said, coquettishly.  
"Alice, I leave this matter for your  
consideration. You know my ardent  
love for you, my strong desire that you  
may sometime reciprocate this love, and  
come to the area that will shield you  
forever. I sail for Europe next week,  
and as business takes me at once to  
New York, I must bid you good-night  
and good-by. Sometime I shall return,  
and then I shall be a happy man if I  
can have made myself more worthy  
your love. Should you—marry—I must  
not think of it, darling."  
This sudden announcement of his de-  
parture made Alice very silent, and be-  
fore they realized it they had reached  
her home, there being little said on  
either side. Robert at once advised  
Mr. and Mrs. Baxter of his proposed  
journey; assured them that the one  
hope in his heart—his girl—kept his  
happy. Whatever came, his life  
should mean something. At any rate,  
(to use the words of Robert Browning)  
he would "earn a grave." Good-bye  
was exchanged, good wishes given, and  
Robert Crofton had gone.  
For the weeks that followed, Alice  
hardly knew if she missed him or not;  
the days dragged heavily, yet, in the  
presence of Huntington she seemed to  
forget all this.  
On a lovely summer evening many  
weeks after Robert's departure, Hun-  
tington's elegant carriage stood at the  
door. Alice, donning her jaunty hat,  
exclaimed—  
"Hullo! it's too laughable for you  
to expect me to think the same thought  
twice; why, you know what the village  
people say of me—'She's'—'Wait  
until I can hold you—don't jump, now!'  
—'She's a heartless flirt! Now let me  
philosophize. The day is charming;  
the country never before so beautiful;  
and you are so good to take naughty  
me out for a drive, that I may say yes;  
then—repeating—to-morrow I may say  
no. In the words of some immortal air—  
your favorite from Evangelina—  
'Gilded  
"Colors seen by candle-light  
Do no look the same by day."  
But look, Mr. Huntington, there's a  
good scene for an artist; bubbling  
brooks and towering mountains."  
"Alice, Miss Alice, will you never be  
serious with me? Tell me I may love  
you. Say yes; look me in the eyes and  
promise."  
"She gives a side glance, and looks down  
"How, how, how?"  
hummed Alice, indifferently.

**A Hint to Lovers.**  
HOW AMANDA WAS WON—COURAGE AND  
TACT PRIME NECESSITIES—ASK-  
ING THE OLD FOLKS.  
As we have already said, many thou-  
sands of aching hearts and ill-assorted  
marriages would be prevented if only  
young lovers had courage and tact.  
The other day a young gentleman, who  
has long been enamored of one of the  
fairest daughters of West Monroe street,  
but who has met with scant courtesy  
from her parents, suddenly bit upon the  
great discovery that asking a girl's  
father's consent was an idle formality.  
"By Jove," he said, after thinking the  
matter over in all its various aspects, "it  
is the old woman who is the power be-  
hind the throne. Once you get her on  
your side you are all right, and besides  
you are saved from any annoyance by  
your mother-in-law, for she can't go and  
say to your wife, 'if you had taken my  
advice, or, 'I always told you so.' By  
Jove, I'll go for the old woman." So,  
dressing himself in his gay attire, the  
young man went out, and after explain-  
ing matters to his sweetheart, induced  
her to call her mother. (Her father  
had gone to Des Moines on business.)  
"Well, sir," said the old lady with  
icy coldness, "what do you wish to say  
to me?"  
"I come, Madam," said the heroic  
youth, "to demand the hand of your  
lovely daughter in marriage."  
"Demand a fiddlestick!" said the old  
lady, with asperity. "Amanda is too  
young to be married yet, and if she  
wasn't and there wasn't but one hus-  
band in the world, and you were the  
Y'd say 'Na-aw!' Do you understand  
that?"  
"In a measure I apprehend your  
meaning," said the young lover, while  
Amanda, who was listening behind the  
folding doors, whispered to herself that  
was real mean, and felt her heart  
sink into her slippers; "and I was pre-  
pared for it. I had already seen your  
husband."  
"You had? Do you mean to say  
that that chuckle-headed clown has con-  
sented?"  
"No, madam, not precisely. In fact  
he said he would be ashamed first.  
But, as in such matters as these, it is  
always best to deal with principals, I  
thought I would see you, although your  
husband said that when he said, 'No,'  
and put his foot down, that was an end  
of matters in his house. I wanted to be  
allowed to plead my cause before you,  
because the sympathies of a beautiful  
and clever woman still young in heart  
as she is in looks—but alas! he told me  
it would do me no good—that you were  
prejudiced against me, and even if you  
favored my suit your humblest solicita-  
tions could not move him."  
"When did my husband tell you all  
this? Was he sober—quite sober? He  
put his foot down, indeed!"  
"About noon on Tuesday, and I  
never saw him more collected and  
rational. Indeed, he was unusually  
mild and lenient, and when I told him  
of my desire to be married he said, 'Better  
not; if you know what's good for you—  
don't. I dare say my daughter is very  
handsome and all that kind of thing,  
but she takes after her mother. I am  
really doing you a kindness in refusing  
my consent.'"  
"The suborned traitor!" said the  
old lady, warmly; "well, now, I want  
you to understand one thing; I am the  
patriarch of this household, and when my  
husband leaves me out of the calcula-  
tion it's equivalent to the omission of  
the substratum, denominator, quotient,  
divisor, dividend, multiplier and the one  
you carry. You understand me?"  
"Yes'm; but your husband doesn't  
think so."  
"Well, when he gets back I'll just put  
in some of my humblest solicitations—I  
believe that is what he calls them—and  
he understands me. And I'll prove it to  
you, too, Amanda, come here. This is  
your future husband, and if I know  
anything, you'll be married to him inside  
of three weeks. Just make a list of the  
things you want, and I'll see that you  
get them. Young man, embrace your  
betrothed bride. Bless you, my child-  
ren. I want this thing settled once for  
all."  
It was almost too good to be true,  
and the lovers had to hug each other  
several times during the evening (which  
they spent on the same chair) to be sure  
it was not all a dream. Nevertheless,  
the fair Amanda felt several quivers and  
fears when she thought of her stern  
father's return, and the possibility, that  
the game would be up then. But it  
wasn't. The old man got home from  
Des Moines late on Thursday night. He  
slept on the sofa, and looked visibly  
older at breakfast next morning, having  
a staid and pained expression in his  
eyes. When the meal was concluded he  
took his daughter aside and asked her  
if she was really sure that she loved the  
young man, and when she replied that  
he could gamble on it (or words to that  
effect), he said he could no longer with-  
hold his consent—her happiness was  
more to him than the spectacle of vindi-  
cated authority.  
"Oh, pa, how good and kind you  
are!" sobbed the beautiful girl, falling  
upon his neck.  
"Amanda, my love," said the author  
of her being, "that's all right, and I  
don't bear your lover any malice, but I  
don't want you, my dear girl, to be-  
lieve that your pa is a thoroughly double  
and twisted liar, for I never said any-  
thing of the sort. But it would do me

**The Indians of Florida.**  
A gentleman who has recently been  
among the Indians of Florida writes: I  
have learned a number of interesting  
things regarding these Indians for the  
officers I have named which I will  
briefly note. The whole number now  
in Florida is about three hundred, di-  
vided into four bands, as camps. About  
one-third are Creeks, the remainder  
Seminoles. Chico, the chief of the  
Creeks, is a most hospitable man. Every-  
thing he had in the way of comforts was  
at the disposal of his visitors. His band  
raised corn, garden vegetables and  
sugar-cane. One of the young men has  
invented a mill for crushing cane, which  
gives evidence of considerable genius.  
He is anxious to learn English and re-  
ceive an education, but is forbidden to  
do so. The children are kept away  
from the whites as much as possible in  
order to prevent them learning English  
or knowing anything about civilized  
habits. The head men would not talk  
about the affairs of their tribe. They  
'didn't like Washington talk' and while  
they like white people 'come see 'em'  
had no faith in the government and  
would communicate nothing. All that  
was learned of them was from the in-  
terpreter and from the whites who live  
near them. The visit of the officers was  
a surprise to them, or none of the  
young people would have been seen.  
The Seminoles managed the matter bet-  
ter and pretended a surprise.

**A Kind-Hearted Old Man.**  
A young pianist was giving concerts  
through the province of Germany for  
her support, and to enhance her reputa-  
tion she advertised herself as a pupil  
of Liszt. In a town in the interior of  
Germany, where she had announced a  
concert was to take place by seeing in  
the list of arrivals and at the very hotel  
where the concert was to be given, "M.  
L'Abbe Liszt." Here was a dilemma;  
and what to do she knew not. Her  
fraud would be exposed; she could  
never give another concert; she was  
ruined.  
Tremblingly she sought the presence  
of the great maestro, determined to  
make a clean breast of it, and cast her-  
self on his mercy. Coming into his  
room with downcast eyes, she knelt at  
the old man's feet, and with many tears  
told her story—how she had been left  
an orphan and poor, with only her  
gift of music with which to support her-  
self; the difficulties she had encoun-  
tered, until the fraudulent use of his  
great name had filled her rooms and  
her purse.  
"Well, well," said the great man,  
gently raising her up, "let us see what  
we can do. Perhaps it is not so bad as  
you thought. There is a piano; let me  
hear one of the pieces you expect to  
play to-morrow evening."  
Tremblingly she obeyed, the maestro  
making comments and suggestions as  
she played, and when she had finished,  
he added—  
"Now, my child, I have given you a  
lesson; you are a pupil of Liszt."  
Before she could find words to ex-  
press her gratitude Liszt asked—  
"Are your programmes printed?"  
"No, sir," was the answer, "not  
yet."  
"Then say that you will be assisted by  
your master, and that the last piece on  
the programme will be played by the  
Abbe Liszt."  
Foolish.

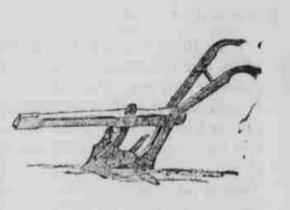
**Afraid of Being Kissed.**  
[From the Crossian Legends.]  
A man was walking along one road a  
woman along another. The roads finally  
united, and the man and woman reached  
the junction at the same time walked on  
from there together. The man was carry-  
ing a large iron kettle on his back. In  
one hand he held by the legs a live chick-  
en; in the other a cane, and he was lead-  
ing a goat. Just as they were coming to  
a deep, dark ravine, the woman said to  
the man—  
"I am afraid to go through that ravine  
with you. It is a lonely place, and you  
might overpower me and kiss me by force."  
"If you were afraid of that," said the  
man, "you shouldn't have walked with me  
at all. How can I possibly overpower you  
and kiss you by force when I have this  
great iron kettle on my back, a cane in  
one hand and a live chicken in another,  
and am leading this goat? I might as well  
be tied hand and foot."  
"Yes," replied the woman, "but if you  
should stick your cane in the ground and  
tie the goat to it, and turn the kettle bot-  
tom side up and put the chicken under it,  
then you might wickedly kiss me in spite  
of my resistance."  
"Success to thy ingenuity, oh, woman!"  
said the rejoicing man to himself. "I  
should have never thought of this expedi-  
ent."  
And when he came to the ravine he  
stuck his cane into the ground and tied  
the goat to it, gave the chicken to the  
woman, saying, "Hold it while I cut some  
grass for the goat," and then he turned  
the kettle from his shoulders, imprisoned  
the goat under it, and wickedly kissed the  
woman, as she was afraid he would.

**Men who win Women.**  
God has so made the sexes that woman,  
like children, cling to man, and man,  
then as though they were superior in mind  
and body. They make them the sons of  
systems, and their children revolve around  
them. Men are gods; if they but knew it,  
and women burning incense at their shrines.  
Women, therefore, who have good  
minds and pure hearts want men to lean  
upon. Think of their reverencing a drunk-  
ard, a liar, a fool, or a libertine. If a  
man would have a woman to do him  
homage, he must be manly in every sense;  
a true gentleman, not after the Chesterfield  
school, but polite because his heart is full  
of kindness to all; one who treats her with  
respect, even disrespect, because she is a  
woman; who never condescends to say silly  
things to her; who brings her up to his level,  
if his mind is above hers; who has no  
time to be frivolous with her. Always  
dignified in speech and act; never yields  
to temptations, even if she puts it in his  
way; ambitious to make his mark in the  
world, whether she encourages him or not;  
who is never familiar with her to the ex-  
tent of being an adopted brother or a cousin;  
who is not over credulous about dress;  
always pleasant and considerate, but al-  
ways keeping his place of the man, the  
head, and never losing it. Such depart-  
ment, with noble principles, good mind,  
energy, and industry, will win any woman  
in the world worth winning.

**Burning Green Wood Expensive.**  
Water passing into vapor absorbs and  
hides away nearly 1,000 degrees of heat.  
A cord of green wood produces just as  
much heat as a cord of the same wood  
dry. In burning the dry wood we get  
nearly all the heat, but in burning the  
same wood green from one-half to three-  
fourths of the heat produced goes off  
latent and useless in evaporating the sap  
or water. Chemistry shows this, and why,  
very plainly. Therefore get the winter's  
wood for fuel and kindlings, and let it be  
seasoned as soon as possible, and put it  
under cover in time to be dry when used.  
It will, of course, season or dry much faster  
when split. A solid cord of green elm  
wood weighs sixty to sixty-five pounds, of  
which thirty to thirty-five pounds is sap  
or water. As ordinarily piled up, if we  
allow half of a cord to be lost in the spaces  
between the sticks, we still have a weight  
of about two tons to the cord, of which one  
ton is water or sap. Such wood affords  
very little useful heat; it goes off in the  
form of sap. The great saving of hauling it  
home dry is evident—as we get the same  
amount of fuel for half the team work.  
Beach wood loses one-eighth to one-fifth  
its weight in drying; oak, one quarter to  
one-fifth.

**Coal and Wood Stove.**  
Also a good assortment of HOLLOW  
WARE.  
LUMBER furnished in any quantity  
at the LOWEST Market Rates.  
sep 8 10

ROANOKE AGRICULTURE  
WORKS,  
WELDON, N. C.;  
JOHN M. FOOTE, Proprietor



A SPECIALTY.

MANUFACTURER OF AND ORIGINAL AGENT  
FOR,  
ALL KINDS OF FARMING IM-  
PLEMENTS,  
STEAM ENGINES AND COTTON  
GINS.

Also Agent for the Chicago Scale Com-  
pany's  
UNITED STATES STANDARD  
SCALES.

Everything in this line from a 100 TON  
Railroad Scale to the SMALLEST TEA  
Scale furnished at Surprising LOW Fig-  
ures. A Platform HAY or STOCK Scale  
of FOUR TONS capacity for \$50.00 and  
FURTHER.

All kinds of  
IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS

Furnished at SHORT NOTICE and at  
Petersburg or Norfolk PRICES.

As I have a 1. excellent MACHINIST and  
BOLLER MAKER.

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

COAL AND WOOD STOVE.

Also a good assortment of HOLLOW  
WARE.  
LUMBER furnished in any quantity  
at the LOWEST Market Rates.  
sep 8 10