

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1879.

NO. 35.

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May 12 1879

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adjoining counties, also in the Federal and
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the office. June 24 1879

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Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless
Extracting of Teeth always on hand.
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Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining
counties, and in the Supreme court of the
State. Jan 12 1879

Too True.

Things aren't always what they seem,
Skins will often sell for cream;
Men on Sunday kneel in prayer,
Then on Monday lie and swear!

Women, who upon the street
Smile at every one they meet,
Let their hearts burn cold as stone—
Just as soon as they get home!

Boys who wouldn't sell their hands
In the country tilling lands,
Sit and fish from moon till night,
Then come home with awful fright!

Girls who look so dreadfully nice,
When they gaze upon their face,
Are made up from head to toe,
Of cotton, whalebone, pads and pins!

COLD AND CILT.

CHAPTER I.—IN THE EARLY SPRING

She was a very pretty girl, and she knew it, and did her best, in an innocent sort of way, to let other people know it; and she could not help thinking, as she walked along the Feltham road, that keeping company with Tom Dawlish—who was just a plain, honest, hard working young fellow—was rather a waste of time, and that marrying him would be altogether throwing herself away.

Her reflections came to an end at the door of Messrs. Bradbury's office, and she walked in wholly intent on the bill she had to pay. A smart-looking young man received the money, and when the receipt was made out, and she turned to go, she found that the show which had been intended for some time was coming down with a vengeance.

"Oh, dear!" she said, "and I have no umbrella!"

"Wait here a few minutes, miss; it will soon be over," said the smart-looking man; and then, having accepted his offer of shelter, Mary found herself after a minute or two, thinking he was a very nice-looking young gentleman (as she afterwards described him to the cook), and that he had beautiful hair—it was so nicely curled—and he had a little dark mustache, and he wore such a pretty blue necktie, oh! he was very nice-looking indeed.

"Are you Mrs. Poole's sister?" he asked after a few minutes' conversation. Mary flushed as she replied truthfully—for she was far too good a girl to equivocate—that she was not such a distinguished individual, but only the housemaid and chambermaid combined. And when he asked her what her name was; with another blush she told him that it was Clara, but Mrs. Poole said it was too fine a name for a servant, and so called her Mary.

"I shall call you Clara," he said—"shall I?" he added, with an appealing glance. Mary felt her heart beat faster, something seemed to tell her that her destiny had come, and she had no words to say, so he followed up his successful ally with another one:

"Do you ever get out of an evening for a walk?"

"Sometimes," she said softly.

"Will you go for a walk with me next time?"

"It wouldn't be right; you are quite strange, you see," she answered slowly.

"Oh, well, I'll soon get over that you know. Perhaps you are engaged to my friend? My incontinent heart gave a thump for here was a good practical question, which showed that he meant business—i. e., matrimony.

"No, I'm not; but I'm wanted to be, not a very lucid answer, but he understood it.

"Who to?" he asked coaxingly.

"Well, perhaps I oughtn't to say his name," she answered slowly; for in this, the most important moment of her life, as she felt it to be, words seemed altogether to fail her.

"What is he?"

"He's—he's a carpenter," Mary never felt the truth more difficult to tell in all her life.

A carpenter! he said in a tolling tone of injury, not unmixed with scorn.

"Well, of course, if I am not better than a carpenter—"

"Oh! you are; you are, sir," said Mary, in her excitement putting out a hand and resting it just for a moment on his sleeve.

Mary lost her heart to the smart young man with a blue tie and well oiled hair. He never said anything more definite than he said the first day; but he was always to take her out, and most particular about her dress, and the result was that all her little hoard of savings, went in more or less hickory shanty, and Tom Dawlish was forgotten.

There was only one thing she refused to do, and that was she would not give up her Saturday afternoon to him. She had always had to take little Franky Poole out for a long walk on that day, it being his half holiday, and she would never consent to his being allowed to run about wild in Kensington Gardens, as Alfred Hill (for so the smart young man was called) suggested, while she walked about with her fine sweetheart.

no avowal of his own feeling had ever escaped his lips.

"Oh! I do!" she said; and covering her face with her hands, let her head droop down upon his shoulder.

CHAPTER II.—AFTER THE SUMMER.

"I hate school," Franky Poole informed her one morning, as he sat on the table while she sewed a button on his trousers.

"I should like to be a sailor."

"Goodness, Master Franky! What's put that into your head?"

"Oh! nothing; only Tom Dawlish was telling me about it; what they did in wrecks, you know, and all that, I should like to be on a raft, I should!"

"And he drew his naked toes up on the table, and wriggled them about at the thought of the great things he would do. 'Tom's coming to-day,' I heard mamma say so; and if he isn't gone when I come back this afternoon, I shall ask him more about it."

"I'd tell him not to go filling the child's head with such nonsense, only I don't want to get in his way," thought Mary. But somehow Tom got into her way that afternoon.

"Look here, Mary," he said, "I want to speak to you. It isn't that I want you to look at me if you haven't a mind to, though goodness knows I'd do anything for you; but I don't want to see a nice girl like you lowering yourself by walking out with a chap like Alfred Hill!"

"What's it got to do with you?" asked she, angrily.

"Why, just this, I've found out a bit about him, and he's only laughing at you, and thinking you are a nice-looking girl, when you are dressed up to walk about with, but as for marrying you, he'll no more do it than that."

And he snapped his fingers, thought what that action had to do with Mr. Alfred Hill's intentions he did not explain.

"Why, he's going to marry the daughter of Mr. Brooks, what travels for the firm, that's what he's going to do. Ask him, and see if he can deny it. Why, it's coming out directly, only she's nothing to look at, so he isn't fond of showing her off; but she's got some money, she has, and plays on the piano, and looks a lady."

"How do you know it?" Mary asked, her lips turning white, for her heart knew he had fallen off lately, and that he was not what he had been in the spring (the summer was now over). Not that for a single moment she believed Tom's words.

"Why, I work there, and there, and the servant told me. Besides, I've seen him go there courting."

"I don't believe it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she and she rushed away to hide her gathering tears and frightened face.

She wrote to him, asking him to meet her that night; but he replied with an excuse that made her sick. He would meet her to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon in Kensington Gardens, if she liked, he said; and for the first time, and for his sake, was false to her charge of Franky.

"You ran about, Master Franky, dear," she said; "I want to talk to a friend of mine—but don't go out of sight;" and then in her bewilderment she forgot all about him. Alfred Hill looked rather bored than otherwise, but he was smiling and shiny as ever. She hardly greeted him when he appeared, but she looked at him with all the admiration she had ever felt for him intensified by her fear. He sat down beside her, and elegantly crossing his legs, began tapping his highly polished boots with his bone-headed cane.

"Alfred," she said crossing her hands and looking at him straight in the face, "is it true as you are going to get married directly?"

"Who's told you so?"

"It isn't any account who told; is it true as you are going away to marry Miss Brooks because she plays on the piano, and has money, and—"

The tears came into her eyes, and her lips quivered with anguish. "Oh, it isn't true! I know it isn't!" and she touched his hand in her dismay and looked up into his face with all her heart's story written in her eyes.

"I don't see why it shouldn't be, and so there's the long and short of it, it's no use making a fuss about it my dear girl."

"But it isn't! It isn't!" she said appealingly.

"Well, yes, it is true," he said, slowly, not daring to look her in the face; "so you may as well know it at once."

She stood up before him. "True! Do you mean to say, Alfred, after all that's passed between us, as you are going to be married to some one else?"

"I really don't know what you mean by 'what has passed between us.' You really couldn't think I was going to marry you?"

"Why couldn't I?"

"Well, I don't wish to hurt your feelings; but consider the difference in our positions. One walks out with a pretty servant girl, but one doesn't marry her."

"You are not a gentleman, as you think yourself, Alfred Hill," she said slowly. "You are dressed like one, but you are just a bit of a clerk, not any better than a respectable girl like me; you are not a gentleman. A gentleman doesn't try to take a girl's good name and win her heart, as you have done."

Mary often wondered she fought her battle as she did; but she seemed to have no feeling then, only to realize that which would come hereafter.

"I am very sorry that you let yourself fall in love with me," he said, tapping his boot again. "I thought you would have had more pride, at any rate, till you were asked."

"More pride! What do you take me for?" she asked, her cheeks flushing.

"Do you think I'd go out with one, and talk to him, and let him talk to me as you've done, if I hadn't cared for him? I've too much pride for that, and I shouldn't be fit company for any honest man if I hadn't."

"And you know as I've liked you, for you made me say it, and you know it; but it is I, you as I like, but the man I took you for, and he isn't here at all."

"Well, I'm sorry you are disappointed in your hope of bettering yourself by marrying above you, and I think after all you've said, we'd better part."

"The sooner the better," and she let him go, and then she set down and let him go, and then she sat down and almost sobbed her poor foolish heart out, and spat the bitterest part of her life beneath the trees from which the leaves were falling. Suddenly she looked out for Franky; he was nowhere to be seen. She called at the top of her voice; no answer came. With a fear that deadened all other feelings she ran to and fro in a wild endeavor to find him. She asked the policeman at the gate; he had not seen him. An hour passed in a fruitless search; and then, pale with fear, and trembling in every limb, she went home to relate the terrible news. Just as she got to the door she saw thro' the gathering shadows Tom Dawlish, and in his arms a little figure, which her heart told her was master Franky.

"I met this young gentleman as he was running away to be a sailor, and he luckily brought him back."

"Running away! Why, how were you going to get to the sea?"

"I was going to walk there," said Franky stoutly.

"You would have killed your poor mamma."

"Mamma," asked Franky Pool the next day; "would it kill you if I ran away to sea?"

"Yes, dear, I think it would."

"Oh! well, then," he answered, patting her, "I won't."

It was springtime again when Tom Dawlish asked Mary a question once more. He had a good situation, and a prospect of a rise; and he'd always been that on her, and he wanted to know if she could love him. She looked up with a face that had grown thin and pale, and answered truthfully and simply:

"I don't think as I do now, Tom, but if you like to wait, I think I'll come."

"Bless you," said Tom; "I'd wait seven years rather than lose you."

But he had only to wait one. He's gold and silver was gilt," said Mary on her wedding day, and she was right.

The Use of Pain.

The power which rules the universe, this great, tender power, uses pain as a signal of danger. Just, generous, beautiful nature never strikes a foul blow; never attacks us behind our backs; never digs pitfalls or lays ambushes; never wears a smile upon her face when there is vengeance in her heart. Patiently she teaches us her laws, plainly she writes her warning, tenderly she graduates their force. Long before the lurid, red danger light of pain is flashed, she pleads with us—as though for her own sake, not ours—to be merciful to ourselves and to each other. She makes the overworked brain to wander from the subject of its labors. She tosses the over-indulged body against the delights of yesterday. These are her cautious signals, "to slow." She stands in the fifty courts and alleys that we pass daily, and beckons us to enter and realize with our senses what we allow to exist in the midst of the culture of which we brag. And what do we do ourselves? We ply whip and spur on the jaded brain as though it were a jibbing horse—force it back into the road which leads to madness, and go on full gallop. We drag the rebellious body with stimulants, we hide the original and think we have escaped the danger, and are very festive before night. We turn aside, as the Pharisee did of old, and passed on the other side with our handkerchief to our nose. At last, having broken nature's laws, and disregarded her warnings, forth she comes—drums beating, colors flying—right in front to punish us. Then we go down on our knees and blubber about it having pleaded God Almighty to send this affliction upon us, and we pray Him to work a miracle in order to reverse the natural consequences of our disobedience, or save us from the trouble of doing our duty. In other words, we put our fingers in the fire and beg that it may not hurt.—Temple Bar.

Mrs. Jones says her husband will never be struck by lightning, because he always gets insulate.

It is the little arrows that pierce the soul; the big ones shoot the whole business away.—New Haven Register.

A correspondent wants to know what to do when a dog shows signs of hydrophobia. We should climb a tree.

Did Paul write his epistles on parchment or paper? On neither. He used an apostle card.

When a man speaks the truth, you may count pretty surely that he possesses most other virtues.

A supper of watermelon, cucumbers, raw apples, and toasted cheese will give you some idea of the emotions produced by an earthquake.

A Leadville Washerwoman's Luck

But it is not alone in mining operations that fortunes have been made, writes a Leadville (Col.) correspondent. Mrs. Bay, of old Irish washerwoman fame, who was among the earliest settlers, has a somewhat romantic history. Her stock in trade when she came consisted of a pair of tubs and a washboard. She began business under an old pine tree on the hillside, having no means of hiring a house. She soon, however, got together with her own hands a rude slab cabin, and, as business was good at \$2.50 per dozen for washing, she gradually began to provide for her wants. She got a camp stove, and after furnishing her cabin comfortably, began to accumulate money. The logs began to grow in the direction of her cabin, and after a while she employed laborers to put up a log house. As there was a great demand for miners' boarding-houses, Mrs. Bay concluded to abandon the washboard and start a boarding-house in her new office. In this idea she received great encouragement, as the house was opened with flattering prospects. In this venture she proved to be very successful, and made money and saved it. By the growth of the city her house finally got to be in the very center, and, as the stumps were laid out, it proved to occupy a location on the corner of Harrison avenue and State street. Business was good and she continued to make money, which she invested wisely. She built another log house and rented it. Then she put up a frame building, which was rented before it was finished. About this time some of the landgrabbers disposed her title to the land and tried to dispossess her, but the old lady had so many determined friends among the miners that the effort was given up. Several months ago she renewed an offer of 10,000 for her property, and since that time has built a two-story brick building on Harrison avenue, and as desirable a piece of property as may be found in Leadville. She still lives in her log house, but she now intends to tear it down and erect a two-story block in its place. When her improvements are completed she will have an income of more than \$1,000 a month—a pretty good record of business success for an old washerwoman.

Medical Visit in the Olden Time.

The early doctors, as a few of the older people well remember, were accustomed to make their daily tours through the village on horseback. They were generally recognizable by certain peculiarities of dress and saddle appointments. To protect their pantaloons from mud and from being rubbed by the saddle, they generally inclosed their legs in leather or felt leggings, which when the doctors were out of saddle and within doors, had much attention given them by the smaller children of the families visited. There also were their saddle-bags, which, when opened at the bedside of the sick, revealed filled phials and curious instruments that left a wonderful impression of their importance as professional persons upon those who had watched the composition of the medicines to be taken. Those who were ordered to call at their offices often felt that were then admitted to mysteries of compounding medicines and the preparation of ointments and plasters to say the least, to be mysterious. The doctors in those days wore miniature apothecary shops. The young medical student, who was reading with a doctor found himself often kept pretty busy with the "instruments"—the pestle and mortar, and soon lost all sense of the romantic which had early filled his mind respecting the profession. The student first lessons in tooth drawing were given him over the massive jaws of certain toothache-stricken Africans, and his first easy at blood letting on the bare arm of some poor-house pauper. The Latin of the abbreviated terms on the phials, jars and bottles, which filled the shelves of the apothecary, were to those waiting for prescriptions as cabalistic as words of magical import.

Why Eve did not Keep a Hired Girl.

A lady writes in one of our exchanges furnishing some of the reasons why Eve did not keep a hired girl. She says: "There has been a great deal said about the faults of women, and why they need so much waiting on."

Some one (a man of course) has the presumption to ask, "Why, when Eve was manufactured of a spare rib, was a servant not made at the same time to wait upon her?"

She didn't need any. A bright writer has said that Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, buttons to be sewed on, gloves to be mended, right away—now!—because he never read the newspaper until the sun went down behind the pine trees, and stretching himself, yawned out: "Isn't it splendid, my dear? Not he! He was in the fire and brought the kettle over a dinner, and pulled the potatoes, and did everything else he ought not to do. He milked the cow, fed chickens, and looked after the pigs himself, and never brought out a dozen friends home to dinner, when Eve didn't have any fresh pomgranates."

He never stayed out until eleven o'clock at night, and then scolded because Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gate. He never looked around the corner gates while Eve was reaching little Cain's cradle at home. He did not eat Eve up from the cellar to get his slippers and put them in the corner where he left them. Not he! When he pulled them off he put them under the fig tree beside his Sunday boots. In short, he did not think her especially graceful for the purpose of waiting on him, and he wasn't under the temptation that disgraced a man to listen a wife's caresses a little. That's the reason Eve did not need a hired girl, and with it was the reason that her fair descendants did.

Disappointed Hopes.

More hearts are crushed after the marriage vows have been taken, than ever bleed before they were pledged at the hymeneal altar. All love stories end where real life begins, and the wife is left to the great battle with an man to help or pig. She is no longer free to come and go, as she pleases; the money she spends is not so much her own as that which she formerly earned by teaching, clerking or housework.

Her husband follows the occupation most congenial to his mind, and she becomes housekeeper in the widest sense of the term. Without any experience, she is expected to manage the details of household economy, do all the work, raise a family, be neat with herself and children, and in all her surroundings; and in no wise think of earning money, except by saving what her husband earns. The monotony of such a life may become so irksome that every duty is a task, yet no one thinks she needs a change.

For months she sees only her own family, then another helpless babe increases her cares, and the same duties bind her at home. From the kitchen to the cellar, the barnyard, the garden and the attic, she draws her recreation; while business sometimes calls her husband to the city, frequently to the village post-office, the store or shop, where he sees other faces, hears the news, and goes away cheerful and happy. His wife does not enter into any of these little transactions, and her mind narrows down to the small circle in which she revolves till, crushed by disappointment, she dies of a broken heart.

What to Do with Daughters.

Teach them self-reliance.
Teach them to make bread.
Teach them to make shirts.
Teach them not to wear false hair.
Teach them not to powder and paint.
Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.
Teach them how to make their own clothes.
Teach them how to do marketing for the family.
Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.
Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen.
Teach them to say no and mean it, or yes, and stick to it.
Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.
Teach them to regard the morals, not the money of a beau.
Give them a good substantial common school education.
Teach them every day, dry, hard, practical common sense.
Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining room and the parlor.
Teach to have nothing to do with dissolute and intemperate young men.

An Affluent Beggar.

The Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle says for some time past an ill-clad and apparently crippled woman, accompanied by a little girl, has been begging about the city. The woman used a crutch and appeared to move about with great difficulty. It is rarely that the hearts of men are withered as an appeal from a feeble cripple, backed by the sad beseeching eyes of a little child, and the contributions of the best-woman's exchange have been quite liberal. Several persons, however, have at times observed that the woman, when in some out-of-the-way place, walked along without her crutch, and the attention of the police was directed to her. Yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock Constable Jewell arrested the woman on a charge of vagrancy, and she was taken to county jail. When she found that she was to be searched she made a pious outcry, but the officers were determined to search her pockets. They found several in the side of her dress seven \$100 greenbacks, a \$10 gold piece, an Italian 20-fr gold piece (worth \$3.75) and \$1.40 in silver, together with an amulet, a string of beads, some medals and an old jack-knife.

Don't Be an Editor.

The profession, though honorable, is far from gaudy. It involves steady, persistent work; a constant strain on the mental faculties and no end of untalented, yet annoying criticisms. There is no profession that exacts so much work for so small a return; none in which the steps of promotion are more numerous or more difficult to ascend. The candidate for journalistic honors must depend for promotion upon his own industry, his ability, and accident. The demand for service such as he can render is necessarily limited, the supply large and increasing, and he must be content to accept the position and the best pay he can get. One thing more can be said, and should be carefully considered by the would-be journalist at the start: Hard as it is to get into journalism, it is harder still to get out. The training which a newspaper affords is not calculated to fit a man for any other vocation or profession. In nineteen cases out of twenty the novice enters upon a "hor better or for worse," for all time. If he can make an honest living in any other way he had better eschew journalism. If he must engage in it, let it be with his eyes open to the difficulties and disappointments that will inevitably beset his path.

A young man has been courting one girl five years, and every time he has called during the past six months she has fed him on pop-corn. But he doesn't take the hint—and pop.

There is scarcely any trouble without a woman being at the bottom of it, so when you pass a house and hear a youngster yelling like a banshee, you can make up your mind that the foregoing fact accounts for the noise.

THE ROANOKE NEWS
ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	PER LINE			
	One M.	Two M.	Three M.	One Y.
One Square,	5 00	8 00	12 00	30 00
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	15 00	30 00
Three Squares,	5 00	15 00	20 00	40 00
Four Squares,	10 00	15 00	20 00	45 00
Fourth Col'n,	15 00	20		