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Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. Jan 10 17

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The Roanoke News.

VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1879.

NO. 36.

All Eyes Seek Her.

All eyes seek her where'er she moves, Drawn by the magic of her face, As when the moon above them roves...

WHO WAS RIGHT.

Just ten years ago I met the only one I ever loved, and, though the years are adding to each other, I still remember the first time we looked into each other's eyes...

In the city of C—, situated upon the banks of one of Ohio's beautiful blue rivers, there lived a family of wealth and culture.

This particular evening had assembled together the youth and beauty of the city. Among the handsome and attractive, Miss Marvenia was the acknowledged belle.

"Miss Marvenia allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Braleigh. He is a charming skater, and I know you will have a splendid time."

"Certainly. Shall we skate backwards or forwards?" "Oh, no; let us join hands and skate slowly around. Do you know that I so dislike this hurry and rush, as though one's life depended upon going around this circle just so many times in a fixed period?"

"The hour, however, was fast approaching when skates were bundled up and the weary skaters sought their warm firesides. So bidding adieu for a while to the awakened thoughts and feelings which were arising in my mind, I hastened to the room where, around a large stove, the ladies and gentlemen were busy talking off their skates."

"Yes, that is right, make an excuse. You can depend upon it, something is wrong."

"Mr. Braleigh, I am not going to speak to you again. No, you can not smooth it over. You promised me a week ago that the first evening the band played you would teach me the waltz figure."

you had not have been skating there yet."

"Come, now, Miss Villiers, do not be so cruel; you are certainly aware that my acquaintance with Miss Marvenia dates from this evening, and, of course, I desired to get along as far as possible."

"Indeed; I expect you were. I am persuaded to say that you have gotten along so far that you are already in love with her."

Well, I can remember my lonely walk back that evening; how, as if a new life had come to my young heart—was it love? Could it be that in such a short period I could feel the passionate thrillings of love's sweetest depths?

What could this really mean; was she sick? What could have made Mrs. Marvenia act so towards me? True, she never suspected our love, as I had supposed. What right had she to know of it?

It was fully three weeks before I had an opportunity to see her. During this time I understood that she had been kept closely confined. Why, I could not discover. When she passed along in her carriage she looked so sad and pale my heart sank within me.

"Oh, Mr. Braleigh, I cannot, cannot tell you. You do not know what a change I have experienced." "A change, Alice? What do you mean?"

"I was apprised of the fact one evening as we were sitting in the parlor playing cards. It was settled that Alice was to leave the following Monday for Philadelphia, to attend a private boarding school, to be gone one year, and as we turned from the parlor table to the piano, I asked her to play Miller's 'Waiting,' a favorite song of ours, which she did with considerable feeling."

"Indeed, I am not; but how can I help it?" "Can't you arrange it so the mail can be delivered to you secretly?" "Oh, Harry! And would you have me do this? It seems so wicked, and if I were to be found out, then what?"

Frequently I had heard from her, through friends here, and the messages were always of the best wishes for my welfare, and expressed sentiments of deep regard.

"I called at noon, but was greeted upon my arrival with the startling news, 'Miss Marvenia was sick and it would be impossible for me to see her.'"

"Well, I think so," said the servant, "but if you will step into the parlor, Mr. Braleigh, I will call her mother; she'll be better for you to see her."

"Mr. Braleigh, I am very sorry to say that my daughter is ill and unable to see you at present. It may be a week or even three or four weeks before I can permit you to call. You will, of course, consider that I have my daughter's welfare at heart, and you will please act upon the suggestion."

As I wandered homeward, all this passed through my mind. I was convincing myself that something had evidently chilled the feelings of Alice's mother towards me. What it was, I knew not. But I resolved to find it out.

"I have heard doctors say that a man's neck was broken by hanging," persisted the muscular man.

"O, well, now you're on science, I'll give in," and the modest muscular reporter withdrew a few steps and filled his pipe. His forte is facts straight.

"Well, there's a difference of opinion about that. Certainly the physician owned him—had bought and paid for him."

"Kid reader, what would you have done under the circumstances? Here was a young and beautiful girl, whom I had loved me passionately, willing to leave home and all to be my wife—created in luxury and refinement, to go to a home, Heaven only knows where, for I was poor; but thank God! no one could point the finger of scorn at any period in my life when a single deviation from the right course had been made."

streaming down her face, she besought me not to leave her. With an effort I gained the street. And to this day a question which I have asked myself a thousand times remains unanswered. It—"Who was right?"

"A True Tale of Horror." THE CONDEMNED CELL, THE GALLOW, THE DISSECTING ROOM, THE ELECTRICAL MACHINE AND THE ESCAPE.

[From the New York Evening Post.] Dr. Lambert, the man who restores drowned people to life by the application of heat, while leaving his office yesterday afternoon, stepped into the reporters' room. Busy as were their pencils their speed for news was keener.

"What does a hanged man hang his head over on one side for, then—so?" "Not because his neck is dislocated. The ligatures of the neck are stronger than any rope. Hanging never yet broke a neck. It's the shock and, then, the suffocation. You know how it shocks your brain to make a misstep when going down stairs. Well, there are 50,000 springs that your head rests on from the neck to the feet. But when you jerk a man up by the neck the shock comes without any intervention of springs."

"I have heard doctors say that a man's neck was broken by hanging," persisted the muscular man. "So have I—young doctors. But surgical science does not report such a case."

"O, well, now you're on science, I'll give in," and the modest muscular reporter withdrew a few steps and filled his pipe. His forte is facts straight.

"I should like to see Mr. —," said he. "Yes, I did," answered the boy, "but they didn't make only a mouthful. To-morrow night I ate ten at all once and they didn't hurt me a bit."

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Penalties. The penalty of popularity is envy. The penalty of thin shoes is a cold. The penalty of a tight boot is corns. The penalty of a baby is sleepless nights. The penalty of marrying is a mother-in-law. The penalty of a pretty cook is an empty larder. The penalty of a god father is a silver knife, fork and spoon. The penalty of interfering between man and wife is abuse, frequently accompanied with blows from both. The penalty of buying poor clothes is like going to law—the certainty of losing your suit and having to pay for it. The penalty of remaining single is having no one who cares a button for you, as abundantly proved by the state of your shirts. The penalty of a legacy or a fortune is the sudden discovery of a host of poor relations you never dreamed of, and a number of debts you had quite forgotten. The penalty of leading is—with a book or an umbrella, the certain loss of it with your name to a bill, the sure payment of it; and with a horse, the almost chance of ever seeing it back again sound.

Owing to the Weather. A big newsboy doubled over a bench at the City Hall market, too sick to move, and too discouraged to care what became of him. Two or three of the mother by market women fixed him up doses of pepper, and when he was a little better one of them said: "Boy, you want to let harvest apples alone!" "Harvest apples?" he sneered. "Do you think eight or nine harvest apples could double up a big boy like me?" "I saw you eating cherries," put in a second woman. "I know you did, but hain't I used to cherries? Humph! Why, I'm fifty times as big as a quart of cherries!" "And he bought two cucumbers off my stand an hour ago!" squeaked a little black-eyed woman. "Yes, I did," answered the boy, "but they didn't make only a mouthful. To-morrow night I ate ten at all once and they didn't hurt me a bit."

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Table with columns: SPACE, One M., Th M., Six M., One Y. and rows for One Square, Two Squares, Three Squares, Four Squares, Fourth Col'n, Half Column, Whole Column.

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JOHN M. FOOTE, Proprietor

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