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Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of the State. Jan 19 11

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VIII. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1879. NO. 37.

A Sunset. All the day was dark and stormy. And the gray clouds in the sky lowering, hung o'er all the country. And the cold wind whistled by. But, as evening drew near, The dull day, departing, cast O'er the sky a softened glow. And the sun shone forth at last. Tints of gold and tints of crimson Showed their beauty, and the west, Which before was dark and dreary, Was with wondrous beauty drest. See the rift in yonder cloudlet, How it glows with purest light, While the heavy clouds around it Yield to its soft power bright. As the sun is setting slowly, The bright beauty fades away, Yet it leaves a softened glory, And to us it seems to say, Dark days surely have some beauty, And if faith is strong to see, Every cloud has silver lining, Then will trouble strengthen thee.

A Shower of Rain. Down came the rain in a pelting merciless shower. At the crossing a miniature lake had formed several feet in length and breadth and three or four inches deep; it shored on every side were mud—black, slippery mud. It was amusing to see the hurrying people drenched, chilled, uncomfortable, impatient to be home come to dead stop at this one crossing and hesitate, with faces expressive of disgust and dismay. What chance had Ethel Thornton's poor little weary feet, so small, so miserably clad, in such a slough as this? She glanced around despairingly. And the next moment she found herself lifted in a pair of strong arms, carried high and dived over the mud and mire, and set down on the other side, while the rescuer, raising his dripping hat, with a pleasant bow and smile, passed quickly on his way. She stood where he had placed her as if turned to stone, following his fast disappearing figure with her dark eyes; her hands were clasped convulsively, the color was flaming in her cheeks under her wet black veil. "It was Frank!" she gasped. "It was Frank himself, and he held me in his arms and never knew me." A quick sob burst from her lips. O hard hard fate! to meet thus—so close—and part without a word! Her lover—her promised husband of one year ago. Just then her foot struck against something hard. She stooped and picked it up—a large pocketbook. "Frank's!" she said, quietly and hopefully; then she wiped it tenderly with her pocketkerchief, pressed it to her lips, and slipped it into her bosom. As she did this, she threw her veil aside for the tears and rain together nearly blinded her. I doubt if Frank would have recognized her, even if he had seen her face—it was so worn and weary looking, and stained by the wet black veil. Not much resemblance there to the pretty, piquant, blooming girl whose love he had sought so eagerly a year ago; not much in her appearance just now to tempt any man to woo her. So thought Mrs. Bouton, the landlady, as she let her in, and stared aghast at her utterly drenched condition. Glad indeed was Ethel to reach the quiet of her own room—glad of the cup of tea her mother gave her—glad to lie down and rest. She groped blindly for her little desk and put the pocketbook away. "To-morrow," she whispered to herself—"this address will be inside—I'll send it back to-morrow." Then sinking wearily on the bed, she murmured: "Mother, I feel so strangely. I wish—now—that I had taken—your advice, and stayed home, to-day—" The words came faintly, in low, broken gasps, from her parched lips. She lay there without speaking for some time, and then articulated: "I failed again—no work—no hope—no—" Her eyes closed, her voice ceased, she fell back, burning and shivering. The poor child had contracted a serious illness in that merciless shower of rain. Meantime Frank Merrifield was anatomizing his ill luck in losing a valuable pocketbook with bills, receipts, money—all sorts of important matters in it. "It must have been when I carried that girl over the muddy crossing. I had it the minute before, and I missed it shortly afterwards. Confound my quixotic folly! Why couldn't I mind my own business and let her alone? Poor little thing, she looked wet and miserable, and something about her somehow reminds me of—" He paused and learned his head upon his hands in painful thought. "Why can't I ever forget her? Poor little frail, false heart, why can't I let her go? Why does her sweet face haunt me everywhere—not bright and sparkling as I used to know it; but pale and reproachful looking? Reproachful! Ah, Ethel how much I loved you! How happy we might have been to-day, had you only been true!" He arose with an impatient gesture, as of one who, by an effort of will puts vain regrets aside. "How to recover the pocketbook? That's the present question. There was money in it; the finder is welcome to that; the bills and papers are what I want, and—her portrait. Yes—there's no use in denying it to myself. I am fool enough to care for that. I'll advertise in the papers. Confound that shower of rain!" "Three weeks mamma? Three weeks lying here delicious! Why, what could have made me so ill? My head is so strange—I seem to forget everything." Mrs. Thornton gazed anxiously on the girl's wasted face—almost as white as the pillow on which it lay. "You got badly drenched and chilled, my love, in a shower of rain—" "A shower of rain?" The weak voice rang out clear and strong—the dark eyes flashed excitedly; she clasped her hands, while a vivid crimson suddenly died her cheeks. "O I remember it all now. Please reach me the desk!" Then she told her mother her adventure in the rain, and drew out of the desk Frank's pocketbook. "Three weeks ago, in all probability he has needed it. We must open it, mamma, to find his address and send it back to him at once." Mrs. Thornton looked pityingly at the flushed, eager face and trembling hands. She shook her head doubtfully and sadly, and said: "You love Frank still, Ethel—now don't you?" No reply in words, but the poor pale face was hidden upon the pillow with a great sob, and a little thin hand stole into the mother's, pleadingly. Mrs. Thornton clasped the hand and put it to her lips. "If he were worthy, dear, I should say nothing, but he abandoned you, Ethel. O child, where is your pride? You are hoping against hope, my daughter. It would be cruel in me to encourage you? Mr. Merrifield could have found you had he wished; our address was left for all who might inquire for it. He has not even written to you since your fortune was lost. I remember well that his last letter arrived just as we were going to your cousin Ethel's wedding—that was just a week before our trouble came." Ethel made no reply. Her face was hidden again, and sobs shook her slender form. Mrs. Thornton continued: "Would that you had never seen Frank Merrifield! He forsok you in poverty, and even when the far greater sorrow of your poor father's death came upon you, he gave us not one sympathizing word! O Ethel, think no more of him, but rather try to reward the true and devoted love that has proved so true a friend to us. Dr. Jones has been like a son to me though all your sickness. Surely in time to come you will get over this infatuation for one so unworthy, and reward a devoted love as it deserves." Ethel looked up wearily. "I don't love Dr. Jones, mamma, though I esteem him, and I am grateful; oh! very grateful for all his goodness to both. But I shall never love any man but Frank! Some day I will tell the doctor so, and then—if he chooses to accept esteem and gratitude—I will for your sake, mamma—" She stopped, and quite broken down in a storm of sobs and tears. Her mother sobbed too, and presently she became calmer. "Don't let us talk of it any more," said she sighing. "Let us find his address and send him his pocketbook." So they opened it and examined its contents. Notes, bills, memoranda, receipts, a considerable amount of money, but no address. At last in an inner pocket they found a letter, and in it a photograph. Ethel took it out; it was her own picture. "Mamma, mamma, look here," and the poor girl's trembling fingers clutched at a scrap of newspaper that was fluttering to the ground. "O, what is this?" Bending their heads together they read the following notice. "Married.—On June 4th, at Grace Church, Henry Rollins, Esq., to Miss Ethel Thornton. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple started on a bridal tour." Mrs. Thornton looked up in bewilderment. "Why, what is that doing here?" said she. "It's the announcement of your cousin Ethel's marriage." "Yes, yes! and Frank thought it was mine! I see it all now—he has believed me false to him? Oh, my poor Frank! he has been suffering, too! The photograph see, what is that written underneath it in his own handwriting. Oh, look!" Again they read together. This time Shakespeare's lines—though slightly altered: Wert thou but constant thou wert perfect, that one error fills thee with faults! "Oh, my poor Frank!" cried the happy, weeping girl. "Oh! why were cousin Ethel and I named the same? And Frank never met her. Don't you see, mamma, how the mistake has occurred? And it might have remained unexplained forever but for that shower of rain! Look at the letter, mamma. I must find his address now." The letter was examined, and, happily for all, supplied it. Next morning a little note came by mail to Frank: "Sir—My daughter, whom you kindly assisted during a shower of rain, three weeks ago—desires to restore your pocket-book, which she found. Sickness has prevented our attending to this earlier. Please call at our early convenience, and inquire for Mrs. Thornton."

An address was given. Mr. Merrifield stared at the name. "An odd coincidence" thought he. "There are plenty of Thorntons in the world, of course," and he set off to reclaim his property. A lady in deep mourning received him; he stared violently. "Mrs. Thornton!" he cried, "can it be really you?" and stopped, confused and angry. She was perfectly self-possessed. "I thought you would have recognized the name," she said, quietly, "though our circumstances have made a change of residence necessary. It was Ethel whom you carried across the street; she has been ill since then or—" He interrupted her in surprise: "Ethel! Ethel whom I carried!" Then getting more and more bewildered: "I thought that Mrs. Rollins was abroad. I understood—" "Mrs. Rollins? Oh, certainly! Mrs. Rollins is my niece. I was not aware you were acquainted with her. It was of my daughter Ethel I was speaking." Frank started to his feet excitedly. "Your daughter Ethel! What does this mean? I heard that she was married. Oh, madam, have pity on me—have I been deceived? You know of our love and our engagement. Are there two Ethels, and can mine be still true?" A cry answered him—a cry from the next room. "Mrs. Thornton flung open the door. 'Go to her,' she whispered. The next instant Ethel was clasped in her lover's arms. Who shall describe that meeting? Suffice it that they were as happy as they had lately been miserable; all misunderstandings were cleared away, and love and confidence returned. "And as soon as you are strong and well again we will be married, my darling," said Frank. "Thank God for the storm!" cried Ethel, earnestly. "And God bless the dear muddy crossing! Oh, Frank, it seems to me that—under Heaven's mercy—we owe all our happiness to that shower of rain!"

Progress of Spelling Reform. The spelling reform is becoming a fact. The New York Independent recently announced its purchase of special type in order to print, in the new spelling, articles from eminent philologists. Nearly a score of papers, great and small, have adopted more or less of the change. Prominent among these is the Utica Morning Herald—the great provincial daily of the Empire state. Reformers esteem the list below, which was prepared by Hon. Joseph Medill for the type setters on the Chicago Tribune, and which went into effect in the daily for the September 2, 1879, as the most important step taken. We reprint it as a guide to those who wish to begin the new spelling: Hereafter spell certain words in the Tribune as follows: Omit ue in demagog, catalog, pedagog, synagog, dialog, and other words ending in logue and gogue. Omit the superfluous ue in program, gram. Omit the second m in dilemma, (dilema). Omit the superfluous te in cigaret, etiquet, parquet, c-gret, and all similar words, except Gazette, when it is used as the name of a newspaper. Spell deficit in all its forms without the final e, thus: default—ly—ness, indefinite—ly—ness. Spell infinite without the final e, also: null it—ly—ness. Omit final e in hypocrit; favorit, also opposit—ly—ness and apposit—ly—ness. In words ending in "lessness," drop one s from "less," viz: Carelessness, thoughtlessness, etc. Omit the fourth s in assassin (assasin) and other forms of the word. Spell Somerset, not Somersault. Spell cannon with a Spanish n, or spell it cañon. Change ph to f in fantom, fantasm, and all forms of the word; also, in fonetic—al, fonography, orthography, alfabet, digraph, ditriboug.

The Fire that Never Goes Out. About three years ago the Charlotte Observer reported the case of a citizen of Mecklenburg county, N. C., who having married in 1843, lighted a fire on his hearthstone as soon as he carried his bride to his new home, and had kept it burning ever since. The citizen was in town yesterday, and being questioned about the matter, stated that the fire was still burning, and that throughout all these thirty six years it had never been allowed to go out. Questioned as to whether or not it made the house uncomfortably hot in torrid weather, he said the extra heat thus generated was not perceptible. In reply to another question, he said that in summer weather, when it was necessary for comfort's sake to keep the fire burning very low, he had to get up frequently at night to replenish it slightly, but that he counted this as nothing when he contemplated the idea of that fire going out. He has evidently formed for it a strong attachment, and yet one would not take him for a sentimental man. But this fire is to him a constant reminder of the day when he first brought home his bride. Around it his children have grown up into manhood and womanhood, and their children have gazed into its light. It was the last light that fell upon the eyes of his wife, and hopes that it will be the last that will fall upon his. Viewed thus, his sentiment in the matter can be understood, and so strong is this sentiment that with the old man it amounts almost to a passion.

How the Whale Blows. The common notion regarding the blowing of the whale appears to be that which credits the animal with inhaling large quantities of water into its mouth, presumably in the act of nutrition. This water is then said to escape into the nostrils, and to be ejected therefrom in the open sea, which at first sight favors this apparently simple explanation. Carreering along in the full exercise of its mighty powers, the huge body is seen to dive and reappear some distance off at the surface, discharging from its nostrils a shower of water and spray. The observation is correct enough as it stands, but the interpretation of the phenomena is erroneous. Apart from the anatomical difficulties in the way of explaining how water from the mouth could escape in such large quantities, and so persistently, into the nostrils, there is not merely an utter want of purpose in this view of the act of "spouting," but we have also to consider that this act would materially interfere with the breathing of the animal. Hence, a more rational explanation of what is implied in the "blowing" of the whale rests on the simple assertion that the water and spray do not in reality proceed from the blow-hole, but consists of water forced upward into the air by the expiratory effort of the animal. The whale begins the expiratory, or "breathing-out" action of its lungs, just before reaching the surface of the water, and the warm expired air therefore carries up with it the water lying above the head and blow-holes of the ascending animal. That this view is correct is rendered highly probable, not merely by the observation of the breathing of young whales and porpoises kept in confinement, but also by the fact that the last portion of the "blows" consists of a white, silvery spray or vapor, formed by the rapid condensation of the warm air from the lungs as it comes in contact with the colder atmosphere. The water received into the mouth escapes out of the mouth, and does not enter the nostrils at all.

They Sold Telephones. "He tried to cut me sergeant. He's got a knife somewhere about his clothes." "Well, now, that's a five way talk, ain't it? Look at me Sergeant. I'm cut, ain't I? And cut bad, ain't I? And is he cut? Well, I guess not." "Well, just hold on," said Sergt. Hayhurst, of the Third District, "and let me hear one of you at a time. Now, you man with a cut over your eye, what's your name?" "William Gray." "What's your business?" "I—well, I sell telephones." "Well, how did you get cut?" "Well, that man there smashed me in the head with a chair and his partner smashed me, and between the two I think they intended to kill me." "Now what's your name?" "William Franzell." "What is your line of business?" "I sell telephones." "Well, what have you got to say?" "That man had a knife and he tried to carve me with it. Of course I didn't want anything like that, so I kept away." "How did you keep him away?" "The best way I could." "Did you do it with a chair?" "No, sir." Another officer came in at this juncture accompanied by a short, stout, young man. "That's him," said Gray; "he's the man that smashed me." "Smashed who?" said the newcomer; "I guess not." "I guess yes," said Gray. "What's your name?" said the sergeant. "Al Lewis." "What's your business?" "I'm in the telephone business." "What do you know about the row?" "You see we three were partners in the telephone business. We fell out. Somebody had to get hurt. I wasn't the man." "Search them," said the sergeant. They were searched. In the pocket of each was found silk thread enough to reach from here to the Gulf of Mexico, and a thousand and one pieces of tin together with a few circulars which said: "For the small sum of a dime we will insure you a perfect system of telephonic communication." The Man Who is Short. He goes to the exchange. At the door he meets a broker, and inquires: "What is de market?" "Seventy-seven and a half." "Py shiminy! Vat ish de bout look?" "It look strong." He passed along and meets another broker of whom he asks: "Vat ish de market?" "Seventy-eight and one-eighth." "Py shiminy!" Then he goes in and after standing in the vicinity of the "bull-ring" a few minutes, asks another broker: "Vat ish de market?" "Seventy-eight and three-quarters." "Py shiminy crackets." This time it comes with an unmistakable emphasis, and he rushes around until he finds his broker, to whom he says: "Py me Ove at pest!" Then he leaves the exchange, and after half an hour he returns. Of the first broker whom he meets he inquires:

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



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