

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1879.

NO. 38.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. R. G. W. HARTMAN, Surgeon Dentist. Office over W. H. Brown's Dry Goods Store, WELDON, N. C.

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ANDREW J. BURTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WELDON, N. C.

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Can be found at his office in Enfield.

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The Good Night.

'Twas late, and how that door did squeak, They held their breath afraid to speak I heard a sound—so then, what bliss—

MAY AND SEPTEMBER.

In a well furnished apartment in one of the houses in Bloomingdale street, there sat, on the morning I speak of, three persons. One was a man, whose smooth brow and unfaded locks told nothing of age, but whose limbs were completely paralyzed. The second was a lady who might have once possessed great beauty, but on whom consumption was making busy and unmistakable ravages. The third was a girl of eighteen or nineteen, whose likeness to each, as well as her evident devotion to their wants, proclaimed her their daughter.

Kate Ashcroft was not beautiful in the common acceptance of the word. She had fine expressive eyes, and a sweet mouth; but even these did not entitle her to be called a beauty. The highest charm of her face was a sweet and lovely expression, speaking of inward peace and gentle, kindly thoughts.

Mr. Ashcroft had long been a miserable invalid. When still in the prime of life, paralysis had done its work upon his frame, bringing all the appearance of old age to his noble figure, while his face was still youthful. Mrs. Ashcroft had watched beside him faithfully and devotedly, until consumption had touched her with its chilling fingers, and laid her upon a bed of pain and distress. Thus it fell to the daughter to nurse the two beloved invalids; and she did it with a devotion that made the task light. She was the light of their eyes—the only being whom they could not cheerfully give up, in the prospect of death.

What would she do when they were gone, was a question that weighed upon their minds most heavily. They had no relatives near enough to take an interest in their child; and the few friends they possessed were in foreign lands. Judge, then, how desolate was the path that seemed to be before the daughter they loved so well. It added, too, to their anxiety, that they must leave her penniless. Sickness had melted away their resources, and the little that was left would hardly pay the expenses of the double funeral which must inevitably follow their long and lingering illness.

"Do not grieve so, dearest father," Kate had been saying; "I shall surely be provided for. I can work as well as many others. The little I shall want, I can earn."

Her father gazed at her with tearful eyes. "Poor child!" he exclaimed; "how little you know of the world. How will you, who have known so little of the trials of life, be able to stem the rude torrent of adversity? How will you bear up against the terrible burden of poverty? Will those little hands be strong enough to earn your daily bread? You who have never been trained to work, who have never borne the weight of crushing sorrow—O merciful Father! Bring her into thy fold, and make her thine especial care!"

Tears hot and bitter impeded his utterance. It was long ere Kate could soothe him into anything like composure. More and still was the mother's grief, yet as deep as that of her husband. And the horrors of a desolate, lonely life for Kate arose before her; yet she conquered all trace of emotion. It was but the prelude to greater suffering, for that night saw her in the shadow of the dark valley. The breaking of a blood vessel was the consequence of her suppressed emotions, and before morning the weary spirit was released from the suffering body.

"Where was the shadow feared of man?" More rapidly than ever Mr. Ashcroft was falling. The death of his wife was his own death blow. From the moment of her departure he ceased to speak, and lay wrapped in silent grief. It was pitiful indeed to see poor Kate, who went from room to room, to look upon her mother's lifeless remains, and back again, to try to speak comfort to the poor mate suffering, scarce a day interposed before her, too, was summoned away.

"Oh, for one word—one look of recognition!" sighed the poor girl who hung over him. Alas, it was not granted her. Slowly the pulse ceased beating, and then stopped forever. Kate was, indeed, doubly orphaned.

Kind neighbors tried to bring comfort to the bereaved girl; but she could not hear the words. She shrank from them as if touched by the very quick; and her well meaning comforters at length left her to herself. When all was over, Kate was told that she must leave the house. It was wanted for a richer tenant. She had not a single dollar. Her furniture was taken away and sold to pay the rent. All the little ornaments of the rooms, so dear to her because they were the gifts of her parents, were sold in the afternoon of the third day from the funeral of both her parents.

Kate walked out of the gate and entered a small cottage, poor, mean and old, the only shelter she could afford to rest in.

The next week saw her out in the pursuit of employment—something—anything that would bring her food enough to support life and strength. No foolish pride in Kate's heart held her back from the search after the means of living. Teaching—that resource of almost every girl left to herself—was not included in her catalogue of labor. Kate was intelligent and well taught; but of the regular routine of school learning she was ignorant. Of useful information she had a fund. It was imparted to her from childhood by her father and mother; but neither of her parents was willing to spare her from home, and therefore, her school knowledge was not extensive. She had learned book keeping, however, of her father, who was once a successful merchant, before the hand of disease had touched alike her per son and his fortunes. And her first thought was that she might obtain some situation in which she could make this knowledge count to her benefit.

She entered several stores, modestly offering her services as book-keeper or cashier; but all those situations were already filled. Next the milliner's shops were tried—then the dressmakers' rooms—shops and rooms, which, in better days her mother had most generously patronized, but which now seemed to have no room for Kate. Her last effort was at a depot for ready-made linen. The shopman knew her, and allowed her to carry off some work without the usual deposit of its worth in money. She was glad of even this scanty addition to her means; and half an hour after she left the shop, she was seated in the one habitable room of her little cottage, sewing diligently upon a garment—the first of her half dozen.

Kate was a rapid and skillful seamstress; and, as her small house required little time to put it in order, and her frugal meal still less time to prepare, she was not long to find that she could complete them all in a single week. She was to be paid a half dollar each; and she carried them back, and received the money the next Saturday evening with a feeling of satisfaction that no one ever experiences unless it is earned. Every week she now earned sufficient for her expenses; and, very soon she was trusted with finer and more expensive work, until at last, she could readily command from six to eight dollars. She did this until late in the winter; constantly carrying bundles of work, and enjoying the air and exercise it brought her, without a thought of degradation so doing.

True, she was sometimes passed with out recognition by some who had known her under other circumstances; but Kate's cheerful and independent spirit was far above all this. She looked as serene and untroubled as if the recognition were ever so cordial; and so, often shamed the proud ones who could not deny that in her simple mourning garb there was an elegance and propriety to which they never yet attained. Even her package of work did not take from her the unmistakable lady like appearance inseparable from her; for she carried it with an ease and grace so rare, that seemed almost the badge of superior gentility. The lovely expression, which she had called her highest charm, still illuminated her face, and they who looked at Kate once were apt to linger in their interested gaze as long as politeness permitted.

She was returning from carrying back some work one alippery day, when just as she had shut her own little gate, she slipped upon the ice and fell, breaking her ankle and severely wrenching her left arm. She tried to move and rise; but it was impossible. She uttered a scream of real pain, and then fainted. She might have lain a full half hour thus, when a gentleman discovered her, and alighted from his horse. He raised her to a sitting posture, and the pain of being removed recalled her senses. She shrank from his touch for an instant, but soon recovered from her momentary embarrassment, and gratefully expressed her thanks.

"Which shall I carry you, my dear young lady?" he asked, kindly. "This is my home, sir," she answered, producing the house key.

The gentleman unlocked the door, and Kate strove to rise, but again landed with the pain. The stranger carried her in and deposited her gently upon the sofa, comfortable couch which had served as a bed ever since she was married. He readily found some water, which he sprinkled upon her face, and she revived.

"I am a surgeon," said he, smiling; "an old, gray-haired surgeon. Will you permit me to examine your injuries?"

There was such a fatherly manner about him that Kate could but submit to holding out her arm and foot for his inspection.

"You have hurt yourself more than I thought, young lady," he said, in a tone so cheerful that Kate felt as if she had found a friend. "But it will be all right soon, if only you will have a little courage for a short time."

"Oh, I have plenty of that," answered Kate; "but I lack the fortitude to endure long-continued pain. Will it be long, sir?" she asked anxiously. "Not if you have good nursing."

"Ah, that is out of the question, sir!" "Why so? Have you no mother or sister?"

Kate's eyes filled with tears.

"I have neither," she said, after a pause in which she was weeping bitterly. "No friends who can be with you now, while I mend this broken limb?" he asked, while looking at the small, white arm, bared for his inspection.

"I have no friends," she murmured. "It was a short sentence, but it went to Dr. Broderick's heart. "No friends! Poor young lady!" But before he could say a word more, Kate had brushed her emotions, awakened by his questions, and was her own calm, collected self again. She bore the setting of her ankle like a hero, and submitted to have her arm violently pulled without flinching. Then she sat upright, looked the new helper in the face. He was a man of apparently forty years of age; tall, and not slender; with large, benevolent brown eyes, and a few white streaks in his dark, abundant hair; a gentleman in the broadest sense of the word, a scholar, and a good surgeon. Kate's simple, straightforward mind had divined what he was, and her eyes took in the details as well as the meaning of his face; a face so entirely good that a little child might read it. Her heart instinctively told her that here, at any rate, was a man who would never deceive.

She had heard of him—heard how beloved and trusted he had been in his native city—a neighboring one, where he had always practiced—had heard of more than one grand and noble deed he had performed. She had learned, also, that in his younger years he had been sorely saddened with disappointment—had laid all his hopes of a happy domestic life upon a broken shrine, and had beheld them waste away into utter decay.

All these things rushed to the memory when he told her his name. She remembered, too, that her father had desired to call him in when her mother was ill, but that she had opposed it. Her mother was always so much afraid of expenses which she knew would not avail to save her life, and she wanted so much to leave something for Kate, when she should have known of Kate's present situation, there would have been no pang more in her dying hour.

"I shall ride over to see how you are, to-morrow," he said kindly, as he went out. "You must be as quiet as possible. I will lend you my cane, so if you want to come and look me out, you can do so."

And Kate did rise and go to the door with him, despite the grotesqueness or hopping upon one foot.

"Now go back to your sofa, and you may read a little; but remember, no work, till I see you."

She obeyed him willingly, for she was weary, and was moreover, much hurt and jaded by her fall. Tossed night she fell asleep, and did not wake until morning. She was unable to go about much, even with the doctor's cane; but, fortunately, a little girl came in on an errand, and Kate begged her to get her mother's permission to stay with her until she could be able to walk about.

Through little Jenny's exertions, the room assumed its usual neatness. At noon this doctor made his appearance. Kate was sitting up, her foot in a cushioned chair. It was doing well, Dr. Broderick said, and she would need no further attendance. "But I shall call occasionally," he added, "so that you shall not be too careless."

The next week he asked her to ride with him. She needed air, he said; and, as it was always his prescription for convalescents, she must not object. He lifted her, taking Jenny, also; and the next hour found them stopping at the doctor's own home.

"My mother will be happy to see you, Miss Ashcroft," he said. "She is greatly interested in my patients, especially when they are as lonely as yourself."

And he carried her in his arms into an apartment, half office, half sitting-room, where a sweet-faced woman welcomed her with kindly warmth to a seat beside the cheerful wood-fire. The shades were full of the rarest plants. The walls were almost covered. Splendid roses and lilies were in bloom—geraniums and fuchsias were abundant, and the purple scented violets were the sweetest Kate had ever seen.

"They are Arthur's favorites, above all flowers," remarked Mrs. Broderick, Kate eagerly took the cluster she gave her; "and I think they must be your favorites, too, by the way you look at them."

They were, indeed, very dear to Kate, as they were the last flowers her mother held in her hands; and she told her new friend why she loved them so well.

"Why not?"

"Because I shall get no work done if you are hanging about the room." "You are a dear, cross, good mother! What do you suppose I want to fall in love for, when I have you? Besides, you are such a proud old lady that I should not dare to fall deep in love with a sewing girl."

"Don't, Arthur. You make me feel faint. Remember I was a sewing girl; and I married a richer man than you are."

"Come, come mother! I shall have to correct you, or put a mistress over you. How would you like that, little mother?"

"Hold your tongue, Arty! and to-morrow see that you go early after my sewing girl."

Doctor Arthur patted his mother's cheek, and kissed her fondly. "I am going now," he said. And truly he told Kate such a piteous tale of his mother's disappointment in losing her seamstress, that gratitude to him prompted her to go.

A month of happiness it was to Kate—so patted and caressed, so carefully tended, and, finally, so beloved by mother and son.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Broderick, reflectively. "It's a serious thing to marry a wife only half your age, Arty."

"Nonsense, mother! I have made a bargain with this little girl. I have promised to give her ten years of my forty, and that makes a fair average of thirty years each. It will be a happy match, dear mother. Don't break it up with any of your objections."

And it was—and is a very happy match for both.

Relating His Experience.

Two young gentlemen met upon the street yesterday close to a reporter of the Courier-Journal, who takes the liberty of giving their conversation publicly as it may throw some light on Memphis. The first gentleman was very much surprised at seeing the second, and said:

"Where is the world did you come from?"

"Memphis."

"I thought you were dead?"

"Yes, those Howards reported me dead last year, and I am still so reported."

The Gold Necklace.

In her plain little cot at the almshouse in D—, Jennie Barnett lay dying. Only a few months before she was with us at school, poor and despised. How my heart aches as I write these words. As they stood at the open grave of their schoolmate, what would the children of D— have given to recall a few short weeks of their school life. At best we merely bore with the children from the almshouse. Away down on the lowest seats at the foot of the inclined plane, they sat, a motley group of coarsely dressed and, too often, ill behaved children. But we looked upon Jennie as a thief. Oh, why did not her sweet, trustful face make us see our error!

Susan Smith had worn a string of gold beads to school, and just as the bell rang for closing, she broke the string, and the beads rolled down on the floor. There was a general rush for the lost treasure, and Susan exclaimed in loud and excited tones:

"Give them to me; I had forty of them." "Close the door," said the teacher, "and let no one go out."

"Twenty-nine, thirty. Where are the rest?" There was no answer.

"Whoever has those beads will give them to me at once," said the teacher. "I will search your pockets."

None of us saw a little wicked hand that was stretched toward Jennie Barnett. No one but God and Annie Mellen knew that hand dropped ten gold beads into the pocket of the wretched child. But when they were found there, we heard not the poor child's cries of innocence, but thought that she added a lie to the dreadful sin of theft.

After that we shunned her, and treated her with her supposed sin. Alone she sat in one session or play, with her well worn testament before her, and a look upon her calm face which we did not in the least understand. But at times deep anguish was seen there, and she daily grew thinner and paler.

One cold night the teacher was locking the door. A shivering form was lingering near.

"Please, teacher, I did not take those beads," murmured a voice too sad to belong to a child.

"Don't add lies to your other sins," said the teacher, who believed her guilty. Slowly Jennie turned away.

"Oh, my God, you know I never took those beads," moaned the child, and with the thought a great wave of comfort rolled over her heart. "When I go home to mother all will be right," she said.

Home for Jennie was heaven, for her drunken father was always a terror to her. A time was coming when Annie Mellen was to be punished of her sin. Shipping upon the road one day, the ice broke and she fell in. No one dared to venture to her aid—no one but Jennie Barnett. The others fled in panic-stricken haste. Jennie felt a pang, and bravely succeeded in getting Annie from her perilous position. And children were taken home, and Jennie, having put Jennie's dry clothes, ran to M. Mellen's to see if she could do anything for Annie, who was greatly chilled.

The child had passed away, and Annie was in a high fever when Jennie arrived. Teacher and scholars stood around her bed, and Jennie advanced timidly toward the group.

"Don't come near me, Jennie Barnett, don't," she moaned imploringly. "I thought—I hoped," said Jennie, "that you would let me love you a very little now, Annie."



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It does not destroy the draft. It does not interfere with cleaning the boiler. It will not choke up, and requires no cleaning. It requires no direct steam to be opened when raising steam (draft being objectionable, as they may be left open and allow soot to escape). It requires no water to extinguish sparks, which, by condensation, destroy the draft. Besides, when water is used, if neglected, the efficiency is destroyed by evaporation of the water, and the boiler is kept in a filthy condition. It is simple and durable and can be adjusted again. It can be attached to any boiler. No plates should be without one. Insurance companies will insure engines and boilers where the Talbot Engine and Spark-Arresters are used at same rate as engines for water or land power, and are guaranteed for unobstructed circulation and price list.

Branch House, Goldsboro, N. C. J. A. HAUSER, General Manager, T. A. CHANDLER, Local Manager, MAY 20th

PIEDMONT NEWS, GREENSBORO N. C.

GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES.

I propose to give, to the extent of \$100,000, the benefit of the following reductions on all commissions on my New York Stock, Brokerage of East Texas, etc., and have reduced the price 25 per cent. Any order received by me to 25 cents the improved Freight and Express in North Carolina, and lower for agents, etc. I give given to any quantity of goods in that county. Patches and Appliances from a catalogue to the latest styles. These will be packed in good strong boxes or barrels, and delivered to Railroad Depots or Express Offices without any extra charge for taxes or duties. I will furnish at the following low rates, 25 cents each. Paper, Envelopes, Stationery, Circulars, Tracts, Broadsides, etc., and all other goods. Any one having cash on hand, or bills to accompany orders, directed to the above, will find that these are offered at the lowest price by purchase. Note: No orders will be filled until the money is received. Freight and Express charges will be paid by the purchaser. 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