

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1879.

NO. 42.

SPACE	One M.	Th. M.	Wk. M.	Mo. M.
One Square,	3 00	8 00	14 00	28 00
Two Squares,	5 00	12 00	20 00	40 00
Three Squares,	7 00	16 00	28 00	56 00
Four Squares,	9 00	20 00	36 00	72 00
Half Column,	15 00	30 00	48 00	96 00
Whole Column,	20 00	40 00	64 00	128 00
Whole Column,	One Year, 76			

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. GEO. W. HARTMAN,
Surgeon Dentist.
Office over W. H. Brown's Dry Goods Store,
WELDON, N. C.
Will visit patients at their homes when desired.
Terms Reasonable. oct 21 ly

J. M. GRIZZARD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession.
Jan 12 ly

EDWARD T. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practices in the counties of Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe and Wilson. Collections made in all parts of the State. Jan 12 ly

W. W. HALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.
Special attention given to collections and remittances promptly made.
May 11 ly

JAMES M. MULLEN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practices in the counties of Halifax, Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Martin. In the Supreme Court of the State and in the Federal Court of the Eastern District. Collections made in any part of the State. Jan 12 ly

JAMES E. O'HARA,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ENFIELD, N. C.
Practices in the counties of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and 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 ly

ROBERT O. BURTON JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practices in the counties of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and 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 ly

GAVIN L. HYMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
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THOMAS N. HILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
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JOS. B. BATHCHELOR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RALEIGH, N. C.
Practices in the counties of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and 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 ly

T. W. MASON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
GARTSBURG, N. C.
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DAY & ZOLLIFF,
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WELDON, N. C.
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D. R. E. L. HUNTER,
SURGEON DENTIST,
WELDON, N. C.
Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession.
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ANDREW J. BURTON,
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WELDON, N. C.
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R. H. SMITH, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SCOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.
Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of the State. Jan 12 ly

At Sea.

Worn voyagers, who watch for land across the endless wastes at sea. Who gaze before and on each hand, Why look ye not a what ye see?

The stars by which the sailors steer, Not always rise before the prow; Tho' forward naught but clouds appear, Behind they may be breaking now.

What though we may not turn again To shores of childhood that we leave, Are those old signs we follow vain? Can guides so old be found true deceivers?

Oh! sail we to the south or north, Oh! sail we to the east or west, Tho' part from which we first put forth Is our heart's home, is our life's best.

CLYDE'S RETURN.

A perfect May day, with the sky blue as a lapis lazuli, and flooded with golden sunshine that was all the more like fire from the fresh west wind that was softly stirring.

Just coming into its pier, the big steamer Equina was bright and beautiful in the spring morning, and on its deck its scores of passengers waited impatiently to set foot once more on the firm earth; and grave, handsome, and more distinguished than any one about him, Clyde Perriam stood, silent, and a little apart from the crowd.

Ten years before, he had started from this very pier, by the same line of ocean steamers, to seek his fortune across the sea. Ten years ago, he had kissed his mother good-by, and parted little Clyde on his tangled sunny curls, and told her to be a good child and be a man, and he would bring her something pretty in ten years, and to day he was nearly home, his fortune made, and his mother's and little cousin Haley's future assured.

It was so good to be coming back again; and in all that long crowded deck there was not a heart beating with keener anticipation than his, despite the quiet gravity of his face.

"Only a few hours more," he thought to him self, leaning patiently against the railing around the deck—"only a few hours before I shall see my blessed old mother, with her gray curls and spotted white face cap, her dear, sunny eyes and gold spectacles! I can imagine her, this minute, with her big white apron on, going from this to that, and getting all her part of the house-keeping done in the freshness of the day. And little Haley—Haley must be tall and strong, and a great help and comfort to mother. Let me see—yes, Haley is seventeen at least, and mother's letter says, 'very pretty, and modest, and good—and the very girl to make a model wife! Dear old mother! How it would please her if I should marry my cousin Haley! And to think I shall surprise them so! I really believe I am getting enthusiastic and impatient, like the rest of my fellow-travelers!"

An hour afterwards, he was on the train that was to take him out to the city where his mother's home was—the home where he had been born, where he had but them good-by, and to which the flying cars were taking him even too slow for his impatience.

"I can imagine just how the cottage is looking this morning," he said, musing, "The trees are leafing, and the little fruit-tray is sweet clean as a daisy, and the grass is green and velvet, and perhaps the windows are open—the one where mother's birds hang, and where she sits to read in the big old Bible every afternoon—and—"

An astonished voice, so full of incredulity as to strike him with a sense of amusement, broke in on his reverie.

"My goodness gracious sakes alive, if it ain't Clyde Perriam! Well, of all things where on the face of the earth did you drop from, my boy?"

And old Deacon Jonesbury, whose Clyde instantly recognized as the venerable ditty whose ear he delighted to tinkle with a straw, in his boyhood days, when the Sunday services became tolerably long and tedious, seized him by the back, seized him by the hand, with a hearty, honest, welcome grip.

"It's really I, deacon—come home to my mother. When did you see her and cousin Haley?"

The old gentleman adjusted his glasses carefully and took another long look at the handsome fellow, whose thirty-five years sat so well upon him.

"Well, well, it beats me out—little Clyde Perriam! Your mother and Haley, eh? Yes, well, you see, I ain't lived to Brunswick these three or four years back, so I can't say much about 'em—only I hear that they got along first-rate—first rate! That are Haley's a mighty pretty gal, I hear, and likely to—stop now, seems to me I'm ahead of my story. Yes, Haley's married to Jim Chesney—some time back, I believe."

Haley was married to Jim Chesney, the gallant little heart of her school days! Haley—married!

And, somehow, Clyde Perriam was conscious of a strange, uncomfortable feeling, that made him realize, for the first time, how he had counted on finding his cousin waiting for him.

"So that is why mother has not mentioned Haley's name in her letters for a while back except to say she was well, and sent her love—cousinly love, of course! Well—"

And long after Deacon Jonesbury had left the train at a little country station, Clyde Perriam sat wishing that Jim Chesney had been at the bottom of the sea years ago.

The fresh, sweet May day grew older, and a late afternoon Clyde sat in the train, busy with a press of thought, until, just in the fragrant twilight, he alighted at the station, and found himself walking through the familiar, yet strangely unfamiliar, streets toward the home where he had pictured mother and Haley so many hundred times.

He went up through the little gate, and to the piazza where the front door stood open, showing an untidy interior, a chaos of confusion; where he heard the sound of shrill voices, and a baby's lusty cry; and then it all came to him in a sudden burst of painful comprehension.

"Ah, Haley's husband has taken the house, and that sorrowful pain crept all over him, such a sensation as never in all his life before he had experienced. There he resolutely went up the uncarpeted

An Iowa Romance.

Some years ago a certain gentleman was engaged in business in Dubuque, and was prospering. He was energetic. He was increasing his circle of friends on every side, and success seemed to attend him. He became engaged to a very fine young lady of this city, the daughter of one of the first families. The two were so married, and arrangements for the happy event were pending. But suddenly a disastrous earthquake came and the thriving business man lost all he possessed. He was almost ready to despair, but being the owner of a very resolute heart, and being made of the quality of material all real men are made of, he stood up amidst this terrible reverse, and faced it like a hero. Of course he could not marry then. What had he to offer his bride? Not even a roof to shelter her, or a dollar he could call his own. So he went on for a time, and told her his story—how a financial wave that swept over him and carried away all his possessions, and he was unable to fulfill his engagement of marriage with her. He told her he could not bear the thought of relinquishing her hand and yet he felt that he had no right to claim it without making her his wife. So he offered her freedom from her betrothal, and told her that she had a perfect right to accept it. He was going away, he said, to retrieve his lost fortune, and would never return to the city until he had. He gave his betrothed check the promise she had made him, and bade her be free.

Blushing and Turning Pale.

Blushing is occasioned by the sudden dilation of the small blood vessels, which form a fine network beneath the skin, when they admit an increased volume of red blood, cause the surface to appear suffused with color. Blanching is the opposite state, in which the vessels contract and squeeze out their blood, so that the skin is free of its bloodless hue. The change effected in the state of the vessels is brought about by an instantaneous action of the nervous system. This action may be induced by a thought, or unconsciously by the operations of impressions, producing the phenomenon habitually. In word, blushing may become a habit, and is beyond control of the will, except in so far as the will can generally, if not always, conquer any habit. It is almost useless, and certainly seldom worth a while, to strive to cure a habit of this class directly. The most promising course is to try to establish a new habit which shall destroy the one it is desired to remedy. For example, if blushing is, as generally happens, associated with self-consciousness, we must establish the way of the will over that part of the nervous system which controls the size of the vessels by calling up a feeling opposed to self-consciousness. It is through the mind these nerves are influenced. Then induce them in a contrary direction by antagonizing the emotion associated with blushing. Thus, if the feeling which causes the blushing is expressible by the thought, "Here I am in a false and humiliating position," oppose, or still better, anticipate and prevent that thought by thinking, "These you are daring to pity or feel contempt for another."

Who Should not be a Wife.

Has that woman a call to be a wife who thinks more of her six dress than her children, and visits her nursery no oftener than once a day?

Has that woman a call to be a wife who cries for a Cambray when her husband's notes are being protested?

Has that woman a call to be a wife who sits reading the latest weekly the husband stands before the glass vainly trying to get together a buttoned shirt, because it is that woman's call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, egg-bread, smoky tea, and watery potatoes six days in seven?

Has she a call to be a wife who flirts with every man she meets, and receives her lovers for her home friends?

Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in nonpareil curl papers, in faded dressing gown, and shoes down at the heel?

Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighs naught in the balance with her next-door neighbor's damask curtain or velvet cap, and may be employed to extract each other, control of the physical state of the blood vessels being obtained through the emotions with which they are associated.

The Unruffled Editor.

Oliver Johnson relates the following story: One day a stranger came into the office, looking angry, and inquired for Greeley. I pointed him to the little den where Greeley was scratching away for dear life, and he made for it. As he went in I heard him say, "You—old hypocrite! Greeley did not look up or even pause, but kept driving his penmanly on, his nose within a couple of inches of the paper, and his lips together the words after the pen as was his wont. The fellow continued, calling Greeley's attention to an article that had offended him, and denouncing him as a villain, a coward and a liar, with an oath about every other word, meantime threatening to knock his head off. Greeley didn't stop for a moment, but jabbed his pen into the ink and wrote on unruffled by the blasphemy. At last the intruder exhausted his vocabulary, and turned to leave the room, when Greeley jumped up and squeaked out to him, "Say, neighbor, don't go! Stay here and let me see your mind!"

It is not Safe.

All men ought to have found out by this time that it is never safe, either for a public or a private individual, to do wrong. It is never safe to indulge in swindling, cheating or bribe taking. It is never safe to practice corruption, any kind or degree of it. It is never safe to indulge in falsehood, any sort of it. It is never safe to do anything which would bring shame to the door by being revealed. One may fancy his misdeeds can't be found out, or have been covered up, or explained away, so people will be deceived about them; but yet it remains true that no safety can be for the wrong doer, and no security against his exposure. Though this looks hard to some people, it is nevertheless in accordance with the fixed and irrevocable moral laws of things and of being. The only safety for a man or woman is to refrain from wrong doing, and doing right.

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A Number of Things that are Hard to Find.

A man who will refrain from calling his friend's speech a "happy effort."

A woman who remembers last Sunday's text, but is unable to speak understandingly of the trimmings on the bonnet of the lady in the pew next in front.

An editor who never feels pleased to have his good things credited, or mad when they are stolen.

A pencil that is always in the first pocket you put your hand into.

A man who has been a fool some time during his life and knows enough to keep the knowledge of it to himself.

A married man who does not think all the girls envy his wife of the prize she has captured.

A married woman who never said, "No wonder the girls don't get married nowadays; they are altogether different from what they were when I was a girl."

An unmarried woman who never had a lover.

A man who never intimated that the economies of the universe were subject to his movements, by saying, "I know if I took an umbrella, it wouldn't rain," or some similar assinine remark.

A pocket-knife that is never in them other pants.

A mother who never said she would rather do it herself than she should have taught her child to do that thing.

A child who would not rather eat between meals than at meals.

A person, age or sex immaterial, who does not experience a flash of pride upon being thought what he is not and may never hope to be.

A singer who never complains of a cold when asked to sing.

A woman, who, when caught in her second best dress, will make no apology for her duplicitous appearance.

Memphis finds a curse and a blessing in two Jacks—Yellow Jack and Jack Frost.

Cheese cloth dresses are all the rage. It is very nice to tell the girl of the period to choose it.

Sister Katherine.

Miss Raven had had her own way. She had taken it, in spite of the entreaties of her friends, the remonstrances of her lover, the inward chidings of her own common sense. She had had her own way, and now she was not to do, she was repenting it at her leisure.

But the fancy had been such a fascinating thing, and the costume of the "Neapolitan Flower Girl" was so exquisite, and Kitty Raven was so certain that Paul Symington never would know anything about it—and so she had gone.

But the evening had been so very enjoyable after all. There was two other Neapolitan Flower Girls there, both of whom were dressed more splendidly than herself; and she had been allowed to sit through the pleasantest of the dances, and the gas perfume loaded air had made her head ache; and most of all, when she came out, the dress hardly hiding her scalded feet and the gold fringe of her fancy dress, Paul Symington was crossing the street, on his late return from a sick call.

Would she ever forget the sad light of his dark eyes, as they fell full on her shrinking figure!

She went home and cried herself to sleep, with the fading flowers of her ball-bonnet lying in a little box on the floor, and the gold fringe dress affecting the sickly beams of the winter moonlight, as it hung carelessly over the back of a chair.

And the young clergyman returned swiftly to the pretty room, being with blue silk curtains, where the grate fire in the grate behind the burnished bars, and his bright-eyed little mother was knitting, in an unobtrusive way, his return.

"You are late to-night, my son," said she, and then, as her eyes fell on his face, she added, anxiously: "Oh, Paul, has anything happened? Why do you look so pale?"

"If my right hand offend thee, cut it off!" quoted the young clergyman, with the saddest smile his mother had ever seen upon his face. "Mother, you were right about Kitty Raven. She is not a suitable wife for one whose life is dedicated to duty."

And then he told her what he had seen.

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"But you told me you were not going."

"Well, I changed my mind. That's a woman's privilege, isn't it?"

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"But I don't want to be serious," said Kitty. "I know exactly what you're going to say. You're going to tell me that we are unsuited to each other. And that's exactly what I think myself."

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Oliver Johnson relates the following story: One day a stranger came into the office, looking angry, and inquired for Greeley. I pointed him to the little den where Greeley was scratching away for dear life, and he made for it. As he went in I heard him say, "You—old hypocrite! Greeley did not look up or even pause, but kept driving his penmanly on, his nose within a couple of inches of the paper, and his lips together the words after the pen as was his wont. The fellow continued, calling Greeley's attention to an article that had offended him, and denouncing him as a villain, a coward and a liar, with an oath about every other word, meantime threatening to knock his head off. Greeley didn't stop for a moment, but jabbed his pen into the ink and wrote on unruffled by the blasphemy. At last the intruder exhausted his vocabulary, and turned to leave the room, when Greeley jumped up and squeaked out to him, "Say, neighbor, don't go! Stay here and let me see your mind!"

It is not Safe.

All men ought to have found out by this time that it is never safe, either for a public or a private individual, to do wrong. It is never safe to indulge in swindling, cheating or bribe taking. It is never safe to practice corruption, any kind or degree of it. It is never safe to indulge in falsehood, any sort of it. It is never safe to do anything which would bring shame to the door by being revealed. One may fancy his misdeeds can't be found out, or have been covered up, or explained away, so people will be deceived about them; but yet it remains true that no safety can be for the wrong doer, and no security against his exposure. Though this looks hard to some people, it is nevertheless in accordance with the fixed and irrevocable moral laws of things and of being. The only safety for a man or woman is to refrain from wrong doing, and doing right.

TALBOT & SONS



SHOCKER MACHINE WORKS,
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Manufacturers of Portable and Stationary Engines and Boilers, Saw Mills, Corn and Wheat Mills, Shafting, Hangers and Pulleys, Turbine Water Wheels, Tobacco Machinery, Wrought Iron Work, Brass and Iron Castings, Machinery of Every Description.

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The invention of the Age. It does not destroy the draft. It does not interfere with cleaning the tubes. It will not choke up, and requires no cleaning.

It requires no direct steam (dampers being objectionable, as they may be left open and allow sparks to escape.)

It requires no water to extinguish sparks, which, when water is used, if neglected, the efficiency is destroyed by evaporation of the water, and the boiler is kept in a highly corroded condition.

It is simple and durable and can be relied upon. It can be attached to any boiler. No planter should be without one of them. Insurance companies will insure glass and tanks where the Talbot's Engine and Spark-Arresters are used at same rate as cleared for water or horse-power.

Send for illustrated circulars and price list.

Branch House, Goldsboro, N. C.
J. A. HAUSER, General Manager.
T. A. GRANGER, Local Manager.
May 8 8m

PIEDMONT NURSERY.

I propose to give to the patrons of Piedmont Nursery, the benefit of the travelling agents' commission on my Nursery stock, consisting of Fruit Trees, etc., and have reduced the price 50 per cent. Apples and Peaches, 1st class, 30c per tree; the improved fruits as are grown in North Carolina, and ready for inspection. Reference given to any Nurseryman in Guilford county. Peaches and Apples raised from the earliest to the latest varieties. Trees will be packed in good strong boxes or barrels, and delivered to railroad depots or Express Office without any extra charge for boxes or delivery. Will furnish at the following low rates: Peaches and Apples in any quantity, improved fruit, 10 cents each. Pears, Plums, Apricots, Nectarines, Quinces, Cash Apples, Pines, Cherries, etc., and Ornamental Trees, Roses and Flowers will be sold cheaper than can be sold by any Nursery in North Carolina, cash to accompany the order. Any one not having cash, may call on a note to accompany order, signed by purchaser, to be paid when trees are delivered, purchasers pay all freight on same. Orders received in November and purchaser notified when to meet them. Persons ordering will state plainly where to ship. Name the depot. Letters of inquiry answered cheerfully. Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed. Send in orders at once.

J. C. DIXON,
Proprietor Piedmont Nursery,
July 17/79m.

GREENSBORO N. C.

GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES.

I propose to give to the patrons of Piedmont Nursery, the benefit of the travelling agents' commission on my Nursery stock, consisting of Fruit Trees, etc., and have reduced the price 50 per cent. Apples and Peaches, 1st class, 30c per tree; the improved fruits as are grown in North Carolina, and ready for inspection. Reference given to any Nurseryman in Guilford county. Peaches and Apples raised from the earliest to the latest varieties. Trees will be packed in good strong boxes or barrels, and delivered to railroad depots or Express Office without any extra charge for boxes or delivery. Will furnish at the following low rates: Peaches and Apples in any quantity, improved fruit, 10 cents each. Pears, Plums, Apricots, Nectarines, Quinces, Cash Apples, Pines, Cherries, etc., and Ornamental Trees, Roses and Flowers will be sold cheaper than can be sold by any Nursery in North Carolina, cash to accompany the order. Any one not having cash, may call on a note to accompany order, signed by purchaser, to be paid when trees are delivered, purchasers pay all freight on same. Orders received in November and purchaser notified when to meet them. Persons ordering will state plainly where to ship. Name the depot. Letters of inquiry answered cheerfully. Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed. Send in orders at once.

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