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counties, and in the Supreme Court of the
State. Jan 12 ly

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OF ALL.

All the earth is filled with blessing
Which no sorrow can destroy,
And for every day of trouble
There shall come a day of joy.
There are moments full of silver
As the showers from Heaven which fall,
And the tenderness of loving
Is the blessing of them all.

Though the clouds may hang above us,
Somewhere sunlight fingers still;
And the gold of every moment
Shall surpass the moment's ill.
Love and truth are yet immortal,
Loving souls immortal too;
And the glory of a jewel
Sparkle in a drop of dew.

Take the dewdrops as God gives them,
Be they moments, be they hours,
So the stream of life which bears you
Shall flow on through banks of flowers.
There are moments full of blessing
As the showers from Heaven which fall,
But the tenderness of loving
Is the blessing of all.

THE POOR MAN'S TEMPTATION.

Among the passengers aboard the ship
Patrol, bound from New York to San
Francisco, were Thomas Warren, his wife
and their six-year-old daughter, Flora.
Warren had been unfortunate.

By careful saving from his income as a
clerk in a dry goods store he had built a
little home one story and a half high and
there for four years, with his wife and
child he had lived, happy and contented.

Then the firm employing him failed. He
looked about him perseveringly for steady,
honest work of some kind—not caring
what—but could not obtain it.

One day a laborer who was obliged to
be absent from his place of toil—a bank
of earth which was being removed—per-
mitted him to act as his substitute for
ten hours. Warren plied the pick and
shovel manfully and received one dollar
when his task was done. His health not
being good, such heavy work made him
ill. He could not leave his bed for
months. What little money he had was
spent by that time.

He sold his house and with some of the
proceeds took passage for San Francisco,
as stated, hoping to find better his for-
tunes.

"San Francisco," said his wife Mary
thoughtfully when they were within two
days' sail of that port. "It is the place
where papa went, years ago, to look for
Tom. He said, 'my poor brother, who ran
away from home. But as you know Tom
was never lost. We never could find
what became of him.'"

At that moment a terrible cry went
through the cabin.

"Fire! Fire!"

The captain and crew did all in their
power to save the vessel, but in vain.

Very soon the loud flames, roaring and
blazing enveloped nearly every part of the
ship.

Dismal went the boats and they were
presently occupied by crew and passen-
gers.

Warren had brought up from the cabin
a tin box, containing five hundred dollars
which remained from the sale of his house.

With his wife and child he got into one
of the boats.

"The peril-lund," yelled the first mate.
"Pull away lively!—the ship's going to
blow up!"

The boat in which Warren sat was ten
feet from the ship, when with a roar
like a bursting volcano, she flew to pieces,
her fiery fragments shooting high in
air.

The frightened passengers made a rush,
which exposed the boat. Warren's box
of money sank to the bottom. He could
swim and contrived to save his wife and
child from drowning by holding them
until one of the other boats came and
picked up all the persons who were in the
water.

"My box!" groaned Warren.
"On my! cried his wife, turning deadly
pale and clasping her hands.

"It has gone to the bottom of the sea!"
he said wildly, his fingers twitching nervously
in his agony.

"I could swim I'd dive and get it!"
said little Flora. "Never mind, papa, we
can find it 'w' gold when we get to the
gold town."

And taking a piece of cake from her
pocket, she commenced to eat it.

Warren bowed his head. He looked
white and limp and grasped for breath.

Then the true spirit showed itself on
the part of his wife.

There is no describing how she consoled
him. She did it with the strange
subtle power of her sex.

He was still grief-stricken, but somehow
the horror and dismay caused by his loss
were nearly gone.

Before long the passengers were picked
up by a brig bound into the port of San
Francisco. And that Warren and his lit-
tle family arrived there.

He had a few dollars in his pocket-
book, and he hired lodgings in a small
house, near the wharves of the town.

He set about looking for employment at
once.

To his surprise, it was as difficult here
to obtain work as in New York.

Day after day he went about on his
hopeless rounds.

He could find nothing to do.
"Give me a piece of bread," said Flora,
one morning—a piece of bread 'as' sat
on it."

"What have we no sugar?" said Warren
I thought we had a little."

"No, papa," said Flora, climbing on his
knee, "sugar's all gone and so I can't
have bread 'w' sugar, but there's plenty
of salt, and I like 'salt' on bread," she
added, clasping her hands.

A few days later it was still worse.
The last morsel of bread had been
eaten.

Flora called stoutly for more, for the
child was hungry.

Her mother said father were still hun-
grier.

They were weak from the want of
food.

All at once he heard a piteous voice. It
came from a rude but a few feet dis-
tant.

There he discovered a dying man—a
man, emaciated creature in patched gar-
ments.

"Give me a little water!" he gasped.
Warren gave him water from a jug near
him.

"Have you no friend, no relative, that I
can go to and bring help?" inquired
Warren.

"I do not think I have a relative living,"
gasped the man. "I was dying here alone
before you came. Will you do me a
favor? Lift up those bricks in the fire-
place and bring me my key."

Warren removing the bricks, which were
loose, discovered a painted key, and
brought it to the man.

It was fitted to the lock with silver half
dollars!

"I have been a miser," groaned the suf-
ferer, "but you can see for yourself I have
not saved much. Will you take this key
to—"

Before he could finish he gave a shud-
der and his eyes became glazed.

He was dead!

Warren looked at him awhile; then his
eyes wandered to the key of gold.

The whirling sensation was still in his
head. His mind seemed to have become
weak. He continued to stare at the silver
heap.

"The man had owned he was a miser—
probably he had so relative. In that case
there was no heir to the money.

How much good that amount would do
little Flora and his wife! They were hun-
gry—almost starving.

His gaze was caught by a slip of paper
among the silver pieces.

He took it out and read it.
"This key of money to be taken to
Roger Barnum, merchant, No. ——— street,
San Francisco in case of my death."

Roger Barnum! Warren had seen the
name over the wholesale store of this
wealthy merchant.

A few days before he had unsuccess-fully
applied there for employment. There
were probably about one hundred dollars
in the key.

To Barnum, the rich wholesale dealer,
this would be a mere trifle—to Warren it
would be food and shelter—perhaps life!

Why should this trifle go to the golden
hands of the merchant when Warren
needed it so much more?

The poor man gazed at the coins, he
looked at them long and wistfully.

Then at last he flung his arms into the
air, as if to hurl the temptation from
him.

To take that money would be to
steal.

"My God! No!" he cried. "I cannot do
it! I feel ashamed of myself for even
thinking of such a thing! Had my brain
been right, I would not have thought of
it! My mind is strangely weakened!"

He picked up the key and took it
straight to Roger Barnum.

The merchant read it through his gold
spectacles.

"It's all right," he said quickly after
Warren had explained. "I am much
obliged to you. I will have the body de-
cently buried."

Warren looked around him, wistfully.
Stalwart men were moving hither and
thither, heading boxes, boxes and boxes.
A legion of clerks were making their pen-
sils over the piles of the ledgers.

There was one clerk, half full of sugar,
falling, wretched this way.

"Would you not like to have that cake
moved into the store? he inquired faintly.
Mr. Barnum looked up.

"Oh! I believe I have not rewarded
you for bringing me those silver pieces," he
said.

He took a quarter from his pocket and
put it on the counter.

"No, thank you," said Warren; "that I
will take it for moving the cake, if you
like."

"Very well," said Barnum more gently.
"Move it as soon as you can."

Warren tugged at the heavy cake. It
was too much for his strength, in his pre-
sent weakened condition.

But he got it in the store. Then he
staggered against it nearly fainting.

"A glass of wine, here," called Mr. Bar-
num.

One of the clerks brought it. It re-
vived the sufferer, although he still look
bewildered.

"What makes you so weak? Have you
been ill?" inquired the merchant.

"The other day, as if by a sort of fasci-
nation, against which he vainly strug-
gled, was fixed, with a greedy look, upon
a box of damaged biscuits, which one of
the men was about to throw into a refuse
cask! Mr. Barnum drew Warren to one
side.

"What is your name, and where do you
live?" he inquired.

"Thomas Warren. I live at No. ——— street."

"Have you a family?"

"A wife and child. Would that Mary
Marston had never married a poor wretch
like me."

"Mary Marston! Was that your wife's
name?" cried Barnum's asking.

"Yes, sir."

"And had a brother. What was his
name?"

"Thomas Marston. He went away years
ago, and has not been heard of since."

"Your wife was in Boylston, Massachu-
setts—was she not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good; and so you did not know
that the miser who just died was Tom
Marston, her brother?"

"Good heaven! No!"

"It is his last name—here is half a
dollar for moving the cake. I will call
upon you to-night."

Warren went home with some provi-
sions bought with the half dollar.

To his astonished wife he told his story.
Not long after, the old merchant, Mr.
Barnum came.

He made a few inquiries of Mrs. Warren
which fully satisfied him of her identity—
that she was really Mary Marston.

He unlocked a small safe which he had
brought with him and exhibited the con-
tents—fifty thousand dollars in crisp bank
notes.

"What does this mean?" cried the be-
wildered Warren and his wife, simultane-
ously.

"I mean," said Mr. Barnum, "that your
brother, Thomas Marston, who was a

miser, looked upon me as his only friend.
Every penny which he hoarded, except
just enough to supply his few wants, he
placed in my keeping, for he was afraid
of being robbed. I kept all his money
up in my safe for him."

"With him he always had a bag full of
counterfeit half dollars so that in case
robbers should steal from him, they would
obtain only those worthless coins. He
has been just returned. Before he went,
he informed me that, in case of his death
he would send me the key of counterfeits
as he would rather they should not be
found about his premises. He was afraid
it would make people think he had been a
counterfeiter. After his death I was to
advertis for his sister. He did not know
whether she was living or not, but if I
found her, I was to give her his money
which I had in charge. This was the
request he made to me, and which I
promised to comply with. It was also
arranged, that if I did not hear from, or
hear of him, or hear of his death within
twenty years after his departure, I was to
keep his money for my own use, and not
trouble myself to make any inquiries about
his sister. I expostulated with him on
this point, but he had always been
eccentric, and he would now have his
own way. Had I not heard of his death
to-day, he would have the twenty years
would have expired, and I should have
kept my agreement by retaining the
money. I hope you will believe me when
I say that I am really glad of the chance
which has been afforded me of giving it to
the rightful heir."

When he was gone Warren said to his
wife:

"How fortunate I did not yield to the
temptation to retain that key of coins.
Had I done so I would probably soon
have been arrested for passing counter-
feit money, besides which you would
never have received a penny of it!"

"Tris," said Mary. "And oh! husband!"
she added, embracing him, "I would
sooner have starved than have known that
you kept those coins! I am sure you
would never have thought of doing it had
your mind not been weakened by care and
hunger combined."

"I believe my brain was nearly turned at
the time," he answered.

A week after Warren went into business
with some of his wife's money.

He is now one of the most thriving
wholesale merchants in San Francisco.

Justice Court Rehearsal.

"Did you make the train?" "No," was
the reply. "It was made in the car-
riage."

"I mean did you catch the train?"
"No, I caught a cold, the train is not
infectious."

"Well, did you arrive at the train in
time?"

"No, I arrived in an omnibus."

"Oh, what I mean is, did you board the
train?"

"No, it was as much as I could do to
pay my board."

"Oh, you don't understand, did you get
aboard at the depot?"

"No, I got a lunch at the depot."

"Well, of all the dumb men I ever saw
—he, did you go out on time?"

"No—I had to pay cash."

"I mean did the cars go out on time?"
"No, they went out on the rails."

"I mean what time did the cars
leave?"

"Leave who?"

"Was, leave the city."

"Schedule time?"

"What time was it?"

"When?"

"When you left the city?"

"I don't understand you."

"Well, see if you now can understand.
You left the city, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir; couldn't I take it with me?"

"Well, where did you leave the city?"

"Why, where it is now—in Muscogee
county."

"I mean what time was it when you left
the city?"

"Time for me to leave."

"Why?"

"Because I have to answer your ques-
tions."

Court took a recess.

Difficulties of Learning English.

An educational journal thus describes
difficulties a Frenchman had with the
word 'break':

"I begin to understand your language
better, said my French friend, Mr. Dubois,
to me but your verbs trouble me still; you
mix them up so with prepositions."

I am sorry you find them so troublesome,
was all I could say.

I saw your friend, Mrs. Murdochson just
now, he continued. She says she intends
to break down housekeeping; am I right
there?"

Break up housekeeping, she must have
said.

Oh, yes, I remember; break up house-
keeping.

Why does she do that I asked.

Because her health is broken into.
Broken down.

Broken down? Oh, yes. And indeed,
since the smallpox has broken up in our
city—

Broken out.

She thinks she will leave it for a few
weeks.

Will she leave her house alone?

No, she is afraid it will be broken—
how do I say that?

Broken into.

Certainly, it is what I meant to say.

Is her son to be married soon?

No, that engagement is broken—
broken.

Broken off.

Yes, broken off.

Ah, I had not heard that.

She is very sorry about it. Her son only
broke the news down to her last week.

Am I right? I am anxious to speak En-
glish well.

He merely broke the news; no preposi-
tion this time.

It is hard to understand. That young
man, her son, is a fine young fellow; a
breaker, I think.

A breaker, and a very fine young fellow.
Good-day.

So much for the verb '