THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

PUBLISHED BY

HALL & SLEDGE.

One Year, in advance, - - - - - $2 00
Six Months, - - - - - - 1 00
Three Months, - - - - - 75 cts

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. X. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1881. NO. 15.

THE ROANOKE NEWS

ADVERTISING RATES.

| SPACE | One M. | Thr M. | Six M. | One Y. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| One Square, | 3 00 | 8 00 | 14 00 | 20 00 |
| Two Squares, | 5 00 | 10 00 | 20 00 | 30 00 |
| Three Squares, | 8 00 | 15 00 | 30 00 | 40 00 |
| Four Squares, | 10 00 | 18 00 | 36 00 | 45 00 |
| Fourth Col'n, | 15 00 | 20 00 | 40 00 | 50 00 |
| Half Column, | 20 00 | 30 00 | 60 00 | 65 00 |
| Whole Column, | One Year, | | | 75 00 |

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER. DR. D. E. ZOLLICOFFER.

DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER & BRO.,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

WELDON, N. C.

Drs. A. R. and D. E. Zollicoffer, having united as partners in the practice of medicine under the style and firm of Dr. A. R. Zollicoffer & Bro., offer their professional services to the public generally and solicit a share of their patronage. They guarantee careful and prompt attention to patients. One of the firm will always be found at their office in Zollicoffer's Drug Store where patients will be treated at all hours and when necessary, both with visit and give their attention to patients without extra charge. mc 13 tf.

WALTER E. DANIEL,

Attorney and Counsellor At Law.

WELDON, N. C.

Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections in all parts of the State and prompt returns made. feb. 17 1y

DR. 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 1y

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 1y

E. T. BRANCH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

ENFIELD, N. C.

Practices in the counties of Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe and Wilson. Collections made in all parts of the State. jan 12 tf

W. HALL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WELDON, N. C.

Special attention given to collections and remittances promptly made. may 1tf.

JAMES H. MULLEN. JOHN A. MOORE

MULLEN & MOORE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

HALIFAX N. C.

Practice in the counties of Halifax, Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Martin—in the Supreme Court of the State and in the Federal Courts of the Eastern District. Collections made in any part of the State. jan 1 1y

THOMAS N. HILL,

Attorney at Law,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties and Federal and Supreme courts.

Will be at Scotland Neck, once every fortnight. aug 22 tf

T. W. MASON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SARYSBURG, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts. June 2 tf.

W. H. DAY. A. C. ZOLLICOFFER.

DAY & ZOLLICOFFER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WELDON, N. C.

Practice in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Claims collected in any part of North Carolina. One of the firm will always be found in the office. June 2 1y.

DR. E. L. HUNTER,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Can be found at his office in Enfield.

Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extracting of Teeth always on hand. June 22 tf.

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. 16 1y.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

I am now running a daily mail from Scotland Neck to Halifax. I have a comfortable two horse hack, which leaves Scotland Neck, every morning for Halifax and returns same day. Will take passengers and express packages at reasonable rates. I am also prepared to entertain travelers, promising to spare no pains to make them comfortable.

Respectfully,
W. H. SHIELDS.

Nov 30tf.

FOR SALE.

The following valuable real estate lying near Tillery's Mill, in Halifax county about nine miles from the town of Halifax.

About 300 acres including steam engine, saw mill and fixtures, gin, gin house and fixtures, adjoining the residence of J. R. Tillery.

Mike Wilkins, that contains about 97 acres.

Pope place containing about 150 acres.

1 interest in Wade H Tillery tract, the whole containing about 327 acres.

Apply to T. N. HILL, Attorney.
Halifax N. C. july 31tf

GREAT BARGAINS.

We are now receiving our new and beautiful goods recently purchased of the manufacturers, and cordially invite you to call and see them. The largest and best selected stock of

GOLD WATCHES,
SETS OF JEWELRY,
BAND BRACELETS,
OPERA AND GUARD CHAINS,
DIAMOND AND SEAL RINGS,
SLEEVE BUTTONS AND STUDS,
SOLID SILVER SPOONS, FORKS &c.

The Best $10 Castor and $5 Clock EVER SOLD.

Use Young's P. P. Glasses and improve your eyesight.

Watches and Jewelry repaired by the best workmen. Engraving neatly done by

J. T. YOUNG & BRO.
Sept 2 1y Petersburg, Va.

## TOO LATE.

"Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a careful word should grieve you,
I'd smile on you sweet as the angels do;
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh, to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, or my words were few;
Do I know the truth now, up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the love of you!
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop love's kindness from heaven like dew.
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

## THE SPANISH BEAUTY.

I was homeward-bound from one of my various excursions across the ocean, by which I had for many years beguiled the tedium of my monotonous bachelor existence, and having settled my belongings in my stateroom, I turned out to take a survey of my fellow-passengers. It was autumn and the last of the summer tourists were returning, and both saloons and decks were crowded with animated groups. Every one seemed cheerful and gay, and already several embryo flirtations could be detected among the young people, of whom the passengers were largely composed. Being an outsider myself, travelling alone, and having left such tender pursuits far back in the vagueness of the past, I amused myself with merely watching and listening, and it is perhaps not surprising that I soon found myself wearied. It was for the most part such senseless chatter, such arant frivolity that I heard, such conscious posing and airy flirting that I saw. Of course at a while I found exceptions to this tendency, but the quiet and sensible people on board, as usual, occupied the background.

Failing to find myself interested then in these surroundings, I began a leisurely inspection of the vessel, wandering about its nooks and crannies, and familiarizing myself with my little island home. And so strolling along, I came upon a small, quiet, gray-clad figure seated alone and looking wistfully over the waters. As she was quite unconscious of my proximity, I stepped a few paces off and examined her closely. She looked almost a child, so small and slight she was, and yet one would not have dared to treat her as a child. There was a self-reliance and serenity about her entirely childlike, but, all the same, very pretty to see. Her complexion was dark and very rich, and her cheeks ch rmingly rounded and curved, and her eyes, turned seaward, were the large est and darkest I ever remembered to have seen. Indeed, so uncommon was their size that, when some sound aroused her and she turned them slowly on me, I was dazzled by them—they gave her face such a strange aspect, and yet it was peculiar far from being unlovely. She was Spanish—I had seen that at a glance—and the naive, unconscious way in which she looked at me prompted the conclusion that she felt herself, even at the end of this voyage, hampered by the fact that she knew no other language. After that one long, dreamy glance she turned her face away again and I heard her sigh gently. After a moment's hesitation I moved just a step nearer and addressed her in her own language, asking if it was her first voyage.

She turned with a swift impulsive smile and looked at me again. The great eyes were radiant with pleasure, and, with an exquisite utterance that made my own Spanish seem a harsh brogue, she answered I feebly assured graciously that she was going to America for the first time, and indeed, was for the first time at sea.

"You will be sea-sick almost certainly, then," I said. "Are you prepared for that?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I have hoped that perhaps I might not be, but I am prepared for anything."

There was a patient resolution in her tones that piqued my curiosity, especially as she presently informed me she was all alone and going simply under the captain's care. She was full of joy at meeting a man who spoke her language, and consequently intermingled with her talk little efforts in my expressions of thanks, which seemed to have no application beside the general out of my knowing Spanish.

When the bell sounded for dinner, I took her down. My man, who was rather cruelly offended being promptly and gracefully accepted. After that I used to seek her always before meals and take her in with me, and once, when something detained me and I was a little late, I found her waiting for me. I think the people of the vessel thought that we were companions from the start, and some one alluded to her once as my daughter, and at though I hastily corrected this, I willingly let it be supposed that she was travelling under my care. In the simplest and most natural fashion she learned to defer to me and lean on my side—look, and, by-and-bye, confide in me.

It was one evening that we had been sitting together a long time, idly talking about the weather and the sea and wondering how long we should have it so fair, when she turned to me, in her soft Spanish speech, short lines so inexplicably in translation, and said:

"I want you to tell me about your people and your home.

I felt as if her little, soft, plump hand had dented a slow wave in my lone heart, but I answered, simply:

"I have no home and my people are all dead or gone from me—but, by-the-way, I have brothers and sisters and kinsfolk, but I never had a wife or a child, which is what you meant, believe."

"Yes; I meant that. It is so sad. I thought, perhaps you might have a daughter like me, and that made you so sad."

"No, I have no daughter," I said slowly; "though I am, in truth, old enough to be your father."

"And you have never loved any one—never wished to be married to some one who was good and beautiful and kind? How strange!"

I suppose her tones were scarcely marked by any lack of care accent. She seemed to be giving them as facts, with a gentle reluctance. But though she expected no answer from me, I was irresistibly prompted to confession.

"Yes, Lola," I said, "I knew some one like Francisca, and I loved her. But it was long ago, and we were parted."

"Oh, why did you part?" she said, pausing a little. "Were she, you offer anything to part you? Was she so wrong to give up all, to leave home and friends and country and everything to follow love, as I have done?"

I looked on her a deep eye-to-eye, she had revealed her secret, and I half feared she would resent and try to forget it, but she did not. She seemed either to be unconscious that anything had been divulged, or unconscious of the fact that I had not known it all the time.

"You do well," I said, fervently. "It is worth the sacrifice. God grant you do not repent it."

"I have no fear," she said, confidently. "Fear could not live in my heart, which holds a perfect love."

Then, so simply and naturally, she told me her story. She had become engaged to a young American sent out to Spain as agent for some New York business firm, and he had gone home a few months ago, expecting to return, as his superiors had made other arrangements, and he had written that although he would be a stranger in New York thereafter, he was coming back to marry her and bring her home to the new world. At the time set for his arrival, however, he had sent a letter instead, saying an attack of illness prevented his coming, but he was now convalescent, though the physicians said he must not take the voyage for some time.

"When I got that letter," said Lola, "I could do nothing but eat and fret for the first two or three days. I did not eat or sleep, and my aunt, whom I lived with, said I would die, and was very hard and cross. I was utterly wretched, and one night, as I lay thinking it all over, I resolved that I would go to him. He had once, half facetiously, suggested it, saying it would save so much expense, and he is not at all well off; but it had frightened me so that he gave it up, saying he would spend all he had sooner than give me the anxiety and trouble of such a voyage. But now—now that he was ill and alone—I could think no longer of my dread; indeed, it was gone, and all I thought of was to go to him, and comfort and nurse and take care of him. So I got my aunt's consent, though she would not give it at first, and I took the very next steamer. And see how easy and pleasant it has been! He need not have been afraid for me; but then he could not know, and neither could I, that I should find you."

Her ardent tone and look, as she said these last words, thrilled me strangely. It was a spontaneous, effectionate outburst that pained while it caressed me. And beside my own personal feeling, a dreadful misgiving about her weighed on my heart. She was so confident, so out of trust—what if she should be deceived to this man? What if the attack of illness were a mere subterfuge? Such things had been. I turned cold and then hot at the mere suggestion. I asked her lover's name, but it was unknown to me, though the name of the house he represented was familiar. But that went for nothing as to man's personal character, and the fear that this might be treacherous made me sick with dread. What would be the end of my apprehensions proved correct? What would become of the poor child? A wild thought suggested itself. It was a strange mixture of deep pity for her and deep joy, tempered with pain and yet sweet with hope, for myself.

At last the voyage was over, and the realization of this fact made me unaccountable sad. For Lola was dearer to me every day. In her little attacks of illness, which she had not altogether escaped, I had carried her about in my arms, like a child, and she had leaned on me and looked up to me with a childish confidence and trust that was unspeakably sweet to the lonely old bachelor whose attitude toward this young girl had seemed to touch his age and worldweariness with a magic wand that had made them drop from him like a garment.

Lola and I stood together on deck, all our bags and parcels strapped and ready for moving. She had not told her lover she was coming, and of course he would not meet her. I expressed her for not having telegraphed, feeling a strange reluctance to go and hunt him up, but she answered simply that she could not afford it. At her money was required for the voyage. "And, besides," she added, quietly, blushing like a rose, "I wanted to give him the joy of this surprise."

"And I," I said, reluctantly, "if he should not be here, or something, have you not money to return?"

"But he is bound to be here; nothing like that could happen. And if he were away I should wait till he returned. I have no money to go home, if I should want to, but there's not much danger of my wanting."

Heavens! what trust, what exquisite feeling, what boat "all belief in love! And if he should prove unworthy!

When we stepped ashore, Lola and I got into a carriage, which I ordered to take us to a hotel. She let me arrange everything just as I chose, and we had agreed to go together to the hotel and then I was to find her lover and send him to her.

I saw her safely seated in her little parlor, and then, as it was early morning, I ordered a good breakfast for us. And we ate it, for I don't think either had much appetite, though I tried my wits to the uttermost on the score, and had even given a lavish order for flowers. I tried to think of everything that could give her pleasure, for I felt almost certain of an impending calamity, and I looked again and again into her sweet face trying to fix its look of happiness in my mind. And she was happy! Her voice was joyous as a lark's and her face as radiant as—as—I would fain have figured a simile to look in this delight upon, but she was decidedly impatient and eager that I should be gone. I think she imagined me the bearer of some news that, for some reason unknown to her, I would not tell him of her presence, but bring him back with me under some pretext of a round him well, and refresh and care for him if he was ill. In other events, she had recited to him her mind lest they were to be mine, I felt that very day.

When I was ready to go, I went up to her and took her hands in mine. "Lola!" I said, "remember I am before you, whether for or against, remember that you have me always for your friend. You must rely upon me as you would upon your—" I paused and then said—"father."

It was an effort, but I forced myself to say it. Then, before leaving, I stooped and kissed the sweet lips. It was the first time, she would remember be the last, and I valued it beyond its value what can come to them but once.

When I reached the house, the sickness of which I had long seen me, I inquired for her lover. He was gone! The woman who kept the house could give no information, except that she thought he had gone West.

I was not greatly disturbed. In that moment I was above self and thought only of Lola. Now shall I describe the scene that followed my announcement to the little creature? The heart-rending grief, the wild denial of her lover's faithlessness! She merely refused to believe it. She would go search, she said, think that he was dead. After her first outburst of passionate grief was over, she rallied herself and said, standing up, "I must go away! I must not stay here."

The sight of her agony almost killed me.

"Oh, Lola," I said, "poor!"

She flung herself back on the lounge with a motion of utter despair. I went to her and, throw myself on my knees beside her and folded both of her trembling hands in mine.

"Lola, be brave," I said. "Face the worst. I think everything to say, but I believe he is false to you. I believe his illness was a fiction, and I believe he is wilfully lost to you. My little child, it is hard, I know, but not so bad as if you had married and then found out all this. But do not despair. I will not leave you, and you shall tell me just what you would have me do. I will take you back to Spain if you wish to go."

"I cannot! I could not bear it! And I have no money."

"Never mind that," I said. "I have plenty, more—far more than I want. I would give my life to comfort you. I will go now, if you say so, and take passage on the next returning ship."

"I could not bear it. I never will go back," she said; "no one loves me there. I am only a useless little burden. I never will go back!"

"Then stay," I said, passionately—"stay with me. Let me love and comfort you. Stay with me always, Lola. No one can love you as I will."

At first I think she did not understand my meaning, but when she did she wrenched her hands from mine and sprang to the middle of the room.

"How can you? How can you be so cruel?" she said. "Do you think I could ever love any one else after having given my love to him? No; I loved him only—I have given him all my love—and worthy or unworthy, he has it still."

"Lola, my little child," I said, "you must face the truth. You cannot live in this strange country all alone. You have neither friends nor money. You cannot work, and if you could you must not be alone. I cannot help you and maintain you unless you take my name and occupy the honorable post of my wife. But I will not force it on you. For the present I will find some safe place to put you in, and we will see what can be done. At all events, whether you can love me or not, I love you and will always love you."

"Do you love me?" she said, facing me and speaking with eager vehemence.

"Yes, I do, I do!" I said.

"Then find him for me!"

I could not speak at once. For one moment a wild hope had bounded in my breast, and it would not die without a struggle. Then I looked at her and said, calmly:

"I will try. I will do my utmost. I will give to my conscientious efforts. But, Lola, if I find—"

"If you fail to find him," she said, "or if you find him to be false, then I give you the reward you wish. I will marry you."

It was not a righteous consent, but I found a wonderful satisfaction in it, despite my fond sympathy for her. I was not being selfishly happy at her expense, for, on my own part, I entirely believed in her lover's treacherousness, though there was nothing that could go for real proof. It was a foregone conclusion with me, and it was, therefore, only its issue I rejoiced at.

In my present state of feeling it was easy to fall into hopeful dreams of the future; it was impossible not to. And now, as she sat meekly on the sofa, after all her passionate struggles were over, I felt convinced that, if I could win her hand in the way we had agreed upon, I could also, with time, win her pure heart for my own. It was a glorious goal. Something to live for, something to work and struggle for. My life and utmost energies had found the incentive they had lacked so long.

We fell now into a composed and quiet talk and she listened patiently while I unfolded my plans for her. But here rested on her lovely face such a look of unutterable sorrow that I had to turn my eyes away. How blessed it would be to smooth away this look—to recall the gay vivacity of my own bright Lola! What a happy task! In spite of all, I felt I should succeed.

A long silence had fallen upon us both. The room was warm, and I had set open the door leading into the hall. I was glad of an excuse to do so, as it took away some of the air of privacy which I feared she might find irksome. She did not seem to notice my action, but sat facing the door, with her drooped eyes resting on the little hands clasped in her lap. Presently a footstep was heard coming along the hall, and she listlessly looked up. As she did so, the light of a great, ecstatic joy rushed over the face. She sprang to her feet, with the glad cry:

"Richard!" and flung herself into his arms. He clasped her tight to his heart, and drew her into the room. Was he true or false? I knew that I need only see his face to tell. In that moment of extreme excitement he would forget to don his mask. He stooped above her and covered her neck and face with kisses. Then, after that moment's rapture, he looked at me. It was a noble face—honest, manly and kind.

I ought to have been glad, but I heard myself groan.

I would have left the room, but Lola detained me, telling her lover in enthusiastic terms how kind I had been, and begging him to thank me, which he did in such terms as only a good and honorable man could have used. I had to listen, too, to his explanation. He had indeed, gone West, having accepted a promising appointment which would give him permanent and remunerative employment. Having settled matters there, he had obtained leave, and was now on his way to Spain and Lola. It was all as clear as day.

That very evening they were married. I was the only witness beside the clergyman, and I never will forget the reliance of her face as I watched it during the service. I rather feared her joy might be dimmed by some remembering thought of me, but it was not so. I don't think she ever comprehended my feeling for her, and, of course, it pleased her to fancy now that it had been chiefly pity for her loneliness.

The services ended, there remained nothing but to take Lola to a jeweler's shop near by and let her choose a present from me, which she unmurmuringly paid for with a kiss.

"It was, indeed, the last!"

JOSH BILLINGS' TRUMP CARDS.—I have never known a sekoard wife but what waz boss of the situation.

After a man gits to be 38 years old he kan form any new habits tuern, the best he kin do is to sizer his old ones.

Easy man who kan swop horses, or ketch flies, and not lie about it, is as pius as men get to be in this world.

The saxiest man I ever met iz a henpecked husband when he is away from home.

An enthusiast is an individual who believes about four times as much as he kan prove and about as much as anybody believes.

The dog that will follow anybody ain't worth a cuss.

Those people who are liveing to get to heaven on their kreed will find out at last that they didn't have a tuern ticket.

Too long courtship are not always judicious; the marry-once fire will shrivel before the trot begins.

One quart of sheep whiskey (the cheaper the better) judiciously applied, will do more business for the devil than the smartest deacon he has got.

I don't reko let doing everything that I was just a little ashamed of, but somebody remembered it, and wuz sure, once in a while, to put me in mind of it.

Young man learn to wait; if you undertake to sell a hens bile she inwardly, you will lose your time and confuse the hen besides.

Name a fellow makes a pheel; she simply furnishes the raw materials, and lets the fellow finish the job to suit himself.

CHICKEN FEED AT LAST.—An old man up in Connecticut had a poor cracky bit of a wife who regularly once a week got up the night and invited the family to see her die. She gave away her things, spoke her last words, and made her peace with Heaven, and then about 3 o'clock she got up in her usual way and disappointed everybody by going at her household duties as if nothing had happened.

The old man got sick of it finally, and went and bought a coffin. A real nice cashmere shroud, a wreath of immortelles, with "Farewell, Mary Ann," worked in, and a handful of silver plated screws. Laying the screw driver beside the coffin, he invited her to "die" right now.

"Dad," said he, "and in you go, and this fare well business is over."

Mary Ann is at this moment cooking buckwheat cakes for a large and admiring family.

IDENTIFIED.—Uncle Mose met a very dandified Houston darkey, who used to live in Galveston, on Galveston avenue, and who said he a very dignified manner.

How do you enjoy this balmy weather, eah?

I don't know yer, sah. You has me at a disadvantage, responded Mose.

You cussed ole yallow, low legged, lantern-jawed gorilla, yer is de same ole mutton-headed baboon yer allers was.

Now I knows yer. As soon as yer quit talkin' like a grammar I know yer right off, and they emonstrated like Blucher and Wellington on the field of Waterloo.

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls, says the Home Visitor. One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., whose delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, sick-room and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home—the other a blessing; one is a mock consuming everything about her—the other a sunbeam imparting light and gladness all around her pathway. The right kind of education will modify both and unite their good qualities.

A TIME-HONORED REMEDY.—Uncle Pomp, said Col. M., to a former slave, I hear that some of you darkies down on the lower place are affected with the itch.

Bela' as it's you, boss, replied old Pompey, hesitatingly, I mus' confess dat de Lawd has sent it to afflict us dat way, for a fac.

Ah! doing anything for it?

Yes, sah; O yes, sah!

What?

Why, we—er—we am scratchin' for it.

SMALL BOY.—I want a red, white and blue cricket cap, Shopman: I've none with red. Here's a blue and white one; just imagine there's red in it. Small boy: All right; I'll take it. Exit small boy, Shopman (calling after him): my man, you have not given me the shilling! Small boy: Oh, just imagine you have got it!

The teacher had grown eloquent in picturing to his little pupils the beauties of heaven, and he finally asked: "What kind of little boys go to heaven?" A lively little fourteen-year old boy, with kicking boots flourished his hat. "Well, you may answer, said the teacher, "I had once," the little fellow shouted at the extent of his lungs.

## NEWS ITEMS.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor is to publish her husband's biography.

The Chinese physician receives no pay until the patient is cured.

Washington ladies visit the races on horseback in large numbers.

Electricity in Franklin's time was a wonder; now we make light of it.

New York women wear tea gowns made in the style of the First Empire.

The first crate of Georgia peaches was shipped to New York on the 30th of May.

General B. F. Butler and General Roger A. Pryor are about to form a law partnership.

Mrs. James, the wife of the Postmaster General, intends spending the summer in Europe.

Mr. Jefferson Davis is holding in Canada what the Montreal Star calls "informal receptions."

Gen. McClellan, accompanied by his wife and daughter, have gone to Europe for the summer.

The late Col. Tom Scott only voted once in twenty-four years, and that was last fall, for Hancock.

The movement is being made in London to bring Booth, Irving and McCullough together in the same play.

Slang intrudes even into love affairs. She asken: "Am I your little lamb?" and he replied, "Well, you just gambol."

The Toronto Globe truthfully asserts that "ignorance is not the mother of all crime, nor is education a remedy for all.

Mayor Grace, of New York, was once employed as a waiter in one of the city restaurants He did his work gracefully

At last the convention defining the new boundary between Turkey and Greece has been signed, sealed and delivered.

Saloon keepers who insist upon spelling beer "bier" make a mistake. It is too literal, and frightens many thirsty people away.

On the steamship Italy, which lately arrived in New York City, was a Chinese dwarf who is 41 years old and only two feet high.

Bishop Doane, of Albany, thinks that the revised New Testament is "inferior to the translation made at the direction of King James.

The executioner Foshloff, has received 100 lashes for mismanagement in the hanging of the nihilist Machaloff, whose rope broke twice.

Mr. Shakespeare is Mayor of New Orleans and he is making trouble for the gamblers. They are not overly fond of Shakespeare's works.

It is stated on good authority that Sara Bernhardt is to marry on Saturday next with M. Angelo who has been traveling with her in America.

Dr. Geo. E. Loring, who succeeds L. Due as commissioner of agriculture, is a Massachusetts man. He promises well in the start, but they all do that.

In Dinwiddie county, Va., last week, Frank Johnston stabbed Tom Jones in the abdomen and he bled to death. Both colored. A woman was the cause.

Judge Robertson will not receive his commission as collector of the port of New York until July 1. This leaves him free to make his fight against Mr. Conkling.

The slave trade is flourishing in Egypt, where the Viceroy and his ministers are its most zealous supporters. Eighty thousand is the yearly average negro exportation.

Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour has gone into the Adirondacks for his health. He is not strong and was too tired to respond to a serenade at Lowville the other evening.

The Republican Legislature of Illinois, in gerrymandering their congressional districts have made one half mile wide, and thirty miles long. It is the Chicago district.

Mr. G. W. Harrison, of Philadelphia, has been directed by the Governor of Pennsylvania to go to England and assist in preparing to remove the remains of Wm. Penn to Philadelphia.

A furniture dealer and a shirt manufacturer in Philadelphia have been fined $100 each in the United States District Court for circulating advertisements of their business in the form of greenbacks.

Conkling has taken sides with Mahone. Last week during the session of the Readjuster Convention in Richmond, Conkling sent a telegram to Mahone, expressing his sympathies. They feel for each other.

Secretary Blaine is informed that the French delegation to the Yorktown Centennial will consist of no more than ten gentlemen, descendants of Lafayette, De Rochambeau and other of our allies in 1781.

An American bridegroom who married an English lady the other day gave her a set of diamonds mounted in iron ferrules and a flask containing a few drops of water and a few grains of earth from America.

Gould is a queer little God. The youngest son of the late Secretary Stanton has married the daughter of Mrs. Phillip, the lady who was sent to Saint Island by General Butler for insulting Union soldiers in New Orleans.

Mr Davis told me, said General J. C. Waight, speaking of the ex-Confederate President to a Chicago reporter, that he wouldn't have slavery restored if every negro in the South would beg to have the old conditions renewed.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett is again reported engaged to be married. The young lady mentioned this time—by the London World—is Miss Bonaparte, daughter of Pierre Bonaparte, who has resided nearly all his life in retirement in the South of France.

The anti-Jewish movements in Russia are still giving the governments no little trouble. It has issued a proclamation intended to give the Israelites protection, but there is not enough respect for the autocracy to give much weight to a proclamation.

Some of the editions of the revised New Testament will be sold at five cents. Millions have already found their way into the hands of the people, and other millions will do the same. Everybody is reading the book and talking about it. The effect will be a great revival of religion and religious controversies.

Lorillard's three year old Iroquois won the Derby race at Epsom, in England on the 1st. It is the first time an American horse has accomplished this feat. Iroquois is of the celebrated Leamington stock. Mr. Lorillard has been offered $15,000 for the brother of this horse.

The English stockholders of the Confederate cotton loan, held a meeting in London and it was concluded, that although the stockholders had no claim on the United States government, they might gain something by friendly appeal. These hopes were based on the fact that the bank of England still held some of these bonds.

It is just a little curious that in this supreme agony of the great and grand old Republican party we do not hear one word about the peril to the Union of a solid South, not one word about the sacredness of the ballot box, not one word about finance and the tariff, not one word about civil service reform—not one word about civil service reform—not one word in fact about any subject except the New York Custom-house and the machine!

## Woman's Wisdom.

"She insists that it is more importance, that her family shall be kept in full health, than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees to it, that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symptoms of any ill health, to prevent a fit of sickness with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way."—*New Haven Palladium.*

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. $10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland Me.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR OR MEDICINE,

is eminently a Family Medicine; and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctors' bills.

After over Forty Years trial it is still receiving the most unqualified testimonials to its virtues from persons of the highest character and responsibility. Eminent physicians commend it for all diseases of the Liver.

AS AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC

OPINION OF THE CLERGY.

Simmons Liver Regulator is certainly a specific for that class of complaints which it claims to cure. If any of our fellow beings are suffering from hepatic disorders and have doubts in relation to the efficacy of this popular preparation, we can only offer them the simple and candid argument of Philip to Nathaniel, "Come and see." Try the proposed remedy and then you can judge for yourselves—Rev. David Wills, Pastor of Presbyterian Church, Macon, Ga.

TAKE
SIMMONS LIVER

REGULATOR.

The symptoms of liver complaint are uneasiness and pain in the side. Sometimes the pain is in the shoulder, and is mistaken for rheumatism. The stomach is effected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels in general costive, sometimes altering with lax. The head is troubled with pain, and dull, heavy sensation, considerable loss of memory accompanied with painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. Often complaining of weakness, debility and low spirits. Sometimes many of the above symptoms attend the disease, and at other times very few of them but the liver is generally the organ most involved.

The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

For Dyspepsia, Constipation, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, Sick Headache, Colic, Depression of Spirits; Sour Stomache, Heart Burn, &c. &c.

Original and Genuine,

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Sold by all Druggists. jan 27 1y

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.
A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most active properties of all other Bitters, make the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.
No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.
They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.
To all those engaged in business or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable without intoxicating.
No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or think you are liable to get sick, use them at once. It may save your life, it has saved hundreds.
$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.
Remember, Hop Bitters is not a vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the purest and best Medicine ever made, the "INVALIDS FRIEND and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for intoxication, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y and Toronto, Ont.
apr. 7 1y.

STERLING M. GARY,

HERVEY'S OLD STAND

HALIFAX, N. C.

DEALER IN

GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, C S.

All Sizes, All Grades, All Prices, All Style.

MEN'S CHILDREN'S, WOMEN'S AND MISSES

SHOES, SHOES.

All kinds of family groceries on hand and to arrive. Stock completely new. Just purchased from the Northern Markets.

S. M. GARY,
sep 30 1y Halifax, N. C.

EVERY BODY LOOK HERE!

I wish to inform the citizens of Halifax county, and the public generally, that I keep a first class house in the town of

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

I have a complete stock of

GROCERIES & CONFECTIONERIES.

My bar is stocked with the choicest

French, Apple, and Peach Brandies, also all kinds of Whiskies, Wines, Gin, Rum, and Champagne.

BEST BRANDS OF WHISKIES A SPECIALTY

Lager Beer in Bottles and on Draught. Families supplied at lower rates by the dozen bottles.

10,000 Cigars of the Best Brands.

I have a first class

RESTAURANT AND BILLIARD SALOON

attached to the house. I will endeavor to please all who will honor me with their patronage.

BEER BOTTLING A SPECIALTY.

Orders for Crates Filled at Short Notice.

The trade will find it to their advantage to order from us.

G. OPENHEIMER,
Sign Central Saloon,
oct 23 3m. Scotland Neck

DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY

Treat all Chronic Diseases, and enjoy a national reputation through the curing of complicated cases.
INDISCRETION or EXPOSURE Producing affections of the blood, skin or bones, treated with success, without using Mercury or Poisonous Medicines.
YOUNG MEN who are suffering from the effects of a disease that nullifies the vital fire necessary to marriage, permanently cured.
PATIENTS TREATED by Mail and Express, but where possible, personal consultation is preferred, which is FREE and sacredly private. List of questions to be answered by persons desiring treatment sent free to any address on application.
Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss. Continuous comfortably worn night and day, and should be addressed
DR. BUTTS, 12 North 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.
September 16th 1y

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address True & Co. Augusta, Me. july 15 1y.

W. R. VICK

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES

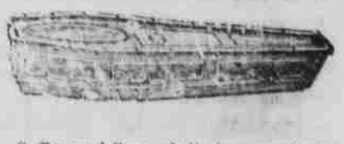
MADE TO ORDER

OR

REPAIRED AT LOW PRICES.

All kinds of wood work and trimming done in good style. Blacksmith work done at short notice and with neatness. All new work warranted. Fine painting for buggies done at low prices, best paint used.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.



Coffins and Cases of all sizes constantly on hand.

Carriage Materials kept onhand at price below Petersburg market.

Weldon N. C.
June 5 1y

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR GOODS.

Groceries!

Cheap as they can be sold in the town of Weldon.

Nice NORTH CAROLINA HAMS 12½ per pound.

Confectioneries of all Kinds Nice and Fresh.

My BAR is stocked with the best and Purest liquors of every description.

Call and see me.

B. F. SLEDGE,
First Street, Weldon, N. C.
apr21tf