

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

ADVERTISEMENTS. DR. SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR. FOR MEDICINE FOR Dyspepsia, Headache, Jaundice, Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhoea, Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, Fever, Nervousness, Ulcers, Diseases of the Skin, Impurity of the Blood, Melancholy or Depression of the Spirits, &c.

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W. J. NAW. BAKER & CONFECTIONER. WELDON, N. C. A very large supply of Cakes, Crackers, Candies, French and Plain Biscuits, Fruits, Nuts, &c.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Infant Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists.—Price, 25 cents.

W. W. HALL. Fire and Life Insurance Agent.

REPRESENTS. New York Endorsements. 'Vitality' of Waterbury, N. Y. 'Western' of Toronto, Canada. 'Familio' of Toronto, N. C. 'Lynchburg' of Lynchburg, Va. 'Beautifule' of Life Insurance Co. of N. Y.

TO MY WIFE.

This beautiful poem was written by Joseph Brennan, an Irish poet, who died in New Orleans a number of years ago. He had been but a short time in this country, and his wife was still at their old home, in Emerald Isle. Ours is a sweet love. I'm lonely without thee— Day time and night time I'm thinking about thee. Night time and day time I'm thinking about thee. I welcome my waking with a smile to find thee, I welcome my sleeping with a smile to find thee. Come to my darling my dearest to my heart, Come to my darling, to my dearest to my heart, Come to my darling, to my dearest to my heart, Come to my darling, to my dearest to my heart.

TWO MEN AND A WOMAN.

'Dear me! I'm sick of this kind of life. I wish—' And there Lettie Wayne stopped and leaned on the window sill, with her broom standing beside her in a very dejected attitude, as if it had suddenly plunged into disgrace by the realization of the mental character belonging to it. She looked out across the meadows, to the hills beyond, and saw nothing in the pleasant landscape. She was thinking of what was out beyond the hills, and her eyes had caught a pleasant vision of the splendor in that far-away world.

WELDON, N. C.

'Good morning, Lettie,' spoke a pleasant voice at the window. Lettie started, looked half displeased, and answered with only a slight glance at the young man leaning across the window-sill, without stopping to her sweeping. 'Good morning, John.'

WELDON, N. C.

'I brought you some plums, Lettie,' and John reached out a handful of cautions. 'I know you liked them.' 'I might have brought you some roses,' with a shade of disappointment in his voice. 'You told me once, I remember, that you liked plums better than any other flower. I didn't know you'd changed your mind. But I suppose persons change their minds about flowers as well as about other things.'

WELDON, N. C.

'I'm sorry you put so much confidence in what you hear,' said John. 'I never told any one so. If I had anything of the kind to say, I should have said it to you.' Before Lettie made reply the gate clicked, and John looked around to see a young man sauntering up the path. 'I see I'm likely to be in the way, so I'll go. Good morning, Lettie,' and John departed, with a nod to the new comer as they met. Lettie's face was rasy now, but not with displeasure. Evidently the new visitor was more welcome than the one who had just gone.

BILL ARP.

HIS SERMON ON PEACHES, POLITICS, NIGGERS, MULES AND THINGS.

Hope says the peaches are not all killed for a man can't examine all the blooms and maybe there'll be enough for the children. That is the main thing after all; enough for the children is what the world is working for; enough money, or land, or food or clothing; enough pleasure and happiness. How we do love 'em and worry over 'em by night and day. If we had no children I think I would just quit work and toil suddenly and go a fishing. But there is not much time to frolic on a farm at this season of the year, for Almanac says: 'About this time plant corn,' and we are doing it all about these parts. I can sit on my piazza and look into five farms and see the darkeys and the mules and hear 'em, too, and it's gee and haw, and git along, Pete, and whar you gwine, Nell, come round, dar. I tell you, and there's no end to this affectionate, one-sided discourse until the horn blows for dinner, and then the most knowing mules give a bray all round. It's as astonishing how much they do know and can be made to understand. I had a big mule who would never give but one pull at a root unless the darkey who played him hollowed out, 'Rotten root, I tell you,' and then he would break that root or something else, for he had confidence in this nigger. It always did seem like there was a kind of confidential relation between niggers and mules, a sort of treaty of peace and equality, for there is no other animal that can stand the darkey and then there's no other human can get along in peace with the mule.

WELDON, N. C.

When they are alone together in a big field with long rows, the darkey talks to him all along the line, and the mule listens in respectful silence, but if two darkeys are plowing together they talk to one another and the mules are snubbed. There is a power of corn being planted this spring, and not much more than half crop of cotton, so far as my observation goes. I hope we will make enough food for the country, or we can do with less, cing him better than he is stunted in vitals. There is a power of folks depended upon us, the farmers, and a great responsibility upon us. Politics raises a mighty rumpus and takes up a sight of room in the newspapers, but when you compare it with farming it all seems sorter like monkey show that is going on for amusement, and the farmers feel like Judge Stewart's Texas Ranger, who went to see an amateur musical performance in Boam one night during the war. He was a rough specimen about six feet and two inches, and a hat like an umbrella, and boots like stove pipes, and spurs that jingled like train chains, and a couple of nazy pistols to set off his beard, and he paid his half dollar and took a stand behind an empty bench in the rear, and looked on with a lofty contempt, and whenever the performers dressed a piece and the cheering began, the ranger rattled the old bench most alarmingly, and exclaimed 'sonny, sonny,' like he was driving logs—and he kept it up until he monopolized the show and had it all to himself. These premature candidates for Governor, and so forth, remind me of Judge Lechance's story of the Irishman who thought he had a fast horse, and so he put him in the races and bet on him. He ran pretty well, but seemed to run better behind than before, and the Irishman slapped his hands with delight and exclaimed, 'Faith and St. Patrick, just look how he drives 'em.' But it's all right, I'm glad to see the independents waking up. It's all for the good of the people, and will keep the old Democracy on its good behavior. There's nothing like having sentinels on the watch towers. Sometimes the party goes too fast, and these independents act like a balance wheel, a regulator, a brake—sorter like Timmy Rucker's yearling, for they say when Timmy was a boy he tried for an hour to drive a yearling out of the pasture, and finally he got him by the tail and ran and run and belloved and ran until somebody hollered to him and said: 'Timmy, you can't hold that yearling while you are trying to do it.' 'I know I can't hold him,' said Timmy, 'but I can make him jesso.'

WELDON, N. C.

That is all these independents are after. They don't expect office, but they have more abounding patriotism than anybody, and are holding on to the tail of the concern just to make it go slow. Let's be tender with 'em, for maybe their turn will come after awhile and they will be tender with us. There are a power of ups and downs in this world, and in politics they are mostly downs—especially down South.

WELDON, N. C.

A Western editor offered a prize of \$50 and a year's subscription for the best written proposal of marriage from a lady. He picked out a nice proposal from a beautiful and wealthy widow, answered it accepting the proposal, and with the threat of a breach of promise suit, actually captured her. Editors may be equally weakly by writing twenty-three hours a day, but when their genius takes the right shoot, they procure the persimmons.

WELDON, N. C.

A well-known merchant was walking down to business on Saturday morning, when he was accosted by a gamin, who shouted out: 'Say, mister, there's a stin' on your coat-tail.' 'Yes, I know—buttons,' said the merchant, mindful of all Fool's Day. When he got into the office, and his partner quietly removed a glimpse from his coat, he felt like apologizing to the small boy.

AN HONEST MAN.

One day in the year ago a stranger arrived at Deacon, in this county, and inquired for a citizen commonly known as Uncle Ike. The old man was soon found in a grocery, and after the usual 'how-do-do' the stranger said: 'Do I address Uncle Ike Barlow?' 'You've,' was the reply. 'Well, my name is Thorburn, of Ann Arbor, 'Jesse' is the name.' 'They tell me that you are a great horse trader.' 'Well, I do make a trade now and then. What you got?' 'I've got a horse I brought along for purpose to trade with you. Let us first understand each other. You are a member of the church?' 'Yes, I expect I be.' 'Then of course I shall expect you to be honest with me. I've been looking at your old nag over there by the post. How old is he?' 'That 'ereless' slowly replied Uncle Ike, as he poked his lips and squinted his left eye, 'he's see—let's see! Well, now, I quite forgot whether he's nine or ten years old, but we'll say ten.'

WELDON, N. C.

'Uncle Ike, isn't that horse all of twenty years old? Come, now, as a member of the church, give me an honest answer.' 'Look here, mister,' said the old man, after a strong gaze at the stranger, 'I never trade horses but one way.' 'How's that?' 'When I'm buying of a boss I'm a party god member of the church. When I'm selling of a boss I reckon on skipping about two prayer meetings. When I'm trading horses then I calculate on backsliding altogether for a full month, or until I know the victim won't begin so law suit. Now stranger that's me, and if you have come here to trade horses don't reckon that Matthew, Mark, Luke or John ever writ a line advising a church member to come right down and give away the ring bones on his own animal. —Detroit Free Press.

WELDON, N. C.

DEATH.—How little we realize the solemnity of death! We see the funeral procession as it passes us on its way to the grave. The friends of the deceased with bowed heads and drooping hearts follow the corpse to its last resting place. Perhaps a widowed mother is left to mourn the death of her husband. With what patience she sits and listens to the funeral sermon, ever and anon a great sob of anguish breaks from her, shaking her whole body in her grief. Her lips move in silent prayer to Almighty God, the friend of the bereaved. She follows the body to the grave and hears the falling clouds upon the coffin and there kneels and her stricken heart cries out, 'O, Jesus help me to bear this,' she is taken away in an almost unconscious condition. The utter loneliness of the following days, 'so lonely I oh, so lonely' without my dear husband how can I live? Help me Jesus! Ever calling on the supreme power for aid. At last relief comes, slowly, it is true, but it comes, though the memory of the loved one never passes from the mind. My heart has been a fond brother with whom the sister passed her happy childhood.

WELDON, N. C.

ON THE UTTER SINKING OF THE HEART AS WE REALIZE THAT BROTHER IS DEAD. Dead! can it be so! no, sister, not dead, but sleeping the sleep of death, with spirit already gone to the 'Home of the blessed, there to sing anthems of praise in strains of pure joy, while the ages of eternity roll.'

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A MICHIGAN LIAR.

'Let's see, they raise some wheat in Minnesota, don't they?' asked a Bohemian granger of a Michiganier. 'Raise wheat! Who raises wheat? No, sir; decidedly no, sir. It raises itself. Why, if we undertook to cultivate wheat in that state it would rot us out. There wouldn't be any place to put our harvest.' 'But I've been told that grasshoppers take a good deal of it.' 'Of course they do. If they didn't I don't know what we would do. The cursed stuff would run all over the state and drive us—choke us up. These grasshoppers are a God-send, only there ain't half enough of them.' 'Is that wheat nice and plump?' 'Plump! Why, I don't know what you call plump wheat, but there are scorpions in our family, including ten scorpions, and when we want bread we just go out and fetch in a kernel of wheat and bake it.' 'Do you ever sink it in water first?' 'Oh, no, that wouldn't do. It would swell a little and then we couldn't get it in our range even.'

WELDON, N. C.

JACK AND JILL.—Every Jack is said to have his Jill; but he does not always find her; thus Deacon who would make model husbands, and old maids who would make excellent wives, let gray hairs, and even the grave, overtake them in their single life. Not that they have fallen in courtship, as is invariably said of them. Numerous other chances they have had slip through their fingers that others were glad to catch even though aware of the former choice of their 'accepted.' But their ideas of the primers who could make their life as happy as they desire, are too exacting; they fail to detect all their own peculiarities and faults, and make too little allowance for the weakness and imperfection of human nature in those they would cherish above all others. They want to create their life's happiness on the one-sided notion they feel that a mistaken hope of conjugal felicity would be eternal bliss, and in failing to find the character answering to their own exactness, they fear to choose, and thus are reduced to avoid the matrimonial bonds. This scrupulous exactness in choosing a wife or husband is a real misfortune in the mortal coil, as possessed with it, as they are self-condemned to a life of loneliness.

WELDON, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS. JACOBS OIL. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM. Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

BARNUM & BELL. ATTORNEYS 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 18.

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 17.

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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 18.

DR. GEO. W. HARTMAN, Surgeon Dentist. Office over W. H. Brown's Dry Goods Store, WELDON, N. C. Will visit parties at their homes when desired Terms Reasonable. Oct 12 17.

T. W. MASON. ATTORNEY AT LAW, GARYSBURG, N. C. Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts. June 8 18.

WALTER E. DANIEL. Attorney and Counsellor at Law, WELDON, N. C. Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections and remittances promptly made. May 14.

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1857 ESTABLISHED 1857. RUFÉ W. DANIEL. The stock of Liquors, Groceries and Canned Goods embraces in part: FRENCH, APPLE, BLACKBERRY and WILD CHERRY BRANDY, WHISKIES, PORT, SHERRY, MADRIRA and CHAMPAGNE WINE, COGNAC, HAZON, FLOUR, MOLASSES, LARD, GINGER, PEPPER, SPICE, APPLES, JELLIES, PICKLES, BRANDY, PEACHES and CONFECTIONERIES. PORTNER'S LAGER BEER ON ICE. And many other articles too numerous to mention. R. W. DANIEL, 13 Wash. Avenue, Weldon, N. C. Oct 17.

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