

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. XI.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1882.

NO. 13.

THE ROANOKE NEWS

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One M.	Two M.	Three M.	One Y.
One Square,	3 00	8 00	14 00	26 00
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	20 00	36 00
Three Squares,	8 00	15 00	30 00	46 00
Four Squares,	10 00	18 00	36 00	56 00
Fourth Col'd,	15 00	20 00	40 00	72 00
Half Column,	20 00	30 00	60 00	92 00
Whole Column,	One Year,			75 00

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.
OR MEDICINE FOR
BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, JAUNDICE, COSTIVENESS, CAMP
SICKNESS, SICK BRONCHITIS, CHRONIC DIARRHOEA,
FLEASOMACH, COLIC, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, FEVER,
PAINFUL MENSTRUATION, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION,
AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER AND BILIOUS SYSTEM.

SCENES OF MY YOUTH.
Scenes of my youth, whose memory ever brings
Joy to my heart, and sweeps its fondest strings,
Once more I greet, with mingled love and pride,
My childhood's home, where kindred friends
Shine round me.

LILY'S CHOICE.
A solitary figure, with few lines of comeli-
ness or grace, John Holloway sat upon the
meadow gate, looking off to the distance.
He was whistling softly, and yet he seemed to
be in deep reverie, for his great tender eyes
had a far-away expression in their brown
depths as he gazed out over the sunset moun-
tains where the blood-red clouds and the golden
outcrops swayed under the soft, caressing
beams. Suddenly an imperious voice broke
the silence.

"Mr. Holloway, please let me take down the
birds. I'm in a hurry and came the shortest
way." The young man started; he had not heard
her approach, and there beside him stood the
very object of his thoughts.
"Ah, clover blooms and buttercups, pale
were your charms now! A little, girl-faced
girl, in the daintiest of cambric dresses, and
underneath the white hat a sweet, girlish face,
with velvety, peach tinted cheeks and eyes as
blue as freshly-gathered violets. Such was
Lily Lawrence, the prettiest girl in the coun-
try round. A flush rose to John's sun-browned
face as he quickly rose and began to take down
the birds.

"Out for a walk, Miss Lily?"
"Yes," very briefly.
"So you are fond of quiet strolls? I am,
too."
Lily drew herself up and looked at the pre-
sumptuous speaker.
"Really, Mr. Holloway, I don't see what it
is to you."
Then she stopped. She did not mean to be
rude, but truly, she thought to herself, it was
high time she should show this young man
that his openly expressed admiration was ex-
ceedingly distasteful to her. It had been
going on for some time, and every one, even
Lily herself, had come to see that the sun rose
and set for John Holloway where she was.

"What he is in my mind I don't know how
utterly indifferent I am to him," she thought.
But John was not stupid. He understood
the unspoken sentence, and as he drew back
without another word to let her pass, Lily saw
he did, and a shame-faced, compunctious look
came into his eyes. For, from the richest to
the poorest, every one acknowledged John
Holloway's noble, sterling character.

Lily walked slowly along the road, half de-
termined to turn back and apologize for her
rudeness, and a turn brought her face to face
with some one whose handsome eyes met her
own with such a glad welcome that all other
thoughts were for the time driven completely
away.

It was Richard Blake, the most admired and
courted young man in the village.
"Good afternoon, Miss Lawrence! I was
hoping I would meet you."
And the way back to her was barred to her
by Richard, who continued to lift his hat
and walk on beside her.

What a contrast to John Holloway! And the
contrast was great in many other ways than
Lily thought. But the girl was busy going to
read character, and that Richard Blake was
very handsome and elegant none could deny
—a lover of whom any one might be justly
proud.

When Lily's home was reached, and with
another graceful bow Richard had left her,
she did not go directly into the house, but
lingered awhile among the flowers that lined
her little garden. Her thoughts were very
busy. She knew that she had behaved very
unkindly to her old friend, and her memory
went back to the first time she had met him.
It was a picnic, and she had fallen and
sprained her ankle. She remembered how the
great fellow, so much stronger than his mates,
had persisted in carrying her all the long dis-
tance back to her home. Since then her heart
had shown in a hundred ways that she was to him,
and knowing his noble nature, perhaps her
heart would have gone out to him before this
if Richard Blake had not come back from col-
lege.

But he had, and Lily fancied his gay, de-
bonair manners, and his entertaining conver-
sation, and like many another young girl had
begun to take for true, heart-deep love that
liking which we all have for things pleasant to
the sight.

And so she shook off her reproachful feel-
ings and went into the house.
"Why, mother, dear, what is the matter?
Crying, and I not enjoying myself! Tell me,
what is it? Let me share your trouble!"
Mrs. Lawrence lifted a face, smiling through
her tears.

"Yes, crying, Lily, darling, but not from
grief. Sit down here beside me, and let me
show you what a load has been lifted from
my mind this morning. Lily, I did not tell
you, but some time ago, Mr. Barton, the law-
yer, came to me and informed me that the
holder of the mortgage on our home was in
need of money, and intended to foreclose, un-
less the mortgage was paid in full when he
should demand it. Now, child, you know
what a trouble has been weighing upon me,
for I knew that it would be impossible for me
to raise the sum necessary, and that we must
leave the dear old home that we had loved so
well. And now, this very morning, Mr. Bar-
ton came and told me that a kind friend, hear-
ing of the intended foreclosure, has paid the
amount in full.

"Who is it that helped you, mother?"
"That is the strangest part of it, Lily. Mr.
Barton said he had strictly promised not to
tell the name of my benefactor, and as to who
it can be I have no idea."
But though she did not say so, Lily had,
and when later, in her usual impulsive way,
she told John Holloway how sorry she was
that she had been so rude to him, and then
asked him frankly whether he was or not the
kind friend who had done so opportunely to
her mother's relief, his manner confirmed her
suspicions.

It is said that gratitude is neighbor to love,
and whether that be true or not, it is certain

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My childhood's home, where kindred friends
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O sweetest vision of the past to meet!
How oft in fancy have I gazed on thee!
Thy meadows paths, thy rural slopes and bow'rs,
Where childhood sports engaged the happy hours.

Scenes of my youth, with joyous hope I come,
Longing to grasp thy all too happy home,
Eager to greet affection's hand once more,
And hear in voice of one whom I adore,
O promise me to know I shall embrace
That form so dear, and gaze upon that face
Speed on, O Time! remembrance swiftly fly,
And bring me to the site for which I sigh.

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EL KHULIL.

To me there is in all the Holy Land
no spot so specially holy, none so full
of sacred memories, carrying me back
thousands of years with breathless
reverence, and leading my thoughts
forward with marvel and awe to un-
known ages, as an unpretending cupola
in the village of Hebron. It rises
within the walls of a gorgeous Moham-
medan mosque, surrounded by all the
 pomp and circumstance of glorious
Oriental splendor. No cross marks it
to bend the knee of the worshippers
Christian; no crescent shines atop in
mystic splendor to make the faithful
moslem bow his forehead to the ground
in humble adoration. And yet, for
three thousand seven hundred years
Jews, Mohammedans and Christians,
with a unity not found again on God's
earth, have united in doing honor
to this spot and in offering worship un-
divided and undivided. Far have they
in times of old—and who knows how
old? that mysterious cave Macpelah,
bought in strange ways by the patri-
arch, and held sacred from that day
for evermore.

It was a plain stout staff, upon which
Jacob leant when he exacted the formi-
dable promise, that his son should
carry his remains to Hebron and bury
him there with his fathers in the land
of promise. A staff, uncut and un-
dressed, in its natural state, only worn
a trifle, where the hand was apt to slip
up or down. But it was the sceptre of
our day, designating, as no gaudy tool
of ivory or costly metal ever could
have done, the priestly rank and power
of the great ruler—a badge of dignity
and high authority still worn by every
prince or sheik of modern Lebanon.

No sight greeted the son of the Em-
press of the East so strange and so
startling as the way in which the Kadi
and the Mufti, the Governor and the
Patriarch, of Jerusalem met him at
the gates of that Holy City, dressed in
gorgeous robes of richly embroidered
silk, and bearing in their hands a rude
staff, the mere straight bow of a tree,
that neither knife nor tool had ever
dared to touch. It was "leaning upon
the top of this staff" that Jacob, by
late, worshipped, as the Apostle Paul
so specially points out to us in his
letter to the Hebrews. He brought
all his faith in God, all his authority
upon earth, to bear upon the sacred
oath that Joseph was to swear. For
as the latter was lord of Egypt, its
saviour in the past, its wise, all-pow-
erful ruler in the present, the authori-
ties would, no doubt, have readily
lavished royal pomp and distinction
upon the patriarch, had he but chosen
to rest forever in Egyptian soil. Acres
of living rock would have sprung
in existence, hewn into deathless
monuments and sculptured into quaint,
untravelled mysteries. The whole of this
land that was greatest of all at that
time, would have lamented and bewail-
ed the risen wayfarer, and incense
would have risen on high from the
vast ocean to the mysterious Mountains
of the Sun. But he, strong in his faith,
preferred to rest in the land of his
fathers, the land of promise. What
he gave up we may see from the fact
that all the high officials of Pharaoh's
palace, all the leading nobles of the
land with a gorgeous escort of thou-
sands of the great army, actually did
accompany the coffin a distance of four
or five days' travel.

Thus he returned to the thrice hon-
ored cave, the one apparent pledge
that God's promise would assuredly
come true. And how wondrously His
word protected His servant! The no-
blest monuments, the most sacred
graves, the last resting places of the
mightiest pharaohs, have been rifled
or destroyed and lie open to reckless
travellers and native robbers. But
the tomb of the great patriarch ever
has been and still is, in our day,
the one sepulchre in the Holy Land
that has never been entered, and is guard-
ed with ceaseless vigilance. The very
mosque, built over it by the present
lords of the land, has been entered but
by two Christians in our century, the
Prince of Wales and Dean Stanley.
And then two thousand soldiers had
to protect them against the jealous
fury of the natives, all the people of
Hebron were consigned to their houses,
and after all the floor of the mos-
que was seen, but not the sacred tomb
underneath.

And yet there is little doubt that
here, beneath a threefold vault dark
cave under ground, there rest in peace
the wondrous ancestors of the chosen
people of God. Stupendous walls sur-
round the sacred place, where the
Father of men first bought for money
a few square yards of the promised
land, and where after him was carried
in gloomy pomp the lifeless body of
Jacob to lie by the side of the Friend
of God, and of the beloved wife of his
bosom. No sacrilegious foot has ever
since stepped on this truly holy place;
no daring hand has ever touched this
the greatest of all mysteries in Pale-
stine, and for well-nigh four thousand
years now the ruling races of the world
have come to bow in speechless won-
der and silent adoration before the
mysterious sepulchre. For, however
we may doubt the identity of rive-
and mountain, of temple and of syna-
gogue, of well, of lake and river—no
one in our day can doubt the identity
of these humble and yet so precious
graves. Here they have rested, those
immortal fathers, who walked with
God as man has never since been able

to do, sheltered by the perpetual honor
and inviolability with which the East,
in the midst of ruin and decay, sur-
rounds the graves of His saints. Here
they sleep, Abraham and Sarah, Isaac
and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah—and
well may we ask in awe-struck marvel,
whose eyes will be blessed by the
sight of the sacred graves and still
more sacred ashes that have rested
here in deep, unbroken sleep for cen-
turies. Or shall we leave to wait
for the day when unseen hands shall
roll away the giant stones, burst open
the secret chambers in our mother
earth, and bid even the patriarchs to
come forth, to stand in the presence of
God, to behold the Son on His throne,
and to enter into eternal, blessed
peace?—Prof. Schele De Vere.

NEARLY KISSED TO DEATH.
[From the London Telegraph.]
Osculation is unquestionably a pleas-
ing pursuit. It has been recognized as
such from time immemorial by gen-
erations unnumbered of lovers, poets,
and even philosophers. There are
doubtless at the present moment in
this, as in other countries, many
enamored swains who ask no better
than to be permitted to imprint "ten
thousand kisses," one after another,
upon the lips of the damsels on whom
they have bestowed their affections.
They may, however, esteem them-
selves for their opportunities in this
direction are somewhat limited, as the
following true story will show: At
an evening party in Korkheim a few
weeks ago the conversation happened
to turn upon kissing, and the question
arose how many salutations of this
class could be exchanged between two
ardent lovers within a certain space of
time. As usual, opinions differed and
the discussion waxed warm. Present-
ly, a fiery youth offered to bet anybody
the German equivalent of a ten pound
note that he and his betrothed would
kiss one another ten thousand times
within ten hours, provided they were
permitted to partake of some slight
refreshment at intervals of half an hour
during the performance. His wager
having been accepted and the money
posted, the affianced couple addressed
themselves to the achievement of their
congenial task. At the expiration of the
first hour their account stood credited
with two thousand kisses. During the
second they added another thousand, and
during the third seven thousand and
fifty to that number. Then, pitiful to
state, they both broke down. The youth's
lips were stricken with cramp and the
maiden fainted away. Later on in the
evening she was compelled to take to
her bed with a sharp attack of neural-
gia. An even more distressing result
ensued from this surfeit of tender en-
deavour, for it led to a breaking off,
by mutual consent, of a hopeful mat-
rimonial engagement. Young lovers
should keep this sad tale in mind, and
moderate their transports; for, strange
as it may seem, Dan Cupid himself
may be kissed to death.

COULDN'T KEEP ANY TEACHERS.
When he had finished with the climate, soil
and productions of Idaho and had stopped to
blow his nose, one of the group asked:
"How about educational facilities?"
"That's the only thing we lack," replied the
old man with a mournful sigh. "We've got
schools enough, but we can't keep no teach-
ers."
"What's the trouble?"
"Well, take my school, for instance—only
two miles from the nearest home, eminently
situated on top of a hill and paying the highest
salary. We can't keep a teacher over two
weeks."
"Do they die?"
"Some do though it's no place for dying.
We had a young fellow from Ohio, and he met
a 2 1/2 day and whistled for him. The grisly
cunt. We had another and a widder ran him
down and married him inside of a month.
The third one was lame, and the injuns over-
took him. Then we tried women folks. The
first one got married the night she lit down
here. I took the third about the middle of
the week, and the next one was abducted by
stage robbers."
"Why don't you get the ugliest, homeliest
woman you can find—some perfect old terror,
like that lantern-jawed, razor-faced female
over by the lighted window?"
"Why don't we? Stranger, you eastern folks
will never understand us pioneers in the
wild-west. That's my wife—the identical
school teacher I married, and she was the
handsomest one in the drove!"

ETERNAL LIFE.—Arsene Houssaye repro-
duces in L'Artiste a profession of faith recent-
ly made by Victor Hugo after a dinner at his
house. "What is death but eternal life?" said
the poet. "I call to witness those millions of
worlds that invite us by their radiant sympho-
nies. And beyond those millions of worlds
what is there? Infinity, always infinity. If I
pronounce the name of God, I raise a smile on
the faces of some of you who do not believe in
God. Why do they not believe in God? Be-
cause they believe in the living forces of nature.
But what is nature? Without God it is a gram
of sand. What is the earth? A cradle and a
grave. But just as the cradle has its beginning
the tomb has its rays of light; it is a door
closed upon the earth, but opened upon worlds
of which we catch a glimpse. Let us live on
the visible, we must be savants, let us also
live on the invisible. Science will make earth-
ly discoveries, but it will always be wrong if it
is not dominated by a radiant ideal."

A doctor who won't advise a man to leave
off his damns the first warm day is no friend
to the profession.—Detroit Free Press.

"I tell you, gentlemen, that dog of mine is
an intelligent critter." "Possibly," muttered
Fogg; "but you wouldn't think it, judging
from the company he keeps."

LANDRETH'S CELEBRATED GARDEN SEEDS.
We purchase these seeds direct from the ex-
tensive Seed Farms of the Messrs. Landreth,
and they should not be stained with the seeds
left on Commission throughout the country.
Our Landreth's seeds, and a good Vegetable
Garden are insured.
Oct 17

FAYETTEVILLE HOUSE.
R. W. DANIEL,
10 Wash. Avenue, Weldon, N. C.
Oct 17

W. W. HALL.
Fire and Life Insurance Agent.
Can be found in the Roanoke News Office.
Weldon, N. C.

REPRESENTS.
New York Underwriters.
"Agricultural" of Watertown, N. Y.
Western, of Toronto, Canada.
Patrol, of Toronto, N. Y.
Lynchburg, of Lynchburg, Va.
Baltimore, of Baltimore, Md.
Will place risks in any other good company
at low rates.
July 17

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JACOBS OIL.
TRADE MARK.
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.

No Preparation on earth equals Dr. Jacobs Oil as
a safe, pure, simple and cheap External Remedy.
A trial certifies that the comparatively trifling outlay
of 30 cents, and every one suffering with Pain
can have cheap and positive relief of his ailment.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN
MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.
JULY 17.

W. W. HALL & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
Carriages, Harness, Saddles,
Bridles, Collars, Carts, Wheels, Axes, Farm Gear,
Horse Clothing, Lap Robes, &c.,
Nos. 11, 12, 14 & 16 Union St., Norfolk, Va.
Oct 17.

BROWN & CRAWAY,
January 1st, 1857.

RUFÉ W. DANIEL
Wholesale of Liquors, Groceries and Confection-
eries embrace in part

FRENCH,
APPLE,
BLACKBERRY and
WILD CHERRY BRANDY,
WHISKIES,
PORT, SHERRY,
MADIRA and
CHAMPAGNE WINE,
CIGARS, BACON,
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 men-
tion.
R. W. DANIEL,
10 Wash. Avenue, Weldon, N. C.
Oct 17

YARBOROUGH HOUSE.
Fayetteville Street,
Raleigh, N. C.
Terms to suit the times.
G. W. BLACKNALL, Proprietor.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
NEW NO. 8.
Light Running and Best Sewing Machine
TRY IT BEFORE BUYING ANY OTHER.
AGENTS WANTED.
Send for circular and price list.
WHEELER & WILSON, Mfg. Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.

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a safe, pure, simple and cheap External Remedy.
A trial certifies that the comparatively trifling outlay
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