

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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## PSALM OF LIFE.

BY PHILIP CARY.

Let me not in life's struggle,  
For the girl I loved, dream  
And girls are not what they seem.

Life is long, life is earnest,  
Single blessedness is all;  
But there are many more things  
Has been spoken of the ill.

Set enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
In our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each tomorrow  
Plinks us never marriage day.

Life is long and youth is fleeting,  
And our hearts though light and gay,  
Still like passions dream are beating  
Working marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb-driven cattle,  
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future, how so pleasant,  
Let the dead past, and its dead  
And all that are yet to be,  
Meet you in the living Present.

Lives of married folk are told,  
We can live our lives as well,  
And departing leave behind us  
Such examples as will tell.

Such examples that another  
Wasting time in idle sport,  
A failure, unmarred by sorrow,  
Shall take his life and sort.

Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart that's true and bold,  
And contriving, and planning,  
And each one, as he should.

## BEWARE! BEWARE!

Pretty Mrs. Floyd was standing at the gate in a marvelous morning robe. A charming black-belt fish was draped across her breast; her beautiful hair flowed in heavy curls down to her shoulders and she wore the most bewitching little breakfast cap you ever saw. In short, she was a perfect vision of loveliness.

She seemed to be all ribbon and lace, and she should have been all smiles, as she usually was. But then her large head had just come off in high dudgeon, and she stood looking down the avenue after him with a half-resentful countenance. Yet what a pretty picture she made with the trees and sky for a background.

"How perfectly absurd," she exclaimed, "I wonder why it is that American husbands are so unnecessarily exacting. In Europe, the married woman are the charm of society, and I don't see that the proprieties suffer in consequence. But here one is contented for appearing natural. One cannot be at ease in gentleman's society but must be proud to the last extreme. The idea of my having flirted with Kenneth Gray! Why I am sure I never dreamed of such a thing. I hope I have more regard for my reputation. Lester ought to know that, too."

Whether Mrs. Floyd was more stung against that sinning in the matter, is rather difficult to decide. To be sure, Lester who loved her after the manner of few husbands was somewhat prone to be jealous, but then Mrs. Floyd had a certain little coquettish ways which, while very becoming to her beauty, were not at all becoming to Lester's sense of moral rectitude. While they were both equally culpable, if so strong a word can be used.

In the particular case of Kenneth Gray, Mrs. Floyd may have usually preferred him for that handsome young physician had once been her fiance, and she might know that Lester would have eyes but with disfavor. But she had taken no pains to avoid a misunderstanding.

She had dined with Kenneth Gray at Mrs. Lathrop's party, she had talked to him on numerous occasions, and once or twice when she met him on the street she had allowed him to walk home with her. But the crowning offense in Lester's eyes had been the acceptance of a beautiful basket of flowers from the young physician.

To be sure, this was only the payment of a debt, but Lester argued that a married woman had no right to make bets with marriageable young men, and in particular Mrs. Floyd should not do such a thing with Kenneth Gray.

Now the truth of it was that as the receipt of her engagement with this man had occurred under circumstances which left her in a rather disagreeable position, Mrs. Floyd was bent upon showing him that he had passed entirely out of her regard, and that she could meet him on a familiar footing without the slightest embarrassment.

But Lester could not appreciate this; he thought of the stormy scene after breakfast, and Mrs. Floyd's indignant rebuff.

"A man who is impossibly jealous," she said, as she stood listlessly at the gate after her husband's disappearance, "ought to have something to be jealous about. I think that if Lester was made thoroughly miserable all my life for one in his life, and were to find out that there was no serious occasion for it, it might cure him of this unreasonable weakness. I have thought of it frequently, and I've half a mind to concoct a scheme of mine some day, that would bring it to pass."

Her thoughts were running in this channel when she saw Lester's brother, Terence, coming up the road. Instantly her face was wreathed in smiles, and she arched smiling at a lower she held, she said, half contemptuously.

"I am so glad you came, Teddy. I am just finished of a project, and I want tell to some one. I hope you are a safe confidant."

"The best in the world," was the reply, thinking as he said it how pretty his sister-in-law looked. "It is one of my ac-complishments."

"Well, but come into the house you know," she began, when they were there and with a little hesitation, "you know Lester and I have had a—"

"Row? No, I didn't know it. But I might have supposed as much, that is the conventional thing between married people, I believe."

Teddy was a bachelor.

"It wasn't a row," Mrs. Floyd explained. "Row is vulgar. This was a difference, misunderstanding, but it was very disagreeable all the same. Would you believe it Kenneth? He accused me of flirting with Kenneth Gray."

"Of course I believe it. This replied promptly. You are just houghtless enough and Lester is just jealous enough for you to do such a thing."

## THE DAMN'DEST COMMUNITY.

[From the Texas Siftings.]

The ungenerous people of Flint Point, a mountain district of Arkansas, had a way of disregarding the Gospel and subjecting preachers to irreligious indignities. In respect to the very few gentle people who lived there, Conference decided not to give up the post, hoping that the united prayers of the church and physical dexterity would at last land the foreigners on a plane of safety and high moral influence. Preacher after preacher tried to visit Flint Point, but each one brought back reports discouraging to the cause of reformatory appeal. Young Adam Boyle, a man of excellent proportion and a disposition to thump, said that he would undertake the work of emptying Gospel on the unbalanced heads of the busy sinners.

"We have prepared a fast," said young Adam, "and now, as they will not come upon invitation, I shall go out and compel them to come."

"Coming is not the point," replied an old divine who, with coat tails streaming, had once left the neighborhood of Flint Point. "You will have no trouble in getting them to come, for they are all anxious to hear the word. The trouble arises from their lack of sympathy."

"I'll undertake it at all events," said young Adam, instinctively showing up his shirt-sleeve and casting a complimentary glance at his arm. "I think that you have all been too easily frightened, and have instead of teaching them how fearless true religion is, shown them your own lack of firmness."

Young Adam went to the Point, and employed runners to announce that he would preach in the "Trough"—a name applied to the meeting-house—the Sunday following. Old Gabe Lane, Tom Prout, the four Gardner boys and Spike Grabson had all declined, for they had seen no amusement since the last preacher afforded them entertainment. When Sunday came the church was crowded. Old Gabe Lane took a front seat and to look at his handsome head and long beard of patriarchal pattern, you would have taken him to be the presiding elder of the circuit. Tom Prout, with his chin resting on hickory stick which he held upright between his knees, sat just behind Old Gabe. The other noted revivalists, as they called themselves, sat around in seeming anxiety that the clear words should soon begin their flow. When young Adam saw these venerable-looking gentlemen in front, he thought that his very presence had created a reform, and greatly encouraged he stepped behind the pulpit which served as a pulpit and surveyed the congregation with an air of assumed competency. He gave out a hymn, and with the aid of a helping spirit, it was sung with an enthusiasm which young Adam had not dared to expect. A feeling prayer was offered. Tom Prout lifted his chin from the stick and winked at old Gabe, who replied with a squint of his old eye.

"My good people," young Adam began, "it is reported in my neighborhood that you are all going to hell."

"Political lie," said old Gabe.

"Get up by the devil for campaign purposes," remarked Tom Prout, without lifting his chin from the stick.

Young Adam was not prepared for this. "You don't understand me, my good people. I did not say that I believed the—"

"Political lie,"

"Get up by the devil!"

The minister expostulated the preparation of amonition from his face, and said, "I'll ask of this congregation is a chance. The all-merciful God which you rest—"

"Political lie,"

"Get up by the devil!"

"I'll ask of about to such an insult. You cry loud and strong, and you outrage, outrage with the club, can't you see, and the congregation growl stepped from behind the table. This was what the boys had been waiting for, and rushing forward they seized young Adam, took him out, swung him in the air, and stopped him suddenly against a tree. When they liberated him he took to his heels, and when last seen by the congregation his coat tails were peeping in an agitated current of air.

When young Adam reported at headquarters, the campaign managers were discouraged. "We will have to give it up as lost," said a man whose fright and subsequent exert at Flint Point had given him a kind of nervous dance, a performance which was regularly enacted when he spoke of the Point. "Have to give it up."

"No," replied a little yellow-faced fellow who had just been admitted, "I am a persuasive the way and gentlemen to change their evil ways. I'll go there."

Reconstrued was made but the little yellow fellow was firm in his resolve. His appearance at the point was hailed with pleasure. Old Gabe, Tom Prout and the Gardner boys assured him that he would have a large audience, and Gabe, as he measured with an experienced eye the length of the Parson's coat-tails, added:

"Have a fine crowd, cap'n. All you've got to do is shout it to 'em, an' they'll find you interesting."

"I shall shout it to them," replied the little yellow man, "and they will no do!"

"Prout, 'Faks here like to see cease himself. If he don't it lay an affair of work."

"I shall endeavor to con my industry," the little

## OUR MOTHERS.

By L. in February Oak Leaf.

To every man the best woman in the world is the one he calls mother, after which come good wives and maiden aunts. A boy's love for his mother is exceeded by but one thing—her love for him; and as no boy was ever so loved but that in the hour of his deepest humiliation his mother's heart flew to him with its sympathy, its love and its prayer, so no man ever yet entirely lost his tender love for her, who gave him being. Other loves are sometimes appreciated and not reciprocated, this never. Other love cools in the hour of trial and adversity, this never. Other love is born for the halcyon hours, this for all hours and days and seasons. A mother's love is as inexhaustible as infinity of space and eternity of time. More than the paternal inheritance, more than the wife's dowry of beauty, more than the sparkling of baptismal waters at the christening font, but akin to it, is the overflowing cup of blessing a good mother's love brings to her children. She is kind when we are ailing, she is affectionate when we are old and wayward. She weeps when we weep, she laughs when we are joyful. She watches when we are sick, she wakes to listen when we often dream feverishly. She prays when we forget to pray. She dies, but her blessings follow us and as we go down the crooked pathways of the world towards the devil's own door her voice cries out, "Come back my boy." "Come back my son." And oh the deathless bond of him who has gone too far to heed that cry. Mothers—they are the springs that gush with limpid flow of sweet waters by the side of every pathway to heaven where the traveler may stoop and wet his lips and refresh. Mothers, the hills that shield the soldier which gladden the garden of life. Mothers, the strains that make to joy our untired years in the dawn of being and in whose eyes when ours first open we read a world of love. A mother—may everybody have one and some of us two.

## WHAT NOBODY EVER SAW.

A white elephant.

A happy old bachelor.

A woman climb a tree.

A gas metre look tired.

A modest Chicago drummer.

Jay Gould speculating in stocks.

An ankle of a 25 year old maiden.

An untold Kentucky gentleman.

A policeman when he wanted one.

A train late when he was late himself.

A woman's rights woman flirt with a dude.

A string poem that wasn't dashed off in a hurry.

A knothole without trying to expostulate through it.

A fat woman fall on the street and hurt herself if any.

A dog running backward with a tin kettle tied to his tail.

A female book agent who could take "No" for an answer.

An editor who prefers to smoke a pipe" refuse a cigar.

A man call for "a little whiskey" who didn't take a big drink.

A ten-dollar bill lying on the street without picking it up.

A lady on a railroad train that didn't make more noise than the engine.

The legend "paint" upon a door without testing the matter with his finger.

A successful candidate ask a voter to take a drink three weeks after election.

A minister who couldn't go to Europe for "bird roost" if his congregation insisted upon it.

A husband out shopping with his wife who didn't wear a tired and disgusted look upon his face.

A printer give away a chew of fine-cut tobacco without saying "it swells in the mouth."

Two young women passed on the street, both wearing new spring suits, who didn't turn their heads to look at each other.

RESPECTED FOR FIFTY SEVEN YEARS.

How the Governor of Delaware Commutes Death-Sentences.

The Governor of Delaware is not commuted by law to commute a death sentence to imprisonment for life.

Next best list, on Lewis F. List, on last lived in city with a M quarell and as a

loved

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO PRESERVE THE HEALTH

Use the Magnetron Appliance Co.

MAGNETIC LUNG PROTECTOR!

PRICE ONLY \$5.

They are priceless to Ladies, Gentlemen and

men with weak lungs; no case of pneumonia

is ever known where these gentlemen

were. They also prevent and cure heart disease,

Cold, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Throat trouble,

Rhinitis, Catarrh, and all kindred diseases. Will

wear any service for three years. Are worn over

the under clothing.

CATARRH. It is tedious to de-

scribe the symptoms of

this common disease that is sapping the life and

strength of only too many of the fairest and best of

both sexes. Labor, study and research in America,

Europe and Eastern lands, have resulted in the Ma-

gnetron Lung Protector, a scientific cure for Catarrh, a

remedy which contains no irritating or caustic

agents, and with the cautious steady application of

the Magnetron, the inflamed membrane is restor-

ed to its normal condition, and the patient is free

from all the dangers, and especially from the dan-

gerous complications which have hitherto been the

lot of so many sufferers. Send for our free

literature, and you will see the full details of this

new and powerful remedy. Write to the Magnetron

Appliance Co., 235 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send one dollar in postage stamps or cur-

rency (in letters or other bills) with this order, and

we will send you a pair of our Magnetron Lung

Protectors, with full directions for use, and

will be pleased to answer any questions you may

have. Write to the Magnetron Appliance Co.,

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Do not be misled by cheap imitations. The

name of the Magnetron is prominent on the

box, and is blown in the glass of the

appliance. Send for our free literature, and you

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