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HALIFAX, N. C.

mr. 201y. R H. SMITH, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SCOTLAND NECH, HALIPAX COUNTY N. C. Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining counties, and the Supreme court of the State. jan 16 ly.

W. W. HALL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, WELDON, N. C.

may 1tf. Jos. B. BATCHELOR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Practices in the courts of the 6th Judieial District and in the Federal and preme Courts. May 11 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.

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. 28-a

W. H. DAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, WELDON, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Balifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme gobody, without kith or kin, that I Claims collected in any part of North Carolina. jun 20 1 Q Carolina.

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Que in the Court House. Strict atten-

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Collections made in all parts of the
State. jan 12-6 i

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Office in the Court House."

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Practices in the Courts of Halifax

tion of claims, and to adjusting the accounts of Executors, Administrators and Guar-

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Northampton, Edgecombe, Fitt and Mar-tin-In the Supreme Court of the State



enough to penetrate through the dis

At that moment Harry fancied he

but only for a moment, then she went

ognized him.

He was right; she had seen and rec-

Just before the curtain fell on the

shoulder. Turning quickly, he saw a boy, who passed him a card, on which

Will Mr. Thorne please follow this

little boy for the sake of an interview

Fred. Crosby must have thought his

Arriving behind the scenes, he was

'We occupy small and humble quar-

Bianca's merry voice interrupted the

objection nor receive any thanks.

"It is only a slight recompense for

said. "I shudder now when I think

place for his wife," she murmured in a

Bianca made no reply, though

That night Harry attended their

"Why don't you get married, Harry?"

The poor fellow flushed and then

"Your mother told me you loved

continued, noticing his embarrassmeat.

hand in his, "I wear your ring still.

And she turned to hide her face.

those sweet words once more !"

She was sobbing now.

think of loosing you forever."

passionately.

But be caught ber in his arms,

boy. Can't you see that I love you?"

"It is true. Oh, Harry, I know it

was bold and unmaidenly, but I couldn't

And here let us leave them in

"My child, Harry will never marry

scarcely audible voice.

she asked him bluntly.

paled.

know."

Still no reply.

VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1879.

NO. 16.

such addresses and the disquisitions pro-

nounced by Wiclif before his learned

hearers at the University of Oxford.

A REMARKABLE TRAMP PRINTER.

On Monday evening, says a recent issue

of the Sangame Monitor of Springfield,

THE LADY'S YES.

"Yes," I answered you last night;
"No," this morning, sir, I say;
Colors seen by candio-light
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols play'd their best, Lamps above and laughs below, Love to me sounded like a jest, Fit for yes or fit for no.

Call me false or call me free,
Yow, whatever light may shine,
No man on your face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both; Time to dance us not to woo; Woolug light makes fickle troth, Scorn of me recoils on you.

Learn to win a lady's faith Nobly, as the thing is high, Bravely as for life and death, With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards, Point her to the starry skies; Guard her, by your truthful words Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true, Ever true, as wives of yore; And her yes, once said to you, Shall be Yes for ever more.

BIANCA CORENNI.

'Go away instantly, I say! Leave the place at once! We don't allow tramps

the door of her little white cottage, nestled among the New Hampshire myself. The name, too, is the same you forgotten your little sister?" ordered the old organ grinder and the daughter is found at last !" little tamborine girl to leave her door, They turned to obey, when little Harry Thorne spoke up:

'Oh, mother, see the little girl! How thin and bungry she looks! And, mother, she looks like Lillie!

she drew the little girl toward her.

'What is your name, my child?' she asked: 'Biacca Corenni, madam.'

was evidently in the last stages of consumption. 'No,' he said feebly. 'She is just a

for convenience.' The old man had hardly finished this sentence when he fell to the ground.

Wild was Bianca's grief on being told

her only friend and protector from ear- throw it away.' lest remembrance.

The old man was buried by the town as to what was to be done with the house, they said.

er?' asked Harry. 'I am afraid so, my boy.'

Keep her in Lillie's place l' Good Mrs. Thorne turned to the little so eloquently for love and protection. She thought of her own little child in the cold and silent tomb, and the

place. Harry seemed to read her 'Perhaps God sent her, mother,' said. 'The poor little girl hasn't any

father nor mother, and you haven't any from Bianca; they spoke in glowing your great kindness, mother dear," little girl. Keep ber, and let her be terms of her beautiful home and of her said. "I shudder now when I to my little sister. Farmer Thorne entered at this mo-

out to the little stranger, and he decided at once to adopt her; and thus in Lillie's place' she was installed in the Thorne family.

Years passed quietly away, and B anca grew into a winsome maiden. Admirers she had many, but none never were more devoted than her adopted

brother. One wister a fair was given in the village, and Bianca had in charge the flower table. A regular customer each night was a tall, dark gentleman, about to the opera to-night; you must come | guest back to her hotel. 40 years old, who watched her every motion with intense gaze. The village folk were puzzled at this stranger. No one knew his name nor anything con- night,' replied Harry, firmly. ceroing bim. Every night found him at the fair. At times he would start impulsively toward Bianca's table, besitate,

anca about her unknown, and the young | chance to see Bianca Corenni?" men viewed him with jealous eyes. The last night of the fair was to be the gala night, and a play was to be performed. Now it happened that the leading character of the play was an Italian dancing girl, and the part was given to Bianca. The dark stranger surprise. She sang a wild, plaintive

was there as usual. He watched the play with undisguised disgust until Bi, anca cotered with her tambourine in her hand. He started forward in great melody, and began a fantastic dasce. At this the stranger leaped to his feet with a low cry. All eyes were turned house shook with the thunder of apin that direction, and he fell back in his plause which greeted her. Harry deseat as white as marble.

point. Pardon my instrusion, s'r and madam. I am an Italian composer, he noticed on one slender finger a plain and in the Foderal Courts of the Eastern traveling for my health. At the fair circlet of plain gold; it was the ring he

tell me where she learned it?" The farmer stared at his wife, but gotten me, be thought, neither spoke for a moment.

the stranger in great excitement. 'No. no! She is an adopted child, al- caught the singer's eye. For a moment

though we love her as if she had been he saw her start and gasp convulsively, born to us.' 'For Heaven's sake tell me all you right on with her delightful music,

the story. When he had finished, the man grasped his hand, white the tears last act Harry felt a light touch on his streamed down his cheeks.

'Mr. Thorne,' he said, 'the gifl is my tiring the look of incredulity on the face recognized at onceof his bearers. 'Fritgen years ago, my little daughter, then a child of 3 years, was stolen from me. The song which with Bianca? she sang last night was a composition of my own, and I taught her the accom- friend insane, for he seized his hat and panying dance. When I arrived in this started after the boy without a word of village, a few days ago, I was struck explanation and excuse. with the resemblance of this girl to my wife, who has been dead many years. ushered into a pretty room, and found The speaker was a kindly, good- na-tured farmer's wife. She stood before issed that she was my child, as no one 'Harry, my dear brother l' she else in this world knows that soeg but rushing toward him joyously. Have some familiarity with the style of ser-

> lage when it was known that Farmer you,' replied Harry, reproachfully. Thorne's adopted daughter had found 'A year! Why, Harry, I wrote by her father, and that he was a gentle- every mail until we left Europe, and we may not be prepared for the stateman of wealth and distinction. It was a since arriving in America papa has vis- ment that the "Metamorphoses" of severe blow to the Thornes, however, ited the old village home, but he could Ovid were actually made the basis of a before the war had walked from one to the

to live for. Corenni and his daughter were to sail would she like me for a Christmas with which we are familiar, fantastic as for sunny Italy, perhaps never to re- guest?" 'Is she your child?' Mrs. Thorne turn. Harry stood with his mother and next inquired of the organ grinder, who father on the piazza, taking leave of the could be tell this beautiful creature that them still appear in our modern travelers. The poor boy's eyes were they lived in three rooms in a tenement filled with tears as Biauca took his hand | house?

'Don't look so gloomy, Barry dear!' ters now, Bianca-midemoiselle, he found in New York, and took ber along she sobbed. 'I shall surely come back stammered. 'If you could put up with as his text an old French dancing song. some time-indeed I will-so don't us, I-that is-she-' weep, dear brother.'

The manly fellow brushed away his confused speech. Farmer Thorne arrived on the scene, tears and tried to smile. Then sliplifted him up, but it was found that life ping a slender ring on her finger, he was extinct.

Was extinct.

Harry, I have not forgotton the life chaucer's pardoner was of this class. your good parents rescued me from. I He got more money in a day than the

that Guido was dead. He had been that loves you more than I do; then girl still. See !" and she caught up a months, and he accomplished it by deauthorities, and then the question arose then the stage driver sounded his horo; was a child, danced into the arms of her

child. 'She must be sent to the Poor- for a last farewell, her father lifted her ouse, they said.

'Must she go to the Poorhouse, mothThe farmer's family watched it out of spend Christmas, and it will be just such
This mode of taking a collection after house it seemed as though the last ray at the farm !" 'Oh, mother, don't send her there! of sunlight had departed. Four years passed and brought con prima donna spent her Christmas in

one day at the dear old farm again.' After a time the letters came less frequently, till now it was nearly a year

W * * overtaken by his friend, Fred Crosby,

'Just the fellow I want to see!' said who the lady was. the latter. I have a couple of tickets

'My dear boy, you must come with me! It may be your only chance to hear the new prima donna. then purchase a bouquet and leave the she's divine. Everybody is raving ball. The village girls jested with Bi- about her. Surely you will not miss a

> 'Yes, the new prima donna, you know. And here we are now. Come on-you shall see ber l'

> Without a work more Harry suffered himself to be led into the opera house. As one in a dream he took his seat. Bianca Corenni a prima donna! What could it mean?

tain arose and revealed to his startled gaze Bianca-his Bianca-on the stage, and fairly ablaze with jewels. The voured her features. Yes, it was his Early the next morning the Thornes own adopted sister, the little tambourine were surprised by a visit from the strat - girl, now the idol of the public. 'And ger. His words were abrupt and to the the poor farmer's son forgotten, forever, he thought, bitterly.

But his heart gave a great throb as fullness of their love. jan 1-1 c | a wonderful sorg and dance; will you knew it at once.

JOHN WICLIF AS A PREACHER.

'She wears it, although she has for-'Magnificent creature, eh? said his [From the Churchman.]

Wielif's views in regard to the office influence that they exerted. and duties of the preacher were of no ance denced that way and sang that and powder on the stage, and frightful more rapid growth than his doctrinal song when she first came to us, which is to behold when you approach near principles, but they resulted rather from the quiet studies in the Oxford cloisters than from his associates with There the simple language of the the world of affairs. "Men imagined," people would have been out of place says Dr. Letchler, "they saw Wielif and we find that a more scholarly dicstand before them at once a finished tion was substituted. man, and missed in him that gradual loosening from the bonds of error and slow progress in new knowledge which, in the case of Luther, followed the first decided break with his old thoughts." Ill., an old man was seen coming into the On the contrary, Wiclif says: "When I was a child in the knowledge of the faith, I spoke as a child, I understood dier is usually compelled to carry on the march, and a little more—for he carried daughter. I can prove it,' he said, no- was written in delicate hand, which he as a child, but when I became in God's sixty pounds-and walked with a steady strength a man, I put away by His step and a soldierly bearing as he moved grace childish thoughts." This change along the street, clad in the blue of a vetis especially manifest in his mode of the papacy and of the menspeaking of the papacy and of the mendicant orders at different periods. It was not until after the papal schism, which occurred in 1378, only six years previous to the reformer's death, that he fully embraced those views with which his name is now identified.

It is difficult to appreciate the posimonizing popular in his age. We shall not be surprised to find that the sylloyou who have forgotten me. It is a gistic refinements of the scholastic Great was the excitement in the vil- year since we have received a line from philosophy had exerted an influence upon the style of the preaching of those who were bred under its influence; but Mrs. Thoras turned quickly. How strange she had not noticed it before. The little girl did surely look tike her dead daughter. With tears in her eyes she daw the little girl toward her. rattled on, not waiting for a reply. Will an extraordinary proceeding, for the The day of parting came. Signor she be glad to see me? Say, Harry, stories of the "Gesta Romacorum," they are, were used in the same way. Poor Harry's face flushed. How and the "morals" that were appended to again from Boston to Salt Lake. He has editions. The same is true regarding other stories of the same sort; and a learned Archbishop of Canterbary once went to the astonishing length of taking as his text an old French dancing song. In fact, too many of the preachers considered themselves successful, if they went to the astonishing length of taking pleased their hearers and received a full offering after the discourse.—
Chancer's predenar was of this class. "I'm well used to a humble life, full offering after the discourse .tambourine which bolonged to a ballet luding the people.

"Wel coude he rede

For well he wyste, when that song "Ob, papu!" she cried, "I have found To wynne sliver, as he right wel conde; Therefore he sang ful meriely and loude. She had her way, and the great the good parish priest, the poet and the

As we examine the subject, we find that the foundation of the preaching of Willif was the Bible. He went to no profane, or, as one of his contemporaries called them, to none of the "stale and absurd" stories of the ancients, but to the Word of God, of which he exclaimed: 'Oh. marvellous power of the claimed: 'Oh. marvellous power of the divine seed, which overpowers strong for a fortnight previous, and it did him men in arms, softens hard hearts, and a heap of good to have men reply to his renews and changes into divine men, assertion; men who had been brutalized by sins and departed infinitely from God !"

Upon this basis he would not build a able, and overload it with ornament, she adapted rather to exhibit the rhetorical fluential citizens to entrest him for knew by the dear mother's tell tale face ability of the preacher than to profit Heaven's sake to come and poll his vote the plain and uneducated hearer. The and save the country-but they didn't syllogism was then held up as the form call. He also expected to hear rumors to which everything was to be reduced, that the whole election had been deand the endless processes of proof to clared "off" on account of his absence, but which this gave rise carried the style of such rumors came.

Mr. Jorkins walked out after dissert from the simple and perspicuous scriptural spirit. It tonded to the above scriptural spirit. It tended to the glory any of the candidates and he rushed to of man rather than to that of God, and lady above you in the social scale," she that of God, and that was enough to expected that every citizen would condemn it in the mind of the evangelical doctor, as Wiclif was called.

He says in one place: "It was because a flowery and captivating style of etc. Even when Mr. Jorkins sceldentally address cannot fail to be of little ac- walked past his ward pelling-place no count wherever the right substance of one rushed for him. He went home and preaching is present that Christ promises gave orders that no caller should be admit to his disciples no more than that it would be given them what they should say. The how must then follow in a manner suitable to the what," Everything in the sermon must be the outcome of genuine devout feelings, which, preachers of time.

In these expressions we must under-Wiclif to be referring to sermons adstand dressed to the common people; and if we examine his own writings intended "Heaven bless you, my darling little for that class, we shall find that he fol--wife!" he murmured, pressing her lowed the example of Chaucer's "good yet closer to his heart, and kisaing her person," forperson," for-

taught.'

intended for the people, and that it was to me."

ADVERTISING RATES.

THE ROANOKE NEWS

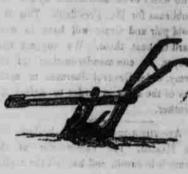
the same with his practical papers, sent ROANORE AGRICULTUR broadcast over the country by the itinerant preachers, is apparent from the vast WORKS, A distinction must be made between

> AND AND AN ARREST HAS ARRESTED held be Mr Rell, under the WELDON. N. C. the state of the second state of

- William of death att will be:

1938 will be salmed a bas JOHN M. FOOTE, Proprietor,

all states and all live allege



ALL KINDS OF FARMING IN-

PLEMENTS.

spirit, but It is a way to see at

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Will give special attention to the collec-

Practice in the Counties of Halifax,

Well, really, sir, be at length re-friend, noticing his admiration. Not plied, I can hardly tell you that. Bi- at all like the rest of them-all paint

nigh onto nine years ago.' 'Then she is not your child?' cried guise.'

know concerning her.' Thus entreated, the farmer related

bills, and with a gesture of impatience Bianca Carenni- Thank God, my Forgotten you, Bianca? I think it is

to bid him farewell.

'Keep it, dear, until you find another am Bianca Thorne and a tambourine regular parish priest received in two this simple form. On lying down:

A few more words he said, which girl and beginning one of her wild brought the deep blush to her cheeks; dances which Harry admired when she Mrs. Thorne clasped her in her arms father, who was just entering the room. sight, and when they returned to the a dear old Christmas as we used to have

tiqued misfortunes to the Thornes, the humble tenement house, and girl, whose large, beautiful eyes pleaded First their house was burned to the assisted her hostess in her domestic ground, the farmer lest his health, and duties. finally died. It was found, on settling The two weeks that Bianca remained the cold and silent tomb, and the up his estate, that scarcely anything was in the city she was a constant visitor at thought flashed across her mind that left for the widow; and they finally the Thorne's house, and the day before Providence had sent this one in her went to New York, where they took she was to leave for Europe again she apartments in a tenement house, and placed in Mrs. Thorne's hands a deed of

Harry found a clerkship in a dry goods their lost farm. She would hear no house on a small salary. For awhile letters came regularly father's great love for her. 'And yet I what might have happened to me had it am not happy, dear mother, she wrote, not been for you. You will be glad to ment and Harry turned to him. The I miss you all so much! Papa gave me have the dear old home again, and farmer's large heart bad already gone a magnificent diamond necklace yes- when Harry marries it will be a pretty terday, but I would willingly give it for

> now," was the reply. since they had heard from her. It was Christmas eve, and Harry was him in life that he has not the courage horrying home to speed the evening to ask her band in marriage." with his beloved mother, when he was

with me." 'No, Fred, I cannot. I promised my dear old mother I'd be home early to-

'Bianca Corennil' cried Harry, in amezement.

He had not long to wait. The cur-

songe, He most preche and well affyle his tonge, sermon was despised by Wiclif, The interested reader will find the traits of this sort of preachers set forth at still greater length by Chaucer in the words that he puts into the mouth of the pardon er preparatory to his "tale." In this, and in his appreciation of the character of papers for whem he had worked, after cel-

reformer were at one.

"Why don't you tell her of your love? 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' you "Harry," she whispered, slipping her Do you remember what you said when you put it on my finger? Oh, you stupid the sweet blushing face on his shoulder. "Bianco, my durling, precious one, is if we may believe testimony, was an it true? Can you love me? Ob, say element absent from many of the

"This noble susample into his sheepe he gaf That firste he wroghte and afterward he As love without esteem is volatile and

These traits are apparent in his version divinity. 'Alas!' said br; 'I flattered LUMBER furnial at in an capricious, esteem without love is languid of the Bible, which was preeminently her until she grew too proud to speak a the LOWEST Market Be

visited every Southern city, and worked in each. He sleeps in the open air, keep-ing up the custom of relling up in his seldier's blanket and lying down to pleasant dreams wherever night overtakes him, un-When he lies down at night, er on get-"Lord I thank Thee for this rest, preserve me from harm during the night." On rising: codness to me, watch ever me through He is temperate, eats heartly of plain food, pays for what he gets when it is required, works a little in each place he gees and seldom accepts a ride unless in an epen conveyance on land or on a steambest. Won't ride in a car because, as he says, "I can't see the country and towns I pass through." He has traveled on foot over

ripe old age of 108, and he thinks, by proper care and his temperate habits, he will live as long.

ebrating his fittieth year in the printing business in 1868. His mother lived to the

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T VOTE. The man who had fully made up his mind never to poll another vote "around" at the last election. He

'On, don't say that, Mr. Jorkins. We can't spars you from politics, indeed can't. But he was obstinate. He had deliberflimsy superstructure of allegory nor of ately and carefully made up his mind not ow," was the reply.

"Never marry, mother! Why not?"

"Because he loves a lady so far above He would not break up the Bible truth dicted that both parties would be smashed. into fine particles, as was then fashion. to pieces if Mr. Jorkins didn't come out. he wouldn't relent. During the morning

> the pells, and he didn't meet any. He demand if he had voted yet, but not one of the hundreds he met said a word about

election. On the contrary, they talked about billious lever, catarrh, the weather ted, and had almost persuaded himself son came home and said it was the biggest

election he ever heard of.
"But I didn't voto," persisted Mr. Jerkins. "I know, father; but the party right on, just the same." "It did!"

"Yes, father; and we saved the

"You did! Didn't they ask for me?"

"Yes, I heard one mas ask for yen, and some one told him your vote wasn't worth sending back for, and so they didn't send." And now he rubs his hands and says "By the great Megull but didn't we just clean'em right out of their boots?" -- Detroit Free Press.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what mischance he happened to leose his

name is William A. Keil, a printer, born in Tromsoe, Norway, April 9th. 1800, and in the eightieth year of his life's voyage (or walk as is his case.) He is a hale, hearty, bonest-faced, soldierly-looking man, and as straight as an arrow. He walked twentythree miles on Monday, and worked all day yesterday in helping "Fritz" Leeders to get out the Staats Wochenblatt, sitting down only to his meals. He is an inmate of the Dayton Soldiers' Home, out for exercise on a sixty days' furlaugh. This most remarkable old gentleman served five years' apprenticeship at the printing busi-ness in the office of his father. He commenced to walk when eightteen years old and between the years 1818 and 1859 visitel every city of Germany, Switzerland, Russia, Poland, Hungary, Austria and Turkey. In 1850 he came to America, and war without a scratch, obtained an honorable discharge, and started again on his travels. He has walked four times over of Phone Stow Sgn ware MANUFACTURER OF, AND GENERAL AGENT the plains, going and returning on one trip from New York to San Francisco, and nester would be be in the world the