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the Rounoke News.

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1880.

NO. 2.

Farewell.

Tis hard to part from friends we love Without a sighter tent,
But friendship still gach feeling moves,
And brines the absent near,
Some friendly world of days gone by,
(i) five we left suspicen,
Still calls the bardrop to the eye,
Affection's dearest token.

Though far in other lands we ream
From those we love and cherish.
Fond memory's wreaths treated them bloom,
The fill that he perish:
But kvessenskemed within the heart
When hapelited has fied.
Like some sweet flower with springs and blooms
O'er friendship's early dead.

Porgive me if I could not speak.
This word of heartfelt source.
To friends i'm partine with to-day,
And meet not on the morrow.
Each seem of pleasure spring to view,
Some as I in the without last.
And memory holds may all of you.
Now reakon with the past.

But yet, should happier hours agring up, And fortune prove tut kind. I'll smale have been sorrow's cup, Thouch someon rule at he mind, Yes, yes, I frust we'll meet again. With hear's both warm and true,

THE EMERALDS.

One wintry atternoon in January away up in the bleak attic of a wretched tonement-house, a pale, sad eyed woman sat sewing. The garment upon which she was engaged was a very rich dress. The twilight closed in rapidly, with a blinding fall of snow, a hitter, wailing blast that made the windows rattle in the easements. Still the pale-faced women stitched on.

'Mother,' piped a sweet voice from the cat beneath the window, will you get the fine dress done? Oh, mother, I'm so hun-gry! It I only had some tea and a bit of

She worked on scadily for a time, paus ing only to brush a tear from her white cheek, then arose and shook out the glim-

"Tis done at last," she said, 'Now mother's little girl can have ber suppor; only be patient a little longer, Flora, Ross, come, my boy'
A man'y little fellow came out from the

beilmore beyond. The fine dress is done, Ross, and you eyes. must run home with it as fast as you can, Miss Gracie will be out of patience, I know. Tell her I couldn't fingle it one moment sooner, and ask her to give you the money. We must have it to night. And you can stop at Mr. Ray's, as you come back, and buy some cost; and we must have some bread and tea, and a mite a butter, stot you must get a sausage, Ross, for poor little Flora

The girl nodded her curly head and her

great wistful eyes sparkled with de and as honest one, I'm sure. Mr. Lenex, 'And you shall have half of it, Ross,' she piped, in her splended bird voice,

'Hadn't you better put on your thick jacket, my boy?' continued his mother. The wind cuts like a knife. Pshaw, little mother, I don't mind the fashionable establishment,

door and a voice in the hat, not finish it somer, the wants the money slone, without both or kin in the wide tornight,'

and message. "I'll never give her another stitch of wo k,' cried the angry beauty; 'I ought to have had it three hours ago. Here, Fanchon, diess me at once - there's not a minure to loose. No. I can't pay to-night; I haven't time. He must call to-morrow.' But we've no lice and nothing to eat, and my little sister is sick,' called the boy,

pushing up the grand stairway. 'Shat the door. Finchen!' commanded Miss Gracie: And the door was closed to From the norch at the parlor window Panele watched the wole so ne, her violet

eyes I stened with children am z ment. Poor little boy 'she said, as Ros disappeared down the startwar; 'sister Grace ough: to pay him. It may be dreadful to

have no fire and nothing to cat." She shoot for a moment, balancing her- a jewel case in her hand. ell on the tip of one dainty toot; her rose bud face grave and reflective; then a sudden thought flooded her blue eyes with

she fluttered past tim like a humming bird and opened it. On the steps sat Res, brave little fellow that he was, his tuce in his hands, sobhing as if his heart would break,

What's the matter, little boy?" tioned Panele. Ross looked up half believing that it striving to steady his voice and the wild was the lace of an angel looking down

money, he subbed; poor mother worked emeralds toward her. hard and Fare is sick and so bungry,' Here, she said, the take this, little boy, and buy her lots of nice things. 'The worth | matter, take them all; I must have the a g'est des ; prim bought it tor my birth-

day present, but do you take it and welcomething like a shower of stars full at the silent a moment, every nerve in his manly boy's lest. He caught it up in ameze-s form thrilling with supreme delight. He

hings, at in tawny, Indian gold. 'No, no,' he eried, running up to where 'I cannot take this neckladehe stoud.

alte it back You shall take it," she continued imperiously. I have lots of jewelry and fine things-run home now and buy your mater a mething to est."

She closed the door with a bang, and Ross stood irresolute in the stormy gloom. know how much this money will help Should be ring the bell and return the me. jewe's to Pansie's tather, or should be do sudden feeling of desperation be thrust the closer as she started out. glittering necklace in his pocket and

dashed down the street. ionable jewelry establishment, and its while; it won't be but a minute or bland proprietor looke I down inquiringly two. on little Ross as he approached the fit-

"Would you like to buy this, sir ?"

held the emerald necklace shook visib y. ou a sharp glance at the child.

'See here,' he said, presently, his voice lace, stermand commanding, I want to know how you came by this?'

sto'e it ; you are a thief."

The jeweler hesitated.

came bringing his little daughter Pancie has not torgetten little Pancie. cheeks ablaze, her eyes flashing like light- cheeks,

I gave 'em to him to sell 'em, and buy hast.'
bread for his little asser.'

asped in her chubby pains.

my little sister is starving." The merchant drew his hands across his

You're a manly little tellow, he said. patting, the lad's heat, 'and I do not is the learst blame you, but I will take Pansie'e emeralds, and she shall give you something more available. If re, Pansie, give this to your little friend."

Til get them all, mother, he said, and command he was out slow to obey. be back to time. You shall have a big liftle fellow, continue I Mr. Fontenay, as sausage, little sis, he added, turning to- Rese disappeared in the stormy darkness. 'Shall we, pet? L t's see what we can do

> you're in need of an errand boy; why not try him? I wish you would." The jeweler consented, to Pansie's great delight, and on the following day Ross was duly installed as an errand boy in the

Pitteen years after, one blustering wind, and away he went down the creaking stairs and out into the storm. Miss
Gracie Fonteray was in a perfect turore of
ment in one of the Northern cities. He impatience and anger. Her dear five ment in one of the Northern cities. He handred friends were assembled in the was a hand-some man, a traveler, a man of halls below sud her tandsome dress had taste, intellect and money, for he was halls below and her handsome dress had not come keene. What dod that beggar woman mean by disappointing her?

At that moment there was a ring at the door and a ways or the hall below and his little Flora had gone to mother and his little Flora had gone to me, in a nuller woman mean by disappointing her?

At that moment there was a ring at the door and a ways or the had gone to mother and his little Flora had gone to me, in any or conjuctor's word more according and traggar. The said, all palace or said, all palace or said, all palace or said and makes the said, all palace or said that said that the said in the said in the said of the Please tell Miss Gracie my mother could their long home, and he was utterly

The servant took the handsome dress of the March winds in his care his thoughts makes them too free and case. No. 1 moses and lich on But pass by, Sr Scient and messages. were running back to the days of his boyhood, to his mother's humble home. How vivid the past segment, and how dear and sacred, despite its privations and sorrows. His eyes grew dim and his heart swelled, All were cope over the wide waters of

time and change. A tender smile softened his said face at be recalled the storm; night when he sat soboing on the steps of Mr. Footenay's mansion. And little Pansie; the remembrance of her sweet face, as he saw it through the snow wreaths, becaused him constantly. In all the fifteen years never for one hour had he torgotten her. But gie was cone-lost to him to ver.

His reversie was broken by the entrance of a customer, a faily closely clothed and veiled. She approached the counter with

'Would you buy these?' she asked, simply, to a clear sweet voice that stirred woman's voice had powet to do.

the table she dired down stries. The servant hat just consect the street door, but appeal out is content. A with, as elegant and costly diamond ring, two rubies and an emerald neck are. Ress Danbar barely suppressed h cry of surprise as his eyes fell upon it. He turned it over with eager, trembling flogers and there on the clasp was the name that had fived in his heart for so many your . Little Pansie . 'You wish to sell them all I' be asked.

Oh, I cannot go home without the she put out her should and drew the

I distake to part with this, the asid; it was my lather's gift-and-and-but no

money." In her eagerness she had thrown aside her yest, revealing a lilly face. hit by lus See extended her dimpled hands, and trous, suppliere yes. Ross Dunbar stood necklace of emeralds, lustrous, gleaming had tound her at last, the idol of his

> a moment, 'and I am willing to give you a fair price-suppose we say one thousand dollars - will that do ?" The girl flashed a dazzling glauce of surprise from beneath her heavy well.

> So much so that I' she said, tremulously, You are very kind, sir. On, you cannot The young man made a polite reply and

as she bade him? He thought of his proceeded to put aside the jewels and go back and see them starve. With a the girl shivered and drew her wrapper

bank for you? said the jeweler, catching passengers," The gaslight blazet brilliantly in a lash- up his hat. You can play shop lady the

There was a tremor in the boy's voice as custom rs. And scating her beside the and enough all the time. Lively road, he asked the question, and the hand that colt, he took the chick and burned when the conductor should 'all about

The apitiary took the gems, examining Passic Fontenay threw back her well Every train light shines like a headlight, them closely for a moment, and then shet and leaded her head upon her hands, a Stop-over checks are given on all through

aw you came by this? bersell over and over again. It is so later at that c m athundering along. Good.

The boy's clear eyes fell; he blushed miliar; who in the world can it be? His whole souled companionable configurations: and stammered, evidently embarrassed, return broke in upon her meditation, and min's a road in the country where to

You are a thiel, sir,' he said. 'That blustering and starmy; the wind reared all trains, too; pretty sale road, but I necklice belongs to Mr. Fontenay—he and the sleet tinkied against the windows bounds of the hitle room in which Pansie and her Perhaps you tried the Baptist I' I father eat. Several misfortunes and res guessed once more. The little fellow straightened himself, versus tail reduced them to poverty, and 'Ah, ha 'said the brakeman, 'she's a and his brawn eyes bilized. 'I am no the old man being an invalid, all the case date; but she? River toad; beautiful third,' he retorted. 'A little girl gave it fell upon Pansie's shoulders. She sat curves; sweep around anything to keep to me, and I know it was wrong to take it, down with her father reading about from close to the river, but it's all steal rail as d but but my mother and sister are stary- a new book which she had bought for rock bullast, angle track all the way, and her jawels. Her sweet face was wan and the terminas. Takes a hesp of with to mothers knee. He whom wealth has sait, and her tuture stretched before her run it through, double tanks at every smiled upon and honor favored, will wen "You don't look like a thief," he said; sait, and her future stretched before her run it through, double tanks at every

He dispatched a messenger accordingly vant brought up a package for Misa Fon- mile with less than two gauges. But it is silvered, will think of the summer even and Ross sat down in a coreer and sobbed tenay. An exquisite bunch of pansies, runs through a lovely country; those when dist he took his love, and kisse bitterly as he heard the driving winds and in g ant and golden hearted. done up in civer-he is always do; river on one side sweet, blushing lips in sunny hophood. thought of his mother and poor little tissue paper, and attached to them a card, and hills on the other, and it's a stea y Flora. In half an hour Mr. Fontenay bearing the simple words 'Ross Dambar climb up gra e all the way till the tun

ward Ross like a humming-bird, her a rich bloom darted into her white everytime for a lovely trip, sare connections

Ross sprang to his feet, strongling hard clasping her fluttering hands in his, and like a little man-26 cents for an hour's run to keep back his tears. He put out his into her blue ever looked with a glance little brown hand, which Pancie instantly that brought the rosy bloam to her face. And a few weeks later, whom the bluster I am not a thief, er,' he wald at last, ing winds were over, and the golden addressing Mr. Fentensy; I never stole hear of pansies bloomed on the garden engine announced a station, and the anything in my life. I know it was borders, little Pansie became Ross Dun-brakeman harried to the door, shouting; wrong to take the necklace—but—but, sir, bars bride, and for her bridel gut he gave. "Zoneville! The train makes no stops her back her string of emeridds.

The Brakeman at Church.

WHAT HE THE COUL OF THE DENOMINATIONS, On the road care more, with Laboren and buy lots of goodies for his sister—a Badding Temple at Becares." To me beyond! I think we shall not lose sight of the comes the brakenin, and scatting himself on the arm of the seat, says;

"I went to church sestenlas." "Yes?" I said, with that interesting inflection that wks for more. "And what churen did you attend?"

"Which do you guest" he asked, "Some Union Mission Courch," "Ne," he said, 'I don't like to run on

e regular and you go on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don' like to run on a branch. Good that contribute so much to the romance of enough, but I don't like it."

eac't stand the palace cars. Rich read, though Don't often hear of a received specimens more annousa,

'Broad guage,' said the breakman, does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a page. Combuctor. diesn't get a fate once to fity miles Soons at flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the trop. Train orders are rather vague, and the train men get along

well with the passengers." Presbyter and I asked. 'Narrow gauge, seb?' said the brakeman; "oretty track, etc-light us a cule; to and gright through a mountain rath than go around it, spiritivel grade. passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train, Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little young man's heart as no other marrow; have to sit in one sed, and no com in the airle to dance. Then there is no stop-over tick to allowed; got to go straight through to the station you are pearokened for or you can't get on at att. When the rar's full on exten conches; cars built at the shops to hold just so many, and nobody else allowed too, But you don't often herr of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules "

'Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?' I said, 'S rab road,' said the brokeman; 'dist oad bed and no ballast; to time card The facty hesitated an instant and then and train dispatches. Ari trains our wild, and ever engineer makes his own time. just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to: kend of a go assyon please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide ut, thet on as you please and get off when yo want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do nexthing but smuse the paraengers. No, sir. I was offered a pass, but I can't like the line. I don't like to travel or a read that has no terminus Now tou see, sir, I'm a ratiroad man, and 'They are very fine gems,' he said, atter don't care to run on a road that has no me, makes no connections, rur s nowhere and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to unitlerstand it.

church ? I suit. ld road, too - one of the very eldest in

able cars well-managed road, too; direcmother and poor little Flora watching draw a check for he money. The March tors don't interfere with division superin-wisitally for his return. He could not winds were still bigstering without, and tendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. smith. But it's a mighty pleasant road to frivel "Won't you let me run down to the on. Always has such a pleasant class of

Did you try the Mathodist ! I said.

puzz'ed, reflective look upon her aweet and tickets; passangers can drop off the ran as often as they like, do the station two or When have I seen this face? she asked three days and hop on the next revix I The jeweler put aside the emeralds, and after receiving her money she Lurried passeogers ted more at home. No passe; taking the lad's arm led him into a small away to her humble lodgings. every pa-senger pays full traffic rates to The following afternoon was even more his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air brake or

him with some of the money received for not a site track from the round house o that I will send for Mr. Fontenay; that said hopeless and gloomy.

There is a ring at the door, and a ser-shops that can pull a pound or run a orchin in his native vibage; he whose hal ends where the fountain head of the river with him. The little creature duried to- Pansie sat amuzed for a moment, and then begins. Yes, su, I'll take the river road and good time, and no practe dust blow 'On, father,' she said, 'I knew him-I ing in at the windows. And yesterday, 'He didn't steal my emeralds !' she cried. | knew him ! Oh, we have found Ross at | when the canductor came around for the tickets with a little bask-t punch, I didn't An instant later Ross was in the room, ask him to pass me, by I paul my tate and a little concert by the placengers throwed in. I tell you, pilgrin, you take

the river road when you want-But just here the long whi-the from the Zon-ville! The train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis?-Bur lington Hawkeye.

.... Romance and Reality.

Sunshine and summer, youth and hope lading away in the distance, the fat and love-these are thy attributes, of passenger drauming tilly on the windows wild tomaned. How deep and unbounded the faith of the votaties, whether beading the first of your little friend.

The passes and the fall, thin passenger sound askep, and the fall, thin passenger reacting "Gen, the cross passenger reacting "Gen, and the fall, thin passenger reacting "Gen, the fall had been asked to thim in the passenger to the fall of the passes that the most passenger to the fall had been asked to thim in the passenger to the fall had been asked to the passes that the passes are the fall had been asked to the passes that the passes that the passes are the fall had been asked to the passes that the junction that he should run straight home | wondering why Grew's August Flower's revelog in sweet day-dreams whose ration; They will come all too soon, those grave

> will laugh to scorn the awest July of the posit and thought, and anxiety, and labor take the place of happy, esteless lideness But 'the pleasant, 'in the hushed miret's mysterious far away," to return to those gird days of youth, whose understing How I pity the town-bred children, the branch reeds very much. I den't whose young lives are passed and the often go to church, and when I do I want whirl and thin of some hoge manufacturing to ron on the main line, where your run place, to whom a torest-tree is almost un known and a handful of wild flowers a rare sight! for it is our early surroundings

I would describe a gerten, whose flow "Limited express," he said, all malace ers were more beautiful and fragrant than men in uniform, conductor's punch and that sweet wild, these a surubbery of lines lantern silver-plated, and no trang mays and syringas, the blue violets holding unsorld.

Sitting alone one morning with the roar to talk back at the confinctor, and it bom carta's yielding mines, overgrown by tiet, a mi hit enguate our mineralogical

There was, too, a little frome summerbeing appointed for that line. Some mighty are proper travel on it, two?"

"Universalist I' I suggested."

There was, too, a little from summer-house, whose architecture was of a mixed order, with Gother windows and a pazodastyle of roof, but the bees were not critical and they loved the sweet honeys; kie that twines and clung there; while within ingenils were related poetry recited drains. acted - ses, and sometimes written also.

"Tweeth the time of coses— We pureed them as we passed,", Beyond our little plot of land were great woods, stient, save for the songs of birds, and "the coho of the axe 'mid forest wang." And purple bills stretched far way, until they seemed to merge into the

og seland above. But a little shady dingle must be records d. It was on the way to nowhere, as eldom visited, and somewhat drear and one y; and there stood a well, haunted. said the county-lolks, by fairy footsteps ; but though watched and waited for many a moonlight night, the cives failed to ap-

"Porfuries have broke the wands, And winding bas lost its power,"

A grand eyent disturbed the serene mo notony of home remance-a voyage to auother country, whose snow-capped mouname, vine-clad valleys, and deep, blue lakes, enthralled the levers of the weird and war letted, while the old, balt-ruined | Thank the Lord, I shall soon see the cartie peak ed a magic a spell onknown

which sixteen years, made earth appear Elystuc; but two more decades with open all the time, with the switchman the grave of a saider hereavement; white a Jones! 'Head maid! She's just to tenomer land.

> shave hen eforth must servel The very latest story of absent minded-

The mysteries of a baby's toilet were altogether new to a little lour-year-old, and he carefully watched the bathing and dress-Now you'r shouting, he said with ing of his little consine. When the little fore we swallow him, to see it he some enthusiasm. 'Nice road, chi Fast powder box was open and the fluffy brush rived at the proper catable age. 'Not a bit; just take this warm seat, carry a power of steam; and don't you baby's chin, he exclaimed: Oh, aunty, let please; you'll not be likely to have any forget it; steam gauge shows a hundred me see you sait her.

Memory's Treasures.

set are the resy memories of the lips at first kissed ours, atthough they kiss, to more; weet is the sight of sensed sailing ships. Atthough they leave no on the londy shores OWEN MEREDITAL

Many and various are the treasures which the heart of man bolds dear, and more precious than all are those of m mory. Perhaps in the silence of our room ooking over old levers tied with a laded ribben, or surning the leaves of an altum r runmaging through the drawers of ome dusty cabinet, the restless heart wil suddenly look back, forgettal of the present, to the far-off past - in the words of ar unknown writer-with s trow, or with addened joy :

"To some found stude in beauty glowing, On lips that stude have to the decing : To some said that in veryon flowing." From eyes whose it that has pured away."

He who has sinned, will remember the nnecent hours of childhood, when knell to lisp his first prayers besides his

lite, we will look linek to "Where o'er hill and valley plays. The sunlight of our early days."

Ah, yes semetimes at least, in spite of

"the weariness, the fever, and the fret" of

We recall the features of a dear friend gone from us forever; the kiss or smile of ne we loved; the buil-fargotten joy-the too well remembered sortow. And we may well reject the passionate words of

"Dear as remembered bissess after death.
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy felicined
on the that are for others there is not a love.
Deep as first love, and with with all regret,
Ob. beath in Life, the days that are no more: New, let us look to the future; and when

that foture becomes the past, then other heaps of memory's frequires will be looked At present, whatever cares or trials fall o our lot we may thank God that

"Hope will briefleten days to come, And mem ry gold the past." An Editor's Dream.

He fell aslesp after a time, and To ! he certain papers and books, he turned his

What do you was ! and sees mable years, when common sense Let these resons again come for h re plied the edicar, and Peter this time made them all pass through the gate and stand They came as before, and attered the

> Why didn't, you notice that blg egg ! gave you? yelled the first. I was notten, replied the edit r. Why didn't you write up my soda foun ain Lorie t the druggist.

Why did you write shout old Tombies son's hens and never speak of my new Old Tombisson paid for his advertising

and you didn't -here's the bill, said the

You lead your tickets printed at the

other office, calmiy replied the local

Why did you spell my name wrong in the programme I ground the local Take a look at this manuscript of yours

and see for yourself, said the editor, with The rest of the company yelled their complaints in unison, and the editor calmly sorted out a series of bills for unpaid subscriptions, and presented each with one. And it was so that when they had received them, they all fore their hair and rushed violently down a steep into the sea; and St. Peter, taking the hand, led him within the gate, saying : Come, friend; these chaps managed to tip through here in spite of us, but thanks to the press, we know what sort of fellows they are. Come in and stay we need a low such men as you in here.

The Young Lady Graduate.

What the Valedict or Said - Kind teach rs; ever shall we look back to the happy but when, under your patient and loving vershall we hold ther collection of your self surificing devotion among our bolicat emembraners. And classmates, though the links are at last broken that have long united as in their tender chain, yel are we still permitted in memory's forge to re-wold the scattered tragments, and live once again in fancy the happy exist nee that has been ears, and which we prize more than ever now that it can be lived in reality no more

What the Valedictorian Thought-

of old Smith! He never was fit for

teacher any way, the cross old bear! And Memory largers with those past scenes then he shows partiality se! I never coulwe what he finds in Sal Stebbings so at the tractive. No matter what she does, he's world's contact have worn and taded their good as pie to her. I guess I'd have t beauty. Some of youth's illustrons are take it if I should come to school with scatter if to the winds, others, buried is lessons no better than hers, And Miss few-the best and purest-are waited away hateful! And Miss Brown, too! What a dowly she is! No wonder notedy'll have The labor of hand and toll of brain by bur. Thank bearen! I'm free of them all which to son that 'dress of earth'-the now! I don't believe I'd sneak to one of scramble for a footshold amid the world's them it I should meet them on the street, crowd-these are Fate's defree; and 'the Let's see-I must cut that Perlyankle girl thou alone, oh stern reality, whom thy right away. I don't want to be dogged share hen eforth must serve! round by her any longer, and what's more I won't. I shull have to keep on good terms with Steve Stowers' st-ter, though I ness has for its here a Massachusetts cler | do have her so; for Steve's got a jolly team gyman, who one day drove up to a blacks and he always dresses nobby, and all the smith shop and asked how long it would girls envy me and Steve when we go anderstand it. said riding along. And I'm gaing to give Sai 'Maybe you went to the Congregational the smith 'Very well, I'll leave him and Stebbings a bit of my mind, and then good call for him;" and unhitched the animal bye to her, the minx! Well, I'm glad its Popular road, said the brakeman 'an and leading him into the shop, the parson all over; I never want to think of school elimbed back roto his carriage, picked up again or see a cool-book. What a life I this country, Good road-bad and comfort | the reins which had been left resting on have led, to be sure! But I shall go into the dash board, and there sat until his society now, thank fortune, where I behouse was shod and he was aroused from long! his brown study by a shout from the black-

Somebody is always making trouble for mankind. Now an epicure sars that oysters are not fit to be eaten until they are al least three years old, and we suppose we'll have to look into every oyster's mouth before we swallow him, to see it he bas ar-

Whom the gods would destroy they first fill full of confidence that it is not loaded, I

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