

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

THE DEMOCRATIC
WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
PUBLISHED BY

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T. W. MASON.

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Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme Courts. June 1st.

W. E. DAY.

A. C. ZOLLICOFFER.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

WELDON, N.C.

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JUN 25th.

D. E. L. HUNTER.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

SCOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX COUNTY, N.C.

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JUN 25th.

R. H. SMITH, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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Practices in the courts of Halifax, Warren and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts. Collections made in any part of North Carolina.

JUN 25th.

A. DREW J. BURTON.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

WELDON, N.C.

Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of the state.

JUN 25th.

VOL. IX.

WELDON, N.C., THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1880.

NO. 3.

The Roanoke News.

THE ROANOKE NEWS

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	M	M	M	M
	ONE	TWO	THREE	FOUR
One Square,	3.00	8.00	14.00	20.00
Two Squares,	5.00	15.00	30.00	30.00
Three Squares,	8.00	15.00	30.00	40.00
Four Squares,	10.00	15.00	30.00	45.00
Fifth Column,	15.00	20.00	35.00	50.00
Half Column,	20.00	30.00	60.00	65.00
Whole Column,			One Year,	75.00

New York, last week. The arrest was secret, but an investigation led to the disclosure of the existence of a dangerous plot to overturn the Imperial government, and at a subsequent court martial, which finished its sittings yesterday, five of the officers were found guilty on all the charges preferred against them. They will be shot at daylight to-morrow morning.



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requires no direct dampers to be open and when raised no dampers being objectionable, as they may be left open and allow sparks to escape.)

It requires no water to extinguish sparks, which, by condensation, destroys the draft. Besides, when water is used, if neglected, the efficiency is destroyed by evaporation of the water, and the boiler is kept in a filthy condition.

It is simple and durable and can be repaired quickly. It can be attached to any boiler, No. 100 or 1000, and without one of them, Insurance companies will not insure gins and barns where the Talbott Engine and Spark Arresters are used at such rates as charged for water or horse-power.

See our illustrated circulars and price list.

Branch house, Goldsboro, N.C.

J. A. HAUSER, General Manager.

T. A. GRANGER, Local Manager.

May 8th.

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wandered out to smoke his cigar on the shore of the lovely lake, when the mists were just beginning to be tinted with rose and gold, he perceived a light figure whose floating white robes seemed almost a part of the setting sun— a girl with both hands full of roses.

"Ah, wife, waiting for your husband's slow return, a scholar, yearning for the laurels of success; ah, mother, longing to meet your child, whom the Death Angel has taken away—be patient for a little while and all will yet be well." And at the foot of the "great white throne" shall at last:

"The horse, the steed, and the sorrows, All the anguish of life, the restlessness, And nature lay him low."

"They call me May," said the girl with equal frankness.

"I don't know your name," said she; "but I believe you are the gentleman who wanted the vase past."

"My name is Elmer," said he advancing with a glad face. "And yours?"

"They call me May," said the girl with equal frankness.

"I don't know your name," said she; "but I believe you are the gentleman who wanted the vase past."

"I'm Harry Elmer," said he smiling.

"I'm the heiress, of course."

"Oh, hang the heires!" exclaimed Harry Elmer, impatiently. "Look here, I've something to tell you; I'm engaged to be married."

"Is it for a lady?" said the brisk little shopman.

"It's for my sister," said Harry Elmer. "A pair of vase for boudoir."

"Ah!" said the shopman, diving into a wilderness of red clay moulds, "here is a wildness of red clay moulds, here is a very thing—slimmed and taunt. Equal to a bracket, a table, or a draped mantel."

Harry Elmer stared helplessly at the vase.

"I want pictures on them," said he. "Birds, flowers, beetles, or something."

The shopman shook his head at this.

"We only keep plain ware," said he. "But I can give you the address of a young person who paints them to order."

And he laid a card across the counter.

"All right," said Harry Elmer. "Give me the vase."

And in less than five minutes he was in search of the piece designated on his card.

"Oh, yes," said the shopman, smiling; "she's a good artist."

"She's an artist, I believe."

"Harry, sir, you mustn't be shocked. Miss Elmer is a good artist."

"Not in the least."

"To think you'll away on a mere nobody—a girl without a pony—a creature with no social connections whatever."

"I love her," said Harry, pulling serenely away at his cigar.

"Ant his sister afficed him no more than he had been a figure of stone."

Miss Mayne stood there in a dress of pale blue, looped up with blue ribbons, with diamonds encircling her throat and sparkling in her eyes—a beautiful blonde with hair like golden sunshine, and large blue eyes.

"Five Miss Maynes I'd give to her," said Harry.

"And with a fine stumble, our hero found himself in a little room where the sunshine streaked through two wax-plantas, and a table in the middle was heaped with half-decorated chin-tubes of color, sheaves of brushes, and portfolios of sketches. Of course it was the modest little studio of an up-and-coming artist—one could have pronounced that at a glace. And, working away at a sketch of a scaly-winged bird, as if her very life depended on it, sat a slender young girl, with a scarf falling away from her shoulders, and a veil of flaxen hair drooping over her face.

She laid down her hair brush at this opposition at the shopman.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Harry, with an account of his sensations, "but—are you the young woman that paints vases?"

"Of course I am!" said the golden-haired little artist. "Don't you see me painting one now?"

"I want these decorated," said Harry. "Can I get them done here?"