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ROBERT O. BURTON JR. ATTORNEY AT LAW. HALIFAX, N. C.

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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 ly

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Practices in the courts of the 5th Judicial District in the Federal and Supreme Courts. May 12 ly

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Practices in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Claims collected in any part of the State. One of the firm will always be found in the office. June 21 ly

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Can be found at his office in Enfield.

Fare Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extracting of Teeth always on hand. Jan 22 ly

ANDREW J. BURTON. ATTORNEY AT LAW. WELDON, N. C.

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R. E. SMITH, JR. ATTORNEY AT LAW. BOOYLAND BROOK, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.

Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of the State. 19 ly

The Roanoke News.

VOL. IX. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1880. NO. 5.

Naughty. Somebody's lips were close to mine. This tempted me to kiss her. Rough and raw, a sweet little mouth was suddenly, shyly kissed. Somebody's eyes looked up and frowned. With such a warning glance, if I kissed her, I asked my pet. Then the eyes began to dance. And smiling the little girl answered, "I don't care, but I don't want to be just a little naughty, or they never would be so sweet."

THE BELLE OF WOLF RUN. A company of strolling players in a barn. The great space is lighted by lamps of every description, the most splendid of which is a circle of hopes stuck full of candles. This does duty as the grand chandelier, and is quite effective. Seated near the stage, before which hangs a green curtain, are two persons—a man and a young girl, whom, even the unpracticed eye might take as rustic lovers. He is a tall, finely formed young fellow, with a noble head and keen, sparkling blue eyes. She is the beauty of Wolf Run, beautiful in figure and features, and with something in her expression denoting that she is not quite satisfied with her position, even as the belle of the village, or her surroundings.

Mamma, if anybody comes, say I'm out," called Margaret, from the top stairs. "Well, I guess nobody'll be here to-day, unless it's that actor fellow," was the response. "Don't walk in the sun, she said, and for mother and father were proud of their darling's beauty, and they secretly wished for her a better match than even their neighbor's son.

Deep in the woods she struck, determined never to see that too fair, fatal face again. He'll be gone to-morrow," she half sobbed, holding her hands fast against her heart, and I shall never see him again. God be thanked for, oh, I dare not trust myself.

The path slippery, with pre-levens, led to a favorite resting-place—a cleared spot through which ran a crystal-clear river. The place combined several distinctively beautiful features. Here she sat down, unmindful of the singing stream, the soft shadows, the sweet murmuring of the wind in the tops of the trees. A toadstool near startled her.

In the river, as if a mirror, she saw a vision that had become all too dear to her—a graceful figure clad in black velvet, the small hat, with its waving plumes, reflected, with the quivering hand that held it, in the "water."

Some strange to see that a burning flash spreading over her brow and neck, and she would have fled but that he was beside her at a bound.

"My heart's in my darling's own hand," "Sir, these words are an insult to me!" she cried with spirit, striving in vain to tear herself from his embracing arm.

"An insult! I would die before I would offer you an insult, my beautiful. Come with me—I want to know you a better spot than this—come!"

"I will not," she said, firmly, wrenching herself from him, not daring to look up in his face. "How could you follow me—how dared you?"

"Love will do anything," he said, gazing at her powerful eyes on his face, and drawing her glance up to his. "Come, I will show you like Claude Melnotte! And again he put an arm about her; but, like a flash of lightning, the two were torn asunder, and the man was thrown back, long with one blow from the powerful arm of Charlie Vance.

"Go!" he said, sternly, pointing to the frightened girl. "I can save you from his influence, but I cannot promise to save you from yourself. Go, and think of your broken promise."

Later in the day Charlie came up to Margaret's house and asked her to be his wife. "Whatever is the matter with the child?" queried the mother. "I never saw her in such low spirits."

"The young man made no answer, but went into the room, shaded parlor. Presently Margaret came down, white as a lily. There was an unspoken question in her wide, tearful eyes.

"No, I didn't kill him, Maggie, though he deserved it. I don't want the crime of murder on my soul, even for my poor girl. But I can't help as you are, and I can't help you as you are."

There was a low, broken sob, and on his chest Margaret lay a dead weight. The girl had fainted away.

Well, long sickness followed. Charlie could not leave her lying there between life and death, and the first visit after she could set up settled the matter. Margaret had conquered her vanity, which, after all, was more touched than her affections, and found that there was only one image in the heart that had been, as she thought, so true, with conflicting strings—and that was the frank, honest, blue-eyed Charlie Vance, who had loved her ever since she was a babe.

And of course they were married.

Olive Logan's Advice to Girls. A woman's safeguard is to keep a man's head off her. I can use his assistance I was king take his arm instead of his taking yours. Just tell him, in plain English, to "hands off." He may not like it at first, but will respect you ten fold more. Men will be and do just what the women allow them to do. Men will not do to fight. Give a man your arm and you will find him very obedient and he will take a great many privileges that he would not take if he were not permitted to do so. He will give you any arm loving requests and you must take them as they come, and you must take them as they come, and you must take them as they come.

Do you ever expect to make a newspaper that will save your head? A veteran editor asked. No, sir, was the answer, and I don't want it; a newspaper that would suit everybody wouldn't be worth getting.

Faithful to Death. A PROTESTANT ROMANCE WHICH BEGAN IN 1847 AND ENDED IN 1864.

A correspondent of the Savannah Morning News, writing from this city, relates a forgotten and touching romance as follows: Who would think of unearthing a thread of romance in a scrap bag? And yet a few days ago a busy housewife, putting together her one of those treasured mementoes, a "quilt," overhauled a shred of silk which hung a tale of an ordinary interest. It was a piece of satin, and one very long like where one could respect, can one? Her hands were on his arm, now, and the lovely pleading eyes uplifted to his.

"You won't see him again?" "I won't—I swear I won't! What should I want to see him for now I she sobbed.

"Then, we will wait. This troupe goes to-morrow. Don't cry, darling; I dare say it will all come out right; and after a few low-spoken words, the young man left her, but by no means with peace rested on his bosom's throne.

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A Beautiful Death. The smile of exquisite beauty that is so often seen on the face of the dead, that comes to often just before the last life-breath ebbs away, and lingers about the mouth after expression has fled forever from every other feature of the countenance, has always been regarded by Christians as the result of visions into the major beyond, which those passing from earth only experience. There is a sweetness and comfort about this faith that all who have so died by the hand of loved ones most affectionately realize and cherish. The idea is that those of faith and hope, and whose at rest with God, in the last still moments when life steals away like a snail that is spent, see visions of the angel land which makes them glad in death. It is as if the soul lingered and kissed the lip of the dying ere it took its flight. It is the smile of the soul left upon life still in death. What a beautiful thought! How charming the faith! How sweet the connection between earth and a clime.

Recently in this city a lovely young woman passed from life to the unknown beyond. For days before her last breathing ceased she wore a smile upon her lips. No one could long stare at from her face. Dying a saint, and again, it returned again, and again, and rested there when she was dead. Constantly she saw angels around her bed, angels with white wings and plumage as white as snow and with human faces, angels bright with smiles and radiant with heavenly beauty. She frequently called her mother's attention to the presence of these sweet forms about her bed, and wondered that no one saw them but herself. She seemed to talk with them. Her lips would move as if speaking, and when asked what she wanted she would smile again and point to the matches, visions that hovered around her. With a mind perfectly clear and rational upon all earthly subjects to the extent even of directing the mode and manner of bringing up her only child, to the disposition even of the amulet of her effects—yet she saw these lovely visions and smiled, and smiled in her latest breath.

Sometimes, among the angels that hovered around her she saw the faces of loved friends gone before. She saw the loving and tender face of a young mother that seemed to weep and smile in the same moment, as if the rest of paradise struggled with her love of child and husband left behind. She saw the bright countenance of a golden-haired woman, whom she had met in her ministrations with the subtle touch of a first love fresh upon her hair. Both seemed with a smile at mingled joy and hope to beckon her on to the beautiful land in which they were angels.

At last, when the still hour came, she saw troops of angels with zephyr wings that hovered about her. With a mind perfectly clear and rational upon all earthly subjects to the extent even of directing the mode and manner of bringing up her only child, to the disposition even of the amulet of her effects—yet she saw these lovely visions and smiled, and smiled in her latest breath.

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A Perfect Confidence. The perfect confidence of the expectant bride; her friends tried to reason her out of her insatiable, members of the church visited her, and endeavored to prove how impossible it was that her hopes could be fulfilled. She triumphantly showed her letters and refused to credit her lover's death, or anything other than the belief that he might arrive at any moment to claim her. As time passed she lost her friends and her property dwindled to a mere pittance. She was thrown among strangers, but wherever she went she carried her treasure, taking it occasionally from the trunk to sit it, and packing it up again with her own hands.

At last her mental and physical sufferings became more pronounced. She kept her room and studied as one bit the landlady. On her death bed she questioned the attendant to inform her lover of her death, and to raise her for burial in her bridal dress. When it was taken from the trunk it was found that those treasures were too ghastly for the corporeal white haired woman, and they gradually found their way, piece by piece, into other hands.

A Happy Couple. A man should always be a little older, a little braver, and a little stronger, and a little wiser, and a little more in love with her than she is with him. A woman should always be a little younger, and a little prettier, and a little more considerate than her husband. He should bestow upon her his worldly goods, and she should take good care of them. He may owe her every care and tenderness, that affectionate promptness, but preliminary independence to her will become a burden. Better have a crust that he grants than a fortune she has brought him. Neither must be jealous, nor give the other cause for jealousy—neither must encourage sentimental friendship with the opposite sex. Perfect confidence in each other, and reliance concerning their mutual affairs, even to members of their own families, is a first necessity. A wife should dress herself becomingly whenever she expects to meet her husband's eye. The man should not grow slovenly, even at home. Fault-finding, long arguments or scolding, ends the happiness that begins in love and love-making. Sisters and brothers may quarrel, but husbands and wives are lovers no longer after disturbances occur, and married people who are not lovers are bound by religious chains. If a man desires his wife most in striped calico, she is not to wear it.

Solomon the Preacher. Solomon was a great experimenter on human life. He tried all ways of it. He tried what wealth, what wisdom, what mirth and music, building of houses, planting of vineyards, making of orchards and gardens, could do to make a man happy and to keep him so. And he conducted each experiment of this kind upon the largest scale, and carried it to its furthest end. His position gave him full command of all the means and instruments of human enjoyment, and he enjoyed that command with all limitation or restraint. What ever his eyes desired he kept it not from them; he withheld not his heart from any kind of joy. We are not to imagine that he did it at the prompting of any higher motive, or for any higher end. He did it as a man, to enjoy it, and to see how long it would last, and how it would affect the mind and the body, and how it would affect the soul. He was all the while, though unconsciously, building a high and honest path of purpose of the Spirit, and when afterwards he was brought to the love and vision of God, he was directed to put on record for the guidance and warning of all other generations, a history of his earlier experience. It is in this regard, regarding them as written for this purpose, that the opening chapters of the Book of Ecclesiastes are to be read by every biblical student.—Dr. Hays.

When still in death, a lovely smile was upon her lips. It was as if the angels had kissed her a welcome to heaven.

It is not our province to philosophize upon this beautiful death. We will not undertake with our reason to analyze the visions she saw, or the smile that spread up on her face in death. It is enough for us to know that in her death the Christian was beautifully illustrated. In the sweet visions she saw, in the bright smile that made her wasted face beautiful in death, we are content to recognize a providence, and a hope beyond mortal knowledge.—Jackson, (Tenn.) Sun.

An Arkansas Wedding. It is not intended that some men shall marry repeatedly. Bill Skittles lived in South Arkansas. For the past six months he has been studying for the ministry, and it occurred to Bill several days ago that just before instituting a revival it would be a good idea to get married. He mentioned the subject to a young lady, and asked her share his ministerial misadventure and idleness, but the young lady said she had promised to marry Zeb Munk the professional well-dancer of the neighborhood. "Oh, well," said the minister, "I am pretty well acquainted with Zeb, and I don't believe he'd kick."

The young lady finally agreed, and the wedding day was fixed. Grand preparations were made. The girl's brothers had bought a couple of possums and the old lady had baked an immense sweet potato pie. The justice of the peace arrived, when Zeb Munk walked in and demanded, "Let us that boss. Say, cap'n, turn that good boss!" "I reckon I won't," replied Bill. "Well, then," said Zeb, drawing his revolver and smiling, "I'll kinder resort to extraneous." "See here," remarked Bill, "you've got your own head and turnip greens?" "I reckon I do." "Right down to you, then, and cabbagees?" "I reckon it is." "Well, then, you may take the girl. I was only sweet milk and pie with me, I'm in love. I had a new pair of trousers and didn't know what to do with them. Come a little closer. It's your ring and back home?" "I reckon it is." Then I know the girl's yours, and with a slight change to the license, the marriage proceeded.

There used to be an old colored sister in the borough of Franklin, Pa., the tall, thin, passenger axis, who was very unctious in "pats" and one time during a revival session she got down on her knees, searched her hands in the air, and shouted, "Come down O spirit of the Master, come down O, good Lord, come right down here, and I'll pay for de stings!"

"You remember," said the sad passenger, "the good brother, the Good brother, who was suddenly called on to lead in prayer at some meeting, and opened his action by saying: 'Unacquainted as we are to public speaking, O Lord, and being entirely unprepared, we will still endeavor to make a few rambling remarks.'"

Never reflect on a past action, action which was done with a good motive and best judgment at the time.

Either the future or the past is written in every face, and makes us, if not melancholy, at least mild and gentle.

The Constitution says an Atlanta girl asked a young man how he liked Shakespeare. He replied without a struggle, "As You Like It."

When a loafer enters the sanctum of an editor and the editor says, "Glad to see you, back," what does he mean?

No one can be happy without a friend and no one can know what friends he has until he is unhappy.

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Dreams. The following extracts are from an interesting discourse by Dr. Taunton.

Sound sleep reveals greatest happiness when Adam slept so extraordinarily that the surgical incision which gave him Eve did not wake him; but there is no such need for extraordinary sleep now, and he who catches an Ere must need be wide awake!

Dreams have an important meaning. They prove that the soul is comparatively independent of the body. The body goes into a lethargy when all languages are dead as a type of death, and the soul spreads its wings and travels aloft. It leaps the Atlantic Ocean and mingles in scenes three thousand miles away. It travels great reaches of time—flashes back eighty years and the old man is a boy again in his father's house. If the soul can do all this before it has broken its chain of flesh, how far can it leap, what circles can it cut when it is fully liberated? If my soul can fly so far in the few hours in which my body is asleep in the night, how far can it fly when my body sleeps the long sleep of the grave? If prepared for the after-death flight, what an enchantment! If not prepared what a crushing agony! Immortal! Immortal!

My friend, a retired sea captain and a Christian, tells me one night at sea he dreamed that a ship's crew were in deep suffering. Waking from his dream, he put about the ship, tacked in different directions, to the surprise of all on the vessel—he thought he was going crazy—sailed on to another direction hour after hour, and for many hours, until he came to the perishing crew and rescued them, and brought them to New York. Who conducted that dream? The God of the sea.

In 1865 a vessel went out from Spithead for West India and was against the ledge of rocks called the Caskets. The vessel went down, but the crew clambered up on the Caskets to die of starvation, as they supposed. But there was a ship bound for Southampton that had the captain's son on board, and he had twice in one night dreamed that there was a crew of sailors dying on the Caskets. He told his father of this dream. The vessel came down to the Caskets in time to find and rescue the poor dying men.

The Rev. Dr. Bistnell in his marvellous book, "Nature and the Supernatural," gives the following fact that he got from Capt. Young of Gibraltar—a fact confirmed by many families. Capt. Young dreamed twice one night that 150 miles away there was a company of men fast in the snow. He saw in the frozen ricks of a peculiar formation, and telling his dream to an old hunter, the hunter said, "Why, I remember those ricks, they are in the Casco Valley Pass, 150 miles away."

Capt. Young, impelled by this dream, although laughed at by his neighbors, gathered men together, took mules and blankets, and started out on the expedition. He traveled 150 miles, saw those very ricks, and found the suffering ones at the foot of the rocks, and brought them back to confirm his story. Who conducted that dream? The God of the snow—the God of the Sierra Nevada!

Ghosts. There is a house in Clatham, York-shire, England, in which a weeping woman is said to haunt over the cradle of any child who sleeps in a particular room. Nay, more, one babe over whom this weird vision was seen to be in reported to gaze into vacancy and see her still, though to other eyes are conscious of her presence. There is a house at Oxford bridge, in which dwelt, until quite recently, a gentleman well-known in London circles, and his wife and child. The wife saw a little man in a gray coat cross her bedroom one night, and disappear, as it were, into a chandelier glass. She said nothing about it, but a short time afterward, in the same room, the nurse exclaimed that she had seen what must have been her father's ghost; she knew him, she said, "by his gray coat." Still nothing was said to the master of the house until he, in his turn, called up stairs to his wife in a startled voice, and in his fright dropped the candlestick, exclaiming he had seen a man in gray going up stairs. Here, there were three independent witnesses of the same ghoulish visitor, evidently one very like the ancestral specter of the House of Douglas. But, authentic ghost stories—that is to say, occurrences vouched for by perfectly honest observers, who at all events, really believe they saw that to which they bear witness—are endless, as are the tales of appearances to friends and relatives at a distance, just as the soul was presumably, leaving the body. There are a vast number, too, of what may be called historic ghost stories, handed down in all the books on the subject; such for example, as the vision of the Earl of St. Vincent; the Bressford ghost and the withered wrist; the apparition of dead Weyland; the warning the second Lord Lytleton is said to have received of his own death, and the account of the ghost in the Tower of London, where such a visitor, one would think would not lack company, though there might be a scarcity of heads among them.

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