

The Roanoke News.

Table with advertising rates: SPACE, One M., Two M., Three M., Four M., Five M., Six M., One Year.

VOL. IX.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1880.

NO. 18.



TALBOT & SONS SHOCKOE MACHINE WORKS RICHMOND VA. Manufacturers of Portable and Stationary Engines and Boilers...

GINNING AND THRESHING MACHINES A SPECIALTY. Repairing Promptly & Carefully Done.

TALBOT'S PATENT SPARK-ARRESTER. The Invention of the Age. It does not destroy the draft. It does not interfere with cleaning the tubes...

CURATIVE NATURE'S OWN REMEDY. A VEGETABLE MEDICINE FOR THE BLOOD, LIVER & KIDNEYS. W. R. VICK CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES MADE TO ORDER.

W. R. VICK CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES MADE TO ORDER. OR REPAIRED AT LOW PRICES. All kinds of wood work and trimming done in good style...

J. N. T. FORD. Takes pleasure in announcing that he can still be found at his stand on FIRST STREET. Where he has on hand a full line of the finest WINES, WHISKIES, and BRANDIES...

Full and Complete OLD SCOTCH WHISKY A SPECIALTY. FRESH LAGER BEER ON DRAUGHT. He guarantees satisfaction. Call and see him. Nov 21 y.

National Cotton Exchange of America. OFFICIAL REPORT. COTTON MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, NINE MONTHS ENDING CLOSE MAY.

JOHN B. LAFFIE, Esq., President National Cotton Exchange of America. We have the honor to submit with our approval the following report of the Secretary...

Actual accounts of stock during the past month have shown an excess at New Orleans of 10,643 bales, at Mobile of 16,944 at Wilmington of 80 and at Norfolk of 4,517—aggregating 16,934 bales, which have been included in the receipts at these ports...

No further statement will be issued by the National Cotton Exchange until the annual report of the crop of 1879-80 in September next. For all practical intents and purposes the main points to be developed in the annual report, have been given the trade through the monthly statements...

Nearly one-fifth of the cotton sent to ports on the Gulf direct this season, has crossed the Ohio and Mississippi rivers by the overland route, their handlings for the nine months past having reached 1,030,320 bales. Without the monthly statements of the National Cotton Exchange the disposition of a considerable part of this amount would have been largely a matter of conjecture...

In short, the main features of the present crop are now known. Its extent can be closely approximated from the official data already furnished through the National Cotton Exchange statements, and the movement for the three months to follow, before the close of the season, will derive its importance alone from the disposition of the unusually large stocks at ports and interior points.

Table with columns: MONTH, THIS YEAR, LAST YEAR. Rows: September, October, November, December, January, February, March, April, May, Total nine months, June to August, Total.

AGGREGATE TAKINGS OF NORTHERN MILLS. 1879-80 1878-9. September 84,395 75,402. October 140,355 148,709. November 309,174 361,375. December 372,270 353,397. January 305,112 353,743. February 107,380 165,605. March 83,328 174,714. April 65,805 155,491. May 41,430 85,962. Total nine months 1,418,868 1,377,928. June to August, inclusive 98,150. Total 1,517,018 1,476,086. Southern Consumption year, total 189,480. Total U.S. consumption year 1,507,538. Average weekly takings Northern Mills, nine month-end's close May 36,254. Average weekly takings Northern Mills for six months 36,149. The total movement as set forth in the recapitulation below indicates that 5,375-950 bales of the crop of 1879-80 had come to light at the ports and at points of crossing overland, by the close of May, or an excess of 456,268 bales over last year and 825,000 over the year before.

and 1878, compare as follows, viz: 1879-80 1878-9. Port Receipts and Overland 5,261,811 4,815,088. To close May, including rail shipments to Canada. Ditto class May to Aug. 31st including corrections end of year 76,122. Total 4,890,210. Southern Consumption for year, exclusive of amount taken from ports 128,944. Total crops bales 5,044,155. HENRY G. HESTER, Secretary Nat Cotton Exchange.

Sheridan's Peril. Senator Sheridan, of Georgia, has been giving a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times some reminiscences of the closing scenes of the war, in which he played a leading part as one of General Lee's corps commanders. We give this extract:

"I had a message from General Lee telling me a flag of truce was in existence, leaving it to my discretion as to what course to pursue. My men were still pushing their way on. I sent at once to hear from General Longstreet, feeling that it was marching toward me, we might still cut through and carry the army forward. I learned that he was about two miles off with his men faced just opposite from mine, fighting for his life. I thus saw that the case was hopeless. The further each of us drove the enemy the further we drifted apart and the more exposed we left our wagon trains and artillery, which was packed between us. Every time either of us broke only opened the gap wider. I saw plainly that the Federals would soon rush in between us and then there would have been no army. I therefore determined to send a flag of truce. I called Major Hunter, of my staff, to me and told him that I wanted him to carry a flag of truce forward. He replied: 'General, I have no flag of truce.' 'I told him to get one. He replied: 'General we have no flag of truce in our command.' 'Then, said I, 'Then get your handkerchief, put it on a stick and go forward.' 'I have no handkerchief, General.' 'Then borrow one and go forward with it.' 'He tried and reported to me that there was no handkerchief in my staff.' 'Then Major, use your shirt.' 'You see General, that we all have our handkerchiefs.' 'At last, I believe, we found a man who had a white shirt. He gave it to us, and I tore off the back and tail, and I can knock the socks of any church choir in Augusta on the chimes. Good-bay! I might sell my vote on a pinch, but I can't be bribed to give my brain the cold shake.' 'In the sweet bye and bye, my boy.' 'In the sweet bye and bye, my boy.' 'And he never halted nor looked around, although the Commissioner hit him in the back with a quarter.'

The Voice. Socrates divided the quality of a man's voice, mind, or soul, by the tone of his expression. 'Speak that I may see you.' Dr. Durant explains character by voice, and tells us these facts: We perceive in a stammerer one that is easily enraged, and as easily pacified, vain, indolent, inconsistent, and ordinarily quick. A person whose utterance is thick and coarse, is malicious, cunning and dishonest. A coarse voice indicates a robust physique, a great talker, quick-tempered, though complacently discreet. A piercing fine or weak voice is indicative of timidity, cunning, and generally of quick wit. An attractive, clear voice expresses a man who is prudent, self-reliant, and ingenious but proud and inconsiderate; whereas, a firm voice without harshness, denotes a person who is robust, intelligent, circumspect, and benevolent. A man possessing a trembling and hesitating voice is timid, weak, vain, and sometimes jealous. A voice combining great sound and firmness indicates a man who is strong, ambitious, rash, obstinate, and self-important. A sharp, rick voice, in singing as well as in conversation, denotes a coarse mind, without judgment, and strong spite feelings. A hoarse voice, denoting the effect of a cold, signifies a man more simple than wise, credulous, truthful, vain, and impatient. A full and sweet voice denotes a man who is peaceful, inclined to timidity, discreet, and self-willed. A voice at first grave and then sharp and piercing denotes the quick temper of an impatient man. A soft, sweet voice is found in a person of a peaceable and suitable character.

False Teeth and Crutches. Among the passengers who boarded the East-bound train at Holly, Michigan, the other day were a bride and groom of the regular Holly-Croft order. Although the car was full of passengers the pair began to squeeze hands and hug at once as they were seated. This of course attracted attention, and pretty soon everybody was nodding and several persons so far forgot themselves as to laugh outright. By and by the broad-shouldered and red-headed groom became aware of the fact that he was being ridiculed, and he unlinked himself to the height of six feet, looked up and down the aisle, and said: 'There seems to be considerable nodding and winking around here because I'm hugging the girl who was married to me at 7 o'clock this morning. If the rules of this railroad forbid a man from hugging his wife after he's said full fare then I'm going to quit, but if the rules don't and this winking and blinking isn't bitten short off when we pass the next mile post, I'm going to begin on the front axle and create a rising market for false teeth and crutches!' If there were any more winks and blinks in that car the groom didn't catch 'em at it.

Opposed to Matrimony.—The talk at dinner is about various acquaintances, how they have married, and their domestic life. After numerous observations from one and another, a guest addressed the host's daughter, a little girl nine or ten years old, who was a very thoughtful expression. 'Well, mademoiselle, what is your opinion about all this? Shall you marry or remain single?' 'Neither. I think I shall be a widow.'

Shortening the Time.—A visitor to Dublin hired a car for an hour to drive around the Phoenix Park. No sooner was he seated than the driver proceeded to warm his nag's ribs, and started off at about ten miles an hour. As he did not slacken his pace the passenger asked the reason for such quick travelling. 'Faith, replied Paddy, 'dye think I'd be all day driving you an hour!'

Traveling on a Hymn. Soon after Circuit Court Commissioner Randall had got seated in his office yesterday morning, there came a steady tramp! tramp! down the hall, and a solid heavy voice led off with: 'There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we shall see it afar, For our Father waits for us going, To prepare.' 'Good morning, sir, I am going on to Nebraska.' 'This isn't the route,' replied the Commissioner as he looked up. 'I know it, sir, but I'm doing a little singing and collecting a little money to help my way.' 'What do you sing?' 'The Sweet Bye and Bye, That's my gal, and it has taken well so far.' 'We shall sing on that beautiful shore The melodious songs—' 'Been traveling on that hymn clear from Providence and it has struck me every time.' 'We don't think much of it out West here.' 'You don't! Why there's nothing like it! I had a brother, and he was a blamed heathen, and that hymn didn't melt him right down and make him confess to every mean act of his life, I'd disown him! Can Michigan people be worse than heathens?' 'And our spirits shall sorrow no more, Not a sigh—' 'I believe they are.' 'I think you will find that our people prefer something lively, instead of melting. We are not much on the melt except in hot weather.' 'I will now sing the "Sweet Bye and Bye,"' said the man as he put his hat on the desk. 'Dan!' 'But I will. You've never heard it sung as it should be. Why, man, I cut across a corner of Connecticut in March and hardened old sinners followed me for miles and cried like children! In one case I went twenty miles to sing it to a backslider on his dying bed.' 'Did it finish him?' 'No sir! When I got into Canada they turned out as if I had been a circus.' 'We shall sing on that beautiful shore The melodious songs—' 'Say, what do you charge not to sing it?' interrupted the Commissioner. 'As I told you before, we want something out of this way more on the order of "Old Dan Tucker," with a peevish accompaniment.' 'I don't know nothing about the Tucker family, nor nothing about peevish. I'm square up and down on the "Sweet Bye and Bye." It is me. We sing right up together like twins. I'll sing it and collect ten cents. Really now—' 'Here's a quarter not to sing it.' 'Say, I'll take it. No sir. I'm traveling on a pig of my own. My peculiar line is "The Sweet Bye and Bye," as I may have accidentally mentioned before. I've got the six right down here, and I can knock the socks of any church choir in Augusta on the chimes. Good-bay! I might sell my vote on a pinch, but I can't be bribed to give my brain the cold shake.' 'In the sweet bye and bye, my boy.' 'In the sweet bye and bye, my boy.' 'And he never halted nor looked around, although the Commissioner hit him in the back with a quarter.'

Old Man and the Census Taker. [From the Atlanta Constitution.] Old Si came in rather late yesterday, looking somewhat fatigued. After a minute he said: 'Dis an er mougly korus perseellin' dese men kerryin' on 'round hyar wid dese tarfulyos.' 'Do you mean the census takers?' 'I bleeve dat ar' de name dey goes by.' 'What have they been doing now?' 'Why dey's bin down dar in my neighborhood jes stirrin' up mo' rath dan all de persons inside de kerrygrassbin kin put down in er fortune.' 'That is unfortunate. Have they visited you yet?' 'Dat's what make me so behin' time fer day. One ob dem cum down ter my house dis mo'bin' an' tap on de gate; I ax'd him what's de matter an' he say he hain't no mo'n gin hit out dan I sed ter him jes go 'way from dar 'kase dar won't no bizness in dat shanty for eany drummers in de loonyick 'sylum.' 'What did he say?' 'He say dat er I looks wid de census he done gwine ter put de law ter me; an' den he 'plained de law. Den I sed hit wuz all rite an' I axed him in.' 'How did you get along then?' 'We got 'long purty well until he cumter de colour what de chillum are set down; den he say ter me what an de callah ob my chillun! I say 'lo k'ie heah, you jes digger on what de law lows an' you jes digger on what de law lows an' you don't cum 'round hyar axin' suttin' questions like dat! He say dat he got ter put down whether dey is 'black er melarter'—and den ole hurrycane broke loose!' 'How was that?' 'De ole man was bliessen an' when she heah dat she uset de table what de fortyfoley was upen, emptied de starch bowl all ober de returns an' 'gin ter holler 'Heah Tiger' jes like de forty theeves done broke in de house! De census man he grabb'd up his doekments an' made fer de fence and twist holdin' de ole 'oman wid one han' an' Tige wid de odder I 'oman wuz 'lucker'd out!'

Where did the census man go? 'De las' I sed ob him by de ar'—'Lime-shop dyin' de returns ob de district on de tin roof!' 'And how did you get the old lady quieted?' 'De haist quiet fit. I jes had ter make my 'keape' too, 'kase she was gwine fer me fer dein de man in' and she say dat at de United States wants to k'ue de callah ob her chillun she ar' bou'n ter hit on de eye ob ebery mornin' she der senda prowlin' 'round her campground! She's er vigorous 'oman, too, fer ob a fac'!

A Curious Love Story. A telegram from Shelbyville, Ind., says: The village of Moscow, twelve miles here, in Rush county, is just now enjoying a huge sensation. For three years past a youth by the name of John Barlow, aged nineteen, son of the Postmaster and merchant of the town, has been paying attention to Miss Nettie Atkins, who, strange to say, is nine years older than the young man in question. She is the only daughter of a widowed mother, who is in rather good circumstances. In this case the age of the young lady proved an obstacle, and the pair were looked upon as most ardent admirers. Young Barlow was as devoted as could be desired, and it became the general opinion that the couple were engaged. However, a few days since the courtship was rudely brought to an end, and a denunciation, created by Barlow suddenly leaving his home. Then the town became wild with rumors, and there was furnished much food for gossip.

It appears that the parties a day or two before Barlow's departure had had a stormy interview, occasioned as follows: Young Barlow had an intimate friend, a young man named John Bennett; they had taken a walk, and were seated upon a log in the woods engaged in a conversation. Barlow, it seems, was making Bennett a confidant, and was detailing his love affairs. The exact substance of the conversation is not known, but in the midst of it Miss Atkins burst upon the scene. She had overheard a portion of the interview, and she immediately opened out on Barlow in a heated manner, accusing him of being untrue to her, and of telling her secrets. She ended by informing him that unless he married her within two weeks she would shoot him on sight. This frightened the youthful suitor, and was the cause of his disappearance. It was supposed that he had gone to the home of a relative in the Southern part of the country. At last the young woman, true to her declaration, had started on a search for her false lover, and seemed bent on bringing the boy to justice, and unless the matter could be amicably settled a tragedy was looked for. The affair has created a great sensation.

Mysterious Escape.—For some time past a colored woman by the name of Lucy Barlow, formerly owned by Dr. J. H. Hutcheson, has been confined in our county jail upon the charge of larceny, supposed to have been caused by religious excitement. She appeared to be very well acquainted with the Bible, quoting many apt and beautiful passages, and said that she didn't know a letter in the book, but that the Lord had taught her how to read. She preached and prayed the best part of her time, made some startling statements about various people in the county, who have died, being poisoned, and who poisoned them, and about the graves of certain persons being robbed. When asked how she got this information, she said: 'Thy Lord thy God says so.' She said she was put in jail for righteousness sake, but that her time was almost out; that the Lord would release her just as he did Paul and Silas. One night last week she made her escape from the jail in such a mysterious way that it amounts to a miracle. The door of her cell was locked at night as usual and the windows all left in perfect condition, but the next morning she was gone, leaving the door locked and the windows unharmed, and nothing has been seen or heard of her since—Pittsburgh Tribune.

Sympathetic Women. 'Sympathy,' says Adam Smith in his 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' though its meaning was perhaps originally the same as pity or compassion, is a word that may now, without much impropriety, be made use of to denote our fellow feeling with any passion, whatever. The definition of a word round which clings the most precious association of a of the human heart applies to much shifting sentiment that passes for sympathy now-a-days, when the highly wrought nervous system is in the ascendant. A vivid fancy, and excitable disposition, a quick susceptibility to immediate influences, are essentially constituents of the sympathetic temperament. Women are pre-eminently gifted with that rapid impressionability that puts them in rapport with their surroundings. In it lies much of their power and their charm. Many thus endowed, however, lack the sustained force that gives cohesion to character. The influences withdrawn that called forth the emotion, the purpose born with it begins to flag. The impulsive sympathizers rejoice with the happy and mourn with the sad; they give you a smile for a smile and a tear for a tear; but the moment you leave them they forget you, and the object of your joy or your pain is nothing to them. For the time being they are entirely sincere, hypocrisy or affectation has not entered into the tokens of feeling they have shown; they have simply been impelled by the impression of the moment. This kind of sympathy answers better to the definition of the modern philosopher than that which inspired the injunction of the wise man, 'Sorrow is better than laughter, for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.'

Married or Single. If we may believe our Paris contemporaries, Le Globe, the married state is one which every man and woman should devoutly pray for. Not only is life prolonged, but society is benefited to a degree that few have conception of. According to the statistics given, which are said to be gathered from other countries beside France, marriage would appear to be the best assurance against death, sickness, crime and suicide. It seems, that the life of a single man at twenty-five is no better than that of a married man of forty-five, and a widower of from twenty-five to thirty is not likely to live longer than a married man of from fifty-five to sixty. In fact, celibacy ages a man by at least twenty years, and the state of a widower is still more deplorable. Single women and widows are, it appears, similarly as a disadvantage, except in the case of early marriage, which Le Globe states is a fault of cause of death in women when it is contracted before the age of twenty-five. Widowers, according to these statistics, are much more likely to be short lived than widows; in fact, below the age of twenty-five the chances of death are three or four times that of married men. This danger, however, diminishes after the age of from forty to fifty. Widows also are, as a rule, much shorter-lived than married women up to forty. With regard to crime, taking 150 criminals, the proportion of single to married is about two to one.

In a population which furnishes 100 male married criminals, there are 170 single men, and in one with 100 females the unmarried of the same sex reach the high figure of 240. The number of suicides among single persons, including widows and widowers, is also out of all proportion to that of married men and women, the relative rate being five to one. The same set of figures point to single life as most prejudicial to health. Consumption is a disease which afflicts single persons much more than those who are married. M. Janssens, of Brussels, has given his opinion that it is twice as fatal in the case of widows and widowers than with married people, and it is far more deadly with single persons from the age of twenty-five to forty. Le Globe sums up in view of all these facts that a married life is the most to be desired, and appeals to its countrymen to follow the example of other nations and not put off the happy state too long. The marriage de convention is too deep-seated an institution in France for the considerations set forth in our contemporary to have much weight, and we fear that however correct the statistics given may be, that few readers of the Paris paper will be induced to change their bachelor life and become good citizens and happy peres de famille.

READY FOR CONVERSION.—At the coming meeting held at Maspeth, L. I., this season, the Rev. H. W. Higgins, as we will call him, labored with great success, and many have been converted through his untiring efforts. There was a young lady there who was the object of his special attention. He had used every argument in his power to bring her around to his way of thinking. But as Miss Sarah Melrose could not be persuaded to give up dancing and all the pleasures of a worldly life and become a saint and esber Christian. One night, while sitting beside her, he very innocently passed his hand around her waist, when she jumped up and startled the good brother by exclaiming: 'Oh, it's hugging you mean, I'll be converted.'

LITTLE FRED'S VIRUS.—Three year old Freddie is the author of the following soliloquy: 'I don't want to be a cherub anyway. Cherubs are little boys without any bodies or legs to them—noting but little wings right back of their ears. They can't have mustard plasters put on them, but then they don't have much fun, and I guess the angels use them for playing marbles. The other angels are called virgins. They wear night gowns and gold rings about their heads and no end of wings. They haven't anything much to do except to tote around little harps and play tag, and loaf about on the clouds. But I wouldn't want to be a strap unless I could have a tail, too, like a mermaid or a lobster.'

UNQUESTIONABLE.—The Herald, De troit, Mich., says of Warner's Safe and Lock and Key Co.: 'His efficacy in kid-ney, liver, and urinary diseases is so fully acknowledged that it is not worth the questioning. Honorable testimonials from well-known citizens in public and private life are evidences strong enough to convince the most stubborn doubter.'

THE ROANOKE NEWS. ADVERTISING RATES. SPACE, One M., Two M., Three M., Four M., Five M., Six M., One Year.

THE ROANOKE NEWS. ADVERTISING RATES. SPACE, One M., Two M., Three M., Four M., Five M., Six M., One Year.