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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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The Little One.

Oh, when at dawn the children wake,
And patter up and down the stairs,
The flowers and leaves a glory take,
The rosy light a splendor shares.
That nevermore these eyes would see,
If my sweet ones were gone from me.

And when at eve they watch and wait
To fold me in their arms so white,
My burdens, whether small or great,
Are charmed away by calm delight;
And shutting out the world, I live
The purest moments life can give.

But when at bedtime round me kneel
Wee, tender, loving, white-robed forms,
With hand upraised in fond appeal—
Ah! then are hushed life's weary storms,
And heaven seems very near to me,
With my sweet darlings round my knee!

TAPPED BY AN HEIRESS.

A cosier place than that big sitting-room at Hillcrest would have been hard to find, if one had travelled from Land's End to John O'Groat's; and this eventful evening, when the destinies of two worthy people were about taking definite form—two people who had never seen each other, and who had heard of each other so often that both were curiously eager to meet—on this important evening the sitting-room at Hillcrest had never looked pleasanter or cosier.

A huge fire of logs glowed like molten carbuncles in the open fireplace; on the tables in the centre of the floor whose rover matched the growing crimson of the carpet, was a silver stand that held a dozen snowy wax tapers, whose beaming light contrasted exquisitely with the ruddy glow of the fire.

Besides the able in a big cushioned chair, with his feet thrust toward the genial warmth on the hearth; his gray dressing-gown sitting comfortably on his portly form, his gold rimmed glasses on his nose, sat the owner of Hillcrest, Mr. Abiah Cressington, rich, good-natured, and fond of his own way. Opposite him was the mistress of the place—little, shrewd-faced, merry Aunt Cornelia, his sister, who, since her widowhood, had come to Hillcrest to make her bachelor brother's home as pleasant as she could.

That she succeeded was very evident by the way now in which he looked up from a letter he had been reading—the confidential, kindly way in which he did it.

'Walter writes a curious letter in response to my invitation to come and spend a few weeks at Hillcrest as soon as he gets over his fatigue from his ocean voyage, after his five years' tour abroad. I'll read it to you.'

He leaned near the soft, glowing light and began the short, concise reply that Walter Austin had written from his chamber of the Temple:

'You are very kind, Uncle Abiah, to ask me down to Hillcrest for as long as I wish to stay, and I can assure you that I have been so long a wanderer that the idea of a home is very pleasant to me. But when I take into consideration the peculiar importance you propose attaching to my visit, I am unwilling to accept the invitation. To me, the idea of having my fancies and inclinations put into harness, and to feel that I am on continual duty to win my way into the good graces of my second cousin, Mabel, whom you are good enough to wish me to marry—'

Mrs. Cornelia interrupted sharply:

'Abiah, you never went and told our grand-nephew that you had in view his marriage with Mabel?'

Her tone was energetic, almost reprehensive.

'Why not? I certainly did. I told him in my letter that it was a chance for him he'd never get again, and that he needn't feel under such terrible obligations to take a fancy to Phil's little Mabel, out to come down and be cousinly, and if anything should happen, it'd be right all around.'

Mrs. Cornelia knitted vigorously, her lavender ribbons quivering in the mellow taper glow.

'All I have to say is, you're a fool, Abiah Cressington! Walter is right. A young man doesn't like to have his fancies under rein and whip, and the very fact that we want him to marry will make him indisposed to do it. You've made a great mistake in the beginning.'

Mr. Cressington looked aghast at his sister's determined face.

'Why, I really don't suppose—'

'Of course you didn't. It's only your natural stupidity, you dear old fellow! Men are all alike. Don't I know them like a book? And you've ruined your hopes for Mabel and Walter at the very outset.'

Mr. Cressington started discomfitedly.

'I am sure I meant it all right enough, Cornelia. I certainly wanted Walter to know what a nice little wife she would make for a man.'

'Very commendable, indeed; only, if you had consulted me upon the letter you sent, I should have advised you to say nothing about Mabel, or her charms, or her expectations. I should simply have asked him to come and see us, and have left the rest to Mabel's blue eyes. You see, Abiah?'

His lips compressed slowly.

'I think I see. And my hopes in that direction are all ruined.'

The silver needles clicked rapidly, and snow-white yarn came rolling merrily off the ball under her arm.

'Not at all. Leave that to me, and I'll see what can be done. Trust a woman's wit to get even a blundering old fellow like yourself out of a scrape.'

She smiled and nodded, and looked altogether so mischievous, that Mr. Cressington became quite excited over her little mystery.

'Do explain, Cornelia.'

And when she explained he leaned back in his chair, with an expression of positive awe and admiration on his face.

'What a woman you are, Cornelia! I declare, it beats anything I ever heard in the whole course of my life!'

After dusk, a glorious winter day, with here and there a star twinkling in the pale gray sky, and the lights and fires in the Hillcrest sitting-room making an elegant welcome to Walter Austin, as he stood in the midst of the home circle, tall, gentlemanly, handsome and self-possessed.

Old Mr. Cressington was in his richest humor, as he led forward two young girls.

'Come, don't be shy, now, Walter, this is your cousin, Mabel Cressington, and this is her good friend and inseparable companion, Irene Vance, come to help entertain you. My nephew, Walter Austin, girls. And this is Aunt Cornelia—you remember her well enough, hey?'

And so the presentation was neatly gotten over and Walter found himself at home in the most pleasant family he had ever known.

They were remarkably pretty girls, with deep blue eyes—although Miss Vance's were decidedly the deeper blue and more bewitching—and lovely, yellow-gold hair. Walter found himself admiring the style of Miss Vance's coiffure before he had known her an hour! and when he went up to his room that night he felt as if between the two, roguish Mabel and sweet little Irene, he never would come out heart whole.

'For Mabel is a good little darling,' thought he, 'and I will take great uncle Abiah's advice and fall in love with her, and thereby secure a generous share of the Cressington estate. Egad! that's a happy thought!'

But the handsome young gentleman, went to sleep and dreamed, instead of Mabel's laughing eyes, of Irene's gentle, tender ones; and awoke somewhere in the middle of the night, unable to get asleep again for thinking of her.

And the after days were much better. Despite the golden value of Mabel, there was something about Irene that made this headstrong fellow very foolishly indifferent to the advice he had sworn to follow.

'Because, by Jove! a fellow would have to be made out of granite to resist the sweet shy ways of such a little darling as Irene! And I'll marry her if she'll have me, and the money and the property may go to the—dogs. I've a head and a pair of hands, and blue-eyed Irene shall not suffer!'

It was not an hour later that he met her in the hall, carrying great boughs of holly, with which to festoon down the walnut staircase.

'Give me your burden, Irene,' said he. 'Why did you not tell me you were going to gather it, and let me go with you? It is altogether too heavy a burden for your arms to bear.'

He managed to get the lovely sprays from his arms, but it required an immense amount of resolution on his part, and shy, sweet blushing on hers.

'Answer me, Irene. Why didn't you let me go with you? Wouldn't you have liked it?'

He demanded her answer in the most captivating lordly way, and she dropped her eyes in great confusion.

'Yes.'

'Then why are you so cruel to me?'

'I am not cruel to anybody. Indeed I must go now.'

Walter placed himself squarely in the way, and was looking down at her rose-tinted face.

'No, you can't go yet. Irene you are cruel, or you would never deprive me of the opportunity to enjoy the blessedness of your society. His voice lowered tenderly, and he drooped his head nearer her golden curls. 'You know I think it cruel in you to go so distant, and shy, and reserved with me—don't you Irene?'

She shrank away, her lovely form drooping like a lily, her cheeks hanging out their crimson signals of distress and confusion.

'Oh, please don't talk so to me. Indeed I must go! Mabel is waiting for the holly, and she—they won't like it if—'

'I want! Is they find you and me talking so confidentially together?'

'No! I mean if I don't take the holly at once.'

Walter put his arm around her waist before she knew what he was doing.

'Look up. You shall not go until you let me see in your eyes if you love me as well as I love you!' Irene, my dear little girl, I do love you very dearly!'

She was silent for one second, and he saw the quiver of her red lips. Then she raised her head slowly.

'You love me? Oh, Walter, what will uncle say?' Don't you know it is Mabel you should say that to? I am nobody, and Mabel is an heiress.'

Walter had both arms around her by this time, and was looking ardently in her glowing face.

'I know Mabel is an heiress and a nice little girl, and I also know you are a darling—and the only girl I ever asked to be my wife, or ever shall ask! Say yes, pet!'

'And you can deliberately give up so much for only just me?'

Her wonderous eyes met his bravely now, and he read him with the love light in them. 'Only just you my own darling! Why you are more than all the world to me. Come, we will go and tell Uncle Abiah at once. Just one kiss first—you must!'

And he had more than one or two, before he led her, blushing, with tears trembling on her lashes, like diamonds on a golden lily cup, to Uncle Abiah, who sat in his library with Mrs. Cornelia, quite looking over a receipt book. They looked up in surprise as Walter marched in, Irene on his arm, a picture of confusion.

'If you please, Uncle Abiah, I want your blessing and cordial consent to receive this little girl as your niece. I love her and she loves me.'

Uncle Abiah looked shrewdly over his glasses at Mrs. Cornelia.

'Well sister, what shall we say to this young man's demand?'

'Say? Why, tell them yes, had welcome; and let them know their Aunt Cornelia isn't a fool, if their Uncle Abiah is!'

Walter looked on astonished and felt Irene's hand tremble on his arm.

'What is it, dear?'

She smiled through her tears as she looked into his inquiring eyes.

'Oh Walter, I am afraid you will be angry. I am Mabel after all and—and—'

'And you have made love to your cousin, the heiress, in spite of yourself, my boy. So Hillcrest is a foregone fate, after all, eh?'

'Don't scold, please, Walter!' Mabel pleaded in a low voice, with her blue eyes looking into his.

'As if I could scold you, my love! Since I have you what need I care?'

And Mrs. Cornelia turned over the leaves of the receipt book until she came to the 'wedding cake,' and avers that she made the match herself.

Do you believe in second love, Mr. McQuadel? Do I believe in second love? Humph! If a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet? and when it is gone, don't he want another pound, and isn't that pound sweet too? Troth, Murphy, I believe in second love.

The young man of the period is one whose career has come to a full stop.

A Thrilling Story of A Stampede of Buffaloes.

TEN THOUSAND ACRES MOVING.

What is that?

Look closer and you will see that it is a gaunt, grim wolf, creeping out of the little grove of cotton-woods towards a Buffalo calf gamboling around its mother.

Raise your eye a little more and you will see that the prairie beyond is alive with Buffalo. Count them. You might as well try to count the leaves on a giant maple! They are moving foot by foot as they crop the juicy grass, and living waves rise and fall as the heard slowly sweep on. Afar out to the right and left—more specks on the plain—are the flankers; brave old buffaloes, which catch a bite of grass and then sniff the air and scan the horizon for intimation of danger. They are the sentinels of the herd, and right well can they be trusted.

The wolf creeps nearer!

All the afternoon the great herd has fed in peace, and as it now slowly moves toward the distant river it is all unconscious that danger is near. Look you well and watch the wolf, for you are going to see such a sight as not one man in ten thousand ever beheld.

Creep, crawl, skulk—now behind a knoll, now drawing himself over the grass, now raising its head above a thistle to mark the locality of its victim. It is a lone, shambling, skulking wolf, lame and sorceful and treacherous. Wounding or ailing he has been left alone to get on as best he may and his green eyes light up with fiercer blaze as he draws nearer and nearer to his unconscious prey.

There! No, he is yet too far away. Creep, creep, creep. Now he is twenty feet away, now fifteen, now ten. He hugs the earth, gathers his feet under him and he bounds through the air as if shot from a gun. He is rolling the calf over on the grass in three seconds after he springs.

Now watch!

A cry of pain from the calf—a furious bellow from the mother as she wheels and charges the wolf—a startled movement from a dozen of the nearest animals, and a stampede begins. The one wolf is magnified into a hundred, the hundred into a thousand. Short sharp bellows, snorts of alarm, a rush, and in fifty seconds after the wolf has wet his fangs with blood, that living mass is in motion to get away from an unknown terror. The waves rise higher as the contusion spreads. One instant it seems as if 10,000 solid acres of prairie were moving bodily away—again waves rise and fall as the cowards behind rush upon those in front who wait to sniff the air and learn the danger. In one minute the alarm runs down the herd to the leaders—further than the eye can see—and the entire herd is going off at a mad gallop, heads down, eyes rolling and no thought but that of escape. If Lake Erie were to dash itself against a wall the shock would be no greater than the awful crash with which this mass of battling hoofs, sharp horns and hairy bodies would meet it. The clatter of hoofs and rattle of horns would drown the noise of a brigade of cavalry galloping over a stone-paved road.

Ride out on their trail. Here, where the stampede first began, the ground is torn and furrowed as if a thousand cannons had been firing solid shot at targets. Here and there are calves which have been gored or crushed—here and there older animals with broken legs and disabling wounds. Here, where the heard was fairly off, you might as well hunt for a gold dollar as a blade of grass. You look for three miles as you look across it. It is a trail of dirt and dust and ruts and furrows where half an hour ago was a carpet of green grass and smiling flowers. The most dreadful cyclone known to man could not have left more horrible scars behind.

Miles away, on the backs of the winding, growing river, are three white-topped emigrant wagons. A camp fire blazes up to boil the kettles—men, women and children stand about, peering over the setting sun at the distant mountains, and glad their journey is almost done. Babe flies come and go on lazy wings, the cricket chirps cheerily on the grass and the eagles sailing in the blue evening air have no warning to give.

Hark! Is that thunder?

Men and women turn to their tracks as they look in vain for a cloud in the sky. That rumble comes again as they look into each other's faces. It grows louder as women turn pale and men reach for their trusty rifles. The ground trembles, and star off comes a roar which strikes terror to the heart. "Indians!" they whisper. No! A thousand times better for them if savage Pawnees dared ride down where these long-barreled rifles could speak a decisive peace at camp.

"A stampede of Buffaloes!" gasps one of the men as he catches sight of the advancing guard under the awful cloud of dust. Rifles are ready for a shot, and the children clung up on the heavy wagon wheels to see the strange procession gallop by.

Here they come! Crack! crack! crack! from twenty rifles, and a shaggy head, followed by a dusty-brown body, rushes through the camp. Then another and another. The men shout and wave their arms, the women and children turn paler yet. The roar and din shut out every other sound and the wagons jar and tremble with the concussion. Now another shaggy head—another—half a dozen—a score—a hundred—a great living wave which sweeps along with the power of a tornado, followed by others more fierce and strong, and the camp is blotted off the face of the earth more completely than by any power of heaven. Nothing to be seen—no shout to be heard. Wave followed wave across the spot—over the bank—into the stream and across and when the last of the herd had passed the keenest hunter can find nothing on that spot of wood, or iron or cloth, or flesh to prove that a dozen men, women and children were there wiped out of existence and reduced to shred and dust.—Detroit Free Press.

My wife, who has no children, remarked a prominent manufacturer, never attends auctions. She went once, and seeing a friend at the opposite side of the room, nodded very politely, whereupon the auctioneer knocked down a patent cradle and asked her where she wished it delivered.

An amateur farmer sent to an agricultural society to put him down on the premium list for a call. They did so.

Taking the Chances.

HOW LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS LOSE THEIR NERVE.

A man talks as easily at the rate of sixty miles an hour as he does at an ordinary afternoon dinner pace, and a veteran railroad man who sat with his feet cocked on an adjoining chair, on the Ohio and Mississippi fast train, let his recollections and gossip flow entertainingly to a Louisville Courier-Journal reporter.

'Ever in a smash-up?' asked the veteran, laconically.

'Never!'

'That accounts for your lack of nervousness. A child never dreads the fire until he is burned, and so it is with every kind of danger. There are two classes of engineers, who are known on the road as 'good runners' and 'bad runners.' A good runner is always sent out with special trains and in other cases where fast time is to be made. He is an engineer who knows the road and his engine, and will gauge the speed by quality of the track, taking a good many chances on safety. I know one of these fellows, who was regarded as the coolest and bravest man in the business. He would take a lightning special as safely through as another would a freight. One dark night he was hauling the night express around a curve like a meteor. A tree had been blown across the track by a storm, and he ran upon it before it could be seen. The train was smashed and he was badly hurt. He got well in time, and took his place at work, but lost it, and he could not get a passenger train on any road. The accident killed his 'nerve,' and he couldn't take a train through on even schedule time. He was always lagging and behind time. That is the fate of a great many. A bad accident to a fast train nearly always spoils a good engineer.'

'They are always in danger,' said the reporter.

'Yes; if there is an accident they are almost sure to be killed. They go through life on faith and good luck. One day, several years ago, I went for a day's hunting in the country, and made arrangements for an engine to be sent for me at seven o'clock. It came, and, with three of us aboard started to make the run of twenty-five miles an hour ahead of the regular train. We got out a mile or two and the headlight flickered and went down. The engine was stopped and the lantern was tinkered with, and we started again. We ran a few miles, and had to stop and tinker with the confounded lamp again. This time it went out clear, and to our horror we discovered that the regular train was within five minutes of us, and there was no sidetrack near. It was as dark as original chaos, not a star out. The engineer started carefully, worked the throttle out gradually, and, all of us clinging to the cab for dear life, the race began. For all that we could see it was a plunge into space. The engine snorted and rolled, and fairly flew along the track, until the welcome light of the home yards fell upon us. We had run thirteen miles upon pure faith in nine minutes, and the regular train was an hour and forty minutes behind time!"

"That was a close shave on luck!"

"Yes; I don't want to ride under pressure again."

Design and Beauty in Creation.

The adaptations of natural objects, the wonderful contrivance, order and beauty everywhere apparent in nature, it is at once the duty and pleasure of the true naturalist to maintain. I remember that in younger days, before I had decided whether biological or geological studies had the greater attractions, I had occasion to dissect a ruby throated humming bird; and I recall as vividly as of a thing of yesterday the impression which that marvelous structure made on me. To see all the parts of the highest type, in a mechanical point of view, of the vertebrate animal, condensed into a little creature whose solid body is not so large as the last joint of one's little finger, and to think of the power, the swiftness, the grace, the varied instincts and intelligence manifested in that tiny frame—all this was sufficient to have made one worship the beautiful little fairy as some of our southern aborigines actually did, were it not subject to accident, to death and to decay, and were it not an obvious manifestation of a higher power. Whoever has rightly appreciated the structures and powers of a humming bird has been introduced to a miracle of design. The multiplication of that miracle to hundreds of dissimilar species by no means lessens its significance. Only a mental organization diseased can see the universe as a chaos or a failure; but we must learn to know that, after all, it is but a faint shadow of the invisible glory, and it would be an equally fatal mistake to exalt it into a god, or because of its necessary imperfection to fail to perceive its Divine original.

Cheerful Women.

In marrying, men should seek happy women. They make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty or for style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being happy under any or every circumstance. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference—the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Nothing ever goes wrong with them; no trouble is too serious for them "to make the best of it." Was ever the stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face across it turbid tide would not awake an answering gleam? Why these joyous tempered people don't know half the good they do! No matter how cross and crabbed you feel, no matter if your brain is full of meditations on "afflicting dispensations" and your stomach with medicines, pills and tonics, just get one of those cheery face women talking to you and we are not afraid to wager anything that she can cure you. The long drawn line about your mouth will relax, the cloud of settled gloom will vanish—nobody knows where—and the first thing you know you are laughing. Ah! what blessings are those happy women! How often their little hands guide the ponderous machinery of life with almost an invisible touch! No one knows, no one will ever know, until the day of judgement reveals how much we owe to these hopeful, uncomplaining, happy women.

COL. ROBERT INGERSOLL SAYS.—"I had rather live in an humble cot with one I love than sit in a cold state as emperor of the world. Children should be reared by love and kindness. The whip should never have a place either in the home or the the school. Truth is born of confidence; lies are begotten by fear. A lie is the child's only means of defense, the only breastwork they can throw up to protect them from a cruel parent's abuse. Treat your wife as a splendid flower, be civilized and don't beat and abuse your children. Be honest and independent, and treat others as you would wish to be treated. Let us have deeds and not words."

BEAUTY.—There is something in beauty, whether it dwells in the human face, in the penciled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of a fountain, or that aspect which genius breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man his feelings who could see a leaf wither or a flower fall without some sentiment of regret. This tender interest in the beauty and frailty of things around us, is only a slight tribute of becoming grief and affection; for nature in our adversities never desert us. She even comes nearly to us in our sorrows, and leading us away from the paths of disappointment and pain into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and in harmony with a spirit of still holier birth, points to that home where decay and death can never come.

A dramatic author, who has a habit of bringing out his pieces anonymously, meeting a friend on the Boulevard, said:

'Well, how did you like the new comedy last night?'

'Before answering that question, I should like to know if you are concerned in its authorship?'

'Why?'

'Because, if you are, it is charming; if you are not, I think it is rather thin.'

'Well, it is mine.'

'Then let me congratulate you,' said his friend, unblushingly. 'It is charming!'

And yet the author didn't seem satisfied with the eulogy.

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STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

Halifax County,
Superior Court.

Richard C. Badger, and wife, and others, Plaintiffs

Against

W. A. Daniel, Jno. G. Whitfield, and others Defendants | Order for Publication

This is a civil action pending in said court instituted by the plaintiffs Richard C. Badger and wife and others, against W. A. Daniel, Jno. G. Whitfield, and others to recover of the defendant W. A. Daniel and his sureties the amount due by him as the guardian of the plaintiffs and to subject the land divised by the last will and testament of Andrew Joyner, deceased, to the payment of said recovery, said lands consisting in part of the tract whereon the defendant Jno. G. Whitfield resided, situated in said county of Halifax near of the town of Enfield.

The death of said defendant Whitfield having at spring term 1880 of this court been suggested, and that his Executor Joseph C. Bellamy, his children Mary Fanny Riddick, Evelyn W. Pierce wife of J. B. Pierce Roberta Whitfield and others, represent said defendant's interests in this action and are the proper and necessary parties to a final adjudication of his rights herein, it was ordered that a notice issue to them and should be made to appear by proper affidavit that any of said parties are non residents upon whom service of process cannot be made personally, then the said non residents are to be notified by publication as is required law, and the non. residency and absence from the State so that summons cannot be personally served upon them of the said Mary Fanny Riddick, and J. B. Pierce and wife, Evelyn W. Pierce and Roberta Whitfield being made to appear by affidavits as required.

Now therefore the said Mary Fanny Riddick, J. B. Pierce and wife, Evelyn W. and Roberta Whitfield are hereby notified to be and appear before the Judge of our Superior court, at a court to be held for the county of Halifax, State of North Carolina, at the Courthouse in Halifax town on the third Monday in September 1880, then and there to defend their interest herein, and further to do and receive what our said court shall then and there consider of them in this behalf.

Let this notice be inserted in the Roanoke News, a newspaper published in said county of Halifax, once a week for six successive weeks.

Witness John T. Gregory, Clerk of our said court at office in Halifax town, this the 17th day of July A. D. 1880.

JOHN T. GREGORY,
Clerk Superior Court,
Halifax County, N. C.

Mullen & Moore Attys. for Plaintiff. july 8 6w.

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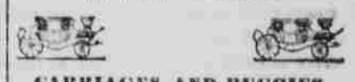

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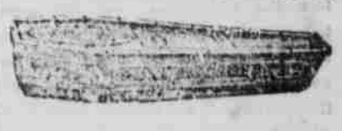

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