THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

PUBLISHED BY

L. M. LONG & W. W. HALL.

One Year, in advance, . . . $2 00
Six Months, " 1 00
Three Months, " . . . . . 75 cts.

The Roanoke News.

VOL. IX. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1880. NO. 34.

THE ROANOKE NEWS

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One M.	Thr. M.	Six M.	One Y.
One Square,	5 00	8 00	14 00	[illegible]
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	20 00	[illegible]
Three Squares,	8 00	15 00	30 00	[illegible]
Four Squares,	10 00	18 00	36 00	45 00
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Surgeon Dentist.

Office over W. H. Brown's Dry Goods Store,

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Will visit parties at their homes when desired. Terms Reasonable. oct 23 1y

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HALIFAX, N. C.

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E T. BRANCH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

ENFIELD, N. C.

Practices in the counties of Halifax, Nash Edgecombe and Wilson. Collections made in al parts of the State. Jan 19 tf

W. W. HALL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WELDON, N. C.

Special attention given to collections and remittances promptly made. may 1tf.

JAMES N. MULLEN. JOHN A. MOORE.

MULLEN & MOORE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

HALIFAX N. C.

Practice in the counties of Halifax, Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Martin—in the Supreme court of the State and in the Federal Courts of the Eastern District. Collections made in any part of the State. jan 1 1y

JAMES E. O'HARA,

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ENFIELD, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Collections made in any part of the State. Will attend at the court house in Halifax on Monday and Friday of each week. jan 1 tf

ROBERT O. BURTON JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HALIFAX N. C.

Practices in the courts of Halifax, and adjoining counties. In the Supreme court of the State, and in the Federal courts.
Will give special attention to the collection of claims, and to adjusting the accounts of executors, administrators and guardians. dec 15tf

GAVIN L. HYMAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Claims collected in all parts of North Carolina. Office in the Court House. july 1 tf

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 tf

JOS. B. BATCHELOR,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

RALEIGH, N. C.

Practices in the courts of the 6th Judicial District and in the Federal and Supreme Courts. may 11 tf.

T. W. MASON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SARYSBURG, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts. June 8 tf.

W. E. DAY. M. C. ZOLLICOFFER.

DAY & ZOLLICOFFER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WELDON, N. C.

Practice in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Claims collected in any part of North Carolina. One of the firm will always be found in the office. June 26 1 y.

DR. E. L. HUNTER,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Can be found at his office in Enfield.

Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extracting of Teeth always on hand. June 22 tf.

ANDREW J. BURTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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Practices in the courts of Halifax, Warren and adjoining counties and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Claims collected in any part of North Carolina. June 17tf

R H. SMITH, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SCOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX COUNTY N. C

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

NEVER MIND.

Is there any use in fretting
At the thorns we often find
'Mid the roses in our pathway?
Pluck the rose and "never mind."

If our life is dark and dreary,
And the clouds seem leaden lined
Hidden deep, earth's richest treasures
We shall find them, "never mind."

As we ride "memory's caskets,"
It is hard to feel resigned;
But the past is gone forever,
We must bear it "never mind."

While the future lies before us,
Need we care to glance behind?
"Let us gather up the sunbeams,"
Decide lost, and "never mind."

All our losses, all our sorrows,
Every act and deed combined,
Truthfully will be recorded
Trust in God, and "never mind."

THE WAY TO WIN.

Edward Stone stood impatiently upon the top step of Uncle Dan's stately residence. There was not the faintest sigh of life anywhere around—the whole front part of the house was closed and darkened; and having rung several times without eliciting any response, he was about to conclude there was no one within hearing, when a head was thrust out of the upper window.

"Young man, go round to the side door."

Considerably startled by this unexpected address, the young man obeyed. Upon the porch, brushing away the leaves that covered it, was a young girl, of fifteen. She looked very pretty as she stood there, the bright autumnal sunshine falling on her round white arms and uncovered head.

Setting down her broom, she ushered him into a medium sized, plainly furnished room which gave no indication of the reputed wealth of its owner.

The young man took a seat, brushed a few flakes of dust from the lapel of his coat, ran his fingers through his carefully arranged locks, and thus delivered himself:

"Tell your master that his nephew Edward Stone is here"

A faint smile touched the rosy lips, and with a demure "yes sir" the girl vanished.

A few minutes later an elderly gentleman entered, with intelligent, strong marked features and a shrewd look in the eyes, which seemed to take the mental measure of his visitor at a glance.

"Well sir what is your business with me?"

"I am your nephew."

"So my daughter told me. What do you want?"

"I was thinking of going into business and thought I would come and talk it over with you, and ask you to give me a lift."

"What better capital do you want than you already have? A strong able-bodied young man wanting a lift! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! What have you been doing?"

Edward's face flushed with anger at the unceremonious language, but feeling that he could not afford to quarrel with his wealthy relative, he gave no other indication of it

"Saved nothing from your salary, I suppose?"

No, it's only five hundred; not more than enough for my expenses."

"Humph! You are able to dress yourself out of it, I perceive. I have known men to rear and educate a family on five hundred a year; and if you have been unable to save anything, you certainly are not able to go into business on your account. When I was at your age my income was less than three hundred dollars, and I saved half of it. What is the business you wish to engage in?"

"Stationery and books. Six hundred dollars will buy it, as the owner is obliged to sell; a rare chance. I don't ask you to give me the amount, only lend it; I will give you my note with interest."

"Young man, I have several such papers already. You can have all of them for five dollars; and I warn you that it will prove a poor investment at that. I can give you some good advice, though, which if you follow will be worth a good many times the amount you asked. But you won't do it."

"How do you know that," said Edward with a smile, who began to feel more at home with his eccentric relative. "I'd like to hear it anyway."

"Well, here it is. Go back to your place in the store, save three dollars a week from your salary, which you can easily do; learning in the meantime all you possibly can in regard to the business you wish to pursue. At the end of four years you will have the capital you seek, with sufficient experience and judgment to know how to use it. And, better still, it will be yours, earned by your own industry and self-denial, and worth more to you than ten times that amount got in any other way. Then come and see me again."

"You'd rather have my money than advice, I dare say," added Mr Stone, as Edward arose to go; but we'll be better friends four years hence than if I let you have it. Sit down, nephew, the train you have to take won't leave until six in the evening. You must stay to tea, I want you to see what a complete little housekeeper I have, and make you acquainted with her."

"Polly!" he called out, opening the door into the hall.

In prompt obedience to this summons a rosy cheeked, bright eyed girl tripped in. The neat print dress had been changed for a pretty merino, but our hero did not fail to recognize her, and his face flushed painfully as he did so.

"Polly!" continued her father, "this is your cousin Edward He leaves on the six o'clock train, and I want his short stay as pleasant as possible."

"Polly is my little housekeeper" he added, "turning to his nephew. "I hire a woman for the rough work, and she does all the rest. When she's eighteen she will have all the servants she wants, but she must serve her apprenticeship first. It may stand her in good stead; she may take it into her head to marry a poor man, as her mother did before her. Eh! my girl!"

Mary's only reply to this was a smile and blush. Our hero was considerably embarassed by the recollection of the mistake he made, but the quietly cordial greeting of his young hostess soon put him comparatively at rest.

At her father's request—who was very fond of his daughter's accomplishments—Mary sang and played for her cousin, and his visit ended in singular contrast to the stormy way it commenced. Edward refused the five dollar note tendered to him at parting for his traveling expenses.

The old man smiled as he returned the note to his pocketbook

"He's a sensible chap, after all," he remarked to his daughter, as the door closed after the guest. "It's in him, if it only can be brought out. We shall see, we shall see."

"A good deal for father to say," was Mary's inward comment, who thought her cousin the most agreeable young man she had ever met.

Three years later Mr. Stone and his daughter paused in front of a small but neat, pleasant looking shop, on the plate glass door of which were the words: "Edward Stone, Stationery and Book store."

It being too early in the day for customers, they found the proprietor alone, whose face flushed with pride and pleasure as he greeted them.

"I got your card, nephew, said the old man with a cordial grasp of the hand, "and called around to see how you were getting on. I thought it was about time to give you that little lift you asked me for three years ago. You don't look much as if you needed it though."

"Not at present, thank you, uncle," was the cheerful response. Curiously enough it is the same business that I wanted to buy then. The man who took it had to borrow money to purchase it with, getting so much involved that he had to sell it at a sacrifice."

"Just what you wanted to do."

Edward smiled at the point made by his uncle.

"It isn't what I have done, though I've saved four dollars a week from my salary for the last three years, and so, was not only able to pay the money down, but had fifty dollars besides."

"Bravo! my boy," cried the delighted old man, with another grasp of the hand that made our hero wince. "I am proud of you! You're bound to succeed, I see, and without anybody's help. I told your cousin Polly that when she was eighteen I'd buy her a house in the city, and that she should furnish it to suit herself, and have all the servants she wanted, and I've kept my word. Come around and see us whenever you can. You'll always find the latch string out."

Edward did not fail to accept the invitation so frankly extended—a very pleasant intimacy growing up between the three during the twelve months that followed. Our hero's business grew and prospered until he began to think of removing to a larger place. His uncle had given him several liberal orders, as well as sent him a number of customers, but said nothing more about assisting him in any other way until Christmas eve. Entering the room where Edward and his daughter were sitting, he said:

"I mustn't delay any longer the little lift I promised you, nephew, and which you have well earned."

Edward glanced from the five thousand dollar check to the lovely face at his side, and then to that of the speaker.

"You are very kind uncle—far kinder than I deserve—but—"

"But what, lad? Speak out! would you prefer it in some other form?"

Edward's fingers closed tenderly and strongly over the hand he had taken in his.

"Yes, uncle—in this."

The old man looked keenly from one to the other.

"You are asking a good deal, nephew. Polly, have you been encouraging this young man in his presumption."

"I'm afraid I have, father," was the smiling response.

"Then go, my daughter. I give you into worthy keeping, and if you make your husband's heart as happy as your mother did mine during the few short years that she tarried by my side, he will be blest indeed."

Into the Darkness.

The ghost of a millionaire appears nightly unto a widow and her daughter in the seclusion of their own apartment in San Francisco. When the spirit made its first call it attacked the furniture, tore down the picture and groaned for an hour, while the mother's hair stood on end and the daughter buried her face in the bedclothes. After waiting during what seemed an eternity for an interval of the death throes, the widow in fear and trembling struck a match. Her amazement was unbounded. Everything was as she had seen it at retiring. The table that had apparently been turning flapjacks for several hours, was standing in the middle of the room with the innocent expression it had worn when she last saw it. Every chair wore its tidy with the stiff dignity of a recruit on dress parade, and seemed to resent the suspicion that it had been assisting in a supernatural high-jinks. Not a vase or picture was broken, notwithstanding the fact that the air had apparently been filled with fragments of pottery and tatters of canvas. There was no sleep for the family that night though the day broke without any repetition of the strange disturbance. Precisely at 9 o'clock the next night the mysterious visitor in bare feet walked through the house. His misery had apparently grown more acute, for at every step he heaved a sigh and occasionally groaned so wofully that the widow, in the fulness of her womanly commiseration was tempted to ask, "What is the matter with you?" The reply, it is alleged, came in the unmistakable voice of the departed millionaire, "Oh my soul! Oh! my soul! The widow went to her lodge and asked him to pray for her, but he insinuated that she might be out of her head. When she went home a fresh surprise awaited her. Her rosary beads, which she had left hanging on her bed were gone. No one had entered the house during her absence but her daughter, and the young lady denied all knowledge of the missing article. That night, however, mother and daughter, as they lay in bed with quivering nerves heard their supernatural visitor telling the beads as if in prayer. This was too much for the widow's patience, and hastily striking a match and lighting the gas, she scarched for the missing treasure. There was no trace of the beads or the mysterious devotee, however, though the ladies could still hear the beads and the sound of bare feet moving slowly through the door and into the darkness.

Without company all dainties lose their true relish.

She Knew all About It.

Just about midnight the other night, four men in a Detroit saloon sat looking at a fifth. The fifth one was drunker than the other four. While all men were created equal, same men get drunk twice as fast as others "It will never do to send him home in this condition," said one of the four after a long silence. "No, it would break his wife's heart," added a second. "But we can't leave him here, and if we turn him out the police will run him in," observed a third—"I have been thinking," mused a fourth. "He has a telephone in his house. Here is one here. I will make it my painful duty to inform his waiting and anxious wife that he won't be home to-night." He went to the telephone got her call, and began: "Mrs. Black, I desire to communicate to you regarding your husband." "Well, go ahead." "He is in town here." "I know that much."—"In descending the stairs leading from the lodge-room he fell and sprained his ankle." "Are you sure it wasn't his neck?"—"It is not a serious sprain, but we think it is better to let him lie on the sofa in the anteroom until morning Rest assured that he will have the best of care. We are doing everything——" "Say," broke in a sharp voice, "You bundle him into a wagon and drive him up here, where I can keep him hidden until that drunkenness is off! He won't be sober before to-morrow night!"—"My dear madam——!"—"Get out! If he's sleepy drunk put water on his head. That's the way I always do."—"Will you let me inform you that——!"—"No, sir. I won't! Throw water on his head, get him into some vehicle and rattle him up here, for it's most midnight now and it will take me half an hour to get his boots off and punch him up stairs! Remember—pour water on his head and yell fire in his ear!"—Detroit Free Press.

A New Laugh.

A sarcastic lady writes thus, relieves her mind and gives the girls a hint: The new laugh goes like this: Te-he, te-he! Ha, ha, ha! Oh! h—ha, ha, ha!" The directions are as follows: A low and sly beginning is made with the "te-he," as though mirth was struggling inside to break out through maidenly reserve, and the mouth is kept tightly closed, while the eyes are opened wide, thus giving an expression of mingled demureness and mischievousness. Then follows the "Ha ha-ha," higher and louder, with a parting of the lips to show the teeth, if they be white and regular. The "Oh-h-h" comes next in a tone of surprise, reproof or artless gaiety, according to the nature of the thing laughed at, and the voice rises into a pretty little scream. The ensuing pause covers a sudden sense of the impropriety of making so much noise, the eyes are cast down, and a blush can in most instances be produced by holding the breath, with the lungs very fully inflated. The final "Ha-ha-ha" is given as a crescendo, spiritedly, and without any show of restraint, like the outbursting hilarity of an unconventional milk maid. This novelty in laughs is heard everywhere in the metropolis, and is sure to become popular at the summer resorts. With a little alteration it can be made to fit any mouth.

Praying on a Race Track.

In the late hurdle race at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, one of the horses named L. L. was mounted by a lad named Kearns, who had worked around the stables for a few weeks. He had never ridden in but one hurdle race previous to yesterday. When he reached the back-stretch L. L. was third in the race. Leaping a hurdle his feet caught in the top and he went over in a somersault, Kearns striking his head first on the track and the horse falling on him. The horses following dashed over the hurdle, while a chorus of "Oh!" arose from the crowd on the other side of the track. The horse soon rose and walked away, but his rider lay motionless in the dirt. Many thought he was dead, and a string of jockeys, stable boys and idlers started across the field towards the boy. In the line towered the tall form of young Father Dougherty. With the natural love of his countrymen for horse-racing, he had been watching the equine contests. When the Father came to where the boy lay, with his bloody face turned to the sky, and his lime and red colors covered with dirt, he saw that the boy was insensible and apparently dying. Requesting the jockeys, stable boys and others to kneel down, the reverend Father offered up a prayer for the boy, announting him and performing other services of the church for the dying. The scene was strikingly impressive. Horsemen and riders who had never knelt in prayer before obeyed the request of the Father, their bronzed, earnest and hardened faces softening in sympathy for the crushed jockey. All this was unknown to the crowd on the quarter-stretch and grand stand. Shortly afterward a jockey returned to the crowded stretch and remarked to a companion: "I guess Kearn will die, for they all kneeled on the track and prayed for him over there."

PRAYER IN YOUR FAMILY—I shall never forget the impression made upon me, during the first year of my ministry, by a mechanic I had visited, and on whom I urged the paramount duty of family prayer. One day he entered my study, bursting into tears, as he said, "You remember that girl, sir? she was my only child. She died suddenly this morning. She has gone, I hope, to God. But if she has, she can tell Him what now breaks my heart—that she never heard a prayer in her father's house or from her father's lips! O, that she were with me but for one day again!"—Dr. Macleod.

Defer not charities till death.

Spend the day well, and you will rejoice at night.

Beauty is the mark God sets on virtue. Every heroic act is also decorous, and calms the place and by-standers to shame.—Emerson.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them. Such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift does money, for the purpose of circulation.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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TRADE MARK THE GREAT EN- TRADE MARK

GLISH REMEDY. An infallible cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all diseases that follow, as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption, and a Premature Grave.

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About 360 acres including steam engine, saw mill and fixtures, gin, gin house and fixtures, adjoining the residence of J. R. Tillery.

Mike Wilkins, that contains about 97 acres.

Pope place containing about 150 acres.

½ interest in Wade H Tillery tract, the whole containing about 377 acres.

Apply to T. N. HILL, Attorney.
Halifax N. C. july 31tf

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Watches and Jewelry repaired and warranted. Goods sent on approval.
oct 30 1y.

NOTICE RAILROAD STOCK LOST.

Notice is hereby given, that certificate of stock in the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad Company, number seven hundred and eleven, issued to F. S. Marshall, has been lost. The said stock was deposited by said F. S. Marshall to his wife Martha M. Marshall, of whom I am the Executor under her will. All persons are hereby notified not to receive said certificate, and its delivery to the undersigned will be duly rewarded.

W. H. SMITH.
By Mullen & Moore, Attys.
sep 2 6.

NOTICE.

I have leased from N. M. Long for a term of five years, the exclusive privilege of hunting on his lands in Halifax county, bounded by Roanoke river, the town of Weldon, the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, the lands of S. Trafelstead, the lands of the Richards heirs, the lands of F. F. and J. B. Whitehead C. J. Gee and H. J. Pope. All persons are prohibited under the penalty of law from hunting with guns or dogs on same.

H. J. POPE.
aug 12tf

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july 15 1y

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SALE OF VALUABLE LAND IN HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.

In pursuance of a decree of the Superior Court of Halifax county, September Term 1879, the undersigned as Commissioners appointed by said court, will sell, for division amongst legatees, on Monday the 1st day of November 1880 at the Court house door in the town of Halifax, that valuable tract of land in Halifax county, lately owned and occupied by the late Capt. Rice B. Pierce.

This land is situated four miles from the town of Halifax, and five miles from Weldon, is highly improved, and is well adapted to the growth of all crops raised in this section, it contains between six and seven hundred acres, and is considered one of the best cotton farms in the county, it is also well timbered and well watered. There is upon it a commodious dwelling two offices and all necessary out houses for farm purposes, good orchards, good water the neighborhood healthy and the people intelligent and refined.

This land will be divided in parcels to suit purchasers, and a map showing location and boundaries will be exhibited on the day of sale. Dr. A. B. Pierce, and Mr. George C. Pierce, who live near, and Capt. A. B. Lynch who resides upon the plantation, will show the land to any person who desires to see it, and any other information desired can be had by addressing the commissioners at Halifax or Weldon.

Terms of the sale will be twenty-five per cent, of the purchase money in cash, the balance in three equal installments payable in six, twelve and eighteen months, for the deferred payments the purchaser will be required to give bonds well secured bearing eight per cent. interest from day of sale, and the title will be retained until all the purchase money is paid.

W. H. DAY.
J. M. GRIZZARD, } Commissioners
Halifax, N. C., Sept. 30-5-w.

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No Horse will die of Colic, Bots or Lung Fever if Foutz's Powders are used in time.
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apr 29 1y

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