THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of the State. 16 1y

A NAME IN THE SAND.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year and day.
As onward from the spot I passed
One lingering look behind I cast—
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so methought 'twill quickly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and be to me no more
Of me, by day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from those fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

A BROKEN PITCHER.

I had been home from Oxford for a couple of months, and as the end of my vacation was rawing nigh, one day my brother Arthur and I were sauntering through a lovely vale.

Suddenly my attention was arrested by Arthur exclaiming: 'I say, Tom—oo, look!' pointing to a female figure leaning against an old stile in an attitude of the utmost dejection. 'What a beautiful face that girl has!'

And, observed though she was by the dire poverty which was evidenced by her dress, she was beautiful to behold as she stood gazing down, with an expression of terror in her eyes, upon some fragments of broken earthenware at her feet.

I could not resist the temptation to speak, so going up to her side, I said, kindly: 'My child, you seem to be in trouble. Can't I help you?'

The child uplifted her eyes a moment to my face with a strange look, in which disgust seemed to be the uppermost feeling.

Then, appearing to gain confidence from what she discerned in my features she said: 'I have broken the pitcher and aunt will beat me for it. Oh, I am afraid to go home!'

'Where is your home?' I asked; 'and what is your name?'

Her old expression of mistrust returned as she moved away a few steps from my side.

'What do you want to know for?' she asked, brusquely.

It was evident that kindness was a thing unknown to the poor, neglected-looking child.

'I want to know simply because I feel a friendly interest in you. Here,' I continued, drawing from my pocket a golden coin, 'is money to buy another pitcher. Your aunt need not know of the breaking of this one, and you will escape your dreaded punishment. Now do you believe that I mean only kindly to you?'

The dark eyes dilated; then they softened with a sudden film of tears, as, grasping my hand, she exclaimed, in eager childish tones:

'Oh, sir, thank you! Now I need not be afraid to go home. I am sorry I was a rude, but it is seldom that any but rough words come to me. I will tell you my name. It is Annie, and I am old Hester's niece.'

As I listened to her words my heart filled with pity, for I had heard dreadful stories of the kind of life the old woman she called aunt led, and wondered no longer at the manner of suspicious reserve which had struck me as a range in one so fair youth.

The next day I bade good-bye for another year to my home.

Amid the duties and distractions of college life the above episode slipped from my mind, to be recalled once more on perusing a letter from my brother.

'You remember the little girl with the beautiful face you befriended when she broke her pitcher? he wrote. 'Well, she and that dreadful old woman Hester have left the place, and no one knows why or where they have gone. I fear that poor child has a sadly pitiful future before her.'

Ten years passed since the date of the above—years which had wrought many changes. In them my father had died, and, later, my brother Arthur, grown to manhood, had brought to the old house a bonny bride.

Then in the course of a year a little stranger had arrived, who grew and thrived, and in due time learned to stretch out his arms in welcome to his bachelor uncle.

My friends often laughed and joked me about following my younger brother's example and choosing a wife; for though thirty years had rolled over my head, I had never felt my heart pulses throb the quicker in the presence of any woman. But this summer of which I am now about to write I could make that never to be gor. Early in the season, Arthur, his wife, their three-year-old son, and myself, had come to a retired nook by the seaside, to spend the summer months. There were only a few people staying in the small hotel besides ourselves.

Two of the number, an elderly, gray-haired lady and her beautiful companion, who I supposed was her daughter, interested me at first sight. Their names were Mrs. and Miss Carter. But though wherever we met I exerted myself as I never had done before to be entertaining, I did not seem to be making much headway toward an acquaintance with the young lady whose charms of face and manners had so strongly attracted me.

I suppose I might as well make a clean breast of it, and confess at once my reader that the heart which I had deemed so impregnable had succumbed at last. At length chance placed in my way an opportunity to draw nearer to the object of my fancy.

It happened in this wise. My brother and I had started off one morning to attend to some necessary business matters in the neighboring town. We reached home earlier than we expected, and before returning to the hotel we decided to while away an hour by a stroll upon the beach.

As we approached the bathing houses we were surprised to see a large throng of people gathered together and conversing excitedly.

Apprehensive that something had happened, we quickened our steps.

As we came up the crowd parted, and all at once, with a cruel suddenness, Arthur learned that while he had been loitering only a short distance away, his nearest and dearest to him had been in deadly peril.

While bathing in fancied security, bearing her laughing boy in her arms, his wife had been caught by the treacherous under current and carried in an instant beyond her depth, and out of the reach of her companions, who could none of them swim.

No man had been in sight at the time, and had it not been for a young girl who had been watching the bathers from her seat upon the rocks, all hope of rescue would have been futile.

Encumbered as she had been by her clothing, regardless of all peril to herself, Miss Carter had courageously breasted the billows, and had succeeded in reaching the spot where the mother and child had sunk.

When they arose to the surface her brave young arms had been ready, and with almost superhuman exertion the girl had been able to keep herself and them up, until help had arrived.

If I had loved Rose Carter before, I worshiped her now as I clasped my little nephew and namesake in my arms, and heard my brother, in tones tremulous with repressed feeling, express his thanks to her but for whose noble courage he would have been a wifeless, childless man.

After that the wall of reserve was lifted between Miss Carter and myself and before long we grew to be very good friends.

But the summer days which had been so full of pleasure for us were fast drawing to their close, and as yet I had not dared to speak plainly of what was in my heart.

With my love had grown up a feeling of dissatisfaction with myself. I had never done a grand deed of heroism—nothing which could lift me above or make me any better than my fellows; and what was I that I should aspire to the affection of one so pure and noble as she?

One afternoon as I walked on the sands, thinking some such thoughts, a rustle of drapery caused me to look up. There beside me was the sweet face of Rose Carter.

My eyes must have expressed the fervency of my admiration, for here dropped beneath their gaze. We talked for a while upon casual subjects; then she told me something that caused my heart to sink with dismay.

In a few days her mother and herself were to leave for her home.

As she spoke, a sudden determination sprang into existence within my mind. Now was my time. Then and there I would learn my fate. I began falteringly; but as she neither drew away from nor rebuked me, gaining courage I went on more boldly, until at length I had told her all—that my life's happiness was in her hands to make or mar.

When I had finished, she raised her eyes to my face.

'Do you know who it is to whom you are speaking thus?' she asked, almost in a whisper, her voice trembling with some unrestrained emotion. Have you no recollection of ever meeting me before?'

As I gazed upon the beautiful features a vague remembrance stirred within me, and I knew then that somewhere in the past those dark, lustrous eyes had been lifted to my face as they were now.

She raised one tiny wrist, about which gleamed a jeweled circlet. 'From it depended a golden coin.

'Years ago,' she said, in her low, soft voice, 'this was bestowed, together with the better gift of kind words, upon a poor child. Instead of expending it as directed, she suffered the punishment which she had dreaded from her cruel aunt's hands, and kept the golden coin. That ignorant, uncared-for child, Mr. Aubrey, although it may seem almost incredible, and Rose Carter are one and the same. A kind lady, who was alone in the world, saw and pitied my neglected condition, and upon my aunt's death took me and educated and brought me up as her own. That golden coin man has never left me, nor will it till I die. You say that you do not deem yourself worthy to ask for my love. Know, then, that unsought it has been yours all these years. As a child I loved and treasured your image as a woman.'

She paused, and a glorious color suffused her pure face.

'Oh, Rose!' I exclaimed, as I clasped the sweet speaker to my heart, 'how little I thought that a simple act of kindness would be so royally requited in the future.'

As we walked back together beside the silver-crested waves, my heart within me sang a song of joy for I felt that in winning the love of my noble Rose I had gained that which would make my whole future existence one long realm of brightest sunshine.

The True Mother.

A good mother never grows old to a good son, nor does his love for her. Their relations to each other are not changed by the passing years. She is to the last his mother, and whatever he is to others, to her he is her boy. Iconoclasts be rebuked with illustrations of this truth, such as the man who sacrificed his still spotless reputation and go sent six years' experience to repentance for him. Here, for an example, is gruff old Dr. Johnson learned and learn in many things. When an old man of 75 years old, and his mother long dead, he came to her in tenderness. "You have been the best mother and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill and of all that I have omitted to do well." How many men there are who, the world little knows, if as child like, who could make these words their own, and set their hands to them with John's closing assurance, "I am, dear, mother, your dutiful son." And the lion hearted Luther, who seems but a sulled to thunder defiance against the oppressors than to speak words of trusting affection to a kind-hearted woman, turns from his religious warfare to write to his aged and dying mother: "I am deeply sorrowful that I cannot be with you in the death, as I fain would be. All your children pray for you."

John Quincy Adams' mother lived to be seventy years, but he had not outgrown his sense of dependence on a mother while she was taken away. "She mother was the best upon earth," he was in. "She was the real personification of female virtue, of piety, of charity, of ever active and never intermitting benevolence. O God! could she have been spared yet a little longer! I have enjoyed but for short seasons, and at long, distant intervals, the happiness of her society, yet she has been to me more than a mother. She has been a spirit from above watching over me for good, and continually by more consciousness of her existence in the comfort of my life. That guardian watching over me, and without her the world feels to me like a solitude.

When President Nott, of Union College, was more than ninety years, and had been for half a century college president, as a sought and source from him in his dying hours, the memory of his mother's love was fresh and potent, and he could be hushed to peaceful sleep by putting his gentry on the shoulder, and singing to him the familiar lullabies of long ago, after the fashion of that mother who he fancied was still at hand to care for him.

An entry in the diary of the gallant young Gen. Bartlett, while he was a prisoner of war, severely wounded, in Virginia, reads: "If I could only live to get in our lines, or to Baltimore, I could die contented. Mother would be there."

Thus always. Mother, your work is a hard one, but it pays! It costs a struggle to be a good mother, it costs time and devotedness and self-sacrifice, but no love on earth is like that which a faithful mother wins and holds from a faithful son.

The following recipe for keeping lamp chimneys from cracking is taken from the Diamond, a helping journal devoted to the glass interests. Place your tumblers, chimneys, or vessels which you desire to keep from cracking in a pot filled with cold water, and little cooking salt, allow the mixture to boil well over a fire, and then to cool slowly. Glass treated in this way is said not to crack, even if exposed to very sudden changes of temperature. Chimneys are said to become very durable by this process, which may also be extended to crockery, stoneware, porcelain, etc.

Curing A Cold.

BY MARK TWAIN.

The first time I began to sneeze, a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water and go to bed. I did so. Shortly after another friend told me to get up and take a cold shower bath. I did that also. Within the hour, another friend assured me that it was folly to bed a cold and starve a fever. I had both. So I thought it best to fill myself up for the cold, and let the fever starve awhile. In a case of this kind I seldom do things by halves; I eat pretty heartily. I conferred my custom upon a stranger, who had just opened his restaurant on Cortlandt street, near the hotel, that morning, paying for a full meal. He wanted near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired if a people about New York were much affected with colds. I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign.

I started up towards the office, and on the way encountered another unseen friend who told me that a quart of warm salt water would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it anyhow. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my humor at soul. Now, as I give my experiences only for the benefit of those of your friends who are troubled with this distemper, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portions of it as proved insufficient with me, and acting upon this conviction I warn them against warm salt water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is rather too severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there was no course left me but to take either an earthquake or a quart of salt water, I would take my chances on the earthquake. After this everybody in the hotel became interested, and I took all sorts of remedies—hot lemonade cold lemonade, pepper tea, hot sweet water, quaker, hoarhound syrup, onions and loaf sugar, lemons and brown sugar, vinegar and laudanum, five bottles of my balsam, eight bottles of cherry pectoral, and ten bottles of Uncle Sam's remedy, but all without effect. One of the prescriptions given by an old lady was—well, it was dreadful. She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, camphor, peppermint, opera tartar, turpentine, kerosene and various other drugs and instructed me to take a wineglass full of it every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose, that was enough. I had to take to my bed, and remain there for two entire days. When I left a little but a more things were recommended. I was desperate and willing to take anything. Plain gin was recommended, then gin and molasses, then gin and onions. I took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a turkey buzzard, and had to change my boarding place. At this new place they suggested a different remedy to any yet tried. A sheet bath was recommended. I had never tried a remedy yet, therefore I determined to take a sheet bath, though I had no idea what sort of a arrangement it was. It was administered at midnight, and the weather was severe. My back and breast were stripped and a sheet thrown upon me and I tossed and turned in the sheet as in a fever and yards of it were on in less time than it takes a cat to die. When the chill got thoroughly established, it lacked only two minutes of being as cold as it was possible for it to be, and I sat bolt upright in bed and delivered a lecture on the climate of Siberia, and gasped for breath just as men do in the death agony. It froze the marrow in my bones and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come. When I recovered from this a friend recommended the application of a mustard plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually if I had not been so young. Mistake. When I went to bed I put the mustard plaster where I could reach it when I should be ready for it. But young Clemens got hungry in the night, and ate it up. I never saw any child have such an appetite. I am convinced that he would have eaten me if I had been healthy.

Womanly Attractions.

Fortunately for themselves, woman's attractions do not perish with their youth. There is, indeed, a great charm in the fresh beauty of a girl of eighteen, and many would say it might be expected to last a lifetime.

But women, eighteen and twenty-two, the changes of a girl, as far as the charms of her person go, seem about to be great—but in that time, by longer intercourse with society, and by natural development, she may gain more attractive than be of much of personality, and be greatly improved in mental beauty and grace. Take, for instance, a young woman's life, the years during which the majority of female sex are married.

And yet from twenty-two to twenty-five or twenty-six, a maiden may and generally does still further advance in attractiveness, and add to the store of her charms. She is still young, but she has outlived many youthful freshness, and has a share of the dignity of womanhood. No believe that there is a maiden's life, and never to be forgotten.

But with age at twenty-six? What fairer women are to be found than those between twenty-six and thirty, and even older? If well and cheerful they are then in their prime, and if they can do so may capture hearts which have been proof against girlish loveliness.

Oftentimes they make the best of wives, and are indeed a solace and companionship in their society which honestly man's gift.

They have the advantage of experience, and they have learned the lesson taught by longer contact with the world, while still they may not be averse to falling in love. It is not because of a woman's infatuation, twenty-six or thirty, that makes her lovely in the eyes of men. She may be just as lovely at one age as the other, and therefore beauty is alluring at any age.

They Don't Know Me.

A ragged man of leisure who was sunning himself on the wharf at the foot of Gratiot street, Detroit, was accosted by a second, who was a little more ragged, if possible with the query:

'And when party are you hollering for this time?'

'Neither' was the brief reply.

'What, ain't you fixed?'

Not a fix. The best offer I have had is the promise of two dollars for two months of hollering.'

'Only two dollars? Why, what sort of an election is this going to be, and Presidential year, too? Did you take it?'

'Take it?' echoed the other, as he pulled a loose patch over his naked knee. 'I did not. I've been thinking and thinking for a whole week past, and do you know what I've made my mind to do?'

'N-o.'

'I'm going to let the country go to her destruction! Yes, sir, I am going to see her plunged into the depths of anarchy and never raise a hand to prevent. Two dollars to save this country! They don't know me, sir—they don't begin to know me!'

And then the pair sat down on a salt barrel and made a dinner of hard apples and a piece of salt codfish.

When a man falls asleep does he burn himself any more than if he does it when awake?

THE RIGHT TIME TO GET MARRIED.—One of the things young people seem most anxious to know, is 'the right time to get married,' as some put it.

The great majority of young people are poor, and get comparatively small wages. They naturally suppose that if they get married, it will cost them more to live than it costs them while they were single. So the question with them is, "shall we marry while we are young and poor, or wait until we get older and better off?"

There is no rule laid down on this subject which will fit all cases. Some people are naturally so industrious and thrifty that they will get along under almost any circumstances. The right time for the first class to get married is whenever they choose to do so, while the right time for the other class to get married is seldom if it ever comes at all.

PROPORTIONS OF THE HUMAN FIGURE.—The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the foot. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good. Any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, one-tenth of the stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle fore finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, is divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

When a Pittsburg man comes up for office the first question asked by the electors is 'How much water does he draw and what's his horsepower?'

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Halifax N. C. july 3tf

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NOTICE.

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

H. J. POPE.
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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.

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