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THE ROANOKE NEWS

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One M.	Thr M.	Six M.	One Y.
One Square,	3 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	20 00	30 00
Three Squares,	8 00	15 00	30 00	40 00
Four Squares,	10 00	18 00	36 00	45 00
Fourth Col'n,	15 00	20 00	40 00	60 00
Half Column,	20 00	30 00	60 00	85 00
Whole Column,	One Year,			75 00

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. GEO. W. HARTMAN.

Surgeon Dentist.

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

WELDON, N. C.

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

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Practices in the counties of Halifax, Nash Edgecombe and Wilson. Collections made in all parts of the State. jan 12 1f

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WELDON, N. C.

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

JAMES M. MULLEN. JOHN A. MOORE.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

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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

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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 12tf

ROBERT O. BURTON JR.

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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 16 1f

GAVIN L. HYMAN.

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Practices in the courts of Halifax and the adjoining counties. In the Supreme court of the State, claims promptly collected, and all business attended to promptly. Special attention given to the collection of claims and to the settlement of estates. Office in the Court House.

[illegible]

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

[illegible]

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

T. W. MASON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CARYSBURG, N. C.

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

W. H. DAY. A. C. ZOLLICOFFER.

DAY & ZOLLICOFFER.

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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 8 1 y.

DR. E. I. 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.

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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 9tf

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. 16 1y.

WHY MOTHER IS PROUD.

Look in his face, look in his eyes,
Roguish and blue and terribly wise—
Roguish and blue, but quickest to pose
When mother comes in as tired as she be;
Quickest to find her in the nearest old chair;
Quickest to get to the top of the stair;
Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek
Would help her in more than a chatter to speak
Look in his face and guess it, if you can,
Why mother is proud of her little man.

The Mother is proud—I will tell you this;
You can see it yourself in her tender kiss.
But why? Well, of all her doers
There is scarcely one who ever hears
The moment she speaks and is quick to see
What her great or little world might be,
Scarcely one. They all forget—
Or are out in the active busy world yet,
But she knows, if they do not, is pretty
There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud and she holds him fast
And kisses him first and kisses him last.
And he holds her hand and looks in her face
And hunts for her specs if which is out of its place
And proves that he loves her as mortals do can,
That is why she is proud, the little man.

PASSION IN TATTERS.

'She has got a face like one of her own roseheads,' said Mr. Fitzalan.

'I've heard of her more than once,' returned Frank Calverly. 'The poetic flower girl,' the people call her, don't they? Old Frixham has doubled his custom since she came there.'

'And the best of it is,' added Fitzalan, with a laugh, 'is that she is quite unconscious of her own attractions—a little country lassie, who thinks only of her own business, and never dreams that she herself is the sweetest flower of all the assortment.'

'Let's go in and buy a Marechal Niel bud and two or three sweet verbena leaves,' said Calverly. 'I should like to see this modern Flora of yours.'

Dorothy Penfield stood behind the counter of the florist's store, sorting over a pile of fragrant blossoms which lay on a tray of damp, green moss. Trails of smilax wove their green garlands up to the ceiling; heaps of gold and rose pealed buds lay in the window; tufts of purple heliotrope perfumed the air, and white carnations lay like hillocks of snow against the panes of the show-window, white spikes of perfumed hyacinths and cape jessamine flung their subtle scents upon the air.

And Dolly herself, with her round, clouded face, pink cheeks, and soft, brown eyes, exactly the shade of the rippled hair, which was brushed simply back from the broad, low brow, was a fitting accessory to the scene.

She looked up as the two gentlemen entered, and a soft, crimson shadow overspread her face for a second.

'Have you got one of my favorite button hole bouquets made up, Miss Penfield?' Fitzalan asked, with a careless bow and smile.

'I know' said Dolly softly. 'A rosebud and a sprig of heath, and two or three myrtle leaves; that is what you like. No, I have none made up, just at present; but I can tie one up in about half a minute, Mr. Fitzalan.'

'Do for me, too, if you please,' said Calverly, touching his hat.

'Just the same?'

Dolly lifted her long eyelashes which were like fringes of brown silk and gave him a shy glance.

'A little different, please. Consult your own taste, Miss Penfield.'

'I like the double blue violets,' said Dolly, gently, 'with geranium leaves.'

'Then they shall be my favorite flowers also, Said Calverly, gallantly.

The gentlemen had hardly taken their leaves, when old Frixham, the florist, [illegible] over [illegible]

[illegible]

And this city situation of yours should break up my little hope—'

'Don't hope anything about me, John!' brusquely interrupted the girl. 'Here comes a customer. Please, John, don't stand there any longer looking like a ghost!'

A [illegible] John [illegible] out to where the [illegible] Ruth was waiting, her drooping head and half [illegible].

'I should seem to me,' he muttered between his teeth, 'that there is nothing left to live for any longer.'

Dolly looked half remorsefully after him.

'I've almost a mind to call him back,' said she to herself as she picked out a bunch of white violets for the newcomer. 'I do like John Deadwood; but I think he has no business to mention himself engaged to me just because of that boy-and-girl nonsense. One's ideas change in one's own time.'

And Dolly's cheek was like the reflection of the pink roses as she thought of Mr. Fitzalan and the turquoise ring that he had given her as a token pledge.

And Mr. Frixham came in presently.

'I've a note from the Sedgewicks, on Fifth avenue,' said he hurriedly. 'They always order their flowers from Servoss, but Servoss has dropped into them. They want the house decorated for a party tonight—there's not a minute to lose. I've telegraphed to Robson's for one hundred yards of smilax and running form and one hundred pounds of moss and I think we can manage to rest ourselves. You had better go at once, Miss Penfield, and plan the decorations—you've a pretty taste of your own—and I'll send up the flowers with Hodges to help you.'

And Dolly went, her mind still on the turquoise ring, with a bend of virgin gold and its radiant blue stone.

The Sedgewick mansion was a brown stone palace, with plate glass casements, and a vestibule paved with black and orange marble.

Mrs. Sedgewick, a stately lady, in a Watteau wrapper and blonde cap, received Dolly in the great drawing room.

'Oh!' said she, lifting her eye glasses 'you're from the florist's are you? Well I know nothing about these things—I only want the rooms to look elegant. Tell your husband to send no end of posies.'

'Mr. Frixham is not my husband,' said Dolly.

'Your father, then,'

'But he isn't my father,' insisted Dolly, half laughing. 'He's no relation at all. I will tell him, however.'

'Exactly,' said Mrs. Sedgewick. 'I particularly desire plenty of white roses, as I am told they are customary at this sort of affair. It's an engagement party.'

'Indeed!' said Dolly, trying to look interested.

'Between my daughter Clara and Mr. Alfred Fitzalan,' said Mrs. Sedgewick, with conscious complacency.

Dolly said nothing, but the room, with its gilded cornices and lofty ceilings, seemed to swim around her like the waves of the sea. And as she went out, with Mrs. Sedgewick still chatting about white rose-buds and begonia leaves, she passed the hall open door of a room, all hung with blue velvet, where a yellow recess beauty sat smiling on a low divan, with Fitzalan bending tenderly above her.

'He has only been amusing himself with me' said Dolly to herself.

There was a little ache at her heart; but after all, it was only the sting of wounded pride. Thank heaven—oh, thank heaven, it was nothing worse than that!

Round from Deadwood was driving old Ruth quietly and solemnly along past the [illegible] of [illegible], where the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]