THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Surgeon Dentist.

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

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Practises in the county [illegible] and adjoining counties, and in the Sup[illegible] of the State.

THE LIGHT WILL SHINE.

The golden sun has sunk to rest
Adown the cloud-enshrouded west
No gleaming star, nor sapphire sky
Now greets the longing, upturned eyes;
A solemn gloom enfolds the hills,
The night winds mock the low-voiced rills,
The sourging pines moan on the air,
A darkling hate is everywhere,
And yet I feel, O thought divine!
That light beyond the cloud doth shine.

No fond white hand doth seek mine own,
No sweet voice doth with tender tone;
No smiled lips do mine caress,
Or toying fingers mine tresses;
No love-eyes pierce the starless gloom—
My idols sleep within the tomb;
Loved voices all on earth are mute,
My heart is strangely, broken lute,
And yet I feel, O thought of cheer!
Beyond the clouds the sunbeams are.

And though my heart doth wear the pall,
And tips heaven's dome rim of gall,
Yet will I own the hand of God,
And bow to mark his sceptre rod,
And though no sweet sunrises should arise
Between me and the sea-blue skies,
Yet will I trust his mercy still,
And bend obedient to his will,
And feel the days all, O thought divine!
Beyond the cloud the light doth shine.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Years ago, at a grand old cathedral overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great composer who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and everybody from the king to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when, one bright Sabbath morn, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the cob-webbed organ. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale but strikingly handsome face, with great black, melancholy eyes, and hair, like the raven's wing for gloss and color sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing, and such music as he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wailed and sighed, and clamored, as if through its pipes. When the music at length ceased, the sexton hastened to the stranger, and said:

"Pray who are you, sir?"

"Do not ask my name," he replied. "I have heard that you are in want of an organist, and have come here on trial."

"You'll be sure to get the place," exclaimed the sexton. "Why, you surpass him that's dead and gone, sir."

"No, no; you overrate me," resumed the stranger, with a sad smile; and then, as if disinclined to conversation, he turned from old Hans and began to play again. And now the music changed from a soul-rousing strain to a grand old paean, and the myst[illegible] organist—

"Looking upward full of grace,
Passed life from a happy place,
God's glory smote him on the face,"

and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the harmonies which swelled around him, he sat with his "far seeing" gaze fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a young girl, eyes like the violet blue, and lips like wild cherries. This was the Princess Elizabeth, and all eyes turned to her as she seated herself in the velvet cushioned pew appropriated to the court. No sooner had the music reached her ears than she started as if a ghost had crossed her path. The bloom faded from her cheek, her lips quivered, and her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist, in a long, yearning look, and then the measly lost its joyous notes, and once more wailed, and sighed, and clamored.

"By my faith," whispered the king to his daughter, "this organist has a master hand. Hark ye, he shall play at your wedding!"

The pale lips of the princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ, and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Aye, full well she knew who he was, and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured heart.

When the service was over, and the royal party had left the cathedral, he stole away as mysterious as he had come. He was not seen again by the sexton till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the organ loft, and commenced his task. What he played a veiled figure glided in, and knelt near a side shrine. There she knelt till the worshipers dispersed, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said:

"Madame, everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the door."

"I am not ready to go yet," was the reply; "leave me! leave me!"

The sexton drew back into a shady niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, but his head was bowed upon the instrument, and he could not see the lone devotee. At length she rose from the aisle, and moving to the organ loft, paused inside the musician.

"Bertram!" she murmured.

Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There, with the light of a lamp suspended to the arch above, falling full upon her, stood the princess who had graced that royal pew that day. The court dress of velvet with its rich ermine trimmings, the diamonds, the necklace, the bracelets had been exchanged for a grey robe and a long black veil, under which now pushed back from the fair girlish face.

"Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" ejaculated the organist and he sank at her feet, and gazed wistfully into her troubled eyes.

"Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the princess.

"I came to bid you farewell; and as I dared not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bellringer, and having taken too seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter."

A low moan was the only answer, and he continued:

"You are to be married on the morrow?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh, Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar, and take upon me the vows which will doom me to a living death!"

"Think of me," replied the organist; "your royal father has proposed me to play at the wedding, and I have promised to be there. If I were your equal, I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist; but a poor musician must give you up."

"It is like rending soul and body asunder to part with you," sobbed the girl. "Tonight I must tell you this—tell you how fondly I love you, but in a few hours it will be a sin. Go, go, and God bless you!"

She waved him from her, as if she would banish him, while she had the power to do so; and he, how was it with him? He rose to leave her, then came back, held her to his heart in one long embrace, and with a half smothered farewell, left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor, and at an early hour the cathedral was thrown open, and the sexton began to prepare for the brilliant wedding. Flame colored flowers waved by the wayside—flame-colored leaves came rushing down from the tree, and lay in light heaps upon the ground; and the ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and berries dropped in red and purple clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.

At length the palace gates were opened, and the royal party appeared, escorting the princess Elizabeth to the cathedral, where the marriage was to be solemnized. It was a brave pageant; far brighter than the untwined foliage and blossoms were the tufts of plumes which floated from stately heads, and the bridal robes that streamed down over the housings of the superb steeds. But the princess, mounted on a snow white palfrey, and clad in snow white velvet, looked pale and sad; and when, on nearing the church, she heard a gush of organ music, which, though jubilant in sound, struck on her ear like a funeral knell, she trembled, and would have fallen to the earth had not a page supported her. A few moments later she entered the cathedral. There, with his relinquished, stood the bridegroom whom she had never before seen. But her glance rested from him to the organ loft, where she had expected to see the mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the general bow of the king, to whom she had been betrothed from childhood. Mechanically she knelt at his side on the altar stone, mechanically listened to the service and made the responses. Then her hand was her to be in a conservatory near, and whispered:

"Elizabeth, my queen, my wife, look up!"

Trembling in every limb, she obeyed. Why the dark eyes chill her so? Why did that smile bring a glow on her cheek?

Although the king wore the purple and many a jeweled order glittered on his breast, he saw and the same humble person who had been employed to touch organ music, and had taught her the lore of love.

"Elizabeth" murmured the monarch, "Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious organist, and King Oscar are one! Forgive my stratagem. I wished to marry you, but I would not drag to the altar an unwilling bride. Your father was in the secret."

While tears of joy raised from her blue eyes, the new-made queen received her husband's fond kiss and for once two hearts were made happy by a royal marriage.

SOME STRANGELY FULFILLED DREAMS.

Dickens once had a dream which was fulfilled, at least to his own satisfaction. "Here," he wrote on May 30, 1865, "is a curious case at first hand. On Thursday night last week, being at the office here," in London, "I dreamed that I saw a lady in a red veil with her back toward me, whom I supposed to be E. On her turning round I found that I didn't know her; and she said, 'I am Miss Napier.' All the time I was dressing next morning I thought, 'What a preposterous thing to have so very distinct a dream about nothing! And why Miss Napier? for I never heard of any Miss Napier.' That same Friday night I read. After reading came into my sitting-room Mary Boyle and her brother, and the lady in the red veil, whom they present as "Miss Napier." These are all the circumstances exactly told." This was probably a case of unconscious cerebration. Dick had no doubt really seen the lady, and been told that she was Miss Napier, when his attention was occupied with other matters. There would be nothing unusual in his dreaming about a person whom he had thus seen without noticing. Of course it was an odd coincidence that the lady of whom he had thus dreamed should be introduced to him soon after—possible the very day after. But such coincidences are not infrequent. To suppose that Dickens had been specially warned in a dream about so unimportant a matter as his introduction to Miss Napier would be absurd; for, fulfilled or unfulfilled, the dream was, as Dickens himself described it, a very distinct dream about nothing. For different in this respect was the strange dream which President Lincoln had the night before he was shot. If the story was truly told by Mr. Stanton to Dickens, the case is one of the most curious on record. Dickens told it thus in a letter to John Forster: "On the afternoon of the day on which the president was shot, there was a cabinet council, at which he presided. Mr. Stanton, being at the time commander in chief of the Northern troops that were concentrated about here, arrived rather late. Indeed, they were waiting for him, and on his entering it, from the president broke off in something he was saying, remarked 'Let us proceed to business, gentlemen.' Mr. Stanton then noticed with surprise that the president sat with an air of dignity in his chair, instead of rolling about in the most ungainly attitudes, as his invariable custom was; and that instead of telling irrelevant and questionable stories he was grave and calm, and quite a different man. Mr. Stanton, on leaving the council with the attorney-general, said to him: 'That is the most satisfactory cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day. What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln!' The attorney-general replied, 'We all saw it before you came in.' While we were waiting for you, he said, with his chin down on his breast, 'Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon.' To which the attorney-general had observed, 'Something good, sir? I hope?' when the president, in a sweet, very gracious, I, don't know—I don't know. But it will happen and soon.' As they were all impressed by his manner, the attorney-general took him up again. 'Have you received any information, sir, but yet disclosed it to us?' 'No,' answered the president, 'but I had a dream. And I have now had the same dream three times. Once on the night preceding the battle of Bull Run. Once on the night preceding such another,' (naming a battle also not favorable to the North.) His chin sank on his breast again, and he sat reflecting. 'Might one ask the nature of this dream, sir?' said the attorney-general. 'Well,' replied the president, without lifting his head or changing his attitude, 'I am on a great broad rolling river—and I am in a boat—and I drift—and I drift—but this is not business,' —and lightly raising his face and looking round the table as Mr. Stanton entered—'let us proceed to business, gentlemen.' Mr. Stanton and the attorney-general said, as they walked on together it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on this, and they agreed to notice it. He was shot that night." Here the dream is if it was not remarkable, it was such a one as might readily be dreamed by a man from the Western States who has been on broad rolling rivers. Now was its recurrence remarkable. The note of it by point was the occurrence of this dream three several times and and may be presumed from the effect which the dreams produced on its third recurrence, from its three times only, on the night preceding a great misfortune for the cause of the North. However, there is nothing in the story which cannot be attributed to merely casual coincidence, though the coincidence was sufficiently curious. As three years had elapsed from the time of Lincoln's death when Stanton told Dickens the story, it is possible that the account may have been incorrect in some details.—Richard Proctor, in Belgravia.

THE JUSTICE SAW THE POINT.—Dr. Washington, a colored man, was arraigned before a Justice of the Peace, charged with something like mal medical practice. He had given a colored man a dose of medicine, and the colored man didn't live but one hour afterward.

The Justice was a colored man, probably knew as much about law as the doctor did about medicine. When the doctor had been arraigned the Justice asked:

Dr Washington, how long is you been practicin' oh medicine?

Some de wah, sah.

What books on de fisick an' de human reconstruction did yer study?

Oh, I studied 'ooff—Cornstalks olosophy 'mong de number. Now, Judge, let me ax you one pint. What books on de law did yours study?

Fo' heah, prisoner afore de bar, to try dis case and not to stand a 'xamination. Come down from de jaw language to plain nigger an' mole wot de hell mode you kill dat man? 'Splain yer self, sah, or I'll put de clamps of my thority on yer.

Ef dat's a man in dis country wha can 'splain hisself, I'se de man, said the doctor smiling. Some few days ago I 'vented a new medicine from roots dug outen de ground. Hit struck me dat de medicine would cure de rheumatiz and when I was fo' see de man what is dead now I recommended to 'scourment on him. No medicine ain't no count till you 'speriment wid hit. All other 'ventions has to be proved. When Bright 'vented dor kidney disease he didn't know hit would work till he tried hit. I blieved in Cupids' dis way. Says I to myself, if dis medicine cures dis man he's good, but if he kills him he't won't do no temper wid yer let he roun' loose among children. Well, I gib him der medicine, and about a hour afterward he was de'd. How would I know dat de medicine was fitten for dis ef I didn't 'xamine it? Don't yer see de geography of my argument? Science must be 'xamined, you know.

But's a fact, said the Justice, after musing a while, de pint are well sustained. Mr. Constable, turn dis man loose and caution him not to 'vent any mo'n sufficience in my township.—Little Rock Gazette.

GHOSTS.—No, not the ghost of Hamlet's father, "armed cap-a-pie, revisiting the glimpses of the moon," nor that of Banquo who by his untimely and most unwelcome appearance broke up the festive banquet; nor any of the traditional and recorded ghosts. But there are others, were it possible yet more impalpable—the phantoms of bygone days, with buried memories—aye, buried, though like the "perturbed spirit" of the royal Dane, they will not rest."

Without great resolves and lofty aspirations in each succeeding year commenced, though it ends them still unaccomplished! There are the days the dreamer wasted as the sands went flowing on, leaving no record of good deeds for the attending angel to write down—no "line of white across the page," but alas, many a dark blot! There are talents misused, duties neglected, promises unfulfilled, whose better memories haunt us in our rising up and our lying down, and in the silent watches of the night.

Or, perhaps, angry words have passed between once dear friends—may be even brother and sister, who in childhood played around the same hearth and repeated the same prayer. They have parted unreconciled, but at length time and absence softened the offence, and brought better thoughts; each hoping that some day chance would bring them face to face, then a word, even a glance, and the icy barrier would melt away, and the hands be clasped once more.

But—and such things have been—the meeting never came; for death breathed his cold breath upon the human flower, which faded with the summer blossoms—death, whose chill is sadness and whose steps are swifter than the tardy purposes and acts of life. She is at rest; but where will he, the survivor, find it?—"for a haunted heart is a weight to bear!"

Sadder even than the severance of the grave is that between two, who in solemn words, have plighted their troth, "to keep together as long as both shall live." Perhaps, some "trifle, light as air," has caused estrangement; the vows are broken, and their paths, henceforth, are widely sundered.

What phantom forms of Love, and Hope and Happiness, all slain upon the sacred hearthstone, will pursue the proud spirit that will not plead for reconciliation, nor breathe one sweet, holy word to which the angels love to listen.

A BOYS COMPOSITION ON GIRLS.—Girls are the most mince mutable beings in the world—except women. Like the wickest fleas, when you have them they aint there. I can cipher them over to improper fractions, and the teacher says I do it first rate, but I can't cipher out a girl, proper or improper, and you can't either. The only rule in arithmetic that hits their case is the double rule of two. They are as full of the Old Nick as their skins can hold, and they'd die if they couldn't torment somebody. When they try to be mean, they are as mean as parsley, though they ain't as mean as they let on to be, except sometimes, and then they are a great deal meaner. The only way to get along with a girl when she comes with her nonsense is to give her little fat and that will flummox her; when you get a girl flummoxed she is as nice as a new pin. A girl can sew more wild oats in a day than a boy can in a year, but girls get their wild oats sowed after awhile, which boys never do, and then they settle down as calm and placid as a mud-puddle. But I like girls first rate and guess all boys do. I don't care how many times the play on me—and they don't care, either—The holiest lofty girls in the world can't not over take a glass of soda water. By and by they will get into the traces with somebody they like, and pull as steady as an old stage horse. That's the beauty of them. Social sea wave, I say; they will pay for it some day, sewing on buttons, and trying to make a decent man of the fellow they have spliced onto, and no chances to one if they don't get the worst of it.

CARE OF THE EYES.—Rest the eyes for a few minutes when the sight becomes in the least painful, blurred, or indistinct.

Have sufficient light never set being it, let it come from behind or from one side. The writer considers too much light almost as bad as too little. He strongly recommends a moderate light, so that surrounding objects may not be too much illuminated, and the wearing of a black shade, so large front and side light may not enter the eyes. With this protection the light may be safely in front—in reading, it is better than it be to one side.

Never read in horse or steam cars.

Never read when lying down.

Do not read much during convalescence or illness.

The general health should be maintained by a good diet, air exercise, amusement and a proper restriction of the hours of hard work.

Take plenty of sleep. Retire early and avoid the painful evening lights. Ten hours sleep for delicate eyes is better than eight.

Pleasure is to a woman what the sun is to the flowers, if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes and it improves—if moderately, it withers, it deteriorates and destroys.

TEACH YOUR BOYS.—Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school education with common sense, is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good honest trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly professions.

Teach them that honesty is the best policy; that it is better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of crooked whiskey, and point your precept by the examples of those who are now suffering the torments of the damned.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to mount the weak ones.

Teach them by your own example that smoking in moderation, though the least of vices to which men are heirs, is disgusting to mothers and hurtful to themselves.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to a wear a black eye is.

Teach them that God is no respecter of the sex, and that when he gave the seventh commandment he meant it for them as well as their sisters.

Teach them that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst form of dissipation they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.—If all persons would forgive and forget what a great increase there would be in the happiness of mankind. Opportunities for revenge would no longer be sought or desired. Many days of pain which arise in our moral skies produced by malice might be instantly removed in these musical words "I will forgive and forget." Wounded pinions would be quieted and there would be kind words and cheerful hearts. We often hear the expression "I can forgive but I cannot forget." It we truly forgive time to forget is a natural result. When we speak of forgetting a wrong we do not wish to be understood to say that all remembrance of it is entirely obliterated, but that the mind is so occupied by better thoughts of friendship and love that the thought remains in obscurity until some circumstance brings it to full view of it, but when it does occur to the mind it has not power to excite any feeling of displeasure. With such regulation of our lives we should contain less gloom and more sunshine. Our homes may be raised up to the enjoyment of a heaven, our affections be made the highest and most enduring, our faith be made strong, all bound in the golden chain of love—the fruit of forgiveness and our hearts will glow with the mellow paint of the composition, and it will guide us past all danger, and as we near the shining shores we shall see the Golden City which will be our Eternal Home. May we forgive and forget."

HIS REASONIN' POWERS.—A couple of old darkies met the other day and began talking over matters and things. "How is Sol? Does he come on what he used to own you before dows? He is as old as he can to get in to be childish and losin' his reasonin' powers."

"Dat's nothin' 'cept him—jist send him down he back las' Christmas."

"Why, what's de matter?" "Ain't got no use for such ole gemmans. Last time I was dar I tole him I ain a big rooster I had stolen. I tole him he would gimme a take-hold I would git out an' clean de fish. What fo' you's 'spose he say?" "Asked yer to come in and get a drink, and chat about ole times on de ole plantation." "No sah, he tole me if I couldn't borry a tobacco-box on sah he would be darned if he would clean de fish. I spose he was afraid I'd be keen as a handful de fo' I took dem 'ole chickens and remarked, 'I see by dat dat de ole man's still got de use of his reasonin' powers.'"

CHRISTMAS IN MIDSUMMER.—Children wouldn't you think it funny to see Christmas come in the middle of summer, to have no snow on the ground, and no merry sleigh bells ringing, and nothing to remind you that it was winter? Well, away off on the other side of the world Christmas does come in the middle of summer. In Australia on Christmas morning the children "Oh, dear how hot it is. I do wish Christmas came in the winter time." For when it is winter here it is summer there and when you are lying nearly a sweat tries in July, the little Australia children are running around with scarcely a rag, dancing on their frozen ponds to keep warm.

So whether it is in summer or winter, wherever the English language is spoken it is a time of jollity and plenty, of tender feeling and kindly acts of 'peace on earth and good will to men.'

YOU WILL NOT BE SORRY,—
For being courteous to all,
For doing good to all men,
For speaking evil of no one,
For hearing before judging,
For holding an angry tongue,
For thinking before speaking,
For being kind to the distressed,
For asking pardon for all wrongs,
For being patient toward everybody,
For stopping the ears of a tale bearer,
For disbelieving a lot of the ill reports.

He gracefully accepted: "I assure you, gentlemen," said the convict upon entering the prison, "that the place has sought me out not I the place. My own affairs really demanded all my time and attention, and I may truly say that my selection to fill this place was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interest I should have peremptorily declined to serve, but, as I am in the hands of my friends, I shall make other courses but to submit.

The Italians know the value of outdoor air. They never breathe an atmosphere poisoned by stoves or furnaces, but they grow up in the sunshine and the breeze. If the men and women of all classes possess a kind of beauty derived from color alone. The complexion is of a rich, lively yellow, or like white grapes upon a little of a ripe nectarine, the eyes are of sparkling black or brown, the teeth white and regular, and the luxurious raven hair shines like a piece of freshly-broken anthracite coal.

A Scotch clergyman, whose habit was to preach well fire to his congregation in large doses, had occasion to visit a poor, sick parishioner. After enlarging with considerable unction on his favorite topic, he said to her: Now my dear woman, did you ever appreciate the tortures of the damned before? Nae, nae, never till you came here.

The editor of a newspaper that has adopted phonetic spelling to a measure, received a postal card from an old subscriber in the country, which read as follows: I hev tok your paper for leven yeers, but if you want spel mov better than you hev been doin for the las to munths you mey just stopp it.

A little boy having heard a missionary tell how the natives of South Africa live on going home said: Ma, I wish I was a little South African boy. Why, George! exclaimed the mother, whatever put that idea in your head? 'Cause their mothers don't wear slippers.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

I am now running a daily mail from Scotland Neck to Halifax. I have a comfortable two horse hack, which leaves Scotland Neck, every morning for Halifax and returns same day. Will take passengers and express packages at reasonable rates. I am also prepared to entertain travelers, promising to spare no pains to make them comfortable.

Respectfully,
W. H. SHIELDS.

Nov 30tf.

FOR SALE.

The following valuable real estate lying near Tillery's Mill, in Halifax county about nine miles from the town of Halifax.

About 369 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.

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

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

ATTENTION.

THE LITTLE GIANT COTTON PRESS.

HYDRAULIC PRESSURE.

The only Hydraulic Cotton Press for plantation use.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Risks placed in

FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES.

A. B. HILL, Ag't.
Scotland Neck, Halifax, Co. N. C.
apr 29 tf

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address True & Co. Augusta, Me. July 15 1y.

DR. M. A. SIMMONS'

It is 30 years the oldest, and only genuine Simmons Medicine now in market. Prepared only by C. F. SIMMONS & CO. 204-12 Clark Av. St. Louis, successors to M. A. Simmons, M. D. In 25c and $1 bottles and packages. Sold by all Druggists.

September 16th 1y.

RESTAURANT.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC.

We take pleasure in informing you that we have recently opened an

Eating Saloon,

with a Bar room and Billiard Table attached, where you can always get something to

EAT OR DRINK.

Our tables will be supplied with every thing that the northern markets can afford. Our bar will be stocked with the finest Liquors, Wines, and Cigars,

South of New York.

Remember the place, at the old stand of Ellis & Neville, opposite M. Whitehead & son.

Meals at all hours, polite and attentive servants. J. J DANIEL & CO.
nov 4tf Proprietors.

PATRICK D. BRADY.

UNDER THE POST OFFICE.

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND

LIQUORS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Old Clemmer and Hanger Whiskies always on hand. Irish and Scotch Whiskey, Cold Beer, Wines, Cigars, Lemonade, Tobacco, &c.

Don't forget the place under the Post Office.

COME ONE, COME ALL.

Mixed Drinks of all kinds.

June 3 tf.

THE ROANOKE NEWS

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One M.	Thr M.	Six M.	One Y.
One Square,	$ 00	$ 00	$ 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	[illegible]
Fourth Col'n,	15 00	20 00	40 00	[illegible]
Half Column,	20 00	30 00	60 00	[illegible]
Whole Column,	One Year,			75 00

TALBOTT & SONS

SHOCKOE MACHINE WORKS,

RICHMOND VA.

Manufacturers of Portable and Stationary Engines and Boilers, Saw Mills, Corn and Wheat Mills, Shafting, Hangers and Pulleys, Turbine Water Wheels, Tobacco Machinery, Wrought Iron Work, Brass and Iron Castings, Machinery of Every Description.

GINNING AND THRESHING MACHINES A SPECIALTY.

Repairing Promptly & Carefully Done.

TALBOTT'S PATENT SPARK-ARRESTER,

The Invention of the Age,

It does not destroy the draft. It does not interfere with cleaning the tubes. It will not choke up, and requires no cleaning.

It requires no direct dampers to be opened when raising steam (dampers being objectionable, as they may be left open and allow sparks to escape.)

It requires no water to extinguish sparks, which, by condensation, destroys the draft. Besides, when water is used, if neglected, the efficiency is destroyed by evaporation of the water, and the boiler is kept in a filthy condition.

It is simple and durable and can be relied upon. It can be attached to any boiler. No planter should be without one of them. Insurance companies will insure gins and barns where the Talbott Engines and Spark-Arresters are used at same rate as charged for water or horse power.

Send for illustrated circulars and price list.

Branch house, Goldsboro, N. C.
J. A. HAUSER, General Manager.
T. A. GRANGER, Local Manager.
may 8 6m

CURATINE

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY

A VEGETABLE MEDICINE FOR THE BLOOD, LIVER & KIDNEYS.

CURATINE, For Blood Diseases.

CURATINE, For Liver Complaints.

CURATINE, For Kidney Diseases.

CURATINE, For Rheumatism.

CURATINE, For Scrofula, Eruptions.

CURATINE, For Scrofula, Eruptions, Eczema, etc.

A medicinal compound known well for combining in one preparation the curative powers for the evils which produce all the cases of the Blood, the Liver, the Kidneys. Harmless in action and thorough in its effect. It is unrivalled for the cure of all Blood Diseases such as Scrofula, Tumors, Boils, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Mercurial Poisoning, also Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Debility of Kidneys, etc.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

THE BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, Md.

dec 18 1y

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. Blacksmith work done at short notice and with neatness. All new work warranted. Fine painting for buggies done at low prices, best paint used.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Coffins and Cases of all sizes constantly on hand.

Carriage Materials kept onhand at price below Petersburg market.

Weldon N. C.
June 5 1y

JNO. 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,
TOBACCO, CIGARS,
and SNUFF,
ORANGES, APPLES,
and CONFECTIONERIES

His stock of Canned Goods and Groceries is unusually

Full and Complete

OLD CABINET WHISKEY A SPECIALTY.

FRESH LAGER BEER ON DRAUGHT.

He guarantees satisfaction. Call and see him.

Nov 21 1y.