THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

PUBLISHED BY

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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. X. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1881. NO. 7.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER. DR. D. B. ZOLLICOFFER.

DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER & BRO.,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

WELDON, N. C.

Drs. A. R. and D. B. Zollicoffer, having united as partners in the practice of medicine under the style and firm of Dr. A. R. Zollicoffer & Bro. offer their professional services to the public generally and solicit a share of their patronage. They guarantee careful and prompt attention to patients. One of the firm will always be found at their office in Zollicoffer's Drug Store where patients will be treated at all hours and when necessary, both will visit and give their attention to patients without extra charge.
mr 17 tf.

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Attorney and Counsellor At Law.

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Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections in all parts of the State and prompt returns made. feb. 17 1 y

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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,

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GARYSBURG, N. C.

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DR. E. L. HUNTER,

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Can be found at his office in Enfield.

Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extracting of Teeth always on hand. June 23 tf.

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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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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 300 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.

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

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

GREAT BARGAINS.

We are now receiving our new and beautiful goods recently purchased of the manufacturers, and cordially invite you to call and see them. The largest and best selected stock of

GOLD WATCHES.
SETS OF JEWELRY.
BAND BRACELETS.
OPERA AND GUARD CHAINS.
DIAMOND AND SEAL RINGS.
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The Best $10 Castor and $5 Clock EVER SOLD.

Use Young's P. P. Glasses and improve your eyesight.

Watches and Jewelry repaired by the best workmen. Engraving neatly done by

J. T. YOUNG & BRO.
Petersburg, Va.
oct 21 1y

HAY.

How grand it is to roam the fields,
And view the landscape 'round;
To gather from each songster's note,
The true and glorious sound.

Spring, ah! well may poets sing,
To her their noble praise,
Her shady bowers, her rills and flowers,
Are emblem of her ways.

Meek and calm, like summer balm,
Mild even without allays;
With roses fair, she strews the air,
And winter's blast destroys.

Grand, with sunshine floods the land
In bright and slanting ray,
With leaflets green enchants the scene,
Oh, were it always May!

SISTER ROSE.

The June sunshine was stepping all the meadow lands in gold; the wild roses were opening their pink cups along the course of the little brook, and a fragrant rain of daisies and buttercups followed the 'swish' of Harry Hutton's scythe, as he worked on the hillside.

And little Barbara, perched on the fence with her lap full of wild strawberries, watched him with a sort of dreamy delight.

Harry Hutton and his sister Barbara were all alone in the world. A little to the south, half hidden in a tangle of brooding apple tree boughs, one could see the steep gable roofs of the old Hutton farmhouse; and more than one blooming village maiden wondered that Harold could be content with only old Betsey to keep house for him, and little Barbara to be company in the big, echoing rooms.

'He can marry if he chooses,' said Alice Lee, with a sidelong glance at the mirror. 'He's rich!'

'Yes, H!' said Amy Vokes, sneerily. 'But you know he has never seen the light one.'

So there he was, all unfettered by love as yet—Straight, manly, beautiful to look upon as Apollo's self, with the glittering scythe swinging through the high grass and little Barbara sitting on the fence, with her brown, gipsy-like face half in shadow.

'It was so nice!' said Barbara. 'Oh, Harry, if you could only have seen it!'

'Nonsense! said Harry flinging down the scythe and leaning up for a moment against the fence. 'A common traveling circus! I can't think, little Bab, how Uncle Potter ever let you go to such a place!'

'But the lions! cried Barbara. 'And the elephants! And the lovely young lady that rode on the white pony, and jumped through the garlands of roses! Oh! Harry, do take me again! Just once, dear Harry!'

And she threw her arms around his neck and pressed her strawberry-stained lips to his bronzed face.

'They're going to stay in Millville all summer, Harry,' coaxed the small elf. 'And Uncle Potter is going to take the children once a week, he says.'

Harry resolutely shook his head.

'Not I!' said he. 'A circus, indeed!'

And nothing would induce him to go and see 'Mademoiselle Rosita Raven, the Danseuse and Equestrian Queen,' who formed the most attractive star of the traveling circus.

'Her very name is enough for me,' said Harry Hutton, with a shrug of the broad, finely modeled young shoulders. 'A painted, spangled popinjay, risking her life to make the gaping crowd stare! No, I've no curiosity at all to see your Mademoiselle Rosita Raven!'

There was a little one storied cottage, however, on the outskirts of the village—a rudely-built nook, with a popular reputation of being 'haunted;' and about this time it obtained a tenant—a dark-browned, soberly-dressed young woman, who was usually mending stockings or hearing lessons for two blue eyed, golden-tressed little maids, who played around the doorstone; and as Harry Hutton, whose business frequently took him into the village, rode past the humble domicile, he looked with a sort of pleasure upon the moving pictures at the cottage door, and wondered, vaguely, why the little blonds and their olive faced young protectress were so unlike.

'They are like twin daisies,' he said, to himself, 'but she is a royal rose. I wonder who they can be?'

One day his horse dropped a shoe in the road. One of the little lassies ran after him, with it held aloft in her hand.

'Thank you, my girl,' said he, stooping from his horse to give her a sixpence. 'Will you tell me what your name is?'

But the child shook her head, all dancing with sunny curls.

'Sister Rose don't let us talk to strangers,' said she.

The quick blood rushed to Harry Hutton's face, but he smiled, nevertheless.

'Sister Rose is quite right,' said he. 'Nevertheless, I am much obliged to you, my pretty maid.'

And the next time he passed the cottage the picture he saw through the half-closed lattice was pretty beyond expression—Sister Rose at her sewing, the queenly brow half bent the black braids drooping on the neck, and the children reciting their catechism in shrill chorus, to her chirping out:

"To get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call me!'

'And that is a lesson,' the young man thought, to himself, 'which a great many of us are slow enough to learn. Sister Rose is bringing up her little ones in the right way. I wonder how she came to be living in Polland's cottage, though?'

So that when a week after little Barbara was nearly drowned by the upsetting of a boat in the pond below, and they carried her to Polland's cottage, the whole thing seemed a curious coincidence.

She was sitting up, all wrapped in blankets, in Sister Rose's big rocking chair, when her brother, who had been sent for, came hurriedly in.

He raised the hat that shadowed his pale face when he saw the beautiful young brunette who was bending over his little sister.

'I am not intruding, I hope?' he said, with all chivalrous courtesy.

And she answered:

'Not in the least, sir.'

'Oh, Harry, Harry!' cried breathless little Barbara, 'she has been so good to me! I was dying and she brought me back to life!'

'I thank her from the bottom of my heart!' said Harold Hutton, with a quiver in his voice.

So the acquaintance began; and one month from that hour Harry Hutton, the owner of Hutton Farm's broad acres, the Adonis of the village, the mark of many a matrimonial schemer's flower-garlanded arrow, asked Sister Rose—whose real name he had discovered to be Rose Blanchard—to be his wife.

She lifted the liquid, Oriental eyes to his face with sweet gravity.

'I cannot marry, Mr. Hutton,' she said. 'I have my brother's two orphan children to maintain and educate. I vowed it on his death-bed.'

'Nor would I have you break that vow,' said Harry, eagerly. 'They shall become my sacred charge, also. They shall be brought up, carefully and tenderly, with my Barbara.'

But still she shook her head.

'Mr. Hutton,' said she, 'we think differently on many subjects. You were born to a peaceful competence, while I—have always had to fight my own way with the world. Our life paths lie apart.'

'By the sun that shines above us at this moment,' cried Hutton, 'they shall be together henceforth!'

But she smiled that sad, Madonnalike smile at his eager enthusiasm.

'You do not know who I am,' said she.

'I know that you are an angel!'

'I am Mademoiselle Rosita Raven, the circus girl,' she said, speaking with a little effort. 'The company leaves Millville next week, and I must go with them. The children's mother was a circus girl, also. My brother saw her and fell in love with her. He was the second pointer of a theater, and when they were dead, there were the children. I had to do something for them, so I turned 'Equestrianne Queen,' also. It was not a lofty walk of life, but it was all I could do, and I have done my best. I would not let Barbara tell you who I was, because—because I dreaded that you should know. But it would have been better had her childish tongue betrayed it, for now—now I have had to tell it myself.'

'Rose—my Rose!'

He advanced boldly, his arms out.

She stood still a second and then uttered a little sobbing cry, and fled to the safe shelter of his breast.

'Yours!' she cried—"yours forever, if you love me still, now that you know all! But I had been told that you spoke disparagingly of me—'

'Not of you, dearest, in particular,' he explained, with a pang of remorse—'only of the stupid idea I had formed of you. For I never had seen you when I spoke those silly words. And my self asserting idiocy stands rebuked before the purity of your true presence.'

So Hutton farm got a mistress, and little Barbara plays in the sunshine with the two golden-haired orphan children.

And Sister Rose grows sweeter and more beautiful with every day, and Harold Hutton is firmly convinced that he is the happiest man in all the world.

And so, in good truth, he is!

NIGHT LIFE OF YOUNG MEN.—One night of sin destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day forever empty. Night is sin's harvesting time. More sin and crime are committed in one night than in all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers, with torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay colored transparencies are ablaze with attractions; the saloon and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantment; the gay company begin to gather in the haunts and houses of pleasure; the gambling dens are ablaze with palatial splendor; the theatres are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness, hope, out of thousands of lives. The city under the gas-light is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils and pitfalls of night are a hundred-fold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depth and abysses and whirlpools make us start back with horror. All night long tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Young man, tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out the chart of your character and final destiny, with blanks to insert your names. It seems to me an appropriate text would be 'Watchman, what of the night?' Policeman pacing the beat, what of the night? What are the young men of the city doing at night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? When do they go in, and what time do you see them come out? Policeman, would the night life of young men commend them to the confidence of their employers? Would it be to their credit?

Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning paper the names of all the young men, their haunts and haunts, that are on the street for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their places of business; some would return home at night; some would leave the city; some would commit suicide. Remember, young men, that in the retina of the all seeing Eye there is nothing hid but shall be revealed on the last day.

ERRORS OF MATRIMONY.—The man and woman who marry together are bound for life by a solemn compact. If you strip marriage of all its sentimental language what is it but a simple binding arrangement between two persons for the mutual advantage of each other? Apart from the natural instinct that brings the sexes together the one is looking for a helpmeet to add to his comforts, and the other for some one to sustain and protect her through life. With these they take all the attendant risks, and trusting in the love they bear to one another, take each other for better or for worse. Unfortunately, the warmth of the honeymoon cannot always be maintained; and abiding love must be based on mutual respect. Nothing can be more trying to love than the little faults which crop out after marriage, but as, in most literal sense we must take one another for better or for worse we should try to look as kindly and leniently on those traits that give us annoyance as we can, knowing that the better we are able to bear them, and the less we are able to think upon them, the better will it be for peace of mind and happiness. Many marriages have turned out unhappy because of the lack of this mutual forbearance. Young people think they have made a mistake in marriage when the mistake is only in their own behavior since they were married. Good husbands make good wives, and good wives make good husbands; and the sobbing or intemperate or slatternly partner often has but himself to blame for the misery that clouds the life and desolates the home. Multitudes who feel that their marriage was a mistake, and who make their existence a lifelong misery, might, by a little self denial and forbearance, and gentleness and old-time courtesy, make their home brighten like the gates of Eden, and bring back again the old love that blessed the happy golden days gone by.

ATTENTIVENESS.—How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendship, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are not now speaking merely of personal caresses. These may, or may not, be the best language of affection. But there are words and looks and little observance, thoughtfulness, watchful little attentions, which make it manifest, and there is scarcely a family that might not be richer in heartwealth for more of them.

It is a mistake to suppose that relations must of course love each other because they are relations. Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearing under the hand of a gardener, and love can dwindle and die out by neglect, as choice flower seeds planted in poor soil dwindle and grow single.

A man went into a house last night and picked up a gun. Of course he don't know it was loaded. It went off. So did the man. And the man who owns, or rather, who owned the gun would give $60 to know where they went.—Detroit Free Press.

HUDDED TO DEATH.—About 9 o'clock last night the family of John J. Rail, living two miles east of this city, was thrown into intense excitement and despair by the sudden death of an only daughter, Miss Minnie Rail, 16 years of age. The young lady was in the parlor at the time in company with Charles Gray, her fiance. It seems from the statement of Mr. Gray, which was given with broken sobs and tears, that the two were seated on a lounge and he was urging her to name an early day for their wedding. The girl was coy and bashful and hesitated about it. But the lover was importunate and sought in every way to induce a compliance with his wishes. At last she consented, saying: "I will marry you in April." In the excitement and joy of the moment Mr. Gray threw his arms around her waist and drew her to him with a quick, passionate embrace. He was not conscious of exerting unusual strength and does not believe that he did. But the girl gave a sport, sharp scream, and exclaiming, "Oh! Charley, I'm gone!" fell dead in his arms, her head resting on his shoulder. His frantic cries alarmed the family, who came rushing into the room to find the pitiful sight of the dead girl lying pale and inanimate in her lovers arms. A messenger was dispatched post haste for Dr. Hale, who arrived within an hour. But nothing could be done. The young lady was beyond all human aid. It is the opinion of the physician that heart disease was the immediate cause of the girl's death. She was frail and delicate and had long complained of trouble with her heart. The excitement incident to her conversation with her lover had probably superinduced the attack which led to her premature death. Naturally the family are overwhelmed with grief and young Gray is almost beside himself with horror and despair. Miss Minnie was a very handsome young lady and was well known in the society circles of this city. She was extremely delicate and possessed a slender frame which succumbed to the slightest attacks of ill health.—Keokuk (Iowa) Gate City.

THE SCIENCE OF KISSING.—Science the last few years, says the New Orleans Times, has gained a terrible foothold in this world. It has rattled the dry bones of fogyism, made pieces of worn out theories, upset ideas which have been established for centuries. The latest and most astonishing fact that has been developed is that there is a scientific mode of kissing. The day when a young man could grab a girl around the neck and gobble a kiss in a rough but comfortable manner, is past. The time when he could encircle her waist with one arm, get his shirt bosom full of hair oil, and pirouette his lips over every square inch of her countenance, is no more. Science has proclaimed against it, and man shudders but remains silent. The old style of kissing, which sounds like one tearing a clam board off a smoke house, is now considered bad taste, and consequently going out of fashion, although the majority of girls admit that science has crowning destroyed all the comfort of a long lingering, heart thrilling kiss, and causes them to express no little regret at the change. The improved science method of kissing is to throw the right arm languidly around the fair one's shoulder tilt her chin up with the left hand, until her face is pointed at an angle of forty-five degrees—or rather, until it has an aspect resembling the bowsprit of a clipper-built sloop. Then stoop softly and graze about her lips in a quiet, sudden sort of a way, tickle her nose with your mustache until she cries, "Ouch!" This is scientific kissing; but there is no consolation in it—nothing to make a man feel like a couple of galvanic butterflies were galloping along his spinal column. It is flat—lukewarm; it lacks substance, and if not stale, it is at least unprofitable.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.—Some days ago Mrs. Banks of Lynchburg, Mason county, Ill., was buried, though some persons thought they saw signs of life in the supposed corpse. A Charleston, Ill., dispatch to the Indianapolis Journal gives the sequel as follows: The day after the funeral the grave was opened and the casket cover removed, when it was seen that the hands which had been tied together and placed upon the breast were lying side by side, supposing her to be dead, no further signs of life were visible, they readjusted the handcloses and lowered the casket and covered up the grave. A few days later friends persuaded the husband to have the remains exhumed again which he did and found her hands lying by her side, and, also, her hair dishevelled. Still there seemed no signs of life, and the third time the body was covered in the grave. By this time the excitement began to intensify in the community until, on the fourth day after the burial, the body was again examined and again and the same evidences of protracted life as formerly were plainly observed. The body was taken home, medical aid called and restorative agencies applied. The last account we have of the case is that the patient is recovering and will probably soon stand before the world a living example of a person who has lain four days in the grave.

QUERIES FOR PHILOSOPHERS.—Why does a two-shilling cane and a five cent cigar swell a young man's head until his hat won't fit him?

Why is it that women with the best complexions deliberately ruin them with cosmetics?

Why is it that a wealthy and respectable man will sacrifice pride, money and comfort to get into politics?

Why is it that the man in the street car who knows the least always does the most talking?

Why is it that so many people stand ready to help the stranger poor and turn a deaf ear to their own relatives?

Why is it that a man with 180 pounds of fat considers himself an offset for a man with fifty-four ounces of brains?

Why is it that musicians who are the poorest players and singers are the quickest to show off their acquirements?

The Boston girl does not say: What are you giving us? Taffy! She remarks: O! what do you wish to make me the recipient; a confection whose main ingredient is molasses?

A Brooklyn boy who had taken great interest in listening to the accounts of the assassination of the Czar, filled a soda water bottle with tacks and coal dust and, stealing stealthily into the nursery, buried it at the feet of his little sister. His surprise only began, however, when his mother uncoiled a trunk strap and invited him to step up stairs with her for a few minutes.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A GIRL WORTH MARRYING.—Mr. J. H. Seneker, who lives near Bristol, Tenn., has a daughter, Miss Fannie, who is about 17 years old. Last fall he told her she might sell the butter she made over what the family used. Miss Fannie went to work with a will and saved some 200 pounds of butter, and fattened two hogs on the extra buttermilk, and make about $60 or $70 of pin money. Such a girl is a jewel.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Cincinnati has elected a Democratic mayor.

The engagement of Senator Pendleton's oldest daughter is announced.

There were two cases of small pox reported in Richmand last week.

"Grandma Garfield" dresses in old time fashion, and doesn't believe in any new fangled styles.

The funding bill has passed the Tennessee Legislature. It fixes the debt at 10, and pays 3 per cent interest.

A fire occurred in Philadelphia on the 5th, destroying a fertilizer factory and other buildings. Loss $15,000.

Evarts, Thurman and Howe U. S. Commissioners to the Monetary conference in Paris left on the 5th for Europe.

Two young men, sons of millionaires of Baltimore, have engaged work at a tannery in Virginia, intending to learn the trade thoroughly.

A number of Sioux have recently surrendered, and Sitting Bull says he will give himself up as soon as the weather permits traveling.

President Garfield has received an invitation, signed by several thousands of the citizens of Nashville, to attend the opening of their Industrial Exposition.

Mrs. Upright, a young woman, shot at Staunton Michigan by her husband march the 19th, died Monday having lived fifteen days after being shot through the brain.

A war of races has broken out in Peru. 2000 Chinamen have been murdered by negroes, and children, and cane fields, sugar, houses, machinery &c., have been burned.

The Indiana House of Representatives has passed a joint resolution, by a vote of 62 to 24, amending the constitution by giving women the right to vote at all State elections.

Resolutions eulogizing Mahone were presented in the Pennsylvania Legislature last week. Mr. Brown, Republican, denounced Mahone as traitor to his country and the resolutions were withdrawn.

Capt. Boycott, who was the first landlord in Ireland to suffer from the land league arrived in New York last week with his family. The object of his journey is to visit friends who live in Virginia.

It said that strong, fresh evidence in the Tichborne case not only of the claimant's identity, but that he is the victim of a widespread conspiracy, has been accumulating and will shortly be laid before the House of Commons.

Specials from about 100 points in Ohio regarding the wheat crop prospects show a general increase in acreage ranging from 10 to 26 per cent, though there is a slight falling off in a few sections. The winter has been favorable to a large yield, though the present snow is regarded with apprehensions.

The body of Col. L. N. Ross, of Holden, Mass., was cremated at Washington, Pa., Thursday, making the twelfth cremation there to date. The corpse, which weighed 240 pounds, was quickly reduced to ashes. Col. Ross was at one time a member of the Ohio State Senate, and was colonel of the Nineteth Ohio volunteers.

Count Herbert Bismark, the eldest son of the prince who eloped with Princess de Carolath Beuther, declares he will only return on condition his father assents to his marriage with the divorcee. The princess is older than her lover, and has a daughter 14 years of age. She was a lady of honor to the Empress, and one of the greatest beauties of the German Imperial Court.

Only one grandson of General Lafayette in the direct male line is now living. This is Edmond de Lafayette younger brother of the late Marquis. He is unmarried, and when he dies the name will become extinct. The late Marquis Oscar de Lafayette was a sad and solitary man. He made a marriage of affection, but early lost his young wife and his child, and never ceased to mourn them.

The Governor of Wisconsin has signed the bill, recently passed by the Legislature, prohibiting the practice of "treating." The bill provides that any person who shall hereafter ask another to drink at his expense, or any person consenting to drink at another's expense, shall be liable to arrest and punishment. When the bill was introduced into the Legislature it was referred to as a senseless and impracticable idea, and nobody thought it would become a law.

Blind Tom at a concert recently in Staunton, Va., displayed a most wonderful feat of memory. Twenty-one years ago, while in Frederick, Md., Prof. E. L. Ide played a German waltz which was then repeated by Tom. Mr. Ide was present at the Staunton concert, and asked Tom if he remembered the concert in Frederick in 1859. In answer he not only stated the hall where the concert took place, but also played the waltz, note for note, including some alterations that Mr. Ide had purposely made in it.

The strange sight of a cow on fire was seen in Auburn (N. Y.) recently. Jeremiah Finn had tried various lotions to kill the vermin on his cow and was recommended to apply kerosene. This he did, and while he was applying it along the neck and back of the animal, the oil took fire from a lamp and of course the cow became wild, throwing Jeremiah down, breaking through the side of the shanty and running at full speed through the streets. Men and boys chased the blazing cow and finally succeeded in extinguishing the fire with blankets.

A Hamburg paper announces that a city buried in the shifting sands of Southern Algiers has recently been discovered by a government officer named Tarry. He had previously opened up a subterranean river capable, as it is rather curiously described, of nourishing 100,000 palm trees. This remarkable discovery led him to make further explorations, which were rewarded by the appearance of a second Pompeii, with inscriptions, vaulted passages, and other architectural remains of great beauty. At the latest report a mosque and nine houses had been unearthed, and the hidden river gave promise of supplying enough water to redeem a considerable domain of fertile land from the desert.

A young lady whose womanly qualities had made her the mark of much attention from gentlemen, to one of whom she had plighted her troth, had her hair turn from a glossy brown to white. This evidence of poignant grief was caused by the base action of her lover. He is a young man, moving in Little Rock's highest social circles a short time since, but now married and residing in another part of the Union. She did not suspect that he had been unworthy of confidence. One evening last week she picked up a paper from the city in which her lover was visiting, and one of the first things that stuck her eyes was the description of a brilliant wedding in a fashionable church. She saw her lover's name figuring as that of bridegroom. During the whole night she lay in a stupor. The next morning one side of her head was white as snow, and so it remains—Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

Graceful Woman.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestion or deranged liver, constant or periodical such headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters.—Courant.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PETERSBURG RAILROAD

Foreclosure Sale.

Circuit court of the United States for the fourth Judicial Circuit and the Eastern District of Virginia—

Atkins, Bros., & Co., and als.
vs.
The Petersburg Railroad Company.

By virtue of and pursuant to a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale rendered and entered on the 8th day of September, 1880, and amended by decree entered on the 29th day of December, 1880, in said court, in the above entitled action, I, C. P. Ramsdell, Master, appointed therein to sell all and singular the mortgaged premises, franchises and property, real, personal, and mixed, mentioned in the said judgment and decree, particularly in the 3d section thereof being the same mortgaged, or intended so to be to Thomas Branch, and John B. Davis, trustees by deed bearing date of the 1st day of May, 1872, do hereby give notice that on

WEDNESDAY THE 20TH DAY OF APRIL, 1881, at 12 P. M. at the front door of the custom-house of the United States in the city of Petersburg, Va., I shall proceed to sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, the following described personal property—viz.,

ALL THE PROPERTY OF THE PETERSBURG RAILROAD COMPANY,
Including all the

Lands and Real Estate of said company in the city of Petersburg, State of Virginia, and at Weldon and Gaston, N. C., and along the line of the road, and along the line of the road between said places in the counties of Dinwiddie, Prince George, Sussex and Greenville, in the State of Virginia, and Northampton and Halifax, in the State of North Carolina; together with all improvements on said lands; all rights, privileges, and advantages thereto appertaining; the entire Railroad and Track; the entire Rolling-stock, Machinery, Fixtures, Tools, Equipment, and Railroad supplies; all other property, rights, privileges, and franchises appertaining to said Railroad in the States of Virginia and North Carolina and elsewhere, as fully set forth in the said judgment and decree, copies of which will be furnished to persons applying therefor.

Said sale will be made upon the terms specified in the decree of sale, of which bidders will take notice, and subject to certain subsisting prior liens upon the premises particularly described in the said judgment and decree—a statement of which can be seen at the clerk's office of the said court prior to the sale, and at the place of sale on the day of sale. C. P. RAMSDELL,
Master.

Richmond, Va., January 18th, 1881. Ja 20 6ds

$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. $10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland Me.

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HERVEY'S OLD STAND

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All Sizes, All Grades, All Prices, All Styles.

MEN'S CHILDREN'S, WOMEN'S AND MISSES

SHOES, SHOES.

All kinds of family groceries on hand and to arrive. Stock completely new. Just purchased from the Northern Markets.

S. M. GARY,
Halifax, N. C.
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The only Hydraulic Cotton Press for plantation use.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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SPACE	One M.	Thr M.	Six M.	One Y.
One Square,	3 00	8 00	12 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	35 00	45 00
Fourth Col'm,	15 00	20 00	40 00	50 00
Half Column,	20 00	30 00	60 00	85 00
Whole Column,	One Year,			75 00

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I have a complete stock of

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My bar is stocked with the choicest

French, Apple, and Peach Brandies, also all kinds of Whiskies, Wines, Gin, Rum, and Champagne.

BEST BRANDS OF WHISKIES A SPECIALTIY

Lager Beer in Bottles and on Draught. Families supplied at lower rates by the dozen bottles.

10,000 Cigars of the Best Brands.

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BEER BOTTLING A SPECIALTY.!

Orders for Crates Filled at Short Notice.

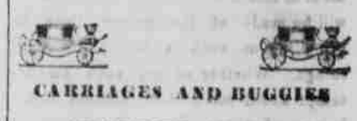
The trade will find it to their advantage to order from us.

G. OPENHEIMER,
Sign Central Saloon,
oct 23 3m. Scotland Neck

September 16th 1y

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.

W. R. VICK



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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.

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Coffins and Cases of all sizes constantly on hand.

Carriage Materials kept on hand at prices below Petersburg market.

June 5 1y Weldon N. C.

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Cheap as they can be sold in the town of Weldon.

Nice NORTH CAROLINA HAMS 12½ per pound,

Confectioneries of all Kinds Nice and Fresh.

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Call and see me.

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