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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. XII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1883.

NO. 4.

AN UNFINISHED POEM.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

From the March Century, The reader of Mr. Beyant's poems will readi-

ly remember the many verses addressed to his wife, such as "Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids," written about the time of their marriage; "The Future Life," speculating as to the union of their spiri s in the world to come; the "Sick-Bed," describing an Illness; "The Life That Is," rejoleing in recovery; "The Twenty-seventh of March"-the birthday of Mrs. Bryant ; "October, 1865," descriptive of her death and burial; and "May Evening," a gentle reference to her loss. But in addition to these, as we learn from Mr. Goodwin's forthcoming biography of the poet, a fragment was found among his papers, which recalls her memory in a very tender way, seven years after death. The lines were unfinished and uncorrected; but we cannot refrain from giving them as they were written-dated "Roslyn, 1873."

The morn hath not the glory that it wore. Nor dorh the day so beautifully die, Since I can call thee to my side no more, To gaze upon the sky.

For thy dear hand with each return of spring. I sought in sunny nooks the flowers she gave I seek them still, and so rowfully bring The choicest to thy grave.

Here, where I sit alone, is semetimes heard, From the great world a whisper of my name, Joined, haply, to some kind, commending word By those whose realise is fame.

And then, as if I thought thou still wert nigh, I turn me, half forgetting thon art dead, To read the gentic gladness of thine eye

That once I might have rea i. turn, but see thee not; before my eyes The image of a hill-side appears
Where all of thee that passed not to the skies

Was laid with bitter fears. And I, whose thoughts go back to happier days That fiel with thee, would giadly now resign All that the world can give of fame and praise

Thus, ever, then I read of generous deeds, Such words as then didst once delight to hear My heart is wrong with anguish as it bleeds To think thou art not near.

For one sweet look of thine.

And now that I can talk no more with thee Of ancient friends and days too fair to last, A bitterness blends with the memory Of all that happy past.

THE HAND OF FATE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

When I was still going to school, in the graduating class, to be sure, and past sixteen, and very large for my

tents, cauldrons and the whole para- pleasant. We had prayers in the phernalia of gypsy life, and everybody school-room instead of going to church. decided to walk, and as it was a the sky was blue and the air clear, bright, cool day, enjoyed ourselves and we all set forth for church togethmuch better than if we had been er. cooped up in the stage, or even in a carriage. It was October. Some of the foliage

were red and golden tints amongst the greens. Now and then the wind of leaves upon the road. Purple asters and golden rod were still in bloom Here and there grew crimson strawberries, and bitter-sweet burnt like gold along the stone fences. Each of is gathered a great bunch, and we he path that led into the hollow where the camp lay. Young and romantic we were ready to be delighted with everything-with the swarthy gypsy selling a colt to a stout farmer; with old grandmother dandling a dusky black-eyed children squatting about everywhere.

There were visitors in plenty, and most of the women were busy telling that you could put your finger in. fortunes. As we approached, a wo man, who had been sitting on a fallen log, arose, and a man, who had been talking to her, pulled his bat over his eyes and turned away, like the villian in a melo drama. The woman wore a wide-brimmed straw hat, with a wreath of artificial flowers around it, at last." Her hair was dressed stiffly and primly in well-oiled "bands" She had a flowered delain gown, and a little red She was certainly neither young nor

would have our fortunes told. Clare, our spokeswoman, declared that to have been our intention in coming, and we soon proved the truth of the adage. "A fool and his money is soon parted," by dropping a dollar into the gypsy's palm.

"Who shall I begin with, pretty ladies ?" asked the woman. And will von have your fortunes told privately or together?"

Clare answered that we had no se crets from each other, and that 'this young lady," indicating Belle with the point of her parasol, "would be the first to have a glimpse into futurity."

while the gypsy told her that some one with a title, a lord or a duke, larly of the fact that the gyp-y had would cross the sea to fall in love with her; that she would live in a palace little excited over it all, when Rooin beyond the ocean and be waited on put his arm about my waist and drew like a queen. There was more, but I me close to him. have forgotten it. Belle was de-

lighted, and Rose was the next victim. coive you any longer. There was no

Clare was something like "Lady Jane, | don't you ?"

at the wedding. The next day Col. introduce you, or deceived uncle. V-rode out of the town at the head of his regiment. He never came her heart day and night forever. But Yes, it was he. That seemed to where have I strayed to? Let me go make all the difference. bick to the bright autumn day, and the gypsy camp; and the four school it, I believe, after all." girls, half mocking, half believing, very merry and a little frightened. It was my turn, and I sat before the dark, hard eyed woman, with a face like a smiling ogress carved in black walnut, and listened as she peered at the lines in my palm,

"You are a tall young lady. Miss," she said, at last; "but you go to school have an elderly gentleman relation who takes you out a good bit to places of amusement and the like. I don't see whether it's your papa or your grandpa, but it's a relation,"

This was so true that I came near crying out, "It is Uncle Henry," but I bethought myself in time. "You wear blue a good deal,' she went on, "and tleman who picked it up is to be your husband. The stars say so."
"How white you turn, Essie," cried

"I feel faint," I said, "It's true I dropped a blue fan at the opera when Patti sang Traviata, and a gentleman picked it up, but I should not know

him from Adam." "You'll meet him again, however, Miss," said the gypsy. "Some Sun day at church he will hand you a prayer-book with the place marked "Now lets have an understand" with a flower; when you see that you boy. Whatever I say, you, are not to give my and he wears a mustache."

walked or rode out to visit it. We But on the first Sanday in November

new scholars, and the seats belonging to the school were full; four of us had changed color a little, and there were lett over to claim the courtesy of our neighbors. I was invited to enter a new occupied by one old lady, and shook the trees, and scattered showers as my prayer book was in the school rack I had none, and did not like to help myself without invitation. As I hesitated, a book was passed to me from the pew behind me. "This is the place," said a charming

pressed daisy.

Instantly the visit to the gypsy camp and the fortune teller's proph ev rushed into my memory. I could not have helped looking at the pew behind if my life had depended on it, I a-tually baby on her knees, and the dirty, turned my head and looked full at the gentleman who had given me the book. He had black hair and eyes, a long moustache, and a dimple on his chin

> The congregation were rising; I arose, too. I held the book in my hand and softly turned to the fly-leaf before the title page, A name was written there-Robin Armytage.

Who can blame me it I said to my

self . "Certainly I have met my fate It is vulgar to "flirt"-wrong make acquaintance without introduction, but it was all Robin's fault woolen shawl covered her shoulders. When he held his umbrella over me one rainy day; when he met me as I beautiful, as the "gypsy maid" of song and drama must inevitably be; but she afghan, and walked with me and smiled amiably upon us, and, calling talked; when old Billbe Ty, who made us "pretty young ladies," asked it we the fires for the school, came upon me in the garden one morning, and pointing to a gentleman, where he had no business to be, looking over the fence said: "Look here, Miss. This here is Mr. Robin Armtage Proud to make you knowed to each other"-who could go against fate? And so I had the impulence to introduce him to uncle in the holidays, and in three months we were engaged. I graduated, left school, and soon after married Robin, and was happy as a bird, or a butter-

I had told Robin about the gypsy, of course, and he had agreed with me that it was all very wonderful so often. Belle, blushing rosy red, put out and at last, one bright spring evening her little hand, and we all listened as we walked together, I spoke again of the strange prophery, and particuknown his name, and I was growing a

fly, or a squirrel.

"My darling," he said, "I can't de-The gypsy told her that she would marry a great musician, and we all laughed, for we knew that Mr. Mar
watched you everywhere, and followed

stairs and broke his bottle, and that there was mobiled on him, and he said, "do you mean to tall me my body and legs are not been in love with you for weeks—had to tall me my body and legs are not found laughed, for we knew that Mr. Mar
watched you everywhere, and followed buman gore?" and then ps got up and found luils the wicked heart and calms the ruder.

telli, who taught the piano to the grad-uating class was very much in love five dollars to say just what I told her, with her. Then Clare seated herself on the old into the pew behind you. Of course, log and opened her hand, palm up- I also bribed Billberry. All is fair ward. It was large and handsome, in love as in war. You forgive me,

Oddly enough it really happened that guided me," I said, "or I'd never me and my chura could be six burglars, six not a year afterwards. We were all have spoken to you or let Billberry feet high, with noses broke, and boot-beel

It was all very wrong, I know, Robin answered. It would have been back. Clare wears her widow's vail very shocking if it had been some for him yet, and his miniature lies over other fellow, but you see it was I.

"O, Robin, the hand of fate was in

PECK'S BAD BOY.

"I hear you had by glars over to your house last night," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in and sat on the counter right over a little gimlet hole, where the groceryman had fixed a durning needle so that by pulling a string the needle would fly up through the hole and run into the boy about yet. You are fond of music, and you an inch. The groceryman had been laying for the boy for two days, and now that he had got him right over the hole for the first time, it made him laugh to think how he would make him jump and yell. As he edged off and got hold of the string the boy looked unconscious of impending danger. The groe-ryman pulled, and the boy sat still. He pulled sgain and sgain, and finally the boy said :

"Yes, it is reported that we had burglars you have a blue fan. At a concert over there, O, you needn't pull that string one evening you dropped it. The gen- any more. I heard you was setting a trap for me and I put a piece of board inside my pants, and thought I would let you exercise yourself. Go shead, if it amuses you. It don't burt me."

The groceryman looked sad, and then smiled a sickly sort of a smile, at the failure of his plan to puncture the boy, and then be said: "Well, how was it. The policeman didn't seem to know much about the particu lars. He said there was so much develop go on at your house that nobody could tell when anything was serious, and he was luclined to

"Now lets have an understanding," says the will know your fate has come. His away, It's a go, is it? I have always been first name is Robin. He has black afraid of you, because you have a sort of deeyes, black hair and a dimple in his cayed egg took about you. You are like a chin deep enough to put your finger in; pe k of potatoes with the big ones on to, a sort of a strawberry box, with the bottom I certainly had enough for my dol. raised up, so I have thought you would go age, four of us made up our minds, on Saturday afternoon, to have our fortunes told.

There was a gypsy camp out on the common beyond the town, with vans.

The rest of October was very unthat sout, and a pint bottle don't last more than the common beyond the town, with vans. than a week. Well, I told my chum, and we laid for pa. This liniment ma uses is offul hot. and almost blist re. Pa went to the Langers show, and did not get home till eleven o't lock, and me and my chum decided to teach pa s lesson. I don't think it is right for a man to It so happened that there were four go to the thestres and not take his wife and little boy. So we concluded to burgle pa. We agreed to lay on the stairs, and when he came up my chum was to hit him on !the head with a dried bladder, and I was to stab him on his breast pocket, with a stick, and break the liniment bottle, and make him think he was killed. It couldn't have worked better if we had rehearsed it. We had talked about bur glars at suppor time, and got pa nervous, so when he came up stairs and was hit on the head with the bladder, the first thing he said was "burglars by mighty," and he started to voice, and as I bowed my thanks, I go back, and then I hit him on the breast held them in our hands as we entered saw that the page was marked with a pocket, where the bottle was, and then pushed him down stairs, and said in a stage whisper, "I guess he's a dead man," and we wen down cellar and up the back stairs to my room and undressed. Pa hollered to ma that he was murdered, and ma called me, and I camdown in my night shirt, and the hir-d girl she came down, and pa was on the lounge, and he said his life-blood was fast ebbing away. He held his hand on the wound, and said he could feel the warm blood trickling clear down to his boots. I teld pa to stuff some tar into the wound, such as he told me to put on my lip to make my mustache grow, and ps said, "My boy, this is no time for trifling. Your pa is on his last ters. When I come up stairs met six burglars, and I attacked them, and forced four of them down, and was going to hold then and send for the police, when two more, that I did not knew were about jumped on me, and I was getting the best of them, when o e of them struck me over the head with a crow bar and the other stabbed me to the

it was only the liniment. He got mad and habits of men. May their influence never be saked ma why she didn't fly around and get less! May God give them more influence, and it was eating them right through the bone, and roundings! then he saw my chum put his head in the door, with one gallus hanging down, and pa looked at me and then he said, "Lookshere, if I find not pretty but massive." The gypsy told her that she would be a soldier's last I gave in. One must, you know. "I thought it was the hand of fate "I thought it was the hand of fate "I thought it was the hand of fate me and my chun could be six burglars, six

marks on our neck and pa he said for us to go to bed allfired quick, and g ve bim a chance to r ase off that limiment, and we retired. Say, how does my pa strike you as a good sluglean led liar? and the boy went up to the counter while the grocery man went after a scuttle of coal.

In the meantime one of the grocery man's best customers, a deacon in the church, had come in and sat down on the counter, over the darning needle and as the grocery man came in the bey pulled the string, and went out doors and tipped over a basket of rutabagas, while the descon got down off the counter with his hands clasped, and anger in every feature, and told the grocery man he could whip him in two minutes. The grocery man asked what was the matter, and the deacon hunted up the source from whence the darning needle came through the counter, and as the boy went across the street the descon and grocery man was rolling on the floor, the grocery man trying to hold the deacon's fists while he explained about the darning needle, and that it was intended for the boy. How it came out the boy did not wait to see,

ROLLER SKATES.

The roller skate is a wayward little quadruped. It is as frolicsome and more innocent- naked. Then she'd have hair to friz, and ooking than a lamb, but for interfering with one's upright attitude in a community it is, up like Deacon Siderback's when he says perhaps, the best machine that has appeared m Salt Lake City.

One's first feeling on standing up on a pair of roller skates is an uncontrollable tendency to come from tegether. One foot may start out toward Idaho, while the other promptly strikes out for Arizona. The legs do not stand by each other as legs related by blood shoud do, but each shows a disposition to set up in business alone and leave you to take care of yourself as best you may. The awkwardness of this arrangement is apparent. While they are setting up in lependently there is nothing for you to do but to sit down and await future developments. And you have to sit dows, too, without having made any pre-From preparation for it and without having devoted as much thought to it as you might have one had you been consulted in the matter.

One of the noticable things at a skating risk is the strong attraction between the human ody and the door of the rink. If the human nody had been coming through space for days and days at the rate of a million miles a s c' end, without stopping at eating stations and West, where his style is appreciated. He sets not excepting Sundays, when it strikes the floor we can understand why it struck the floor with so much violence. As it is, however, the thing is inexpli able.

There are different kinds of falls in vogue at the rink. There are the rear falls front falls, the Cardinal Wo sey f.ll, the fall one across the other, three in a pile and so on, There are some of the falls that I would like to be excused from describing. The rear fall is favorite. It is more frequenty utilized than any other. There are two positions in skating, the perpendicular and the horizontal. Advanced skaters prefer the perpendicular, while others affect the hori-

Skates are no respectors of persons. They will lay out a minister of the gospel or the miyor of the city as readily as they will a short-coated, one-suspender boy or a giddy

and the other for Colorado, that does not separat his from the floor or break up his fun Other portions of his body will take the place bis feet have just vacated with a promptness that is suprising, and he will find that 'he fun has just begun-for the people looking on. The equipments for the rink are a pair of

skates, a cashion and a bottle of liniment .-Laramie Boomerana.

There is nothing that is more calculated to

asse and elevate the thoughts of man-noti-

WOMAN'S LOVE AND INFLUENCE.

ing which purifies and refines his ruder pleas ares, than the pure love and influence of woman. Woman's love is the strongest and noblest. For love woman will sacrifice right, home, friends, wealth, and if necessary, her life. There is nothing more gentle, more af-6 ctionate and more lasting than the first love of woman. It is as the gentle zephyr of the twill eve, or the soft dreaminess of the far-off heart with a butcher knife. I have received landscape. There is nothing so emotional, so my death wound, my boy, and my hot South- soft and true as woman's love; and yet there era blood, that I offered up so freely for my is nothing which is more trafed with nor country, in her time of need, is passing from more trampled on. The villain who would my body, and soon your pa will be only a tide with the gentle affections of a time niece of porclay. Get some ice and pat on my stomach, and all the way down, for I am him her affections, is not worthy the canobling burning up." I went to the water pitcher and talle of man. He is fully associated with the g a a chunk of ice and put luside pa's shirt, rule manners which would disgrace a brute. and while ma was tearing up an old skirt to A man who would tride with the true affecs op the flow of blood, I asked pa if he felt tions of a women, and then tread under foot better, and if he could describe the villians her virtue and bonor, is too low, is too dewho had murdered him. Pa gasped and based, and too vile to receive the alightest moved his legs to get them cool from the countenance, and yet, forsooth, how often and c otted blood, he said, and he went on. "One how cruelly is this done even by men having of them was about six foot high, and had a true, good mothers and loving sisters, none of sindy moustache. I got him down and hit whom they would tolerate to see wronged. If him on the nose, and if the police find him a man will only treat somebody else's sister his nose will be broke. The second one was the same as he would like to have his own thick set, and weighed about two hundred. I sister respected and dealt with, he will do no had him down, and my boot was on his neck, wrong, unless he is the veriest of brutes, and I was knocking two more down, when I Next to woman's love is her influence. It i was het. The thick set one will have the almost the ruling power of earth. Take from mark of boot heels on his throat. Tell the powoman her influence, and the whole of thi lice, when I am gone, about my boot heel world would be chaos and confusion. Man marks." By this time ma had got the skirt would go back to savage life, not by degrees tore up, and she stuffed it under pa's shirt, but at once. There is a great difference beright where he said he was lit, and pa was telling us want to do to settle his estate, when is gentle, soft and affectionate, stealing upon maberante smell the liminent, and she found the heart as some gentle sigh for our happithe I niment in his porket, and searched pa for ness. One to which we look up and revere as the place where he was stabbed, and then she the guiding star of our existence. Without it began to laugh, and paget mad and said he life would be a blank. It is gentle and symdidn't see as a death-bed scene was such an al- pathizing, entering into the object of its pity mighty fuuny affir, and then she told him he while the influence given out by man is cold was not hurt, but that he had fallen on the and more commanding; is oftlimes true and stairs and broke his bottle, and that there was gushing, at others empty and for self-interest.

something to take that liniment off his legs, as give them the power to exert it on their sur-

THE FRECKLED-FACED GIRL.

HOW BRE ENTERTAINED A VISITOR WHILE HER MA WAS DRESSING.

"Ma's up stairs changing her dress," said the freekled-faced little girl, tying her doll's bonhet strings and casting her eyes about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double-jointed young person.

"Oh, your mother ne dn't dress up for me, replied the female agent of the missionary society, taking a self satisfied view of her-self in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is in her every-day clothes, and not stand on ceremony."

"Oh, but she hasn't got on her every-day clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk, 'cause she expected Miss Dimon to-day. Miss Dimond always comes over herto show off her nice new things, and Ma don' mean to get left. When ma saw you coming she said, "The Dickens!" and I guess she wa mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress she'd have to hear all about the poor heathens, who do not have slik, and you'd ask her for money to buy hyan books to send to 'em. Say, do the pigger ladies use hymibook leaves to do their hair up on and make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all the good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen." "Why, you weked little girl, what do you

want with a heathen doll?" inquired the misionary lady, taking a mental faventory of the new things in the parior to get material for a homily on worldly extravagance. "So folks would send her lats of nice thing-

to wear and feel sorry to have her going about want a doll with truly h ir and eyes that rol amen on Sunday I am't a wicked garl, either cause Uncle Dick-you know Uncle Dick, h. been out West and he swears awful ansmokes in the house-he says I am a holly terror and he hoped I'll be an angel soon, Ma'll be down in a minute, so you needn't take your cloak off. She said she'd box my ears it i asked you to. Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year; 'cause she said she didn't wan't you to think she was able to give much this time, and she needed a new muff worse than the queen of the cannonball islands needed religion Uncle Dick says you oughter go to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there, and the natifa would be sorry they was such sinners anybody would send you to 'em. He s ye he never seen a beathen hungry enough to eat you, 'less 'twas a blind one; an' you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionary. Uncle Dirk's awfal funny, and he makes pa and ma die a laughing sometimes."

"Your Uncle Richard is a bad deprayed wretch, and ought to have remained out

to slide down the bannisters, and he's teaching me to whistle when ma ain't 'round. That's a pretty cloak you've got ain't it? Do you buy all your good clothes with missionary money ! Ma says you do."

Just then the freckled-face little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma can't urderstand why a person who professes to be secaaritable as the missionary agent does should go right over to Miss Dimond's and say such ill natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-face gossip .-- Bos

A COON FIGHT.

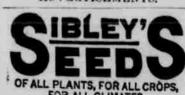
Sam Diggs and Bill Sanders, two gentlemen of color met at the usual corner grocery is Anne Arundal county last week. Bill Sander has a slight impediment in his speech, prefacing his sentences with 'a-a-ty, which some times causes him trouble, and Sam Diggs is gifted with a doubting mind and free tongue. 'Sam,' said Bill, 'I was out hunting night afore last, and cotch a-a-ty two coons up one

'Fore de Lord Bill, dat's more luck den any other ni ggsh eber had in dis world. 'Pears to me as if dat statement sound spicious. Speak ing generally on a pint like dat, I is monstrone apt to call it purty tall lyin. But bein as how ts you I will ax you if you sin't a jokin." 'No sah I caught a-a-ty two coons up one

tree, dats a fact and de man dat doubts dat statement is a breedin trouble for his self." Well if dat aintlyle its waggin de falses! jaws of any nigger in de country." Take dat!

You takedat. When they were separated they both looked like they had been interviewed by a Kansas cyclone, each vowing to seek a subsequent meeting when they propose to settle 'dat coop ques ton according to de rules oh de code."

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