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ONE MAIDEN.

I saw her stand by the garden door,
In her snowy robes, with her glistening hair,
And I thought as I gazed on her angel face
That no other maiden was half so fair!
There's a wondrous depth in her sweet dove eyes,
There's a golden gleam in her lustrous hair,
There's a rapturous beauty in all her ways,
And no other maiden is so fair!

ATHERTON HALL.

A SOUTHERN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

"Roll, Jordan, roll, Roll Jordan roll,
Bound to go to Hebron when I die,
For to hear that Jordan roll!"

In his cabin, by the sea, an old man
Sings a dirge to his own fate,
His tremulous voice, full of a wild, un-
tutored melody, floats out on the still air,
out across the blue water that lies rest-
fully rocking in the summer sunshine.

"'Twas 'twon't be long,
The song has ceased, and the old man
goes to work—he is mending nets for the
fishermen—drops from his hands; while he
muttered to himself in a kind of monotone,
with many a shake of his head, and now
and then an emphatic grunt.

"'Twas 'twon't be long, for Caesar hear
it roll. He done already survived de
kompanyons uv de pas—De ole lady dead
an' gone—long ago. Nancy—dat's
Tiddy's mammy dead an' gone long fo' dat
an' Josheua, an' Sanson, an' Peter, an'
Pompey, an' Rhody, an' Pashene—all
my brudders, an' sist'ers—all on em—
every one—dead an' gone long ago. An'
it's a gittin' mity lonesome fur de ole
man.

Tiddy, she have to be up to de
house most 'all day, an' I don't hav' no
puson fur to converse along, 'scusin' an
cep'tin' o' dese no-sense, stuck up kul-
tured pussons dat draps in occasional.
Some on em does mity well wid de book,
Lord, but dese parsons on em what don't
make no bones o' callin' 'em a man, a fool
if he open his mouf to talk 'bout dem good
ole times what some niggers seems to talk
about, when we use ter have masters and
misties, an' nobody never heard no tell
o' 'cibet rights' an' 'all dat sort o' foolish-
ness. An' uv a night it's mity lonesome
still. De ole faces uv all de dead folks
keeps a coming up constant, sense de
rheumatiz tick me so short, an' I makes
sich 'em out as sleepin'. Seem like ole
Miss she come up de oftentime. Me an' she
wuz perackey uv de same age. We wuz
born de same day an' de same hour. Dat
what dey tell me. And she gone over
Jardin twenty yer ago—agin' us—an
no alangan on here still. But sometime I
hears it a lappin' an' a lappin' mity close
up, an' fo' long Caesar get in de boat
hissel' an' ride right across gl' in de boat
wid de angels, best black n' white is a
'schewin' uv de golden harp an' a singin'
praises to de Lord."

He shuts his eyes tight, and tears
trickle down his wrinkled cheeks.
"Yes, yes," shaking his head and laugh-
ing silyly. "Yes, yes, dese here feet. I
wuz de golden slippers, an' walk de golden
streets, an' no mo' trials an' tribulations
fur Caesar, but—"

"Fetch along dem pan-cakes, Tiddy!
Sakes alive! How good dey do smell!
I'm a gittin' monstus empty, I kin tell
you. I've bin engaged in de deepest uv
meditations, an' de work jes slip out'n my
han'; pear like I aint long fur dis world
no how, Tiddy. Mity ketchy in my side-
umph!—an' my knees! umph!—and—
umph!—sich orful bad misery in de
small uv my back—umph—um—um!
An' mity po' stomach fur wittels—"

Pears to me, Tiddy, as how you to powerful
slow a gittin' o' my mif der
redly to-day. My digestion an' wery in-
terly in its activity. Caesar aint no mo'
what he have bin.

But dem hollers has a lucious odor,
an' jes fetche de lasses jug o' dem ar
unwittin' pan-cakes, an' yo' gran' pap
will endeavor fur to eat a little bite, Tiddy,
jes' to keep from interruptin' o' yo' feel-
ings."

A low roofed cabin, shaded by an arbor
of honey suckle that serves as a porch. A
potato patch at the back. In front, a neat
garden, bordered with jonquils and pinks
and marigolds. On either side of the
walk, a sun-flower rears its gaudy head.
Near the gate, pink daily rose-bush blooms
all the year round.

Within, a freshly scrubbed floor; a cup-
board in a corner, some spotless home-
made chairs—some a big, wide bottomed
rocker, with arms—a water-bucket on a
shelf, and a long-handled gourd; a table
with a folded, snowy, hem-spun cloth;
three beds in three corners—one curtained
off; his patch-work coverlet just visible,
a Bible and the old man's pipe and tobacco
box on the mantle-piece; a chest or
drawers; a trunk. These, with the cooking
utensils on the ample hearth where
Tiddy is bending over the dinner, make up
the old negro's surroundings.

He sits in his chair near the wide open
door. A grey cat is asleep on the door-
step, and a yellow dog snaps at the flies in
the sunshine outside. Several plump pul-
lets are quarreling over some scraps from
Tiddy's tray, and the bees are drowsily
humming in the hive.

A pleasant picture—the old man in his
chair. For, in spite of his rheumatism
and his pains and miseries, he looks hale
and strong, and his white head, crowning
the rugged dark face, is uplifted with a
kind of loftiness of bearing.

He rises now, with the help of a heavy,
knotted, varnished oak stick, and takes his
seat at the table which Tiddy has spread
with the utmost neatness. She stands
respectfully at his back, while he helps
himself to a generous slice of boiled ham,
his favorite "kollers," the steaming pota-
toes, and the "biled dumplin's" such as
Tiddy knows how to teach up handily. The
manifold afflictions of his outer man are
forgotten as he administers to the wants of
the inner, smacking his lips the while
with great gratification, as who should say:
"Taint every person dat knows how to do
up a job o' dis sort like Caesar do."

Suddenly he stops, and he turns
around with much alacrity.

"What air you a smokin' at, Tiddy,
I'd like ter know? Pears to me like
mity po' sort o' derispek fur yo' grandpap
to be a smokin' an' a cat'n on in dat

frivrius kind o' style in his very favor
less ways I chist his back. Kin you in-
form me now, Meritider, what in de than-
der you sees so monstus, orful, peckler
funny an' amusin' in yo' granpap's dinner?
Nuthin', yer say? Den stop dat eternal
snickerin at nuthin. I jes aint er gwine
ter have no mo' on it. You aint nigh so
mannerly, Tiddy, as you'd orter be. But
den—you does wait on de ole man wery
handy—mostwisy—wery handy indeed.
An' I spose he am po' kompany fur a
young gal like you. But den—you jus
hadn't orter forget yo' manners."

In a gentle tone. "Bin up to de greet
house, to-day, Tiddy?"
"Yes, sir."
"How's he a comin' on?"
"Pity."
"Any wusser?"
"Miss Carolyn said as how he reated
bad, an' was out'n his head in de fo' part
o' de night, an' never seem to take no
notis o' nuthin 'scusin' de ole clock—of how
he kep er watchin er dat, an' a pintin' to
de ole, an' said out: me an' his kep pace
together, an' we're bof nigh about run
down."

While she speaks, Caesar lays down his
knife and fork, and gazes at her with the
deepest concern on every feature. When
she has finished, he takes his red and
yellow handkerchief and wipes away the
great beads of perspiration that have gath-
ered on his forehead, shaking his head
mournfully, while he walks slowly back to
his chair in the door.

"A bad sign, Tiddy," he says, "a mity
uncomin, peckler bad sign. He aint
long fur dis world! I trust in de good
Lord he have got his erkouts squarred
up in de proper manner fur de sex. I'm
bliged to believe he have. He seen a
sight o' trouble in dis life," with another
shake of his head and a prolonged grunt.

"A sight o' trouble! An' he tick it power-
ful hard—powerful! Folks is mity diff'ent.
Dar wuz Miss Quenee, seem like she an'
Mars Tom wuz jes' made fur one another
an' I never did see no man wid his heart
set on no woman like he set his on her.
An' she—lor, bless yo' soul! she'd a
made nuthin of layin her putty head
down in a havin' uv it chopped off, ef
he had a axed it uv her, which he never
would a done, in case. But den dey
want no mo' like dem an' she wuz not
a bit. He wuz aint a lookin' out fur
trouble, an' she wuz aint a sayin': 'Thom-
as, hit aint so bad as you think, an' haint
no one no another?' or some sech sooth
in talk. Pear like none o' de trouble
comfint' keep her from laffin an' smilin';
an' ef it had er pleased de good meester
Tiddy ter tick her an' let her, she'd a bo' it
a greet site better, mity diff'ent she'd a
bo' it, I kin tell you. She wear one o' dem
strong an' handy kind what you wuz houn-
d ter look up to an' respect. Sech a leetle
mite of a creater she war, too, not nigh so
high an' proud lookin' as our Miss Caro-
lyn—but a mity big spirit she had. I
rickollec' I went up to de greet house soon
one mornin' fo' brokfas—a saddy mornin-
in it wuz, not long fo' she died, when
Mars Tom wuz so pestered bot de will,
an' a thinkin' 'ery day dey'd have to
leave de place, an' not a knowin' which
ways to turn. I went up dar soon one
mornin an' dey war a havin' o' prairs in
her settin' room dey call it, an' she say:
'Come in, Unker Caesar, an' set down
'twell arter prairs,' an' one o' dem prairs
what Mars Tom prayed dat mornin'—it
wuz a saddy mornin. I think—one o'
dem prairs have staid wid Caesar, wif
some an' it'll stay wid him long as he live.
'O Lord!' he says, 'remember us in
mornin; sanctify Thy fatherly Kreations
unto us; inject our souls wid passion
under our afflictions, and wid resougness
to Thy blessed will, comfort us wid a
sense o' Thy goodness, if up Thy koun-
tenance upon us, and gib us peace, fur
Jesus sake, Amen.' 'Strange how dem
comfint' words sticks in my rickollec-
tion. I see em unto myself mity often.
I members what a hebbly sigh Mars Tom
fetched when dey get up offen dese knees,
an' Miss Quenee, she up an' went in him,
and tuck hold his hands an' look right in
his eyes, er smilin all de time—an' she say,
'less us doant grieve no mo' dear Thomas,
we has a sight to comit us wid.'"

I members a sight o' dem fambly prair'
ars, same as I members de Lord's prair'
er de Bible wertes an' de dewty to yo'
nabor what ole miss larnt us black chillun
long ago, when she use ter call us
up in a Sunday mornin' wid our clean
Sunday close on, an' larnt us de katty-
crisn an' sich. Aye! dem days was days,
Tiddy, I tell you! Sech as you don't
know nuthin' 'all about. No sech doin's
nowadays. Niggers dont pester dey
heads bot no katterisness dese days.

Mebby you don't know, Meritider.
Here the old man straightens himself and
a look of intense pride comes over his
face. When he says Meritider in that
way, his dignity is at its highest.

"Mebby you don't know as how one
young miss up to de greet house was born
benedict dis 'mable nof, an' he mar-
traved her las' bref in dat ar bed over
dar wid de yellin an' green liver, Mebby
you don't know why no pusson haint
never tuck dat bed to sleep in it sense you
kin rickollec'—no, an' neber will, please
God. Dat's de resin, Meritider. Dat's
de bed what Miss Quenee died on, she's
you're born!"

Tiddy's eyes have opened wider and
wider until now they seem likely to pop
out of her round head. Her lower jaw
falls, and she stands staring in her grand-
father's face, with incredulous horror in
her own. Horror at his fearful state of
mind. She evidently thinks him out of
his senses. Before she speaks the thoughts
that are burning within her, he goes on,
smiling loftily: "No, you don't believe it
—you don't! An' you think I mout a
tote you befo', you aint, Meritider? Well,
I'll preece to observe any an' wharfo' I
neber has an' it's jes' dis. You aint
de gal ye mammy wuz, Tiddy, fur prau-
dence an' de proper indredishin uv speech.
You air a well-disposed, bot a frivrius
young creater, an' you aint no ways rim-
markerle fur holdin' uv yo' tongue. In
other words, Meritider, you will keep
disrespectful kompany onet in a while.
Dat you know yo' self. But you don't tell
me, Meritider. No, thank de good Mar-
sters, Nancy's gal aint no list, an' you're
a gittin de enuff now to know some uv de
fambly secks an' ef you'll promise me
yo' word an' honor never to revulge it to no
livin' pusson, I'll tell you how it happen

to be de case. As I wuz a sayin', I neber
see nobody tuck nuthin so uncomin hard.
Dey wuz jes' turned out'n house an' home,
an' we fetched Miss Quenee—Mabel she
wuz name by rights, an' Mars Tom he
call her 'Mab' an' Queen Mab' tell bime-
by we all gits to callin' uv her Miss
Quenee—fetched her down here more
dead an' alive, an' when de little un come—
dat's Miss Carolyn—she jes' passed away
wery peaceful an' happy widout a word.
An' Mars Tom—seem like his heart wud
bid wide open. I rickollec' right now
how he look, a settin' in a cheer—ober
dar in de corner by de chimney—wid his
face kivered up wid his handkercher. An'
I goes up to him an' I sez, 'Mars Tom,
haint you better look arter de baby?' an'
he look up at me—greet kingdom! how
dem gret black eyes did look—an' den
he jes' ketch hold o' my han, an' 'O,
Caesar an' 'O, Caesar,' he sez—an' not
another word. An' I tuck an' kinder
pulls him along tude de bed, an' he drap-
ped down on his knees wid his head on
her bres' and I, den orful sech dat bustled
from him! I know'd so how dat warn't
no place fur me, so I jes' tiptoid out'n de
house, and set tude de do—an' I heard
him say out loud like as ef some pusson
had hit him hard, an' he wuz a struggl-
in fur bref; 'Quenee! O, my luv—
my life! Dead! and here! O, gret
God! he come to die!' An' den
wery soft an' tender, he'd say, 'Darlin',
Darlin'! yo' little hands is so cole. Open
yo' sweet little eyes out—O, look at me
—speak to me out or I shall die!' I
neber seed nuthin like it. I members his
words an' his looks same as ef it had er
bin yestiddy, an' sixteen yer ago its bin—
sixteen yer ago. O, stop dat blubberin,
Tiddy! Lord! chile, what good dat gwine
do Mars Tom? I don't hold wid no sech
foolishness. So don't you cry no mo'
now. Seem like its mity stucky suars
—some pusson a burnin' brush, I reckon.
He draws out his gay handkerchief
again, and holds it to his eyes. Tiddy sits
down on the door-step at his feet and
covers her face with her apron. And for
some moments the sound of sobbing mingles
with the droning of the bees.

"But O!—de scuffin' an' hardships uv
whatsomeber diskrupshun dat blessed man
hab had to contend agin! An' he sech a
high-fir, sech a sho' mif quality gentle-
man, none o' yo' trash—de aint—of he
have bin brought to de pinch uv pov-
erty in his time. None o' yo' common
sich, such as you see a ridin aroun in
kerridges in dese times when de bottom
ride done got to de tap. O Lordy, no,
I wuz notter think out! All his fambly
I should riber fur dey elegance and circum-
speckness uv manner, an' der gret fambly
pride." Checking himself suddenly,
"But dis wud be fur dis chile! I look
like de mimit he drap his work, he slip
back an' go ober it all agin, an' it don't
do de old man no good—don't do him
no good. Den ole times is all gone—all
gone. De new ginerashin'll have to
take keer o' iteself. I blongs to de pas'
in de easier I takes all dese new-fange
notions ob de present day, de better fur
Caesar!"

With which wery remark, having
lighted his pipe, he leaves his chair for the
bench under the arbor. And stretching
out his feet and closing his eyes, he reso-
lutely shuts out these visions of the past,
a past in which he figures as a hero,
his head drops to one side, and deep
grating sounds issue from his nasal organs.
While he sits thus, asleep in the sunshine,
we will read a chapter in his history.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OBSERVATIONS.

The man who was ashamed to look his
watch in the face probably got it on tick.

It may be that riches have wings, but
the man with a million is willing to chance
it.

We are all honest, but the fear of the
law has a great deal to do with paying old
debts.

To render yourself agreeable is nothing.
Pickpockets are the best talkers in the
world.

With 50,000,000 population in this
country no one need ever fear a scarcity
of cabbage-heads.

The inventor of the long-handled shovel
died unlamented because he couldn't attach
a rocking-chair to it.

Emotional insanity has never yet caused
a victim to put his hand in his pocket and
pay an outlawed debt.

It is no much trouble, after all, to put
down a carpet. It is putting up for the
carpet which bothers folks.

Heaven must be a beautiful place, but
if there's a mudd-puddle handy a four-year-
old boy will take it in preference.

The man who curses luck hasn't the
courage to kick himself for his own bad
management.—Detroit Free Press.

"Better behave yourself," said the tur-
nip to the potato, or some one will come
along and take the starch out of you."

The grasshopper has announced its fare-
well tour for 1884. His route is so long
that he must go on the jump all the time.

The man who turns pale in the face of
danger fights none the worse for it. A
squealing rat bites as hard as any other.

The size of a man's foot is hardly ever
commented on until after he has pushed
them into a pair of boots too small for him.

The anchor does very well for an em-
blem of Hope. Nine times out of ten,
when there is really any use for it, it's no
good.

The man who prides himself on always
speaking his mind is the first one to kick
when he finds anybody else exercising the
same privilege.

Many men owe their success in this
world to having learned to say "No" at the
proper time. Remember this when the
flies make leap-year proposals.

"I'll teach you how to tear your pants,"
said an irate parent twinging a strap.
"I'll teach you," "Don't hit me, pa;
I know how already. Just look at em!

THOUGHTFUL THOUGHTS.

READ AND PROFIT THEREBY.

A father is a banker given by nature.

The brightest sunlight cast the deepest
shadows.

Conscience is the most unlightened of
all philosophers.

Those who school others oft should
school themselves.

To be poor, and seem poor, is a certain
method to rise.

People's intentions can only be decided
by their conduct.

Labor bids us of three great evils—irk-
someness, vice and poverty.

Knowledge is the treasure, but judg-
ment the treasurer of a wise man.

Tastes consist in the power of judging;
genius in the power of executing.

When a man resists sin on human mo-
tives, only, he will not hold out long.

He is the best accountant who can cast
up correctly the sum of his own errors.

Nature has thrown a veil of modest
beauty over maidenhood and moss roses.

Few honors, fortunes or purposes are
gained without venturing or running a risk
of failure.

He who observes the speaker more than
the sound words will seldom meet with dis-
appointment.

Do you wish that work should never
weary you? Think that you are giving
pleasure to another.

I like the laughter that opens the lips
and the heart, that shows at the same
time pearls and the soul.

The chief properties of wisdom are to be
mindful of things past, careful of things
present, provident of things to come.

To judge human character rightly a man
may sometimes have very small experience,
provided he has a very large heart.