THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS—$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIII. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1884. NO. 20.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. H. KITCHIN. W. A. DUNN. COUNTY ATTORNEY.

KITCHIN & DUNN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

mar 13tf

F. H. BUSBEE, R. H. SMITH Jr.

RALEIGH, N. C. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

BUSBEE & SMITH.

Mr F. H. Busbee and Mr. R. H. Smith, Jr., Counsellors at Law, have formed a limited partnership for the practice of law in Halifax county. Mr. Busbee will attend the courts of Halifax, regularly, and will also visit the county whenever his services are required. oct 18 1y

GRIZZARD & HYMAN,

Attorneys at Law.

HALIFAX, N. C.

Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. jan 12 1y

THOMAS N. HILL,

Attorney at Law.

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties and Federal and Supreme courts. aug. 28 tf.

T. W. MASON,

Attorney at Law..

GARYSBURG, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts. june 5 tf.

WALTER E. DANIEL,

Attorney at Law.

WELDON, N. C.

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

W. W. HALL,

Attorney at Law.

WELDON, N. C.

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

MULLEN & MOORE,

Attorneys at Law.

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practice in the counties of Halifax, Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Martin—In the Supreme court of the State and in the Federal Courts of the Eastern District. Collections made in any part of the State. jan 3 1y

DR. J. E. SHIELDS,

Surgeon Dentist.

Having permanently located in Weldon, can be found at his office in Smith's Brick Building at all times except when absent on professional business. Careful attention given to all branches of the profession. Parties visited at their homes when desired. july 12 1y.

DR. E. L. HUNTER,

Surgeon Dentist.

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Offers to his friends in the old North State goods at the following prices:

Fine double cased gents' stem winding gold watches $35. Ladies' double case stem winding watches, $20. Lower grades, $14. Solid gold watch chains $10 and upwards. Solid gold bracelets, $12 and upwards. Fine silver plated castors $3.50 and upwards. Butter dishes $3.50 and upwards. Solid silver spoons; $6 per doz. Remember all my goods are warranted as represented or money refunded. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Wedding and engagement rings a specialty. Repairing promptly done.

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A large mill, situated on the canal basin, in Weldon, well fitted for making flour, &c. It has five sets of stones in running order and is in good condition.

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I have for rent a No 1 store house on Washington avenue 20 feet wide, 50 feet long, 10 feet pitch and as good stand as in the town of Weldon. Also a No 1 dwelling for sale or rent with six good rooms and basement and kitchen attached. Also half of a good dwelling, a pleasant family occupies the other half. Two No 1 work horses for sale a lot of fodder and about 50 barrels of corn; also some second class second hand wagons. Terms reasonable.

Apply to

R. P. SPIERS, or H. C. SPIERS

Weldon, N. C jan 3 tf

FRANK.

I will keep constantly on hand everything that may be desired in my line. My stock is always fresh because I order only small quantities at a time and order frequently. When in want of any of the following goods call and see me:

GROCERIES.

Butter, Hams, Canned Beef, Corned Beef, Rice, Mackerel, Potted Meats, Flour, Sugar, Coffee, Soap, Crackers, Dried Beef.

CONFECTIONERIES.

Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Candies, French and Plain, Crystalized Fruits, Cakes of all descriptions, Figs, Nuts, Preserves.

TOBACCO, SNUFF, &c.

All Brands of Smoking Tobacco, Chewing Tobacco, Cigars, Cigarettes, Different Brands of Snuff, &c. Pipes of every description.

ICE CREAM SALOON.

In connection with my other business I have fitted up an elegant Ice Cream Saloon for ladies and gentlemen open to-day and at all hours during the season.

ICE.

Ice for sale every day at retail from one pound up. It can be had on Sunday from 7 A. M. to 11 A. M., and from 5 P. M. to 7 P. M. It will not be supplied at any other hours on Sunday.

COOLING DRINKS.

Ice Lemonade, Ginger and Lemon Pop, Sarsaparilla, &c.

All these things and more always on hand.

Thanking the public for their liberal acknowledgments of my efforts to please and soliciting a continuance, I am

Yours Respectfully,

FRANK Y. CLUVERIUS,

"LITTLE GEM STORE,"

Weldon, N. C. may 22 6m.

THE GOLD THAT WEARS.

We parted one eve at the garden gate
When the dew was on the heather,
And I promised my love to come back to her
Ere the pleasant autumn weather—
That we twain might wed
When the leaves were red,
And live and love together.

She cut me a tress from her nut-brown hair,
As I kissed her lips of cherry,
And gave her a ring of the old-time gold,
With a stone like the mountain berry—
As clear and blue
As her eyes were true—
Sweet eyes! so bright and merry.

"The wealth of my love is all I have
To give you," she said, in turning:
"The gold that wears—like the radiant stars
In yonder blue vault burning!"
And I took the trust,
As a mortal must,
Whose soul for love is yearning.

Fate kept us apart for many years,
And the blue sea rolled between us,
Though I kissed each day the nut-brown tress,
And made fresh vows to Venus—
Till I sought my bride,
And Fate defied,
That had failed from love to wean us.

I found my love at the garden gate
When the dew was on the heather,
And we twain were wed at the little kirk
In the pleasant autumn weather;
And the gold that wears
Now soothes my cares,
And we live and love together.

[Written for the ROANOKE NEWS.]

DOROTHEA.

CHAPTER I.

A July afternoon in church. A languid breeze rustles through the open door and windows, bringing little cool whispers of what the evening holds in store for the weary and warm. The congregation is small (for only sincere worshippers go to church on hot summer afternoons.) The sun shines with heightened glory through the one stained glass window. It throws a bright halo around the venerable head of the old clergyman; it falls in slanting rays upon the fine handsome face of young doctor Grey; it lays redly on the white dress of a young girl, sitting near the chancel. She is a gentle looking girl with fair hair and low broad brow. Her large gray eyes, full of a soft, brave light are resting intently on the minister's face. The sermon is nearly concluded before doctor Grey awakes to the fact that for the last quarter of an hour he has been deliberately glaring at this new face, and wondering what makes it so different from all the other faces he has ever seen before.

"It must be that pathetic droop about the corners of the mouth," he thinks, "or is it the indefinable look of sadness in the eyes. I wonder who she is—perhaps Hannah can tell me."

The organ peals forth a dismissal and receiving a timely nudge from his sister, he rises mechanically and holds open the pew door for her egress.

"Who is that Hannar?" he asks eagerly as he sees his sister nod and smile to the young girl in white.

"Dorothea Egerton, our new neighbor, I wrote you of her, but you were so busy sight-seeing in Europe, I hardly presume you remember the fact. Is she not a beauty?"

"She has a pleasing face certainly. Is she an orphan?"

"Yes, her parents are dead. Dorothea feels her loss, acutely, and although they have been dead for several years, she never mentions their names. Her business agent told us this when he came to the neighborhood to buy her a place. Is it not sad? She is so young, and all alone in the world except a maiden aunt, who is quite an invalid. I have become real fond of her, and she seems to like coming to us in a friendly, informal way, although she visits very little at other houses in the neighborhood. She promised to come over this evening to tea, I hope seeing you with me will not cause her to keep away. She is extremely shy with strangers, Hugh, and I want you to be friendly to her and not let her silent ways keep you from getting acquainted."

"I see what you mean Hannah, I must use all my conversational talents to draw out this little timid bud, and not wince at the thorns that may prick me in return."

Oh! nonsense, Hugh! You laugh at every thing—but I know what a kind, good heart you have in spite of your efforts to hide it"—and she gave her brother's arm an appreciative squeeze, which he returned by a look of tender love and trust.

"My little sister thinks too highly of her big brother," he said laughingly as they entered the cool, quiet room, where their mother awaited them.

In the evening Dorothea came, and doctor Grey exerted himself to entertain this shy, quiet little girl, whom his sister and mother had learned to love. That he was successful was proved by the merry laugh and sweet, low voice that was heard oftener than usual that evening.

After tea, they all adjourned to the piazza and while the young people talked merrily, Mrs. Grey nodded a placid accompaniment from her comfortable arm chair. Doctor Grey looked around on his handsome, peaceful, old home as it lay bathed in the last, lingering beams of the departing sun and unconsciously breathed a sigh of infinite content.

"This quiet, dear old home is such a relief to me" he murmured—after my bustling life abroad, spent in glaring hotels, or showy boarding houses."

"Then you are glad to be at home again, and can appreciate the restful quietness of the Grey House, and country, after the excitement of travel, and city life?"

Indeed I can, Miss Egerton, for I am heartily sick of stone walls and dusty pavement, and this delightful old country home is the dearest spot on earth to me. I am fond of the country, and want plenty of fields and woods around me. Like the Douglas I would "rather hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak." But I enjoyed my travels too, and have many pleasant associations connected with them. Still I am truly glad to find myself anchored for good under the dear old rooftree."

"Like Dickens' traveler you can always remember now," said Dorothea merrily.

"Doctor Grey laughed too, tho' when he spoke his voice was low, and grave.

"If my memory is not treacherous Miss Egerton, he had many very sorrowful remembrances, among the pleasant ones." And he looked longingly at his dear old mother nodding in her easy chair. Dorothea saw the look, and a sad wistful light came into the gray eyes. A silence fell on the little group, which was broken at last by doctor Grey's asking—

"What new building is that I see in the direction of Overton, Hannah?"

"That is the new wing being added to the Insane Asylum. The building was too small to accommodate all the patients comfortably, so the Directors are having it enlarged."

"A good idea. How sad to think so many human beings are shut out from this beautiful world of ours. Poor, crazy beings; how unutterably wretched their lives."

"Don't remind us of such horrible things brother, poor Dorothea is shivering now. Tell us something more of your travels.

CHAPTER II.

"But blame us women not. If some appear
Too cold at times; and some too gay and light
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear,
Who knows the Past? And who can judge us right?"

Time sped on, and notwithstanding his busy professional career, doctor Grey found leisure to see much of Dorothea Egerton, and the more he saw of her, the more puzzled he became. There was a nameless restraint in her manner at times that chafed and worried him, but in spite of this they had become quite good friends. He could not help thinking there was a mystery about her past. She never spoke of her life before coming to Overton, and when questions were asked, answered them briefly and quietly. He knew she had known sorrow deeper than the loss of parents in childhood, for in the often sad, and always patient face he read—

"While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,"
"She had known sorrow—he had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the sahen crust."

And with the innate sympathy of a strong, brave heart, he longed to help her bear her sorrow, and lighten her grief by sharing her secret. His unerring instinct told him that this secret grief could be caused by nothing derogatory to her, for when he thought of her kind gentleness to the poor and suffering, her sympathy for all humanity, her high and noble principles, which were daily exemplified in her own solitary life, he felt she was as pure and good as an angel.

Some such thought as this was in his mind as he walked by the "Woods," Miss Egerton's home. It was an old red brick mansion of two stories, covering a large space of ground, and completely surrounded on three sides with thick dark woods, from which circumstance it derived its name.

The cold twilight of a December night was settling down on the dark old house as doctor Grey passed, and he thought to himself what a gloomy home its young mistress must find it to be. "But even that old, dark building she can brighten into cheery homelike beauty," he said, and then looking up and seeing Dorothea approaching him from towards Overton he hastened to meet her.

"Well met," he said gaily as he drew her hand under his arm. "I was just thinking of turning and calling at "The Woods."

"Were you?"

He wondered at the faint tones, and why she was so closely veiled!

"Yes, I had a message for your aunt: But are you well Miss Dorothea?"

"Oh yes, quite well. I have walked rather fast as it is so late, and—— What message did you have?"

He looked at her, astonished. "I see you have fatigued yourself very much" he said gently. "Do not talk, but lean upon me."

She tottered as he spoke, and would have fallen but for his restraining arm. She managed with his help to reach the house door, but there she stumbled, and fell on the lowest step.

He raised her up and put her down in one of the rustic chairs on the porch. He then untied her veil, and found to his utter surprise and consternation that her forehead was bound with a linen handkerchief, and that the blood was oozing from her left temple. "You are badly hurt," he exclaimed, hastily.

"Oh no" she said quietly. "I—I fell and struck my temple against something." Her face turned crimson as she spoke, and her eyes did not meet his. "I will go in and bathe it immediately," rising as she spoke—

"Dorothea!"

"She trembled and sank back in the chair, his voice was stern and hoarse from suppressed emotion.

"Do you think me a brute?" he burst forth, "that you treat me in this way? Am I so little your friend that you cannot trust me to examine your wound? Sit still and let me bind up this hurt properly."

Calling to a servant who just then entered the gate, he asked for water and bandages. As he was carefully and tenderly adjusting the bandage with fingers accustomed to such delicate work, Miss Blaine came out to them leaning on her gold-headed cane, her inseparable companion.

"Oh Dorothea, I begged you not to go, I knew something of this kind would befall you some day. My child why were you so obstinate?"

"Hush auntie." Dorothea struggled up and laid her hand on her aunt's mouth. "How could I imagine I would be so clumsy as to fall and hurt myself? But it is nothing serious auntie dear, and you must not look so woe begone." She kissed her aunt's quivering lips, and sank back in her chair.

Doctor Grey looked from aunt to neice and made up his mind that the aunt knew the mystery about her, and lamented it. However he had to look after his patient now, and raising her from the chair, he assisted her into the parlor, arranged her cushions comfortably, and promising to see her on the morrow, took his leave. His head was in a whirl of conflicting emotions as he went down the steps, but standing out in the clear light which no power could dim, was the knowledge that his heart was no longer his own. He neither argued nor trifled with this knowledge, but bravely confessed to his own soul that he loved, truly, warmly and tenderly this lonely orphaned girl. And to himself he made a sacred vow to be to her a fearless, faithful friend, a true devoted lover, and a shield from the malice of a cold, rough world. As doctor Grey reached the gate a man was coming in. A dark, rough looking man with sinister eyes. He took an instinctive dislike to the man and stepped to one side to let him pass; but the man stopped, and taking off his cap, asked sullenly:

"Sir can you tell me if Miss Egerton has reached home?"

"She has. Do you wish to see her?"

"No sir. Thank you, sir. I only wish to know if she had reached home."

"The man went off towards Overton, and doctor Grey stood a long time staring at the ground before he resumed his walk homeward, and when he looked toward "The Woods" before entering his own home, a deep sigh struggled to his lips and fell on the quiet darkness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MATRIMONIAL PARTNERSHIP.

A man and his wife ought to be alike in most everything. It is said that folks like their opposites, their counterparts, and so they do in some respects. A man with blue eyes goes mighty nigh distracted over a woman with hazel eyes. I did, and I'm distracted yet whenever I look into them. But in mental qualities and emotional qualities and tastes and habits and principles and convictions and the like they ought to class together. Indeed it is better for them to have the same politics and the same religion. And so I have observed that the happiest unions as a general thing are those where the high contracting parties have known each other for a long time, and have assimilated from their youth in thought and feeling. When a man goes off to some watering place and waltzes a few times with a charming girl and falls desperately in love and marries her off hand, it is a long shoot and a narrow chance for happiness. Why, we may live in the same town with people and not known as much about them as we ought to. I never made any mistake about my choice of a partner for the dance of life, but I've thought of it a thousand times that if Mrs. Arp had known I loved codfish and got up by daybreak every morning she never would have had me. It was nip and tuck to get her anyhow, and that would have been the feather to break the camel's back. Well, I'm mortal glad she didn't know it, though I am free to say that if I had known she slept until the second ringing of the first bell for breakfast and was fond of raw oysters it would have had a dampening effect on my ardor, for a few minutes, only a few. But I have seen some mighty clever people eat oysters raw and sleep late in the morning. But still a man and his wife can harmonize and compromise a good many of these things, and it is a beautiful illustration of this to see Mrs. Arp cooking codfish for me and fixing it all up so nice with eggs and cream, and it is a touching evidence of my undying devotion to her to see me wandering about the house lonely and forlorn every morning for an hour or two, and forbidding even the cat to walk heavily while she sleeps. That codfish business comes to me honestly from my father's side, and my mother put up with it like a good, considerate wife, and we children grew up with an idea that it was good. I've heard of a young couple who got married and went off to Augusta on a tour, and the feller struck his fork into a codfish ball and took a bite. He choked it down like a hero, and when his beloved asked him what was the matter, replied: "Don't say anything about it, Mandy, but as shure as you are born there is something dead in the bread."—*Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.*

A TRUE STORY.

A Colorado farmer having been to a revival meeting, felt very religious, and as they were entertaining some city friends he thought the proper thing to do would be to have morning prayers.

So the household were assembled, and he began by reading a chapter in the bible, then he requested them to kneel while he made a prayer.

He commenced. Ten minutes passed, twenty, half an hour; then an hour wore its weary length along; the listeners began to grow restless, but still he prayed with unabated vigor, with no signs of a termination, until it was high noon.

His wife was in despair, all the farm work had yet to be done, beside the house work; and she felt sure the kitchen fire would be out, and their chance of a dinner slim indeed. She was perfectly in accordance with his wish for morning prayers, but to have them continued all day and far into the night seemed literally too much of a good thing. At length unable to endure it longer, she leaned over and whispered to him:

"John, don't you think you have prayed long enough?"

"Yes but I don't know how to wind the damn thing up!"

THE ROAD TO RICHES.

One of the richest men in Chicago was asked for a private interview by a Wall Street News reporter, who explained, "You are very rich. You have had wonderful luck. Tell me what to speculate in that I may make money."

"Never speculate at all," was the serious answer.

"But you have made money in railroad stocks, wheat, silver mines, canal stocks, etc."

"Not a dollar, young man! In fact, that's the way I have lost thousands."

"Why, then, how have you made your wealth?"

"By inventing a spring bed, and patenting a bootjack. Let all speculation alone, and turn your attention to the solid wants of the people."

ADVICE TO OLD MEN.

Don't presume on your age.

Don't be vain of your handsome gray hair and whiskers.

Don't set yourselves up as models of propriety in public and get full of booze in private.

Don't think because young men are young, they are fools. They probably are, but you were young once yourself.

Don't take the front seats at ballet shows. Your bald heads reflect the light unpleasantly.

Don't say vulgar things before ladies and excuse yourselves on the ground that your are old enough to be their fathers.

Don't forget that age must respect itself before it can command it from others.

"Don't sour the world on you by souring yourself on the world.

Don't fool with temptation.

Don't be too wise.

Don't try to make love. The old fools are the biggest fools.

Don't let your love of the world make you forget that a man never gets too old to die.

Don't try to be a boy. Your grandsons will attend to that part of the business.

Don't let the evening of life be less joyous than the morning. The freshness of the morning gave you vigor to work through time; and the quiet of the evening should give you peace to rest through eternity.

USEFUL HINTS.

Wash whitewashed walls with vinegar to make paper stick.

Use white oil cloth, bound with red, back of kitchin table, wash-stands, and under hooks to hang tin.

Salts of lemon will take stains from ivory knives.

Camphor will prevent moths; the gum near your silver will keep it bright.

Wormwood or pennyroyal will drive out ants.

One teaspoonful of chloride of lime, in three quarts of water, will take stains from white goods. Rats and mice avoid chloride of lime.

Vinegar will remove lime from carpets.

Quassia in sweetened water will destroy flies.

Saltpetre and olive oil will cure corns.

For damp closets or cellars, put shallow dishes of unslacked lime, and change often.

Let sunshine in all rooms; it is better than medicine.

If a spider or dish gets burnt in using, do not scrape it, but put a little water and ashes in, and let it get warm; it will come off nicely.

Paint a lantern globe and varnish, lay on transfer pictures to set on your brackets. Serve tin plates same way for card receivers. Quite handsome.

Be true to yourself, your family, and the outside world.

Wash your windows with a wing instead of a cloth, and look out on a clean, well kept yard.

A PRETTY FAIR SNAKE STORY.

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

One day last week a little girl, whose name slipped the correspondent's usually retentive memory, was chased by a monster hoop-snake nearly a mile. Just as it seemed that it was about to strike her, she lodged behind a large apple-tree. The rapidly whirling snake turned to follow and struck the tree with such force as to drive the horn-spike into the hard wood over two inches. The child was so frightened [that she sank down, her heart thumping as though it would burst out of her body. One of her brothers, who had seen her flying down the hill, went to see what was the matter. When he reached the tree it was quaking like an aspen and its leaves and fruit falling to the ground in a perfect shower, the prostrate girl being almost buried beneath them. As soon as he got her restored to consciousness he took a fence rail and killed the venomous reptile, which was eleven feet two and a half inches in length and eight inches in circumference. The horn-point on the tail was six and a half inches long, and so deeply imbedded in the very hard wood that it could not extricate itself. This all happened near South Mountain, Va.

WAS WILLING.

General Forest was once approached by an Arkansas man who asked:

"General, when do you reckin' we're going to get something to eat?"

"Eat!" exclaimed the General, "did you join the army merely to get something to eat?"

"Wall, that's about the size of it.

"Here," calling an officer, "give this man something to eat, and then have him shot.

The officer understood the joke, and replied:

"All right, general."

The Arkansas man, exhibiting no alarm, said:

"Bile me a ham, cap'n, stew up a couple of chickens, bake two or three hoe cakes, fetch a gallon o' so o' buttermilk, and load yer guns. With sich inducements, the man what wouldn't be willin' to die is a blame fool."

A hearty meal was prepared for the soldier, but he still lives.

LIFE'S DREAM.

A large part of life's burdens are self-imposed and wholly needless. Fears of calamities which never happen, a doleful habit of looking at the worst, suspicious disposition, a jealous turn of mind—these are the tyrants that load us with burdens heavy to bear, but needless to carry. If we should honestly examine the various burdens of our lives, we should be surprised to find how many of them there are of this character. Not only may we drop them if we will, but justice to others demands that we should. A man or woman habitually unhappy is essentially selfish, and is always a thorn in the community. There are enough crosses and trials of life which must be borne, without manufacturing artificial and needless ones; and the more thoroughly we rid ourselves of the latter, the more energy and spirit we can bring to bear upon the former.

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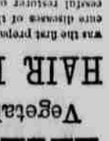

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