THE ROANOKE NE

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

W. A. DUNN.

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W. H. KITCHIN.

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Was the name formerly given to Scrofuls because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wher now, and knows that

SCROFULA

can only be curved by a thorough purifice tion of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpertunies its taint through generation after generation. Among he earlier symptomatic developments are Eczetas, Cutanscous Erupticas, Tu-more, Bolia, Carbuncles, Erysipeias, Purulant Uleers, Nerrous and Phy-sical Collapse, etc. If allowed to con-tinue, Rheumatism, Berofulous Ca-tarrh, Kidaey and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and var-ous other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by fi-

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Is the only powerful and alternys reliable blood-pur(fying medicine. It is so effect-ual an alterative that it eradicates from the system Hereditary Barofula, and the kindred poleons of contactous discuss and mercury. At the same time it en-riches and vitalizes the blood, restoring healthful action to the vital organs and rejuvenating the entire system. This great

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Is composed of the genuine Honduras Saraaparilla, with fellow Dock, Stil-lingia, the lodides of Potassium and Iron, and other ingredients of great po-tency, carefully and scientifically com-pounded. Its formula is generally known to the medical profession, and the best physicians constantly prescribe AYER'S BANSAFARILLA as an

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BRICK STORE

IN THE BOTTOM.

I have now in store and am receiving almost daily the following goods:

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1884.

mo', (an'dey thanked 'im for de Lieutenan' | "Mist' Conway!" she say. He was dar too, course de warnt gwine be onmanner-ble.) An' Marse Louis an' de Lieutenan' you, an' ter tell yer Lieutenan' Jarrol is dey 'menced a tellin 'em how good we all "sotbiag ter me." He cotch her han' den, hut she drawed it

a-tendin ter you." Miss Alice she sorter blushed den, but

"Dey sho is," de yuther niggers say.

in' up at her so proud and tender; an' she

sorter bendin' her face. But ole Miss she

up ter de bed, an' she say : "I want you to be glad, because we are

she allers 'ud speak her min', she say :

purty couple !

dey menced a tellin ein now good we an nussed 'em and a-praisin us, twell we was proud en enny peafowls uvver yer see strut an' spread dey tails But pres'ny, here come Yurgil, done gone an' brought de houn's rouu'. He cotch her han' den, hut she drawed it 'way an' fyar flew by me an' run up sta'rs ter herrum. So he quit, an' 'fore leng, time come fur Marse Louis an' Lieutenan' Jarrol ter 'jine de army. Marse Louis wanted be married 'fore he let', but ole Miss allee said, maw,

Dey'll do yer good, jess de sight on 'em, Marse Louis' he say. An' I blieve he was right, case Marse Louis smiled de sweetes' I an he cotch holt Miss Alice's han', she was stannin' nigh ter im, an' he nuvver aint been ter our house since dat

say: "Vurgil, Miss Alice hasn't hepped you 'tend ter 'em much, lately has she? "'Naw suh' Vurgil say "she been too busy tend ter ar much lately has she? "Naw suh' Vurgil say "she been too busy sun Vurgil say "she been too busy a-tendin ter you." Miss Alice she sorter blushed den, but Marse Louis still hilt her han', an de seeds; an here comes Miss Bessie, her face fokes dey watched 'em. Aunt Mandy, jess white ez enny sperrit, an' dat sort o' she allers 'nd sneak her min', she say ; set look on it whars so much wass ter see dan eryin'. "Mother" she say "Lee has s'rendered, "Lawd! Marse Louis you all is sich er "Grant God !" Ole Miss hollered. Den she fell right flat on de plowed groun' seem

"Dey sho do suit." "I think so "Marse Louis 'plied, looklak she couldn' stan' up. We thought she was faintin' an' Miss Bessie say : "Its best fur her. 1 wish we could all forgit it even one minute.

But ole Miss hadn' fainted; she nuvver sorter behain her nee. But die Ariss sie said dey mus' go in de house now, case dey was still nighty weak, so dey sole de niggers good-bye, an' Seip rolled 'em in. Ev'y body mos' forgot po' Mist' Con-way layin' dar in ole Miss rum. He was

too siek yit ter git up, do he was 'provin' ev'y day. But Miss Bessie, she didn' forev y day. But Miss Bessie, she didn' for-git im, case she come an' tole me ter go gwine ter dey homes. An' de niggers clean an' set in his rum. She d a gone herse't but she a cryin, --dis yere 'jolein' made made her Miss Marse William wuss den uvver. I went, but, bless God ! I found uvver. I went, but, bless God ! I found structed over bein free, an' a-leavin' dey ole which he driv de Cunnel's ca'ige, an' he out I an' Miss Bessie warnt de onlyst ones come ter me, an' say ez how, de govment was gwine git ev'y nigger forty aeres o' lau' whar 'membered de Yankee, case de do' opened, saft, an in come Miss Lucy, wid erbookay o' de parties' flowers she could farmin' far onrse'ves. Den, I made Si er

fin'. She sorter jumped back wen she seed somebody in dar; but wen she 'scovered twarnt nobody but me she come an' ooman, uppards o' thirty year. An' my chillun's been born yere, an' my mammy died yere. An' ole Miss an' me, we'se stood by one 'nother threw sickness an' health; Ef you

so glad over Louis an' the Lieutenan's geftin' up again. I brought you these," she say givin him de bokay; "Flowers alhe's jess able ter gi' yer er mule an' she say givin him de bokay; "Flowers al-ways make me happy." Den mist Conway's blue eyes dey fyat glistened, an' he look so thankful an lovin inter hor face, an' he say: "These will surely make me so," he say, so will surely make me so," he say, so we mus' be married over ag'in. I tole 'im-Dat warnt much, but somehow de Pwarnt gwine change ny name, fur him ter take Leslie, twas er sight mo' rustyerat dan blood fyar kivered Miss Lucy's face an' her han shuk so she couldn' sca'cely fix lice attiles, an' we settled on de Leshe'state

A HAUNTED MANSION.

Yankee Robinson, the veteran show-In the centre of this beautiful manufacturing city, says a Waterbury (Conn.) cor- man who died recently in Iowa, is said to respondent, stands a handsome mansion have been the originator of street parades. surrounded by spacious grounds. Wide He was a genius in the advortising line, carriage drives and winding walks ap-proach it over broad, green terraces and under interlacing foliage. Everything stamped on them are almost every day about it is arranged in comfort and to taken in even now at circus ticket wagons please the eye. The mansion is of the in the West. Another of his devices was Gothic style of architecture, most popular to have a poster containing the music of a 20 years ago, and has always been looked favorite song of his, each note two or three on as one of the finest dwellings in Wess feet long posted on the fences, so that the tern Connecticut. As the city increased people were soon huming the music. As in population it grew around this place, the value of which was greatly increased by its central locality. But now the place was worth \$100,000, according to Mr. is looked upon with a sort of fear, and Hutchinson, of Barnum's firm, who travpeople intinctively shudder as they pass cled with him for several years. His real dreading to look upon into its grove name was Fayette Ludowic Robinson, and and lawns through fear of seeing some he was a native of Avon, Livingston spirit of evil. This fear has increased county, N. Y. His father and grandnee the last tragic event connected with father fought in the revolutionary army the place-the death of its mistress. Miss He embarked in the show business in Carrie J. Welton, who was frozen to death 1845, and was engaged in theatrical en terprises as late as 1882. He took out

The house was first built by a wealthy his first circus in 1856. At the time of manufacturer by the name of Scovill, Mr. the John Brown raid he was in the Scoville's second manager was unfortunate South, and it was learned that he had his wife being much addicted to strong once managed an "Uncle Tom's Cabin' drink. Unable to remain in his elegant mansion with her, he unceremoniously de-Columbia, S. C., and fied on foot, leav parted, and soon died a broken-down man. ing a show worth some \$40,000. He de The property then passed into the hands rived his soubriquet from a Yankee char of Joseph C. Welton, President of the Waterbury Brass Company, and connec-which he played more than 4,000 times ted with about all of the manufacturing His son Silas, who used when scarcely interests here. One night, on returning more than an infant to travel with his from New York, Mr. Welton heard a father's wagon show and sing "Old Uncle commotion in the barn. Going thither, Ned," is now editor and publisher of the he found two of his horses loose, and he | Warsaw (Ill.) Democrat. went in the stall to separate them. His favorite horse kicked him in the breast,

MAKING APPLE TREES BEAR EVERY YEAR. inflicting wounds from which he soon died In many parts of the country apple

trees yield a crop of fruit only every al wife and only daughter, Carrie, the house going to the wife. Amity ruled until the ternate year, the year represented by an mother tried to get the daughter into an odd number (1879) being barren, while mother tried to get the daughter into an inside asylum. The household was then that represented by an even number (1880) will be fruitful. In other places again broken up, and the house was left to ghosts. One of the many freaks of the orehards hear every year. Some trees will yield fruit only every other year, sprites is the besmirching of the door while others near on every side will proknob of the best chamber with a substance duce a bountiful crop. like coagulated blood, which reappears Two seasons are required to produce a every morning after being wiped off. Sev crop of apples, that is, during one season the fruit-bads are developed, and during eral families have attempted to reside there since the Weltons left, but soon gave it the next the fruit. All the vital enerup, although not publicly assigning any reasons therefor. Mrs. Welton had reone season to develop the fruit buds; then turned to the mansion before going to Europe, and the furnishings there now the year following their entire vitality belong to her, but the house is closed and seems to be spent in developing the fruit, without sufficient force being left to form fruit-buds for the crop of the next seasion, one of which was that the daughter son.

on Long's Peak, Col.

leaving no will. The estate was divided between his an' I aint nuvver gwine leave. Ef you wants go ter crappin', you ax Marse Louis,

ones whars needed us at de house. Ez Lan' Miss Lucy went in de rum whar ole Miss was nussin' Marse Louis an' de res' (she couldn' heave ter go ter de) much arter dat time, dat fo' de nex' Sunwouldn' hear no sich word. that a curse rests upon it.

Ah? how the years go rolling on ! How short the step to manhood's prime. How som the gold of life is gone, Into the vaults of time ! Written for the ROANORE NEWS

DAY BY DAY.

A little older every day,

MOTHERHOOD

Transformed to

HOPE

and

JOY.

SAFETY AND EASE

SAFETY AND EASE — TO — while on the of such the testino-make on the and normother who has once used it will SUFFERING WOMAN by time of treatile.

Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties and Federal and Supreme courts. wing 28 tf T W. MASON.

Attorney at Law,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Attorney at Law,

GARYSBURG, N.C. Practices in the coarts of Northampton and ad Joining counties, also in the Federal and Suprems pourse. june 8 ff.

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Attorney at Law. WELDON, N. C.

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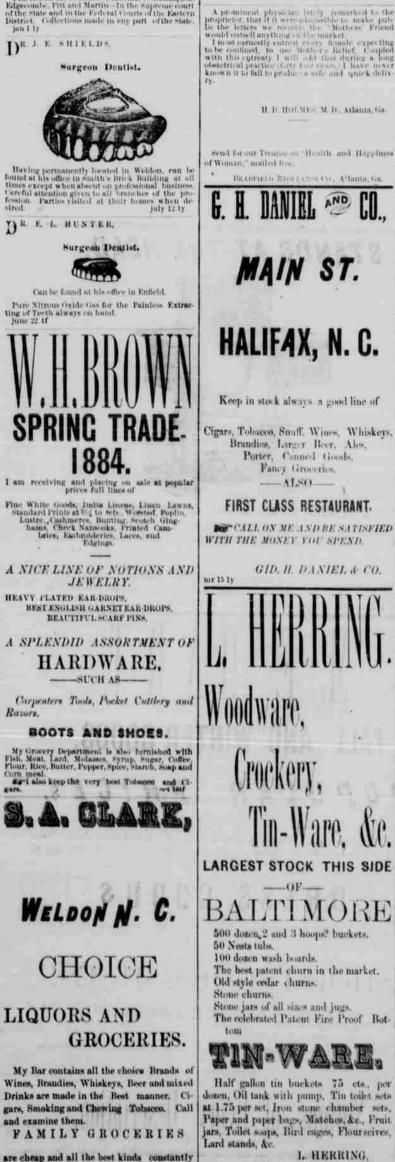
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DR.J.E. SHIELDS.





FRIEND

ranked as one of the life saving applitudes given t the world by the discover

ord modern science. From the mature of th with will of course is alcosed that we carmo data

satisfic certificates con-erroing this REMERY with all wounding the delicacy (the writers. Yet we have

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Searce the time when o'er our headshall spring the biessom and the grass, And friends will morning, "He is dead." As by our tomb they pass. Nuarer the time when we shall cast An anchor by the mystic shore; And see and feel and know, at last, What we could not before. IN DE TIME O' DE WAR.

Dats de way de night passed, we all steldy doin' wot we could. Pres'n'y de gray light o' day 'comed streakin' de

on hand and stock continually replenished. apr 17 3m

day he was in de parlor too.

sud an solemn it was, ole Miss she turned roun' and cotch sight de yankee soger adayin' dar 'aleep; an' her face it got so hard (ole Miss did spise yankees) an she say: "Lney w'y couldn' he been taken an'

ae o' our sogers heft ?" Mother" Miss Lucy say "maybe God ared Louis to us. Dat shet ole Miss up. She went over

ter make sho Marse Leuis was live, an' de yankee opened his eyes an' looked at Miss Lucy, he done hearn ev'ry word; an' he say: so, mournful, he say: the hated de Yankee. Do, Mist Con-in al behole yer? dar was Marse William he hated de Yankee. Do, Mist Con-an' Mist Conway walkin' up de grove-road, Aw 't was 'joicin' den 'joicin' whar or sister ter bless God for my life.

I know de pitiful way he said dem words made Miss Lucy sorry fur 'im, case she sot down by 'im an' tole 'im he mustn' talk; den, she gi 'im some medicine herself, an' sot day twell he went sloep

all got dar, staning' still an' solemn in de

sunshine. Mist' Lowe, de preacher, he

say: "Less all sing or hyme". An' he raised de chune. "Asleep in Jesus," an'

sogers, an' white ladies, an' niggers, ev'y

one jined in; eben de roarin' stream,

somehow, peared ter earry de chune, mournful, lak twas sorry fur de work it hed done dat might. Den Mist' Lowe

an' de men fokes kivered up de

graves; an' we lef 'em dar unn r de

ones whars needed us at de house.

whar ole Miss was nussin' Marse Louis

an' de res' (she couldn' leave ter go ter de

say, "Dust ter dust an yeth ter yeth," yearnes!

us-in' fur two blessed weeks.

De ladies fum 'roun' vere dey hepped, out, see Miss Alice was constant will Marse Louis, an' Miss Bessie she hed ter 'tend ter Licutenan' Jarrol (we warnt gwine low "im ter suffer, of we did hey so many new ones) an' ole Miss she was goin roun' et'y whar, so som how, de

could fetchit down by

FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT

CALL ON ME AND BE SATISFIED WITH THE MONEY YOU SPEND.

500 dozen_2 and 3 hoops? buckets. 100 dozen wash boards. The best patent churn in the market, Old style cedar churns.

Stone jars of all sizes and jugs. The celebrated Patent Fire Proof Bot-

Half gallon tin buckets 75 ets., per dozen, Oil tank with pump, Tin toilet sets

at 1.75 per set, Iron stone chamber sets, Paper and paper bags, Matches, &c., Fruit jars, Toilet soaps, Bird cages, Flourscives, L. HERRING.

6 Bank St. Petersburg, Va. aug 28 ly

an' de Lieutenan' he spised 'im case him an' Miss Lucy loved talk books so good. Miss in one de marriage dey home fokes was all settin' out in de marriage dey home fokes an' Miss Lucy loved talk books so good. Dey was allers chattin' 'bout all de books dey hed been thew, an' de Lienteman' he didn' love no sich talk, he hadn' nuvyer hed much schoolin. I spec he wouldn' go ter school. So he 'spised Mist' Conway. in an behole yer i dar was Marse William an' Mist Conway walkin' up de grove-road, Aw i twas 'joucin' den!' joicin' whar seem lak makes fokes *know* 'tis er heaven o' joy somewhars. Miss Lucy she knowed Mist' Conway de fust one and hilt out her han', an I warnt kissed too busy ter see dat. Den Marse William he tole 'no how he warded on to urism wind de war ster.

Lucy.

Louis an' Miss Alice was married.

Ole Miss do, was dead ag'in Miss Luc

a politics, 'cep terstan' up fur de schoolin' o' colored chillun (do he was powerful agin

THE END.]

THE MARCH OF DEATH.

through life, the following would be

3360

way warnt no sho nuff Yankee. He were er Orrisher, one o' de same nation folkes ez dem Orrishers whar works or Railroads, but he warnt noways lak 'em. He done jess same ez er rale rustyerat gent'eman; do, come ter fin' out. he nuvver owned er nigger in de days o' life, aut er single nigger; but he was or rustverat. Didn' no mo' men die, au' we was busy I b'ligves, spite o' all dat. Ole Miss she

was boun ter fling at im bout de un-form now on agin. One day, I members. I went ter han some water, an ies ez I got in I hear ole Miss say : "Mist' Conway, I thought your people

laves freedom until I saw you in the ranks of the Union army."

"Madame," Mister Conway say," "it is nussin' o' de yankee sorter was lef' ter me an' Miss Lucy. But in bont er for that"-but he cotch hissef right dar. I'll be boun' he started ter say sompen ter fortnight all de woun'el ones got well make ole Miss mad; stid o' sayin' it do, he 'nuff ter trabel 'cop' do Lioutenan', an' Marse Louis an' de yankee. So, dey, bowed mighty low an' he said ter Ole Miss, (do he looked at Miss Luey) he say: 'pinted er day ter quit, an' de ladies "Mrs. Leslie, wotever made me join the roun' yere, doy toteh 'im soeks an' shirts Union army. I can never be sorry for an 'visions er plenty, I kin tell yer, But doing it, since by it I came to Leslie Manor Edgeholl. de head officer. 'fore he lef", he hed er

chat wid de vankee. Mist' Conway his He allers would turn Ole Miss off so name was. Yes you all knows "im. she couldn' argyfy wid im. But dat day Aunt Creley said, enjoying the sur-Miss Lucy cotch his eye w'en he said dat, prised start of the girls at the sound the familiar name.) You all know 'im mighty well—but ez I done tole yer, de head off eer come in ter have er chat wid im, w'en I was in de rum. He say ter Mist' Conway, ez how twas onpossible fur 'im ter be moved now 'dout reskin' of his life an ho tole im hold leave im yere. she was mad wid horse'f case she glanced ef hed promise ter port ter Richmon, back at him sich er fashion. But nobody oms mout fum dat day, ef God spared im back at him sich er fashion. But nobody an' he could walk. Mist' Conway he Creevy allerances, dat she do, Aint no foolin' Creccy, an' I 'menced no-ticin' fum den how Miss Lucy somehow dem days. promised, solemn, an' de off cer b'lieved 'im. Course he did, case of dat man was ter ticin' fum den how Miss Lucy somehow turned roon ter de Lieutenan'. promise ter gi me de moon. I'd b'lieve he hed some sort o' new 'rangement whar he

Well all de fokes got ter markin' on it;

Well all de fokes got ter marken om te nud Ole Miss she was powerfle glad her mind done gone fum de yankee. Pres'n'y de nights growed cooler, an' de cotton started ter opeuin', an' twas time fur Mist' Conway ter go ter Rich De sogers dey quit one Monday an' de nex' Sunday Doctor Hall said Marso Louis an' da Lieutenan' mout be fotch in de parlor, au' set up some. I 'member far Mist' Conway ter go ter Rich-

now how de yeth looked dat day. Seem mon'. He was still mighty weak; an' tak de ve'y sun knowed we was 'joicin'. Marse Louis tole 'im let 'im write fur im ac de very sun knowen we was joien. Marse Louis tole im let im write tur im Dar! I hean de gate. Come ou less hole ter stay longer, but he said naw "he prom- de light so Marse Louis kin see how ter on de whole plantashun dey come up ised an' was boun' ter go." He sho did yere ter de gro't 'ouse dressed in dey thank 'en purty fur day kindness ter er clean cose ; an' Vurgil he say he was stranger, an' him one o' de enemy; an' he boun ter hep tot: Marse Louis, so him an Seip dey fotch Marse Louis in an Unk Jake an Horaco dey brought de have much, I doan reckon. He sho Lieutenan' down sta'rs. An' de white hated ter leave; seem lak he nuvver could ladies dey done trimmed de parlor off wid gre't bunches o' roses, au' arborvita, an' arter he done shuk han's wid 'em all sweet smellin' flowers twell 'twas same er he tookened followed Miss Lacy which er flower gyarden in dar, an' dey tooken she hed walked off yere ter dis eend de r hower gyarden in dar, an day tooken wheeled de two big cheers night ter de winders, an' put sait cushions in 'cm; an dar's whar Marse Louis an' de Lieuten-an' was set. After dey rested dar er lit-the wile, Miss Bessie come in an' tole em de niggers wanted ter see 'im; an' dey

made Seip let up de winders(de ones whar fokes meneed sayin' dey was gwine git opens down ter de flo') an' he, rolled de married.)

gent news out in de pyazza. Wen de tokes seed Marse Louis dey 'meneed a-thankin' de gre't good Marster dat dey young Marster was wid 'em once 'mighty sorrowful; but she called im back 'Good bye,'' Miss Lucy say an 'hilt out 'meneed a-thankin' de gre't good Marster 'mighty sorrowful; but she called im back' 'Good bye,'' Miss Lucy say an 'hilt out 'dresi and twenty-three; at the end of one 'hundred and eight years there would be 'meneed' one survivor.

EAVES-DROPPING A MINIS-EAVES-DROPPING A MINIS-TER. WHAT INDUCED A YOUNG CIRCUIT RIDER WHAT INDUCED A YOUNG CIRCUIT RIDER TO OUT THE CLOTH.

"No more preaching for me," said a

young circuit rider who had started out with bright prospects and two pairs of home-knit socks. "I didn't mind persuading people to lead better lives, but the

fact is, the walls were too thin where I boarded. I could lie in my room and hear every-thing that was said in the adjoining room. I didn't like this. I don't like to be an eaves-dropper. The other tality of chasing after happiness and the night I was lying in my room not trying fatuity of changing to sorrow are illustrato listen, but I couldn't help but hear ted on every side. A good many of the he was sick an' in prison w'en de war stop-ped, an' how he hed started home w'en dey disappointments in life come from trying this

"That's a fine preacher," said the old to fy kites after the string has broken or peet an now he need started nome w en dey let 'im out, but he didn' get no futher'n er big hotel, whar Mist' Conway happened see 'im an' knowed 'im by his favor ter Ole Miss. An' dat ve'y day Mist' Conway spoke ter 'im, Marse William said his siek-ness come back on 'im, an' Mist' Conway man. "Got a mouth like a stove door. from looking for gold in the fable pot at Got a devilish sight more appetite than the base of the rain-bow. Vision that religion. Did you see him make a pass at that shoat?--Wonder the hogs don't pensation for many locks; but the gift of squeal when he comes around." seeing what is within reach is more val-

mess come back on im, an 'mist' convay nussed 'im day an' night, an' saved his life by his constant watchin' no waitin' on 'im (j)e with home ter 'en all but de letters nuvver got får us. Things was so onsettled) An' don, w'en Marse William was able ter trable, Mist' Conway got 'im money an' rloss an' come home wid 'im tor teke You outhtenter talk about him that uable for everyday use. A great many people are sighing for the measureless op way," said the old lady, 'fur he's donin' portunity of eternity who don't know the the best he kin. I din't like it though the way he dove into the butter. Now, value of an hour. The boom of a new he oughter know how scarce butter is. I chance in the other world is craved most close; an' come home wid 'im, ter take keer o' 'im, endurin' de journey. W'en Marse William tole dat las', de ole misdo believe he could eat two pounds at one by those who have thrown away their settin'. Did you notice to night when he chances here. The unreasonableness of cheevus look come in his eyes, an' I hear 'im lean over an' say ter Miss Lucy, lowgot down to pray? Had his eyes on that human expectations is only equalled by basket of eggs all the time. My stars, the neglect of human opportunities, if that's the kind of preachers they are Lowell says of Chaucer that he was the "He didn' come for any other reason going to send out, we'd as well open the 'first great poet who treated to-day as if But he knowed dar was sompen That it was as good as yestesday.' It is an even more admirable thing to treat tosmoke-house and he done with it. else an' Miss Lucy knowed it too 'fore de nex' day w'en Marse feller's hungry all the time, and besides that he can't preach. Talks like his day as if it were better than to-morrow." mouth's full of mush. He'll never be a havin' er yankee. She couldn' b'ar de thought, nobow, do Marse William done 'suaded all de yuthers ter his way o' thinksuccess in callin' mourners. Make a bet-SWALLOWS LIVE FROGS. ter hand at callin' hogs."

"Every night I was compelled to hear But Mist' Conway he tooken sot up such remarks until I decided that my ap petite was a triffe too strong for one foler law awtiee dar in town. Fust, de town fokes didn' want nothin' ter do wid 'im, but de Leslie's gen' him all dey law biz'ness; owing a meek and lowly trail."-Arkanan'arter er w'ilc, w'en de people see he warnt no cyarpet-bagger, but er rale gen-t'eman, an' dey foun' out he didn' meddle saw " Traveller.

WILES OF A CLERGYMAN.

lowin de niggers a vote right straight, w'en déy soed he was hones' an' true an smart dey 'menced lukkin of 'im mightily; HE WEDS & TENDER MAIDEN WITHOUT DIVORCEMENT FROM ANOTHER WOMAN.

Special to the World.]

Lumpkin, Ga., Nov 2 .- A sensational He kep' constant comin' ter see Miss time set the frog cater was on hand. He told them that he had just caten a hearty dinner, and he did not feel very much in decree of divorce was granted here yester-day. Rev. J. W. P. Falkler ten years Miss Lucy an' las' ole Miss she lived in was the most noted Baptist revivalist the humor, but that he would try two. in the South. It was developed here that He took the frogs by their hind legs, they stretched out to their full length; he had deserted his wife in Louisville, where he had worked at the printing busnyver I specied for see de testies, "tan' dey-dey used be pore but deyse fas' workin' dey-se ves rich ag'in of dey doan own no niggers, hole he then placed them upon the end of his tongue and they would disappear down iness. The church people, however, stood firmly by him and he continued his labors his throat as quickly and as easily as if without going through the formality of they were raw oysters. He would swallow getting a divorce from his Louisville wife. them with a great deal of gusto. When He married Miss Jessie Tarborough, of questioned upon the subject he said he Greensboro, N. C., a tender maiden or fiffelt no unpleasantness, and that life was teen years. Other denominations were extinct in fifteen minutes. scandalized by the act, but the Baptists A waist of time-An old maid

the end of forty-five years five thou-sand would have died; at the end of sixty years three hundred and seventy thou-sand would still be living; at the end of eighty years; uncty-seven thousand; at of remarying, but it is decreed that Falkler

when plucking the ripe fruit, and with a pair of sharp shears clip off all the young fruit from about half the tree. Then fruit-buds will form on that side of the trees yield fruit the next season .- American Garden. "TAKE THINGS AS THEY I make a specialty of COME. "The man who has learned to take things as they come, and to let them go as they depart," says the Christiau Register, "has mastered one of the arts of cheerful and contented living. The fa-

Hardware, Tinware, Crockery ware, Stove pane Wooden ware, Flour, Bacon, Lard, Mad, Tobarco, Cigars, Assorted Soars, Sugar, Coffee, Fish, Pure apple Vinegar, Kerosene, Honiny, Sice, Dried

CONFECTIONERIES.

French Candies, Platu Candies Kalsins, Dat H. C. SPIERS,

Weldon, N. C. oct 16 ly REALESTATE ABERCT.

I have established a REAL ESTATE AGENCY in the town e

WELDON, N. C.

I have THN houses in Weldes

FOR SALE OR RENT.

I also have about

The hind leg of the bull-frog is regar ded by some epicures as a most delicious dish. It will be strange reading, and no doubt horrify many ef our readers when we tell them that there is a man in this community who swallows live frogs, and 6.000 ACRES OF LASS says he loves them. We withhold his

[Winston Loader.]

The heavest suspension yet-Brooklyn

It's easy to be contented with your lot

money

promptly.

name for the present, and give the details as rouched for by two witnesses. These IN HALIFAX COUNTY FOR SALE 1 e itlemen say that seven frogs were caught and put in water in a glass jar. At the

For further particulars, gardles wishing to her a rent can apply to me in person or by letter. I am now taking up all lands partice wish to soll and advartising the same at my own expense, an less a sale is made and Mist I change commissions

For my stancing as a gentlemen and a man worthy to be wusted. I refer by permission to B. M Smith, Scotland Neck : Dr. J. A. Collins, Endeld W. A. Daniel, Weldon, T. W. Harris, Littleton, oct 117 B. P. aprints

W. W. HALL. FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.

Can be found in the Roanoke News office

WELDON, M. C.

if it's only a corner lot or even a lot of REPRESENTS

BAKERY.—For bread, cakes, crackers, biscuits, fruist, nuts, tobacco, snuff, canned goods and preserves and cigars, go to E. A Cuthrell's bakery at Naw's old stand. Fresh bread all the time in any quantity, Parties and picnics supplie on short notice, at lowest rates; orders from a distance filled meanwhy New York Underwri North Carolina Home

still held Falkler up. He was assigned to a pastorate here, Farr once said that if he could and soon tales of intemperance and abuse watch the march of one million people of his wife began to be circulated. The served : Nearly one hundred fifty thousensation culminated in the filing of a bridge, suit by the child-wile, seeking a divorce sand would die the first year, fifty-three

eighty-five years there would be two hun- must remain a grass widower.

The shoes used on hens cannot be worn by children