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A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS-82.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIV.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1885.

NO.

NCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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NOTICE.

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tice in the counties of Halifax, mule: Phy and Mertin—in the State and in the Federal Cours t. Collections made in any pa





MY SUAGETS MUSICAL

Well, we have threaded through and throng The absuming forces, fairy tales, Begir in Got's elevant smiles. As follow sters in Golds of time; was fairly wars with audio lays. That soons have a variousled by:

Yet if it come to puss summer days.
That you give severy, said, and you.
Lift up does ever from thesty ways.
If in the man district ways.
If mate and makes you the days ways.
If the condition of the condition.

I was conditint. I kink your copes.

May peace be thine by shornly way, Through all the during days of Ma Through all the during days of Ma Through all the penial days of June, To gother days that the in smiles of names on the filesson lales.

#### THE EDITOR SLEEPS.

HIS DREAM:

Once upon a time a village editor sat in is quiet sanctum industriously perusing orges. At length that which he read newspaper. I will leave you a few tracts pain into the editor's shoulderblade. And dosed; the city daily fell from his nerveess fingers, and three flies lit upon his Away! is written by myself. You are at "Well, old boy, you're just giving u sowed bead and balanced all, swung orners, crossed over, and promenaded all round to the music of the rhythmical the columns of the Basoner of Truth Ill the women folks, a column or two of fresh ditorial snore. The village editor was cut it out and send it around to you. You humor to make us laugh and keep our skeep; and sleeping, the village editor have a grand opportunity to make your livers running on regular schedule time,

otice had been set up, and the youngest apprentice stood grimly by, with lines of ink under his left eye, waiting for copy. Suddenly there was a step without, the door opened, a man entered, and taking a vacant chair in front of the editor's desk, o which the editor has politely called his

"My dear sir, my name is John W Smith. I am a subscriber to your paper, as you well know, and being in town today, I thought I would take the opportuday, I thought I would take the opportu-nity to call and tell you that I liked your and these scientific articles, and that stuff begin to make cider, and bring a jug on right clean this morning, and not anmany to call and tell you that I liked your about the tariff you print. That puts me along it you've get one, and if you other clean rag in the house! Go get Poetry and steries and funny paragraphs fill up a paper with in ordinary times, but see you again when I've more time, ta, just now the country is awake to the tariff uestion, and if you want to keep your operalive, you've got to give your subribers light on the tariff. You should not have less than three columns of editorial and five columns of extracts on the and the village editor took him for an tariff every issue. That's all I've got to undertaker who wanted to advertise a the way, I owe you two years' subscript rade.

the tariff passed out, a little, nervous the columns of your paper and I am com-

didn't look strong enough to be out, -ah, we and that a spirit of levity in the my dear man, I see you are absorbed in press is unseemly, and tends to draw at-And that reminds me that you are negecting-almost totally neglecting science. week you declined to print my article enmy dear man, your paper will never grow that you did not have room for it, and That's all I came to say. Be in some day is all I have to say, good afternoon. and pay you my subscription. Good day, but don't forget to give us plenty of

took the vacant chair as if he were ac have.

neglecting polities just at this important you are sadly neglecting the literary deperiod," he said kindly but gravely. "You partment of your paper. I not only have Moslem converts to Christianity, whose should strive to keep the vital principles noticed it myself, but several of my friends relatives and co-religiouses have, in this of our party constantly before the people. have called attention to it. You should manner, signified their renonciation an I like your paper in all but its lack in by all means run a continued story and cutting off of all relations with the prethis respect, and some day, perhaps at the have from two to three short stories in verts from their faith. The Oriental shore beginning of next year, I will subscribe each issue. Good stories is the thing being usually a soft slipper, is not thrown for it. I see it now every week in that is wanted to make a village paper as a missile, or weapon, for the purpose of Brown's office. If you would write about popular. Everybody you ask will tell you causing bodily pain. This explains the five columns of fresh political editorials that. A little news and some local mat. throwing of the slipper as the bride leaves told Brown yesterday, and he agreed with let anything crowd out the stories. I

any points on politics I'll be glad to help to bid you good day, sir."

The next visitor who took the vacant dropped into the vacant chair, and spoke our renunciation. chair that sat in front of the village edi. thus in tones that were sharp and quick:

the vacant chair.

very week from my neighbor and I loan waking senses. tice that this one, entitled 'Dash the Cup | merrily spoke thus: paper grow in circulation and influence, just about enough of polities, all the news and I hope you will come boldly to the that is worth a busy man's time to read-The sat at his desk with weary langers and no longer every important local event written up in leafing trees and blue mountains in the trivial matters. By the way, have you a of all the public sales and of the stores and few exchanges that you are done with? shops that offer us bargains. Yes, sir, to the night and hunt flowers and bubby npatience upon his brow and a daub of Ah, that will do; thanks. Good day."

"I like your paper-it is first rate," he shake a man's liver up and let the tariff by." and local items may do well enough to take care of itself. That's all. Be in to

if he had smiled more than once in years, say, and I hope you'll bear in mind. By patent embalming process and pay in "Sir," said the solemn man, after a si-

my name off your list. You seem to for-"Ah," he said, with a little smile that got that this is a world of calamity and

The door closed behind the solemn

"I merely came in to remark," he "I am sorry to notice that you are began as he took the vacant chair, "that every week you'd see your paper going ter and the marriages and deaths should her father's house. It is saying to her in loses 10 per cent, of its weight and heat be printed, of course, but you shouldn't a playful way,ally, and a little local matter and in-law does, and I berrow it of him. I one marriages and death notices to please have intended for some time to mention the taking of the shoe from the fost i men are all well enough, but I can the matter to you, but could never think the case of the kinsman who renounce

you out. And, by the way, don't forget that I'm a candidate for the Legislature; softly as a sixty days' note falls due, and

"I don't think that I shall take your "I stepped in to-day, sir, to tell yea paper another year. You are not making who, but one short week ago, possessed as it as good a paper as you should with angel's sweetness of disposition and a a good your opportunities. You are not giving child's artisences of character, watching at

AN AMAZONIAN FAREWELL. about your protective tariff and your tariff made to give way to local matter. A story for revenue only, or anything of that sort. I now and then, when you have plenty of want the news when I take the paper. I room, and a hit of poetry to please the want a full account of the murders and young folks who are in love, and a little suicides and railroad collisions and divorce news matter are well enough, but if you cases. Don't send me the paper any want to make a village paper a success longer. I'll come in and pay you what I you've got to let yourself out on local ove you when I have sold my corn. Good matter. Give the news of your own community and let the big dailies take care And then there came a light step at the of the rest of the world. And, by the door, and a person wearing a severe coun- way, if you are a little short of local mattenance, and a shawl, came in and took ter this week, you may say that I have invented and patented the most commonsense churn that has ever been introduced ured tones, and with a fixed and critical to the people of that State. I'll be in stare at the end of the editor's nose-"I again in the course of a few weeks, and am very sorry to notice that you are giv- will then pay you my subscription for last ing in your colums so little attention to year, good day." The village editor was the cause of prohibition-the noble cause just sliding under the table, a crushed of prohibition. You must rouse yourself and mentally demoralized man, to hide upon this great question, and give your his head in despair or the waste basket, or readers a page of it weekly. I am not a in both, when a louder knock at the outer subscriber to your paper, but I borrow it door brought him from his dreams to his

him the Banner of Truth in exchange. "How are you, old fellow?" eried a So you will observe that I have been one of cheery voice, and the Old Subshriber from your faithful readers, and I know just up the creek took the village editor by the where you fall short of making a good hand with a hearty grasp and shook a from which you should make liberal ex- then the Old Subscriber from the creek tracts from time to time. You will no seated himself in the vacant chair and

ome across anything particularly good in story every week, some poetry to please continue to devote your valuable space to breezy, readible style, and advertisements your paper is good enough for me-worth blossoms with the children, and make In the door the man in the shawi twice what you ask for it—and I want to whistles for 'em and hear 'em blow, and passed a person with a merry twinkle in pay you a year's subscription for myself, see em get after a jumpin' frog or a garand here are four dollars more, for which said, as he dropped into the vacant chair, West, and my daughter down South, for all over, and watch their penitent and except that it does not contain humor they both like to got the news from the subdued expression when they go home. enough. Why don't you fill her full of old home, and you give more of it in one Mrs. Arp looks at 'em with amusement jokes and bright things by the funny fellows issue of your paper than I could write in and exclaims: Mercy on me; did ever a and make your readers laugh? Nobody twenty letters. That's all I've got to say poor mother have such a set! Will I cares a cent for those political editorials to-day. Come out and see me when I to sleep. Give us a plenty of jokes to haven't, I've got one to lend you; good men switch, right straight, go! I will

> creek went out with a smile upon his face "Yes they ought to be whipped." That that began just below his left car and saves em, and by one time the switch spread leisurely about over his face and then quietly meandered back to the place clothing are found, and if there is any

awake, when the cry of "copy!" came to scolding is music in their tender cars. I'm of their own army, from the terrible imhis ears, and then he didn't think it no- thankful that there are some things that prisonment. It is said to this day not a pay it. Don't forget to let yourself loose lonce that became very painful to the village editor, "I am grieved to notice the put them in his pocket with the beauti press.—Atlanta Constitution. As the man who wanted more light on tone of levity that has recently pervaded live is not so bad a world as folks someful thought that this world in which we times dream it is.

## THROWING THE SHOE.

thought, as an editor always should be tention from the solemn realities of life after a newly-married couple is well-known. and the near proximities of death. Last A writer, Mr. G. Lansing, of Alexandria, Egypt, whose explanation of this custom Too much of politics, too much of politics, titled 'Reflections on the Grave,' alleging we copy below, attributes the origin of it to the far East. It may very well be so, scription: "Presented by the young in then gave up nearly a column of your and on the other hand, it may have had of Philadelphia to Hon. David Crockett, for politics. You should devote not less paper to frivolous jokes. I do not intend a far less symbolical origin. At all events of Tennessee. Near the unusule, just than four columns a week to seience, to read anything light this year. That the theory is an interesting one. Says back of the bead, was the Colonel's motthis writer:

The custom of throwing a slipper man and then softly opened again to ad- another, or striking him with it, is still mit a dreamy eyed man with a postic practiced in the East as a sign of ronun-The footsteps of the man who wanted brow, and general expression that seemed ciation. A father, for instance, who science had not gone beyond the editor's to indicate that he wanted something he would renounce his son after he has been earing when a third visitor entered and had never had and never expected to convicted of being a wicked son, will, before witnesses, take off his shoe, and i near enough, strike him with it. more distant, throw it at him.

Recently we have had three ca Moslem converts to Christianity, whose

"Be off with you! We renounce me. A story and a scientific article oo I don't take your paper, but my brother, and will have nothing more to with you. Mr. Landing explains in the same was tell you that a country paper to amount of it when I was in town before. If you his claim to the inheritance of Elimelech to anything and have any influence, has think that these suggestions are of any (Ruth 4:8,) the loosing of the shoe being got to be full on political matters. That's value to you, you may send me your merely a legal formula of renunciation all I want to say now. When you want paper gratuitously for a year. Allow me which drew its meaning from nopular lote. The modern Arabs, instead of throwing the shos, sometimes exclaim -

> "My shoe at you!" This is regarded as a token of contempt-

#### BILL ARPON FARMING. CONFEDERATE COOKING.

It's a wonder to me that everybody don't go to farming. Lawyers and doc checkers, and talk politics and wait for somebody to quarrel or fight, or gets sick; werks and book-keepers figure and multiply and count until they get to counting tars, and the flies on the ceiling, and the peas in the dish, and the flowers on the papering; the jeweler sits by his window all the year round working on little wheels, and the mechanic strikes the same kind of a liek every day. These people do not belong to themselves; they are all penned up like convicts in a chaingang they can't take a day nor an hour for recontion, for they are the servants of their employers. There is no profession that gives a man such freshness, such latitude, and such a variety of employment as farming.

There's no monotony upon the farm. There's semething new everyday, and the muscle in the human frame. We plow the rams and the lambs, and the chickens meat, and don't hav to be stingy of it like city folks. A friend, who visited us laid over it, and in this improvised trough liberty to print it in full. And when I the very best paper we ever had. A good not long ago wrote back from the town the bread was mixed, worked out, and that his grate don't seem bigger than the then baked in the spider. crown of his hat since he sat by our great big friendly fire place.

out upon the green fields of wheat and the ter snake, and hunt hens' nests, and padyou may send your paper to my son out dle in the branch and get dirty and wet ever get done making clothes? Put these not stand it !" But she will stand it, and And the Old Susseriber from up the they know it-especially if I remark. comes the tempest is over, and some dry head above the pit. cake in the house they get it. Blessed The village editor was about to pinch mother! fortunate children! What would cessary to pinch himself. He only corner in the domestic circle that Wall

## DAVY CROCKETT'S GUN.

The Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette says: ling Col. Davy Crockett's old gun re cently. It was in the State Treasurer's office, where it had been left by "Col. Bah." Davy's grandson, now in the Arkaneas the barrel, in gold letters, reads the to: "Go Ahead." Many of the letters were so worn as to be almost indistinguish able, and some them were gone completely The gan has come down from sire to son in the Crockett family over since it was presented in 1834. To the reporter "Col Bob," who now owns the gun, said There is not a gun in Arkansas to-day which will shoot truer. I killed hundreds of deers with it, and think more of it than I can tell. My grandfather left it at ome when he went to Texas, taking with him his old flint-lock. It is a rare old gun and a great curiosity. I have been requested to send it to the Exposition at New

## CHEMISTRY OF THE DAY.

Orleans, and shall do so in a short time.

"Young Gentlemen," said the lecturer in chemistry, "coal exposed to the elements ing power. This is due to the alkali con-

"But what if there is a dog car the coal, professor?" "None of your levity, young man. This

"That's what dad thought when 72 per ent, of his coal pile disappeared during my advice as a student of chemistry, and I teld him to buy a dog. He bought a dog, with bay-window teeth and the accepting their tributes of flowers with grastring-halt in his upper lip, and now we don't lose I per cent of our coal a month. That's the kind of a chemist I am. Now go on with your theory, professor."-Chi-

But, mother, why does papa always call wear. "Well," exmatter. You should have a full page matter should be the chief feature of the morning, with a big towel-roller in her plained the mother, after a moment's pause, of news at least. I don't care anything village paper. Everything else should be

"Did you ever taste orange peel and water?" asked the "marchioness," who grip-sack off that seat?" said a country used to put pieces of orange peel into cold man, who got on the train at Luling in water and make them believe it was wine. Texas. "If you make believe very much, it's quite nice; but if you don't, you know, it thing of the sort," replied the drummer,

As earnest an effort to "make believe very much" marked those Confederate sol. | that grip-sack stay right there? diers who could not do without their cof fee. Genuine Ris or Java was seldom seen in Confederate camps, except after

But the "Boys in Gray," bent on findrible strain on the imagination, but the himself about it." light-heartest soldiers did "make believe" that these decections tasted like roffee.

The most useful article for cooking was changing work brings into action every the three-legged iron skillet, called a spider and hoe, and harrow and sow, and gather fried to cracknels, and the bread or "hoe meal was kneaded in that, the lard from and the turkeys, and goese. We cut our the fried bacon being used for "shorten-

Meeting several privates, a long, lank soldier, clad in a suit of butternut-brown I may be mistaken, but it seems to me the expression of whose sallow face showa little higher grade of happiness to look ed a hungry man, asked: "Mister, kin you uns tell me whar the Forty-seventh North Carolina pot-and-spider wagon is? distance and hear the dove cooing to her I haint had nothing to eat for night onto mate and the whippoorwill sing a welcome four days, and I low if I ever ketch up with the wagon, I'll get a squar' meal."

> Salt cod-fish was a species of food that not one Southern soldier in ten thousand know how to prepare. The Confederate cruiser "Alabania" captured a vessel laden distasteful to the soldiers, was distributed seur, proceeded to stir up the ingredient cat it or go hungry.

In the hottest part of July a company of Confederate soldiers occupied the advance rifle-pits, facing the Union forces. they are, the more water they drank. About the time they had emptied their

range, opened a cross-fire, that made it All day and night the thirsty Confederates endured the fire within and the fire The village editor was about to pinch model, without her? Why her very morning were they relieved, by an advance

## man of that picket-line will touch salt cod-MODES OF COURTSHIP.

The tailor presses his suit. The shoemaker lays his awi at her f The black-mith strikes the iron when i

The carpenter says her society adz joy

The woodchopper offers himself as her The mason belives his chances rese good foundation when he informs her

that her refusal would be mortar-fying to es, then approaches her when she's in tays, and informs her that he is in need

a first mate. The dairyman declares that he is bound heifer and can love no udder. The furniture dealer is so much in love were promptly interpreted by another deaf

affections on installment. The poet wooes her with a sonne

her big brother starts out in search of him okes and puns, and has the dog set on

Finally, the champion raller skuter rolls into her good graces, and then she had the lights lowered and had a

## SMALLEST WOMAN ALIVE.

The parlors of the Ashland House, on Fourth avenue, near Twenty-third street, were crowded yesterday afternoon with friends of Miss Lucia Zarate "the human doll," who was holding a reception. Miss Lucia is the smallest woman in the world, for niggalus." weighing but 41 pounds. Her clothing would hardly fit a new-born infant, it the king but one yard of cloth to make her a costume. Standing on the centre marble table in the parlor, she received her guests, thanks in broken English for their kindcliest measures 154 inches; waist, 144 arm mules." S inches in length; middle finger, 14 inches, and little finger, I of an inch. She "An an- has over 300 costumes, and every morugel? Well, an angel is a being that fire." ing she selects the dresses she desires to

A full line of Spring goods just received and will be sold at prime panic by

T. L. EMEY. their country and false to the

#### IT WAS NOT HIS PROPERTY.

"Will you be kind enough to take that

"No, sir, I do not intend to do may weeks as if it would bear a little more were who was sitting on the other side of the

"Do you say that you are going to let

"Yes, sir, I do." "In case you don't remove that grip-

sack I shall be under the painful necessity "You can call in the conductor, the engineer, and the brakesman, if you want to. Perhaps you had better stop at the next station and send a special to old Jay Gould

"I don't care if he does. I am not go ing to take that grip-sack from that place

the train, and soon returned with the con-"So you refuse to move that grip-sack,

do you?" asked the conductor. "I do." Great sensation "Why do you persist in refusing to re

ove that grip-sack ?" "Because it is not mine." "Why did you not say so at once?" "Heeruse nobody asked me."-Texas

#### LABOR AND CAPITAL.

"You may give me a little lemon and sugar, and a little-a very little whisky, said a sad-looking man as he sidled up t the bar of Port Hickok's saloon early yes terday morning.

The lemon and sugar was put in the glass, the liquor handed out, and the sad looking man, with the air of a connoi among them as rations, and they had to and gauge his decoction. After he had drank it he said, putting his hand into his pocket:

"Have you got change for \$20 ?" "Yes, sir," replied the bartender promp-

ger, with more cuthusiasm then he had yet expressed; "you have? Well, that shows the difference between capital and cunteens, the Federals, having got the labor. That indicates," he resumed, as he moved toward the door, "that the iron heel of the oppressor is on the neck of the down trodden. It is another blow against

our rights as freemen. It is-"Are you going to pay me for that drink? shouted the bartender, as he stoop ed to pick up a bung-starter.

"Ah! the drink? I had forgotten," replied the stranger, who had by this time reached the door, which he opened. "I will go out on the street and see if I can find a twenty!"

And he was gone just in time to escape braining - Buffalo Graphic.

TEACHING DEAF TO TALK THE LORD'S PRAYER DISTINCTLY UTTER

Mr. N. F. Whipple, principal of the Iral School for Deaf Mutes, at Mystic, Coun., explained in the Plymouth lectur com, Brooklyn, the system of teaching ar iculation to the deaf and dumb. He in troduced on the platform a boy who had been deaf from his birth, and who repeat! ed the Lord's Prayar loud enough to heard in the rear of the room. The boy spoke with much distinctness. Long and difficult words suggested by the audience

with her that he is willing to accept her boy as they fell from Mr. Whipple's line. Enoch Whipple, over 60 years of age, who was the first deaf mufe taught to speak in this country, read a chapter from Jeremiah, and related how in early childhood he had learned the power of speech from watching the movements of his im and loses the skirts of his swallowtail ther's lips.

As a test of the length to which the system has been carried, Mr. Whipple clopes with and marries him .- Boston boy interpret his utterances by watching the shadows made on the wall by hi

Sick Mirrie An Arkanson citizen had

a sick mule. He said to his colored man: "You know Dr .- don't you, Sam?" "Yes, but I don't fink nuffin' of 'im. boss. He 'fused to 'scribe fo' me wen ! war siek las' week. Sed he didn't 'scrib

"That's all right. He doctors doesn't he ?"

"I believe be do boss." "Well, you go down and tell him the I have a sick mule and want him to com

doctor 'scribes fo' white folks an' horses ness. Her height is but 261 inches her boss, but he draws de line at niggabs an

stood where you stand, and did not buy this stew-pan, this elegant stew-pan, going at one dollar, I should feel it my duty as a son to tell both of them they were false

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Henry in her rye, every genture dignity as

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