

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIV.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1885.

NO. 205

ADVERTISEMENTS.

RED FRONT.

I have just received a fine lot of candies, fruits, cakes, nuts, bananas, oranges, apples, lemons, raisins.

—ALSO—

CANNED GOODS.

Just received a new lot of canned goods such as Beef, Chicken, Tongue, Turkey, Ham, Sardines, Salmon, Peaches, Tomatoes, Corn, Peas, &c.

GROCERIES.

I receive every week a fresh supply of

- Sago and Hams
- and Shoulders.
- Breakfast Straps,
- Butter,
- Lard,
- Sugar,
- Flour,
- Cheese,
- Crackers.

And everything else that may be generally found in a first-class family grocery store.

JAMES W. PERCE.

Jan 11y Weldon, N. C.

\$ MONEY MADE!

Advertisement for a money-making scheme, mentioning a "Southern Dividend" and a "New Southern Magazine".

ADVERTISING

Advertisement for advertising services, mentioning "Southern Dividend" and "New Southern Magazine".

1885.

THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES

Advertisement for the Philadelphia Times newspaper, mentioning its circulation and subscription rates.

\$1.00.

THE WEEKLY TIMES

Advertisement for the Weekly Times newspaper, mentioning its subscription rates.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

Advertisement for the Weekly Times newspaper, mentioning its subscription rates.

THE LARGEST, THE BRIGHTEST AND THE BEST.

Advertisement for the Weekly Times newspaper, mentioning its subscription rates.

THE WEEKLY TIMES

Advertisement for the Weekly Times newspaper, mentioning its subscription rates.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Advertisement for the Weekly Times newspaper, mentioning its subscription rates.

THE TIMES,

Advertisement for the Weekly Times newspaper, mentioning its subscription rates.

THE DAY WHEN YOU'LL FORGET ME.

I know that every day that I live is a day that I shall never forget. I know that every day that I live is a day that I shall never forget. I know that every day that I live is a day that I shall never forget.

THE OLD MAN.

I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reformation. I was a child at the time, some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my kind parents indulged me, my only child. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and mother gave it to me from the bottom of their morning glasses.

On Sunday at our church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting and an address upon the evils of intemperance and the use of all alcoholic liquors. He expressed his well-grounded opinion that the meeting would not only do good but would be a last to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after supper, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious earnestness of a child. The whisper and words which had been dropped in my hearing, clothed the whole affair in great mystery to me, and I was all earnestness to learn of the strange thing. My father merely said it was a scheme to unite the Church and State.

The night came and groups of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and laugh, and saw drunken men come rolling out of the barroom. I urged my father to let me go, but he at first refused. Finally, thinking it would be an honorable gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat and we passed the gateway to the church. I well remember how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition it was to come off. In the center was the tavern-keeper, and around him a number of friends. We saw before the people of the place gathered to come in. In the center was a fair-sized hall. All were curiously watching the show and apparently wondering what would appear next.

The pastor stood in and took his seat behind the pulpit in the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being in the church at all. Two men finally came in and went forward to the altar and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness prevailed throughout the church. The men were unlike in appearance, one stout, thick set in his build, and the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face, and a quiet, good-natured air, as he kindly looked around upon his audience. But my childish interest was in the old man. His broad, deep chest, an unusual height, looked like a man who had been through a great deal of life. His hair was white, his nose deeply furrowed, and around his handsome mouth were lines of pain and suffering. His eyes were black and restless, his lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheeks, and there was wide scar just above his right eye.

The younger man stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a sinner present to say a prayer. Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short address, at the conclusion calling upon anyone to make remarks. The pastor arose from the gallery, and attacked the position of the speaker, using the arguments I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the movement as worthless fanatics, who wished to break up the time-honored usages of good society and injure the business of respectable men.

My wife, as she looked up in my childish countenance, you will not kill me, you will not harm Willie? As she sprang to the table to grab him in her embrace, I caught her again by the hair and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With a wild laugh I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans ringing with the blast and the sharp cry of her baby. But my work was not complete. I turned to the little bed where by my eldest son, and watched him from his slumbers, and against his lullaby-struggles, opened the door and threw him out. In agony of fear he called me by a name I was not fit to hear, and looked his little fingers in my side pocket. I could not wince the frozen grasp away, and with the coolness of a dove, as I was, I shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed the wrist.

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep, chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had risen from his seat and was leaning forward, his countenance blood-red, and the large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up. I have never since beheld such morose agony pictured upon a human face. He continued:

It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, and the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then I looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time a shadowy form of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had dreamed a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the outside door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by a fall of something across the threshold, scattering the old snow and striking the floor with a hard, sharp sound. My blood shot like red hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to keep out the light. It was—it was—ah! God, how horrible!—it was my own injured Mary and her babe, frozen to ice! The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, had wrapped all her own clothes around it, leaving her person stark and bare. She had placed her hair over the face of the child and the sheet had frozen it to her white cheeks. The frost was white in its half-open eyes, and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy.

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. In tones of low, heart-broken pathos, the old man concluded:

I was arrested, and for long months roved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years, but no tortures could equal those in my own bosom. O, God, no! I am not a fanatic; I wish to injure no one. But while I live let me strive to warn others not to enter a path which has been so dark and so fearful to me.

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strange as that wrought by some wizard's breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him as he hesitated a moment with his pen in the ink. A tear fell from the old man's eyes upon the paper.

"She was a good wife—to me. A good wife, God bless her!" These words were spoken in trembling accents over a coffin lid. The woman adrop there had borne the heat and burden of life's long day, and no one had ever heard her name, her hand was quick to reach out in a helping grasp to those who fell by the way side, and her feet were swift on errands of mercy, the heart of her husband had trusted in her. He had left her for long hours of solitude, while he amused himself in scenes in which she had no part. When noon companions departed, when fields of affection selfishly departed, when pleasure pallid, he went home and found her waiting for him.

"That had been her loving song—always on her lips or in her heart. Children had been born to them. She had reared them almost alone—they were gone! Her hand had led them to the furthest edge of the morning that has no noon. Then she had comforted him, and sent him out strong and whole-hearted while she stayed at home and—cried. What can a woman do but cry—and trust? Well, she is at rest now. But she could not die until he had promised to 'bear up,' not to fret, but to remember how happy they had been. They? Yes, it is even so. For she was blest in giving, and in receiving. I was an equal partner with her all!"

"She was a good wife—to me. A good wife, God bless her!" Old man! Why not have told her so when her care was not dulled by death? Why wait to say these words over a coffin which lies a wasted, weary, gray-haired woman, whose eyes have so long held that pathetic story of loss and suffering and patient yearning which so many women's eyes reveal—to those who read. Why not have made the wilderness in her heart blossom like the rose with the prodigality of your love? Now you would give worlds—were they yours to give—to see the tears of joy your words would have once caused, bejeweling the closed windows of her soul. It is too late.

There was rather an amusing incident at the Elkhart House a day or two ago. Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin, who was en route to New York, met Senator Beck and Harris at the hotel, and after passing the compliments of the day, said: "Well, gentlemen, how do you like your new administration?"

"Well," said Senator Beck, after waiting in vain to hear from Harris, "I am tolerably well-satisfied. It beats the administration which preceded it, anyhow. Yes, I am pretty well-satisfied."

"So am I," said Harris in a way that showed that he was about as happy as Beck, and, everybody knows, is not happy at all.

"SHE WAS A GOOD WIFE."

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MAKING HIM JEALOUS.

William the Conqueror enters into the Spirit of the Thing and Helps Matters Along.

On the boat going up the river the other day was a couple, of whom every body soon took notice. It was plain enough that they had had a row, and that the wife was mad. When she had taken a seat the husband walked up and down and glowered at everybody and seemed to murmur threats of vengeance. On the deck, sitting by himself, was a red-shirted big-fisted giant of a chap about forty years of age. Presently the woman gathered up her parcels and walked over and shook his hand and sat down beside him, and began a cheerful chat, explaining, however:

"My husband is terribly jealous of me and I want to bother him."

"All right, ma'am," replied old Hercules. "Just chatter and chime to your heart's content and I'll huff and slap my leg where the applause should come in."

The bold rascal puzzled the husband for a few minutes, but presently he walked up to the pair and said to them:

"Are you an old acquaintance of this lady?"

A TRAIN-LOAD OF LOVERS.

Valuable Opportunity for Studying the Intimacies of the Grand Passion.

The New York Central train that pulls into the Grand Central Depot at 10:55 every Sunday night is called the "lovers' train." For years it has been in vogue along the entire length of the road, from Albany down. "How did it get the name?" said the old conductor to his inquiring passenger. "Just look through those seats and judge for yourself. You see there are no other persons aboard but young men. This is the hot train into the city tonight, and from every village along the line—Garrison's, Poughkeepsie, Sing Sing, Tarrytown, Yonkers—a gallops the young fellows together, and whisks them back to town. They are all lovers and have been calling on their sweethearts. Of course in the summer, when city people come up to spend the warm days along the Hudson, our hot of lovers is increased and so put on an extra car or two. But throughout the entire year we can count on a regular complement of Sunday young men visitors."

The conductor cast a friendly glance down the rear of seats. It is odd," he continued, "what a happy lot those passengers are and how different the day with their little affairs different men. Some of them cut up selfishly in a corner and think over the good time they have had, and what they are full to overflowing and want to tell just what they said and how she looked when she said it. When I reflect what the result of—"

The engine whistled for Yonkers. The conductor started for the platform whistling softly to himself "What Will The Harvest Be?"

Yesterday Maj. Teller, of Los Angeles, called to see me, and in the course of a conversation it came out that he at one time had been a resident of New Madrid, Mo. I remarked that I knew something of the place, as I had been with Pope when he made the attack on that place in the earlier part of the war. Major Teller explained that he was one of the gunners in the Confederate battery posted below the city, and he asked if I remembered any striking incident in connection with the work of that battery. I did. I remembered it well. I remembered that one day there came a shot from that battery that entered the muzzle of one of our own guns, causing an explosion that broke the gun into fragments and killed several men.

Major Teller remarked: "I remember the incident as well as you, and I have better cause to remember it. I bred the shot myself, and there is a story about it. One day there came from the Union battery a large shell, that struck without exploding very near our own battery. I picked up the shell, and seeing that the fuse had not burned out, I said that I believed we could arrange the fuse and return the shell with our compliments to the battery that had fired it. This was done. I aimed the gun myself, and we saw by the commotion it created in the Union lines that something extraordinary had occurred. Afterward we learned the particulars. A few days afterward the commander of the forces came to our quarters, and for the firing of that shot promoted me to Major."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

L. HERRING.

Woodware, Crockery, Tin-Ware, &c.

LARGEST STOCK THIS SIDE

BALTIMORE

500 dozen 2 and 3 hoop brooks, 50 Nests tubs, 100 dozen wash boards, The best patent chairs in the market, Old style cedar chairs, Stone jars, Stone jugs, Stone jars of all sizes and jugs, The celebrated Patent Fire Proof Bottom.

TIN-WARE.

Half gallon tin buckets 75 cts. per dozen, Oil tank with pump, Tin toilet set at 1.75 per set, Iron stove chamber sets, Paper and paper bags, Matches, &c., Fruit jars, Toilet soaps, Bird cages, Flour-sieves, Lard stands, &c.

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