

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1885.

NO. 21.

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

Sugar Cured Hams and Shoulders, Breakfast Strips, Butter, Lard, Sugar, Coffee, Flour, Cheese, Crackers,

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

JAMES W. PIERCE.

Jan 1ly Weldon, N. C.

\$ MONEY MADE!

Advertisement for Southern Bivouac magazine.

THE NEW SOUTHERN MAGAZINE.

Advertisement for The New Southern Magazine.

1885.

THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES

Advertisement for The Philadelphia Times.

\$1.00.

THE WEEKLY TIMES

\$1.00 A YEAR.

Advertisement for The Weekly Times.

THE TIMES,

Advertisement for The Times.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

That flower, though of only brief life, and of such beauty, that we, though springing from the earth, the sun and air, and the rain, we have not forgotten you.

DOROTHY.

"It's Seventy-eight Pickett Place," said Miss Diver. "And here is my check, driver!"

Miss Dorothy Diver gave those orders with an assumption of being well up in the ways of the metropolis. In fact, she had to speak as if she were in the daily habit of engaging hacks. But her feigned manner did not impose upon Charlie Kingston at all.

"A little girl from the country," he said to himself. "Never been here in her life before. She'll see that complexion before she has been here many months."

Charlie Kingston, he understood, was not a professional job. He himself was not so very long from the rural districts. It had become necessary to him to come to N. York to take care of an old uncle who was an invalid, it had also become necessary that he should earn his living.

A neighboring village staid was to be sold at a bargain, and Charlie had a healthy man's liking for horses. So he bought it, paying part of the money down and giving a mortgage for the rest, and he was here this misty February evening because of one of his drivers had sprained a wrist in lifting a heavy trunk, and business was brisk.

Dorothy looked at him as he held up the hack door for her, and secretly wondered if this was the typical New York hack driver of whom she had read and heard so many evil things.

His eye was bright and clear, his cheek was healthy glow, and no prince of the blood could have been more quietly courteous than he.

While she was still considering these things, she heard the driver say:

"Seventy-eight Pickett Place, miss," said the driver, jumping down from the box.

"Oh, have we reached it so soon?" cried Dorothy, starting out of a reverie. "Oh, dear, I forgot to ask you how much the fare would be?"

"One dollar, miss," said Kingston, smiling in spite of himself at her evident poverty.

Dorothy drew a sigh of relief. This surely was not the overcharge she had dreaded.

"If you would please carry the trunk up stairs," said she, faintly, half-fearing lest the New York hack driver should mist the baggage, with impressions on the pavement, and decline further to serve her.

But Charlie Kingston did nothing of the sort. He only said, "Certainly, miss," and went up stairs at once, with the trunk well balanced on his shoulder.

"The fourth floor—this is quite right," said Dorothy. "I'm so much obliged to you, driver!"

And she timidly tendered the dollar bill, with a little silver dime.

Kingston gave back the coin.

"One dollar is my fare," said he, calmly.

"But for your trouble with the trunk," she faltered.

He smiled a little. "It is my business to take trouble," said he. "Good-evening, miss!"

And before Dorothy could remonstrate he was gone.

"I never saw such a nice hack-driver in my life," thought she, tapping at the door. She listened. There was no noise, but there footsteps were inside.

"I wonder, she mused, "if Norman will open the door himself?"

Diver hasn't come in yet. I am Royal Brooks—his chum, you know! You are his sister, I suppose, you look exactly like him. Pray sit down by the fire and warm yourself, it's very cold."

And Dorothy, blushing to the very roots of her hair, obeyed.

"Will he be in soon?" she stammered.

"Very soon now. May I give you a cup of tea? I flatter myself I'm rather a dabber in the brewing of tea."

We take turns in keeping house, we fellows—Normy Diver, Bill Blake and me, and this is my week. We club together and rent this flat. We couldn't stand the boarding-house business any longer, you know, Miss Diver."

And this chattering, to relieve her embarrassment, he bustled around, and presently brought her a cup of very nice tea on a dusty Japanese tray, with two or three fossil biscuits and a slice or two of cold beef.

Before she had finished it, Norman himself came in, fresh and leucery.

"Who have you here?" he cried. "Hello! It's Dot! Why, you precious little puss, how on earth come you here?"

And then Dorothy told her story, interrupted a few minutes later by the appearance of the third young printer, Willoughby Blake, who was equally amazed and equally disposed to be hospitable to the pretty stranger.

"And so," said Dorothy, holding tight to Norman's hand, "I've come to live with you."

"You are the dearest little lass in all the world," said Norman, with a puzzled look, "but you see, it won't work. There are the other fellows, you know. It's share alike in our house-keeping affairs, and we haven't any extra room."

"I could sleep on the sofa, with a rug over me, and give Miss Diver my den," suggested Brooks, eagerly.

"Your den is all very well for a rough chap like you," said Bill Blake, in a superior way, "but it wouldn't do for a young lady. I'd offer mine, but it is only lighted by a shaft, with Pinks' baby crying all night, directly below. I'm used to it, but I don't think any one else could stand it."

"She could stay with Kitty Cliff?" suggested Brooks, suddenly.

"The very idea!" shouted Bill, snatching his knee.

And Norman whispered to her that Kitty Cliff was the fiancée of Brooks;

a bright girl, who lived a few doors down the street.

"You'll be sure to like her, Dot," said Bill. "And I can see as much of you as if you were here."

Dorothy's lip trembled.

"But I wanted to surprise you," said she. "I wanted to be your little house-keeper, Normy."

"You have surprised me, Dot," said he. "And next spring, when the lease runs out, I'll give Blake and Brooks notice to quit, and you shall come to live with me!"

He walked around with a little later, to Miss Cliff.

Miss Cliff received them with a smiling welcome.

"Oh, I'll take the very best care of her," said she. "I'm so glad to have you for a room-mate, Miss Diver. And perhaps I can get you a place in the store where I try on."

"Try on?" repeated Dorothy, in some bewilderment.

"Jersey muffs, you know," explained Kitty Cliff. "For the customers to judge the effect. I know they want another girl at the ready-made linen counter, and I think that my recommendation would be worth something."

It was a quiet, homelike house, kept by a respectable widow, and Dorothy grew quite cheerful sitting by Kitty Cliff's fire, spite of the disappointment she that night sustained.

Live temperate, live regularly, avoid all excesses in eating, drink, raw and indigestible food, especially cabbage, salad, cucumbers and nutmeg fruits. A greater safety will be secured by boiling all water used for drinking purposes. Parake of well cooked beef and mutton, rice well boiled, and avoid pastry and laxative fruit. Take your meals at regular seasons, neither abstaining too long at a time nor indulging too frequently. An overladen stomach is as much to be dreaded as an empty one. Avoid bodily fatigue and mental exertion. Lead a calm and quiet life. Let all exciting causes be avoided. If you depress or impair the vital forces it is prejudicial to health. The excitement or violent exercise you increase the susceptibility of the system to disease.

During the prevalence of cholera do not neglect even the slightest diarrhea, no matter how painless.

PLACED A WIFE IN DISTRESS.—"Wife—aren't you getting a little bald, my dear?"

Husband—"Yes, but I must expect it at my time of life."

"Nonsense! You needn't be bald for ten years yet if you would take proper care of your hair. Is justice to me I think you ought to try some remedy."

"Why in justice to you?"

"Because if you should become bald I would be placed in a very false position."

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Men speak of rest as one of life's greatest blessings. It is sweet when there is no necessity for longer struggle, no desire for the furtherance of some grand aim or attainment, no winds and waves to fight against when the glittering prize is just ahead and a little more striving would win it.

It is rest sweet to the old mariner when his steamer is creaking and creaking in mid-ocean and her great machinery rocking to and fro under the death-throes of her struggles to out-live the raging of the tempest that threatens her destruction?

After the storm, and when the port of safety has been reached, rest is desired, and enjoyed as a boon warm from God's own hand that was outstretched to her.

It is the earnest, ceaseless, uniring toil and energy and vigilance that saved that precious cargo of immortal souls and costly merchandise, and rest then would have been the precursor of ruin and death.

Rest is sweet to the weary waterer when the long vigil is over and the crisis past that threatened the life of one we loved. After those ceaseless ministrations of love and duty, that were best of God in the restoration of our soul, we feel that we have a sweet and satisfying foretaste of the heavenly rest.

In the necessary struggles of life and progress, passive rest is man's greatest foe. To attain to any lofty mental or moral excellence, there must be some dose of discipline—an emptying from vessel to vessel, as we do our choicest wines to prevent the settling upon the lees, as was the case with Noah, who had been at ease from his youth; and this truth has its general application to the present day.

Our eternal longings and restless yearnings after something beyond us is the refining power that enables lives. It is this outreaching beyond the sensual that imparts this exceptional charm to character, and yields a secret influence in the social and domestic realm.

We live in a land where there are enemies to vanquish, battles to fight, and fortified passes to overleap. It is not a very pleasant thing to be restless, but what operates for our good is seldom very pleasant. This endless longing and wishing is to show to us there is something beyond to which we must attain if we would rest in peace.

We soon tire of that sensual desire to rest that grows out of indolence, ignominious inactivity or excess of animal pleasure. It is not the rest the soul is longed for.

It is only the dying Christian that is to enter into that rest the soul has wrestled and cried for here. The restless activities are now over; the unattainable reached, and the full and perfect rest that remains for the people of God entered into forever.

Rest is the emblem of death, unrest, the great secret of eternal life.

MUCH MARRIED.

Wagon (to his wife).

"I want you to write something in this Bible," said Lawson Lawrence (colored). He was accompanied by an aged "uncle" whose hair was gray when the gray hair of our girls was golden in the sunlight of youth, and it was for him the Bible writing was intended. "He is one hundred and thirty years old," said Lawson, and at this the reporter was all ears, as usual. Inquiry of Uncle Nero developed, according to his statement, that he was born in Trenton district, North Carolina, May 9, 1782, and consequently would be 103 years of age on the 9th of May, 1885. He said he came to Raleigh when Eufaula was Irvington. The Indians were encamped about Montgomery, and he bought a pony of them for \$5. His present wife, "Henry Kringle's sister," is fifty years old, he having married her when she was a girl, as he expressed it. "This is his ninth wife, and in reply to the question as to how many children he had, he said he had been accused of having 117, and it was not for him to dispute it. Last year he cultivated twenty acres of land and raised an abundance of peas, corn and potatoes. This year he is cultivating cotton. He lives within a quarter of a mile of White Pond, this county, where he has been for the past eleven years. He labors during the week and preaches on Sunday, being pastor of the Mount Zion Methodist church for eight years.

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"Isn't five-cent whiskey awfully poor?" asked a gentleman of a confirmed drunker who had just stuck him for a nickel.

"Poor? Oh, no, sir. There is no such thing as poor whiskey. Of course some kinds are better than others, but none of it is poor."—Danville Beezer.

Stockton Judge (speaking to prisoner): "You are drunk."

Prisoner: "Yes, Your Honor, but I am obliged to drink on account of sickness."

"How long have you been sick?"

"I haven't been feeling well, Judge, for twenty years."—Maverick.

THREE THINGS.

Lines written in a lady's album are worthy of a place in our columns.

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NOBODY'S CHILD.

A lady visiting an asylum for the Friendless Orphan Children lately, watched the little ones go through their daily drill superintended by the matron, a firm, honest woman, to whom her duty had evidently become a mechanical task. One little tottler hurt her foot, and the visitor, who had children of her own, took her on her knee, patted her, made her laugh, and kissed her before she put her down. The other children stared in wonder.

"What is the matter? Does nobody ever kiss you?" asked the astonished visitor.

"No. That isn't the rules here, ma'am," was the answer.

A gentleman in the same city who stopped to buy a newspaper from a wizened, shuffling newsboy at the station one morning found they boy following him every day thereafter, with a wistful face, brushing the spots from his clothes, calling for a car for him, &c.

"Do you know me?" asked the gentleman.

The wretched little Arab laughed. "No. But you called me 'my child' one day. I'd like to do something for you, sir. I thought before that I was nobody's child."

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When Christ would heal or help the poor outcast, he did not send him money; but he came close and touched him.

STUNG TO DEATH BY WASPS.

[Richmond Democrat.]

Wasp killed William P. Thompson, a farmer living in Alleghany county, Md. While working a corn field he noticed what he supposed to be bees crawling around the stump of an old oak tree standing in a low corner. He approached and rashly attempted to investigate them by striking the stump with his hoe. In an instant the whole nest of wasps, probably 500 or 600 strong, attacked him. They settled all over his head and clung to him with remarkable persistency. When he reached home screaming for help his wife was compelled to beat them off with a broom. He had been stung in a horrible manner. There was scarcely a piece of skin so big as a penny on his head which had not been pierced by the wasp's sting. He had just had his hair cut with a clipper, and the wasps found an difficulty in getting in their work all over his scalp. One of them had settled in his left eye and stung the eye-lid. In two hours Thompson's head had swollen to a monstrous size, his left eye protruding, and he was a terrible spectacle. The man suffered great agony, and died in a few hours.

A PRETTY ROMANCE.

The marriage of George Finley, the historian of ancient Greece and for many years correspondent of the London Times at Athens, was attended by considerable romance. Finley had become attached to a beautiful Armenian girl at Constantinople, and, as her family would never have consented to her marriage with the young Scotchman, determined to elope with her. A yacht of an English friend was to take the couple to Greece, and it was arranged that she was to be got aboard in a box prepared for the purpose. When the eventful moment came the girl became frightened and refused to allow herself to be placed in the box. Her sister, a girl equally lovely, thought it a pity that the romantic arrangements should not be taken advantage of, and entered herself in the box in place of her sister. Finley must have been considerably surprised when the box was opened in the cabin of the yacht and not his sweetheart, but her sister was revealed, dressed in midshipman's uniform. The brother of the young lady had discovered the affair, and was quickly on board the yacht to demand explanation. Finley saw only one course before him. The girl had been promised him. He would marry her. The brother giving his consent, the marriage took place at once.

GIVE HER AN EQUAL CHANCE.

Woman is now fairly established in the labor market as the rival of man. Whether this is the normal order of things is a point doubted by some political economists, but whether it be so or not, it is likely to remain the order of things practically for generations to come. This being so, it must be accepted, and every fair-minded person must wish her to have an equal chance in the competition. A woman supporting her mother and little brothers and sisters is a very common spectacle, and the fact that Professor Somebody regards her abnormal, does not make her bread and butter any cheaper. She is entitled to at least as much sympathy as a man who supports a wife and children. His charge, it must always be remembered, is voluntary—he took it on himself. Hers was involuntary. She could not help responsibilities, he assumed his of his own accord. It is, therefore, quite just that she should have an equal chance.

CREMATION STATISTICS.

Geo de Smith took a stroll through the Austin graveyard. When he came out he looked very serious. Gilholly meeting him asked him what was the matter?

"Nothing, only I was thinking that the Austin husband's must light all the fires in the mornings."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, I see so many of them are buried to death. I noticed on three or four tombstones: 'Peace to his ashes.'—Texas Siftings.

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