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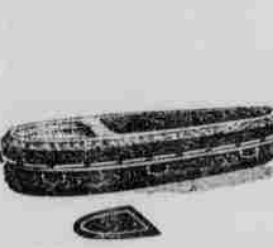
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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1885.

NO. 22.

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THE TIMES,

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THE POETS.

BY MISS H. A. DENNIS.

Oh! why should the spirit of minstrel be proud—
[Knox.]
The noble way the poet in his proud—
[Young.]
Thyself but dust, thy statue but a stone—
[Paine.]
How indelible is mortal man—
[Kirk White.]
How falling are the joys we do adore—
[John Morris.]
We make the grave our bed, and there we die—
[Blair.]
Life's a long tragedy, this globe the stage—
[Watts.]
And the drama in youth are but in age—
[J. Miller.]
There's no contentment in a world like this—
[Watts.]
Regains its eye where pictures do not—
[Green.]
Man's yesterday may never be like his tomorrow—
[Shelton.]
For days of joy come and nights of sorrow—
[Quincy.]
Think not too vainly of thy low estate—
[O. W. Holmes.]
They also were who justly stand and wait—
[Milton.]
Honor and shame from no condition rise—
[Pope.]
The more things change, though in our lives—
[Meredith.]
And old beliefs, who have known it best—
[Meredith.]
The more things change, though in our lives—
[Meredith.]
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried—
[Bulwer.]
What fails to rise that man must needs abide—
[Shakespeare.]
Free will is but necessity to play—
[Bacon.]
To which the gods must yield and we obey—
[Bulwer.]
Man's lot the top of an unshifting power—
[Stout.]
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour—
[Byron.]
Group not at lunch, for four thou lovest all—
[Herbert.]
One manman rises on another's fall—
[Herbert.]
But wild ambition leaves to slide, nor stand—
[Drayton.]
The steps of its ascent are all by hand—
[Robert Milthorne.]
All that's to be exact in a glory to gain—
[Bottle.]
How little of life's vanity span may remain—
[Barnes.]
Honor's the daffodil of just one short day—
[Sir H. Wotton.]
But the shadow of this world passes away—
[Bible.]
Why on such sands thy quaternary tower—
[Spenser.]
A sweet burden in thy life's day—
[Francis Kemble.]
The good begin by those shall succeed—
[Hilton.]
As falls the tree, so falls the man—
[Dana.]
Fools to the part where all may ride that—
[Shelton.]
Untried, untried, untried—
[Gladstone.]

ENGINEER'S STORY.

CHARLES E. HILD IN "GOOD CHEER."

Railroad men, taken as a whole, are rather a matter-of-fact sort of people. That can fairly be wondered at however, for there is no profession in the whole catalogue so utterly and thoroughly rational as theirs. It is no romance about it. While the stage-drivers of the days of our fathers were the gashers-up and holders of material which would have sufficed the requirements of half a dozen novelists, every thing of the kind of the railroad man is a matter of fact. He is a man of iron and steel can make it.

To be sure, there are sometimes exceptions—all rules have them—and one comes to me just now. A little more than a year ago I found myself on an express train on one of the leading railroads of New England. The superintendent was an old friend of mine, and as luck would have it he was on board. Naturally we fell into conversation. During our talk I expressed my regret at not being able to see more of the delightful scenery through which we were passing.

"How would you like to ride upon the engine?" asked the superintendent, with a smile, as if he thought that that was the last thing I would care to do.

"Above all things," I replied. "I've always wanted a chance to do that."

"Really?" said he. "Then you shall try it. We shall reach W— in ten minutes, and I'll put you on the engine when we stop."

And he did. The engineer seemed a good enough sort of fellow, but for the first dozen miles he didn't seem inclined to talk. After a time he grew more communicative, and enlightened me in regard to a good many things about railroading which I never knew before.

"Do you see," said he suddenly, pointing to the leading journal and portable of the engine, "that is the leading journal and portable of the engine. It is the most progressive journal of its class. It is the best newspaper of the people of the whole country, to meet every intelligent man in journalism, and to make it all our effort to keep it as up to date as possible."

"THE ANNALS OF THE WAR" have been one of the best of the kind in the country. It is the most progressive journal of its class. It is the best newspaper of the people of the whole country, to meet every intelligent man in journalism, and to make it all our effort to keep it as up to date as possible."

There was no station at the place pointed out, not even a platform, but the train slackened its speed as we reached it, and came almost to a standstill at the crossing—a curious thing for an express to do in so uninhabited looking a locality. In another minute we were regaining our lost speed.

SAVING LAMAR'S LIFE.

The Secret of Senator Ransom's Power Over the Secretary of the Interior.

[Washington special in Clin. Com. Gazette.]
Three Southern "kumels," one from Mississippi and two from North Carolina, sat in front of a noted hotel here, nursing the scant shade of a blistering morning. A malvolent and vindictive thermometer hung near by upon the casing of a door. In the tube the mercury had mounted slowly and mercilessly up to the figures "94" and hung poised there in malicious triumph, pausing for another climb toward the "100" goal is reached an hour later. The kumels looked full of misery and gloom. They sat and steamed and sweat and mopped and swore. Their undershirts were hitched up in warm, moist rolls across their backs and, with wet, hot collars they pulled at cigar stumps or ground their teeth savagely on liberal boluses of navy plug and spit accurately at the flies on the pavement. They looked mad, miserable and murderous.

"Great goddiness, did you ever see anything like this?" jerked out one of them.

"It beats—!" remarked a second.

"Sh'ly me Satan," rejoined the third, "I never got such a deal as this. My shoes are full of sweat. Something must have been lost in the celestial economy. I wonder if there has been a change of administration up there and are some scapable Mugwumps trying to run the machine."

"I could run things a good deal better if I had charge," said one of the first speakers. "I'd have breezes without cyclones, and showers without floods, and wives without women, and I wouldn't have it too warm in summer or too cold in winter, and I wouldn't have a man bald headed when he needs hair or sheds his teeth when he gets old and needs them most. I'd have whiskey cooling in summer as well as warming in winter, and I'd make whiskey and tobacco necessary to sustain life instead of such silly and vapid things as bread, meat and water. And I'd—Hello, there goes Lamar."

"Yes," said another, "there goes his body. Wonder where his mind is?"

Lamar was passing slowly upon the opposite side of the street. A strange-looking figure. A cotton sun umbrella under his arm, his hands clasped behind him, hitching up in their grip one skirt of his long-tailed frock coat. A soft felt hat on his head hid side in front, his hair flowing down upon his coat collar and his eyes bent upon the ground. The bottom of one trouser leg was rolled up, probably a reminiscence of the shower a few days ago.

"Queer old party, ain't he?" said one.

"Yes," remarked the Mississippi, "but you bet he's a white man and just as smart as any of them."

"I wonder what gives old man Ransom such a grip on 'em," said a North Carolina. "He seems to get anything he wants and Vance does not stand any five minutes with him, but he'll promise Vance and then forget all about it. Vance has to get Ransom to help him. I wonder what is the bulge Ransom has on Lamar."

"I'll tell you," said the Mississippi, bending over and drawing his forefinger, pointing downward, across his forehead and giving it a flit to throw off his perspiration. "He saved Lamar's life once right down there in the capital."

"Tell it to us, if it ain't too long. Whew, jimminy gosh, ain't red hot," growled a North Carolina.

"It was in the forty-fourth congress," began the Mississippi man, hitching up his pantaloons at the knees, banging an unlucky shad fly ten feet away with a straw hat. "Lamar was in the house. He had just finished his great speech favoring the electoral commission and gone into the cloak room to brace up. Ransom came over and met Lamar in the cloak room and congratulated him upon his great effort."

"Old Beverly Douglas was in the house from Virginia then—though he's gone to a warmer place since—and he had been filling up his tank pretty lively. He got on the warpath about Lamar's speech. He declared that Lamar was a double-dyed traitor to the South and the best cause, and swore he would take his life. He went charging around after Lamar and broke into the cloak room just as Ransom was shaking hands with him. He out with a big revolver and cursing Lamar for a traitor fit only for death drew a bead on him. Lamar was taken by surprise and had no chance to get his gun out. Ransom sprang on Douglas throwing up his pistol arm and wrenching away the revolver, while old Bev's finger was on the trigger. It was all done quick as a flash.

"It was a narrow escape for Lamar, and he has never forgotten it, and Ransom do about as he pleases with him. Old Bev got sobered off in a day or two and wrote an apology to Lamar, but just then he would have killed him, sure as shooting if it hadn't been for Ransom."

The Tennessee mother, who doesn't allow "slack" enough in a boy's pants to last him two growing years, is rated as a woman of no calculation.

THE A. O. U. W.

HOW AN ENGINEER HAS UNITED NEARLY 150,000 WORKINGMEN.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.
On the 6th of April last a resolution was passed by the California Grand Lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen inviting Past Supreme Master Workman Upchurch to visit San Francisco. As is very generally known at this time, Upchurch, or "Father Upchurch," as he is generally called, is the founder of the order. The order is ancient only in name, or rather only so far as it refers to the existence of workmen, and that goes back to the explosion from Paradise. The principles of the order are embodied in one word—charity. It is simply an organization of workmen, of workers, of laborers of high and low degree, banded together for the purposes of rendering assistance to sick members, and burying the dead brother, and supplying the needs of the widow and the orphan. It is, in fact, a great beneficiary organization. Commencing on Oct. 27, 1868, with seven members, it now counts with in its ranks 145,934 workmen, making it the second largest fraternity in the United States. To that prodigious total California contributes no fewer than 16,868 members, surpassing Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Missouri, and being only exceeded by New York, which has 20,446 on its lodge rolls.

Not only by common consent, but also by the official declaration of the Supreme Lodge of 1883, John J. Upchurch recognized as the "Father" and founder of the Ancient Order of United Workmen. He was born March 26, 1820, in Franklin county, N. C. His mother was the daughter of the Hon. Henry Hill of Franklin county. Upchurch's father was a farmer, but in October, 1824, he was shot and killed over a land trouble. After this the farm was lost, and in order to support herself and children, the mother was compelled to ply the needle for a livelihood. Relief was finally afforded the struggling mother by the grandfather taking the children to live with him. The school facilities were very meager in those days and the youngster's school days were few and far between. In the meantime, his mother, having bought a small farm, he went to live with her, but upon her second marriage he determined to strike out for himself.

Upon leaving he went to learn the millwright trade, but being in poor health he was compelled to give it up. He then went to learn carpentering, but this also was too hard for his physical powers. Next he served as a clerk in a store in the village of Henderson, remaining until June, 1841.

Temperance had its advantages in those times, and Upchurch associated himself with the movement, joined the Washington Temperance Society, and tried to run a hotel on these principles in Raleigh. But after two years' effort he had to succumb, the time nor place being ripe for such a business.

He next procured a situation in the shops of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, where he remained until 1845, and was then sent out as engineer, and being about three years on the road, and in the shops he received the appointment of master mechanic which he held for thirteen years.

It was here his mind became fully impressed with the importance of an organization being established for the purpose of uniting the two great interests of capital and labor, and he went to work to arrange his thoughts into some tangible form.

On the 1st of February, 1866, he received the appointment of master mechanic of the Alabama and Florida Railroad, with headquarters at Montgomery, Ala., but it was while employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad at Meadville, Pa., that he found an opportunity of introducing the work which had given him so much thought.

While filling his various positions he saw many respects in which the life of the mechanic might be improved. He had in view first, principally, the idea of bringing employer and employee together in a fraternal organization for a better mutual understanding and the prevention of strikes, and secondarily the education, elevation, and fraternizing of the masses and a proper provision for the future of their families. This was in April, 1868. All know that the Order has so far outgrown its original scope that the secondary idea aforementioned has become the primary one, and the Order, instead of being confined to mechanics, embraces all classes of society, even to the highest officials in the land. As to the remainder of the story it may best be given in his own words:

On Oct. 27, 1868, at Meadville, Pa., Jefferson Lodge No. 1, Ancient Order of United Workmen, was instituted, with fourteen members. On the morning of the 28th a number of the fourteen demanded that the words "white male" be stricken from the constitution. I persistently refused to do so, and the Recorder refused to every man his entrance fee. I can assure you that the future looked dark, but I was determined to do my duty. On Nov. 3, the second meeting night, seven of the fourteen came forward and paid their entrance fee for the second time. That evening we took in two new members. We went to work with renewed energy and determination to try and build up the infant order. When we were nine months old we had twenty members.

Upchurch was transferred from Meadville to Leavittsburg, Ohio, to take charge of the shop for the company, where he remained three years, and then went back to Meadville. In 1873 he removed to Missouri, where he was for three years master mechanic of the St. Louis, Salem and Little Rock Railroad.

Upchurch is at present living at Sella, Mo. His family consists of six children, the two youngest not being yet old enough to take care of themselves, their ages being 10 and 15. His eldest son, T. F. Upchurch, is a machinist, and was one of the original seven who constituted the first lodge.

Brother Upchurch still works at his trade when his health will allow. That, however, is not often. Upchurch is in fact, a poor man, and no longer ago than 1881 the founder of the order which has paid out millions in such reduced circumstances that a contribution of ten cents per member was made by every workman for his relief. California contributed some \$900, and every lodge sent its quota with willingness and love.

THE HUSBAND'S COMMANDMENTS.

1. I am thy husband, whom thou didst vow to love, honor and obey; for I saved you from old maidism and the terror of single blessedness.

2. Thou shalt not look upon any other man, to love or admire him, for I am a jealous husband.

3. Thou shalt not speak lightly of thy husband, nor expose his faults to thy neighbors, lest he should hear of it and punish thee by a deprivation of Sunday items, such as bonnets, dresses, etc.

4. Thou shalt buy cigars for thy husband rather than ribbons for thyself.

5. Thou shalt not go to the opera or evening parties without thy husband, nor dance too frequently.

6. Thou shalt not rifle thy husband's pockets when he is asleep.

7. Thou shalt conceal nothing from thy husband.

8. Thou shalt not make false representation of the state of thy pantry, purse or thy wardrobe.

9. Remember to rise early in the morning and welcome your husband with a good breakfast.

10. Look not for jewelry from thy husband, for it is said: blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.

THE WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.

2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful, brazen image to bow down to, nor serve her, for I am a jealous wife.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.

4. Remember to keep her respectfully.

5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.

6. Thou shalt not scold.

7. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinners.

8. Thou shalt rock the cradle in my absence, and prepare the tea for my return.

9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbors.

10. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern; thou shalt not covet the tavern-keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his gin, nor his whiskey, nor his wine, nor anything that is behind the bar of the rum seller.

11. Thou shalt not visit the billiard saloon, neither for worshipping in the dance, nor the heaps of money that lay on the table.

12. Thou shalt not stay out later than 10 at night.

AN ANCIENT MARRIAGE.

When a marriage between patrician families was celebrated in ancient Rome, a loaf of bread, made of wheat and barley, was solemnly tasted by the bride and bridegroom before the priest of Jove and ten Roman citizens as witnesses. Children of Romans in which this ceremony was observed were entitled to certain privileges and offices, for this was the highest and most sacred rite of marriage. Dainty and sweet as it is, the bride-cake is the modern representation of that wheat and barley bread. Whence the Romans derived the custom is not known, but it came no doubt from Asia. Dreaming upon wedding-cakes is an old English custom. In Greece the bride rode to her husband's house in a litter, seated between the bridegroom and his friend—the best man. In Rome two boys led the bride, but her attendant was a married woman, whose duty it was to lead the newly married pair to the altar of the gods. In the time of the Anglo-Saxons the bride was led by a matron, and followed by a company of young girls, who were called bridesmaids. From them the custom has descended to us.

A CHAPTER OF HOUSEHOLD DON'TS.

Don't stand when you can sit just as well.

Don't put off the mending from week to week.

Don't you know that vinegar will clean the brasses in the stove door?

Don't you know your floor oil cloths can be washed in lathered milk or kerosene?

Don't hesitate to place a piece of zinc on the fire coals in the stove; it will clean out the stove pipe.

Don't throw away nice wooden stockings when the feet are worn out, but cut them down for the children.

Don't fail to be clean an tidy in every nook and corner, but don't be a slave to a shining stove or carpet.

Don't do unnecessary work because your grandmother did. There was not half so much to be done in her day.

Don't cherish the idea that you will catch cold if you feel a bit of fresh air, or know there is an outlet for heated impure air.

Don't throw away old suspender rings, but sew them to the corners of kitchen holders, serving a better purpose than loops to hang by.

Don't flirt dirt from one piece of furniture to another and call it dusting, but take it up carefully in a dusting cloth and shake it from the window.

Don't say "micky" for milk, "ridy" for ride, baby will understand "hand mama your little dress" as readily as if you said "bring his little dress to mama."

Don't talk servants or family matters to callers, and don't tell them the exact date of their last call. They will be likely to make the interval longer the next time.

Don't you want to know that rose bugs can be destroyed by adding three or four spoonfuls of kerosene to a watering pot of water, if used freely when the bug appears?

Don't fall in conversation, to occasionally pause and give the listener an opportunity to speak, and don't mistake polite listening, prolonged, for interest in your subject.

Don't lose a moment of the day, finish one piece of sewing before commencing another; don't fail so to plan the work that several things may be attended to at the same time.

Don't fail to rest yourself during long day's sewing by changing your seat occasionally, and in warm weather don't fail to remember that washing the face and hands will be found very refreshing.

Don't sit over the stove, with feet in the oven, complaining of being cold, but dress warmly and take a brisk walk in the open air, when you will think the fire has taken a fresh start, or the weather has abated.—Sarah J. Blanchard, is Good Housekeeping.

AN EDITOR RIDES A BRONCHO.

A broncho is a horse. He has four legs like the saw horse, but is decidedly more skittish. The broncho is of a gentle disposition and modest mien, but there isn't a real safe place about him. There is nothing mean about the broncho, though, he is perfectly reasonable and acts on principle. All he asks is to be let alone, but he does ask this, and even insists upon it. He is firm in this matter, and no kind of argument can shake his determination. There is a broncho that lives out some miles from this city. We know him right well.

One day a man roped him and tried to put a saddle on him. The broncho looked soiled at him, shook his head, and bugged the fellow as plain as could be to go away and not try to interfere with a broncho who was simply engaged in the pursuit of his own happiness, but the man came on with the saddle and continued to aggress. Then the broncho reached out with his right hind foot and expostulated with him so that he died. When thoroughly aroused the broncho is quite fatal, and if you can get close enough to him to examine his cranial structure you will find a cavity just above the eye, where the bump of remorse should be.

The broncho is what the cow-boys call "high string." If you want to know just how high he is string, climb up on to his apex. We rode a broncho once. We didn't travel far, but the ride was mighty exhilarating while it lasted. We got on with great pomp and derrick, but we didn't put on any unnecessary style when we went to get off. The beast evinced considerable surprise when we took up our location upon his dorsal fin. He seemed to think a moment, and then he gathered up his hoins and delivered a volley of hoels and hardware straight out from the shoulder. The recoil was fearful. We saw that our seat was going to be contested, and we began to make a motion to dismount but the beast had got under way by this time, so we brushed a silent hymn and tightened our grip.

He now went off into a spasm of tall, stiff-legged bucks. He pitched us so high that every time we started down we would meet him coming up on another trip. Finally he gave us one grand far-west bow, and we clove the firmament and split up through the hushed etheral until our toes ached from the lowness of the temperature, and we could distinctly hear the music of the spheres. Then we came down and fell in a little heap about one hundred yards from the starting point. A kind Samaritan gathered up our remains in a cigar-box and carried us to the hospital. As they looked pitifully at us, the attending surgeons warred as to the nature of our mishap. One said it was a cyclone, another said it was a railroad smash-up; but we thought of the calico-hided pony that was grazing peacefully in the dewy mead and held our peace.—Santa Fe (N. M.) Democrat.

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W. F. H. Busbree and Mr. R. H. Smith, Jr., Commissioners of the State of North Carolina, have formed a limited partnership for the practice of law in Halifax county. Mr. Busbree will attend the courts of Halifax, regularly, and will also visit the county whenever his services are required.

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