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NO. 28.

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Weldon, N. C.

asked, as Judith and Heywood waited for him.

"Well," Margaret replied, "Judith has all sorts of temptations that way, she is so beautiful and so admired. You know, but she is so good and true to yield to them often. But come and let me introduce you to some other girls."

"If you don't mind," David said, with a return of the children which had worn off in talking to Margaret, "I would rather sit here and talk to you unless, indeed, I will keep you from visiting."

"You won't do that," it is fearfully old-fashioned I suppose, but papa does not like me to wait."

"Would you like it?" David queried in his embarrassing direct fashion.

"I don't know," she answered simply, "papa's objection has always been enough to keep me from thinking about it much."

The reply so child-like and loving was another attraction in David's eyes for this young lady in whom before the evening of the day was over, Mr. Cahal had discovered so much that pleased him, that, in the days and weeks that followed, he found himself always, whenever his work permitted a stroll or a leisure hour, walking in the direction of Mr. Hamilton's house. And when ever he reached there, he found always the same friendly welcome. Margaret grew to have a respect for this simple, straightforward conscientious working man. As she told Judith one day, he represented to her the dignity of labor. His great strength of physique pleased her also for Miss Hamilton had a profound admiration for bone and muscle deeper, perhaps, from her consciousness that she herself had no muscle at all.

BY QUANKEY'S STREAM.

A STORY BY E. C.

CHAPTER—VI.

Oh, the love! the love! That makes the world go round."

David had said truly that he had never danced a step in his life. Nobody could run, or jump, or swim better than he, but those things he had picked up from the men with whom he worked, if, indeed, they did not come of themselves, naturally, to one of his strong athletic frame. But dancing is an accomplishment which requires the presence and co-operation of woman to perfect it, and since his mother's death, David had seldom spoken to a woman. It had been a great surprise to him, not knowing Heywood's intention of teasing Judith to find himself sought out and invited by Mr. Montfort to the ball, and but for Margaret's hearty assent to the invitation, he would have been too shy of himself to think of accepting it—as he did at last resolve to do, putting on his best clothes with an uncomfortable conviction that he ought to have a dress-coat for the occasion. A conviction at which he smiled when he entered the ball-room, which was a long room over a store; the floor was as Margaret had told him guttales of wax, and most palpably guilty of whitewash stains which had not been removed since the house was built. A few tall candles on impromptu pine candle supporters, which were nailed to the wall, illuminated the festive scene. A solitary fiddler seated on a stool in one end of the room was tuning his instrument as David entered, and calling the welcome order.

"Fiddlers for de fast kerllyan."

And there was forming on the floor a group of young people, whose light hearts were beating in such merry tunes, whose bright eyes were shining with such sparkling life, whose figures were so lithe and whose movements so easy that not only they themselves, but any on-looker who loved his kind, could forget the rough floor and the spluttering candles.

It is true Margaret Hamilton sometimes "dreamed of dwelling in marble halls" and felt an impatient desire for the splendor of high life, but even she was a philosopher for the manner of youth—enjoying the present—and she was moreover a dancer, so when Cassin, who was really an accomplished fiddler, struck up the inspiring quadrille music, Miss Hamilton so far forgot the "marble halls" as to enjoy a dance heartily, on the unpolished pine boards.

David singled out Judith and herself at once, and as soon as the set was finished Heywood came for him, and introduced him to Judith.

"We have almost met before, haven't we?" Judith said, referring unobtrusively to yesterday's episode. "Margaret was very indignant at me for bowing to you from the bridge."

"She need not have been," said David, "I was not sure until this moment that you meant the bow for me."

Judith laughed at this and regarded him quizzically a moment, before saying: "You would be an unpromising subject for a flirtation, Mr. Cahal, you haven't vanity enough."

"I am sorry it takes a large portion of vanity to make a flirt," Heywood Montfort said solemnly, "because if it does how vain some people must be."

"They are," declared Judith with a significant look at Heywood himself, who was not without considerable reputation in the art of flirting.

"So they are," said Heywood smiling and returning the look on herself. "But come Gypsy that is our wait."

And with a nod to David Judith was whisked away in Heywood's arms. David looked after them thoughtfully.

This was the second time to-day that when Mr. Montfort chose to speak, he himself had been forgotten, and Mr. Cahal fancied that he was beginning to see something of the potential power of good looks over women.

Good evening, Mr. Cahal," a pleasant voice said behind him, and turning from his brief study, he saw Margaret Hamilton standing near him, her simple white dress void of any sort of ornament, except here and there bunches of white flowers. "You see how your kindness has decorated me," she said, as his eye fell on the flowers.

He glanced from the delicate blossoms to the sweet face of the wearer, and said with such a simple sincerity that Margaret blushed a little. "You should always wear white flowers. You and they suit, I think."

"That," she answered, "is the best compliment I have heard of tonight. I thank you—for I'm fond of compliments."

"I hope you are not a flirt then," David said. "Miss Edgerton told me just now it took vanity to be a flirt."

"And you mean that my speech convicts me of vanity. Possibly it does, but the other charge does not follow logically, Mr. Cahal."

"Miss Edgerton is a prime offender in that branch of iniquity, isn't she?" David

proper name, a transformation which, it is probable now will make, as long as Heywood exists which, besides "laughing at lock-smiths," laughs at grammarians too.

The week that followed was a dark one for David. He worked through it in a dreary, dazed sort of way, and when Sunday came with all the fresh charm of early summer upon it, the brightness around him contrasting as it did, with his own loneliness and his great need of sympathy, drove the young fellow to desperation. And, starting out, he decided bravely, that he would go and see Margaret and would send her a note.

But when he reached his home he found his mind so full of the things that had happened, and instead of turning in to bed, he walked on down the winding hill and over Quanky bridge, on which he had first seen Margaret a few little weeks ago. He stood where she had stood that day, and remembered with a wondering at his own blindness, that he had scarcely noticed Margaret then for looking at Judith. How strange it seemed to him now, that at any time Judith could have held a place above Margaret in his thoughts! But the recollection of the scene, so far recalled Judith that he decided to go to her this afternoon, in search of the companionship and consolation he so much needed. So, walking on, he soon reached the Edgerton home, and troubled and sad as he was he could not fail to notice the quaint beauty of the place. A long lawn, or field, for it was wholly unenclosed, with a clump of cedar trees and there a stately house which again a naked trunk of an oak over which waxy brown staves, and in one corner a patch of waving brown straw. Then a row of tall sycamores before an old gray house with dormer windows on its steep roof, a long veranda covered in climbing rose bushes across its front, and at its side two big weeping willows whose limbs drooped down as if almost to touch the white blossoms of the sheep that were grazing on the green grass a peacock standing near on the black where Judith mounted her horse, and spreading his brilliant tail, a bonnet of gams, in the sunshine, at the other side of the house, a glimpse of the back-yard where, under some sycamores two red calves were frisking, and a colony of guinea fow were running and screaming—this was the picture which David stopped to admire. It was an old South-eastern homestead with nothing altered. When Mr. Edgerton had first opened his eyes to this world, more than sixty years ago, they had probably roved on just such a scene. Men had been born and had died since then, battles had been fought and lost, the South conquered and her children poverty stricken; and through it all, and after it all, the old home kept its look of unaltered peacefulness, another proof of how much more lasting is man's work than is man himself.

David's step on the porch sounded loud in the stillness and Judith instantly appeared to meet him.

"Well, you just cannot know how glad I am to see you," she said, in warm greeting, "grandpa is at the upper passage, and Maundy is fast asleep, and I was about to follow her example in sleep deprivation. See from what you have saved me and now sit down, and add to my obligation by telling me all the news. How is Margaret?" she queried, as they sat themselves in big home-made rockers on the veranda.

"I don't know," David answered, striving to speak naturally, "I haven't seen her since Monday."

But his effort was so unsuccessful that Judith put her hand on one side and looked at him.

"Why when is the matter?" she asked, in her quick way.

"Well," he said with a longing to confide in somebody which all of us have sometimes, "to tell you the truth, Miss Judith, she is angry with me."

"Has been courting her," mentally commented Judith, "but that doesn't make a woman angry—no indeed, he's mistaken, and acting on this conclusion she said consoling."

"Oh! I guess not, girls aren't angry every time they appear to be. But what makes you think she is?"

"I don't think I know," declared David with a rueful conviction in face and voice that strongly tempted Judith to laugh at him. But instead of doing that, she led him on to tell her, seeing how much he wished to do so and how willing she was to hear, by asking with wise directness: "But how do you know? What did you say to her?"

"I just answered, David himself asked in quiet question, saying deprecatingly: "Didn't you think she and Heywood Montfort were in love with each other?"

"Poor David!" he commented to think that he was bewitched and that Heywood's name was the evil spell for that young Judith's face gave a perceptible shade paler and she answered, hesitatingly: "No I don't think I did. What makes you think so?"

"Because," says honest, blundering David, "they're always together. He goes to see her constantly, they have no eyes for other people when they are near each other. And how was I to know that what looked to me so much like an engagement does not mean one about here?"

"Did Margaret get mad with you, for saying that?" Judith asked briefly.

"Well, no, not that exactly. But I suppose I turned fool. It is easy for a man to turn fool. Miss Judith—about

prophetic, my true-hearted Judith?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GEN. FOREST'S STORIES.

Winning \$11,000 on one Hand—Fifteen Hundred Dollars on \$750.

(New York Times.)

I was sitting in a room in the Maxwell house with General N. B. Forrest several years before his death.

"Gen. Forrest," I asked, "you have often been and that previous to the war you were a terror at the poker table. How much did you ever win on one hand?"

"He replied, 'I have played a few heavy games and many a light one. In New Orleans on one hand I won \$47,000.'

"And what did you hold?"

"Three kings and two aces."

I have always regretted I didn't ask him what his opponent held, but I did not. He told the following story, his eyes flashing with tears during its recital.

"When my wife and I went to Memphis after the close of hostilities we had \$720, not a cent more or less. My wife and I went out one afternoon ransacking an old parlor looking for some old unadorned cabinet, or I. O. U. which I might realize. There wasn't a thing, I said to my wife: 'Rhoda, you have always been against me and poker, I never played a game since I first knew you that your about face was not a lamenting rebuke over one shoulder. Now, I have been invited to Supper's to dinner to-night, and I know there's to be cards. If you'll give me your blessing this once, my dear, I feel mighty sure I can come home a richer man.'

"Said she: 'Forrest, we've got along without that, so far as I have known, and by the Lord's help we'll get on without it.'

"Yes," said I, "but the Lord has been slow of late, and seems to be getting slower, what'll I say to one this time?"

She never consented, but she didn't oppose it very strong, and I promised I wouldn't go over the \$720. It was just as I expected. Four tables were running at Supper's, and I won enough at 50 cents ante to go in at a higher table later on.

Well, sir, as I won—and I won right from the first—I just dropped the money into my hat on the floor, and when we broke up at daylight I put my hat on with the money in it, without counting it over, and went home. As I came near to my house I caught a glimpse from the outside of my wife's white figure waiting right where she had waited all night, pale and anxious, and when I went in I just took off my hat and emptied \$11,000 in her lap. I felt sorry for her, for she couldn't believe that night's doings; but, sir—"it was a great relief to me."

NECK-TWISTING IN CHURCH.

A good story is told of an eccentric old parson who was sorely annoyed by a laity his people had acquired (and which prevails, by-the-way, in all other churches even now, and heretofore to some extent,) of twisting their necks around every time anybody entered the door and passed up the aisle of the meeting-house, no matter what manner of person it might be.

Worried with annoyance, the old man exclaimed one Sunday:

"Brother, if you will only cease turning your heads round whenever the door opens, and will keep your attention on me, I will promise to tell you, as I preach, who it is that comes in."

Accordingly he went on with the services, and presently made a stop as one of the deacons entered, saying—

"That is Deacon—who keeps the grocery opposite."

And thus he announced, in turn, the advent of each individual, proceeding the while with his sermon as composedly as the circumstances would admit, when at last a stranger came in, when he cried out:

"A little old man in green spectacles and a drab overcoat—don't you know—you can all turn round and look for yourselves this time."

It is hardly necessary to add that the good man carried his point, and there was but little neck-twisting seen in his congregation after that day.

A CATALOGUE OF CATS.

A cat of Sarzeville, Maine, made friends with a rat, but killed all the wild rats it could find.

A cat of South Brooks, Maine, catches a cradle, and when the child cries catches it until it falls asleep.

A gentleman at Newport, Rhode Island, let a mouse out of a trap for his cat, but a big rooster standing near jumped on it first, took it in his bill by the neck, and shook it until it was dead.

A cat of Hyde Park, Mass., took charge of a brood of six chickens. She licked their feathers until they grew the wrong way. The chicks followed her as they would have followed a hen.

A Lewistown cat made friends with a pig, became his constant companion, and slept with him at night. When the pig was slaughtered she watched by his corpse, and refused to eat any of his flesh.

A Maine cat accidentally stepped on the keys of a piano board one day, and was surprised at the sound. Since then she goes to the piano regularly and puts at the keys, waiting with ear erect and eyes sparkling for the sounds.

"A penny for your thoughts!" said she, "I can't see the object now."

"Why, seek, my dear, to buy," said he, "that which you now possess."

A New York Sunday-school teacher told her pupils that when they put their pennies into the contribution box she wanted each one to repeat a Bible verse suitable for the occasion. The first boy dropped in his cent, saying: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." The next boy dropped his penny in the box, saying: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." The third and youngest boy dropped in his penny, saying: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

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