

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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VOL. XVII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1886.

NO. 20.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
FOR SALE.
I offer for sale my Store, Dwelling, Gin House and Fixtures. Good Stables, Tenant Houses.
ALSO MY FARM CONTAINING
200 ACRES
of the best land in North Carolina. Postoffice and Railroad station on premises. Give me a call. Terms liberal.
W. T. RIDDICK,
Spring Hill, N. C.
June 17 3m

DAVIS & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers,
PETERSBURG, VA.,

Have a large stock now coming in and offer the Trade at Bottom Prices, viz: 1000 Bbls. Flour, good to first patents. 100 Boxes bulk strips, ham butts, &c. 200 packages Best Pure Lard. 300 barrels and halves Mackerels and Herrings. 100 pails No. 1 fat Mackerel. 50 boxes Cod fish. 150 Barrels of Bright Syrup. 50 Barrels New Orleans and P. R. Molasses. 200 Sacks Rio, Lagnayra and Java Coffee. 150 Caddies fair to finest Teas. 500 Boxes Starch in bulk, pound and 3 pound packages. 350 Boxes Soap, all styles. 100 Barrels Best pure Kerosene Oil. 100 gross Ralph's R. R. Mills and Belle Snuff. 200 bags and barrels potatoes.
ALSO
500 Caddies and Boxes Cheving Tobacco. 100 Cases Smoking Tobacco. 50 Barrels fine Apples. 45 Boxes fine Oranges. Brooms, Pails, Paper, Paper Bags, Canned Goods, &c. &c.
feb 25 3m.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DISOLUTION.
By mutual consent, the firm of Muller & Moore Attorneys at Law, Halifax, N. C., is this day dissolved. Either partner is authorized to receive for the firm. Law business now in hand will be attended to jointly, by both partners as heretofore.
J. M. MULLEN, W. A. MOORE.
HALIFAX, N. C. January 1, 1886.

JOHAN A. MOORE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practices in the courts of Halifax, and adjoining counties and in the Supreme and Federal courts of North Carolina.

JAMES M. MULLEN, WALTER E. DANIEL,
MULLEN & DANIEL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.
Practices in the courts of Halifax and Northampton and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Call on them in all parts of North Carolina. Branch office at Halifax, N. C., open every Monday, Jan. 17.

W. H. KITCHIN, W. A. DUNN,
COUNTY ATTORNEY.

KITCHIN & DUNN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.
mar 13 4f

F. H. HUNTER, R. H. SMITH JR.,
RALEIGH, N. C. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

BURBEE & SMITH.
Mr. F. H. Hunter and Mr. R. H. Smith, Jr., Counselors at Law, have formed a limited partnership for the practice of law in Halifax county. Mr. B. Burbree will attend the courts of Halifax, regularly, and will also visit the county whenever his services are required. oct 16 1y

THOMAS N. HILL,
Attorney at Law,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties and Federal and Supreme courts. aug 28 1f.

TW. MASON,
Attorney at Law,
GARYSBURG, N. C.
Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts. June 8 1f.

W. H. HALL,
Attorney at Law,
WELDON, N. C.
Special attention given to collections and remittances promptly made. may 1 1f.

DR. J. E. SHIELDS,
Surgeon Dentist.

Persons desiring work in this line will please write for designs, giving age of deceased and some hint as to price. Designs and prices will be forwarded promptly free of postage. All work warranted to be
FIRST CLASS
and satisfactory in every particular or No Sale, I paying all charges.
CHAS. M. WALSH.
oct 29 1y

DR. E. L. HUNTER,
Surgeon Dentist.
Can be found at his office in Enfield. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extraction of Teeth always on hand. feb 25 1f

ADVERTISEMENTS.
NEW CROP

TURNIP

SEED

AT

Brown & Simmons'

DRUG STORE.
Established 1865

MONUMENTS, TABLETS.

CHAS. MILLER, WALTER WALSH, ORKES,
South Sycamore Street, PETERSBURG, VA.
HEADSTONES, TOMBS, &c.



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FIRST CLASS
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CHAS. M. WALSH.
oct 29 1y

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed & easily. None fail. Terms free. **RALEIGH BOOK CO.,** Portland, Maine. feb 25 1f

TWO TO A BARGAIN.
BY T. MALCOLM WATSON.
The miller stood at his open door,
A pleasing sight to see:
Of worldly things he owned good store,
And every bread had its due.
Yes, I will wed whomever I please,
And lead a merry life,
For happy's the man that lives at ease,
With a pipe and loving wife.

THE COINER'S WIFE.

"Harry is coming home," aunt Ruth said, when she read the letter Miss Braithie had brought her. "You will like Harry, I'm sure, everybody does. I wish he'd settle down. I've often told him so, and he'd laugh and say he was going to when he found the woman he wanted. The woman who shares Harry Leighton's home will be fortunate, if she knows how to appreciate a home and a true heart."

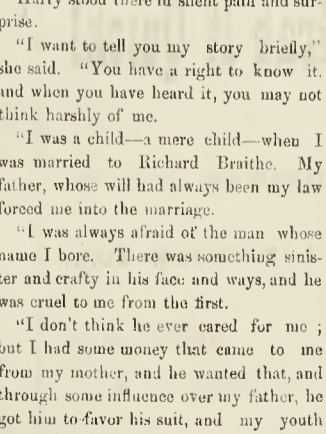
Miss Braithie looked away with a sigh and shadow deepening in her eyes. Harry Leighton came home a few days after his letter.

I think neither of them dreamed, at first, of its ripening into anything more than friendship.

But Ruth, with keen eyes, saw that Harry was in love at last, with the quiet-faced little teacher, who never told anything of her past life.

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swore that I had betrayed him. The officers were on his track. In vain I protested my innocence. He struck me, and I fell to the floor insensible. I knew nothing for hours after that. When I came back to consciousness, they told me that he had been captured and taken to jail to await his trial. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced for fifteen years, and there he is to-day. I went to see him once. He swore he would kill me if he ever got out of his cell, and could find me. He thinks I gave him up to justice; but I did not. This is my story. It is true, every word of it. They will tell you so, if you will take the trouble to ask. When I came here, your aunt thought I called myself Miss Braithie, and I thought it would be no use to correct the mistake she had fallen into. If I had it might have saved us this."

"My poor, poor darling," Harry said tenderly, with his eyes full of tears; "if you can bear what you have borne and have to bear, I ought to bear the burden that the loss of you will be to me, without any murmuring. I love you and I shall never love any other woman. But if I can not have you, I cannot keep the thought of you out of my heart; and some time, it may be, the shadow will lift, and then I can claim you, and help to make your life what it ought to be for I know you love me. I have read it in your eyes."

And he bent down and kissed her. "Yes, I love you," she sobbed; "that will make the burden heavier—or lighter—which?"

Her eyes looked far away through the tears that filled them.

The train was waiting for the men and women who had been somewhere and were going somewhere.

"Who was he?" Harry Leighton asked, turning away sick and faint.

EARLY DEVELOPMENT.

AT A TALE OF A LOVER.

"Do you see that row of poplars on the Canadian shore, standing apparently at equal distances apart?" asked a grave-faced man of a group of passengers on the Fort Erie ferryboat yesterday.

"I was a child—a mere child—when I was married to Richard Braithie. My father, whose will had always been my law forced me into the marriage."

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CHEERFUL DAKOTA LIAR.
Dakota Letter to Modern Miller.
In the East thousands of people plant and sow "in the moon" to insure rapid growth, but in Dakota it is dangerous to plant in the prolific phase of the moon, so they are careful to plant at such a time that the moon will exert its influence in holding the crop back. I have known several disasters to result from neglect of this precaution. One day last January I got lost out in the country, and while I was toiling through the long, new grass I saw a man, with nothing on but his suspenders, tearing along like mad. He stopped me just long enough to tell me what was up, and off he went again for the Iowa side of the Sioux River, which he cleared at a bound, and fell on all fours into a snow-drift four feet deep. He said he and his wife had looked up the moon business, and had planted their garden the evening before, but happened to get hold of last year's almanac and missed it about four days. The result was that when he woke up that morning the beets that he had planted forty feet from the house had crushed in his cellar wall, and had also taken the door off its hinges, and were just mopping the floor with all that was left of his hired man, whom they had snatched out of bed in the attic. He didn't know where his wife was, but saw some shreds of a night-gown and several agate buttons in the front yard as he fled. He said there were pea-vines after him with pods on 'em large enough for phantom boats; and one could see by the way he was dressed that if he was a liar at all he was not a regular Dakota thoroughbred scamp. If I really thought I would ever become an average Dakota liar I would want to die.

About two weeks ago I saw a farmer behind a straw-stack gathering in a heap a lot of old bones and pieces of hides and sprinkling salt on them. Yesterday I saw the same man selling a fine pair of steers to a butcher uptown. They were so fat and had filled out so fast that he had pined out their hides with an old buffalo robe. He swore that they were the same cattle I had seen him kicking together behind the straw-stack. He said all they had eaten was some wild grass that had sprung in his dooryard, where the women folks had thrown out a few tubs of soap-suds washdays. He said he had learned that the best way to winter stock in Dakota was to knock them all to pieces in the fall and set them up again as wanted; otherwise, unless we get a blizzard every week, they were liable to get too fat and round on the native grass.

Last fall I stopped at a house to borrow a match to light my pipe with. The man told me to go right out in the garden and pick all I wanted. I did not know what he meant at first, but he went out with me, and—I'm almost afraid you'll think I am a liar for telling it—there was about half an acre growing of the finest parlor matches I ever saw. They were thick as hairs on a blind mule. He said he had a poor crop the year before because the seed was too good for such soil. This year he had mixed his seed matches with one-fourth tooth-picks and got a splendid yield.

In a very curious article which James Sully has published in the *Nineteenth Century* he adduces evidence which seems to establish not only that precocity is not necessarily a sign of disease, but that exceptional capacity, especially if it is of the original kind which comes within the scope of the word "genius," is very apt to be precocious. He shows that out of 287 great musicians, artists, scholars, poets, novelists, men of science and philosophers, 231, or four fifths, were precocious children, giving signs of their unusual capacity in their special line of thought long before they were 20; indeed, in some cases before they had emerged from comparative infancy. Mozart was exhibited as a pianist before he was 5, and Mendelssohn's first cantata was written at 11; while Beethoven at 9 had outgrown his father's musical teaching; Raphael was a scholar in the studio at 12; Titian painted a Madonna at the same age; Morland was an accepted portrait painter, highly paid by his customers at 10; Landseer exhibited his pictures at 13, and Flaxman carved busts at 15; Goldoni at 8 sketched out a comedy; Calderon wrote a play at 14; Goethe was a poet at 15; Beaumont composed tragedies at 12; and Cowley's epic, written at 10, is said to be "an astonishing feat of imaginative precocity." Scott invented stories at 12; Dickens was a charming "raconteur," the delight of his companions at 9, and Charlotte Bronte wrote stories, as well as poems and plays, at 14. Grotius was a scholar at 12; Porson could repeat the whole of Horace and Virgil before he was 15, and Macaulay at 8 put together a compendium of universal history. Newton was a mechanic at school; Laplace, while a mere lad, was a mathematical teacher; Pascal at 18 invented a calculating machine; and Leibnitz thought out difficult philosophic problems before he was 15. These are mere selections from much longer lists; and in many cases the capacity must have appeared and have put either notice or record, or at least that with men of genius.

WHATHAPPENS TO A GIRL.

MIDSUMMER MAD.

EARLY DEVELOPMENT.

AT A TALE OF A LOVER.

"Do you see that row of poplars on the Canadian shore, standing apparently at equal distances apart?" asked a grave-faced man of a group of passengers on the Fort Erie ferryboat yesterday.

"I was a child—a mere child—when I was married to Richard Braithie. My father, whose will had always been my law forced me into the marriage."

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The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them, and they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.

GATHERED TREASURES.

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MRS. CLEVELAND'S ROOM.
THE APARTMENTS AT THE WHITE HOUSE RESERVED FOR HER USE.

If you should take the President's house and run a line through it from north to south, at the end of the library, you would cut off Mrs. Cleveland's part of the mansion from that of the President's. She has five bed-rooms, and they are all large and airy. Just off from the library there is a cozy room which used to be known as the girl's room, and it was in this that Nellie Grant lived and Nellie Arthur occupied it during the last Presidential term.

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BLOOD AND MONEY.
The blood of man has much to do in shaping his actions during his pilgrimage through this troublesome world, regardless of the amount of present or expected money in pocket or stored away in bank. It is conceded fact that we appear as our blood makes us, and the purer the blood, the happier, healthier, prouder and wiser we are. Hence the oft-repeated interesting "How is your blood?" With pure streams of life giving fluid coursing through our veins, bounding through our brains and plunging through our physical frames, our morals become better, our constitution stronger, our intellectual faculties more acute and grander, and men, women and children happier, healthier and more lovely.

WHATHAPPENS TO A GIRL.

MIDSUMMER MAD.

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