

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XVII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1887.

NO. 41.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

NEW CROP.

This Company } Patasco Mill A; Ellicott City, Md. } Daily
owns and oper- } Patasco Mill B; Baltimore, Md. } Capacity
ates three mills } Patasco Mill C; Orange Grove, Md. } 2200 bbls
as follows: }

The value of flour depends on the proportionate quantity of gluten, sugar and phosphate of lime. Maryland and Virginia Wheat, from which our

PATENT ROLLER FLOURS

are manufactured, is unequalled for the purity and superior quality of its nutritious properties. We make

Patasco Superlative, Cape Henry Family, Bedford Family, Patasco Family, North Point Family, Orange Grove Extra, Patasco Extra, Chesapeake Extra, Baldwin Family, C. A. GAMBRILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 32 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

Condensed Schedule.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.	No. 11.	No. 12.	No. 13.
Weldon	7:45 a.m.	11:30 a.m.	3:15 p.m.
Wilmington	8:15 a.m.	12:00 p.m.	3:45 p.m.
Wilmington	8:45 a.m.	12:30 p.m.	4:15 p.m.
Weldon	9:15 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	4:45 p.m.

Just Received a Fall and Complete

M. C. PAIR.

Consisting in part of—

FALL STOCK.

CASHMERE, almost every color.

Woolen and cotton fabrics.

Full line of piece GOODS.

All wool Mens' suits \$25.00.

Full line of Gentlemen's Furnishing goods.

Shirts, collars and cuffs for 50 cents.

All wool Mens' suits \$25.00.

Gentlemen's and Ladies' Collars, Cuffs, Neckties and Scarfs.

Ladies' Vests and Jerseys, Corsets, Suspensives.

Ribbons, Handkerchiefs, Pins and Needles.

A Full Line of Cottons and Laces Half Hoop.

Hose, Gloves, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Shawls, Blankets, Combs, Brushes, Shavers, etc.

Patent Roller Flour.

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SUNSET IN HEAVEN.

BY WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

"There shall be no night there."—Rev.

They tell me time shall be no more

In that glad world toward which we stray:

That on that bright and scintillant shore

There comes no night nor day;

That crooping hours no more shall fling

That changing glow that paints the west,

Nor flurrying clouds glow bright, nor bring

The quietude of rest.

No evening breeze shall gently breathe

O'er leagues of sea or shingly beach;

Nor purple banks at sunset wreath

The Ocean's utmost reach.

No rising moon shall mark its way

To shine o'er tremulous tides, that leave

The glamour of the passing day

Well to its dewy eve.

To me a Heaven of changeless light

I cannot, cannot comprehend;

I should so miss the blessed night

In days without an end!

Give me the twilight's tender glow,

The pulsing heavens that shine afar,

The lights that gleam above, below,

The glow-worm and the star!

The perfumed calm at daylight's close,

The sacred calm at evening prayer,

The breathings of the dewy morn,

The silence everywhere!

The lifting moon, the silver sea,

The waning wind, the creeping tide—

Yes; this would make a Heaven for me,

And all tired souls beside!

Dear God! forgive me if I dare

Wrongly to speak, with erring skill;

Creation proves thy fondest care,

And meets thy will!

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

A LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE EVE OF MARRIAGE.

One sometimes finds a gem among the

castaways of forgotten years. The follow-

ing congratulatory letter to a young lady

on the eve of marriage is venerable, but

good:

"I am holding some pasteboard in my

hands—three stately pluckings of the

card and upon a name—a name with

which your throbbing heart was lost.

There is nothing strange about the card.

The maiden sign still looks up from its

calm and customary, as it looks on many a

friendly visit as it lies in many a formal

basket.

"I am gazing, too, upon a card where

the nearer parent tells the world she will

be at home one day, and that is nothing

new. But there is another card whose

mingling there that put a tongue of fire

into that speechless pasteboard. It tells

us that these cards are but the heralds of

a coming crisis, when a hand that has

pressed friends' hands and plucked flowers

shall close down on one to whom she will

be a friend and flower forever after.

"I send you a few flowers to adorn the

dying moments of your single life. They

are the gentlest type of a delicate, durable

friendship. They spring up by one's side

when others have deserted it, and will be

found watching over our graves when

those who should have been there have

forgotten us.

"It seems meet that a past so calm and

pure as yours should expire with a kind-

red sweetness about it, that flowers and

music, kind friends and earnest words

should consecrate the hour when a senti-

ment is passing into a sacrament.

"The three great stages of our being are

birth, the bridal and burial. To the first

we bring only weakness; for the last

we bring nothing but dust. But here at the

altar, where life joins life, the pair come

throbbing up to the holy man, whispering

the deep promises that arm each with the

A BOY'S AMBITION.

Of course he means to do something

for himself by and by, but he does not

propose to soil his fingers with work. He

is going to be a clerk, or a doctor, or a

lawyer. My cheerful young man are you

sure you know what you are talking about?

What do clerks earn? How much does

a young doctor receive? Oh! but you

don't mean to be a poor clerk. You in-

tend to be a great lawyer, with ten thou-

sand a year, or a doctor with a carriage.

Charmed to hear it. It is a noble resolve,

and are you sure you will get there?

Really, now, can a young man tell, how

can he be sure he will succeed? In this

world a man succeeds who falls in love

with his work. He thinks about it day

and night, he studies it; he reads all he

can find on the subject. He tries and he

tries till he can do it well. Then it is suc-

ceeds. You do not care much about medi-

cine; you have no burning desire to study

this magnificent matter, the human body.

You don't care very much for dreadful

work in hospitals, and yet you mean to be

a doctor. You would secretly much pre-

fer to have a kit of carver's tools, but of

course, you could never be a carver by

trade? Let us stop here. This is the

summing up of a vast deal of homely

wisdom. Do you love any work? Is

there anything that, if you were indepen-

dent, you would do before anything else?

If there is—that. There is your suc-

cess; that way lies all the money, the re-

wards, the respect of others, and all the

real honest happiness you will ever find.

Boys make a mistake in thinking that

only lawyers, doctors, and merchants suc-

ceed. It is a terrible blunder to leave a

trade in which you may make a first-class

workman, and have a chance to win a home,

comfort and independence, to go into a

profession you do not love. There is one

ad to that road—a life of ill-paid drudg-

ery and failure after all.

THE POINT OF DEATH.

Although usually it is easy to tell when

dissolution has occurred, yet there are

cases which occur from time to time ren-

dering the matter one of very grave uncer-

tainty. The point at which the soul re-

linquishes the body is among the most dif-

ferent things to establish. Perhaps this un-

certainty is one of the reasons why there

is such curiosity as to death beds and last

words. We are anxious to know how

affairs appear to those who are passing

away. They are undergoing the great

change through which every one must

pass.

How does it look to them? Very lit-

tle more information is to be gathered from

the dying than from the dead. Certain

inferences may be drawn from the sur-

roundings—the departing color, the cold,

deepening stare, the groan, the rattle in

the throat, the stiffening limbs; but they

are as likely to mislead as not. And the

same may be said of the death sayings.

They are as enigmatic as the declarations

of the oracles. We may take sometimes

half a dozen meanings from them, as, for

instance, Goethe's "More light!" Was it

the sense of earthly darkness growing

around him, or was it the breaking of the

eternal light upon his vision, or was there

yet some deep significance in the exclamation?

Medical works show that people have

been resuscitated fifteen, twenty and even

thirty minutes after apparent death. Hel-

don, the highwayman, is said to have been

dead three quarters of an hour. His body

was cut down after hanging that length of

time, and was handed over to his friends

THE NOTE OF THE BELL BIRD.

A remarkable bird—perhaps one of

the most curious in all the range of

ornithology—is among the latest addi-

tions to the Zoological Society's gardens.

It is the campanero, or "bell bird" of

the Brazils, a member of a very strange

family of fowls, and itself one of the

strangest of them all. In scientific

nomenclature they all a place not per-

haps creditable to the feathered crea-

tures, since they are known as the

"songless birds," but, after all, they

show this remark, if such it be, with

the very large majority of their class.

For there are not many birds with a

song worth calling such, and not many

more that have even a melodious twitter

or chirp. The campanero itself is that

half-mystical bell-ringer of the deep

American forests, whose tolling, clear,

sonorous and musical, has filled travel-

ers with wonder and delighted awe.

Out from the leafy depths, the home of

the jaguar and the boa, comes to the

ear that rhythmic elme, rung by no

human hands, and yet recalling to the

exile the familiar voices of belfry and

of campanile in far-away Europe. One of

the sweetest singers of our modern day

has made it this heart-reaching, sero-

lithic bird—the subject of an exquisite

poem, where the Englishman out in the

brush, in the moonless wild country,

listening to the sound, remembers home.

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