THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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VOL. XIX. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1888. NO. 18.

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aug 12 1y

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The public is respectfully invited to call.

oct 6 1y W. H. BROWN, Weldon, N. C.

TURNING THE TABLES.

Och, Barney, go way now, for sure I'll not hear
till ye—
Sorra the day!
It's no use to say that outside I am dear till
ye—
Sorra the day!
I hate to be followed forever and ever
Wid sad lamentations and moans o' distress—
In spite o' me taistain' and almost endeavor
A sorrowful loove ye make—I confess!
Wid wapin' and pinnty o' pitiful sighs—
And mohy a tear fallin' out o' yer eyes—
Och, sure, but a woman must iver dispise
A man who can cry like a baby!

And whilst in this pond o' dispair ye are tarrying—
Sorra the day!
The love o' the byes are a-takin' o' marryin'—
Sorra the day!
It's only last av-enin' that Patrick O'Rafferty
Axed me in earnest would I name the day;
And arthur him followed that Dennis McGafferty
Tallin' so sharple in the same pleisint way!
And then, arthur mullin', young Terry O'Toole
Picked on me milk jacket and three-legged stool,
And carried it home while we ate the first—
And pouted at me—lolle-a baby!

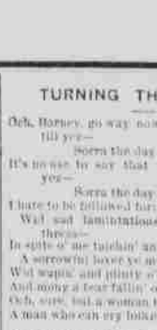
It's all very well to be talkin' o' dyin', sir—
Sorra the day!
But if yo're forever agoin' to be wailin', sir—
Sorra the day!
Sure and it is a "farewell" I will take o' yes,
Though it's that sayin' word that's breakin' me heart—
For, Barney, in spite o' the fun that I make o' yes,
Tears in me own, own eyes are thrpin' to start!
Och, Barney, don't leave me—I'm yet I adore—
Indade, and I'll strive to be taiken no more—
It's nothin' ye are, sir, an never before—
While I'm crying—just a-lake—a-baby!

—*Rio Bravo, in Detroit Free Press.*

TESTED.

A Seaside Episode—A Romance of To-Day.

[Written for This Paper.]



THIS was a ridiculous time of year to be staying in what was to be really a summer hotel. There was no help for it, however. A calamity had befallen Mr. Benjamin Baxter's town house. It was one of a row of handsome marble-front residences, and a fire that had occurred next door had resulted in his own domicile being so thoroughly flooded with water as to require almost endless repairs and renovations to furniture, carpets, walls, ceilings and the like. The firemen, too, had with commendable zeal smashed in a large section of the roof necessitating considerable repairs in that direction.

Mr. Baxter, who was a retired plumber, believed in repairing this sort of thing thoroughly, and also in personally superintending the work. Moreover he informed his excellent wife and dutiful daughter that such was his hatred of city hotels that he would rig up a tent and camp out in the vacant lot opposite sho'd they attempt to move into town before their dwelling was in readiness to receive them. As for himself, there was no difficulty; he was comfortably provided for in the rooms of an elderly bachelor friend in the same block, right on the ground, where he could hurry the repairs forward with all possible speed.

Mrs. Baxter, being a thoroughly amiable lady, and devoted to her husband, acquiesced in these arrangements, though there was a good reason why they should be particularly trying to her at this time. The cause for her trouble lay in the continued presence of the two young men who had persistently laid siege to the affections of her daughter Ethel all through the summer. And, in order to obtain an idea of the exact situation at this time, a few words of explanation are necessary.

The two young men were named respectively Mr. Edgar Ingram and Mr. Clarence Forbes. They were residents of the same city as the Baxter family, and, as a matter of course, while outwardly civil to each other, were in reality on terms of the deadliest rivalry. Mr. Forbes had the advantage of oldest acquaintance, having known the family for nearly two years. Mr. Ingram, on the other hand, was a comparative novelty. He had known the family only a few months, but had certainly made good use of his time. He possessed the advantages of a certain sort of good looks, cultivated manners and considerable money. Mr. Forbes, on the contrary, had little in the world save a handsome figure and a still handsomer face. He was a struggling young attorney and still had his way to make. The two, as has been intimated, had not as yet come to an open quarrel, though they had several times come perilously near it. Of the attitude of the parents it may be said Mr. Baxter's was one of local indifference; he simply adored his fair-haired girl and said in effect that there was nothing on earth she could not do that she had a mind to. Mrs. Baxter, however, was not unnaturally strongly in favor of Mr. Ingram, whose superior advantages in the way of wealth and position there was no denying. Miss Ethel herself was noncommittal, so far; but, being an extremely dutiful daughter, was far from being unaffected by her mother's counsel. Then, too, Clarence had chosen to be as jealous and hateful as a beast of late, and the desire to demonstrate to him that she was entirely mistress of her own inclinations was much too strong to be resisted.

This morning, a dull, gray, unpleasant morning early in November, Mr. Forbes and Miss Baxter had come nearer to an open quarrel than for many a long month. He had accused her point-blank of trifling with him; she had retorted that she did not wish to trifle with him an instant longer than he himself chose to be trifled with, so there. Her big blue eyes had snapped wickedly as she said it, too, and poor Clarence had wandered away alone down the beach, a very disconsolate man indeed.

It was nearly two hours when he returned, much too late for dinner. Just as he was turning aside to ascend the slope to the hotel he caught sight of a small group of figures on the beach, and observed a lank fisher-youth, with bare feet and a tattered blue flannel shirt, in the act of launching a heavy yawl, used at this late season for fishing excursions. Mr. Forbes hesitated a moment, glanced at the sky, and then walked quickly down and joined the little party. Miss Ethel glanced at him indifferently; Mr. Ingram accorded him a supercilious nod; Mrs. Baxter barely noticed him.

"I BEG YOUR PARDON."

"I beg your pardon," began Clarence, bowing gracefully, "but I venture to hope that you do not contemplate a sail this morning."

"Oh yes, Mr. Forbes, we did," replied Mrs. Baxter, cheerfully, with an unmistakable emphasis on the pronoun.

Clarence ignored the snub and began again: "I beg you will not think me intrusive, Mrs. Baxter," he said, "but I can lay claim to enough weather-wisdom to feel certain that a sail in a tub like this to-day may prove extremely unpleasant, and I hope you will not undertake it."

Mr. Ingram's sneer became more accentuated.

But Clarence looked so handsome and so earnest that Mrs. Baxter, who was not a valiant soul on the water, might have relented. But Ethel, who got it into her saucy little head that Clarence merely wished to spoil her sail in Ingram's company, decreed otherwise. With Ingram still sneering industriously, she stepped into the boat, drew her mother in after her and signed to the fisher-boy and Ingram to push off. "Don't be concerned about us, Mr. Forbes," she called out, sweetly, "but you may come with us, if you like, and *if you are not afraid.*"

She had no idea that he would accept the invitation, but it was all he was waiting for. The boat was ten feet from shore, but he ignored the ablution wrought to his handsome drab trousers and glittering patent leathers and rushed through the strip of water, clutching the gunwale just in time to be drawn into the now rapidly-moving craft. Both ladies gave vent to a very of surprise at this extraordinary proceeding, and Mr. Ingram so far forgot his rôle of sneering as to laugh a little. Clarence said nothing, but glowered at him very savagely and clambered down into the bow, where he crouched down, very cold, very uncomfortable and altogether miserable.

He had not been there five minutes before he began to feel thoroughly thankful that he was there. The yawl was under mainsail, top sail and jib, and by and by her old timbers fairly creaked with the way she was flying through the water. The wind was almost dead off shore and increasing every moment. Mr. Ingram stood at the tiller and directed the boy in the manipulation of the sails. Ethel fairly shouted with glee at the magnificence of the run, and Mr. Ingram almost felt compensated for his rival's presence.

It was not long, however, before Mrs. Baxter noticed the extreme haziness of the shore-line and began to realize the distance they were out. In spite of Ethel's protest she peremptorily bade Mr. Ingram put the boat about and make for the shore.

It was not until the young man attempted to put her orders into execution that those on board realized the force of the wind that was blowing. It came with great, powerful gusts and made a horrible singing sound as it swept through the seamy rigging. Then, too, it suddenly became apparent that while Mr. Ingram was sufficiently expert at running a boat before a fair wind and an onward sea, he was a very landlubber when it came to a question of tacking for the return journey. The instant that he realized this, Mr. Forbes sprang to his feet and staggered to the stern, where sat Mrs. Baxter and Ethel, both looking very pale and very frightened.

"Better give me the tiller, Ingram," he said to his rival, without arrogance, but with a quiet authority that should have told any one but a simpleton that he meant to have his way.

"I shall do no such thing," retorted Mr. Ingram, growing very white; "I know how to call a boat."

At the instant he made the remark a false movement of the tiller threw the groaning little craft with her side squarely to an oncoming wave. There was a rush of water and every one on board was drenched through and through. There was a cry of terror from the boy, who was seen to be hanging for dear life to the rope of the mainsail, which, secured by a single turn, was being slowly torn from his hand. With one bound Clarence was at his side, the rope was hauled home and the little vessel went tearing diagonally over the great waves, in the direction of the shore, but in a manner that if adhered to would land them ten miles below their starting point.

Turning like lightning Clarence came splashing headlong through the water and spray to where Ingram crouched at the tiller, almost paralyzed by the narrowness of the escape. "If you don't get out of there," thundered Clarence, his voice rising high above the wind, "d—n me if I don't throw you overboard."

The ladies screamed, but in the midst of her terror Miss Ethel could not stifle a feeling of admiration for a man who swore in the very face of death. Still she knew it was very wicked, and she put her cheek close to her mother's and closed her eyes and prayed.

As for Mr. Ingram, he quitted the tiller sullenly, and sat down opposite the ladies with his feet dangling in eight inches of water. Looking at him presently, Clarence became convinced that the man was terrified beyond all human understanding, and there arose in him a great bitterness of spirit to think that his brave, flaxen-haired darling over there had placed her affections on such an object. To so fearful a pass did Mr. Ingram's terrors bring him that he presently lay down full length upon the thwart, his face covered with his hands and his occasional groans and appeals to Heaven for mercy, the only sounds he could utter.

For four long hours did Clarence, assisted by the gallant fisher-youth, who worked with all his young might, do battle with the angry waters. His hat had blown off, and in the gathering darkness Ethel could see how wan and tired and hopeless his face looked. The curly hair, about which she had so often jeered him, lay in damp masses on his forehead, and she fairly ached to risk upsetting the dancing boat by leaping up and smoothing down the matted locks with her white, soft hand. Clarence uttered no word, save to assure the ladies that they should reach the shore safely if it took all winter to do it. Mrs. Baxter's face was a study. She kept her arms tightly about her beloved daughter and her glance wandered from time to time from the stern, miserable face of the man at the helm to the now silent, motionless form on the seat opposite. Mr. Ingram had either fainted or was asleep. Had he been able to note the expression of the older lady's face as she glanced at him he would hardly have felt flattered.

The shore was still a mile and a half away, and darkness had fairly settled down upon the sea, when a rather strange thing happened. On his last tack Clarence had noticed the wind to be veering, and now, to his infinite joy, he felt it coming squarely ahead. Further and further it swung, until almost dead astern, and once again the little craft began to career over the waves under a full pressure of sail.

"Ladies," remarked Clarence, jeilly, "we are saved."

His tone did not encourage an extended response, and none was attempted; but the eyes of both ladies contained moisture for which the spray was hardly responsible. The novelty of again rushing headlong through the water aroused Mr. Ingram. He sat up suddenly, rubbed his eyes and surveyed the situation. He looked ahead, and as they rose on the crest of a wave, perceived lights twinkling along the shore.

"They're not looking for us," he said, with a faint attempt at jauntiness. "Forbes, perhaps you'd better let me take the tiller now; you must be used up."

"GET OUT OF THERE!" THUNDERED CLARENCE.

Mr. Forbes looked at him savagely and rejoined with great emphasis: "Lie down again and shut up!"

Mr. Ingram disregarded the first mandate, but obeyed the second.

On and on swept the little craft, riding gallantly with her heavy load of water and human beings over the crests of the great seas. Nearer and nearer they drew to the shore, where the swarm of twinkling lanterns on the beach spoke of the anxiety that prevailed there. In five minutes more the boat was dashed upon the beach and a dozen men sprang to clutch the gunwale and drag her out of reach of the receding wave. The first man to greet the voyagers was Mr. Benjamin Baxter, who had run down on a late train and down whose big, kindly face, tears of joy were now chasing themselves. After he had kissed his wife something more than a hundred times he turned to look at the others. But there was only one other. Miss Ethel stood there, drenched and wretched, but both men had slipped through the crowd and disappeared.

In less than half an hour, having seen his wife and daughter safely to bed, Mr. Baxter started out into the hotel corridors to look for Clarence. He had not to go far, for on passing his room he noticed a light there. He went in without knocking, walked up to where Clarence stood, with his elbows on the mantel and his face leaning upon his hands, put his arm about the young man's shoulders and looked into his eyes. "I can't speak, boy," he said, in a choking sort of voice, "all that I can say to you—and I say it from the bottom of my heart—is that you're a noble fellow. God bless you!"

Then he noticed that the room was in a terrible muddle. Clothes, hats, sticks, pipes and every thing else that goes to make up a young man's summer wardrobe, were scattered about the floor in confusion; while an open portmanteau lay near by. "What does this mean, Clarence?" the old gentleman asked.

"It means," replied the young man bitterly, "that I'm going away from here before I'm an hour older. Yes, I'll tell you why," he added fiercely, in answer to the mute inquiry of Mr. Baxter's eyes, "its because I love your daughter Ethel so well that she without her will be a misery to me, while she"—choking down a sob—"she cares more for a book from that d—d petticoat than she does for my whole soul and body; that's why!"

Mr. Baxter gazed very earnestly at the young giant, who looked wonderfully handsome and brave and honest standing there in his wet clothes. Then the old gentleman's eyes began to twinkle a little. He was always some thing of a humorist.

"Clarence," he remarked, oracularly, "you're a brave boy; but you're a fool. Don't stop me, sir," he went on, "but I've just come from Ethel, and all I've got to say is that if you leave here this night you'll wish you had been drowned, as you deserved to be."

When Mr. Baxter was excited, Lindley Murray frequently suffered. Clarence, however, did not notice it this time. Having delivered himself of his parting shot Mr. Baxter wrung the young man's hand and left him.

And Clarence stared. But the queerest part of the whole affair was that from the instant the boat had touched the shore Mr. Ingram vanished from their sight and kept as utterly as if the sea had swallowed him—as Mr. Benjamin Baxter would have put it.

HAROLD R. VYNNE.

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June 28 '88

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TRAINS GOING SOUTH

Dated Jan. 8th, 1888.	No 23 Daily	No 47 fast mail Daily.	No 45, daily ex Sun
Leave Weldon	2 [illegible] PM	3 [illegible] PM	10 [illegible] am
At Rocky Mount	[illegible]	.....	7 15 "
At Tarboro	[illegible]	.....	.....
Leave Tarboro	[illegible]	.....	.....
Arrive Wilson	[illegible] PM	7 00 "	7 48 "
Leave Wilson	[illegible]	.....	.....
Arrive Selma	[illegible]	.....	.....
Arrive Fayetteville	[illegible]	.....	.....
Leave Goldsboro	4 45 "	7 40 "	8 40 "
Leave Warsaw	5 [illegible] "	.....	9 28 "
Leave Magnolia	5 [illegible] "	8 [illegible] "	9 54 "
Arrive Wilmington	7 40 "	9 35 "	11 25 "

TRAINS GOING NORTH

	No 14 daily	No 22 daily	No 46 daily ex. Sunday.
Leave Wilmington	11 [illegible] AM	9 00 AM	7 45 p m
Leave Magnolia	1 24 "	10 35 "	5 28 "
Leave Warsaw	10 50 "	11 50 "	5 50 "
Arrive Goldsboro	12 [illegible] "	11 50 "	6 [illegible] "
Leave Fayetteville	.....	*8 30 "	.....
Arrive Selma	.....	10 50 "	.....
Arrive Wilson	.....	11 50 "	.....
Leave Wilson	2 [illegible] "	12 45 p m	8 48 "
Arrive Rocky Mount	.....	1 18 "	8 [illegible] "
Arrive Tarboro	.....	*1 50 "	.....
Leave Tarboro	.....	10 50 AM	.....
Arrive Weldon	4 20 "	2 40 p m	9 35 "

*Daily except Sunday.

Train on Scotland Neck Branch Road leaves Halifax for Scotland Neck at 3 00 p m. Returning leaves Scotland Neck at 9 30 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., via Albemarle and Raleigh R. R., daily except Sunday 6 00 p. m., Sunday 5 00 p. m., arrive Williamston N. C., 8 10 p m., 6 40 a m. Returning leaves Williamston, N. C., daily except Sunday 7 00 a. m. Sunday 9 00 a. m., arrive Tarboro, N. C., 9 45 a. m., 10 30 a. m.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro N. C., daily except Sunday 9 30 a. m., arrive Smithfield, N. C., 10 40 a. m. Returning leaves Smithfield, N. C., 10 55 a. m., arrive Goldsboro, N. C., 12 00 m.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 4 00 p. m., arrives at Nashville 4 40 p. m., Spring Hope 5 15 p. m. Returning leaves Spring Hope 9 40 a. m., Nashville 10 15 a. m., Rocky Mount 11 55 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Train on Clifton Branch leaves Wilson for Clifton, daily except Sunday, at 4 00 p. m. Returning leaves Clifton at 8 10 a m connecting at Wilson with No. 15 and 45.

Southbound train on Wilson and Fayetteville Branch is No. 51. Northbound is 50. *Daily except Sunday.

Train No 77 South will only stop at Wilson, Goldsboro and Magnolia.

Train No 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North daily. All rail via Richmond and daily except Sunday via Bay Line.

Trains make close connection for all points North via Richmond and Washington.

All trains run solid between Wilmington and Washington and have Pullman Palace Sleepers attached.

J. R. KENLY, Supt. Trans. J. F. DIVINE, General Sup't.
T. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

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