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The Roanoke News.

VOL. VII. WELDON, N. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1878. NO. 7.

SPACE	PER LINE			
	One	Two	Three	Over
One Square,	5 00	10 00	14 00	20 00
Two Squares,	8 00	14 00	20 00	26 00
Three Squares,	10 00	20 00	30 00	40 00
Four Squares,	12 00	24 00	36 00	50 00
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Half Column,	20 00	40 00	60 00	80 00
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FAREWELL.

BY W. S. REED

My love, I love thee with a love undying,
But less so fraught with sorrow that my heart,
Wearied with waiting for a bright to-morrow,
Will say for thy sweet sake dear love, we part!

Farewell, my darling! Yes, my own forever,
Where'er I go, by land or sea, my star,
My star to guide me, guard me, aid me, oh never
Can we forget, although we're sundered far!

Have pity, God! oh, hold her in Thy keeping,
Upon her way I pray Thee shed Thy light,
Farewell! O kisses! Oh, cease thy bitter weeping,
I go into the night!

MANNERS.

The late Charles Kingsley once wrote in a magazine article: "I used just now that word manners. Let me beg your serious attention to it. I use it, remember, in its true, its ancient—that is, its moral and spiritual—sense. I use it as the old Greeks, the old Romans used their corresponding words; as our wise forefathers used it when they said well that 'Manners maketh man.' I beg you to remember that all or almost all the good manners which we have among us—courtesies, refinements, self-restraints, and mutual respect—all of which raises us socially and morally above our forefathers of fifteen hundred years ago—and deep-hearted, manly, valiant and noble, but coarse and arrogant and quarrelsome—all that, or almost all, owe to Christ, to the influence of his example, and to that Bible which testifies of him. Yes, the Bible has been for Christendom, in the cottage as much as in the palace, the school of manners, and the saying that he who becomes a true Christian becomes a true gentleman is no rhetorical boast, but a solid historic fact."

A WASHOE GREETING.

Yesterday, as we were standing near the corner of C and Union streets, chatting with our old-time friend, B. H. Howland, a queer, shaggy-haired, wild-eyed chap, evidently just in from some of the eastward-bound desert regions of the State, he ve in sight.

Now, Bib is himself a regular roving, prospecting critter—a man who has deined and posted his "nooies" in about half the camps on the Pacific coast. B. B. indeed, with much justice, may claim to have made Meadow Lake, and Aurora and Como what they are.

Our wild-eyed stranger had evidently seen B. B. somewhere.

He started back and forth in front of us a few times, scratching his head, hitching his baggy breeches up under his waist belt, and jimmied his scrap of dingy brown wool hat now on this side and now on that side of his head.

At last he suddenly faced squarely about, and, coming up to B. B., said:

"Whereabouts in hell have I seen you, stranger?"

"I don't know," coolly, and in his kindest tone, answered B. B.; "what part of hell have you been in, my friend?"

The wild-eyed man smiled a solemn smile, and said something about his camp and a pot of beans on the headwaters of Bitter Creek.

Instantly he and B. B. rushed into each other's arms, and for some moments each was diligently engaged in shedding tears of the largest size upon the shoulder of the other—Territorial (New) Enterprise.

THE BLESSING OF FREEDOM.

Freedom is the natural school of energy and enterprise. Freedom is the appropriate sphere of talent and virtue. The soul was not made to walk in fetters. To act powerfully, it must act freely; and it must act, too, under all the fair incentives of an honest and honorable ambition. This applies, especially, to the mass of the people. There may be minds, and there are, which find a sufficient incentive to exertion, in the love of knowledge and improvement, in the single aim at perfection. But this is not, and cannot be, the condition of the mass of minds. They need other impulses. Open then, I say, freely and widely to every individual, the way to wealth, to honor, to social respect and to public office, and you put life into any people. Impart that principle to a nation of Turks, or even of Hindoos, and it will be as a resurrection from the dead. The sluggish spirit will be aroused; the languid nerve will be strung to new energy; there will be a stir of action and a spring to industry all over the country, because there will be a motive. Alas! how many poor wretches in the world are obliged to labor, without reward, without hope, almost without motive! Like the machinery amidst which they labor, and of which they are scarcely more than a part, they are moved by the impulse of blind necessity. The single hope of bettering their condition, which now, alas! never visits them, would regenerate them to a new life.

She was dancing the B-wagon Dip, and dipped so low that her respected mother interposed with a protest, between the sets.

"You dance very gracefully, dear," she said, "but—and she paused.

"Yes, I've taken my dip low-ma, you mean to say, don't you?" and that ended it.

WASN'T THAT SORT.

While General Thomas was inspecting the fortifications at Chattanooga with General Garfield, they heard some one shout:

"Hello, mister! You I want to speak to you!"

"General Thomas, turning, found he was the 'mister' as politely hailed by an East Tennesseean soldier.

"Well, my man," said he, "what do you want with me?"

"I want to get a furlough, mister, that's what I want," was the reply.

"Why do you want a furlough, my man?" inquired the General.

"Well, I want to go home and see my wife."

"How long is it since you saw her?"

"Ever since I enlisted; nigh on to three months."

"Three months!" exclaimed the commander. "Why, my good fellow, I have not seen my wife for three years!"

The Tennesseean looked incredulous, and drawled out: "Well, you see, me and my wife ain't that sort!"

A HORSE'S REVENGE.

A cruel half-braken teamster in France not long since, angered at the poor exertions made by one of the horses—a poor hack which had almost served its time—decided that the animal was no longer worth his feed, and resolved to put an end to it. For that purpose he tied the poor brute to a tree, and making a massive lever used in moving goods, he struck the animal several violent blows on the head until the unfortunate brute sunk to the ground insensible. The master, thinking the animal was dead, left it on the spot, intending to remove the body next day.

The horse, regained its senses a short time after, found its way home, and entered the cur-yard at daybreak. Its arrival was welcomed by the neighing of its companions in the stable, which noise awakened the master, who was now furious at having failed in his cruel purpose. He tied up the animal afresh, and commenced showering blows again upon its head. The act of brutality was committed in sight of two other horses in the stables; and presently one of them, a young animal, became so frantic with rage, that he broke his halter, and, rushing on the man, seized him in his jaws, and after shaking him violently threw him down and trampled on him with such fury, that had not the man's cries brought some person to his aid, the master would certainly have been killed.

STRUCK IT.

"I'm a goin' home at last," said an old man. "I'm a goin' home after thirty years in the mountain, an' I feel like a boy. That's the chick, my boy," and as he slumped his pocket, his hand lo-oked as though it had wielded a pick for years. It was wrinkled like his face and callous as his heart at first seemed to be; but in the course of his conversation the light would flash into his eyes at times like sunshine after rain, melting away features otherwise hard.

"Yes, I've struck it at last. Don't you know, boy, that I felt it in my bones? I knowed I'd strike it afore I died, an' I did, you bet yer, riber'n anybody. Fat—shy, fat ain't no name for it. My old man wrote for me, an' I'm a goin'. See, that's the letter."

And the old man pulled out a yellow envelope and out of it a yellow letter. The ink was faded and with difficulty could be followed the cramped writing that bore to the mountain—the tale of sorrow, how the farm was mortgaged; how the oldest girl had died, and the wall, the coaxing wall of that sentence that had crossed the Rocky Mountains so often, "Come back, come back, what is wealth, while our young lives are passing away?" Then there was the caution of a loving wife to a rambling devil-may-care husband. The letter was dated 1850, a day upon inquiry I found that was the last letter the old man got.

"But I know she's all right an' the boys are grown men now, an' won't they be glad to see their old Dad agin, eh?"

The old mountaineer wiped his eyes and coughed a lump or two that was swelling up his throat. He walked away toward the depot to turn his face toward the East to where his day dreams had centered for thirty years. Twenty-eight years he had heard from home, and now his heart is as light on his journey home, as though time stood still since 1850 and the old landmarks of his childhood had not been swept away by time and civilization.

Cities have sprung up around the old man's stamping ground, a railroad follows his trail across the continent; and he himself has helped start graveyards, and yet, so full is his poor, foolish old heart of home, wife and young ones, that there is not room for the thought that the graveyard, in which he played when a boy, has ever grown with time, or that the little mounds round which the snows are drifting, may contain the last of her who is the fullness of her heart called to him, years ago, to come back.

O yes, he is going home and his heart is glad; but it is sad to think of that old man's feelings as he steps once more on the threshold of his youth and finds for the first time that his feet bare long since outgrown the footprints of his childhood's days, and realizes that he is alone.

AN EDITOR'S EARLY EXPERIENCE.

Never will we forget the time we met our sweetheart Kitty in the centre of a vast wilderness of briars in the old Rocky State. Her eyes were as black as the berries in her basket, and as brilliant as those of the catbird chattering over her head; her lips were ruby red, and her cheeks lily white, except a broad streak of purple fruit-stain reaching from ear to ear.

Heave! didn't she look lovely? Our own basket was full, and we volunteered our assistance to fill that carried by Kitty.

One while plucking the melting fruit from some glorious cluster, her curls—Kitty had curls, glossy and golden—her curls brushed our cheek, we thought very often; but still, it seemed something to be accidental. Somehow, too, we were always at work upon the same clusters and Kitty's lips were very close to ours when she turned to speak.

At last Kitty's lips parted, Kitty's eyes flashed, and she almost succeeded in coaxing into her mouth, white brow, one or two indignant wrinkles.

"Don't you think," said she, "that the other day, when I was out here all alone just as we are, with Ned Jones, the naughty fellow up and kissed me!"

"We didn't like Ned, and we were ready to say that he was naughty."

"He just caught me this way, and here her lips almost touched ours, and we felt a violent thumping in the region of our heart, but she didn't quite do it, and the ordeal was soon over."

We felt all over that we were on the verge of being just as naughty as Ned, yet our bashfulness saved us.

Still pouting we thought worse than ever, she placed both hands on our shoulder and turned her sweet young face towards our said:

"You are a dear, good boy! you ain't going to be naughty, like Ned was?"

Heavens! how our heart fluttered! We seemed losing our breath; and a moment after, Kitty was saying:

"You are a very, very naughty boy!"

THE PRESERVATION OF THE VOICE.

In a recent Lecture in New York on the "Hygiene of the Voice." Dr. Ward said that there are many agents which more or less influence the voice the four principles of which are climate, dress, diet and exercise. Change of climate will undoubtedly for a time exert some slight deleterious influence on the larynx, but this influence is greatly over-estimated. A clothing should be loosely attached to the body. The present fashionable style of dress is decidedly unhealthy. The chest and abdomen are unnaturally confined, the lungs and other organs thus being presented from acting in a normal manner. The dress should be worn high in the neck, and the sensible female artist avoids as much as possible appearing on the stage in full dress. The throat should not be wrapped in comforters, boas, &c, chest protectors should not be worn and the feet should be guarded against wet. Food supplies nourishment and warmth, and the article of diet which has the special property of producing heat in the body is fat. The diet of the singer should be bland as well as nutritious. Of the different kinds of meat veal, turkey, roast beef and lamb are the easiest to digest. Cooked vegetables, unless too highly seasoned, are easily digested; cut cabbage, cucumbers and such like should be avoided. Pastry should be invariably discarded. Dinner at noon, followed by a light tea at nightfall is a rule which, if rigidly adhered to, will be a safeguard against all ordinary attacks of indigestion. In order that acts of singing be properly performed, it is absolutely necessary that the stomach be nearly empty. Alcoholic beverages should not on any consideration be indulged in by vocal artists, for they destroy freshness and vivacity, and produce a peculiar hoarseness and cough easily distinguished by the practiced ear.

For the proper development of the vocal chords there are several rules which must be observed. The exercises must be regularly and systematically practiced; they must always be within the register; they should never be pushed to the point of fatigue, they should never be sung too loud, they should never be made use of when the vocal organs are attacked by cold, no matter how slight, and they should be practiced while standing upright, so as to allow of free play of the lungs and accessory vocal organs. Bodily exercise is especially beneficial to the singer. In concluding his lecture Dr. Ward said that learning to sing correctly is learning to be healthy.

It is related that one evening when Miss Cushman was playing in Washington, President Grant entered the theatre during the second act, just when the actress had started to "come on," and the orchestra, at that moment, began to play "Hail to the Chief." "Duffield, Duffield," she cried, "what is that noise about? The orchestra is composed of fools, I verily believe." "It is the President," said poor Mr. Duffield. "And suppose it is," said she angrily. "Mr. Ford has given orders that the orchestra play 'Hail to the Chief.'" "Hail to the mischief, I would not stop a performance for the best man living. Mr. Ford is a goose!"

Every man is bound to tolerate the act of which he himself set the example.

BERKLEY'S MASQUERADE.

"Better go, Dick," said Ned Hatton. "Lots of fun. The grandest thing of the season. Nothing yet like it. The masks and gipsy's all of the latest and funniest Parisian styles."

Dick Berkley took the cigar from his mouth, blew out a spiral cloud of smoke, and reflected a moment. They were in Berkley's sitting room, and the door which opened into the hall was slightly ajar. Both men had their backs to the door, and their faces toward the blazing grate.

"A would go if I was sure I could keep my wife from knowing it," said Berkley.

"Who, to be sure you can," said his friend Hatton, a gay bachelor of thirty or thereabouts. "What is the use of being bound in the iron bands of petticoat government, tied to a woman's apron strings, and made both a slave and a fool of yourself all of your life. I tell you men like us who are kept in courts and among legal papers and documents, need a little recreation in a masquerade."

"My wife would raise thunder if she knew of my going to a masquerade."

"The deuce—she need never know it," replied Hatton, vehemently.

At this moment Mrs. Berkley was passing through the hall, and paused at the door, having heard her husband's remark.

"Let's see, when is it?" asked Berkley.

"Next Tuesday night."

"I'll go."

"So will I," thought Mrs. Berkley, as she disappeared unobserved from the doorway.

"In my carriage?" asked Hatton.

"Yes; expect me in front of the Lindell, from there we can drive to Kruth's or Mrs. Parcell's for our costumes and masks."

Tuesday night came, and our two friends were at the masquerade. Berkley was disguised as a Turk, and his friend in the hideous garb of an Indian chief.

There was one faultless form dressed as a page of the olden time, which seemed to be the admiration of every one. Our friends were not long in finding this strangely disguised and evidently fast young lady, and she made herself especially pleasing to Berkley. The latter promenade and danced with her, and then they retired to another room for refreshments. The eyes which gleamed from the holes in the mask, our hero declared to be the most lovely he had ever beheld. While chatting and drinking sparkling champagne with the artificial beauty, he chuckled to himself to think what a nice trick he had played on his wife.

"Now, my charmer," he said, pouring out a glass of sparkling champagne, "I drink to your health alone, and vow I love no other, after which I ask, as we are by ourselves, that you unmask."

"Bah, Sir Turk! you do not pretend to say that you love me!"

"More than tongue can tell!"

"And that you never loved another?"

"Never."

"Nonsense! I'll venture you have a wife and half a dozen children."

"I swear by my beard I have not," vowed the Turk.

"Pshaw! we women know you men too well to believe what you say. Men must have some recreation, you know," said the artificial beauty.

"But know, dearest, adored unknown," began our hero, pushing his chair just as close to the page as he could get it, and placing one arm affectionately around her waist, "that I have found my 'finite in you, that I never loved till I saw you, and that I adore only you. Now I have made full confession, and after requesting the pleasure of seeing you home, please allow me to remove this mask that must cover a face of exquisite loveliness."

Berkley had evidently drunk too much champagne, or he would not have been so vehement in his remarks. He threw one arm around the young lady dressed in the fascinating costume of a page, raised the mask, and beheld the face of his wife.

"Consternation! Sadie, let's go home," he cried; and in less than fifteen minutes they were in a cab going toward their residence. Mr. Berkley was a very quiet man for several days, and Mrs. Berkley enjoyed her victory in silence. A week or two after the affair, Hatton asked his friend what became of the girl dressed as a page, he was coming it over so sweetly at the masquerade.

"Don't mention it, Ned, for I have sworn that I will never go to another masquerade while I live!"

A couple of fellows who were pretty thoroughly soaked with bad whiskey, got into the gutter. After floundering about for a few minutes, one of them said, "Jim, let's go to another house—this hotel leaks."

She stepped out of the cars a few minutes, leaving a book in the seat, but on returning went to the wrong pew, and inquired of a placid old lady: "Are you sitting on 'That Husband of Mine?'" "Goo! Gracious! No!" exclaimed the old maid, jumping up and scanning the seat with rigid scrutiny.

It is said that a Quaker who received a box on the ear, with request that he would put his religion into practice by turning the other cheek, replied: "Nay, friend, but it is also written that 'with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again,'" and then returned what he had received with interest.

PRESENT HAPPINESS.

The great secret of gaining happiness in life is to enjoy the present. To be doing one thing, and thinking of another, is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life. Some people are always wishing themselves somewhere else, or thinking of something else than what they are doing, or of somebody else than to whom they are speaking. This is the way to enjoy nothing, to do nothing well, and to please nobody. It is better to be interested in interior persons and interior things than to be indifferent with the best. A principal cause of this indifference is the adoption of other people's tastes instead of the cultivation of our own—the pursuit after that for which we are not fitted, and to which, consequently, we are not in reality inclined. This folly pervades, more or less, all classes, and arises from errors of building out enjoyment on the false foundation of the world's opinion, instead of being, with due regard to others, each our own world.

DON'T BE SO FOOLISH.