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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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ON THE FALL OF A LEAF.

The bud appeared when spring's soft breeze
Revived the torpid earth,
And birds attuned their gladsome lays,
As if to hail its birth.

The leaf appeared, no razing storm
Could tear that leaf away;
'Twas nurtured by the gentle dew,
And by the sun's mild ray.

The yellow leaf appeared. The wind
Now whistled through the dell,
The lofty tree low bowed its head,
The leaf scarce moved, and fell.

The pruning hoe was seen, when hope
Dispelled all thought and care;
The bloom of health was on his cheek,
His brow was smooth and fair.

The man now in his prime was seen,
He sought the battle's din;
Or toiled and toiled, by day and night,
Some glittering prize to win.

The weary, aged man, was seen,
And few the day before him;
With tottering steps he nears the brink,
The dark grave closes over him.

A WOMAN'S CRIME.

BY DR E. H. BLISS.

"As you are to be my wife, Valerie, for my sake stop flirting with those abominable fops who attend the parties and receptions that are being given now." And the speaker, a tall, handsome young man, dressed in an evening suit of dark broadcloth, stood leaning against the arm chair where sat Valerie Pearl, the acknowledged belle of the little sea side circle, and betrothed to young Gerald Grey the son of a wealthy city merchant.

"Gerald, I shall do just as I please. The young men pay me attention, and I shall make no outcry against it."

"Then you do not believe me sincere in my regard for you, Valerie."

"I have no reason to doubt it yet, Gerald. You are evidently jealous, and needlessly so; for here in this idle place what else is there to do but to flirt and play the part of a coquette?"

"But you might be less intimate with the Scraggins; they are decidedly vulgar."

"Come, now, that is too severe on those poor young people. I shall go into hysterics if you do not change the subject. Let us go into the parlor and have a game of chess."

"Valerie, you are heartless—utterly devoid of feeling. You do not care to obey my wishes."

"And you would have me make a nun of myself, and keep away from society. No, Gerald, I do not care to obey you, if that is your desire. I am too fond of gay life in this pleasant resort for that."

"It is very evident that you care more for the silly attention of others than you do for me."

"And if I do, what then?" she asked, her blue eyes looking him full in the face.

"You cannot have the consideration for my feelings due from a promised bride; that is all."

"Haven't I plighted you my whole heart once—to you solely? What else is there for me to do?"

"Say that again, Valerie; say that you will be mine," said Gerald, stooping and clasping the white hand which lay upon her pink muslin dress in his, and pressing it to his lips.

"All yours, Gerald. There, don't feel slighted because I now and then look at the people here. Nothing will come of it, I'm sure. Now, Gerald, say that you are sorry for doubting me."

"Well, then, I am sorry," said the lover, pressing a kiss upon her alabaster brow; "and I will try not to be jealous any more." And presenting his arm to the fair girl, they passed from the veranda of the hotel into the parlor.

In an alcove, partly concealed by draperies, they paused before a little mahogany chess-stand.

Valerie knew the power she held, and she did not scruple to cast side glances now and then toward an adjacent table where sat several young men playing cards. The truth was, she loved society and excitement, and was as unfit to be the wife of Gerald Grey, who had a naturally jealous disposition, as he was to wed a virago.

"Zounds! what a pretty woman that is in the alcove, Jack," remarked one of the young men at the table.

"You say pretty; why, that is classical loveliness. She is our regal highness, the cararansary belle. By Jove! but you should know her, Harry. She will make you giddy-headed the first ten minutes, and at the end of a half hour desperately in love. But there is young Grey, who has her heart and hand; he is terribly jealous, so they say."

"Well, he should take her away to some solitary island where lovers of female beauty cannot spy her out."

"He would, if she cared to go. But, between you and me, Harry, there is not so much affection between them as there might be, at least, not on her side."

"Perhaps not," responded Harry, languidly. "Come, I have a little scheme in view. I will go and get my flute, and play a few notes under the window just to try the effect on the nerves of young Grey."

Accordingly, the party arose and quit the room, leaving two lovers sole occupants for the time being.

"There, those inquisitive ninnies have gone; I hope they will learn manners enough not stare when they come again," said Gerald.

"I don't think they did so purposely. Young men must use their eyes," said the fair flirt.

"But they stared, and that is an impertinence they will have to answer for," said Gerald, as he arose and abruptly left the room.

He had not been gone long before the low, melodious tones of the "Last Rose of Summer, played upon the flute, came in through the window, and ebbed and swelled with the gentle evening breeze until it seemed to be very near, then died away with a low, long-drawn cadence as sweet as the chimes of a silver bell.

"Oh, how tender!" murmured Valerie, as she went out through the open window upon the balcony.

The performer was concealed by some dark bushes, but his presence could be detected by the sound. Soft and low, thrilling and throbbing, now loud and distinct, then deep and far away, but always tenderly melancholy, it seemed to her the perfect ideal of knightly minstrelsy when lovers went forth to serenade their fair divines. She hardly dared think it was meant for her, but breathlessly watched and listened, totally unconscious that the moon had slowly risen from behind some trees, and was shining directly upon her.

Gerald Grey, coming up the avenue from the beach, where he had been smoking his evening cigar, saw her with the moonlight streaming over her, long before he heard the music of the flute. He noticed with admiration the almost statue-like mould of her features, and thought, as most lovers think, that she was dreaming of him. Alas, how misguided he was! Coming nearer, he could see the lips parted over the pearly teeth into a smile that expressed perfect trust in the present and contentment for the future. What, then, must he have felt when the music commenced again? It would be difficult to tell what his feelings were, but there came into his face a terrible light—a passion that convulsed his whole frame, and made him surge to and fro like a drunken man.

"She is false to me! At last I have found out what I suspected; she holds secret meetings with strange parties. She is false! Oh, my Valerie, you are mine no more. Farewell forever!" He looked up to the balcony, but she had disappeared.

Like a snake with stealthy, noiseless tread, and with dilated, bloodshot eyes, he crept upon the unknown musician. A sound of tearing sod, a low, gurgling groan, and the prostrate form of a man lay behind the clump of foliage where the morrow's sun revealed it to the inmates of the hotel.

The party of young men supposed their friend safe in bed. Could they have known the true situation, and the blanched, horror-stricken face of Gerald Grey on beholding what he had done, they would not have slept so soundly.

Hours afterward he had put out to sea in a sailboat, and was far away when the body was discovered the next morning.

The sad event taught Valerie Pearl a practical lesson that a life-time will never efface. She may not have loved Gerald Grey as she should have loved him, but the promise was was given, and the stigma placed upon her name by the result will never wear away.

Persons travelling abroad now and then meet with a broken-down man who expresses in every lineament of his face the despair that a judicious woman might have saved him from.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

A reporter who recently visited an Industrial School was very much impressed by what he saw and learned there concerning not only the taming, but the reforming and refining influence of a "concord of sweet sounds." Attached to the institution is a music teacher who has at all times in active training a number of boys, who perform on the various instruments that make up a brass band. This teacher, who is an intelligent German, and, to all appearances, an able instructor, testifies to the wonderful efficacy of music in softing the rugged natures of the boys who are sent to the school, usually because they are uncontrollable by parents or guardians.

He says he has noticed the singular fact that boys whose aversion to learning was so great that they could not or would not acquire even a knowledge of their "a-b, abs," took hold with evident relish of the comparatively difficult study of theoretical music, and in a very short space of time mastered the notes sufficiently to read a tolerably hard score or piece of music. This seemed to him like a phenomenal phase, and he can only account for it on the ground that a love of music is inherent in the average bad boy. He has usually in training a band of twenty pieces, but he says that this number he could easily argment at any time to two, three, or even four times as many, for he very rarely finds a boy who has not a taste for some musical instrument.

The greatest trouble he has yet encountered in the formation of his bands is the fact that as soon as his pupils become really proficient they are ready for a discharge for good conduct, the music possessing such an influence for good over them as to completely reform dispositions that would be otherwise incorrigibly bad. Since he has held the position of music teacher at the institution, several boys have been discharged for good and promising conduct who have turned their knowledge of music acquired within the walls of the Industrial school to profitable account.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

It is but poor eloquence which only shows that the orator can talk.

If what is said be not to the purpose a single word is already too much.

We can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough, except by suffering.

The worse misfortune is to be unable to bear misfortune.

He that hath no bridle on his tongue has no grace in his heart.

Deep waters are still. Wise men talk little, because they think much.

We could not endure solitude were it not for the powerful companionship of hope or of some unseen one.

Real greatness does not depend on the things we do, but on the mind with which we do them.

We are in the safe path during our pilgrim state while we are in the valley of humiliation.

The whole character of the christian seems to be comprehended in this title—a believer in Christ.

A real christian loves close, pointed, searching preaching, and seek not the ministry of those who speak enticing words of man's wisdom.

The man who will abandon a friend for an error, knows but little of the human character, and shows that his heart is as cold as his judgement is weak.

More men grow old from having nothing to do, than from overwork. The running machine will keep bright for years—the idle machine will soon rust out.

When the presence of Christ is realized, then do love, gratitude, humility, faith, gentleness, meekness, etc, flow forth in sweetest fragrance toward their author.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the track, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

THE POWER OF GENTLENESS.

S. S. ADVOCATE.

It is related that a belated stranger stayed all night at a farmer's house. He noticed that a slender little girl, by her gentle ways, had a great influence in the house. She seemed to be a bringer of peace and good will to the rougher ones in the household. She had power over animals also, as the following shows:

The farmer was going to town next morning, and had agreed to take the stranger with him. The family came out to see them start. The farmer gathered up the reins, and with a jerk said, "Dick, go long!" But Dick didn't "go long." The whip cracked about the pony's ear, and he shouted, "Dick, you rascal, get up!" It availed not. Then came down the whip with a heavy hand; but the stubborn beast only shook his head silently. A stout lad came out and seized the bridle and pulled, and yanked, and kicked the rebellious pony; but not a step would he move. At this crisis a sweet voice said, "Willie, don't do so." The voice was quickly recognized. And now the magic hand was laid the neck of the seemingly incorrigible animal, and a simple low word was spoken. Instantly the rigid muscles relaxed, and the air of stubbornness vanished. "Poor Dick," said the sweet voice, and she stroked and patted softly his neck with the child like hand. "Now, go along, you naughty fellow," in half-chiding, but in a tender voice, as she drew slightly on the bridle. The pony turned and rubbed his head against her arm for a moment, and started off on a cheerful trot, and there was no further trouble that day.

The stranger remarked to the farmer:

"What a wonderful power that hand possesses!"

The reply was:

"Oh, she's good! Everybody and everything love her."

WHEN THE DARK COMES.

A little girl sat, at twilight, in her sick mother's room, busily thinking. All day she had been full of fun and noise, and many times worried her poor tired mother.

"Ma," said the little girl, "what do you suppose makes me get over my mischief, and begin to act good, just about this time every night?"

"I do not know, dear. Can you not tell?"

"Well, I guess it's because this is when the dark comes. You know I am a little afraid of that. And then, ma, I begin to think of all the naughty things I've done to grieve you, and that perhaps you might die before morning; and so I begin to act good."

"Oh," thought I, "how many of us wait till dark comes, in the form of sickness or sorrow, or trouble of some kind, before we "begin to do good!" How much better to be good while we are enjoying life's bright sunshine? and then, "when the dark comes,"—as it will in a measure, to all—we shall be ready to meet it without fear."

Romantic death, a young lady drowned in tears.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

BY C. EDWARD MURRAY.

The man who goes through this world of ours, which is so fraught with beauty, and gives no thought or feeling to anything else but business and the common, everyday affairs of life; who does not sit down once in a while and give up his soul to communion with nature and its glorious beauty, loses half of the enjoyment of his life. He sees nothing, really, of the bright side of life. His heart does not take in the entire richness and glory of the world in which he moves and has his being. He does not reflect on the goodness of God in thus placing him in a world of beauty, where everything is calculated to remind him of his never ending care and watchful love.

We know that beauty has a softening effect upon the senses; so God, the Supreme Being, has surrounded us by a world of beauty. But how little we think of these things. We see beautiful objects, and our senses are delighted with them, but should we not go farther than this?

The beauties of nature are varied. We have the earth in its summer's glory and its winter's gloom. We have the trees loaded with their foliage and fruit, and we have them stripped of the adornment, and almost bereft of beauty. But on waking some morning, we find these same trees all covered with beauty in the shape of sparkling ice. The sun, just rising, throws his bright rays over them, and they sparkle and glisten as though covered with precious stones. Oh, who is so dead as to see no beauty here—nothing to lift up his soul above the things of dull, plodding humanity? And yet there are men who can look on such a scene and feel no pulsation of gratitude to the great Giver of all good.

Why do the birds sing? Because all around them is so bright and glorious they cannot help it. The joy that they feel must be expressed, and so it pours forth in a heart stirring melody. Then, beside that, God made them to sing; it is the part they are to play in nature.

Some people find beauty in a golden sunset; others find it in a sunrise. But all nature is beautiful, and tends to bring men out of this narrow worldliness into a realizing sense of the fact that there is a God.

The flowers are beautiful, and who can doubt the good they perform when a bunch of them is given to a poor, weak sufferer who has not been out of doors, it may be, for months? How grateful one's heart is in such a moment that a part, a small part of nature's beauty can be transported to the sick-room, where it is so much needed. One can scarcely imagine that nature, with her thousand beauties, her flowers that are so constantly teaching us lessons, her gently blowing breezes and warm air, can do so much toward bringing back the bloom to the cheek, and restoring health to the invalid.

Some one has truly said that

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are
living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book;
Supplying to the fancy numerous teachers
From o'en the lowliest nook!"

And who shall say that there is no beauty in a storm? There is a grand, a sublime beauty in it; at such times we feel awed and amazed, as we think that God is speaking to us in the thunder of the tempest and the lightning's flash, for nature sometimes comes and says, "I am embassador for God."

ONLY TIGHT.

"How flushed, how weak, he is! What is the matter with him?'

"'Only tight.'

"'Tight?'

"'Only tight.' Man's best and greatest gift, his intellect, degraded; the only power that raises from brute creation trodden down under the form of a debasing appetite.

"'Only tight.' The gentle sister, whose strongest love through life has been given to her handsome, talented brother, shrinks with contempt and disgust from his embrace, and brushes away the hot, impure kiss he imprints upon her cheek.

"'Only tight;' and his young bride stops in the glad run she is making to meet him, and checks the welcome on her lips, to gaze in terror on the reeling form and flushed face of him who was her idol.

"'Only tight;' and the father's face grows dark and sad, as, with a bitter sigh, he stoops over the sleeping form of his first born.

"He has brought sorrow to all these affectionate hearts; he has opened the door to a fatal indulgence; he has brought himself down to a level with brutes; he has tasted, exciting the appetite to crave the poisonous draught again; he has fallen from high and noble manhood to babbling idiocy and heavy stupor; brought grief to his mother, distrest to his sister, almost despair to his bride, and bowed his father's head with sorrow. But blame him not; for he is 'only tight.'"

THE following are facts: Washington was a surveyor and farmer; Franklin a printer; Tom Paine a stay-maker; Green a blacksmith; Warren a physician; Sumpter a shepherd, Roger Sherman a shoemaker; Marion a farmer, as also were Putnam, Ethan Allen and Stark; Hancock a shipping merchant; Trumbull an artist; and Arnold, who, though a traitor was a good general, a druggist and book seller.

GROWING OLD.

How strangely our ideas of growing old change as we get on in life! To the girl in her teens the riper maiden of twenty-five seems quite aged. Twenty-two thinks thirty-five "an old thing." Thirty-five dreads forty, but congratulates herself that there may still remain some ground to be possessed in the fifteen years before the half century shall be attained. But fifty does not by any means give up the battle of life. It feels middle-aged and vigorous, and think old age a long way in the future. Sixty remembers those who have done great thinks at three score; and one doubts if Parr, when he was married at one hundred and twenty, had at all begun to feel himself an old man. It is the desire of life in us which makes us feel young so long.

NO TEETH IN HER UPPER JAW.

A city gentleman who had just purchased a farm in the country wished to buy some cattle with which to stock it. He therefore attended an auction where cows were to be sold. One of them was a remarkable fine animal and he bought her at a fair price. He was examining his purchase, when a farmer, who unfortunately arrived too late to buy the cow himself as he intended, drove up and thus accosted him. "I say, friend, din you bid off that cow?" "I did," was the reply. "Well, did you know that she had no teeth in the upper jaw?" "No," replied the gentleman, indignantly, "Is that so?" "You can see for yourself." The gentleman examined the mouth of the cow, and finding no upper teeth, immediately went to the auctioneer and requested him to sell the cow again. "What's the trouble?" asked the auctioneer. "She hasn't any upper front teeth," was the reply. "Very well," replied the auctioneer, with a smile, "I'll put her up once more." He did so, and the shrewd farmer who had givin the information to the city gentleman bid her off at the same price.—Ex.

MYSTERY OF MUSIC.

A lover of music writes: I would fain know what music is. I seek it as a man seeks eternal wisdom. Yesterday evening I walked late in the moonlight in the beautiful avenue of lime trees on the bank of the Rhine, and I heard a tapping noise and soft singing. At the open door of a cottage under the blooming lime trees, sat a mother and her twin babies; the one lay on her breast, the other in a cradle, which she rocked with her foot, keeping time to her singing. In every germ, then, when the first trace of life begins to stir music is the nurse of the soul; it murmurs in the ear, and the child sleeps, the tones are the companions of his dreams; they are the world in which he lives. He has nothing; the babe, though cradled in its mother's arms, is alone in the spirit; but tones find entrance into the half-conscious soul and nourish it as the earth nourishes the life of plants.

WISE MAXIMS.

Mr. John McDonough, the New Orleans millionnaire, has engraved on his tomb a series of maxims, which he had prescribed as the rules for his guidance through life, had prescribed as the rules for his guidance through life, and to which his success was mainly attributable:

Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of our existance.

Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.

Do unto all men as you would be done by.

Never covet what is not your own.

Never think any matter so trifling as not to deserve notice.

Never give out that which does not first come in.

Never spend but to produce.

Let the greatest order regulate the transaction of your life.

Study in the course of life to do the greatest amount of good.

Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorably simplicity and frugality.

Labor, then, to the last moment of your existance.

PRIVATE PRAYER.—The root that produces the beautiful and flourishing tree, with all its spreading branches, verdant leaves, and refreshing fruit—that which gains its sap, life, vigor and fruitfulness is all unseen; and the further and deeper the roots spread beneath, the more the tree expands above. Christians, if you long to bring forth all the Spirit, strike your roots deep and wide in private prayer. That faith and support, that strength and grace which you seek of God in secret, that they may be exercised in the hour of need, God will in that hour give you before men.

A FAVORITE SOUTHERN DISH.—Two negroes were in the woods splitting rails when the question of what was the best thing in the world to eat came up. A stake of "fo' bits" was deposited on a neighboring stump, to be taken by the one guessing at the most palatable dish. After throwing "heads and tails" for first guess, the winner exclaimed, "Possum and sweet pertater!"—"Sho-ne!" ejaculated the other, "take de money! take de money! didn't think you'd guess the berry best fus' thing."

Hearts, more or less, I suppose, most of us have, but we keep them so closely cased and padlocked—we wear an outside so hard or dry—that little or none of the love that may be within, escapes to gladden those around us. And so life passes without any of the sweetening to society that comes when affection is not left but expressed.

Gen. Curtis Lee has regained the Arlington estate where his immortal father so long resided. He has had a long hard fight in the courts and it is a matter of congratulation that he has at last beaten the enemy.

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