THE ROANOKE NEWS

SATURDAY, MAY 18 1878

THE REPORTER'S LAST ITEM.

BY W P MOORE.

A reporter for the Transcript was suffering from the fever;
There was lack of city items, there was dearth of every news;
But a comrade sitting beside him as his pallid face turned away,
And bent, with sidelong glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying reporter murmured, as he took that comrade's hand;
And he said: "I am tired of tramping through this barren land;
Take a message and a notice to that distant chief of mine,
For I'm his, as you know, loyal, and without a single line.

"Tell the printers and reporters, as most and round
To hear the sad story in that dirty printing ground,
That I worked the city bravely, and when I today was done
Full many a street had seen my form beneath the daily sun.
And midst that pale and tired throng were some without a peer;
Not so, your humble servant; and I'm glad I'll not be there
When the foreman comes for copy, though 'twas in fault of mine,
Through all this long and heated day I have not penned a line.

"Tell the chaplain that another 'drop' will have leave to fill my place,
For I'm the black sheep of his flock and he'll overlook my sins.
My father was an editor, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear a mill full of meetings described;
And when he is financial scribe—I do not mind it then,
I let him take what he would, but stole my fine gold pen;
And with hatred for I loved to see each where the sunlight used to shine,
On a pair of pass or paste the names, but I never wrote a line.

"Tell the printers not to weep for me, but keep on standing type,
When the years each come in again with flow fresh and ripe;
And look upon them proudly, with calm and steady eye,
For their brother was a loser, too, and not a coward he.
And should an office seek my place, I ask them to my name
To set his type neatly, as 'twill not cause him shame;
And put the old pen in the rack, (my father's pen as well,)
For the power of an editor, my honor too, and name.

"There's another—not a printer, in the happy days gone by
You'd have known him of the world's news which sparkle in his eye;
Too sharp for looking money, I expect he would seem,
And as for lending it without a pledge, he'd lost—in a dream.
Tell him the world is cheerily saying for one time more
I will be away from here and run my race
I'm sorry I missed her form and saw the sunlight on her face
In a moment's walk in State Street—but such it was not mine.

"I saw the gondoliers land in pride, I heard a second tread;
Two men on me passed moved, to place so small and dead,
Out out from here and sunshine, get through at so early!"
Still quickly on the coming place let the weight of years
I owe from forty dollars; it is due to morrow morning,
But he is never so my name—I remain for all as scorning.
He must look out for his money. I'll look up for mine,
And we'll meet at morn in Boston, I'm bound in cousin line."

His voice grew faint and weaker, in fact, "I am growing worse,
His eyes put on a glassy look, his laugh and round to express,
His mouth tried to listen to the last word he had said,
But the hand for the transcript to a foreign land had fled.
The sorrow was sad in sorrow, and calmly sinking down
On the crowded streets of Boston, as she drew on my town?
Yes, calmly on that hour some her pale lips and paused,
And they saw the tide of time about to cross the bar.

ADVANTAGE OF CRYING.

A French physician is out in a long discussion on the advantage of groaning and crying in general and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two great agents in the physical nature of man given to the unfortunate patients who give way to their natural feelings, more especially recently in accidents and injuries, from those who suppose it shows weakness to have such symptoms of cowardice as either. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and conduct themselves with a good howling, and they will feel a hundred per cent better afterwards.

In some cases, with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. It is sometimes kept up and the results may be St. Vitus dance, spinal affections, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is called hysteria is very marked, and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

THE NEW TAX BILL.

For kissing a pretty girl, one dollar.
For kissing a homely one two dollars.
The tax is levied to break up the custom altogether as a piece of inexcusable absurdity.
For every young man who has more than one girl five dollars.
Courting in the kitchen, twenty-five cents.
Courting in romantic places, five dollars and fifty cents for each time thereafter.
For a girl giving a young man the cut-off, five dollars and cost of suit.
Seeing a young lady home from church, twenty-five cents.
Falling to see her home, five dollars and cost.
For ladies who paint, two dollars. Proceeds to be devoted to the relief of disconsolate husbands who have been deceived by outside appearances.
Bachelors over thirty years old, ten dollars and banished to Utah.
Each boy baby, fifty cents.
Each girl baby, ten cents.
Twin, one hundred dollars premium, to be paid out of the funds accruing from the tax on old bachelors.
Heads of families of more than thirteen children, fined a hundred dollars and sent to jail.

THE RUSSIAN DESERT.

I [illegible] now regular daily [illegible] of [illegible], which during all the last expedition of the desert, never became monotonous. I [illegible] every morning [illegible] with a hundred [illegible] and black ring of coffee. After the tent had been struck and the camels laden I walked ahead for [illegible] [illegible] distance that I [illegible] and hearing [illegible] I [illegible] an indescribable sensation in the [illegible] of the desert. I often looked back on the [illegible] the wide ring of the [illegible] was [illegible] for a [illegible] to search. He came up like a [illegible] in [illegible] and it would have [illegible] several [illegible] had I not [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] him. The sudden change [illegible] of the landscape on his approach, the lightening up of the dull sand into a warm, yellow [illegible] and the [illegible] of the purple and violet [illegible] [illegible] hills was a morning [illegible] which I never beheld without awe. The [illegible] [illegible] being made the desert resistingly [illegible] for [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible] from [illegible] sin [illegible] and exhilarated me. I [illegible] all the sensations of physical health and strength in such perfection, and was ready to [illegible] from morning till night [illegible] [illegible]. The air is so clear at this season and pure and [illegible] [illegible] that which the first man breathed on the morning of the creation. You inhale the regenerated elements of the atmosphere so there are no [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] vegetable matter [illegible] [illegible] from the shoulders of man, to make its purity. You are [illegible] more than its [illegible] and surround it the secret of man's attachment to the desert. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] without some [illegible] [illegible]. When all the peasant superstitions are wanting, when there is no [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]