

THE ROANOKE NEWS.  
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Collections made in any part of North Carolina.

Jan 1-12

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

# The Roanoke News.

VOL. VII. WELDON, N. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1878. NO. 19.

TO A. H. M.

AUGUSTUS H. HODGES.

The last bright spark of hope has fled,  
And sadness fills my heart—  
The only thing that can be said,  
I know I've done my part.

The past is past, we are but friends—  
But friends?—it makes me start;  
The only solace men may find,  
Is, I have done my part.

Alas! I sat alone no more we'll meet—  
Does your heart feel the same?  
No more I'll hear your voice once sweet,  
But then—I've done my part.

My little home you'll help me out,  
In future days to start?  
Well, I will bravely bear my lot,  
For I have done my part.

With the sweet we often see—  
The bitter and the tart—  
Let this our consolation be,  
That we've done our part.

Annie, list me in coming years,  
Will you ever feel the smart?  
Your future life may have some tears,  
That you've not done your part.

WEALTH VERSUS LOVE.

BY DON RODERICK.

correspond for a number of periodicals, and with the hopes of one day commanding a position that Bessie Meade shall envy. I trust for peace; but whether I shall succeed, time only will show."

"Speaker like a man, Frank! Go, and Roy Marstone's prayer will follow you; and if I am not mistaken, the God of justice will watch over and protect you. And mark my predictions—the day will yet come when Miss Meade will regret she cast love aside for pleasure's sake. Frank, remember, it was Diogenes who said, when asked the most prudent course to pursue to be revenged on the enemy, 'become a good man.'"

"Frank McKee! No, no, Roy, not Frank McKee! If your words be true, then y Heavens has willed this meet, of ours to-night. Roy Marstone, I cannot keep my promise, and I demand the name of justice, to be released from it!"

"Roy, you have given me new life; come to-morrow morning and I will give your hand a friendly grasp of parting, and carry with me across the ocean your many words that have imbued me with new hopes, until the good-night, Roy."

"Good-night, Frank, and all honor to your resolutions."

While this conversation between Frank and Roy was going on, another, equally as interesting, was being carried on between Bessie Meade and Ada Rogers, to which we must now turn our attention. Bessie had spent the night after the party at Ada's home, and Ada, awakening at early dawn, found Bessie in tears.

"Bessie darling, what has happened?" "Alas, Ada, each day has its night, and each weal its woe, and mine has come at last. Ada, last night I discarded Frank McKee, although I live him devotedly, because he was not so peculiarly situated as I should wish my husband to be; and this morning I awoke with a horrible nightmare. I dreamed that Frank McKee had left the country and that many years had elapsed. I was a reigning belle in society, still single, and that during all this time my heart had never found a companion, when suddenly, at a party, I met Frank again. I called him aside; I laid bare my heart, but he haughtily turned upon me and exclaimed, 'From you, Miss Meade!' Here I awoke, but, Ada, the spell is not broken, and the expression of his countenance will haunt me ever. Oh, Ada, I must see at once! I love him, and though he passes not a shilling in the world, he is the most beautiful man in the world. Will you judge in choosing the companion who is to flat down the hollow side of time by your side.

ANXIOUS TO WED.

The afternoon service had ended and the congregation were arranging themselves for the benediction, when the person descended from the pulpit to the desk below, and said, in a calm, clear voice:

"Those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony will now please come forward."

A deep stillness instantly fell over the congregation, broken only by the rustling of the silk, as some pretty girl or excited matron changed her position to catch the first view of the couple to be married. No one, however, arose, or seemed in the least inclined to rise, whereupon the worthy clergyman, deeming the first notice unheard or misheard, repeated:

"Let those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony now come forward."

Still no one stirred. The silence became audible, and a painful sense of awkwardness among those present was felt, when a young man, who occupied a vacant seat in the broad aisle during the services, slowly arose and deliberately walked to the foot of the altar. He was good-looking and well-dressed, but no female accompanied him. When he arrived within a respectful distance of the clergyman he paused, and with a reverent bow stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither said anything, nor seemed at all disconcerted at the idea of being married along.

The clergyman looked anxiously around for the bride, who, he supposed, was yet to arise, and at length remarked to the young man, in an undertone, —

"The young lady, sir, is dilatory." "Yes, sir."

"Had you not better defer the ceremony?"

"I think not."

"Do you suppose she will be here soon?"

"I, sir," said the young man; "how should I know of the lady's movements?"

A few moments were allowed to elapse in this unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interrogations:

"Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour, sir?" "What lady?"

"Why, the lady, to be sure, that you are waiting here for?"

"I did not hear her say anything about it," was the unsatisfactory response.

"Then, sir, may I ask you why you are here, for what purpose you thus intrude in the sanctuary of the Most High?" said the somewhat enraged cleric.

"I came, sir, simply because you invited all those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to step forward and I happened to entertain such a wish. I am sorry to have misundertold you, and I wish you a very good day."

The benediction was uttered in a solemnity of tone very little in accordance with the twining of the facial nerves, and when, after the church was closed, the story got among the congregation, more than one girl regretted that the young man who really wished to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony had been obliged to depart without his bride.

"Well, Roy, for your sake as well as my own, I promise to try and forget her, but it is as well I fear I never shall attain. But that the trial may be the more effectual, I shall leave the country in order that I may not have the torture of seeing her with another; and by wrapping myself up in work my mind may be so engrossed that for a time at least I may have her name and memory enhanced. I have already engaged to

escort Ada to the entertainment, and on the way home the conversation turned on literary topics; and Ada,

knowing Roy to be familiar with writers of the day, suddenly brought herself to ask him if he knew who "Blonde" was.

"Ada, I do; but if I disclose to you his true name, you must keep the discovery to yourself, for the reading public is puzzled over the same question."

"Roy, I assure you, being anxious to know his identity, your trust shall not be misplaced."

"Well, 'Blonde' is none other than our old friend, Frank McKee, who left this country suddenly about two years back, for reason which you will pardon me if I withhold."

"Frank McKee! No, no, Roy, not Frank McKee! If your words be true, then y Heaven has willed this meet, of ours to-night. Roy Marstone, I cannot keep my promise, and I demand the name of justice, to be released from it!"

ROY MARSTON.

I never gave on that lovely flower without a feeling of sadness; and I cannot help thinking how many hearts are bleeding in real life; how they are crushed and thrown aside. Ah, many a heart has been trifled with and then cast off, causing many bitter hours of sorrow. Let us look even among our own acquaintances. Here a mother sits the king of her sons and daughters growing manhood and womanhood, wondering if they will be as honor to her. She often builds air-castles and places their futures; but Death, is cruel Death, steps in and snatches her eldest, bright lad, and who can read the anguish of that another's heart as she looks for the last time on her child? None but those who have passed through the trying ordeal. Again death steps in and takes both husband and child, leaving the mother alone in the world. Is not her heart bleeding as she bows her head in submission to the divine will?

To a young girl how bright life seems as she stands at the bridal altar, her brown wreathed with flowers; her cup of joy seems full; and she wonders why others should be sad when she is so happy. Another, dreaming the dream happiness, is rudely awakened by finding him she loved false; to the one he taught to love him! Is not her heart bleeding, and does she not feel pain?

Indeed but for him who biuds up the broken and bleeding heart.