THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

PUBLISHED BY

BATCHELOR & LOCKHART.

One Year, in advance, - - - $2 00
Six Months, " - - - - 1 00
Three Months, " - - - - 75 cts.

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VII. WELDON, N. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1878. NO. 31.

THE ROANOKE NEWS

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Aug. 28—a

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sep 15 1 Y

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july 4-1-Q.

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FAREWLLL.

BY H. W. HOLLEY.

I cannot breathe with my farewell
A w rd of vain regret,
Still, though I thus can mem'ry quell,
This feeling lingers yet:
That not in vain has been for me
The lesson I have learned—
When passions strive for mastery,
True faith is overturned.

I thought it was an idle tale
That love was sordid, base:
But thou, in this, hast torn the veil
Of blindness from my face,
I see, with eyes undimmed by tears,
How false a heart is thine,
That calmly breaks the hopes of years
At Mammon's venal shrine!

THE OLD LOVE.

"It seems so strange to know that I shall not see this old place by moonlight again for long, long years.

The sweet voice of the speaker was sad, and her brown eyes had a tender, tearful look in them as she raised them to the face of her companion. He did not reply. His clear, bright glance was fixed on the most distant of the far hills, and his handsome, boyish face had a wistfully thoughtful look on it.

"What are you thinking of, Justin?" said the young girl, when his silence had attracted her attention.

"I am wondering about the future," he replied, with a sigh, his gaze wandering nearer home, and finally resting on her face.

"I am tired of doing that," she answered, carelessly, swinging the little brown gate by which they stood, back and forth with her hand. "I shan't trouble myself about what is coming, any more."

"Why?—that sounds oddly coming from your lips, Genie."

It was a pretty countenance the young man looked into, while the owner of it hesitated. Not perfect in outline or feature, but charming in its expression of intelligence and sweet gravity. Pale brown hair put carelessly back from it, lay in golden waves about the forehead and softly tinted cheeks, and was gathered into a coil of shining braids at the back of the head.

"It makes me so sad," she said at last, her eyes fixed and dreamy. "Do you know, Justin, that I think there is some great trial in store for me by-and-by. A dread of coming ill always haunts me when I try to look forward. It is foolish, perhaps, but I cannot help it."

"I might call it foolish if I were not a bit superstitious and mystical myself, to-night," replied the young man, taking one of her hands and caressing it absently. "Your prospects certainly look bright now, Genie, dear."

"I know it," she replied, leaning her forehead against his shoulder in a familiar, careless way.

"My relatives will give me a good home and all the advantages their wealth can bring. I know that I shall be the pet of their old age; and I shall value all this kindness the more because I have always been deprived of it until now. But for you, dear, how desolate my past life would have been."

His arms closed impulsively around her, and he bent forward and kissed her forehead.

"Do you think that you will miss me, Genie?"

"You know that I shall," she replied.

"I am not sure of that," he answered. "I know that I have been everything to you, as you have been and always will be to me, but I can not think that you will always feel as you now do toward me. Hush, and listen a moment. It will not be there as it has been here. You will see new people—people who will appreciate and admire you. New interests will spring up, and as time, passes away, the old love stands a fair chance of being undervalued and forgotten. Wait—no; I do not think you fickle or naturally forgetful of those whom you have loved, but you will grow older, and—Virginia, do you remember the doll you had six years ago, when I first knew you, and how you prized it?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember the pet dog you owned a year later, and which you declared to me you loved better than anything else in the world?"

"My poor, dead Carlos—yes."

"Do you remember Nellie Brandon, to whom you were so fondly attached at fifteen Your intimate friend, to whom you confided every thought?"

"A schoolgirl friendship—yes. But what do you mean by asking me these questions, Justin?"

"I want to show you how we outgrow our loves. Would you love your doll and dog now?"

"The doll—no. The dog—a little. But surely, you do not rank yourself with a toy and a pet animal?"

"No, that is not what I mean. I use these things in illustration not comparison. How do you regard Nellie Brandon, now?"

"She is shallow, and—well, I do not care for her friendship."

"You did care for it, once. And that is what I am trying to make you understand. You are not what you were then. As you will grow older you will still continue to change as you have changed. You—"

"You will talk uselessly, all night, if you attempt to prove that Justin, interrupted the girl. "I shall never cease to love you. You were my first love, and you will be my last."

"Perhaps so. Heavens knows I hope that you are right. See the moon gleaming through that misty cloud."

His arms were about her; her cheek was against his breast. They stood in silence for a few moments. At last, Virginia said:

"What have you planned to do for yourself, Justin?"

"I have not concluded yet what I shall do. One thing is sure: I shall stay in this unenterprising little place no longer."

"Do you suppose the mystery about your parentage will ever be cleared up?"

"I am afraid not. Yet I think that if I were to seek my parents, instead of my fortune, as young heroes do in story-books, I should find both. I have reason to believe that they are wealthy and influential. But you are cold, dear, and your hair is damp with dew. I will not be so selfish as to keep you here longer."

"But, Justin, you will write to me often?"

"I will not promise. Perhaps it will be better otherwise. But you shall hear from me once a year, until I see you again. Now, good-by, and God bless you!"

He kissed her twice in a passionate, earnest way, and then, releasing her, turned and quickly walked down the road. She watched his fine figure, with its well-poised head and springing step, until it was out of sight. Then she walked slowly up the winding, grassy path, to the door. On the threshold she paused, and looked back at the place where they had been standing.

"I told him that he was my first love and that he would be my last," she murmured to herself. "I hope he will remember it. How very strange it all seems I wonder if the time will come when I shall regret what has passed this evening? I hope not—I am sure not."

So saying, she went in softly, and silently closed the door. * * *

"What a beautiful girl!"

"And what an elegant rider!"

Virginia Thornton heard the words distinctly, and glancing carelessly around from her seat in the saddle, met the ardent looks of admiration with which they were accompanied. But not a tinge of color stained the fairness of her cheeks. The cool, self-possessed expression of her eyes did not alter. The red, mobile lips exhibiting at that moment only pride and beauty, betrayed nothing more.

"Proud as Lucifer!"

"She heard that, too. Still her face did not change. Her dark eyes merely glanced op, and then down again. She rode out of the city with her companions, and, when among the green country roads, galloped off by herself. She knew the act would be noticed, perhaps criticised, but she did not care. She was weary of the sound of gay laughter and the rattle of tongues. She followed her own inclination and escaped from them. Guiding her horse upon the fresh, springy turf, she made him strike into an easy, even canter, and soon the rich bloom broke through the gleaming fairness of her cheeks. The weary, indifferent look faded out of her face—her royally beautiful face—and she looked glad and happy as a delighted child.

"This is capital," said aloud after a while.

"Are you tired, Vic? Well, take me to the other side of that old fence, and then you may rest. One, two, three!"

"Well done. Miss Thornton! The creature might as well have attempted to shake off one of his ears."

She drew her panting, excited steed in sharply, and turned in the direction of the voice. At sight of the a gentleman sitting on a low stone wall with a ridingstick in his hand, she uttered a quick exclamation of surprise.

"Mr. Annesley! I thought you refused to join us to-day?"

"And so I did, and so I persist in doing. I wish to ride only with Miss Virginia Thornton, and await her permission to do so."

At a motion of his hand, his horse, which was grazing at a a little distance, came and stood passively beside him. With his hand grasping the reins, he waited. The face he looked into was not like the one he might have seen framed in the waves of that rich, fair hair, an hour before. The mouth was tremulous and tender; the beautiful eyes barren of their coldness—perhaps the warmth of his smiles had banished it as sunshine dissolves ice.

"Your presumption is remarkable," she said; "and the most fitting punishment will be my consent to your request."

She motioned him to mount.

"What do you mean?" he asked obeying her.

"That you will find me insufferably dull company," she replied, as they turned into a cross road together.

He gave her a searching look.

"Are you low-spiritad?" he said.

"No; only tired"

"Tired of what?"

"Everything."

"My dear Genie!"

The words seemed spoken impulsively. Her sudden dash of color revealed that they were unusual to her ears.

"I beg pardon," he said quickly, observing it,

"You need not," she replied. "The name is a favorite one. Call me so, if you choose."

"What?"

"Genie."

"But I said 'my dear Genie.' May I call you that?"

She blushed, but the next impulse was to retort saucily. Looking up at him, however, the glance of her bright eyes quailed beneath the grave expression of his. The crimson of her cheek deepened, her ripe mouth quivered. In that moment of exquisite pain and pleasure she wished that she were dead.

"Have I distressed you?" he asked, gently. His forbearance was a very great relief to her.

"Yes," she answered simply, looking frankly into his handsome face.

"Then I will say no more on the subject," he replied. "I have something to tell you," he said, after a moment's pause, for she did not speak. "A gentleman with whom I am well acquainted, commissionsd me to deliver you a small packet, to-day. I have carried it in my vest pocket since morning. Here it is"

He handed her a little white package bearing her name. At sight of the handwriting, her face blanched sadlealy, and she reeled in her saddle as if she had been struck by a heavy hand.

"O, this is cruel!" she murmured.

"Miss Thornton—dear Virginia what is it?" said Hugh Annesley, checking the horses. Then observing the remaining pallor of her features, he sprang to the ground, and lifted her from her seat.

"What is it?" he repeated, with his arm around her.

"Nothing—I am ill," she answered, incoherently, and evidently struggling to regain her self-possession.

"Sit down here," and he placed her gently upon a mossy, fallen log beneath a tree. "Now, do not talk until you feel better. My poor child."

The tender, pitying words made her lips tremble. Standing beside her, he put back the rich fall of her hair, with the gentle touch of a loving woman. She remained silent for a few moments, her head resting against the dark trunk of the tree, her lips parted slightly, and her eyes, with their long, dark lashes, wearily closed. At last she looked up.

"I was ill yesterday—I am not well to-day," she said, the color coming slowly back to her face. "Otherwise I should not be so weak and foolish. I am sorry that I met you, Mr. Annesley, for, what must you think of me?"

"I think that you are wronging both yourself and me, by refusing to trust me, Virginia," he replied, quietly. "You cannot conceal from me that you are troubled and unhappy. I have only the right of a friend to your confidence, but you undervalue that by your evident desire to conceal from me the cause of your distress.

"Hugh—Mr. Annesley!" she commenced, hastily, but checked herself. "Perhaps it would be best to tell you after all," she said. "You are kind-hearted and clear-headed. Perhaps you may know how to aid me. See here."

She tore from the packet its small white wrapper, and then drawing a penknife from her pocket, hastily cut the fastenings of a small white paper box, and drew from it a fine gold chain to which was attached a tiny jeweled locket.

"That is a rare gift," said he, examining it.

"It is a gift which I would give almost my life to return to the giver with the assurance that the circumstances of which it is a token are much regretted by me; and for which, if I am not permitted to do so, I must barter my earthly peace and happiness."

"You talk in riddles."

"Well, I will explain. Six years ago, before I had entered my eighteenth year, I parted from my first lover—a boy, not two years my senior.

"I believed then, that the first love was the true one. I know better now, but only to my despair. I plighted my troth to him; he believes to this day that I love him as I used, for I have never seen him since I left my country home. He sends me presents and tender messages which render me wretched. But he never writes to me. He gives me no opportunity to tell him of this change, for I do not know where he is. I do not think I could do it if I did. I assured him again and again on that last night that I should not outgrow my love for him, for he warned me of this. I thought I understood my heart. Poor child that I was!—I did not know that I had one."

"Then you do not love him now?"

"Only with the tender, pitying love of a sister."

"And you love some one else?—pardon me, but if I am to advise, I must know the whole facts of the case."

Her face was quite enough, and she did not raise her eyes, though a crimson blush burned up to the waves of her golden-brown hair as she replied, "Yes, I love some one else."

He watched her proud countenance with searching eyes for a moment. Then he sprang forward and grasped her hands.

"Virginia, you are a true woman. If I did not believe this, I should not ask you, as I stand before you face to face, if you love me?"

"Your assertion is contradictory, coupled with that question, if you expect me to answer it," she answered, proudly.

"But where is the necessity of my saying that I love you? I have made it known to you by acts, a hundred times during the past two months."

She was about to reply immediately, but she stopped and waited a moment.

"Hugh Annesley, she said suddenly, at last, "this is selfish in you."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You strive to betray me into a confession of love for you before you advise me how to deal with the man I formerly loved, and who you know now loves me. Suppose I were to tell you that I had only a friendly regard for you, and that I loved another?"

"In that case, I should advise you precisely as I do now."

"And how is that?"

He did not reply for a moment, and she waited impatiently, while he stood toying with his locket.

"Has it occurred to you that the giver has probably sent a copy of his face within this?" he asked.

A slight, nervous contraction passed over her face.

"No, but it is likely,' she replied.

"Do you wish to see?"

"No, but you may."

He unclasped the locket.

"Yes," he said, looking gravely within, while she stood silently by, with averted eyes. "He was a homely fellow, wasn't he, Genie?"

She turned and looked at him in astonishment. He laughed at her surprised face.

"You wanted my advice, didn't you?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, I think you can do no better than marry him."

"Who?" she asked, startling.

"The original of this portrait."

She stood gazing blankly at him.

"You are mocking me; you are cruel," she said, the tears starting to her eyes, and her color rising.

"I am doing nothing of the kind," he replied.

"But I do not love mim."

"I assure you that you do,"

He laughed again. Her eyes flashed.

"Convince me of it," she said, curling her lips.

"I will do so. Look at the portrait."

She took it from his hand, and he watched her while she gazed. First came a look of blank astonishment, then one of doubt, afterward an expression of bewilderment, and finally one of inquiry, as she raised her eyes to his face.

"Are you puzzled?" he asked, smiling. "Well, I will explain. That is a copy of my face, and I am your old lover, Justin Perry. Five years ago I discovered my parents, and was rechristened by them. But my new name and station have not changed my heart. I still love Genie Thornton."

"And I still love Justin Perry, then," she said, after a moment of conflicting emotions.

"You are, very evidently, convinced," he replied, laughing and kissing her.

"It is all so strange, Justin—Hugh."

"But that don't prevent our marrying and becoming happy,"

And it didn't.

A MAN WITHOUT CURIOSITY.

A stranger walked into the office this morning, and, peering into the door of our sanctum, fixed his eyes on the bald spot on our head and said:

"Early piety, eh? It's an awful sad sight to see a young man bald-headed."

"Very sad," we replied, pushing our pencil vigorously, and without looking up from the writing of a heavy leader on "The Comparative Influence of Rifle-Teams on Civilization," on which we were engaged at the time.

"Yes," returned the visitor, "though sad, it's no disgrace. A bald head, sir, is a sign of brain power; you never see a bald-headed fool. Why, look at my head!"

He removed his hat, and his head was as bare of hair as a steam boiler.

"A bald-headed man was sent to the insane asylum from this country last month," we said, dropping our eyes again on the writing before us.

"Well, there's exceptions to every rule," he replied.

BE KIND BOYS.

Horace Mann talks to the boys as follows: "You are made to be kind, boys—generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some other part of the game that does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of him, there are two great wrongs and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you and is sorry for it forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fist."

HOW CAN THEY HELP IT.

There is a sort of "goodness" which is brought out by the sunshine of prosperity. People who are satisfied with their surroundings and themselves, are apt to be good-humored and gracious to their companions. Good fortune makes them cheerful and contented, so they advocate cheerfulness and contentment as chief duties. The pleasures and luxuries of life await them on every side, and they wonder vaguely what makes some people so unthankful or so gloomy! They enjoy their own charities and generosities, forgetting that neither have cost them an effort. They are bright and happy and amiable often from sheer force of circumstances.

Spilkens always insists on spelling needle, niedle. He says every needle should have an eye in it.

THE OTHER TRAIN THAT IS COMING.

As a train was passing over a New England railway it struck a broken rail. The conductor felt the shock. He knew a car was off the track, and sprang for a brake. It was his last brave service. The crash came, and he was picked up, a poor, mangled wreck; his skull had been broken. He made out, however, to utter those words—the last utterance of a faithful, loyal soul—"Put out the signals for the train!"

Somewhere down the track he knew another train was coming, thundering, crashing along, dashing faster, faster, faster, and there was his train on the track! Out with the signals, out with the signals! another train is coming! That was his last injunction.

That other train, that other train, I am saying to myself, the generation that is following us; the boys and girls that are pressing hard after us, coming long, faster, faster, faster, just as sure as whom we are, only perhaps to be in their way, a hinderance, an obstacle, and possibly the occasion of their ruin. What need of care, what need of caution, what need of restless vigilance for their sake, in speech, in act, in look, in gesture! I want nothing to escape me that will be an obstacle in their way. If we are on the track, blocking it, if we are in the way, let us take ourselves out of the way as soon as possible.

"What will you take?" was the question asked by a servant boy at the table, and referring to the beverage he might desire.

"I will take what father takes." The father had received from the waiter a glass of intoxicating drink.

The father heard the boy's remark, set aside his glass and called for water. He saw the other train coming, and cleared the track for it at once.

I think the saddest of all experiences is the consciousness that an opportunity for right doing has been lost. It brings a sad look into a man's face to know that he has set an example, bad in itself, and hopelessly followed by others. We know of a empty train that came to a stop on a down grade, the station having been reached. In the absence of an officer the train broke loose and went crashing down the track to meet the steamboat express. Some one chased the runaway cars, but could not overtake them to put on the brakes. The opportunity for the arrest of the train had gone. There was a collision that night.

O, souls on the track! fathers and mothers! your opportunity is behind of your boys and girls is to-day—now! Don't let it slip from you.

We are not only to have a clear track for the train, but in every way we are to make and keep that track suitable for the travel of the coming generation. Here comes the work of the Sunday school teacher, to get the uneasy, rambling feet of childhood over into the roadway of the very best life.

I passed recently a large rabble of boys in a vacant city lot. They were noisy and rough. What more important work, I asked myself, than to labor for that age and class, the generation coming? Through the Sunday-school, the Bible the church we are to open a sure, steadfast, blessed way for their feet.

Our opportunity is to-day. Did not Voltaire make the age of five the limit inside which character substantially is settled? At any rate, that limit cannot be set with safety very far ahead. I don't want to be so absorbed in the cares and pursuits of my generation as to forget the next. I want to think of, and plan for, and work for the generation coming—that other train the track. As the Lord helps me, I mean to think more and make more of the interest of the children—the other train that is coming.—S. S. World.

A RICH MAN ON RICHES.

The following story is told of Jacob Ridgway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars.

"Mr. Ridgway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any gentleman I know."

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgway; "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."

"Why, sir!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment. "Think of the thousands your income brings you every month."

"Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgway. "All I get out of this are my victuals and clothes, and I can't eat more than one man's allowance, or wear more than one suit of clothes at the same time. Pray can't you do as much?"

"But," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and of the rent they bring you."

"What better am I off for all that?" replied the rich man. "I can only live in one house at a time; and as for money I receive for rents, why, I can't eat it or wear it; I can only use it to buy other houses for others to live in. They are the beneficiaries, and not I."

"But you can buy costly furniture, and pictures, and fine carriages and horses—in fact everything you may desire."

"And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgway, "what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, with trouble of attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers; and as to anything I desire, I tell you, young man, the less we desire in this world the better and happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot purchase exemption from sickness and pain; cannot procure the power to keep star the hand of death; and what will it avail when in a few short years at most I leave it all forever? Young man you have no cause to envy me."

NONE PERFECT.

One day you will be pleased with a friend and the next day be disappointed in him. It will be so to the end, and you must make your mind up to it and not quarrel, unless for very grave causes. Your friend, you have found out, is not perfect. Nor are you, and you cannot expect to get much more than you give. You must look for weakness, foolishness, and vanity in human nature; it is unhappy if you are too sharp in seeing them.

Is a man who has made a fool of himself, to be considered a self-made man.

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Oct 3—1 Y

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