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The Roanoke News.

VOL. VII. WELDON, N. C. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1878. NO. 35.

WASTE NO TIME.

BY MARY E. LAMBERT. Last time no man ever regained, But still, my lad, 'tis best To never overtax your strength— To have some hours for rest.

JESSICA LELAND'S DECISION.

"Must it be, then, that our happy, happy summer is to end thus? Jessica Leland looked up into the glowing, handsome face bending eagerly over her; but her lover saw no satisfactory answer in her sad but resolute face.

"It would not be right, Geordie, to tie you down in your manhood to a burden which it is best that I should bear alone. My affection for my mother will make my confinement by her in her sick bed less irksome; but you have not grown to love her all your life as I have done, and you would be almost totally deprived of my society.

"Then who could be so fitting a comforter in this great affliction as one who loves you with his whole heart? You need not fear that I should grow weary. One look at your face would pay for hours of waiting! Try me—the Geordies are a loyal race. It was a matter of pride with us all that from the founding of the family we have not the record of one member who was recreant to a trust or false to a lady love."

"I shall never marry, Geordie. You must forget me. You are too young to grieve long."

"Say that if I wait—ten—twenty years—no matter how long, and come to you—you will reward me for my patient fidelity."

"No! That would be binding you to me, perhaps for your whole life. It would be too selfish. Good-bye." She turned to go.

"Jessica lived do not part from me so coldly! Let me take with me the memory of one kiss, that I may feel in my heart that you are not indifferent to me, though so cruel!"

Jessica hesitated, then she put up her pure lips, murmuring, "O, no! not cruel! You will see it in its true light sometime," as Geordie caught her to his breast in a lingering, passionate embrace.

The girl could feel that every fibre in his strong frame quivered with emotion, and it was with great difficulty that she could refrain herself from crying out:

"Stay, Geordie, I love you! I love you!" But in her intense abnegation of self she kept silent and in another moment she was alone, her lips thrilling to the ever-to-be-remembered pressure of her lover's first, and alas! his farewell kiss.

A THRILLING STORY.

The following incident actually occurred on board a British frigate, and was communicated to the writer, several years ago, by an old man-of-war's man:

A timid boy, about fourteen years of age, hesitated to go aloft, but by the captain's orders, was forcibly put in the main rigging, and then a boatswain's mate was commanded to lash him like a dog until he learned to run aloft.

With one wild scream he sprang from under the lash, and bounded up the rigging with amazing rapidity. He doubled the futtock rigging like a cat, passed up the topmast and topgallant rigging with undiminished speed, and perched himself like a bird alongside of the pennant which steamed from the masthead.

For a moment her heart throbbled wildly, then sank in her bosom like lead. Why had he come to disturb her placid life? He put out his hand. "I heard of your loss, Jessica, and though far away at the time, I am here. Have you no idea how my heart ached for you in your sorrowful loneliness?"

Jessie gave him a cold little hand, and said mechanically: "You are very kind; but how could you leave your wife to come to see me?"

Geordie's eyes opened wide. "Wife! are you dreaming, or am I? I have an lady-love but nature since the girl I loved refused me. I have been such a wanderer that my own land does not own me."

The poor little heart that had felt so humbled and sorrowful was well nigh bursting with the sudden flood of happiness which poured in upon it at Geordie's words.

Geordie understood it, and drawing the slender arm within his own, they walked on together. His tone was very tender so he said:

"Do you remember what I said about waiting for you? Ah! the little unheeded but the clinging fineness with which I imprisoned her arm took the edge from his words. "How did you get the information that I was married? Didn't I tell you a Gordon never forget?"

"I received a paper containing, as I thought, your wedding notice."

"You mistook my cousin for me! and I sent the paper! What a blunder! I might have thought that you knew but little of my relatives; but it never entered my head that Grubame and Geordie had the same initials. Well, it's all right now. Were it not for those sable robes, I should imagine those five years to be a dream. You haven't grown a day older."

As the bright, tender eyes studied her face with the expressions remembered so well, and which she had never thought to meet again, Jessica's lips began to quiver. They had by this time reached the porch of her house; and Geordie drew her within its sacred shelter and kissed away her tears.

"My own Jessica!" he said, softly "May it be my privilege from this time forth to soothe your sorrows and share your joys. I shall be like a miser of society of which I have been deprived so long. You must make up your mind to adopt another shadow."

Yielding to her lover's urgent solicitations, Jessica consented to be married to him as soon as she could complete a few simple preparations.

AGE OF ANIMALS.

A bear rarely exceeds twenty years. A dog lives twenty years; a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen years. Lions are long-lived. One has been known to live to the age of seventy years.

Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. Alexander the Great, having conquered Persia, king of India, took a great elephant, which had fought valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax.

He dedicated him to the sun, and let him go, with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years afterward.

Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two years, but averages from twenty to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred.

Stags are long-lived. Sheep exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cattle considers it probable that whales sometimes live for a thousand years. A swan has attained the age of two hundred years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of one hundred and seven. Insects, as a general rule, and short-lived, though there are many exceptions to the rule.

From that time forward he was fearless. In the darkest night the fiercest gale, he would scamper along the deck like a dog, and bound aloft with a speed which no one on board could equal.

He would run over the yards without holding, pass from mast to mast on the rigging, ascend and descend by the ladders of the sails, and run upon the studding sail booms. He was as nimble as a cat, and had forgotten fear. Some of the light duties aloft he learned to discharge in company with them—he did as they did, but could not be trusted to do anything himself. One order he always obeyed without hesitation. At the command, "Away aloft!" he was off and never paused until he reached the masthead. As he was harmless and rarely spoke, the captain kept him on board, and in the course of a year, sent him aloft for amusement. His strength increased with his years, but his bulk and height remained nearly the same at eighteen as when he became a maniac.

His ribs, breast and back seemed one case of bone, and his sinews and muscles made his legs and arms appear like pillars of columns. He was fair, with light blue eyes and delicate skin; his face oval and full, but void of expression—neither love, fear, revenge nor pleasure could be traced to its stolid outline. His eyes stared at everything, without appearing to see, and, when he spoke, there was rarely any meaning in his words. He followed the men in their various duties like a dog following his master. Whenever he was struck or startled by a boatswain's mate, he ran up the main rigging, screaming at the top of his lungs, and never passed until he had performed the first evolution which had made him a maniac.

As the sailor's story runs, the ship arrived at Plymouth to be docked and refitted. The captain, availing himself of the leisure, was going to be married, and the news was communicated by his servant to the cook, who soon circulated it on the berth-deck among the men,

who cursed him and all his kin. His servant came on board of the bulk where the men were lodged, the evening when the captain was to be married. Crazy Joe (the name the boy was known by) met him at the gangway, and asked intelligently if the captain would be married that evening and where? The servant gave him the information he desired, and went about his business.

That night, while the captain was undressing, he was seized by the throat and dragged to the bridal bed. "Look, fair lady, on me," said Crazy Joe, "but do not scream, or I will kill you. I look on me. I hold within my grasp a devil, who delights in cruelty—a merciless fiend who has scourged the backs of hundreds of brave men—a ruffian who has robbed me of my reason; I hold him within the grasp of death, at the very moment his black soul thirsts itself within the reach of bliss. Monster! look upon your lady—think a moment of the heaven of earthly joy almost within your reach—then think of me, poor Crazy Joe!—then think of which I send you! Die, wretch, die!"

When the alarm was given, the strangled body of the captain was found lying alongside of the bridal bed; but the maniac who killed him was never recognized afterwards. He belonged to Cornwall, and probably found shelter from pursuit in the mines until the excitement passed away. The lady stated at the time, and many years afterwards, that the attack of the maniac was so sudden and silent that she knew nothing of it until the curtains were pushed aside and she felt the pressure of the captain's body bent over the edge of the bed. Joe held his victim around the neck with the right hand, and turned him from side to side as easily as if he had been a child, while the forefinger and thumb of the left hand grasped her own throat, ready to extinguish her life if she attempted to raise an alarm. His face was pale and deathlike, his eyes started, but were motionless, and every word he uttered seemed to issue from the very depths of his soul. The captain's looks were terrible beyond description—death left the impress of ferocity upon his darkened features. How the maniac entered or left the room she never knew; his departure was the noiseless as his entrance. So paralyzed was she with fear, that an hour elapsed before she could muster courage to call for help; but she thanked God, when the captain's cruel character became generally known ashore, that she had been rescued from his alienation.—London Nautical Magazine.

Pa kin pi is the sass of No England. They are stiles and drink; they are joy on the half-shell; they are glory enjil for one day; and are good, cold or warmed up. I would like to be a boy again, just for sixty minutes, and eat myself full of the blessed old mixture. Many men who don't love penguin pi, really watch it, for he means to do something mean the fast good chance he can get. Give me all the penguin pi I could eat, when I was a boy and I didn't care whether Sunday-school kept or not. And now that I have grown up to manhood, and have run for the legislature, and only got beat 856 votes, and an abhorred married, there ain't nothing I banker for wuss, and I can buy quicker than two-thirds of a good old-fashioned penguin pi, an inch and a half thick, well smelt up with ginger and outang. Penguin pi is the oldest American beverage I know of, and ought to go down to posterity with the trade-mark of our grandmothers on it; but I am afraid it won't, for it is tuff, even now, to find one even now, to find one that tastes in the mouth at all as these did 40 years ago.

Sea shell give a murmuring when held to the ear because what may be called expanded vibration always exist in air where various sounds are occurring. These tremblings of the air are received upon the thin covering of the shell, and this being collected into a focus, are transmitted to the ear.

His Newspaper Contributions.

He was a friend of mine, and used frequently to drop in and give me advice as to how I ought to run my paper. He was a minister, and consequently thought I could devote it a little more to the cause of religion, and not quite so much to politics. He was a lover of the original, too, and said he disliked to see reprint, and thought I should write more—take the time, in fact, to fill the paper right up with good, new stuff. It seemed such an easy thing for him that one day I ventured to say:

"Better, you had a glorious meeting at the school house last night. I hear—suppose you write it up for me?"

He didn't seem to see as though he wanted to. I urged.

He flushed a little, and turned around awkward like. He had never been honored with an invitation to write for the press before. I still urged.

Then he took off his gloves and his hat. Then I gave him a seat at the table with paper and pencil. He sat down to editorial work.

He was always talking about how it should be done, and now he was at it. He started in.

I went about my work, and having written a column or two of matter for the week's paper, left him still writing, while I went out to select some advertisements.

I was gone an hour or two, when I came back he was still at it.

The table and floor were white with copy paper, and the pencil in his hand was much diminished in length.

I went to dinner. When I returned he was at it yet. The pencil was shorter and he was wetter. It was summer.

The hours dragged along in the middle of the afternoon. His eyes were bent on the dazzling white paper below him, and his fingers moved nervously, and the pencil was a stub. I began to be frightened. I knew I had only a small weekly paper, and that his fourteen columns of space (one side was a patent journal) would not hold the contents of the Bible, and the supplemental messages from heaven beside.

At last the man looked up, and timidly advancing with a piece of paper in his hand, suddenly went back to change a word.

Then he came on again, and, like one who had passed through a vision, held out the paper and feebly said:

"Will that do?"

NEW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

Who wrote that child's prayer? His work has done more for humanity than all the creeds of councils, or all the systems of divinity put together. I fancy some gifted and loving mother composed it for her own darling, not dreaming that for centuries it would be taught by innumerable mothers to millions of children; that indeed it would be transmitted from generation to generation, through all revolutions all political and social changes, to the end of time. How many men and women, brave boys and gentle girls to-day date their first impressions, the first awakening of conscience, the first thought of God, the gracious Guardian of His children on earth to that precious prayer!

It was a large man, weighed over three hundred pounds then, but when I met him three weeks later, he weighed less than hundred and twenty-five. He had been sick. The seven-line nine-hour effort was too much for him. But it was not all that. He never advised an editor again. Neither did he compose for a paper again.

It was hard work for him to write, and he saw he was not out for an editor.

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Table with advertising rates: SPACE, One M., Two M., Six M., One Y. One Square, 3 00; Two Squares, 5 00; Three Squares, 8 00; Four Squares, 10 00; Fifth Col'n, 15 00; Half Column, 20 00; Whole Column, 25 00.

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LADIES. My great liquid French Remedy, AMIE DE FEMME, or Female's Friend, is unfailing in the cure of all painful and dangerous diseases of your sex. It moderates all excess, and brings on the monthly period with regularity. In all nervous and spinal affections, pains in the neck or limbs, heaviness, fatigue on slight exertion, palpitation of the heart, lassitude of spirit, hysterics, sick headache, whites, and all painful diseases occasioned by a disordered system, it effects a cure when other means fail. Price \$2.00 per Bottle, sent by mail. Dr. W. E. Hoyt, Box 275, Syracuse, N. Y. Nov 15 1877.

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ROCKY MOUNT MILLS, ROCKY MOUNT, N. C. January 1st, 1876. We are now prepared to furnish the

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all of the best quality and at low prices. Our terms strictly net cash, 30 days. Address: BATTLE & SON, Rocky Mount, N. C.

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RECTIFIED WHISKEY which I am offering at prices that cannot fail to satisfy. S. W. SELDONER, Agt., 21 Roanoke Square, April 6