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The Roanoke News.

THE ROANOKE NEWS
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DO THE RIGHT.
Do the right, oh child of pleasure,
Let thy heart be free from stain;
Spurn the such selfish treasure,
Love the good and thou wilt gain;
Though in gilded haunts of gaily,
Of the demon doth lazie,
Becr in toid thy sacred duty,
Shun the wrong and do the right!

Do the right, oh child of sorrow,
Never let thy hopes grow faint;
For the sunshine comes to-morrow;
Strive to be a worthy saint;
Even though life to thee seems dreary,
And thy prospects dark as night,
Never let thy faith grow weary;
Banish wrong and trust the right!

Do the right and never falter,
Never be ashamed to say
That the right thou wilt not falter,
Nor its happiness betray,
Be a good and faithful servant—
Though your station in the light
May be humble, yet, if fervent,
Thou wilt conquer with the right.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.
BY EUPAULD.
"He is dead!" The words were softly
uttered. The speaker turned from the
bedside to hide the falling tear, while
there trembled on her lips the earnest
prayer, "God comfort his poor widowed
mother!"

While hope remained to sustain her,
That mother lingered near, soothing the
little sufferer, stilling anguish at behold-
ing his sufferings, and jealous of every
attention the kind watchers rendered.
But the words of the attending physician
were a death knell alike to her hope
and energy. With this wisdom of
despair, her lips were pressed to those
of her darling, with the hope that she
too might face the victim, and that
when death came he would claim her
also.

Vain was this sinful hope. Her
idolatrous love could not chain to earth
the pure, young spirit, which the angels
were beckoning on high.

The mother's place at the bedside
was deserted, and kind friends watched
the little sleeper as death approached,
wiped the death-damp from the baby
brow, and, for the sake of the wretched
mourner, kissed the paling lips whose
last words were "Mamma," when death's
silence fell upon them.

"He is dead!"

With hushed whispers the words were
repeated in the death chamber. With
bowed head and tearless eye the mother
waited for the message which should tell
her that her last tie to earth was
severed—that she was a childless widow.
Heart-rending words! Too well were
they realized by her lonely heart, and a
knowledge of the inevitable loss which
awaited her sealed the fountain of her
tears, and banished all consolation.

"He is dead!"

Slowly, pityingly, the words fell upon
her ears. The stony eyes were fixed on
the face of the sympathetic friend, and
then, with a request that she might be
left alone, the mother's head fell to its
drooping position.

"Alone! alone!"

What a world of agony were in the
words, wrung from her breaking heart!
Alone in the world, childless, friend-
less! Once before had those ominous
words, "He is dead," congealed the
fount of happiness in her heart, and
written upon the girlish face that im-
pression of chastened sorrow which pro-
claimed her to the world a widow. She
had felt that a cloud blacker than that
of Egypt shrouded the day-star of her
happiness. But even in that hour of
adversity when she heard the earth
rattle above the head of her heart's
idol, hope had not deserted her. She
had one source of comfort left, one ob-
ject around which the crushed tendrils
of affection could twine—the baby boy,
the miniature copy of him to whom her
heart's love and trust had been plighted.

In the early days of her married life,
the young mother had basked in the
sunshine of happiness without a thought
of him to whom she owed so much; and
in punishment for that broken com-
mand, "Thou shalt have no other God
but me," her idol had been shattered,
and her earth-star faded. Now the
demons of despair folded their black
mantles around her, and no ray of
heavenly light pierced the darkness
which enveloped her soul.

No more would the dimpled arms of
her darling encircle her neck with ex-
pressing fondness. No more would the
sweet, rose-bud lips be pressed to her
own. No more could she trace in the
idealized features of her child the image
of its father; and no more, as in the
past, would baby fingers wipe her tears
away, and the sweet child sympathy
mitigate her sorrow.

"Oh, my child, my baby! Can it be
that they have robbed me of you too—
taken my wee lamb, my only one? In-
justice, injustice! what have I done to
be thus tortured—to be thus robbed
and cursed? Away with the false
philosophy which teaches that the Al-
mighty is a God of love and justice! Why
should He give my child to my care,
allow him to grow into my very life?
He alone made my existence toler-
able. Oh, what have I done that the
vials of God's wrath are poured upon
my head?"

"Short-sighted mortal, darest thou
question the goodness and mercy of Him
whom angels worship, and to whose
mandates archangels say 'amen'?"

"Sift and sweet as the music of an
Æolian harp was the questioning voice
whose notes fell upon the widow's ear.
A flood of light flowed around her, and
a being of celestial beauty stood at her
side.

"He has taken my son, my all, my
only one! How can I kiss His chasten-
ing rod? He who was to have been the
pride, comfort, and stay of my lonely
life is taken from me! The future,
which once appeared strewn with blo-
soming flowers, will now be a dreary
desert. My child, my child! What will
life be without thee?"

"In tender mercy and in loving kind-
ness hath the Almighty afflicted you.
In mercy to you hath He commissioned
His servant, Death, to rob you of what
was a blessing, but which would have
proved a curse. Thank Him that He
has reclaimed your innocent babe ere
sin had set on his stainless brow its
desecrating seal. A tender flower has
been removed from this bleak earth to
blossom in the paradise of God. He
will draw you safely up to him. See
the future marked out for him whom
you mourn, then bow your rebellious
heart in penitence and fervent prayer."

As he spoke, the veil seemed lifted
from the future. With the skill of
magic he caused the dazzling light in
which he seemed enveloped to dispell
the darkness which shrouded the years
which were yet to be. Forth from the
misty light came a figure which the
mother knew—her child, yet not her
child; the same face which she had
worshipped for its beauty and purity, but
now robbed of its God-like stamp by
marks of dissipation and riot. The
eyes which she remembered to have
been blue as summer skies were an ex-
pression in their cerulean depths which
showed that he had viewed life in its
ugliest phases. The pure, sinless child
who had prattled about her knee was
transformed into the wild, dissipated
youth, spurning parental authority, and
eager to plunge into wilder excesses
from which he would not be turned.

With a keener pang than she had yet
known, the young mother noticed the
recklessness written on his brow, and
then she, who had never knelt to her
God, bowed the knee to her child, and
begged, besought, and prayed that he
would turn from the path his inclination
had marked out. But to all he turned
a deaf ear, and a leaden weight settled
upon her heart, while grief, with its in-
visible hand, chiseled the girlish brow
with the furrows of wee, and touched
the sunny hair till it seemed as if the
snows of many winters had fallen there.

The radiant being stood by her side,
pity beaming from his face as he saw
the bosom of the stricken mother rise
and fall in agony, as though the heart
would break.

"See, fond mother, where thy traitor
boy lingers!"

Obeying the mandate she gazed at
the picture which was presented to her
view. The interior of a gaming hall
glowed under the light, and amid the
coarse, rude crowd collected there she
recognized her son, jesting familiarly
with the brutal creatures by whom he
was surrounded, staining his lips with
blasphemous words, until then,
had never fallen on her ears.

"O Heaven!" she groaned. "Can
this indeed be my darling, the hope of
my declining years?"

"Ay, the same," fell softly on her
ear. "The clay idol you worshipped;
the child above whose cradle you
never prayed; 'Lead him not into tem-
ptation.'"

Like the fleeting scenes of a pan-
orama, the future was presented to her
view. Darkness had fallen upon the
gaming table, and with it a triple dark-
ness on the mother's heart.

Crushed to earth, trampled on and
withered, was every beautiful picture
which fancy, with fairy fingers, had
painted as the future of her boy. He
whom she had exulted as the idol of
her heart, to whom she bowed down
and worshipped, stood unmasked be-
fore her in all the hideous deformity of
depraved nature. The child, in the
mother's heart, had usurped the place
of her Maker; but now she saw at last
the sins of which she had been guilty,
and in her agony she prayed, "Forgive,
forgive!"

"Look yet again, and nerve thy
heart, for terrible indeed is the picture
which must now meet thine eye. Only
a little while shalt thou be tortured by
scenes such as these. Thy heart is
bowed, but must be broken."

A scene dark and dismal met the
eyes of the watcher as she obeyed the
mandate. A great city lay slumbering
under the faint, uncertain light which
gleamed in the distance. "Creation
sleep, and nature made a pause."

"See," whispered the figure at her
side, "in the angle made by those frow-
ning walls looks one who is destined to
play the principal part in the tragedy
which you must behold."

Her piercing eyes saw a figure,
crouching in the dim shadow of the
walls, suck to the lowest depths of
despair, and whom she recognized as
the silver-eyed stars shrouded their faces
in the mantle of night, but the midnight
air rang with the cry of "Murder!
murder!"

A fascination held her gaze. She
marked the flinching glitter of the eyes,
saw a dagger, gleaming in the uncer-
tain light which found its health in the
heart of the passer-by. No more look-
ed down on the deed of crime; the
silver-eyed stars shrouded their faces
in the mantle of night, but the midnight
air rang with the cry of "Murder!
murder!"

"Oh, God, in mercy spare me!" burst
in a feeble wail from the mothers lips.
Her form quivered in its exquisite

agony, and for a moment mental dark-
ness caused her to forget the present.

"Once more, and for the last time,
must you be tortured by the closing
scenes in his life's drama."

The noonday sun looked down upon
the last picture presented, shining as
brightly as if all on earth were beauty
and love. But in the crowded city
the granite walls of a prison loomed, around
whose portals were collected men with
faces stern and brutal, gazing with
marked impatience on the closed doors,
then far down the street, where, in the
dim distance, the wretched watcher saw
the ignominious scaffold. Her ears
were tortured by the muffled beat of the
drum. She saw the prisoner brought
from his confinement, the open coffin
borne before him. Amid the surging
crowd she saw but one—the one she
had so often fondled upon her knee—the
one whom the crowd was waiting to
see die.

Though "murderer" was written on
the brow, she remembered it as inno-
cent as if an angel's kiss had rested
there. Dissipation, ruin, and ignomin-
ious death, could not seal the fount of a
mother's deathless love.

As one bereft of reason, she watched
his tottering steps mount the scaffold.
To her horrified vision the air seemed
peopled with ten thousand furies, and
in the distance she saw the red flames
of hell. For one moment a wild,
frenzied cry for mercy startled the
bushes air—a prayer at which God's
angels must have shuddered, and at
which the fire fiend laughed; then all
was still. The perjured soul had
passed for judgment to the higher bar
of God.

Darkness again fell around. The
horrible scene was visible only in the
far-reaching distance. The figure
gently whispered,—

"Thou hast seen all."

Then there was a gentle pressure
upon her brow, and she was alone.

The extreme tension upon her nerves
gave way; she started, and found herself
alone in her chamber. The soft sum-
mer zephyrs played among the tresses
of her hair, and kissed her fevered
brow. It was only a dream, an awful,
vivid dream, the remembrance of which
years could not obliterate, and in which
she recognized the reproof of Deity.

Calmy she arose and passed to the
side of her dead child. The sunny
tresses were lifted by the gentle breeze
from the fair baby brow. The waxen
lids were pressed over the violet eyes,
the long lashes rested on the cheek
from which the roses of health had
faded only to be replaced by the pale
lily of death. The lips wore a smile
of wondrous sweetness, and his mother
scarcely shuddered as he lay before her
in the embrace of death. Dead—dead
—never more to spring to her arms, to
fall asleep upon her bosom.

"Only a little while, my darling!
I know whence the pure young spirit
has fled. By the grace of Him who has
recalled thee I will go to thee—thou
canst not come to me. I will clasp thee
to my bosom when we meet on the
banks of the river which flows by the
throne of God!"

She bent lower over the coffined
form, so beautiful in its statuesque
loveliness, but no tear-drops moistened
the mother's eye as she whispered,—

"Oh, God, thy will be done!"

HE WAS A DIPLOMAT.
A very tall man with sandy chin
whiskers entered the door. The car
was full, and the only seat unoccupied
by two persons was filled with a valise,
a bundle, a shawl and a thin woman of
thirty-five, with the latest shade of red
hair, and false teeth. The man with
the sandy whiskers, feeling a sympa-
thetic bond drawing him toward the
woman's red hair, touched her on the
shoulder and said—

"Is this seat engaged?"

"Yes, it is," snapped the woman,
swelling up in the seat that the man
might observe no possible room.

"Ah?" murmured the man, in a
pleasant tone. Then he went and stood
by the stove and mused for awhile.
Presently he returned to the scene of
his rebuff, and leaned on the arm of the
said softly—

"I beg your pardon, madam, but as I
was standing by the stove, your features
struck me familiarly. Did you ever
attend a presidential reception at Wash-
ington?"

"No, I never did," replied the woman,
but in a milder voice than she had at
first assumed.

"Then you will please pardon me,"
said the man with an apologetic air;
"the mistake occasioned by your close
resemblance to a young lady from
Philadelphia, who made her debut that
season, and whom I had the pleasure of
meeting. She was considered the belle
of the season."

"No—I never was in Washington,"
remarked the woman, in a mollified
tone.

"It is strange how much you resemble
the young lady in question," pursued
the man. "The hair is the same golden
hue, and while her features may not
have been so clear cut and Grecian in
their—but there, excuse me, I am
annoying you," and the tall man started
away.

"Don't hurry," said the woman, pleas-
antly. "There doesn't appear to be
many empty seats; won't you sit here?"
And she picked up her numerous bag-
gage.

The man with the sandy whiskers
didn't know, but finally accepted the

invitation, and in an incredibly brief
space of time had the valise and bundle
in the rack above, the shawl tucked
around the window to exclude the draft,
and was regaling the red-headed woman
with a choice collection of anecdotes,
that kept her laughing till the passen-
gers could see the grains of her false teeth.
—Rockland Courier.

CASEY'S REMARKABLE ADVENTURES.
A MOUNTAIN MAIL-CARRIER WHO
LIVED FOR TEN DAYS ON
TOBACCO AND SNOW.
The Helena (Montana) Independent,
says: Casey carried what is known as
the horseback mail, but which is, in
fact, carried by a two wheeled vehicle
like a sulky, from Sun River to the
Twenty-eight Mile Springs. On the
27th ult. he started from the former
place. There was a blinding snowstorm
at the time, and the track across the
prairie was wholly lost. As he did not
reach the end of his drive at the ap-
pointed time it was assumed that he
had lost his way, and this theory proved
to be well founded. There were not want-
ing brave men, both at Helena and Sun
River, to undertake the search for the
missing man; but their most arduous
efforts were in vain. On the 31st inst.
Mr. William Rowe reached Benton,
and was informed of the circumstance.
The weather was fearfully cold; but this
did not deter him from the attempt that
humanity dictated. Mounted on a
horse he set forth, and in due time
found a dim track where it seemed
probable that Casey had left the main
road. Following this, his labors were
rewarded on the 5th inst. by finding the
drive about twenty miles north of
Twenty-eight Mile Springs. When
Casey was found he was sitting in his
cart, which the horse was drawing slowly
and painfully along. He was in a daze,
and Mr. Rowe shouted to him once or
twice before he was roused to conscious-
ness. It was then found that his right
foot and leg were frozen nearly to the
knees, and that his left foot was in the
same condition. It is believed that his
injuries are not serious and that he will
not suffer the loss of either limb. His
story was soon told; and with his recol-
lection of his experience and what Mr.
Rowe learned in his search the tale is
wonderful beyond fiction. The driver
had been wondering ever the trackless
prairie for ten days and nights without
food or shelter and with a temperature
never above zero. All the time he had
moved in an almost perfect circle and
had picked his horse and camped
every night in almost the same spot.
More remarkable still, he had daily
passed within a mile and a half of the
Twenty-eight Mile House, which was his
destination. All this time, amid suffer-
ings that would have crushed an ordi-
nary man, Bob Casey had only one
thought, that he must stay with the mail
and get it through whatever befell him.
And he did; not a single package was
lost. Starving, half frozen, and dazed
by exposure and privation, it was not
of himself he thought; his duty was still
uppermost in his mind. Here was heroic
stuff; how many such can the postal
service boast? During all these terrible
days and nights the only thing that
passed his lips was tobacco and snow.
He had with him a goodly supply of the
former article at the start, and as day
began hoarding it with as much avidity
as ever did a miser his gold.

SUBJECTS OF THOUGHT.
He lives in fame who died in virtue's
cause.—Shakespeare.
Content thyself to be obscurely good
When vice prevails, and impious men
bear sway.
The post of honor is a private station—
Addison.
Nor fame I slightnor for her favors call;
She comes unlooked for she comes at all—
Pope.
I would wish for immortality on earth
for no other reason than for the power of
relieving the distressed.—Empress Maria
Theresa.
Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other
men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own;
Knowledge is proud that he has learnt
so much,
Wisdom humble that he knows no more.
—Cooper.
Let death fall for freedom's right—
He's dead alone that lacks her light,
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws—
What can alone entice flight,
A noble cause!—Campbell.
I shall hear of ingratitude. I name the
argument to despise it, and the men who
make use of it. I know no species of grate-
fulness which should prevent my country
from being free; no gratitude which should
make Ireland to be the slave of England.
No man can be grateful or liberal of his
conscience, nor woman of her honor, nor
nation of its liberty.—Grattan.
There is a God: The herbs of the valley
The cedars of the mountain bless Him; the
insect sports in His beams; the bird sings
Him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims
Him in the Heavens, the ocean declares
His immensity; man alone has said there
is no God.—Chateaubriand.
But whether on the scaffold high
Or in the battle van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man.—Barry.
It is faith in something, and enthusiasm
for something, that makes a life worth
looking at.—Holmes.
The heights by great men reached and
kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the light.—
Longfellow.
Sin has many tools, but a lie is the han-
dle which fits them.—Holmes.
I look upon death to be as necessary to
our constitution as sleep. We shall rise
refreshed in the morning.—Franklin.
Civility costs nothing, and buys every-
thing.—Mary W. Montague.
Do you covet learning's prize?
Climb her heights and take it,
In ourselves our fortune lies;
Life is what we make it.—
It is well to think well, it is divine to
act well.—Horace Mann.
One and God make a majority.—Fred-
erick Douglass.
One impulse from a vernal wood
May quicken more than one of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sagas can.—Wordsworth.
If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when and where.
This is truth, the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is re-
membrance of happier things.—
Tennyson.
There is no flock, however watched and
tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fortress, however defended,
But has one vacant chair.—Longfellow.

TWO TILTED UMBRELLAS DID IT.
An umbrella figures in a recent Boston
romance which might be termed "One
Winter." As the story is told by a Hub
correspondent of a Detroit paper, on the
afternoon of the 16th of last month, which
was a stormy day, two people, with um-
brellas tilted forward, met in the driving
storm. One was a hale and hearty gen-
tleman of about fifty years and the other was
a little, slight woman, perhaps a year or
two younger. He was coming around the
corner from the Washington street side;
she was going around the same corner
from Winter street. Both were in a hurry.
Natural consequence, a sudden collision of
umbrellas, the shock of which caused the
little woman's feet to slip on the treacher-
ous walk. The gentleman picked her up,
thereby getting a good look at her face,
when, exchanging a few astonished ex-
clamations, the pair recognized in each other
long-lost friends, and walked off together.
Thirty years ago she was a story girl in
Lowell, and he was a medical student at
Harvard. Both were poor in pocket, but
rich in love and hope; he worked hard at
study, and she worked hard to raise the
money to help him on through his course.
When the California fever broke out in
1849 he resolved to try a quicker route to
fortune, and started for the golden shore,
sending back a letter of farewell to this
young girl. The upshot of the separation
was that letters became less and less regu-
lar, and at last there was silence. The
years passed on; he grew rich and influ-
ential, completed his studies, and became a
noted physician of one of the largest Cali-
fornia cities; he married and had two
children. Two years ago wife and children
were carried off by fever. A year to a day
before the meeting in the snow-storm, he
dreamed that his youthful love was living
and in distress, and the dream made such
an impression upon him that he sent East
and made inquiries which resulted in his
coming on himself to search for her. But
six months had been spent unsuccessfully,
and he had just despaired of ever finding
her, when the two bumped together at the
corner of Washington and Winter streets.
And she poor—ah!—had married late in
life, and now was a widow, with two chil-
dren, who were too young to work much,
and whom she was trying, with her old
devotion, to keep at school.

WOMEN IN CHINA.
The condition of women in China is
most pitiable; suffering privation, con-
tempt, all kinds of misery and degrada-
tion seize on her in her cradle, and ac-
company her pitilessly to her tomb. Her
very birth is commonly regarded as a
humiliation and disgrace to the family—
an evident sign of the malediction of
Heaven. It she is not immediately suffi-
cated she is looked upon and treated as a
creature intrinsically despicable, and
scarcely belonging to the human race.
This appears so incontrovertible a fact that
the husband, celebrated, though a ser-
vant, among Chinese writers, endeavors in her
words to humiliate her own sex by re-
minding them constantly of the inferior
rank they occupy in the creation. "When
a son is born," she says, "he sleeps on a
bed, he is clothed with silk, and plays
with pearls; every one attends to his
pricely cries. But when a girl is born
she sleeps upon the ground, is mealy
wrapped up in a cloth, plays with a tile,
and is incapable of acting either virtuously
or viciously. She has nothing to think
of but prepared food, making wine, and
not vexing her parents." Even after mar-
riage her case is not improved. Accord-
ing to expressions of an old Chinese writer,
"The newly married wife should be but a
shadow and an echo in the house." She
has no right to take her meals with her
husband; nor even with her male
children; her duty is to serve them at
table, to stand by them in silence, help
them to drink, and light their pipes. She
must eat alone, and after they have done,
and in a corner; her food is scanty and
coarse, and she would not dare to touch
even what is left by her own sons. It may
be thought that this does not well agree
with the moon-talked-of principles of fil-
ial piety; but it must not be forgotten
that in China woman counts for nothing;
the law ignores her existence, or notices
her merely to load her with fetters, to
complete her servitude, and to confirm
her legal incapacity. Polygamy is al-
lowed; and the heartrending jealousy and
quarrels that thence ensue lead to numer-
ous suicides.
When the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timely it came).
And standing at its Father's feet
And gazing in his face,
It said, in low and trembling tones:
"Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot."
Kindly the Father looked him down
And said: "Forget me not."
The vacant mind and uncultured imagi-
nation are real evils, and as really to be
met, as cold and hunger; and he who can
give his mite to the one is as bound to
offer it as he who can help the other.

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As I have an Excellent MACHINIST and
BOILER MAKER.
I keep constantly on hand of my own
Manufacture a GOOD OFFICE
COAL AND WOOD STOVE.
Also a good assortment of FELLOW
WARE.
LUMBER furnished in any quantity
at the LOWEST Market Rates.
Step 8 1 D

DO THE RIGHT.
Do the right, oh child of pleasure,
Let thy heart be free from stain;
Spurn the such selfish treasure,
Love the good and thou wilt gain;
Though in gilded haunts of gaily,
Of the demon doth lazie,
Becr in toid thy sacred duty,
Shun the wrong and do the right!

DO THE RIGHT.
Do the right, oh child of sorrow,
Never let thy hopes grow faint;
For the sunshine comes to-morrow;
Strive to be a worthy saint;
Even though life to thee seems dreary,
And thy prospects dark as night,
Never let thy faith grow weary;
Banish wrong and trust the right!

DO THE RIGHT.
Do the right and never falter,
Never be ashamed to say
That the right thou wilt not falter,
Nor its happiness betray,
Be a good and faithful servant—
Though your station in the light
May be humble, yet, if fervent,
Thou wilt conquer with the right.

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