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ROANOKE AGRICULTURAL

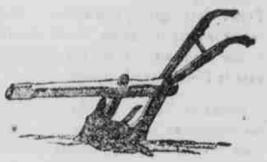
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SEPARATION.

Our lives to-day run far apart, That used to be as one, All happy thoughts have gone to rest Like birds when day is done.

You said up in the "growlery," The place you can't forget, That life had such happiness, That would be your own yet.

LOVE REWARDED.

In ante-bellum days, the South had a world-wide reputation for hospitality, and it was extended with open hands to all.

The judge was a splendid type of the true old southern gentleman; and being blessed with immense wealth, he spent it lavishly. He had married early in life, and one daughter had been the result of the union.

The residence of the judge stood on the old post road, between W. and M. Perched on a high eminence, it overlooked the beautiful Chatahoochee river.

As the days of miracles are passed, it is not wonderful that Mabel Nichols, rich and beautiful, should court her lovers by the score.

On a bright summer evening, in the year 1860, the residence of Judge Nichols was filled with guests.

They were supremely happy, these two young and fresh spirits. "O ming events" cast no shadow over their love's young dream, and the world to them meant—each other.

Adrian sought an interview with the judge the next morning, and the engagement was ratified by parental consent and blessing.

As the days went by, the faint murmurs of war became louder and louder. Little heed did the fond lovers give to these angry mutterings at first, but as they became more clamorous, Adrian became interested in the great question that was agitating the whole civilized world.

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Mabel murmured, tears rising to her eyes. "I love you, and separation or even death could not change my love. I have promised to be your wife, and will keep my promise at any time you say. This may seem unadvised, but at a time like this all reserve should be thrown aside, and the heart alone be heard."

But Judge Nichols decided that the marriage had better be postponed until the impending conflict be decided.

There at last came a day when Adrian Arden stood before his betrothed in a captain's uniform. Thoroughly self-

dier-like and handsome he looked, and Mabel's heart throbbed exultingly as she looked upon her hero.

It was a splendid morning, and as the sun rose in its radiant beauty, its beams seemed to contain rays of sadness.

The band struck up an inspiring march; flags waved gayly in the morning sunlight; bayonets brightly glistened; and amidst the shouts of the bystanders the column moved—some to be soon claimed by that grim king whose acquaintance we all must make sooner or later, and some to carve their names in Fame's eternal scroll.

There had been fought a sanguinary battle. Mabel, with a trembling heart, eagerly scanned the list of killed and wounded, but Adrian's name appeared not.

"Grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front," and the clash of arms had ceased in the land. The war had wrought many changes, Judge Nichols was dead.

Never a word had she heard of Adrian. Her great love did not make her morbid and avoid society. If she had been handsome at seventeen, she was simply dazzling at five-and-twenty.

The guests of the celebrated White Sulphur Springs were in a state of great excitement. The night for the ball of the season was rapidly approaching, and nothing else was talked of.

It came at last, and the handsomely decorated and spaciou ballroom was filled with the elite and beauty of the South.

Mabel was the recognized belle of the evening; and the stranger standing at one of the windows thought he had never looked upon a fairer sight.

As the evening advanced, Mabel being tired of the glare and heat of the ballroom, and, watching her chance, she slipped unnoticed, as she thought, away, and sought a cool and secluded corner of the vine-covered piazza.

The moon shone brightly from the heavens, and, as on that night so many years before, the air was fragrant with the scent of flowers.

Her heart thrilled with these memories, and— "Mabel, my darling, are you ready to fulfil your promise?"

Was she dreaming? Had the memories of other and happier days made her imagine that it was Adrian's voice that now spoke? For a moment her heart seemed to stand still.

Fire, Water and Honor. Fire, Water and Honor once made a league. Now, as Fire never stays in one place, and Water is always on the move, they persuaded Honor to travel with them.

As for me," cried Honor, "should I disappear, do not look for me where the ground is parched and dry. Search for me where you behold tall willows and elders, green reeds and fresh grass. There I shall always be."

As for me," cried Honor, "mind that you keep me always in sight, and never taken your eyes off me. For know, if you once lose me, you will never, as long as the world stands, find me again."

What is that which, though black itself, enlightens the world? Luck.

you're restored to me once again!" "Let us hope never to be parted in this life. My darling, I truly thank God for preserving to me the love of your pure woman's heart."

"Adrian dear, that evening so long ago when I promised to be your wife I meant it for time and eternity. It was no promise lightly given."

Then came the explanation of Adrian's mysterious silence. After the battle of— he had written letter after letter to Mabel. To none of them came a reply.

Adrian insisted upon a speedy marriage, and soon the minister spoke the solemn words that made them man and wife. His business was located in one of the largest cities of Georgia, and here the young people settled down to a happy life.

Bravery, or born insensibility to fear, is unlike courage, which sees and feels danger, but overcomes any sense of apprehension by pride, resolution, and force of will.

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A USEFUL JOKE.

A Young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor who was commonly called the student's friend such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct.

While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who had nearly finished his day's work.

The student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick. We will hide his shoes and conceal ourselves behind these bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a crown piece, if you have them, in each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student, luckily having two crown pieces did so, and then placed himself, with the professor, behind the bushes hard by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man soon finished his work and came across the field to the path where he left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat he slipped one foot into one of his shoes. Feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the crown. Astonishment and wonder were upon his countenance.

He gazed upon the crown, turned it round, and looked again and again; then he looked round on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket and proceeded to put on the other; but what was his astonishment when he found the other crown! His feelings overcame him.

He fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered a loud and fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife sick and helpless, and his children who by some unknown hand would be saved from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected and with tears in his eyes. "Now," said the professor, "are you not better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"Oh! dear sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood, it is more blessed to give than to receive."

THE ROSE OF SHARON. The so-called Rose of Sharon is one of the most exquisite flowers in shape and hue.

Its blossoms are bell-shaped, and of many mingled hues and dyes. But its history is legendary and romantic in the highest degree.

In the East, throughout Syria, Judea and Arabia, it is regarded with the profoundest reverence. The leaves that encircle the round blossoms dry and close together when the season of blossoms are over, and the stalk, withering completely away from the stem, the flower is blown away at last from the stem on which it grew, having dried in the shape of a ball, which is carried by the breeze to great distance.

In this way it borne over the wastes and sandy deserts, until at last, touching some moist place, it clings to the soil, where it immediately takes fresh root and springs to life and beauty again.

A CURIOUS HABIT. It is a curious habit of human nature to look at a man through the transparent medium of a dollar bill.

If a rich man is rude, it is regarded as a quiet and laughable eccentricity; but if a poor man does or says the same thing he is a boor, and we are disgusted beyond measure. We are ready to find any excuse for an act that has money behind it, and equally ready to find fault with any act that is backed by poverty.

THE EMBLEMS OF LOVE. Roses are admittedly the emblems of love. And old tradition says that a rose gathered upon mid-summer eve, and kept in a clean sheet of paper until Christmas day, will be fresh enough for a maiden to wear in her bosom when he who is to be her husband will come and take it out.

In Thuringia the rose holds a similar position as a love-charm; a maid who has several lovers will name a rose-leaf after each, and then scatter them upon the water; that which sinks the last representing her future husband. In some parts of Germany it is customary to throw rose-leaves on a coal fire, as a means of insuring good luck. In Germany, as well as in France and Italy, it is believed that if a drop of one's blood be buried under a rose tree it will insure rosy cheeks.

Why is the root of the tongue like a rejected man? Because it is down in the mouth.

A CLEVER THIEF.

Two young men, according to a Paris paper, were recently seated in front of a cafe on the Boulevard, when one of them, named Lucien W., informed his friend that he had just come into possession of 5,000 francs, adding that the 5,000 francs, in bank notes, were safely locked up in a drawer in his room, and he should not then trouble himself with business.

He had a sum of fifty francs in his pocket, with which he proposed that he and his friend should go to Asnières and enjoy themselves with boating, dining, a ball, etc., and not return until two o'clock in the morning.

At a table close to them was a well-dressed man, who, although apparently absorbed in the perusal of his journal, did not lose a word of the conversation. He was an accomplished thief, named P., alias "The Arctic," who had but recently returned from a tour in the provinces, which he had found it necessary to make in order to withdraw himself from the observation of the police. The bait of 5,000 francs was too tempting for him to resist, and he immediately resolved to obtain possession of it.

Having noticed that Lucien W. had placed his hat on a stool a short distance from him, the Aspic adroitly substituted his own for it, and after paying for what he had taken, walked out. He knew that the 5,000 francs were deposited in a drawer in the young man's room, and the address of that room he had to find by means of the name at the bottom of the hat. Seeing the hatter's address he went to his shop and told him that he had on leaving a restaurant, taken a hat which did not belong to him, and which he was anxious to return to the owner, if the latter happened to know the address of the customer.

The information was readily obtained, and in a very short time after the thief had paid his visit to the apartment of Lucien W., and gained possession of the money. About an hour after the young man came to the hatter's shop, and was informed of what had occurred, but, not thinking of any danger for his money, he merely bought a hat, and with his friend proceeded to Asnières.

On his return home at night he discovered his loss. Information was immediately lodged with the police, and, from the description of the man given by the hatter, he was, on the following day, arrested while on a party of pleasure, which he had also devised with some friends, to the river side. In his pockets were found the 5,000 francs, minus 400 francs, which he had expended.

PROUD BABY PRINCESS. The young Prince of Naples is a frank, manly boy of ten years of age, the only child of King Umberto and his first cousin wife Queen Margherita. He is not a handsome child. He has small light eyes, the heavy features of the present Savoy house, and his bristly little hair rises up above his forehead, but his face is intelligent and bright, and it has a simple, childlike, naive expression; his sharp little eyes have the keen, inquiring look of his father's without the startled expression noticeable in those of King Umberto. Like all members of the house of Savoy, except, to be sure, his grandfather Vittorio Emanuele, he is very fond of Court ceremonies and Court display. When he was between three and four years of age he was sent one summer to England to consult the specialist about a weakness he had then in the feet and ankles. As he went through Paris his attendants noticed that he was discontented and even irritable. His governess asked him what ailed him. "Why does not the guard here salute me?" he replied, with fierce childish passion. Not that that for a royal youngster of four years old! It recalls a story once told me by a friend—who was a Prussian Court Lady of Honor, or one of the sons of the Imperial Court. When he was a little tot under four years of age, they had great trouble to make him wear his gloves when he went out driving. At last they told him the guards had orders to march away before he came down to the carriage, so as to avoid giving him the royal salute, which they could not do if he did not wear gloves. This ended the trouble instantly. Every day when the hour of driving came, the boy ran to his nurse and begged her to help him pull on the gloves. Then he would rush to the palace window, thrust out his two little gloved hands, shaking them eagerly, and crying in his baby voice, "Don't go away! See! I have the gloves on!"—Phil. Telegraph, Rome Letter.

RAIN. The first water—how much it means! Seven-tenths of the human race rained down last night! It is much more probable that Oscar will flow out of a bung hole than that any part of his remains will ever stop one. Our life is indeed a vapor, a breath, a little moisture condensed upon the sun. We carry ourselves in a phial. Cleave the flesh, and how quickly we spill out! Man begins as a fish, and he swims in a sea of vital fluids as long as his life lasts. His first food is milk; so is his last and all between. He can taste and assimilate and absorb nothing but liquid. The same is true throughout all organic nature. The water never dries that makes every wheel move. Without this great solvent, there is no life. I admire this line of Walt Whitman:

"The slumbering and liquid trees." The tree and its fruit are like a sponge which the rains have filled. Through them and through all living bodies there goes the commerce of vital growth, they vesiculate and succussion of fluids, laden with material bound for distant shores, to build up, and repair, and restore the waste of the physical frame.

Then the rain means relaxation; the tension in Nature and all her creatures is lessened. The trees drop their leaves, or let go their ripened fruit. The tree itself will fall in a will, damp day when, but yesterday it withstood a gale of wind. A meteoric sun will penetrate even the mind and makes it get-up his tentacles. It might be taken for a man on a rainy day that a clear eye. The direct support of the sun is withdrawn; life is in a cloud; a masculine mind gives place to something like a feminine. In this sense, rain is the grief, the weeping of nature, the relief of a burdened or agonized heart. But tears from nature's eyelids are always remedial and prepare the way for brighter, purer skies.

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