

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1879.

NO. 14.

THE ROANOKE NEWS
ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One M.	Two M.	Three M.	Six M.	One Y.
One Square,	3 00	5 00	14 00	20 00	30 00
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	20 00	30 00	40 00
Three Squares,	8 00	15 00	30 00	40 00	50 00
Four Squares,	10 00	18 00	35 00	45 00	55 00
Fourth Col.,	15 00	20 00	40 00	50 00	60 00
Half Column,	20 00	30 00	50 00	60 00	70 00
Whole Column,	One Year,				75

One Year, in advance, \$2.00
Six Months, " " 1.50
Three Months, " " .75 etc.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

EDWARD T. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Mr. 201y.

H. SMITH, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SCOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.
Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of the State. Jan 15 1y.

W. HALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.
May 11f.

JOS. B. BATCHELOR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RALEIGH, N. C.
Practices in the courts of the 6th Judicial District and in the Federal and Supreme Courts. May 11 f.

T. W. MASON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
GARYSBURG, N. C.
Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts. June 8-f.

THOMAS N. HILL,
Attorney at Law,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practices in Halifax and adjoining Counties and Federal and Supreme Courts. Will be at Scotland Neck, once every fortnight. Aug. 28-a

W. H. DAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.
Practices in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts. Claims collected in any part of North Carolina. Jun 20 1 Q.

M. S. RIZZARD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. Jan 12-1 Q.

DR. E. I. HUNTER,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Can be found at his office in Enfield. True Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Painless Extracting of Teeth always on hand. June 22 t.

T. BRANCH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ENFIELD, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.
Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe and Wilson. Collections made in all parts of the State. Jan 12-1 Q.

ANDREW J. BURTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.
Practices in the Courts of Halifax, Warren and Northampton counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts. Claims collected in any part of North Carolina. June 17-a

AVIN E. HYMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practices in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts. Claims collected in all parts of North Carolina. Office in the Court House. July 4-1 Q.

JAMES E. O'HARA,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ENFIELD, N. C.
Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Edgecombe and Nash. In the Supreme Court of the State and in the Federal Courts. Collections made in any part of the State. Will attend at the Court House in Halifax on Monday and Friday of each week. Jan 12-1 Q.

R. O. BURTON, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practices in the Courts of Halifax County, and Counties adjoining, in the Supreme Court of the State, and in the Federal Courts. Will give special attention to the collection of claims, and to adjusting the accounts of Executors, Administrators and Guardians. Dec 19-f.

MULLEN & MOORE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Martin—in the Supreme Court of the State and in the Federal Courts of the Eastern District. Collections made in any part of North Carolina. Jan 11 f

DOZING.

Shadows slowly steal around me,
Lulling mind to peaceful rest;
Gentle visions, none but I see,
Come with tidings none may guess.

Tiny gleams of ruddy brightness,
From the grate above the floor;
And on ceiling's snowy whitewash
Weave their lines of mystic lore.

Hosts of odd and curious fancies
Fit above my drowsy brain;
And my heart and mind outpaces
With their almost soulful strain.

While the patter of rain outside
Makes the sweet content more sweet,
THU wonder if the breeze
Be not the place where angels meet.

MASQUERADING.

The Hon. Charles Proctor had but just returned from his wedding tour. During the heated term, while ruralizing in one of the picturesque villages which dot the Green Mountain State, he had met with a sweet little blossom of a girl, who had won his heart with as little apparent effort as the sun attracts to himself the myriad drops which formed his beneficent cloud servitors.

And even as they are transformed by magical touches of light into gorgeously beautiful series of pictures, so was the newly made husband's mental world changed to him by his intense love for Stella.

Though but little past middle age, he had become somewhat cynical and world-weary, until the empire which rules alike over king and peasant was established in his heart.

Husband and wife were seated in her cosy boudoir. They had been engaged in an animated discussion over an article which had just appeared in a prominent monthly. The gentleman was arguing against his own views, just for the purpose of hearing his little wife's bright answers.

Suddenly a thought struck him. He drew a letter from his pocket.

"See, Stella, here is a letter from my Cousin Belle. I want you to read it. It is the richest thing I have seen for a long time."

Stella took the letter and read:

"MY DEAR CHARLIE—I have received your wedding cards and the note which you sent with them, telling me about your bride and where you found her. Of course, I must offer you my sincere congratulations, but you must be vexed if I tell you how surprised I am at your choosing a wife from the wilds of Vermont. Though being so polished yourself, you will no doubt instruct her in the usages of society before introducing her into critical circles. I shall call soon, and am as ever your loving cousin,

BELLE REVERE."

Stella's eyes absolutely sparkled with mischief as she gave the letter back to her husband. A brilliant idea entered her head, but she only said:

"Your cousin does not seem to have an exalted idea of our country girls."

"I depend on Mrs. Proctor to rectify her false impression."

"I think I shall be the means of surprising her. I shall endeavor to do so," said Stella.

A few days after this Miss Revere called, and sent up her card. Mrs. Proctor did not come down immediately, and after a time the delay grew tedious.

"It is as I expected. It is evident that my cousin's wife has little knowledge of the proprieties of etiquette," was the young lady's thought.

After a time Mrs. Proctor entered the room. Accustomed as Belle was to the numerous accidents of society, she could scarcely keep her face straight as her new cousin came toward her.

Her dress was a bright, grass green silk cut so short in the skirts that it displayed her feet. An old style lace collar was fastened at the neck by a cameo pin—a white, exquisitely cut bead upon a dark ground—evidently of great value, but so large that it looked out of place upon the girlish figure. The sleeves were cut tight to the arms, with a fall of the same old lace at the wrists.

If she had stepped out of some old fashion plate she could not have presented a more quaint appearance.

Still, her fresh complexion and clear cut features, the dimples lurking about her pouting lips, the heavy, waving hair, hanging in two massive braids, school-girl fashion, down her back, formed a tout ensemble which her dress was powerless to spoil.

Belle could understand how her beauty had captivated her favorite cousin, but she mourned over his indiscretion, and when she heard Stella speak, though her voice was low and musical, she was not considered.

"Good morning, Mrs. Proctor. I wish to present my congratulations to you, and also to apologize for my absence from your wedding, to which my cousin kindly sent me cards."

Stella dropped a school-girl courtesy.

"You are very kind, I'm sure; but my uncle's house ain't very big, so if you had a come we might have sent you to a neighbor's to sleep."

"Then it is just as well that I did not accept," said Belle.

"Yes; there ain't hardly no room at all. But you missed lots of fun. Zeke Maypole and his cousin Bob came down from Rusting, and they beat all for dancing." The way they swung you round is no odd of sport."

"Oh!" said Belle.

"And our sister's darter came over. She's a mighty stack-up piece generally, cause she's been to boarding-school; but she knowed that Proctor was a city feller, so she made out to come."

"Oh!" again sighed Belle, unable to get a word in edgewise, for her new cousin's flow of language was as continuous and rippling as the flow of a brook.

"You'd oughter seen the deacon's darter! She had on a yaller dress, and her eyes snapped just like black diamonds. You never seen such black hair on a gal's head afore. I tell you, she looked awful pretty."

"I'm glad you had such an enjoyable time," said Belle, rising to go. "You must call and see me. Come round with my cousin and spend the evening when convenient."

Stella smiled showing a row of white, even teeth, which made her face even more bewitching. Belle took her little hand kindly, and said:

"Take good care of Charlie. He is the bright and shining light in our whole family, and is very precious to us all."

Her voice quivered slightly, for her proud heart was aching beneath her cold fashionable exterior. She felt that her cousin's lot would be a sad one after the first glamour had passed away.

Stella detected the tremor, and looking at Belle, saw tears in her eyes. Her own clouded in sympathy. The girl saw that her ruse had been only too successful, but she was not going to change her tactics just yet; so she only put up her lips—tempting and red as the clef strawberry—for a kiss, and said simply:

"I love him very dearly!"

Belle kissed her, moved by her awe, and somewhat reassured, went home.

Charles heard of her call, and made it his way to drop in one evening, expecting to hear pleasant things said about his girl-wife by his cousin, who, like himself, was an ardent lover of grace and beauty.

"Well, Belle," said he, with assumed indifference, after they had spoken of various things, and did not approach the subject nearest his heart. "How do you like Stella?"

Belle was very truthful, and hoped this question would not be asked, but she said:

"She is very lovely, Charlie."

"And is she not as winning a little spirit as one could well imagine?"

Belle hesitated.

"She is undoubtedly a sweet little woman, but—Charlie, I must say it—ain't she entirely uneducated?"

The gentleman opened his eyes wide in his surprise.

"I see you are blind, as all lovers are, but I mean it. And couldn't you direct her a little about her dress? She dresses in a very peculiar style."

"I am sure, Belle, that you must be prejudiced. According to my ideas, she has almost faultless taste. At any rate, she always looks as pretty and fresh as a rosebud. Come, Belle, said he; test away all false notions, and make up your mind to love my little mountain maid as a real bona fide cousin should be loved."

"So I will, Charlie," said Belle, impulsively, and she made a resolve to try and renounce her according to her own ideas.

When the young man returned home, Stella met him at the door, as was her usual custom. It was very pleasant to think of the wistful face on the watch for his coming footsteps, to know that his hand upon the bell would not only draw forth its responsive note—it would set a pair of responsive feet flying down the stairway just to meet him. There was always a pleasant warmth about his heart as he drew near home.

Stella was dressing in pure white. A knot of fragrant flowers at her breast, another in her hair, were her sole ornaments. He had never seen her simply dressed, and thought that the adage about "beauty unadorned" was a true one in her case.

Even upon her wedding day her white dress did not seem to be of an expensive material, though, if Cousin Belle had seen it she might have enlightened his manlike ignorance and whispered to him that the round of point lace with which it was trimmed would be considered worthy a place in the trousseau of a princess. Had Belle also been told that it was an heirloom in Stella's family, she would certainly never have pointed the letter which had been the cause of the deception referred to by that mischievous little lady as a punishment for audacious advice.

Charlie thought his bride was entirely dependent upon the uncle with whom she lived. He was a scholarly, refined old man, such as you often find buried with his books in some out-of-the-way country place.

All that he cared to know about her antecedents could be learned from the family tree which hung in their plainly-furnished little parlor.

He knew that Stella was the child of a younger sister of Mr. Wilde, whose married life had been spent abroad. She returned a widow to her brother's house and lived but a few months; and what so natural as to leave her young child in such a peaceful home? More than this, for reasons of her own Stella did not tell him.

Several times during the evening she detected her husband in an unusual scrutiny of herself and dress.

"What do you see unusual, Charlie? Are you going to turn artist, and take my portrait?"

Innocent as Stella looked, she knew perfectly well what was passing through his mind, but she was mischievous

enough to tease her idol, if she did "love him dearly."

"Stop, Charlie! you will crush my dress! Behave yourself, sir!"

Charlie glanced at the dress, with its profusion of delicate frills, and answered carelessly, "Pshaw, little one, it will wash."

"Much you know about it, sir. It takes the best part of a day to iron a dress like that."

Charlie raised his eyebrows in astonishment.

"Is my mountain daisy so extravagant? I am afraid, after all, she is not the wife for a poor man."

Stella smiled; the loving look which accompanied these words contradicted their meaning.

"See, Mr. Proctor, what a grand affair is coming off next week! The cards came to-day."

"Ah! a party at the Montaigne's. Would you like to go?"

"Yes, I would, most decidedly. I have an ardent desire to see something of the society of this famous city."

"Well, you must get Belle to go with you and select something handsome to wear. I want you to look as well as any of them."

"Oh! I don't need anything, Charlie. You must remember my bridal trousseau is still in its first freshness."

"I mean you must buy something elegant. Your fixings are pretty, and all that sort of thing, but I want your toilet for this occasion to be worth as much as all of the things put together which your good old uncle was able to give you."

Stella smiled to herself at these words, but she said, coaxing, "Let me have my own way, just this once, Charlie. I promise you that I will not disgrace you."

"When a woman says she will—"

His quotation was ended rather abruptly, for Stella threatened to pull every individual hair on his head if he kept on, and who would not be alarmed at such a threat, and from such a source?

The evening of the party came, and Stella made her appearance in the parlor, where her husband was awaiting her.

She had not put on her wraps, for he wished to see her, as he said, in her full glory.

He stood for a moment silent from astonishment. Her dress was rich, cream-colored silk, which swept in voluminous folds to her feet, which peeped out clothed in dainty white kid boots.

Her dress was cut decollete, but her snowy neck was covered by a herba of round point lace, fastened at the throat by a diamond star, which caught the light and held it in iridescent sparkles.

In each shell-like ear a diamond and sapphire stone like a drop of crystallized dew, and a butterfly, gemmed with the same precious stones, was poised on a tremulous spiral stem amid the braids of her abundant, wavy hair.

"Is this my little Stella? Where is my mountain daisy?"

"Here," said Stella, playfully pointing to her diamonds, "do they not please you?"

"But, darling, I cannot understand how my little Stella can wear gems fit for a queen's ransom."

"Some time I will explain more fully. Now I will merely tell you that they belonged to my mother. So you see I am not the dowdiest maiden you thought me."

"You cannot be more worthily endowed than I thought you are Stella—that comprises all to me."

Stella put up her sweet lips for a kiss.

"Forgive me, dearest, if I have not been quite frank with you. I wanted to be loved for myself alone—and so I am, and you are the noblest husband and I am the happiest wife on the whole broad continent of America."

This answer closed her husband's lips for the present, but as they stepped into the carriage and were whirled away to the scene of gaiety awaiting them, he could scarcely realize the situation. Who was this little wife of his? He felt as though the ground had been cut beneath his feet. It was like finding a sweet weed violet, transplanted in, and sealing his wild wood treasure turned into a cultivated garden beauty, a velvet rose.

Miss Belle Revere had a friend from Boston staying with her. They were among the invited guests, and arrived at the scene of gaiety rather late.

As they entered they exchanged greeting with the host and hostess, and then mingled with the throng of guests.

Suddenly Alice Travers uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why did you not tell me that Stella Langford was in town?"

"Because I did not know it," answered Belle, concisely. "Is she here?"

"Yes; look over at the extreme end of the drawing room. Do you see that girl in cream-colored silk and diamonds?"

Belle raised her eyeglasses and looked in the direction indicated by Miss Travers. She gave a start of surprise, looked again, then said:

"You are surely mistaken. That lady is the wife of my cousin, the Hon. Charles Proctor."

"Perhaps you think if I were to meet you in Boston I should not know you," said Alice, sarcastically. "Stella Langford is a Bostonian—one of the belles of society—has been in the city for several winters—and is, moreover, one of my

intimate friends. Come with me and I will introduce you."

So the two girls threaded their way to the spot where Stella stood. As they came near enough to attract her attention she flushed deeply, glanced at her husband, then came to meet them with a pleasant look.

"Can it really be you, Alice? I could hardly believe my eyes. Charlie, this is my friend, Miss Travers, from Boston. My husband, Alice. You were traveling on the continent at the time or I should have sent you cards to our wedding."

Turning to the astonished Belle she extended her gloved hand with a deprecating smile.

"Good evening, ma belle cousin, how pleasant to find you in company of my dearest school friend. I hope she will give you good reports of me."

Belle bowed silently, evidently upon her dignity. The group attracted a great deal of attention. Two of them were strangers in the city, and one was that cynosure of all eyes and hearts—a bride.

She was surrounded by the brightest intellects of the day, exchanging "bon mots" and witticisms, proving herself to be no mean antagonist in the war of words. Belle's surprise was equalled by her cousin's. This was a new phase of Stella's character, and he was burning with impatience to hear the promised explanation.

Before the close of the evening, Stella managed to whisper to Belle, "If you will forget and forgive I will. I saw your letter of congratulation to Charlie. Does that explain matters sufficiently?"

Belle's face cleared as if by magic. She gave Stella's hand a fervent pressure, and said:

"I see I am, after all, the greatest offender—I had no idea the stupid fellow would show it to you. But," she added playfully, "I think the stage missed a bright ornament when a certain lady became Mrs. Charles Proctor."

Stella's explanation proved entirely satisfactory to her husband. She was an heiress, and did not wish to be sought for her money. So when she made her annual visit to her dear old uncle, she laid aside her rich garments and dressed like a simple country maiden; but culture and refinement do not depend upon costly robes. So, like a wood dove in her toilet, the aroma of the rose still lingered though its garbure of velvet was no longer visible.

UNDRESSING LITTLE NED.

"Where is 'Whiskey Bill,' who used to drive that old white horse in front of a two-cent express wagon?" repeated the man, in tones of surprise.

"Well, now, it's a curious case," he slowly continued. "We all thought he'd gone to the dogs, for sure, for he was drinking a pint of whiskey a day; but a few months ago he braced right up, stopped drinking, and now I hear he's in good business and saving money. It beats all, for the last time I saw him he seemed half under-ground."

When you go home at night and find that all is well with your own flesh and blood do you go to sleep reasoning that the rest of the world must care for itself? Do you ever shut your eyes and call up the hundreds of faces you have met during the day, and wonder if the paleness of death will cover any of them before the morrow? When you have once been attracted to a face, even if it be a stranger's do you let it drop from memory with your dreams, or do you call it up again and again as night comes down and hope it may lose none of its brightness in the whirling mists of time?

"So 'Whiskey Bill' was hunted down. An inquiry here and there finally traced him to a little brown cottage on a by-street. He sat on the step in the twilight, a burly, broad-shouldered man of 50, and in the house three or four children pattered around the lamp to look over a picture-book."

"Yes, they used to call me 'Whiskey Bill,' down town," he replied, as he moved along and made room, "but it is weeks since I heard the name. No wonder they think me dead, for I've not set eyes on the old crowd for months and I don't want to for months to come."

"They tell me you have quit drinking. One could see that by your face."

"I hope so. I haven't touched a drop since February. Before that I was half-drunk day in and day out, and more of a brute than a man. I don't mind saying that my wife's death set me to thinking, but I didn't stop my liquor. God forgive me, but I was drunk when she died, half-drunk at the grave, and I meant to go on a regular spree that night. It was low-down, sir, but I was no better than a brute those days."

"And so you left your motherless children at home and went out and got drunk?"

"No, I said I meant to, but I didn't. The poor things were crying all day, and after coming home from the burial I before to get 'em tucked away in the bed before I went out. Drunk or sober, I never struck one of 'em a blow, and they never ran from me when I staggered home. There's four of 'em in there, and the youngest isn't quite four years yet. I got the older ones in bed all right, and then come little Ned. He had cried himself to sleep, and he called for mother as soon as I woke him. Until that night I never had that boy on my knee, to say nothing of putting him to bed, and you can guess these big fingers made slow work with the books and buttons. Every minute he kept saying mother didn't do that way, and mother done this way, and the big children were hiding their heads under the quilts to draw their soles. When I had his clothes off and put his night-gown on I was ashamed and put him down, and when the oldest saw tears in my eyes and jumped out of bed to put her arms around my neck I dropped the name of 'Whiskey Bill' right then and forever."

"And little Ned?"

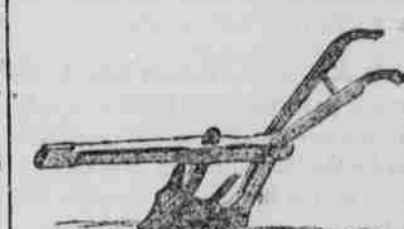
"Mebbe I'd have weakened but for him," replied the man, as he wiped his eyes. "After I got the child's night-gown on, what did he do but kuel right down beside me and wait for me to say the Lord's Prayer to him! Why, sir, you might have knocked me down with a feather! There I was, mother and father to him, and I couldn't say four words of that prayer to save my life! He waited and waited for me to begin, as his mother always had, and the big children were waiting, and when I took him in my arms and kissed him, I called heaven to witness that my life should change from that hour. And so it did, sir, and I've been trying hard to lead a sober, honest life. God helping me, no one shall call me 'Whiskey Bill' again."

The four children, little Ned in his night-gown, came out for a good night kiss, and the boy cuddled in his father's arms for a moment, and said:

"Good night, pa—good night, everybody in the world—good night, ma up in heaven—and don't put out the light till we get to sleep"—Detroit Free Press.

ROANOKE AGRICULTURE
WORKS,
WELDON, N. C.
JOHN M. FOOTE, Proprietor.

RICHARDSON COTTON PLOW
A SPECIALTY.
MANUFACTURERS OF, AND GENERAL AGENTS FOR,
ALL KINDS OF FARMING IMPLEMENTS,
STEAM ENGINES AND COTTON GINS.
Also Agent for the Chicago Scale Company's
UNITED STATES STANDARD SCALES.



Everything in this line from a 100 TON Railroad Scale to the SMALLEST TBA Scale furnished at Surprising LOW Figures. A Platform HAY or STOCK Scale of FOUR TONS capacity for \$60.00 and Freight.

All kinds of
IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS
Furnished at SHORT NOTICE and at Petersburg or Norfolk PRICES.

I am prepared to do ANY KIND of Repair Work for
ENGINES, MILLS AND COTTON GINS.
As I have an Excellent MACHINIST and BOLTER MAKER,
I keep constantly on hand of my own Manufacture a GOOD OFFICE
Also a good assortment of HOLLOW WARE.
LUMBER furnished in any quantity at the LOWEST Market Rates.
sep 8 1 Q

DELAYS.

Fortune is like the market; many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and, again, it is something like Stella's offer, which at first offereh the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price; for occasion (as it is in common parlance) turneth a bald noddie after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken; or at least turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of all things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men than I need them; nay, it were better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it odds he will fall fast asleep.

IF I DON'T, I WON'T.

Ephie Jones was a little old man, his face as wrinkled as a walnut, and his voice as play as a tin whistle. He was brought in for disturbing the peace on the street. He was so cranky that he elbowed and kicked pedestrians and refused to "move on" for street car or carriages. Bjah had hard work to put him in a cell, and twice as hard to get him out. He had to bring him in his arms, and the old man kicked and scratched like a boy of ten.

"They can't nobody shove me around!" squeaked the little old man as he was dropped before the desk.

"Has anybody abused you?" mildly inquired the stout.

"No, because they don't do it. I'm a little old man, but I won't take a word of sass from any man in the State."

"Do you want to go home?"

"If I want to go I shall go. If I don't I won't."

"Have a family?"

"I won't tell you."

His Honor saw that he had an original character to deal with, so he said to Bjah:

"Take this nice old man in the corridor, and read him Article VII., and let him out by the private door."

Little Ephie was carried away, kicking and clawing. No man outside of two has any idea what occurred in the corridor. It is known that Bjah brought down four of his best spankers the other day, and he has often been heard to express the opinion that certain old men deserve a certain line of treatment when they get to carrying on as this one did. The newsboys who were packed in next to the wall affirm that they heard old Ephie's muffled howls, well laid on, but it is a mystery that will never be unraveled. When the old man was let out he jumped clear into the gutter with a yell, and a close observer could have detected splinters from a pine shingle hanging to his coat tails.

A Freshman having heard the phrase "I've got other fish to fry," very readily learned its application. One evening after escorting a young lady home, and being invited to walk in, he thought of the above expression, and exclaiming himself by saying, "I thank you—I must go cook some other fish."

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Stella's explanation proved entirely satisfactory to her husband. She was an heiress, and did not wish to be sought for her money. So when she made her annual visit to her dear old uncle, she laid aside her rich garments and dressed like a simple country maiden; but culture and refinement do not depend upon costly robes. So, like a wood dove in her toilet, the aroma of the rose still lingered though its garbure of velvet was no longer visible.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Stella's explanation proved entirely satisfactory to her husband. She was an heiress, and did not wish to be sought for her money. So when she made her annual visit to her dear old uncle, she laid aside her rich garments and dressed like a simple country maiden; but culture and refinement do not depend upon costly robes. So, like a wood dove in her toilet, the aroma of the rose still lingered though its garbure of velvet was no longer visible.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Stella's explanation proved entirely satisfactory to her husband. She was an heiress, and did not wish to be sought for her money. So when she made her annual visit to her dear old uncle, she laid aside her rich garments and dressed like a simple country maiden; but culture and refinement do not depend upon costly robes. So, like a wood dove in her toilet, the aroma of the rose still lingered though its garbure of velvet was no longer visible.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Stella's explanation proved entirely satisfactory to her husband. She was an heiress, and did not wish to be sought for her money. So when she made her annual visit to her dear old uncle, she laid aside her rich garments and dressed like a simple country maiden; but culture and refinement do not depend upon costly robes. So, like a wood dove in her toilet, the aroma of the rose still lingered though its garbure of velvet was no longer visible.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Stella's explanation proved entirely satisfactory to her husband. She was an heiress, and did not wish to be sought for her money. So when she made her annual visit to her dear old uncle, she laid aside her rich garments and dressed like a simple country maiden; but culture and refinement do not depend upon costly robes. So, like a wood dove in her toilet, the aroma of the rose still lingered though its garbure of velvet was no longer visible.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Stella's explanation proved entirely satisfactory to her husband. She was an heiress, and did not wish to be sought for her money. So when she made her annual visit to her dear old uncle, she laid aside her rich garments and dressed like a simple country maiden; but culture and refinement do not depend upon costly robes. So, like a wood dove in her toilet, the aroma of the rose still lingered though its garbure of velvet was no longer visible.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Stella's explanation proved entirely satisfactory to her husband. She was an heiress, and did not wish to be sought for her money. So when she made her annual visit to her dear old uncle, she laid aside her rich garments and dressed like a simple country maiden; but culture and refinement do not depend upon costly robes. So, like a wood dove in her toilet, the aroma of the rose still lingered though its garbure of velvet was no longer visible.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Stella's explanation proved entirely satisfactory to her husband. She was an heiress, and did not wish to be sought for her money. So when she made her annual visit to her dear old uncle, she laid aside her rich garments and dressed like a simple country maiden; but culture and refinement do not depend upon costly robes. So, like a wood dove in her toilet, the aroma of the rose still lingered though its garbure of velvet was no longer visible.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Stella's explanation proved entirely satisfactory to her husband. She was an heiress, and did not wish to be sought for her money. So when she made her annual visit to her dear old uncle, she laid aside her rich garments and dressed like a simple country maiden; but culture and refinement do not depend upon costly robes. So, like a wood dove in her toilet, the aroma of the rose still lingered though its garbure of velvet was no longer visible.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Stella's explanation proved entirely satisfactory to her husband. She was an heiress, and did not wish to be sought for her money. So when she made her annual visit to her dear old uncle, she laid aside her rich garments and dressed like a simple country maiden; but culture and refinement do not depend upon costly robes. So, like a wood dove in her toilet, the aroma of the rose still lingered though its garbure of velvet was no longer visible.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Stella's explanation proved entirely satisfactory to her husband. She was an heiress, and did not wish to be sought for her money. So when she made her annual visit to her dear old uncle, she laid aside her rich garments and dressed like a simple country maiden; but culture and refinement do not depend upon costly robes. So, like a wood dove in her toilet, the aroma of the rose still lingered though its garbure of velvet was no longer visible.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Stella's explanation proved entirely satisfactory to her husband. She was an heiress, and did not wish to be sought for her money. So when she made her annual visit to her dear old uncle, she laid aside her rich garments and dressed like a simple country maiden; but culture and refinement do not depend upon costly robes. So, like a wood dove in her toilet, the aroma of the rose still lingered though its garbure of velvet was no longer visible.