

The Roanoke News.

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VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1879.

NO. 33.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Meet Me Love.

Meet me when the sun is sinking Slowly in the distant west, Meet me when the birds are hastening To the shelter of the west;

LOVE'S SUNLIGHT.

"I wish I were dead" whispered Edith Lynd, as she struggled to keep back her tears.

Her lips quivered painfully. She had known so much sorrow in her young life.

And then it became known that Mr. Lynd had lived far beyond his income for years before his death.

His creditors raved and stormed. What they could do they did.

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The noble hound crouched down, waggling his tail, and looked back with a pensive glance in his great brown eyes.

Sir George followed the glance. A dark, beautiful girl stood before him.

Her lap was full of autumn berries and flowers, some of which she dropped as she started back in surprise.

"I am sorry to have startled you," he said. "Permit me."

He stooped and picked up the flowers, holding one little branch of red berries in his hand.

"I presume you are a guest of Sir James Lindsay," he said.

"And mine Edith Lynd. I am not a guest. I am a governess to Sir James's daughters."

"I am charmed to know you, Miss Lynd," said Sir George.

"Thank you; but I would rather rest alone. I do not breakfast with the family when there is company."

"I do not know," she answered, in a more serious tone of voice.

"Come, Sir George," she cried, almost hysterically.

"Oh, yes. To foreign taste, now, she would be simply superb."

"There I disagree with you, Miss Lynd. I have traveled too long and too far in foreign lands to lose my prejudices.

"By this time they had reached the long glass doors of the dining-room.

"Now music was in her ears, new thrills in his heart.

"I do not know," he answered. "Perhaps yes, perhaps no."

"I have resolved to make an alteration in my household. And as it concerns you as well as others, I think it my duty to apprise you of it as soon as possible."

"My daughters are now too far advanced to need instruction except by the very best masters, and therefore I shall not require your services after this week.

"I shall be very glad to recommend you, of course," quoth her ladyship, rising.

"But Edith was not destined to become a governess again.

The servants liked and respected the orphan girl.

favorite of the Baronet. So, with many embellishments, he told the story of Edith, as he gathered it from the servants of Sir James Lindsay.

Moreover Constance had grown capricious and haughty, and so, like a modern St. George, the Baronet went to the distressed damsel's assistance.

At the poor governess's feet he knelt and told his love, and Edith became Lady Holmes; and years after, when a cruel war raged between two great nations, Edith's name was known and honored far and wide.

Wounded men never ceased to speak well of her long after they had reached the dear old land of their birth.

A forlorn, seedy looking individual with a high forehead and slouched back, stepped up to a ministerial personage yesterday, on Court Avenue, and said,

"My dear brother," said the tramp, "so am I for many years I have been trying to live the life of a consistent Christian."

"I do not mean to depreciate faith in the least. In fact, I think it a very good thing. But, you see, there is a natural craving in every human stomach for something more substantial."

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"But Edith was not destined to become a governess again.

The servants liked and respected the orphan girl.

Her white face and firmly-set lips attracted their sympathy.

Tim Donovan, Sir George Holmes's attendant, was full of it, and chatted of it morning, noon and night.

He had accompanied Sir George all through his travels, and was a great

favorite of the Baronet. So, with many embellishments, he told the story of Edith, as he gathered it from the servants of Sir James Lindsay.

softly: "Paradise had no joy equal to this," and Adam answered reverently, "How merciful is God."

"But there came a day when Raphael and Israel were recalled from their position as sentinels, leaving only the fiery sword to guard the lost Eden.

Instead of mounting in joy to their places among their fellow-angels, they went with reluctant flight, looking back longingly to earth and listening to the prattle of the child standing by his mother's knee.

And Allah answered: "It is not meant that fallen man should be happier than holy spirits. In a few years that child they love so dearly may bring the hearts of those parents in untold anguish, for sin is stamped upon his nature, innocent and pure though he seem.

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A Mother's Influence.

The following picture of maternal piety and description of a mother's influence have never been surpassed.

"Margherita Pusteria called her little son, Veturino, to kneel before her, while she taught him the Lord's Prayer.

"After hearing her son repeat this prayer, Margherita undressed him herself and put him in his little bed, covering him with kisses, and saying, 'Thou shalt be virtuous!'

"There is as much truth as beauty in this brief extract. The mysterious influence of a mother, the power of home memories we have all felt, and we all know them. These memories are like guardian spirits, which follow us ever on life's highway.

We cannot, probably, over-estimate the power which these memories may exercise upon us, either to preserve from sin, or to rescue us when we have fallen.

An incident occurred a few years since, which illustrates this subject with great truth and force.

The renowned Dr. Abernethy was a man of sharp wit and biting tongue, but was sometimes brought up with a sharp turn.

"Well, doctor," fiercely returned the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?"

"No, sir," was the doctor's prompt reply; "for no man with a single ounce of brains would ever think of taking snuff."

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