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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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Behind the Clouds.

This world is not so bad a place
As croakers often make it;
But whether good or whether bad,
Just hangs on how you take it.
There are rough spots along the road,
But then, wherever we find 'em,
We've just to keep our courage up,
Pass on and never mind 'em!

'Tis true the clouds are often dark,
And heavy shadows bind them,
But just beyond the sunny silvery,
It only shines behind them.
And if we boldly brave the storm,
And do the dreaded duty,
The clouds will break, the sunshine come
And fill the world with beauty.

But if we sit and idly mope,
And nothing do save grumble,
Or, if we're bound, on every slope
To find a spot to stumble,
Why then, no doubt, our way will be
Well filled with toil and trouble,
For not content with half, you see,
We make misfortunes double.

So cheer you up! And blithely turn,
With ready zeal to labor,
And lend a hand, whene'er you can,
To help a fallen neighbor.
And if the worst must come, at least
Take troubles as we find them;
With eager eye look thro' the clouds,
And see the sun behind them.

A SARCASM OF FATE.

A very elegant looking letter lay in little Minnie Velsor's hands, a letter that bore a delicious perfume of violets—a letter addressed in a fine, flowing hand and the envelope of which was stamped with an intricate monogram, that unless Minnie had known she could never have deciphered as Mrs. Paul St. Eustace Carriscourt's initials.

The girl's small, pretty hands grew just a trifle cold and trembling as she took up the letter to open it because so much, oh, so much, depended upon what was in the letter, because it meant either a new, independent life, in which she would not only earn her own living, but very materially assist in taking care of the dear boys of five and seven, or it doomed her to the old tiresome routine, out of which Minnie felt at times she must fly.

Mrs Velsor looked up from a stocking she was darning, and said nothing, seeing the nervous glow in Minnie's eyes. Then, with a little, half desperate laugh, the girl tore open the thick satin envelope.

'It's almost like an ice-cold plunge bath, but here goes, mamma!'

She hurriedly read the short, friendly note, and by the quick tears that gathered in her eyes, and the smiles that parted from her lips, and the flush that bloomed like red roses on her cheeks, it was quite plain that the news was good news.

Then she dashed the letter on the floor and rushed over to her mother, and kissed her, laughing and crying at the same time.

'Oh, mamma! Mrs. Carriscourt has given me the position, and she wants me to come immediately—to-morrow. Just think! Five hundred dollars a year, and she assures me I must make myself perfectly at home in her house, and she says I am to have a room to myself, and to eat with Pauline and Paulette, in the nursery. Oh, mamma, it will be just glorious! Are't you glad, delighted?'

Her blue eyes were dancing, and her cheeks growing like a rose leaf.

Mrs. Velsor's sweet, sad voice was in such odd contrast to her child's eager animated tone.

'How can I be delighted to have you go away from me, dear? Besides, I am so afraid you will not realize your vivid anticipations. The outside world, which seems to you so rose-colored and golden, will not be what you think!

'Oh, mamma, what a Job's comforter you would be! But how can I help being happy—perfectly happy, except being away from you—in New York, in a magnificent house, among people of wealth and distinction, and with their two sweet children my only care? Mamma, I will ride with them, and I am to make myself perfectly at home, the letter says, and you remember what a charming lady we thought Mrs. Carriscourt was when she was visiting Doctor Mansfield last summer.

Mrs. Nelsor sighed softly. It seemed so cruel to pour the chill water of disappointment on Minnie's bright hopes

'Well, dear, perhaps I am growing cynical as I grow older. Certainly you deserves a fair fate, and now, to descend to matters of earth, suppose you see if the beans are boiling dry.'

The third day thereafter—a day fragrant with the smell of frost in the air—a day when the leaves sailed slowly, stately down through the tender, golden atmosphere and the hush of mild October was over all the earth and sky Minnie Velsor went away from the little cottage where she was born and had lived, into the world waiting to receive her—all her—all her girlish hopes on gladdest wings, all her fondest dreams bursting in fondest realization.

It was a splendid place, Mrs. Paul St. Eustace Carriscourt's palatial residence on Fifth avenue—a house that seemed to Minnie's fancy like a translated bit of fairy story, with its profusion of flowers and lace draperies, its luxuries and elegance, of which she had never dreamed, and of whose use she was equally ignorant.

Mrs. Carriscourt received her with a charming graciousness and patted her on the shoulder, and told her she hoped she would not let herself get homesick, and installed her in her beautiful little room, with its pink and drab Ingrain carpet and chestnut suit, and dimity curtains at the windows.

Then Minnie made some trifling little alterations in her toilet, and proceeded to take literal advantage of Mrs. Carriscourt's invitation to make herself at home in the great, beautiful parlors below, where she made a charmingly sweet, little picture, as she sat nestled in a huge silken chair, the color of the roses on her cheeks, and at which Miss Cleona Carriscourt looked in astonished, imperious disdain, and Mr. Geoffrey Fletcher in undisguised admiration, as the two entered the room at the furthest entrance.

'By Jove what a lovely girl! Who is she; Miss Carriscourt?' he asked in a tone of unusual interest.

Cleona's eyes looked unutterable anger from Minnie to Mrs. Carriscourt.

'What on earth is she doing here, mamma; is she crazy?'

Her sharp, cutting tone was distinctly heard, as she intended it should be, by Minnie, who flushed painfully as she rose, venturing just one glance at the haughty beauty's face, and Mr. Fletcher's eager, admiring eyes, whose boldness startled her.

'I am sorry to have made such a mistake. I thought Mrs. Carriscourt meant I was to sit here a little while. Please excuse me; I will not come again.'

Her voice was sweet, and just a little nervous, and she instantly crossed the room followed by Cleona's cold, cutting words, every one of which brought a sharp thrill of mortification and pain to her.

'Be careful you make no such mistakes, girl. Your place is among the hired help, not in the parlors. Be good enough to remember that.'

And even Geoffrey Fletcher's callous heart gave a thrill of sympathy at the sight of the scarlet pain on the sweet, young face.

Once safe in her room, poor little Minnie fought and conquered her first battle with fate.

'I'll not be crushed by my first experience,' she decided, resolutely, an hour or after when her breast yet heaved with convulsive sighs and her eyes were all swollen from crying. 'I will not give it up and rush home to mamma—my first impulse. I will endeavor to construe people less literally and keep my place.'

But there came a flush to her cheeks that all her brave philosophizing could not control, at the memory of Cleona Carriscourt's cool insolence.

'I'd not have spoken so to a dog, Minnie said, as she repressed the bitter tears that sprang in wounded indignation to her blue eyes.

After that there was no shadow of an opportunity given by Minnie for Mrs. Carriscourt or Cleona to lay any blame to her charge. She performed her duties as no governess had ever performed them, and the twins progressed to their mother's complete satisfaction.

Minnie never was seen in the rooms of the family, but lived entirely to herself, taking her solitary little walks when the day's duties were ended, and disciplining herself into an unconscious unselfish, brave, patient woman.

Her letters home were bright and cheerful—until one day Mrs. Veslor was horrified to learn that her darling was dangerously ill; that the fever had come suddenly upon her, and that in fear and selfishness Mrs. Paul St. Eustice Carriscourt had insisted that the raving girl be taken from her house to the hospital.

'It will kill her to move her,' Dr. Lethbridge had remonstrated, indignantly.

'What nonsense, mamma!' Cleona retorted, looking fiercely at the physician. 'It will not hurt her to be removed nearly as much as it will for us to keep her here. She is nothing but the children's governess; she had better die, even, than to risk all our lives any longer. You will please superintend her removal to-day,' she added, imperiously, to Dr. Lethbridge.

He looked coldly, almost furiously, at Miss Carriscourt's face as he spoke. Then he bowed, and answered, quietly:

'I beg to agree with you. This poor, suffering child had better to die than to remain among such inhuman people.'

And Dr. Lethbridge personally superintended Minnie's transfer—not to the hospital but to his own house, where his lovely, white-haired mother and sister opened their hearts to the girl, and nursed her back to health and strength, and—the sweet happiness that ever comes to a girl's heart, for Hugh Lethbridge asked her to be his wife.

And the memory of those brief days was hidden away beneath the glad sunshine of her beautiful new life, and Minnie in her home was proud and honored, as I beloved as a queen.

The years passed—as years have a trick of passing—bringing their burdens of joy and sorrow, and to Hugh Lethbridge and his wife they were only landmarks of content to mark their flight.

Three dear children had come to them, and matron Minnie was even fairer and sweeter than the maiden had been, for she had been benefited by the stern discipline of earlier days.

And as the years went by Doctor Lethbridge grew famous and rich, until there were no comforts or luxuries he was obliged to refuse to his wife or family—and one of those coveted luxuries was a resident governess, at the home of the children.

'I remember my own governess days so well, dear,' Minnie said one day to her husband, when they were discussing the feasibility of securing one. 'I feel as if I never could be kind enough to any one in such a position in my house. And yet all the happiness of my life resulted from my position in Mrs. Carriscourt's family.

And she looked the great unutterable love she had for him, and Dr. Lethbridge kissed her lovely upturned face tenderly.

'Then I will take this widow lady, whom Allison recommended, shall I, Minnie? He says she is of a good family, and and in very reduced circumstances. Her husband was a miserably drunken fellow, and she has to support both herself and her invalid mother. It would be a charity, I suppose; but of course we must also look to our own interest.'

But the decision was to employ the widow lady Allison so confidently recommended, and a day or so afterwards an interview was arranged.

It was just at the dusk of a winter's afternoon that the servant announced to Dr. Lethbridge and his wife that lady wished to see them in the parlor—the lady whom Mr. Allison has sent—and Minnie and her husband went down to meet her—tall, pale, bearing the unmistakble traces of misery and sorrow on her face—Cleona Carriscourt.

Minnie gave a little exclamation of astonishment.

'Is it possible? Miss Carriscourt—'

She interrupted quietly.

'Mrs. Fletcher—Mrs. Geoffrey Fletcher. And you are little Minnie Velsor. I had no idea—I had no idea—I had forgotten Lethbridge's name—of course I cannot have the position. It would hardly be natural that you should wish to befriend me.'

Mrs. Fletcher turned toward the door, her face pale and piteous, her voice bitter and wailing.

Dr. Lethbridge looked sternly after her; but Minnie shot him an appealing glance before she stepped toward the departing woman

'Wait—just a moment, please! I was so surprised, Mrs. Fletcher. Pray sit down, you are in trouble, and if we can be of any service I know the doctor will be glad to assist you.'

Mrs. Fletcher's lips quivered a second, as she turned her pitiful eyes on Minnie's sweet, happy face.

'I am in need of work, but I do not expect it of you. You can only despise me and hold me in hatred and contempt for what I did to you. But that or something else has come home to me.'

'I do not hate or despise you, Mrs. Fletcher. God has been too good to me for that. Stay! Doctor Lethbridge will indorse my forgiveness, I am sure, and we will make you as happy as we can. We will forget all that was unpleasant and start anew. Do stay and teach my little girls, Mrs. Fletcher.

And Cleona sat down, overcome with passionate tears, while the doctor, with an indulgent smile, and a nod of the head to Minnie, left the two women alone, under the strange circumstances into which the sarcasm of fate had led them.

Burning Brands.

Did you ever, in thoughtful mood, notice some bit of wood burn long under the heating influence of the fire, until, at last, it lies before you on the hearth, a smouldering brand, writhing as a very being of life? Smoking steadily, and it would seem painfully, it needs but the touch of a lighted taper to cause it to flash forth in dazzling brilliancy; nevertheless, there it will struggle on until its strength is well nigh spent, ere we see it blaze forth brightly for a moment, and all is over.

Methinks it is like human life. Strugglers for success take courage. Persevere in your cherished plans. Does nature seem to fit you for a certain calling? Do you wish to make your life the success your Maker intended it to be? Then on, press on. Why may it not as well be you as another who climbs the summit? "Who is your competitor but a man?" A man with like powers as your own. Fear not the comparison of the heaven-born gifts; the same perfect Hand gave both yours and his.

Work! no sluggard gains the mountain; nor will you realize your hopes without effort. Wherever we see the smoke of the toiler, there is some fire. What matters it whether it be the fire of genius, or of simple patience—perseverance? It is fire, and is not that vitalizing power the same the world over.

What if there are discouragements, clouds on the bright blue above? Heed not the passing clouds; you've no time to waste in idle regrets for evil that will take to itself wings and fly away; or, if there be clouds here and there in your sky, say with one who has said wisely, "The heavens are large; I do not notice the small clouds." After all, there is more sunshine than clouds. Revel in the beauty of the predominant blue, and turn your back upon the clouds.

There is always demand for the best work and workmen. "Room in the upper story" always. Whether this expression originally meant that the head—the "upper story"—was never so crowded but that there is room for more knowledge and wisdom, or that there is always room and demand for talent of the highest order, I can not say. You will, at any rate, certainly find it true that your brain is not filled. Therefore get knowledge, get wisdom. Improve your time, your talent, your opportunities. Climb the heights, and you will then find there is much unoccupied space on the mountain top.

Though no kindly hand touches the lighted taper to the smouldering brand, yet smoulder on, unaided by any efforts other than your own, and some time you will emit a prouder flame than any assistance could have given. What if it comes just ere night closes in? You fulfilled your destiny, even though years were consumed—years a lifetime—in its accomplishment. Though the world may have seen not your success or yielded you a crown, your Maker witnessed the struggle, saw you, unaided, toiling off until success was thine, and will not he, the just, upright One, give you your meed of honor? Be not slothful but rather

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

A Bluff that Did not Bluff.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

'Yank' Hilbert, a well-known railroad man, connected with the Vandalia, while in Indianapolis, a few days ago, had an experience in a street car which he will remember. 'Yank' is very fond of a 'bluff' and a joke. He got aboard the car, and sat down opposite a quiet looking, gray old man. Presently 'Yank' pulled out a long flat pocket-book, containing about $125 in small bills. These he flourished with sufficient force to conceal their denomination, remarking in loud tones as he did so, 'I will bet $1,000 that Garfield is the next President of the United States.'

The quiet gray man said: 'Are you not a little reckless, young man?'

'I guess not. Money talks,' replied Yank as he gave the bills another flaunt.

'So it does,' said the quiet gray man, as he produced a most plethoric pack a book. From the roll therein he 'skimmed' off a $500 bill and five $100, remarking as he did so:

'I will see that money of yours, and if you want to bet from $1,000 to 5,000 more, or know anybody that does, I will accommodate you or him.'

Yank was struck all in a heap at the display of wealth and confidence upon the part of the quiet old gentleman, and he merely gasped, 'Who in the devil are you?'

'A great many people stand ready to bet the same amount that I will be the next Governor of Indiana. I will bet it myself. My name is Franklin Landers.'

Yank reached up, pulled the strap, and as he got off the car, remarked: 'That is the worse bluff I ever made.'

People make a great mistake about heaven. They think it begins up yonder, but it really begins down here. If you can be happy in the basement story, you are fitted to enjoy the happiness of the upper stories. But if you whine and mean here, heaven itself can't change your mood.

The thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men charity.

Flirting.

Is flirting really as injurious in its effects on men as moralists would have us believe? There are various opinions on this subject; but while we thoroughly disapprove of flirtation in any form, we cannot say that we believe in victims of blighted affection. Time, in this sort of matters, works wonders. We doubt whether any man ever yet died of a broken heart. Men are more vain than women. There are exceedingly few of them who are not flattered by the idea of some woman falling in love with them. The lady for the moment affords them this gratification of self-love. She makes herself as agreeable as she can. If the vanity of the man leads him to believe that she has fallen a victim to his charms, this is his fault, not hers. The illusion has raised him to the seventh heaven for a brief period, and if the period be short, he has been the gainer. In one of De Bernard's novels he describes an old captain who lives supremely happy because he fancies that, years ago, some girl died of a broken heart because he declined to marry her. He carries about her portrait, and on all occasions takes it out and weeps over it. One day, however, he meets the girl, who had not died, but married a grocer, and forgotten all about the captain. He is in despair. He can no longer indulge in the luxury of grieving over the sad fate of the object of his youthful affections. Don't flirt, girls—if you can help it; but if you do, don't imagine that it will break the heart of any man. It may wound his vanity, but break his heart, never!

A Stumping President.

The de facto President has started to California, to be absent until the first of November, and it is given out that he is to make political speeches on the way. But we hope, for the sake of the office he holds, that this statement may prove untrue; for it would be difficult, under such circumstances, to treat the man with the respect always due to the office; and the partisan stump speaker who should thus degrade his position would have no right to expect his Democratic fellow citizens to make the discrimination which himself would thus fail to make between the man and the office. The Presidency came to Mr. Hayes in a way that it never came to any of his predecessors—in a way, as many people think, that cheapened and degraded; but he would do more, if he should enter the field as a canvasser for his party, to prostitute that high office, than any President that ever went before him; Andrew Johnson, 'swinging round the circle,' not excepted. We sincerely hope, for the sake of the office, that the man who now holds it will not be so utterly oblivious to 'the eternal fitness of things,' and the law of common decency, as to lend himself—and thus abuse his office—to such uses. In contrast with such a course, and even with the conduct of Mr. Garfield, how eminently proper is the decent and commendable reserve of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency! And right thinking people will not fail to note the difference, and appreciate it too.

Village Bells.

I was induced to ascend into the belfry, where I found ropes for eight bells—those musical tones which extend the sphere of the church's influence by associations of pleasure, devotion, or melancholy, through the surrounding country. What an effective means of increasing the sympathies of religion, and exciting them by the firesides and on the very pillows of the people! Who that, as a bride or bridegroom, has heard them in conjunction with the first joys of wedded love, does not feel the pleasurable associations of their lively appeal on other similar events? Who, that through a series has obeyed their calling chime on the Sabbath morning, as the signal of placid feelings toward his God, and his assembled neighbors, does not hear their weekly monitory with devotion? And who is there that has not performed the last rites of friendship, or the melancholy duties of son, daughter, husband, wife, father, mother, or sister, under the recurring tones of the awful tenor, or more awful dumb peal, and does not feel at every repetition of the same ceremony, a revival of his keen but unavailing regrets for the mouldering dead?

Items of Interest.

Dead issue—Old newspapers.

A man over bored.—The editor.

Every tramp carries a roamin' nose.

A banquet hall deserted!"—When the fruit and cream are brought in.

The conductor who divided his collections with the company claimed that it was a fare arrangement

Never look down upon a man because of his occupation. The collector of kitchen refuse may be an offal nice man.

"The old home ain't what it used to be," as the old man said when a cyclone struck his domicile.

Just bear this maxim in your mind, and before you get very mad: It's easy enough to spark a girl, but hard to spark her dad.

A man at Augusta, Ga., on receiving a doctor's bill for medicine and visits, wrote that he would pay for the medicine and return the visits.

When milk sours scalding will render it sweet again. The whey separates from the curd, and the former is better than shortening in bread.

A New York girl swam two miles in thirty-one minutes, but while she was doing it, however, she had to kick out like a man.

Tanner's fast established one great fact, viz: That a man, even the poorest, can get along in the world without a free lunch.

A Western journal heads an article "A Lunatic Escapes and Marries a Widow." Escaped, eh! We should say he got caught.

The darkness of night helps us to see the bright stars—the darkness of sorrow helps us to see God and heaven.

There are two ways of going through the world. One is to make the best of it, and the other is to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work hard for poor pay.

The Medicine of Sunshine.

The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its charities, in its theology. For ten thousands of the aches and pains and irritations of men and women we recommend sunshine. It sooths better than morphine. It stimulates better than champagne. It is the best plaster for a wound. The good Samaritan poured out into the fallen traveller's gash more of this than wine and oil. Florence Nightingale used it on Crimean battlefields. Take it into all the alleys, on board of all the ships, and by all sick-beds. Not a phial full, but a soul full. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for failing fortunes, for melancholy. We suspect that heaven itself is only more sunshine.

Knowledge may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity.

The only kind office performed for us by our friends, of which we never complain, is our funeral; and the only thing which we are sure to want, happens to be the only thing we never purchase—a coffin.

There is no greater obstacle in the way of success in life than trusting for something to turn up, instead of going to work and turning up something.

Death is the wish of some, the relief of many, and the end of all. It sets the slave at liberty, carries the banished man home, and places all men on the same level, insomuch, that life would be a punishment without it.

It not the same thing to be wise that it is to understand; for many, indeed, are wise in the things of eternity who cannot in any sort understand them. Knowledge is nought if it hath not its use for piety.

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STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

Halifax County.

Superior Court.

Richard C. Badger, and wife, and others, Plaintiffs

Against

W. A. Daniel, Jno. G. Whitfield, and others Defendants. } Order for Publication

This is a civil action pending in said court instituted by the plaintiffs Richard C. Badger and wife and others, against W. A. Daniel, Jno. G. Whitfield, and others to recover of the defendant W. A. Daniel and his sureties the amount due by him as the guardian of the plaintiffs and to subject the land divised by the last will and testament of Andrew Joyner, deceased, to the payment of said recovery, said lands consisting in part of the tract whereon the defendant Jno. G. Whitfield resided, situated in said county of Halifax near of the town of Enfield.

The death of said defendant Whitfield having at spring term 1880 of this court been suggested, and that his Executor Joseph C. Bollamy, his children Mary Fanny Riddick, Evelyn W. Pierce wife of J. B. Pierce Roberta Whitfield and others, represent said defendant's interests in this action and are the proper and necessary parties to a final adjudication of his rights herein, it was ordered that a notice issue to them and should be made to appear by proper affidavit that any of said parties are non residents upon whom service of process cannot be made personally, then the said non residents are to be notified by publication as is required law, and the non residency and absence from the State so that summons cannot be personally served upon them of the said Mary Fanny Riddick, and J. B. Pierce and wife, Evelyn W. Pierce and Roberta Whitfield being made to appear by affidavits as required.

Now therefore the said Mary Fanny Riddick, J. B. Pierce and wife, Evelyn W. and Roberta Whitfield are hereby notified to be and appear before the Judge of our Superior court, at a court to be held for the county of Halifax, State of North Carolina, at the Courthouse in Halifax town on the third Monday in September 1880, then and there to defend their interest herein, and further to do and receive what our said court shall then and there consider of them in this behalf.

Let this notice be inserted in the Roanoke News, a newspaper published in said county of Halifax, once a week for six successive weeks.

Witness John T. Gregory, Clerk of our said court at office in Halifax town, this the 17th day of July A. D. 1880.

JOHN T. GREGORY,
Clerk Superior Court,
Halifax County, N. C.

Mullen & Moore Attys. for Plaintiff. july 8 6w.

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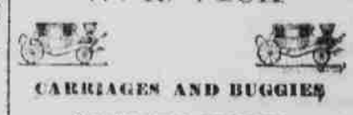

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