THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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Ny

HALIFAX, N. C.

"GOD BLESS OUR HOME."

"God bless our home!" The wayfarer low,
Yet clear [illegible]
And in the midst of many a home
Hung high upon the wall,
That motto framed in simple style,
In [illegible]—the words but four—
As father, mother, children, friends,
Pass in the open door.

Perhaps some hand has wrought the line,
In colors bright and gold—
Dear child! [illegible]
Within Christ's sheltering fold.
Then, doubly precious seem the words
Framed simply 'gainst the wall—
And doubly strong the meaning seems,
"God bless our home," withal.

Yes bless our home! for our children's home
Says to the [illegible]
As [illegible] upon
This hallowed corner [illegible]
And [illegible] home [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] fled past
It is the [illegible] day.

And all the angels of the favored land,
Among the sick and poor,
The [illegible] at the eye,
Within the open door.
The lisped at night at mother's knee,
Blessed [illegible] prayers,
And [illegible] all
From peace and the [illegible].

DISINHERITED.

'Humph!' said Mr. Somerset. 'I always thought you were a fool, Vivian, and now I know it. The idea—you want to get married.'

Vivian Severn laughed, showing his handsome teeth—a good humored, joyous laugh—he no wise affected by his uncle's sharp ungeniousness, for he had not been acquainted with Mr. Somerset twenty-five years for nothing.

'Is it so very startling, Uncle Daniel?' he asked promptly.

'I think so. Alarming—yes, beyond question. You are an extravagant dainty, with not an idea to your middle beyond the cut of your clothes, or the composition of a button hole bouquet in February, with no judgment greater than that required to decide the flavor of the soup at the club dinner. And you want to get married!'

Vivian was used to it, and he knew the irascible old bachelor's bark was worse than his bite. He leaned back in his chair and listened to the petulant [illegible]:

'That may be so, Uncle Daniel, all the same, I think Bertie and I will risk it.'

'Bertie? Bertie who?'

'Miss Ethelbertha Gray, uncle.'

'Why didn't you say so then? A very beautiful, accomplished girl—all or you because she supposes you are my heir.'

'Uncle Dan!'

Vivian straightened up in his chair, a sudden little fire in his blue eyes.

'Uncle Daniel, that is not true.'

'I lie, do I? Very well, sir; I am used to such accusations from you. Go ahead and make a consummate idiot of yourself, if you want to—but mark my word, you will rue the day you ever married Bertie Gray. I know the ways of this world—I have been taught by treachery its policy, the utter want of human kindness before you were out of dresses.'

'But with all due respect for your opinions, uncle, you don't know Bertie Gray as I know her. Wait—

Mr. Somerset jumped up from his chair in a passion.

'Don't speak to me about it. Mind, not another word unless you wish to be disinherited.'

Then Vivian looked angry and rose from his chair.

'I would not hesitate a moment between your money and the woman I love. Do as you please, I shall.'

And after he was gone Mr. Somerset walked uneasily up and down his elegant library, his forehead all puckered up, his mouth contracted in a savage pout, his bright, little gray eyes snapping and looking

'The fool! Not to see it is his money—only and solely his property that has won the girl. I know her. Pretty picture, great dark eyes and a complexion like a lily leaf, a little red mouth and yellow hair—a girl brought up to paint on velvet and bet at races, flirt through a summer at Newport and a winter in the city. A pretty Vassar College finished girl, whose sole end and aim of life is to make a good match. And that young idiot imagines she is in love with him.'

Twenty-four hours later, just as Vivian was taking his dinner at Delmonico's, a waiter handed him a note from his uncle, in which that gentleman, always very erratic in his habits, briefly stated that he was off on a trip to the Yosemite Valley, to be gone two or three months, and advertised Vivian to consider what had been said to him on a certain subject.

He folded up the note and went on with his stuffed egg plant and roast turkey in undisturbed composure.

'I wish he knew Bertie better,' he thought, with a glad thrill of fond pride. But it was destined that Mr. Daniel Somerset should never know pretty Bertie Gray any better—decreed by fate that he should never see her again, for six weeks later, as she sat in her elegant little boudoir, sewing some foaming lace in the neck and sleeves of a black velvet evening costume, Vivian made his appearance, pale and grave, as she had never seen him before.

'I thought you were not coming till evening, Vivian,' she said in a sweet way that told how welcome he was.

He took a seat beside her little low chair, and gently, authoritatively, took the lace from her lap.

'I have had news for you, my darling, and I want to break it to you at once.'

Bertie nestled her little crumpled hand—so big, confidingly, sympathetically.

'Tell me, Vivian, at once. Only so with you alive and well here beside me, no news could be very dreadful, besides I know father and mother are both safe. I saw them a minute ago. What is it, dear?'

Vivian looked at her, a wonderful grave tenderness in his blue eyes.

'My uncle is dead, Bertie, in California, where he has been traveling for several weeks. I always supposed I was heir to his three million dollars, but—' and he stopped, some vague quiver stealing the pride out of his face, 'I am another's. The will was made in Paris, and he leaves his fortune to a charitable institution. I am a beggar, Bertie.'

Her soft, dusky eyes grew white, and more serious.

'Oh, Vivian! A beggar? It sounds awful!'

'Yes, it does—but I wouldn't care if I were the poor man I am, if I thought that I might give you up, for I am not coward enough to ask you to share poverty with me on a clerkship of a thousand a year.'

She looked at him with a fresh crimson flush, surprise in her eyes and tears rushed into her eyes as she [illegible] her hands from his and flung her arms about her neck.

'Vivian,' she said, passionately, 'do you think I will let you give me up? I love you too well for that. A beggar or a prince, you are the same to me—my king, my lover.'

And he folded her arms to her heart with a great, almost speechless tenderness and joy.

'My darling, my precious,' he whispered.

Three months later, on a golden December affern on with a blue sky as in June, and in air balmy and exhilarating—and in Delmonico's restaurant, a couple of gaslighters engaged in a conversation that would have surprised no end [illegible] neatly dressed, [illegible] old gentleman.

'Married, eh? You mean that to be a fact, do you?'

'I do, for I witnessed the ceremony.'

'I can hardly realize that Vivian Severn is married. Who to?'

'Peter Gray's daughter—I think her name was Ethelbertha—a remarkably beautiful girl, and just the wife for Vivian. He was disinherited, you know, and old Gray cut up rough when his daughter persisted in keeping her engagement—cut her off with a shilling, they say.'

'Humph! Quite a pretty romance. What do the young folks do for a living?'

'Vivian is head bookkeeper to McWaller & Von Tunis,' and they seem to get along as happy as can be. You are acquainted with them I think?'

'Well, slightly. I should like to know where they live.'

'That I can't say. But an inquiry at Severn's place of business would be no trouble.'

And when the stranger went away, after his conversation with his table companion, he had no doubt that it was what some folks might have called a ghost with which he had been talking.

At eight o'clock that night, as Bertie Severn poured her husband's tea in their snug, homely dining room, Uncle Daniel walked in, large as life, while Vivian sprang to his feet, bewildered and a little startled, and Bertie ran to his side.

'Don't be scared, it's me. I was not dead at all. I'll take a cup of good tea, my dear, with plenty of cream and sugar, and while I'm warming up over it I'll just explain. Vivian, that it has all been a stratagem of mine to discover if the little girl was a consummate idiot or sparkling pearl. And my dear—you? do I look like a fool? The chances are you may go to the—devil. You and Vivian are to have my money and I go to meet—and has the poor man not learned of the wicked will? Everything to correspond. Kiss me, Bertie. Vivian, don't act like a fool over me!'

And to that token Vivian was convinced Uncle Daniel was a season gone Uncle Daniel, and a member thereof sat down at a dinner table.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

It was night at the Michigan Central station in Detroit—late, dark, wild night, and only a few dim lights broke the gloom into the dense shadows, that were more fearful than utter darkness and no traveller was so unfortunate as to be compelled to linger in that dreary place.

At least that was the impression the vast silence gave, but there were two travellers who, when train after train were coming or going, waited in the drear through the chill of morning hour. One was a man who had jumped by the latest train, and when the conductor looked into the depot, and echo the sleepy answer that fellow's sleep on the benches. He was tall and the man, and his distinguishing mark the gravest no one noticed or cared to see. Not twice to see that he had seen the end of his last journey. The other passenger was on the hotel to raise he, too had seen a service at the terminus, at least, its pallid, sorrowful face, and ill assorted, rugged outline seemed to indicate that he had nearly touched the feet of the ladder, the world and taken his measure and named him "tramp," but he had wrought his own ruin, low evil as he was, he never blamed any one but himself.

For his man had been watching the clerger for a long time, had noted his weakness, his respectable appearance and that he had a watch-chain at his vest pocket and a respectable satchel under his head, and he dared not, nearer, with the one horrible thought, he would rob the dying man! He had not the of the act. He hugged the enormous of it to his soul. But he did for that some one would come in and interrupt his project. If the man moved? Why, a turn of the wrist at his throat would settle that.

He did not move. The tramp took the satchel and the watch, and he felt as if he had committed murder. But the dark man moved only groaned faintly as he heard the footfall on the threshold. In the face of actual death he dare not quietly as a wound on his mother's bosom.

As the tramp looked with greedy eyes at the watch to make its acquaintance at same, he startled out almost as if it, or actual blood had been laid on his shoulder stand wonder at the face of the sick man and back to the watch, which with open case, lay in his hand, then he muttered something that had the name of "God" in it, and instinctively it was hard to be positive of the sick man, and the satchel was under his heart again.

What had he seen?

The picture of a captain in the Southern army, wearing the Confederate uniform. A face that resembled that of the man who, weeks before lay dying of thirst, and was about to be transfixed by a rebel bayonet, save that a draught of sparkling water and setting him on his own horse, turned him to the North a [illegible].

'When you meet a vanquished man spare him, as I have spared you.'

And he had raised his blue cap in the air and sworn to remember.

Now they had met again!

An hour later a carriage drove in haste to the depot, and first of all a child came running in. She looked at the tramp a moment and hesitated, then flung here if on the prostrate man.

'Grandpa dear, grandpa! wake up. We've come to take you home.'

A gent came and fairly hurried in.

'Father,' said the lady, sometime by him, we missed the time, but here we are now. Do wake up.'

The tramp was looking him with his cap, a certain dignity was in the face and manner as he drawn. The sick man opened his eyes, smiled feebly and said

'Give me—a—drink—of—water.'

The tramp brought the water and knelt as he lifted the helpless head and placed the cup of water to the cold lips. When he laid him back there was a smile sealed upon them, and the lady and the little girl sobbed aloud.

The tramp rose to his feet, but his cringing manner has gone.

'The battle is most over,' he said gently. 'He told me to remember, and I did. I would have died for him.'

He has done better, he has lived for him, and men touch their hats to him now, who three months ago would have spurned him from their doors.

Romance, do you? No, my dear [illegible] reality.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A Youth Made Criminal by Reading it, Was Quitting it.

A very sad death occurred in this place yesterday. All deaths are sad but of all deaths the death of a broken heart is the saddest. P. E. Sullivan, alias William Delaney, a young man of twenty-three years, one of the boys, robbery recently sentenced to seven years in the Arkansas penitentiary, was a victim of a [illegible] Sunday night, he became gloomy and going to Dr. Leake, prominent physician, complained of being sick. Upon examination the physician discovered that the man was not suffering from any perceptible disease, but that his pulse was 110. He was ordered to the hospital, whenever a possible case was given him. He retired after a time, but early this morning was found walking on his veranda. He entered the house, [illegible] fully, and twenty minutes of the long term of his sentence, into which a man a minute [illegible]. When he read the letter his spirit sank. Twice told of a relapse that [illegible] and was expected. He went [illegible] to his bed.

'I'm sick, I have no gathering fast and night is oppressing me with darkness,' he said yesterday to some one standing near. 'Write home and tell them I'm in penitentiary. My old father who has preached the gospel for years, who many and many a time has put his hands above my head and prayed, has been hummed in his old age. And my mother! if I could only hear her voice. But walls and law are between us. I am as one who is dead. She could come to me, but I cannot go to her.' His thoughts wandered. At times he seemed to be at church his calling to his father prayer, and then he seemed to be playing with his sisters. He smiled and laughed softly. 'Ah,' he would say, 'your brother never forgets you.' Suddenly his face grew dark, and waving his hands wildly, he began to mutter broken sentences. 'Seizing the bridle rein he sprang upon his antagonist's horse and dashed away.' 'He's reading one of those wild books that we used to read long ago, and devour,' said one of the dying man's companions to some, 'Halt!' he exclaimed, drawing a revolver and leveling it at the head of young Horace,' exclaimed the sufferer. 'Slowly they left the church and with the aging the well worn path to the rude grave of Lawrence. Standing near the stone placed there by the Indian, Casper and his fair companion—' and he muttered incoherently, the sentence dying away with a deep groan. Suddenly he raised himself, looked wildly toward the door, and slowly sank back, dead.

The harbor improvements at Petersburg have resulted in a material increase of tonnage.

NEWS ITEMS.

John W. Forney is seriously ill.

Japan has a population of 50,000,000.

Gen. Kilpatrick died at Santiago on the 4th inst.

Fresh meat is carried from Australia to London.

Richmond is to have an electric light company.

Dean Stanley is to have a monument in Westminster Abbey.

The first case of leprosy has broken out in New York city.

E. Spencer Cameron is said will pass the winter in Wilmington.

Senator Hampton's daughter is said to be engaged to be married.

The President's message has been much complimented by the press.

The Senate has passed a bill giving Mrs. Garfield the franking privilege.

Marshal Henry estimates that Guiteau's trial will cost the Government $50,000.

It is said that President Arthur wants Lewis elected Senator from Virginia.

Cotton seed oil is coming into use for cooking purposes, and is said to be better than lard.

Mother William Arthur brother of the President has been appointed on General Hancock's staff.

It is now said that Secretary Lincoln will be retained in office permanently by President Arthur.

Petitions are being presented asking Congress to legislate against discrimination by railroads.

It is now asserted that Guiteau informed his family of his intention to kill President Garfield.

The Tredegar gun foundry was burned last week, but no lives were lost. The loss is $250,000.

There are over $10,000,000 more stamped cigars in the hands of dealers for the year 1881 than for 1880.

Ex-President Davis returned from Europe last week with his wife and daughter. He is seventy-two years old.

It is said that in our families the washing on Sunday is so that the clothes may be dry early Monday morning.

The administrator of the Mark Hopkins estate in San Francisco has applied to give bond in the sum of $[illegible].

Sam Kobeson, the notorious plunderer of the entire Treasury has made Chairman of the Republican Congressional caucus.

J. C. Forster, of Washington county, has been elected Speaker of the Virginia House of Representatives by the Readjusters.

A drove of 17,000 sheep has just reached Lincoln, Nebraska, from Washington Territory. They have been on the road two years.

The Washington *Post* speaking about Mahone's controlling his men so well, says that slavery has been abolished in every State in the Union except Virginia.

President Arthur declined an invitation to visit Boston during the Christmas holidays because it would also interrupt while the country was mourning for Garfield.

Roger A. Pryor, counsel for Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, expresses the opinion that the scandal of a divorce trial will be avoided by a compromise.

A Theatre in Vienna was burned on the 8th. The loss of life was great. The fire originated from a lamp which fell on the stage and set it on fire.

Paul H. Hayne was wealthy before the war but is now so poor that he cannot obtain even all the necessaries of life. He lives in a house which is little more that a hut about twenty miles from Atlanta.

William H. English has placed a statue of his late wife in his Indianapolis cemetery, with lines of Tennyson, Calliope and scenes of the Graces and Muses. No wonder Hancock was defeated.

Dr. James R. Kilgrain, one of the expert witnesses in the Guiteau trial, makes the announcement that out of every twenty-five persons in ordinary life five are insane, and sooner or later go to the mad house.

Marriage insurance associations, having spread from Pennsylvania westward through Ohio and Indiana, have now gained a foothold in Iowa, and the State officers are making preparations to take legal action looking to their suppression.

A man in Licking county, Ohio, was hauling a heavy load when one of his horses gave out. He tied a rope to the horse's tongue and deliberately drew it out by the roots. A mob came near mobbing him, but it was decided to appeal to the law.

Some of the Thugs, living in Louisville, belong to a religious body called Kongs, who in old times believed in human sacrifices. Their successors still hold to the belief in theory, but do not carry their faith by foul work.

A young woman at Lawrence Massachusetts, supposed to be dead and placed in her coffin, screamed all inside it, relieving by a loud scream and a resurrection. She is now well. It was thought she was dead from an overdose of chloroform.

Mrs. Mary Barnett Bassett, wife of Col. Benjamin F. Bassett, died at the Brazos, Texas, on the 20th of November, of heart disease and fever stroke. Mrs. Annie Lewis Jones, wife of the Rev. James Jones, of Henderson, N. C., died on the 14th of November, of consumption. They were great granddaughters of George Washington.

Mrs. Garfield has been elected the first honorary member of the New Haven Women's Society of Learning, as a slight tribute of admiration for the loving devotion shown by her during the long sickness of her husband. Prince Leopold, duke of Albany, one of the vice presidents of the society, was appointed to communicate the resolution.

Mrs. Garfield has forwarded photographs of the late President engraved by Queen Victoria. The photograph was enclosed in an envelope bordered with mourning, addressed to Queen Victoria, with the name of Mrs. Garfield written on the lower corner. It was inclosed in a box lined with dark blue satin velvet, which was sealed, placed in a mahogany box, and was transmitted by the Department of State through the regular official channels for the Queen.

Probably the oldest twins in existence in all this country are George and Edmund Grandy, who, in good health, are still living within five miles of each other, and within three miles of where they were born, at Leatherwood post office, in Henry county, Va. They were 81 years old the 1st of December, 1881. Their mother lived to be over 100, and their father died at the age of 99. Leatherwood is the same place in Henry county, where, in 1861, ninety-six Gravelys voted the Whig ticket.

Guilty of Wrong.

Some people have a fashion of calling excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—the Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such cases as we have mentioned, for years, in Bay City and has always found them to be first-class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—*Tribune.*

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

There can be nothing sadder than the sole an hush of nature that precedes the death of the year. The golden glory of autumn, with the billowy bronzed and velvet azure of the skies above the royal robes of oak and maple bespeak the closing hours of nature's teeming life and the silent farewell to humanity's gaur underwear.

Thus while nature does her regal robes of scarlet and gold in honor of the farewell benefit to autumn, the sad-eyed poor steals swiftly away to the neighboring clothes-line, and in the hour of nature's grand blow out dons the flaming flannels of his friend out of respect for the hectic flush of the dying year.

Leaves have their time to fall, and so has the price of coal. And yet how sadly at variance with decaying nature is the robust coal merchant.

Another glorious summer with its wealth of pleasant memories is stored away among the relics of the history. Another gloomy winter is upon us. That wonderful fellow that flames across the sky of Dallas summer like the gory banner of a red shirt orator, demands but to warm us for a few short weeks the water pipe will be burst in the kitchen and the decorated wash-bowl will be broken.

We fit through the dreamy hours of summer the swift winged humble bee, amid the honeysuckle and pumpkin blossoms, storing away, perhaps, a little cheese honey and buckwheat pancakes for the future, but all at once, like a newspaper thief in the night, the king of frost and ripe, mellow chilblains is upon us, and we crouch beneath the wintry blast and pump our phalanx clump up into the crib to be a Texas chief that has thoughtlessly swallowed a raw racing.

Life is one continued round of alternate joy and sorrows. To day we are on the top wave of prosperity and washing ourselves in the glad sunlight of plenty, and to morrow we are root down and depressed financially, and have to stand up the washerwoman for a week short in stay at home from the opera.

The October gray sky frowns upon us, and its frown is to go to fall. The little birds have built their little lay. So has the fashionable hen. Gobble while and the young chicken in the cold, calm features of the Thanksgiving turkey will be filled with boyant sadness, and then served up. The fond features of the polygamous gobbler will be wrapped in sadness, and a berry pie will be thrown for the wearied gobble to its long home, and the lice cream freezer is broken in the wood house.

Oh, time! thou bald headed pellican with the venerable corn cutter and the second hand bear gone, thou placest strange frowns upon the children of men. No one would think to look at my humble mission furnished such exceptic sciences.

The mother boy, whose dogs signal hangs sadly through the latter work of his pants, knows that time, who waits for no man, will one day, if he struggles heroically on, give him knowledge and surrounders, and a solid girl, and experience, and a soft, white moustache, and eventually a low grave in the valley run with the sighing elms, and the weeping willows, where, in the hoary twilight of the year, mellowed spectres seem shadowy the wind and, and the silent tear of the gray mitten at sex will come and sink into the yellow grass where his head.

A SMELLING SCENE.

Probably one of the severest stage tricks that was ever played was played on Mary Anderson. It will be remembered that in the play of "Ingomar," Parthenia and the barbarian have several love scenes, in which they sit on each other and hug some what, but not too much hugging, but just hugging enough. Ingomar wears a large fur garment, made of lion's skin, or something. One day he noticed that the moths were getting into it, and he told his servant to go and shake the moths and shake them out. The servant got some insect powder and blowed the hair of the garment full of it, and so gilded the inside of it with benzine. Ingomar put it on just before he went on the stage, and thought it didn't smell just right, but he had no time to inquire into it. He had not got fairly into his position before Parthenia came out on a hop, skip and jump, and threw herself all over him. She got one lung full of insect powder and the other full of benzine, and as she said, "Will always love me, Ingomar?" she dropped her head over his shoulder and said in an aside "For the love of heaven, what have you been drinking" and then she sneezed a couple of times. Ingomar held her up the best he could, considering that his nose was full of insect powder, and he answered, "I will," and he she said to her, quietly, "Damned which is that which is?" This went on with the play between sneezes, and when the curtain went down she told Ingomar to go out and sneeze himself, and he did. It was noticed in the next act that Ingomar had a linen duster on, and Mary sneezed no more.

A CUTE witness

A young lawyer of the city of Providence tells a story about himself which is good enough to go on record. He was trying a "rum case" at Bristol not long ago, when a witness was put on the stand to testify to the reputation of the place in question. The witness, a stage-driver, in a stage-driver, in a answer to a query as to the reputation of the place replied:

"A rum shop."

The lawyer is dazed:

"You say it has the reputation of being a rum shop?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you ever hear it was a rum shop?"

"Why, sir, I have drived this place for more than a dozen years, and everybody knows it is a rum shop."

The witness was staggered for a moment, to the worst of the lawyer, "I and him"—and the lawyer was feeling triumphant, when the witness gathered himself together and quietly remarked, addressing the lawyer:

"Well, you have the reputation of being a very smart lawyer, but I have heard say you are a rum shop."

Bis Lip Stuffed.—A sweet, innocent little girl went to her first party in Indianapolis, where they played games. During the games some little boy, whose heart was smitten for the first time, in a moment of incipient emotional insanity kissed the little girl.

When the little girl got home her mother talked to her as if it were a very serious thing for a little girl to be kissed by a boy. This made the little girl feel very bad.

In the middle of the night, however, a thought seemed to strike the little girl and she called:

"Mamma! mamma!"

"What is it dear?"

"Well, mamma, I want to tell 'ou 'bout that kissin'. It was all a mistake; Charley didn't mean to' do it. You see, we was all playing 'button, button, who's got the button?' and when Charley said it to me he was very close, and his tips slipped and the kiss happened.

We beg to call the readers attention to the advertisement of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic, which will be found in another column. This medicine is a preparation of Iron and Calisaya bark, in combination with the phosphates, and is endorsed by the medical profession, and recommended by them for Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Complaints, Want of Vitality, etc. It is manufactured by the Dr. Harter Medicine Company, No. 215 North Main Street, St. Louis, Mo. It is certainly the most valuable remedy in the market, and no family should fail to keep it in the house.—*Toledo (Ohio) Northern Ohio Democrat.*

Sept 15-3 m.

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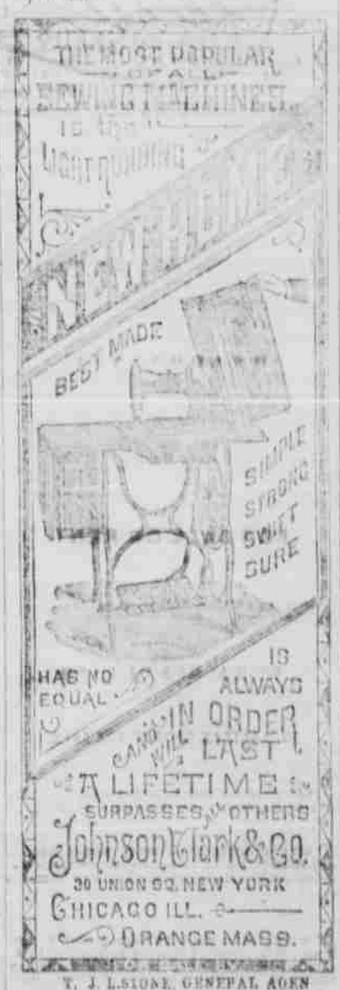

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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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