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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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We purchase these seeds direct, from the Extensive Seed Farms of the Messrs. Landreth, and they should not be classed with the seeds left on Commission throughout the country. Use Landreths' Seeds, and a good Vegetable Garden is insured.

The Length of Days.

How brief is life, I hear the preacher saying;
I hear and ponder, as I move along.
Oh preacher, whatsoe'er to you it seemeth,
Surely to me 'tis long!

So long, I scarce remember all its morning,
Brilliant with sunrise hues with golden lights,
When days were but a brilliant long procession
Of glories and delight.

But well must I remember years which followed,
Years with whose length no future can compare,
When nights had hours which lingered still and solemn
Till heart no more could bear.

And days were endless in their length and burden
Crushing the soul beneath their weary weight,
Who says that life is brief, cannot have known them,
Nor faced such angry Fate.

Then surely there have been long years of patience,
Patience which waits at last on serene estate,
Which fate can give to us when no more expecting,
The soul sits down to wait.

Ah! life is long both for rest and woe,
Long for endurance, and for final calm;
When all its storms accepted, its worst accepted,
Then comes life's final balm.

WALTER'S WOOING.

It is such a pretty scene. Dotting all the country as the lilies dot the field, the white cottages of Elmshire rise from among the grand old elms which, standing boldly out from their background of stately hills, seem to watch like sentinels over the little town.

Beyond the cottages wave green meadows, their downward slope increasing until their grasses lose themselves beneath the ripples of the beautiful blue sea.

A pretty scene, indeed! And so the sun thinks; for, though its time for setting has long since passed, still its golden rays are lingering, perhaps to warm the lands calm beauty into gradient, more passionate life—perhaps only to press a last long kiss upon the head of a fair young girl who stands at the gate of one of the cottages, drinking in the loveliness about her.

"It is all so beautiful—so very beautiful!" she murmurs, clasping her hands and resting her cheek upon them. "I wonder if every one loves it as I do? I wonder if—if he does?"

Deeper and deeper sinks the sun. Slowly the daylight fades, but not until the gloaming casts its shadows thickly around her, does the wistful questioning die out of the girl's eyes; then, with a sudden movement, she turns to the dog at her side, and lays her golden head in his shaggy fur.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself, oughtn't I, old Major?—just as ashamed as I can be! The idea of the prim, proper instructor of the youthful cherubs of Elmshire wasting her thoughts upon a stranger, because he has handsome eyes and impudence enough to use them! We'll have a run, won't we, old fellow, and drop the nonsense out of my foolish head on the way. Ready, now! One—two—three!"

And off they go, scarcely touching the ground as they flee over it.

"I say, schoolma'am, you're a sound one! You would beat half our fellows hollow, you would!"

And Madge, brought to a sudden standstill, sees looking down at her from the top of a bicycle her favorite though most troublesome pupil, whose impish brown eyes shine with respect and admiration for her unexpected accomplishment.

"Oh, Johnnie, is that you? I—I do not mean to be such a tomboy; but Major would run, and"—with a gay little laugh—"when a major leads, what can a fellow do but follow?"

"You're a gay one, ain't you?" asks Johnnie, sententiously. "Never saw a schoolma'am like you, never! and I shouldn't mind," he continued, slowly—"I shouldn't mind much if the whole lot was made after your pattern."

"Oh, Johnnie, Johnnie, you funny boy," laughs Madge, pushing her hair out of her eyes; then, as a sudden thought strikes her, "Let's try a race—I and Major against you and your bicycle;" and before Johnnie had time to express his contempt for his would-be rivals, they have started, and he is in hot pursuit.

On they speed through the long green pathway that leads to "Elmhurst," the grand old homestead of the Elmslies, whose ancestors, centuries before, had planted in honor of their name the trees whose size and number, growing as they did so near the sea, had given name to the village.

Flying along, her hat in her hand and her hand and her hair floating in the wind, Madge comes to a stop as the great gates of Elmhurst lodge house loom up before her. At the same moment Johnnie takes a sharp turning to the right, of which Madge is not aware, where the path continues upward until, after a sweep of almost a quarter of a mile, the great house is reached. Major rushed after him with more haste than grace, falls over in the dust, and comes with all the strength of his great clumsy body against the bicycle. A sharp, short bark, a crash, a weary moan, then all is still, and little Johnnie lies prostrate in the dust, his brown hair all stained and dabbled by the fast-flowing crimson tide.

"Johnnie! Johnnie! speak to me! Oh my God! he is dead! Help! help! and Madge, losing all self control in her awful horror, screams until the silence seems to melt into an echoing cry for succor.

"Child, child, hush!"

A gentleman hurries out of the lodge-house grounds and approaches her.

"What is the matter? Ah!"

Walter Elmslie needs no answer to his question, and it is with almost a sob that he lifts his little brother, his only living relative and the sole companion of his lonely home, and bears him to the house, Madge following without a word.

When they reached the house a servant was immediately dispatched for the old family doctor.

The girl's low sobbing is the only sound that breaks the silence of the sick-room, until the arrival of the physician.

"The child needs a woman near him," he says, sadly. "Mr. Elmslie will be kind, but the mother want will be sadly felt. Johnnie seems to love you, Miss Greyson; cannot you remain?"

And Madge, sobbing out that it is all her fault, and that she will do anything to atone, is installed nurse, and the youth of Elmshire given a long holiday.

Contented, since Madge is near, Johnnie sinks into a light slumber, his little hand clasping fast on hers, and it is not till then that Madge turns to look at her fellow-watcher.

There is something in the dark, handsome face bent so eagerly toward her that makes her flush and turn quickly away, for in the master of Elmhurst, she recognizes the unknown admirer who has shown his devotion respectfully, yet so unmistakably, that he has taken strong hold of her girlish fancy.

Through days and weeks of uncertainty, when the brave little heart has to battle hard for life, Madge and Walter watch together, coaxing the tiny spark of lingering life into a flame, and these two, united for the time by their love for the child, grew united for all eternity by their love for each other.

It is not until one bright morning when the sun rises fairer than ever before, because the death angel has fled with the night, and Johnnie is still with them, that Madge acknowledges even to herself that the girl's fancy has ripened into all the glory of a woman's love.

"I must leave here," she thinks; "it is wrong for me to stay. Johnnie, dear, Johnnie, you must let me go."

And then she turns quickly away and says not another word, for the pleading look on the face of the motherless child sadly tries her resolution.

"You will leave me? Oh, school-ma'am, please don't. Make her stay, Walter, make her stay and be my sister; won't you, please, make her my sister?"

"Hush, Johnnie, he can't dear," cries Madge, with a burning blush.

"Begging Miss Greyson's pardon, Johnson, I not only can, but will," and Walter laughs joyously as he bends to the little downcast face.

"Mr. Elmslie over rates his power," answers Madge, proudly, and at the words all the mischief dies out of Walter Elmslie's eyes, and in its place comes such a love and longing that even she cannot withstand him.

"Do you mean that, Madge—do you really mean it? Oh, darling, have I indeed overrated my happiness?" Have I found you at last, my love, only to let you go?"

And whatever the soft spoken answer, it must have been the right one, for when the golden head is lifted from Walter Elmslie's shoulder, Johnnie says, contentedly:

"You will always let me call you 'school-ma'am,' won't you, even when you are my sister?"

"And my wife," adds Walter proudly.

Here's Luck.

The man who stood at the bar had "set 'em up" several times that evening, and now he was treating the crowd again.

The different parties had given their orders for the kind of "poison" they liked best. One man said, "I'll take mine straight," another, "slug in mine," another, "a red and mix sling and don't you forget it," and one man said, "give me a Niagara falls;" then they clinked glasses, and the one who wanted "Niagara falls" said "here's luck!" and tossed it off with a shiver of satisfaction or disgust, it was hard to tell which.

When the man who was treating heard that that hoarse voice say "here's luck" he looked at the speaker and turned a deathly white; he knew the man; he had taught him to drink his first glass, he had lured him from home and the companionship of his wife and children, and kept him out night after night with the boys; they were both nobby fellows then, young, with the world all before them. It was only ten years since and now they were poor, disreputable, and drunkards! The man who said "here's luck!" was in rags under his seedy overcoat; the man who treated had pawned his overcoat for enough to pay for those drinks. In the family of the first mentioned, the wife and children of the other man were starving under a roof they owed for.

Still he had once possessed his friend's ruin he had not prospered himself. But as the man he had dragged down with him uttered that careless "here's luck," it struck him like a blow, and for a moment a panoramic view of what his life might have been flashed before him; then he tossed off another drink and sat down with the company to a game of cards. The wish of his friends for luck seemed to work poorly. It might be questionable if that was luck which brought him money to be expended in drink, but he won several small sums and was still playing when his eyes suddenly saw a pistol and held it tight in his hand. The men dropped their cards, but the man who had his hand on the trigger was not looking at them; his eyes were fixed on a point beyond the screen, where a portion of something visible with a sort of glittering fixed set on the pistol. "Maybe you thought I'm drunk," said the man in a husky voice. "Watch a moment and see me sing that one [illegible]."

The men followed the direction of his eyes and saw a small white hand and arm reached out from in front of the screen. It secured a slice of meat and drew quickly back.

"I'll learn the kid a lesson, and I'll teach it not to steal and keep't out of the penitentiary if I break its arm. Can do it, too; what'll you say?"

He was the same man who had said, "Here's luck," and he was his friend, the one who had ordered the drinks, spoke up:

"Don't fool with the child, Dave," he said thickly; "I ain't drunk, but I would not want to do any shooting 'thout provocation," "shut up! he answers.

But as he spoke the pistol went off in the hand of the drunken marksman, and the shrill anguished cry of a child rang through the saloon place.

"Fore God, I didn't mean it," cried the frightened wretch as he was caught by the others. "I only meant to—to scare it."

An hour later the saloon was cleared of all but an officer in charge, and in the small room adjoining the dying child, for he was fatally shot, was laid on a cot, and the doctor for he'd told them nothing could be done for her. Close beside her sat the man who had treated to drinks the man who had already had [illegible] in despair. The child could not see her eyes gazed fast glazing but she kept whispering to the man beside her from time to time.

"Forgive me, papa! I did not mean to steal!"

"My God!" moaned the wretched father, "she asks me to forgive her when I left her to steal or starve!"

"I was looking for you," continued the child, "but I was so hungry I took the food —it looked so good. Papa is beautiful here, all light and warm—there's no fire at home and nothing to eat—we will stay here, won't we?"

In an hour she was dead. Then they took her home, and kind people cared for the others till she laid away, and the tide of life went on as hour by hour. Whether she died in vain, time will tell, but her father is saved from the haunts of sin and he will never forget the challenge of that fatal night—"Here's luck!"

Justice Fast and West.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE LAW TERSELY EXPLAINED BY A VICTIM.

I hate to live in a new country, said Jones, where there is no law.

Yes but yer, chimed in Thompson. Law is the only thing that keeps us out of everlasting [illegible]

Yes, indeed, said a legal gentleman present. It is the bulwark of the poor man's liberty, the safeguard which the strong arm of Justice throws over the weak, the solace and balsam of the unfortunate and wronged, th—

Oh, stop 'er, groaned a man with one eye. I won't say a word that was. Law is too [illegible] and I can take care of myself every time. Now for instance, when I lived in Ohio I got a dose of law that I shall never forget. I was in partnership with a man named Butler, and one morning we found our cashier missing with about $1,000. He had dragged the safe and run out. Well, I started after him and caught him in Chicago, where he was spending around on the money. I got [illegible] was an examination. Well, all the facts were brought out, and the defense moved the defendant be dismissed, as the prosecution did not make out a case in the name of the firm, the partnership had not been shown by any evidence before the court. To my astonishment the court said the plea was O.K., and dismissed the case. Before I could realize what was up the thief had walked off. Well, I followed him to St. Louis, and there I tackled him again. I sent for my partner and we made a complete case, going for him in the name of the Commonwealth and Smith, Butler & Co. Well, the lawyer for the defense claimed that the money being taken from a private drawer in the safe was my money exclusively, and that my partner had nothing to do with it, and the case should be prosecuted by me individually, and not by the firm. The old [illegible] who sat on the bench, wiped his spectacles, grunted round a while and dismissed the case. Away goes the thief again. Then I got another attack on him and tried to [illegible] but the court held that he should have been charged with embezzlement. Some years after I had tackled him, and they let him go. Statutes of limitations, you see. Well, I concluded to give it up, and I did.

But about four years afterwards I was down in Colorado and a man pointed to another and said: "That fellow has just made a hundred thousand in a mining swindle." I looked, and it was my old rascal. I followed him to the hotel and walked him in his room with the money. Now I says, 'Billy, do you recognize me?' 'Well of course I do.' Says I, 'Billy, I want that three thousand you stole from me, and all the interest and all legal and traveling expenses.' 'Ah, you don't' says he; 'Here's the gun, [illegible] that—'

Well, the court, jewel, pattering, a sitting shooter, a foot long under my nose. 'This is the suit of [illegible] and I'm traveling on now. This is the complaint, warrant, indictment, judge, jury, counsel and sentence all combined, and the firm of Colt & Co., New Haven, are my attorneys in the case. When they speak they talk straight to the point of your mug, you blasted swindling thief. This jury of six, of which I am the foreman, is liable to be discharged at any moment. No technicality or statutes of limitation here, and a stay of execution won't last over four seconds I want $10,000 to square my bill, or I'll blow your blasted brains out.' Well, he passes over the money right away, and said he hoped there'd be no hard feelings.

Now, there's some Colorado law for you, and it's the kind for me! Eh, boys? and the crowd with one accord concurred in the cheapness and efficacy of the plan by which a man could carry his court on his hip instead of appealing to the blind Goddess in Chicago and St. Louis.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Men Who Drew the Long-Bow.

When old Governor Scott of Kentucky, returned from his first visit to the then part of Virginia known as Kentucky, he declared that the soil of Kentucky was so fertile that if a ten-penny nail was planted in it it would grow up into a crowbar. He was eloquent in his description of the size of the trees and the [illegible] of the forests and canebrakes. He asserted that he saw herds of elk there, and that the bucks were ten feet wide from point to point. When asked how these elks got through the forests and canebrakes he described, he replied that it was their business—not his.

When in Kentucky he gathered a leaf of buffalo clover which was larger than a silver dollar and pressed and dried it in his pocket book. He was accustomed to wind up his amplification in regard to Kentucky by saying that the soil was so very fertile there that a clover leaf grew to be larger than a dollar, and would then pull out his pocket book, produce a dollar, and then take out the dried clover leaf and put it upon the dollar, thus demonstrating that it more than covered it. He on one occasion boasted that on the strength of tasting a leaf of clover he had grinned off some of the biggest lies that human credulity ever swallowed. Governor Scott, it must be admitted, was in his day quite proficient in the art of lying.

But the most original and ready of all liars, was an old army scout that settled in western Texas. He had won such a reputation that a general in the army in passing his cabin on his way to a military post halted and called upon him, informing that he had heard of him as an old scout among the frontier that he desired to make his acquaintance and hear him tell of the strange sights he had seen in the far west. The old scout thereupon proceeded to say that he had turned upon strange sights out west—that on one occasion while he had come upon a high mountain that consisted of a single crystal of diamond, so very clear that he could see through it herds of deer and elk on the other side; and when he was going around to get at them, he came upon a buffalo that was in a standing position entirely petrified, even the end of the animal's tail, which was in an erect position over his back, as he was about to charge, when petrification set in, was also petrified.

"Stop," said the General, "now I've got you. The gravity would have caused the end of the tail to drop down."

"Never," replied the scout, "the gravity was petrified too."

Loved and Lost.

THE ROMANCE OF A BEAUTIFUL BOOK AGENT WHO CANVASSED THE CITY LAST FALL.

Many of our citizens remember Miss Lillian [illegible], Captain [illegible]'s book agent, who canvassed the city and [illegible] who called [illegible]. She was a pretty young lady whom the greater portion of the male population could not help [illegible]. It has since been discovered that she is the heroine of a highly romantic story which is [illegible].

Miss [illegible]'s mother kept boarders in the city of New Haven, and there were among the boarders a Chinese prince named Tong, who had been sent by his country here to be educated at Yale. Tong met Lillian often, and their meetings were the cause of friendship, which to use a poetic phrase, fast ripened into love. They were to be married and all was fixed. Tong, in order to make himself worthy of his bride cut off his cue, which is a sacrilege punishable by death. A friend of Tong, perhaps through jealousy, notified the authorities at home of the behavior of Tong's pig tail, and immediately the king ordered that Tong come back on a larger rate of money. Tong did so, but not without saying good by to his sweetheart, the two meeting at [illegible] Rainbow, the [illegible] Fountain. He crossed the sea to his home enclosing much to the scandal of his countrymen. Some time ago the news came by telegraph of the decapitation of a Chinese prince for parting with his cue while a student in this country. The prince was Tong, the affianced of the beautiful book agent. About six months after all this news came the announcement that Miss [illegible] was ill, and at the point of death, but she finally recovered. She smiles and talks as of old, neither do her eyes glisten and gleam for her heart is now as ever, given to the poor prince. —Keokuk Constitution.

SOUR APPLES.—"Johnny," said a lady living on Austin avenue, to her ten years old son, "take a basket, go to the grocery on the corner, and bring me a dozen nice apples. Be sure and pick them so that you see they are not sour ones."

"Yes, mother, I will try and remember to taste them, said Johnny, cheerfully, taking up the basket and scampering out of the gate. In about half an hour he came back and placed the empty basket on the table.

Didn't the grocer have any apples? asked the anxious mother.

Yes, mum, I bought a dozen. They were not sour.

Where are they? asked the fond mother taking another squint into the empty basket.

You told me to be sure and see that they were not sour, so I had to taste every one of them, you know, but I had to bite them all, you know.

Where are they? shrieked the now thoroughly aroused woman.

They were all little apples, ma, and one of them didn't make more than a good bite, but they wasn't sour, ma, indeed they wasn't.

Judging from the way Johnny walks the apples did not agree with him, even if they were not sour.

The Chicago Press club refuses to admit women to membership. We are glad that Chicago journalists have so much respect for women.

The President's State Dinner.

EVERY DETAIL MARKED BY ELEGANCE—THE GUESTS PRESENT.

The State dinner given by the President last evening in honor of the Supreme Court was a most brilliant affair rivalling all similar entertainments given at the White House during the winter. The State dining room never appeared to better advantage, the floral decorations being exceedingly profuse and elegant. The right side of the room was lined with large blooming pink azaleas, and the left with white, the bed of blossoms interspersed with lilies and roses. The table embellishments were most elaborate and tasteful. In the centre a large floral ship, the hull of white carnations and the deck of deep red roses, rested at anchor in a sea of rose buds. Upon either side stood large candelabra bearing a dozen lights each. Next to these, upon either side, was a large silver flower stand bearing its load of the choicest of roses, arranged in strata of pink and white. Adjoining these were elaborate fruit pieces, and next to these, near the head and foot of the table were magnificent roses arranged like their companions in layers of pink and white. At each end of the table stood a stand of bonbons, consisting of the latest novelties in the shape of ice souvenirs. There were twenty covers. Upon each gentleman's plate lay the napkin folded in an artistic manner, upon which reposed a single rosebud, pink and white alternately, confined to the card bearing the guest's name by a tiny bow of pale blue ribbon. At each lady's place, instead of the single bud was placed a handsome bouquet of rosebuds, of either pink or white, attached to the guest's card. The usual accompaniments for wine glasses, etc., were of beautiful cut glass. Overhead the chandeliers were decked with smilax, the same delicate vine giving a graceful finish to all the ornamental flower and fruit pieces.

President Arthur was seated upon the right centre of the table. Upon his right sat Mrs. Justice Miller; and to the right in their order were seated Mr. Justice Bradley, Miss Brewster, Mr. Justice Matthews, Miss Frelinghuysen, Mr. Justice Gray, Secretary Folger, Mr. Justice Field, Mrs. Justice Matthews, Chief Justice Waite (opposite the President), Mrs. Justice Field, Mr. Justice Harlan, Miss Folger, Senator Edmunds, Attorney-General Brewster, Mr. Justice Woods, Mrs. Senator Edmunds, Mr. Justice Miller and Mrs. Justice Woods.

The main hall was adorned with large plants and vines, while flowers were plentifully strewn throughout the red, blue, green and east rooms. All was brilliantly lighted, and the elegant toilets worn by the ladies rendered the scene one of unusual beauty. Dinner was through at 10 o'clock.

LEAF FROM THE CZAR'S DIARY.—Got up at 7 A. M. and ordered my bath. Found four gallons vitriol in it and did not take it. Went to breakfast. The Nihilists had placed two torpedoes on the stairs, but I did not step on them. Tea coffee smelled so strongly of prussic acid that I was afraid to drink it. Found a scorpion in my left slipper, but luckily shook it out before putting it on. Just before stepping into the carriage to go for my morning drive it was blown into the air, killing the coachman and the horses instantly. I did not drive. Took a light lunch of hermetically sealed American canned goods. They can't fool me there. Found a poisoned dagger in my favorite chair, with the point sticking out. Did not sit down on it. Had dinner at 6 P. M. [illegible] Consumed some Baltimore oysters and some London stout that I have had locked up for five years. Went to the theatre and was shot at three times in the first act. Had the entire audience hanged. Went home to bed and slept all night on the roof of the palace.

THREE WAS TOO MANY.—A stranger who had seen a good deal of the cold and unfeeling world, entered a Ferry street saloon yesterday and after warming himself for a moment at the stove, around which was a large circle of marines, he stepped to the bar and called for whiskey and two glasses. A stiff drink was poured into each, the man turned to the crowd and said:

"Gentlemen, if there is a liar present I invite him to step out and drink with me."

A sort of a murmur ran through the crowd, but no one moved. The stranger gazed around in blank astonishment, and finally said to one old tug captain:

"Well, this beats me. What's the matter?"

"The matter is simply this," replied the captain, as he took a step off the stove, "that any man who expects fourteen liars to drink out of one tumbler at the same time is altogether too fresh for this locality. You are no gentleman, sir—no gentleman!"

A Romance Story About Miss Thursby.

Figaro tells a queer story about Miss Emma Thursby. At Stockholm one night after a concert she was waiting for a carriage in the rain, for she is so elegant. Her carriage came up and said that [illegible] had ordered him to place his carriage at her disposal. "Who is your master?" "I have orders not to reveal his name but to insist upon your making use of his carriage." In short, Miss Thursby, with one of the persons who accompanied her, entered the carriage and were driven to her hotel. During her visit to Stockholm, and in every town in Sweden and Norway where she went, Miss Thursby found the carriage with the two coachmen and the two servants at the door wherever she needed it, but the owner failed to make himself known. Finally, three days before Miss Thursby left Scandinavia for Paris, Mr. X. was announced. It was he! After Miss Thursby had expressed her thanks, and Mr. X. had explained his conduct, he said, "Miss, will you do me the honor to become my wife?" To which Miss Thursby replied, "You know who I am, but you do not know the engagements that I contracted toward my family when I left America. I will tell you what they are, in order that you may see that a marriage is impossible." "Impossible!" "Listen. When I left my parents they made me promise two things—firstly, that I would never sing on the stage, and, secondly, that I would marry none but an American—" "If I were to become an American?" said Mr. X. "Then I should be free to dispose of my heart as I pleased." Two days afterwards Mr. X returned. "I shall leave for the United States to-morrow. I hope, with the credit that I have, to get promptly naturalized an American citizen. Go to Paris, for it is there I shall come to ask you to realize your promise, for you promised me, do you not, to be my wife?" "I promise you," replied Miss Thursby. Mr. X. adds Figaro, is now in America.—The Parisian.

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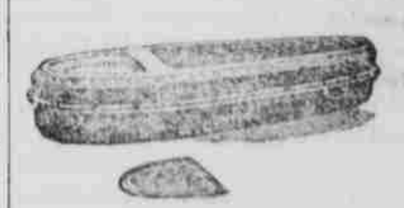

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