THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

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Most of the ailments here enumerated have their origin in a diseased liver, which is the most prevalent affection in this country, and as in many cases the patient is not within the reach of a physician, it requires that some remedy should be provided that would not be the less capable of the constitution, and yet be active and safe. That such a remedy is the SIMMONS REGULATOR, there can be no doubt, the testimony of hundreds will establish.

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Pain in the side. Sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, is sometimes attacks in the shoulder, is sometimes in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternating with laxy the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low, and although nothing that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. The fact he discusses every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where all a few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death, has shown the liver to have been extensively deranged.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. XI. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1882. NO. 8.

Have You Forgotten.

Have you forgotten, my darling,
The soft summer days that have passed—
Days that are near, yet so distant,
Too carelessly happy to last?
Summer is made but for loving,
The while it glides to forever,
Oh, the fleeting days from the golden land,
Come to us but tinged with regret.

Have you forgotten, my darling
That bright moonlit eve on the shore,
When on the still wave, on the bay,
We sat 'mid the wild breaker's roar,
And whispered the old, old story,
While across the great silvery sea
With her golden spars, beneath the twinkling stars,
The ship of Hope sailed merrily?

Oh, golden days that soon have passed—
Oh, we at silvery nights of June!
Ever of you I build in dreams,
Though you come to me like a rune.
Sweet summer, you met me look at,
Drear winter, you teach me regret;
Oh, the thoughts of youth and the dream of truth
The sad heart can never forget.

FALSE AND TRUE.

Why am I engaged to Walter Clyde? Do I love him? It is all the same, however, whether I do or not. He is very handsome, very fascinating, and perhaps I adore beauty all the more because I am a little plain faced, insignificant creature myself. To be sure, I have enormous brown eyes, but they are my only redeeming feature, and the fact that my nose is "tip-tilted" cannot be denied. We have a certain amount of money, mother and I—there are only we two—so we enjoy ourselves after our own fancy. Just now it has led us, for the summer, to a breezy little village among the mountains in Cumberland.

Mr. Clyde has followed us, of course. We have been engaged six months, and are to be married in Autumn.

Mother never liked him. He is twelve years older than I, who am eighteen. She says he is attracted by my money, is a man of the world, probably with debts of honor that his wife's money will pay.

But poor mamma is not strong, and her only daughter is very willful.

I shall marry Walter, for I love him.

I am lying in a hammock in a shady part of the lawn; presently my cousin Celestine comes out and takes a vacant chair near me. Mamma has invited her to stay several weeks with us, and she has been here a day or two.

Celestine is a thoroughly accomplished, beautiful woman, of twenty-four.

Walter was truly very much impressed when mamma introduced them; I could see that, though, when we were alone, he only said, "How marvelously beautiful your cousin is!"

She is dangerously beautiful just now, as she leans back in her chair.

Her gold-colored hair is coiled in a thick knot at the back, and ripples all over her head. Her blue lawn dress is not so high at the throat as to conceal the faultless neck, and the sleeves are not so long that the rounded white arm is hidden. One jewel—an almost priceless amethyst—glitters on her perfect hand. Verily, my cousin understands the art of dress.

Presently Walter comes up the steps and approaches us. It does not occur to me that Celestine has from her window seen him approaching, and comes down stairs to meet him. I am not easily made jealous; besides, I am not well versed in the arts of a flirt; I learn some of them later. I rise from the hammock, and seat myself near my cousin. It is not a wise thing to do, for my plain face makes a splendid foil to Celestine's superb beauty. I do not think of this now, however.

"Oh, Mr. Clyde," she exclaims, "how can you venture out in this heat? I should fear speedy dissolution if I attempted it."

"It would not be wise for you to venture," he answers. "I should have hardly gone myself had I realized how warm it is. I have been arranging for a sail to-night, if you two ladies will honor me with your company—for the first time looking at me.

"How good of you!" cries Celestine. "I have been anxious to have a sail ever since I saw that lovely lake. We shall be delighted."

I say nothing. Walter remarks carelessly:

"Be sure and be ready by seven."

"Thank you," I replied, gaillily; "I don't care about going."

"How provoking you are, Marjorie!" my cousin says, politely. "You said this morning that you wanted to have a sail."

"My dear," I coolly reply, "I have changed my mind, but that does not hinder you from going."

"Certainly not," says Walter, eagerly. "Marjorie takes whims sometimes. I have engaged the boat; surely both ladies will not disappoint me?"

Celestine hesitates, apparently, and finally laughingly replies:

"Well, if Marjorie won't be jealous, I will go."

Even I can see how my lover's face lights up, and I answer, calmly:

"Why should I be jealous, Celestine?"

She flushes slightly, and just then mother calls me, and I leave them.

After tea, Walter and I were in the drawing-room, Celestine was up stairs getting her hat, when presently Walter remarked:

"You had better change your mind, Marjorie, and come with us."

I felt that his words were not sincere—that he would much rather I did not go so laughed, and said:

"No; I am going to finish a book this evening."

And soon my cousin came down stairs, and they went without me.

After this, the flirtation progressed with astonishing rapidity. Every one in the house was talking of it, and in pure self-defence I accepted the attentions offered by other men.

There is a certain spice in flirting with an engaged girl, and I had plenty of devoted cavaliers.

Mr. Clyde did not interfere with me, nor I with him. Celestine did not mention his name to me, and I never spoke of her to him.

Sometimes I wondered what they intended to do, and if my recreant lover intended to return to his allegiance in course of time. I was soon to find out.

It was an excessively warm day, and I had wandered out into the woods, not far from the house, and found a comparatively cool place under the trees, and, endeavoring to read, had fallen asleep.

I was awakened by voices on the other side of a group of saplings, which hid me from the speakers, and immediately I recognized them.

"But here Celestine, my darling, I love you! You won't tell me that my love is hopeless?"

"Really, Mr. Clyde, my cousin laughed, ironically, "you are too absurd, and, considering Marjorie's claims, are going too far."

"Never mind Marjorie," he returned. "What can she be to me, after having known you? I tell you I love you! Do you understand?" His voice was deep with passion. "Marjorie will forget me in a little while."

I was too shame to be quiet any longer; probably I ought not to have listened—but I am human. Springing to my feet, I walked round the intervening bushes, and confronted the two.

He took Celestine's hand in his, and waited her answer breathlessly.

"Mr. Clyde," I said—and he dropped her hand, and faced me—"allow me to return your ring. I agree with you—"Marjorie will forget that you ever existed in less time than you can imagine."

He was too astonished to speak, and the ring dropped at his feet. As I turned to leave them, Celestine laughed softly.

"What a little tragedy queen it is!" said she.

I went up to my mother's room.

"I have broken my engagement," I said, briefly.

While I was telling her about it my cousin entered. Taking my hand, she forcibly detained me, as I tried to leave the room.

"Let me go!" I cried passionately. "I hate you!"

"But you won't, after a little," she answered. "Listen; I am going to be married in a few weeks. I knew you were out there in the woods, and knowing Mr. Clyde was going to try his old game, I purposely took him where you would overhear his offer. Brother Tom knows him of old. He has heard that I have a little more money than you, hence the scene under the trees. As for love, he does not care one straw for either of us. The only woman he ever cared for died years ago, a victim to his treachery. I am going away next week, and Walter will surely come to you and ask for forgiveness. I came down here at your mother's request, on purpose to open your eyes to the true character of the man you loved. If you choose to take him back, you will have the opportunity. As for myself, it does not matter. I have flirted all my life, and certainly never with so praiseworthy an object as now. Some time you will forgive me."

I got away from her, and went to my room. I was beginning to learn something of the ways of the world. That night a delicately-tinted, perfumed note was brought to me. It read thus:

"MY INJURED DARLING:

"Only let me see you, kneel at your feet, and explain. WALTER."

Bah! it sickened me. I tore the note into fragments, and wrote:

"How dare you address me? Don't presume ever to write or speak to me again. Henceforth we are strangers.

MARJORIE."

This note, with the presents that he had made me, I put in a package, and sent to him by the chambermaid.

Then I went back to mamma and urged her to leave the place at once. She consented. Our maid packed the trunks, and we departed by the late train. I said good-bye to Celestine.

"Some time I may thank you for this," I told her, "but not now."

* * * * *

It is my twenty-first birthday, and three years and more since I last saw Walter Clyde. I have heard he married a widow several years older than himself, and such a life as they lead!

Celestine is married too, and I worship her boy. She is a model wife and mother. Such girls do sometimes make the best of wives.

She says she feels that the good she did during that flirtation counterbalanced a multitude of sins.

"Oh, well, I have forgiven her, but my heart is better toward men.

Mother and I are living at home in Bristol.

"It is a bitter cold day," mother said; "you had better take a drive, Marjorie."

But I told her I was tired of driving and would start on foot to do some shopping.

The wind blew a gale, the crossings were very slippery, and hurrying across the street to escape being run over by a cab, I slipped, and sprained my ankle badly. Immediately a crowd gathered round me; I could not walk, was nearly fainting with pain, and became half frantic. A gentleman passing in a gig stopped to see what the trouble was, recognized me, and instantly lifted me into his trap and brought me home.

My rescuer was a wealthy bachelor, a friend of my mother's, a handsome, stately gentleman, on the "sunny side of forty." I never dreamed of him as a lover; he was so much older than I. It was a long tedious month before I could walk again, and Hugh Cameron was a frequent visitor. He read to me, played chess with me, and in many ways helped to make the time pass pleasantly.

At last I got strong again, and able to go out; but he still visited at our house, and was sometimes my escort.

One day an officious lady friend informed me that it was generally understood that we were engaged.

I was annoyed on hearing this, having never thought of him in that way.

Next day Mr. Cameron asked me to be his wife, and got an angry refusal.

"Why need you have said this?" I asked impatiently. "I like you very much, but not in that way. We were having such pleasant times—you might have known we could not be anything more than friends."

"How should I know?" he asked, quietly.

"Because I don't love you—never shall!" I replied.

"Well, you will some time, when you are my wife."

His audacity nearly took away my breath.

"But I tell you I will not be your wife!" I repeated.

"You may change your mind, little one," he replied, coolly, and then left me.

How angry I was! As usual, I went to mother and recounted the whole story. Mother said very little, merely remarked, "Mr. Cameron is a noble man, and would make you an excellent husband. But, of course, you know your own mind?"

I left her rather more out of humor than before.

If she could only scold, or do something but take matters so quietly, I should like it better. I don't take matters quietly myself, and it exasperates me when other people do.

For a week I saw nothing of Mr. Cameron, then I learned that he had gone away.

I danced and went out driving, but missed him very much. He was so different from the society of young men with whom I was surrounded. I discovered a thousand excellences in his mind and character now that he had gone. I did not love him, but was lonely without him.

One night six weeks after his departure, his card was handed to me, and I went down to find him waiting for me in the drawing room.

"Well, Marjorie," said he, coming forward and taking my hand in his, "have you reconsidered that 'no' of yours?"

What should I say? I was tired of the world and the life I lived in it. I like Mr. Cameron, respected him, I missed him sorely, but did not love him.

These thoughts flashed through my mind as I stood there. At length I drew away my hand, and said, "Mr. Cameron, I respect and like you, but I do not love you. Years ago I was engaged to a man whom I thought I loved. I learned that he was deficient in all traits of character that go to make up true manhood. Since then I have never been able to confide any more in the colors of my ideal lover. Knowing this if you desire, I will be your wife."

He stooped and kissed my forehead.

"My darling, my dear one!"—his voice trembling a little—"I will make you so happy. I will make you so happy, I will love you so tenderly that surely sometime your heart will answer to mine."

And so we were engaged.

He was a strange man, this Hugh Cameron. Few men would care to win a wife so; and I often thought, as the wedding preparations went on, how great his love must be.

We had been married three months.

Everything that money could buy was mine; but I wasn't happy. My husband remembered that I married without loving him, and this stood between us.

He seemed to think that expression of affection on his part would weary me, while every day he was growing dearer to me.

It was not possible to see day after day what an unselfish, noble character he was, and not love him; but he was strangely proud, and waited for my love, not annoying me in the meantime with demonstrations of his own.

There came a day at last when I knew I loved him even as he loved me.

I was sitting at the piano playing some dreamy old melody. The door was suddenly thrown open, and my French maid, Marie, stood before me, wringing her hands and sobbing:

"Oh, madame! Monsieur Cameron—he is killed! he is dead!"

The room seemed to whirl round me, but I commanded myself.

"Hush your crying, Marie! What do you mean? Will you tell me what you saw?" I said, sternly, grasping her arm with a force that frightened her.

"The new mansion at the corner! A stone—it fell on Monsieur as he was passing!"

Her voice was muffled far away, the room grew very dark, a voice rang in my ears, "He is killed! he is dead!"—and I became unconscious.

"Why, little wife, open your eyes. I am not hurt!"

The well-known voice, and the powerful ammonia which I hate, brought me to my senses again. I was lying on the sofa, Hugh was holding my head, while Mary applied the ammonia. I sat up.

"What does all this mean?" I asked.

"Only this, my husband answered. "I was passing the new building at the corner, when a marble window sill fell. I should have been killed, but, by a strange circumstance, at that moment I happened to a loose brick and fell. The sill missed me by a hair's breadth. Marie supposed, when I fell I was killed, and" (look severely at her) "without waiting to ascertain, rushed off, and frightened you into a fainting fit."

Marie began to cry.

"Never mind, Marie," said I. "There is no damage done; you may go now."

After she had gone I turned to my husband and said:

"Hugh, it would have killed me! Oh, my husband, I love you!" And I, too, began to cry.

A wonderful light shone forth from his eyes.

"Marjorie, my darling, is it true?"—laying my head on his shoulder. "Look I do my eyes, little one, and say it again."

I blushed like a girl, as I looked into his fond eyes gazing into mine, and replied:

"I think I have lived you a good while only Marie was the means of showing me how much."

We sat there in the twilight, the bliss unutterable of perfect love filling our hearts.

And so it is now. There is silver in my hair, and my husband is quite gray, but the love that was revealed to me that day has never grown less.

A LITTLE TOO BAD.—It is related of an absent minded young lady that, having been duly married she started on her bridal tour. The party stopped at a western city. So far so good. Sometime in the night there came a succession of terrified shrieks from the room occupied by the bride and groom, and the clerks, porters and employees generally rushed up stairs, only to meet a frantic female figure, clad in white, fleeing in desperate haste from her apartments, crying:

"Oh, there's a man in my room!"

The clerks rushed in and found the groom, half disrobed, standing in the middle of the floor, one boot on and the other in his hand, the picture of amazement. He explained that he had just come up stairs, and was in the act of undressing (his wife having previously retired) when she suddenly awoke with a shriek and fled.

"What was the matter?" asked the clerk.

"Damnoo," said the husband.

Just then the bride, enveloped in a huge bed-spread, procured for her by a chambermaid, came back, looking very red and foolish, and in a half a minute she explained the mystery by saying:

"Oh, Fred, I forgot I was married, and when I awoke I was frightened."

Now is the time to invest your money in a brewery. Professor Proctor says that in fifteen million years every trace of water will have disappeared from off the face of the globe.

Our hearts must be more contracted than our eyes, or we should not murmur at every little cloud, which we can plainly see is but a speck in an universe of light.

ILLUSTRATING THE OLD-TIME ADAGE THAT ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR.—Two hours have passed. So have seven or eight hours earlier, but the one for which Vivian is waiting finally comes along and soon lands him at the door of Pericles O'Rourke's house. Ethelberta is sitting in her boudoir, high-toned word for room, sewing some foamy lace into the neck of velvet dress, as the young man entered.

"I have bad news for you, my darling," Vivian says in sad tones, while a doubtful look—you will be called look comes over his face.

Bertie nestled her little dimpled hands caressingly in his. "Tell it to me at once, sweet," she said, "only with you alive and well nothing could be so very dreadful."

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

"He was struck down.

"My father and I have quarrelled, and he has disinherited me!" I asked—and here his voice quivered slightly—"he gave the girl I am engaged to around. I am a beggar, darling."

Her soft instincts were given at her and manifestations.

"Yes," she thought the matter, "I am poor. But I wouldn't care if it wasn't for you, darling. It means that I cannot give you up, for I cannot ask you to share life with me on a thousand a year."

She looked at him with a rich crimson flush surging into her cheeks. If it had been a full Vivian would probably have gone under, but a flush could never cause him.

"Vivian," she said, presently, "do you think I would let you live now, if I thought too well for that. A beggar or a prince, you are all the same to me—my king, my lover."

And he folded her to his heart with a great, almost speechless thankfulness and joy.

"My darling, my precious," he whispered.

Three months later, on a golden December afternoon, with a blue sky as in June, there was a grand wedding at the O'Rourke mansion. As Vivian and Ethelberta were entering the carriage, it was to hear them to the door, she looked at him with a weirdly pensive smile.

"And so you would not desert me, darling," he said, "even when you thought that I was poor!"

"No, my precious one," was the reply. "I learned long ago that I could not live out of the book will never be again, and your father and I put up the job so as to lead you a little easier."

BOOKWORM JACKSON.—In these sketches Stonewall Jackson's battles have been given in memory. We found him dead on the bloody ground field of Antietam—wounded at the close of the action, unhurt of at the beginning. The world knows how he fought there. We found him at Kernstown fighting one to four—nightfall, falling back, slowly giving way to night again. We saw him strike the Federal armies right and left in the valley and fill Washington with white rage. We found him at Fredericksburg on Lee's right, at Chancellorsville in Hooker's rear, at Manassas behind Pope, on his flank, in the rear. We have found him at Gaines' Mill. We waited for him before striking a blow. It was the harmony in his soul pointing out the Federal position. Without him Lee's victory at Seven Pines would have been pressed home, and Richmond, unfortified.

A CHRISTIAN IN FIRE—a child in his cradle—a general who cared not for the world's admiration so much as for the comfort of any single man, and followed him in his wonderful campaigns. He had the soldier and the heart of a woman. The power and glitter of war seemed to him. His banners grew old and faded and soiled. Time, his banners grew ragged and tattered and worn. No matter who hesitated—Jackson advanced. Fame in the heart of a man, he cared not for it, only to kill, when the roar of cannon died away the groans of the wounded reached a heart which had a touch for every groan.

Partisans may keep the bitterness of heart, but the world has spoken. The man whom they hate died forgiving all. Struck down at Chancellorsville, amid the roar of battle, he was removed to the quiet rear of the army. Strong men weep like children when they saw that his life was fast ebbing out, and they had a feeling of revenge against the man who had made them forgiveness for all his life, and at the point of death.

"Let us cross over and rest under the green trees."—R. Quarles, in Pen Photo.

THE WAY TO MAKE A PIES.—It is easy enough to win a husband. Much any attractive little dangling with a bright eye and a roaring voice can gather in a mable husband, but it is pretty difficult to retain him. Noble husbands are thicker than fleas on a dog, but one grand and ability to be drawn out their true nobility and nature it at home. If the wife only understands her business she can so direct the soothing influence of her new field of operations, and work away with the whole business. Most men like to be fooled and routined. There is something in the man's great rough earnest nature that can be wrought by and easily with gentleness and patience by the light of the home hearth and a humorous course of reasoning with tired and tasks girl.

We have seen a girl who understood her business take a refractory husband right from the house, so to speak, and lead him through life in such a way that no one could know but that he was boss of the ranch. So perfect was the delusion, that when she asked him to step in a second of coal, or to get up in his nightshirt and kill a burglar—that he knew was nothing but a bobtailed cow four blocks away—he always went, and he felt as though he counted it a mark of special favor that a poor unworthy worm of the dust like him should be sought out and delegated to go and chase a lame cow across sixty vacant lots with an old barrel stave, and risk not nothing but a little brief authority and a knit underskirt. We cannot exactly describe this magic power of a devoted wife over her husband, and we do not intend to try it. It is an unseen motive, a nameless leverage, that makes the husband get up in the dead hours of the night and set the pancake batter near the parlor stove. A man need not think that because he gets up and looks for burglars in the night, and is otherwise obedient, it is because he has no backbone. It is simply because he is the husband of a woman of whom he ought to be proud.

A police justice in Syracuse refused to punish a man who beaten a woman who had flirted with him. "Women have no right to flirt," said the level headed old man.

THE ROANOKE NEWS

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