THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

PUBLISHED BY

HALL & SLEDGE.

One Year, in advance, ... $2 00.
Six Months, ... 1 00
Three Months, ... 75 cts

ADVERTISEMENTS,

DR.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR.

OR MEDICINE for

Dyspepsia, Headache, Jaundice, Costiveness, Camp Dysentery, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhea Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, Fever Nervousness, Chills, Diseases of the Skin, Impurity of the Blood, Melancholy or Depression of the Spirits, &c.

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 in the less impair the constitution, and yet be active and safe. That such is the character of the SIMMONS REGULATOR, there can be no doubt, the testimony of hundreds will establish.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED

LIVER

Pain in the side. Sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternating with laxitive 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 the impulse of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred which few of them exist, yet examination of the body after death, has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the foregoing symptoms appear. It is a purely vegetable compound, and is not injurious to the most delicate constitution, and will keep the liver in health if taken as directed properly.

Persons living in malarial localities may avoid all bilious attacks by taking a dose occasionally to keep the liver in healthy action.

REGULATOR

For children complaining of colic, headache, or sick stomach, a teaspoonful or more will give relief. Children, as well as adults, eat sometimes too much supper, or eat something which does not digest well, producing sour stomach, heartburn; a dose or two will give relief. This applies to persons of all ages.

Many persons, from eating too much, are restless at night, or in day time are fidgety, wool gathering, cannot understand what they read, cannot keep their thoughts on any one subject so as to reason well, or become fretful. One or two tablespoonfuls will give relief.

JAUNDICE.—Take enough Regulator after eating each meal, to produce one full action from the bowels every day.

Pregnant ladies will find sure relief from their headache, costiveness, swimming in the head, colic, sour stomach, restlessness, etc. It is mild and suits them better than more active medicine.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.

Buy no powders or prepared SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR unless in our engraved wrapper, with Trade-Mark, Stamp and Signature unbroken.

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Macon, Ga. and Philadelphia,
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The largest stock of Toys of every variety ever brought to this market.

Orders for candies, cakes, &c., filled at shortest notice at Northern prices.

Wedding and other parties supplied as cheap as the cheapest. oct 16 1y.

The great superiority of DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP over all other cough remedies is attested by the immense popular demand for that old established remedy.

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COUGH

SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists.—Price, 25 cents.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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Longfellow.

WHITTIER'S TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD SINGER.

With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion,
He sat on his last birthday.

With his books and his pleasant pictures,
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the golden fields of sunset,
And the cedar woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing songs of him.

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth in the days of yore,
Came flocking back to his windows
And sang in the poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell,
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young,
The last of earth and the first of heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And, waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the saints sing an angel
Who calls God's children home.

And to him a holier welcome
Was the music's meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A REAL SWEET STORY.

It was by far the worst quarrel they had ever had, and they had had many, for she had a temper, and he had a temper, and they were both of them impulsive young people with very little self control.

"You are a false, selfish, untruthful, manlike man," said she.

"And you a suspicious, unreasonable, unwomanly woman," said he.

"Take back your letters," she cried, flinging a parcel tied with hyacinth-blue ribbon on the floor at his feet.

"I will," he muttered between his clenched teeth, picking up the parcel and throwing it into the fire, where it blazed brightly for a moment or two, and then flew away in thin uncanny black fragments up to the chimney. As the last fragment disappeared, Rick turned again to Letty, with frowning brow, and asked, as he had asked before, "Do you still persist in accusing me of deceit and falsehood?"

"I do," she replied, "unless you show me the charm."

"I will not show it to you," he declared, with violence emphasis. "If my word be not sufficient, I refuse to give you further proof. I wonder that you dare insult me by asking it. And I also wonder how you, believing me to be false and untruthful, can be willing to trust your future to me. And, to speak frankly, I begin to think we have made a great mistake in supposing that we could spend that future happily together, for I am fully convinced we are anything but

"'Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one'"

(These lines were quoted with most sarcastic inflection.) "And furthermore, I also begin to think that perhaps it would be better if we had never made this mistake—if we had never met in fact."

"Oh, indeed, sir!"—with great assumption of dignity. "Have you just arrived at that conclusion? I have long been sure of it. But there is nothing easier than to part. Your letters are already disposed of. To-morrow I will send back your ring and picture. And then, when I am free once more, I can try to please my mother (our acquaintance, as you are well aware, has never pleased her,) and in pleasing her I may find I am doing a pleasant as well as a wise thing for myself."

"Are you referring to Brougham Brown?"

"I am referring to Brougham Brown."

"By heavens!" exclaimed Rick, seizing his hat, "this is too much. Letty, good-bye forever!"

But Letty began humming an air from *Pinafore*, drumming an accompaniment on the window-pane, and vouchsafed no answer. Rick rushed from the room. The humming and drumming ceased instantly, and the whilom performer listened intently. Five minutes passed, and still the street door did not slam. "He is waiting for me to come out into the hall and beg his pardon, I suppose," she said, with a defiant grimace, "but I won't!" and she turned again to the window as the door shut with a bang.

And then she flung herself on the lounge, kicked off her slippers, and cried like a summer shower. Rick gone, and gone "forever!"—Rick, whom she had loved so dearly, and who had loved her so dearly, for two long years. And why? Just because that silly, giggling Lena Yarian, with her pale blue eyes and straw-colored hair, had chosen to tell fibs about him. And shaking the tears from her lashes, she began scolding herself as hard as she had scolded poor Rick. "The idea Letty Lounsberry, of your believing that girl before him! What possessed you? He did flirt a little with her, that is true; but all men flirt a little with girls who persist in admiring them and flattering them. But he never gave her the little gold pig—your Christmas gift to him—never! How she got it I can't imagine, but he would have explained if you had given him a chance." And then the absent mother, gone to Aunt Emory's for a two days' visit, came in for a share of reproach. "If she had only let our engagement be known, instead of insisting upon our waiting until Rick was twenty-one and I had not been obliged to carry my engagement ring in my back hair, the only place where it is safe from Baby.—Goodness gracious! Baby!" And Letty suddenly remembered that ever since Rick came in to make a morning call, knowing Mrs. Lounsberry was absent—poor fellow! he'd have staid away if he could have foreseen his reception—Baby had been sitting alone in the dining-room in the middle of the big dining-table, surrounded by all the pickle and marmalade jars and fruit cans and catsup bottles and jam pots out of the store-room. For it was the monthly house cleaning day, and the store-room fell to Letty's share, the foreign help being gifted with too great a talent for smashing and breaking, to say nothing of an equally great talent for abstracting and devouring both sweets and sours. Letty sprang from the lounge, thrust her feet into her slippers, and hastened where duty had been calling her for some time. Baby sat, as good as gold, nursing a bottle of tomato sauce, snugly wrapped in a dish towel, in the very spot where she had been when Rick's ring summoned her sister to the door. Only one small flask lay broken on the floor, filling the air with the subtle fragrance of garlic. "That won't be missed," said Letty. "Think fortune, there is no worse mischief done." But the "thank" was scarcely uttered when her eyes fell upon the last jar of the famous peach marmalade, the secret of the making of which died with grandmamma, and which was being carefully kept for Aunt Emory's (Aunt Emory was an old maid worth thirty thousand dollars) birthday. There it stood directly in front of Baby, with more than half of its thick paper hat torn off, and a yawning cavity made in its precious contents by little scooping fingers.

"Oh, Baby, why couldn't you have taken any jar but that?" asked Letty, reproachfully and dramatically.

But Baby evidently had no excuse to offer for not doing so, for she kept on crooning to her bottle-doll, while her sister hastily fashioned another paper hat and tied it securely over what remained of the original covering.

Then said Baby:

"Rick! Yes I—love Rick!"

Oh, that is what he was doing when she foolishly imagined he was waiting for her to come and implore his forgiveness—bidding good-by to Baby. She might have known it, for he had always loved Baby dearly.

"Yes, Baby, nice Rick, good Rick, dear Rick; but, for all that, the ring he gave me goes back to him to-morrow unless I hear from him to-night. How dare he wish that we had never met?"

But she did not hear from him that night, and the next day the little band of gold was released from its hiding-place in her thick brown hair, and a too faithful messenger placed it in Rick's hands as he left his place of business. But, oh! what a silent, sorrowful maiden wandered about the Lounsberry dwelling thereafter! what a listless, weary voice repeated the nursery rhymes that Baby demanded fifty time a day!

"No nice—no more," said Baby, missing the merry tones and the happy laugh.

But Mrs. Lounsberry was not at all displeased with the turn affairs had taken. Brougham Brown suited her much better as a prospective son-in-law than Richard Creighton. One was a wealthy young brewer, the other a poor clerk in a counting-house.

"Letty will soon get over it," said to Letty's father, whose heart ached at the sight of his daughter's sad face. "A first-love disappointment is always hard to bear for a while. I thought I should have died when Stephen Ford married my cousin; but I didn't; I lived to marry you, and I have a sealskin cloak, and Mrs. Ford hasn't even a jacket."

And so Brougham Brown, who was really a manly, generous, good-hearted fellow in spite of his beer and wealth, encouraged by the maternal head of the house, began devoting himself in the most ardent fashion to Letty; and she, seeing her mother's pleasure therein, and hearing no word from Rick received his attentions in a passive, unresponsible way.

Three months went by, and it was Aunt Emory's birthday, and that eccentric old lady had decided to divide it among the family, lunching with one portion, dining with another, and supping with a third. The lunch party was given at her sister Letitia's (Mrs. Lounsberry,) and some half a dozen old friends and some dozen relatives were bidden to the feast. Letty, in a sea-green gown Rick's favorite gown,) with a spray of pink hyacinths (Rick's favorite spring flower) in her hair, went quietly about welcoming the guests, Brougham Brown following her like her shadow, until lunch was announced. Then taking her place at the table, the young man still near her, she raised the cover from and dipped a spoon into the last jar of grandmamma's famous peach marmalade (she had had it placed before her, trusting to be able to hide the mischief Baby had done,) when somebody said, addressing her mother: "Have you heard that Richmond Creighton is going abroad for his health? He has given up his situation, and sails in a day or two. They say he has failed fast lately."

And the very next moment Aunt Emory fixed her spectacled eyes upon her neice's pale pale face, and asked, sharply: "What's the matter, child? Do you see anything dreadful in the sweets?"

"No, ma'am," answered Letty, with a pitiful attempt at a smile, when the spoon struck something harder than preserved peaches should be.

"Let me help you," said Brougham; and with one turn of his wrist he placed upon the dainty china shell before her—a wad of paper.

"And so that is the last of the celebrated marmalade, is it?" said Aunt Emory. "I don't want any. I prefer my sweets unmixed with unknown foreign substances. Take it away, Norah."

But Letty was already slowly unrolling the paper (it proved to be the missing part of the jar's original hat)—a rather difficult thing to accomplish, as it struck persistently to her small fingers, but accomplished at last, when out rolled the little gold pig. And on the inside of the paper was scrawled, in Rick's bold hand, these words:

"My Darling—How foolish we are—I mean, I am! Here is the charm. Miss Yarian had it about ten minutes last night—only long enough to show it to you and tell you a story about it. Baby will give it to you. Had no paper, so I tore a piece on one of your jam pots. Will see you to-morrow evening.

"RICK."

Never did any young lady so suddenly break through all the conventionalities of society, never did daughter so quickly forget the wishes of her mother, never, did niece so unflinchingly brave the displeasure of a thirty-thousand-dollar aunt, as did Letty Lounsberry the instant after she had read this note.

"Brougham," she cried, looking at him with beautiful, beseeching eyes, "I must see Rick. I must—I must. You will go and bring him to me, dear?"

(It was the first time she had ever called him "dear," and, alas! he felt that it would be the last.) For a moment he pulled his long mustache nervously. "We are not very good friends, you know," at last he said.

"Yes, I know. But I am to blame for that too," said Letty, hurriedly. "Forgive me, Brougham, but I must see Rick."

And the good fellow, hesitating no longer, turned from that imploring face, and with a tugging at his heart strings, went off to seek his rival. He found him, and brought him back to the girl they both loved.

And what do you think Aunt Emory did?—Aunt Emory, who had declared over and over again that only as Mrs. Brougham Brown, Letty, should inherit any of her money. "Left the house in a passion?" Not a bit of it. She laughed and laughed until she could laugh no longer.

"Now I shall have something new to tell folks," she said. "They must be tired and sick of my old yarns. I'm sure I am. Love, gold pigs, jealousy, and marmalade all mixed up together. It's one of the funniest things I ever heard in all my life."

"I'm glad you think so," said Mrs. Lounsberry. "It don't strike me that way. What are they going to live on?"

"Oh, I'll look after them," said Aunt Emory; and her remark makes a very good ending to this real sweet story.

ONE OF THE SUFFERERS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"Do you attend to out town matters," asked a tall, carelessly dressed individual, walking into the city editor's room and assuming a "scalped glass" attitude against one of the tapestry hung walls.

"Now and then," said the city editor, "what is your trouble?"

"Well, you see I just arrived from the South," said the visitor, helping himself to a Reclike chair, and stretching his feet out comfortably on one of the Turkish rugs. I own—that is, I used to own—a plantation not far from New Orleans. Now I own a lake—"

"Then you came from the flooded districts?" said the editor, growing interested.

"Right from the very middle of 'em," said the visitor, curling one long, thin limb over the other, and proceeding to shave off a chew of tobacco from a very black-looking piece of plug. "I tell you, sir, it's dreadful down there, and the thing came on us so sudden like. Why, I woke up one morning and found ducks sailing around my bed and our pet hog perched on the man lepiece pulling like a steamboat on a mud bank. How the hog ever got up there lays me out. Well, the water was a rising, and afore long we had to take to the roof, and there we stayed for fifteen days."

"Fifteen days?" said the editor in surprise.

"Yes, sir; fifteen days, and we couldn't get any thing to eat for the last five, except the moss that sprouted up atween the shingles. Well, my wife got as fat thin—like and so did the children, and I kinder fell away myself."

"Well, I should remark," said the editor grimly.

"Yes, you see a moss diet ain't no way fillin'," said the visitor.

"Why didn't you swim out?" asked the editor.

"There was the trouble," said the visitor. "You see there ain't no plantation nigh onto ten miles from our's, and I calculated that would be too much of a pull for me. I reckon I'm a good swimmer, but I didn't care to tackle that ten miles. Well, we'd got down to our last shingle, and there wasn't a snitch of moss on that roof big enough to wad a shot gun with. Our young ist had been given the last bit, and he sat there on the chimney chewing it up and lookin' like a hand-organ monkey down in his luck, when I see a little cloud way across the water. I didn't say nothing for a moment, but I knew pretty well what that cloud meant, and I watched it like a ranger would a coon. Well, she grew larger, and I made sure it was a steamboat. Then I kinder whispered it quiet like to see the old woman. Well, she took one look and then flopped over in a dead faint, and afore I could grab her she rolled down the roof into the water. Well, that was the last of her."

"You don't mean to say that you let her drown?" said the editor.

"Well, you see," said the visitor, "I was so weak I knew it was death for both of us for me to go after her, and to make matters worse she packed in our youngster along with her. I tell you, we're having tough times down our way. At last somebody on that steamboat saw us and they took us aboard; but I lost everything, not to say nothing about pork of my family. Well, they took us up to New Orleans and I scraped up cash enough to come North, and here I am."

"But what did you come North for?" asked the editor.

"Well, you see they put me on a relief committee, and I'm on here to raise funds for the sufferers."

"Oh, you are," said the editor, edging his chair back and looking sharply at his visitor.

"Yes, I see you newspaper fellows was a-throwin' out lots of sympathy for us, and I just thought I'd tackle the press first, and then work down through the other professions."

"Very thoughtful in you," said the editor.

"Yes, after I've got your contributions I'll just see whether the churches are good for anything," said the visitor.

"Wait a moment," said the editor, walking over to the telephone, and then he called the instrument. "Connect Eagle with police headquarters," but the relief committee didn't wait for the reply.

GIVE YOURSELF.—Said a mother to me one day: When my children were young I thought the very best thing I could do for them was to give them myself. So I spared no pains to talk with them, to teach them, to read to them, to pray with them, to be a loving companion and friend to my children. I had to neglect my house many times, I had no time to indulge myself in many things which I should have liked to do. I was busy adorning their minds and cultivating their heart's best affections, that I could not adorn their bodies in fine clothes, though I kept them neat and comfortable at all times. I have my reward now. My sons are ministers of the gospel, my grown daughter a lovely Christian woman. I have plenty of time to sit down now and rest, plenty of time to keep my house in perfect order, plenty of time to indulge myself in many ways, besides going about my Master's business whenever he has need of me. I have a thousand beautiful memories of their childhood to comfort me. Now that they have gone out into the world, I have the sweet consciousness of having done all I could to make them ready for whatever work God calls them to do. I gave them the best I could—myself.

—The advertisements and editorial comments got mixed up last week in one of our exchanges, hence we find: "Read the original poem on our inside. It is a gem scintilating with wit. It is a most excellent substitute for calomel—can be used as an emetic. Sold by all druggists."

FACTS ABOUT DANCING.

From time to time our opinion has been asked on the question of dancing. We prefer to state some facts touching the practice, and leave every one to do his own thinking and reach his own conclusion:

1. It is a fact that the dancing mentioned approvingly in the Bible was carried on by the sexes separately, and generally if not always, as a religious act.

2. It is a fact that modern dancing, however well done, adds no worth to the character.

3. It is a fact that a trained monkey can excel the best taught young lady or gentleman in the use of the heels.

4. It is a fact that it requires no intelligence and no virtue to dance well.

5. It is a fact that there is no more honor in dancing well than there is in jumping, walking, running, or wrestling well. Dancing matches are on a par with walking matches, etc.

6. It is a fact that mixed dancing becomes extremely fascinating.

7. It is a fact that much valuable time is lost by this species of reveling.

8. It is a fact that money is wasted on dancing.

9. It is a fact that people who cannot entertain themselves and each other in a rational way and must employ their heels for this purpose are to be pitied.

10. It is a fact that young ladies permit familiarities in the ball room which public sentiment universally condems as dangerous to purity.

11. It is a fact that many females have been ruined by attending dances.

12. It is a fact that the best of young men, even of those who dance, do not wish their sisters to attend balls, and they do not wish to marry dancing girls.

13. It is a fact that the whole spirit and tendency of dancing is worldly.

14. It is a fact that no one was ever noted for piety and dancing.

15. It is a fact that when a professor or religion follows dancing, his influence for good is lost.

16. It is a fact that men of the world think dancing inconsistent with the Christian profession.

17. It is a fact that the best people in the world never dance.

18. It is a fact that a dancing Church-member is not worth anything much to the Church. As the love of dancing comes in, the love of God goes out.

19. It is a fact that the most pious and considerate people in all the denominations are opposed to dancing, and earnestly advise against it.

20. It is a fact that no young convert desires to dance, nor any one else in whose heart the love of God burns.

21. It is a fact that no one ever dances to go God, but an apostle enjoins us to do everything to his glory.

22. It is a fact that the most ardent advocates of dancing always change their views in the presence of death.

All these facts can be proven, and are true beyond doubt. To the light of them it ought not to be difficult for any inquirer after the right way to come to a safe conclusion.—*Exchange.*

A GEAN TOWN.

He Could Find no Sale for Skins.

Officly Decreed.

He was a red-nosed, wild-eyed man from the head waters of the Sage Run, and looked as if he hadn't been in town since oil was discovered. His rusty pants were several inches too short at one end, and he carried half a dozen coon skins in his right hand.

At the post-office corner he met a lady, and stopped her by holding the bunch of hides before her face, said:

"Can't I sell you something for to make a set of furs?"

The lady screamed and shot over to the other side of the street.

"Does any of your neighbors want to buy any thing of the kind?" he yelled.

"The lady screamed again.

"Now what's the matter with Hannah?" remarked the red-nosed man as the lady disappeared in the door opposite.

A moment later the man reeled into a bank and threw the hides down at the cashier's window.

"Got some A No. 1 coon skins here that I'll sell cheap. Not a scratch of a tooth on any of them. Ketched every one of 'em in a box trap."

"We have no use for them," said the president politely, as he cast an oblique glance at the goods.

"They will make you a nice vest," said the red-nosed man. "Two hides will make you a vest and one'll make you a cap that'll wear you as long as you live."

"My dear sir," replied the president, somewhat confused, "we don't want hides here. Take them some where else, please."

"Mebbe your wife would like a set of furs, and there is——"

"No, no, no," replied the banker, impatiently. "Take the things away. They are offensive."

"What's that?" said the red nose man, sharply.

Take the blamed things out of this," exclaimed the exasperated banker, "they smell like a slaughter-house."

"I'll take a dollar for the lot."

"The people next door buy coon skins," put in the cashier. "Take them in there, take them up town, take them down town, take them over to the river, take——"

"Gimme fifty cents for the lot," he persisted.

"If you don't get out of this, I'll kick your head off," yelled the president.

"I'll take thirty cents for six,' said the red-nosed man. 'D'ye say the word?' and he dangled the bunch by the tails.

The president started for the out side. The man with the skins started for the sidewalk after having reached it paused and said;

'Gre-a-t Goll'ey! If sealskin and sable were selling for a cent a can-head, the hull town can't buy the send-papered end of a rat's tail.'

CHOKING JUDAS.—Every year, at Christmas, the San Antonio Mexicans celebrate a kind of imitation of the 'Passion Play,' called 'Pastorcs.' The Virgin Mary, the apostles, including Judas Iscariot, all appear and act their parts. On the last occasion of this play Judas was missing.

What has become of Judas? asked one of the spectators of St. Peter, with whom he was well acquainted.

Judas be——, was the reply, last year we had to choke him to make him give back the thirty pieces of silver that we gave him in the play, so this year the apostles won't let him stick his nose inside of the circus tent.

FASCINATED BY A SONG.—On Sunday last we witnessed a singular contest between a mocking bird and a cat. When first observed the bird was on the ground, about three feet from the cat, singing a thrilling, triumph melody, that held its enemy entranced. The bird had come under the mesmeric influence of the cat and could not get away, and the cat, charmed by the melody of the bird, could not eat it. Several times it would crouch, give its tail a switching motion and prepare to spring, but the bird would approach, warbling in a milder strain, and puss would rub her head against it, purring in that manner so peculiar to these animals when pleased.

We watched to see how this novel contest would end, and even tried to frighten the bird away, but the cat caught it up in her mouth, ran off a short distance, put it upon the ground and let the little creature sing, seeming perfectly content with its music. We again approached, took the cat up, when the bird also flew up a tree by and seemed deeply distressed, the cat meanwhile crying it wistfully. At last we succeeded in scaring the bird away and put the cat down, when it immediately started off to hunt up the bird. Whether it succeeded in finding it or not we cannot say.—*American Republican.*

A MINISTER'S PARLIAMENT.—Daniel Webster had an anecdote of old Father Searle, the minister of his boyhood, which is too good to be lost: It was customary then to wear knee breeches in cold weather. One Sunday morning in autumn Father Searle brought his breeches down from the garret, but the wasps had taken possession during the summer, and were having a nice time of it in them. By dint of effort he got out the intruders and prepared for meeting. But, while reading the Scriptures to the congregation, he felt a dagger from the enraged, small-waisted fellows, and jumped around the pulpit clapping his thighs. But the more he slapped and danced, the more they stung. The people thought him crazy, but he explained the matter by: 'Brethren, don't be alarmed; the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches!' Webster always told this with great give to the ministers.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.

FOR

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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One Square,	3 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	20 00	30 00
Three Squares,	8 00	15 00	30 00	40 00
Four Squares,	10 00	18 00	30 00	45 00
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Surgeon Dentist.

Office over W. H. Brown's Dry Goods Store,

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DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER & BRO.,

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W. H. DAY. A. C. ZOLLICOFFER.

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1857 ESTABLISHED 1857

January 1st, 1857.

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