

## THE ROANOKE NEWS

THURSDAY : JUNE 15, 1883

## LITTLE THINGS.

It was only a wee little kitten  
And a kitten in the stick man's caprice—  
A vision; that was all.

But it carried his watch along,  
And it stopped at the stick man's caprice.  
Till he turned the watch the following morning;  
A light hearted boy again.

It was only a mere robin,  
Perched on a robin's bough,  
But it carried the robin's egg  
Back to its nest.

Smooth and verdure and fragrance,  
Fresh leaves and happy birds—  
And the bird with his mate comes to  
The trees in the stick man's caprice.

It was only the shade of a church bell,  
Out on the Sabbath day.  
But it brought to the waiting spirit  
A thought of life home and of peace.

Only a tiny nickel,  
Dropped in an unchristened hand,  
But it yielded gold content,  
To a wretched child.

Thus on the way the stick man,  
A vision and a dream, goes on  
For the sake of your word and actions.  
How little else we know.

The day is that perches the vulture,  
And the night is that comes to the tree.  
The day does that gives us morning,  
Are little things all of it?

Who sees that the stars闪耀,  
Nor sufficient to tell all,  
Who sees that the world is  
Himself created them all.

And oft till the sleep overcomer,  
His lens and glasses, vision,  
Shows him the world with the things

## SPRICKLY SPARKS.

Spots on the sun—slipper marks.  
Man was created a little lower than the angels,  
and he generally stays there.

Women are not easily nature. We never  
heard of one thoughtless enough to step on a mouse.

Sleep may "knit up the ravaged shew of care," but it won't mend the torn stockings of poverty worth a cent.

Looking-glasses have to stand a great deal  
of impudent ugliness. No wonder they are  
given so much to reflection.

It used to take nine tailors to make a man.  
Now one good tailor, a shoemaker and a bar-  
ber can make what is called a society man.

Under the microscope a hair has rough  
edges like a rasp. No wonder then that's  
young man's mustache often tickles a girl's nose.

The happiness of the human race, in this  
world does not consist in our being freed of  
our passions, but in our learning to command  
them.

It is said that the course of a cannon ball  
may be turned by contact with a sponge. The  
shingle likewise has an effect upon the bark of  
early childhood.

The Cambridge "Tidings" asks: "When day  
breaks, did any one pick up the pieces? That's  
what I never could find out, but know there  
was considerable ruin."

Tom Thumb has become a convert to Spi-  
tualism. Probably Tom thinks that, on an  
orthodox system of the general resurrection, he  
might get lost in the shuffle.

A couple of fellows who were pretty thor-  
oughly soaked with half whisky, got into the  
gutter. After floundering for some time, one  
of them said: "Let's go to another house; this  
hotel isn't."

A New York paper has discovered that  
"San Francisco has a six-legged cow. It has  
been stoned in knee breeches, out of compul-  
sion to Oscar Wilde." The cow truly has  
two, two legs.

"Moderately! Do you pretend to have as  
good a judgment as me?" exclaimed an en-  
raged wife in her husband. "Well, no," he re-  
plied slowly, "our choice of partners for life  
shows that my judgment is not to be compared  
with yours."

"An English bishop earnestly remarked to  
his servant that he was dying. 'Well my  
lord,' said the good fellow, 'you are going to  
a better place.' John replied the prelate,  
with a air of conviction, 'There's no place  
like old England to it.'

Senator McPherson, of Ottawa, has written  
a book on etiquette to be observed by officers  
and members of the Senate. One of the rules  
is that no Senator shall eat another a lar-  
ge without first attracting his attention with an  
inkstand or paper weight.—*Mirror.*

I remember, says Wesley, hearing my father  
say to mother, "How could I have the pa-  
tience to tell that block-head the same thing  
twenty times over?"

"Why," said she, "if I had told him but 19  
times, I should have lost all my labor."

Who knows not that truth is strong next to  
the Almighty? Sheared no policy, no stra-  
tegic, no licensing, to make her victorious!  
those are the shifts and deceptions that erne-  
vate against her power give her room, and do  
not bind her when she sleeps.—*Mirror.*

Little Johnny's mother reached for him with  
her slipper, the other evening, for breaking the  
jelly, and after slapping the portion of his pan-  
taloons that he sits on, she was surprised to  
see him laugh over it, and demanded the  
cause of it. "I was thinking how I failed you;  
it was Carrie who hooked the jelly."

"Why earth don't you get up earlier, my  
son?" said an anxious father to his sluggish  
boy—"don't you see the flowers are spring-  
ing out of their beds at early dawn?"

"Yes, father," said the boy, "I see them,  
and I would do the same, if I had as many  
beds as they have."

She sat down at the piano, cleared her  
throat, and commenced to harmonize. Her  
first selection was: "I Cannot Sing the old  
Song, and a Woman Has a cold." The com-  
binder that she holds, dinner fell on the combi-  
nator, the stronger in the corner said, "Well,  
and we trust you are not too familiar with  
the new ones."

The Rev. Mr. B., an eccentric preacher in  
Michigan, was holding forth not long since in  
Detroit. A young man arose to go out, when  
the preacher said:

"Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than  
hear me preach, you may go."

The sinner stopped, reflected a moment, and  
saying respectfully, "Well, I believe I would,"  
went on.

A Western man visiting his brother in Dan-  
bury, copied a gun on the kitchen wall. "Is  
that your gun?" he asked.

"Oh, no, it's mine," replied the brother.  
"Empty?" For God's sake load it quick as  
you can, or the children will get hold of it and  
shoot each other."

He had read the papers.

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