

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for Space, One M., Two M., Three M., Six M., One Y. and corresponding rates for One Square, Two Squares, etc.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Professional cards for BARNES & BELL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW; R. H. SMITH, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW; J. M. HERRARD, ATTORNEY AT LAW; THOMAS N. HILL, Attorney at Law; D. R. G. W. HARTMAN, Surgeon Dentist; T. W. MASON, ATTORNEY AT LAW; WALTER B. DANIEL, Attorney and Counsellor at Law; W. W. HALL, ATTORNEY AT LAW; D. R. E. I. HUNTER, SURGEON DENTIST; JAMES R. WELLES, JOHN A. KOORS, MULLEN & MOORE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW; DR. A. R. ZOLICOFFER & BRO., PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS; YARBOROUGH HOUSE, Fayetteville Street, Raleigh, N. C.; COCKADE MARBLE WORKS; MONUMENTS, Tombs, Crosses, Headstones and Gravesones; W. W. HALL, Fire and Life Insurance Agent.

A LITTLE GREEN PEACH.

A little peach in the orchard grew— A little peach of emerald hue— Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew, It grew.

HER REVENGE.

Will said Squire Dermody to his eldest son, one morning, as they were seated at the breakfast table, "some one has been in that orchard again and broken the limbs of three of my choicest Bartlett's, and I want it stopped."

Jim was the hired man, living in a tenement house on the place, but the squire did not think he would have the temerity to steal his fruit and damage his pot trees, for he had more than one key to his sorrow what it was to offend his employer.

Late in the afternoon of this same day, as the heir was walking near the orchard, apparently oblivious to everything but the beauty of the distant landscape, his attention was suddenly arrested by a cracking of the limbs near the edge of the orchard, and with a single bound he was over the fence, and directly under the tree whence the sound came.

Looking up to the branches he discovered what caused him to hesitate with surprise, and perhaps, another sentiment. A young girl of about 16, black-haired, black eyes, sparkling with the excitement of mischief and fear combined, sat on a large limb of the tree, grasping a smaller limb above her head, and evidently enjoying the squire's choice fruit to the best of her ability.

But Will had been told by his father that the thief was to be summarily dealt with, and such blind obedience had the father exacted of his son that he never once thought there were any extenuating circumstances which would excuse him. The squire's word to his son was his law, and sooner than disobey him he would have undergone any frightful ordeal.

My father said I was to flog the thief, said he. I'm not a thief, and you dare not flog me! And the pretty face flushed with anger.

Will you answer me or not? he continued, and then, angered by her persistent silence and looks of defiance, aided by the recollection of parental commands, he struck her a light blow across the shoulders.

A year passed. Our young avenger of his father's stolen fruit had joined a party, one bright October morning, for a hunting expedition. They had gone to Cat Island, a large swampy island situated near the head of Hemlock lake, which bordered the Dermody estate.

A WISE ESSAY ON LIARS.

"Who am a liar?" asked the old man, as he rose up in his usual place and glared around him. Pickles Smith, Trustee Pullback, Samuel Shin and Evergreen Jones started and turned pale, and there was a death-like silence as Brother Gardner continued.

"An' what shall we do wid him—wid de liar and de liar? Do lar an' wid us an' of us an' among us. He gits up wid us in de mawin, an' he has down wid us at night. Go to de grocery, and de grocer smiles an' nods an' lies. Go to de dry goods man, an' he has a welcome an' a lie. De tailor promises a suit when he knows he can't finish it.

At this moment a young girl, a wild-faced, gypsy-like maiden, rushed from a fisherman's hut near the beach, and, without any ado, plunged into the water, and commenced the race with her two male rivals for the rescue of the drowning man. Her life had been spent on the water and in its bosom, and she soon proved herself more than a match for her competitors.

She reached the spot where the young man went down just in time to see a tuft of hair floating on the surface. Seizing this firmly in her left hand, she supported the senseless body by almost superhuman exertions in one so young until the arrival of the two tardy swimmers, and together they bore the drowning man ashore.

Will Dermody was lying in a weak condition in his bed, recovering from a severe fever which had resulted from his recent mishap, for it was not without the greatest exertion on the part of the physicians that he was restored to consciousness and life.

His mother stood by his bedside and had just finished telling him the particulars of his rescue. It was Mamie Wheelock, a fisherman's daughter, who rescued you at the risk of her life, and thinking you might wish to thank her, said Mrs. Dermody, with a smile, I have sent for her to come to the house and she is waiting in the sitting room at this moment.

Oh, mother, pray do not keep me a moment from thanking this angel of the wave for saving my worthless life, for— He stopped in surprise as the door opened and he beheld the bright gypsy face and graceful form of the girl who stole the squire's fruit.

Mamie, Mamie! Can you ever forgive me? he began flushing with the collection and repentance of the episode in the orchard. As his mother stole from the room, the young girl came quickly to his side, and, with a face from which all the wildness and defiance had fled, placed a soft brown hand over his pale lips, and asked him if she did not promise to make him repent the blow he struck her.

Will kissed the little hand and retained it in his own, and glanced again with deep admiration at the pretty face of Mamie; but this time he had no command from the squire which forbade the admiration.

A TEXAS WIFE.

The best natured woman in the United States lives in Austin. She has been married a number of years to a man named Ferguson, but she and her husband have never had a quarrel yet, and he has frequently boasted that it is utterly impossible to make her angry.

Ferguson came home late, and apparently fighting drunk. She met him at the gate, kissed him, and assisted his tottering steps to the house. He sat down hard in the middle of the floor, and howled out:

What did this noble woman do? Do you suppose she grumbled and talked about going home to her ma, or that she sat down and cried like a fool, or that she snuffed and pouted? Not a bit of it. With a pleasant smile, she said:

It was evening in the country. The moonbeams peeped softly between the leaves of the pines, and, and kissed the song birds led in h-py dreams. The rose and the lily were asleep, so were the parsnip and the string-bean, and all the amorous air was toned with larged scent to the sublime altitude of a swell drag store.

They were walking up the shady avenue from the village whether he had taken her to prove his boundless admiration and love at a five cent soda-water fountain.

She clatched his ready-made coat—or rather his slacker—in a wild ecstasy of ineffable delight, while he continued: "You are the sweet particular idol of my life, and I shall take you to the circus next week. My love for you is deep as the ocean's curving and the plumb-line's pocket, which, like a spring, redits itself when drained. Mine is a wild enthusiastic passion that will withstand the rigors of the arctic butcher and milliner. The straw hat you wear may lose the cunning of the hand that strangles the greater apartments below the large ones in the three-quarter pint measure which he guarantees to hold a quart, but my love you will never lose even if you bet it on a horse-race. Ah, yes, fair maiden, while life lasts you shall have in me a defender against all the trials and tribulations of this woe-d, uncertain life. My love for you burns like a dollar in a pig's pocket; it also burns like you snowy hair, and not till that goes out—"

"It has just gone out," she broke in. "Alas, too true!" he sighed. "I have been swearing by a Fourth-of July balloon." And he didn't say another word until he good nighted at the gate.

It is not known who penned the following thoughts: "The heart has memories that never die, the rough and tumble of the world can not obliterate them. Feeble and palsied age, trembling on the brink of the grave, has them when everything else has fled away and been forgotten. They are the memories of our boyhood's home, the home where we were born, the yard with its wealth of roses and flower-decked vines, the lilac bushes where the robins made their nests each spring, paying their rent in songs as we have often dreamed of, but never heard of afterwards; the old elm and the swing, where the children used to play; all the time the mother sat by the window, her face gleaming out occasionally through the folds of the dainty muslin curtains, and the old house with its queer corners and nooks and the neat, tidy chambers where we used to dream of sunny hours, cloudless skies, moments of bliss and glorious happiness, which now only linger in the memory of them. Neither changes or time, neither distance or distances, can ever affect or blot out from the heart those memories of the spring time of our lives."

W. DANIEL, 10 Wash. Avenue, Weldon, N. C.

MORSELS FOR CONTEMPTUAL.

Genius can never despise labor. A dull proser is more endurable than a dull joker. Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave them. The only jewel which will not decay is knowledge. The most profound joy has more of gravity than gaiety in it. Life is not so short but there is always time enough for courtesy. There are epidemics of nobleness as well as epidemics of disease. The secrets of life are not shown except to sympathy and likeness. Courage is, on all hands, considered as an essential of high character. The latter has not an opinion good enough either of himself or others. God does not pay off every Saturday night; but he is sure to "settle in full" some day. Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them. The proper way to check slander is to despise it; attempt to overtake and refute it, and it will out run you. A hypocrite is in himself both the archer and the mark, in all actions shooting at his own praise or profit. Happiness consists in activity. Such is the constitution of our nature; it is a running stream, and not a stagnant pool. There ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well formed mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely. Mahomet says: "When a man dies, people ask, 'What property has he left behind him?' But the angels, as they bend over his grave, inquire, 'What good deeds hast thou set before thee?'" Show me the man you honor. I know by that symptom better than any other, what you are yourself. For you show me then what your ideal of manhood is, what kind of a man you long inexcessibly to be.—Gaillet.

Bill Arp's Philosophy. It doesn't pay to get mad about anything, much less about politics. Getting mad cheats a man out of his time. He can lose a day or two days or even a week, thinking about it and fretting over it, and that interferes with his business and deranges his digestion, and makes his family unhappy. He had better go dead for a while and come to life again. Getting mad is the poorest way to get even with an enemy I ever tried. It don't pay worth a cent and always makes a man lose his own self respect. Now a man may get mad with him self for being a fool and it will do him no harm. In fact, it may do good, for it's the sign of repentance. I knew a young man to go to a church fair, and the girls honeyfugled six dollars out of him and he went home and undressed and tied one arm to the bed-post and whipped himself with the other, and as he cut himself round the legs he would say: "You go to another church fair! You let them girls fool you out of your money again! You pay ten cents for every fool letter they stick at you! You give half a dollar for a little dab of ice cream—I'll learn you some sense, I will," and as he talked to himself he kept the switch going lively, and would dance up and down just like he was another fellow. Now that's a good idea. When a man makes a fool of himself and goes a ripping round let him tie himself up and give himself a good whipping, and then take a fresh start in the morning. If a man gets into a fight with another man he might accidentally get whipped, and then everybody would hear of it, but if he whips himself all by himself it will do more good, and nobody would ever know anything about it.—Atlanta Constitution.

His Love. It was evening in the country. The moonbeams peeped softly between the leaves of the pines, and, and kissed the song birds led in h-py dreams. The rose and the lily were asleep, so were the parsnip and the string-bean, and all the amorous air was toned with larged scent to the sublime altitude of a swell drag store.

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