

ADVERTISEMENTS  
**DARBY'S**  
**PROPHYLACTIC**  
**FLUID.**  
A Household Remedy for Universal Family Use.

**For Scarlet and Typhoid Fever, Diphtheria, Sallow, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scalded Head, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases.** Persons using the fluid should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

**For Sore Throat, Sore Gums, Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, Sore Nose, Sore Mouth, Sore Lips, Sore Cheeks, Sore Chin, Sore Neck, Sore Arms, Sore Legs, Sore Feet, Sore Hands, Sore Fingers, Sore Toes, Sore Nails, Sore Skin, Sore Hair, Sore Face, Sore Body, Sore Soul, Sore Heart, Sore Mind, Sore Will, Sore Power, Sore Love, Sore Hate, Sore Joy, Sore Grief, Sore Pain, Sore Pleasure, Sore Everything.**

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# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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## WE HAVE PARTIED.

By CECIL APTON.  
We have partied: 'neath the moon,  
From this hour can fill my glass,  
Never again can I know sadness,  
Ever must feel the heart's gladness.

Hours of grief and hours of sorrow,  
Woe and pain are all I see,  
Knowing that each coming morning  
Brings no joy, no peace to me.

We have partied: yet I love thee,  
O how dear art thou to me,  
More than life, and Heaven above me,  
Were not Heaven if wanting thee!

Yet the cruel words are spoken,  
And we never shall meet again,  
All of love's fond vows are broken,  
And my heart is filled with pain.

Yet I'll not let my heart be broken,  
With the war that is in my soul,  
With the sorrow that is in my heart,  
But will win with my heart's will.

Though 'tis of I do not blame thee,  
Thou who wert mine in all,  
Soon will I be mine to thee,  
Soon life's pleasures turn to gall.

Go in peace and we'll meet again,  
Go—cast not one thought on me,  
I must try my thoughts to smother,  
Thoughts which sadly turn to pain.

Yet I would not bid thee go,  
Round thy heart or bid thee stay,  
Do in peace—may angels scatter  
Blessings all along thy way.

Then farewell, farewell forever,  
Light of my life, how loath to me,  
While my life shall last, I never  
Will I cease to think of thee.

WELDON, N. C.  
**CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE.**

"Friend or brother,  
He forgets his own life that spills another's."

"Christie, why do you dislike Philip Castleman so intensely? You need not try to deny it, dear—you never near his name mentioned, without a scornful curve of your lips, red lips, and I wish you could see yourself speak to him." The sight would violently be too much for me Fannie, he thought of it, has caused you to make your eyes into two exclamation points." Oh! you may laugh at me, as much as you please, I do not mind, but I do want to know why you dislike him so much, and I shall worry you until you tell me. I know, dear, you have a good reason for your aversion; you are not like young ade—capricious or foolish in your likes and dislikes and Philip evidently admires you very much." Christie did not hear the last remark made by her friend—she answered the former part only. "My dear girl, what you say is true, in this instance, at least; I have a very good reason for my aversion to Captain Castleman—Had I known that he was to be one of Kathie's guests I would have refused her invitation—I wish even now, I could find some reasonable excuse for leaving; but that is impossible, for I have already left me safely here, went off to the mountains, where I will remain until the last of September. I wish I could leave; it is horrible to meet him day after day, and knowing what I know to treat him with ordinary politeness." Christie spoke in a low voice as if colloquizing with herself. Her friend, Fannie Armstrong, gazed at her in astonishment until she finished. "Why Christie what awful thing has he done that you should feel like that towards him? He is so handsome and seems so good and nice—all the girls are nearly crazy about him." "Seems so good, ah! Yes. But believe me, there is no true goodness in him. When I see him looking so happy and contented—so brave and strong, I can realize how the tempter may appear as an 'angel of light.' Listen to the story, I am going to tell you Fannie, and then wonder, if you can, at my detestation of him. You have heard me speak of my aunt Mary? Well, she had an only son, in the army, during the civil war. John Lawrence was a rather wild young man from all accounts, and his most intimate friend was Philip Castleman. They were in the same company, and it was while the army was south, that this terrible affair happened. The two young men fell in love with a young southern girl, whose father's plantation was near the camp. The old gentleman, though a true southerner, was also a hospitable man, and the young Union officers visited freely at his house. The daughter was somewhat of a flirt, and encouraged both young men, although she loved but one. It is needless to say that one was Philip Castleman. My cousin John was not at all jealous of the attention his friend paid the young girl, for Philip told him, that he did not admire the young lady, but he wished to know her well, and also to advance my cousin's cause by singing his praises. Of course John was not willing to put an end to such good offices, and matters went on agreeably enough for several weeks, but at last the blow fell. One night when they thought my cousin far away, on a secret mission, he returned sooner than expected, and learning where his friend was, set out immediately for the home of his lady-love. As he approached the house by a winding path, he came upon the two suddenly, and heard what turned him to stone. He heard his friend pleading for a secret marriage, because he knew to woo and marry her openly, would alienate his friend Lawrence, which would never do as he, Philip Castle-

man, was poor and depended on what he could borrow, or win from his friend in gambling. Of course he did not tell the girl this, but said he was afraid he would lose the favor of his rich uncle by marrying a southerner, he feared he might lose her, if she did not bind herself in marriage. He won her consent at last and the time and place of marriage was arranged. My cousin did not wait to hear more, but returned to the camp with a heart full of jealousy, and rage, and friendly trust destroyed. The two rivals met at a wine and card party that night and both drank deeply—no one knew how the quarrel began, but the men who were sober enough to understand, heard Captain Castleman taunt my cousin for his inability to win what he found to easy gain. Words of recrimination and insult followed, and at last my cousin, impetuous, blinded, with wine, and boiling with rage and jealousy, struck the handsome lips, that taunted him so cruelly. Friends intervened, and a meeting was arranged next morning at sunrise, the two men met in a little grove not far from camp. My cousin fired into the air, but Philip Castleman, took deliberate aim and shot his friend through the heart. Oh! Fannie, just think! one who had loved him, and befriended him, he shot—deliberately murdered!

The matter was hushed up as quietly as possible, by Captain Castleman's relatives. Of course he had to leave the army, but his undied just then, and he came home and took possession of a princely fortune. When I think of my aunt's broken heart, and empty home, can you wonder that I shudder at the thought that the same house shelters us both?"

"What became of the poor girl, Christie?" The shock was too much for her, she lost her mind, and in a few months she died. She died—and he lives cheerful and happy, surrounded by every luxury that wealth can bring. Who could believe, that under that smiling and fascinating exterior, he could hide so black a heart. Rolling in wealth, men forget his crime and for what that wealth can effect, society gladly opens its doors to him.

"Mothers all profit their stainless daughters. Men of high honor value him friend."

Christie stopped with a low sob in her voice. "Christie, I do not wonder at your dislike to him now, but, oh! it is impossible to believe him guilty of such a crime. He has such a strong, gentle face, and is so courteous and fascinating in manner. He is brave too, for he did not hesitate to imperil his own life the other day in his efforts to stop a runaway team, as they were dobbing down a steep hill. He was very much bruised, but he sopped them and saved the life of old Carter their driver—and he would not allow any fuss to be made over him either, for when he found the crowd was determined to make a hero of him, he quietly slipped away and did not go near the village again that day. Dear Christie, don't cry so. How I wish you could go home with me to-day—Can you not invent some excuse, and come?" "No Fannie, I cannot. Kathie would feel hurt if I left her before Christmas—return—I wish I could!—There! I hear the girls coming. Do not speak to them of what I have been telling you." Before Fannie could reply, a merry group of girls entered the room, and the two friends had no more time for private conversation.

CHAPTER II.  
A few days after the departure of Fannie Owen, we beheld Christie, taking a lonely constitutional in one of the most beautiful walks, that beautify the extensive grounds, surrounding Courtney. Christie walked slowly and hummed a tune softly to herself as she walked, to prevent the recurrence of the painful thoughts that had haunted her ever since she came here and found Philip Castleman a guest in her friend's house. She stopped as she reached a point, where she could obtain a glimpse of the river, and leaning against an old tree she watched the changing lights and shadows on the water. While she watched, a wistful light came into the dark grey eyes, and a shadow fell across the bright, merry face—She seemed to be reading futurity, and to feel a strange sadness at what she read there. Presently a voice, which caused her heart to throb every time she heard it fall on her ear, and turning slowly, she met the earnest blue eyes of Captain Castleman gazing down into her eyes, and somewhat tenderly. He smiled at her, and she started back and said pleasantly, "Where were you then Miss Elmore? Not at Courtney, I wager." "No, but it is high time I was there, and if you will excuse me, I'll hurry on to the house. I promised to meet Kathie and I have been dreaming here ever so long." "Well, I promised to help her also, and if you will allow me, we can return together." There was no help for it, so Christie walked on trying ineffectually, to have a wide space between them. "After this ball to-night, I presume every thing else will appear 'stale, flat, and unprofitable' to us all, I think disposition on a large scale is apt to make everything else appear small in comparison, especially next day. Do you not think so?" "I really cannot tell as this will be my first disposition on a large scale," and tomorrow will be an ex-

ception to the usual rule, for if you remember, we are to have a grand picnic at Silver Glen." "True, I forgot, I hope we shall not fall asleep while at lunch. Miss Elmore, will you allow me to ask you for the first dance to-night?" "Certainly, I will allow you, but I will have to inform you that I am already engaged for the first. Here we are at last. What a long walk, I had no idea I had wandered so far. There is Kathie, waiting for me. Good morning Captain Castleman," and she ran lightly up the steps. He turned away with a sad, gloved look on his face, brought there by her last few words. He saw that she avoided him, and never spoke to him of her own accord—and while the knowledge pained him deeply, he never dreamed why it was so. He had lived in the same house with her nearly a month, and she was no nearer him now, than the first day she came; all his efforts to please her were useless. When he saw the tenderness and love she lavished on others, his heart grew wild with longing. He knew he loved her and he hoped in time to overcome her evident aversion to him, but he acknowledged he had no easy task to perform. He remembered the first day he met her—would he ever forget her pale face, and the look of horror and disgust in it when his name was mentioned? He was haunted by that look, and wondered what caused it to come there. "At any rate," he thought, "she is the first love of my lonely life, and it shall go hard with me, if I do not win her—my little queen." A half smile, parted the handsome lips as he repeated in a low tone:

"A girl who has so many willful ways,  
She would have caused Job's patience to forsake his." Yet so rich in all a girl's praise,  
Did Job himself upon her goodness gaze,  
A little better she would surely make him."

The ball is nearly at an end. The night is already wearing into the "wee sma' hours," and people who live near enough are beginning to leave. Christie, who finds herself quite a belle on this occasion, has been dancing all the evening and now rests, near a curtained alcove, while her partner goes for an inter-very beautiful she looks to-night in her white flannel and many eyes have turned to watch the graceful figure as it glided through the maze dance. Now as she sits alone and resting she sees Captain Castleman approaching. He has not been near her during the evening, and as he approaches now, she looks for some means of escape. There is none and with a slightly clouded brow, she turns and finds him standing before her. "Miss Elmore, the next is a waltz, may I hope to have it?" She looked up anxiously—"What would life be, without hope, Captain Castleman?" I suppose that me as that you are not engaged for this, and will give it to me—"You should not suppose so much," she answered in the same sunny tones. "I said, you might hope, I do not think I gave you to understand you might have this waltz." "I will ask you plainly then, will you be my partner through this waltz?" "You must excuse me, I am engaged for this and a good many more besides." "If you will kindly allow me to look at your programme, I flatter myself I can fathom the number of your engagements." "I am sorry I cannot oblige you. My programme was too much like a will-o'-the-wisp, I could not control it, so placed it in stronger hands." He flushed angrily as the cool words fell from the pretty, curved lips, and drawing himself up straight, he said proudly—"Why you should doubt me so persistently, I do not pretend to know. I might have known my errand here, was a useless one, but I thought to-night when every one seemed so happy and pleased, that perhaps, for once, you would be kind to me. I have learned my mistake by sad experience." He looked at her, hesitated, and then suddenly clasping her hand, he whispered excitedly, "Christie why do you hate me so bitterly? God knows I would die for your sake. It is hard you should have my heart so entirely and give me only scorn in return. Why is it so Christie, tell me to-night?" With an indignant face and burning eyes, she looked up to give her answer, but her eyes fell before the impassioned look she met. Her words came slowly and coldly to her eager ears. "You must be mad, or dreaming, Captain Castleman. In future I would be glad to have you remember I am Miss Elmore, only my friends call me Christie." She turned to her partner, who came up just then, and in a few moments was walking around the room to the sweet strains of one of Strauss' waltzes.

CHAPTER III.  
Next morning the young people started off to Silver Glen—the day was beautiful and cloudless, and every thing promised a good time; but somehow the brightness of earth and sky were powerless to lighten Christie's sad face. She had spent the remaining hours of the preceding night in bitter tears and feverish agonies of her own heart. Poor child! she had no mother's loving arms to fly to for comfort, and no father's strong form to shield her from danger. Only her own tender heart and strong conscience to guide her, and in the struggle between conscience and heart, who does not know the agony she endured. Vainly did she endeavor to banish the form and voice of one she did not approve, the heart would rebel and rebel in clear tones, Philip Castleman's kind words, "You know I would die for your sake, it is hard you should have my heart so entirely and give me only scorn in return." Surely! Ah! if she only could scorn him, as she ought! Why, why did he do that terrible thing years ago? Why can't I hate him as I ought? Oh! he had not crossed my path, with his strong face and such stronger will. But I will show him such scorn, he will never dare approach me again. I will not think of him any more. I can help, and in time perhaps I will forget him." Christie, of what are you dreaming? "I asked the girl voice of Kathie Conner, and looking up quickly she saw her friend and Philip Castleman standing before her. "Oh! I forgot. Do you want me Kathie?" "You are always wanted at our house, I am waiting, I determined to break the spell of your dream. I have been watching you from afar." Christie jumped up quickly and was

soon one of the merriest in that merry crowd. She persistently kept out of Captain Castleman's way all day, and late in the evening as she saw him approaching the group in which she stood, she quietly slipped away, and wandered off among the trees. After lingering along for some time she seated herself at the foot of a gnarled oak, and as she went to do, some last consciousness of surrounding objects in a deep reverie.

"Miss Elmore, the people are beginning to leave and Miss Kathie sent me to look for you. Will you return now?" spoke the voice of Philip near her, she arose immediately, but he did not move, and she turned to see what he desired him. He stood before her.

"Christie, I will never speak to you on this subject again after to-day, but listen to me now. You know I love you, but you will never know how deeply. Tell me, is there any hope for me?"

"Oh! my love, do not steel your heart against me. If you do not love me now, only give me hope and I will patiently wait for any number of years, so that I may at last claim you for my own. Christie, I am waiting for your answer, will you not speak to me?"

He ceased, and although her heart was heavily beating, and her eyes were filled with unshed tears, so that she dared not look at him, she answered coolly and indifferently, "Did you say, Kathie was waiting Captain Castleman? Perhaps we had better go here."

"Does that mean there is no hope?" "I will not let you go from here Christie until you do answer me, I suppose it can be only one thing now, but you shall answer me, and that plainly. You are the only woman I have ever loved, and I now ask you to be my wife." Well, then, as you will insist, take my answer, I would rather live lonely and unloved all my life, and go down to my grave neglected and unloved, than to bestow on another thought on you or your love." "That is sufficient Miss Elmore," he cried in proud ringing tones, as he dropped her hands. "Never will you be troubled by me again. I would rather die, than again parade my love for you. I believed it was hopeless, but I did not believe it would receive such a reply. As you have such a detestation of myself I am sure it will not break your heart to have me leave you now. Good evening," and raising his hat he gave her a bow, graceful and respectful. Christie gave one look at this retreating form, and sank down upon the grass, with such a despairing cry as can only come from a broken, tortured heart. "How she knew that was not the time to give her grief, so she composed herself as quickly as possible and hurried to join her friends. In the hurry and bustle of leaving no one noticed the sad and fearful frown on reaching Courtney, she ran immediately to her room. As she rushed in, she stumbled against some one coming out, and looking up she met the smiling face, of her aunt, Mrs. Lawton. With a cry of joy Christie precipitated herself into the outstretched arms. "Ah! auntie, what is the matter? How strange to find you here." "Not strange at all dearie, I have long wished to visit my old friend Katherine Courtney and I accepted her invitation this summer, but as I wished to surprise you, I begged her not to tell you. You know I was coming. But my darling child, what is the matter with you?" "Oh, auntie, how can I tell you? But you must know, Philip Castleman is here, visiting in the house!" "Well, dear, is that all? I know that before I came." "Auntie! (her heart is nearly broken)—and Christie, but into such an agony of weeping, that her bright form shook and away by a moment. Her aunt's indignant changed to pity and during the following night she sat by her bedside, her young loving words. When Christie awoke, she felt so weakly, she told her aunt all that had occurred, and when she concluded, by asking, "Auntie, is it very wicked in me to love him so dearly?" her aunt looked into a soft little laugh. Christie broke up surprised.

"You," dear little Christie, you have been turning yourself needlessly. Do you not know that Philip Castleman, of your friend's regiment, has a cousin, who bears the same name?" "No," she replied with a startled face. "Well, he has, and this gentleman is the cousin. The old Philip Castleman is dead and his estate is in Germany. You have made a mistake, but it is not too late to rectify it. You must explain to Captain Castleman, and I have no doubt, he will find it easy to forgive." "Oh! auntie I cannot explain. He despises me. How can he help when I behaved so badly? He said he would die before he would ever tell me of his love again, and he meant it." And again Christie was dissolved in tears.

"My dear child, this will never do, you will make yourself seriously ill. You must go to the open air and compose yourself. Here, throw this shawl around you and run into the garden. I will either come or send for you in time to dress for tea." And Christie, remembering that pride often destroys the happiness of life? As Christie left the room, and Mary went to the library and sent for Captain Castleman. He came promptly, but there was a sadness in his steps, and a sad, hopeless look, in the deep blue eyes that used to smile at Mary's affectionate heart. A few moments sufficed to explain matters, and Captain Castleman said that he would leave the house, with quite a different expression on his handsome face. Christie stood looking against a marble basin, watching the little fish gambol in the crystal water, and thinking sad, regretful thoughts. As she went over to the breakfast table, all that had occurred during the past few weeks, and remembered Philip's last words to her, that day, her heart was B.D. with a sinking dread, and bitter tears rolled down her pale face.

"I have lost him forever and it is all my own fault!" was her despairing cry. She was so wrapped up in her sad musings that she failed to hear the sound of many footsteps, and knew not that Philip was near, until his foot stepped on the floor. "Christie, I know of now, and have come again to see you, if you will give yourself to me." She did not speak, and coming nearer he looked into the downcast face. Possibly he read her answer there for the next moment his warm, loving arms were thrown around her, and she was drawn closely to his loving heart. Presently he raised the blushing face and asked, "I have lost him forever and it is all my own fault!" was her despairing cry. She was so wrapped up in her sad musings that she failed to hear the sound of many footsteps, and knew not that Philip was near, until his foot stepped on the floor. "Christie, I know of now, and have come again to see you, if you will give yourself to me." 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