THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

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The Roanoke News.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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DISENCHANTED.

I saw her tripping lightly
Down where the daisies grow,
Her blue eyes beamed so brightly,
They seemd of heaven's glow.

She came, the sweetest fairy,
On the brightest morning beam,
So fair, so pure, so airy—
And iris-tinted dream.

I vowed I loved her madly,
With love so wild and deep,
Her scorn I would take gladly,
And as a treasure keep.

"Be mine!" I then entreated;
Her blush, an angel's smile,
Arose 'mong lilies seated,
As low she breathed "All right!"

FIRST AND ONLY LOVE.

It has often been a matter of wonder to me why I loved Elwyn Ashton as I did.

He was twelve years my senior, and I only eighteen; yet I loved him.

I remember well how gloriously the sun shone on that summer afternoon when we stood together on the lawn waiting for the carriage to arrive that should bring Aunt Eleanor to spend some weeks at our house. I, so proud of him, so happy at the prospect of seeing Aunt Eleanor's admiration for my noble darling, so shy at his admiration for myself, so hopeful that they would like each other and be friends.

"For she is very beautiful, Elwyn," I said, "and only ten years older than I am"

I can see now the quiet laugh in his dark eyes, and the playful curve of the lips, as of one humoring a petted child—a strange wife I should have been for him, after all. And there was a sound of wheels, and drawing my arm in his, he led me to the front entrance to welcome my aunt.

I do not clearly remember when that first feeling of jealously stole into my mind. I think I scarcely understood it when first it did come. He had never changed to me; I was ever uppermost in his thoughts; all his most graceful attentions were mine; yet I saw plainly that he found in her a companionship I was far from being able to give, for I was only a darling plaything, a beloved and petted child.

One evening I noted well how bright and animated he was, and the admiring look that kept deepening in his eyes and, the increased interest of voice and manner as the conversation progresed, until gradually the hand I held became unconscious of mine, and, when I loosened my hold, slipped away to extend itself for greater emphasis towards her. And then I rose, pale and heart-sick to say good-night.

"We have not had our usual talk tonight, Birdie?" he said.

"No," I answered laconically.

"It is too late now," looking at his watch.

"Yes."

"What is the matter?" asked my aunt; "Are you unwell?"

"No," again.

Then she laughed, low and melodiously.

"You had better go to bed, child."

Child! Suddenly, and with a quick, sharp pain, as if struck by lightning, I felt all that her words were intended to covey to him—to him, though not to me—and as suddenly the child became a woman.

"Walk down the avenue with me, once—only once, Elwyn," I said; "my head aches."

With this old caressing touch, he adjusted my shawl; then hesitated a moment, and said, half reluctantly, "Will you? Shall I?"

I knew what he meant, and turned with all the dignity I could assume.

"Aunt Eleanor, if you wish to come too, you may."

"I may, may I?" she answered pettishly. "Thanks. But it its all the same to you, I prefer not."

"Elwyn," I said, when we were out of her hearing—for I felt that I must mention the subjent or die, almost—"Elwyn, my aunt has been here more than a month now do you like her?"

"She is charming," he said, honestly; "charming"

"Ah," I said; "so they all say, sooner or later."

"They?" he asked; "who are they?"

"Men."

He laughed, and drew my arm through his, and we finished the walk in silence. Then, when we had reached the front door, and I held up my lips for the usual kiss, he said, "She is very charming, but my baby is worth ten of her."

"Oh!" I sobbed, throwing myself into his arms, and clinging to him with passionate pain and sorrow, "do not say so, I am a woman now—a woman, Elwyn; do not call me that any more!"

"Well, I will not if it hurts you."

And he took my face between his hands, and bent over me with his own bright smile. But breaking from him, I ran upstairs, and shut myself in my room.

What could I do? Nothing. I felt that he was daily, hourly being drawn away from me, and my weak power could avail nothing against the more subtile will of that older and far superior woman of the world. My mother, ah, but not even to her could I complain of Elwyn. And so the days went on.

One afternoon, in the early autumn, I went down to the shore alone, sitting listless and idle, though wearily. At last, voices disturbed me, voices that I knew only too well—his and hers—and I staid to listen. They grew quieter as they approached and finally seated themselves on the other side of the boat-house from where I sat and kept silence. A few moments, and her voice broke the pause.

I knew by the sudden start and quick breathing that he had turned towards her, but he said no word. I stifled my own loud gasps and leaned forward to hear more.

"Elwyn?" And now the tone was changed. It was as if the words were forced, wrung from her. "Have pity—I love you.

"Gracious heavens!" I knew he had started to his feet. "You tell me this? You!"

"I do!" she answered, tremulously; "and more—you love me!"

I heard him groan, and knew by instinct that his hands were stretched towards her as though to defend her from her own words.

"You love me," she continued, more calmly, "and I love you. I have waited for you to speak, but you would not; so I have done it. You may imagine, if you will, what it costs a woman to make such a confession unsolicited. Do you blame me, Elwyn?"

"Blame?" he said, "my beautiful! my dearest! And yet——Oh, the traitor the miserable traitor you have made of me, Eleanor!"

"It is because I love you. Forgive me, if too well, Elwyn."

"She loves me too," he said.

"That child?" she answered, with a touch of sarcasm. "Her heart is too you and untried for deep impression. Oh, Elwyn, what is her love to mine? She is a pretty toy—a plaything. Will you weigh her in the balance against me!"

"Eleanor," he pleaded, "have mercy! Take my life, as you have my love but leave me, at least, a little self-respect. We are strong in our love, and can bear more than she can. Do not be cruel in your power."

"What do you want to do?" she asked.

"To be true to her," he said bitterly, yet, oh, how grimly! "I wish her never to know that it is to a traitor her pure faith has been given. For I will marry her and cherish her as though you and I had never met. So help me heaven!"

"And what is to become of me?"

"Have mercy! Why did you ever come between us!"

"You say you love me. I ask, what is to become of me? You say you love me, Elwyn?"

"Ah, better than my own truth and honor!"

Oh, how changed and broken his voice sounded!

I waited to hear no more. My resolve was taken. His pride was humbled to the dust—trampled beneath the feet of his great passion. He should never knowingly make me witness of his humiliation. This much I could and would do for him.

That evening I asked him to walk down the avenue with me, for the last time, and then I said, "Elwyn, this must end between us. I will not marry you"

It was a strange start he gave—a strange look, almost of joy, that flashed over his face, only to be gone again. And then I gained strength to tell the falsehood, that was to set him free.

"I do not love you, Elwyn."

It is needless to repeat his hurried words of question and confused remonstrance. But I saw that he believed my love was gone from him, and therein I could be thankful.

A short month and they were married. I never saw them again.

But long after they told me he was dead, and that she was about to wed another husband, and they gave me the little packet of hair that he had addressed with his own hand to his "First and latest love."

His first and latest, for ever.

THAT TAR HEEL IN WASHINGTON.

Col. J. H. Wheeler the venerable Historian, in a speech at a Press banquet in Raleigh, said that while in Washington City he never met with a North Carolinian but what his heart warmed to him, and he always hunted them up, and if in trouble assisted them, without regard to color or race or previous condition. "But," said he, "I was checked at this once in a way I shall never forget. It was just after the war, and I went in the St. Cloud hotel one night to warm. There was one man I noticed around the stove and I asked the clerk who he was. "It's one of your North Carolinia fellows," said he. The man really looked like it, for he was dressed in a copperas colored homespun coat and breeches, and an old wool hat, and chewing tobacco. I moved up to him and asked him where he was from. He said he was from 'Lashley's Cross Roads.' I told him I knew that place, that I had been there myself, and I mentioned the names of several neighbors, of whom he said he knew. At last he looked at me right hard, and said he, 'What mought be your name? I told him, Wheeler. "Yes," said he bristling up and doubling his fist, "I know you. You are the same durned rascal that come riding to my house on a light colored horse and stole my mule!" About that time Col. Dockery stepped in and I appealed to Dockery to assure the man that he was mistaken in me, but Dockery laughed and told the fellow "Yes, yes, that I was the very man." Since that time I have been particular in "looking about" for men from my native State.

A MINER'S SUPERSTITION.

A reporter was talking with an old miner a few days ago, who implicitly believed that no death ever took place in the mines without a warning of some kind. "You see," he said, "death never comes of a sudden upon the men in the mines. Your reporters write up accidents and how something gave way or fell quick and killed somebody. Now, this ain't so. There's always some warning. When I see my lantern begin to burn low down and blue, I know that there is danger ahead. If it keeps on for a few days and then begins to waver and flicker, I'll watch it close to see where it points Now, you may set me up for a fool, but what I'm tellin' you is the gospel truth. When the flame leans over (as it was being worked by a blow-pipe,) and points to a man, death has marked him. Some years ago, when Bill Hendricks was killed in the Savage, the flame of my lantern pointed right to him for over an hour, and when he moved the flame would turn just as if Bill was a lodestone, and the flame was a mariner's needle. I knew he was gone, and told him to be careful about the blast. Well, he got through that all right, and got on the cage. As he went up the candle kept acting strangely, and at times the flames would stretch out long and thin towards Bill. At length it gave a sudden flicker and Bill reeled to one side and was caught in the timbers I heard his dreadful cry as he disappeared down the shaft, and while he was bounding from side to side, dashing out his brains and scattering his flesh down to the bottom, my light went out. I never lit that lantern again. It hangs up in my cabin now, and it always will. There's more in a candle flame than people think. I'd rather see a cocked revolver pointed at me than a candle flame; a revolver sometimes misses, but a candle flame is sure to kill when it starts towards a man.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

The poet has disclosed the whole secret of woman's conquering power. Fair in her virtues, and firm in her faith she wields an influence which mailed warrior never could; and her power is resistless when dictated by conscious duty. Woman's greatest influence is in home life; for the early instruction we receive has the strongest influence upon our lives, in that it begins at the foundation. Before the mind is matured our faults of character are corrected, and a mother's teachings gain a hold upon the minds of children that can never be weakened. Home is life's ante-room; the little world where the duties of the greater world without are rehearsed day after day, where the heart must learn sacrifice, if it is to help purify the world and make a success of life.

America may boast of her colleges within whose walls "Science sits enthroned," she may send out her learned sons, but society is looking beyond American colleges to American homes for humanity's future good. If the impressions received there are not pure, no classical education, however good, can make them so.

Trace the course of some of our brightest intellects, and then go back to their early childhood days, and we see the result of the lessons there taught is honored manhood. There are no good results without careful preparation, and in some humble home these great minds have been slowly moulded by the untiring energy of a faithful mother, who wrote with an indelible pen on material which will survive the wrecks of time. The world admires the lustre that time cannot tarnish, but hardly gives a thought to the agencies that are used to develop such immortal worth. But how universal are the tributes given by these great men for their honor and success in life, through God, to the influence of their mothers.

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.

The first thing to be done is to catch him. Having done so, the mode of cooking him, so as to make a good dish, is as follows:

Many good husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them by conjugal coldness; some smother them in hatred and contention, and still others keep them in a pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now, it cannot be supposed that husbands will be tender and good if treated in this way; but they are on the contrary very delicious when managed as follows: Get a large jar called the jar of carefulness (which all good wives have on hand), place your husband in it, and place him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, especially let it be clear, above all let the heat be constant; cover him over with affection and subjection; garnish him with the spice of pleasantry, and if you add kisses and other confections, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation.

ELKS.—A recent experiment in St. Paul, Minn., demonstrances that elks can be broken to harness. Even a woman can drive them. It is an easy matter for them to travel sixteen miles an hour and have two men and a buggy, and it is said they can travel a hundred miles as easy as a horse team can fifty. This being true, these animals must be well worth domesticating.

THE LONG-LIVED MAN.

It is easy to sketch him. He has a well proportioned stature, without however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size and somewhat thick set. His complection is not too florid—at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. Hair approaches rather to the fair than to the black; his skin is strong but not rough. His head is not too big. He has large veins at extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat; his neck is not too long, his belly does not project, and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long and his legs are firm and round. He has a broad chest, and strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. His nerves are never out of order; his pulse is slow and regular. His appetite is good, and his digestions easy. He has not too much thirst, which is always a sign of rapid self-consumption. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he gives way to anger he experiences a glow of warmth without an overflowing of the gall. He likes employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculation—is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity—has no thirst after either honor or riches, and banishes all thought of to-morrow.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

When men, women and opportunity meet, the devil sits down, knowing that the fire will burn without help from him.

It is better to rise from your knees, and shut your hens out of your neighbor's yard, than to indulge in long prayers.

The perfectly contented man is also perfectly useless.

Try to see yourself through the eyes of those around you.

The ideal saint of the young moralist is cut from sappy timber.

The Lord can more easily have faith in the religion that wears an old coat to church, than the man in the coat can.

True prosperity builds up the soul rather than the pocketbook.

The vigorous ideal keeps warm though wrapped in few words.

Faith that asks no questions kills the soul and stifles the intellect.

Happy is the man who has neighbors willing to forgive his mistakes.

Appear to be better than you are, and aim to be what you appear.

He who thinks poorly of himself cannot win the respect of his fellows.

Many who expect to go to heaven, will find little comfort there unless they are able to get up a lively trade in harps, and gold, and nickel plated crowns.

NEGLECTED CHILDREN.

Many a mother has wept over the sins of her child, little dreaming that while she pursued her round of idle pleasures, that child was taking its first lesson in sin from the example of a vicious nurse. The truth is, parents take upon themselves too many unnecessary burdens, and consider themselves bound by duty to perform too many tasks, which are of much less consequence than the teaching and training of their children. The father has his trade or profession, and his few leisure hours he must spend in social pleasures. The mother has her household cares, and the comforts of her family to study; and besides this there is much time to be devoted to fancy work, visitors, and to amusements of one kind and another. Her children are mere secondary considerations, and depend upon the kindness of hirelings. Their dresses may be miracles of puffing, ruffling and embroidery, but what does that count when their minds are dwarfed through neglect? Her house may be the model of neatness, her bread excel that of all her neighbors, her jellies and preserves enough to tempt the most fastidious; but if in all this she has kept aloof from her child, has chilled his heart towards her, what does it count?

MEN OF FEW WORDS.

Some men use words as riflemen do bullets. They say but little. The few words go right to the mark. They let you talk, and guide your fact and eyes on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they launch out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. Your conversation falls into their minds as a stream into a deep chasm, and is lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words that go to the mark like a gun-shot, and then they are silent again, as if they were reloading. Such men are safe counselors and true friends, where they profess to be such. To them truth is more valuable than gold, while pretention is too gaudy to deceive them. Words without point to them are like titles without merit—only betraying the weakness of the blind dups who are ever used to forward other men's schemes.

GENTLENESS AT HOME.—Be merciful in your judgment of one another. Do not encourage in yourself the habit of criticising and commenting upon the foibles and faults of any members of your own family. There is nothing gained by it, and a great deal is lost. Love itself is often choked back and hindered in its growth by the rank sturdiness of weeds which spring up against it, unchecked, in houses where people say all manner of ungentle things to each other.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE BUTTER-MILK.

A young lady from the city, boarding for the summer at a farmhouse on the border of the Delaware county, visited the dairy attached, and watched the country maid in her toil with marked attention.

"Your task is a laborious one?" she remarked to the maid.

"Somewhat, ma'am," was the reply.

"Nature is indeed wonderful in her workings," continued the lady. "Observe the green grass in the fields, and in a short time it is converted into milk, and from milk to butter."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Honey is a strange anomaly, also. Observe the bee wandering from flower to flower, extracting the sweets therefrom, and despositing it in the gobular from into the comb."

"Yes, ma'am"

"Is there sufficient nutriment in it to be of any practical use?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"If I am not exhausting your patience, may I ask you what use is made of the buttermilk?"

"We feed some of it to the hogs, and what's left we feed to the bourders."

DUTIES.

It is true that even light duties too often appear as irksome tasks, while we eagerly indulge in pleasures that cost great labor and pain. The wise and true man recognizes the fact that his duties are many indeed, nearly all of life—and making pleasures of them adds so many pleasures to his life. But men of reasonable health and fortune are too apt to feel independent of the world, and to act upon the selfish idea that no one assists them, and they are therefore under no obligations to their fellow-man. Carlyle says that one cannot move a step without meeting a duty, and that the fact of mutual helplessness is proveded by the very fact of one's existence. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. In all that concerns our neighbors we have an interest that is at once natural and unavoidable.

WHY YOUNG MEN REMAIN SINGLE.

It is said that the extravagance of girls is the chief reason why so many young men remain single rather than marry girls that they could not support as wives in their ante-marriage style. There never was a more absurd charge made than this. The average young man is more extravagant than the average young woman, and the young man who is afraid to marry because girls are extravagant, is usually the most extravagant of his class and does not desire to marry, because, in order to support a wife and children, he would have to cut off his extravagances. In the majority of cases, the wife is the cause of actual saving to the husband. Before marriage he lived clear up to his income—saved nothing and owned nothing. After marriage he saves money, because he is compelled to, and usually owns the house he lives in. Before marriage he was not obliged to enconomize, because he did not look beyond the present, with its enjoyments. After marriage he is required to economize, because he has to regard the future, with his responsibilities. In regard to the question of expenses this writer well says: "Girls' expenses are confined almost wholly to their dress; young men's expenses are confined—no, they are not confined to anything; they run wild. A young man of the class alluded to will frequently spend as much in one night among his companions as would support a wife for a week. Franklin said that 'One vice will bring up two children.' Then two vices should certainly support one wife, and most of the young men of the day could easily give up two and still have a large variety on hand.

BUSINESS LAW.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.

The acts of one partner bind all the others.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A contract made with a minor is void.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

Agents are responsible to their principals for errors.

Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of a firm.

A note given by a minor is void.

Notes bear interest only when so stated

It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received."

A note drawn on Sunday is void.

A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it.

An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

BE AFFABLE.

Much of the happiness of life depends on our outward demeanor. We have all experienced the charm of gentle and courteous conduct; we have all been drawn irresistibly to those who are obliging, affable and sympathetic in their demeanor. The friendly grasp, the warm welcome, the cheery tone, the encouraging word, the respectful manner, bear no small share in creating the joy of life; while the austere tone, the stern rebuke, the sharp and acid remark, the cold and disrespectful air, the supercilious and scornful bearing are responsible for more of human distress despair and woe, than their transient nature might seem to warrant.