

The Roanoke News.

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Table with advertising rates: SPACE, One M., Two M., Six M., One Y.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. DR. GEO. W. HARTMAN, Surgeon Dentist.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, HALIFAX, N. C.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, EXFELD, N. C.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, WELDON, N. C.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HALIFAX, N. C.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, EXFELD, N. C.

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Obedience. Obey thy Father's best commands, In these thy youthful days...

THE PASTOR'S SIN. 'Go, girl go from beneath my roof for ever!'

Presently he overtook him, and said, 'Raymond, you are in trouble.'

'I overheard your words, for you spoke aloud after leaving Mordecai's. You have to pay one thousand pounds to morrow.'

'This following morning, while at breakfast, the father of Clarence Shields was almost stunned by the sag intelligence brought him by the porter of his banking house...

'The old banker staggered back, and fell sprawling to his side, believing he was at fall, but waving him back, he cried: 'Do you speak the truth, William Boyd?'

'I do,' was the reply, with an effort. 'My son!'

Clarence Shields was found secreted on

No 94 then placed the coffin lid on and screwed it down. Then laying the screw-driver on the coffin, he closed the door, and walked back to his own dismal cell.

Then they paused for rest. 'I hate this work, John. It's bad enough digging graves in the daytime, but burying bodies at night I don't like.'

Here the coffin was put upon the ground near an open grave, and one man took from around his waist a coil of rope. Just then the lid of the safe was removed for the dead to lie up, and out sprang a living being.

'No, 94, brought here twenty-two years ago; comes, murder and theft; name, Clarence Shields, of England; life sentence.'

'No I am unwilling to make the attempt, I prefer to remain and die here, for when cold weather comes on I shall get rapidly and surely.'

'This is a desperate risk you take, 95.' 'I am in a desperate place. My cell is but a stone coffin. Will you do this much for me?'

'I will,' I still offered you the chance, if you will accept it,' generously replied 95. 'No—accept it!'

My brother! You Clarence Shields that was! The escaped prisoner drew himself up proudly, and looked him squarely in the face.

'Yes, my wife did, and I was sentenced to prison for life, while you never opened your lips to save me.'

'You have indeed suffered, Clarence, but I will atone all in my power.'

'I feel I had forgotten it—myself.' 'Touching a spring, the drawer flew open, and there lay revealed the roll of bank bills.

'Two days later, Clarence and old Benoit started for the United States, and in good time they arrived, and with their joint capital went into business in a West town, where they are now prospering.'

'Who lives here, friend?' 'The Rev. Dr. Shields, sir.'

'He might have killed the watchman, sir, but he didn't go there to steal.'

With a cry of fear, horror, and surprise commingled, the pastor started back.

'Beautiful child, in my garden bower, Friend of the butterfly, birds and flowers, Pure as the sparkling crystalline stream; Jewels of truth thy fairy eyes beam.'

'Beautiful child, to thy lock is given A gleam serene, not of earth but heaven; With thy tell tale eye and prattling tongue.'

'Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be Perchance is wisely hidden from me; A fallen star thou mayest leave my side, And of sorrow and shame become the bride.'

'A long time ago two hundred and seventy years before Christ, there was a king of Egypt, Ptolemy the Fourth, who was returning, proud and victorious, from a war with his enemies. On his way home he passed through Jerusalem, and there, feeling that such a mighty conqueror had a right to go where he pleased, he endeavored to enter the most sacred precinct of Jewish Temple, the Holy of Holies.

'A few years ago, there appeared in an American paper published in one of the Western States, an exquisite poem, entitled "Beautiful Snow." The beauty of the composition secured its republication in numerous journals, and at length it found its way to England, accompanied by the tale that the original had been discovered upon the person of a young woman who was tried to death in the streets of St. Louis.

'The Rev. Dr. Shields came in from a walk and entered his study. He was a fine-looking man of nearly fifty, pastor of a fashionable church, left very rich by his father's death, and respected and loved by all who knew him.

'The man glanced quickly up, attempted to clutch a paper, which the pastor, seeing his intention, secured first, and then reached as though about to fall to the floor.

'Well, sir, if you are nicely caught, the man glanced quickly up, attempted to clutch a paper, which the pastor, seeing his intention, secured first, and then reached as though about to fall to the floor.

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