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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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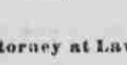

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And I Not Know.

It saddens me sometimes to think
The time will come when flowers will blow,
And fill the air with sweet perfume,
And I not know.

That sometime in the winter nights,
Thick over my head will fall the snow,
And on the trees form crystals bright
And I not know.

That grass shall spring above my head,
And sweet June roses bud and blow,
And bright birds sing in every tree
And I not know.

That loving hearts will throb with pain,
That over me their tears will flow,
Calling with bitter grief my name,
And I not know.

That one I loved the most of all,
Shall come with flowings sad and slow,
While heart-strange tears shall slowly fall
And I not know.

But sometimes as I sit alone,
A sweet voice speaks in accents low,
And softly whispers to my heart
That I shall know.

That not from all this fair bright world,
A weary distance shall I go,
That I may still be near my loved
As I shall know.

That ties that seem so sundered here
Shall bind and tie me again and now,
And in that happy summer land
We shall know.

LOVE TO THE LAST.

Nettie Barnes was one of the prettiest young women in Nantucket.

Her eyes were of a deep brown, her hair was jet black, her skin neither light nor dark, yet ever aglow with the rosy tints of health.

Henry Rogers, a young naval sea-captain, having been introduced to Nettie at a party, was at once captivated by the graces of this light-hearted damsel, whose laugh and voice were the sweetest music that ever greeted his ears.

He danced with her again and again, looked into her bright, expressive eyes, and reading there the pleasure she felt at being admired by him.

The meeting did not end here.

Henry became a frequent visitor at the house of Miss Barnes, who, the daughter of a wealthy shipowner, was most always a home to see him, and whose cheek ever glowed with pleasure when he came.

At this season there were often masquerade parties at Mr. Barnes' residence, and Henry, being always invited, was glad to amuse himself by participating in them.

He was often struck with the skillful manner in which Nettie could disguise herself, whether as man or woman, and how easily she could change her flexible voice to assume the tones of the male sex.

These delightful times, however, were destined soon to end.

Mr Barnes, who was as proud of his money as a peacock of its tail, having discovered that Henry depended only upon his pay as captain of the United State cutter Sword-Fish, grimly gave the young man to understand that, as a suitor for his daughter's hand, his visits were unwelcome.

The lovers, however, contrived to meet in secret, when Henry learned from Nettie that her 'papa' wanted her to marry a certain Mr. Blackbone—a whaling captain, who had just come home with three thousand barrels of sperm oil in his hold, to say nothing of the hundred thousand dollars he had stowed away in a good brick.

Nettie declared to her lover that she would never marry Blackbone.

'I am glad to hear you say that,' answered Henry. 'My cutter must sail in a few days, and it will certainly be pleasant to me to know that you are faithful to your poor Henry. When I return, I am determined to make you my wife, provided you, of course, are willing.'

Oh, of course, answered Nettie, softly her dark eyes humid, her cheeks tinged with blushes, as she half turned her lithe waist toward him.

So round and flexible was the pretty waist that Henry could not help putting his arm around it, and giving the owner a healthy kiss upon her plump, red lips.

Soon after they separated, each promising to remain faithful to the other.

Two days later the Sword-Fish was bowling out to sea, bound for the African coast.

Just as she got out of sight of land, up came a slender youth from the mainhold, in which, he acknowledged, upon being questioned, he had stowed himself, anxious to go to sea, yet afraid that the captain would not take him.

'What shall we do with the lad?' inquired the first lieutenant, Rivers—a young man of twenty-five, whom Henry had often seen at Mr. Barnes,' and whom he strongly suspected wanted Nettie for a wife. The young woman, while friendly to him—he being an acquaintance of her father's—had not seemed to show any preference for this Rivers.

The latter, piqued at this, had endeavored to persuade Henry not to visit Miss Barnes, remarking 'that no good would come of it, as her father, would never let him (Henry) marry his daughter.

In answer to his present question Henry did not know what to say.

'Where do you belong?' he inquired of the youngster.

'To Nantucket, sir.'

'Parents living?'

'No sir; all alone in the world.'

'What do you want to do aboard my vessel?'

'Would like to be cabin-boy.'

'I have a cabin-boy. I will have to send you forward among the foremast hands.'

'Just as you please, sir,' answered the youth, smiling.

The captain looked at him closely. Where had he seen this young fellow before?

Somewhere, certainly, yet he vainly puzzled his brains upon the matter.

'Well, go forward. The boatswain or some of the old sailors will show you what to do.'

The youth ran nimbly forward.

Months passed.

Often, when walking his quarter-deck, Henry would turn his glances toward the youth, and wonder, as before, where he had seen him. Often, too, he would catch the eye of the youngster fixed intently upon him.

In due time the Sword Fish arrived at Fayal.

There Lieutenant Rivers got a number of letters. One of these he seemed to study intently. Finally he mounted to the deck with the half page of a letter in his hand.

'See here,' he said to the captain, pointing to a passage he had marked in pencil.

Henry read that passage, which seemed to almost strike death to his heart.

'Nettie Barnes has married Captain Blackbone.

He staggered back against the rail.

'For Heaven's sake, Rivers, can that letter be true?'

'I most be. It is from an old friend of mine, living at Nantucket.

The young captain walked the deck rapidly, his compressed lip and ghastly visage contrasting with his bright uniform.

More than one eye marked his agitation.

The youth, William Bend, leaning against the rail forward, seemed to watch him more earnestly than all the rest.

Finally the captain went below, there to indulge his grief in solitude.

'Can it be possible?' he muttered. 'So heartless—so cruel?'

A week later the Sword-Fish was staggering along through a heavy gale. The spray was flying to her topsail yard; at every roll her ice-rail went under, and her bows were submerged.

Captain Rogers was walking his deck with the strange, thoughtful air, which had ever distinguished him since he heard of Nettie's marriage.

The news coming upon him like a thunderbolt, had changed the whole man. He was no longer the light-hearted officer with a smile and a kind word for all.

Often his orders were delivered in a tone and with a sort of desperate knitting of the brows.

Even his face had changed. The bloom seemed to have left his cheek forever, his eyes were sunken, and some of the junior officers had been heard to say they feared he was going into consumption.

On the present occasion he looked worse than ever.

His eyes were wild and his thin face strangely haggard.

In the waist, watching him intently, stood Will Bend, while engaged in coiling a rope.

Suddenly a great sea was observed bearing down toward the cutter.

'Hold on hard!' was the cry.

All obeyed except Captain Rogers, who seemed to scorn taking the least pains to save himself.

The sea struck the cutter, yet not with the force which had been expected.

Forcibly enough it was, however, to carry the young man overboard.

A rope was immediately thrown to him by Will Bend, who had bounded quick as lightning to the rail on seeing his commander go.

The captain caught hold of the rope, and seemed about hauling himself to the vessel, when a look of despair passed over his face.

Scarcely knowing what he said in that awful moment, the thoughts of his brain found utterance.

'Nettie is married, so why should I care myself, and —'

'No, no,' sudden's interrupted the youth, ere the captain could let go on the rope; 'it is not so! See the proof. Nettie stands before you!'

Now he immediately recognized the voice and holding to the rope, hauled himself aboard.

The pretended youth threw off his hat and a false wig, when a shower of curls descended over the shoulders. Next the stained face was hastily washed and the false moustache taken off, when no longer disguised countenance of Nettie Barnes was revealed.

'I had not intended yet to make myself known,' she said, blushing, 'but the revelation has been hurried by unexpected events.'

Words may not describe the joy of Henry Rogers. The old smile came back to his face, the bloom to his cheek.

'And why,' he inquired, 'have you subjected yourself to this ordeal—to the hardships of the sailor's life?'

'Because I loved you,' she whispered, 'and papa would force me to marry a man I detested.'

'Rivers must have been strangely misinformed,' said Henry, turning to the lieutenant, who, with many others, had stood astonished at the turn events had taken, that they were unable to speak.

'Yes,' Rivers now said, advancing. 'I was misinformed. What could have been the motive of the writer in telling me such a falsehood, I cannot imagine.'

Subsequently, however, while Rivers lay dying of a malignant fever, he confessed that he was the writer of the letter page he had shown Henry.

The unprincipled man had resorted to this course,—hoping that Henry would never again seek Nettie, and that he (Rivers) would have an opportunity to press his suit, and perhaps eventually win the young woman for his wife.

Henry now conducted Nettie into the cabin, and introduced her to the wife of the cutter's doctor.

During the rest of the voyage the young woman occupied apartments with that lady and the two became great friends.

On the homeward passage, the cutter again touching at Fayal, Henry persuaded Nettie to unite herself to him there, as there was an American divine then in the town.

The twain were soon made man and wife aboard the cutter, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with American flags, flowers &c.

A great number of Portuguese damsels were present, with soft eyes, watching the proceeding.

The moment the divine pronounced the last words a gun was fired, and the sailors, by a preconcerted signal, gave three cheers.

There is little to add.

Henry soon acquired a position which won him a handsome competency.

Old Barnes had forbidden Nettie to ever come near him again, but he relented, long before his death, and sent for her and her husband, when the three were united in bonds of friendship forevermore.

The man who puts water in his drink shows a commendable disposition to make the most of it.

Elderly gentleman to a freshman on the train—'You don't have any ticket?' 'No. I travel on my good looks.' 'Then,' after looking him over, 'probably you ain't going very far.'

New York Herald.

Ladies In The Bath.

AN ANIMATED SCENE AT MISS BENNETT'S SWIMMING SCHOOL—FLASHING BEAUTIES IN GRACEFUL MOTION.

A picturesque scene was revealed within the walls of the Ladies' Swimming Academy, corner Fifteenth street and Seventh avenue, yesterday. A reporter presented himself at the reception parlor for admission, and Miss Kate Bennett, the manager, was sent for. She said that gentlemen were not allowed to enter the galleries of the reservoir when ladies bathed. Her subscribers represented the best families, and it was necessary to exclude all outsiders, except lady reporters holding special invitations. However she would consult her guests, who were then enjoying themselves in the water. Miss Bennett bowed herself out and was gone for some time, when subdued voices betrayed discussion. At last she appeared smiling, and said that considering the circumstances, the ladies would yield, but they wished a little time to prepare for masculine company. Ten minutes later word was sent in that all was ready and a somewhat embarrassed individual was ushered into a long corridor opening into a series of darkened dressing rooms. In a gallery round a tank of water seventy feet long, sat forty or fifty ladies in fashionable attire, with ten dollar parasols beside them. An arm gleaming like polished ivory vanished behind some drapery as the visitors turned a corner toward the rear robing rooms. A brief pedestrian effort along the centre aisle brought him to a pair of steps, and there a sight was presented worth walking miles to see. Sirens from Fifth avenue maids from Murry Hill and mermaids from Washington Heights were coquetting with the brine. They swam around as if they were vivified statuary, they dived, they leaped out of the water and played pranks with each other while some of the more agile performed marvelous "stunts" on the horizontal bar and turned summersaults backward and forward until the place became a sort of South Sea Island, blushing with modern improvements. The fair bathers were encased in a species of modest ballroom costume, without trains, and in some instances the edges of the garments were ornamented with lace ruffling, which, although moist, contrasted pleasingly with the snowy skin beneath.

CONFIDENTIAL.

The mammas of several of the young ladies came forward and took seats by the visitors and proceeded to narrate various striking incidents connected with the aquatic education of their daughters. "Oh you should have heard my Nelly scream and yell and have seen her kick and go into convulsions when I first brought her here! But she soon got over that and now you can't keep her out of the water," said the fond mother, as her daughter glided through the water like a sunfish and threw kisses at her sister behind the railing. As the bathers became more free in their movements there was a diving after hair-pins and other mysterious things that had become loosened and admiration of the most beautiful hair in New York to have its own way for once. Bouquets were tossed to the swimmers, who flung them back again amid peals of silvery laughter. Meanwhile the swimmers did not forget their graceful motions—motions that would have broken the heart of an Anthony. What these beauties did know about salt water exercise was not worth recording. Miss Kate Bennett now left off with some fancy strokes that were clever imitations of fishes, a bevy of ladies linked themselves together into what they called "a railroad train," and the nearly constructed figure glided around the reservoir as a sea-serpent. "Let's feed the fishes," sang out a boarding-school miss as she threw in a spray of roses. The sport continued until the shades of evening and robust appetites summoned the bathers home.

I Blot Out a Day.

I keep on the desk before me a calendar of the year, with the day of each week by numerals. When the day is passed I draw my pen across a figure or the figures representing a day. It is gone, and I blot it out. So far as a column of numerals is concerned I can do so.

But I am startled by the words, 'I blot out a day!' A day is a wheel in the great machinery of life, a link in the chain of my probation. It is as truly a part of final and essential being as a year or a century. The day is given me. Will it vanish at my bidding? I did not originate, I only received it. I have no more power to blot it out than to bring it in.

It was a gift. How should I treat the Giver, if I could and would blot it out? I treat as a proof of the love of the Giver. To many that day came not. It was on its way, but the chain broke. But Divine kindness would not allow me to be a loser. Shall I not honor the Giver?

A day of sadness perhaps. Blot it out for that reason? If my sins made the sadness of the day, then let that day stand—a memento of sent reminder of my folly. That day is worth saving that brings such a voice of reproof. Perhaps the day was sad under divine discipline. Surely, then, it ought to stand lest, blotting it out, offence be given to Him who afflicts for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness.

A day of gladness, perhaps—the sky bright, the air balmy, joy in friends and all worldly comfort; above all, joy in the Lord and gladness in His salvation. Shall I mar such a beautiful picture? Shall I blot out such a day? As I erase the figure with a pen, shall I drop it out of my mind as if there had never been such a day? Is this the kind return?

A day! That day just erased from my calendar, how much could have been accomplished in it! What a noble river of holy emotions might have rolled through my soul in that one day—what fervor of love, ardor in prayer, and workings of faith, bringing the light and joy of heaven unto the soul!

There hangs my calendar. I cannot blot out much longer. The last day of the year is at hand. The symbols of what remains may be erased by my driving pen; but these links of life, these waymarks of the path to eternity, these gifts of God, these opportunities of usefulness, my gratitude shall welcome them, my love and zeal carry out their great design. They shall aid in the grand result, that my name shall not be blotted out of the Book of Life.

He Could Not Reach the Brake.

There is an old story of a California stage-driver who dreamed of a journey down the mountain side under perilous conditions. In his dream he started from the top of the mountain with a crack of his whip and a shout to his horses, and the stage rolled grandly along the gently declining road. Soon the descent became steeper, and the horses were dashing along upon a full gallop, but the driver, confident of his power to check them when the necessity should come, still cracked his whip and urged them onward. The stage was going at a fearful rate, and the passengers became affrighted, but the driver only grasped his lines more firmly, and pulled steadily upon them. At length he could no longer outrigard the danger from the headlong speed at which he was driving, and he reached forward to place his foot upon the brake, when he found that it was beyond reach! To loosen his hold upon the lines would be to give up all control over his frightened horses, so he made another and more determined effort to reach the brake, but the brake was still beyond his reach. Faster and faster went the stage down the steep road and more and more frantic became the efforts of the driver to stop it; but the brake was beyond his reach! Just below there was a sudden turn in the narrow road. Upon one side was the solid wall of the mountain height; upon the other a fearful precipice. To pass that at the speed at which he was going would be to court instant death. Once more the driver gathered all his energies together for one last frenzied effort to check the speed of the flying stage, but alas! it was of no use. He could not reach the brake!

Who has not known men who were on the down grade of intemperance, and who could not reach the brake? Whose destinies were freighted with the lives of near and dear friends whom they were bearing down to lives of misery and disgrace, but who could not reach the brake; who saw before them the yawning abyss of eternal death for themselves and their children, but still they could not reach the brake!

Young men, who are driving joyously along the gently declining road, is it not time to stop and consider the dangers of that fearful descent toward the abyss of intemperance upon which you are just entering? Is it not better to deny yourselves a few seeming pleasures, rather than encounter destruction at the end of the way? Is it not better to turn about while you can control your actions, and mount toward their better heights of honor and renown, rather than to continue the descend toward disgrace and eternal death?

Go Back, General Lee.

My attention was at this moment directed to a group of officers in front, among whom I at once recognized General Lee and Pemberton near a single piece of artillery that had been hastily placed in position. Everything indicated a time of great peril, requiring prompt and decisive action. It require but a few minutes to study the line and close intervals when the order "Forward!" was given. At this moment General Lee rode up, and wheeling his horse in front and uncovering his head, simply said: "I will lead you, men." The line swept forward without an instant's halt; but the cry was taken up from mouth and rose above the din of the battle, "Go back, General Lee, go back!" I was a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. It thrills my heart even now as memory recalls the picture, that noble form, with head uncovered and face set like flint to the front, regardless of the cries of his men, whose only thought was for his safety. He continued to advance until some Texas soldiers seized the reins of his horse and forced him to the rear. Gen. Longstreet seems to intimate that this action of Gen. Lee's was an indiscretion unbecoming in a great commander, and that the "exciteme t of the occasion caused him to lose his balance." It does not so appear to the men whom he led. The greatest generals of whom we have recorded in history, including Washington and Napoleon, in times of great peril, and at the critical moment of the battle, saw fit to throw themselves into the very midst of the conflict, that they might thus inspire their soldiers with the necessary enthusiasm. That this was Gen. Lee's object, I do not doubt; and that it had the desired effect, the result proved.—A. C. Jones, in Philadelphia Times.

The Confederate Army.

[From the London Saturday Review.]

For Englishmen, especially, the story of the American civil war must always possess the most powerful attraction. On both sides the principles involved were those which most deeply affect our own national feelings; the language, the race, the ideas of the combatants were our own. The Army of Northern Virginia, in particular, from the nature of the defence it had to maintain, and the character it earned and sustained, enlisted, and will for generations continue to enlist, the strongest English sympathies. It fought with English tenacity, English recklessness at consequences, English indifference to odds; what was from the first a very doubtful and soon became an evidently losing battle. Once only was it fairly beaten; over and over again, both on the offensive and on the defensive, it proved itself more than a match for a patently overwhelming odds. Its composition resembled very closely that of our volunteer regiments. Its chiefs were men whose personal character and public conduct displayed all the virtues on which Englishmen most pride themselves; as the people of Virginia are perhaps the most thoroughly English of all the many sets which the mother race has planted in every part of the world. General Lee was as perfect a type of the ideal English soldier and gentleman as history can show. "Stonewall" Jackson reproduced, with many of its eccentricities, but scarcely one of its worse and meaner features, the historic character of the Puritan leaders. Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee and Wade Hampton reminded those who closely followed their career of the finest examples of English Cavalier loyalty and simplicity.

When a man lives on nothing but vegetables he is apt to be very small potatoes.

'Water,' remarked an old toper, 'is the base of all fluids, as the money is the great grandfather of man, the distillery has done for the one what civilization has done for the other—added the spirit.'

General Disappointment.

Very few young men will admit that they are sluggards. However, at a picnic at Waukesha last summer, there were a dozen young fellows who wished that they were. A young lady, a charming gushing young creature, fall of fun, who had been leaning against a tree, surrounded by a lot of fellows, suddenly trembled, and hitched around, and finally said: "Is any of you a sluggard?" They all said they were not. Then, said she, turning to a young lady friend, "Jane you will have to reach down my back and catch that ant." The young fellows went away, and when one of them repeated the quotation, "Go for the ant, thou sluggard," the rest all said, "By shimminy, ish dot so?" No cards.—Peck's Sun.

The Gentleman Who Wins.

If you speak the right word at the right time; if you are careful to leave people with a good impression; if you do not trespass upon the rights of others as well as yourself; if you do not put yourself unduly forward; if you do not forget the courtesies which belong to your position, you are quite sure to accomplish much in life which others fail to. This is where the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. It is where you make people feel that you are unselfish and honorable and truthful and sincere. This is what society is looking for in men, and it is astonishing how much men are able to win self-respect and success and usefulness who possess these qualities of good breeding. It is almost the turning-point of success in practical life.

Rock the Baby to Sleep.

It's the sweetest hour in all the twenty-four, when the tired mother, with her feet trotted almost off of her, sits down to rock the baby to sleep; when the hollow of her arm is full of tangled threads of gold, and the snows of her own white bosom are not more fair than the peaceful face lying against it. Her voice may not be cultivated and fine, but it is sweet enough to croon "Bye baby bunting," for the little ears that listen; her face may not be "lovely," or "beautiful," or even "bright"—but it is the radiant face of an angel to the sleepy little eyes that look up into it. Rocking the baby to sleep—and while she rocks building castles for baby to live in—mapping out the spotless future of baby's life, comforted by the wee little form that cuddles so willingly up in her arms and "rested" from all her day's work. I know a mother that rocked her baby to sleep last week; that sat in the darkened room and rocked the well night-gowned figure that sang "Bye baby bunting" with her heart full of mother anguish and her voice brave and strong through mother love; that rocked her baby softly, and softer still and finally, when the old, well used chair that had "rocked baby to sleep" so many times was stilled from its gentle motion, she laid him down on the tiny ruffled pillow, and, still singing softly and slowly her "Bye baby bunting," knelt by the little form, while he went out and told them to bring a coffin for their darling.—Catherine Cole, in New Orleans Picayune.

Arkansas and Texas Laws.

Several days ago a white man was arraigned before a colored justice down the country on charges of killing a man and stealing a mule.

'Well, said the justice, 'de facks in dis case shell be weighed with carefulness, an' if I suags yer faint no fault on mine.'

'Judge, you have no jurisdiction only to examine me.'

'Dat sutter work 'longs ter de raigular justice, but yer see I'se been put on a a Special. A special has de right ter make a moal at at S'preme Court of he chuses ter.'

'Do the best for me you can, Judge.'

'De's what I'se gwine ter do. I'se got two kinds of law in dis court, de Arkansaw an' de Texas law. I generally gives a man de right to choose for hisself. Now what law does yer want; de Texas or de Arkansaw?'

'I believe I'd take the Arkansas.'

'Well, in dat case I'll dismiss yer for steal'n' de mule.'

'Thank you, Judge.'

'An' hang yer for killing de man—'

'I believe Judge, that I'll take the Texas.'

'Well, in dat case I'll dismiss yer for killin' de man—'

'You have a good heart, Judge.'

'An' hang yer for stealin' de mule. I'll jis take de 'casion heah ter remark dat dif. ence in the two laws is in de way yer state, do case.

In a Milwaukee street-car the other day a near sighted man was seated near the fat dog reading a newspaper, when a lady passed up the aisle and accidentally dropped her handkerchief in the lap of the near-sighted man as she paid her fare. She did not notice her loss, after she had taken her seat a gentleman sitting opposite the near-sighted person touched him with his cane to call his attention to the handkerchief. The near sighted man looked down, saw the white handkerchief in his lap and immediately covered it up with his paper, blushing as he did so. Then he inserted his hand under the paper, tucked the handkerchief in out of sight, and went on reading.

'I thought I spider cobweb up there said Sinkins to his wife, the other day at the dinner-table, and she was fly enough to tumble to it.'

It is believed that cats can be made tender hearted by playing soft, sad music to them, but how much easier it is to hire a boy to chuck 'em off the bridge.

A woman had almost won the prize at a cattle show, when some one happened to remark that her baby was cross-eyed, and had a very big mouth. It was a mean advantage to take of her, but the villian had his reward.

When prelates preach against the vanity of false things the ladies know switch is which.

A wag got hold of an editor's whisky bottle and labeled it, "to be continued in our necks."

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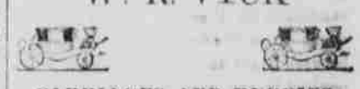

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