

THE ROANOKE NEWS.
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PUBLISHED BY
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JUNE 22.

The Roanoke News.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1880.

NO. 16.

VOL. IX.

Night on the Farm.

The darkness gathered in the field,
The stars are less than beams.
The darkness fills their hearts of gold,
So dark, so deep, so dark, so deep,
And in the darkness, a lone figure stands,
In the darkness, a lone figure stands,
Truly sleepy, however he may be.
The dark, blue hours are full of stars;
One lone lamp in the hillside alcove,
A mile away, is as Mars,
How bright it is, yet with faint perfume
At night, how in the moon light.

By the light of the full moon,
The darkness gathers in the field,
The stars are less than beams.
The darkness fills their hearts of gold,
So dark, so deep, so dark, so deep,
And in the darkness, a lone figure stands,
In the darkness, a lone figure stands,
Truly sleepy, however he may be.

"Ow a long, lonely night ride I made up
my mind to do this, though like a thousand
mocking devils members of the moonlight
I had spent in the last few weeks
crossed around me, as though taunting
me, in contrast to her purity; but with
God's help I would make myself worthy,
I said aloud, and thought the hours would
never drag along until I could find myself
near me, holding out her hand, with a
sweet smile of welcome, as though we used
to pass by so easily, today, and yet just
there was a change. Ah, I learned it all
now. In those last few moments I told her
the story of my life for the past two months,
of what it had been before I knew her—
of what it should be if she would give me
the assurance and promise of her love. Then I paused. For a moment silence fell between us, than the words
A bright flash was in her cheeks,
her lips trembled, her lashes quivered like
ashes, but her lips faltered not.

"John," she said, "I am only a girl, it is true, but the man I marry must be a man. Perhaps I might have loved you—here a little friend crept into her heart, but I have almost ceased to respect you. When you my husband I would fear for your and rest and love cannot give husbandhood."

"John," she said, "I am only a girl, it is true, but the man I marry must be a man. Perhaps I might have loved you—here a little friend crept into her heart, but I have almost ceased to respect you. When you my husband I would fear for your and rest and love cannot give husbandhood."

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