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MISCELLANEOUS

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

I am now running a daily mail from Scotland Neck to Halifax. I have a comfortable two horse hack, which leaves Scotland Neck, every morning for Halifax and returns same day. Will take passengers and express packages at reasonable rates. I am also prepared to entertain travelers, promising to spare no pains to make them comfortable.

Respectfully,

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Halifax N. C. july 31tf

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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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IN THE TWILIGHT.

In the twilight still and shadowy,
Memories come of long ago;
Beaming eyes and furrowed faces,
Curls of gold and locks of snow;
Happy hearts and merry voices,
Smiles of joy and tears of woe—
One by one they cross the river,
Dear ones loved so long ago.

Often in the twilight stillness,
Loving tones I think I hear;
And the fall of well-known footsteps,
Seemeth to be near, the near.
Gently, fond upon my forehead,
Rests a hand whose touch I know;
Till it soothed away pain's throbbing
In the days of long ago.

Soon for me will come the twilight,
When its one earthly painter goes;
And I know as the dark, cold river,
With its silent current flows.
Maybe then I'll see the faces,
Curls of gold and locks of snow—
Hear the steps and loving voices,
Loved so, in the long ago.

[*From Mcmillan's Magazine.*]

LOST.

A Strange stillness and darkness, a gray, black twilight everywhere, broken only by a whiteness beneath; yet the darkness and stillness were nothing to me save as conditions that existed, but in which I had no concern. I passed out of the room, though no door opened for me, and down the stairs. Their faces I knew dimly, as in a dream; they went by and and silent, not even seeing me. In a room beneath, where a flickering candle burnt, were two human beings, the one a babe sleeping in its cot; I stood by its side for a moment, not knowing what made me stay, but I saw the child's face, and felt a strange comfort from the sight. The other was a man sitting by a table, his arms stretched out across it, and his head resting down upon them. He did not move or stir, his face was hidden, but I knew that he was bowed down by sorrow, and there was something that drew me to his side, that made me long to comfort him, to say pitying words, telling him how short were sorrow and sleep, how long were thought and waking. But the longing was undefined, and had not power to shape itself into action, and I stood silent and still. Then I put out my hand and touched his shoulder. He did not raise his head, but for the first time he moved, his frame was suddenly convulsed, and he sobbed bitterly. And so the night passed, he weeping and I watching, and stealthily and comely the morning light crept in at the staring, uncurtained window.

I was in the upper room again; I knew not how, nor how long after, for time and space had no more measures for me. I looked round the room; it was draped with white, and at one end there was a bed, and on it the outline of a human form covered by a sheet. There seemed some dim memory hanging about the room; but that was all, for consciousness returns but slowly, and knowledge remains but a few things, and only of those things that have made a mark upon our souls that even death cannot efface. The door opened, and the man who had been weeping below entered, and suddenly I remembered and knew my husband. His face was sad and pale, his eyes were dim, his head was bent, but he raised it for a moment as he entered, and looked wearily round the room. I held out my arms to him, but he passed me by, taking no notice; I called him by his name, but he did not hear me. He went up to the bed, and, kneeling down, took the handkerchief from over the dead face; step by step I went forward to look at it.

It was my own!

"Ah! no, no, no!" I shrieked, "it is not I! I am here; look at me, my husband! Oh! my love—my love—it is not I! I am here! Look at me, speak to me—I am here!" but the words died away, and he did not hear them, and I knew that sound had gone from me for ever. And still he knelt by the dead, giving it dear names, and showering down kisses upon it; and I stood by, laughing for all that was gone for love of me, and cursed to me, stood looking with strange fear and shrinking at the white face and the still lips and the closed eyes—at that which was to me as a strange thing, dressed in my own clothes, and resting out in that which looked like, and was not, and was and wanting for the black grave to hide it.

At last he moved the face with the handkerchief again, and rose and left the room. I could not follow him, and waited in many trifle longing, to weep but knowing no tears to weep, for leaden moments to die, but such death I knew not, and that pain of life—that to die shall last and death shall pass—I did not realize.

The sheet covered the room, and slowly there came the memory of sight, of pain, and of something—something—that death had taken from me, and I cried out for my husband, for I knew I could comfort him, if he would but come and let me comfort him. I knew the pain was all over, and that I could be so glad for him, that I could lay his head upon my breast, and hold him there, and whisper to him how dark the night had been without him, and how I had waited for the morning, and how the morning had come at last, and how I was so happy that I could not be sorry for anything that had gone before. But he was not there, and I was alone, and I could do nothing but wait. Then I remembered that he was with me, and I ran to find him, and I came to a great, black, impassable gulf, and he was on the other side, and I could not reach him, though I stretched my arms across it and prayed him to come to me. And I knew that he was suffering, and that I could do nothing to comfort him, and that he was alone in his sorrow, and I stayed, even while I strove to cheer him, and he looked his eyes on me that he might see my love, and I knew that he saw it, and that it was all to me, and that I was nothing to him, and that I could do nothing for him, and that he was suffering, and that I could not comfort him. And I knew that I was dead, and that he was living, and that we were separated by the great gulf, and that he was suffering, and that I could do nothing but wait and hope. And I waited, and I hoped, and I slept, and I woke, and I waited still. And I thought that I was asleep, and that I should wake and find it all a dream, and that he would be there when I opened my eyes, and that we should be together, and I could tell him how I had slept and dreamed of him, and how glad I was that it was only a dream, and how I had been so happy in my sleep because I had thought he was with me, and how I had been so miserable when I had thought he was suffering and I could do nothing for him, and how I had been so glad when I had remembered