THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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and have their origin in a disordered Liver, which, if not regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and death will ensue.

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Having neutralized the poison of Malaria in such extreme cases, it can be relied on as a sovereign specific and antidote in milder forms.

See that you get the Genuine in White Wrapper, with red Z, prepared by J. H. Zeilin & Co.

Sold by all Druggists. jan 27 1y

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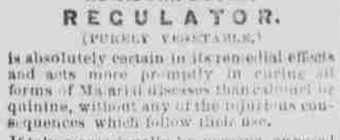
I am now running a daily mail from Scotland Neck to Halifax. I have a comfortable two horse hack, which leaves Scotland Neck, every morning for Halifax and returns same day. Will take passengers and express packages at reasonable rates. I am also prepared to entertain travelers, promising to spare no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

Respectfully,
T. H. HILLIS



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BE STILL MY HEART.

Once in the golden days of youth,
I relished a land to adore, and truth
To me and love is precious (old;
Be still, my heart! that hand grew cold.

Once may lips to me revealed
The sweetest secret, long concealed,
Of this life and in the to come;
Be still, my heart! those lips grew dumb.

Once mid the rocking storms of night,
A bright eye flash on loving light
All [illegible] in operatic gloom;
Be still, my heart! that eye grew dim.

[illegible]
A heart to me [illegible] warm—
[illegible] my heart shall
Be still, my heart! that [illegible] cold.

"IN THE MORNING."

"Do you see that young lady talking with Charley?"

The speaker was a tall, dashing looking man of thirty-five, in the uniform of a cavalry Colonel in the Confederate service. The time was a serene twilight in '63; the place, the hotel parlor in a small village of middle Tennessee. The occasion was a "hop" given in honor of the presence of a detachment of "Forrest's Cavalry," the darling riders whose names are household words in Southern homes, from the mountains of Tennessee to the valleys of the Mississippi. The young lady referred to was a pretty, graceful girl, with dark, grey eyes, waving hair of a dark, golden gold, and the exquisite complexion that so often accompanies it.

"Who is she?" asked the Colonel's companion.

"That is Picton's sweetheart, Miss Garnett."

"Not the same one that saved his life after Shiloh?" asked Capt. Barclay.

"The same," replied Col. Terry. "She is a little creature to do such a thing, but she did. You see, she was in the neighborhood at the time of the battle, and somebody told her that Picton was killed. She went over the field and found him, badly wounded though she knew, and alive. She sent a party, and she had brought to Atlanta, to hunt up a surgeon, and she stayed by Picton. The boy found Dr. Chase, and when they got back, Miss Garnett had raised Picton up, with his head on her breast, so that he could breathe more easily. Dr. Chase extracted the wound without moving him, and told her that he was sure of it were hopeless, for life is at stake, even to lay him down again, but he must be a fatal hemorrhage. If he could be kept perfectly quiet and sleeping and the bleeding checked during the night he might have a fair chance of pulling through." "Well," said an elderly woman in the shed behind them, "I wish I was just there, and not let him move." And, by George, we did too, and never stirred all night, and in the morning they carried him to the nearest house, and she nursed him until he was out of danger."

"That's a sweetheart worth having," said Capt. Barclay, with a glance of admiration at the graceful, blushing girl.

But we lose our hero, Col. Terry. He was at Miss Garnett's side, receiving a warm greeting, that told that the two were fast friends.

"Tell me, Alice, of my friends in the old Rebellion," she said, presently.

"How many?" he asked, quickly, "more than one?"

"I mean what I said!" she answered, with a merry look and a [illegible], might blush, if I have heard. Even 'one' of them [illegible] really."

"Does Charlie know you are here?" asked the Colonel.

"No! It is not a week since I left Memphis. What do you take me for?"

"Yes?" repeated, in pitiingly.

"The best of my command, I mean," she replied, blushing again.

"A nice one of it may, but for that part that I know you are entitled to [illegible]. You know they call the old Tiger [illegible] their mascot—you" he remarked on what are very great [illegible] any."

"They are the 'remains' of the service," said Miss Garnett. "Quite as erratic, at all events."

"Will I have the pleasure of this dance?" said the Colonel, as the band struck up a quadrille. "I know it is useless to ask you for a waltz."

The dance over he led her to a chair, and, at a moment's gay bantering, was about to resign his place in favor of other claimants for her smiles, when saw a sudden ghastly pallor overspread her features.

"Miss Alice, you are ill?" he exclaimed, anxiously. "Let me get you some water."

It was scarcely a moment before his return, but even then he was shocked at her white, drawn face.

"Call my sister!" she had said to another gentleman with her, while Col. Terry had gone for the water, and both reached her at the same time.

"Lucy, take me home," she whispered, faintly. "I am dying."

"Oh, no, darling," said her sister, tenderly, "you will be well in the morning."

As quickly as possible the carriage was called and the sick girl placed in it.

When they were just starting Col. Terry whispered them good night, expressing his hopes that Miss Alice would have recovered in the morning. She put out her hand, and, [illegible] his, said distinctly:

"Yes, I shall be well in the morning." Tell Charley—" her voice faltering, and, raising her white hand, she lowered the Rebel's ear to her lips and put them into [illegible] "Give them to him—see to the morning." Her voice died away in a [illegible] whisper, and her head fell back on her sister's shoulder. The girl who had acted as their chaperon hastened to apply restoratives and the carriage rolled swiftly away.

The next morning when Col. Terry called to inquire after the invalid he had left so well the night before, he found the house in [illegible] confusion of death. She had passed [illegible] the night, [illegible] Alice's death. Her sweetness and the sweet smile of the heart, [illegible] "golden bowl broke" there. [illegible] the [illegible] expression of the sweet face more [illegible].

"Poor Charley, who will not know [illegible] the Colonel, who [illegible] the [illegible] back to our ship [illegible] Ah!"

"Lucy," he replied, shaking his head, "I would rather face a battery. Why, you don't know, you can't think how [illegible] hung up in her, and now—"

They turned [illegible] next day, six of Lucy's friends carried his dead bore to her grave, and then came sadly back, even speculating who would bear the tidings to the gallant soldier far away with the red brigade.

That night the order came to join the main command, and by daylight the troops were miles away. As they reached the vicinity of the appointed rendezvous, a dispatch bearer warned them of an approaching conflict. Promptly they formed themselves in the midst of a portion of the command, drawn up in a place of woods overlooking a closing field, which on the opposite side rose to a steep eminence, on the brow of which was posted a Federal battery.

Farther to the right the filing became sharper, and soon the roll of musketry swept all along the line.

"Leave, Barclay," called Col. Terry, as that officer passed him, "have you seen Picton yet?" And, as Barclay shook his head, he added: "Tell the boys not to let him know yet. Wait till this is over."

"All right; I'll tell them," answered Barclay as he rode away.

"The old General will be wanting that battery the first thing they know," said one of the men, as a shell exploded over their heads. "They'd better keep it quiet."

"Fine, wasn't it? I tell you?" he added, biting off a huge piece of "long green;" "pass the Mississippi boys now."

As he spoke a tawny column moved out of the woods and swept gallantly across the field. But as they reached the center a murderous round of grape and canister tore the ugly their ranks, and the column broke in confusion. Three times their leader rallied them to the charge, and three times they were shattered by the galling fire.

"Tell you what, boys," called out the long-legged private, who had before spoken, "that's fun coming now! That's Gass' bugle. The 'old regiment' want some of the pie!"

He stooped and fell his saddle girth as he spoke, then straightened himself and waited for the command, for he was "one of the boys." The next moment there was a ringing cheer from the ranks as Gen. Forrest rode up.

"Boys," he exclaimed, pointing with his sword, "I want that battery captured. Our regiment has tried, and couldn't take it. Now I want you to go to do better than that. I am going to lead you, and I want you all to follow me."

Another cheer was his answer, as the men fell into ranks.

"Charge!" and down the slope rode the gallant "old regiment," never faltering, as the grapeshot swept through the serried ranks, closing each gap as it was made by the deadly [illegible], following the lead of the tall figure at the head of the column, till they rode right over the death dealing guns, "cabbaging the gunners there," and the woods gave back the ringing echoes of the famous "rebel yell" as the victory was won.

Won! Yes, but at a fearful cost. That fatal slope was drenched with the blood of the Southland's bravest sons.

After that charge Col. Terry found himself face to face with Charley Picton. "My God, how can I tell him?" muttered the Colonel to himself, as the gallant young fellow rode toward him, hand out to his hand.

"It pays the 'old regiment' to do up things in style," he said, grasping the Colonel's hand. "Say, Terry, did you see Miss Alice? Coleman has just got back from Memphis, and he told me she had gone on a visit to some friends in [illegible]."

But as he spoke he suddenly put his hand to his side. "I am shot," he gasped, faintly. It was true. A stray ball had struck him in the side, and Col. Terry caught him as he reeled in his saddle, and rode with him to the field hospital.

When the surgeon examined his wound he shook his head gravely.

"I know a man with twenty doctors," whispered Picton, with a smile. "Terry, can't you send for her to me?"

Through the night the Colonel stayed with him. Once he awakened and repeated the question he had asked just before he was shot.

"I saw her, too," the Colonel answered, hurriedly. "She sent you some flowers."

The blue eyes lighted up with a tender glow, and Picton held out his hand.

Silently Col. Terry took from his breast pocket a withered flower, a spray of ivy and a half opened white rose, and laid them in the outstretched hands.

Then the wounded man slept. But in a couple of hours he awoke, much worse, and the surgeon in his rounds told the troopers watcher that the end was very near.

"Terry!" and the Colonel went to his bed to catch the faint whisper, "I am dying. I am dying. I was thinking—my sister Alice! Tell her gently, please—you love me, you know—and I—oh, Terry! it is hard to have live. My poor darling!"

For a moment the Colonel could not answer. Then clasping his a sob, he said, slowly and distinctly:

"Charley, Alice is waiting for you. You are not leaving her, but going to her."

A troubled, troubled look came into the weary eyes.

"Don't you understand me, Charley? She is dead. We buried her three days——. I couldn't tell you before, dear old boy. But now you will be with her before you have time to grieve after her. She died with your name on her lips, murmuring of meeting you in the morning."

He understood now, and a smile of relief flitted across his pale lips. "Dear Girl," he murmured. "I am so glad she will not have this grief to bear."

Then he slept again, and the hours passed on until the eastern sky brightened with the solemn dawn light.

"Terry!" The word was but the faintest whisper, but the watcher instantly bent his head to listen.

"It is morning," came the faint gasping accents, and again the white lids drooped over the blue eyes. Five—ten minutes passed. Then Col. Terry lifted the dead hands and crossed them over the painless breast, never entirely covered the still white face, and turned away.

His two friends had met once more—"in the morning" of a faileless day.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

COMPELLED TO LACE A GIRL'S SHOES.—An incident illustrating the gallantry of frontiersmen toward women is related of William Foster, better known as Commanche Bill, General Terry's favorite scout. It happened in Wichita a few weeks since. Bill rode into the town dressed in a complete suit of buckskin and of a group of honest rangers at his back. As he went along he saw a "counter jumper," as he was pleased to call him, roughly rebuke a little girl about eighteen years old, with a kick of a "little" girl by the shoulder and subject her attendant. The girl withdrew her arm angrily, and just then the scene fell under Bill's personal inspection.

"So you are a per girl," says Bill, "and plainly child is an old cross, but I want going to see her insulted in my flapped coming hopper under my own nose, you see." He jumped down from my horse, and I waited for that fellow to stop. He didn't seem to want to, but I made him stop. I took up the little girl in my arms and sat me down on a box. I took off her shoes and said to the counter jumper: "Now I want you to get down and lick the dust off the soles of her poor girl's feet whom you have insulted."

"And I made him do it. He looked down to the moment of a decisive Cob's for just about could a minute and then he came to his senses. I [illegible]

"And I made [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and