THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

PUBLISHED BY

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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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LIFE'S SWEETNESS.

Sweet is the sunlight on receding ships,
Sweet are the flowers that blossom in the morn;
Sweet are the kisses on the dear young lips
That meet our own when love is newly born;
Sweet are the bells that memory rings in vain;
To Life's past with all its vanished hours:
Sweet, with a sweetness closely allied to pain,
The perfume of the slowly-fading flowers.

And O my heart! sweet were the girlish eyes
That in the past looked love into my own.
The moments vanish, and the shadow flies:
The chords may vibrate when the strains have flown,
And yet the music lingers in the life,
Through much of its first melody depart,
Sweet is the love of sweetheart or of wife,
Sweet, with a sweetness known but to the heart.

But down the horizon dim the ships recede:
The sunset gilds no more their foiling track.
"While sails, return!" our heart may vainly plead,
From their long voyaging they turn not back.
Sweet are the fading flowers, with perfume rife:
Sweet is the sunset of dear familiar eyes,
Sweet are the glamours of this fading life
In sweetness born, but they are bitter sweet.

ROSE GERANIUM.

"I HATE the odor!"

Harry Penryth dropped the tiny spray of rose geranium which he held, and a shudder crept over him. It was on the wide, cool veranda of a large hotel at one of the fashionable watering places, and his companion was Mrs. Warburton, a young and lovely widow. She looked up into his handsome face with a peculiar glance from under her long, black eyelashes.

"Why, Mr. Penryth," she cried, gayly, "what an idea! To hate a flower!"

He tried to smile, but it ended in a failure.

"I will tell you, Mrs. Warburton," he answered, "and then, perhaps, you will understand me better. In the first place, even since I can remember—even when a child—the odor of rose geranium causes a curious sickening sense to creep over me. I cannot understand it, it is a sort of antagonism, or repulsion, for which I fail to account. Then later——"

He paused, and a faraway look stole into his dark eyes, as though recalling the past; a leaf turned down on some page of his lifeblistory.

"I had a dear friend once," he went on, after a pause, "a dear friend—I never had another. Gerald Brookes and I were like brothers; modern edition of Damon and Pythias they used to call us in the college where we were educated. I had no hopes or aspirations apart from Gerald; and his interests were as dear to me as my own. Nothing could hurt him which did not hurt me. I regretted exceedingly—regretted with a strange pang of jealousy—when at last, in the course of events, Gerald fell in love. The lady was one whom he had met while traveling for the firm which employed him. I never met Miss Delorme, but I learned she was the perfection of grace and beauty; an elegant and accomplished woman, skilled in all, an artistic conqueror. She was heiress and unprincipled, and—when measuring my friend's heart, coolly, deliberately and systematically. Mrs. Warburton, that woman was as cruel as she was beautiful, and Brookes as though she had stabbed him in her own home, for she blighted his heart, and ruined his prospects and lured him on only to leave. Beautiful smiles, and a queenly beauty, must be confessed his love and ... her ... great, noble, manly heart ... to be laughed at and ... the sport of the eye of marriage with a ... unfortunate.

"Now Miss Delorme's favorite perfume—as Gerald had told me—was rose geranium. She wore no flower frequently; it was a set spikes glowing in vivid relief in the braids of her jet black hair. Somehow I came to associate the two—the woman and the flower—which I so unaccountably disliked, and a feeling sprang up in my heart for Miss Delorme which grew and flourished like the blossom itself—a feeling of strong aversion.

"And so time passed, and poor Gerald was daily fed with false hopes and illusions until at last the blow fell. Had I been in his place when the knowledge of her baseness came to me I should have spurned her as I would a serpent reptile from my path; but Gerald was made of as stern stuff as I am, and so he could not recover from the shock. Oh! Mrs. Warburton, it was an awful blow to me when they told me the dreadful truth that Gerald Brookes had taken his own life!

"It all occurred in the far South, where he was traveling. I saw at times in his body—poor, murdered boy! It come. He looked like a marble statue lying there, white, cold and dead, his hands folded over the heart that had beat with true and faithful love for a woman who was the cause of all this, and clasped in his dead hands I found a spray of rose geranium; I tore it from his grasp; I could not see his body desecrated by anything she had touched or cared for. From that time I have hated the odor and sight of the blossom with greater intensity than ever. It may be childish and weak in me; if so, I confess my weakness, but I cannot resist it."

He passed and rested his handsome head on one white, shapely hand. Harry Penryth was young and wealthy, and many a woman had endeavored to awaken a responsive chord in his heart. But although he moved in gay society and was courteous to all, and attentive to some, no woman had ever really touched his heart until he had met sweet Lily Moreton, that Ethel Warburton, the rich young widow, loved him with a most wild, absorbing passion which carried everything before it. The society Mrs. Warburton soon discovered that there was no one general existing between Miss Moreton and Mr. Penryth, and racked her brain for some method of disenchanting the young man, and turning his love for Lily into aversion and disdain.

While Harry Penryth told the story of his friend and his tragic death Mrs. Warburton's face had grown very white; a wild, haunted look stole into her eyes, and the little hand, which held a spray of the obnoxious rose geranium was fairly cold and rigid.

"I—I—new to flower away.

"I am sorry I offended you with my grandmother," she said humbly, "it is no favorite of mine."

"I ... deceive ... heart, ... you ... the ... "—at most ... then ...

As soon as she was sure of her own ... she ...

"My dear!" he pacted, breathlessly, "what ... she would ... me, it ... know that I am Ethel Delorme, the woman who jilted Gerald Brookes! But he never shall know. I love him! I love him! And I shall win him, if I can for it!" She fell into a profound reverie. All at once her dark, beautiful face lighted up strangely. "I have it!" she exclaimed. "I believe I can see my way."

That night Mrs. Warburton stood before the mirror in her room, arrayed for the hop which was to take place below stairs. She was robed in cream satin and lace, with white roses in her magnificent black hair. She moved slowly toward a window where a pot of rose geranium was sitting, and stooping over it, broke off a mass of scarlet bloom. Then humming softly to herself, she left the room, crossed the wide corridor, and tapped at a door.

"Come in!" cried a sweet voice, and Mrs. Warburton turned the knob and entered Lily Moreton's room.

"How lovely you are!" she cried, rapturously, a jealous pang at her heart, meanwhile, as her eyes fell on the slender figure in white lace and pearls. "But oh, Lily, my love!" she added, with a gush of apparent sincerity, "why do you wear pearls? See! I have brought you some of my favorite flowers. I raised them myself. I cannot wear them with this costume; red and yellow would be too gorgeous for me, and I do think this dash of scarlet with your lovely white lace would be too pretty for anything. Will you wear them, *my dear?*"

The young girl looked pleased. She was a sweet, tender-hearted little thing, incapable of deceit, and, therefore, unsuspecting.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Warburton," she replied; "indeed I will wear them."

So the wily widow fastened the red blossoms in Lily's golden hair and at her throat and waist as conspicuously as possible; then, her work accomplished, she flitted away.

When Lily descended to the grand saloon below she was joined at once by Harry Penryth who offered her his arm for a promenade. A pair of flashing black eyes followed the two as they moved slowly through the rooms, and a pair of rose lips curled with a strange smile as she saw Harry Penryth gaze fixedly at his companion, and turn pale to the very lips. The subtle hate net which so strangely affected the young man was slowly but surely entering his heart.

After a time Mrs. Warburton observed Mr. Penryth making his way through the crowd to her side. He looked pale and troubled.

"Come out and walk, Mrs. Warburton, will you not?" he said, offering her his arm. With a triumphant look in her eyes she arose, and they strolled out into the moonlight.

"Where is Miss Moreton?" queried the widow, archly.

"I do not know," he replied, a trifle coldly. "Let us sit here," he added, pointing to a rustic seat.

It was a lovely night; his companion was beautiful and fascinating. Heaven only knows of what foolishness Harry might have been guilty, but just then a voice fell on their ears from the shrubbery near.

"Ah Dupont!" cried a man's voice, and a whiff of cigar smoke floated by; "why didn't you tell me 'the Delorme' was here?"

"Delorme?" returned his companion, "I don't know of whom you are speaking."

The boy speaker laughed lightly.

"You remember the woman that jilted Brookes, don't you? Poor Gerald! he was a noble fellow! Well, she afterward married Lord Warburton, the millionaire, and worried him into his grave within a year. She's a fascinating widow, and the young men (who do not know her) flock round her like moths in a candle! I hear Penryth is the last victim!"

"Indeed?" laughed the other; and two passed on.

Harry Penryth turned on his companion a face of marble whiteness. "What does this mean?" he gasped. Answer me; are you Ethel Delorme?"

She laughed recklessly.

"Is it for to place me forever under a ban?" she asked, "just because a man whom I never could love was foolish enough to care for me? Mr. Penryth, I was not to blame, listen!"

"Hush!" he said, sternly. "Don't attempt any palliation. Shall I take you back to the house, Mrs. Warburton?"

And Ethel Warburton knew that it was all over, that the game was played, the die thrown and lost!

* * * *

Alone on the moonlit veranda, Lily Moreton sat, pale and sad. Harry Penryth came to her side and bent tenderly over her.

"Lily," he whispered, "where did you get those rose geraniums?"

She started slightly, and blushed.

"Mrs. Warburton gave them to me," she replied; "wasn't she kind?"

"Very," he answered, drily. He sat down then beside Lily and told her the story of his friend and his tragic fate. Before it was concluded she had taken the blossoms from their resting places and tossed them over the veranda railing. They fell on the grass plot below, right at the feet of Ethel Warburton. And recognizing them she knew the truth, knew that her wicked wiles had not succeeded, and she was—

And she was right, for before the season was ended the newspapers announced the wedding of Lily Moreton and Harry Penryth.

BILL JENKINS' TROUBLE.

HOW A YOUNG LADY COURTED HIM.

Bill Jenkins was a very modest man, and although he had mining ... which to burrow—his rooms and so many of the exterior places where such men are usually to be found, yet he was manly, very much so, and never played to the company of ladies. He trembled whenever a young girl would speak to him, and felt like a culprit if the stand when called upon to see "Miss So-and-So home." Bill could never explain or account for this most singular quality. He would sing, frolic and be as wild as a bird among men, but a petticoat would unnerve him instantly.

Lucy Ann Leggins had "set her eye" for Bill, and was determined to "bait him or die." Bill, to her, was a rare, loved Lucy, and was so miserable out of her company as he was timid in her—her, so to "popping the question," that was impossible. Lucy sent purses, scarves, handkerchiefs, worsted bouquets and gave them to Jenkins, as well as several gold rings, but still Bill would not propose. Lucy swore to him repeatedly that she loved him, and that she was miserable when he was absent from her, and her happiness in life depended upon being his wife—but Bill was dumb. At last Lucy was determined that he should "hear thunder," and when he next visited her, after some preliminary soft talk on her part, she very affectionately said:

"Billy, my dear, when are you going to ask me to marry you? for I want to get my dress ready."

Bill fainted on the spot, and hartshorn and water were applied for half an hour before he was finally restored.

"What has been the matter, Miss Lucy?"

"O nothing much, you fainted when you were about to ask me to marry you—but, I tell you yes—and, oh how happy we will be when we are married! I will love you so dearly; and as you said next Tuesday, why I am sitting the wedding around be then—my dear Billy, how I do love you!"

"I am willing, Miss Lucy," was all that Jenkins could articulate, while Lucy almost kissed him into fits. What a glorious victory.

It was enough to stop, but justice to our narrative requires that we should proceed to the finish.

The next Tuesday had come, and trembling at the ordeal of wedding—something so unused to his rough life—Bill Jenkins, and no friend, even, would be companion—was in deep distress.

"You are not afraid, certainly, to go up and get married—why, to marry such a beautiful, charming and intellectual lady as Miss Leggins. I should wish that she would fly like news upon the electric telegraph to—cheer up Jenkins—cheer up!"

"No," replied Bill, "you don't know what distresses me. I can go up and get married—that is easy enough, but there is something I know it—I don't. I'm afraid of one thing I never will be able to do, unless Lucy will assist me."

"Explain your self, replied his friend, "and if I can with propriety, I will endeavor to render you comfortable."

But Jenkins could not explain. He dared not; it was as thinking, he saw the Italian before him and he knew he could not pass it, but he was determined to get married, and to treat Lucy.

The night came, and they were married. All were merry the night through, the chat and the dance—Bill alone lively partly until midnight—time commenced to expire, and at one o'clock Bill Jenkins was left solitary and alone in the hall, Lucy Ann had retired, and her friends were on their way home. Bill was now in the point which he thought his courage would fail him. His situation was a peculiar one. He was not certain which was Lucy Ann's room although he could not go to bed.

The watchman cried "past two o'clock" and yet Jenkins was still alone, and apparently engaged in perusing an old almanac, which he chance had been left in his vest pocket. An old German nurse, who resided in the family, had been presented upon to the ladies, who noticed Jenkins' backwardness, to show him his bed-room, and she accordingly intimated herself to him in as modest a style as she well could.

"Mr. Jenkins, said she, "past two o'clock"

"Oh, yes, I know it, I'm going home in a few minutes. Old woman, where's my hat?"

"It is in Miss Lucy's room, sir, you can get it there if you'll come. Mr. Jenkins, why don't you go to bed?"

The old woman seized hold of Jenkins, and pulled him along until she got out of the hall, and all his gore was fixed for a moment upon the entry door, but she was determined to put him in Miss Lucy's room, and after violent efforts succeeded.

There he stood with the knob of the door in his hand, but the old dickey had been smart enough to lock the door outside. Lucy pretended to be asleep, but that sort of gammon would not answer at last she said:

"My dear Billy, what is the matter?"

"I want my hat!" screamed Jenkins, and Lucy, knowing his modesty, leaped out of bed, and after caressing him for some time, Billy went to bed with his clothes and boots on, and trembled till morning.

How Jenkins subsequently succeeded in getting over his bashfulness, can be known by application to his dear Lucy Ann.

Reader, strange as it may appear, there are Jenkinses all over the world.

Knocked on the head—A nail.

How to get Well.

Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the viel nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know How to Get Well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!—*Express.*

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GREAT REDUCTION IN PASSENGER RATES.

OFFICE SEABOARD RAILROAD.

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Weldon to Portsmouth 1st Class $3.30.
" " " 2nd " $ .80.
" " Ports. and Return $1.80.

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