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# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. XI. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1882. NO. 20.

## YOU'LL NEVER GUESS.

I know two eyes, two soft brown eyes,
Two eyes as sweet and dear
As ever danced with gay surprise,
Or melted with a tear;
In whose fair rays a heart may bask—
Their shadowed rays serene—
But, little maid, you must not ask
Whose gentle eyes I mean.

I know a voice of fairy tone,
Like brooklet in the June,
That sings to please itself alone,
A little old world tune;
Whose music haunts the listener's ear,
And will not leave it free;
But I shall never tell you, dear,
Whose accents they may be.

I know a golden-headed maid
For whom I built a shrine,
A leafy nook of murmurous shade,
Deep in this heart of mine;
And in that calm and cool recess
To make her home she came—
But, oh! you'd never, never guess
That little maiden's name.

## A REAL LIFE ROMANCE.

TWO LOVING HEARTS UNITED AFTER MANY YEARS.

A Ripley (Ohio) correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* tells this story:

Coming down the river one evening this week, on one of the palatial steamers that ply its waters, a Commercial representative had related to him a romance in real life, verifying the constancy of true love, and the old adage that truth is oft times stranger than fiction. So remarkable was it in all its details that he resolved to present it to the multitude of Commercial readers, unembellished by any fanciful adornments or visionary flights of imagination.

The scene is laid at Buena Vista, a lovely little village on the Upper Ohio, about one hundred miles from this city, charmingly situated amid the picturesque scenery of that romantic region. Buena Vista is much like the average country village, situated away from the hurry and bustle of world, the inhabitants enjoying life in that contented manner so characteristic of rural simplicity. The village has attained a national reputation from its celebrated and extensive freestone quarries that penetrate the rugged hills round about it, the productions of which being largely used in erecting the magnificent structures of architectural beauty that embellish the avenues of our great cities. To this rural retreat there wandered in the spring of 1871 a gentlemanly-appearing stranger, his attire and speech plainly stamping him a native of England.

He was called Farney. He was of a quiet, retiring disposition, seemingly not desirous of forming acquaintances. He had been in the place but a short time when he became acquainted with another Englishman by the name of Tyrtall also a recent arrival, and the two entered into partnership and established a nursery for the cultivation of fruit trees and small fruits. They succeeded finely in their undertaking, especially in peach growing, which develop to perfection on those rugged hills. The villagers were not long in finding out that Farney was a gentleman possessed of rare educational abilities, and in the fall of 1874, being in need of a principal for their high school, he was tendered the position, which was accepted.

Entering upon the duties, he soon proved himself a master of his profession, and the inhabitants quietly congratulated themselves upon their apt selection. Among the pupils attending the high school was a bright, lovely and accomplished young lady of eighteen—Miss Woolfan. She was a blossoming brunette, petite in stature, possessed of all the grace and virtues imaginable, and was a woman that would be called nobly among women. Under these circumstances it was not strange that the principal became infatuated with his lovely pupil, and the infatuation was equally as deep upon her part. As they became more deeply involved in love's meshes, Farney proposed and was accepted.

It is an ancient saying that there are always obstacles in the way of true love, and it was exemplified in this instance. The parents of the young lady, who were of aristocratic descent, bitterly opposed the attention of Farney toward their daughter, and she, being of a weak and vacillating disposition, they finally prevailed upon her to break the engagement. She declared that she loved only Farney, and would never marry another. Farney lost all interest in his work from that moment, tendered his resignation, and stated his resolution to leave. He asked the privilege of a last interview with his beloved, which was granted. What was said is too sacred to relate here, but as a last favor he requested her to sing that tender song of Burns. As her fingers rippled over the keys of the piano, the words came out as a heart-cry in low, passionate accents:

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had be or been broken-hearted.
Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be this lov and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss and then we sever,
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever."

As the melody died away he clasped her in his arms, pressed a long, passionate kiss upon her lips, and left the house and a broken heart behind. Farney left the village on the first boat that came along, and in a few days the daily papers contained a brief notice of a drowned body having been picked up a few miles above Cincinnati, which, from the description, was identified by the residents of Buena Vista as their former high school principal. The young lady, upon hearing of the suicide of her lover, was inconsolable, and, to all outward appearances, was dead to the pleasures of the world.

Numerous suitors sought her hand, but her steadfast devotion to her dead lover prevailed, and they retired from the field baffled. In 1876, while on a visit to relatives in the famous Blue Grass region of Kentucky, Miss Woolfan attracted the attention of a wealthy fine stock raiser, who was also connected with the United States Revenue service. After a brief acquaintance, he proposed, and was rejected. He took his rejection so much to heart, that he disposed of his farm and went South, but in the summer of 1881 he wandered back to the old home, and, as it opportunely happened, Miss Woolfan was again there on a visit. Their acquaintance was renewed, and, by persistent attentions he finally won the consent of the young lady to marry him, although she frankly told him that it was impossible for her to love him, as her heart was buried with her lover; but she would endeavor to be a true and faithful wife, and would use all means to make his life a happy one.

The wedding trousseau was purchased regardless of expense, and the wedding was celebrated with great ceremony, being one of the most brilliant and note-worthy affairs that ever occurred in that region, famous for its wealth and culture.

The wedded life so auspiciously begun was destined to be of short duration, scarcely six months passing by until the husband was killed by a railroad accident in the Southern part of the State. The bereaved widow withdrew from society, and lived the life of a recluse.

Three months after the death of the husband, Farney, the supposed drowned man, unexpectedly turns up, to the astonishment of his Buena Vista friends, who had long mourned his decease. He hears of the marriage of his old love, of the husband's recent death, and immediately makes a trip to Kentucky. He seeks out the lady, and after a long and touching interview finds that their former attachment has strengthened with the passing years, and goes away the accepted husband of his early love. Our readers will join us in wishing them a happy and prosperous married life.

## THE PROCESS OF DEATH.

A SPIRITUALIST WHO SAW HER MOTHER'S SPIRIT SEPARATE FROM HER BODY.

A complete description of the spirit's departure from the body was recently given by Myra Carpenter in a letter to Mr. Joseph Baker. She was treated by mesmerism for epileptic fits, and soon became a good clairvoyant, and eventually a seer of spirits. "My mother and I had often talked of death and immortality. She frequently magnetized me when she was in health, and I was in the clairvoyant state, by her assistance, when the spiritual sight was first given me. By your assistance (Baker's) I acquired the power of putting myself in that state without the assistance of an operator. She had often requested that I would, at the time of her decease, put myself in that state and carefully notice the departure of the spirit from the body. Her failing health admonished her that her end for this life was near, but she viewed it with calmness, for her thoughts were full of her life to come and her hopes placed on her Father in Heaven. Death had no terrors for her. When she felt its approach she sent for me, as I was absent attending an invalid. I came and remained constantly with her until she left us for a better home. Her last words were addressed to me. Perceiving that she was dying I seated myself in the room, and was soon in a state of spiritual clairvoyance. With the opening of the inner sight the painful scene of mother's death was changed to a vision of glory—beautiful angelic spirits present watching over her. Their faces were radiant with bliss, and their glittering robes were like transparent snow. I could feel them as material, and yet they communicated a sensation I can only describe by saying it seemed like compressed air. Some of these heavenly attendants stood at her head and some at her feet, while others seemed to be hovering over her form. They seemed so pure, so full of love, that it was so sweet to look at them as they watched the change now taking place in my mother.

"I now turned my attention more directly to my mother, and saw the external sense leave her. First the power of sight departed and then a veil seemed to drop over the eyes; then the hearing and next the sense of feeling. The spirit began to leave the limbs, and they died first, and the light that filled each part, in every fibre, drew up toward the chest. As fast as this took place the veil seemed to drop over the part from whence the spiritual life was removed. A ball of light was now gathering just above her head, and this continued to increase as long as the spirit was connected with the body. The light left the brain last, and then the silver cord was loosed. The luminous appearance soon began to assume the human form, and I could see my mother again! But oh, how changed! She was light and glorious, arrayed in robes of dazzling whiteness, free from disease, pain and death. She seemed to be welcomed by the attending spirits with the joy of a mother over the birth of a child.

"She paid no attention to me, or any earthly object, but joined her companions, and they seemed to go away through the air. I attempted to follow them in the spirit, for I felt strangely attracted and longed to go with my mother. I saw them ascend till they seemed to pass through an open space, when a mist came over my sight, and I saw them no more.—Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Lots of Fun Ahead.—An old miner was brought up before Judge McDowell for being drunk. The Judge gave the old fellow a good wholesome lecture on the sin of intemperance.

"Were you ever drunk, Judge?" asked the old veteran.

"No, sir, said his Honor; "I never was."

The old man hung his head for a moment and then ejaculated.

"Well I'll be d—d! But it ain't too late yet. Judge, there's fun ahead for you—heaps of fun!"

The old fellow was discharged amid a roar of laughter.

It is easier to be good on Sunday than on any other day of the week, and yet our admonitions to be good are nearly all received on Sunday.

## FLARHARITY'S ENGINE.

FLYING A MILE A MINUTE TO DESTRUCTION—MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

John Flarharity, an engineer on a Denver and Rio Grand engine, was running a "pusher" at Leadville. He was ordered to go down the road and meet the incoming passenger train at Eider's. Just as he started out of the yards the strap connecting with the lever broke, and he lost all control of the engine. The engine was a new one, and in good condition, and he says he never can explain just why or how it happened. Running at a tremendous speed, down grade, he expected every moment to be dashed to instant death.

"It was an awful moment," said Flarharity, "when I found the engine would not respond to the touch of the lever, and she was beyond my control. The cylender heads blew out, the steam blinded me, and everything seemed to conspire to hurl us to destruction."

"How heavy was the grade?"

One hundred and eighty-five feet to the mile. Down the steep incline the train dashed. I tugged at the lever and brakes, but it was as if I had been tugging at the solid parts of the engine itself. Then suddenly I remembered that I was to meet the passenger train at Eider's. My fireman jumped off early in the race, and I was left alone thinking I had left him dead on the track. We were making more than mile a minute. Little pieces of sand and dirt flew against my face and stung like fire. In the distance I could see the approaching train. I yelled and screamed, for I knew that our only hope was to flag that train and get her on the side track. I saw the operator, Woodward, running for the train as he saw me coming enveloped in a cloud of smoke and steam and dust.

"With one last effort I opened wide the throttle, hoping that the engine would throw herself from the track on the curve and save the passenger train from destruction. Then I jumped and unconsciousness overcame me. When I recovered I saw the engine lying on her side within forty feet of the passenger train, and people were crowding around me and bathing my head, and hoping I was not killed."

Flarharity escaped miraculously with only a few slight bruises. The accident was one of the strangest on record, and in it not a single person was injured.—Denver Tribune.

## A CHICAGO MAIDEN.

A CLEVER TRICK SHE PLAYED WHILE TRAVELING.

"Is this seat engaged?" he asked of the prettiest girl in the car, and finding it wasn't, he put his sample box in the rack and braced himself up for solid enjoyment. "Pleasant day," said the girl, coming for him before he could get his tongue unkinked. "Most bewildering day, isn't it?" "Yes-yes, miss," stammered the drummer. He was in the habit of playing pitcher in this kind of a match, and the position of catcher didn't fit him as tight as his pantaloons. "Nice weather for traveling," continued the girl; "much nicer than when it was cold. Are you perfectly comfortable?" "Oh, yes thanks," murmured the drummer. "Glad of it," resumed the girl, cheerfully. "You don't look so. Let me put my shawl under your head, won't you? Hadn't you rather sit next to the window and have me describe the landscape to you?" "No, please, he murmured; "I—I am doing well enough."

"Can't I buy you some peanuts or a book? Let me do something to make the trip happy! Suppose I slip my arm around your waist! Just lean forward a trifle so I can! You'll—have to excuse me! gasped the drummer. I—I don't think you really mean it! You look so tired, she pleaded; wouldn't you like to rest your head on my shoulder? No one will notice. Just lay your head right down and I'll tell you stories. No—no, thanks! I won't to-day! I'm very comfortable, thank you! said the poor drummer looking around hopelessly. Your scarf pin is coming out. Let me fix it. There! and she arranged it deftly; at the next station I'll get you a cup of tea, and when we arrive at our destination you'll let me call on you? and she smiled an anxious prayer right up into his pallid countenance. I think I'll go away and smoke, said the drummer, and hauling down his gripsack, he made for the door, knee-deep in the grins showered around him by his fellow passengers.

Strange, murmured the girl to the lady in front of her. I only did with him just what he was making ready to do with me, and, big and strong as he is, he couldn't stand it. I really think women have stronger stomachs than men, and, besides that, there isn't any smoking-car for them to fly to for refuge. I don't understand this thing. But she settled back contentedly all the same; and at a convention of drummers held in the smoker that morning it was unanimously resolved that her seat was engaged, so far as they were concerned, for the balance of the season.—Chicago Times.

When a man says you lie he either does or does not tell the truth. In any event there is no cause for anger on your part. If he tells the truth you should respect him for it; if he lies he is beneath your notice.

## AN INDIANAPOLIS SCHOOLMARM.

A CATASTROPHE WHICH RESULTED HER IN A SLEEPING CAR.

The public schools will close in a few weeks for the summer vacation, and the majority of the lady teachers will begin their annual exodus to the country and the seaside. In view of this the following true story is related, in the hope that it will serve as a terrible warning to those of the aforesaid teachers who contemplate a journey on the railway:

An Indianapolis schoolmarm of doubtful age left Indianapolis a few evenings since, for the purpose of visiting a friend in Cleveland, who was very ill, which was proper enough, as every one must admit. Soon after the train pulled away from the suburbs, Satan, in the form of a sleeping car conductor, passing down the aisle in which was piled the Indianapolis maiden's wardrobe, done up in bandboxes, shawl straps, etc., soliciting customers. The schoolmarm, in a moment of weakness, subscribed for the lower half of a middle section, and in due time was transferred to the sleeping car and soon after began her preparations for retiring. It was her first experience, and no wonder she blushed as she hung her cork-screw curls on the foot of the berth and tied a stocking about her neck as a preventive of bronchitis. After becoming accustomed to the joling of the car she dropped into a contented doze, fully expecting to find herself in Cleveland when she awakened. Suddenly she was startled by a snore, the first male snore that had ever fallen upon her maidenly ears. She sat up and listened, and blushed again when she saw her shadow upon the walls of her berth, but heard nothing, and preparing to again court the rugged embrace of Morpheus, began to fall back upon her pillow, when her sharp eye detected something suspended from the regions above. In the excitement of the moment she plucked at the object and with a scream of fright leaped into the aisle, for the thing proved to be a man's foot. The conductor immediately put in an appearance and explained to the trembling schoolmarm that sections were composed of lower and upper berths, and that she was occupying the section with a sore-eyed man from Syracuse, who would not harm her, as he was out of reach, being separated from her by the bottom of his berth and the accompanying bed clothing, but the woman would not consent to the man's remaining, and willingly paid for the entire section, and the man generously consented to remove himself to the lower portion of the adjoining section. This arrangement, when completed, gave satisfaction all around, and the night wore on undisturbed, except by an occasional snore from the sore-eyed individual and an hysterical titter from the Indianapolis woman, just as the clock in St. John's Cathedral tolled the hour of 3 the schoolmarm awakened with a yawn which awakened a wicked Chicago drummer across the aisle, and also signaled the catastrophe which fate was rapidly bringing down upon the occupants of the car.

After the maiden had adjusted her night cap and attended to a few other necessary matters she made up her mind to arise and get a drink of water, a habit which she had indulged herself in for many years. Before doing so she drew back her curtain and peered forth; the most perfect quiet reigned, which instilled courage into her heart, and, boldly turning back her covering, she sprang into the aisle with all the freedom and grace of a gladiator. Before she took up her march to the water tank, however, she procured from one of her numerous handboxes a small piece of paper, which she proceeded to pin upon the curtain of her berth, so that when she returned she could not make a mistake and get upon the wrong bed.

And then she sought for the reservoir.

And the wicked Chicago drummer lay down upon his back and laughed and kicked himself with joy, after which he glided from his lair, and with a demoniac chuckle proceeded to remove the paper from the schoolmarm's berth and pin it upon the one occupied by the sore-eyed Syracusian. Then he slunk back and was soon lost in the soundest of slumbers.

Just then the engine shrieked for the crossing this side of Crestline, which frightened the schoolmarm so that she shrieked also, and scurried for her berth, which she proceeded to spring upon in a manner entirely her own.

There was an ominous silence of two seconds, and then came the climax. Shriek after shriek and curse after curse were heard in the immediate proximity of the sore-eyed man's quarters, and an instant later two forms, one lost with white raiment and the other short with red merino accompaniments, stood glaring at each other in the center of the aisle.

The Indianapolis woman had gotten into the wrong pew.

And the Chicago drummer laughed long and loud, and beat his head, and tore his hair with ecstacy, while the Syracuse man swore and the schoolmarm fainted.

It is almost needless to add that the train arrived at the Union depot on time, and that when the Indiana woman again travels she will do so during the day time or not at all.—Cleveland *Leader*.

Why he Went.—"Do not go darling"—and as she spoke the words, spoke them in low, tender tones that thrilled him from main truck to keelson, Gwendoline Mahaffy laid her soft, white cheek on Plutarch Riordan's shoulder and gave him a look with her lustrous dove like eyes that would make your head swim.

"I cannot stay," he replied, kissing the peachy-red lips as he spoke, and feeling wistfully in his overcoat pocket for a plug of tobacco, "I must go now, right away.

But the girl placed her arms around his neck—arms whose soft, rounded curves and pink-tinted skin would have made an anchorite throw up his job, and pleaded with him to stay a little longer. "I cannot," he again said, looking at her tenderly.

"Cannot?" repeated the girl, a shade of anger tinging the tone in which the word was uttered. "And pray, sir, what is it that so imperatively calls you hence?"

Bending over her with a careless grace that artfully concealed the slight bagginess at the knees of his pants, Plutarch said in low, bitter tones that were terrible in their intensity:

"I have broke my suspender!"

When you hear a man assert that there is but one side to a question, you may be reasonably sure that he is a man of one sided judgment.

The Deuseand and his Dog.—A crowd was collected one day near a pile of stones in Central Park, New York, evidently very intent upon some object that had brought together quite a number of policemen. On drawing near you would have seen nothing remarkable; only a drunken man, utterly insensible, laying upon a pallet of blasted rocks and stones, but for all there were so many officers on hand they could not take the man away. There he must stay, to all appearances, and disfigure the ground, until he came to himself sufficiently to move off on his own hook. He had a friend of whom he was wholly unworthy—a friend who stood by him like a brother, notwithstanding his degradation. A noble Newfoundland dog stood over him, looking down into his face, and would suffer no one to approach. He did not like the looks of the policemen, and they did not like his looks. Twenty feet was the regular distance he had settled upon, and it was at his risk that any one came nearer. They brought several pails of cold water, and threw it over the dog, hoping to drive him away; but he only drew closer to his unworthy companion.

"We can't take the man unless we shoot the dog," said one, "and he's too noble an animal to kill."

"Which is the brute?" asked a passer-by, and very appropriately, too.

The Author's Profile of a Babe.—One of those unnaturally bright children was are always getting people into difficulties was at a prayer meeting the other evening with his mother, when he suddenly asked: "Ma say ma—who was Dinah Morey?" "Hush, son," whispered his mother cautiously, "it's a hymn." "No, it isn't, ma" continued the boy, loudly. "It's a woman's name, any, ma's going home to Dinah Morey!" "Willie," said his mother in a ghastly voice, "you're disturbing the meeting. It means going to heaven to die no more." "Die no more! O ma, don't they eat any there?" His mother explained as well as she could, and Willie sat still for half a minute, his bright eyes roving about the church. Then he asked in a shrill whisper: "Ma, is God out of town?" "No-o-o, no-no," answered the distressed woman, faintly. "Then what's Mr. Kelly running this meeting for, ma?" continued the sweet child. The choir sang him down but as the meeting closed with a moment of silent prayer, his gentle voice was distinctly heard.

Be Cautious.—Without wishing to insinuate that no man can be safely trusted, we must hazard the statement that the time when a man's word was as good as his bond seems to have belonged to some remote period. The present generation looks upon it with as much credulity as upon the fables found in classic mythology. Yet occasionally we hear of persons who place so much confidence in friends that they do not require a written security, and strange to say they invariably repent of their indiscretion. Experience is said to be the best teacher. It may be so, but it is often a very expensive one. Wise is he, who, in the beginning, turns to account both the history of others, and from it learns wisdom. In visiting an unknown land, common sense teaches one to use a guide-book, and not foolishly attempt to find out everything for himself. Still there are a multitude who possess such confiding nature that it is extremely difficult for them to exercise their faculties of precaution.

The best remedy for a sting is to poultice the wasp before it gets its work in.

If, as naturalists say, all animals have a language of their own, then the language used by cattle must be low.

Calling for a division of the house—Filing a petition for divorce.

It is easier to gain knowledge by listening than by talking. This is not generally known.

In trade what article is usually considered as occupying the foremost rank? Strong butter.

The man who thinks well of nobody is not to blame, therefor. The man cannot think well who is unused to thinking.

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