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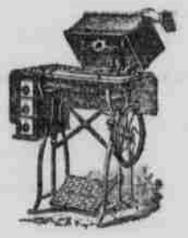

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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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DREAM IT IS I.

Go hold white roses to thy cheek,
And twine them in thy hair;
Go gaze into their hearts, and seek
The message hidden there;
And when they softly, sweetly tell
Their secrets, pray thee listen well,
And dream it is I who speak.

Go wander where, low murmuring,
The brooklet glides anear,
And trembling willows droop and cling
With bended heads to hear;
And when the streamlet rippling by,
Repeats its wooing melody,
Oh, dream 'tis I who sing!

Sweet heart, as fadeless perfumes throng
From roses long since crushed,
And as the brooklet's tender song
Is never, never hushed,
So will my heart keep, day and night,
Its peerless love forever bright,
Through sorrow and through wrong

FAME VERSUS LOVE.

"It cannot be!"

As these words fell from Helen Armstrong's lips she arose from her seat, an old overturned boat, and moved slowly toward the water's edge.

For a moment her companion, a man of perhaps twenty-five, hesitated, then he joined her, repeating:

"It cannot be Helen? Surely you are not in earnest. You love me, have you not said it? and yet you refuse to become my wife!"

"Edwin, I—"

"You did not mean it," quickly interrupted Edwin Bennett, adding: "Come, darling, why should not we be happy?" And he drew her hand within his arm.

For an instant she let it rest there, then slowly but firmly she loosened his clasp, as she said:

"For two years you and I have been friends. In that time did you ever know me to change after I had once decided upon anything?"

"No, but—" answered her companion quickly, while she, unheeding, goes on with:

"You know the one great desire of my life is to win fame as an artist. Could I do this as your wife?"

"Why not, Helen? Would I not do anything in the world to help you?" came the proud answer, as Edwin Bennett bent his eyes fondly upon the fair face beside him.

"No, Edwin; as a wife I could never hope to obtain fame. Marriage brings to women so many cares that there is very little time left over for other work. I should not make you happy. I should be constantly longing for my old, free life."

"If that is all I am not afraid to risk my happiness, Helen," answered her lover, a more hopeful look lighting up his handsome face.

"Think how for five years," continued Helen, "I have worked with the one end in view. My home, you are aware, has not been particularly agreeable Uncle and aunt are kind in their way, and have always let me have my own will about painting, providing it did not cost them anything. As for love or sympathy, you have seen how much they have yielded to me."

"Seen and felt for you, Helen, God knows. And now that I will make your life, if love can do it, one happy dream, you will not; and yet you do not deny your love for me."

For a second Helen's eyes rested longingly upon the face of the man who loved her so dearly; then into their dusky depths crept an intense, pastionate longing, as they swept the horizon and noted the glorious splendor of the setting sun, while she exclaimed:

"Oh, Edwin! If I could only reproduce that sunset just as it is! If I only could!"

With an impatient sigh he turned away

"Always her art, never me; perhaps she is right after all. It would always stand between us."

She, not noticing, went on with—

"If it would only stay long enough for me to catch those colors, but no, it is fading now."

Turning, Helen found that her companion had left her side, and stood a few yards away.

"Edwin," she called.

In an instant he was beside her, everything forgotten except that she was the woman he loved.

"I wanted to tell you how good Mr. Hovey is. It seems he was acquainted with poor papa years ago, when I was a baby, and therefore feels quite interested in me. You have heard how he praises my work, and last night he proposed—"

"Proposed!" exclaimed Edwin Bennett, hotly. "Why, you don't mean to say that old man actually had the audacity to ask you to marry him?"

"How ridiculous! How could you think of such a thing?" answered Helen, a ripple of laughter escaping from between her pretty teeth, as she continued:

"No; he proposed, if I were willing, to send me to Italy for two years, he, of course, defraying the greatest part of the expenses. He said when I became famous I could refund him the little amount if I wished. Was it not generous of him? Just think, two years at work among the old masters. What could I not do then? It would be such a help to me. My little income would do, with care, I think."

"And you would go?" As Edwin Bennett asked this question a look of pain crossed his face.

"Why not?" came the reply, as Helen raised her eyes questioningly to her companion.

"You say you love me; and yet you would put the sea between us. Helen, wait; I will work hard and earn money enough to take us both abroad. Do you think I could deny you anything? You should paint to your heart's content, from the old masters, or anything else you pleased. So long as you were happy, I should be. Perhaps I might turn painter, too some day, with you to inspire me," he added, smiling slightly.

"I do not doubt your love for me, Edwin; but I shall never marry. I intend to devote my life to my art. As a wife it would be impossible for me to do so. I should be hindered and trammeled in a thousand ways. Believe me, I have thought very earnestly of all this, and I—"

"Helen, when I came to spend my vacation here at Little Rock, so as to be near you, I said to myself, Now you can ask the woman you love to be your wife, and know that you have a home to offer her. For your sake I wish I were rich; but I am still young, and with the good prospects I have, I do not see why I shall not be able before many years to give my wife all she can wish."

"It is not that, Edwin. I should not love you one bit the more if you were a millionaire," interrupted Helen, glancing reproachfully at him.

Helen, my holiday is over to-morrow. I must have my answer to-night." The words came somewhat sternly from between Edwin Bennet's lips.

Mechanically, with the end of her parasol, Helen Armstrong traced on glittering yellow sands, "Fame versus Love." Then, as she became aware of what she had done, she sought to efface them. Too late. Edwin Bennet's hand stayed hers, as pointing to the letters which stood out he said, hoarsely:

"Choose!"

For a second she hesitated, then slowly came the answer:

"I accepted Mr. Hovey's offer this morning. I am to sail in a week."

Spurning her hand from him, Edwin Bennett cried out passionately:

"God forgive you! I cannot!" Then without another word, he turned and left her.

A faint cry of "Edwin" escaped her lips, as her arms were held out imploringly toward him. Then they fell to her side, and she, too, turned and went slowly across the sands in the opposite direction. If he had looked back and seen those outstretched arms, how different their life might have been; but no, he plodded angrily along the shore, glancing neither to the right nor the left. Little by little the waves crept up and Love was drowned, while Fame stood out bold and clear upon the yellow sands.

Ten years have passed and gone since Helen Armstrong and Edwin Bennett parted on the shores, and during that time they have never met. Helen had won that which she had striven for. She had become an artist of renown. Even royalty had been pleased to compliment her upon her art.

For the last month one of Helen Armstrong's paintings had been on exhibition at the Academy of Design, and crowds had been drawn thither to see this last work of the celebrated artist. The subject was simple, nothing new, yet visitors returned again and again to gaze at it.

It was the last day of its exhibition, when a lady and gentleman, the gentleman leading a little girl of perhaps three years by the hand, passed into the room where the painting hung.

"Oh! isn't it too bad there is such a crowd; I wanted to see it!" exclaimed the lady, to which the gentleman replied:

"We will look at the other pictures first and come back again; perhaps there will not be such a crowd then."

An hour or so later the gentleman and lady returned; then the room was almost deserted, except for a few straggles here and there. It was just about time to close the gallery.

For a few moments they stood in silence before the painting; then a little voice said:

"Baby wants to see, too, papa."

Stooping down the gentleman raised the pretty, daintily dressed child in his arms. After gravely regarding the picture for a second, the little one asked:

"Is my mad papa?"

"I am afraid one was, pet," came the low answer, as Edwin Bennett softly kissed the fair cheek of his little girl. Then his gaze returned to the painting.

A stretch of yellow sands, dotted here and there by huge boulders and piles of snowy pebbles, against which the overhanging cliffs looking almost bleak. Gentle little baby waves rippling in toward the shore, while majestic purplehued, silver edged clouds seemed floating en masse toward the golden, crimson-barred sun that flooded the sky and water with its warm light.

In the center of the picture, where the beach formed a curve resembling a horseshoe, was an old boat, turned bottom upward, some few feet off, the figure of a young man, apparently walking hurriedly away. Although the face was not visible, the gazer felt that the man suffered; that the glorious sunset was this day as naught to him. Perhaps it was in the tightly clasped hand, the veins of which stood out like great cords; or maybe the man's apparent total disregard of his surroundings.

To the right of the picture the figure of a young girl, trailing a parasol in the sand, as she appeared to move slowly in the opposite direction from her companion. Only a little bit of a delicately-shaped ear and a mass of glossy braids showed from beneath the shade hat, but one could readily believe that the pretty girlish figure belonging to an equally attractive face.

About half way between them, traced upon the sands, were the words, "Fame versus Love."

"Is it not lovely, Edwin?" and Mrs. Bennet laid her hand upon her husband's arm as she added:

"Yet how sad it somehow seems. I can't help feeling sorry for them. I wish I could see their faces. I feel as if I want to turn them round."

Clasping the little hand that rested so confidingly upon his arm, Edwin Bennett inwardly thanked God for the gift of his fair young wife, as he said:

"Come, dear, they are commencing to close up. Baby's tired, too."

"Yes, me's tired. Baby wants to tiss mamma," lisped the child, holding out her tiny arms.

Husband and wife failed to notice a lady who stood near, gazing at a painting. As the pretty young mother stooped down to receive her baby's kisses, which the little one lavished on her cheeks, lips and brow, a deep, yearning look gathered in the strange lady's eyes and she turned hastily away.

"Oh, Edwin!" exclaimed his wife as they passed the silent figure in black. "Wouldn't it be nice if baby should grow up to be a great artist like this Miss Armstrong."

"God forbid, Annie," came the earnest reply, followed by "let her grow up to be a true, loving woman, that is all I ask." The lady's hand tightened its hold upon the back of a settee as the words reached her ears, but she did not move until they were out of sight. Then lifting her veil she went and stood before the painting that had won such fame. Tears gathered in her eyes as she gazed, and with the words, "I will never look at it again," she, too, passed out of the building, and in her own handsome carriage was driven home.

Scorn shone in her dark eyes as they fell upon the costly works of art scattered in lavish profussion about her luxuriously furnished apartments. Hastily throwing aside her wraps, she crossed over to a mirror. A very handsome face it reflected. Not looking the thirty years it had known.

Helen Armstrong—for it was she—had heard of Edwin Bennett's marriage; heard that he had succeeded in business beyond his most sanguine expectations; heard that his wife was one of the loveliest and gentlest of women, and that Edwin Bennett idolized both wife and child. This day she had seen them.

Then came the thought that she might have stood in that wife's place; she, too, might have had those baby lips pressed as lovingly to hers: but she had put it from her. She had chosen Fame versus Love. If she could only go back to that day on the sands, how differently she would now act.

Turning away from the mirror, she exclaimed, bitterly:

"Too late, Helen Armstrong. As you have sown, so much you reap."

HE TOLD ABOUT BLIZZARDS.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

'Tell me about those dear, delightful, beautiful blizzards you have in your country?' said the Brooklyn girl, folding her hands and looking up to him with a bewitchingly pleading glance. I know they must be just too sweet for anything!'

'Oh, they are sweetners!' ejaculated the Montana man, throwing one leg over the other and warming to his subject. 'You once get a blizzard after you and you'll wish you hadn't any skirts on to bother you.'

'And did you ever see one?' she asked with prof and interest.

'Well, I should fire a grin!' responded he politely. 'I've been around when our neck o' the woods was toiling hard to save its county reputation, Why, Miss, I seen a blizzard tip a prairie fire right up on end and it blazed away a streak of fire thirty miles high! just tipped it right up.'

'Gracious!' squealed the girl: 'I should have thought it would have blown it clear over!'

'That's when you ketch your heel! You see, the fire struck agin a railroad locomotive that was passing some eighteen miles up, and the engine held it perpendicular,' exclaimed the Montana man. 'You can't fool a prairie fire much! When it came down it kept right on blazing, and the melted engine dropped on the track and run right to the round house in a liquid stream. They had to pack it in ice so as to freeze it into shape again! Oh, we have ice in our school district!

'I had no idea that a blizzard was so powerful,' murmured the girl.

'Powerful! Well you just shout, sister! Only two months ago a blizzard lifted the Powder river straight up in the air and carried it back seven miles in the woods! You just deal your last giblet on the power? That river's up in the trees yet, and we're building saw mills upside down so as to get the water privilege! You read about these tornadoes. They're only gusts.'

'My!' exclaimed the girl. 'A blizzard must be something terrible!'

'Well, I should gobble distinctly!' returned the Montana man, with a quiet smile. 'Just before I left an old he blizzard struck my town, and whooped us up about eighty feet. Town and all. We didn't come down for four weeks, and wouldn't have been down yet, only a Yankee threw a lariat over that streak o' wind and started an elevator. Why, miss, you don't know no more about it than an old sock. Why, just south of us, one of 'em happened to hit a patch of country some fellows were surveying and blew the whole line of the road right through the surveyor's transit. You bet. And the company lost its franchise, because the land granted to it was just rolled right over, and they had to build the road straight up and down, or give it up.'

'I don't see how you manage to live in such a country,' said the astonished girl.

'Oh, we peg along,' was the courageous response. 'It's the greatest country outdoors. I remember one blizzard, though, that bothered us some. It happened to pop the Crow reservation plumb center, and just blew the whole business right over on our settlement, Indians, ground, crops, everything.'

'On top of you,' ejaculated the girl.

'The same,' replied the Montana man.

'There we was right under 'em. The red skins didn't dare go off their reservations for fear of war, and we didn't climb up through for fear of violating the treaty.'

'But how did you get out?' queried girl.

'Oh, you can't hold us fellows down long. We're wild, woolly, and hard to curry, Miss. Then we've got the best soil in the world. We just planted a grain crop under that reservation, and in fourteen days the wheat had hoisted it up a hundred feet and there it stood When the winter froze it into that position we gathered the crops and moved out from under it. Then the thaw came in the spring, and, Miss, you'd have just busted your collar-band to have seen them Crow Indians when their reservation dropped.'

She sat and looked at him in amazement.

But it isn't all tragedy, Miss, continued the Montana man. Blizzards has a funny side sometimes. I remember when a buck blizzard slammed into Bud Kipple's funeral. We mourners just laid right down and hung on with our teeth, but the defunct hadn't our energy, and he was whirled up pretty near a mile. We never expected he was going that way, and it must have been something of an astonisher to Bud. Miss, he hasn't come down yet.

And you didn't bury him, ejaculated the horrified girl.

Oh, we planted him. You don't find any lamenteds hunting around our parts for the benefits of religion. A funeral is too good a chance for a fight. We just sat to and built a grave right up to him, and he's sleeping his eternal rest in the doggondest place you ever saw, right on the top of that gravel. He heedeth not the blizzard's howl, nor careth he a—a—a—and the Montana man pulled up suddenly in his pious reflections and rolled his eyes.

What a curious idea, muttered the girl.

You bet your sweet life, conceded the Montana man. By the way, the blizzard that struck Small Pox Run was a teaser. The air was so black nobody could see what was going on for an hour, and when they got around there was the prettiest little old ledge you ever stuck your foot in. Pretty; Yum—m—m. I reckon not. Twenty ounces to the pound and all wool The biggest find in them parts.

What was it? asked the bewildered girl.

A mine. A bonanza. And them fellows worked it. Assayed two hundred dollars to the ounce and no limit to the game. But they lost it.

How?

Some preachers from Minisota came over and claimed that it had been blown from their State, and the Montana men had to give it up. The Minnesota men packed it on a wagon and took it home

I didn't know they could carry a mine that way. What kind of a thing was it?

It was a church debt. Them Minnesota fellows had been living off it for years, and hadn't had to sink a shaft. The placer was as soft as your cheek, and they hadn't touched the main vein. It was a bonanza, and Small Pox Run has never been the same place since.

I never heard a church debt called mine before, sighed the girl.

Then the Montana man rose up and looked at her with mingled pity and contempt; for there are degrees of innocence that even a Montana man can't tolerate.

A TRAMP'S PHILOSOPHY.

In the hip pocket of an old vagrant was a memorandum book full of his own writing with a pencil, and some of his philosophy is good enough to be preserved. His first paragraph reads:

Drinking bad whiskey because it is offered free is like getting in the way of bullets purchased by an enemy."

A second reads,

"Honesty is the best policy, but some folks are satisfied with the second best. It is hard to be honest on an empty stomach."

A third reads,

"A dry plank under a rain proof shed is better than a feather bed in jail, and one don't annoyed by the jailer bringing in a square breakfast."

A fourth says:

"Pay as you go. If you haven't anything to pay with, don't go. If you are forced to go, record every indebtiness and let your heirs settle the bills."

The fifth explains:

"We should have charity for all. When winter winds blow cold, we vags should pity the poor fellows in India who are having red-hot weather."

A six recorded:

"Politeness costs nothing, but it is not expected that you will wake a man up at midnight to ask permission to go through his hen house. It is more courteous to let him enjoy his needed response."

The seventh and last we noted down as follows:

"When you pick up an apple core do not find fault because it is not apple itself, but be satisfied with the grade of descent. Do not be ashamed of your occupation. We cannot all be lords, nor can we all be vagrants. As I cannot be a lord, I should not lament at being a vagrant. Be truthful and out-spoken—that is, tell them you are a Chicago fire sufferer. Keep reasonable hours, or some other vag will get your plank first. Be hopeful, cheerful, and good-natured. Growling won't cure a sore heel."

His Wife's Death Kiss.—About a month ago A. B. Camp, accompanied by his wife and child, came from San Francisco for the purpose of taking out soapstone. Last month his wife visited him at his work. They were about starting for their cabin, a short distance away. Mr. Camp was about to enter the tunnel to secure a shovel which he desired to take with him, when his wife remarked: Never mind, I'll get it; you take the child. As she started for the tunnel she turned around and said: Kiss me first. The husband did so, and she started for the tunnel's mouth again, but just before she reached it she again turned around and laughingly said: Kiss me once more. Her husband complied for the second time, and then she started for the tunnel. She had just reached the entrance when the mass of rocks and dirt above gave way, burying the unfortunate woman in the debris and causing her instant death The father and child escaped unhurt.—San Benito (Cal.) Advance.

George Elliott said that no man can be wise on an empty stomach. Nonsense. If that were so, how would the average editor be able to indite such sagacious editorials as we are continually reading in our exchanges.

The moon, like some men, is brightest when it is full.

A BABY THAT SEES SPIRITS.

A family by the name of Mack, residing in the North side of town, lost a daughter but a short time ago. She was between six and seven years of age. A baby over two and a half years old was the only remaining child. When Myrtle died, said the mother, I thought the greatest trial would be when baby should miss her sister, for she was very much attached to her. On returning from the grave I seated her in the arm chair, and was preparing for my domestic duties, when a clapping of little hands arrested by attention, and an exclamation from baby, 'There's Myrtle!' fell upon my ear, not a day has passed but that she has seen and told us of the presence of our darling. One day she said 'Myrtle and grandma.' She had never seen her grandmother, who is now in spirit life. One day I was out in the garden with her, and she said, 'There comes Myrtle,' and ran from me as though she was going to meet some one, and returned with no sign of disappointment. All her movements were as natural as though she had met her sister, and accompanied her to my side. Again she said, holding out her little hands as if to receive something, 'Myrtle brings flowers.' Again she said, 'Johnnie is coming with his baby.' Johnnie is a neighbor's boy. No one knew that this family had lost a babe, and it was so strange that a neighbor went to Johnnie's mother to inquire if it was so, and received an affirmative answer.'—Lexington, Ill. Journal

Sawyer.—One of the stations on the Elizabeth City and Norfolk Railroad bears the name of Sawyer, and one of the best jokes of the season, hinges on the name. A few days ago, as the train neared the station, a gawky youth whose awkwardness was only equaled by his happiness, was in a car with one arm around the waist of a young lady from the rural districts. She smiled responsive to his efforts at pleasing. As the train rolled up to the station the brakeman opened the door, and with the usual lightning speed stuck his head in the car, took one glance down the aisle and looking as the ardent lover thought, straight at him, yelled 'Sawyer!' at the top of his voice. The passengers in the car were moved to a fit of laughter when the tall countryman, withdrawing his arm from its comfortable position, stood up, and shaking his fists, shouted, 'Well, I don't care a darn if you did. Me and she are going to be married and we don't mind who knows it.' The poor fellow had things mixed, and the awkward name of the station caused him to give himself away.

The Largest Brain in America.—James H. Madden, gambler, who died here the other day, had the largest brain of any man in America. Dr. McDean who attended the deceased during his illness, stated that he had a very remarkably formed head. It was about the average size, with an immense frontal and lateral development. At death the doctor examined the head, and when the brain was removed and weighed it brought down the scales at 62½ ounces. This is the heaviest brain ever found in America. Daniel Webster's brain weighed 58½ ounces, and Professor Agassiz's 52½ ounces.—Leadville (Col.) Reporter.

A desperate character, who had committed a robbery in Illinois, in fleeing from the officers had a part of his heel shot off. It is not often that justice follows so closely on the heels of crime.

If all the fools in the world were to put white caps on their heads what an enormous flock of geese we should make.

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Attorney and Counsellor At Law,

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