

Table with columns for 'ADVERTISING RATES' and 'SPACE' with various rates listed.

SOLITUDE. BY ELLA WHEELER. Laugh, and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you weep alone.

WHAT THE OLD JOBS DID. "It is the Lord's will, wife, and we can but submit," said Nathan Holloway, sadly.

"Oh Nathan!" said his wife, as fell on her knees by the side of the chair to which for months he had been confined.

"There, wife, I see lawyer Turner coming up the lane. You had better go now. I did hope they would let us feel that the old place still belonged to us to-day, but God knows best."

"Nathan, I wish you would let me stay and see the lawyer with you." "No, no, wife; I can stand this better alone."

His companion arose, pressed her lips to his brow and left the room without a word. "Happy New Year!" said the lawyer, as she met him at the door.

which has brought me here now? "When does he wish to come into possession?" asked the old man, thinking more of that than of the price that had been offered.

"I think he would like to come into possession to-day," said the lawyer, writing busily again. "I have brought all the papers with me."

"To-day, to-day!" said the old man starting. "Yes, many people, you know, like to start things with the beginning of the New Year. Will you look over that paper?"

"Nathan Holloway took the paper handed him with trembling fingers, for it was a shock to him to think of passing over, that very day, the old place to a stranger; but, though his eyes grew dim at first, he bravely steadied himself till he could read the words that would pierce his heart like knives.

"You have made a mistake, and given me the wrong paper." The lawyer looked at it a moment, and then returning it said: "No; if you examine it, you will find it properly made out and signed."

"But it is a release of the mortgage, and is of no use when I have no money to pay it." "But suppose some one else has paid it for you?"

[Written for the ROANOKE NEWS.] CIVILIZATION. BY AUNT JUDY. Civilization! How it has been lauded; how proudly we have boasted of its possession,

Civilization! How it has been lauded; how proudly we have boasted of its possession, and yet, it exists but in name. My dear readers do not interrupt me just yet, and let me prove what I say.

"What is civilization? Is it the increase of exports and imports, of means and wants, of selfishness and refinement, and of wealth to the few, at the expense of the many?"

"It means," was the reply, "that your grandson, who is but a lad indeed, has paid off the mortgage, and he now sends his grand-parents the release as a New Year's offering!"

"Listen, Nathan Holloway! Two days ago your grandson—he tells me he is but thirteen—came into my office. He's a bright-looking lad, and I have once or twice sent him on errands, and given him a trifle for it.

"What all your pa's teeth," asked the grocery man of the boy. "The hired girl was over here to get some cornmeal for gruel, and she said your pa was gumming it since he lost his teeth."

A VIVID PICTURE OF THE RATTLE-SNAKE'S POWER. The following is taken from the Farmer and Mechanic. It was written by a gentleman who lived in the Western portion of the State and who thus related his experience.

"A rattlesnake, on King's Mountain, in 1880, was laying across the road as I rode with the mail from Rutherfordton to Yorkville. I hitched my horse, and gathered a large flat rock about a foot square to throw it edge-wise across his back and break it."

"I thought I would make some experiments, and to know if they were blind in dogs. I advanced softly up to about 5 or 6 yards of him and with my left hand waved my cloak about. I discovered he could see. He raised himself up in the middle and stood on his head and tail like a half hoop."

"I thought I would see what it would terminate in, and it was far more plain as the light of day began to disappear—the sun disappeared and I was still looking at the fire. Presently I saw both of my eyes about one yard before me about the size of a fifty gallon cask."

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THE HYPOCRITE. No man is born a hypocrite. If he were born with this faculty to dissemble and deceive he would not be a hypocrite. It would be his nature, and a hypocrite is one who lives what he is not.

"The world is full of them! The man who begins by wronging his wife, if he is not a consummate hypocrite, always enlarges his field and practices deep-lou upon the world. After all his fine vows to the woman who gave up all else for him, and clung to him with arms of faith, he neglected her 'the boys.'"

"Now that his wife has lain down to that dreamless slumber, your nice man begins to reform. He is seen at church, and wears a pious air. He takes a great interest in the cause of religion, and, being a business man, sees 'money in it.'"

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS. W. G. ELLIOTT. Attorney and Counsellor at Law, NORFOLK, VA.

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