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superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted.—N. T. Lurrow, Prof. Chemistry. (exting and Esst tion road all rain and this New

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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. XII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1883.

NO. 10.

London Times.

THE FADED VIOLET.

ou gave it to me long years ago, shadowy evening time While the clouds stole round the mountain side, And the bells rang out a chime; The blossoms listened at our feet-The trees stooped from above. You said, "This flower will say for me All that my heart says -'Love,' Tis long ago; but I have yet

That little faded violet. And life was at its zenith then : The world ne'er seemed so bright; For the sweetest story ever told I listened to that night: And often, often when alone I've kissed my violet blue, And said, "Even as I keep my flower, So will my love be true." Ah me-I have it hitden yet-

We parted long, long months ago, With not a sigh to tell That once, in far off happy days, We two had loved so well-We parted with but few cold words We two who oft had said Not all the world should come between, Ah, well, the love was dead-The love was dead; but yet; but yet, I keep my faded violet.

That little faded violet.

[Written for the ROANOKE NEWS.] TWO LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

DEAR FRIEND :- I am thirty years old to-day, th day of May 18-You remember our promse to write to each other, when thirty years ad set its seal upon our brows, disclosing the nnermost recesses of the heart and laying bare he secrets of our lives. The time has come, dear friend, for me to fulfil my promise. I know your ready sympathy will prove balm to the freshly opened wound, which time has not yet healed.

childhood, I have lived alone, my father and sought his enemy's life, but fortunately Carmy books, my only companions. Once every year I spent some months with a dear friend of of his death, but not the particulars. Hate my sainted mother. You know something of and revenge had taken such held on him, he the character of my father. Unsocial, morose to others, to me a stern, unwavering kindness which gained my childish heart. But his settled melancholy has thrown a pensive shadow over my whole life. It was at my friend's I first met your dear self, and there, too, I first met Carlos Reeves. Alas! how many sad memories cluster around that name. Now, I know nothing of him, save that he is alive and still then, but the accident prevented, and afterunmarried. It was not so once. I will not wards his love for me restrained him. At last, dwell on his worth. You knew him well, and as he neared death's door, this terrible hatred, when you descanted on his character, you little knew the pleasure and pain you gave. Ten summers ago, two weeks after my return

home, I received a letter, containing a declaration of love, sigued, "Carlos Reeves." I need not tell you I was surprised. Living so secluded I had thought little of love and knew nothing of it. But when I read his letter, it aweks a responsive chord in my breast. (Which be assured, is in every breast, awake or ssleep.) talented, attractive, not dissipated in the com-In every line I seemed to see his dark, impassionate intensity the demon of play always inspires in tis votaries, he sought the palaces of iniquity, fervor of love. His letter contained these words. "If you love me, do not reply to this night after night. In vain his only sister be-

I did not reply and soon after, scated on the the mossy bank of Econfa creek, our favorite resort. I was reading his letter, when hearing footsteps. I glanced up, and meeting his eve, in my confusion I dropped the letter. Before I could recover it he had seen the handwriting. Advancing with a glow on his handsome face, he apologized for the intrusion, and at once pressed his suit, begging me to give him some slight tokén of my love, while I, in inextricable confusion, had never raised my eyes, till impelled by something. I know not what, I lifted my head, and revealed what my tongue had not power to utter. Scarcely had our hands exchanged a pressure, when we heard a low muttered curse, a deep groan, then a sud den splash and leaping forward, I saw the form of my father sinking in the deepest part of the creek. I think I fainted, for when I opened my eyes, I saw Carlos, dripping wet, bending over me in consternation, bathing my forehead. Not far off stood my father, looking at me with such seorn and almost hatred, that even now I almost tremble to remember the glance. He approached us and said, "so you have come to press your suit, ha! Cow ard, villale, how dare you love my daughter without my consent."

Carlos sprung to his feet, and advanced with flushed face, but seeing my agony, he re-strained himself. I did not dare to speak. My father bade me follow him. Unseen I waved adieu to Carlos, and followed with faltering footsteps and foreboding heart.

I passed a wretched night. The next day I heard my father's voice in angry tones. Fearfal, I knew not of what, I hastened down and reached the library in time to selze my father's hand, and to shield my lover from the pistol raised to shoot him. I entreated him not to fire and looking in my pale, suffering face, his own softened. He laid down the deadly weapon, but said hoursely. "Go, sir, and never darken my doors again.

"Carlos caught a beseaching look from me, bowed slightly and left the room. I followe! bim and bade him farewell, but seizing my ands, he whispared, "This cannot be. Oh! Ella, if you love me, meet me where I first saw you this evening, will you not?" I hesitated but hearing some one coming I uttered a faint 'yes," and hastened to my room. With beating heart, I hastened to meet my

lover. He entrested me to fiv. He poured forth his love so eloquently I was almost persuaded But stern duty prevailed. I begged him to much to discuss with you. With fondest love. give me time, time to see my father. I would see him to-night I said and would let him know my final decision on the morrow. We parted for the last time. How well it is, we cannot know the future! In vain would Duty point her finger to the Right! But I moralize. saw my father that night. I spare you that scene. Long, long after midnight I sought my couch, to toss from side to side, till the slow coming morning found me sleeping heavily. The conflict was terrible. In some us tures there are passions, which only the sternest sense of Daty can control. I had no idea of the strength of my own will, I fought long and hard against my conscience, against my settled principles, all my notions of propriety, everything. My love for Carlos Reeves painted in glowing colors the happiness I should have with him. Yet above all the din, I heard a still, small voice. "Honour thy father" And nowhere in Holy Writ could I find a single ex- the eyes, and passionately murmured. ample to encourage me. I fell on my knees. Jemima, is your folks had a mess of

I prayed for strength. The still, small voice

prevailed. I arose and resolved to write a spring peas yet?"

calm, decided refusal, giving him my reasons. I had so fears of being misunderstood. We parted. He, to hope and walt for my summons and to hear an explanation of my father's conduct. I, ah! well, I cushrined his image in my heart and took up my burdens again. Do I regret the sacrifice? No, my father is failing rapidly. I feel necessary to his comfort. He is far more gentle and kind still still something preys upon his mind. He sometimes seems about to speak. 1 thought hope had died in my breast, but I feel a strange pre-

sentment of coming happiness. Do you belleve in presentments ? Dear friend, farewell. Remember your

Fondly your friend, ELLA SMITHSON.

MY BELOVED FRIEND: Refolce with mc. My Carlos has returned but I must not anticipate. About a month ago, my father, finding his health and strength failing, called me to his bedside (for he could no longer rise), to hear the story of his life. The wrongs and woes that evil passions produce in this fair world! With a strong will and a disposition that never forgave and never forgot, early in life he had acquired a taste for eards. He became acquainted with one of those fascinating men, whose all absorbing passion was the love of gambling. This young man led bim on, wen all his small patrimony, then smiled upon him with a superior arch of the brows and with careless words. My father, enraged, sought his life, but baffled, vowed revenge, and never forgot it. The cause lay deeper. He hoped to win a beautiful girl he had long worshipped at a distance. His friends, fearing his desperation procured him employment in the far West Before he left he threw himself on the mercy of this young girl, only to be told she was the promised bride of Carlos Reeves, the man he You already know that since my earliest 50 hated. Beside himself with range, he again los Reeves had left the town. My father heard could not shake them off but rather he nursed the vipers in his bosom. After my mother's death, he lapsed into a moody melan choly. He was roused by the sights of Carlos, at the creek, who bore so striking a resemblance to the man who had injured him, he thought he must be the son. His hatred leaped into life. He would have wreaked his revenge which had brooded over him like a nightmare, seemed about to leave him. He no longer de sired to punish the son for the deeds of the father. He wished me to write to Carlos,

> the chain of events: Carlos Reeves was his mather'e brother (she had married her consin). Howas handsome, m u seceptation, but alas! with the passionate monstrance became useless. She with young Carlos in her arms, shed her tears and prayed in secret. Vainly she deplored ever having en couraged her brother in this amusement. She exacted a solemn promise from her young son never to play for sport or money, and daily im pressed it upon his mind. The lesson was riveted, when his darling uncle was brought home, shot and tyrribly lacerated, by one whose money he had won,

Thanks to you, I had his address. I wrote.

He came, and furnished the missing links, in

He lived two weeks. During this time, his love of play, appeared to him in a new light. He beheld with horror, his former conduct. He died, a changed man. He left a widowed heart, which had not even the consolation of wearing the widow's weeds. His death made | bid him a hearty welcome home. a lasting impression upon his young nephew. Such in brief, is the history of these two lives. Who can estimate the sorrows brought into being, by a baste, cultivated and adopted into the very heart of home? Talk and similar questions have never entered into my life. But be assured if they ever do, I will always to found on the safe side. The possibilities of life are too grand and time is too precious to be wasted in such an amusement. Its tendency is too doubtful. It seems to be me inconsist. ent with that spirit of Universal Charity, which says "If meat make my brother to offend, I will no more eat meat." I have my own opinions, but I shall not array them against others ; to what purpose? when parents, guardians, teachers, all unite in smering at the effect, simply because they have not imbibed the fatal poison. The "let alone" policy is goo in some cases, lest taste be confirmed into habit from their opposition. But I resent the cover sneer implied in the idea (advanced by som of my friends?) that card playing and suc like, must not be mentioned in my presence. It seems to imply that I condemn people wholesale, or that I wish directly to influence all by my own opinions. I am neither a sort of moral Don Quixote, nor am 1 a Puritan, neither am I fond of "wasting my sweetness on the desert air." Save to help some honest soul to find a solution, it is naught to me how the generality settle these question. I wish my is fluence to be so allied to the right that it will produce a change of sentiment without the agency being known. But to recar to happler subjects. My beautiful white silk has just arrived, and I am all impatience for you to come I wrote you so hurriedly yesterday about the marriage and our plans I had no time to mention these sad recitnis. Do hasten, I have so

Yours. ELLA SMITHSON.

THE FRONT GATE,-It was night; the sable goddess stretched her leaden scentre over the silent, slumbering world, and they were still swinging on the old front gate. He placed his arms around her waist and drew her close to his throbbing breast to protect her from the falling dews of heaven. Her head was resting on his strong, manly shoulder, and the love light was shining in her lustrous eye as bright as the head-light of a locomotive. He looked her carnestly in

HOPE.

BY JULIAN II. PICOT, A. M. LL. D.

Published by Request.

Hope is the bright harbinger of God's mercy to fallen man. It spans good it mid work in all departments of life.

The Roman Catholic Church, he said, has light and reaches far out upon the been charged with making too much of good waters of eternity. It commences its works and not enough of faith. I charge Proflight in the golden hours of youth, when the blood bounds through our saved, but if there be no good works it is a saved, but if there be no good works it is a veins, and pictures life, even as the sure sign that there is no genuine faith and no descending sun mottles the sky. With real religion. The world wants a religion that its reflected glory it builds air castles will enter into all the circumstances of lifeand tenants them with celestial beauty. not a new religion, but the old religion ap-It strips life of its ruggedness and plied to new circumstances. I have often merry twinklers never glittered in the world is practical religion. We want it in all bright galaxy of Heaven with more merchandise. Practical religion will go into chastened lustre than hope burns in our grocery stores and throw into the streets the breast of man. It sees everything through a kaleidoscope and tints com-ing time with rosy hues. When the thunder rolls on high and the forked wood from the one honest drop of cow's mile. lightnings flash; when the rains de- Practical religion will prevent the great wheat seend in torrents and the sky hangs corners, such as hypocritical church members lowering, the dimpled cheeks of im- have got up to New York and Chicago-the prisoned youth are pressed hard upon operators, becoming millionaires in one or two the window panes and hope suggests seasons, trying to settle the matter with God a brighter day and a serener heaven; by building a church or endowing an asylum, when all earth is locked in the grasp deluding themselves with the idea that God of the ice king; when all nature wears will be so pleased with the gift that He will a gloomy look; when bounding forgive the swindle. Lest such a man have no streams roll no more and pebbly bot- prayers to say I will compose one for himtoms and flowers are asleep, she beckons with her hand and shows in the perspective the bursting buds, the the emerald fields and the sweet zeph- knowest it was a scaly job, but then, it was dozen at £20 a piece. Should be no ers of the south. The schoolboy looks smart. Now, here, we want to compromise it." be in want of them she intended to out upon a world agog and this charm- There is a great opportunity for missionary dispose of them in another quarter, He sees the eager rush and longs to fashionable woman intoxicated in the street or mingle in the chase, hoping there is a rail car or restaurant. The number of fine ladtide which taken at its flood may bear ics that drink too much is increasing. Per-Lim to fortune and to fame.

It supplises delightful views and conjures up before him forms of ideal beauty such as Praxiteles never chis- flushed and she falls into fits of exeruciating seled nor Murillo never painted. It makes him sigh for some balmy isle in ing flattery, telling some homely man how well ize his Utopian dream. It strikes the home it takes the husband and the coschman harp, strung with Apollo's golden to get her up stairs. The report is "she was hair, with hands of fire and fills the taken suddenly ill at the German." Oh, no; vast cathedral aisles of time with sym- she took too much campaigne and mixed liqphonies sweet and dim. It breathes were and got drunk, that was all. (Laughter.) until silver notes touch and kiss the Yea, this practical religion will have to come in moonlit waves and charms the lovers fix up the marriage relation in America. There wandering along vine-clad hills. It is are members of churches who have too many the best boundary between beast and wives and too many husbands, and society is the rose-lipped daughter of joy and in Beacon street, and Madison square and has dimples enough in its checks to Brooklyn Heights. We want this practical re- see the Black Crook,

catch and hold and glorify all the tears | ligion to take hold of the higher classes. Peoof grief. The adventurous sailor, as he cuts on Sunday. Some of them sit in church rollthe mooring of his noble ship and di- ing up their eyes as though they were ready which he had in his pants pocket all his lovely vigils; in all his weary under their arms the wings of an angel there wanderings. The wolf's long howl from Onalaska's shore, the shricking tempest have no terrors for him, for in the distance he sees a blazing hearth, with good works. Consecrate to God small a loving wife and prattling children means and you shall have larger. standing ready at the homestead to

The soldier in the hour when whitewinged messengers of death are thick about him sees her radiant form hovering over the undulating smoke and crash of arms. In the distance he drives his team afield.

blest float in his perfumed chamber. He sees the silks of Persia and the bridge of her nose;

their incomparable charms portals of death. It is the rainbow come spoken when the chains and fetters shall fall from his limbs.

bent many times in the water to drive the boat of life against the rushing tide when brain and body are weary. He sees blooming just ahead the laural wreath of immortality and he is content to endure and to suffer while basking in the bright radiance of hope. Even the body descends in the tomb hope springs from the ashes of the urn and soars away bearing the soul of man on its triumphant wings to live forever in a congental clime. Eternal hope ! when yonder spheres sublime

Pealed their first notes to sound the march o time,
Thy joyous youthbegan, but not to fade; When all their sister planets had decayed; When wrapped in flames the fires of other glov

And Heaven's last thunder shakes the earth be

low. Thou, undismayed, shall over the ruins smile And light thy torch at nature's faneral pile.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

HOW IT WILL BENEFIT GRAIN SPROULATORS, DEUNKEN LADIES AND DUDES.

"Faith without works is dead" was Dr Talmage's text in the Brooklyn Tabernacle yesterday, and the preacher took for his subject the necessity of practical religion and the brick dust that is sold for Cavenne pepper, and haps you find her at the reception in the most exalted company. But she has made too many visits to the wine room, and her eye is glassy, and after awhile her cheek is unnaturally laughter about nothing and then offers sicken-

rects her course over the heaving bil- for the translation when their Sabbath is The name of the gent eman is suplows of the main, is guided and bounded on all sides by an inconsistent life, charmed by the loadstar of hope in and while you are expecting to come out from hiller of the family

come out from their forcheads the horns of a beast. There has got to be a new departure in religion, the old Gospel put to new work Give your heart to God and then fill your life

A NORTH CAROLINIAN'S LUCK IN TEXAS. Yesterday morning when the train

came in from Atlanta a long sandy hears her voice singing above the bearded man hopped down the steps of the second-class car, and planting sees white-winged peace smiling like his feet firmly on the ground he took unlight over his native plains as he up a position like a base-ball catcher and prepared to help his household The merchant freights his bark to down and out. First came the old low far distant seas in quest of gol- lady with a band box under one arm den gains, and as he sits by his sea and a carpet bag under the other. coal fire and muses by its ruddy light | The resolute man caught her in his the flashing gems of Coramandal cross arms, and damped her to the ground his vision and the spices of Araby the with a thump that made her exclaim as the glasses dropped from the shawls of Cashmere robing the limbs John-look out for the children !" and of his daughters and adding lustre to he looked. They kept coming out of the cars as fast as he could land them It waves its bright torch over the and when at last three little flaxenradle and pales not its fires at the haired girls as much alike as three peas came out, the fond parend panning earth and arching Heaven. breathed a sigh of relief as he hel pet t comes streaming in golden light them down and turned to the old through prison bars, floods the damp woman with the remark : "Count 'en dungeon floor, gets into the very heart Molly and see if they are all here, and soul of the poor captive and let's march." The old lady carefully speaks to him of green fields, rolling scanned the crowd and feeling satis streams and velvety lawns, and when fied that none were missing signified silence is painful hears the hum of busy life and the sweet words of wel- were just thirteen children in the group. A few of them had been born single, but most of them came into It requires long years of patient toil the world by twos or threes. The to effect even a respectability in a father gave his name as George Husspecific calling. The oar must be tings, and stated that he was on his way to his old home in Branswick county, which he had left years ago and fast falling rapids. Its beacon to live in Texas. Since his stay in light cheers the scholar at his desk in that State his greatest success was in the long and painful vigils of the night raising children. His wife had twins twice and triplets once while in Texas, and fearing that the next return might be worse he sold out and came back to old North Carolina, where he says he intends to stay the balance of his days and toil for meat and bread for his family. A mostsingular fact is that in all this crowd of children there is but one boy .- Charlotte Observer.

child to be born under twelve years of age. I to cut out a winder soon."

A CURATE'S KISS.

A devoted young high church curate of interesting appearance and great popularity in his district, was waited upon by a young lady of considerable attractions, but with an air of deep melancholy, and clad in a somewhat resthetic garb. She invited him to her house and revealed to him a fatal secret. She had conceived a deep and passionate love for the curate. She knew, she said, that her passion was hopeless; he, in his devotion to the church-for which she loved him all the more-had vowed himself to a life throws around it a mautle of sur- spoken about faith-this morning I speak the more-had vowed himself to a life passing levliness. Aldebaran and his about good works. The great want of this of celibracy, and she would carry her attachment to the grave, which she felt was not far off.

But there was one kindness in his power to grant her, the remembrance of which would bring consolation to her dark and weary path. Would he, before they parted forever, give her one kiss? After some timidity and agitation the curate, touched with pity, complied. The lady shed another tear, bade him adieu in a hollow voice, and

he departed. A few days afterward he received a neat little parcel gracefully tied with a piece of blue ribbon, and opening it prayers to say I will compose one for him- found an instantaneous photograph. "O Lord, we, by getting up a corner in bread- cabinet size, of himself kissing the stuffs, swindled the people of the United young lady. Accompanying this was States out of \$10,000,000 and made suffering a communication from the fair creature all up and down the land. But we would like that there were eleven more copies, singing birds, the laughing brooks, to compromise this matter with Thee. Thou and that he might have the whole er whispers "lay your foundation deep, for out youder stands your reward." of Society. It is no rare thing now to see a to be proceeding.

A PRECOCIOUS BOY.

Texas Siftings

An Austin gentleman who had not been home for several hours, met his eldest boy on the street, and asked some delicious sea where he may real- he looks, and by the time the carriage gets him how all were coming on at home. Well, replied the boy, counting on his fingers, when I left home baby's measles had begun to break out, Jack was howling with his mamps, Dick was sereaming with the toothache, and Tom had a sliver in his toe.

There does not seem to be anything the matter with you, remarked his

"No, my safferings are all mental. I am suffering for a dollar to go and MULLEN & MOORE,

That's not a proper performance for ple have an idea they can do all their religion you to attend, said the careful parent fondling the ticket for a front seat bility of the family.

COULD AFFORD IT.

Arknouw Traveler.

"Boss, does yer want to buy a ham?" asked a negro of a white man." "What is it worth?"

"Wall, as it's verse'f yer may take it for fifty cents." "That won't do. You can afford to

sell it for less, for I believe you stole it anyhow" "Boss, doan 'cuse me so rash. Have a little mussy 'bout yer pusson, But, I tell yer, boss, if yer won't say nothin

bout it, I'll let yer hab it fur forty ounts. The white man agreed, and paid over the amount. The negro, just as he crossed the street, was accosted by

an acquaintance, who said :

What did yer let dat man hab dat ham so cheap fur ?" 'Oh, I could 'ford it, 'case I stole i aten his own smoke-house."

Thoubten,-"Dearest, sweetest, what is i are you sick? What alls my precious pet! and the young husband bent tenderly over the graceful form of his blushing bride. "Oh, Adolphus Edward, its too dreadful for

anything " "Bad news from home?" "Worse, worse! Oh, what shall I do?" "Tell your own durling hubby."

"It's that awful Selina Tarbox, she's-" "She's what, my precious?" "She's got a bonnet trimmed exactly like nine, and to-morrow's Sunday!"

Then the afflicted beauty buried her face in her husband's breast and trickled her pearly tears all over his three dollar shirt.

HE FORGAVE HER.-No, Alfred, dear, I dare not, cannot let you kiss

You doubt my love, Estella Angelica? Then let the stars fall and I will perish in the ruin of a busted universe! Not so, not so, my sweet.

Are you weary of me-speak, speak! No, but dearest, listen-forgive me, Alfy, my own-I-I-I-I've been eating spring onions!

It was cruel, but his great love nerved him to tender compassion.

MISSIONARY WORK IN WEST VIRGINIA .- "IS your husband at home?" "No; he is 'coor hunting. He killed two whopping big coons last Sunday." "Does he fear the Lord?" "! While a doctor was visiting a sick woman in guess he does; 'cause he always takes his gun Rowlandsville, Pa., two children poured a pint with him." "Have you any Presbyterians aof molasses into his silk hat, which he didn't round here?" "I don't know if he has killed notice until he put the tile on his head. Lan- any or not. You can go behind the house and guage cannot describe his feelings, but it is look at the pile of hides to see if you can find said that he will petition the next legislature to any of their skins." "I see that you are living pass a bill making it a criminal offense for a in the dark." "Yes, but my husband is going

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