THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS—$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIII. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1884. NO. 13.

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COUNTY ATTORNEY.

KITCHIN & DUNN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

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THE DAWN WILL COME.

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

The night may be dreary and sombre and sad,
And swiftly may speed the wild rack in the sky;
The ocean may roar on the wave-beaten shore,
But the dawn of the bright golden morning is nigh!

The tempest may gather, and thunder may roll,
And the frighted birds hide from the lightning's sheen!
But far in the East, from its slumber released,
The dawn of the bright golden morning is seen!

The bitterest sorrow may gather around,
And banish the smile to give place to a tear;
But Time will relieve all who tremble and grieve,
For the dawn of the sweet smiling morning is near.

Then do not despair, O ye weary and sad!
For joy will disperse e'en the shade of a sigh;
Bright days will come back, and the night and the rack
Will flee when the dawn of the morning is nigh!

ATHERTON HALL.

A SOUTHERN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISTRESS OF ATHERTON HALL.

A wild night in the beginning of December. In the entrance hall of a grand country house, a man walks to and fro. He is a young man of commanding figure and noble presence, a handsome patrician face, and large, full, shining, brown eyes. But he walks with the heavy, irregular tread of one whose spirit is crushed beyond all power of endurance and his eyes are full of a wild, unnatural light, that gives his face the look of some animal hunted to the death. His arms are folded across his breast, and, as he staggers along, he starts and listens, with bated breath, at each sound. The wind whistles and shrieks and roars around the old hall. Now there is a lull, and you hear the booming of the surge across the beach and the unearthly moan of the angry sea. Then the wind comes sweeping back, and rattles the windows, and throws heaps of sand and showers of pebbles against the doors, and mocks, and threatens, and terrifies, and then, howling like some tortured living thing, gives place again to the thunder of the waves.

"Thomas!" a voice calls, and he stops and groans. Then he follows the voice and goes up stairs. Half way up he stops again, and passes his hand wearily across his eyes, while he struggles with his despair. He enters a room that looks, in the flickering firelight, like some enchanted bower. Flowers on the mantle, flowers on the table, a wilderness of flowers in the south-window garden. The other two wide windows that, in the day, command a view of the sea, have fleecy lace and muslin hangings. The carpet, a soft moss-green, harmonizes with the coloring of the flowers, the pictures—each a work of genuine art—the rare old china and other ornaments, and gives a freshness, as of the wild woods, to the apartment.

He pauses at the threshold before crossing the room to where a young woman—his wife—is lying on a sofa. With the flowers about her, in the red glow of the oak fire, she seemed a part of the dainty room. A fair girlish creature she looks, with a fresh, sweet face, and very earnest blue-grey eyes.

A bright smile breaks over the lovely face as he approaches, though he cannot fail to see that the long lashes are wet with tears.

"Is it too late, dear? Is there no hope?" she asked.

"None," he answers. "No hope. He sent word that we must leave the house this morning, or he would have us put out by force. I wrote a few lines by his messenger, stating that my wife was ill—that I asked nothing at his hands, but that it was impossible for her to leave at present and that we should keep possession of her apartments until she was better. Now I am haunted by the fear that I ought to have taken you away to-day at all hazards. When you are better, love, I will take you to your brother's while I begin the dreary task of seeking a home. I am brought low indeed. But what if he refuses to let us stay? I know him to be brutal enough for anything; though of course none but a devil would turn a woman out on such a night."

Yet as he speaks he starts nervously and listens, with feverish anxiety, to a slight noise in the hall below.

"Don't feel anxious," says the sweet voice. "He will not come to-night. And Thomas, I think I am resigned now to part with all I have so much loved"—glancing around the room. "I feel strangely at rest to-night. It was very hard for a while. Put your arms around me, love—my own love!" softly stroking his hair. "There! O, what a comfort to have you near me! So, let my head rest on your dear breast. I fear nothing in the world with you. But if I should leave you, Thomas, oh! that is most hard. I had rather stay to bear the future alone, than that you should. O Thomas, don't—don't! Tears from you! I cannot bear that, my precious, precious husband!"

He has been kneeling beside her sofa. But now he gets up, and, lifting her in his arms, carries her over to the fire and sits down in an easy chair, still holding her arms. With infinite tenderness he smooths back the soft brown hair that falls about her like a veil, and kisses away the tears that glisten in her sweet eyes. Then he hugs her to his heart, convulsively, as if some evil power were about to snatch her from him; protectinglw, as if he longs to shield her from some dark, impending destiny. The while her head nestles on his shoulder and her cheek is pressed lovingly again t his.

"My darling," he says, "my darling! My sweet, brave wife! Forgive me! You cannot know, as I do, what it is to love one being as I love you and to feel that I have failed even in protecting her. Yet God knows I tried. Oh, love, I know you are brave, but you do not dream what a life is before you. The thought of your bright head whitened before its time by poverty and pain, your little hands hardened by toil, your young life with no beauty in it, even should we escape the evil that threatens to-night—"

"Hush, hush, Thomas! I will not listen. If God spares my life, I will make it beautiful for both of us. It will be sweet to work for you. If you will but try to shake off this terrible gloom! Why, Thomas, death itself will not be hard in your arms. You are utterly hopeless to-night, and I—so much I love you, dear—I am content to wait here while I have you. O, my very dearest, look up and smile! Be brave for my sake!"

"I will, Queenie. You teach me my duty, as you do always. But you don't know Neville as I do. You don't comprehend his bitter hatred of me. Bitterer than ever since I won your love—that he once dared to ask for, the villain! I heard him swear, the night I horsewhipped him for the insult to my sister's name, that he would never rest until he humbled my pride—that he would scruple at no means by which he might have revenge. I defied him to do his worst. I felt so strong and pround then! His strength of will, and his bitter, unyielding, untiring hatred seem something super-human. They have swept everything before them. He has wrenched my idols from me, one by one. He killed my sister—broke her trusting heart. He, the son of our father's overseer, to aspire to her hand, to flatter and turn her head and marry her at fifteen, and cast the first blot on our proud name! O, Queenie, be patient with me! I ought not to talk thus to you."

"Go on, dear," she says, putting both arms around him in her own loving, clinging way, and kissing his bared throat. Go on. It may relieve your heart to speak out, and I do not mind. It will do you good to talk to me."

"Then—my mother!" His eyes, raised above her picture on the wall, have the dull look of one who feels that he is doomed. "Then—my home! But oh, my best and dearest, he shall not—shall not tear you from me!" Why does he suddenly lift her face and gaze into her eyes with a look of such hopeless yearning? "He has succeeded, by mere force of will, in climbing higher and higher to wealth and power, in tightening his coils about me, until I have no power left to resist him. Who would have believed, two years ago, that he would be able to carry out his threat and turn us out of doors so soon? And I hardly know how he has done it. I do not believe in this will, though I have no means of combatting it. I know that there is black treachery somewhere, but I am in his hands—at his mercy."

He was indeed.

There came a loud knock at the door A party of men entered the hall.

A gruff voice asked:

"Are they here?"

"Dey is," some one answered.

"Put em out," said the owner of the voice, turning to two rough-looking men.

"Mister Nebble, in de name o' God, STOP!" The men were always ascending the stairs. The man who had spoken stood in the hall, a look of fiendish triumph in his gleaming, blood-shot eyes.

"Mister Nebble" (and Caesar fell on his knees before him) "Mars Tom ud die afo' he'd ax you a faver. But I axes it fur him, in de name o' Heben, fur de sake o' yo' dead wife what I'se grieved 'bout more'n ever you have—an her'n up stairs dar. It's kill her to be hanl'd rough. She'll ketch her deth ef she goes out in sich weather as this, an' it'll be laid to yo' dor. She won't pester you ef she stays, an' no mo' won't Mars Tom. Let em be to-night, Mister Nebble. O, Mister Nebble let em be jes' fur to-night, an' I giv you my word an' honor as a—a—as a *nigger*—one o' de ole timey sort, dat is—I'll hav 'em out in de mornin' soon, ef you jes won't pester 'em to-night. Miss Queenie, she"—

"Shut up, dog!" And the brute gave him a kick that sent him sprawling on his back. "No more of your Queenies to me, or I'll put a bullet through your black heart. This house is mine. This *paper*"—waving a document above his head, in his drunken triumph—"this paper that gives it to me, is mine"——

But Caesar had scrambled to his feet.

"Stop right *thar*!" he thundered. An' han' *me* that thar pist'l or I'll make hash uv yo' pleg-on cowardly liver!" with a sudden wrench, he seized the pistol and dealt the man a blow in the chest that stretched him on the floor.

"Now tell me," he cried, at the same time planting his Herculean knee on the breast of his fallen foe, whose swollen face grew purple with rage, "tell me, you rascally piece o' po' white trash dat don't know de right name uv yo' own mammy. (Pshaw! it makes me sick in de stumick to tech you!) Tell me fo' I beats de wery gizzurd out'n you, ef you gwine to call dem rascals down sters or no!"

"No,—oh—oh—oh!" roared Neville.

"You wont, wont yer?" cried Caesar. "Well, how does *dat* feel? an' *dat*? an'—

"Get up, you black beast!" cried Neville, struggling frantically. "What! you won't stop? I'll show you, you—stop! *stop*! What is that you want me to do? There, fool! stop and listen! Get up, and I'll do this much and no more. I'll let you get them out of the house yourself, if you'll do it in an hour."

Caesar scratched his head (but did not loosen his grasp of Neville's collar) and considered. He had the advantage for the moment, but he could not hope to keep it when the villains up stairs returned. Even now they were hurrying down to compel him to show them the room his master occupied. He had better take up with Neville's offer. It was the best he could do, and better than he had feared.

"Will you gim me time to hitch up de hosses?" he asked sulleuly.

"You can take my carriage at the gate to save time," answered Neville.

"Yo' kerridge! What, yo' kerridge?" And the scorn of his emphasis was beyond all words. "*No*, do-*pone* you! Caesar tote em boaf on his back—an' swim cross de wide Atlantic wid em—he tote em slap to de bad-place fo dey gits in dat kerridge. An' I aint got up off'n you yit, an' what's mo I aint er gwine too yit. Fo' I gits up you got to swar on de honor—what you aint got, an' none o' yo' fambly afore you neber had—dat you nor nary one o' dem devils shan't tech my young Miss. Swear it," pounding him again. "Swear it!"

"Yes, fool, get up," roared Neville again. I'll swear to anything if you'll take your black self out of my sight. Get up, and be quick, or it will be the worse for you. And look out, you old rascal, you'll pay dearly for this."

"Make no defference what you charges. Jes put it down to my erkount. I'll pay it—arter I gits my white folks out'n your clutches."

* * * * *

Up stairs, Thomas Atherton still holds his wife in his arms; she clinging to him and smiling up at him, stroking with her little hand the stern, angry face; trying to soothe the anguish she knows he feels only for her. The door is locked, but the men are on the stairs, and it will take but the work of a moment to burst it open.

Suddenly she raises her head. A deathly pallor creeps over her face, and a cold shuddering horror seizes her. "Whose voice is that?" she whispers, under her breath. "Will they come *here*? O, Thomas, keep *him* back! He is at the door—Oh"—

"Mars Tom! Mars Tom"!

"Courage, little wife, it is Caesar's voice. We are safe, my love. O, Queenie darling, *what* is it? *speak* to me! Oh! merciful God! Has it come indeed!

She has fainted in his arms. "Follow me," says Caesar, "Jes' wrop her up good an' close, and fetch her along—de night ar'll rewive her. We mus' hurry, do, I've got de black devils locked up in de parlor, drunk as buzzards. I gin em de licker mysef, and dey mer thank dey stars, I nebber pisoned it afo' I gin it. An' we can git her out now, an' not one on em'll set dey beastly eyes on her. Come, we mus hurry up, Mars Tom. Dat's a' plenty roun' her. Don't kiver her face; let her have plenty ar, now! But ef dey don't have work a gittin' out o' dat ar parlor 'twont be none o' my fault sho. I tuck time nuff ter nail a bode slam across de do'. Dar now! she's a comin' roun' a leetle. God bless her! Dis er way, Mars Tom. Dey're a keepin' up a mighty rumpus down dar, an' taint no place for her to be; jest fetch her right down to Caesar's house. I sees you start, Mars Tom, but its jes' fur de present imergency. She won't mind, Miss Queenie won't. De ole lady she can fix her up a nice clean bed—wid de linen sheets what ole Miss gin her when we wuz married. She wont scorn em—jes fur one night, an' to-morrow you can look aroun' fur somethin' better, if it be yo' pledger, Mars Tom."

They take her to Caesar's cabin, by the sea. And, with the storm still wildly raging, and the wind sobbing and wailing, and the restless waters moaning, a brave young life goes out—quickly, hopefully, crowned, at the last, by the joy of motherhood.

But wilder, fiercer than wind or wave is the storm of grief and despair in the husband's breast. When the morning comes, the storm has exhausted its fury; sea and sky look a cold, dull grey, and an unnatural calm broods over the face of nature. While in an humble hut, watched over by a slave of the olden time, lies the Mistress of Atherton Hall.

And most beautiful in death, the still figure, the pure placid face, the meekly folded hands!

Stupified with grief, the husband sits with bowed head and vacant eyes, and none there are but those black hands to perform the last sad duties for the dead.

But such tender hands they are! So quietly and gently they do their work! So noiselessly Caesar and 'the old lady' glide to and fro, while he, whose idol she was, sits crouching in a corner!

So reverently and tenderly they touch the fair young form, while he seems to shrink from contact with that cold clay that has been his all of warmth and brightness!

They put about her her own beatiful flowers, and a fair, sweet picture she makes, in that barren room.

For *her* the storm is now over indeed!

CHAPTER III.

THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY.

When all has been done and Caesar has aroused the husband and father (as he has himself related,) he waits outside until the passion of grief has subsided. When he thinks it prudent to enter, he walks straight to where the stricken man still kneels beside his dead. "Mars Tom," he begins, taking off his hat, and holding it in both hands, as he stands respectfully before him. "Dis is werybad—wery bad. 'Pears like yo' heart's boun' to bust, an' no hep fur it. Lor bless you, Mars Tom! don't I know how white folks is. It seems harder fur dem, cause sumhow, 'pears like dey got finer strung up feelins, an' you may believe it or no, but I'd ruther see de ole lady herself stretched out on dat uther bed over dar dan dat putty young critter, an' de orful, powerful sufferance I sees in yo' face. But dat's neder here nor thar. I can't do you no good, Mars Tom. Caesar got sense nuff to see dat. So he's a goin' ter speak now fur de onner uv de family. Yo' mar and me wuz de same age, Mars Tom, born de same day an' de same hour, dat what dey tell me! An' I had de wery best uv raising by yo' granmar. Dat you knows, Mars Tom. An' endurin' uv de war I staid wid yo' mar, an' I tuck keer on her de wery best I knode. An' sence she's gone, Mars Tom, an' yo' po' young sister what Caesar raise from her enfancy, I ain't had no ambishun whatsomeber ceptin' fur to see you sot right. But I hain't seen it yet. I never thought—aye me! never thought—to outlive her." He points to the fair young creature before them. "An' now, seem like it come so *sudden*!" Here he breaks down. "Boun' to shed a few nat'ral tears. O, Mars Tom, I set by that lubly young thing— set *that* sto' by her an' no mo' I'll heer her soft voice a calling Unker Caesar, an' a talkin' so low an' beautiful." A short silence; then both voices uplifted in loud and bitter weeping over the dead. "I *lubed* her! I lubed her"! is Caesar's cry, and "O, let me die! I cannot live without her"! the husband moans.

"But dis is wery improper fur me to be a takin' on so an' a addin' to *yo distressment*, but its bin inside uv me all day an' now I've done got it out, my feelings is releaved, as it war, an' de ole man's reddy tew ertend tew jewties uv de hour, which is dis—you bein' so stricken down, I mus' speak out my mine, an' dat is—de mistis uv de Hall kan't be buried from no nigger house, no sir! It kan't be done. She's agoing up to de gret house an lie in state like de rest uv yo' illustus family. Dem drunk dogs is a sleepin' yet, an' dey'll be sleep fur some spell, an' I'll keep 'em dar tell I step up to town on a little biziness. I'll turn de key in de do, so you won't be pestered by no passon a comin' in, an' you an' de ole lady kin watch over my po' chile tell I come back. An' when I come back, I 'low to kerry you boaf up to de gret house"?

He stops for no answer, but leaves the room, carefully locks the door and pockets the key. Ten minutes later he is jogging along on his grey mule, toward the nearest town, two miles away.

Judge Gwyn, of the law firm of Gwyn and Fielding, looks up in angry surprise as, two minutes after the clock has struck nine (the hour when no one is admitted to his private office) a tall old negro stalks into the room, doffs his hat, and bows solemnly.

"Didn't hev no time to wait, Jedge, please yo' onner, an' wid de utmos' rispect tew yer. Dey tried for to keep me back, but I know'd I'd hevter to wait mebby a hour or sich a matter thouten I push right thew, an' so I pushed. De biznis what fetch me won't wait. You knows Caesar, Jedge, an' you're well erkwainted wid Mars Tom—Mars Tom Afferton, de best fambly in de State, an' have bin de best off. I want to know, Jedge, ef I moughtn't see you in private. It's a private matter, an' I'd, rather not hev no passon else aroun," ef you please, sar, not even to him—beggin uv his pardin—a settin over dar—ef it won't in enways disconwenunce you sar."

The Judge looks at him sharply. He is a man of few words.

"I remember you well," he says: "I see that your tongue hasn't forgotten how to wag. How is Tom?"

"Moughn't we retar into dat ar inner room or recess, an' I'll tell yer; wid thanks—he's but po'ly—po'ly."

"Why yes—I suppose so, but you must be quick with your business" taking out his watch—"I can give you just twenty minutes."

* * * * * * * *

"This is a serious accusation you make," says the Judge. Can you substantiate it?

"What's dat ar?"

"Can you prove it?"

"I ken, sar."

"Your word will not be sufficient. "There must be positive proof"——

"Hole on, sar, an' scuse me, sar, ef I forgits my manners," and Caesar, who has been fumblin in his pocket, draws out a paper.

"Read dat, ef you please. In cose, Jedge, I neber read dat paper. You knows yo'sef Caesar kan't read. Taint likely a ole feller so set in his way gwine ter try git book larnin when he gits his freedom. He didn't want no freedom, an' he don't want no book larnin; but I seen dat ar paper onct a fo,' an' de minnit I slapped eyes on tew it, I know'd it, an' Isez: Dat's ole master's will where dey sed he neber lef, an' I know'd all along he did, an' I'm er goin' to take it straight to Jedge Gwyn, an' he kin tell me what noen o' dem tother ones don't know nothing 'tall about."

The Judge takes the paper and reads it carefully through from beginning to end.

This is strange," he says. "I have always heard that the General left no will, and of course the entire property reverted to Tom at his sister's death. Neville's discovery of a will leaving Atherton Hall to his wife and her heirs, has been widely talked of, and not without dark suspicions; but the lawyers found no flaw in it. You maintain it is a fraud, and you bring this as proof. Ah, stay a moment. Drawn up by G. L. of this place." He rings, and a servant comes. "Send for Mr. L. See that he comes without delay. I hope I may be able to help Atherton out of a difficulty."

To Caesar: "Where did you find this?"

"In the rascal's pocket, pleg teek him! He killed her; and now he's a lyin' drunk in de wery—. But neber mind—neber mind!"

"Caesar!" The Judge eyes him sternly. "I think you are right about the will. But you have not told me all. If you want my help you had better tell me just how matters stand."

The old man turns his hat slowly around in his hands a good many times, with a deeply thoughtful air, before he speaks.

"Mars Peter," he says (his thoughts having travelled back to the old plantation days when the Judge and his young master went hunting together,) "it's de onner uv de fambly what Ceasar is a workin' fur, an' a strivin' arter; an' ef I wuz to relate all de sad facks uv de case, it 'ud be humileratin' to de fambly pride in de highes' extent, an' seem like he can't fetch hisself to de pint o' speakin' on it. But I kin say dis much: Mars Tom's in a orful pickle, an' Caesar tote a hebby heart in dis old black chist—a hebby heart." Two or three tears gather in his eyes and fall on his big hands.

"Then perhaps the best thing you can do is to unburden your heart," the Judge makes answer. "The family honor is safe in my hands, of course. Though I will say no more about it, if it is anything that Atherton would like kept secret. Still I must sift the matter thoroughly, if you leave it to me."

"Mebby you're right–mebby, arter all, you air right," says Caesar, speaking slowly. "You'll prommus me Jedge, she shell be kerried back, an' have all de propper rites an' ceremonials fur de funeral?"

"Whose funeral? Not Tom's? Speak out, man, or I shall lose my patience!"

He speaks out. The Judge has seldom listened to such a story of wrong and woe, told in homely but pathetic words.

"That's enough," he says, while the room grows misty to his sharp grey eyes. "Here comes the man. You shall have your wish, and the scoundrel his deserts."

The same night the body of Mabel Atherton is carried by the faithful black back to the Hall, and laid in her own room—among her flowers. Two days later, they lay her to rest in the family vault. While only one (besides the family) of those who follow her to her grave, knows of that awful night and the tragedy that broke a strong man's heart.

The child, whose first breath was drawn under Caesar's lowly roof, seems to defy, in her sunny nature, the sad circumstances that ushered in her life. As she grows older, the cloud that broods over the father whom she passionately loves, must needs include her in its shadow. But it only subdues and softens her natural brightheartedness. She has her mother's smiling mouth and bright, sweet ways, and her father's fine eyes and proud bearing. The sad eyes and laughing lips give the beautiful face an uncommon look that has a charm of its own. But nothing can bring Thomas Atherton back to hope and happiness. Crushed and embittered, he yields himself to a settled melancholy. If he sometimes arouses himself to enter into his child's pleasures and plans, the interest does not last. There are times when they fear for his reason; when, for weeks, he shuts himself up in his room, and the lonely child has no living thing to speak to but the servants at the Hall, and the old man in the cabin by the sea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FEMININE FANCIES.

Patent leather ornaments are no longer worn on the shoes of English ladies.

An exchange is anxious to know whether more women write poetry than spank babies in the United States.

New York girls now use an invisible lip ointment flavored with honey. Kisses come high, but they must have 'em.

Four young ladies acted as pall-bearers at the funeral of one of their schoolmates in a Pennsylvania town on Saturday.

Transparent hats and bonnets will be much worn in London this season. Colors: brown, mushroom and moss-green.

Now is the time for little girls to kill themselves by too continuously "jumping the rope." Little Hannah Bierman, of Ashland, Pa., leads the procession.

"That is a sweeping argument," remarked the husband whose wife used a broom to convince him that he ought to have been home several hours previous.

When a man fails in business there is nothing like having a wife to own the real estate; and if there is too much of that for one wife to own, he ought to have two or three wives.

A young poetess says she "told her secret to the sweet wild roses." She was very imprudent. When the sweet wild roses "blow" she will wish she had kept her secret to herself.

Pretty waiter girls are already in considerable demand for the summer hotels in the Catskills. The season lasts from the middle of June to September, and the pay is $10 to $13 a month.

A certain professional beauty has been photographed in 150 different positions. It is said that the only person who can beat her for variety of attitudes is a boy told to sit still at school.

Mrs. Gladstone as the authoress of a modest little volume on "Healthy Bedrooms and Nurseries" appears to vastly better advantage than does the "Grand Old Man" just now in Oriental diplomacy.

Allen Gifford and wife, of Easton, Washington county, N. Y., will celebrate at Christmas the seventieth anniversary of their wedding, if life is spared to them till then. He is 93 years old and she is 89.

"Bangs, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Crimsonbeak to her friend, Mrs. Yeast, who had suggested them; "even my husband wants me to wear them, but he can't pull the wool over my eyes in that manner."

A fashion paper says "clover blossoms are extensively used on small bonnets. They are very pretty." There must be some mistake about this. The rule this year is to have nothing pretty on bonnets.

Large numbers of fashionable ladies now do their own millinery, owning to the fact that the small bonnets now in vogue require so little trimming. A pin here and a stitch or two there does the whole business.

A ten-cent beauty show is now in progress in St. Louis. What that city calls a "beauty show" would doubtless be considered in more civilized sections of the country an exhibition of brazen-faced females.

What a fresh complexion Miss B. has," said a gentleman to a young lady at a party. "Yes," replied the lady, who was a rival of Miss B's, "it is quite early in the evening yet, you know, and it hasn't had time to dry."

She was young, handsome, and charming, and wore one of those wagon-wheel straw hats and a satchel with a strap, but when she asked if an apiary was where they kept monkeys, the spell was broken and the charm vanished.

Miss Becky Jones has rivals. Seven women in Georgia recently made a quilt without speaking a word during the whole operation. It ought to be added, however, that they were inmates of a deaf and dumb institution.

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.

Almost all the "marbles" with which boys everywhere amuse themselves in season, on pavement and in shady spots, are made at Oberstein, Germany. There are large agate quarries and mills in that neighborhood, and the refuse is turned to good account in providing the small stone balls for experts to "knuckle" with. The stone is broken into small cubes by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stone are thrown by the shovelful into the hopper of a small mill, formed of a bedstone, having its surface grooved with concentric furrows; above this is the "runner," which is of some hard wood having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the groves of the bedstone where the marbles are being rounded. It takes about fifteen minutes to finish a bushel of good marbles, ready for the boys' knuckles. One mill will turn out 160,000 marbles per week. The very hardest "crackers" as the boys call them, are made by a slower process, somewhat analogous, however, to the other.

TALMAGE'S ELOQUENCE.

THE NATION A BAND OF BROTHERS AMONG WHOM ALL STRIFE SHOULD CEASE.

At the decoration day services in Greenwood cemetery, New York, Friday afternoon, Rev. Dr. Talmage was the orator. In the course of his address he said:

"In Greenwood to-day three armies are assembled. The one army you behold. The two others are invisible. Here is a great host of sympathetic souls, their hands and eyes and lips are expressing gratitude for what our departed brothers did for us in agony and tears and blood. If there be in all this audience a soul so base as to feel no tenderness or thanks, let him begone now and take his polluted feet out of this holy dust! But hail all the sympathetic souls who have come here to-day! Hail to the living soldiery who have come here to look upon the resting-places of their comrades! The second army in Greenwood is the army of the dead. Walk softly about their pillow of dust—their arms of war stacked, their march ended, their battle fought. Sleep on, great host, till the morning strikes through the rifts of the tent and the trumpets sound the resurrection! The third army in Greenwood is the invisible host that hovers above us—the immortals who mingle in all grand and holy occasions led on by the Lord of Hosts, who is mighty in battle." He gave an eloquent portrayal of a visit to Lookout mountain, "I never saw so far as from the top of Lookout mountain. Why, sirs, I looked back seventeen years, and I saw rolling up the side of that mountain the smoke of Hooker's storming party, while the foundations of eternal rock quaked with the cannonade. Four years of internecine strife seemed to come back, and without any chronological order I saw the events. Norfolk navy-yard on fire, Fort Sumpter on fire, Charleston on fire, Chambersburg on fire, Columbia, S. C., on fire, Richmond on fire; and I saw Lyon fall, and McPherson fall, and Bishop Polk fall, and Stonewall Jackson fall; and I saw hundreds of grave trenches afterward cut into two great gashes across the land—the one for the dead men of the north, the other for the dead of the south. And standing there, the future was revealed to me. And I looked out and I saw great populations from the north moving south, and great populations from the south moving north, and I found that their foot steps obliterated the hoof-mark of the war chargers. And I saw the angels of the Lord of hosts standing in the national cemeteries, trumpet in hand, as much as to say, "I will wake these soldiers from their long encampment." And I looked and I saw such snowy harvests of cotton and such golden harvest of corn as I had never imagined; and I found that the earthworks were down, and the gun-carriages down, and the war barracks were all down. And standing there, on the tip-top rock of Lookout mountain, I was so near heaven that I heard two voices which some way slipped from the gate, and they sang: "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." And I recognized the two voices. They were the voices of two christian soldiers who fell at Shiloh—the one a federal, the other a confederate. And they were brothers.

"Thank God for the helpful institutions established at the north and south for the wounded soldiers and their families. They need not so much posies as bread. I am glad the time has gone by when it is necessary that the man who lost an arm or a leg in fighting our battles should have to grind hand organs at the street corner, and that women whose husbands and fathers perished in battle at the point of the sword should have themselves to die at the point of the needle."

HER NEW SHOES.

When a woman has a pair of new shoes sent home she performs altogether different from a man. She never shoves her toes into them and yanks and hauls until she is red in the face and out of breath, and then goes stamping and kicking around, but pulls them on part way carefully, twitches them off again to take a last look and see if she has got the right one, pulls them on again, looks at them dreamingly, says they are just right, then takes another look, stops suddenly to smooth out a wrinkle, twists around and surveys them sideways, exclaims, "Mercy, how loose they are," looks at them again square in front, works her feet around so they won't hurt her quite so much, takes them off, looks at the heel, the toe, the bottom and the inside, puts them on again, walks up and down the room once or twice, remarks to her better half that she won't have them at any price, tilts down the mirror so she can see how they look, turns in every possible direction, and nearly dislocates her neck trying to see how they look from that way, backs off, steps up again, takes thirty or forty farewell looks, says they make her feet look awful big and will never do in the world, puts them off and on three or four times more, asks her husband what he thinks about it, and pays no attention to what he says, goes through it all again, and finally says she will take them. It is a very simple matter, indeed.

Among the "smart" things done by the girl of the period is having her head shaved, or hair closely cropped, and wearing a wig. "It is so much less trouble," they explain, "and we can have it dressed differently every week."

Young Glucky, of the Union Club, had been up in Marin county shooting for a week, when he recieved a dispatch calling him home." My dear boy;" said his partner taking him aside," have you the courage to bear up under a terrible blow?" "W-w-h-at is it?" gasped Glucky," Your wife has eloped." Great Scott;" said the disturbed husband," with whom?" "With your tailor". "You don't say so," replied the bereaved man, with a beaming smile. why I owed him six hundred dollars "What'll you take?" Heaven does indeed temper the shorn lamb.

How shall we train our girls?" asks an exchange. Train 'em with about twenty two yards of black silk, if you want to please your girls. A silk velvet train would also make 'em happy.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wiser now, and knows that

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