THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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COMFORT.

Hast thou o'er the clear heaven of thy soul
Seen tempests roll?
Hast thou watched all the hopes thou would'st have won,
Fade, one by one?
Wait till the clouds are past, then raise thine eyes
To bluer skies!

Hast thou gone coldly through a dreary night,
Asa found no light;
No guide, no star, to cheer thee through the plain—
No friend save pain?
Wait, and thy soul shall see, when next forlorn,
Another morn

Hath Fate o'ershadowed thee with some sudden blow?
Let thy tears flow;
But know, when storms are past, the bow's no appear
More pure, more clear;
And hope, when farthest from the shining ways,
For brighter days.

Hast thou found life a chout, and worn in vain
Its oft chair?
Hast thy soul lent beneath earth's heavy bond?
Look thou beyond.
If life is bitter there, forever shine
Hope's star divine!

Art thou alone, and does thy soul complain
It lives in vain?
Not vainly does he live who can endure,
O, be thou sure,
That he who hopes and suffers here can earn
A sure return.

Hast thou found naught within thy troubled life
Save inward strife?
Hast thou found all she promised thee, Deceit,
And Hope, a cheat?
Endure, and there shall dawn within thy breast
Eternal rest.

(Written For The ROANOKE NEWS).

BY QUANKEY'S STREAM.

A STORY BY E. C.

CHAPTER—VII.

"THE MEETING OF THE WATERS."

When Margaret so unceremoniously left David after his fatal question, she did not, after the manner of heroines, "throw herself down in a passion of tears;" but, not being a heroine, she stood still for five minutes in the middle of her room, too angry to be conscious of anything but wrath.

"If I had been a man I would have knocked him down," she said at last aloud. "I wish I could have done it," this small woman added savagely, with that swift desire to inflict physical punishment which anger brings to women, as well as to men. Nor was she conscious of the inconsistency of her exclamation, forgetting utterly, that, had she been a man, the "insult" would have been impossible; for insulted Margaret fancied herself to be; and as the thought of the remark came to her with renewed force she turned suddenly, to give vent to her renewed anger in quick movement. As she turned her eye fell upon a picture which hung over her bed. It was not a picture of merit, not a work of art in any way; but the artist had striven to give to the bowed figure a tender dignity. The gentle eyes looked out upon Margaret, as she stood there fierce with passion; and in them was a look, patient yet pained, as if the weight of a world was on the cross-laden shoulders, as if the sorrows and sins of the human race were woven in with the thorns that pierced the suffering brow. And catching sight of this face, so mild, so merciful, so troubled yet so calm, Margaret felt a sharp pang for her own turbulence and anger.

"Ah! my dear Savior," she exclaimed, as she threw herself on her knees before the picture, "teach me to be meek and humble, because Thou wast so!" then, after a pause, she buried her glowing face in her hands, and whispered, "Teach me to know myself."

And thus begging from the all comprehending, all loving Heart of Jesus, grace and light to know her own, the young girl for the first time in months, gained the courage to look resolutely into the depths of her own heart and see what record was written there. Did she love Heywood Montfort? she asked herself, and there alone she knew not what to answer. Would she *marry* him! she questioned; and at the thought a shudder passed over her and through her, which if she had had any experience, would have convinced Margaret that the feeling she had for this handsome village beau was not real love, any more than Will o' the Wisp is real fire. But Will o' the Wisp has led men into quagmires before now, it is said; and an attraction such as Margaret acknowledged to herself that she felt for Heywood, has led many a woman in marshes of sorrow, from which a life-time has been too short to extricate her. Kneeling there and begging for guidance, questioning closely her life for the past few months, Margaret was frightened to see how Heywood had gradually become an element of her every thought; how his sweet speeches had been remembered and dreamed of, how she had grown, unconsciously, to look at the world in some measure from his Epicurean, cynical stand point. These were questions and meditations calculated to make a young woman forget all things else; and it was only when she heard the click of the front gate that she remembered that David might have been standing on the steps during the past hour, waiting for her return. She rose and went to the window, and it was still light enough for her to notice the slow, sad steps so different from David's usual brisk and buoyant one. And the whole dejected look of the man made the woman relent.

"Perhaps he did not mean to hurt me," she thought, with an impulse towards forgiveness. "Perhaps he thinks Heywood is courting me," she exclaimed at length, her softened mood showing her David's speech in a new and more reasonable light.

But, whatever were the motives or opinions which prompted the speech, David had by it given Margaret a wound which though it might have been like one made by the kind cutting of the surgeon's knife, yet turned and smarted too much for her to be willing to see him who gave it. And so it happened that, anxious as David was for an opportunity to plead his case, he had none for more than a week after the offense had been committed. Opportunities come, however, after a time to him who is on the alert to find them, and seize them; and David's came one afternoon, when he saw a flutter of a gray skirt as a small woman turned into the lane from Fairfax to the Hamiltons'. He noticed, as he too turned into the lane, that the wearer of the gray dress quickened her steps; but a few of David's long strides brought him near enough for him to say:

"Miss Margaret, please let me say one word to you."

"I think I had rather you wouldn't," Miss Margaret answered as he overtook her and they walked on together to the stile.

"But I *must*," David declared, taking his stand in a determined way, so as to keep her from crossing the stile. "I cannot let you leave me without begging your forgiveness. I was rude, perhaps, and my words may have sounded rough to you; but indeed, indeed Miss Margaret I meant no harm."

"I have thought since that you did not, it has occurred to me," she said hesitantly, while the warm color suffused her face, "that—you—may—have—thought—that—Mr. Montfort was in love with *me*."

David's eyes opened wide at this low-voiced, hesitant speech. "Of course I did!" he exclaimed. Then, as her construction of his words flashed upon him his deep reverence for her as the most delicate minded of women showed him how they must have affected her.

"Oh! my poor darling," David whispered to himself as the realization of the pain he must have given her caused a wave of remorseful sorrow to sweep over him and his voice shook perceptibly when he said aloud:

"Is it possible you could have fancied that I meant to intimate that *you*, of all women, had given your heart unasked? How can you ever forgive me? How can I ever forgive myself?

The speech, along with the manner of the speaker, so fully explained and atoned for another speech of his, that there fled from Margaret's mind the last trace of resentment; and she held out her hand to him, saying:

"Well, we are friends again now."

It was a wonderful pretty hand to swear friendship with, white and small and soft, a typical feminine hand; and, as David took it in his strong brown one, a desire, almost overwhelming, came to him to lift it to his lips and there imprint upon it the seal of a feeling warmer than friendship.

But there was a shy dignity about Margaret which forbade such advances as this, so loyal David only clasped the little white peace-messenger closely, and said earnestly:

"You are the sweetest woman in the world—and to think I hurt you so!" as another remorseful pang shot through him.

"Suppose we stop thinking of it," Margaret said, dropping readily into the role of counselor, "it may have done us both good—it has certainly not done much harm, since it is so easily set right. But you will let me go home, wont you?" she asked smiling, as he still barred the way.

"Will you let me come to see you Sunday?" he detained her to ask, "I am a working man and have no other time."

There was a curious blending of pride and regret in his voice that possibly still further softened Margaret's tone as she answered:

"Yes, come Sunday and we will go to walk together. I will show you a new scene on Quankey. And now, I must say good-bye 'till then."

He helped her over the stile, and stood still, and watched her go down the narrow path, making no motion to go with her, because, somehow, he could not bear even her dear presence in this solemn hour of regretful, grateful, almost adoring feeling which her work for him, so frank and so full, had brought to him, who loved her as a man loves but once, and not all men once in a life-time.

How the young fellow counted the days 'till Sunday! and how when it came the sun did shine, and the whole glad world seemed sharing in his glad contrast of this day with the two past Sundays! David had learned caution and he did not fancy Margaret loved him.

"How could she?" he asked himself, with the humility often found in strong natures; and the clear comprehension of his own poverty and lack of position which his very love for Margaret rendered still clearer to him. He had no intention of telling her of his love for a long, long time yet, however. He meant to wait and work; and, after awhile, when he had won a place worthy to offer her, he would ask her to take him, and share his life. These were David's intentions as he walked briskly up to Mr. Hamilton's door that fair summer Sunday afternoon, what David's deeds were, remains to be told with this one excuse here offered for him: He was not the first man who has intended to do one thing and done another, to prove which, let us each call our past actions as witnesses.

Margaret took upon herself the office of guide in their walk and led the way through a green yard and leafy apple-orchard into a stretch of pine woods.

"I am taking you," she said, "to a spot on Quankey, which, despite Tom Moore's assertions, an Irishman told me, once, equaled the meeting of the waters in the Vale of Avoca."

"That is a hard thing to make an Irishman believe," David said, smiling, "but I have studied Quankey for two months now, and am ready to yield full credence as well as bear testimony to anything said in its praise. What a long winding stream it is, a puzzling one for a factory man, I assure you," referring to his work unconsciously, because, like most good and earnest workers, the thought of it went about with him always.

The Indians in their wanderings had doubtless noticed the length and winding of the stream even more closely than David had in his surveying; and, with their turn for true names, had called it Quankey, a word, which, in our less musical tongue means Long Water.

On this Sunday when Margaret and David descended the high hills covered with pines and poplars and beeches, Quankey ran as merrily and made a scene as fair as if it were still a young thing, instead of having received its name centuries before, from red-skinned warriors whose place the earth knows no more.

Near the point where David and Margaret stood on the fern-fringed banks the stream divided, and met and divided, and met and divided once more, making three small islands, and when it met around the last, receiving into its bosom another branch of itself, which, (after an excursion of its own through "brambly wildernesses,") one could here see hurrying on a thread of silver, through a mass of green mosses, to join the parent stream; and the two currents meeting gladly made ripples and tiny waves of flaky foam, and then united to flow peacefully into the Roanoke, a mile further down. The little islands about which Quankey danced so gaily, were covered in bronze mosses and fringed with ferns here, or water lilies there. A tall tree or two rose from them, now and then, covered with the luxuriant growth of the wild Scuppernong vines which here are on their native soil; and away up hidden in the grape-vines, a bird sang out clear and sweet, to be answered by some other feathered songster, from some neighboring tree. A canoe was anchored near them, and Margaret and David got into it and sat down. David, with his athletic instinct, picking up the paddle at once, while Margaret idly trailed the long fern she held in the brown water.

They both sat silent for sometime, drinking in the beauty and the stillness, until Margaret looking up said, with the assurance of his earnest assent:

"Now, isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes," David answered but so absently that he at once became conscious of the look of disgusted disappointment, on his companion's face.

"To tell you the truth," he said laughing, "I wasn't thinking of the scenery at all, I'm afraid."

"What were you thinking of, the factory?" she asked severely, having a suspicion in her disgust, that the factory was all he was capable of thinking about.

"No," he said wincing a little at her tone and question, but retaining his good humor, "I was first saying over to myself Tom Moore's 'meeting of the waters,' which, you will admit, was fit and appropriate but the lines somehow," said David while a flush, almost like a girl's rose to his brown cheek; "led me to think of my sweetheart, and she made me forget everything else."

Margaret drew her hand from the water at this, and looked at David surprised. She had never before heard him mention his sweetheart, and she had, indeed, never thought of the probability of his having one. It is true that when he first came she had imagined he might like Judith; and, since that day at the stile, a vague suspicion had crossed her mind that he might grow fond of herself. But now he acknowledged he loved a woman, and as he said it such a tender reverence came into his eyes and lingered in his voice, as if he were speaking of a sacred thing, that Margaret determined his love might be a pleasant and good thing—for the woman. Margaret was nothing, if not sympathetic and she said softly:

"Of your sweetheart? Tell me about her."

"I don't know how," David answered. "I never have told anybody."

"But you can trust me can't you?"

"Trust you?" he said warmly, "why who could help trusting you, Miss Margaret?"

Such warm belief in her pleased Margaret wonderfully; and her voice was still more inviting to confidence, as she said encouragingly:

"Well, now, you begin to trust me."

"But how am I to begin?" David asked, conscious that he was playing with edged tools, yet unable to resist the temptation to talk of his love to his Love, though she should be unconscious of it.

"Suppose you begin by telling me how she looks. Is she pretty?"

"She is *sweet*," David said, as he rested his chin on his two hands, which he had crossed on the paddle, and looked at Margaret. "She has eyes like that brown pool of water, there where the sunbeam is playing. Sometimes they are laughing and bright, sometimes they are quiet and deep, but her pure soul looks out at you through them always; for my sweetheart is so pure and sweet, that I think when I'm with her, her beautiful soul makes me forget whether she has beauty of face or not. But yes, she is pretty too, a wee bit of a woman, so little that I could lift her as I would a child; and, yet, do you know? I'm a trifle afraid of her?"

"You are more than a trifle in love with her," Margaret said smiling at his earnestness. "I suppose she loves you very much too."

"Do you, why?" asked David eargerly, while the light in his eyes made Margaret lower her own, though she was still unconscious of how the young man was hanging on her answer.

"Doesn't the old proverb say 'love begets love?'" she answered, as she once more commenced trailing the fern in the stream, "and if that is so," she continued, looking up and smiling, "it seems to me you are in a fair way to be loved."

"I wish I thought so," he said sadly, for her entire unconsciousness made even untutored David augur ill for himself. "But I am willing to wait. I know I love her and will love her as long as I live. Don't smile," (he said, as he caught an incredulous expression on Margaret's face, which she had assumed to display her superior knowledge of men probably.) "I know men often talk like that. But you cannot understand what this feeling has been to me. I have had a hard life since my mother died; and this precious love has come to me like another mother,—and more, it makes me strong when I am tired, it cheers me when I am sad, it goes with me in my work, until sometimes I think there will not be a plank in the factory which will not have *your* name written on it for me."

This abrupt transition, unintentional as it evidently was, from the indefinite her to the definite *your* made both Margaret and David start, and Margaret's face grew red, then ghastly white and she sat still, as if turned to stone.

"There!" David exclaimed, "I did not mean to tell you, but you must have known it. You must have seen that I was talking about you, for you are my sweetheart, my first, and last and only sweetheart. Have I made you angry?" he questioned, anxiously, seeing that she still sat motionless.

"You have made me very sorry," she answered, and he saw the tears standing in her brown eyes.

"Don't be sorry for me," David said. "Be *glad* for me Miss Margaret, for I am glad to have known you and to love you—even—though—you never care for me. I am willing to wait, for how could you love me, yet? I am a poor man, with nothing to offer you, you who have all your life been used to comfort and luxury. I would not drag you down my—Darling," (he half whispered the epithet,) "but I will go up. And all I ask you to do now is to say there is a hope of your loving me some day."

Margaret had had men to court her before, and had discarded them with but a passing regret for their pain. Heywood had made tender speeches to her, and she had blushed and trembled under his glance, or at his voice; but, with her quick insight, arising from her quick sympathies, she saw that the love this man was offering was different from all these. She believed David to be right when he said he would love her for all his life to come, and the virgin heart of the girl which had been fanned into semi-wakefulness by a passing fasination, now awoke for the first time, to understand that there is a love strong enough to make the current on which two lives are borne through Time and into Eternity. She knew clearly that this deep abiding devotion had not come to her for David, consciousness of her own calm feeling of friendship for him only made her feel more deeply the hope lessons of the love which shone in the blue eyes that David bent upon her as he sat waiting breathlessly for what she would say next. She did not speak for several minutes and when she did she rose and said wearily:

"Come Mr. Cahal and let us go home."

It was David's turn to grow pale now. He had told himself he did not expect her to love him, but now the realization of what life would be without her love, forced itself upon him. The vision of long, desolate, dreary years passed before him; and the consciousness of his great physical strength, of his power of *living*, oppressed him with keen agony.

"Is that all you can say to me?" he asked as he took her hand to help her out of the canoe.

"Why should you ask me to say anything?" she exclaimed. "Why should I have to pain you so?" and the girl's voice shook and her face grew white with the pain of giving pain.

Seeing her distress David put his own deep sorrow out of sight, the instinct to shield her growing strong upon him, and he said, as he helped her up the steep hill down which they had both walked so merrily, an hour before:

"Don't let *me* give *you* pain—I cannot stand that. It is not so bad," he said striving to speak brightly that he might brighten her, "since you at least love—no—one else."

Margaret's face flushed crimson at this and she steadied herself as if needing strength against the trunk of a small beech tree.

"I only am sure of this," she said, "that I do not love you," while the tears that had gathered before now streamed down her cheeks.

"I know that," David answered sadly and simply. And the two walked, in silence to her home. When he took leave of her he turned after he had walked a few steps and coming back said to her:

"You will never doubt my wish to serve you, Miss Margaret?"

"No," she said earnestly, "I never will. Whatever comes, Mr. Cahal, *to either of us*, I will *always believe in you*."

How faithfully she kept that promise David in the years that came, ever remembered gratefully.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REMEDY FOR TROUBLE.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard; pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, absorbing, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake and think about them. You want to sleep—calm, sound sleep—and to eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't like work, you go loafing all day to tell Dick and Harry the story of your woes; you'll lie awake and keep your wife awake by your tossing, spoil your temper and your breakfast the next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day.

There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficiency since first Adam and Eve left behind them, with weeping, their beautiful Eden. It is an efficient remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly, as well as leaving no disagreeable sequel, and we assure you that we have taken a large quantity of it with most beneficial results. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the materia medica, and comes nearer to being a cure-all than any drug or compound of drugs in the market. And it will not sicken you if you do not take it sugar-coated.

THE ORIGIN OF MOLLIE MAGUIRE.

It may not be generally known, that the first ever heard of this society was here in N. C. on Nut Bush in Granville county. In 1837 Cephus Daniel, living near Williamsboro, adjoining the lands of Madison Hawkins, Billy Gilliam and Blady Henderson, was a drunken sot of the worse type—owning the first double barrell shot gun I ever saw. He would go to Chalk-level, now "Henderson" or Williamsboro and get drunk, come home take his "two barrel" gun and shoot everything promiscously, horses, servants, fowls and even his wife and daughter if they dared to show themselves, run everything from home until he sobered down. This sort of thing got to be so common and so dangerous, the neighbors could not stand it. So a half dozen of them met and decided to give him a decent whipping with hickory switches well laid on, and as there might not be any clew as to who the parties were, they dressed themselves up in women's clothes and called each other *Molly* one, two, three and so on. Thus organized and equipped they waylaid Cephus returning from Williamsboro one night not far from his own house, where they took him from his horse and proceeded with the castigation, all the while making him swear that he would never again shoot or maltreat his family any more. This the Molly's kept up pretty severely, each saying to the other now it is your turn Molly—give him some on that side Molly five, Mollie six dress him up for home, he is pretty sober now, and if he ever does so any more we will burn him.

In later days they have added Maguire, from a she Bucamento in Pennsylvania that lead several strikes in the iron and coal fields of that State.

It is needless to say it made a reformed drunkard of him, he would however, get drunk afterwards, but he never did any more shooting or beating.

"Time is money," as the man remarked when he paid the pawnbroker the annual interest on his watch.

WHY HE REFORMED.

[Arkansaw Traveller.]

There was a dunkard in an Arkansas town who became a sober man through a kind Providence granting him what Burns longer for:

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

One day several acquaintances, on asking him to drink, were surprised to hear him say, "You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I can't drink anything." To their question, "What is the matter with you?" he said:

"I'll tell you. The other day I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. I would not have stopped at this, but my friends had to hurry away to catch a train.

"To a man of my temperament, to be half drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-restraint in his efforts to get more to drink.

"Failing at the saloons, I remembered that there was a half pint of whiskey at home, which had been puchased for medicinal purposes.

"Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and looking over the fence, I saw my little son and daughter playing. 'Now, you be ma,' said the boy, 'and I'll be pa. Now you sit here an' I'll come home drunk. Wait, now, till I find my bottle.'

"He took a bottle, and ran away and filled it with water. Pretty soon he returned, and, entering the playhouse, nodded idiotically at the little girl, and sat down without saying anything. Then the girl looked up from her work and said:

"'James, why will you do this way?'

"'Whizzer way?' he replied.

"'Getting drunk.'

"'Who's drunk?'

"'You are; an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged, an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breaking my heart?'

"I hurried away. The acting was too life-like. I could think of nothing all day but those children playing in the garden, and I vowed that I would not take another drink, and I will not."

TO BREAK OFF BAD HABITS.

Understand the reasons, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious.

Study the subject until there is no doubt in your mind.

Avoid the persons, the places and thoughts of the temptation.

Frequent the places, associate with the persons and indulge thoughts that lead away from the temptation.

Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits.

Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice or thrice—a thousand times. It only shows how much need there is for you to strive.

When you have broken your resolution, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances.

Do not think it an easy thing which you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off a bad habit in a day that has been gathering for a year.

MORSELS FOR SUNDAY CONTEMPLATION.

We sleep in peace in the arms of God when we yield ourselves up to His providence, in the delightful consciousness of His tender mercies.

Fruitless is sorrow for having done amiss if it issue not in resolution to do so no more.

Live near to God, and so all things will appear to you little in comparison with eternal realities.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness, must always have a very low standard of it in his time.

Though God may seem to frown in His providences, yet he always smiles in His promises.

Give what you have. To some it may be better than you dare think.

EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for!

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense a true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. "In little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the play-ground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

When a man sees double it is evident that his glasses are too strong for him.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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