THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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Only A Dream.

FEARS IT WILL COME TRUE.

PART OF IT CAME TO PASS—HE DREADS THE DAGGER END.

Here is a story of a strange hallucination told by Arthur Morsell in The Temple Magazine. In a good house in a north-west suburb a few years ago sat a handsome man, about midnight, writing at a MS., which, to judge by the drift of torn paper all around, had not been an easy task, and now he leans back in his chair, waiting for the ink to dry and to rest his cramped fingers and his heavy eyes. The room is fitted as a library, with many books on many shelves.

As he pauses in his work the door opens and a stranger appears—a gentleman, young, distinguished and imperious in form and movement. He beckons to the writer, and, being disregarded, repeats the summons with a decision which compels obedience. Rising, his visitor leads him down stairs, out at the door, through street after street, and opening with a latchkey the door of a substantial house passes up stairs into an elegant apartment, and turning to a couch, shows reclining upon it a beautiful girl of about 19 or 20 summers. Her golden hair has fallen in a rich mass about her, and one arm is left bare by a falling sleeve and the other dainty hand is nestling under her cheek.

For a few seconds the stranger surveys the sleeping form and then sheathes to the hilt a glittering dagger in the snowy breast. The deed done, he beckons as before, and again the journalist is forced to follow. By the same ways he is led back to his own door, to his own room, where the visitor vanishes as suddenly as he has come, without sound or signal.

Looking at his manuscript, the journalist is amazed to find the ink still wet and that this has all been but a horrible dream of a few seconds. Can it be possible? So vivid, so real, so tragic had it been, that he turns even still to greet the stranger at the door. Shortly after he went to a ball at a friend's house, where amid the dancers he saw a face whose loveliness seemed vividly familiar to him. It was the face of his dream.

Soon a gentleman approached the lady, who seemed also familiar. It was the other figure of his dream, the murderer of the fair heroine. He gained an interview with both, and shortly afterward he learned they were "engaged." They had never met till that evening, and it was an instance of love at first sight, and it was thought it would be an early marriage. It was then the journalist told his dream in explanation of his interest in a couple the course of whose married life he watches in the eager hope that its development will prove that the dagger was but Cupid's dart which so suddenly pierced both hearts on the night of their first meeting.

A LITTLE TIME.

Little time for singing,
Little time for sighs,
Bells in music ringin—
Lights of earth and skies.
Little time for sorrow,
Swift is joy in flight,
Shall we find tomorrow?
Heaven knows. Goodnight!

Considerate. I think they ought to drop this persecution of Congressmaelect Roberts of Utah. Why? Think of the distress it is making in three families!

The Amen of marriage is always a baby. Without it, wedlock is a summer field that never blooms, a flower that never buds, a night without stars, a sermon without a benediction, a prayer without an Amen.

There never was a husband worthy of the name, who did not aspire to be the father and the grandfather of healthy, capable children to hand down his name and the fortune accumulated by the sweat of his brow, from generation to generation. There never was a wife fit to bear that noble title, who did not wish to wear womanhood's most glorious crown, the sceptre of motherhood. Thousands of wedded couples, otherwise happy, fall short of wedlock's greatest happiness because they are childless. In the majority of cases, this is because the wife, through ignorance or neglect, suffers from weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. For women who suffer in this way there is one great medicine that does not fail to accomplish its purpose. It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the delicate organs concerned and makes them strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones the shattered nerves. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It quickens and vitalizes the distinctly feminine organism. It banishes the maladies of the expectant months and makes baby's introduction to the world easy and almost painless. It secures the little new-comer's health and nourishment in plenty. It is the best supportive tonic for nursing mothers.

Mrs. Jennie Parks, of Marshall, Spokane Co., Wash., writes: "I am glad to tell of the good results of your great medicine—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was benefited by your medicine in confinement. It gives me strength. I have no tired feeling and my baby is the picture of health. I feel better than I have in ten years."

In cases of constipation Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used as an adjunct to the "Favorite Prescription." they are extremely simple, perfectly natural and insure prompt and permanent relief.

The Lost Chord.

NEARER MY GOD, TO THEE.

WE CANNOT ALWAYS TELL WHAT HEARTS ARE BEING COMFORTED WHEN WE ARE LOVINGLY DOING OUR DUTY.

The poet was weary. A week before his lovely wife had passed away. In a quiet spot on the mountain side, where the many-tinted autumn leaves formed a covering, and the waving pines sang her requiem, there they laid her.

And to-day the poet had returned. All day long he sat in his study, but the fancies would not come as in the days when she he loved was at his side. The imagery of the mind seemed commonplace. He delved deep into the mystic legends and folk-lore of the ancients, but it did not satisfy him. He tried to recall visions of the sunrise upon the hills, and the shimmering moon in the silvery lake, or the majestic booming of Heaven's artillery, when the lightning flashes and the thunder god strikes forth upon the inky clouds, but all in vain.

At last, after the sun had gone to rest in his western couch of red and gold, and the star-spangled curtain of the night silently covered the busy earth, he went forth to find relief and rest. Along the busy marts of trade, through shady avenues and where the river flowed black and still, he wandered. The hours rolled by, and he found himself at length before a music hall. The sounds of applause from within attracted his attention and glancing at the bill board, he read that a celebrated violinist was to appear that night. He entered and found that the player had just re-appeared in response to the plaudit of the audience. He stood before them a moment, his fingers lovingly caressing the strings of his instrument.

At first low and sweet the strains came, like the distant murmuring of silvery cataracts, or the notes of the nightingale borne on summer's evening air: "Nearer my God, to Thee." It seemed as though the instrument, under the master's hand, was really speaking the words, but in a voice so sweet and strange, that the soul of the poet seemed to rise and fall with the swelling of the music. "Nearer my God, to Thee", words that he had known long ago. Strange that he should have forgotten them.

Visions of childhood and mother, the old cottage with the honeysuckle about the porch, the river gliding by. Ah! yes, fancies came swifter now. For the time he almost forgot his sorrow. He almost forgot the music. But the tones have swelled to a joyous key, "Still all my song," it seemed to say, and the music flows forth like the wild, glad strains of the birds when springtime comes and the sleeping flowers come forth. The instrument seemed alive, so joyous and glad and free did the melody come. The poet sat entranced. He did not see the player; he did not see him bending near his instrument, and see his fingers sweep over the strings; he did not see that the master himself was lost in the joyous burst of song. Only the music he heard, and as the blood danced through his veins, and all his being thrilled and tingled with the magic ecstasy of the sweet refrain, he was borne upward and away from himself. "Nearer my God, to Thee."

But the song has changed. Soft and low the violin speaks again, but now it is like the rich trembling of a harp-string—a sweet, soothing strain, as though it were a note of sadness tempered by a sublime trust in a higher power. "Go bury thy sorrow," the instrument seemed now to say. The poet was himself once more, and though he felt sad as he thought of her he loved, yet this sadness seemed something that could be borne, since he felt, "Nearer my God, to Thee," even though it had been a "cross" that had raised him.

The melody rose and fell like the billows of the sea. He fancied he could hear the pines singing their requiem on the mountain-side. And then, as the player seemed to throw his whole soul into the music, it sounded like the tinkling of silvery bells, or the splashing of crystal waters over pebbles of gold, blending the music of man and bird, the beauty of every flower and tree, the glory of the moonlight, starlight and sunlight, the whispers of all the fairy zephyrs of the South as the closing strain of the instrument seemed to say: "Go tell it to Jesus, all will be right."

He wished to sit there and feast upon the melody to which he had just listened. He went out into the night again, and as he looked at the stars, he thought they were brighter; the low, descending moon seemed to be shedding a softer radiance as if in sympathy. He had found relief and rest.

The player had fulfilled his mission. His master-hand had called forth strains, which had soothed a troubled spirit and healed a wounded heart. He did not know? Ah, no; we may not always tell what hearts are being comforted when we are earnestly and lovingly doing our duty.—William Stanton, in Christian Standard.

His Dancin' Days.

What is it in old fiddle-tunes 'at makes me ketch my breath,
And ripples up my back-bone tell I'm tickled 'most to death?
Kind 'o like that sweet-sick feelin' in the long sweep of a swing—
Yer first sweetheart in with ye, sailin' up'ards, wing to wing;
Yer first picnic, yer first ice-cream, yer first of ever'thing
'At happened 'fore yer dancin'-days wuz over!

I never understood it—and I s'pose I never can,—
But right in town here, yisterd'y, I heard a pore blind man
A-fiddlin' old "Gray Eagle."—Jerked my lines and stopped my load
O' hay and listened at him—yes, and watched the way he "bowed"—
And back I went, plum forty year', with boys and girls I knowed
And loved, long 'fore my dancin'-days wuz over.

At high noon in yer city—with yer blame magnetic cars
A-hummin' and a skeechin' past, and bands and G. A. R.'s
A-marchin', and fire-ingin's—all the noise the whole street through
Wuz lost on me—I only heard a whipperwill er two,
It 'peared like, kind o' callin' erost the darkness and the dew,
Them nights afore my dancin'-days wuz over!

'T'uz Chusd'y night at Wetherell's, er We'n'sd'y night at Straw's,
Er Fourth o' July night at either Tomps's house er John's!—
With old Lew Church from Sugar Crick and that old fiddle he
Had "sawed," clean through the army, from Atlanty to the sea—
And yit he'd fetched her home ag'in, so's he could play for me
One't more, afore my dancin'-days wuz over!

The woods 'at's all be'n cut away seemed growin' same as then;
The youngsters all wuz boys ag'in 'at 's now all oldish men;
And all the girls 'at then wuz girls—I saw 'em one and all,
As plain as then—the middle-sized, the short-and-fat, and tall.
And, 'peared like, I danced "Tucker" fer 'em up and down the wall,
As peert as 'fore my dancin'-days wuz over.

The facts is, I wuz dazed so 'at I clean fergot jes where
I railly wuz—a blockin' streets, and still a-standin' there!
I heard the po-leece yellin', but my ears wuz kind o' blurred,—
My eyes, too, fer the odds o' that,—bekuse I thought I heard
My wife 'at 's dead a-laughin' like and jokin', word fer word,
Jes like afore her dancin' days wuz over.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A Real Hero.

THE WRONG MAN GOT THE PRAISE.

GOD WILL ONE OF THESE DAYS REWARD THE TRUE HEROES.

When the first call for troops reached the village last spring, John Black struck his spade into the ground and turned toward the house. "I'll go" he said to himself.

But as he neared the farmhouse he stopped. There was his old mother and poor crippled Jennie. How could he leave them?

He had given up marriage for these two, he had drudged all his life. But here was great work to be done—a chance really to live; or to die nobly. The thought sent the hot blood rushing to his heart. He would go. He could send his pay home to his mother and Jenny.

But up the road just then came his brother. His face was red. He was panting. "Cuba libre!" he shouted, "I'm going to enlist, John."

"To enlist?—and Nancy and the children?

"I told her to pack up and come to you. You'll have to look after them. It will be hard scratching for seven. I know, but I'll never again have a chance to see something of life."

"You've no right to shirk your duty to your wife and children," said John, sternly.

But Will only laughed.

Nancy and the four children came home, without a penny, and John drudged faithfully for them all summer. Nobody suspected that he had wanted to go. His mother and Nancy and the whole village watched Will's course with delight and pride. He was their hero, their fearless patriot.

He was slightly wounded before Santiago and came home on furlough. He thrilled with exultation as he stepped out of the train and saw a crowd of people come to welcome him. He was helped into a landau, over the back of which was an American flag. His townsmen had come to do him honor. He felt that he was hailed as a favorite son. He nodded carelessly to his brother—

"Hello! Jogging on as usual?" he said.

John drew back out of the crowd. The old doctor, seeing his face, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"There will be another coming home of men one of these days, who have been on a longer fight than that in Cuba," he said, quietly. "And then God will reward the heroes, unknown as well as known, who have given life and service for Him and for His needy children."

La Grippe Successfully Treated.

"I have just recovered from the second attack of la grippe this year," says Mr Jas A. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexia, Texas. "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being in bed a little over two days against ten days for the former attack. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy as I had to go to bed in about six hours after being 'struck' with it, while in the first case I was able to attend to business about two days before getting 'down.'"

For sale by W. M. Cohen Weldon J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield, Druggists

The Dying Parson.

TOLD BY BOB BURDETTE.

HIS LAST MESSAGE TO HIS UNFAITHFUL FLOCK.

The pastor of a struggling church was lying in bed; three months arrears of salary was pillowing his head; his couch was strewn with tradesmen's bills that pricked his heart like thorns, and nearly all life's common ills were goading him like horns.

The deacon sat beside him as the moments ticked away, and bent his head to catch the words the parson had to say:

"If I never shall arise from this hard bed on which I lie; if my warfare is accomplished and it's time for me to die; take a message to the janitor before I pass away—tell him fires are for December and the windows are for May. Tell him when he lays the notices upon the pulpit's height, to shove them 'neath the cushion, far out of reach and sight. And when he hears the preacher's voice, in whispers soft expire, that is the time to slam the doors and rattle at the fire.

"And now the deacons—tell the deacons, too, through all the busy week, to hang their boots up in the sun to hatch a Sunday squeak; with steel shod canes to poke the man who comes to church to snore, and use the boys who laugh in church to mop the vestry floor.

"There's another, too—the woman who talks the sermon through; tell her I do not mind her buzz—my listening days are few. Tell her to leave her mouth at home Sunday, for a minute, and listen to a text, at least, without a whisper.

"And tell the board of trustees not to weep with bitter tears, for I can't be any deader than they have been for years. And tell half my congregation that I'm glad salvation's free; for that's the only chance for them, between the desk and me.

"And a farewell to the choir. How the name my memory racks! If they could get up their voices as they do get up their backs! Why, the stars would join their music and the welkin would rejoice, while the happy congregation could not hear a single voice. But tell them I forgive them, and oh tell them that I said I wanted them to come and sing above me—when I'm dead."

His voice grew faint and hoarse, but it gave a laughing break, a kind of gorging chuckle as a minister might make. But the deacon rose up slowly, and sternly he looked down upon the parson's twinkling eyes with the most portentous frown. And he stiffly said, "Good morning,' as he walked out in his ire, for the deacon was the leader of that amiable choir.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

You are perhaps aware that pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of la grippe. During the epidemic of la grippe a few years ago when so many cases resulted in pneumonia, it was observed that the attack was never followed by that disease when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. It counteracts any tendency of a cold or la grippe to result in that dangerous disease. It is the best remedy in the world for bad colds and la grippe.

For sale by W. M. Cohen Weldon, J. N. Brown, Halifax, Dr. A. S. Harrison, Enfield, Druggists,

The Stage Kiss.

HE HAD AN EYE ON 167.

IT HAD TO BE GIVEN EVEN AT THE RISK OF BLOODSHED.

It was a home talent show, and we sat patiently waiting for the unexpected to happen. The unexpected always happens with a home talent show, and an inner mountain village is not proof against this long accepted stage fact. We strangers from the unregenerate east who were there in the mountains for our health's sake felt assured, therefore, of an experience before the night should be over.

I was "The Mikado" which was to be presented, tattered and torn by its transit from first class theaters in the east to the town hall of Teton City. We had heard Nanki Poo as he had sung about being a thing of shreds and patches, and we had heard Ko Ko's announcement of his theories and ideas and were getting along fairly well in our listening when the kissing song was reached. Then Red Pete Barker, who was singing Nanki Poo, advanced to the footlights.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the tenor singer began, "this is a mighty poor place in the show to interrupt the proceedings to make a speech, but as certain things are about to happen I think it is only fair that you be put on. I have heard that Holy Moses Perkins, who is known and generally hailed and greeted as the eventful husband of Miss Bettie Hoyler, who is taking the part of Yum Yum, has announced to all concerned that if I followed out the directions of the book of this play and insist on kissing the lady there will be five different kinds of trouble. I hereby announce that I am going to begin kissing the young lady in about three minutes and shall keep right on kissing her through the whole blamed song, and I further announce that I shall do that kissing in full view of the audience. Moreover, it may be of interest to you to know that I have secreted in these long and flowing robes two six shooters right ready for business. I am also armed with the fact that Holy Moses Perkins is sitting in seat No 167, which is in plain view from the stage. As the scene which is about to be presented is a cross between a delicious love song and a homicide and as I shall caress the young woman with one eye on her beauteous charms and the other on seat No. 167 I hope you will overlook any little shortcomings in the affair. I have to mention such low, coarse things, but the gun which I shall use first is a self cocker and has been recently oiled. Thanking you for your kind attention, the show will now go on."

We listened to the rendition of the kiss-kiss song with great interest, especially those who were in range of seat No. 167. Nothing happened, however, Mr. Perkins remaining statuesquely mute. But when the applause continued on its demand for an encore Mr. Barker appeared once more at the stage front.

"Thank you," he said, "for this vindication, but if you want some more of it I am compelled to say you can't have it. I respect Mr. Perkins' claims on the premises. Thank you one and all, and especially Mr. Perkins, who has this night sacrificed his feelings for the advancement of art. The show will now proceed."

We then leaned back and listened respectfully while Pooh Bah told about his troubles and his expectations.—Chicago Record.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

We have a new preacher. How do you like him? I can't say; my wife hasn't met his wife yet.

Skin Diseases.

For the speedy and permanent cure of tetter, salt rheum and eczema, Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment is without an equal. It relieves the itching and smarting almost instantly and its continued use effects a permanent cure. It also cures itch, barber's itch, scald head, sore nipples, itching piles, chapped hands, chronic sore eyes and granulated lids.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders for horses are the best tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. Price, 25 cents. Sold by

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Next to it: Your husband doesn't smoke, Mrs. Price? No; but he sometimes fumes.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Children At Table.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

THE RIGHT OF TRAINING CHILDREN IS NO SINECURE.

"Show me what a man eats, and I will tell you what he is," says Brillat Savarin. Show me how a child eats, and I will tell you what his parents are. If a child has rude and unpleasant manners at table, his parents are certainly criminally careless, though they may not lack breeding.

Between the ages of three and seven a child is easily taught, simply by the force of example, the little amenities of the table demanded by civilization, and even more easily does he acquire wrong habits, which is almost impossible to correct in after life.

I have never forgotten the astonishment with which I saw the sixteen-year-old son of a Washington banker spread and bite from a whole slice of bread. His subsequent confusion showed that his habit of early childhood had been the subject of frequent remark in the family. His mother, a gay society woman, had left him to servants at meal times, just as she was then leaving her younger children.

One must not, of course, make a child's whole meal a time for "don'ts," and this will not be necessary if, beforehand, one at a time, you will instill into his plastic mind a few of the most necessary rules regarding his behaviour at table.

It keeps the mother ever on the alert to see that the children sit straight in their chairs, and do not tilt side ways or backwards; that they wipe their mouths before and after drinking, and do not drink with food in their mouths. That they do not bolt their meat, or scrape their pudding plates, or swallow their spoons, and that they do not gather debris in the way of crumbs of bread, egg shells, or bits of rejected meat, on the table cloth beside their plates, instead of on the sides of the plates.

Fortunately, childish memories are good. Once thoroughly impress some little point of etiquette on their minds, and years will not efface it. A child whose manners could never be mended by fault finding, can often be transformed into a veritable Lord Chesterfield by judicious praise. It is when praising him for some point of conduct that you can best insinuatingly add that you have never seen him do thus and so. He will be a thousand times more apt never to commit the error of which you speak, than if you had bluntly corrected him in the act itself.

I have visited in houses where the children at meal times were so painfully silent that, but for the motion in eating, they might have been wooden images, and in other houses I have seen a single child keep the whole table in a turmoil by his incessant chatter and rude demands. In this, as in all things, it is the golden mean that must be sought after. Let the little ones have a share in the conversation, but let the command that they are not to break in upon the conversation of their elders be a peremptory one. The greatest moral and religious duty of a parent, the right training of children, is no sinecure.—The Household.

I wish I were the fly that roams
Around on yonder wall,
For he can ride a bicycle
And not fall off at all.

I wish I were the bird that swings
Her nest in the cool green
Of yonder tree, high in the air,
Her house is always clean.

But most I envy the old wall,
So dingy and so dim,
For I adore the poster girl,
And she is stuck on him.

UNFAMILIAR.

The Lady—You'll have to take back that parrot. He swears.

The Dealer—He swears only in German.

The Lady—But I don't understand German.

Coughing

Constant coughing is very annoying, and the continuous hacking and irritation will soon attack and injure the delicate lining of the throat and air passages. Take advice and use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in time. This wonderful remedy will cure you.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP

Cures a Cough or Cold at once.

Doses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cts. At all druggists.

Photographer—Great Scot, man! try and look happy and cheerful. Customer—I daren't. This photograph is for my wife, who is away on a visit. She would come back to-morrow if I looked happy and cheerful.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

COLOR and flavor of fruits, size, quality and appearance of vegetables, weight and plumpness of grain, are all produced by Potash.

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Monuments. Gravestones.

Our illustrated catalogue, No. 10 which we mail free, contains a variety of marble and granite memorials, and will help you in making a proper selection. Write for it. We will satisfy you as to prices.

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"Old Oscar Pepper,"
Gump's G. P. R. Rye.
Stamp Straight,"
"Gordon Baltimore Rye"
and other brands.

I sell Garrett & Co.'s pure Chockoyotte wines.

I keep the best of every thing in my line. Polite attention to all at Kay's, west side R. R. Shed.
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J. L. JUDKINS,

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