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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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Father.

How still the house. What a dreadful calm has fallen on this one time happy home.
I ask; What refuge is there? What veil of peace that can close out this deepening gloom?
There is a presence missing, a presence that was part of my life;
God passed it here, and when the storms grew turbulent He took it from a world of strife.
There was mercy there, but then the pain, the bitter loneliness that are mine to-day.
Alas, for me! I miss that gentle voice, those loving hands that now are clay.

Those lips—so true—but once I found them cold, then they were set to death.
I pressed my own; I could not warm them with the fever of my breath.
Those pulseless hands—Oh, God!—I miss their pressure on my brow;
Their soothing touch I never sought in vain. Where is that solace now?
They tell me God is merciful; He never chastens without cause.
Do I doubt? Perchance my tear-dimmed eyes cannot read aright His laws.

I cannot think thee gone. My waiting heart is ever listening for thy familiar tread.
That step which daily grew more feeble—I cannot think that all is dead.
Surely your voice lives. I hear it in the gloomy darkness of the night;
In tun-ful cadence, as of old, it murmurs to me, though you are gone from sight;
"My child"—ah yes, I hear it, and in the darkness I pray and cry aloud for more—
The stillness mocks me; then I dream—sweet dreams—you are with me as of yore.

—Mary Forney in Phil. Times.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

PART FIRST.

LOVE'S PRETTY DREAM.

Yes, that is just what it was; and all the more sweet because of my utter isolation from the great, busy world, of which I knew nothing. And, with the robins trilling in my ears from dawn till dark, revealing to my heart, better than any words could, the sweet mysterious of that little word "love," was it any wonder that my dream was all of it? How could it be otherwise, when the roses breathed it through their red, parted lips? The geraniums and verbenas kissed my feet smilingly, and said, "You're in love;" and even the big-eyed pansies peeped at me from the nooks and corners and made merry over the fact. It was all love; the skies smiled it; the bees hummed it; the zephyrs whispered it, and even the shy little brook, as it darted along, sang snatches of song, whose burden was love, and love only. Thus did life flow on, in its smooth, uninterrupted channel for five years. It was all like a dream, because it was perfect—at least it was as near perfect that I neither aspired to or longed for anything better, or for any change whatever. The great, rambling old house at "Idlewild," with its flattened roofs, its vine-covered porches and its quaint, narrow windows, surrounded as it was by a dense growth of shrubbery, was just the place for such a dream. In such a spot there could be no need of worrying over "dark realities." Looking back to it all now, through a distance of twenty years (and twenty years is a long road, you know,) how pleasant it all seems! Take a summer day—a day

"When radiant Nature dons her festival dress
And smiles and blushes at her loveliness."

Uncle Ephr-im (who had adopted me before my recollection,) sitting just in the shadow of the vines, the checkered light playing fitfully over his silvered head, has fallen asleep and is himself a dreamer. Dorcas, the staid housekeeper, is filling up the huge pots with fresh roses, nodding to this one and to that in her odd way, and dreaming that they understand it all. Do lovers ever dream? You shake your head wisely and say, "No, that belongs to maidens." Not entirely, I think, for, as Max Atherton impresses my two hands in his own, while we sit together in the old grape arbor, and I try (not very hard) to disengage them, he says: "Now don't be rude and spoil my pretty dream."

"What dream?" I inquire in great wonder.

"My life dream," he says, "of going somewhere, may be to the great West, and mining for myself a fortune and a name, and coming back and laying them all at your feet."

It is my turn now; so I take up the thread of his unfinished dream, just to see how it will end, and dream on that I gather up these jewels and wear them.

So, you see, we are all dreamers.

Max had been my best friend from childhood. Through that idyllic period he had faithfully served as knight to my miniature ladyship. Many a time had his strong hands pulled away the stubborn apple boughs, disclosing to my delighted eyes the new brood of the oriole. And the same hands, big and brown, but tender, were always ready to fashion my borders, reset my plants, mend a swing or assist in any of the thousand and one things which a girl finds to do. But dreams, as a rule, have an ending, and this was no exception; I was awakened, not rudely but gradually my eyes opened as to what life would be without this "hero of my dreams." He might have been the hero of real life to me, I think, if he had remained near "Idlewild," but the time came when he thought he must go to the broad fields of the West. Five years would be a very long time we thought, but we could surely remain true to each other till the end. There would be mountains and valleys and rivers between us, to be sure, and the thought of it inspired me with loneliness; he toiling, and I waiting, until he should come for me. I can remember, oh, so well, how he looked the day we parted; so handsome and grave, almost sad, yet trying to cheer me with pictures of the gold he was sure to win, and then it would all be sweetness and happiness afterward. Of course I followed him to the the station, but I shall not, even now, tell you the half of what we said during that little journey. I was very brave, though, and not till Max had said "good-bye," and was waving his hand at me through the car window, did I give vent to tears, very much, however, like an April shower. They were immediately succeeded by sunshine, and I was soon singing gayly on my way home. Home? Would "Idlewild" ever be again the Paradise, the Eden, that it had been heretofore?

PART SECOND.

* * * *

The five years, which, in the future, looked so long to us on the day that Max wheled away and left me standing and looking after him at the little railroad station, were gone. I had lived through them all, but I had not been dreaming; I had been going around in a busy, real world of wide-awake men and women, trying bravely to do anything that my hands and brains found to do, for I had been my own bread-winner for a long time. Uncle Ephraim, for nearly five years, had been sleeping his last restful sleep, and good old Dorcas and myself, being left alone, had done "the best we could," which is all that any one can do. Idlewild, with all its tender memories, had long since passed into stranger hands. But the knowledge to-day that Max is coming and will soon be here, fully repays me for every hardship I have endured and all the crosses I have borne. Many and tender and full of sweetness had been his letters to me during all the years. The fortune was made; enough, Max said, to bring us a pleasant home and furnish it tastefully. The day came. How unreal it all seemed. How lucky it was that my first quarter of school was just out. Max had written to me that a chance acquaintance of his, a lady, was coming with him as far as B., and would probably rest for a day or two at my boarding-house, if agreeable to me. Of course it was agreeable, and not only so, but delightful. One, two, said the little clock on the mantel. Two o'clock, and he said he would be there at four. It was time to dress, but what should I wear. A passage in his last letter had made me smile: "I fancy I can see you running to meet me in your snowy frock, with a bow of bright ribbon at your throat and another on your hair." Ah! Mr. Max, he had forgotten; he had not been counting the years. He did not know, or rather, he did not realize that I, Nellie Dalton, whom he had left, a plump, rosy-faced girl of twenty, had grown tall and thin and that I was now twenty five and had not the slightest idea of trying to appear "girlish." And I could not help wondering just a little, if he would not be disappointed on seeing me. After looking carefully over my scanty wardrobe, I selected therefrom, not the prettiest, but the plainest dress, and, having attired myself as neatly as possible, I surveyed myself, which, of course, resulted in a sigh, and descended to the parlor. It was yet twenty minutes to 4, but I thought I heard carriage wheels. Yes, I was not mistaken, for just then the big iron gate creaked as it swung back to admit them—the driver, Max and his fair companion. What was she like, I wondered. And Max, was he much changed? If I could only get a glimpse of them before they discovered me. I stationed myself by an open window where I could see them alight. He was very little altered. Time had dealt much more tenderly with him than with me. He looked older, more dignified and composed, that was all. But I scarcely looked twice at him, for the young lady attired in deep mourning who hung on his arm, riveted my attention. She certainly had the most beautiful face I had ever seen, and, oh, such eyes! large and dark, with long, curling lashes. Her skin was soft and beautifully white, and she had a perfect rosebud of a mouth. I felt a strange pang of something I could not define as he led her to the door, but choking the great sob that rose and tried to smother me, I hastened to answer the ring at the door. We were once more face to face. I shall never forget the embarrassment of that meeting. I thought that my appearance was a shock to him. I did not understand how it was, but I felt that he was disappointed in me, and this itself made me miserable. He shook hands and I think that I smiled. I know that I tried to, but what we said to each other I never knew afterward. Gradually, however, we drifted into a connected conversation, and in a short time were chatting as gayly as if no word of sentiment had ever passed between us. You may be sure that I soon found out all about the beautiful stranger, Ethel Vane. She was the daughter of his best friend, Judge Vane, of Westville; had lately lost her mother, and had taken advantage of Max's escort to visit friends a few miles south of B——. During the next few days Max and I were together almost constantly, but I contrived that he should not approach the subject which I believed was troubling him. Almost a week had passed since his arrival, a week of torture to us both, I believed, and I was resolved to end it.

So one bright day, as we were returning from a walk in which Miss Vane had not joined us, I said, "We do not suit each other, as we once thought we did, do we Max?"

"Indeed," he answered, seemingly surprised; "I have always thought we did." I was mute, and he went on: "Of course we are now staid, and have outgrown the silly sentimentalism which boys and girls indulge in."

"I do not believe in outgrowing sentiment," I answered, in my; "I have learned however, that you are capable of being much more in love with a young and pretty woman than with me."

"You are certainly gifted with a most fertile fancy," he said, hotly. "Will you be kind enough to tell me why it is you believe these things?"

I answered nothing, partly from a desire to vex him and partly because I couldn't. "I think, Nellie," he continued, "that your fears in this matter—"

"*My fears*, indeed," I interposed, with a derisive laugh. "It can think I am troubled with the ghost of a fear you are much mistaken. I am only saying what we both know to be true, that we are so changed we never could be to each other what we have been in the past. I am too plain for Ann, and we would never agree in anything, and it would be better to part on good terms." My voice was husky at the last, and he noticed it.

"Now, Nellie, have we not quarrelled quite enough?" This with something of the old tenderness in his voice. "I should like to see that look of displeasure off your face before I say good-by. Ethel wants me to take her on to the end of her journey, and I promised I would."

"I thought we were going to the lake," I said, "but of course her wishes must be respected first."

"Now (laughing,) don't be jealous," Max said. Jealous! It is the "last drop" that makes the cup run over, and mine was full already. I was stung to the quick, but he should not know it. I smothered my anger as best I could, and answered calmly enough: "Well, I confess I did not think you could possibly be so egotistical as to suppose that any one could be excited to jealousy simply because you will be gallant." Then I put out my hand and added, in the pleasantest manner possible, "I shall have to say good-bye, now, as I promised Mrs. Marks to make some calls with her."

"Good-bye, Nellie," he answered, then added sayly, as he dropped my hand, "As ever. "Ah, Max, poor heart," I thought even in my anger, "how little you realize that we may never again." That "As ever." How it sang in my ears for weeks and months.

PART THIRD.

One, two, three, four, five years more have gone, taking with them all the bloom out of my cheek and the elasticity out of my step. I am an "old maid now," I think, standing alone under the pines tonight. The convic then however, does not appal me, for I have every comfort, am pleasantly situated for life, and all that. True, I have not found an Aladdin's lamp, nor succeeded in laying my hands on the famous "bag of gold" which lies at the end of the rainbow, but have been fortunate in a small way. But during these years, and even to-night, I have been haunted with the consciousness of a rash and willful act, one which resulted in immediate and unceasing regret. There has been, since a certain memorable day, a vacuum in my life, an utter loneliness of heart, which I expect will possess me through life. I know my punishment is just, and yet, like Cain of old, I feel that it is "greater than I can bear." Why did I wilfully destroy, by one swift resolve, all my rose colored visions of future happiness? That evil spirit must have possessed me. All the comforts that I possess, and which many people prize so much, seem to me to-night but a mockery of what I might have had, and, as if to shut out the dull picture that is forming itself before me, I hide my face in my hands. The winds through the pines are playing a dirge-like accompaniment to my feelings. There is a rattling of dry leaves down the path. Was it a hare or a bird, scared from the overhanging boughs? I am nervous any way, so I turn toward the house. Then I hear a step, and, looking over my shoulder, I see a stranger—a man. He is coming briskly up the path, so I step aside to let him pass. But he stops just opposite me, and for a full minute stands silent as a statue. Then putting out his hands impulsively—those dear, strong hands, whose tender pressure I have not felt for so many long years—he says simply, "Nellie," but in that one word, oh, what volumes of love—deep and true, of tenderness, of sadness, of hope and unspeakable joy. I can not answer; somehow my tongue will not or can not give utterance to the things my heart contains, but, with a glad cry, and a sweet sense of peace and rest, I walked right into the sinewy arms of Max Atherton, for they are waiting to receive me. "I have found you," he says, "after all these years. The spring time of our life is past—past with the roses, its freshness and sunshine, but the summer shall be all the sweeter, shall it not, darling?" My answer is sobbed rather than spoken—sobbed out on his heaving bosom—but they were sobs of joy, such as I never knew before; for happiness, sweet and unspeakable, has come to us both after all these years of waiting.

BROTHER GARDNER ON INSANITY.—"Let me say to you dat I don't believe in insanity. De insane burglar who enters my cabin will miss de top of his head. De lunatic who draws a knife on me am gwine to get hurt. I keep a dog to bite the insane thieves who wants to plunder my garden. If I am drawn on a jury, I shall vote to send every insane prisoner to the Penitentiary for de longest possible period. When a man steals, I shall call him a thief; when a man robs, I shall call him a robber; when a man kills I shall call it murder, an' he'd dat de jury who lets him off am entitle to thirty lashes apiece at de whippin' post."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Myrtle Hathaway.

"I can never forgive you," and as Myrtle Hathaway spoke these words, saying them slowly and with mournful cadence that showed plainly how every fibre of her being, every pulsing nerve in her lithe, shapely body was being stretched to its utmost tension by the cruel weight of woe that was bearing down upon her, she threw her arms around Rupert Riordan's neck in a passionate abandon of grief that knew no bounds. And yet how beautiful she looked, as she stood there that soft, sensuous day in June, when the sky was quivering with turquoise bloom and a large red and white cow stood outlined against the western horizon. Wonderfully clear brown eyes shining through a mass of tangled hair that drifted over them. A pair of red lips quivering with the sobs that shook her slight frame. Soft, peachy cheeks, down which the tears—love same, but unerring evidences of a broken heart—were falling like April rains.

"And is there no recoding from this resolve, my sweet?" whispered Rupert, in soft, pleading, Walsh avenue tones, as he bent his young, manly face over the sobbing beautiful one below, and he drew the plumply rounded form of the sobbing girl still closer to his suspenders. "You surely cannot mean, my love, for this one fault, this little break at the quarter-pole, to send me away from you forever out into the dark, sterless future of a ruined love, over which your own fair hands—those little hands which can work an ice cream spoon with such a tender pathos, and yet at such a fearful clip—have spread the black pall of the coldly cruel words you have just spoken. Say it is only a bluff, my darling; that you do not mean the words you have just spoken—the blighting carbolic acid words that have wiped from the slate of memory those rose-tinted visions of a happy pa i and left in their place only the dreadful monsters of remorse and anguish that rear their hissing heads amid the track less waste of ruined hopes."

As he spoke, Rupert had drawn Myrtle nearer to him, and when the last words fell in trembling accents on he rear her head had dropped upon his shoulder and she was sobbing more violently than ever. When he had finished she looked up to him with those dusky brown eyes, from which the tears were welling, and stilling by a mighty effort the sobs that were coming thick and fast from beneath her liver pad, spoke:

"You know, Rupert," she said, a winsome, plenty-of-cornelie-time-week look steaming gently and unostentatiously over her pure, passionless face, "that for months my life has been wrapped up in yours; that your success was my success, your grief my grief. You know that in the Fall, the golden-tinted fall, when the leaves are turning brown and the mince-pie is budding in the pantry, I have promised to be your honey bride—to help keep you looks for the balance of your life. Of course it is hard for me to give this up, to put forever behind me in the woodshed of my soul the bright visions of a happy future that I had set my stakes to pass with you in the Lotus Islands of a Chicago boarding house. But my duty is plain, and must not shrink from it. Do not think my love for you has fled. It has never been offered to start. Do not press me for an explanation. I can only say that my man who is sucker enough to back the favorite in a six-day walking match is not fly enough for me," and slipping in the parlor Myrtle began singing that beautiful chant "Do not fix the gate in summer," while Rupert, his proud spirit crushed and his heart desolate, started down town to get full.

Unseen Influence.

Influence is one of the strong forces of this world. All persons have in some period of their lives, been conscious of its magic power, and have yielded to its teachings. Some seem to possess the will that is easily guided and directed by others. They seem to be guided, while in reality they guide. This unseen influence is the most powerful and its subjects are the most forcibly impressed. How much unseen influence is connected with association! How much the purer memories and associations of childhood affect our life! One word, kept sacred from youth to manhood, will touch a hidden spring in the memory and bring to the lips the petition, "Lead us not into temptation." The word "mother," around which cluster the sweetest, holiest memories, has fallen upon the ear of the youth who is fast losing his honor and reputation by the many downward steps he has taken, leading direc ly from gambling and slight dissipation to hard drinking and ruin and by its sweet influence has turned him from the broad path to the straight and narrow walks which finally lead to an honest name and a noble life. It has fallen upon the ear of the statesman and caused him to search the pages of time long past and to behold again the sweet visions that hover around the morning of his life. He hears the loving, gentle tone, as she called him "mother's boy" and told him he was all she had and she hoped his life would be pure and untarnished. The voice of conscience asks him if that loving prayer has been answered, and if, during the many years she has been at rest, her prospects have been his motto and his guide, and if he could look up to heaven and honestly say: "My life has been honest, and noble, and true."

These influences tend to our improvement, but there are others, dark and mysterious, that are just the reverse. There are evil temptations, evil thoughts and evil actions, which creep in all unbidden and strive just as hard to root out the good and sow in the place wicked deeds. Yes, how powerful is the influence which these messengers of evil exert on our destiny. Despite ourselves, they shape in some degree our beliefs and, through these, our conduct. We cannot travel heavenward with the same speed as if these did not draw us back. Are we responsible that it is so? 'Tis hard to say. We know there is a difference in children,

"From the same cradle state,
Fr in the same mother's knee,"

one shall go forth to proclaim God's holy word, the other to be a dark page in the history of an otherwise happy family.

DEATH AND SLEEP.—Death and Sleep, the angels of slumber and Death, wandered over the earth in brother like embrace. It was evening. They reclined upon a hill not far from the dwellings of men. A profound stillness reigned, broken only by the vesper bells of the far off villages.

Still and silent, as is their custom, these two beneficent guardians of the human race sat, until the night drew near. Then the angel of sleep arose from his mossy couch and lightly scattered the invisible seeds of slumber. The evening wind bore them to the quiet dwellings of the tired peasants. Now sweet sleep came to the inhabitants of the lowly cottage, from the grandfather, who leaned upon his staff, to the infant in its mother's arms. The sick forgot sickness, the mourner his grief and the poor his cares. All eyes were closed.

When the task was ended, he laid himself again by his brother's side.

"When the morning light appears," he cried with joyous innocence, "all the world will praise me as her friend and benefactor! Oh, what joy unseen and secretly to do good! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of the good Spirit! How beautiful is our silent vocation!"

So spoke the kind angel of slumber. The death angel regarded him sadly, and a tear, such as the immortals weep, stood in his great dark eyes.

"Ah," said he, "that I also might be the recipient of joyful thanks. The world knows me only as her enemy, and the destroyer of her joys."

"Oh, my brother," replied the angel of sleep, "the good man will know thee as his friend at the resurrection, and will gratefully thank thee then. Are we not brothers and messengers of one father?"

So he spoke, and the eye of the Death Angel glistened, as these two brothers tenderly embraced each other.

When the best things are not possible, the best may be made of those that are.

How strange that men prefer to cross the portals of vice when the door of virtue is ever on the jar.

OPENING THE CAR WINDOW.—Maybe a man feels happy and proud and flattered and envied and blessed among men when he sees a pretty girl trying to raise a window on a railway car, and he jumps up and goes ahead of the other boys and says, "Allow me?" Oh, so courteously, and she says, "Oh, if you please: I would be so glad," and the other male passengers turn green with envy, and he leans over the back of the seat and tackles the window in a knowing way with one hand, if peradventure he may toss it airily with a simple turn of the wrist, but it kind of holds on, and he takes hold with both hands, but it sort of doesn't let go to any alarming extent, and then he pounds it with flat, but it only seems to settle a "leetle closer into place, and then he comes around and she gets out of the seat to give him a fair chance and he grapples that window and bows up his back and tugs and pulls and sweats and grunts and strains and his hat falls off and his suspender buttons fetch loose, and his vest buckle parts and his face gets red and his feet slip and people laugh, and irreverent young men in remote seats grunt and groan every time he lifts and cry out "Now then, *all together*," as if in mockery and he bursts his collar at the forward button and the pretty young lady vexed at having been made so conspicuous says in her icicest manner, "Oh, never mind, thank you. It doesn't make any difference," and then calmly goes away and sits down in another seat, and that wearied man gathers himself and reads a book upside down—oh *doesn't* he feel good, just? Maybe he isn't happy, but if you think he isn't, don't be fool enough to extend any of your sympathy. He doesn't want it.

TIT FOR TAT.—Neighbor A. had an unruly sheep that was very troublesome to neighbor B. Neighbor B had a very unruly swine that was quite as troublesome to A. A's sheep would get into neighbor B's. wheat-field, and crop the young wheat that was just shooting up. B's. swine would walk along by A's potato patch, push her long snout through the fence, and root them up. Each remonstrated without success.

One morning, neighbor A's. sheep came home with a hind foot sticking through the gambrel of the fore leg. He knew the man and started for B's. "Now, neighbor B., any man that will do such an inhuman act, I can whip in two minutes." B. was too well pleased for battle, but laughed in tile.

An idea flashed across the mind of A., and home he goes.

The next morning B's. swine is seen coming up the street, with a very open countenance, the lower jaw dragging the ground.

Now, B knew what it was, and down he goes to A's, his face reddening a little too much for a deacon.

"Now, A., any man that is guilty of such an unchristian, barbarious act, I can skin alive."

It costs A. a set of vest buttons before he could speak.

"You see, neighbor B., how it was; your swine was down here when my sheep came hopping home in such an odd manner, and being so tickled, she just split her mouth from ear to ear a laughing."

Now neighbor B. lost a set of vest buttons, in return.

WHAT SHE SAW IN CHURCH.—He stayed at home and she went to church; and after dinner he asked:

"What was the text, May?"

"Oh, something, something in Generations; I have forgotten the chapter and verse. Mrs. Hight sat right before me with a Mother Hubbard bonnet on. How could I hear anything when I could not see the minister? I wouldn't have worn such a looking thing to church if I had to have gone barefooted."

"How did you like the new minister?"

"Oh, he's splendid! and Kate Darlin was there in a Spanish lace cape that never cost less than $60, and they can't pay their butcher's bill, and I'd wear cotton lace or go without any first."

"Did he say anything about the new mission fund?"

"No, and the Jones girls were all rigged out in their silks and over; you would have died laughing to have seen them. Such a taste those girls have and the minister gave out that the Dorcas Society will meet at sister Jones' residence—the old poky place."

"You don't seem to have heard much of the sermon."

"Well, I'm sure its better to go to church, if you don't hear the sermon, that to stay at home reading newspapers, and oh, Harry! the new minister has a lovely voice, it nearly puts me to sleep, and I do tell you that the Rich's are home from Europe, and Mrs. Rich had a real camel's hair shawl on and it did not look anything on her.

A long silence, during which Harry thought of several things, and his wife was busy contemplating the sky or view, then she suddenly exclaimed:

"There! I knew I'd forget to tell you something. Would you believe it Harry, the fringe on Mrs. Jones' parasol was an inch deeper than mine and twice as heavy! Oh, dear, what a world of troubles this is!"

A BACHELOR'S REFLECTIONS.—What a miserable old cynic of an old bachelor it must have been who wrote the cousing description of marriage. He ought to be ashamed of himself. Look at the great mass of marriages that take place over the whole world what poor content upside affairs they are! A few soft looks, a walk, a dance a squeeze of the hand, a popping of the question, a purchasing of a certain number of yards of white satin, a ring, a minister, a stage or two and a hired carriage, a night in a country inn, and the whole matter is over. For five or six weeks two sheepish looking persons are seen dangling on each other's arms looking at water falls, or making morning calls, then everything fall into the most monotonous routine; the wife sits on one side of the hearth and the husband on the other, and the little quarrels, little pleasures, little cares and little children gradually gather around them. This is what ninety-nine out of one hundred find to be the delight of matrimony." We read this a moment ago in the sanctum to a young lady of eighteen with large bright eyes, red and dewy lips, a matchless figure, and she thinks it "atrocious," and the man who wrote it "a very great fool." If the writer could have seen our friend when she said this we believe that would have been his opinion also.

THE HARE AND THE FISH.—The hare and the fish, having borrowed tobacco of each other for several months, and agreeing perfectly on politics, set to make a journey together and see the sights of the world. They had not proceeded many miles when a wolf was discovered in pursuit. The hare at once started off at the top of his speed, but the fish called out. "Do not leave me thus; I cannot run!" "A fish who cannot run has no business to make a journey," replied the hare, and away he flew to save his bacon. The fish hurried after as fast as possible, and both found themselves on the bank of a river, while the wolf was yet a furlong away. The fish at once rolled into the water and darted away, but the hare shouted after him: "Do not leave me; I cannot swim!" "A hare who cannot swim has no business to take a journey," and he sailed away and left the hare to be eaten on the half-shell.

Moral—An owl who had overheard the affair from his perch in a persimmon tree drew down his left eye and softly said: "You don't know a man until you have traveled with him."

Human foresight often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.

As too long retirement weakens the mind, so too much company dissipates it.

It is no point of wisdom for a man to beat his brains about things impossible.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR.

OR MEDICINE for

Dyspepsia, Headache, Jaundice, Costiveness, Camp Dysentery, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, Fever Nervousness, Chills, Diseases of the Skin, Impurity of the Blood, Melancholy or Depression of the Spirits, &c.

Most of the ailments here enumerated have their origin in a diseased liver, which is the most prevalent affection in this country, and as in many cases the patient is not within the reach of a physician, it requires that some remedy should be provided that would not in the least impair the constitution and yet be active and safe. That such is the character of the SIMMONS REGULATOR, there can be no doubt, the testimony of hundreds will establish

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED

LIVER

Pain in the side. Sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weakness and debility, he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low, and although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet the can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact he does this in every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death, has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the foregoing symptoms appear. It is a purely vegetable compound, is not injurious to the most delicate constitution, and will keep the liver in healthy action if used properly.

Persons living in unhealthy localities may avoid all bilious attacks by taking a dose occasionally to keep the liver in healthy action.

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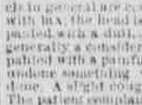

For children complaining of colic, headache or sick stomach, a teaspoonful or more will give relief. Children, as well as adults, eat sometimes too much supper, or eat something which does not digest well, producing sour stomach, heartburn, and nothing will give relief. This applies to persons of all ages.

Many persons, from eating too much, are restless at night, or in day time are fidgety, mind wandering, cannot understand what they read, cannot keep their thoughts on any one subject so as to reason well, or become fretful. One or two tablespoonfuls will give relief.

JAUNDICE.—Take enough Regular after eating each meal to produce one full action from the bowels every day.

Pregnant ladies will find sure relief from their headache, costiveness, swimming in the head, colic, sour stomach, heartburn, sickness, etc. It is mild and suits them better than more active medicine.

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