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ADVERTISEMENTS. SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR. For Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhoea, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

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Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Diarrhoea, Nausea, Headaches, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate the liver, but is in no intoxicating beverage.

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We purchase these seeds direct from the respective Seed Farms of the Messrs. Landreth, and they should not be cleaned with the seeds left in Commission throughout the country. Use Landreth's seeds, and a good Vegetable Garden is insured.

WOMAN'S HEART. Though you should come and kneel low at my feet. And weep in blood and tears of agony. It would not bring one single pang to me, Nor stir my heart out of its quiet beat.

There was a time when my word you spoke. When but the sound of your melodious voice Would thrill me through and make my heart rejoice.

Your wish was law, but now the spell is broke. And though an angel, with a shining brow, Should come from heaven and speak its awe and say: "Go with this man and be his own away," I would refuse, I would not trust you nay.

Though you should pray me, writhing in white pain, For just one last career, and I should know That you were drifting out the door of day, I would not let you hold my hand again.

This is a woman's love—a woman's pride. There is a stream that never can be dried. It runs between us; and the trust that floats Has sunk forever in the rushing tide.

FARM LIFE AS IT MIGHT BE. From a Speech by C. L. Ingersoll.

It is not necessary in this age of the world for the farmer to rise in the middle of the night and begin his work. This getting up so early in the morning is a relic of barbarism. It has made hundreds of thousands of young men curse the business. There is no need of getting up at 3 or 4 o'clock in the winter morning. The farmer who persists in doing his wife and children from their beds ought to be visited by a missionary. It is time enough to rise after the sun has set the example. In the old times they used to get up about three o'clock in the morning, and go to work long before the sun had risen with "heaving upon his wings" and, as a just punishment, they all had the ague; and they ought to have it now. When you rise at 4 and work till dark what is the result? Of what use is all the improved machinery unless it tends to give the farmer a little more leisure? What is harvesting now compared with what it was in the old time? Think of the days of reaping, of cradling and raking and binding and mowing. Think of threshing with the ball and winnowing with the wind. And now think of the reapers and mowers, the binders and threshing machines, and ploughs and cultivators, upon which the farmer rides protected from the sun, with all these advantages, you cannot get a living without rising in the middle of the night, or into some other business. You should not rob your families of sleep. Sleep is the best medicine in the world. There is no such thing as health without sleep. Sleep until you are thoroughly rested and restored. When you work, and when you get through take a good, long, and refreshing nap.

A great many farmers seem to think that they are the only laborers in the world. This is a very foolish thing. Farmers cannot get along without the mechanic. You are not independent of the man of genius. Your prosperity depends upon the inventor. The world advances by the assistance of all laborers, and all labor is under obligation to the inventions of genius. The inventor does as much for agriculture as he who tills the soil. Full genius and labor formed a partnership there was so such thing as prosperity among men. Every reaper and mower, every agricultural implement, has elevated the work of the farmer, and his vocation grows grander with every invention. In the olden time the agriculturist was ignorant; he knew nothing of machinery he was the slave of superstitions.

The farmer has been elevated through science, and he should not forget the debt he owes to the mechanic, to the inventor, to the thinker. He should remember that all laborers belong to the same grand family—that they are the real kings and queens, the only true nobility.

Above all, let every farmer treat his wife and children with infinite kindness. Give your sons and daughters every advantage within your power. In the air of kindness they will grow about like flowers. They will fill your homes with sunshine and all your years with joy. Do not try to rule by force. A blow from a parent leaves a scar on the soul. I should feel ashamed to die surrounded by children I had whipped. Think of feeling upon your dying lips the kiss of a child you had struck.

See to it that your wife has every convenience. Make her life worth living. Never allow her to become a servant. Wives weary and worn, mothers, wrinkled and bent before their time, fill home with grief and shame. If you are not able to hire help for your wives, help them yourselves. See that they have the best penicils to work with. Womankind can do greater things by work. Have plenty of wood and coal—good collars and plenty in them. Have esters, so that you can have plenty of rain water washing. Do not rely on a barrel and a board. When the rain comes the board will be lost or the hoops will be off the barrel.

Farmers should live like princes. Eat the best things you raise and sell the rest. Have good things to cook with. Of people in our country, you should live the best. Throw your miserable little stoves out of the window. Get ranges, and have them so built that your wife need not burn her face off to get you a breakfast. Do not make her cook in a kitchen hot as the orthodox parities. The best, not the cook, should be roasted. It is just as easy to have things convenient and right as to have them any other way.

Cooking is one of the fine arts. Give your wives and daughters things to cook and things to cook with, and they will soon become most excellent cooks. Good cooking is the basis of civilization. The man whose articles and veins are filled with rich blood made of good and well cooked food has pluck, courage, endurance, and noble impulses.

In the good old days there would be eleven children in the family and only one skilled. Everything was broken or cracked or loomed or lost.

There ought to be a law making it a crime, punishable by imprisonment, to fry breakfast. Broil it; it is just as easy, and when broiled it is delicious. Fried breakfast is not fit for a wild beast. You can broil even on a stove. Shut the front damper, open the back one, then take off a gridle. There will be a draught downward through this opening. Put on your steak, using a wire broiler, and not a particle

of smoke will touch it, for the reason that the smoke goes down. If you try to broil it with the front damper open, the smoke will rise. For broiling, coal, even soft coal, makes a better fire than wood.

There is no reason why farmers should not have fresh meat all the year round. There is certainly no sense in stuffing yourself full of salt meat every morning, and making a well of clemens of your stomach for the rest of the day. Every farmer should have an ice house. Upon, or near every farm is some stream from which plenty of ice can be obtained, and the long summer days made delightful. Dr. Draper, one of the world's greatest scientists, says that ice water is healthy, and that it has done away with many of the low forms of fever in the great cities, ice has become one of the necessities of civilized life, and without it there is very little comfort.

Make your home pleasant. Have your houses warm and comfortable for the winter. Do not build a story-and-a-half house. The half story is only an oven in which, during the summer, you will bake every night, and feel in the morning as though only the rind of yourself was left.

Decorate your rooms, even if you do so with cheap engravings. The cheapest are far better than none. Have books, paper, and a diction. You have more leisure than the dwellers in cities. Beautify your grounds with plants and flowers and vines. Have good guides. Remember that everything of beauty tends to the elevation of man. Every little morning glory whose bosom is thrilled with the aromatic kisses of the sun tends to put a blossom in your heart. Do not judge of the value of everything by the market reports. Every flower about the house carries to the refinement of somebody. Every vine climbing and blossoming, tells of love and joy.

Make your houses comfortable. Do not huddle together in a little room around a red hot stove, with every window fastened down. Do not live in this poisoned atmosphere and then, when one of your children dies put a piece in the papers commencing with "Whereas, it has pleased Divine Providence to remove from our midst—" Have plenty of air and plenty of warmth. Comfort is health. Do not imagine any thing is unhealthily simply because it is pleasant. This is an old and foolish idea.

Let your children sleep. Do not drag them from their beds in the "dances of night." Do not compel them to associate all that is tiresome, irksome, and dreadful with cultivating the soil. In this way you bring farming into hatred and disrespect. Treat your children with infinite kindness—treat them as equals. There is no happiness in a home not filled with love. Where the husband hates his wife, where the wife hates the husband, where children hate their parents and each other, there is a hell upon earth.

There is no reason why farmers should not be the kindest and most cultivated of men. There is nothing in ploughing the fields to make men cross, angry, and crabbed. To look upon the sun and sky covered with darts does not tend to make men unjust.

Whether laborers for the happiness of those he loves, elevates himself, no matter whether he works in the dark and dreary shops or in the perfumed fields. To work for others is in reality the only way in which a man can work himself. Selfishness is ignorance. Speculators cannot make useful commodity. In this realm of speculation every success has its least one victim. The harvest reaped by the farmer benefits all and injures no one. For him to succeed it is not necessary that some one should fail. The axioms true of all producers of all laborers.

I can imagine no condition that carries with it such a promise of joy as that of the farmer in the early winter. He has his cellar filled; he has made every preparation for the days of snow and storm—he looks forward to three months of ease and rest; to three months of freedom content; three months with his wife and children; three months of long, delightful evenings; three months of home; three months of solid comfort.

When the life of a farmer is such as I have described, the cities and towns will not be filled with want—the streets will not be crowded with reckless gamblers, broken bankers, and bankrupt speculators. The fields will be filled, all country villages, almost hidden by trees, and vines and flowers, filled with industrious and happy people, will smile like gems on every plain.

The idea must be done away with that there is something intellectually degrading in cultivating the soil. Nothing can be more noble than to be useful. Idleness should not be respected.

If farmers will cultivate well, and without waste; if they will so build that their houses will be warm in winter and cool in summer; if they will plant trees and beautify their homes; if they will occupy their leisure time in reading, in thinking, in improving their minds, and in devising ways and means to make their business profitable and pleasant; if they will live nearer together and cultivate sociability, if they will come together often; if they will have reading rooms and cultivate music; if they will have bath rooms, ice houses, and good gardens; if their wives can have an easy time; if the nights can be taken for sleep and the evenings for enjoyment; everybody will be in love with the fields. Happiness should be the object of life, and if life on the farm can be made really happy, the children will grow up in love with the meadows, the streams, the woods, and the old home. Around the farm will cling and cluster the happy memories of delightful years.

OVER-SENSITIVENESS.—There are those who make their keen sensitiveness to the sufferings of others an excuse for shrinking from them. They do not want to hear of a tale of misery to visit the sick or the poor, to witness sorrow or pain, or even to think about human woes that call so loudly for relief, because it shocks their refined sensibilities. The most ordinary intelligence would show that the very pain thus endured is the germ of that sympathy which the world needs to help, to lift, to comfort her sorrowing ones. If, to spare our own nerves, we crush this germ, and deny to our suffering brothers and sisters the judicious aid that wealth, or culture, or opportunities enable us to bestow, how shall we sufficiently reproach ourselves with a selfishness so pronounced, and what shall we say of a civilization which bears such fruits?

TROUBLE FROM READING A PAPER. A man went into a newspaper office with a black eye, a strip of court-plaster across his cheek, one arm in a sling, and as he leaned on his crutch and wiped the perspiration away from around a lump on his forehead with a red cotton handkerchief, he asked if the editor was in. We noticed that there was quite a healthy smell of stonewards about the visitor, but, thinking that in his crippled condition we could get away with him, if worse came to worse, we admitted that we were in.

"Well, I want to stop my paper," said he, as he sat down on the edge of a chair as though it might hurt. "Scratch my name right off. You are responsible for my condition."

Thinking the man might have been taking our advice to deaf men—to always walk on a railroad track if they could find one—we were preparing to scratch him off without any argument, believing that he was a man who knew when he had enough, when he spoke up as follows:

"The amount of it is this: I live out in Jefferson county, and I came in on the new North-western road just to get recreation. I am a farmer, and keep cows. I recently read an article in your paper of a dairymen's convention where one of the mottoes over the door was, 'Treat your cows as you would a lady,' and the article said it was contended by our best dairymen that a cow treated in a polite, gentlemanly manner, as though she was a companion, would give twice as much milk. The plan seemed feasible to me. I had been a hard man with stock, and thought maybe that was one reason my cow dried up when butter was forty cents a pound, and gave plenty of milk when the article was only fifteen cents. I decided to adopt your plan, and treat a cow as you would a lady. I had a brindle that never was very much milked on me, and I decided to commence on her, and the next morning, after I read your dear paper, I put on my Sunday suit and a white plug hat that I had bought the year Greeley ran for President, and I went to the barn to milk. I noticed the old cow seemed to be bashful and frightened, but taking off my hat and bowing politely, I said: 'Madame, excuse the seeming impropriety of the request, but will you do me the favor to hoist?' At the same time I tapped her gently on the flank with my plug hat, and, putting the tin pail on the floor under her, I sat down on the milking stool."

"Did she hoist?" said he, rather anxious to know how the advice of Prestidigit Smith, of Shohogan, the great dairyman, had worked.

"Did she hoist? Well, look at me, and see if you think she hoisted! Say, I tell you now in confidence, and I don't want it re-stated, but that cow raised right up and kicked me with all four feet, switched me with her tail, and hooked me with both horns, all at once; and when I got up out of the bedding in the stall, and dug my hat out of the manger, and the milking-stool got stuck under me, and began to stomp that cow. I forgot all about the proper treatment of horned cattle. Why, she fairly galloped over me; and I never want to read your infernal old paper again!"

We tried to explain to him that the advice did not apply to brindle cows at all; but he bobbed out, the middle man that every asked a cow to hoist in diplomatic language.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE. Many Christian parents, although aiming to train their children in principles of right, forget the wide-reaching and long enduring character of their work. When one looks upon the multitude of youthful criminals in the land, the miseries and cruelties which grow out of parental thoughtlessness, carelessness and evil example, we cannot lightly think of the value of the work of those who train their children into habits of self-respect, integrity and consideration of others. The good citizenship of the country comes from well-cultivated Christian homes. "The more of moral training there is in any life or family the more powerful are their effects and forces in the world." There is a need that home influence should be everything that is defensible. The father of a family who has an abhorrence of all that is mean, tricky and unscrupulous in business, and the mother who displays unscrupulousness, gossip and slander, can do more help for the world's characters in their children than the sun can help aiding the growth of the golden grain.

It has been said that work done for God "dusts off." This is a truth which has not the influence on children, in general, which it deserves. Men are often stimulated to endeavor by the thought that their work will live after them, especially honors God they forget its permanent character. —Baptist Weekly.

HARD TO BE A CHRISTIAN.—Hard to be a Christian! Of course it is. But whether you believe it or not, it is a great deal harder not to be one. That is to say, you have a harder time than if you were one. You have at least as many cares and trials as if you were a Christian, and as many temptations. Every sad and trying element of human life is manifested in your experience as often and as signally as it would be if you were one of Christ's followers; you trust yourself inevitably upon many sharp points of evil habits which you might in that case escape; and you lack what a true Christian—however feeble and imperfect his success yet may be—always possesses, the consciousness that his Creator and he are no longer working at cross purposes; that he is in harmony with God's will and plan for him; that omniscience, omnipotence and infinite love are occupied in shaping his circumstances so that, however painful they may be to day, they are sure to prove full of blessing in the end. You may not think this consciousness a very solid advantage, but if you had it, in the sense that the Christian has it, you would.—Congregationalist.

Silence is the wit of fools, and one of the virtues of the wise.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

THIS FAST AGE. [Written for the ROANOKE NEWS.] This phrase is heard on all sides, and like a great many popular phrases, it contains more than meets the ear—"This little adjective 'fast' not only pictures this age to a nicety, but expresses the great difference between our modes of thinking, feeling and acting, and that of the ancients, far better than can be done, by any theories of the diffusion of knowledge and the advance of civilization. When we come to think of it there are very few original ideas advanced by "us moderns"—We live too fast, and cannot take time to go back to the beginning of things, and study up anything new, we can only experiment on the facts already found out for us. Even the locomotive, one of our greatest inventions, was an idea of Archimedes, but he never carried the idea out, it was a little bit too fast for him.

The ancient world moved slowly. It took nearly a century to bring out what was in a man—Now, twenty years is sufficient for that purpose. The ancients planned work it would take centuries to finish. Look at the Architects of the Pyramids. They calmly laid out work for hundreds of years. In these days of mushroom magnificence and tinsel show, we can form but little idea of the solid splendor and dazzling pomp of the "days of old." We read of the games, festivals and races of the Greeks, and of whose cities giving up weeks to them and their preparations. Why do we never have such things? Because we are in too great a hurry. During the middle ages what glittering splendor of the chivalric pageants lent to European life! We haven't time for such "doings" now. We live too fast! Some of us rather imagine we are superior to the ancients in civilization and cultivation, but we would find difficulty in proving our superiority. We are in the habit of contrasting our times with the old Norman's, and noting the incongruity between their dainty boards and rich robes, and the rush covered floors filled with dirt and vermin.

But let us look back a little farther and see if we can flatter ourselves that we have made a greater advance in civilization and knowledge than our forefathers. Was there no diffusion of knowledge in an age when Athenian market-women could correct accent, and false quantities? See how long Solomon was in building the temple—look at the magnificence of his preparations for the work; his two hundred thousand workmen; the cities and kingdoms laid under tribute; and the wonderful result! What modern architect has achieved so much? We live too fast to attempt anything of that kind.

We turn to the fine arts, the essence of cultivation. The Lucon, the Venus de Medici, and the exhausted sculptures of Nineveh and Central America still gaze on us from an unattainable height.

Demosthenes is our model of eloquence and what fiction is equal to the fables of Aesop? Language is considered the gauge of civilization, and what modern one equals Livy? In science it is doubtful if we excel. Astronomy was most studied in Assyria, and it is said, the astronomical tables of the Hindus show knowledge we have just reached. The Magicians of the East performed their miracles by chemical principles, many of them new to us, and some of them unknown. Psychology, one of our new attainments, was a familiar thing to them. In botany, what modern professor can excel the royal botanist, who, "spoke of all plants from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall."

The Chinese were familiar with the compass and printing many hundreds years ago, and our school boys study the same Euclid that Cicero studied. There were arts used in the buildings and decorations of the ancients utterly lost to us, and we have nothing to equal the intaglios, mosaics, and tessellated pavements of old. The ancients surpassed us in other qualities also, both good and bad—With them, feeling was fully developed. We live too fast to act out any one passion. With them friendship was more than a name, and love more than a jest. Hospitality came from the heart and it was considered "good form" to grieve with those who sorrow and rejoice with those who are glad.

On the other hand, the ancients were certainly prominent in wickedness. Look at Nero, unequalled for ferocity, or the Sultan, who cut off the head of a slave standing near him, that he might give an artist a lesson in practical anatomy.

The ancients certainly lived more than we do. Ancient mind and ancient body took time to develop, but we do not. What was formerly spread over two or three lifetimes, we compress in one. It is affirmed that this strain on vitality and energy is making insanity awfully common among us. This should be a warning to us, but I am afraid it will not do much good. The world is like a falling body, it moves so fast, that we who would stand quietly aside, are drawn, in spite of our wills, to mix in the dizzy vortex and are thus whirled into infinity. —AUNT JUDY.

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