

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

VOL. XXXII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1897.

NO. 16.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

## Sarsaparilla Sense.

Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understand sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you? When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market 50 years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many Sarsaparillas—but only one Ayer's. It cures.



No. 8 Solid Oak Extension Table, polished like a mirror, six massive legs. The four outside legs are connected by a heavy iron frame. It measures 4x12 inches when closed and 8 feet long when spread. Special Price, \$3.95 (Orders promptly filled.)

The above is but one of over 100 bargains to be found in our new catalogue. It contains all kinds of Furniture, Carpets, Heavy Draperies, Refrigerators, Stoves, Electric Lamps, Sewing Machines, and many other goods. Drop a postal for our great money saving catalogue, which will mail free of all charges. Deal with the manufacturer and you will make the big profits you are now paying your local dealers.

**Julius Nines & Son,**  
BALTIMORE, MD.

## HERE IS A SNAP.

The early bird—You know the rest.

## MEYER IS

Opening a large lot of sample STRAW HATS, and SHOES which he is not

## GIVING AWAY

but is selling at half of first selling price

## STRAW HATS.

by the thousand. Everybody able to have a nice hat at small prices. Also fine line

## SUMMER DRESS GOODS

Silks, Cheviots, Table Damasks, Curtains, Ribbons, Dress Trimmings, or anything you ask for. Full line

## GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERIES

at prices lower than ever. Come in and examine my stock.

## S. Meyer, Ag't.

ENFIELD, N. C.

## SPRING OPENING

Special Display of

## HATS & BONNETS

And Millinery Novelties.

Be sure to attend.

MRS. W. R. HART,

Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

WM. LINN, Manager

## MANSION HOUSE.

--- BOTH ---

## AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS.

Take Street, NORFOLK, VA.

### The Promised Land.

So we sailed and sailed over stormy seas, till we came to a pleasant land; Where forever were peace and happiness, and plenty was on each hand. And no man wronged his brother there, for no man counted it gain To live by the sweat of another's brow, or to joy at another's pain.

And the strong man there was a kindly man, and the weak one was weak; And for those who were simple and trusting men their wisest brother would speak. And crowd, or color, or land, or birth, caused no man to hate another.

For the same red blood filled each man's veins, and every man was a brother.

And the old man there was a blessed man, for he was not old; And the young man there was a blessed man, for he was not young; And the little ones no longer their rain brought, and the old men no longer their sun brought; For out of the plenty that was for all, 'twas theirs the first to be fed.

And oh, but that land was a happy land for those who were sisters of men. For there was no rule and no unseemly toil, in field or in sweater's den; They passed not body and soul for bread, for woman felt woman's shame; And dearest than life to the strong man was the good of his sister's name.

And the fields were yellow with harvesting where every man might reap, and the faithful rivers went singing down through the land to the mighty deep.

And the mountains were clothed with forests, and the orchards were ripe with fruit, and the meadows were green as a gem.

And peace was forever in that fair land, for no man envied his mate, and no man's treasures, where all were rich, woke his brother's sleeping hate; And the kingdom that Christ had promised was now for all men to see, and the name of that happy kingdom was, "The land of the son to be."

### Out of the Desert.

Last night I sat by her side, and we talked as friends of friendly things. And looking into her eyes I saw there a certain loneliness and a certain longing.

Today I gave myself up to day dreams. In my dream I sat again beside the woman who was my friend. And as we talked again of friendly things she suddenly hid her face, and I knew that she was weeping. After a period of silence I knelt beside her and she looked up. Peering into her eyes I saw in their depths that loneliness and longing of the night before. And grasping her hand tightly I arose and said, "Come!"

After more months that seemed like years we came to a place where there was water. And she by my side asked, "How came this water here?"

"This is the Well of Tears," I answered, "tears shed by those who live in this world weeping because of the loneliness and the longing."

"But all these people," she said, "all those who are longing and weeping around us, those whom we cannot see because we are blinded, I suppose, by our own tears, what are they doing?"

"Most of them," I answered, "are making money, believing that with wealth they can buy their passage to the beautiful city. But the joy of wealth vanishes in a night and the longing for the joy eternal remains. Others are making friends. But one friend proves false and the joy of friendship has fled. Still others are making a name. But when the name is gone, and the longing for the joy eternal remains. Thus many search but only those who love and are loved find the gates."

With her hand trembling yet confident in mine I led her forth into a desert place. Across the great waste of sand we walked on and on through the gloom. And in all that desert place we were alone. After journeying thus for months, which were like years, the woman withdrew her hand from mine, saying, "But what place is this?"

"This is the world," I answered, "this is the world in which there is no mutual love. Here live all those who do not love and all those whose love is not returned."

"But these people—where are they?" she asked.

"They swarm about you in thousands," I replied. "Yet all who dwell here are doomed to feel alone. This loneliness causes that peculiar longing look in people's eyes. Though many know it not they long to find a place which is in the center of the world, a place of wondrous beauty called the City of Love."

Then for yet more months that were like years I led her on. And as long as she was by my side I never lost hope of finding the gates. When she snuck down despairing overwhelmed by the mystery of that perpetual gloom and of the awfulness of that vast silence, I would tell her again of my love and of the hope that awaited us on.

"But the way is long," she would say. "And we have even now been years and years making the journey. I can go no farther. I will remain here, accepting this desert as the only world, and live in my loneliness and longing."

Then sadly I would reply: "None who begin the search is permitted to abandon it. All must blunder on. None may pause."

She shuddered, and again I led her on till one day in my great love and sorrow I took her bodily in my arms and folding her to me said, "Ah, if you could only love me, I could then relieve you from this barren waste, for I love you so." She lifted her head from my shoulder, and looking into my eyes smiled and said "You are blind."

Then hastily brushing away the loneliness and the longing from my own eyes, I could see that she, too, no longer felt alone, and that the longing in her eyes had turned to laughter.

And suddenly the gloom began to rise, revealing a place alight with a golden light. And out of the vast silence I heard the murmur of multitudes of voices, all saying, "I love you so. As the gloom dispersed, two mighty gates opened and a cherub boy came toward us, saying: 'I am Cupid, please here to guard the gates of the City of Love and to admit none but true lovers. Like thousands of others, you have been wandering the trackless desert, passing and repassing these gates though you knew it not.'

And turning to me Cupid continued: "She who stands by your side has done well. She has taken time to make sure of her own love and of yours, for man plays with love and women are crafty."

Then, taking my love in my arms, I kissed her, and we entered the gates together, each loving and loved. Here was a place of eternal sunshine, a land of beauty and laughter and kindness, a land where all seemed busy on errands of love. And as in joy and rapture I gazed on the love in my arms forever Cupid closed the gates with an echoing clatter.—Romance.

Looking now into her eyes, knowing that I loved her, I said: "Ah, that I might lead you into the beautiful city! But until you love me I cannot, for the city is a place of mutual love, and a man and a woman must enter together, each loving and loved."

Then as I told her how I had come to love her, she turned away weeping. And when I saw her eyes again the loneliness and the longing were still there. But taking her hand again I led her onward. Wearily onward we trudged, searching for the beautiful city, as were those whom we knew to be about us, but whom we could not see. And ever and anon I would say to her, "You must yourself love me who loves you before you can find the gates."

Sometimes a burglar, only succeeds in damaging the lock of a safe so that the combination won't work. Next morning the bank officers can't get at their own money. There may be millions in the safe, but if their credit depended on getting at it, a heave they would be bankrupt.

A sick man is in very much the same fix about getting at the nourishment he needs to keep him alive. There is plenty of good food at hand, but his digestive organism is out of order, the nutritive combination of his system won't work. He can't possibly get at the nourishment contained in the food. He takes it into his stomach, but it does him no good. It is made into junk blood. He is just as badly off as if the food was locked up where he couldn't touch it. He gets no strength or health out of it. All these mal-nutritive conditions have a perfect and scientific remedy in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts the nutritive combination of the system into perfect working order. It gives the digestive and blood-making organs power to make pure, red, healthy blood, and pour it into the circulation abundantly and rapidly. It drives out all bilious poisons and secretions, cures indigestion, liver complaint, nervousness and neuralgia, and builds up solid flesh, active power and nerve force.

Mrs. Rebecca Gardner of Cranston, York Co., Va., writes: "I was so sick with dyspepsia that I could not eat anything for over four months. I had to starve myself, as nothing would stay on my stomach. I was so badly off I could not eat more than a few crackers. I thought I was going to die. I weighed only 50 pounds. I tried almost everything, and nothing did me any good, until I took two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I am now as well as I ever was, and weigh 125 pounds."

After more months that seemed like years we came to a place where there was water. And she by my side asked, "How came this water here?"

"This is the Well of Tears," I answered, "tears shed by those who live in this world weeping because of the loneliness and the longing."

"But all these people," she said, "all those who are longing and weeping around us, those whom we cannot see because we are blinded, I suppose, by our own tears, what are they doing?"

"Most of them," I answered, "are making money, believing that with wealth they can buy their passage to the beautiful city. But the joy of wealth vanishes in a night and the longing for the joy eternal remains. Others are making friends. But one friend proves false and the joy of friendship has fled. Still others are making a name. But when the name is gone, and the longing for the joy eternal remains. Thus many search but only those who love and are loved find the gates."

Then for yet more months that were like years I led her on. And as long as she was by my side I never lost hope of finding the gates. When she snuck down despairing overwhelmed by the mystery of that perpetual gloom and of the awfulness of that vast silence, I would tell her again of my love and of the hope that awaited us on.

"But the way is long," she would say. "And we have even now been years and years making the journey. I can go no farther. I will remain here, accepting this desert as the only world, and live in my loneliness and longing."

Then sadly I would reply: "None who begin the search is permitted to abandon it. All must blunder on. None may pause."

She shuddered, and again I led her on till one day in my great love and sorrow I took her bodily in my arms and folding her to me said, "Ah, if you could only love me, I could then relieve you from this barren waste, for I love you so." She lifted her head from my shoulder, and looking into my eyes smiled and said "You are blind."

Then hastily brushing away the loneliness and the longing from my own eyes, I could see that she, too, no longer felt alone, and that the longing in her eyes had turned to laughter.

And suddenly the gloom began to rise, revealing a place alight with a golden light. And out of the vast silence I heard the murmur of multitudes of voices, all saying, "I love you so. As the gloom dispersed, two mighty gates opened and a cherub boy came toward us, saying: 'I am Cupid, please here to guard the gates of the City of Love and to admit none but true lovers. Like thousands of others, you have been wandering the trackless desert, passing and repassing these gates though you knew it not.'

And turning to me Cupid continued: "She who stands by your side has done well. She has taken time to make sure of her own love and of yours, for man plays with love and women are crafty."

Then, taking my love in my arms, I kissed her, and we entered the gates together, each loving and loved. Here was a place of eternal sunshine, a land of beauty and laughter and kindness, a land where all seemed busy on errands of love. And as in joy and rapture I gazed on the love in my arms forever Cupid closed the gates with an echoing clatter.—Romance.

Looking now into her eyes, knowing that I loved her, I said: "Ah, that I might lead you into the beautiful city! But until you love me I cannot, for the city is a place of mutual love, and a man and a woman must enter together, each loving and loved."

Then as I told her how I had come to love her, she turned away weeping. And when I saw her eyes again the loneliness and the longing were still there. But taking her hand again I led her onward. Wearily onward we trudged, searching for the beautiful city, as were those whom we knew to be about us, but whom we could not see. And ever and anon I would say to her, "You must yourself love me who loves you before you can find the gates."

Sometimes a burglar, only succeeds in damaging the lock of a safe so that the combination won't work. Next morning the bank officers can't get at their own money. There may be millions in the safe, but if their credit depended on getting at it, a heave they would be bankrupt.

A sick man is in very much the same fix about getting at the nourishment he needs to keep him alive. There is plenty of good food at hand, but his digestive organism is out of order, the nutritive combination of his system won't work. He can't possibly get at the nourishment contained in the food. He takes it into his stomach, but it does him no good. It is made into junk blood. He is just as badly off as if the food was locked up where he couldn't touch it. He gets no strength or health out of it. All these mal-nutritive conditions have a perfect and scientific remedy in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts the nutritive combination of the system into perfect working order. It gives the digestive and blood-making organs power to make pure, red, healthy blood, and pour it into the circulation abundantly and rapidly. It drives out all bilious poisons and secretions, cures indigestion, liver complaint, nervousness and neuralgia, and builds up solid flesh, active power and nerve force.

Mrs. Rebecca Gardner of Cranston, York Co., Va., writes: "I was so sick with dyspepsia that I could not eat anything for over four months. I had to starve myself, as nothing would stay on my stomach. I was so badly off I could not eat more than a few crackers. I thought I was going to die. I weighed only 50 pounds. I tried almost everything, and nothing did me any good, until I took two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I am now as well as I ever was, and weigh 125 pounds."

After more months that seemed like years we came to a place where there was water. And she by my side asked, "How came this water here?"

"This is the Well of Tears," I answered, "tears shed by those who live in this world weeping because of the loneliness and the longing."

"But all these people," she said, "all those who are longing and weeping around us, those whom we cannot see because we are blinded, I suppose, by our own tears, what are they doing?"

"Most of them," I answered, "are making money, believing that with wealth they can buy their passage to the beautiful city. But the joy of wealth vanishes in a night and the longing for the joy eternal remains. Others are making friends. But one friend proves false and the joy of friendship has fled. Still others are making a name. But when the name is gone, and the longing for the joy eternal remains. Thus many search but only those who love and are loved find the gates."

Then for yet more months that were like years I led her on. And as long as she was by my side I never lost hope of finding the gates. When she snuck down despairing overwhelmed by the mystery of that perpetual gloom and of the awfulness of that vast silence, I would tell her again of my love and of the hope that awaited us on.

"But the way is long," she would say. "And we have even now been years and years making the journey. I can go no farther. I will remain here, accepting this desert as the only world, and live in my loneliness and longing."

Then sadly I would reply: "None who begin the search is permitted to abandon it. All must blunder on. None may pause."

She shuddered, and again I led her on till one day in my great love and sorrow I took her bodily in my arms and folding her to me said, "Ah, if you could only love me, I could then relieve you from this barren waste, for I love you so." She lifted her head from my shoulder, and looking into my eyes smiled and said "You are blind."

Then hastily brushing away the loneliness and the longing from my own eyes, I could see that she, too, no longer felt alone, and that the longing in her eyes had turned to laughter.

And suddenly the gloom began to rise, revealing a place alight with a golden light. And out of the vast silence I heard the murmur of multitudes of voices, all saying, "I love you so. As the gloom dispersed, two mighty gates opened and a cherub boy came toward us, saying: 'I am Cupid, please here to guard the gates of the City of Love and to admit none but true lovers. Like thousands of others, you have been wandering the trackless desert, passing and repassing these gates though you knew it not.'

And turning to me Cupid continued: "She who stands by your side has done well. She has taken time to make sure of her own love and of yours, for man plays with love and women are crafty."

Then, taking my love in my arms, I kissed her, and we entered the gates together, each loving and loved. Here was a place of eternal sunshine, a land of beauty and laughter and kindness, a land where all seemed busy on errands of love. And as in joy and rapture I gazed on the love in my arms forever Cupid closed the gates with an echoing clatter.—Romance.

Looking now into her eyes, knowing that I loved her, I said: "Ah, that I might lead you into the beautiful city! But until you love me I cannot, for the city is a place of mutual love, and a man and a woman must enter together, each loving and loved."

Then as I told her how I had come to love her, she turned away weeping. And when I saw her eyes again the loneliness and the longing were still there. But taking her hand again I led her onward. Wearily onward we trudged, searching for the beautiful city, as were those whom we knew to be about us, but whom we could not see. And ever and anon I would say to her, "You must yourself love me who loves you before you can find the gates."

Sometimes a burglar, only succeeds in damaging the lock of a safe so that the combination won't work. Next morning the bank officers can't get at their own money. There may be millions in the safe, but if their credit depended on getting at it, a heave they would be bankrupt.

A sick man is in very much the same fix about getting at the nourishment he needs to keep him alive. There is plenty of good food at hand, but his digestive organism is out of order, the nutritive combination of his system won't work. He can't possibly get at the nourishment contained in the food. He takes it into his stomach, but it does him no good. It is made into junk blood. He is just as badly off as if the food was locked up where he couldn't touch it. He gets no strength or health out of it. All these mal-nutritive conditions have a perfect and scientific remedy in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts the nutritive combination of the system into perfect working order. It gives the digestive and blood-making organs power to make pure, red, healthy blood, and pour it into the circulation abundantly and rapidly. It drives out all bilious poisons and secretions, cures indigestion, liver complaint, nervousness and neuralgia, and builds up solid flesh, active power and nerve force.

Mrs. Rebecca Gardner of Cranston, York Co., Va., writes: "I was so sick with dyspepsia that I could not eat anything for over four months. I had to starve myself, as nothing would stay on my stomach. I was so badly off I could not eat more than a few crackers. I thought I was going to die. I weighed only 50 pounds. I tried almost everything, and nothing did me any good, until I took two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I am now as well as I ever was, and weigh 125 pounds."

After more months that seemed like years we came to a place where there was water. And she by my side asked, "How came this water here?"

"This is the Well of Tears," I answered, "tears shed by those who live in this world weeping because of the loneliness and the longing."

"But all these people," she said, "all those who are longing and weeping around us, those whom we cannot see because we are blinded, I suppose, by our own tears, what are they doing?"

"Most of them," I answered, "are making money, believing that with wealth they can buy their passage to the beautiful city. But the joy of wealth vanishes in a night and the longing for the joy eternal remains. Others are making friends. But one friend proves false and the joy of friendship has fled. Still others are making a name. But when the name is gone, and the longing for the joy eternal remains. Thus many search but only those who love and are loved find the gates."

Then for yet more months that were like years I led her on. And as long as she was by my side I never lost hope of finding the gates. When she snuck down despairing overwhelmed by the mystery of that perpetual gloom and of the awfulness of that vast silence, I would tell her again of my love and of the hope that awaited us on.

"But the way is long," she would say. "And we have even now been years and years making the journey. I can go no farther. I will remain here, accepting this desert as the only world, and live in my loneliness and longing."

Then sadly I would reply: "None who begin the search is permitted to abandon it. All must blunder on. None may pause."

She shuddered, and again I led her on till one day in my great love and sorrow I took her bodily in my arms and folding her to me said, "Ah, if you could only love me, I could then relieve you from this barren waste, for I love you so." She lifted her head from my shoulder, and looking into my eyes smiled and said "You are blind."

Then hastily brushing away the loneliness and the longing from my own eyes, I could see that she, too, no longer felt alone, and that the longing in her eyes had turned to laughter.

And suddenly the gloom began to rise, revealing a place alight with a golden light. And out of the vast silence I heard the murmur of multitudes of voices, all saying, "I love you so. As the gloom dispersed, two mighty gates opened and a cherub boy came toward us, saying: 'I am Cupid, please here to guard the gates of the City of Love and to admit none but true lovers. Like thousands of others, you have been wandering the trackless desert, passing and repassing these gates though you knew it not.'

And turning to me Cupid continued: "She who stands by your side has done well. She has taken time to make sure of her own love and of yours, for man plays with love and women are crafty."

Then, taking my love in my arms, I kissed her, and we entered the gates together, each loving and loved. Here was a place of eternal sunshine, a land of beauty and laughter and kindness, a land where all seemed busy on errands of love. And as in joy and rapture I gazed on the love in my arms forever Cupid closed the gates with an echoing clatter.—Romance.

Looking now into her eyes, knowing that I loved her, I said: "Ah, that I might lead you into the beautiful city! But until you love me I cannot, for the city is a place of mutual love, and a man and a woman must enter together, each loving and loved."

Then as I told her how I had come to love her, she turned away weeping. And when I saw her eyes again the loneliness and the longing were still there. But taking her hand again I led her onward. Wearily onward we trudged, searching for the beautiful city, as were those whom we knew to be about us, but whom we could not see. And ever and anon I would say to her, "You must yourself love me who loves you before you can find the gates."

Sometimes a burglar, only succeeds in damaging the lock of a safe so that the combination won't work. Next morning the bank officers can't get at their own money. There may be millions in the safe, but if their credit depended on getting at it, a heave they would be bankrupt.

A sick man is in very much the same fix about getting at the nourishment he needs to keep him alive. There is plenty of good food at hand, but his digestive organism is out of order, the nutritive combination of his system won't work. He can't possibly get at the nourishment contained in the food. He takes it into his stomach, but it does him no good. It is made into junk blood. He is just as badly off as if the food was locked up where he couldn't touch it. He gets no strength or health out of it. All these mal-nutritive conditions have a perfect and scientific remedy in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts the nutritive combination of the system into perfect working order. It gives the digestive and blood-making organs power to make pure, red, healthy blood, and pour it into the circulation abundantly and rapidly. It drives out all bilious poisons and secretions, cures indigestion, liver complaint, nervousness and neuralgia, and builds up solid flesh, active power and nerve force.

Mrs. Rebecca Gardner of Cranston, York Co., Va., writes: "I was so sick with dyspepsia that I could not eat anything for over four months. I had to starve myself, as nothing would stay on my stomach. I was so badly off I could not eat more than a few crackers. I thought I was going to die. I weighed only 50 pounds. I tried almost everything, and nothing did me any good, until I took two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I am now as well as I ever was, and weigh 125 pounds."

After more months that seemed like years we came to a place where there was water. And she by my side asked, "How came this water here?"

"This is the Well of Tears," I answered, "tears shed by those who live in this world weeping because of the loneliness and the longing."

"But all these people," she said, "all those who are longing and weeping around us, those whom we cannot see because we are blinded, I suppose, by our own tears, what are they doing?"

"Most of them," I answered, "are making money, believing that with wealth they can buy their passage to the beautiful city. But the joy of wealth vanishes in a night and the longing for the joy eternal remains. Others are making friends. But one friend proves false and the joy of friendship has fled. Still others are making a name. But when the name is gone, and the longing for the joy eternal remains. Thus many search but only those who love and are loved find the gates."

Then for yet more months that were like years I led her on. And as long as she was by my side I never lost hope of finding the gates. When she snuck down despairing overwhelmed by the mystery of that perpetual gloom and of the awfulness of that vast silence, I would tell her again of my love and of the hope that awaited us on.

"But the way is long," she would say. "And we have even now been years and years making the journey. I can go no farther. I will remain here, accepting this desert as the only world, and live in my loneliness and longing."

Then sadly I would reply: "None who begin the search is permitted to abandon it. All must blunder on. None may pause."

She shuddered, and again I led her on till one day in my great love and sorrow I took her bodily in my arms and folding her to me said, "Ah, if you could only love me, I could then relieve you from this barren waste, for I love you so." She lifted her head from my shoulder, and looking into my eyes smiled and said "You are blind."

Then hastily brushing away the loneliness and the longing from my own eyes, I could see that she, too, no longer felt alone, and that the longing in her eyes had turned to laughter.

And suddenly the gloom began to rise, revealing a place alight with a golden light. And out of the vast silence I heard the murmur of multitudes of voices, all saying, "I love you so. As the gloom dispersed, two mighty gates opened and a cherub boy came toward us, saying: 'I am Cupid, please here to guard the gates of the City of Love and to admit none but true lovers. Like thousands of others, you have been wandering the trackless desert, passing and repassing these gates though you knew it not.'

And turning to me Cupid continued: "She who stands by your side has done well. She has taken time to make sure of her own love and of yours, for man plays with love and women are crafty."

Then, taking my love in my arms, I kissed her, and we entered the gates together, each loving and loved. Here was a place of eternal sunshine, a land of beauty and laughter and kindness, a land where all seemed busy on errands of love. And as in joy and rapture I gazed on the love in my arms forever Cupid closed the gates with an echoing clatter.—Romance.

Looking now into her eyes, knowing that I loved her, I said: "Ah, that I might lead you into the beautiful city! But until you love me I cannot, for the city is a place of mutual love, and a man and a woman must enter together, each loving and loved."

Then as I told her how I had come to love her, she turned away weeping. And when I saw her eyes again the loneliness and the longing were still there. But taking her hand again I led her onward. Wearily onward we trudged, searching for the beautiful city, as were those whom we knew to be about us, but whom we could not see. And ever and anon I would say to her, "You must yourself love me who loves you before you can find the gates."

Sometimes a burglar, only succeeds in damaging the lock of a safe so that the combination won't work. Next morning the bank officers can't get at their own money. There may be millions in the safe, but if their credit depended on getting at it, a heave they would be bankrupt.

A sick man is in very much the same fix about getting at the nourishment he needs to keep him alive. There is plenty of good food at hand, but his digestive organism is out of order, the nutritive combination of his system won't work. He can't possibly get at the nourishment contained in the food. He takes it into his stomach, but it does him no good. It is made into junk blood. He is just as badly off as if the food was locked up where he couldn't touch it. He gets no strength or health out of it. All these mal-nutritive conditions have a perfect and scientific remedy in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts the nutritive combination of the system into perfect working order. It gives the digestive and blood-making organs power to make pure, red, healthy blood, and pour it into the circulation abundantly and rapidly. It drives out all bilious poisons and secretions, cures indigestion, liver complaint, nervousness and neuralgia, and builds up solid flesh, active power and nerve force.

Mrs. Rebecca Gardner of Cranston, York Co., Va., writes: "I was so sick with dyspepsia that I could not eat anything for over four months. I had to starve myself, as nothing would stay on my stomach. I was so badly off I could not eat more than a few crackers. I thought I was going to die. I weighed only 50 pounds. I tried almost everything, and nothing did me any good, until I took two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I am now as well as I ever was, and weigh 125 pounds."

After more months that seemed like years we came to a place where there was water. And she by my side asked, "How came this water here?"

"This is the Well of Tears," I answered, "tears shed by those who live in this world weeping because of the loneliness and the longing."

"But all these people," she said, "all those who are longing and weeping around us, those whom we cannot see because we are blinded, I suppose, by our own tears, what are they doing?"

"Most of them," I answered, "are making money, believing that with wealth they can buy their passage to the beautiful city. But the joy of wealth vanishes in a night and the longing for the joy eternal remains. Others are making friends. But one friend proves false and the joy of friendship has fled. Still others are making a name. But when the name is gone, and the longing for the joy eternal remains. Thus many search but only those who love and are loved find the gates."

Then for yet more months that were like years I led her on. And as long as she was by my side I never lost hope of finding the gates. When she snuck down despairing overwhelmed by the mystery of that perpetual gloom and of the awfulness of that vast silence, I would tell her again of my love and of the hope that awaited us on.

"But the way is long," she would say. "And we have even now been years and years making the journey. I can go no farther. I will remain here, accepting this desert as the only world, and live in my loneliness and longing."

Then sadly I would reply: "None who begin the search is permitted to abandon it. All must blunder on. None may pause."

She shuddered, and again I led her on till one day in my great love and sorrow I took her bodily in my arms and folding her to me said, "Ah, if you could only love me, I could then relieve you from this barren waste, for I love you so." She lifted her head from my shoulder, and looking into my eyes smiled and said "You are blind."

Then hastily brushing away the loneliness and the longing from my own eyes, I could see that she, too, no longer felt alone, and that the longing in her eyes had turned to laughter.

And suddenly the gloom began to rise, revealing a place alight with a golden light. And out of the vast silence I heard the murmur of multitudes of voices, all saying, "I love you so. As the gloom dispersed, two mighty gates opened and a cherub boy came toward us, saying: 'I am Cupid, please here to guard the gates of the City of Love and to admit none but true lovers. Like thousands of others, you have been wandering the trackless desert, passing and repassing these gates though you knew it not.'

And turning to me Cupid continued: "She who stands by your side has done well. She has taken time to make sure of her own love and of yours, for man plays with love and women are crafty."

Then, taking my love in my arms, I kissed her, and we entered the gates together, each loving and loved. Here was a place of eternal sunshine, a land of beauty and laughter and kindness, a land where all seemed busy on errands of love. And as in joy and rapture I gazed on the love in my arms forever Cupid closed the gates with an echoing clatter.—Romance.

Looking now into her eyes, knowing that I loved her, I said: "Ah, that I might lead you into the beautiful city! But until you love me I cannot, for the city is a place of mutual love, and a man and a woman must enter together, each loving and loved."

Then as I told her how I had come to love her, she turned away weeping. And when I saw her eyes again the loneliness and the longing were still there. But taking her hand again I led her onward. Wearily onward we trudged, searching for the beautiful city, as were those whom we knew to be about us, but whom we could not see. And ever and anon I would say to her, "You must yourself love me who loves you before you can find the gates."

Sometimes a burglar, only succeeds in damaging the lock of a safe so that the combination won't work. Next morning the bank officers can't get at their own money. There may be millions in the safe, but if their credit depended on getting at it, a heave they would be bankrupt.

A sick man is in very much the same fix about getting at the nourishment he needs to keep him alive. There is plenty of good food at hand, but his digestive organism is out of order, the nutritive combination of his system won't work. He can't possibly get at the nourishment contained in the food. He takes it into his stomach, but it does him no good. It is made into junk blood. He is just as badly off as if the food was locked up where he couldn't touch it. He gets no strength or health out of it. All these mal-nutritive conditions have a perfect and scientific remedy in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts the nutritive combination of the system into perfect working order. It gives the digestive and blood-making organs power to make pure, red, healthy blood, and pour it into the circulation abundantly and rapidly. It drives out all bilious poisons and secretions, cures indigestion, liver complaint, nervousness and neuralgia, and builds up solid flesh, active power and nerve force.

Mrs. Rebecca Gardner of Cranston, York Co., Va., writes: "I was so sick with dyspepsia that I could not eat anything for over four months. I had to starve myself, as nothing would stay on my stomach. I was so badly off I could not eat more than a few crackers. I thought I was going to die. I weighed only 50 pounds. I tried almost everything, and nothing did me any good, until I took two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I am now as well as I ever was, and weigh 125 pounds."

After more months that seemed like years we came to a place where there was water. And she by my side asked, "How came this water here?"

"This is the Well of Tears," I answered, "tears shed by those who live in this world weeping because of the loneliness and the longing."

"But all these people," she said, "all those who are longing and weeping around us, those whom we cannot see because we are blinded, I suppose, by our own tears, what are they doing?"

"Most of them," I answered, "are making money, believing that with wealth they can buy their passage to the beautiful city. But the joy of wealth vanishes in a night and the longing for the joy eternal remains. Others are making friends. But one friend proves false and the joy of friendship has fled. Still others are making a name. But when the name is gone, and the longing for the joy eternal remains. Thus many search but only those who love and are loved find the gates."

Then for yet more months that were like years I led her on. And as long as she was by my side I never lost hope of finding the gates. When she snuck down despairing overwhelmed by the mystery of that perpetual gloom and of the awfulness of that vast silence, I would tell her again of my love and of the hope that awaited us on.