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THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

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Poetry.

LIFE'S SUNNY SPOTS.

Through life's dark and stormy path,
Its goal the silent tomb,
It yet some spot of sunshine hath
That smiles amid the gloom.
The friend with weal and woe partakes,
Unchanged, whatever his lot,
Who kindly soothes the heart that aches,
Is, sure, a sunny spot.

The wife who half our burden shares
And utters not a moan,
Whose ready hands wipe off our tears,
Unheeded all her own;
Who treasures every kindly word,
Each harsher one forgot,
And carols blithely as a bird,
She's too a sunny spot.

The child that lifts at noon and eve,
In prayer its tiny voice,
Who grieves whenever its parents grieve,
And joys when they rejoice;
In whose bright eye young genius glows,
Whose heart without a blot
Is fresh and pure as a summer's rose—
That child's a sunny spot.

There's yet upon life's weary road,
One spot of brighter glow,
Where sorrow half forgets its load,
And tears no longer flow—
Friendship may wither, love decline,
Our child without a blot,
But still undimmed that spot will shine—
Religion, lights that spot.

A SACRIFICE.

"There is something I want you to tell me, aunt," said Eliza Herbert, a girl of fourteen, and she drew a stool close to her aunt's feet, and leaned her head in her lap, so that a whole cloud of nut-brown curls fell over her black silk apron.

"What is it?" said her aunt passing her hand carelessly over the fair forehead upraised to hers.

"I am almost afraid to ask," said Eliza "but I want you to tell me why you who are so good and so handsome and so accomplished, were never married?"

A slight flush was, for a moment perceptible on Aunt Hannah's cheek, which might have been occasioned by Eliza's compliment to her beauty and good qualities, or a consciousness of the ridicule which a certain class attached to the appellation of old maid. It might, too, have been caused by a blending of all these, or by certain memories which the question called up. She remained silent a few minutes, and then said, "I will tell you, Eliza—I never had an offer that exactly suited me."

"How strange," said Eliza, when you are so easy to please, and are so keen sighted to everybody's virtues, and so blind to their faults. Now there is Aunt Margaret who is not half so pretty as you are, married to one of the best, the handsomest, and the most noble looking men in the world. Come, aunt do tell me all about it for I am tired of my piano, and my worsted work, and my book."

"My life has been a very quiet, uneventful one," said Aunt Hannah, "and would, I am afraid make a dull story; but I will tell you about some dear friends of mine, if that will do."

"Oh, yes," said Eliza, "that will be the next best thing to hearing about yourself. There, I hear mother coming but that need make no difference."

"Eliza wants me to tell her a story, sister," said Aunt Hannah, as Mrs. Herbert took her accustomed seat at the fireside, "and I have promised to tell her about some of my old friends. It is an old story to you, so you can prompt me if I make any mistakes."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Herbert. "One of my friends," said Aunt Hannah, "whom I shall call Isabel, was the youngest of a large family of daughters. Her form was slight, her complexion and features delicate, and she might have been called interesting rather than handsome. Her sister Kate, two years older, some people called better looking, though."

"Better looking?" said Mrs. Herbert, breaking in upon her, "she was the most beautiful girl in town, yet beauty was her least charm."

"I believe you exaggerate a little, sister," said Aunt Hannah. "When Isabel was sixteen and Kate eighteen one Leonard Frankland, a young merchant, came to reside in the place. He soon became intimate with their brother, who used often to invite him home to take tea, or spend the evening. He was—

that is, most persons thought him singularly handsome, and that his manners were peculiarly attractive. It was not long before it began to be whispered in the family, and among more intimate acquaintances, that he was partial to Kate. Kate was not so blind as not to perceive it herself, and but for one thing it would have made her the happiest girl that ever lived. She from the first had seen that Isabel, though unconscious of it herself, had given her heart to the fascinating Frankland, so she made up her mind to sacrifice her own happiness for the sake of this dear sister. It was very hard for poor Kate, but she had more confidence in her own strength both moral and physical, than she had in Isabel's; she felt that she would be able to rise from the blow, and ultimately to have the power of being tranquil and even happy. But Isabel was so frail and so delicate, she knew that it would kill her to see the chosen of her heart forever lost to her."

"But if Leonard Frankland liked Kate best," said Eliza, "then there must have been a double sacrifice."

"He liked her best at first," said Aunt Hannah, "yet there was a gentleness, a loss of self reliance in the character of Isabel, that needed only to be discovered by such a person as Leonard Frankland, to excite an interest which might soon ripen into love. I believe, indeed, that it is not uncommon for men who are remarkable for spirit and energy, to be better pleased with those whose more prominent traits are softness and delicacy, rather than those similar to their own."

"Kate effected more independence and vivacity than would have been natural to her, even had her heart been at ease; and she soon found that it began to have the effect she desired. Such unrestrained exuberance of spirits offended the tastes of Frankland, and he often turned from the brilliant and sparkling Kate to contemplate the serene loveliness of Isabel. If he could only have seen the anguish that lay beneath the mask of smiles which she constantly wore—if he had known how difficult it sometimes was for her to prevent the gay notes of some lively song as she appeared carelessly to warble them, from breaking into moans of agony—but he neither saw nor knew—he never knew, so well did she act her part, that he was otherwise than perfectly indifferent to her."

"And did Isabel know?" said Eliza. "Never—it would have poisoned all her happiness, for she was tenderly attached to her sister."

"I am glad that she did not," said Eliza, "it would have been so selfish and ungenerous in her if she had, to have received Leonard Frankland's attentions."

"Kate did not miscalculate her own strength, and when one evening Isabel folded her arms around her and told her that she was the affianced bride of Leonard Frankland, she felt calm and satisfied. How indeed could she feel otherwise, when she knew that had she herself been Frankland's bride, she must have turned from the altar to stand beside a sister's grave? 'How,' thought she, 'could I ever have looked on my wedding robe without imagining it to be stained with the drops wrung from a broken heart?'"

"And were Frankland and Isabel happy," said Eliza, "after they were married?"

"Yes, as happy as it is possible to be in a life where we can drink of no cup that is not dashed with gall, and wear no flower that does not conceal a worm or thorn."

"Are they still living, aunt?"

"Yes, and surrounded by a group of lovely and happy children."

"I hope that dear Kate was married to somebody that she liked a great deal better than she ever did Leonard Frankland."

"That would have been impossible so she never married."

"What! did such a lively, handsome girl as Kate, without a bit of starch about her, live an old maid?"

"She did!"

"And what did she find to do to make her time pass pleasantly?"

"What does your Aunt Hannah find to do?" said her mother.

"Oh, Aunt Hannah is different from other ladies. If she had been married I don't know what I should have done, for if I have a new dress to make she always assists me; if my music or drawing perplexes me she knows how to put me right, and if I am sick she nurses me, and then you know when you and father want to go on a journey, she always keeps house for you, so that you never feel uneasy about the children while you are absent. It was the luckiest thing in the world for us—and Aunt Margaret Waldron, too—that Aunt Hannah remained single."

"Then you are glad that your aunt never married?" said Mrs. Herbert.

"I'm sure I have reason to be," replied Eliza, "and so have you—haven't you, aunt?"

"Yes, reason to be glad and thankful, too."

"I knew so, for there is no station in the world that you would be so happy in yourself, or make others so happy."

"It is not the station that has made your aunt so happy," said Mrs. Herbert, "but because she early found out the true secret of happiness."

"And what is the secret, mother?"

"In whatsoever situation you are in, to be therewith content."

"I would give almost anything to see Kate and her sister and Leonard Frankland. I don't believe he was so handsome as Uncle Waldron is—was he, aunt?"

"Yes, he was handsomer than your Uncle Waldron is now, for Leonard Frankland was then in his youthful prime."

"I wish you would tell me who Kate really was," said Eliza.

Her mother smiled and looked significantly toward Aunt Hannah.

Eliza sprang up from the stool at her aunt's feet, and threw her arms around her neck.

"Why, how stupid I was not to guess it was you all the time," said she. "I might have known that there was not another person in the world beside dear Aunt Hannah, who would have acted so nobly and so generously as Kate. And now, I know too, that Leonard Frankland and Isabel were Uncle and Aunt Waldron."

"* * * Better be wise by the misfortunes of others than by your own." Take warning in time. Avoid quack nostrums by which thousands annually perish. Use only such remedies as are demonstrated above suspicion, foremost among which is Kidney-Wort. For torpid liver, bowels or kidneys, no other remedy equals it. It is sold in both dry and liquid form by all druggists.

Wives and Daughters Sing
Laugh and Whistle 24
ours out of 48.

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Music will be like Unto the
Balm of Gilead, and only
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Dimes and Dollars / M.S.M.H. JUST THINK OF IT!

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And Music

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