THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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THE ROANOKE NEWS

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	One M.	Thr M.	Six M.	One Y.
One Square,	3 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	20 00	30 00
Three Squares,	8 00	15 00	30 00	40 00
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Half Column,	20 00	30 00	60 00	65 00
Whole Column,	One Year,			75 00

ADVERTISEMENTS

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with laxitude; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination 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 above symptoms appear.

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, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thorough but gentle purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE,

And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.

Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.
J. GILL SHORTER, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve." I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I send from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.
F. M. JANNEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. J. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

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I have also a Livery Stable, where horses are promptly attended to, vehicles hired out on reasonable terms to parties wishing them.
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STOMACH BITTERS

is for those who are recovering vital stamina, bear in grateful terms their appreciation of the merits as a tonic, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Not only does it impart strength to the weak, but it also corrects an irregular acid state of the stomach, gives the bowels act at proper intervals, is a defense to those who suffer from rheumatism and kidney troubles, and conquers ague and prevents fever and ague.

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CHEAP FOR CASH.

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A WOMAN'S REASON.

I have a reason now for all I do,
A reason that's so sweet, so old, so new—
Well, if you were not quite so near to-day,
Or if you'd turn your eyes another way—
And while I let my hand a moment rest
With clinging touch yet light upon your breast,
I might pretend that it was half a jest,
I think, perhaps—I'd tell you.

'Tis this—no, turn your eyes another way!
'Tis easier so when what one has to say
Is half pretense—yet somehow makes one's heart
Stir in one's side, with such a soft, quick start:
'Tis this—the Old World has been born again,
Born with a strange, sweet, bitter throe of pain,
The sad Old World I treated with disdain
Is new because—I love you!

I scarcely know my own face, in the glass,
It almost seems to mock me as I pass,
Once of its few poor beauties I was vain,
Now they can only rouse me to disdain,
I should be twenty thousand times as fair,
The stars and sun should light my eyes and hair—
And yet sometimes I think I only care
Because—because—I love you.

I am so changeful and so full of mood,
Sometimes I would not—and sometimes I would—
I'm proud and humble, scornful, thoughtful, light,
A hundred times between the morn and night,
I cast you off—I try to draw you near,
I hold you light—and I hold you dear,
And all the time—I know with joy, with fear
It is—because—I love you.

And now—my hand clings closer to your breast:
Bend your head lower, while I say the rest,
The greatest change of all is this—that I,
Who used to be so cold, so determined, so shy,
In the sweet moment that I feel you near,
Forget to be ashamed and know no fear,
Forget that Life is sad and Death a dread,
Because—because—I love you!

ALMOST PAST RETRIEVING.

"A pretty woman in a great orchard, gathering apples on a sunny September day. What could be pleasanter?" thought Dr. Coventry as he paused to speak to sweet Cecily Seymour, who stood by the sunniest wall, pushing her brown hair from her flushed face.

Such a bonnie face, fresh and bright as summer dawn, with clear grey eyes fringed about with dusky brow and lash, like a clear lake edged round with rushes.

"What do you think of uncle to-day, doctor?"

"I fancy he is better, Miss Cecily; but he still needs great care, and must be kept quiet."

Cecily shrugged her plump shoulders as she said a little impatiently:

"What a pity he has such a bad temper."

"Indeed it is; it goes against him tremendously. I am afraid it makes it rather unpleasant for you, too. Is there no one who would come and help you?"

"No; and if there were I would rather take care of him myself. I owe him that for his care of me." She rubbed a red-cheeked apple on her gown as she spoke, and passed it to the doctor, saying, "You will find it sweet."

"So I should your lips, Hebe," thought the doctor, as he dug his strong white teeth into the juicy fruit.

Dr. Coventry sat down on a rustic seat while Cecily continued to pick apples.

Presently she jumped down from the low ladder with a little cry of pain as she came to earth.

The doctor caught a tempting glimpse of white stocking and dainty buckled shoe.

"What's the matter, Miss Cecily?" he asked, with a smile at the pretty puckered face.

"Oh, a bee has got up my sleeve, and stung me."

She tucked up her pink cotton sleeve, baring all the beauty of her snowy dimpled arm whose fairness was stung by a wee brown bee.

"He must pay for his presumption," said the doctor, securing the remedy for the hurt.

As he applied it he raised the pretty plump arm towards him, and, bowing his face upon it, kissed the soft flesh rapturously.

Cecily flushed up above her innocent eyes.

"Forgive me, dear," said he softly; "I could not resist the temptation."

"Silly fellow," she said smiling.

"I am afraid I am very silly, indeed, for I have learnt to love you, and want you to come and brighten my life. Will you marry me, Cecily?"

Her honest eyes scanned his closely for a few seconds, then she said in a sweet shaken voice, her vivid lips trembling at her daring:

"Are you in earnest? Have you considered how serious a question you have asked me?"

"Of course I have considered, and am in earnest, darling. Tell me what is your answer. Be kind to me, Cecily, for I love you, dearer than love never all else the world contains."

"Then if it will be for your happiness, I consent."

"Will it be for your happiness, too, little woman?"

For answer she took up his strong brown hand and pressed her lips to it with humble shame, strange in one whose looks showed pride in every lineament.

"I believe you do love me a little, beauty."

"I love you more than I can say."

That evening Cecily had to walk to the village to get some fancied need for her peevish old uncle, who was invalided through gout. The road was dark and dreary, but she did not notice the gloom, for her heart sang within her at the thought of her handsome lover's fond assurance of love and future guardianship.

Cecily's had been a lonely life, shut out of the world by the pride of her uncle, who, from being a landed gentleman, had sunk, through improvidence and gambling into a simple yeoman, who farmed a few acres where once he had lorded it as owner of a vast domain.

The first gleam of clear of undying sunshine in Cecily's life had come to her out of the young London doctor's dark eyes. Now she was to be his wife, and live in the pretty white house on the hill, with everything in life to make her happy. No wonder her heart sang within her, and her steps as light as the feet of her happy heart.

In the dark highway presently she paused out of breath, at the end of the road where she could see the lights of the village. A little cottage once stood by where she waited, a cottage that had caught an air of mystery from its beautiful occupant, of whom the village knew nothing.

'Tis hard to be virtuous in a village, so perhaps this lovely, lonely woman deserved what was said of her.

Cecily was wondering what the beautiful widow's past had been when the door opened and a tall form stood in the doorway. It was the figure of a man—a figure she feared she knew. His voice startled all the blood to her heart. It was the voice of Dr. Covy who said, in the soft loving tone she knew so well:

'Ally dear, you are a sweet little fool to be so sillily jealous. Where is the woman who could rival you? Kiss me, dear, and say good night. I'll come to morrow as usual time. Meanwhile, rest content. I care you you hold undivided empire in the heart of the man you love."

Cecily saw the pretty flaxen head lifted and saw her "king's lips seek the winsome mouth of this queenly, dark-robed man who had overshadowed with a dark despair all the glow and glory of her dawning happiness. Then she saw her lover pass so near that she could have stayed him with her hand passed on, carelessly and cheerfully, while a gay dance tune.

How her heart ached! What a sense sickening pain possessed her. Oh, if she could but die and so forget her pain, her agony of disappointment and never-ending grief.

She executed her simple errand and returned again through the dark road homeward with what different feelings. Her feet dragged, her heart beat heavily, and there seemed no light ahead. As she passed the cottage she stood still in the darkness and cursed it and its flaxen-haired mistress with such bitter resentment as her simple, uneventful life had never known before.

That night her uncle called her from a softened mood and told her that Dr. Coventry had been and asked his permission to marry her.

Cecily's face paled as she said in a tone of unchanging resolve:

"I will never be his wife uncle. I not ask my reason, enough that I know him to be utterly unworthy of a good woman's real affection. Tell him I refuse him now and for ever."

Surprise kept the old man dumber a second; then he flew into a violent rage, and stormed and cursed at her more bitterly than he had ever done before, and he had stormed somewhat roughly in his time.

Cecily grew white, but bore his passionate upbraiding patiently bowing her sweet face like a flower before the breeze.

"You shall leave here before the week is out, and go to work for your aunt Helen, ungrateful girl."

Cecily said she hoped if he could spare her he would let her go at once, such a change was her most earnest desire.

And so in the morning sunlight she sped away from rural Rutherford into the dust and din of the great city to a big school in Bloomsbury, where her maiden aunt refined city misses into the mystery of good breeding.

Meanwhile the puzzled doctor had received her answer from her uncle, who, to vent that the safest valve for his ill-humor was a gale, pitched into the doctor, telling him the girl must have some good reason or she would not have acted in so contrary a manner.

That night the doctor, with a sad set face, went into the pretty cottage where a pretty woman waited for his coming with a puny baby wailing at her breast. She saw at once something had gone wrong with her brother and quietly won from him the little history of his love and its perplexing ending.

"I should not have thought of a jolly, honest-eyed girl could be fickle, Tom. There must be some misunderstanding, dear. You were so sure of her love, Tom."

"As sure as I am of God's divine, yet, you see, she has failed me. But don't bother about me, dear. I am a man, made to suffer and be strong. But I have news for you. I found Jack out to-day, and he has promised there shall be peace between you. He looks ill, and is angry at your masquerading here as a widow. He is overjoyed that the baby is a son, and satisfied me that yours was a groundless jealousy, and in fact, waits on side impatient to speak for himself. You have played with edged tools, sis; may your wounds be a warning to you in future.

Remember 'to the pure all things are pure,' so cease to cavil at your fate, because your husband counts a pretty woman among his friends. Good-night, little woman; I am in no mood to witness a love scene, so I will go. Good night, dear, God bless you."

In the porch he paused to say to a tall, bearded man:

"Go in, man, or she will faint with suspense. Be patient with her, remember her error came of excess of love."

"All right, Tom. My heart has yearned for her so long that I can but be gentle, seeing what she has suffered since she tore herself out of my arms. Poor little girl! life were not worth living without her."

* * * *

"A lady to see you, Cecily. Please be quick back, there are all these exercises to correct and we are late."

"Very well, auntie, I won't be long. Who can the lady be, unless it is the rector's wife. Oh, I hope uncle is not worse."

With proud composure Cecily waited for her visitor to speak, but instead of speaking the little lady burst into a flood of passionate tears, begging Cecily, if she had a woman's heart, to prevent her only brother, Dr. Coventry, from going as a surgeon with a regiment ordered to India for active service.

"It is simply ruin for him to sell his practice, now, he is doing so famously. But he says he cannot stay in the spot that recalls daily his bitter disappointment. Why can't you love him? He is good, true, noble, all that a man should be. There never was a dearer brother or a better son."

Cecily began to see the light. Oh, why had she not trusted him.

Clasping Ally's hand, she told her all her suspicions, all her wicked jealous rage that had hidden fair to wreck two lives. And then Ally told her own story, which had just the same groundwork—jealousy, and while Cecily listened, she blamed herself each moment more severely.

"What can I do to remedy my miserable mistake?"

"Come back with me at once, and tell Tom how it came about. He came up to town about disposing of his practice, and returns to-night to Rutherford. I only discovered your address to-day."

Cicily needed no second bidding, but, prettily dressed in her daintiest frock, sprang into the hansom beside the woman she had hated and was driven through the gleaming to a stately house at Kensington.

Ally pushed her into a darkened room, where a man stood in a dejected attitude by a window, reading a letter in the dusk.

"I say, Ally, my business with Curtis has fallen through. He says the purchase money is too much. Why did you go out alone, child? You know Jack dislikes it!"

Cecily came timidly to his side, her courage fast forsaking her.

Tom looked round, and saw, instead of Ally's pretty *petite* shape, a stately form, with a graceful drooped head; then he sprang forward saying:

"Cecily!, is it possible? Why are you here?"

He drew her into the dim light of the window, and scanned her shy face as he spoke; then she uplifted all the witching light of her pleading eyes to his, and said softly:

"Oh, Tom, can you forgive me? I have wronged you cruelly."

Then followed the dreary details of her jealous pains and her weary life without him. As he listened to the pleading voice the ice seemed to melt from about his heart, and claping her to him he said: "Oh, my darling, the mistake was almost past retrieving. Why are women so foolishly suspicious? You two jealous women have almost wrecked the lives that loved you. But this must be a danger-signal to you in future, darling. Suspicions is a foe to love; perfect love should be built upon faith."

"I will never mistrust you again. Tom dear."

"Don't say never, pet, rather promise that, if you should be tempted to repeat this experience, you will come to your husband honestly and tell him your trouble."

Cecily promised with her beautiful arms encircled about her lover's neck.

Jack was met half an hour later by his little wife, who when she gave him a kiss of greeting, said:

"Don't go into the library, Jack; remember how we used to hate being caught spooning in the dark. Tom's sweetheart and he are making it up. I must say they linger over it as though they find it a pleasant business."

"May their making up be as pleasant as ours, pet, and the lesson as lasting."

SITTING UP WITH HER.

WE HAVE ALL BEEN THERE, BOYS.

Will any one who has ever 'sparked' ever forget those delicious hours? Will his heart ever grow so cold and hard that it will not melt a little, as he held a little white hand, toyed with soft curls, and heard her whisper, "Stay a little longer; it lacks a whole hour of day-light!"

She was expecting him a Sunday night; the parlor curtains were down, the old folks notified that it was healthy to go to bed at eight o'clock, and Johnny bribed with a cent to permit himself to be tucked away at sundown. He sneaks up the path, one eye on the dog and the other watching the "old man," who didn't like him any too well, gave a faint knock at the door, and it was opened and he was escorted to the parlor. He said he couldn't stay but a minute, though he didn't mean to go home until three o'clock. She wanted to know how his mother was; if his father had returned from York State; if his brother Bill's boil was any better, and he went over and sat down on the sofa, so as not to strain his voice.

Then the conversation flagged, and he played with his hat, and she nibbled with the sofa tidy. He finally said it was a beautiful evening, and she replied that her grandfather predicted a storm. He said he guessed it wouldn't snow, as the moon wasn't crooked enough to hang a powder horn on the end, and she said she didn' believe it would either. This mutual understanding seemed to give each other courage, and he wanted to know if she had seen Bill Jones lately. She hadn't, she said, and she didn't want to. They then went to talking about the donation visit to be given Elder Berry, and he carelessly dropped his hand on hers—his right hand, while his left arm sneaked along the sofa to get behind her shoulders. She pretended not to notice it, and he looked down at his boots, and wanted to know if she thought mutton tallow rotted out boots faster than lard and lampblack. She couldn't say, but she had an idea that it did.

He had just commenced to lock fingers with her, when she discovered something ailed the lamp. She arose and turned the light down a half, making the room look dim. It took him five minutes to get hold of her fingers again, and she pretended to want to draw her hand away all the time. After a long pause, he lowered his voice to a whisper, and said he didn't see what made folks love each other. She hugged up to him, and admitted her ignorance. He said that he could name a dozen young men who were going to get married right away, and his left arm fell down and gave her a hug. Then he went over to look out of the window to make sure that it was, or not going to snow and coming back, he turned the light down a little more, and then sat down and wanted to know if she didn't want to rest her head on his shoulders.

Ah, me! we have all been there, and who of us care a cent when the old clock strikes twelve—one—two, and we five miles from home? The old man was fast asleep, the watch dog gone a visiting, and the handsomest girl in the country didn't see why we need be in a hurry.

When you see a woman going towards the creek with a good sized pole in her hand and a wrinkle across her nose, you needn't think she's going fishing. Not much she's got a boy down that way who promised her, with tears in his eyes, that he would not go s[illegible] in the N[illegible] Halifax. [illegible]

PICTURING HEAVEN.

THE HOSTS, THE APPAREL, AND THE SONGS TALMAGE EXPECTS TO FIND THERE.

"Much of my mental life," said Dr. Talmage yesterday morning, "is dated from the hour in which I first saw one of the great pictures of the old masters in Edinburgh, Scotland. To this moment I feel the thrill of Jenny Lind's song in Castle Garden in the days of my boyhood. To-day let us look on the landscape which John describes. As the great ancient orators used to rouse the people to enthusiasm by the one word 'Marathon' so I would to-day stir your deepest and highest emotions with that impartial word 'Heaven.' My text seems to describe a holiday celebration in heaven. John says. 'After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb.'

"If any man who saw New York when Kossuth arrived had come to the conclusion that that day with its triumphal arches, its flowers, its booming guns, showed the ordinary condition of the city, he would have been very foolish. I have no idea that the chief population of heaven comes from this world. An ingenious writer has estimated that there will be twenty-seven trillions of souls there. I have no faith in the estimate, and would rather take the plain statement of my text, a great multitude which no one could number.'

"Take all the cohorts of Senacherib, of Cæsar, of Alexander, and Napoleon; mount a swift steed and ride along the line and review the troops of the great host, and they will seem like a half-formed regiment compared with the armies of redemption. All nationalities will be there. These gathered the tamarind. These crossed the deserts on camels. These shot through the snow, drawn by Siberian dogs. These walked through the Spanish Inquisition. These were confined in London Tower. These fought with wild beasts in the amphitheatre.

What shall be the dress of the glorified? Surely that God who dressed the clouds with ribbons of blue, who hung the trees with diamond dewdrops, who flung the crimson mantle over the shoulders of nature, and slippered with fields of green grass the feet of the spring morning does not despise ornate apparel. My text says they shall be clad in white. No use there for work-day apparel. No Abraham mourning for Sarah. No Isaac mourning for Jacob. No David mourning for Absalom. No Mary mourning for Lazarus.

"What symbols shall they carry? Not cypress for that would denote sorrow; not myrtle for that might mean sin; not weeping willow, for that would mean mourning; out palms. The text says with palms in their hands. In old times, when conquerors returned home, the people built triumphal arches for them and went forth to meet them with branches of the palm tree, which they waved as the symbol of victory.

"Dr. Dick declared that the inhabitants of heaven will spend some time in the study of arithmetic and high branches of mathematics. But there is no charm in such a thought to me. I prefer the text which says it shall be an eternal psalmody, crying with a loud voice, 'Salvation unto the Lord God and unto the Lamb.' Take heed for your ears, for it will be a song loud and stupendous. They will sing a rock song, and the chorus shall be Christ the shadow of a great rock.' They shall sing a star song, and the chorus shall be of the coming of Christ, the morning star of the world's darkness. They will sing a flower song, and the chorus shall be of Christ, the lilly of the valley, blooming through frost and tempest. They shall sing a water song and the chorus shall be 'Christ, the fountain in the midst of the wilderness. There will be joy in the sky, and are we to-day rehearsing for it? If we lose heaven it will be in the same way that Louis Phillippe lost his kingdom. The palace was besieged, and the General said to Louis Phillippe: "Shall I fire?' 'No, not yet," was the reply. But when the soldiers began to fraternize with the citizens and it was found that the palace was about to be surrendered, Louis Phillippe said: 'Fire!' but the General said: No; it is too late."

BE OF GOOD CHEER.—A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is one on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his energies to combat it he weakens, his faculties grow dull, his judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks into the slough of despair; and if anybody pulls him out by main force and places him safe on solid ground, he stands there dejected and discouraged, and is pretty sure to waste the means of help which have been given him. How different life is with the man who takes a cheery view of life even at its worst, and faces every ill with an unyielding pluck! He may be swept [illegible] by an overwhelming tide of misfortune, but he bravely struggles for the shore, and is ever ready to make the most of the help that may be given him. A cheerful, hopeful, courageous disposition is in valuable and should be assiduously cultivate[illegible]

"CUCHUPAIBA." [illegible] GRANT, [illegible] PROPRIETOR.

Quick, [illegible] cure, all annoying [illegible] Bladder [illegible] Urinary Diseases, [illegible] Richmond, Va. [illegible] Oct 56m.

ELOQUENCE OF BASCOM.

The following passages will serve to illustrate the peculiar oratorical style of the lamented Rev. Henry B. Bascom, the distinguished Kentucky Methodist preacher:

"Chemistry, with its fire-tongues of the galvanic battery, teaches that the starry diamond in the crown of kings, and the black carbon which the peasant treads beneath his feet, are both composed of the same identical elements. Analysis also proves that a chief ingredient in limestone is carbon. Then let the burning breath of God pass over all the limestone of the earth, and bid its mossy layers crystallize into new beauty, and lo! at the Almighty fiat, the lustre that renders midnight noon, and eclipse all the stars."

The great orator urged the same view by another example still better adapted to popular apprehension.

"Look yonder!" said the impassioned orator, pointing a motionless finger towards the loft ceiling, as if it were the sky. "See that wrathful thunder cloud—the fiery bed of lightnings and hissing hail—the cradle of tempests and floods. What can be more dark, more dreary, more dreadful? Say, scoffing skeptic, is it capable of any beauty? You pronounce. "No!" Well, very well! But, behold! while the sneering denial curls upon your proud lips, the sun, with its sword of light, shines through the sea of vapors in the West, and laughs in your incredulous face with his fine golden eye. Now, look again at the thunder cloud. See where it was blackest and fullest of gloom. The sunbeams have kissed its hideous cheek, and where the kiss fell, there is now a blush brighter than ever mantled on the brow of mortal maiden—the rich blush of crimson and gold, of purple and vermilion—a pictured blush fit for the gaze of angels—the flower work of pencils of fire and light at a dash by one stoke of the right hand of God. Aye, the ugly cloud hath given birth to the rainbow—that perfection and symbol of unspeakable beauty."

BEGINNING TO SQUEEZE.—Two or three years agoa Jersey City pension lawyer took the case of a widow who wanted about $2,000 back pay, and the papers went to Washington to be hidden away among the cobwebs until some clerk had nothing else to do but examine them. After three months had passed, a young farmer called to ask about the case, and regularly every ninety days since that time he has dropped in with his:

"Well, any good news for the Widder Jennings?"

At his last visit the other day, the lawyer replied after the same stereotyped fashion, and added:

"Do you live near the widow?"

"Only one farm between us."

"And has she told you to watch for the money?"

"Well, not exactly that, but I've kinder taken upon myself to do so. If the Widder Jennings gets that $2,000 before the first of April, my heart is going to yearn to marry her. If she don't get it, I'm going to marry an old maid with twenty one acres of land and a yoke of oxen. I wouldn't have come in to-day, but the widder she's a winking and the old maid is looking purty as a bed of onions, and things is beginning to squeeze on me."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A CHEAP ONE HORSE FARM!

37 acres of land about 4 miles from Gaston and 6 miles from Littleton, on the Wilkins' Ferry Road, adjoining the lands of Isham Banks and others, being a portion of the old Edwards Piney Woods tract. One half in cultivation. Terms very easy. Title perfect. Possession given immediately.

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