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SIMMONS' PATENT REGULATOR. PURELY VEGETABLE. This medicinal Southern Remedy is warranted to contain a single particle of mercury, or any other mineral substance. It is a powerful purgative, and is adapted to all cases of Biliousness, Headache, Stomachic Disturbance, Constipation, and all the Disorders of the Liver, Gall Bladder, and Bowels. It is a safe and reliable Remedy, and is adapted to all ages and climates. It is sold by all Druggists and Grocers.

NOBODY'S SONG. I had not told his love. They were not engaged. Still, he had shown great attention, and his advances had been received cordially. For a young man of his rank, and his present circumstances, chivalry and honor forbade further advance. He must leave her free—open to more advantageous offers. He must leave her forever and forget her. No; he could not do that. He could go out west and begin life anew. No! He could not do that either. He had made a discovery. He loved her. With all her apparent shyness she was a splendid girl at heart, and he loved her, and must leave her. And how could he explain or tell her how it was with him. How could he ask her to wait—wait for him—perhaps for years. Wait while he searched for a clerkship, when obtained would not support them both. Her father was a man of business, and possessed of some wealth. What would he say to such folly. Surprised at the sudden strength of character his trouble had developed, he took a manly stand and resolved he would call on her, bid her farewell, and leave her with his love unaided. He would suffer alone. Perhaps time could cure the smart. People said it would, though he did not believe it then. Come what might, he would stand longer in a false position. He would see her at once. Not without a fervent tear or two, he availed himself in his best and went out in search of breakfast. How ill seeming his present wardrobe and his poverty. He must leave his costly clothing to the other side of the street, and begin to economize immediately by buying a cheap breakfast at some restaurant. It was a sad meal; the wretched food and dismal saloon wearied him, and somehow the bread was salt. He crept into a dark corner and rumpled his damp napkin in a vain effort to wipe the sweat from his forehead. He was ashamed, and all the birds of the forest are more or less charmed. But, anon it flies to the ground and feeds itself upon commonplace things. The poets never speak of it; yet love eats—really eats like any other creature. Take away its dinner, and it is a poor-spirited bird. With great wisdom our young man had apprehended this fact, and though he was a trifle ashamed of it, worked hard that his love might have something to eat. He toiled that he might tempt the shy bird to live with him by the offer of a good dinner. Instead of being ashamed, he should have been glad. He was ashamed, and on this fact hangs the curious part of this little love tale. She, too, had some worldly wisdom, though she hid it from him. The idea of love being dependent on dinners!—Yes, it was so, and it was not nice to think of it. The English of all this is that he was at work in a store trying to win enough money to enable him to marry her. Very proper in him, to be sure. Virtue is always rewarded, and his employers had given him that if he was good he should be "taken in."

With his hope for love in view, he tried hard to be very, very good. But the firm suddenly stopped, failed and utterly stopped, and the poor boy was penniless. "Virtue never is rewarded,"—She is its own reward, only it is hard to see it without a cent in the world. The store and hope were locked up the same day, and he went to his lodgings almost broken-hearted. How or where he was to earn a living was a problem. He sat down in his former little room, to consider the matter. A very little thought could give to him a greater question appeared and drove it away. A dark shadow extinguished the gloomy prospect, and it was very dark indeed. A poet would have said that even the stars were blotted from his darkened sky. It was worse than that, for the gas was shut off. She is a very interesting subject sometimes. He knew it now, and was sorrowful. The history of their love was not remarkable, but its aspect under the present circumstances was peculiar. They had met at some party, been introduced, spoke, danced, and called on her invitation. He called twice, the next morning. They went to see the pig, when the cattle fair came around. They had read the same books, enjoyed the same flavor of Jessop's candy, and been out to walk together in the moonlight with their rubbers on. Her father and mother approved, and everything went on as smoothly and sweetly as Stewart's syrup. His prospects were good, and she was of a suitable age to know her own mind. It was commonly reported that they were engaged. It is never safe to believe reports. They were not engaged, though they both adored the same things. However, if they were not engaged, there was every prospect that they would be, if nothing happened. Why not? He was to be a partner soon, and could support her properly. Something did happen. The firm wound up, as we have seen. Under these unhappy circumstances, what ought he to do? He could not even think. He was absolutely without means of support, and his engagement should be broken off. Engagement! They were not engaged. Yes, they were. Had she not accepted flowers from him; had she not gone to the Sunday School concert with him, had they not "sat up" ever so late after everybody had gone to bed, at least a dozen times? Had not her mother invited him to tea, and had not her father taken off his hat to him in the street? He was the recognized suitor for the daughter's hand, and something ought to be done about it. Under his present circumstances, he ought not to be engaged to her—he was not, and yet it was a delicate question. To solve it was a sad trial to him. He slept upon it, and awoke the next day to find that the trial had made a man of him. Trials always burn away the cheap surface, and bring out the gold within.

With some hesitation he went on. "Well, just as everything seemed at its best, it—everything broke down." "How sad! I don't like the story. Tell me something that's pretty and nice." "This was the most cruel blow of all. He at once froze up. She was a shallow, heartless thing, unworthy of his love, and he fell to thinking how he would possibly be able to support them. She sat the while in calm silence, toying with her father's dust, and inwardly harassed by a storm of conflicting emotions. Love, doubt, sorrow, and a great happiness struggled for expression. She glared slyly at him. He seemed crushed by a great sorrow. His fingers were nervous, and the lids shrank like eyes moved quickly, as if he kept something back. A dreadful pain shot through her heart, and she pressed her hand on her breast to deaden it. In a constrained voice she said: "Is that all?" He started abruptly and said: "Yes!" "If no, tell me more." He brightened up and said: "There is no more. It is a story about a friend of mine, and I want to know what you think he ought to do." He cannot propose, because it is not chivalrous to ask her to wait. And yet he ought not to leave her without an explanation. An explanation would be an avowal—a proposal. Now what should he do? With feminine perversity, she avoided the question by asking another. "Does she love him?" With a sudden impulse she said: "Has he told her?" He was quite disconcerted by the bold thrust, and was silent. She held her hand on her mouth to keep her face smooth. Tears and a great joy struggled to reach the surface. Here he looked her full in the face. Her eyes met, and he said slowly: "I think he has." She rose abruptly, and began to dust the books on the table. The fight in her heart waxed hot. Love and maidenly reserve struggled for the mastery. He, with a certain blindness, mistook it all, and thinking her the most mercenary and heartless girl he had ever met, rose, took his hat, and said he must go. She turned upon him quickly. "Excuse me. Did you know that I had asked you to wait?" "No. How should I? Do you return soon?" "Indeed, Oh! I think I understand. I saw in the papers that your employers had failed. A hard experience for them, suppose you go West in search of business?" "She did not know how she said it, for her heart seemed quite dead within her. He stiffly held out his hand as if to bid her a formal good-by. She took it timidly, and said: "Is it for the morning or good-by?" He hesitated. "It is good—"

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