HIS LITTLE LOVE

A snowy January afternoon.

Through the little windows of the warm waiting room two travellers saw the snow blowing across the whitened field, and heard the sweep of the wind among the leafless branches and against the window panes.

A gentleman of about thirty stood by the window, one arm resting on a little shelf, and his eyes bent on the girlish face beside him. He was not handsome, yet his was a face one would look at with as much or with more interest than if the features were as perfect as Apollo's own.

The eyes and mouth were full of power, the former especially, wonderfully expressive, and, as he spoke now, full of easy, quizzical regard.

"Are you afraid of me, Miss Marion? Do you think I shall prove a tyrannical or lenient guardian?"

"I am not the least bit afraid of you, sir!" the young lady called Marion answered, in a cold, business like voice, looking him in the eye.

"Not afraid? How strange!" he said, the smile around his mouth deepening.

"Do you generally inspire those you meet with awe, Mr. Vann?"

"I am a lawyer," he replied, "therefore blessed with second sight, of course. Not only do we judge by the outward evidence of the thoughts in a client's heart, but the inner working of the vital organ is an open book to us. Your thoughts now—"

He paused.

"Well?" she asked impatiently.

"Are not flattering to me. You consider me an unmitigated bore, very cold and professional—not good looking. You long for the school left behind in the South, where days like this were unheard of and where the college students dedicated flowery sonnets to your beauty."

The girl flushed and darted a quick angry glance at him from the dark eyes under the little tissue veil.

"You are pleased to be sarcastic," she said, with a little sneer and shrug; "but of what matter is it? If it amuses you, sir, it amuses me infinitely more. I am not afraid of your satire—neither do I like you!"

Jerome Vann raised his eyes in unfeigned surprise.

She was so petite, so childish in appearance, despite her 18 years, and the open animosity she expressed was so novel. It was all refreshing and he watched her amusedly as she went to a distant corner and buried herself in a novel, to the complete exclusion of himself.

All he could see beneath the book was a pair of extremely lovely red lips, and those he watched steadily, scarcely aware of it. Five minutes passed, ticked slowly off by the clock in the empty waiting room, and a brown curl appeared above the rim of the book, then one curious and brightly angry eye, which met his and disappeared like a flash.

Jerome laughed. He knew that, by that outburst of mirth, he totally lost all vantage ground with her, but he could not help it.

Still smiling, he walked slowly to her side.

"Do not freeze me!" he said pathetically, holding out his hand; "we must be friends you know."

"Not at all!" she said coldly. "I am absolutely sure we shall never agree! Better begin as shall surely end!"

"You dislike me?"

"I have said so?" she answered, turning the leaf.

"And why? Because I have been unfortunate enough to have unwittingly offended you?"

"You have laughed at me. I do not know what name they give that in the North, but in Virginia, we should call that unmannerly."

"If I have been so, Miss Romeo, I sincerely beg your pardon," Jerome said, stiffly and retired to the window, to whistle the "Exile of Erin," in most distracting discords, until the train puffed in.

* * * *

Jerome sat by the library fire, a cigar between his lips, his hands clasped idly, his eyes almost closed.

He was listening to a story which interested him.

A younger man was also sitting by the fire, a cane in his hand, and his chin resting on the top of it. He was a very handsome young fellow, and the firelight playing on his head, turned his hair to gold and made the intense, blue eyes seem black.

"I have loved her from the beginning," he said, slowly. "Through all the past months I have loved Marion silently; now I will tell her of it, with your permission, and learn my fate. Better ultimate rejection than this suspense."

"Ned Buffington, you love my ward?" Jerome asked calmly, and no evidence that his heart was beating like a boy's could be seen in his face. "You love her truly, you say?"

"I do! Upon my honor!" Ned replied. "That surely is not strange. Could a man, seeing her constantly, as I have done, not lose his heart to her?"

"You know, of course, that she was left a fortune?" Jerome asked again, in the same quiet way.

"I have heard so. Perhaps, indeed, it is the only thing to be regretted, for I love her, and have abundance for both," Ned answered, regretfully. Her guardian stood up, and his face was very pale.

"It is no longer to be regretted. Marion has nothing! In the recent failure she lost it all!"

"All!" the young fellow echoed, and there was silence.

"Marion is very proud," Jerome continued. If she knew that she was not absolutely independent of my bounty she would not stay an hour longer beneath this roof. But, poor child, she need never know; at least, until after she has been married."

The deep, expressive voice ceased with a regretful ring, and then he concluded, more cheerfully:

"Go, and I wish you success in your wooing!"

Ned wrung his hand and left the room, and in a few moments Jerome followed.

For a while the fire glowed on noisily in the grate, the wind howled and the silence remained unbroken; then the heavy velvet curtains were drawn back and Marion stepped out from behind them.

Her face was as pallid as a ghost's and her dark eyes were burning with fierce pride; her lips were trembling with excitement and suppressed resentment.

A prettier picture of enraged pride could not be seen.

"Great heaven!" she cried with a passionate stamp. "What deceit! How often have I hurled the fact into his face that I was glad, infinitely glad, that I owed him nothing. He calmly heard me, knowing that it was a beggar's delusion he was listening to!" She paused, and her flashing eyes turned to the chair he had lately occupied. "How he detests me, too," she said. "I have never tried to win his favor—we have never been friendly, and to think that for weeks, or perhaps months, I have eaten his bread and spent his money, thinking it entirely my own. But it hurts—I shall not stay. In the wide world there is surely room for me to earn my bread."

She drew back the curtain and looked out. The stars were shining brightly, but the mild March wind was making havoc of every stray leaf and fragment in its path.

The streets were deserted. It was an unusually bitter night of that blustering month, a night when humanity keeps its head, snail-like, indoors, when the crackle of a bright fire was the sweetest sound on earth.

Marion, with a little shiver, turns away.

"I must go!" she muttered, "not another night will I stay here a beggar on his bounty. Old Mrs. Chaplin, though she is poor, will keep me for my mother's sake until I get something to do and pay her back." She paused a second by Jerome's arm-chair, and leaned her arm on the back of it. "I wish—I wish he did not dislike me so," she whispered, and the tears tempted the lustre of her eyes. "It was my abominable temper at first, and now he is tired of me, and would gladly marry me to the first coxcomb that asks."

This mood only lasted a second, and all the fierceness returned.

"But what am I doing?" she said, dashing away the tears and trying to control her quivering lips. "Do I not hate this man—this superior being who treats me like a child? Am I not glad by accident I learned the truth of my position? Certainly! Am I not delighted at the possibility of feeling independent, away from his benevolent smile? I am; and the time will come when Jerome Vann will wonder that he ever laughed at me or my vagaries."

All the warm Southern nature aroused, she went to the desk and began to write a note to this detested guardian, as follows:

"Sir—Ten minutes since I learned my true position in your house, and it is such an undesirable one that I renounce it from this night. You, who have disapproved of me so strongly, will no doubt be glad to learn that I have broken from your reins and fled. Good night and good-by to you, sir.

MARION.

P. S.—I distinctly and emphatically refuse to marry Mr. Buffington.

M."

An hour later she was on the street, the wind blowing her cloak and twisting her veil until it looked like a signal of distress.

There was nothing of the heroine about her as she hurried along, keeping on the darkest side of the street, her head lowered, and her tears dropping thick and fast. Poor Marion! The first touch of the world, in which she stood alone, was cold and blustery.

The weeks passed on. Advertisements and detectives were both of no avail, and Jerome Vann's face grew strangely old and sad, for Marion's whereabouts still remained a mystery.

He loved her far more than he ever realized. He longed to see that spirited and magnetic face again, and to hear the pert merry voice which had made such drollery of his well-meant advice.

Day after day passed, each one an exact repetition of the preceding one, and all very weary, sickening blanks to the rich lawyer in his stately home.

It was June. Sunny, soft weather reigned in the city. Roses thronged everywhere, in florists' windows, market carts and wealthy gardens—everywhere the fragrant bunches of different hued flowers waved in the breeze.

Jerome was standing at his library window, looking out at the crowd of promenaders and open carriages dashing along. His eyes were no longer filled with suspense, they were far worse—calm and hopeless.

He had left nothing untried to discover her whereabouts, and it had all been worse than useless. He had been beating his heart out with pain, in alternate hope and failure, in passionate longing, and now all was over. Without any renewed vigor he was still kept in professional duties, trying, but vainly to take up the thread of existence as though Marion had never been known and dearly loved.

He took up his hat and cane and went out. His steps led him to Broadway. The thoroughfare was crowded and he walked slowly along his moody face, with its quietly bitter expression, in marked contrast to those around him.

He paused to look at a picture which attracted a number of people. It was a quaint design in water colors, in the shape of a small screen.

The picture showed the sea on a stormy day, with the floating spars and masts of a wrecked ship appearing above the angry waves in the distance. All the coloring of the picture is concentrated in two figures on the shore.

One, the dead body of a drowned sailor, curls lying on his forehead, his eyes closed, his blue jacket torn showing the powerful chest in which the heart would never beat again. The other, a young girl with a face of extreme loveliness, though convulsed with anguish.

Her dress denoted that she was a fisher lass, and as she bent over the body of her lover his head, the other holding on the little black hood she wore, the expression of her eyes was strangely real and touching. The subject was an old one, yet this little water-sketch held a quaint, original power of its own.

Jerome looked at it, puzzled and fascinated. There was a strange resemblance in the man to some one he had known; nay more, With wondering eyes he realized that it was a perfect likeness of himself.

He went into the store and bought it, at the same time obtaining the artist's address, and following the direction with feverish haste.

The house was a small one, in a smallone in a street which the word "genteel" describes. On inquiring at the door for the artist who resided there he was told to knock at the door at the end of the passage.

He did so, but receiving no answer, opened the door, and found himself in a shabby, clean, unoccupied room. An other room adjoined it. Jerome and vanced hesitatingly, and stood on the threshold looking in as though his hungry eyes would never be tired gazing at the picture.

Marion, in a plain black dress, was sitting at her easel, the brush lying idle in her lap, and her eyes turned languidly toward the open window, through which the sunbeams were straying.

Her figure looked very slight, and out of the pale face her eyes shone with unhealthy lustre.

She turned and saw him standing in the doorway. Without a start or sound, or any change of feature except the tightening of he lips, she rose to her feet.

Jerome came forward and took the feverish, unresisting hand in his.

What would he say? In what words express the suffering of the past weary months? She was before him now, and the wild impassionate torent he had imagined bursting forth from from his lips at this happy moment had completely deserted him.

When he spoke at last the words were commonplace enough, but they covered the entire ground

"I never thought to see you again, Marion, but I have found you.

"And you really remember me so long?" she asked, with a flash of something like the old defiance.

The expression which came into his eyes answered her, and he took the picture from its wrappings.

This led me to you," he said, with impressiveness, "and it also told me that you had remembered me so long."

Marion flushed and turned away, but she could not deny it. The proof of it was there.

Jerome drew her to his faithful heart, which had suffered many a bitter throb for his love, and kissed her with solemn, heartfelt earnestness.

Thus peace was declared between them forever.

A week later they were married in Mrs. Chapin's little front room, and, after a Canadian tour, Marion settled in the old home in a new character.—*Philadelphia News.*

Remarks on Sleep.

Always sleep with your eyes shut. Never eat just after going to sleep. Never sleep with your head to the east. The yeast makes things rise too soon.

A person should never get up in the morning before he is awake.

Men, women and children require just so much sleep and if they do not get it they lose it.

Babies ought to sleep twenty-four hours per day. But we never had one that would do it.

Sleep is wearied nature's sweet restorer. Under its sweet influence the whole system becomes lax. This is the reason we all sleep so well.

If you are in the habit of snoring and can't breathe without snoring, don't breathe. It is better to stop your breath and die than to snore.

A man should lie in bed at least eight hours out of the twenty-four. All except lawyers. They lie so much all the time it don't make any difference whether they sleep or not.

A man should never jump out of bed very sudden. It starts the circulation too quick. He ought to turn over and stretch and yawn and gape, and scratch, and lie still, and wait till some of the women folks get up and make the fire.

Some people say that a feather bed is unhealthy, but we don't know feather it is or not. If the feathers come off of a men that laid unhealthy eggs we suppose it is.

Cure for Piles.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, ect. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a common attendant. Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the Tumors, allaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address, The Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O. Sold by C. N. BOYD, Druggist, Somerset, Pa. dec 3-1y.

The Good old Mothers.

God bless all the good old mothers I never see an old lady sitting in the armchair at her ease but I think what storms have pelted into that cheery face without souring it. It may be that a man can go through more exertion than a woman, but at least it remains true that he cannot without losing his laughter, his good cheer, his gentleness and his love and trust in mankind or God. Yet how rarely do you find a frail old mother whose spirit has been worn threadbare and unlovely by what she has endured. A sweet old mother is common; a sweet old father is not so common. As thy day so thy strength of love, thy riches of an inexhaustible benevolence and hope and faith. This is more of the woman's history than a man's.

An Answer Wanted.

Can anyone bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c. a bottle by C. N. Boyd.

Voices of the Night.

"Does your husband sleep sound asked Mrs. Cobbs in the course of a call upon Mrs. Dobbs. "Sound!" responded Mrs Dobbs "well. I don't believe you or anybody else ever heard such sound. It's enough to stop and alarm clock." The caller murmured that some men were that way.

A Lawyer's Opinion.

J. A. Tawney, Esq., a leading attorney of Winona, Minn., writes: "After using it for more than four years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption as the best remedy in the world for coughs and colds. It has never failed to cure the most severe colds I have had, and invariably relieves the pain in the chest."

Trial bottles of this sure cure for all Throat and Lung diseases may be had free at C. N. Boyd's Drug Store. Large size $1.00.

No coin of less value than a five-cent piece circulates in New Orleans.

More Truth than Poetry.

A man by the name of Brown left a village in this state about two years ago. Last week he returned, and just as he was strolling down the street of his native village he met a farmer by the name of Smith who was not prosperous when he left, and lived just outside the the village. Brown was surprised to see the stranger attired in a dress suit, with a silk hat, and a big diamond pin blazing on his shirt front, and he inquired:

"Been to a funeral to day?"

"Why, bless you, no."

"No? I see you have got on your best clothes, are you farming yet?"

"Farming? Well, I should say not.

I am running a roller skating rink down here."

"Where is your son Jim?"

"Oh, he's running a rink."

"And your daughter Lizzie?"

"She is skating under the management of Tim Jones in the Maine rink."

"And your wife?"

"She skipped out with Prof Meechin, an instructor whom I hired when I first opened the rink."

"Is Elder Longsermon preaching here still?"

"No; he resigned from the ministry and is now a rink instructor."

"Who preaches in the place?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody? What's the matter?"

"Church turned into a skating ring."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, true as preaching."

"Where's Bill Beck, the grocery man?"

"He went out of businesss a year ago. He's got the ice cream stand down in my rink."

"Pshaw! Where's Aunt Sally Backon and Deacon Schultzer?"

"Why, dang it all, they're travel in around visiting rinks, doing the old man and woman act on skates. I tell you they're immense."

"Say, Dan, what became of your old shepherd dog, Cairo?"

"Darned if the dog didn't get the fever and one day he sneaked in behind the place where I keep skates to hire, put on a pair and rolled out on the just as nice as any human being, when all of a sudden his hind pair of skates got mixed up with his tail, which tripped him up and he fell backwards and broke his neck."

"Poor dog."

"Gosh, I can't help crying when I think of his tragic end."

"Is there anybody in this town who does not skate?"

"Yes."

"Where are they?"

"Up in the cemetery on the hill."

Buried by an Avalanche

A man of the name of Rapelli lived with his wife and children in the village of Grascavello. The wife was an invalid, and while her husband and their little girl were in her bed-room an avalanche fell on the village and crushed the house. Rapelli was killed, and the child, one of whose feet was caught between two joists, was thrown head downward, without any possibility of extricating herself. The mother, though saved from destruction by a beam, had one of her arms so tightly wedged under it that she could only just touch the child's head with the tip of her fingers. After hanging in the position described for thirty hours, continually crying to her mother for help, she died in convulsions. Mme. Rapelli would probably have perished of hunger and cold if a ben had not come within reach of her free hand. She seized and strangled it, plucked it with her teeth, and placed the feathers under her neck, which was in contact with the snow. Then she devoured the fowl just as it was. After remaining thus imprisoned nearly sixty hours she was got out by a rescue party.

That old established cough remedy, Downs' Elixir, still more than holds its own in the public estimation despite sharp and active competition. It is a "home remedy," and in this locality needs no words of praise from us, so well and favorably known is it. It is the standard remedy for coughs, colds and all throat troubles, with great numbers of our people, and their continued use and unsolicited recommendation of it speaks volumes in its favor.—*Burlington Vt. Free Press, January 26, 1882.* For Sale by C. N. BOYD, Druggist, Somerset, Pa.

The Bottom of the Ocean.

Some of the researches lately made by English explorers in regard to deep-sea beds have led to the belief that there are no rough ridges, abrupt chasms nor bare rock, and that the sea bottom at great depths is not effected by currents or streams—even by those of the magnitude of the Gulf Stream—its general appearance rather resembling that of the American prairies, and it is every where covered by a kind of mud.

The Fullerton *Telescope* man is writing a history of Nance County, and in order to get to the beginning has gone back to the creation of the world. He cannot decide, however when he gets there whether it was God who created it, or "whether it was evolved by self-operating forces inherent in matter." He is coming down to Nance County by easy stages, by way of Adam and the flood. —*Omaha Bee*

A horticulturist finds that coal tar added to water is a valuable insecticide. To one gallon of tar three gallons of water are added. The solution is sprinkled over rosebushes, grape vines, etc., in the spring, and the smell of the coal tar is so strong during the whole season that insects will not touch the plant.

A great width between and prominence of the eyes indicates a teachable and tractable horse. Width between the ears indicates courage, nobleness and strength of character. Roundness and elevation between the eyes indicates mildness of disposition and a desire to be caressed and to reciprocate kindness.

A handsome ottoman may be made of a soap box. Pad the box with pieces of carpet or cotton, taking care to have it smooth and firm; then cover it with crazy patchwork, or chintz will prove a pretty covering.

A piece of zinc placed on the live coals in a hot stove will effectually clean out a stove pipe, the vapor produced carrying off the soot by chemical decomposition.

A mite of a boy standing at the outside door was asked if it rained. "No," he said, "but it leaks a little."

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It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—all other iron preparations do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it has no equal.

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