

THE VOICES OF THE PAST.

How sweet are those voices which speak from the past. When the eyes of affection are inwardly cast, And we see in vision the loved and the missed, The hands that we clasped and the lips that we kissed...

HITTY THORNE'S DUTY.

"We might mortgage the place," said Miss Hitty, sighing. "And retire to the almshouse, eh?" returned her sister. "But what alternative is open to us? Shall we allow Tom to come to grief? Tom richly deserves all the grief that will fall to his share, poor fellow. Such a schemer! Expected to make a fortune for us all, forsooth, that we might flaunt in our velvet, drive our span, and fare sumptuously every day! One dollar for us and two for himself, I reckon. What should such a boy know about speculation? It's the old story over and over. Speculation with other people's money is a little indiscreet, to say the least. I should have chosen sackcloth and ashes rather than velvets won by such means..."

"Of course I shall never marry," said Liddy, who was plain and old looking for her years, and whose one lover had jilted her years ago, when the bloom of youth, at least, had been hers. There wasn't the smallest danger that Liddy would threaten Tom's interests by marrying. "No, you may never marry," Liddy sighed her sister; "but I—love Anson, and oh! I love little Tom, too—my little motherless Tom! I cannot rob him of his patrimony, and I cannot live without Anson. How can I wrong Tom to pleasure myself? What will he have to go out in this hard world with if—"

"I don't—I don't, but the will has made it impossible for me to marry Anson with a clear conscience—to marry him and be happy. If he were sure of earning a fortune, with which we could make amends to little Tom, it would be different. But I cannot count upon such an improbable contingency. As you say, Tom will have his head and hands to push his way, but the best head and the busiest hands do not always compel fortune; and if any harm should come to him from want of capital, if he should be tempted to sin from lack of money, I—I should have to answer for it; it would be my guilt." "Nonsense, Hitty; your conscience is too tender. Marry Anson and trust to Fate; that's my advice. Suppose you refuse, and he marries somebody else—and little Tom doesn't live to grow up, I shall not have wronged him." "But you will also have wronged Anson." "Not if he—if he marries another." "Many would, perhaps, approve Hitty Thorne's conduct at this crisis, more would condemn; but she walked according to her light in those crucial days. It was no easy task she had set herself. She was to receive no need for her sacrifice, except self-approval—nothing but reproaches. Could she have seen all that would happen, she might have spared herself this cruelty. And how much can happen in this time! How much to make their wisest forethoughts assume the aspect of improvises! Property changes hands, values shrink, children grow up with wills of their own, people die and make room for remote heirs, or they outlive the sharp edge of sorrow and anger, and learn to bear the burden of their mistakes. Miss Hitty had faded in the mean time, while Anson Searle wore his years like garlands. The fortune of which her "not impossible" children might have robbed little Tom had dwindled to the merest pitance through the knavery of the man to whose wisdom it had been entrusted, while Anson Searle had unexpectedly stepped into the possession of the Searle estate, with its old stone mansion, its orchards and out-lying meadow-lands, and the income that had been rolling up since the Searles first set foot upon Plymouth Rock. Twenty years before there had been no shadow of such a possibility, no dream of it in Anson's mind or another's. Two healthy lives had barred the way against him, but death had effected a breach. "What a mistake Hitty Thorne made!" people had commented these half dozen years. "She might have been mistress at Searle Hill if she had a mind to risk marrying a poor man. Folks get their come up once in this world some times;" with the usual charity commentators bestow upon the motives of others. Nobody had known the true cause of Hitty's refusal to marry Searle. It had been the town talk, to be sure—a riddle which no one had solved. She had not even confided her reasons to her lover. He would overrule them, she feared, would call them absurd, and only make her task more difficult, and perhaps grow to hate little Tom—and sometime Tom might need his good-will, who could tell? Anson Searle had not borne his dismissal with the fortitude of an early martyr, but he had sworn he would never ask her twice to marry him, and he had kept his word. But, perhaps, after his anger cooled, and he watched her saddening year by year, some surmise that her behavior had not been dictated by caprice or pettiness, but by the tardy justice of appreciation. And a pretty return Tom had made her—speculating with his employer's money, and threatening the family pride with disgrace. Unless \$5,000 were forthcoming, there was only a fortnight between him and ruin. And Tom was only twenty-two. They must save him. Miss Hitty was one to stand by her guns; where there was a will there was a way, and she followed the only way she knew. If Mr. Searle, fumbling about for their reasons of Hitty's conduct toward himself, had at length stumbled upon the clue—having an intimate knowledge of her father's will already—and if he had not been quite heroic enough to forgive her for preferring Tom's welfare to his own, he must have found a grim satisfaction, in the turn that fate had ordered, in seeing the Thorne property shrinking day by day, till there was hardly enough to butter their bread—till it was plain that Hitty's sacrifice had been for naught. But when did ever sacrifice prove futile? Though it fail of its direct purpose, does it not enrich the soul not only of the one who sacrifices, but of all beholders? It was near twilight of an autumn day that Miss Hitty put on her bonnet and went slowly, with a certain reluctance, up the hill toward the Searle mansion; she pulled the brazen knocker timidly, and stepped into the house

that might have been her own like any beggar. The dead Searles looked down from the walls of the oaken hall with cold, questioning eyes in their pursuing eyes; in the great drawing-room the wood fire snapped with a good will and glinted gaily from bronze and ormolu, upon the quaint mirrors set in gables, upon the yellow ivory keys of the old piano. Anson Searle rose to receive his guest with a flush of surprise. "Is it you—Miss Hitty?" he cried. "Yes." "You did not expect me?" "Expect you? No; have I had reason to expect you?" "We sometimes expect without reason. I have come—expecting you to grant me a favor." "A favor?" "Yes. It strikes you oddly that I should be thinking to beg a favor of you, does it not? But there is no other friend upon whom I can make even so shadowy a claim as upon you. Do you think I would ask anything of one whom I have served so—so ill—if I were not in extremity?" "I hope you will ask anything of me, Miss Hitty—anything you want." "I have become mercenary, Mr. Searle. I want money. Liddy and I have made up our minds to mortgage the place; we must have \$5,000 without delay; the place is not worth so much, I know, but I—I thought perhaps you would take it for security, as far as it would go; and then—Liddy and I are not too old to work, to earn money; and there's Tom; and we would all strive to make it up to you, sooner or later, interest and principal. I am dreadfully unbusinesslike, perhaps, but what can I do? And I must have the money. I can't live—I can't die—without it. Do I make it clear?" "You make it clear that the Thorne fortune has all looked away. I am glad of it. Pardon, but I hold a grudge against that same property; it has cheated me out of twenty years of happiness. Yes, Miss Hitty, you shall have the money. I have plenty. I am rich in everything but the one thing I coveted. But I cannot take the mortgage; you shall have the money and welcome, but I can't accept a mortgage on the old place, Miss Hitty; it is too sacred to me. Think of mortgaging the old apple-trees where we swung in the hammock together, of bringing the garden where we dreamed in the summer evenings, into a business transaction! But all the same you shall have the money, Miss Hitty."

"But, oh! you know I cannot take the money unless—unless—" "Unless you take the owner with it? Was that what you meant to say? I'm sure it wasn't; but, for heaven's sake, say it, Hitty. Don't you know I vowed never to ask you twice to marry me? Do you want me to break my word, eh? Now it is your turn to do the asking." "I should think I had asked enough," said Hitty, the great tears standing in her eyes. "You are not in earnest, Anson Searle; you don't want to marry me, an old maid like me. So how faded I am!" "And if I swear I do want to marry you, what will you say?" "I shall say then, why don't you do so, Mr. Searle?" She smiled through her tears. "What will Liddy say when she hears that I've asked you to marry me?" "She will say you have done your duty like a man!" "Well, Miss Hitty Thorne always had an eye to the main chance," said her neighbors. "She jilted Searle when he was poor, and now he is rich, she marries him. What a fool a woman can make of a sensible man—only it usually takes a young one!"

Sitting Bull's Beautiful Niece. Writing from Helena, M. T., a New York Herald correspondent says: The most beautiful Indian girl, according to all accounts, now living, and one who by reason of her beauty, intelligence and spirit, has attained to an unique influence, which is fully acknowledged among the warriors and defended by twenty fiery brothers and cousins, is Etisca, the "White Forehead of the Uncappapas." Etisca is Sitting Bull's niece. She is only fifteen years old, is straight as an arrow, lithe as a serpent, and eyed like a fawn. Her gaiety is incorrigible. At the battle of the Rosebud—where Gen. Custer was overwhelmed—and when she was a mere child, she laughed incessantly in the midst of the dreadful carnage, riding her pony like a sprit.

Hotel guest, on retiring—"I want to get up at eight o'clock." "Facetious night clerk—"Have not got one, sir." Guest—"Not got what?" Clerk—"A potato clock."

Waterloo has no bonded indebtedness, no outstanding warrants, and has cash in the Treasury.

A Tranquil Nervous System Can never be possessed by those whose digestive and assimilative organs are in a state of chronic disorder. Weak stomachs make weak nerves, and nervous debility, in the latter, the first must be invigorated and regulated. The ordinary sedatives may tranquilize the nerves for a while, but they can never, like Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, remove the cause of nervous debility. That superb invigorant and corrective of disordered conditions of the alimentary organs has also the effect of imparting tone to the nerves. The delicate tissues of which they are constituted, when weakened in consequence of impoverishment of the blood, resulting from imperfect digestion and assimilation, draw strength from the food of vitality developed in the system by the Bitters, which imparts the required impetus to the nutritive functions of the stomach, enriches the circulation, and gives tone and regularity to the secretive and excretive organs.

DR. WHELAN'S FINE TREE TAR CORNICAL positively cures consumption. Taken in time it will prevent it. All affections of the lungs are cured by this sovereign Remedy, which also cures the most obstinate coughs, colds, and croup. Sold by druggists. Depot, 916 Filbert street, Philadelphia.

Uncle Sam's Harness Oil fills and closes the pores of leather, effectually preventing the entrance of dampness, dust, etc., and rendering the harness soft and pliable, while at the same time increasing its durability. Sold by all Harness Makers and dealers in leather.

TWIN BROTHERS' YEAST always makes good bread. GRAEFENBERG'S "MARSHALL'S" CATHOLICON, an infallible remedy for all female complaints, price \$1.50 per bottle. The experience of many years has shown that this medicine, which has resulted in stamping this remarkable preparation as the only reliable remedy for the distressing diseases of women. Sold by druggists. Graefenberg Co., 56 Beale St., N. Y.

"Western Hair Restorative" Are now on our shelves, and we sell more of Newton Smith's than all the others combined, and from personal experience, consider it the best and only restorative in the market. It is sold by Markham & Brington, Douglass, Louisville, Ky. It restores hair to bald heads and stops it from falling out. Three bottles for \$1.00. Address J. F. Douglass & Co., Louisville, Ky., or L. H. Bush, State Agent, Des Moines. Formulas that are liable to suppression by taking cold, or irregular or painful menstruation, should always keep Carter's Compound Extract of Sassafras on hand, and its use will convince them that it is Nature's Remedy in these complaints. Ask your druggist for it. Dr. Jacques' German Worm Cakes never fail to destroy worms and expel them from the system. Pleasant to take and perfectly safe. Catarrh, consumption and bronchial complaints, if neglected, speedily end in permanent suffering. The best known remedy, after long practical use, is Elder's Extract of Tar and Wild Cherry, compounded by skilled chemists, from some of the best known vegetable remedies. It is not only valuable in pulmonary disease, but it is (unlike most cough remedies) which are extremely debilitating) an excellent tonic if taken as directed. (Graefenberg Vegetable Pills have been acknowledged for over Thirty Years to be a certain cure for Headache, Liver Complaints, Diseases of Digestion, Biliousness, and Fevers of all kinds. These pills act with great mildness, and will restore the blood suffering from General Debility and Nervousness. Price 50c. per box. Sold by Almanac. GRAEFENBERG CO., 56 Beale St., N. Y. N. S. Taylor, Esq., Chicago, Ill., President Taylor's Throat and Lung Syrup. This Syrup I have had a hacking cough and been troubled with asthma for the past ten years. I commenced taking your Throat and Lung Syrup about two months since. The immediate relief and benefit I have derived from the use of your Syrup is such that I feel you have fully recognized and endorse your Throat and Lung Syrup for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Very truly yours, T. W. CLEMENT, Author of Whose's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the Bible. Price per bottle, \$1.00. Six bottles for \$5.00. Express charges paid. Remember every bottle warranted.

FARMERS' FARMERS!—Would you have your horses in prime condition for your spring and summer work? If so, several things should be strictly observed, good care, regular feed and liberal carrying are among the essentials, but do not fail to give them Lurie's Compound. It is a very strong laxative, and you will be well rewarded for your expense and trouble. For sale by all Druggists. Drunken Men! How many children and women are slowly and surely dying, or rather being killed, by excessive drinking, or the daily use of some drug or drunken stuff called medicine, that no one knows what it is made of, who can easily be cured and saved by Dr. Hitters, made of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, etc., which is so pure, simple and harmless that the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child can trust in them. Will you be saved by them? See other columns. Eliot's Daylight Liver Pills are reliable, safe and efficient. They purify the blood, regulate the liver and digestive organs, and relieve headache caused by indigestion. For Summer Complaints or Cholera Infantum there is nothing so safe and reliable as Dr. Wischell's Treating Syrup, it never fails to give immediate relief, and is harmless. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle. SIB A Day! How can you be so miserable now that you were once so happy? You are not in earnest, Anson Searle; you don't want to marry me, an old maid like me. So how faded I am! LOVE LETTERS—40 Models mailed for 3 Cents. REVOLVERS—With box of cartridges. JAMES YOUNG MEN—The best of the world. OPIUM Habit and Skin Diseases. Theophrastus' Microscope, magnifying 100 times for \$1.00. THE CHEAPEST in the world. Inexpensive. TEAS—Largest Company in America, staple article. Agents everywhere. Best. Just received. HOLT'S PILLS, 40 Years Old. N. Y., P. O. Box 287. Tailmen's Muck. Tailmen's Muck. Tailmen's Muck. SURROUNDS. Tailmen's Muck. AWNINGS, TENTS, Water-proof Canvas, Signs, Window Shades, etc. W. A. H. & CO., 47 Jackson St., Chicago. GOLD WATCHES AND CHAIN. \$20.00. W. A. H. & CO., 47 Jackson St., Chicago. EVERY SOLDIER. The Champion Windmill Power. CHEWING TOBACCO. MATCHLESS! TWIN BROTHERS' YEAST. THE CHAMPION WINDMILL POWER. The Champion Windmill Power. THE PHOENIX TILE MACHINE.

Something New THRESHING MACHINES! The New Massillon. RUSSELL & CO., AT MASSILLON, OHIO. Bookwalter Engine. THE Climax Churn. KIDNEY PILLS.

DESSAVER'S Writing Inks & Mucilage. THE ALBANY COMPLAINER. Save The Nation!

DRIDGES' FOOD INFANTS AND INVALIDS. THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE "Vibrator" Threshers.

WIZARD OIL. THE GREAT FAMILY LINIMENT. DR. McAFEE'S...

DR. McAFEE'S... THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE "Vibrator" Threshers.

DR. McAFEE'S... THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE "Vibrator" Threshers.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR. Twenty years of public use has proved Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar a POSITIVE CURE For Coughs, Colds, AND CONSUMPTION.

DR. McAFEE'S... THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE "Vibrator" Threshers.

DR. McAFEE'S... THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE "Vibrator" Threshers.

DR. McAFEE'S... THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE "Vibrator" Threshers.

DR. McAFEE'S... THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE "Vibrator" Threshers.

DR. McAFEE'S... THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE "Vibrator" Threshers.