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Democrat and News.

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I invite the public's attention to the above. Respectfully,

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DREAMING AND HOPE.

The rosy wings of fancy
Are folded now in rest,
And hope has hushed her dreaming
To sleep within my breast.

And cold and cruel reason
Has whispered unto me—
If hope and fancy vanish
What life would surely be.

If dreams be dead, no matter,
If hope should linger still,
Sweet peace will fan her pinions
And soften ev'ry ill.

But if the hope should perish,
And slip from life away,
A cloudy day this life, then,
With morn and eve of gray.

With no bright sun at noontime
To pierce the heavy pall,
To brighten with its glowing
The shadows over all.

And life would be undoubted,
A living but to be!
Existence in all phases
A mere necessity.

Then wake, my sleeping fancy,
And hope awake to smile,
And slumber not forever,
But soothe my life awhile.

Sweet fancy, plume your pinions,
To soar the rosy sea,
Fly forth, O blessed hoping,
And bring my joys to me.

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE FREED PRISONER.

"I consider it the only hope for him, judge," said the doctor.

"It will establish a bad precedent. The prisoners will think all they have to do is to get sick so as to get free," said the judge, testily.

"It is but a question of time, and a very short time, too, before a greater judge even than you will give him his discharge, and not only him, but a good many others besides," said the doctor, much provoked.

"Eh, is that so?" said the judge, ignoring sarcasm, "is there really so much sickness in the jail?"

"A good deal, and chiefly confined to the United States prisoners. Spotted fever rages with fatal effect among them."

"That is strange. How do you account for it? Is illicit distilling an unhealthy occupation?"

"When it reaches its natural result of landing the operator into jail, there to sicken, it may be called decidedly unhealthy. But, jesting aside, these mountain fellows suffer more than the other prisoners for the reason that they have always lived a free life in the open air; therefore the close confinement of the jail proves very irksome and they sicken under it. This spotted fever is, I think, the result of lack of proper circulation of the blood. It is a sort of epidemic among the mountaineers. Some of them have died of it and others are very low, and they will die too, if they stay in that jail. The thought of going home is all that will save them now—Jack Bigby, especially; release is the only hope for him."

"He has no one to thank but himself," said the judge. "Why did he meddle with illicit distilling?"

"I grant all you say; but death is a severe sentence for a few gallons of mountain dew," said the doctor.

"True," said the judge after a pause. "I will suspend sentence in his case, and let him go home. Here is his release," said he, as he filled out a blank; "take it to him—a new sort of physic, truly! But time he meddles with the revenue."

"Thanks," said the doctor as he took the paper. "It will be many a day, if ever, before he will feel like playing with edged tools. Judge, this is the first time I ever envied your high position—when I see the mercy you can show."

"Is the sun a-shinin' outside, Pa?"

* * * * *

The sick man lay on his bunk in his cell; his fever scorched tongue was stiff and blackened so that he could scarcely speak. It was difficult to recognize in the wan shadow lying there the stalwart mountaineer of a few months ago. His blue eyes were sunk deep in his head; his matted hair and beard were bleached from a sunburnt yellow to a sickly straw color, and over the hollow caverns of his cheeks the white skin, blanched by prison dank, was tightly drawn. On its bloodless surface the red blotches of the spotted fever showed with startling vividness.

Could this be Jack Bigby, the man who could outshoot, outride, outjump and outdance any of his comrades?

Old Bigby, otherwise Pap, as he sat by the bedside of his sick son, felt dazed and stunned by the change. He had only arrived that morning, and, in the few hours that had passed, failed yet to realize it. Could that be Jack? He was changed in his ways as well as in his looks. How strange he talked!

"Set whar I kain see ye, Pap," he said, when his father had arrived. "The sight of ye is good fer sore eyes."

And, as he said it, all at once the father had choked up and felt like crying; he didn't know why. But he hadn't done it.

"Hit war powerful cur'ous. Jes' ter think o' Jack a-sayin' sech a thing! Rough an' ready Jack ter wanter lay thar an' look at his ole pap!"

Mr. Bigby, it is true, was not a very beauteous object, nor one on which most people would crave to feast their eyes. He looked as if the summer sun had shone upon him very hot and the winter rain had beat upon him very hard. He could, in fact, be called weather beaten. His long, iron gray hair and beard were guiltless of barber or comb and brush either, for that matter. The seams and rugged lines of his face caused his countenance to look like a bit of rolling landscape. But all seamed and rugged as it was, to the homesick eyes of his son it was more beautiful than the face of Adonis.

Mountaineers are not emotional people, and so old Bigby sat there, his throat swelling queerly under the strange gaze of his son. Mingled with his emotion was a feeling of wonder and horror at his changed appearance.

"His hands," thought the father, "air like chicken claws!" Could that pale, shadowy thing be Jack's muscular fist?

"Is the sun shinin' outside, pap?" asked Jack, for his father's presence had brightened up his cell.

"Yes," said the old man, "hit's a-shinin' right smart, but hit's so dim in hyar, ye kaint see hit."

"Hit air dim in hyar allus," said the prisoner, "tell fer a leetle taste o' sunshine, 'pears like I'd perish."

"Ye'll git better now," said the father, taking the invalid's thin hand in his brown, horny one, and awkwardly stroking it. "Why, yer hand," said he by way of a joke, "is so thin an' white hit looks eenamos' like a streak o' light."

"I low I looks like a afternoon shadder, anyhow," said the invalid, feebly. "I kaint hold out much longer."

"Yer mouth's dry, honey," said the anxious father, unconsciously going back to his childhood's way of speaking to him. "Hyar, let pap gin ye a leetle sup o' water ter wet it."

But the prisoner closed his eyes and slightly shook his head.

"Jest a drap," coaxed the father; "jes the matter o' a drap, Jackie, honey."

"Not thet thar water," said the prisoner rousing up. "Thet thar prison water makes me heave. Oh, fer a drink outer the spring at homel seems like I could drink hit dry."

Old Bigby felt frightened; he was no part of a nurse, and the changed appearance of his son still shocked him.

"Hit looks like good water," said he, "hit does. Try a sup."

But the sick man refused, and his father welcomed the entrance of the jailer.

"Here, Jack," said that official, "my wife's sent you some soup; try and take it."

But the invalid still refused. "I kaint eat hit," he said.

"What do you crave?" asked the jailer.

"Sunshine an' fresh a'r," cried the prisoner, rousing up. "Ef I could only git out whar the sun'd shine on me, an' the mountain a'r would blow on me, an' whar I could see the peak o' old Baldface, a-rollin' up behin' pap's house, seems like I could git up an' run a mile."

"You should ha' thought of all o' that afore you went to monkeying with the revenue," said the jailer.

"I never thought ez how I'd be cotched," said the prisoner, sullenly.

"But hit does seem hard," said old Bigby, apologetically, "fer a man ter suffer so much—eenamos' pay with his life fer makin' a few gallons o' wild cat liquor liker that."

"The government don't want it," said the jailer, undertaking to explain the revenue system, "but it don't want you to have it, neither."

"Well, now thet does ... cur'ous," said old Bigby. "What kain hi ... ter the gv'ment? En what," he continued, as the jailer was unable to answer that question, "en what's a man to do with his extry crap o' corn when he kaint git hit to market? We uns lives on the side o' old Baldface, en ter haul our crap ter market costs purty nigh ez much ez the crap is wuth. En this year, owin' ter one accident en another, the crap piddled out o' the small een o' the horn. Hit didn't pay ter haul thet leetle bit ter market fer the mite o' money they'd pay fer hit. En we uns war hard up; we had nary sugar nor coffee—jes' bread en a little bite o' meat; en Jack sez, sezzee, 'I hain't agwine ter stenc hit, I hain't; I'll jes haul the corn over ter Stillinger's still en turn hit inter bug juice. Hit'll fotch nuff ter buy suga an' coffee.'

"So he hauled hit over thar ter the still, every bit o' our crap we had to spare en the stillers stilled hit on sheers. The shotes, they followed Jack, en the rev'nue they followed the shotes en busted up the still, en throwed out the mash en the beer en the whisky en away went our year's crap at a lick. En wussur an all, they cotched Jack. Stillinger he got away—he's a ole hand at the business—en the rev'nue took en brung Jack ter Atlanty."

"Then you didn't git no sugar nor coffee?" said the jailer, as old Bigby paused.

"Nary drap," said he mournfully, shaking his grizzled head, "en we lost our leetle crap besides. But what's sugar en coffee ter Jack bein' tuck? Me en his ma en the gals wish we uns never heared tell o' sugar en coffee. What's sugar en coffee ter Jack's a lyin' thar a-perishin' away, weaker 'an a baby?" cried the old man in a tremulous voice.

Here the sick man's nerves gave way under a flood of self pity, and he began to weep.

"Thar—thar—honey," cried his father, trying to soothe him, "don't ye cry." He thrust his hand into the pocket of his coppe as jeans coat and drew out a gaudy red and yellow cotton handkerchief.

"La! La!" he ejaculated, "ef I hain't clean disremembered all 'bout hit! Why, yes and here hit air, an' ... top of ole Speck's aigs en sol' 'em Chris'mas, en buyed hit fer ye fer a present, en she's been a-keepin' hit fer ye ever sence."

But the gaudy handkerchief, far from comforting the prisoner, overwhelmed him with home sickness.

"Take hit away!" he sobbed. "Take hit away! Oh, ma! Oh, ma! I'll never see ye agin!"

The stalwart mountaineer dashed the gay handkerchief under the bed, and kneeling beside his son, cradled him in his arms as if he were a baby.

"Thar, now; thar, now; don't ye take hit so ter heart. Ye'll git well en see her yit. Pap'll nuss his boy tell he sees her. Don't! don't, my Jackie, my baby! Oh, my Lord!" he moaned in sudden terror at his helplessness to comfort. The unhappy father's tears mingled with his son's, and he vainly strove to dry them in his blue checked handkerchief.

The friendly jailer's eyes filled, and his throat swelled, and fearing he might be swept away in the sea of woe, he hastily retreated to the door, and nearly knocked over the doctor, who was entering.

"What is the matter," said he. "Come, come, this won't do!"

"He won't hush," said the father. "Ef his ma was only hyar ter nuss him he'd do better."

"Well, he must get well and go to her. Here's something that will cure him faster than all my medicine," and the doctor held up the paper. "See, the judge has sent you a release," and he read it aloud. "Now, Bigby, you must get well, so you can travel."

"I'll never get well in hyar," said the prisoner, trying to stay his sobs. "All I crave is a leetle sunshine en fresh a'r."

"Well, you shall have it just as soon as you can travel."

"Pap, ye say the sun's a shinin' outside?" said the prisoner.

"Well, hit's a-shinin' right smart," said Mr. Bigby, winking the tears off his eyelashes. "Yes," said he, qualifyng, as it were, his assertion, "I mought say hit's a-shinin' right peart."

"En hit's a-gittin' warm, hain't hit?" asked he. "Spring's a-comin', hain't it?"

"Spring's a comin' on," assented Mr. Bigby. "The snow's done melted and gone, the peach trees air a-bloomin', the buds o' the ellums en the willows air a-swellin', the red buds en maples air a-bloomin', the bees air a-playin' in the sun afore the'r gums, en the young calves air a-bleatin' in yander pastur," he said, adding bit by bit to the rural picture as his son's hungry eyes seemed to devour him. "The jaybirds air beginnin' ter sing, en soon the voice o' the turtle will be heared in the land," he concluded.

"Then I'll go," said Jack, homesick for a sight of what his father had told him.

"It will be a great risk," said the doctor.

"Well, I'll risk hit. What's the use o' dyin', like a rat in a hole, in this hyer jail?" said the prisoner.

"It is almost certain death to venture," insisted the doctor. "Wait till you get a little better."

"Ef I mus' die, lemme die at home," cried Jack. "'Pears like I could die easier thar."

Seeing that he was determined to go, the doctor ceased to urge him. "Have you the means to take him home?" he asked the father, who had arisen and seated himself on the side of the bunk.

"Well, yes," said the old man, "I sold my critter afore leavin' home ter git the money ter come hyar on."

"If you sold your horse, how are you going to make your crop?" asked the friendly jailer.

"Well," said Mr. Bigby, undaunted by the dismal prospect ahead, "I thought as how I'd sell my cow en calf, arter Jack is well nuff to do 'thaut the milk, en buy a steer. Only lemme git him back ter his ma in the mountains en we'll scratch long somehow."

The sun shone bright and warm; the air was sweet and balmy; spring was coming fast, and April seemed to have hastened along the road to meet March and strewed a few of her days in his calendar. The sun beamed into the car where Jack Bigby lay on two seats, apparently half asleep. For the first half ... journey the excitement, the strange ... thought of home, had kept him up.

"The sun—the a'r," he cried, delightedly, "hit's powerful good, pap!"

"Hit's mighty peart," said the old man, sympathetically.

But now, his little strength exhausted, Jack lay in a state of collapse that his father mistook for sleep, with the sun shining full into his face, though he did not seem to know it.

"Wake up, Jackie," said old Bigby, cheerfully. "We air out er Canton now, er gwine in ermong the mountains. Look a'em."

The sick man roused up, and with his father's assistance raised himself so as to look out of the window. As far as the eye could reach range after range of mountains met the view rising one above the other. The invalid gazed upon them as if he could never get his fill and drank in the mountain air as if it was an elixir.

"Thar, thar, Jackie," said his father; "I'm afeard you'll cotch cole."

"The sight er them is good for sore eyes," said the released prisoner. And language could go no further in his case.

Old Bigby laughed. "What'll ye say when ye see Baldface, en thet thar big ... on the tip ton er hit ... ye go a coon huntin'?"

"En ever I gets able ter climb up thar, I'll never wanter come down again," said Jack.

Again his father laughed. "Is thet thar ole pine all ye're hankerin' arter, sonny?" he asked.

"In course I wanter see ma and the gals," said the sick man. "When I see ma agin I"—his voice failed him and he broke down.

"Thar, thar," said the old man hastily, "don't bother 'bout ma en the gals—not but what they'll hev' er shout en go roun' when they see ye. Lie down en res' now."

He laid his son back on the seat, and Jack wearily closed his eyes and seemed to sleep. Absorbed with his unaccustomed surroundings old Bigby did not notice his heavy breathing, which was deadened by the noise of the train. At last, glancing out the window, familiar objects came in view.

"Jackie," said the old man, "Jackie, wake up, honey. Thar's old Baldface. Look up. En thar's yan pine."

The sick man unclosed his eyes, but they wore a strange look. "I see no pine," he said feebly.

Old Bigby grew frightened. He passed his arms around his son and lifted him by main force; terror gave him strength. "Look, look," he cried anxiously.

But his son's head fell back against his shoulder, the cool mountain breeze played with his hair, the sunshine beamed in his face, but the dying mountaineer saw nothing. In vain his glazing eyes turned toward the distant mountains.

"I kaint see hit," said he feebly, "I'm going fas'. Bury me on top er ole Baldface, pap, yander pine—thar I'll sleep free forever."

His struggling breath ceased. No more his darkening eyes could see the sun for which he so craved. The judge's suspended sentence now availed him naught. Summoned before a greater judge, the prisoner was free.—Paul Grant in Atlanta Constitution.

A Human Stone Eater.

At Avignon, France, in 1760, a human ... was not a swallower for coin, but a real wild masticator of stones, found on an island between Iceland and the Swedish coast. He not only swallowed flints an inch or more in length, but reduced marbles, small pebbles and other rocks to a powder with his powerful teeth. Royal society physicians examined him and found his gullet very large and his saliva strong and corrosive. He would eat raw flesh with the stones, but could not be prevailed upon to swallow bread or other victuals. He would drink water, but much preferred brandy, and while under the influence of the liquor required twice his usual amount of stony food. When not eating or seeping he smoked continually, sitting with one leg over the other, giving no heed to those passing around him. The flints he swallowed were, when voided, corroded and much diminished in weight, the rest of the excrement resembling pure mortar. He never learned to pronounce but a few words and soon died.—St. Louis Republic.

Living with a Broken Neck.

John Dailey, a farm hand employed near Brunswick, N. J., fell from a haymow and unjointed his neck. Dr. Carroll was called and said that the man couldn't live more than a few hours. Dailey said that he could, and he is still alive. The next morning he was quieting his shattered nerves by smoking a cigar. His neck is still unjointed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Modest Demand.

Clerk—I want an increase of salary.

Employer (wearily)—All right. Anything else?

Clerk—And I want to get off an hour earlier every day, so I can spend it.—Puck.

She Was Not Over Pretty.

Giles—What did your friend mean when she said she was used to standing? Surely she can't be a saleslady.

Jennie—No, indeed. She meant that she rides in the elevated so much.—Epoch.

Consumption Curable.

It cannot be too often impressed on every one that the much dreaded consumption (which is only lung scrofula), is curable, if attended to at once, and that the primary symptoms, so often mistaken as signs of diseased lungs, are only symptoms of an unhealthy liver. To this organ the system is indebted for pure blood, and to pure blood the lungs are indebted no less than to pure air for healthy action. If the former is polluted, we have the hacking cough, the hectic flush, night sweats, and a whole train of symptoms resembling consumption. Rouse the liver to healthy action by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, take healthy exercise, live in the open air, and all symptoms of consumption will disappear. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, chronic nasal catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, severe coughs and kindred affections, it is a most wonderful remedy. The "Discovery" is guaranteed to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

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HEAD

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ACHE

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