

Go Feel, What I have Felt.

A lady of New York was in the habit of writing for a Philadelphia paper on the subject of temperance. Her writing evinced such emotion that a friend of hers accused her of being monomaniac on the subject of temperance.

Go, feel what I have felt; Go, hear what I have borne; Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt, And the cold, proud world's scorn— Then struggle on from year to year, Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept; O'er a loving father's fall; See every cherished promise swept, Youth's sweetness turned to gall; Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt; Implore, beseech and pray; Strive the besotted heart to melt, The downward course to stay; Be cast with bitter curse aside— Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood And see the strong man bow, With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood, And cold and livid brow Go, catch his wandering glance and see There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard— The sobs of sad despair, As memory's feeling fount hath stirred, And its revelations there Have told him what he might have been Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go, to my mother's side, And her crushed spirit cheer; Thine own deep anguish hide, Wipe from her cheek the tear; Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow, The gray that streaks her dark hair now, The toll-worn frame, the trembling limb, And trace the ruin back to him Whose plighted faith, in early youth, Promised eternal love and truth.

Go, hear and feel and see and know All that my soul hath felt and known, Then look within the wine cup's glow— See if its brightness can atone, Think if its flavor you would try If all proclaimed, 'Tis drink and die.

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't and can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.

I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave me relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot praise this medicine too highly for the good it has done me. I always take it in the spring and fall and would not be without it. W. A. Nooner, Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

turned and hastened away. Far in the distance below him the gates and walls of Capernaum were gilded in the last rays of the autumn sun, and the little lad, standing for a moment to measure their distance, started with renewed energy upon his quest.

Where could his leper brother be? How many anxious hours had he been searching for him now? How welcome even that awful cry "Unclean!" would now be—but uttered by that dear familiar voice! The little prayer for help is left half-formed upon his lips, but hark. Up from the valley, shaded now in the mystic garb of twilight comes a voice like a whisper. Faintly it reaches in tones sorrowed on the whetstone of affliction.

"Ah Lothan, I have sought thee all the day! Where hast thou been? Let me kiss you." "Ah, no! My little Eli—do not—do not even touch me now, my little brother Eli! See, behold what has become of me; see these awful scales!"

And the white-robed figure drew aside his garments. A cry of pain wrung from the lad's young heart was the only answer. "See," and Lothan put his hand upon his breast, "when this foul sore has spread and eaten here into my flesh—then—ah, then, my little Eli, your brother Lothan will be no more! No my little brother, do not—I can not—must not touch you now! It is but last week I saw you here upon the hillside, but since then the hand of this my disease, has doubly done its work; my life can only be for days or even hours. Do not weep, Eli; it saddens me that I must die and leave both you and mother."

"Mother"—and the boy shrank back. "Lothan, our mother is dying now! Yes I have come to fetch you to her." "Dying!"—and the tall white figure, trembling like a reed, clutched madly at his garments. "Yes, Lothan; 'tis but yesterday eve she caught the fever; the doctors say she cannot live."

Lothan moaned. "Yes, the fever; Eli, my boy!" But that was all, for tears, heavy, manly tears, spoke aloud what words could not.

The little white robe before him hastened away to the fields and out upon the highway. The stars, like an army of sentinels, were now appearing at their posts and Lothan threw himself upon the soft grass and turned his eyes toward heaven. Never before did all nature seem so beautiful and so attractive to his stricken and sorrowing soul. Never before did the earth and heavens reflect in such enhancing splendor the divine grandeur of their Maker. But now he alone seemed to mar the whole expanse of beauty by a chasm of deformity and ugliness.

Never before did the hymn of death sound so discordant in his ear. What could be added to his misery? Was not this the climax? Truly, his cup of sorrow was full, to overflowing. His heart, burning with the flame of love for her who had nurtured and loved him, must needs now pine away and break in anguish, alone upon the mountains. Far away over the starlit valley the lights of the city burned. Occasionally a soft truant breeze brought in its train the faint echoes of a shepherd's pastoral song, so embellishing his sorrow that he alone of men seemed to be unhappy. The moon, sailing like a craft upon the heavens, cast their shadow upon the hillside, and it seemed to be but the angel of Death drawing closer and closer.

And thus the hours passed. At last Lothan, slowly rising, retraced his steps into the valley. Avoiding the highway, he crossed the pasture lands and brooks, silvered now in the tender glow of the moonlight. Access to the city is easy, and wending his way unmolested through the deserted streets, he stood for a moment with a trembling hand upon the wicker-gate, the entrance of what he once called by the endearing name of home. How many times he had entered there, strong and healthy, in the perfect prime of manhood; then had he looked the world in the face and felt himself its equal; but now he must tread a cautious step and avoid the eyes of those who knew him once, but now no longer.

No one was astir, but the little dim light, flickering in the room he knew so well, told all. His fine tall frame once so manly and fearless, is broken now and trembling. He approached the little lattice window and looks within. But that little red light is shattered into a thousand rays by a misty flood of glittering tears, for there is little Eli—faithless in his faithfulness—fast asleep upon his knees beside his mother's dying couch. He had laid his tear-stained face in the hands he loved so well, and there, weary with his journey and his vigil, was dreaming now and roaming the hills again in quest of his absent brother.

Lothan could linger no longer. Moving quickly, he found the door unbolting—Eli had awaited the midnight hour. Noiselessly he enters; his breast throbs madly at every step as if to cry, "Away, away! Unclean!" He hurries to the couch, throws himself upon his knees beside his brother, and peers into the fever-stricken face of his dying mother. Ah! would his heart burst asunder now? How dearly in life and health he had loved her; how madly now when he realized that he and she must die? Why not wake the sleeping boy and make her conscious of their presence? Why not let her see him and embrace him once again? But no; that happiness would be but sorrow. "I shall kiss you mother dear," he said; one last embrace of love before we meet again in paradise." The sorrow-stricken man leans forward, but no! a thousand voices seemed to cry against him; "Lothan! Unclean! Unclean!" It is a sin; thou art a leper!" He drew back, dazed and trembling. "Unclean! Unclean!" rang in his ears like the unearthly voices of tormentors, crying, "Do not kiss your mother, Lothan! Thou art a leper!"

"Yes, Lothan, thou art unclean. Ah, my mother—farewell I shall not kiss you my last good-by, for you and I will soon meet in the land that knows no fever or leprosy."

Lothan silently leaned upon his staff, peered into the darkness, and hastened away.

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