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The Danville Advertiser

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Italy. VOICES from the mountains speak; Appenines to Alps reply; Vale to vale and peak to peak.

Italy. Shall be free, Such the mighty shout that fills All the passes of her hills.

Italy. Sing the glittering brooks that slide Toward the sea from Etna's side.

Italy. Long ago was Græceus slain; Brutus perished long ago; Yet the living roots remain.

Italy. Looking in his children's eyes, While his own with gladness flash, "Ne'er shall these," the father cries,

The World's Crisis. THE world is sadly wicked now, The time has nearly come, When Satan will be brought down so low,

HEELS AND HEADS.—If a girl thinks more of her heels than of her head, depend upon it she will never amount to much.

As You Have Opportunity.

BY T. S. ANTHONY. Mr. Frazier sat reading in his counting-room. He was in the midst of a piece of interesting news.

You might have spoken kindly to the poor boy, at least, said conscience. "This is an opportunity."

What did you say just now? Do you want a boy, sir? The lad repeated the words he had spoken, hesitatingly, a few moments before.

How old are you? I was twelve, sir, last month, replied the boy.

What splendid eyes, said the merchant to himself. And I have seen them before. Soft, dark and lustrous as a woman's.

QUEER AMUSEMENT.—Gardener, why do you water the sidewalk so much? Gardener—"Sure, maister has nothing to amuse him, and so makes me keep the sidewalk wet,

BAD LUCK AND GOOD LUCK.—Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets and his pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out.

but still kept his face away. His voice was low and not very even.

No, sir. Hedded four years ago. "Where?" The voice was quick and firmer.

There came another long silence, in which the lad was not able to see the merchant's countenance.

Take this to your mother, he said, handing the note to the lad.

The merchant did not resume his newspaper after the lad departed. He had lost all interest in its contents.

I feel a little dull, was evasively answered. Before his usual time Mr. Frazier left the store and went home.

No, papa! I ain't been naughty, said the child indignantly. I didn't want to stay here all alone, and she pinched me and slapped me so hard!

Just look at my poor leg, papa. The child said this in a whisper, with her lips laid close to her father's ear.

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Mr. Frazier sat down, and baring the child's leg to the light, saw that it was covered with blue and greenish spots, all above the knee.

Mr. Frazier loved that child with a deep tenderness. She was his all to love. Her mother, between whom and himself there never was any sympathy, died two years before.

June, he said, sternly, I wish you to leave the house immediately.

As the waiter left the room, Mr. Frazier hugged his child to his heart again, and kissed her with an eagerness of manner that was unusual with him.

In a small, back chamber sat a pale, sweet faced, patient looking woman, reading a letter which had just been left for her by the post-man.

There is no necessity for your getting a place now, Charles. We shall go back to England.

Charles now drew from his pocket the note which Mr. Frazier had given him, and handed it to his mother.

"Who gave you this?" she asked.

"A gentleman, but I don't know who he was," (I went into a girl's many stores to ask if they didn't want a boy, and at last I found one where the gentleman was who sent you this letter.)

"Did you see what name was on the slip?"

"Just a little before the evening twilight fell, word came up to the woman that a gentleman had called and wished to see her.

"Ask him to come up, my son," she said, and Charles went down stairs again.

"Oh, Edward!" fell from her lips, in a quick, surprised voice; and she started from her chair, and stood before him strangely agitated.

"I have a motherless child," he said at last, "a tender little thing that I love, and to-day I find her body purple with bruises from the cruel hand of a servant."

"Do good is not have an opportunity. Only a week before the lad's application to the merchant had this injunction been urged in his hearing, by an eloquent preacher, and the words coming to his thought, led him to call back the boy after his cold, almost unkind repulse.