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Select Poetry.

LET THAT BANNER WAVE.

Oh, let that stately banner wave
To glad the patriot's eye,
And tell in these degenerate days
Of brighter days gone by—
Of days when 'neath it in the fight
The bronzed warrior stood,
And here its folds in glory's light
O'er crimsoned fields of blood.

Still let it tell of strife and tears,
Of martyr'd spirits dead,
And of the long and toilsome years,
Through which our fathers bled.
Still let it tell of Bunker's height,
Of Monmouth's glory plain—
Of those who poured in Camden's fight
Their blood like summer rain.

Still on its folds beam every star
In bright and dimless ray,
And palmed be the hand would mar,
Or tear one gem away.
Forever let that banner wave
To tell of deeds sublime,
And light each nation struggling o'er
The stormy sea of time.

Then freemen, round it firmly stand
With high and deep resolve,
And stay the wild fanatic band
That struggles "to dissolve."
Swear by the hope of future days—
The dead of days gone by,
That still in glory's deathless haze
That flag shall wave on high.

Written expressly for the Bedford Gazette.

GREAT PRIZE TALE!

THE HEART FIRE;

"ALL ENDS WELL" THAT OUT GENERALS

"DADDY."

BY HIBBLETT HOBBS, JR.

CHAPTER I.

It was on a black, gloomy, brilliant, starless midnight, in the bleak and snowy month of June, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one, immediately after an early breakfast, about one and a half in the afternoon, just as the evening sun was setting, in gorgeous cross-bars of "red, white and blue," behind where a superannuated hay-stack was "shaking his gory locks" in the midst of a boundless expanse of clear, level land, in the heart of a dense, untrodden forest, on the highest peak of a huge ant-hill, that a young cavalier (judging from his appearance, about ninety-seven years and fourteen days high; about five feet, thirteen inches old, with rosy, black, straight, curly, auburn hair of a snowy whiteness; bright blue nose and Roman eyes; pigeon toes and a red must'n-t-ouch'em, which he had shaved off at the tender age of two weeks) stole with sad, but joyous step, down the back kitchen stairs of his father's mansion, to go a-courtin'.

CHAPTER II.

After a long and toilsome journey backwards, of ten minutes and forty-nine seconds, over an area of country, seventy-two thousand miles in extent, circular measure, he arrived on the wings of love, (his toes sticking out through his worn and dusty shirt-collar, and his ears sawed off by his highly polished gaiters) at the dwelling of his ducky-darling, and stealthily, whistling "Yankee-Doodle" with the variations of "Sweet Home," he madly and "gently as the falling dew of even" rushed in, and giving one "wild and prolonged yell of mortal agony," seated himself upon the fender, in front of a huge yawning fire-place, where against the "stern, rock-bound coast" the briny waves of oblivion beat their jolly requiem to the melancholy tune of "Granny, will your dog bite," &c.

CHAPTER III.

Our hero remained sitting in the position we left him at the close of the last chapter, as quiet as a mouse, snorting and giggling all the time, for the space of seven weeks, when suddenly his ears were greeted by a noise like "the rustling of angels' wings," and looking up he saw his heart's dearest idol sliding down the antiquely carved balustrade of the smoke-house stairs; and rushing towards her with impatient out-stretched arms, he deliberately and convulsively cried out "boo-oo-o!" at which, with one wild, despairing exclamation of "oh golly!" she fell into a protracted and death-like swoon, keeping all the time one eye open.

CHAPTER IV.

When our hero saw the sad results of his im-

petuousity, he threw himself upon his knees beside his adored and wringing his hands and crying, "Oh! my dearest duck—my punkin-sass—my musharoon—my jolnny-jump-up—why, oh, why did you turn fool and faint," he bathed her face with his agonized tears, and hopelessly tickled her nose with a straw, in the midst of which, she snorted "right out," when in an ecstasy of joy he raised her in his arms and bore her all blushing and buoyant to an old sleigh-box in one corner of the chicken-coop, where, seating himself beside her he gently sighed words in a language which none but lovers know, words that sparkled up from the well-springs of his soul, and met a sparkling response from her throbbing heart, as he sparkled and she sparkled and plural number, third person," they sparkled.

CHAPTER V.

They sparkled and sparkled and might have continued sparking until the present time, but as their evil stars would have it, the sparks attracted the attention of her paternal ancestor, (daddy as he was tenderly called, a long, raw-boned, sorrel animal, about nineteen and a half hands high, as he was riding home from market on a venerable gray-headed individual of majestic mien, with flaps to his waistcoat, and greasy knee-breeches) and he thought his domicile was in a conflagration, and in a "swate Irish brogue," strongly marked by a "rich Dutch accent," he hollered "F—E—R! F—E—R!"

CHAPTER VI.

The prolonged, agonizing cry of the paternal ancestor, aroused his entire household from their slumber, and simultaneously they rushed in; his wife, a plump, dappled-bay little body, in Kentucky jean roundabout, with red morocco cap-strings, came on a hand gallop from the spring house, where she had been engaged for three weeks, churning the "milk of human kindness" along with the "scream of a joke," in the vain attempt to get some Holland gin (of which the aforesaid old lady was very fond)—his three sons, fine looking, cross-eyed, hump-backed fellows came in, single file, four abreast mounted two by two, on cross-barred tom-cats, from the hay-field where they had been hussing the "golden ears of autumn," and playing mumble-dee-pug with their great-grandmother, and his other daughter, the child of his old age and the pride of his house, came screeching, on a fast trot, from the garden, where she had been engaged in reading from an ancient Dutch author, in a copy of the "British Poet," the heart rendering epic of "Old Grimes' Cow" and eating the seeds of that conservative plant.

CHAPTER VII.

As our hero saw the excitement he had innocently raised, in mortal fear for his new "stouch," he broke for a thicket of whiskey barrels, which grew spontaneously in a dense swamp, on the precipitous side of a neighboring mountain; but in leaving, he unfortunately, struck his "calabash" into the breadbasket of his father-in-law, that was to be (the aforesaid daddy) causing the old man to grunt, and knocking an assortment of stars and sick like from our hero's eyes, in forty-two thousand scintillations, which he hurriedly gathered up in his hat, along with sundry other bricks, and again flew "on his winding way" at a two forty speed.

But as he left, the old lady (mammy, as she was called for short) in a frenzy of indignation at seeing the dilapidated condition of her liege lord (the old boss) as he lay rolling on the grass with his "uter bust," screamed out after him, "Ah! you good-for-nothing, sneakin', flop-eared, slab-sided, egg-suckin', turkey-stealin', chicken-chasin', bone-pickin', pig-worryn', cat-skeerin', onganly, knock-kneed, bow-legged, pigeon-toed, black-headed, turnip-nosed, red-musty-chested critter! you! ef I ketch you back here I'll—"

This is all of this thrilling tale, that will be published in this paper, the balance from where it is here left off will be continued in the New York Dodger of the Wednesday immediately succeeding Fourth of July, Christmas and Easter, simultaneously, which may be had of all respective news-dealers at three cents a drink.

THE KISS.

Who gave that kiss? the teacher cried;
'Twas Harry Hall, John Jones replied.
Come here to me old Switchem said,
And solemnly he shook his head:
What evil genius prompted you
So rude a thing in school to do?
Said Harry, I can hardly say
Just how it happened. Any way,
To do a sum she whispered me;
And round my face her curls you see—
That is, her cheek—and I—and I—
Just kissed her, but I don't know why.

THE HERO OF THE MINE.

Years ago in the deep heart of a mountain in Belgium, a hundred men were working a coal mine.
Grim visaged and dusky, moving about by the dull red light of their safety-lamps, they might have been mistaken for the demons of the mountain, once supposed by the peasants to dwell in its caves. Their work was hard, and surrounded by dangers; but their wives and children were in the hamlet above, and long habit makes them forget their perils. So they might be contented, and even happy.

The creaking windlass raised and lowered a huge bucket through the deep and narrow shaft from morning till night, carrying men and tools to and fro, this was their only doorway.
It was noonday, and the sun shone down on side of the shaft, and brought a glimmer of daylight to a part of the mine. Hubert Goffin, the master miner, took his place in the great kibble, and was led down to the mine many feet below. When he reached the bottom he commenced handing some tools and stores to Victor, a blind miner who was there. Victor had left a sick child in one of the cottages, and it was to inquire after him that he stood waiting at the bottom of the shaft.

The bucket was soon emptied, and Hubert was just stepping out, when hark! What sound was that which made his cheek pale! It was the rushing and trickling of water.—The next moment he caught sight of a stream forcing itself through a fissure in the mountain close to the shaft! Hubert's long experience instantly showed him their fearful danger. It was not a feeble, oozing stream but a mighty pressure of water that had found its outlet. They would be overwhelmed—lost.

One foot was yet in the bucket—a jerk at the rope would save him. But, though death stared him in the face, he could not sacrifice others to save himself. Quickly jumping out, he seized blind Victor and placed him in the bucket, saying quickly, as he jerked the rope:

"Tell them the water has burst in and we are probably lost, but we'll seek refuge at the farther end of the gallery. Say farewell to our poor friends." In a moment he was gone, and with him Hubert's only certainty of escape from a terrible death.

The mine consisted of long, narrow passages, and on all sides deep caves from which the coal had been dug. The men were all at the farther end of the mine, hewing out the solid mountain, unconscious of danger. Hubert quickly made his way along the dark passage, followed by the swift-spreading water, and soon reached his fellow workmen with the dreadful intelligence. It was a moment of panic, when each would have rushed to certain death in vain effort to save himself. But looking firmly into their ghastly faces, the master spoke a few courageous sentences:

"Follow my words, lads, and be quick—our picks may save us!"
Then came a few steady, quick commands, to follow a new chamber above the level which the water would probably reach. The men obeyed in silence though each knew not but that he might be digging his own grave. A hundred pair of hands soon finished the work, and into the cave a hundred men crowded to wait for death, or an almost impossible chance of relief. The water gradually filled all the avenues and chambers, and then seemed stayed.—Never was a situation more dreadful. Not more than a day's provisions had been saved, and already two or three of their number had been killed by the falling rocks, while hastily digging the new chamber. The long dismal hours, with no change to mark them, brought the advance of almost certain death.

Courage, brave Hubert! God, who saw thy noble sacrifice, will help thee!
The terrified friends and townsmen, on hearing Victor's dreadful news, ran wildly about in hopeless panic. But some guided by the message Hubert had sent they commenced working a new shaft as near as possible to the spot where the helpless men might be. Five days they toiled, digging deeper into the solid side of the mountain.

It's a vain task, said the men, but the women cried, Do not cease! God will help us!

At length on the morning of the sixth day, the muffled sound of blows from within met the ears of the workmen on the shaft. A signal ran along the rope, and told the news to the waiting multitude above, who rent the air with joyful shouts. Soon a communication was made. They were saved—at least some were saved!

Who can imagine the feelings of the unfortunate men, buried for five days and nights without food, when first 'twas day gleamed in upon them, revealing a human face!

Of the hundred who had been imprisoned, only seventy survived, and with them Hubert. Without him, indeed, probably no one would have been spared to tell the news.
This noble act done in place and at a moment when no praise of men could have been looked for, echoed throughout Europe, and obtained the praise and gratitude of the world. The ten thousand miners of Leige hailed their fellow laborers with delight and pride. Napoleon heard and admired in his palace at Paris, and sent a reward to the peasant nobleman.—He sent him his Cross of Honor, the marker which all high and great coveted, and better still, offered him a pension which raised him above want for the rest of his life.

A HIGH CHANGE.—"Julius, why didn't you oblong your stay at de sea-side?"
"Kase, I tell you Mr. Snow, dey charge too much."
"How so?"
"Why, de landlord charged dis colored individual wid stealing de great big silver spoons."

When we read the almost interminable sentences of some writers, we cannot help thinking that their readers are in danger of being sentenced to death.

COURTING ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES.

Among the "necessary evils" of life, courting may be classed as one of the most serious and interesting. It attempted at all, it should like dancing, be conducted according to some well defined rules. The subject has not been entirely overlooked in books on etiquette and deportment, &c.; but the most plain and practical rules we have seen, are those laid down by Samuel Slick, Esq., as follows:

"Courtin' a gal, I guess, is like a young horse in a pasture. You put the oats in a pan, hide the halter, and soft-sawder the critter, and it comes up softly and shyly at first, and pats its nose to the grain, and gets a taste, stands off and munches a little, looks round to see that the coast is clear, and advances cautious again ready for a go, if you are rough. Well, you soft-sawder it all the time; s-s-s, pet! gently pet! that's a pretty doll! and gets to kind a like it, and comes closer, and you think you have it, make a grab at its mane, and it ups head and tail, snorts, wheels short round, lets go both hind feet at you, and of like a shot. That comes off being in a hurry. Now, if you only had put your hand up slowly towards its shoulder, and then felt along the mane, it might perhaps have drawn away, as much as to say, bands off, if you please; I like your oats, but I don't want you; but the chance is you would have caught it. Well, what's your play, now you have missed it! Why, you don't give chase, for that only scares the critter; but stand still, shake the oats in the pan, and say cope, cope, cope! and it stops, looks at you, and comes up again, but awful skittish, stretches its neck out ever so far, strains a few grains, and then keeps a respectful distance.—Now what do you do then? Why shake the pan and move slowly, as if you were going to leave the pasture and make for home; when it repents for being so distrustful, comes up, and you sip the halter out."

HOW AN HONEST OLD NEGRO OUTWITTED A PARTY OF ABOLITIONISTS.—A short time ago, a widow lady, living near the northern line of Missouri, sent her negro man with a load of wheat to a mill in Iowa, to have it manufactured into flour. The mill was crowded on his arrival there, and the prospect was that he would have to wait several days for his "turn." While waiting, some of the "freedom shriekers" in that latitude, got around the darkey and proposed aiding him in securing his freedom. The negro seemed to be struck with the idea, but did not have any money to pay his expenses. "Well," said they, "sell your mules."—"Don't know 'bout dat; missus couldn't get a-blong widout dem," said Cuff. "Well then, you can sell the wagon—that will bring the money." "Well, I believe missus needs de wagon too," answered the black, "but if I had de wagon, I could sell de flour—dat would fetch the money." "Oh, well," said the negro equalizer, "we will swap you flour for your wheat to accommodate you." So the trade was made. The wheat was exchanged for the proper portion of flour and the colored man was loaded all ready to drive off and sell his flour. But when he was about ready to start, he said: "Massa! 's bin study' 'bout freedom, but I don't believe missus can spare de flour either," and drove off with a broad grin, displaying two rows of ivory, much to the mortification and vexation of our negro loving Iowans.

SLIGHT VOCAL MISAPPROPRIATION.—The bore who is the greatest of all bores is he that reads to you aloud. If he reads his own composition he deserves death. A Parisian gentleman, afflicted with the presence of a young poet, who was given to this trick, shut his mouth forever in the following manner: He had heard read a poem an hour long. At its close he was overwhelmed with compliments and felicitations, for there is some remnant of lip politeness yet extant in Paris. But people looked into each others' countenances with silent gloom. Was this a precedent for future inflictions? If so, the re-union might as well be broken up at once. The host, a gentleman of exceeding tact, divined what was passing in the minds of his guests, and restored confidence by a stroke worthy of a Talleyrand. Approaching the youthful poet modestly awaiting the anticipated tribute to his genius, the gentleman seized both his hands and in a delighted tone exclaimed, "My dear sir! You cannot imagine how much I am pleased and astonished! I thought you were a tenor, when, in reality, your voice is a very fine baritone!" The incipient bard is not likely to read anymore verses in that house, as may well be imagined.

FORTY BABIES IN TEN DAYS!—Le Claire against the World!—As an instance of the rapid increase in importance and population of the Western country—as an instance of the cheering abundance of the crops of Scott county—as an instance of the soundness of the citizens of Le Claire on the goose question, we chronicle the fact—we point with feelings of just county pride to the imposing fact, that the full number of forty babies have taken place in the town of Le Claire within the last "ten days!" Talk about your big potatoes; about your wheat, forty bushels to the acre; talk about secession and disunion, and all such stuff—that ain't nothing compared with this mighty vindication of Iowa progress and Iowa institutions. Forty babies in ten days; forty homes made happy; forty jubilant fathers; forty cradles to rock; forty thousand screams! Jerusalem, what a country!

The doctors say that the good mothers are quite "as well as could be expected," thank you, and the children are all smart, healthy, pretty; and able to draw their regular rations, and are principally girls.—Davenport (Iowa) Gazette.

"Ah me!" said a pious lady, "our minister was a powerful preacher; for the short time he ministered the word among us, he kicked down three pulpits, and banged the in'ards out of six bibles."

GROUNDS FOR A DIVORCE.—Judge L., who is one of the most humane of legal functionaries, tells a good story of an affair coming beneath his judicial eye. A lady called on him a short time since, stating that she desired a divorce from her husband. The gallant Judge asked her what good reasons she could give for such a wish. The lady stated that she did not like to live with her husband because he was an "infidel." The Judge informed her that a difference of religious opinions, or a lack of them altogether, was no ground for a divorce; and unless the lady should give a reason more in accordance with the law in such cases made and provided, she could not have her wishes gratified. The lady seemed perplexed, but rejoined—
"Why, I have read in the papers of wives being divorced from their husbands on account of 'infidelity'!"

Eighteen things in which young people render themselves impolite:

1. Loud laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Cutting finger-nails in company.
4. Leaving meeting before it is closed.
5. Whispering in meeting.
6. Gazing at strangers.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. A way of reverence for seniors.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Receiving a present without some manifestations of gratitude.
11. Making yourself the topic of conversation.
12. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
13. Joking others in company.
14. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
15. Commencing talking before others are through.
16. Answering questions when put to others.
17. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table. And—
18. In not listening to what one is saying in company—unless you desire to show open contempt for the speaker. A well bred person will not make an observation whilst another of the company is addressing himself to it.

ABOUT THIRTY.—Mr. Charles Gist, who was engaged in taking the census in Cincinnati, tells a good anecdote of a conversation between him and a married lady, which will bear repeating:

"Madam, what age shall I put you down at?"
"No direct answer."
"How old is your husband?"
"Sixty one."
"Your oldest son?"
"Twenty one."
"And the next?"
"Twenty one."
"And how old do you call yourself?"
"I do not know my age exactly, but it is about thirty."
"Did I understand you madam, that your oldest son was 27?"
"Yes."
"You must surely then, be more than thirty."
"Well, sir, (quite snappishly,) I told you about thirty. I can't tell exactly; it may be thirty one or two, but I'm positive not over that."

HOW TO RUIN YOUR HEALTH.

- 1st. Sleep in bed late.
- 2d. Eat hot suppers.
- 3rd. Turn day into night, and night into day.
- 4th. Take no exercise.
- 5th. Always ride when you can walk.
- 6th. Never mind wet feet.
- 7th. Have half a dozen doctors.
- 8th. Drink all the medicine they send you.
- 10th. If they do not kill you, quack your self.

A clergyman of Concord, N. H., met a little boy of his acquaintance on the cars, and said to him:—
"This is a quite a stormy day, my son."
"Yes, sir," said the boy; "this is quite a wet rain."
The clergyman, thinking to rebuke such hyperbole, asked if he ever knew of any other than wet rain.
"I never knew personally of any other," said the boy, "but I have read in a certain book of a time when it rained fire and brimstone, and I guess that was not a wet rain."

ESSENCE OF YOUNG AMERICA.—Scam—Captain of the New World. Little boy, with "letter in the post-office," eyeing old gentleman in blue and "yaller," and with a large mouth.
Little Boy (enquiringly)—"Who made that slit under your nob, old feller?"
Old gentleman—"Sir, you are impudent."
Little Boy, (suggestively)—"Careless cuss, wadn't be—cut a little deeper he'd had yer head off!"
Old gentleman vanished to the tune of "Go it while yer young."

The following is a literal copy of the last questions proposed for discussion in a colored debating club where phonetics were practiced:

- Is dansen mor'ille rong?
- Is the redin of fictishus works commendible?
- Is it necessary that females should receive a thorry edicashon?
- Ort females take part in pollyty x?
- Duz dress constitute the morrel part of wimmen?
- "The little darling—he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby a purpos, did he? It was a mere accident wadn't it, sonny?"
- "Yes, mar, to be sure it was, and if he don't behave himself I'll crack him again."

"Judge, you say if I punch a man, even in fun, he can take me up for assault and battery?"

"Yes, sir, I said that, and what I said I repeat. If you punch a man you are guilty of a breach of the peace, and can be arrested for it."

"Ain't there no exceptions?"

"No sir, no exceptions whatever."

"Judge, I think you are mistaken. Suppose for instance, I should brandy-punch him—what then?"

"No levity in court, sir. Sheriff expose this man to the atmosphere. Call the next case!"

PERSONAL.—"When are you going to commence the pork business?" asked a person of another, who had a sty on his eye.

"Explain yourself, sir," said the afflicted gentleman.

"Why I see that you have your sty quite ready?"

"True," replied the other, "and I've a hog in my eye now!"
The quæstir vamoosed.

The following occurred in a school in this country:

Teacher—What part of speech is the word egg?"

Boy—(hesitating)—"Noun, Sir."

Teacher—"What's its gender?"

Boy—(perplexed)—"Can't tell, sir."

Teacher—"Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?"

Boy—(looking sharp)—"Can't say, sir, till it is hatched!"

When you see a gentleman at midnight on the step in front of his house combing his hair with the door-scraper, you may judge he has been out to an evening party.

A soldier who was once wounded in battle, set up a terrible howling. An Irishman who laid near, with both legs shot off, immediately sung out:

"Bad luck to the likes of ye, do ye think that nobody is kilt but yourself?"

The following beautiful stanza is copied from a young lady's album.

Fair maid, when I B hold ure face
& gaze in two ure azure eye,
My love is warmed in 2 a blaze,
& thauts within mi bosom rize
2 big for mi week tong 2 utter,
which leaves mi hart awl in a flutter."

A LAMENT.—A weather-bound individual standing under an awning during a late shower was heard to utter the following lament:

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour
The weathering fate has on me fell:
When I ain't got no umbrella.

A young lady was waltzing the other evening, and a gentleman friend was standing near. During a momentary pause, he said to her:

"I saw them—they're blue."

Now it appears the young lady had blue rosetts on her slippers, and also blue garters, and being uncertain as to which her friend referred, she concluded to stop waltzing in the expanded crinoline she then wore.

An advocate having lately gained a suit for a poor young lady, she remarked: "I have nothing to pay you with, sir, but my heart."

"Hand it over to the clerk, if you please, I wish no fee for myself."

In Cincinnati, an Irishman became angry at a darkey, and broke seven or eight bricks upon his head without doing him the least injury. The negro, who was perfectly cool during the operation, exclaimed: "Struck away white man—dis'chile don't mind dem pebbles no how! yah! yah!"

A writer in an Arkansas paper, who is evidently no friend of Lincoln, gives us his sentiments in the following style:

Two posts standant,
One beam crossant,
One rope pondant,
Abram at the end on't,
Glorious, splendent.

A bereaved Western widow addressed the pall-bearers at the funeral with—"You pall-bearers, just go into the buttery, and get some rum, and we'll start this man right along."

A story is told of a tavern keeper by the name of A. S. Camp. The painter, in painting his sign, left out the points, so it read: Tavern kept by A S C A M P.

"Mr. Jones, why do you wear that bad hat?"

"Because, my dear sir, Mrs. Jones vows she will not go out of the house until I get a new one."

An editor of a paper in Indiana, wants to know if Western whiskey was ever seen "comin' thro' the rye?"

Quill says there's many a woman strong enough to hold a fractious horse who can't hold her tongue.

"Bob, is that dog of your'n a pointer?"

"No, he's half hunter and half setter; he bunts bones when he's hungry, and sets by the stove when he's satisfied."

The man that drew a long breath has taken another chance in the same lottery.