

THREE SONGS.

Sing me, thou singer, a song of gold! Said a care-worn man to me;

A fair girl asked of me: Then I sang of a love that clasps the race,

Sing me, O singer, a song of life! Cried an eager youth to me;

And I sang of the life without alloy, Beyond our years, till the heart of the boy

Caught the golden beauty, and love, and joy Of the great eternity.

THE NEW YEAR.

Who comes dancing down the snow, His little soft feet all bare and rosy?

Open your heart, be it sad or gay, Welcome him there, and use him kindly,

The History of Socialism in the United States.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, America was looked to as the happy land for Utopian schemes, both religious and economic.

Because he declined to serve, the commissioners appointed me as substitute. One day about the middle of April, when I was at my work over along Buffalo Run,

They were raising a company to go to the war. Several men who belonged to a military company called the "Belleville Fencibles," of which our late great War Governor was captain, served as the nucleus around which others gathered.

I remember standing near where the Soldier's Monument is now, when Lop Shugert and Evan Blanchard had a rather heated talk with each other.

Some few weeks after that company left, two besides myself—one was John Musser, who used to live out at Pleasant Gap—the name of the other I have forgotten—took a notion we would go to Harrisburg to see the soldiers.

At that time—and even later—about every third or fourth door from the old "Farmers' hotel" to the depot, was a Jew clothing store.

There was always a "Sheeny" standing at the store door, to catch you by the coat to pull you in to buy "sheeny" clothing.

Musser was in the lead, and had been caught a couple of times, when he swore that the next fellow that took hold of him would get something he didn't want.

"We had gone only a few rods until a "Sheeny" caught hold of John to pull him in.

John braced himself up, and gave a "Fitzsimmons," that landed "Isaac" full length on the ground, and then ran for the depot.

So far as I know, General Beaver and Robert A. Cassidy are the only survivors of that noble band of "boys" who so promptly responded to their country's call in the time of greatest need.

mony, but the trade-unions have in the past, as a rule, been opposed to political action, while the Socialists believe that the capture of the political machinery of the country is necessary, and that political campaigns give opportunities for spreading the knowledge of their ideas.

In countries where the Socialist movement has grown up, in its early days it has always had to fight anarchism, both within and without its ranks. This in America fell to the lot of the Socialist Labor Party. The strife was long and relentless and ended only with the overthrow of the anarchist movement in America.

The Socialist Labor Party, after its struggle with anarchy and because of the narrow and ineffectual attitude which its later leaders assumed, failed to represent the growing interest in Socialism in America.

Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," published in 1879 and Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" published in 1887, had aroused a great deal of interest in social questions. The great strikes which followed the panic of '73, and which always ended in the defeat of the workers turned the minds of the laboring classes toward other methods of procedure.

In 1888 the Society of Christian Socialists was organized in Boston. In 1890 the Socialist Labor Party divided into two factions and in 1900 the faction which was opposed to the administration of the old party, united with the Social Democratic Party of the west giving to the new organization the name the Socialist Party.

Recollections of a Far Away Day in Belleville. Editor Watchman: In the spring of 1861 Mike Grove was elected assessor for Benner township.

Because he declined to serve, the commissioners appointed me as substitute. One day about the middle of April, when I was at my work over along Buffalo Run, I heard drums beating in Belleville.

I wondered what it meant, and decided to go to town and see what was going on. When I got to about "Strychnine corner," I saw several people moving about as excitedly as if the town were on fire.

"What was up," and was told that Sumter had fallen, and the President had called for seventy-five thousand men for three months, to put down the rebellion.

I walked up Allegheny street, past the Conrad house, and up to the square, or "Diamond" as it was then called. I noticed a tall, slender, boyish looking fellow, who seemed to be very busy.

"There was one man playing the fife, and two were beating drums, one of whom I think was "Bob" Casely, and it seemed to me that he was trying his best to see how much noise he could make.

There was a good deal of delay and difficulty in getting teams quick enough to take the "boys" over to Lewistown, the nearest railroad point at that time.

When a wagon was full, they started off waving hats and yelling, and brandishing all sorts of knives, revolvers and "horse pistols," as they were then called.

They soon learned that these "hoies" were not the kind they needed and they threw them away.

I remember how they laughed and yelled as the teams started. The "boys" were as light-hearted as if they were going out to Pleasant Gap to a political meeting.

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Some Interesting Points of Character in the Hand-Clasp.

Those people who clasp their hands with two fingers between the thumb and finger instead of the usual one are probably very deceitful.

A keen intellect and great self-confidence are possessed by the man who interlaces his fingers and then places his hands, palm downwards, flatly on his knee.

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The Hat and the Title.

There is an amusing English definition of "gentleman." It is "a man who wears a silk hat and if he has no other title insists upon having 'Esq.' added to his name when letters are addressed to him."

The west end Londoner of social pretensions accepts this definition in practice. Summer and winter, in rain or shine, he wears a high silk hat in the streets of London and carries it into the drawing room when he pays an afternoon call.

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What a Political Speaker Endures.

The political stump speaker has many amusing and many unpleasant experiences. A party of us went down into the heart of the east side of New York one night with a politician somewhat handicapped by his wealth and social position, who nevertheless elected to go to the doubtful district precinct.

At a street corner a bustling draped cart awaited him, and, climbing to the tailboard of this, he began telling the ragged audience in well rounded periods how they should vote and why. A few jeers began to crop from the tolerance of the crowd.

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Poor Air and Poor Living.

When Jim Bridger, the one time famous scout of the plains, grew old he thought he would like to retire from the somewhat arduous life of a plainsman and settle down to the ease of "the east," which to him meant Missouri.

A year or two passed, and one day Captain Russell, the commandant of the post which Bridger had left, was surprised to see the old scout heave in sight. When he came in the captain asked:

"Well, Bridger, what brings you back here?"

"Captain," said Bridger, "I want to go back to scouting again."

"Indeed? Why, I thought you had settled down in the east for the rest of your life?"

"Well, cap'n, I'll tell you how it is. I went back to old Missouri, and if you'll believe it they've got a railroad station within ten miles of the old place—yes, sir, a railroad station! And, what's more, they've got a ranch now in every four miles. I tell you what, cap'n, the air ain't pure down there no more!"

"Is that possible? But I thought you'd like the good things to eat they have down there. You like good things to eat, I remember."

"Good things to eat! Why, cap'n, I didn't have a briled beaver tail the whole time I was there!"

The First Cookbook.

To the Romans belong the honor of having produced the first European cookery book, and, though the authorship is uncertain, it is generally attributed to Caelius Apicius, who lived under Trajan, 114 A. D.

"First, for a sauce to be eaten with boiled fowl, put the following ingredients into a mortar: Aniseed, dried mint and lazer root. Cover them with vinegar, add dates and pour in liquamen (a distilled liquor made from large fish which were salted and allowed to turn putrid in the sun), oil and a small quantity of mustard seeds.

The second recipe shows the same queer mixture of ingredients: "Take a wheelbarrow of rose leaves and pound in a mortar; add to it brains of two pigs and two thrushes boiled and mixed with the chopped up yoke of egg, oil, vinegar, pepper and wine. Mix and pour these together and stew them steadily and slowly till the perfume is developed."—Chambers' Journal.

Which Foot Walks Faster?

You may think this a very silly question to ask, but it isn't. It is a simple, demonstrable fact, which you can prove to your own satisfaction in a very few minutes.

If you will take a pavement that is clear, so that there will be no interference, and walk briskly in the center, you will find that before you have gone fifty yards you have veered very much to one side.

You must not make any effort, of course, to keep in the center, but if you will think of something and endeavor to walk naturally you cannot keep a direct line. The explanation of this lies in the propensity of one foot to walk faster than the other, or one leg takes a longer stride than the other, causing one to walk to one side.

You can try an experiment in this way by placing two sticks about eight feet apart, then stand off about sixty feet, blindfold yourself and endeavor to walk between them. You will find it almost impossible.

Why Not Be an Egotist?

There is much mistaken sentiment as to the sin of egotism. The fact is egotism is not a sin. On the other hand, it is somewhat of a virtue and an indispensable element in all real progress.

Some phases of egotism are unfortunate for the possessor, but if all of self love, or rather, the love of other people's admiration and good will, were to be extinguished there would be little to hold society together and less to give impetus to the great enterprises which spring from individual thought and culminate in personal profit.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Retort Courteous.

A lady passing through the negro quarter in Mobile, Ala., heard an old woman chanting a dirge-like tune.

"Auntie," she observed, "that is a mournful song you are singing."

"Yassum," was the response, "I knows it's mo'nf'ul, but by singin' dat song an' tendin' to my own business I spects to git to heaben."

His Luck.

"I have been engaged to at least a dozen girls," said a young man.

"And always been unlucky in love, eh?" inquired a lady.

"Oh, no—rather lucky!" was the answer. "I've never married any of them!"

An Order Not Observed.

An exasperated Irish sergeant, drilling a squad of recruits, called to them at last:

"Halt! Just come over here, all of ye and look at yourselves. It's a fine line ye're keepin', isn't it?"

The Resemblance.

"I was always interested in airships and flying machines, so I bought a theater."

"Why did you do that?"

"A theater has wings and flies."