

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XVI.—NO. 25.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

## TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, December 1, 1885.

### Selected Poetry.

#### THE HARVEST HYMN.

God of the rolling year! to Thee  
Our songs shall rise—whose bounty pours  
In many a goodly gift, with free  
And liberal hand, our autumn stores!  
No firstlings of our stock we lay,  
No scaring clouds of incense rise,  
But on thine hallowed shrine we lay  
Our grateful hearts in sacrifice.  
Beneath thy breath the lap of Spring  
Was heaped with many a blooming flower;  
And smiling summer joyed to bring  
The sunshine and the gentle shower;  
And Autumn's rich luxuriance, now,  
The ripening seed, the bursting shell,  
The golden sheaf and laden bough,  
The fullness of thy bounty tell.  
No meadow throng, in princely doom,  
Here wait a titled lord's behest,  
But many a fair and peaceful home  
Hath won thy peaceful dove a guest;  
No groves or palm or orange bowers,  
No myrtle shades or orange bowers,  
But rustling meads of golden corn,  
And fields of waving grain are ours.  
Safe is thy care the landscape o'er,  
Our flocks and herds securely stray;  
No tyrant master claims our store—  
No ruthless robber rends away;  
No fierce volcano's withering shower—  
No fell simoon with poisonous breath—  
No burning sun, with baleful power,  
Awake the fiery plagues of Death.  
And here shall rise our song to thee,  
Where lengthened vales and pasture lie,  
And streams go singing wild and free,  
Beneath a blue and smiling sky,  
Where never was reared a mortal throne,  
Where crowned oppressors never trod,  
Here—at the throne of Heaven alone,  
Shall man in reverence bow to God.

### Educational.

[For the Bradford Reporter.]

N. B. This is not to be read by any to whom the supposed cases do not apply.

Mr. Editor: There are many difficulties and perplexities to which the faithful teacher is subjected, that are not generally known or fully appreciated by parents and guardians. One of the most fruitful sources of troubles of this kind, is the permitting of scholars to stay away from school, a day, or a half day, when a difficult lesson is to be recited. All lessons require more or less close study, all are important; but, some require more labor than others, and some are more important than others, and, in most cases, these difficult but more important lessons contain the principles involved in the succeeding ones. Take now a child who dislikes to study hard and long, in order to master the elements of a science, who hates the thorough, searching drill of the faithful teacher, while upon first principles; and, when such lessons come along he finds it convenient to stay at home, or visit some friend, or to run in the street. To stay at home, perhaps, for a sickness so slight, that it would not prevent attendance at a ball, or party, or theatre, or circus, or place where two shillings could be made, even if it were necessary to go through mud and rain to reach those places. A sickness, too, so ephemeral, and so accommodating in its nature, that it will disappear the very hour the case which produced it (that is the hard lesson) has passed off, without leaving the patient at all reduced in flesh, or in strength. Perhaps the pupil will remain from school a whole day, to do something that he could and would, under other circumstances, be just as well done in an hour before school, while he was permitted to either lie in bed, to get the sleep that he should have had in the early part of the evening, when he was in the street, or at the party, or perhaps the circus or theatre; or, is left to play until the last bell has called the school together. True, the parent does not know that a difficult lesson was to be recited that morning; but the child knew it the night before, and had laid his plans accordingly. Now, as the bell is ringing, he suggests to the parent that he was wanted for some purpose at some few minutes, and he is sent to perform the labor whatever it may be. When the work is done, it has become so late, that, at the suggestion of the child, the parent concludes that he may as well stay at home the rest of the day, or half day, as the case may be. When the neglected lesson has passed off, he obtains an excuse, and starts to school, chuckling to think how he has outwitted his parents and cheated the teacher.

Now, what is the effect of this deceiving of parents and cheating of teacher, upon the scholar? Why, when he comes into the class to recite the next lesson, in which the principles of the neglected one are involved, he is wholly unable to understand the subject under consideration, for the simple reason, that, when the class learned the principles upon which the lesson is based, he was not present. If the teacher urges upon him the absolute necessity of being in his place at every recitation, he immediately, and with great assurance, falls back upon his excuse for yesterday's absence, and the teacher must submit; but is this the

end of the matter? By no means; he may be required to remain after school and recite; with this he is dissatisfied, and determines to worry out the hard, unreasonable master, as he now thinks he is, and so to carry the cheating operation farther, he concludes that he will not study that particular lesson at all, seeing that he is required to stay and recite it, only to accommodate the master. In fact, he has no time to look over yesterday's lesson, for those of to-day presses much harder upon him than upon the others of his class. The first principles must therefore be wholly neglected, or the teacher must take time out of school hours to give the same instruction as was given to the class; but with the additional labor consequent upon hearing a lesson that never has been studied.

The scholar soon discovers that his classmates are getting ahead of him, and as the lessons grow more and more difficult to one who neglected the first, he soon stays away again because he does not understand his lessons. On his return again, he finds matters worse than before. He soon has a settled dislike to his teacher—thinks he is cross—unnecessarily exacting, unwilling to give him proper assistance, and partial to the other members of the class who get along so much better than he does; and finally hates to go to that school. His parents, after talking the whole matter over with him, without hearing a word from the teacher, unless he obtruded himself upon them, conclude that it is of no use to drive the child to a school where he dislikes the master; and he is therefore kept at home, or sent to some other school, there to re-enact the same scenes, if the teacher is faithful, and leave for the street school, where hundreds of the youth of our village are receiving their only education.

In this school he loses no lessons, he is present at every recitation of vulgarities, obscenity, profanity and blasphemy; he hears all, learns all, remembers all, practices all, and when he graduates, he goes forth to teach all. Now, where was the root of this evil? Was the teacher to blame for requiring perfect lessons? For insisting upon the importance of constant attendance at every recitation, when attendance was possible, not convenient, but possible. I leave these questions for parents to answer.

But, it will be said, are children never really sick while attending school? Certainly they are, frequently, really sick, and when so, should be most carefully attended to, and their health should, at all times, be watched over by the parents with anxious solicitude, and all unnecessary exposures and irregularities in diet and hours of sleep, should be sedulously guarded against; but in the case of the scholar, we would have the parents investigate the cause and degree of the indisposition, as rigidly as they do in cases where money or pleasure is to be the sacrifice for non-attendance.

Parents occasionally, need their children to do some chores after school time; but, the same care in the case of the scholar, as is exercised in other cases, would make those occasions, like angel's visits, few and far between.

It may be asked again, how do parents know when the most difficult, or the most important lessons are to be recited? They do not know; hence the impropriety of allowing scholars to stay out of school a moment, if it can possibly be avoided. If they do not know which are the most important, they do know, or they ought to know, that all are of sufficient importance to require the attention of their children.

If parents could be induced to go with their children to school, and to remain through the day and hear them attempt to recite after an absence of a day or two, and witness their trouble and perplexity in endeavoring to keep along with those who recite every lesson—if they would perform, for one or two days only, the extra labor that the teacher has to perform for their scholars, these annoying and discouraging absences would soon cease to trouble the teacher.

X.  
TAIL BRAGGING.—A sucker specimen, whose visit to the State Fair gave him liberty to stretch the truth slightly respecting what he saw on his travels, was detailing to a Hoosier the immense business done in packing beef in the Garden City. Said he, "they kill a million head a week, and the blood discolors the water of the lake half a mile from shore." "That's nothing," replied the Hoosier; "at my uncle's down in New Albany, they have a trip hammer, driven by a forty horse power steam engine, just to knock the cattle down with; and there is so much blood, that with it they drive a grist mill of six run of burrs, and never stop on account of low water."

LOVING SIMPLICITY.—Upon the conclusion of a marriage in a village church, the bridegroom signed the register with "his x mark." The pretty young bride did the same, and then turning to a lady who had known her as the best scholar in school, whispered to her, while tears of honest love and admiration stood in her bright eyes: "Here's a dear fellow, Miss, but cannot write yet; he's going to learn of me, and I would not shame him for the world."

### Miscellaneous.

#### The Husking Frolic.

The barn was a vast rustic bower that night. One end was heaped with corn ready for husking; the floor was neatly swept; and overhead the rafters were concealed by heavy garlands of white pine, golden maple leaves, and red oak branches, that swept from the roof downwards like a tent. Butternut leaves wreathed their clustering gold among the dark-green hemlock, while sunnyside cones, with flame-colored leaves, shot through the gorgeous forest branches. The rustic chandelier was in full blaze, while now and then a candle gleamed out through the garlands, starting them to the roof. Still, the illumination was neither broad nor bold, but shed a delicious starlight through the barn, that left much to the imagination, and concealed a thousand little signs of love-making that would have been vented on more silly had the light been more broad.

But the candles were aided by a host of sparkling eyes. The air was warm, and rich laughter and pleasant nonsense, banded from group to group amid the rustling of cornhusks and the dash of golden ears, as they fell from the heap that swelled larger and larger with every passing minute.

Uncle Nathan's great arm-chair had been placed in the centre of the barn, just beneath the hoop of lights. There he sat ruddy and smiling, the very impersonation of a ripe harvest, with an iron fire shovel fastened in some mysterious manner across his seat, a large splint basket between his knees, working away with an energy that brought the perspiration like rain to his forehead. Up and down across the sharp edge of the shovel he drew the slender corn, sending a shower of golden kernels into the basket with every pull of his arm, and stooping now and then with a well pleased smile to even down the corn as it rose higher in his basket.

Our old friend Salina sat at a little distance, with her fiery tresses rolled in upright puffs over each temple, and her great horn comb towering therein like a battlement. A calico gown with very gay colors straggling over it, like honey suckles and buttercups on a hill-side, adorned her lathy person, leaving a trim foot visible on a bundle of stalks just within range of Uncle Ned's eye. Not that Salina intended it, or that Uncle Ned had any particular regard for neatly clad feet, but your strong minded woman has an instinct which is sure to place the few charms sparsely distributed to the class, in conspicuous relief on all occasions.

As Salina sat perched on the base of the corn-stalk, tearing away vigorously at the husks, she cast an admiring glance now and then on the old man as his head rose and fell to the motion of his hands, but that glance was quickly withdrawn with a defiant toss of the head, for Uncle Nat's eyes never once turned on the trim foot with its calf-skin shoe, much less on its owner, who began to be a little expensively, as maidens of her class will be when their best points are overlooked.

"Humph!" muttered the maiden, looking down at her calico; "one night as well have come with a linen woolsey frock on for what any body cares." In order to relieve these exasperated feelings, Salina seized an ear of corn by the dead silk and rent away the entire husk at once; when lo! a long, plump ear appeared, the very thing that half a dozen of the prettiest girls on the stalk-heap, had been searching and wishing for all the evening.

The discovery was hailed with a shout. The possession of a red ear, according to the established usage of all husking parties entitled every gentleman present to a kiss from the holder.

The barn rang again with the clamor of voices and the shouts of merry laughter. There was a general crashing down of ears upon the corn heap. The roguish girls that had failed in finding the red ear, abandoned work and began dancing over the stalk heap, clapping their hands like mad things, and sending shout after shout of merry laughter that went ringing cheerily among the starlit evergreens overhead.

But the young men, after the first wild shout, remained unusually silent, looking sheepishly on each other with a shy unwillingness to commence duty. No one seemed urgent to be first, and this very awkwardness set the girls off like mad again.

There sat Salina, amid the merry din, brandishing the red ear in her hand, with a grim smile upon her mouth, prepared for a desperate defence.

"What's the matter? why don't you begin?" cried a pretty black eyed piece of mischief, from the top of the stalk heap; "why, before this time, I thought you would have been snatching kisses by handfuls."

"I'd like to see them try, that's all!" said the strong minded female, sweeping a glance of scornful defiance over the young men.

"Now Joseph Nash, are you going to stand that?" cried the pretty piece of mischief to a handsome young fellow that had haunted her neighborhood all the evening, "afraid to fight for a kiss, are you?"

"No, not exactly," said Joseph, rolling back his wrists band and setting himself in his clothes; "it's the after-clap, if I shouldn't happen to please," he added in a whisper that brought his lips so close to the cheek of his fair tormentor, that he absolutely gathered toll from its peachy bloom before starting on his pilgrimage, a toll that brought the glow still more richly to her face.

The maiden, laughing till the tears sparkled in her eyes, pushed him towards Salina in revenge.

But Salina lost no time in placing herself on the defensive. She started up, flung the bundle of stalks on which she had been seated at the head of her assailant, kicked up a tornado of loose husks with her trim foot, and stood brandishing her red ear furiously, as if it had been a dagger in the hand of Lady Macbeth, rather than inoffensive food for chickens.

"Keep your distance, Joe Nash; keep clear of me, now I tell you; I ain't afraid of the face of man; so back out of this while you have a chance; you can't kiss me, I tell you, without you are stronger than I be, and I know you are!"

"I shan't—shan't I?" answered Joe, who was reinforced by half a dozen laughing youngsters, all eager for a frolic; "well, I never did take a stump from a gal in my life, so here goes for that kiss."

Joe bounded forward as he spoke, and made a snatch at Salina with his great hands; but, with the quickness of a deer, she sprang aside, leaving her black silk apron in his grasp. Another plunge, and down came the ear of corn across his head, rolling a shower of red kernels among his thick brown hair.

But Joe had secured his hold, and after another dash, that broke her ear of corn in twain, Salina was left defenceless, with nothing but her two hands to fight with; but she plied these with great vigor, leaving long crimson marks upon her assailant's cheeks with every blow, till, in very self-defence, he was compelled to lessen the distance between her face and his, thus receiving her assault upon his shoulders.

To this day it is doubtful if Joe Nash really did gather the fruits of his victory. If he did, no satisfactory report was made to the eager ring of listeners; and Salina stalked away from him with an air of ineffable disdain, as if her defeat had been deprived of its just reward.

EASTERN SAGACITY.—The Sultan of Wadai Gaudeh, pretending to fly, had marched round in the rear of the Forian army, and interposed between them and their country. They believed, however, that he was utterly routed, and loudly expressed their joy. One vizier remained silent, and on being asked by his master why he did not share in the general joy, replied that he did not believe in this easy victory, and offered to prove that the enemy's army was even then marching towards them.

"How wilt thou do this?" said the sultan.

"Bring me a she camel," replied the vizier, "with a man that knows how to milk it!"

The camel was brought and well washed, and the milk was drawn into a clean bowl, and placed, with a man to guard it, on the top of the sultan's tent. Next morning the vizier caused the bowl to be brought to him, and found the milk quite black. So he went to the sultan and said:

"Master, they are coming down upon us, and have marched all night!"

"How dost thou know that?"

"Look at this blackened milk!"

"In what way has it become black?"

"The dust raised by the feet of the horses has been carried by the wind!"

Some laughed at this explanation, but others believed it, and looked out anxiously toward the west. In a short time the manes of the hostile cavalry were seen shaking in the eastern horizon. Then followed the battle in which the Forian Sultan was slain.

A gentleman travelling through the most sucklerish portion of the sucker state, put up at a log cabin in the "timber," where no visitors of the kind have ever entered before. The old man of the cabin had a daughter, who thought she must "fix up" for the stranger, and look "like folks." Accordingly she sat down at the dinner table, arrayed in her best bib and tucker, and putting on her newest airs of gentility. Some corn dodgers were on the table, and she was "walking into" these as a sucker girl only can. By-and-by, she came across a hair in one of the dodgers, and pulling it out between her two fingers, exclaimed, "Mother, here's a hair!" "Hush-sh girl, it's only corn silk." "Y-e-a-s! I say, c-o-r-n silk to you, with a nut on it."

TO DIVEST CALVES OF VERMIN.—It often happens that calves become covered with vermin, causing them to lose flesh and look very dull. To clean the calf is a very disagreeable piece of work; but if the following receipt is adhered to, they will become clean with a very little trouble. Give the calf a tablespoon full of brimstone for three mornings in succession; if one trial does not completely rid the calf, the second will never fail. I have tried it several times, and once has been enough in each instance.

Let a bachelor get a scratch upon his face, and it is said he has been in an awful fight; but when a married man appears with two black eyes, a swollen face, and a severe headache, it is only said that he has fallen into a little "love spat."

AN EXCELLENT REASON.—A lady walking, a few days since, on one of the wharves in New York, asked a sailor whom she met, why a ship was called "she?" The son of Neptune replied that it was "because the rigging costs more than the hull!"

The individual who tried to clear his conscience with an egg, is now endeavoring to raise his spirits with yeast. If he fails in this, it is his deliberate intention to blow out his brains with a belloy, and sink calmly into the arms of a young lady.

A FEELING REPLY.—Milton was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages, to which he replied:

"No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

The Bucks County Intelligencer calls Shanghai "traveling cornericks." Very truthful designation.

A printer down South offers to sell his whole establishment for a clean shirt and a meal of victuals. He says he has lived on promises till his whiskers have stopped growing.

#### RECIPE FOR A MODERN BONNET.

Two scraps of foundation, some fragments of lace, A shower of French rose-buds to droop o'er the face, Fine ribbons and feathers, with craze and illusion, Then mix and arrange them in graceful confusion; Lave with some fairy, out-roaming for pleasure, And beg the slight favor of taking her measure, The length and the breadth of her dear little pate, And hasten a miniature frame to create; Then pour as above, a bright mixture upon it, And, lo! you possess "SUCH A LOVE OF A BONNET!"

STAY WHERE YOU ARE.—In the West we have met with persons possessed for a mania of clearing land. As long as their farms afford unlimited opportunities for chopping down huge trees and burning up huge logs, they work away with the ardor of passion; but the moment they have made their farms tillable and their houses inhabitable, they take no further interest in them whatever, and are eager to sell out and plunge deeper into the woods to ply again the axe and the brand. Thus the country is cleared rapidly; but the blood of the people is fevered, and the passion for change continues after the good done by it has been accomplished.

Then necessity for a rapid clearing of land has ceased. We have cleared faster than we have appropriated. The Eastern and Middle States present an expanse, almost unbroken, of half-cultivated land, dotted with unattractive homes. A large number—probably a majority—of those who occupy those homes are, at least, willing, if they are not desirous, to sell their farms and try their fortunes in a newer region. They know that the burden of life is heavy to be borne where they are; they hope it will be lighter somewhere else. They forget that the life of no honest man is easy. They omit from their calculations all the unseen and spiritual advantages of a permanent residence. They overlook the fact that the real nutriment of a tree or a man flows in from the minute tendrils of the root, scarcely visible to the eye, which a removal rudely tears away. They have neglected to make their homes charming, by planting the ornamental shrub, the shading tree, the beautiful flower. They have not enlisted in their corps of co-operators the next to omnipotent aid of Science nor bound themselves to the fields they till by the interest of varied, intelligent Experiment. They do not know that new lands, though they give a large increase, yet draw large tribute from the men who go to live upon them. The forest and the prairie do not yield without a struggle, nor without imparting some of their wildness to their conquerors. It is a game of Give and Take between civilized man and wild nature.

The most of men over twenty-five years of age, who have good footing upon their native soil, we believe the advice is good. Stay where you are, and determine to stay as long as life lasts! Persevering toil, guided by thinking head and ennobled by a worthy purpose, will reduce the mortgage by degrees, and beautify the old home and fertilize the sterile field, and drain the too fertile marsh, and convert stones into stone fence, and make the farm the pride of the township and the delight of its owner. Stay where you are, and try it! There are those who should remove—the young, the strong, the unoccupied the one-too-many in a family. But, if possible, such should remove but once, seeking not a stopping place, but a permanent home in which, and around which, all is best in their natures may gather and centre.—Life Illustrated.

FATTEN SWINE EARLY.—Many farmers defer fattening their swine till the winter season, so as to kill them the last of January or the first of February, and sometimes later. The reason given for this course is that the late season affords more leisure for threshing and grinding corn and grain, and more time for attending to feeding. This is not, however, the best economy, as a general thing.

The temperature of all warm blooded animals is, at most times, higher than that of the surrounding atmosphere, and a constant consumption of fat in the body is required to keep up this elevation of temperature. The amount of heat given off from the surface of the body depends upon the retentive coldness of the air. In cold weather then, more heat-producing elements, that is, more fat—is required to sustain the animal than in warm weather; so that the same amount of food there will be less surplus fat left to increase the bulk of the animal. To illustrate: Suppose that in September and October an animal eats 15 lbs. of corn per day, but requires only 10 lbs. per day to supply the loss of heat, there will then be left 5 lbs. of corn, or 33 per cent., to increase the bulk of the animal. But in January and February, owing to the increased coldness of the atmosphere, the animal will require at least one-fifth more food—that is twelve lbs. of corn—to keep up the natural warmth of the body. This leaves but 3 lbs. out of 15, or 30 per cent., to increase the weight. On this account alone it is quite evident that early fattening is more profitable.

The same reason suggests the importance of keeping fattening animals, especially in warm pens or stalls as little exposed to cold as may be.

A WEIGHTY ARGUMENT.—We hear a good deal about the war being necessary to preserve the balance of power, which is, no doubt, the case; but there is another balance—and a pretty powerful balance it is—which is likely to be destroyed rather than preserved by the existing state of things. There is not a State in Europe which will not find its balance—if it happens to have any in its treasury—seriously jeopardized by the hostilities which have broken out.—Punch.

KISSING.—One of the Deacons in Edward Dey's church asked him if he usually kissed the bride at weddings.

"Always," was the reply.

"And how do you manage when the happy pair are negroes?" was the deacon's question.

"In all such cases," replied Mr. Dey, "the duty of kissing is appointed to the deacons."

[From the "Widow Bedott Papers," edited by Mrs. Nell.]

#### Hezekiah Bedott.

He was a wonderful hand to moralize, husband was, specially after he begun to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once, when he was in one of his poor turns, that I shall never forget the longest day I live. He says to me one winter evening as we was sittin' by the fire, I was kitted' (I was always a wonderful great knitter) and he was a smokin' (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctor used to tell him he'd be better off to let tobacco alone; when he was well he used to take his pipe and smoke a spell after he'd got the chores done up, and when he wasn't well used to smoke the biggest part o' the time.) Well, he took his pipe out of his mouth and turned toward me, and I knowed somethin' was comin', for he had a particular way of lookin' round when he was gwine to say anythin' uncommon. Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," (my name was Prissilly naterally, but he generally called me Silly, 'cause 'twas handier, you know.) Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," and he looked pretty solemn, I tell you, he had a solemn countenance naterally, and after he got to be a deacon 'twas more so, but since he'd lost his health he looked solemn-er than ever, and certainly you wouldn't wonder at it if you knew how much he underwent. He was troubled with a wonderful pain in his chest, and awazin' weakness in the spine of his back, besides the pleurisy in his side, and havin' the ager a considerable part of the time, and bein' broke of his rest o' nights 'cause he was so put to 't for breath when he laid down. Why it's an unaccountable fact that when the man died he hadn't seen a well day in fifteen year, though when he was married and for ever or six year after I shouldn't desire to see a ruggeder man than what he was.

But the time I'm speakin' of he'd been out o' health nigh upon ten year; and O dear sakes! how he had altered since the first time I ever see him! That was to a quillin' to Squire Smith's, a spell afore Sally was married. I'd no idee then that Sal Smith was a gwine to be married to Sam Pendergrass. She'd been keepin' company with Mose Hewitt for better 'n a year, and everybody said that was a settled thing, and lo and behold! all of a sudden she up and took Sam Pendergrass. Well, that was the first time I ever see my husband, and if anybody'd told me then that, I should a said—but lawd sakes! I must forget, I was gwine to tell you what he said to me that evenin', and when a body begins to tell a thing, I believe in finishin' on't some time or other.—Some folks have a way of talkin' round and round and round forever more and never comin' to the pint. Now there's Miss Jenkins, she was Poll Bingham afore she was married, she is the teigest individual to tell a story that ever I see in all my born days. But I was a gwine to tell you what my husband said. He said to me, says he, "Silly," says I "What?" I didn't say "What, Hezekiah?" for I didn't like his name. The first time I ever heard it I near killed myself a laffin. "Hezekiah Bedott," says I, "well I would give up if I had such a name," but then you know I had no more idee o' marryin' the feller, than you have this mornin' o' marryin' the governor. I s'pose you think it's curris we named our oldest son Hezekiah. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedott, it's father Bedott's name, and he and mother Bedott used to think that names had ought to go down from generation to generation. But we always called him Kier, you know. Speaking of Kier, he is a blessin', ain't he? and I ain't the only one that thinks so, I guess. Now don't you tell nobody that I said so, but between you and me I rather guess that if Keziah Winkie thinks she is gwine to ketch Kier Bedott she is a feller out of her reckoun'. But I was going to tell what his husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly," I says, says I, "What?" If I didn't say "what," when he said "Silly," he'd kept on sayin' "Silly," from time to eternity.

He always did, because, you know, he wanted me to pay particler attention, and I generally did; so woman was ever more attentive to her husband than what I was. Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," says I "What?" though I'd no idee what he was gwine to say, didn't know but what 'twas somethin' about his sufferin', though he wa'n't apt to complain, but he frequently used to remark that he would n't wish his worst enemy to suffer one minit as he did all the time, but that can't be called grumblin'—think it can? Why, I've seen him in situations when, you'd a thought no mortal could a helped grumblin', but he didn't. He and me went once in the dead of winter in a one hoss sly out to Boonville to see a sister of hisen. You know that the snow is amazin' deep in that section of the kentry. Well, the hoss got stuck in one of them are flambeasted snow banks, and there we sat, unable to stir, and to cap all, while we was a sittin' there, husband was took with a dreadful crick in his back. Now that was what I call a preachersment, don't you? Most men would a swore, but husband didn't. He only said "consarn it." How did he git out, did you ask? Why he might a been sittin' there to this day, as far as I know, if there hadn't a happened to cum along a mess of men in a double team and they hysted us out. But I was gwine to tell you that observation of hisen. Says he to me, says he "Silly," (I could see by the light of the fire, there didn't happen to be no candle burnin' if I don't disremember, though my memory is some rather forgetful, but I know we wa'n't apt to burn candles exceptin' when we had company.) I could see by the light that his mind was uncommon solemnized. Says he to me, says he, "Silly," I says to him, says I, "What?" He says to me, says he, "We're all poor critters."

The reason why man was made after everything else, was because, if he had been created first, he would have annoyed the Almighty by endless suggestions of improvement.

His virtue makes a man on earth famous, in his grave illustrious, and in Heaven immortal.