The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 30. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31, 1879. WHOLE NO. 1486.

BANKS, ETC.

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$1500 To pay a YEAR, or up to $20 a day in your own locality. Neither Women nor men are well up in their business. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50c to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know of a business that will pay you handsomely before the public, send us your name and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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DENTISTS.

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TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

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TO OUR FRIENDS
—AND THE—
PUBLIC GENERALLY!

A. J. CASEBEER, of the old and well-known firm of

CASEBEER & CO.,

has just returned from Philadelphia, where he purchased a large and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS;

and as we buy our goods

EXCLUSIVELY for CASH

We can do better for our

Customers

Than any store in town or county that does not.

WE WILL PAY CASH
OR
EXCHANGE GOODS
FOR
Flour, Wheat, Maple Sugar, Oats, Corn and Beefhides.

We invite all to give

Us a Call and Decide for Themselves.

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Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,
JOHN HICKS & SON,
SOMERSET, PA.,
And Real Estate Brokers.
ESTABLISHED 1850.

Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or to rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge to only unless sold or rented. Real estate matters generally will be promptly attended to.

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SALESROOMS
Union Square, New York,
—AND—
154 State Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.
MANUFACTURERS
—OF—
SILVER PLATED WARE.

Trade Mark for Spoons, Forks, &c.
1847, Rogers Bros. A. I.

These Goods have taken the Certificates of Award wherever exhibited, both in this and the old Countries.

And the Meriden Britannia Co. are the LARGEST and Best Manufacturers in this line in the World.

Ask your Jeweler for these Goods.
April 16.

C. F. WALKER

MORGAN'S WOOLEN MILL,
ESTABLISHED 1812.

WOOLEN GOODS!
of my own manufacture, consisting of
BLANKETS,
CASSIMERES, SATINETS,
JEANS, ROPE-BLANKETS, FLANNELS,
COVERLETS, CARPETS,
YARNS, &C.,
which I wish to

TRADE FOR WOOL.

Our Goods are MADE FOR SERVICE, under my own supervision, and we strive now, as in the past, to give satisfaction and full value to all. We will, as usual, visit all our customers during the Summer.

WM. S. MORGAN,
Stanton's Mills.
Apr 9

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of John Carver, late of Stonycreek Tp., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement at the late residence of deceased in said township on Saturday the 31 day of January, 1880.

ABRAHAM CARVER,
JACOB J. SPECHER,
Nov. 19 Administrators.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Catharine Lehigh, late of Somerset Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority; notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Friday January 16th 1880, at the House of the Executor in Friedens, Somerset county, Pa.

SAMUEL SNYDER,
Executor.
Dec. 3.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true, true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must not die.

He was full of jest and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I hear just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps; the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

A TURN OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

The air was freighted with the faint scent of magnolias—great masses of cream-white bloom shown everywhere. Nora Leonard, leaning from the window, pale and weary, hated the heavy fragrance. She knew she could never—never again catch the faintest hint of that subtle odor without a sudden vision of all the suspense, the pain, the crushed hopes, the despair, that had wrung her heart since she entered the place. The very loveliness gave her a sick pang—it seemed such a mockery to her desolate heart.

"Nora, where are you? Where the deuce do you keep yourself? I'm choking—some water—anything! O, you're willing I should choke, aren't you? But you won't be a rich widow, you see; and a poor widow with a deformed child won't—"

"Oh, Philip, hush!" cried Nora, hurrying to the bedside with a flush rising on her pale face. "Don't—don't talk of our darling in that way. There is hope, if she can only be put into the right hands. And I shall try—after—"

"Oh, after I'm dead and gone. Go on; don't have the least consideration for my feelings. I don't mind it, bless you! I knew I should lay my bones in this confounded hole when they sent me here—not much besides bones, I should say."

The invalid was indeed wasted to a skeleton. His eyes were wild, gloomy and cavernous, and a hectic spot burned on each cheek. His long, claw-like hands clutched nervously at the bed-clothes. His voice was harsh cold and cruel: although the death damps were already on his brow, he had not grown more gentle or more kind. Jealous and fierce in his love, he was full of sullen resentment that he must at last release the woman who had been his bond-maid so long, leaving her free to listen to kinder words, to be consoled, perhaps, by a tenderer love, while he was laying stiff and stark—turning to mold—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

"It's as good a place to die in as anywhere else, I suppose," he said, moodily, looking into his wife's face; "if you can say any place is good to die in, for a fellow that wants to live, I could make another fortune if I only had the time."

"Oh, never mind. Don't think of that now," exclaimed Nora, bathing his head.

"Oh, yes! You're like the old woman who, when her husband wanted to give some parting instructions, said, 'Never mind about that, you just go on dying.' You're in a confounded hurry, ain't you?"

"You are exciting yourself."

"It does me good. It quickens my pulse a—. I believe I am just dying of stagnation. A good game of poker, now. Confound that quack doctor that sent me here."

"The clergyman called on you yesterday—"

"I won't see him. I don't want any sulphur and brimstone slung around here, and as for the place where they're all twangin' on their golden harps, it must be deuced slow."

"Dear Philip, you frighten me! How can you say such reckless, daring things?"

A fit of coughing stopped the sick man's angry answer, followed by complete exhaustion, and Nora sat by the bedside, wearily, sometimes moving the restless head, stroking the nervous hands, or bathing the hot brow, in a lifeless sort of manner that showed none of the eagerness of love or the anguish of a fond wife who is dreaming and fearing the final blow.

At last, through weariness and watching, Nora dropped into a troubled sleep.

No movement stirred her from her uneasy dreams. A dead silence—a strange, unearthly hush fell upon the room.

No more the busy hands clutched at the bedclothes, no more the wild, fierce eyes shot out their baleful fires.

The hectic flush burned out on the hollow cheeks, and ashen hues settled there, but Nora slept on. A fly settled on the still face and walked over it without molestation.

"Beautiful heart and burning brow,
You are very silent now."

The sound of a striking clock and the opening door startled Nora from her rest.

It was high noon, and Chloe, the kind nurse, had brought in her master's beef-tea.

Clinging to her skirts came the only child, a tiny little creature four years old, her fair hair falling about her neck and almost concealing the slight curvature of the spine which threatened her with permanent deformity.

In the dark eyes there was that look of pathetic questioning which we often see in children who have been doomed to suffering. From those shy, startled eyes Philip Leonard had nicknamed his baby Bunny, and she had found a secure place in his selfish heart.

"Here's de beef-tea, honey," cried Chloe, cheerily; "strong enough to 'toxicate a possum."

Nora looked at the bed. She had already felt the sense of stillness there. She clasped her hands together.

"Look at him, Chloe. I think, I am sure, there's a change."

"A change, sure 'nuff," said the woman, setting her bowl down and touching Philip Leonard's brow and hands; "de las' change, my lamb, de change dat must come to ebbery soul on his yer planetary ball, de las' change—death."

Nora did not faint, or cry out, nor weep.

She sat still and shivered, while she clasped her hands with a strange feeling that henceforth she had only herself—only those weak hands with which to fight the battle of life.

"Twelve o'clock," said Chloe, looking at the clock, "dey most goes 'bout at noon or midnight. De Lord rest his soul, 'pears like he always was so onrestful here, he nebber could settle down, but de Lord, He knows."

Little Bunny was standing at her mother's knee and looking up with her pathetic eyes. Even to the child the mystery and miracle of death was manifest, and she attempted to go to her father, or to speak to him.

"Come, honey; papa's asleep," cried Chloe. "You can kiss him good-by, and come wid your auntie. I'll jes settle her for her nap, an' den you'll mebbe get a wink. If ebber a poor soul wanted rest, you does."

Nora shook her head.

She felt that her heart was too full, her brain too busy for sleep. The past, with all its memories, moved before her—a shifting pageant:

One short dream of love, pique, estrangement; a marriage hurried into madly that one should know that she was not pining; the few restless, stormy, miserable years; her little child, who had once more wakened her heart to ecstacy, only to thrill it with a deeper pain; and now, death—this sudden stop to all.

But there was little time for retrospect or meditation. The future lay before her—a future of struggle and toil. She knew that when her bills were paid there would be but a few hundred dollars left; only enough to go North; to pay, perhaps for medical treatment for Bunny, and afterward—she scarcely dared to face that afterward!

Philip Leonard's mortal remains were laid under the magnolias, and the young widow was making her hurried preparations for departure, when Chloe entered the room one morning with a letter.

Nora took the letter with a throb of curiosity. It was large and businesslike.

It was addressed to "Philip Leonard, Esq.," and Nora felt a little thrill as she opened it.

How savagely her husband would have resented such an act had he been living, and she could not help a timid tremor now, as if she almost expected a ghostly hand to snatch it away.

But she opened it, and read as follows:

NEW YORK, May 28.

"PHILIP LEONARD, ESQ: Upon examination of the will of our late client, Nicholas Reeves, Esq., by which he leaves his entire property to next of kin living at the time of his decease, we instituted proper inquiry and find that you are entitled to said estate. We desire you will at once open correspondence with us.

Your late relative's solicitors,
"STURM & HURLBUT."

Inclosed was a slip cut from a city newspaper:

"Died on the 16th of May, at midday, half-past twelve o'clock, suddenly, of aneurism of the heart, Nicholas Reeves, Esq., of Great Russel street, Bedford square."

Nora felt a great and sudden relief as she read this letter. A burden was lifted from her life. She knew well what money can do. How it smooths the rough places and makes "the wilderness to blossom as a rose."

She saw her darling in restored health, with the baby-bloom on her face, with all the abounding grace and freedom of childhood now back again through some man's wondrous skill.

She saw vistas of happiness for herself—foreign travel, cultured society, unlimited books. Oh, God was good to her—very good! and she had so often murmured; or even worse, perhaps, forgotten Him entirely.

She read the letter over again with a quick throbbing heart full of thanksgiving.

Ah! what was it that suddenly dropped like a cloud before her, and the sunshine of her hopes, as if at high noon a pale eclipse had fallen over everything? She had not noticed these particulars on the first reading;

"To the next kin living at the time of his decease;" then, the words from the newspaper item—at half-past 12 o'clock, midday."

"The sixteenth?" why, that was the day her husband had died—the very day, only he had died before twelve! and this man had died afterward; so they were paupers after all, and could not claim a penny!

The revulsion of feeling was horrible.

She felt as if she had been suddenly deprived of a rich inheritance. Although she had owned it in imagination only for about fifteen minutes, the thought of giving it up sent great pangs of anguish through her soul. Ah! why had she been dazzled with such visions only to make life seem harder, barer, bleaker than before? Why should God lift her up and cast her down? Had life been so sweet, so tranquil, so smooth, that she needed this chastisement?

She could not bear it—she would not.

If she only had to suffer she might endure it; but this money meant life and health to her child.

She threw down the letter and paced the room as she thought of it. She held the golden keys of life as it were in her hand. Should she throw them down for a weak scruple? How could she live on—berett of all?

"God forgive me!" she murmured. "I cannot cast this fortune aside for a mere qualm of conscience. Who knows that our time was right, or that the difference in time might not—Ah, me! where am I drifting? Am I turning swindler—thief?"

And she paced the floor still, with fast throbbing heart, her head aching with a hundred or more tumultuous thoughts.

"No one knows," whispered the archtempter at her ear, "what time your husband died. No one knows but Chloe, and you will leave her behind you. The secret may be forever shut in your own heart. You need this money, and it seems as if God had put it into your hand. The next of kin knows nothing of it, has not expected it, does not need it, in all probability. At all events, your need is the greatest; yours is a case of life and death."

One more thought of her child, and Nora's strength gave way.

She sat down and answered the letter. She gave the time of her husband's death as in the afternoon, stating that she was alone with him at the last.

She inclosed documents proving her identity, and then she sat down, trembling and afraid to await the issue.

The answer found her in a Northern city.

There was no troublesome questioning, no doubt, apparently, in the minds of the solicitors about her claim. She had grown calmer now. She did not cower and tremble before her own conscience any more. She began at once to consult about the best treatment for her child. The city was ringing with one name just then—a name that had thrilled her heart in the old time, that had power to thrill it still. She held back for a while for the sake of those old days. She scarcely dared to face the past yet, in the person of Dr. Niel Collamer; but when her child's health is in question, a mother forgets everything.

Dr. Collamer, receiving, one by one, the throng of visitors that waited in his anteroom, looked up and saw a lady in deep mourning leading a golden-haired child by the hand. He drew himself very proudly, and there was only an additional chill in his voice as he said:

"Mrs. Leonard."

Nora grew pale. Perhaps he would not undertake the case. She had forgotten almost that he had cause for resentment in the memory of her own suffering.

"Excuse me!" she faltered. "I would not have intruded, but for my child. Oh, Niel, she is all I have; your skill is so lauded I could not go to anyone else with the same confidence! Oh, save her, if you can! I have suffered enough. For the sake of the days when we were to have been all to each other, save my child!"

"Madam!" exclaimed Dr. Collamer, quietly; "you agitate yourself unnecessarily. I am a physician. I refuse no one, my best skill is at your service. God forbid that any memory, however painful, should stand in the way of my duty."

Nora sank into a chair, and burst into tears. The revulsion of feeling was so great, the old love so strong in her heart. To see him take her child on his knee in such a caressing way, to hear him question the little thing with all that tenderness of tone that had so thrilled her in the old days was oh, so bitter sweet, so full of rapture and of pain!

It would be a tedious case, of course, all such diseases were slow to yield—even the most hopeful. So Nora settled down to daily expectation of those visits which made the charm of her life.

And Dr. Collamer, too, began to feel the icy world of pride in which he had shielded himself melt and break beneath the smiles of the only woman he had ever loved. So,

"Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his glowing hands,"

and Nora, in surprise, one morning, suddenly recollected that her husband had been dead just one year that very day.

At the thought came back a memory of her struggle and crime. It had haunted her occasionally, of course; but security and success had hushed her fears, and the unwelcome visitant came seldomer now. This morning, however, she was in sombre mood; because Bunny seemed feverish, perhaps because her own heart was growing restless and questioning painfully about her own future.

She sat down with Bunny in her arms at the open window, and somehow the faint, subtle odor of magnolias seemed to steal in with the soft south wind. It was like a breath from a vault to Nora—gloomy, funereal. She hastily turned away and laid the child on the bed. As she looked into the pale, worn little face, her heart misgave her. Had she grown so absorbed in herself that she had ceased to note the changes in her darling.

"Does Bunny feel very sick?" she asked.

"No; God is coming to cure Bunny," said the child, confidently. "He can do more than Dr. Collamer, you know. He made blind people to see, and lame people to walk, and I want Him for my doctor. So I just asked Him, and I know He'll come; maybe to-day, or to-morrow. I'm waiting for Him."

Nora felt a strange chill at these words. Could it be that the day of revenge was at hand? Was this the lamb for the sacrifice; this child for whom she had sinned, whose life she had bought with such a price?

She had dared to believe that she, weak, erring, sinful mortal as she was, held in her hands the keys of life and death; and now, perhaps, God stood ready to show her that only He could fulfill or mar the schemes of men, that the mysteries of life and death are His alone. She looked anxiously into Dr. Collamer's face when he appeared.

"The child is worse," she said. "I see it now; she has not been gaining at all."

"I am glad you see it for yourself," he said kindly. "I have not been able to tell you. There was no hope from the first, a complication with the brain."

Bunny lay in a feverish sleep, and the mother stood by her with a startled agonized face as if she would fain snatch her up and hold her back from the gates of death.

"No hope!" she groaned. "Oh, my God, I am punished!"

"Punished?" echoed Dr. Collamer, in a questioning tone. "My dear Nora, you are not, I hope, one of those who fancy God is angry with you for loving your child?"

Nora did not speak. She buried her face in her hands. What was all her wealth to her now? It could buy a few feet of earth for her child—nothing more. God was breaking her idol before her eyes, that she might see where her idolatry had led her. Suddenly an unusual bustle in the hall startled her, and then a low knock at the door.

"Bress de Lord, honey, I'se foun' you out!" exclaimed a well-known voice, which made little Bunny open her eyes and stretch out her arms. "Yes, I'se come a hard road to trabble to get to my poor lamb. My heart's been a breakin' bout her, honey, and I was boun' to get to her ef it took my last cent. And how is my pet?"

"Chloe!" said the child, in a quick, excited voice. "When you came in I was in heaven, and my back was straight, and I had wings like the angel in the picture over there."

Chloe knelt down by the bedside and kissed and fondled the little hand.

"One oh de Lord's lambs," she cried, "I always said so. Does yer mind, honey, dat las' day when de master died. I was bringin' in de beef tea, cos he got so onresful befo' twelve o'clock, and dis lamb—"

"Yes, yes, Chloe, you must not excite her," cried Mrs. Leonard, in a sudden burst of anguish and terror.

Dr. Collamer counseled quiet, and left a soothing potion, Chloe fell into her old place, and the child seemed happy with her, but Nora was still like a haunted spirit, there was no rest for her. The avenger was on her track, she felt, and in a few days all would be over—the doubt, the fear, and the longing. Her imagination, fevered and unnatural, went out in vague speculations about the other heir—the true one, whom she had defrauded. Who was she that she had dared to say, "My need is greater than thine?" Who knew what misery her hand had wrought? Perhaps there was poverty of the direst kind in that household, sickness, privation, death even, that money and care might have averted. How many had she murdered? she wondered, with a sickening pang; how many hearts had she wrung? how many hopes shattered? She seemed to walk among graves all these terrible days till the end came. It came one day at sunset—a sunset of rare beauty, when the clouds of pearl opened and a glory glimmered through,

"As if the golden streets of heaven
Were breaking into view."

Then the child stretched out her tiny hands and cried:

"He is coming! He is opening the gate! He will make me well!"

Nora dropped on her knees. She had prayed for life for her child, and God had given it to her, even life everlasting! She resolved then and there to give up the wealth that had tempted her. If God would wash away that stain, henceforth that life should be dedicated to Him.

And so when she came back to the desolate house it was with a feeling that God would keep a niche in heaven to hold her idol. The child was not lost, it was still hers.

"Still hers, maternal rights serene
Not given to another;
The crystal bars shine faint between
The souls of child and mother."

She must take up the cross and confess her sin, and then go out into the world, God helping her, to redeem the past.

But Niel Collamer could not resist the sweet pathos of that face. He could not help offering her the comfort of a love that had survived all shocks.

"You do not know me," murmured Nora, in the deepest abasement; "wait till you hear what I have done." And then she told him the whole story, and how she had already begun to make amends. "The next heir will soon know all.

"He knows all now," answered Niel, with a smile, holding her hands; "and so you remember what we used to read together in those old days:

"He laughed a laugh of merry scorn:
He turned and kissed her where she stood;
'If you are not the heiress born,
And I,' said he, 'the next in blood,'"

"Why, I see nothing for it but to carry out the ballad. We two will wed, some pleasant morn, and you shall still have the fortune."

And then he suited the action to the word, and "kissed her where she stood."

She lifted up her bewildered eyes.

"Can it be?" she murmured.

"Yes, I am next of kin; but after all, you may have all the right to the money, as we cannot at this late day compare clocks. So, my darling, we shall never know whether the fortune is yours or mine, and neither of us can assume superior airs on account of it."

Sympathy Farce.

There was a time when it was thought that strength depended on size. That in manufacturing, the coarser and heavier the materials the stronger the productions. It is found now, that delicate agents are often most potent; the tender steel has taken the place of heavy iron; and labor once so wearisome is performed by the rapid wheels of machinery.

Long ago the only means of government used were those of compulsion and restraint; but customs now change with the times, and common sense tells us there is more strength in the tender bonds of sympathy than in harsh and brutal force.

Not many years ago a great bridge was suspended across the Niagara river. The ropes of which it is made are composed of fine wires, forming mighty cables. This bridge spans a terrible abyss, and joins two lands—a material benefit. It is so strong that the most timid trust themselves upon it.

There is a mighty bridge called sympathy, which unites the heart of nation to nation, and individual to individual. This bridge is composed of cables wrought from the fine, tender chords of love.

Sympathy in its fullest sense does not simply mean sympathy in grief, but having that sympathy which can make us feel with others under every circumstance; making us to rejoice with them that do rejoice, and mourn with them that mourn; making us to feel with the infirm, the poor, the sick, the ignorant, the erring.

There are people in this world starving for sympathy. It may be they are unlovely. We stand aside and say, "I pity that poor fellow." But our pity does no good. If we wish our pity to be effectual we must mingle it with our heartfelt sympathy.

In order that sympathy may be a force we must consider all the natural propensities of those we wish to help; the education and associations of childhood, the intellect and the disposition. Many who sincerely desire to do good fail because they appear patronizing, or in some way allude to the distance spanned by the bridge. We forget to ask ourselves how, in similar circumstances, our hearts could be reached.

Put your hand kindly on the arm of that brother you know to be doing wrong; it may be that he is discouraged. Show him that you care for him. Believe in your heart that he can be saved; let your interest in him be self-sacrificing and continual, and then only will it be a force:

"Repeated kindness will soften the hardest heart."

This should be the highest aim of our lives—to be Christ-like—able to go down from the highest realm of thought, to be kind to the little ones at our side, the aged and feeble, or to help those that are weaker than we.

If we are successful in accomplishing what we undertake to do in our teaching, we must sympathize with our pupils. Inspire them with the thought that we care for their advancement, be interested in them, love them. It is not necessary to say we do these things, but to show it, by kind, interested tones and loving deeds.

The finer parts of our nature are reached by sympathy, and thus it is one of the strongest powers for good in the world. We may enjoy the pleasures of a happy home and many friends, but there may be those about us here hungry for sympathy. Perhaps theirs are homes devoid of tender mother-love, and their hearts untrained to think of the good and beautiful.

Every deed of our lives has some bearing on those about us. It is no little thing that by the patient and continual force of you or me some one is made better and truer. These years are the seed time. As we sow in kindness and love, so also shall we reap. We may not now see the result of our labors, but our Heavenly Father knows.

"Ours is the seed time; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest time is hid with Him."

Don't be an Editor.

The following extract is from Col. P. Donan's address before the Arkansas Press Association. "Boys of my audience, bright faced, aspiring youths, longing for the shortest and quickest road to fame and fortune, hear a solemn adjuration, and be warned in time. Never be editors—everybody's pecking blocks, creation's scapegoats and swayback pack mules. Dead head tickets to circuses, dog-shows and festivals—paid for at the rate of a twenty-five dollar notice for a twenty-five cent ticket—all very well in their way; and daily bouquets from the girls who want to get their names in the papers, with the 'beautiful and accomplished' formula swung to them, are just too charming for anything. But do not let them lead you into that dingy den of inky horror, treadmill labor and squandered opportunities, burlesquingly known as the editorial sanctum. Stand back. Keep out. Be boot-blacks, chimney sweeps, penitentiary birds, or members of the maniac menagerie that meet in the gorgeous white sepulcher of a Capitol at Washington. Be mud clerks on a coal barge, deck-hands in a tripe factory, brakemen on canal boats, engineers of a one donkey power canal boat, dairymen with an aged ox and two he goats as your stock in trade, servant girl in a poor-house or orphan asylum. Be stock gamblers, railroad directors, presidents of a sausage stuffing machine, rag venders, charcoal bawlers, chambermaids in a livery stable, or policy shouting Senators—but never, no never, be editors. Never be even one editor, for half a one is three-quarters too much for any well regulated family to have about the house."

Care of Stock in Winter.

Not half the farmers give this subject the thought and attention its importance demands. It requires more nice and discriminating judgment to feed and take proper care of stock in the winter season than it does to raise and secure that feed in the summer season. This may be considered by some an extravagant assertion, but those who so claim certainly take poor care of their stock. Two things are to be taken into account in wintering stock—first, keeping the stock in good thriving condition; second, economizing and saving fodder. I claim that, by economizing and making stock eat up close all the fodder given, they can be brought through the winter in better condition than when a slovenly, careless method is practised. Of course, I base these remarks on the idea that fodder must be secured at the right time and in the best possible condition.

It is very easy, by overfeeding, to teach stock of any kind to waste their food, and when that habit is once acquired it is hard to break it up, especially with young stock. First, secure the food in the best possible condition; second, furnish good, comfortable sheds and stables suited to the different kinds of stock; third, make good mangers and racks, so there can be no possibility of waste, and then feed just the amount, as near as possible, that the different kinds of stock will eat, and if at the next feeding time some is left, not quite so much is to be given; but if all is eaten clean, then increase a little. In this way the amount stock will eat can be arrived at very closely. But when any is left that you don't expect to be eaten, always clean it from the racks or mangers, as the case may be. The idea is to make stock eat all they will and not waste any, to keep it in thriving condition, and by economizing in feed a two-fold gain is made.

Every good farmer who does any part of his own work can put in his time to the best advantage by taking care of his own stock, and let the hired help do the straight work in the field or woods, for not one hired man in ten can be trusted with the care of stock in the winter time, either from a lack of judgment or the want of care, or both.

To be a good hand with stock a man must like the business and have some interest in it. He must be gentle and kind, and then the stock will like him and they will get along first-rate together. A howling, wild, uncultivated fellow has no business taking care of stock. Anybody that will abuse the dumb brutes that God has given us for our own pressing needs, and has not given the tongue to tell the abuse they receive, is not much better than the brute himself, and never should be trusted with the care of stock.

But the most critical time for stock, and when most liable to lose in flesh, is at the last end of grazing and first end of feeding time. When pastures get short, and the grass is injured by frosts, stock of all kinds are liable to lose in flesh, unknown to the careless and unobserving farmer; and when stock lose flesh in this way, five times the amount of feed is required to restore the loss that it would have required to prevent it, besides the set back in the growth of the stock. The farmers who are the most liberal feeders do not always obtain the best results, from the fact that they don't feed with judgment and uniformity. Calves and lambs, when feed begins to fail late in the fall, should have a small extra ration of some kind, so there will be no check in their growth, and at the same time be taught to take hold of the regular winter rations, and prevent a falling off, just on going into winter quarters. Farm horses that lie idle in the stables the most of the time in winter are an exception to the rule, and should not be fed all they will eat.

Many farmers think it cheaper to winter their farm teams mostly on hay, and, with this view, keep their mangers full constantly. This I think a mistaken policy. Many horses are spoiled by eating too much hay. When stuffed for weeks and months, with but little exercise, they grow pot-bellied, hair looking rough and standing on end, looking more like a hedgehog than a horse, and in many instances resulting in heaves and many other diseases. Scrimp a horse on hay and give some grain, and it will keep in better condition for either work or standing idle.

Glass Tubing

The manufacture of glass tubing is surprisingly simple. The glass blower takes a small quantity of melted glass from the pot with his blowing tube, rolls it slightly on a marble slab to give it a cylindrical form, he then adds a small quantity of glass from the same pot, and blows the enlarged mass while rolling it, taking great pains to keep the shape cylindrical. If tubes of large caliber are required, the inside diameter of the cylinder is enlarged, and the glass is allowed to cool slightly before drawing. For tubes of very small caliber, such as thermometer tubes and other capillary the internal diameter of the cylinder is decreased and the glass is used very warm.

In making a piece of glass tubing the assistant places a ball of glass cylinder by aid of his blowing tube. Now the men, each holding an end of the glass cylinder by means of their blowing tubes, began to separate walking backward. The cylinder is thus lengthened, and at the same time made smaller in diameter, and the diameter, of course, depends upon how much the tube is drawn out.

When the tube has attained the right size it is generally too warm and soft to admit of laying it down without destroying its shape; it is therefore cooled by means of a fan. When it becomes sufficiently cool it is laid upon a series of equidistant parallel wooden blocks of uniform height, where it remains until it becomes cold. It is then cut into lengths with a diamond or a file. If the tubes are to resist great pressure or changes of temperature, they are annealed with great care. They are sometimes plunged into boiling linseed oil and slowly cooled.

A Humorist's Dinner.

'Twenty minutes for dinner,' shouted the brakeman, as we approached Lathrop.

Arrived there, I entered the dining room and asked of the waiter: 'What do you have for dinner?'

'Twenty minutes,' was the hurried reply.

I told him I would try half a dozen minutes raw on the half-shell, just to see how they went. Told him to make a minute of it on his books. He scratched his head, trying to comprehend the order, but gave it up and waited upon some one else.

I approached a man who stood near the door with a lot of silver in his hand: 'What do you have for dinner?'

'Half a dollar,' says he.

I told him I would take half a dollar well done. I asked him if he couldn't give me, in addition, a boiled pocketbook stuffed with greenbacks, and some seven-thirties garnished with postage stamps and ten-cent scrip; also a Confederate bond, done brown, with lettuce alone. And I would like to wash my dinner down with national bank notes on 'draft.'

He said they were out of everything but the bank notes, and that as soon as the train left he would order the waiter to 'draw' some.