

LOLA.

THE STORY OF AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

I was homeward-bound from one of my various excursions across the ocean, by which I had for many years beguiled the tedium of my monotonous bachelor existence, and having settled my belongings in my stateroom, I turned out to fallow my fellow-passengers. It was autumn and the last of the summer tourists were returning, and both saloons and decks were crowded with animated groups. Every one seemed cheerful and gay, and already several embryo flirtations could be detected among the young people, of whom the passengers were largely composed. Being an outsider myself, traveling alone, and leaving such tender pursuits far back in the vagueness of the past, I amused myself with merely watching and listening, and it is perhaps not surprising that I soon found myself wearying of the most part such senseless chatter, such ardent frivolity that I heard, such conscious posing and airy fluttering that I saw. Of course after a while I found exceptions to this tendency, but the quiet and sensible people on board, as usual, occupied the larger part of my attention. Failing to find myself interested in these surroundings, I began a leisurely inspection of the vessel, wandering about its nooks and familiarizing myself with my little island home. And so strolling along, I came upon a small, quiet, gray-haired figure seated alone and looking wistfully over the waters. As she was quite unconscious of my proximity, I stepped a few paces off and examined her closely. She looked almost a child, so small and slight she was, and yet one would not have dared to treat her as a child. There was a self-reliance and a something entirely unchildlike, but all the same, very pretty to see. Her complexion was dark and very rich, and cheeks charmingly rounded and curved, and her eyes, turned seaward, were the largest and darkest I ever remember to have seen. Indeed, so uncommon was their color, that when some sound aroused her and she turned them slowly on me, I was dazzled by them—they gave her face such a strange aspect, and yet it was a peculiarity far from being unlovely. She was Spanish—had seen that at a glance—and the mute, uncertain way in which she looked at me reinforced the conviction that she felt herself, even at the outset of this voyage, hampered by the fact that she knew no other tongue. After that one long, steady glance, she turned her face away again and I heard her sigh faintly. After a moment's hesitation I moved just a step nearer, and she raised her eyes in her own language, asking if I was her first voyage.

out to Spain as agent for some New York business firm, and he had gone home a few months ago, expecting to return; but his superiors had made other arrangements, and he had written that although he would be stationary in New York thereafter, he was coming back to marry her and bring her to her home in the new world. At the time set for his arrival, however, he had sent a letter instead, saying an attack of illness prevented his coming, but he was now convalescent, though the physicians said he must not take the voyage for some time. When I got that letter," said Lola, "I could do nothing but cry and fret for the first two or three days. I did not eat or sleep, and my aunt, whom I lived with, said I would die, and was very hard and cross. I was utterly wretched, until one night as I lay thinking it over, I resolved that I would go to him. He had once, half-hesitatingly, suggested it, saying it would save so much expense, and he is not at all well off; but it had frightened me so that he gave it up, saying he would spend all he had, sooner than give me the anxiety and trouble of such a voyage. But now—now that he was ill and alone—I could think no longer of my dread; indeed, it was gone, and all I thought of was to go to him, and comfort and nurse and take care of him. So I got my aunt's consent, though she would not give it at first, and I took the very next steamer. And so you see how affectionate and kind he was! He need not have been afraid for me; but then, he could not know, and neither could I, that I should find you."

"I cannot! I could not bear it! And I have no money." "Never mind that," I said, "I have plenty more far more than I want. I would give my life to comfort you. I will go now if you say so; but it had frightened me so that he gave it up, saying he would spend all he had, sooner than give me the anxiety and trouble of such a voyage. But now—now that he was ill and alone—I could think no longer of my dread; indeed, it was gone, and all I thought of was to go to him, and comfort and nurse and take care of him. So I got my aunt's consent, though she would not give it at first, and I took the very next steamer. And so you see how affectionate and kind he was! He need not have been afraid for me; but then, he could not know, and neither could I, that I should find you."

Mr. Barber was one of the men who attracts boys. It would puzzle a good many people to tell why. It could hardly be because he flattered them, for he often told them some plain truths. Still for some reason, they were quite apt to come to him and talk over their affairs; and so he was not at all surprised when Charley White came to him, and folded his hands in his garden. He hoed out his row, and then paused and asked rather abruptly: "Well, Charley, what do you want now?" "Five dollars," he said. "I don't know as I have it for you." "And if you had, I shouldn't want you to give it to me. I haven't come to that yet. I want to earn it." "But how do you expect to earn so much money, and go to school too?" "I didn't say I expected to earn it," Charley said. "But you asked what I wanted." "Sharp boy," said Mr. Barber, smiling. "Perhaps I would make out better asking what you want of that five dollars. Do you want a new doctor for your shoulder? Or do you want a new coat? Or do you want a new hat? Or do you want a new pair of shoes? Or do you want a new pair of trousers? Or do you want a new pair of socks? Or do you want a new pair of gloves? Or do you want a new pair of shoes? Or do you want a new pair of trousers? Or do you want a new pair of socks? Or do you want a new pair of gloves?"

Mark Twain Tells Some of His Traveling Experiences. "Am Brudder Artichoke Hurricane in de hall?" softly inquired the president as the triangle ceased its echoes. Mr. Hurricane was there. He rose from his seat, and walked slowly forward to the president's desk. "Brudder Hurricane," continued the president, "you war down on de Central Market de older day. In de make Jug and get a piece of sturgeon an' a head of cabbage an' stowpe home about your business, you wine and get into an argument wid Dujan Smith about de age of Judas when he betrayed de Savior. Am I k'ect about dis?" "Yes, sah." "An' de argument had continued for some time, an' when it begun sartin dat you couldn't agree, you called Smith a liar, an' he called you a human hyena. Your loud voice brought a crowd, an' a purdincan finally ordered you off de market under de penalty of arrest. Am I k'ect about dis?" "Yes, sah." "Well, den, let you ask me what difference it makes to you wheder Judas was 25 or 75 years of age when he sold out?" "I don't 'spect it makes any difference, sah." "If Judas had never libbed at all, wouldn't you have just as much work and just as good wages now?" "I s'pose so."

Judas Iscariot's Age. "An Brudder Artichoke Hurricane in de hall?" softly inquired the president as the triangle ceased its echoes. Mr. Hurricane was there. He rose from his seat, and walked slowly forward to the president's desk. "Brudder Hurricane," continued the president, "you war down on de Central Market de older day. In de make Jug and get a piece of sturgeon an' a head of cabbage an' stowpe home about your business, you wine and get into an argument wid Dujan Smith about de age of Judas when he betrayed de Savior. Am I k'ect about dis?" "Yes, sah." "An' de argument had continued for some time, an' when it begun sartin dat you couldn't agree, you called Smith a liar, an' he called you a human hyena. Your loud voice brought a crowd, an' a purdincan finally ordered you off de market under de penalty of arrest. Am I k'ect about dis?" "Yes, sah." "Well, den, let you ask me what difference it makes to you wheder Judas was 25 or 75 years of age when he sold out?" "I don't 'spect it makes any difference, sah." "If Judas had never libbed at all, wouldn't you have just as much work and just as good wages now?" "I s'pose so."



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How to Vaccinate. As we are surrounded by a floating population, and persons are coming to our town from all parts of the world, and many of them from places where the smallpox scourge is raging, it is liable to be carried into our midst any day it behooves our citizens to take the necessary means to protect themselves, against the breaking out and spreading of the epidemic to our town and vicinity. See to it, then, that every man, woman and child in our town and in the surrounding country is vaccinated at once. The time to fight an epidemic is to begin before it comes.

A Good Housewife. The good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more dependent than man, woman and child, their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—Concord, N. H. Patriot.