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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 45. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1881. WHOLE NO. 1553.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF
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For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

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ESTABLISHED 1850.
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aug 15

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THE GIFT OF TEARS.

In cradle at the close of day,
A little child was sleeping.
Three angels robed in white array,
A prayerful watch were keeping.

Two said, "O happy should she be,
Life's best gifts we have meted,"
"Nay," said the eldest of the three,
"Our task is not completed."

Then up the sleeping town she past,
By alley dark and dreary,
The winds were cold, the rain fell fast
On many a wand'rer weary.

There, on the pavement in the rain,
A babe and mother lying,
The babe is dead! O vain, in vain
Are all her tears and crying!

One teardrop took that angel mild,
And gave release from sorrow,
The mother and her little child
Shall meet in Heav'n to-morrow.

One teardrop took and pass'd away
To that bright home of gladness,
Wherein the new born baby lay
Unknowing sin and sadness.

Upon its breast the tear she laid.
Then heav'nwards they ascended;
"The last gift is the best," she said.
"Our mission now is ended!"

Then sang they, through the starry shine,
"Heav'n shall its blessing send her,
She hath the gift of tears divine,
Of pity pure and tender!

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

She was beautiful. No one could conscientiously dispute it. Of course, there were many who did dispute it, though, more especially those of her own sex. Unsuccessful applicants, also, to her hand and heart pronounced her "nothing out of the common" after, not before, you may be sure, they had met with a firm rejection at her hands.

Yes, Clara Moore was a very beautiful girl. Such a flood of golden hair, such regular and exquisitely chiseled features, and such a beautiful complexion.

She held only a humble position in life.

Her mother kept the first shop in the village, a kind of general store, where you could purchase anything and everything, from a ball of string to a box of pills.

The village in which she dwelt was very small but very pretty. Every one seemed to take a pride in his particular cottage, and endeavored to vie with his neighbors in maintaining picturesqueness and cleanliness.

Through this charming little homestead ran a trout stream, and hither occasionally in the summer months would resort some lover of the rod and line—an importation from some crowded scene of tumult and money making.

In the village inn there was not accommodations for more than three or four visitors—that is to say, if they purposed to stay over night—but at several cottages appartments could be obtained.

Mrs. Moore was among those who could furnish comfortable rooms for a gentleman, and few summers went by without her apartments being let.

It was on a bright morning in the merry month of May when Francis Cox knocked at the private door of Mrs. Moore's residence.

He was a very good-looking fellow at first sight; just the sort of a face his, that would take with a woman. But when you came to look into it, it betrayed a great amount of weakness; and the eyes, though not unprepossessing altogether in their expression, were set too closely together.

Mrs. Moore was busy in the shop; Clara had been looking after the household work, and she it was who opened the door to Mr. Cox.

"Haw!" he exclaimed, in an affected and somewhat domineering tone of voice, "I see you have rooms to let; I wish to look at them."

"Will you step inside?" rssponded Clara, who was rather nettled at his manner of address, and consequently did not say "sir," which she otherwise would have done.

"Doocid sma'l, ain't they?" said Mr. Cox, putting up his eyeglass and surveying Clara with a half-astonished, half-indignant air.

"They are naturally small," answered Clara, "this being but a cottage."

"Haw! of course; one cannot expect a palace in an out-of-the-way place like this," he responded.

The remark as to its being an out-of-the-way place was intended either to annoy Clara, or to impress her with the idea that she was addressing one who was accustomed to the grandeur and importance of cities.

It failed however in both instances.

"There is another thing," observed Clara, "which will probably render them unsuitable to you—they are connected with the shop."

"Connected with the shop?" exclaimed Mr. Cox, in an evident state of perplexity.

"Yes," said Clara, "the door you knocked at is the private entrance to the same buildings as that with which the shop is connected."

They were now standing in the small sitting room. Clara pointed to the door on the other side of the passage.

"That door," she said, "leads into the shop which mother keeps. Now do you understand?"

"Oh! haw! Yes, I understand."

A slight pause followed, during which Mr. Cox surveyed the room through his eye glass. He then said:

"That wouldn't matter at all if the rooms suited, What is the figure?"

"Two dollars per week, including attendance."

"Haw! May I look at the bedroom?"

"Certainly."

He followed Clara up stairs.

"It's considerably larger than the sitting-room," observed Mr. Cox.

"Yes; it is over the passage as well."

"Exactly; and only four dollars a week, including attendance?"

"Two dollars," said Clara looking at him.

"Two dollars! Two dollars only! surely you are mistaken."

"No, I am not."

"Excuse me; but how on earth can it pay you?"

"Oh, people can live on so little in an out-of-the way place like this," answered Clara.

"Haw!" exclaimed Mr. Cox, who could not repress a smile; "very good I always thought a rustic life blunted the understanding; I see I hm mistaken. I hope you did not think me intentionally rude."

He made this apology in such a nice manner that Clara's animosity began to take rapid flight.

"Oh, dear, no," she said, and then she conducted him downstairs.

"Well, if you'll have me," observed Mr. Cox, whose diffident manner seemed to convert him into another person, "I shall be happy to take the rooms. The fact of it is I am reading hard for my final, and I want a quiet spot where there will be no companionship to take me away from my books, and where I can have a little solitary recreation in the shape of trout-fishing. A harmless amusement that, is it not?"

"The fish do not think so," replied Clara, smiling. "If you will sit down a moment I will fetch mother, and you can arrange matters with her."

So saying, having handed him a chair, Clara departed to call Mrs. Moore. That worthy lady was soon in attendance, and before Mr. Cox had quitted her roof he had arranged to take the rooms for at least a couple of months from the following thursday.

It is perhaps, almost superfluous to state that Clara Moore, being such a beautiful gial, had numerous admirers. Although the village—by name Munford—was in itself small, there were plenty of outlying farms; and not more than three miles away a market town. From these surrounding quarters came many and many a one to see the village belle, and many a one at first sight fell over head and ears in love with her.

Added to her charms of face and figure, she had a remarkable sweet voice, and although it was not highly cultivated, it was not altogether untrained. The consequence was she was in great request at readings, which, during the winter months, she attended with commendable regularity.

At one of these entertainments she had met one Arnold Carew, a well-to-do farmer's son, who lived two miles from Munford. She had been introduced to him there, and he, like many another, had fallen in love with her.

Of all the men she had met she liked him the best, and not a week prior to the advent of Mr. Cox as a lodger at her mother's house, she had as good as consented to be engaged to him.

It is unpleasant to pick holes in anybody's character, and doubly unpleasant to pull to pieces the disposition of one who is in all external things perfection. But the truth must be told—Clara Moore was a terrible flirt; and, like most flirts, she seemed to have a total disregard for the feelings of her victims. She would lead a man on to believe at least in the posibility of his one day securing her affections (indeed, the very fact of a woman tarrying in a man's society to listen to his love passages, is in itself an earnest of her appreciation of his society), and then when it suited her caprice, would throw him over and laugh at him.

Clara Moore had tried young Arnold Carew's patience to the utmost more than once. Ay, scores of times she had destroyed his peace of mind by her pernicious fondness for what she called a "harmless flirtation."

And we must give her credit for the fact that her flirtations were in one sense harmless; there was no vice about her. She never forgot that self respect which renders a woman precious in the eyes of men.

When Arnold Carew won her consent to be engaged to him—for she as good as promised him to be his wife "some day," though she expressed herself in sufficiently indefinite terms to admit of her escaping from her promise if she pleased to change her mind, without his being able to affirm she had ever strictly bound herself to him—he was well satisfied. He felt he could trust her; and even bear her flirting propensities with greater equanimity than he had hitherto been able to do.

There were few evenings on which Arnold Carew failed to walk over from his father's farm and enjoy a pleasant stroll with the lady of his love.

Happy evenings were they for him. Through the day he looked forward to them; they lightened his toil and made his existence much happier than it had ever been.

He had a double incentive to work. It was not self that he toiled for only, now; he knew that he was working for her!

Mr. Cox had not been located in Mrs. Moore's small though comfortable apartments more than a fortnight before Clara's evening rambles became less frequent.

Clara had all along been very silent as to the lodger; and at first it never entered into Arnold Carew's mind that that accounted in any way for her less frequent appearance at their usual rendezvous.

One evening, however, he ventured to complain, and chanced in his temporary annoyance to say: "Oh, I suppose there is some attraction about that heavy swell who is staying at your mother's."

Clara flushed up in a moment, and answered hotly: "You are quite welcome to think what you please in that respect. He is a perfect gentleman, which is saying more for him than one can say for everybody."

"I don't pretend to be a gentleman," was Arnold's cool answer; "nor do I profess to be an educated fellow. I know you can beat me hollow as far as learning goes; but learning is not everything in this world, and people can feel and think with only a little of it."

Now Clara was very fairly educated, indeed; and, certainly, was what is vulgularly called more of a "scholar" than her sweetheart; but he was not an ignoramus by any means.

His words made her feel a little ashamed of herself; so she answered:

"I didn't mean to insinuate that I am better educated than you, or that you are not a gentleman at heart; but I do consider it most unreasonable and unjustifiable that you should throw out hints against Mr. Cox, simply because he's a gentleman of superior education."

"It's very certain I've seen much less of you, Clara, since he came here," answered Arnold, with melancholy reproach manifest in his voice.

"Well, if you must know the truth," answered Clara, "but you're so hotheaded and unreasonable I've never liked to name it to you before; he's kindly undertaken to teach me French; and that accounts for my evenings being more occupied than they were."

"It was your duty to have told me before," answered Arnold, suppressing his jealous indignation. "Where does he teach you?"

"In the sitting room, of course."

"His private sitting room?"

"Yes."

"And so you are alone together for hours?"

"Of course; why should'nt we be?"

"I wonder how you'd like me to teach some pretty girl French, all alone in her cozy parlor?"

"Why should I mind?" answered Clara. "If I could'nt trust you that far, I should have nothing to do with you."

This retort disarmed Arnold Carew in a moment. He began to think what a villain I was for doubting Clara's loyalty, and for suggesting impropriety by his jealous suspicions.

He asked her pardon, and when they parted he was happier than he had been for days.

Another six weeks flew by and in that time what changes had come about. The French lessons were more frequent, that if Arnold Carew saw Clara Moore for an hour in the whole week, he was a lucky fellow.

And what were Clara's real feelings at this time? Alas! she had grown infatuated with Mr. Cox. She believed that he had grown really fond of her. Perhaps he was in a kind of way. The French lessons had led to something so very much like love-making that it would have token a very clever analyst to have told the difference. And, naturally, as her feelings strengthened for her French master, they declined for Arnold.

Francis Cox was a better teacher of love than French.

Heaven help her! Infatuated creature that she was, she believed it possible that this wealthy young scion of a good family might make her his wife. Over and over again he seemed on the point of asking her to be his wife. Sweet honeyed words were they that he whispered in her willing ear; beautiful pictures of what married life should be he drew in flowing speeches.

He had few letters; but twice a week he received an epistle directed in a lady's hand writing. This had excited Clara's jealousy. Yes, it had come to that, she was jealous of him.

But a ready lie satisfied her on that head.

"Surely," he said, "a fellow can correspond with his sister."

That had been sufficient to satisfy her.

One evening, however, matters arrived at a climax.

She had received a note from Arnold, saying that he must see her that night without fail. She met him in the usual place of meeting. He looked very white and angry.

"Clara," he said, "I will stand this no longer. You either give up the society of the lodger, or you give me up."

"What do you mean?" said Clara.

"I mean what I say," answered Arnold. "No one can serve two masters, neither can a woman be true to two lovers."

"I'm not going to be domineered over by any man," said Clara.

"You will have to do one thing or the other in this case," answered Arnold.

"Don't try to bully me," cried Clara, flushing up.

"I'm not bullying you. It is useless to try to evade my determination, Clara. Which are you going to do? Give up these so-called French lessons, or give me up?"

"I certainly shall not give up my French," she answered.

"Then good-bye," answered Arnold, and without waiting for an answer—indeed, without affording her time to answer—he strode away into the darkness.

When she had started to meet him the wish had been in her heart that she migh find an excuse to cast her lover off: but now that he had taken the initiative and had sternly and abruptly quitted her, leaving her, "in maiden meditation fancy free," she experienced very different sensations to what she had anticipated.

The tears rushed from her eyes, but she suppressed them, and hurried homeward.

"I wish with all my heart," she said, "that Francis Cox would ask me to be his wife."

When she reached home she found that Francis Cox was absent.

On the table of his sittidg room lay an open letter, in what Clara believed to be, from what he had told her previously, his sister's handwriting.

Most young ladies are inquisitive, and Clara Moore was no exception to the rule. She picked the letter up and read it.

She had not perused three lines before she felt convinced it was from a sweetheart. A full perusal confirmed her suspicions beyond a doubt.

"And so," she exclaimed mentaliy, her cheeks burning with indignation and shame, "and so he has deceived me."

The room seemed to swim round with her. She felt sick and faint. She heard the street door open, and she composed herself with a great effort.

Francis Cox entered.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "you have got back early."

"Rather," she replied, coldly.

"You seem out of sorts, my wild flower"—a name he had given her.

"What is the matter?"

"You shouldn't leave your sister's letters about," answered Clara, bitterly.

Francis Cox colored up to the roots of his hair.

"I hope he said," with composure, "you are not so dishonorable as to read my letters without my sanction?"

"Quite dishonorable enough, answered Clara. "You are a nice person to speak of my dishonor; you have deceived me foully."

Then with many tears Clara poured forth her wrongs.

"You told me your only correspondent was your sister," she sobbed; "and all the while it was your sweetheart, who is dying for the winter to come, when you are to be married. And yet you could lead me on, and pretend to be fond of me and teach me to grow fond of you and—oh, you are worse than cruel, worse than cruel."

Here Clara Moore broke down in an agony of tears. Mr. Cox looked at her with an expression of mingled annoyance and compassion.

"Haw!" he said at last, assuming that air of affection which he had ceased to adopt when making love to the unhappy village belle, "Haw!" you are too severe, I'm sure I never intended to lead you to imagine I was seriously in love. If you've made that mistake I'm awfully sorry, I'm sure; but, of course, you know, you never could have imagined I had any idea of marrying you?"

"If you didn't mean that what right had you to pretend to care for me?" cried Clara. "You did everything but ask me to be your wife."

"And knowing our relative positions," answered Francis Cox, "you could not in your senses have supposed I should ever go as far as that. It was merely a harmless flirtation to while away the dull hours, nothing more."

"You coward!" exclaimed Clara Moore; and, casting a look of contempt at Mr. Cox, she quitted the room. Shame and indignation filled her heart. To think she had allowed this man to make a mere plaything out of her; to think she had cruelly neglected the noble minded Arnold Carew for the sake of an empty-headed, heartless fop. For the time being poor Clara Moore was insane. She rushed from the house into the darkness of the night and made her way to the river. Why should she not end it there? She had lost Arnold; she had been jilted and sneered at by the fine gentleman lodger; she would be the laugh of the village. Had she committed an act of dishonor such as stamps a woman as bad in the worlds eyes, she could not have thought worse of herself.

She stood on the towing path, and prepared for the fatal plunge.

"Heaven forgive me!" she sobbed forth. "Arnold, Arnold, forgive my cruelty; think kindly of me when I am gone."

As these words escaped her lips she sprang forward, but in that same moment a strong arm held her back from what would have been a crime to her, comparatively speaking trivial folly.

"Clara! what, in Hevaen's name would you do? exclaimed her rescuer, and in the sound of his voice she learned that Arnold Carew was with her in the hour of her despair.

A week later Mr. Cox left the village. During that week, however, Clara Moore never set eyes upon his face again.

His conduct deserved what he did not get—a good horse-whipping but at the same time it taught our heroine a lesson that pretty and humble village maidens may take to heart, viz, not to aspire to the dignity of becoming grand married city leaders of fashion because some young swell happens to smile upon them. As a rule these gentlemen are too selfish, and too great slaves of conventionality, to marry out of their own set, unless it be for "heaps of money."

A year later Arnold Carew was married to Clara Moore, and a better wife never lived than she who was known as the "The Village Belle."

How to Drop Money at Church.

A facetious exchange gives the following rules for dropping money into the contribution box at church. First, you will feel particularly mean and have only a penny to bestow, you must keep it covered in your hand, and when the box is under your nose you must, with a quick nervous motion, let your mite fall so that it shall escape observation; second, if you have a quarter or any other silver coin of a considerable size to give, you may hold it in plain sight between the thumb and forefinger, and let it drop from a comparitively lofty elevation, so that it may make a musical jingle when it reaches its destination; thirdly, if you contemplate offering a bill, you must not take the money out of your vest pocket until the happy time comes when your neighbors can best see your unparalled generosity. The moment the collector appears at the pew is the time when you must fumble for your money, and then having methodically unfolded the bill and put on your eye-glasses to ascertain its denomination, you may slowly put it on the top of the box. These three rules, we believe, will be sufficient for al l ordinary purposes. N. B.—A button should always be placed in a blank envelope.

A female Nihilist, a friend of Roussakoff and Hartmann, has been captured at St. Petersburg, and has made some startling revelations.

Speech of Senator Don Cameron before the U. S. Senate, March 31, 1881.

THE "SOLID SOUTH" SURELY DOWNED.

Mr. President.—I venture to intrude for a moment upon the attention of the Senate, and feel reasonably assured that if I do not add to the information of this honorable body, I will not detract from the good spirit which has heretofore marked this debate. Since I find that my absence was the occasion of so much eloquence, I am not sorry that I felt sufficiently unwell to ask the honorable Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Butler) to take upon himself the double duty of endurance for a few days. I am back refreshed and quite willing to extend the courtesy which I have received to any other member of this body who may be in need of it, and I can safely promise that nobody on this side of the Senate will make speeches in prose or poetry at the expense of the absent Senator. I cannot, however, allow my position, or that of Senators acting with me, to be misrepresented, although done in the best humor. After repeated votes had established their right, a majority of the members of this body decided to change its officers. Our opponents announced by their acts as well as by their works that they had decided that the minority of this body was determined to retain the present officers. The issue was too plain to be misunderstood. We said that the majority had the right to decide that question. Our opponents said that the minority had the right to deide it. I said it seemed then to be a question of endurence, and I really do not see what else it can pretend to be. The general doctrine that the majority is entitled to rule is not called in question. The right of the majority of the Senate to elect its own officers is not called in question. The minority simply says to the majority: "We will not allow you to exercise your undoubted right, because we will resort to dilatory motions, to long and eloquent speeches, and to poetic quotations, until you are weary of the struggle and allow us to have our own way." We cannot affort to abandon the right of the majority to rule, because the minority makes it a mere question of endurance—how long we will endure dilatory motions and dilatory speeches. We must endure them just as long as the minority choose to inflict them upon us.

The contest in which we are engaged is not simply to secure officers and employes of party friends, as the Senators on the other side pretend, nor is it solely a struggle of the majority to maintain its right to control the organization of the body. There is something higher than and above all this, something of great importance, which has not escaped the attention of our opponents here. it is the coming political contest in Virginia. The Senator from Virginia, who sits nearest me, has terrified the old Democratic regime of his state by his courageous bearing on this floor. They seem to have entertained the hope that with their malediction still ringing in his ears that he would forget his own purposes and save the Democracy by consorting with the enemies of his people. Disappointed in their expectation they appeal to the Southern Senators here to cover him with opprobrium that his followers at home will not dare to share his fortunes. The Republicans in this body and elsewhere see clearly that the assaults made upon him here are to punish him for his refusal to obey the orders given him. He has committed the unpardonable sin of doing that which his enemies only profess to do. —e has made political slavery impossible in Virginia. He has championed the cause of honest elections. He is about to lead in the final struggle in the Old Dominion for obedience to law in elections. He has our sympathies in this good work. We know his good work in his state is giving to all citizens, black and white, equal rights before the law.

In the coming state election the struggle will be a bitter one. I believe right is going to prevail, for law-abiding citizens of Virginia who were confederates will go into that great contest with the knowledge that our hearts are with them. Our colored friends in that state will be glad to see that we share their confidence in these well-tried friends, and they will continue to give Gen. Mahone the hearty support he has already earned and received at their hands. All Virginia will see that the great North fraternizes with all confederates in the South who are known by their acts as well as by their words to be in favor of an honest ballot and a fair count. The election of Col. Riddleberger to a responsible office in this body will be the best proof that can be given that for all true men who uphold the laws the Republican party has confidence, respect and co-operation. We gibe our votes to that gentleman as an earnest that we are not sectional, and that we have no prejudice on account of old conflicts. Whoever is right at the present time is our friend, and we are his. This and this only is the "bargain" we have to offer to all our Southern friends who will come out from party faction and grow on with the nations growth. All that we ask is that they shall stand with us in favor of securing to each lawful voter the right to cast one free, unintimidated ballot and to have that honestly counted. We know our opponents know that if Virginia takes a stand upon that platform the solid south is a thing of the past, and this is the true meaning of the present struggle.

The Greatest Blessing

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it. See another column.—*Eagle.*

A Texas Virginius.

A Dallas (Tex.,) letter says: A tragic death has just occurred in our neighboring county of Hill, worth relating and worthy of Virginius or any other Roman father. One year ago George Arnold came to Dallas on private business, and while walking the streets was bitten by a worthless cur which was frothing at the mouth and showing other symptoms of hydrophobia. Mr. Arnold became alarmed and very much excited when convinced in his own mind the dog was mad. He went to a physician and had the wound severely cauterized. Then, going home, he was still uneasy and dreaded hydrophobia so much that he hunted up a madstone and had it applied for several weeks, off and on. He took every other precaution that was suggested, resting under a mortal dread that the virus had gone into his system and would sooner or later kill him. He had a wife and several small children living on a rather isolated farm, and the thought that he might suddenly lose his reason and harm his little babes horrified him. The other day he began to experience strange feelings, and at once concluded his time had come. He then procured a twelve-foot trace chain and strong lock and went to the woods. After writing his wife a calm letter, in which he told her what was about to hapen, giving her directions as to his wishes after death, and pouring out a volume of love for her and the children, he ran the chain around a tree, drew it through a large ring at the end and then wound the other end around his ankle so tight that it could not slip the foot, locked it with the lock and threw the key far beyond his reach. The body was found two days after still chained to the tree. There was all the evidence necessary to show the horrible death from hydrophobia. The ground was torn up to the full length of the chain, the nails of his fingers wrenched off, and all his front teeth out in scratching and biting the tree, and every thread of clothing off his body. The body was dreadfully lacerated with these, the only weapons the madman could use. He had judged rightly what would have been the consequence had he remained at home, and knowing that there was no human skill that could have cured him, preferred death alone, and in that way, to doing harm to those so dear to him as wife and children. Arnold was originally from Talladega, Alabama, where he married, and where his widow has many friends and relatives.

A $75 Goat.

One of them was a stockman from western Texas named Bob Gazely, and the other was an old Galvestonian named Col. William Griswold. They were talking about stock-raising. The man from western Texas said, impressively:

"I tell you what, Colonel, there is more money in goats than in any other critter that eats Texas grass. People will keep on raising fine horses and cattle, and lose money by it, while there is more money in one goat than you can shake a stick at," and he went on to tell of the rapid increase, in the price of goatskin, etc.

"You are right," replied Griswold. "I am a goat man myself. I've got a goat in my yard right now I wouldn't part with for seventy-five dollars."

"He must be a fine animal. He is half Angora, I reckon. I must see him."

"Come along then."

After they had trudged about an hour they reached the residence of the Galvestonian. The goat was tied up in an out-house. The western Texas man looked at the goat with a bewildered air.

"There ain't no Angora in that goat."

"There is money in him for all that," responded the owner.

The stockman felt the animal all over, looked at the texture of his hair, and then said:

"I can't see any points that goat has got over any other goat. Did you say you paid seventy-five dollars for that scrub?"

"That goat cost me seventy-five dollars, and I expect to get my money back."

"Well, you couldn't get it out of me."

"I am not trying to get it out of you, but I hope to get it out of the goat. But, I'll tell you candidly, if you had chawed up my vest pocket with seventy-five dollars in it, like that goat did, I'd have it out of you some way or other."

Then the stockman caught hold of his own vest, and laughed until a crowd began to gather.—*Galveston News.*

The Silent Woman of Montana.

On Willow creek resides a woman who for fifteen years, except on one occasion, has not uttered a word. In 1865 she was relentlessly forbidden by her parents to marry the man of her choice. Soon after this the family moved to Montana, and since the day of their starting the young lady, now grown to a woman of thirty years, has not articulated as much as half a dozen words. Her long silence is attributed to intense and abiding indignation at the cruelty of her parents, and probably conceiving words to be useless and inadequate to express the poignancy of her suffering, she concluded never to speak again, a resolution which she has adhered to so far with remarkable tenacity. She lives with her parents, occupies a room by herself, refuses to see strangers, and to all purposes and intents is absolutely dumb. Her memory is strong and accurate for one who neither talks or reads nor takes other intellectual exercises. Through the partition in her room she will sometimes listen to the conversation of those in the adjoining apartment, and occasionally, several days after it has taken place, it will be found on a paper in her room, written out. There is no doubt of her ability to speak.

A Thrilling Incident.

We went winding up the mountains, our massive engine drawing us up the curving grades, without an apparent effort. Here and there beautiful valleys stretched out, and through them coursed placid streams pouring from mountain springs. We had crossed an iron bridge and made a curve at the end of which another was in sight, winding to the left, and a short distance from the track a cottage home stood in the shadow of the hills. Looking past it to a point just beyond which was visible from my side of the engine, I saw—oh, horror!—and I excitedly exclaimed, "A child on the track!"

At the exclamation the engineer sprang from his seat. One glance down the track and his face was pallid. A child—three years old perhaps—stood midway between the rails, and not one hundred yards from the engine. "My God!" I heard him utter in an agonized tone. I looked from him to the child again. It stood facing us, clapping its little hands as it was wont to do from its mother's arms, perhaps, at the passing of the cars. In another instant I was thrown forward—almost pitched through the glass window in front of me. In the same instant I heard a scream, and with arms aloft, and face paralyzed with terror the mother stood on the cottage steps. We were nearer the child, it was not twenty yards from the engine, which under the pressure of the air brake was bumping and jostling furiously. I looked to the engineer, his seat was vacant; again ahead; the pilot was within twenty feet of the child, the train still in motion, too rapidly to be checked before reaching it. I shut my eyes, my heart stood still. Again the mother's heart-rending scream and I opened my eyes to see the child tossed several feet in the air. My head swam as I averted my eyes, and I fancied I heard the crushing of the little form beneath the now slowly revolving wheels, when in husky tones I heard from toward the cottage a man's voice utter: "Thank God!"

I opened my eyes, and standing on the pilot was John Akers, and holding in his arms the child—its face wreathed in smiles. The engine was now at a stand-still. From the cottage the father came with blanched face and trembling steps. The child in merry accent called out, "Want to ride, papa?" He took his baby from John Aker's extended hands, and folding her in his arms, he sank down on the earth beside the track.

The engineer clambered back to his perch and sounded the whistle. The passengers looked out of the windows wondering what had occurred. A trembling hand drew the lever, which started the engine to puffing and hissing until it was pacing at full speed again. I looked toward the engineer—his blue eyes were on the track ahead but they were dimmed. Tears were on his cheeks as he perhaps thought of what would have been his feelings if his own little girl had been the one on the track. Not a word did either speak until at Christianburg on the top of the Alleghanies two thousand feet above the level, the train stopped for supper. As we started to leave