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SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop.
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3,000 Gallons
PURE FERMENTED
WINE,
FOR SALE
By A. J. Casebeer at A. J. Casebeer & Co.'s Store, Somerset, Pa., or at his
SUGAR GROVE FARM
Five miles north of Somerset, the place of manufacture. The following is a list of the kinds in stock,
GRAPE, BLACKBERRY,
CHERRY CURRANT,
ELDERBERRY, WILD-CHERRY
AND CIDER WINE,
Which will be sold in quantity to suit purchaser. This wine is much used for medical and sacramental purposes; also as a beverage by those who want a pure wine.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXX. NO. 14. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1881. WHOLE NO. 1575.

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In the Building known as the.

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BAKERY and CONFECTIONERY,

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Parties and Picnics supplied with Candies, Cakes Nuts and Grapes on short notice. All Goods Fresh, and sold at

A LOW FIGURE.

Call and see for yourselves.

I will open out with a full line of the above goods, May 19th.

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CENTRAL HOTEL
MAIN STREET,
SOMERSET, PENN'A.,
Opened for guests on
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This house is furnished in first-class, modern style, with the modern conveniences of Heaters, Hot and Cold Water Baths, large Reading Rooms, Parlors and Chambers, and has good Stables attached.
The Table and Bar will be as GOOD AS THE BEST.
From experience in the Hotel business, I flatter myself I can render satisfaction to all who may call.

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In the most thorough manner and guaranteed.

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aug 18

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WHAT IS THE GAIN?

What is the gain?
If one should run a noble race,
And at last, with weary pace,
Win to the goal, and find his years
A harvest field of waste and tears,
Of turmoil and of buried trust,
Rich with dead hopes and bitter dust,
And strife and sneer and ceaseless pain,
What is the gain?

What is the gain?
When having reached a sunlit height,
Through barren sweeps of gloomful night,
Hoping to see beyond the crest
Fair lands of beauty and of rest,
There lies far before, stretched far away
Unto the confines of the day
A desolate and shadeless plain,
What is the gain?

What is the gain?
To sail for months of cold and toil
Across wide seas, where winds recoil,
Only to gather strength and roar
A louder challenge than before,
And find, when through fogs thick and dun
The rocky coast at last is won,
No haven for the storm-vexed main,
What is the gain?

What is the gain?
The race is won, we see the light,
We conquer where the storm winds fight:
We show the way to those who wait
With faint hearts by the walls of fate:
Our banners flutter in the van
Of battles fought for thought and man,
And ignorance and darkness wane,
That is the gain.

FRITZ'S FORTUNE.

It was when the Mormons were leaving Nauvoo, at the warning of the incensed Gentiles, that Fritz Wetzel laid the foundation of his fortune. He was a peasant Gentile, living near the Mormon Jerusalem, owning besides his farm only a cow. Word came to his prarie hut that the Saints were trading their houses and lots in Nauvoo for anything whatever that they could take away, and that had any value to man or beast.

"For a two-horse team," said the informant, "I have got as good a brick house as there is in the city, and Jimmy Roe he has bought a snug little three-room house for a pair of blankets."

"The cow! the cow!" said Mrs. Fritz, when the news-bearer had gone his way. "Drive her to the city and get us a house."

"So! so!" said Fritz.

When he came back that night Mrs. Fritz met him in the yard. "You bring not back the cow."

"We have no more any cow. But we have a whole acre of ground and one nice brick house of five rooms."

"Five rooms! a brick house! a whole acre! five rooms! what would they in Germany say? Ah! now we have it good; now we have it grand! But to-night we have no potatoes for supper; we have no milk; we have no cow."

When Cabet's Icarian Colony of Communists took possession of the vacated Mormon houses, Wetzel's place increased in value. Before the colony went to pieces, he traded his city place for a neat farm, giving his note for three hundred dollars. It is commonly said that the dreams of youth are out of all proportion to the reality of mature years. But surely the peasant boy of the Hartz Mountains, gathering faggots, picking among rocks and scanty herbage for the keep of the family goat, could hardly have pictured himself lord of one hundred and eighty acres, level as floor and black as charcoal.

It was a fine farm, but to meet the debt, Fritz and the frau had to work hard, live poor, wake through sleeping hours for many a long year. Sometimes the crop failed by reason of over-rain; sometimes by under-rain; and then there would be hard work to pay even the interest on the deferred payment. One year Mrs. Fritz was sick, and there was a doctor bill to pay and the wages of a hired woman, so the principal was reduced by only one dollar. Fritz and Madam went through the following winter on potatoes and black coffee.

The next spring, in the midst of planting, Fritz fell sick, Then, indeed, there was dismay. It seemed as if the world had stopped moving.

"Not so much as the interest money we, dis year, don't pay," said Mrs. Fritz to the American doctor. "It is interest, interest, interest ellry year. I dhink it will get paid nefer. It is worse as to fill the rat hole frew de floor into one's cellar. You pou', pou', pou', you dhink you fill it nefer, nefer, nefer. In Heafen I shall be when de note Fritz he haf paid. But I dhink he pay it nefer. nefer."

But he did it, however, in spite of all the back-sets. Yet Fritz and Mrs. Fritz were far from being heavenly happy. That hole into which they had been pouring was indeed filled, yet they seemed no better off.

"On we must go another year, living poor," Mrs. Fritz said to her husband, in German, "till another crop be made. And then, if the crop should fail!"

"And if our tenant couldn't pay," Fritz put in.

"Ah! we have it yet bad," she said, "bad as before."

"We have a great land," Fritz reminded.

"But eat the land we cannot; wear it we cannot; cover with it this winter we cannot."

"So, so," said Fritz.

This was the beginning of the plaint which they interchanged through several years.

"We have all our money tied up," said he.

"When we want some little dollars more, we can have it not," said she.

"So, so, we are land poor," said he.

"We want not so much land," said she.

"Not able am I to work so much," said he, and no children we have to leave it to."

"To sell some would be better," said she.

"Sell eighty acres and we still have a hundred more than all our people in the old country. They be a poor set over there."

The plan of selling they talked over, until, by and bye, a little board on a pole announced that Fritz Wetsel would sell an eighty acre slice off his farm. People came and went, looking at the slice and sighing for it. At length an offer was made for the whole farm at $6,800.

"Try him at $7,000," said Mrs. Fritz, "if he agrees, take it; for seven thousand is much money, it will keep us for life."

"So, so," Fritz said.

He tried seven thousand and the offer was taken. As the terms were cash, Fritz one day came home, his pocketbook crammed with greenbacks.

"Come here, Thekla," he said to his wife, "shut the windows, lock the door, put on your specks, you are not so young as when I married you barefoot. Come, I shall show you so much money as you never saw."

Mrs. Fritz hastened to make things secure against spies and eavesdroppers. She hung a shawl across the window and stuffed cotten in the key-hole. Then she feasted her eyes on the hundred dollar bills and the twenties and the tens.

"Ah! now we have it easy; we have it good, at last," she cried, cheerily.

"So, so," said Fritz. "The money-box we have got open, where our money was locked."

"Now we have got it good. But where will yod put so much money, to-night, Fritz? Everybody knows that the farm you have sold for money in hand, and everybody knows we are out on the prairie with nobody at all."

"I will take the money to bed with me; I sleep with it in my bosom."

"You can take it to bed," said Mrs. Fritz, "but you sleep not much I think."

Neither man nor wife slept much. One-half the night they were listening for burglars, and the other half were searching for the house breakers. Toward morning they had a nap apiece. When daylight came they were glad to see it. They were to give possession in ten days, so the morning was full of anxious questioning. Where were they to go? where set up the new home?

"There are not many Germans in Nauvoo, we are all acquainted together. If we can get a home in Nauvoo——"

"I will go to Nauvoo, and I will see."

"And the money?" said Mrs. Fritz.

"And should I carry so much money to lose? to have my pockets picked? It is known to everybody that I have cash for the farm. I take it not. I leave it with you."

"No, no, not with me. All alone I shall be. Should some bad man come, I could defend it never. Not fair is it to leave it with a lone woman. Take it you must."

"And is it killed you want me to get, me as married you barefoot, and has worked through bad and worse to get the much money?"

"And have I worked not?"

"But have I not harder worked? What is cooking and washing for two people to plowing and digging and reaping and packing?"

"And have I not dug potatoes and hoed cabbages and corn, and picked grass for the cow and the goat? Ah! Fritz, you are hard on your woman."

Do not cry, poor wife. Good woman you have been to me; and good man I have been to you. I beat you never."

"True! true!" said Thekla, brightening. "Good you have been. I will tell you, Fritz; we should go away from this place, where everybody knows that we have much money. To Chicago we should go, where people know us not."

"So, so," said Fritz. "That is good; there be many Germans in Chicago for company; we get soon acquainted together, and we tell not of our much money. I think we will go to Chicago.

To Chicago in a few days they went, and settled in one room in the German quarter, where no word of English might be heard for weeks at a time. Their money they were carrying about in their shoes, in their bosoms, and in their waistbands.

"But stopped this must be; the money will be worn out; it will go to pieces. Besides, we might fall down on the street with fits or something, and the money be lost."

"So, so" said Fritz. "I have been thinking. What we can do I know not."

Mrs. Fritz suggested the bank, about which institution she had no clearly defined ideas. Fritz shook his head, and shook it, and shook it. "No! no! no! no! Put it in the cashman, he put it and thousands of poor people's money in his pocket, and ship to the old country, and when I go my money to draw, the bank it has stopped. The bank no good."

Mrs. Fritz said, "Bonds," not knowing the meaning of the word

Again Fritz shook his head. I know not bonds; I understand not bonds. If I cannot take care of my money how can some other peoples? They care not for it so much as I. No, money I shall keep in my fingers."

"Where, then, shall we put it in this one room, with only the stove and bed and two chairs? We have no place to hide."

"And if a place we had, we would not it leave. One room might be entered, or the house might get on fire. Ah! if it were like silver, like old country money, we could bury it."

"We could not; for we have not any yard. Ah! it is much trouble. I think, think, all day long; all night when I can sleep not. Now, we have very much trouble, my woman. We had not so much trouble when in the old country, we picked the grass barefoot, and loved together."

"The money was better in land; land no one could steal," said his wife.

"In land, it would be better," Fritz agreed, "if when we a sack of flour buy, we could pay a slice of land, and when a soupbone, one very little slice. But do that we could not, and we have much trouble every way."

"Ah! me!" sighed Thekla. "When I was poor, and no money had for shoes or frock, I thought the rich people had not any trouble; but much money, much trouble, I believe."

"So! so!" said the man, "that is so."

Having no work to engage him, Fritz might have interested himself in the sights of the street. But he was never easy out of his own room. Especially was he anxious when in a crowd. Was he jostled? he thought he was being robbed. Every man who touched him was suspected of intent to pick his waistband, Returning to his room it was a half expectation of seeing Thekla chloroformed and the money she carried gone. More and more he kept to the room to guard her and the money. He distrusted every person who gave him a sharp look, the Prussian next door, the violinist overhead, the cigar maker across the hall. A dozen times in twenty-four hours he detected the oder of chloroform and claimed that he was being put to sleep through some crack. Drowsiness at unusual hours he attributed not to his inactive, listless life, but to the anæsthetic in the hands of a robber. He became morbidly interested in burglar-proof inventions and skeleton keys. He weighed the matter of buying a proof safe for the money's sake.

"But," he said, considering the cons of the idea, "people coming in here would know what for I had the safe, they would find out I had much money; they would give us chloroform throgh the cracks, and when we be dead with it, we would be locked in a crazy-house. Then they blow open the safe with powder, and there the money all find."

"Ah! yes; it is much trouble is much money," the wife assented. "I wish most we had yet the interest hole to pour our money in. To fill it, we worked hard; but hard work is not so worse as much worry—thinking, thinking, thinking all the time; face so mournful, heart so heavy. Ah, Fritz, we were so bad never. You laugh not any more; I laugh not; we have much sorrow Fritz, very much sorrow."

"It is so," said Fritz, with melancholy emphasis. Then he dropped his head on his breast, and both were silent till bed time thinking, thinking what had best be done with the money.

A few days after this when Fritz came in with beef and bologna sausage, Thekla noticed that her man's face was agitated.

"We must change our meat man," he said anxiously. "He has found out that I have much money, I think."

"How? did you not tell him?"

"I would tell him never," said Fritz, almost fiercely. "It was this way: I had not in all money for the meat and sausage. I had twenty dollar. Then the butcher, he say, 'Ah! you are rich; you have much money.' Then I think he would set a man to spy me home, so I came around and about many blocks out of the way; and I stop many times. We must go not more to him. He may be put chloroform in my meat."

"Ah, me! Ah, me! we do have it bad. In this one room I stay like I was in prison. I go nowhere; I see nothing; am with no person acquainted together, in this big city. All the time I be afraid for the money; afraid my man get killed; afraid I be dead with chloroform."

"So! so!" said Fritz. "It be worse as to pick faggots and eat brown bread. Much money, much trouble."

A few days after this Fritz had another fright. His landlord called for the rent. This was paid with alacrity, both the man and Thekla feeling almost glad at being relieved of so much of the money which was so sorely troubling them.

"What are you working at. How do you earn your money?" the landlord asked, not because he cared a penny to know, but because he wished to say a friendly word to his prompt tenant.

But the mood of the Germans made the simplest words sinister. Fritz reddened, cast down his eyes, stammered and said he made sausages.

"And it is good ones he makes," the wife added, trying to help her Fritz.

"Perhaps," said the landlord, "I will take some sausages of you some day."

Then Fritz was scared, lest he might be asked the number of his shop. Thekla's heart was in her mouth. But the landlord went away without putting the question.

"And has it come to so bad, my Fritz, my poor Fritz?" Thekla exclaimed when they were alone. Her apron was thrown over her head, and she was crying in that heart broken way peculiar to a stricken conscience on a first transgression. "Is it so bad as we must make lies? Poor Fritz! Poor Thekla!"

"And haven't I made sausage on the farm?" said Fritz, trying to excuse himself. "And tell him something I must. If he know I nothing do for my living, he will know I have much money, and then we should sure get chloroform."

"But the lie Fritz! Alack! alack! chloroform were better. If children we were Fritz, our parents would beat us; yes, beat us dead it might be, but have us liars, never, never. We were good children, Fritz, baptized into the church we were. Now, much money make much trouble, much sin, much tears. To the poor we should give some money, and go work."

"So! so! it would better be," said Fritz.

The next day Fritz and Mrs. Fritz were of that great crowd of terror-stricken fugitives, fleeing before the most appalling conflagration the world ever saw. They were of the seventy-five thousand who bivouacked on the prairie that night.

"It is like the Judgment," Thekla said, with awed voice, looking from the flaming sky to the faces about her, red and weird in the glare. "Everybody is now in trouble, the children cry, the men and women groan."

"The house and shops and goods of them be all burnt," said Fritz. "Our money is saved."

Early the next morning there came to the strange encampment bakers' wagons, provision carts, milk carts, water carts. Fritz buying his breakfast and Thekla's saw a nursing mother and two little children turned from the carts. They had no money to buy.

He told this to Thekla, then the square German face, weary, begrimed, lined by her hard life, suddenly shone. In the same moment it kindled with enthusiasm and softened with compassion.

"Now, my Fritz, now is your time. Go buy bread and drink for poor women and little children. Buy, buy, buy, so long as there be any hungry, so long as your money hold out."

Fritz cast down his eyes irresolute.

"Ah! my poor Fritz," she said sadly, yet with faith in her voice. "You are not so hard; when you was little boy and I was little girl, you gave me of your faggots often, and of your grass. Think you if the Lord Christ was here this day with much money, He would feed you not? He would give you not drink? Ah! my Fritz, we know now where we can put our much money; there be many holes to pour it in," she said, with a little tearful laugh, "the hungry mouths of many poor people, come let us buy for them, my Fritz."

"So! so!" he said, looking up with a tear in his blue eye. "We will buy some cart loads for hungry people, the last dollar may go before anybody must starve; no difference if we be not acquainted together."

It was not necessary for Fritz to spend his last dollar, for a million hearts were even then planning to help and millions of hands were working: the relief was swiftly coming.

Fritz and Thekla are now re-established in Nauvoo on a fifty-acre farm. They have an adopted girl whom they brought from Chicago. In her rearing and education they find a drain for any surplus money. A distressing accumulation is not likely again to occur.—*Sarah Winter Kellogg, in Chicago Advance.*

Effect of Food Upon Milk.

Every dairyman has learned by experience that when food falls off in quantity or quality, the quantity and quality of the milk keeps pace with it. But they do not sufficiently consider, perhaps, the fact that the character of the grass has much to do with the quality of the milk and the cheese or butter made from it. The following remarks, taken from the *Country Gentleman*, bear interesting relation to this subject:

"The observation of Dumas, Payen, and Boussingault have shown that a cow gives healthy milk in proportion to the surplus of food beyond what is necessary for her own maintenance. If the animal is kept on food barely sufficient for proper nourishment, the milk produced must be at a loss of animal tissue, with general deterioration of the milk and also of the cow. Milk formed at the expense of the nutrients and tissues of the body has less caseine, butter, sugar and salts, while the albumen will be increased. It follows that the value of the milk must depend upon the excess of food beyond what is required by nature to keep up the normal vigor of the body. Decaisne demonstrated by experiments during the siege of Paris, in 1871, in forty-three cases of nursing women, that insufficient or non-nutritious food produces a diminution in the normal quality of the milk; also a variation of its chemical constituents, such as an increase of albumen and diminution of caseine, butter and sugar. The proportion of albumen in such cases is generally in inverse ratio to that of casine. Such milk rapidly decomposes, and this will explain why in hot weather, if mingled with good milk, it would induce ferments and cause serious trouble to the cheese maker.

"That the quality of grasses is greatly influenced by soil and situation, has been generally observed by farmers who have been in the practice of fattening stock for the shambles. Upon certain pastures cattle fatten rapidly and without trouble, while on other lands they do not readily take on flesh, though the growth of grass seems abundant and of varieties accounted nutritious. It is not surprising that cheese makers often have trouble in handling milk when going from one locality to another, for in addition to the more common causes of bad milk, such as uncleanliness in milking, bad water, abuse of cows by beating and overdriving, there is still another affecting milk—that of soil or the food which it produces. Generally on high and dry pastures of gravelly loam the milk will be more readily converted into cheese than when the milk is produced on low, wet grounds. The treatment of milk and curds, therefore, must be varied to meet the different characters of soils, for that manipulation which would make good cheese in one locality might make bad cheese in another.

The Tobacco Crop a Failure.

LANCASTER, Pa., August 31.—The unprecedented drouth in this county has resulted in the failure of two-thirds of the tobacco crop, entailing a loss in the county of over a million dollars. In neighboring counties, where the same atmospheric condition existed, the loss will be as much more. Some of the early planted tobacco escaped the dry spell and matured well, but this has already been purchased by New York buyers, most of it while still growing in the fields. Larger prices have ruled this year than have ever before been paid. It is believed that the remainder of the crop will only be available for fillers.

When a man regards himself all sufficient, the world is apt to think of him as insufficient.

Green Food for Milch Cows.

In all dairying sections it is often a question how and where to obtain sufficient suitable food for producing and prolonging the greatest possible quantity and quality of milk. Pastures usually run short in August or later, and then something must be fed to keep the cows from shrinking their milk. The comparative ease with which fodder corn is grown makes that the more general crop for the purpose. Most crops have some objections against them, but I think fewer practical men can be found objecting to green corn fodder than any other crop equally economical. So far as experience and testimony go, green corn fodder, properly grown and fed, yields the greatest amount of milk and flesh, for the same expenditure, of any crop that has yet been grown for the purpose. Corn is peculiarly suited to our climate, thriving generally in all parts of our country, and although accurate experiments have not substantiated its claim as the best, public opinion and practice would seem to decide that way.

Since this crop can be preserved so cheaply (as claimed) in silos, in all its succulence, we may look for its more general and abundant production. Could we only credit the half that its most enthusiastic advocates claim, all farmers should keep double the present amount of stock on this plan, at very much less cost. But I am afraid that the majority will be doomed to disappointment or failure, as too many factors enter into the successful issue of the experiment.

The crop, however, is a good and economical one to feed green during the last of the summer and early fall, and dried for winter it is scarcely less valuable than the best of hay. The culture of fodder corn requires judgment and skill as well as any other crop. To develop the greatest amount of nutriment, the corn must not be grown so thick that the whole stock and plant cannot be exposed to light and air, as these are essential to the proper elaboration of the juices of the plant.

The fodder grown from sweet corn seems to be preferred by all animals to that from other varieties of field corn. I have noticed that the cows eat the whole stalks and butts of sweet corn, while much of smaller growth of other varieties was rejected. Before being gathered for feeding, corn should be tasseled out and the ears formed, for until this stage its full nutriment is undeveloped.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Forms of Lightning.

A flash of lightning is a very large spark of electricity—just the same thing that one sees given by an electric machine in a lecture on Natural Philosophy, the only difference being that the best machine will not give a spark more than a yard long, while some flashes of lightning have been estimated to be several miles in length. According to their appearance, various names have been given to these sparks in the sky, though in reality all the several kinds are one and the same thing.

On a warm summer evening one often sees clouds on the horizon lit up with brilliant glows of lightning, unaccompanied by any sound of thunder. To this appearance the name of "heat lightning" has been given, and the warm weather is often assigned as its cause. In point of fact, the heat lightning is only that of a thunder-shower so far off that, while the observer can see the flash, no sound of thunder reaches him, and the intervening clouds veil and reflect the flash until it becomes a glow, instead of the sharp streak usually seen.

Where the flash, starting from one point, branches out and divides into several parts, it has received the name of "forked lightning." This is usually seen when the discharge is near the observer. Single flashes bearing a zig-zag or crinkled aspect are denominated "chain-lightning," probably from their resemblance to a chain thrown loosely on the ground. Again, when several discharges occur from about the same place at the same time, and are screened by rain or clouds so as to light up the heavens with a broad bright glow, the title of "sheet lightning is applied.

These four comprise all the common forms. There is, however, one rare manifestation, called "ball-lightning." In this phenomenon a small globe or ball of apparent fire rolls slowly along the ground, and after a time suddenly explodes, scattering destruction around. There are few instances of this on record, no very satisfactory explanation has ever accounted for this curious appearance.

Invalids Deluded.

A mournful illustration of the cruel wrong which is done by spreading broadcast the delusion that persons in the last stages of consumption can be cured by a change of climate, is furnished by this year's experience in the Adirondacks. The number of victims this season to an exaggerated belief in the curative properties of the Adirondack region has been unprecedented. Sixteen persons during the present month have died in the woods or en route, and their bodies have been carried back through Plattsburg. All these died in want of the comforts and consolations which would have surrounded them at home, and in many instances, no doubt, death was hastened by fatigue, deprivation and homesickness. And still the mournful procession to the woods goes on; and still people are found, well-meaning or otherwise, who are willing to take the responsibility of stimulating a false hope.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Wretch Going to Prison.

LOUISVILLE, KY., August 31.—Dr. Aust, who during last fall coolly and without provocation shot and killed his brother-in-law near Jasper, Indiana, was yesterday taken to Jeffersonville prison for ninety-nine years. On the way he manifested the greatest cruelty of purpose and gloried in his crime.

How Sal "Disgraced the Family.

A traveler in the State of Illinois some years ago came to a leg hut on the prairie near Cairo, and there halted. He went into the house. It was a wretched affair—an empty packing box for a table, while two or three chairs and disagreeable stools graced the reception room, the dark walls of which were ornamented by a display of tin-ware and a broken shelf article or two. The woman was crying in one corner, and the man, with tears in his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, on a stool, with his sorrowful looking head supported by the palms of his hands. Not a word greeted the interloper.

"Well," said he, "you seem to be in awful trouble here. What's up?"

"Ah, we are almost crazed ,neighbor," said the woman; "and we hain't got the patience to see folks now."

"That's all right," said the stranger, not much taken back by polite rebuff; "but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble?"

"Well, we've lost our gal; our Sal's gone off and left us," said the old man in tones of deep despair.

"Ah, do you know what induced her to leave you?" remarked the new arrival.

"Well, we can't say, neighbor, as how she's so far lost as to be induced, but then she's gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father.

"Yes, stranger, and—not as I should say it as is her mother—but there warn't a peotier gal in all the west than our Sal. She's gone and brought ruin on her own head now," followed the stricken mother.

"Who has gone off with her?" inquired the visitor.

"Well, there's the trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Kehoe, a capital shoemaker, who although he has but one eye, he plays the flute in a lively manner, and earns a good living.—Then, look, what life she has deserted; she was here surrounded by all the luxury in the country," said the father.

"Yes who knows what poor Sal will have to eat, drink and wear now," groaned the old woman.

"And who is the fellow who has taken her into such misery?"

"Why, she's gone off and got married to a critter called an editor, as lives in a village, and Lord only knows how he's to airn a living."

The Magnitude of the Rag Trade.

Few persons have an adequate conception of the magnitude and importance of the rag trade in this country. Rags seem to be cheap and insignificant a commodity that it is surprising to learn that, with the exception of the staple products of the West, they are more largely transported by railroads than any other article of merchandise. At Chicago the Michigan Central Railroad has erected a special building for this kind of freight, and it is estimated that not less than one hundred car loads of rags leave and enter Chicago daily. A good idea of the extent of the trade was recently given a Chicago *Tribune* reporter by a wholesale rag dealer. Said the latter: "There are fifty millions of people in the United States, and it is safe to presume that every one of them discards on an average, five pounds of clothing every year. That gives us 250,000,000 pounds of rags to start with. Then there are the tailoring establishments, big and little, whose cuttings are not much less in quantity in the aggregate than the cast-off clothes of the nation at large, while their quality, as rags, is greatly superior. Then there are the carpets, and bedding, and curtains, and other domestic articles of cloth of some kind, which make up a goodly bulk in the course of a year. The different articles combined make up another 250,000,000 pounds of cloth material which has been discarded from use and which eventually finds its way into the ragman's bale."

She Took Him at His Word.

Wriggles had some teeth pulled lately, and took cold in his jaw, which swelled until it looked like a prize watermelon. He poulticed it and bandaged it, all to no purpose; and walked the floor several nights with it quoting choice extracts from Bob Ingersoll's lectures, but all to no purpose; it kept on swelling. The other morning he remarked to his wife that he would give $50 dollars to any one that would hit him a tremendous thump on it suddenly without his expecting it, to see if it wouldn't burst the swelling.

The dear woman smiling to herself, went and gathered a bootjack, and stepping up quietly behind the old man as he was trying to strain some coffee through his teeth, lovingly inquired: "Where does it pain you most, Whig? "O, Lord! right here, right here," as he turned his jaw up and pointed to the apex of protuberance. Taking a step back the dear woman raised the bootjack on high and hit him a regular bung-starter right in the center of his calamity, and smilingly stepped back to await results. The old man's knees flew to his chin as he shut up like a patent rat trap, and with a hollow groan he rolled off the chair on to the floor, but he was up in a moment, and as he danced the can-can, with original variations, his wife smilingly asked: "Did it relieve you, dear?" And as he tried to howl out an answer old Mrs. Pry, who had just dropped in, beat a hasty retreat. And now the whole neighborhood has it that Wriggles has got 'em again. And as Mrs. Pry remarked, "That 'ere comit will be the death o' some o' these old baldheads yet, settin' up to watch it."—*New Orleans Times.*

Do not think of knocking out another man's brains because he differs in opinion from you. It would be as rational to knock yourself on the head because you differed from yourself ten years ago.

The brightest hour in the day is that one in which all our desires are gratified.

"The Christian Citizen."

The amphitheatre at Chautauqua was filled with an eager throng several days ago which had gathered to listen to an address by Judge Tourgee on "The Christian Citizen." For an hour he talked in an entertaining way of the responsibilities and privileges of the Christian Citizen. The term citizen, he said, signifies a co-ordinate element in a self governable community, and he defined Christian as a term including every man who believes in the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, or is imbued with his teachings, or, if not, knows that he ought to be. In the course of his address he said in substance: "Christianity is not like the dreamy religions of the drowsy East. It is a positive, active, aggressive faith. It has no "passive voice." The Christian is sent out into the world as a bomb is hurled from a mortar—to hit somebody, and to hurt somebody; and if he doesn't do it, it isn't the fault of the powder behind him. Christianity is the mother of the Republican idea. A popular notion prevails that the nearer a man would keep to God, the further he must keep away from politics. This is a criminally fallacious notion. What is political government? It is the big human end of religion. The responsibility of a country's future rests upon its people. A nation is not good by accident. But the chronic grumbler says that the political life of to-day is so corrupt. I don't believe it. I believe in public purity of to-day. I believe that our moral ethics, as a Nation, is at its highest mark to-day. I have no sympathy with that class of people who keep calumnating our political life, and whose only mission seems to be the praise of God and find fault. We only see the bright side of the past. We forget the influence of the past. A few years ago a crime could be forgotten before it reached the State line. To-day a deed of shame is read on three continents before the blood of the assassin's knife is dried. If these charges are true, whoes fault is it? I say emphatically, the fault of those Christians who won't do their political duty. Prayer and voting once a year aren't enough. We are not to stand on the pinnacle of our own purity, and scold at evil; we must meet our own personal duty, by putting our shoulder to the wheel of government. Oh, these cowardly Christians who wrap themselves in the mantle of their own righteousness, and will not enter the great battle. A christian, a citizen ought not to allow any political question in which he is interested to be decided without active work on his part. Every man must do his duty before he grumbles at the perverseness of politics; and this means that he must give all the time he reasonably can to the solution of the State problems."

Boys.

Get hold of the boy's heart. Yonder locomotive with its thundering train comes like a whirlwind down the track and a regiment of armed men might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them and pass unheeded on. But there is a lever in its mechanism that, at the pressure of a man's hand, will slaken its speed, and in a moment or two bring it panting and still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same little lever the steamship is guided upon the sea, in spite of adverse wind