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The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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ED. M. KIMMELL. H. S. KIMMELL. DR. E. M. KIMMELL & SON tender their professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. One of the members of the firm can at all times, unless professionally engaged, be found at their office, on Main street, east of the Diamond.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '79-tf.

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DR. A. G. MILLER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Has removed to South Bend, Indiana, where he can be consulted by letter or otherwise.

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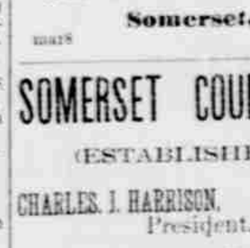

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## MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME

Upon the mountain's western steep,
Far out among the pines,
Where winter's blast was wont to sweep
O'er hills and dark ravines.

Where rolls Moshannon's sparkling stream,
And Clearfield's waters glide;
Where Sylvan gods were wont to dream
Beneath the hemlock's shade.

There, 'mong those wild, wild mountain glens
Where roamed the fox and deer,
Where wolf and bear within their dens
Were neither wild nor rare.

There, years ago, my father reared
His cabin, rude and plain;
And, toiling hard, he slowly cleared
The land, a home to gain.

That spot, where once my parents toiled,—
Where first I saw the light—
Than all besides on earth to me,
'Tis precious in my sight.

True, it can't boast of mansions fine,
Nor fruitful, fertile fields;
No gardens rich with jassamine,—
No luscious fruit it yields.

A plain old barren heath it seems,
Where weeds and cinquefoil grow,
But, oh, old home of childhood's dreams
I can but love you so!

Thy very spot is dear to me
For father's, mother's sake;
I would again return to thee
And youth's fond pleasures seek.

Since there I bade them all adieu,
So many years gone by,
Dear mother, father, brothers too,
Life's active ways to try.

I've wandered far and much I've learned
Of all this world can give
In pleasures, honor, toil and pain—
Of what it is to live.

And this I've learned—the happiest days
I've seen on earth below,
Were those I spent in childish plays
Before I learned to know

What 'tis to struggle with the world,
To brave its toil and strife—
Ah, when a child, by mother's side,
How happy then was life.

## THE CONVICT'S CHILD

It was morning.

"Is this the way, sir, to Sing Sing?"

"Yes," roughly replied a broad faced countryman and passed on.

It was afternoon. The child was somewhat fragile in appearance. Her bonnet was of broken straw, her shoes were much torn: the sun played hotly on her forehead. She walked on and on an hour longer.

"Is this the way to Sing Sing, sir?"

"Yes, little girl, but what are you going there for?"

The child trudged on, her lips quivering, but not deigning to answer the pleasant faced old man who had stopped the jogging of his horse to note her hurried manner, and who liked that little face, anxious and sad as its expression was.

The dew had fallen. Kate had fallen, too, almost. A rough stone by the way, imbedded in moss, receiving her tired little frame. She looked so worn and tired, sitting there, her tangled hair falling on her hands that were clasped over her face. By the shaking of her frame the tears were coming, too, and she was bravely trying to keep them back.

"Why, what is the dear little girl doing here?" The exclamation came from a pair of young lips.

"A curiosity, I declare," exclaimed a harsher voice, and Kate, looking up suddenly, cowered away from the sight of the young lady and her agreeable looking companion.

"Whatever are you doing here, little girl?" asked Nell Maywood, moving a little nearer toward the frightened child.

"Going, Miss, to Sing Sing," said Katie.

"Why, George! this child is going to Sing Sing—ten miles off. Child, did you know it was so far off?"

Katie shook her head and wiped away the hot and heavy tears, one by one.

"Why, you little goose, what are you going to Sing Sing for? Have you had your supper?"

Katie shook her head.

"Have you had any dinner?"

Again the child shook her head.

"No breakfast. Why, George, the poor thing must be almost starved!"

"I should think so," mechanically replied her brother, just recovering from a yawn, and showing signs of sympathy.

"Look here, what's your name? Well, girl, you must come up to the house and get something to eat. Follow me, and we'll take care of you to-night, somehow, and we'll see about your going to Sing Sing to-morrow."

Katie followed. What a glorious vision burst upon her view! The palatial house; the rock reddening in the low western sun; the shining river; the sign of luxury on every hand.

"Susan, give this child a good supper; she is hungry, and tired, too, I imagine. After that I will see what can be done for her."

Susan wore a mild face. She looked pleasantly down at the poor, tired little one, and taking her hand, which trembled now, led her into the kitchen.

Meanwhile her story, or that brief part of which we know, was being told in the drawing room. The sylph-like figure in white, lounging gracefully in the midst of delicate cushions, accompanied her narration with expressive gestures, and now and then a little laugh.

"I should like to know what she is going to Sing Sing for!" she said, leaning languidly back. "We must look her up something to Wear—a bonnet, a pair of shoes, and then maybe we can manage to have her carried some distance. Oh! such an odd little thing."

"Who is that my daughter?"

"Oh, papa, you are come home! Why, I was talking about a little mite of a child; she can't be more than ten, if that. I saw her out here sitting on a moss rock, the most forlorn object. She says she is going to Sing Sing."

"I met her on my way," said the pleasant faced old man; she asked me about it, and I would have stopped her, but she trudged on. Where is she? It was noon when I saw her."

"In the kitchen, papa. Susan is taking good care of her, I think, and when she has had a hearty supper we will talk with her."

A gay trio of young girls came in. The nettings were put up, the gas was burning brightly, and music and mirth banished all thoughts of care. Suddenly Nell Maywood remembered the odd little figure, and clapping her hands, cried, "Oh, I've something to show you girls!" and disappeared.

Susan was picking gooseberries near the pantry in the kitchen.

"Where is the child, Susan," asked Nell Maywood.

"On the doorstep, Miss."

"Why, no, Susan, there's nobody to be seen."

"No! Miss?" Susan placed her pan down, held her apron up to catch the stems of the berries, and walked deliberately to the door.

"Why, she sat there sometime after supper. I turned and came in; she was sitting there, looking up, up at the stars, I expect. I thought she was a mighty quiet child, but she's deep, deep, Miss Nelly; she's gone. Let me see, there ain't any silver around—I should be afeared she'd took something; they're mighty artful."

"Why didn't you tell her she might stay all night?" Nell Maywood was peeping here and there to spy her if possible.

"Yes, Miss Nell, and told her what a good bed there was over the woodshed; but she looked strange out of them large eyes of hers."

"The poor child is in trouble," said Nell, quite sorrowful that she could not farther relieve her necessities. "I'd have given her something to wear, and we could have sent her to Sing Sing, and perhaps she will come back again—if so will you send her to me?"

"If she does, I will, Miss," answered Susan, going at the gooseberries again.

But little Kate did not come back. She had been watching her opportunity to get off, and had already been gone some time. She slept in an open field; she would have walked all night if she had dared, but she was afraid of the darkness.

"Mr. Warder, there's a queer case over at my house," said a bluff looking fellow, meeting the warder of Sing Sing prison. "We found her last night in some out of the way place, and nothing would do but my wife must take her in. We can't find out her name except that it is Kate, and I expect that she wants to see somebody in prison. But we can't get anything out of her, where she came from or anything about her."

"Bring her over here," said the warden; "my wife is wanting a little girl for help; maybe she's just the one."

So Kate stood, trembling more than ever, in a few moments, in the presence of the warden and jailer. Kate was a pretty child. Her large blue eyes wore an expression of intense melancholy; her hair had been nicely combed and curled, and some one had put a good pair of shoes on her feet.

"Well, my little girl," said the warden, kindly—for he was prepossessed in her favor—"where have you come from?"

"New York," said the child.

The men looked at each other incredulously.

"Do you mean to say that you have come to Sing Sing from New York on foot?"

"Yes, sir," said the child, frightened at his manner, which had in it something of severity.

"And what have you come for?"

"To see my father." The child burst forth with one great sob, and for a moment her little frame was shaken with a tempest of feeling.

"And who is your father?" asked the warden, kindly.

"He is Mr. Loyd," said the child, as soon as she could speak for her rushing sobs.

The warden looked at the jailer.

"Loyd, there are three Loyds here—Jim, Bondy and Dick," said the jailer.

"That may not be their proper names," responded the warden.

"That's so," said the jailer, "but I can try 'em all. Little one, was your father's name Jim?"

The child noded her head, or they thought she did; she was all convulsed with the reaction brought on by the termination of her journey.

"If it's Jim, he's a bad one," said the jailer, in a low voice; "he's in irons this morning for 'tempting to break jail; he don't deserve a little gal like that one, the villain. Come, child, I'll go and find your father."

He took Katie's shaking hand; with the other she dashed the tears away as fast as they fell. It frightened her almost into calmness to see the ponderous door at which the jailer applied the great key, and the stillness of long stone passages; the dimness thrown over all; the constant succession of bars and bleak, black walls were terrible to a sensitive mind like hers. How the heavy tread of the jailer, and the tread of the warden behind him, echoed through the gloom and the space! It was, in truth, a great tomb through which they moved—a tomb in which were confined living hearts—whose throbs could almost be heard in the awful stillness. On, on they went, now through that passage way and then through the other. Everything spoke of crime—of fierce passions subdued and held in stern control—everything, from the grim face of the ferocious watch dog to the sentinels armed.

Then they turned and went up the stairs, the jailer holding the scared bird close to his side with a tender clasp, the warden following. Another tramp, and at last they came to a standstill. The jailer rapped at a cell door. Slowly the figure of a man, with a harsh, hair-covered face, appeared.

"Here's your little girl come to see you," said the jailer.

"Little girl! hem! you're green," said the man in grum accents. I've got no little girl, or you wouldn't catch me here."

"Father," said the childish voice. It sounded so sweet, so childish, in that terrible prison. But as the scowling face came close to the bars, the child hid her head quickly in the jailer's arm, half sobbing; it wasn't him.

"We'll try the next one."

He walked farther on, and spoke more pleasantly this time.

"Well, Bondy, here is little Kate; don't you want to see her?"

"Little Katie——" There was a long pause. "I had a Kate once—not a little Katie; I broke her heart—God pity me! Go on, it can't be for me."

Again the sweet voice rang out:

"Father!"

The prisoner came up close to the bars; a youthful face, framed with light, wavy hair—a face in which the blue eyes looked innocent—a face that it seemed a sin to couple with a foul deed, gazed out. It was a child's earnest, tearful eyes; a dark expression rolled like a wave across his brow; a groan came up from his bosom, and, with a low moan, he staggered against his bed, crying:

"Take her away; I can't stand the sight of anything pure like that."

Kate had hidden her face a second time as she feebly cried: "It isn't him;" so they kept on to a third cell.

"Jim, here's a little girl—Katie, your daughter—wants to see you."

A stupid "What!" came from the bed; the man had probably just awakened.

"Your little daughter."

There was a sound of rattling irons that made the girl shiver. Dimly appeared the face and outlines of a well made man—the countenance handsome, but evil. He seemed not to comprehend. But as fast as the chains would permit him, he came forward and looked out at the anxious face below.

With a loud, convulsive cry she exclaimed:

"Father! father!" and fell nearly senseless against the jailer.

"Katie!" exclaimed the man, and there was a nervous twitching about the muscles of the mouth; "Whatever has brought her here?"

The jailer was calling the child to consciousness.

"Shall we let her come in the cell?" asked the warden.

Jim was dashing his hand across his face. A smothered "yes," issued from his lips. They opened the ponderous door and put the child within. Her arms were outstretched, his were wide open and they came together with a clanking sound—together about the form of that poor little child.

"Oh father!"

"Oh, Katie, Katie!" and then there was a quiet crying. By and by the man lifted the little head, whose glossy curls were falling on his shoulder—and, oh! what a sharp rattle of chains smote on the ear—and looked in her face. After a moment's irresolution he kissed her, and then his eyes fell under her earnest loving look.

"Katie, what made you come?"

"Wanted to see you, father," and the head was on the shoulder again.

"How did you come, Katie? Never mind the noise, they are locking up; they will be here again and let you out. How did you come, Katie?"

"I walked here."

"From New York, child?"

"Yes, father."

There was no sound save that of the chains, as he strained her closer to his bosom.

"And how did you leave—her, Katie—your mother?"

The question was fearfully asked, but not responded to. He gazed eagerly in the child's face; her little lip was quivering.

"Katie, tell me quick!"

"She died, father."

A groan—a terrible groan—followed; the man's head fell in the lap of his child, and he wept with strong cries. The jailer and the warden said that they never saw a sight so woeful. And the child tried to comfort him till his strength seemed to be gone, and his sobs were like gasps.

"Oh, Katie, when did she die? Oh, my poor May! my poor girl!"

"Ever so long ago, I think; ever so many weeks," replied the child; "but she told me to come and see you, and comfort you."

"Oh, this is hard, very hard; she always forgave me."

"She told me to pray for you, too; she told me to ask you would you be real good after you came out, and meet her in heaven."

"In heaven! I in heaven?" groaned the man, giving way in his agony. The child was angel guided. Her soft touch was better for his soul's good than the stripes and the chains. He had been hardened; her little love melted down the adamant; had found the good locked up in his nature, and she had sent her sweet smiles through its prison door. Long he sat there, his head in the lap of his beautiful, quiet child. None dared disturb him; jailer and warden walked to and fro.

"Father, when you come out I'll take care of you."

He lifted his head; his eyes, red with weeping, were fastened on her face.

"Mother said I might."

"God's blessing on you, my precious child; you may save your miserable father!"

"I will father."

The warden cleared his throat; the jailer spoke roughly to one of the prisoners—it was to hide his emotion. "You had better come now," he added, going to the cell.

"Katie, you must go; will you come again, my child?"

"Can't I stay, father?"

"No, dear; but you shall come and see me again."

They took her gently from the dark cell; she sobbed very quietly. In the warden's room stood a pleasant faced old man.

"I have come after that little girl," he said. "She must go home with me. I'll take good care of her; I've heard her story, and when her father comes out, if he's a mind to behave himself, I'll give him plenty to do. Besides that, I'll bring her up once a week to see him. What say you little one, will you go with me?" And good old Mr. Maywood stroked her hair as he said, pityingly, "Poor child! poor child!"

Ten miles from Sing Sing prison there is now a cottage occupied by an industrious man and his daughter. Little Kate is fulfilling the commands of her dying mother. She is taking care of him as well as of herself.

## Pattison's Three Disgraces.

The homely old adage "Birds of a feather flock together," has about it the odor of unmistakable truth, and is wickedly characteristic of the gang upon whose shoulders Pattison is lifted into public sight, even though the young cormorant from Maryland were an unabridged edition of all the virtues with a preface by Talmage, the weight of wickedness in the lives of those surrounding him would be sufficient to "sink him through to the Chinese side of creation, and raise a hill over the hole;" in fact we can only regret that Dante was not borne in Philadelphia instead of Italy, and he could then give us an inferno far surpassing his immortal work. There is still too much reverence even for the semblance of political honor among Republicans to allow of even the least intelligent aiding in the election of a man whose most prominent supporters are Cassidy, McMullin and Josephs, and as it is acknowledged on all sides that Pattison cannot hope for success unless assisted by Republican votes, his defeat is absolutely unquestionable from a moral as well as a merely political standpoint. We have called Mr. Pattison a cormorant, first, because of his appetite and secondly, because he fishes with a ring around his neck, like those unfortunate birds used by the Chinese. The three boatmen, who are imitating Charon by rowing the young Marylander across the political styx—less classically called "up salt river;" takes good care that he shall not swallow any fish he may miraculously catch. Boatman Cassidy is after a big fish, called a Senatorship, and no sooner could our cormorant bring it to the surface than it would be in his eagerly expectant hand, and boatmen McMullen and Josephs know that there are a great many choice fishes in the legislative pool, and should their well trained cormorant ever get to fishing in that water, he would undoubtedly not lack for fish for breakfast, dinner and supper, but the three boatmen are much too well known to allow of their getting a chance.

But it must not be supposed that bad company has forced itself on Pattison against his will; he has shown himself far from repugnant to the association. In fact when he had once broken with the crowd, and might have kept aloof from them forever, he mourned and pined till he was taken back again into their companionship. During the phenonimally corrupt administration of Sheriff Wright, whose solicitor by the way, was Mr. Cassidy, Pattison quarreled with the Sheriff respecting some irregularities in the office, and by so doing naturally ran counter to the desires and interests of Boss Cassidy. He soon found this to be a mistake, however, and to-day he may be found in the very closest companionship with the very men he denounced. In fact he has become so accustomed to the taint in the atmosphere around him that he could not live in purer air. His dependence on these men is too notorious to be doubted, and should in the opinion of all loyal Pennsylvanian's perfectly disqualify him from occupying the Chief Magistracy. General Beaver on the other hand comes before the people untrammeled and unhampered. His companions are men who have maintained the nations honor on many a battle field, and sustained the prestige of the State at home, and in him the people of Pennsylvania will have a Governor, sincere, independent and to the manner born.

## The Czar as a Temperance Reformer.

Russia has decided to take her part in the great international crusade against "Alcoholism." The plan of the campaign, as arranged by the Muscovite contingent, is undoubtedly characteristic, and it will be rather difficult to reconcile it with the principles of the Cobden Club. The anti-alcoholic war is to be conducted in Russia on the lines of benevolent autocracy, not on those of constitutional law. There is to be no such western and heretical process as local option, and the battle is to be commenced by battering down all our Occidental theories of free trade, open competition, and survival of the fittest. In other words, the Czar has personally ordered all the people to become temperate. He has backed up this moral command by a further order that no Russian village shall be allowed to have more than one public house, and that when two or three villages lie within easy reach of one another they are only to be permitted to have one common drinking house between them. It is not quite clear to us why thirty men may not as readily get drunk side by side in one building as if they were divided into three groups of ten men in three different buildings. The two provisions laid down for preventing drunkenness in the one licensed house are curious enough. Firstly, the host is to sell spiritous liquors at such a price that he can derive no profit out of them; we suppose, therefore, that he will have to encourage his customers to become great eaters, as he must perforce get a profit out of something. Secondly, if he permits drunkenness on his premises, he is to be fined, to lose his monopoly, and in a flagrant case to suffer imprisonment.

SILVER CREEK, N. Y., Feb. 6, '80.

GENTS.—I have been very low, and have tried everything, to no advantage. I heard your Hop bitters recommended by so many, I concluded to give them a trial. I did, and now am around, and constantly improving, and am nearly as strong as ever.

W. H. WELLER.

Who was the first person in history who had a bang on the forehead? Goliah.

## SLIFERS'S SPEECH.

### Speech of the Ex-Secretary at Lewisburg.

Hon. Eli Slifer, ex-Secretary of State under Curtin, who had bolted with the ex-Governor to the Liberals in 1872, made a speech at Lewisburg to a large audience Monday night. The following are extracts:

PATTISON NOT THE MAN FOR GOVERNOR.

Remarkable ability to check peculation is claimed for the Democratic candidate for Governor. I freely concede to him the purest integrity. Yet what are the facts? Every item of city expenditure is reviewed by him in his office, and though the city has been reeking with alleged peculation to an extent that the people have, in self defense, appointed a committee of one hundred to discover and punish wrong doers, Mr. Pattison, in all the years of his office, with the entire payments of the city passed upon by himself, has not been able to ferret out the Major Phippses and other purloiners of the people's money, but has left such honor to newspapers and committees of councils and of the people, it is legitimate to inquire what he could accomplish as Governor, where not a public account is presented to him unless in case of difference between the Auditor General and State Treasurer, where the law makes him umpire between them.

ARE INDEPENDENTS SINCERE?

It is somewhat remarkable that the onslaughts on the party from within the party are not for reform in its doings, not for change in character of rule, but for a change of rulers. This, however, will appear less remarkable when it is remembered that the battle is led largely by men who participated without protest for years in making appropriations of the most lavish character and in demanding personal compensations that were the extreme limit of the pound of flesh permitted by the bond of the organic law. Leadership, not better service, is the battle cry to disrupt Republicanism. Depend upon it, an organized revolt in the party is not for its better, purer life; it is for its crowns or for its death. It comes with the unmistakable logic of the gentlemen of road, "Deliver or die!"

GRANDEUR OF REPUBLICANISM.

Aside from its extravagance, the record of Republicanism is grand beyond comparison. It lifted four million human beings from degrading chattelhood to honorable citizenship, dignified labor by making all labor free, is healing the dissensions of the war and humanely alleviating the sacrifices made by a faithful people, prospers industry by wise and just protection and the supply of an ample and matchless currency, strengthened the Union by unifying our institutions, and has, by giant enterprise, with great ligaments of iron bound all our States together into a common sisterhood. Instead of the braggart boast of a slave call at the foot of Bunker Hill monument, it has caused the jubilee of freedom to be shouted in every fastness of tyranny. It proposes to bequeath to the coming generation all these countless beneficences without the burden it cost to achieve them.

INDEPENDENT BOSSISM.

Whatever may be the design by voters, the inevitable result must be the success of this old Democratic organization, whose chief honor is in its venerable age, or the continuance in power of the young and vigorous party who, in spite of some youthful indiscretions, has written the brightest page in the world's history. We, in these days, hear much of bossism, and hear it from men who have their own little kingdoms, over which the exercise imperial sway. We had some little bossism in the last Legislature, when a small minority compelled the majority to succumb in the election of a Senator. We had a repetition of its usurpation when it recently assumed to dictate to the people of this great Commonwealth that one of its citizens superior in intelligence, pure in character, undoubted in patriotism, having brought lustre to his State in leaving a portion of his body on the battle field, for the Nation's life, that a man thus mangled and crippled in the public service must alone be ineligible to an honor that every other citizen of the State may aspire to.

THE CAMERON BUGABOO.

The Republicans in rebellion against the regular organization make the defeat of Cameron their objective point, and to accomplish his overthrow they are ready to pull down the temple, though themselves perish in the ruins. The history of past events fails to justify such an extreme. The same power remaining in the party that defeated Mr. Cameron's friend in the last Senatorial election can just as easily defeat Mr. Cameron at the next. Of course, destruction of the party will be his certain overthrow, but is it wise to yield the power to choose his successor? Do the Independents prefer a Wallace to another Mitchell? If so disgusted with their own work there may be more method than madness in making an assignment to the Democracy. But will the honest mass of Republican voters who have no giddy heights to climb, no slights to revenge and no animosities to gratify, consent to go into political liquidation for an object comparatively as absurd as an "ocean into a tempest tossed to waft a feather or drown a fly?" I cannot concede to the Senator such importance that his being or not being is of sufficient consequence to warrant the change of the Nation's politics and amid men who were in armed rebellion against the Government to again control its destiny.

The more sensible way to defeat Mr. Cameron would be to turn special attention to the Senatorial districts electing Senators this year, and to the Senatorial and Representative districts two years hence and thus preserve to the party the power to name his successor. But defeat the party now and the privilege of choosing the next Senator will be exercised for, not by the Republican party.

I plead not for Senator Cameron, and I am sure he would not plead for me. The Republican party honored me with some important trusts, but always over the determined and mostly bitter opposition of the Senator. But because he honors General Beaver is no reason why I should dishonor him. It would be unreasonable to make his friendship for my friend ground for my enmity. Others may, but I have not the vanity to suppose that I can belong to a party large enough to control the destiny of fifty millions of people and have the personal friendship of every member in the organization. Some of us would probably be members of very small parties if we would consent to act only with such as would esteem us coveted bedfellows.

WHAT BEAVER REPRESENTS.

There are serious financial and revenue questions essential to the prosperity of the people appealing to dispassionate reason and patriotic impulse for solution, and recent hasty and narrow international legislation indicates the importance of clearer conceptions of the claims of humanity and a quickened realization of the spirit of liberty on which our institutions are founded. In the face of broad questions like these, personal contests sink into insignificance and are unworthy of the consideration of a statesmanship to which is committed the care of rapidly-swelling millions of people.

If, however, personal considerations are to determine the choice of State rulers, then in all fairness the claims of the candidates and not the hate of some of their friends should decide the result. We concede to the several candidates all the personal worth claimed by their friends.

But General Beaver, in addition to presenting to his countrymen the example of a just and honorable life, has given the highest possible pledge of fidelity to his country in civil life by braving death and giving a portion of his body and the life of a younger brother for it in war. Long as the virtue of patriotism remains an honored impulse a grateful people will not fail to recognize the claims of a soldier so terribly maimed in their defense.

## How The World Went Right Along

A bear who had made himself believe that he had the worst luck of any animal in creation, was crawling through the woods one day, when he met a serpent, who inquired:

"What way now, my friend?"

"I am going to find some spot where I can retire from the world. The world has not used me right, and in revenge I will desert it."

"I wouldn't do that."

"But I will. I can no longer trust anybody. I have been cheated, lied to and misused until I have no faith left. I will now retire with myself, and if any convulsion of nature takes place the country must not blame me fot it. I have borne all that one bear can be expected to put up with.

Bruin went his way until he found a lonely spot, and he then crawled into a hole and began listening for the crack of doom.

It made him feel good to think that the world was turning itself bottom side up because he had absented himself from sight and search, and he was determined not to yield until after several thousand terror stricken people had come to him with tears in their eyes.

Much to bruin's surprise the night passed like all other nights. No one appeared during the forenoon to plead with him, and the afternoon passed without an earthquake or tornado

He momentarily expected the advent of a crowd to plead with him to come back to the world and have faith and confidence, but the crowd didn't show up. After a long and hungry night bruin began to weaken. After much argument with himself he crawled out of his den and was sneaking through the woods when he met a hare.

"Is the world yet standing?" asked the bear.

"Certainly, never more solid since I can remember."

"And is any person searching for me?"

"Not that I know of."

"Everything goes on just the same, eh?"

"Just the same."

"And didn't you hear that I had lost all faith in human nature, and retired from the world?"

"Never heard a word of it. Tra-la, old man, I'm off."

The bear sat down on a thistle and thought the matter over for a few minutes, and then arose and made a bee-line for his usual haunts, telling every animal he met on the way that he had been off on a fishing excursion.

Moral: The cynic who flatters himself that he is revenging on the world by withdrawing his company forgets that he will be obliged to associate with himself.

## Value of Fruit.

It is a fact that fruit is a great regulator of the human system. It will keep the blood in order, the bowels regular, tone up the stomach, and is positively a specific in many diseases. It is said of a doctor who became largely interested in peach growing, that he recommended peaches to his patients on all occasions. The story was told to illustrate the man's meanness; but if he was mean it was a meanness that benefited his patients. If men were wise they would spend two days in a vineyard or orchard to every five minutes in a drug store when anything is the matter with them. If you have dyspepsia eat fruit. Did you ever think what a doctor gives for dyspepsia? He gives an acid. Fruit will furnish a better acid than a drug store will. Do you know what the doctors dose you with when your liver is out of order? With acids. Then why not supply the remedy yourself from your own garden? Why continue to have your medicine done up in such a repulsive mixture when nature furnishes it in so palatable a shape. Every home should have at least one grape vine. Once in possession it would be almost above price.

"Pray, said Mr.——— to a gentleman he overtook on the road, "will you have the complaisance to take my great coat in your carriage to town?" "With great pleasure, my dear sir; but how will you get it again?" "Oh, very easily," replied the modest applicant, "I shall stay in it."

Somebody writes us, "the body has two buildings, two trees, two animals, and two fish. Thus—two temples, two palms, two calves, and two soles." Yes, and tulips and toe nails.

When a rifle goes off it's a shot gun.