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e Somerset Herald,

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Sept 6, 1882.

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MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD.

On life's rugged road
As we journey each day,
Far, far more sunshine
Would brighten the way
If, forgetful of self
And our troubles, we had
The will, and would try
To make other hearts glad.

Though of the world's wealth
We've little in store,
And labor to keep
Grim want from the door,
With a hand that is kind,
And a heart that is true,
To make others glad
There is much we may do.

A word kindly spoken,
A smile or a tear,
Though seeming but trifles,
Full often may cheer;
Each day to our lives
Some pleasure 'twould add,
To be conscious that we
Had made somebody glad.

Those who sit in the darkness
Of sorrow, so drear,
Have need of a word
Of solace and cheer;
There are homes that are desolate,
Hearts that are sad—
Do something for some one,
Make somebody glad.

A HEROINE AFTER ALL.

It was a lover's quarrel—no doubt about that. Sky threatening—a regular storm brewing—one could see it at a glance.

She stood, all flushed and excited, in the curtained bay window, her fair face clouded, her blue eyes flashing, her breath coming quick and fast.

He stood at her side, stern and pale, his hands clenched excitedly, his dark eyes full of mingled sorrow and passion.

"Lottie!"

William White's voice was low and intense with feeling.

"It is all your fault, remember," he went on, with an effort at calmness. "I have only requested you, kindly and gently—and, as your betrothed husband, I surely have some right—to desist from these foolish flirtations. Why, Lottie, you were flirting last night with that Mr. Bookhammer, whom public opinion pronounces a—a—I can't tell you, only that he is not proper company for you, my darling." William's voice lost its angry tone, and grew very gentle and tender. "You know that this would not trouble me so if you were not dearer to me than my own life. Say you are not angry with me, sweetheart."

William White bent his handsome head, and his dark eyes gazed into Lottie's blue ones.

But the little lady was in a contrary mood that morning. She felt like anything but meek submission to the will of her lover, even though she knew that all he had said was true, and was prompted by his love and care for her.

Lottie Blake was an orphan—an heiress, too—just released from the restrictions of boarding school life. She had lost both her parents in her infancy, and had passed the eighteen years of her life in the care of nirelings, and later at a fashionable school, and, pure as a flower, she had grown up amidst weeds.

She had been betrothed to William White for nearly a year, and was now under his mother's care, passing a few weeks at a watering place.

Society pronounced Lottie a heartless flirt; but she was merely a thoughtless, careless girl, plunging headlong into the unaccustomed gayeties about her with all her heart.

Surrounded by scores of admirers, no wonder her head was nearly turned with adulation and flattery.

William White's words had touched her pride. Did he then imagine that, because she was careless and happy, she was shallow and silly, and needed a guiding hand?

She mentally resolved to cut Mr. Bookhammer's acquaintance that very day; but then William should not have the satisfaction of thinking that his words had instigated the step. William had no confidence in her love, she told herself. Well, let him think as he pleased.

All the girl's defiant spirit was in arms when William, at last fearing that he had wounded her sensitive nature, attempted to set matters right. He was struck dumb with amazement as she turned upon him with a face that was white and angry, her blue eyes fairly scintillating.

"You've said enough, William White!" she cried, passionately. "I can see now the—the mistake I have made. We were never intended for each other—we are not suited. You want a wife that will obey you like a puppet—a woman with no will or mind of her own—a perfect Griselda; and I can never submit to tyranny in any form. The man I love must trust me, and since you have ceased to do that we are best apart. I give you back your freedom."

"Lottie, stop!"

He was white as a statue.

"Do you mean what you say? You do not love me then, Lottie?"

The girl was thoroughly aroused now and regardless of consequences.

"No!" she cried, madly; "I do not love you any more."

She dashed aside the heavy curtains that draped the bay window, and was gone. And just then a man rose from the lounging chair beside the window, where he had ostensibly been reading, and sauntered slowly away.

It was Mr. Bookhammer, and there was a curious smile on his sensual lips and an evil light in his gray eyes.

"Listeners hear no good of themselves," he muttered. "Well, maybe not; but at any rate I know which card to play next. Piqued and angry at White, the beauty will turn to me. I'll play the heartbroken lover, step in before her anger against my handsome rival has time to cool, strike while the iron is hot, and I'm mistaken if I'm not engaged to Lottie Blake and her fifty thousand dollars before the sun sets.

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft aglee."

But Mr. Bookhammer had forgotten that.

For a long time William sat in the bay window, his head bowed, staring his misery in the face. Could it be true Lottie loved him no longer? Ah, well, it was better for him to know the worst before it was too late.

An hour or two afterward he saw Lottie, radient in white organdie and pink ribbons, sitting on a rustic seat in the hotel grounds, in conversation with Mr. Bookhammer. William bit his lip and hurried away out of sight. Well, after all, it was nothing to him now. He had no longer any right. Lottie had ceased to love him; and only a few hours before he would have staked his life on her love and truth.

But William did not know what was taking place out there in the cool shade of the oak tree, beneath which Lottie was sitting beside her obnoxious companion. Mr. Bookhammer had asked Lottie to be his wife, and had been very decidedly—not to say contemptuously—refused.

And when he arose and left her, there was an angry gleam in his wicked eyes, while in his heart he registered an oath sooner or later to be avenged.

Lottie came down to dinner in the great dining room at sunset, to find William's place vacant.

"Where is Wiliam?" some one was asking his mother, as Lottie entered the room and took her usual seat.

Mrs. White looked troubled.

"There's been an accident," she said. "Some men were out fishing; the boat capsized, and two of them nearly drowned. Mr. White was sent for in hopes that he could save them, their families being totally ignorant of any means of resuscitation. But it is several miles down the beach, and I fear it will be late in the evening before he can return."

It chanced at that instant that Lottie raised her eyes, to encounter a glance from Mr. Bookhammer, who was her vis-a-vis. She could not repress a shudder as she saw the audacious triumph in his face.

Dinner over, Lottie threw a shawl about her and wandered off on the beach alone. The sun had set now, and twilight, wierd and uncanny, was gathering.

Lottie wanted to get away from everybody, to be alone with her own thoughts. She sat down at the foot of a tree, and gave way to her bitter reflections.

A voice aroused her and started her from her musings. It was the voice, unmistakably, of young Bookhammer—eager, earnest.

"He bit at the bait mighty easy," Bookhammer exclaimed. "Won't he be furious, though, when he has had his long, hard ride for nothing, and finds that there has been no accident—no capsized boat—no half drowned men?"

Bookhammer paused, and laughed heartily.

"And you,re sure the bridge is unsafe?" he went on, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, sir," another voice replied. "The high waters and the late storms have just played the mischief with the old thing. Nobody can pass over it on horseback without going through—sure as shootin'!"

"And there will be no mistake—no failure?" queried Bookhammer. "White will be sure to come back that way?"

"He'll have to!" the other answered grimly. "He went by the beach road, it is true; but he can't come back that way after night falls, for the tide is in now. No, sir; there ain't but one road for William White to come by, and that is over the old bridge; and if he crosses or tries to cross that—well, you know the rest."

And, with a savage chuckle, they moved away.

Lottie sat half stunned at the revelation to which she had listened. She knew the whole vile, murderous plot now. This was Bookhammer's vengeance!

In a flash she saw her own way clearly. She had brought this on William White—she must save his life though she lose her own.

She staggered to her feet, and, drawing her shawl about her, turned away in the direction of the old bridge, perhaps half a mile distant from the hotel. To be sure she did not even know the road he had taken; but if she could only cross the rotten structure, she could then await his coming on the other side.

She reached the place at last. Gathering all her courage together, she stepped upon the old bridge. It was nearly dark now, but, with an agonized prayer for protection, she moved onward.

Even beneath her light weight it tottered and shook. She could see, away down below, the black angry water, with its swift, awful current, swollen by recent rains, and choked by drift wood. It was a wild sight, there in the gathering gloom.

Onward she moved, holding her breath, and, with clasped hands and dilated eyes, watching the other side.

Thank God, she is over—safe at last! She sank down on a mossy stump, and crouching down, awaited William's coming.

And darkness gathered and fell over all things. She felt timid and afraid: but she calmed her fears as best she might, and remained patiently at her post.

An hour passed. What if he were not coming that night? The thought made her heart stand still.

But even then she heard, away in the distance, the tramp of a horse's feet, coming nearer, nearer. She arose and stepped forward. The moon had risen now, and its clear rays showed her plainly that the horseman was really William.

She stepped into the road; she forgot everything—all that had happened that day—and, raising her voice, she cried, wildly:

"William—oh, William!"

William checked his horse, and paused irresolutely. His heart beat tumultuously; he could not credit his own eyesight.

"Lottie—you here!" he gasped. "What is the matter?"

He sprang from his horse, and in a moment more she was in his arms, her head on his breast, while she sobbed out the whole story.

He listened, with a new light in eyes, his heart full of happiness. And while they stood alone in the midnight, with a great rush and roar the old bridge went down.

William shuddered, and drew Lottie closer to him, while a thankful prayer went up to heaver.

"My darling," he uttered softly, "you have saved my life!"

And, after tying the horse to a tree, to remain until he could send after it on the morrow, when the tide would be out and the beach road passable. William assisted Lottie into a boat found near by, and they made the passage in safety.

Home in Mrs. White's cozy parlor, where the mother was anxiously awaiting her son's return (she had not missed Lottie, but supposed that she was safe in her own room), William told her the whole story. And when he finished he laid his hand upon Lottie's.

"You risked your own life," he said, his voice all a tremble, "to save mine! Why did you do it, Lottie?"

And Lottie answered, bravely—their quarrel a thing of the past:

"Because I love you, William."

The next day Mr. Bookhammer was arrested and convicted on Lotties evidence, and sentenced to several years in prison.

William and Lottie were afterward married, and are now living happily together.

Glory Enough for One Man.

The veneral Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, has been in this neighborhood during the last few days, paying visits to some of his personal friends. At the age of 84 he is as hale and vigorous as a man could hope to be, and, although he has retired from active participation in public affairs, he watches their development with intense interest, and with a judgment as clear and as wise as ever.

There are three conspicuous facts in the public history of Mr. Cameron which will certainly form for him an imperishable distinction in future years.

The first of these facts is that when he was Secretary of War in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet he recognized the full force of the truth that slavery was the turning point of the great struggle; and, accordingly, he was the very first to propose that negroes should be employed as soldiers in the Union army.

Another of these facts is that at the close of his long period of service as a Senator of the United States he opposed the Electoral Commission, plainly declaring to his Republican intimates in the Senate that it was infinitely better that the Republican party should go out of power and that Mr. Tilden and the Democrats should come in The people had so decided in the election; and he held that to retain the administration and the offices through any cunning devices against the will of the people could only lead to consequent disaster. It is not too much to say that the sequel has more than vindicated the soundness of this honest judgment. How many Republican statesmen there are who now heartily wish they had followed it?

And finally, we recall the fact that throughout his protracted career Mr. Cameron has probably done more acts of individual kindness, and has helped more people who needed help, irrespective of all distinctions of sect, or party, or previous condition of servitude, than any other American of his day.

We think that these things form a valid claim upon the admiration of men; and long may this aged statesman remain among us to enjoy that popular esteem and sympathy which he so remarkably deserves.—*New York Sun.*

Worth Her Weight in Gold.

A few years ago a steamer was coming from California. The cry of "Fire!—fire!" suddenly thrilled every heart. Every effort was made to stay the flames, but in vain. The burning mass was headed for shore, which was not far off. A passenger was seen buckling his belt of gold around his waist, ready to plunge into the waves. Just then a pleading voice arrested him with:

"Please, sir, can you swim?"

A child's blue eyes were piercing into his deepest soul as he looked down upon her.

"Yes, child, I can swim."

"Well, sir, won't you please to save me?"

"I cannot do both," he thought. "I must save the child and lose the gold. But a moment ago I was anxious for this whole ship's company. Now I am doubting whether I shall exchange human life for paltry gold."

Unbuckling the belt he quickly cast it from him, and said:

"Yes, little girl: I will try to save you."

Stooping down, he bade her clasp her arms around his neck.

"Thus, child," said he—"not so tight as to choke me. There, hang on now, and I will try to make the land."

The child bowed herself on his broad shoulders, and clung to her deliverer. With a heart thrice strengthened and an arm thrice nerved, he struck out for the shore. Wave after wave washed over them. Still, the brave man held out and the dear child held on, until a mighty mountain billow swept the sweet treasure from his embrace, and cast him senseless on the bleak rocks. Kind hands ministered to him. Recovering his consciousness, the form of the dear child met his earnest gaze, bending over him with more than angel ministrations, and blessing him with mute but eloquent benedictions.

HAYESVILLE, O., Feb. 11, 1880.

I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I only took two bottles and I would not take $100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best results from their use. C. B. MERCER, M. D.

A Baby and a Bear.

Henry Flynn, who resides up in the hills near Inskip, Cal., was in town and had the following incident to relate, in which a bear of the cinnamon specie abducted his three year old daughter, not with any desire to harm the child, but through a strange kind of affection. It appears that Mr. Flynn started one morning to take a horse to pasture about two miles distant from the house, and, as his little girl seemed anxious to go, he put her upon the horse's back and let her ride a short distance, perhaps forty rods, from the house, where he put her down and told her to run home. He noticed that she continued standing where he left her, and, on looking back after going a little further, saw her playing in the sand. He soon passed out of sight and was gone about an hour, expecting, of course, that the child would return to the house after playing a few moments. On returning home he made inquiry about her of its mother, who said she had not seen her and supposed he had taken her along with him. On going to the spot where he left her, he saw huge bear tracks in the sand, and at once came to the conclusion that the child had been carried off by the bear.

The family immediately made search through the forest, which was grown up to almost a jungle, rendering their search very slow. All day these anxious parents searched for traces of their child; nor did they stop when darkness came on, but remained in the woods calling the lost one by her name. Morning came, and their search was fruitless. A couple of gentlemen from below, who were traveling through the mountains buying stock, came to the house, and, being informed of the circumstances, immediately set out to find her. The gentlemen wandered about, and as they were passing a swamp spot where the undergrowth was thick, called the child, or else they were talking loud, when one of them heard her voice. He then called her by name and told her to come out of the bushes. She replied that the bear would not let her.

The men then crept through the brush, and when near the spot where she and the bear were they heard a splash in the water, which the child said was the bear. On going to her they found her standing upon a log extending about half way across the swamp. The bear had undertaken to cross the swamp on the log, and being pursued left the child and got away as rapidly as possible. She had received some scratches about the face, arms and legs, and her clothes were almost torn from her body, but the bear had not bitten her to hurt her, only the marks of his teeth being found on her back, where, in taking hold of her clothes to carry her, he had taken the flesh also.

The little one says the bear would put her down occasionally to rest and would put his nose up to her face, when she would slap him, and the bear would hang his head by her side and purr and rub against her like a cat. The men asked her if she was cold in the night, and she told them the old bear lay down beside her and put his "arms" around her and kept her warm, though she did not like his long hair. She was taken home to her parents.

Linked Together by Steel.

A short time ago a promising young merchant of Butte left for a visit to San Francisco, and by a happy coincidence met a lady on the train who was going a few miles down the road to see her mother. Being slightly acquainted they became engaged in conversation, and soon afterward fell into a blissful slumber, the lady on one seat and the gentleman on the other. On the train was a sheriff, who happened to have a pair of handcuffs, and the conductor of the train being well acquainted with the travelers above mentioned, proposed to the officer to play a practical joke on the innocent slumberers. Assent was given, and the conductor, taking the handcuffs, cautiously approached the unconscious pair and attached their listless arms by the official jewelry. He then raised a racket, and the sleepers awoke with a start, only to find that in their sleeping innocence they had been joined together, and that no man without a key could part them asunder. They all joined merrily in the laugh, and, although the gentleman gallantly avowed his captivity a most pleasant one, the lady had almost arrived at her destination, and asked for a separation. Then and there the trouble arose. The sheriff had lost the key, and the situation which before had been regarded as a right merry jest, grew embarrassing in the extreme. The key could not be found, and at the next station the conductor had to procure a file and go through the tedious process of filing the wristlets so that the travelers could proceed on their separate ways rejoicing. The conductor states that the next time he plays a practical joke he will rigorously avoid the gentle handcuff.

Crime in Wisconsin.

WAUPACA, October 10.—A daring murder and bank robbery occurred here Sunday night. The victim was H. C. Mead, a bachelor, aged 60 years. Monday he failed to appear at his hotel for breakfast or dinner. He slept at the bank. A messenger sent to the bank found it locked. Going to a back window he discovered the wire screen cut, the window let down from the top and Mead lying in a pool of blood on the floor. Investigation showed the head and face horribly mangled with shots, as if a doubled-barreled shotgun had been discharged at him from short range. It is supposed the assassins shot hit him from the window while he was sitting at a table writing. The safe had not been locked and the assassins carried off several thousand dollars in currency, gold and bonds. The exact amount is not known. No clue to the murderers.

The War upon Beaver.

The Press makes a good point in replying to a criticism in a Pittsburg paper, when it says that General Beaver was a candidate before the people for months before the nomination, and that none of the objectors to his candidacy brought forward any candidate against him. The Press might have gone further, and explained why no candidate was brought out against General Beaver. The reason why was simply that no Republican dared to take the field against Beaver. There was not a man in Pennsylvania who did not know that to go to the people in the election districts and contest for the nomination with General Beaver would result in defeat. There was no mystery whatever about the success which attended the General as he passed through the State. His record as a patriot and his high character as a man preceded him, and won for him a welcome such as no other Republican and no Democrat in Pennsylvania could have secured.

Had the candidacy of General Beaver been sprung upon the Convention by some power behind it, there would have been some reason for the revolt against him. But it was evident enough months before the Convention met that Beaver would be nominated in spite of opposition from any quarter. If ever a candidate was indicated by the people he was indicated. He was satisfactory to the masses everywhere. If it be said that he was satisfactory to the bosses also, we reply that they were face to face with Hobson's choice. Had the bosses clubbed their strength against him in the Convention, boss rule would have ended then and there. If the acceptance of a candidate by any particular individual is to be held a good enough reason for opposing the candidate without reference to any of the facts or circumstances, and without reference to character or deserving, we are unable to account for the equanimity with which these objectors contemplate the possible success of Mr. Pattison. He is acceptable to several persons whose repute as roosters and bosses is notorious, and whose public records exhale a decidedly corrupt odor.

But we do not affect to forget that it would have made no difference had General Beaver received his nomination against the utmost that Senator Cameron might have done to defeat him. No objection was made to the nomination of General Beaver by either Mr. Lear or Mr. Marshall—the only men of any note in that Convention now opposing him. Why did they not protest against the nomination of General Beaver then? Has he changed in anything since they joined in making his nomination unanimous? Did they not know as much about him then as they know now? We are found to assume that they knew no reason why he should not bear the party standard at that time, for otherwise, if honest and honorable men, they would have entered their protests of record. That this opposition to General Beaver was an after thought, suggested by something or somebody of which or of whom we have no knowledge, is as clear to most observers as that there is an opposition in that quarter. We question no man's right to oppose General Beaver or any other candidate, but only the insincere pretext made for opposition. The opposition may be sincere, but the reasons assigned are not the right reasons. It might not flatter anybody concerned were the true reasons set forth.

A Fighting Octopus.

The octopus is, without doubt, the most disagreeable creature to be met with in the ocean. They are found in nearly all waters, from the coast of Maine, in and on the borders of the Gulf Stream, to the cold waters of the North Pacific Ocean. Imagine a bag of flesh, over which waves of color are constantly sweeping, and from which eight arms radiate like the arms of a gigantic spider, their under sides lined with sharp suckers, and between them, where they join the body, two parrot-like bills. On each side of the lower part of the bag, put two fierce, green or yellow eyes, give the whole mass a tremulous motion, and you have a general idea of the appearance of the octopus, a second cousin of the giant squid. In size they range from a foot across upward. The suckers on the arms are so many air pumps, so that when they are pressed upon the body a piston-like arrangement exhausts the air, and the suction presses (in many kinds) a sharp, "sawedge," bony plate, or ring, into the flesh, making hundreds of terrible wounds. In the Bahama Islands these animals are very common, and often of great size, and their capture affords considerable sport to winter visitors at these isles of summer. The largest octopus ever caught was found upon the beach at Nassau. Each arm measured five feet, and the entire monster weighed nearly 300 pounds.

Several years ago a party from New York spent the winter at Nassau, and the boys—for there were four or five—had a lively encounter with the octopus. They had a fine cedar boat fitted for their benefit; her bow and her stern were decked over and formed airtight compartments, while a row of airtight cans extended around under the seats so that their craft would float when full of water—a fact tested on many an occasion. Sometimes they had to drag her almost out of the water, but finally the head of "Yellow Tail" Reef was reached, and they were upon unexplored ground. The reef was about three feet under water and covered with small heads of the coral known as Meandrina, interspersed with fans and plumes.

The boat was hauled between two of the heads, and Tom, Harry and the others were sitting on her gunwale resting when they were attracted by a shout from Will, who had waded away over the heads.

"Here's a queer looking something under the corals!" he shouted. "Come over!"

The boys moved off in this direction.

"It looks like a bundle of snakes," he continued.

"Well, here goes!" and aiming his grains at the object, Will let drive at it.

There was commotion for a moment. Will clung to his spear, the pole bending and writhing about.

"I can't see what it is!" he shouted.

The boys pushed hard, but were yet twenty or thirty yards from Will when he jumped upon a coral head with a scream, and up from the water, clinging to his legs, appeared a slimy, writhing, clinging mass of flesh that horrified the boys.

Will had lost his hold upon the spear, but courageously drew his case-knife and cut at the monster, that had now crept up to his waist.

"It is an octopus!" shouted Tom, as the boat rushed into the head of coral, and seizing his spear overboard he went, and as Harry grasped Will's extended arm and tried to drag him into or towards the boat he hurled his spear again and again into the creature and endeavored to push it from Will's knee, where it had now settled under the vigorous blows of the knife.

Two of the arms were severed in this way, but the others clung like leeches, winding about his legs, doubling and twisting all the while.

Will was faint and weak, but the rest encouraged him, and finally he struck a deep blow into the body of the monster, and Tom, settling down almost under the water, with a tremendous lift, tore the ugly creature from its hold.

At the same moment the boys in the boat, who had clung to Will, fairly jerked him into the boat, with some of the arms of the octopus still clinging to him.

Tom was not a moment behind, as the creature had escaped from him, and he was likewise hauled aboard.

Will was badly cut; his legs, arms and neck were covered with round marks, as if he had been cupped, and some of them bled badly, while other sharp bites were evidently the marks of parrot-like bills.

The water for many feet about them still showed evidence of the struggle, being as black as ink from the sepia the animal had ejected in its fear and rage.

Will was determined to have the body of the octopus. So after the water had cleared, they commenced the search, and finally the ugly fellow—or what was left of it—was found under a clump of branch coral.

The boat was held over the spot, and three spears were sent into it at once. Even now it struggled hard, and as they lifted it aboard the creature dragged at least fifty pounds of the dead coral with it. But once in the boat it was soon finished with a hatchet, and packed away in half a barrel, which it nearly filled, and was found to weigh afterwards 170 pounds.

"You would'nt believe a creature like that would have so much strength," said Will, as they started for home.

"As soon as I hit it, it seemed to run up the spear, and nearly twisted the pole out of my hands, and the water became as black as ink, and the first thing I knew I felt something like a red hot band clasp my leg, and then another, and then I made a jump for the "head," and the animal tried to climb upon me. I don't know whether he was trying to attack me or escape; but I've learned one lesson—never to strike at an octopus unless you are in a boat."

A Fair Weather Soldier.

In hunting up the battlefield of Jonesboro I came across the usual score of blind roads leading no one knew where, and in following on through the woods I came to a point where a fence blocked further progress. On the other