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Sept 6, 1882.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXXI. NO. 29. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27. 1882. WHOLE NO. 1642.

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A SLEIGH RIDE IN DECEMBER.

Sweet Susie Brown! my pretty one!
I'm sure you must remember,
If not for love, at least for fun—
The sleigh ride in December;
When all the belles and all the beaux
In spite of frost would go forth,
And squeeze beneath the Buffaloes,
Each other's hands, &c.

How brightly streamed the northern lights
Above the snowy ridges!
How pleasant were the winter nights,
Observed from country bridges!
When "toll" was sought with such address,
And laughter loud would peal forth,
While lovers felt amid the press,
Each other's hands, &c.

'Tis very singular and queer,
Of all the mad devices,
Love's flame should burn so bright and clear,
On fuel formed of ices;
And yet we own its flame, indeed,
Most brilliantly would glow forth,
When flamed behind a flying steed,
Hid under furs, &c.

I'm sure you mind the village inn—
The supper and the revel,
How, in the general dire and din,
Love shot his arrow level;
And don't forget how Henry Kidd
Embraced you ere he went forth,
You kissed his lips, you know you did,
He squeezed your hand, &c.

And when the forfeits all were paid,
How one old maid resisted,
Until the younger ladies cried,
A prude they all detested,
"Desist!" she cried—the ancient Ann—
Her modesty to show forth,
"I'll never yield to any man
My virgin lips," &c.

The wintry winds the homeward way,
Blew chilly in our faces,
But underneath our furs we lay,
All snugly in our places!
One girl upon the forward seat—
The pretty Nelly Wentworth—
Declared Jack Frost or Billy Frost,
Had pinched her cheeks, &c.

Another underneath her robe,
(The buffaloes, not her dresses)
Fair Patience, with attentive Job—
Detected in caresses—
Springing with angry, blushing face,
Her innocence to show forth,
But showed her curls were out of place,
Her collar gone, &c.

And then the parting at the door!
Its tender mutual blisses!
Sweet lips from their abundant store,
Gave to the poor in kisses!
The parting word—the long embrace,
As cupid's arrow shot forth,
Brought fire to many a boyish face,
And raised his hopes, &c.

Dear Susie Brown, sure you and I,
Of all that load of merriment,
No other pair are left to try
Love's latest, best experiment;
And when the coming snows shall spread,
And mutual hopes shall glow forth,
May Hymen bless our nuptial bed,
Increase our joys, &c.

BIBBS.

There was no doubt about it; John Weare was perfectly wretched that night.

He quarreled with Jennie Bell, and he wasn't going to make it up. The fact was she gave herself too many airs, and he didn't mean to stand it any longer. He didn't care if she was pretty; that was no reason why she should let a half dozen fellows at a time hang about the shop, or stroll in one at a time, and, leaning on her elbows, chatter and smirk and smile over the counter; cadets and officers, too, wild young fellows, who only did so for their own idle amusement, and would no more dream of marrying her than they would of inviting her to a ball that was coming off next month. To be sure, he was only a common cavalry soldier, but then he had been in the service a good many years now, had an excellent character, and a good trade at his back, his father had died not long since, and there was a cottage all ready for Jennie to walk into, and they might settle down at once if she'd only be sensible.

Jennie acted as shop-woman for her sister, Mrs. Evans. A very poor little shop it was, very small and badly stocked, for Mrs. Evans had only managed to get a few pounds' worth of things with what had been subscribed for her at the garrison after the fever had carried off her husband. The speculation answered pretty well at first, for many of the officers' wives, knowing what an industrious woman Mrs. Evans was, made a point of buying their tapes, and cotton, and sticks of sealingwax of her. Then Jennie's pretty face was seen behind the counter, and the shop was filled from morning until night with officers and frisky cadets, and the original customers took flight—though Mrs. Evans did not know it, believing the business was safe in the keeping of Jennie, and she worked hard at dressmaking (she had three children to support, and the shop alone would not do it.)

The officers were not profitable customers, for they only went to flirt with Jennie, under the excuse of buying a penny paper, or perhaps asking for a time table.

Jennie made the most trim, and pretty, and obliging of shop women, and the place itself was always a pattern of neatness; but the officers wives did not care to go and buy thread where they were evidently interrupting a flirtation, and so the business continued to fall off, and Mrs. Evans began to get quite unhappy about it. Jennie—pretty, kind-hearted, thoughtless Jennie—had no idea that she had anything to do with it, or she would have sent every one of her admirers off at a pace that would have astonished them. She had been too delighted, after her brother-in-law died, to come from Devonshire and live with her sister at Woolwich—not only because she was very fond of her sister, but also because she wished to see John Weare again. She had made his acquaintance when her brother and he—for they had been in the same regiment—were stationed at Plymouth, and she had paid them a flying visit with her father. John had told her that he was tired of the service and wished to settle down, and she inwardly thought that he could do no better than to ask her to settle with him. He had been very attentive when she came to Woolwich, and gradually established himself on the footing of a lover, till he found the shop always filled with officers and cadets. At first he was shy of appearing before his superiors, then he got jealous, and at last angry, for he felt and knew that they meant her no good, and, besides, it was doing real injury to the business of the shop. At last he spoke his mind and told the coquettish Jennie what he thought, and was snubbed for his pains.

"If you think I don't know how to take care of myself, Mr. Weare, you are very much mistaken, and I don't want any one to tell me what's right or wrong. I know for myself."

"Well, Miss Jennie, I don't mean to give offense. I only told you what I thought."

"Then you might have kept your thoughts to yourself," she said, with a little toss of her pretty head, "unless they had been nice ones," she added. He heard this aside and picked up his courage.

"It's awfully hard, too, when one that cares really can't get near you," he replied. Just then Jennie caught sight of Captain McGee, a tall and handsome man, with long whiskers and a red nose, coming in the direction of the shop, with a big bunch of flowers in his hand. She had heard John Weare's last words, but she was secretly of the opinion that "he ought to have come to the scratch before," so she thought a little jealousy might do him good.

"Oh, here comes Captain McGee," she said, in a delighted tone.

"Well, he's just the biggest blackleg in the service, Jennie, and if you take my advice you'll send him off sharp."

"I believe you are jealous, Mr. Weare, and telling stories about the Captain; he is always very polite to me," and she smoothed her pretty hair and arranged the trifles on the counter.

"Oh, he's polite enough, no doubt."

"And he's bringing me some flowers."

"Now look here, Jennie, are you going to take them?"

"Of course I am."

"Well, then, good-by."

"Good-by," she laughed. Of course she knew he wouldn't go.

"Jennie, he'll be in directly, and I shall be off, but you must choose between him and me. if you are going to keep on talking to him, I shall never come in the place again, so which is it to be?"

"The Captain."

"But I am not joking; I shall never see you again"

"No more am I joking, so good-by."

"Good-by"—and he went.

II

He kept resolutely away for a whole month—never once went near the place. If Jennie wanted him she might send for him, or get her sister to invite him to tea, as she had done before. But John Weare was not sent for, neither was he invited to tea, and his spirits began to wax low.

"If she cared about me she'd have got in my way somehow before this—trust a woman," he thought.

The idea of not being cared for was not cheerful. That night he strolled carelessly by the shop, but on the opposite side of the way. Nothing was to be seen of Jennie. He walked on in a brown study, then crossed over and went deliberately by the shop, with one eye, however, turned in its direction, but not a sign of Jennie. He went back to the barracks in a dejected frame of mind.

"It's an awful pity—such a nice girl; and there's the cottage all ready for her to step into, and me ready to retire from the service, and a good trade at my back; it's too bad, all on account of that Captain McGee, too. And the fruit in the garden (of the cottage) all ripe, and no one to pick it."

The very next morning John Weare walked deliberately into the shop and asked for a penny news paper, and had the felicity of being served by Mrs. Evans.

"Quite a stranger, Mr. Weare," she said, but that was the only remark she made, and for the life of him he could not screw up his courage to ask for her sister.

That night John Weare was miserable.

"She can't care a rush for me," he thought, and marched all over the town and nearly to Greenwich and back in his excitement.

The next day was a lucky one for John. He came across Bibbs. Bibbs was Mrs. Evan's eldest boy. No one knew what his real name was, or why he was called Bibbs; but he was never called anything else.

"Bibbs," said John Weare, "come and have some fruit;" and he carried him off in triumph to the cottage and stuffed him with gooseberries until he couldn't move, and black currants until his mouth was as black as a crow. Then he carried him inside and stood him on the table, and sat down before him.

"How old are you Bibbs?"

He thought it better to begin the conversation with a question.

"Five and a half. Is that your sword up there?"

"Yes. Who gave you those bronze shoes, Bibbs?"

Now he knew that Jennie had given them to him, but he wanted to hear her name.

"Auntie. She's going away soon," he added. "Let me look at your sword now."

"When is she going to?" he asked in consternation.

"Devonshire. Do let me try on your sword."

"Where is she going?" he asked, with a sick feeling at his heart.

"She's ill, I think, and she's always crying now; one day she was crying over the silver thing you gave her, and kissed it like anything."

The "silver thing" was a little heart of about the size of a shilling, which he had bought at Charleton fair last October, and timidly requested her to accept.

John Weare jumped up and showed Bibbs his sword, and carried him on his back over the place, and entreated him to have more black currents in his delight. But Bibbs declined.

"Aunt Jennie is going to bring me some from Eltham to-night," he said.

So Jennie was going to Eltham, was she. John Weare took Bibbs home, and on his way presented him with a white wooly lamb that moved on wheels and squeaked, and a monkey that went up a stick on being gently pushed.

"Crying over her silver thing!" said John Weare. "I'll go and hang about the Eltham road till I see her and beg her pardon."

And he went, and Jennie met him, and pouted and declared she hadn't once thought of him, and then broke down and cried. And John begged her pardon, and declared he had been a heartless brute, and then Jennie contradicted him and said it was all her fault, and told him how Mrs. Dunlob, the colonel's wife, had one day walked in and told her, in the kindest possible manner, that she was spoiling her sister's business, for the ladies who had been interested in her welfare kept away because of Jennie's flirting propensities, which filled up the shop with idle officers who were always in the way; and how she had been so ashamed and wretched, and so cut up by the desertion of John Weare, that she had intended to go back to Devonsire.

"But you won't now?" he said, as they leaned over the stile leading to the Eltham fields. "You'll get ready at once, and we'll get married as soon as possible, before the fruit in the garden is spoiled."

It took him a good while to talk her into it (about three quarters of an hour) but then she was very happy at heart, and chatted like a young magpie, and told John how she had snubbed Captain McGee, and had thrown all of his flowers out of the window.

"And it was really through that dear Bibbs that you waylaid me to-night."

"Certainly."

"Why, but for him I might never have seen you again!"

"Perhaps not."

"I'll give Bibbs a regular hug when I get home," she thought. And she did, and the day before she was married she bought him a rocking horse, which he delights in to this day.

A Cordon Around the North Polar Basin.

The cordon of international scientific stations around the North Pole basin is presumably by this time near, if not quite complete, and the observational work they are to carry out fairly begun. The different corps of observers sent out to occupy these Arctic outposts were instructed to begin observing on August 1, if possible, and continue them, if possible, till September 1, 1883. The research undertaken, in accordance with the scheme of Lieut. Weyprecht, embraces all the phenomena of Arctic meteorology, terrestial magnetism, auroral displays, and astronomical events, with a number of optional inveitigations. These observations will be taken hourly each day, and the instrumental equipment of the various expeditions, as well as their personnel, insure thorough investigation of the phenomena occurring within reach of the different stations. The United States and Russia have each opened two stations, England and Canada together occupy one, and Germany, Austria, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Finland and Denmark each occupy one—making twelve in all.

A calculation of the mean latitude of these polar observatories places them on the parallel of 71 degrees five minutes north. As the circumference of this parallel is about eight thousand miles, it will be seen that the average distance of the stations from each other is a little less than seven hundred miles. This, it is to be regretted, is a large interval; but, actually, there is one gap, (that between Cumberland Sound, in Davis Strait, and Fort Rae, British America), of over a thousand miles, and another between Nort Rae and Point Barrow nearly as wide. In the eastern polar area there is a third gap extending from the Dutch station. Dickson Harbor, at the mouth of the Yenisei, to the Russian station on the Lena Delta, over forty-two degrees in longitude (about nine hundred miles), and still a fourth interspace, between the Lena Delta and Point Barrow, of eighty degrees, or sixteen hundred miles. This last immense gap is not of so much consequence as the other three, as it affects the investigation of polar phenomena related to the meteorology of sparsely inhabited Northern Asia. But the break in the chain of observations between the German station on Cumberland Sound and Fort Rae will seriously mar the value of the meteorological data, so far as America is concerned, unless the British Government open an intermediate station on the west shore of Hudson Bay. Fort York may perhaps serve for this purpose if the observations taken there were made uniform and syncronous with those instituted at the higher stations. The results of this grand concerted research of the nations, it may be expected, will be of great moment to science, and, as it is an experiment limited in time, every practical measure should be taken to make it complete.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Get Rich.

When hops are $1.25 per pound as now, an acre will yield $1,000 profit, and yet the best family Medicine on earth, Hop Bitters, contain the same quantity of hops and are sold at the same price fixed years ago, although Hops now are twenty times higher than then. Raise Hops, get rich in pocket; use Hop Bitters and get rich in health.

When Daniel O'Connell, while conducting a case before Lord Norbury, observed, "Pardon, my lord; I am afraid your lordship does not apprehend me," the chief justice (alluding to a report that O'Connell had avoided a duel by surrendering himself to the police,) retorted, "Pardon me, also; no one is more easily apprehended than Mr. O'Connell—whenever he wishes to be apprehended."

Educate.

This was the only remedy that the reformers in Britain, who wanted to introduce free and extended suffrage, could devise for making the people wise enough to know what was good for them; and the same thing is true with regard to the abolition of the liquor traffic. Not only are general education and intelligence necessary to carry such information, but so is special instruction concerning the nature of intoxicating drinks and their effects on the human body and on society. To effect any reform of this kind it is necessary to gain the parents, that they may train their children aright, and it is necessary to train the children that they may become in turn wise parents of a future generation. It is a great pity that a majority of the present parents are too ignorant and prejudiced on the subject of strong drink to set a good example before their children, or to teach them aright, but it is pleasant to know that a strong minority, and in some States a majority, of the grown people have been gained over to right views on the temperance question. It has taken a vast amount of lecturing and preaching and printing and circulating of temperance truths to obtain this already great result; and now the way is opening up to teach all the children in the public schools, the true character of alcohol and its effects on the human body. This is unassailable scientific truth, and no one, whatever may be his own taste of drink, could surely object to his children being enlightened on such a momentous subject. Then again, children receive the truth much more readily than grown persons, who have formed prejudices and habits that they are loth to give up, and what a child is taught in youth he or she rarely forgets in after life.

All these considerations concur in showing the extreme importance of getting a lesson book into the public schools on the scientific aspects of the temperance question, to be studied at least one hour a week; and happily such a book has been prepared by a physician who stands in the very first rank of medical men for scientific attainments, an authority whom no one will attempt to dispute on chemical physiological questions. This very eminent physician is Dr. Richardson, of London, and his temperance lesson book which has been published in Great Britain, and republished in the United States, has been introduced already into schools to some considerable extent in both countries. Also a work edited by Miss Julia Coleman, which is eminently practical and well adapted to the common schools in the country. It is our hope that parents, whatever some of them may do about drinking themselves, may all be willing to have their children taught in plain language those immutable scientific truths which will set them free from the bondage of intoxicating drinks, and lessen the number of victims of the scourge which has so long and so deeply afflicted and injured society. Sound instruction with regard to the use of intoxicants has carried many young persons safely over all the temptations of youth and questionable companions. The boy so instructed won't drink, and those who will drink, after trying in vain to induce him to drink with them, will steer clear of him. His temperance principles will thus save him from all bad company.

More Fowls and Less Pork.

It is just as cheap for the farmer to live upon poultry and eggs half of the time as to live continually upon beef and pork. It costs no more to grow fowls than hogs. They rustle for themselves equally as well, and serve as good a purpose in picking up the waste about the farm. They are more palatable as food, are healthier and may be had fresh all the time. This being the case, we hope that the day is near at hand when every farmer's barnyard will be a poultry yard, and when chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese will no longer be regarded as a luxury, but become a staple of the country and adorn the tables of the poor as well as the rich. These birds cannot live on the commons, hide their nests in the stack yards, and roost in the trees, but they are healthy and profitable if rightly managed. Too many regard it an unimportant branch of husbandry, and neglect to give it due consideration. They say that chickens eat their heads off many times in a year, and that it don't pay to bother with them even when eggs are worth fifty cents per dozen and birds fifty cents each.

The reason of this is they do not manage their poultry but let the poultry manage themselves. There is no branch of farming that would pay better if run in the proper manner than poultry.

The Court Found Him Qualified.

When I was a young man I spent several years in the South, residing for a while at Port Gibson, on the Mississippi River. A great deal of litigation was going on there about that time, and it was not an easy matter to obtain a jury. One day I was summoned to act in that capacity, and repaired to court to get excused. On my name being called I informed his Honor, the judge, that I was not a freeholder, and, therefore, not qualified to serve.

"I am stopping for the time being at this place."

"You board at the hotel, I presume?"

"I take my meals there, but have rooms in another part of the town, where I lodge."

"So you keep bachelor's hall?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you lived in that manner?"

"About six months."

"I think you are qualified," gravely remarked the judge, for I have never known a man to keep bachelor's hall the length of time you name who had not dirt enough in his room to make him a freeholder. The court does not excuse you.

Read the new advertisements in this week's HERALD.

The Worries of Authorship.

There are many disappointments in life, and among the saddest is that of the author who finds no market for the products of his brain. This misfortune has befallen the brightest of intellects. The coinage of their brains, stamped with genius, has found no currency during the author's generation.

"Paradise Lost" brought John Milton only a paltry five pounds—about twenty-five dollars in our money.

Wordsworth once told Matthew Arnold that for many years "his poetry had never brought him in enough to buy his shoe-strings."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," which has a world-wide fame, and has been translated into many languages, went begging from publisher to publisher, before one recognized its great merit.

Hawthorne, for twenty years continued to be, to use his own words, "the obscurest man of letters in America." "There is not much market for my wares," he said at another time. But he ranks to-day among the American classics.

Thoreau was another example. A thousand copies of his "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" were struck off by his publisher. After a year or so, the author received word that his work would not sell, and that seven hundred and six copies were occupying cellar-room wanted for other use. Accordingly, they were transported from Boston to Concord.

The work had gone forth in its nakedness and now returned in fine clothing of calico and leather, back to the old homestead, as so many poor unfortunates who have failed in the struggle of life have done.

Thoreau gave them kindly though sorrowful welcome. He laid them on his back and carried them "up two flights of stairs to a place similar to that to which they traced their origin."

With a sort of grim humor he said, "I have now a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself."

A Fish Pond of Carp.

Seth Green, the eminent pisciculturist, writes about a new way of supplying families with fish. He says;

My opinion has often been asked how a carp pond should be constructed for family use. The pond can be made in any shape to suit the locality, but I would prefer egg shape if the locality was just as suitable for it. The pond would breed flies of a great many kinds one of the kinds being mosquitoes. The larvæ of flies is the best food for young fish. I have bred them by the bushel, but some of the mosquitoes would be apt to take wings before the pond was well stocked with young fish, and to protect the family in a measure I would advise building the pond to the leeward of the house in the prevailing winds of the locality. If for instance, the prevailing wind was from the west, the pond would be built to the east, northeast or southeast of the house. I would prefer the pond to the northeast or southeast, because if placed directly to the east, the house would make a lee under which the mosquitoes could easily reach it. The mosquito can beat any sailing craft before the wind, but on the wind they are nowhere in the race, as they have no keel. The whole human family should be thankful to the Creator for not putting a keel on them, and if their bowsprit had not been quite so sharp, they might not receive so many handkerchief salutes from the verandahs of the Long Island hotels, but would be just as useful and ornamental.

The pond can be built with plow and scraper. It should have a deep place in the centre, and be shallow on the edges. If you have square sides, the young fish will have no protection from the old ones. When scraping is commenced carry the dirt as far back as you intend making your lower embankment, and keep scratching until the pond is four to six feet deep in the centre. If the locality is such that the ice freezes very thick, the pond should be made deeper and holes kept through the ice during the winter to keep the fish from suffocating. If the embankment is raised three feet and pounded down and sodded or sown to grass, the water could be raised so that but three feet in the centre would have to be excavated in order to have pond six feet deep.—The whole pond should be sown with some kind of grass or water-plant, with the exception of fifty or seventy-five feet square in the centre. The grass and water-plants make the spawning grounds, breed food, and protect the young. The pond should not contain any other kind of fish, and if the grass gets too thick it can be raked out.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.

It is refreshing to see the vim and alacrity with which Congress is addressing itself to business. The session is only two weeks old, but already more legislative and committee work has been accomplished than is usually transacted before the holiday adjournment. This Congress is setting an example, and making a precedent which the people and the press will no doubt hold up for the emulation of future Congresses, and the opinion is gaining that after all has been said, Congress may not be totally depraved.

The Democrats in Congress held a caucus yesterday, in which it was agreed to oppose the admission of Dakoto as a State, and conference committees relative to the business of the session was appointed. The Republicans have as yet held no caucus, but there have been frequent informal discussions of the political situation by Republican leaders. There is an evident improvement in the Republican situation since the beginning of the session, attributable to the President's message, action in the Star Route cases, and to the business-like action of Congress.

The House of Representatives is making rapid headway with the appropriation bills. During the week three were reported, viz: For the Postoffice Department, the Agricultural Bill, and the Military Academy Bill. Two of the appropriation bills have already passed the House, viz: The Indian and the Consular and Diplomatic Bills.

Although there is a good deal of unanimity among members of Congress touching the reduction of letter postage to two cents, there is a wide difference of opinion as to when it should go into effect. Some favor the 1st. of July next, and many others the 1st. of January, 1884. The item for reduced postage, which is incorporated in the post-office bill, will be passed without doubt, the only question being as to the best time to have it go into effect.

The Democrats, it is believed, will interpose obstacles towards the passage of legislation having for its object real civil service reform, for the reason that the next House being Democratic they wish to postpone action so that they can shape legislation to meet their ends, and have the spoils wherewith to reward their friends and punish their enemies. In the Senate Thursday there was a discussion on the civil service reform bill offered by Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, at the last session. Mr. Pendleton in his remarks on the bill spoke earnestly in favor of it, and it would seem that he (although a Democrat) is honestly striving for its passage this session. But the majority of his Democratic colleagues, among them Senators Voorhees, of Indiana, and Brown, of Georgia, prefer to wait, as they say, "until they have had a chance to reform the offices." This means literally to postpone legislation until the offices have been filled with Democrats, when they will *then* co-operate with the Republicans to enact laws to keep the Democratic office holders from Republican invasion.

The National Library Bill has been again defeated, it may be for years and it may be forever. There is more than one side to the library question. There is an accumulation of more than 300,000 volumes, some on the shelves, many on the floor, awaiting the grace of spontaneous combustion. Mr. Spofford, the erudite librarain, has been clamoring for a place to place his books, and the small percentage of "literary fellows" sent to Congress have echoed Mr. Spofford's clamor. But there are other congressmen not affected with bibliophilism who would like to play the part of the monks in the Alexandrian library and burn the trash. Then there is a job in the business. A real estate ring wants to sell a situation to the Government, while in truth the Government has more situations in the District than it can sit on. The proper place for the library is on Government ground in close proximity to those other scientific collections the Smithsonian Institute and the National Museum.

Gen. Harney in a Hurry.

The following comical story is told of General Harney, when he was in command at Camp Verde, Texas. He was an intensely dignified officer, and if there was one thing he detested more than another it was undignified haste. One evening just as he was about to hold dress parade, he perceived that he had forgotten his handkerchief, and as the weather was very hot, he said to his orderly: "Go to my quarters quick, and bring my handkerchief." The order