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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXXII. NO. 13. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1883. WHOLE NO. 1678.

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"I REMEMBER."

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilac where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing
And thought the air must rush as fresh
As swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then;
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools can hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

—*Thomas Hood.*

DECIDED BY A FRESHET.

'Yes,' Louise Raymond said, nodding her head so that the golden brown hair on her forehead danced coquettishly up and down—'Yes, I am pretty, but I don't think I am sufficiently beautiful to send all the young men of my acquaintance into ecstacies over me; and yet I know I am pretty.'

And as she gazed composedly into the depths of her mirror she took from her belt a withered white rose, and a bunch of faded pink hyacinths and then arched her pretty eyebrows over them in a puzzled fashion.

'Philip Marion gave me the roses,' she soliloquized. 'Philip is a very handsome fellow, and I always did have a weakness for handsome fellows; and besides, they say he is a rising young man in his profession. Well, I like talented lawyers, too, so I will keep the roses a little while. And here are Max Hubert's hyacinths—poor, silent, awkward Max! And yet there is something about him that won't let you despise him. He certainly is not handsome, and yet his face reminds you of one of those old marble creatures one sees in the Academy of Designs. Well, I won't throw the hyacinths away, either—at any rate not till I come back from Grandma Carlisle's.'

A few days before, Grandma Carlisle had written a piteous letter to her step-son up in town, setting forth that she was not feeling at all well this winter, and was so lonesome she did not know what to do with herself, and begging one of her three grand-daughters to come down and stay with her awhile.

And Louise had astonished the whole family by volunteering to go to Grandma's.

'My dear child,' Mrs. Raymond had said, 'you don't know what you are undertaking. It is a common farm house, and so awfully lonesome!'

'And the old lady is as full of whims as an old lady can be,' the elder sister, Augusta, said. 'Indeed you may go, for all me!'

'Well,' Louise had declared, 'I am tired of balls and dancing, and 12 o'clock suppers, and matinees; and I mean to go and try the other extreme—just for fun.'

'You will find it anything but fun, my dear,' Mrs. Raymond rejoined, adjusting her eye glasses upon her aristocratic nose.

'Well, at any rate, I mean to try,' Louise persisted, valiantly, 'and, papa, I want you to write to grandma that I am coming.'

* * * * * *

The scene was indescribably beautiful to Louise Raymond that frosty winter night, as the jolting, lumbering old wagon, with a buffalo robe thrown over the seat and the sleepy old horses trotting along in front, came into the turn of the road from which she could see the ancient farm house, brown with a half century of suns and rains, while the brown, wooded hills rose up on every side, and one ruddy beam of light glanced from the windows under the eaves of the old house, making very beautiful the brightness across the road in front of the farm house door.

'You'll find it desperate lonesome," the rough charioteer said, who had been sent to the depot to meet Mrs. Carlisle's grand-daughter, "but she's expecting you'll come—lonesome or lively.'

'Lonesome!' cried Louise, gleefully, as she sprang out upon the snowy ground. 'Why, I think it is splendid!'

And she entered the cheery kitchen, all aglow with a roaring fire of pine logs on the hearth.

Grandma Carlisle had evidently expected her, and as evidently bestirred herself for the occasion, for the table was spread with hot shortcake, baked apples fairly smothered in rich yellow cream, quivering quince jelly and homemade cottage cheese, while the old lady herself, in fresh cap and ribbons, came forward on her crutches to welcome her grand-daughter.

'Why, my dear,' she cried, taking a long survey, 'you are pretty as a picture!'

'Yes,' Louise said, blushing and laughing. 'Oh, Grandma, what a glorious fire you have got, and what a darling, old fashioned tea urn, oh, how good everything does smell! I haven't had such an appetite in an age.'

And before Louise Raymond slept that night, she had taken Grandma Carlisle's heart by storm.

She had been an inmate of the farm house for a few days when a storm came on, which made the old lady's rheumatism grow so much worse that she was obliged to keep her room, but Louise went about as light hearted as ever, doing the whole work of the house, with such assistance as John, the hired man, was able to render her.

The rain had fallen all day, steadily, blown hither and thither by the wind, that howled lugubriously through the gorges of the hills, and at last, as twilight was settling down on the stormy earth, and Louise was sitting thoughtfully and restfully before the fire, John came in with a message:

'Miss Louise,' said he, 'there's two gentlemen, rain bound, outside, 'pears they've missed their way, and their horses are clean tuckered out, and it's full ten miles 'round, bein' as the Chestnut Bridge is washed away on the main road, and they want to know if we can't give them a night's shelter. I told them Mrs. Carlisle was sick, and I wasn't boss, but I would ask the young woman who does the work.'

Louise involuntarily winced a little, and then laughed at John's unpolished language.

'Of course they may come in,' she said. 'I would not turn a dog away from the door such a night like this.'

But imagine her amazement when, turning to welcome the strange gentlemen, she beheld no strangers in them at all, but Mr. Philip Marion and Mr. Max Hubert, literally drenched with rain, their noses reddened with the cold wind.

They stood blankly regarding her, but Louise, fully mistress of the situation, went forward with the grace of a young duchess.

'Good evening, gentlemen! Pray come a little nearer the fire. I hardly supposed that in the storm bound strangers who sought shelter here, I was to welcome old acquaintances. I am glad, however, to be of service to you. John, will you see that the gentlemen's overcoats are attended to at once? They are indeed drenched.'

'Oh, Miss Raymond! exceedingly glad to see you, I am sure,' stammered Mr. Marion, as he awkwardly permitted his frog-like hand to touch hers, 'but, if I may inquire, what may you possibly be doing in such a place as this?'

'Didn't John tell you?' she asked, with demure innocence, 'I am doing the housework here.'

'Miss Raymond!'

'Well, why not?'

But Mr. Marion had no reply ready, he only rubbed his hands and smiled feebly, as he advanced toward the grateful red blaze, while Max Hubert was in turn exchanging his greeting.

'It is a surprise, Miss Raymond, to see you here,' he said, frankly, 'and a very agreeable one.'

And away down in her heart Louise wondered what new kind of gallantry had taken away all Max Hubert's awkwardness.

'It's as good as a play,' she felt, gleefully, when Mr. Hubert had explained that unexpected business had taken them across the country, thus bringing about such an entirely unanticipated meeting.

She had gone into the kitchen to get cream for the table, and as she stood there skimming off the golden accumulation, she heard Marion's voice.

'Of course old Raymond has failed, and they have lost everything, else she wouldn't be here. What a pity, for with that face of hers she might have married well.'

'And what is to prevent her from marrying well now?' Max Hubert asked, deliberately.

'My dear fellow, we must all look out for the main chance. In fact, I was once a little gone myself, but of course that's out of the question now.'

And Louise, as she stood there with burning cheeks, was glad somehow that Mr. Hubert made no answer.

When she came back to preside at the tea table, with John democratically seated at the lower end, she was as composed as ever.

For two days the rain storm continued with unabated violence, during which time Philip Marion yawned over the week's old newspaper, and systematically ignored Miss Raymond's presence.

'For a fellow must not get himself entangled,' he reflected, mentally.

But Max Hubert reasoned quite otherwise. He haunted Louise's footsteps with love like persistency, and somehow, although Louise declared "he was a nuisance," she rather seemed to like it.

On the third day the weather cleared, and John brought around the guests' horses.

'Come, Hubert,' Marion said, impatiently, 'are you going to stand there all day making your adieu?'

'You can be off as quick as you like,' Hubert returned, calmly. 'I am not going.'

'Not going? But business—'

'What do I care for business?' was the unaccountable reply. 'Miss Raymond has promised to be my wife, and my business is here, just at present.'

And Mr. Marion rode away, ejaculating under his breath:

'Did I ever see such a fool in all my life?'

And then Louise told her lover the truth, and the whole truth.

'But I did'nt want to marry an heiress,' Hubert said, biting his lips almost vexedly.

'Perhaps; but you want me, Max, don't you?' Louise said, with the prettiest coaxing little way in the world.'

'Well, I guess I do,' he said, 'but, my darling, I have had a bright dream of love in a cottage.'

'And it shall all come true,' Louise said, lightly, 'in spite of the detriment in the shape of the fifty thousand dollars you'll have to take with me.'

A little later the two lovers traveled back, tete-a-tete, to New York—just as soon as John's wife could be induced to come and take Louise's place in Grandma Carlisle's household—and what Philip Marion's feelings were when he learned the true state of the case, we leave the readers to conjecture.

Bad taste in the mouth, unpleasant breath and impaired hearing, when resulting from Catarrh, are overcome, and the nasal passages which have been closed for years, are made free by the use of Ely's Cream Balm. Price 50 cents. Apply into nostrils with little finger.

A SENATOR'S TRAVELS.

Don Cameron's Journey on Wheels Through England—His Notes of Rustic Scenes of Beauty in a Letter to His Father—Hop Growing as a Profitable Industry.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 3.—General Simon Cameron has received the following letter from his son, Senator J. D. Cameron, who is driving through England and Scotland:

WORCESTER, Eng., Aug. 3, 1883.

DEAR FATHER: We have now been two weeks on the road, and I am becoming more and more pleased with our experiment. The moderate fatigue gives one a healthy appetite and good sleep, and the country is so very beautiful that one cannot help but be in good spirits. We spent last Sunday at Bath. The bathing arrangements there are perfect, but the place has ceased to be fashionable, royalty and their followers now going to the German springs, where I don't believe they can be half so comfortable. From Bath we went to Bristol, but only stopped there to lunch, and drove on to Chepston, crossing the river Severn by a steamer, near its mouth, and then up the valley of Wye to Chepston, which is a very old and interesting town. The remains of the old castle, which cover about three acres of ground, are well worth a visit.

On Tuesday we drove down to see an old ruined abbey at Tintern. It is perfectly beautiful. Both it and the old castle belong to the Duke of Beaufort, who seems to own the entire county. We drove the same afternoon to Monmouth through a beautiful country, and remained there all night, and, on Wednesday, went to Hereford. When we arrived there, it happened to be market day and the place was filled with farmers from the surrounding country. The cattle market, which is said to be very fine was over, but the general market was in full blast. We went through it, and I was surprised to find a well dressed and very intelligent loooking lot of people sitting behind the stalls. The cathedral at Hereford is a very fine one, and has been much restored during the last century.

ENGLAND'S RURAL BEAUTIES.

On Thursday we drove to Malvern, and stayed there all night at one of the most attractive hotels I ever saw, the grounds of which slope very abruptly from the building, and are laid out in excellent taste. The view from the top of the hill of Malvern is grand. You see up and down the valley of the Severn for many miles, and every way you cast your eye the scene is beautiful. We left Malvern, which is only eight miles from here, at 11 o'clock this morning, and reached here in about an hour. I hired a one-horse trap this afternoon and drove sixteen miles to see the mother of John Paget, the gardiner at my Lochiel farm, at Harrisburg. I found her living with a daughter in a little brick cottage along the roadside. The old woman was overjoyed to see me, and did nothing but thank God and praise me for coming to see her. The daughter, a very intelligent woman, told me about their affairs. They have a good garden and plenty of flowers, make just enough to keep them, and are happy. The people everywhere through the country appear to be contented, and all look as though they had enough to eat, and I am very sure they have plenty to drink.

This is a great apple country, and the trees are loaded down with fruit. Many young orchards are being planted, and I am told they make great quantities of cider and that the orchards are profitable. The cultivation of hops is a profitable business. I intend to make further inquiries about it. It seems to me that we ought to raise them with equal profit in our country. I am very sure that if we had persons who thoroughly understood taking care of sheep that we could make it pay, and at the same time improve our lands. I intend to hunt up a shepherd in Scotland and try it at Hummelstown. My friend, Lord Kincaid, whom we are to visit when we get to Scotland, I am sure can get me a good man.

THE SENATOR'S HEALTH IMPROVING.

Every day that we travel I am delighted that we thought of this trip. I feel that it is doing me good in every way. I wish you were here; you would enjoy it. To-morrow we do up the cathedral here and visit the royal Worcester China Works, which are said to be interesting. On Monday we go to Birmingham and from there to Derby, and then north to Lancaster, Carlisle, and on to Scotland. So far we have been traveling west from London, but I am not sorry that we have lengthened the route, for every foot of it has given us pleasure. I have not seen an American paper for two weeks, and have forgotten all about politics. I saw a notice in the London *Times* of Montgomery Blair's death, and was very sorry to see it; I liked him very much. Remember me to all.

Your affectionate son,
J. D. CAMERON.

Time to Stop It.

It's too bad, Sir or Madam, but don't get frightened. Your hair is falling off—that's certain. A glance in the mirror, or an investigating committee of fingers tell the dismal story. We won't discuss the possible cause. It is enough that Parker's Hair Balsam used now will prevent further destruction. Is your hair somewhat gray, too, and crisp? Alas, yes. The Balsam will give back the original color, softness and gloss. Not a dye, not oily, elegantly perfumed a perfect dressing.

The Abenakis Indians believe that meteors are the souls of the dead. Once a young Indian girl died, and the meteor which marked her death settled on the earth. But it was not content with the prairie or the forest and found a resting place on the surface of a lake. If one doubts the legend he can visit the lake and see the water lilies still growing there.

Burning of Human Hair.

"Hair Singeing 25 Cents," is the somewhat novel sign displayed in the window of a South Broad street barber's shop, Philadelphia. The interior of the shop is decorated with half a dozen more of the signs, and two knights of the razor and a colored boy fanned themselves and waited for customers. The reporter had just made known his errand when two youths of the variety popularly known as "toughs" entered, and one of them, notwithstanding the lavish display of signs, inquired if "this here's the place the feller was wot burned yer hair off?" Being assured he had reached the right place, the youth inquired if it "hurt yer?" and when the barber said it was a painless operation, seated himself in one of the chairs and told the barber to "bring on yer blaze and do it up in style." He added that he wanted a "regular summer cut, short all over." The first step taken by the barber was to cut the youth's hair in the regular way with the scissors, and this being finished, the act of singeing began. Taking a long wax taper, such as are used in any household, he lighted it from a gas burner, and with a comb lifted what remained of the young man's hair into ridges, the tops of which he deftly burned off by applying the blazing taper, and a halo of smoke encircled his head, and a faint odor of toasted wool floated about in the room and out into the sultry night. With great skill he soon had the entire top, back, and sides of the youth's head completely singed, that worthy in the meantime staring at the operation as reflected in the looking-glass, momentarily exclaiming: "Well, I'll be blowed!" His companion was similarly impressed, and made constant remarks of a like nature. When the youth's head had been sufficiently toasted to suit the barbers's artistic eye, the taper was put out, and the customer requested to step down to the wash-basin, where his head was thoroughly washed, to clear away the "ashes" that remained at the end of each hair, and when the operation was finished the youth gazed in the glass at as beautifully clipped a cranium as ever left a barber shop. Paying his quarter, and remarking that it "wasn't such a bad racket, after all," the yonng man gave a parting glance of approval in the mirror, and with his companion departed. "This is the only place in this country where you can get a regular "singe," said the barber after the youths had gone, "but it's a pretty common thing in England and Europe, and in Canada, too, I believe." In conclusion, he stated that it was said to be a capital thing for the hair, and would cause it to flourish like a cornfield after a summer shower; but he added in conclusion, "It aint any good for bald-headed men, for they haven't any hair to be braced up."

The Luthers.

The Luthers, Luthers—the name is the same as Lothair—were a family of peasants at Mohra or More, a village on the skirts of the Thuringian forest, in the Electorate of Saxony. "I am a peasant's son," Luther wrote; "father, grandfather, great-grandfather, were all peasants." The father, Hans or John, was a miner. He learned his trade in a copper mine at Mohra, but removed in early manhood to Eisleben, where business was more active; and there, being a tough, thrifty, industrious man, he did well for himself. The Mohra people were a hard race—what the Scotch call "dour"—and Hans Luther was one of them. He married a peasant woman like himself, and from this marriage, now just 400 years ago, on the 10th of November, 1483, came into the world at Eisleben his first-born son, Martin. Six months later, still following his mining work, Hans moved his family to Mansfeld, a few miles distant, in a valley on the slopes of the Hartz Mountains. He worked himself with his pick in the mine shafts. The wife cut and carried the wood for the cottage. Hans, steadily rising, became the proprietor of a couple of smelting furnaces; in 1491 he became one of the four Church Elders—what we should call Church Wardens. He drew the attention of Count Mansfeld himself, whose castle overhung the village, and was held in high esteem by him. Melanchthon, who knew both Hans and his wife, admired and honored both of them. Their portraits were taken afterward by Cranach—the features of both expressing honesty, piety, and clear intelligence. Martin was the eldest of seven children; he was brought up kindly, of course, but without special tenderness. He honored and loved his parents, as he was bound to do, but he thought in his own latter life that they had been overharsh with him. He remembered that he had been beaten more than once for trifles, worse than his fault deserved. Of the village school to which he was early sent his recollections were only painful. He was taught to read and write, and there was what pretended to be an elementary Latin class. But the schoolmasters of his childhood, he said, were jailers and tyrants, and the schools were little hells. A sense of continued wretchedness and injustice weighed on him as long as he remained there, and made his childhood miserable. But he must have shown talents which encouraged his father to spare no cost on his son's education that his own scanty means would allow. When he was 14 he was sent to a more expensive school at Magdeburg, and thence, after a year, to a still better school at Eisenach, where he was taught thoroughly well, and his mind began to open. Religion, as with all superior lads, became the first thought with him. He asked himself who God was, what he was, and what God required him to do; and here the impression of his home experiences began to weave themselves into what he learned from books.

It is certain that the wreck found on Mt. Ararat is the reamins of the ark. They knew it by the grease mark in the bunk where Ham was stored.

Dolly Payne.

Who was Dolly Payne, the wife of James Madison, President of the United States and a gallant soldier of the Revolution? A Quaker girl, around whom clusters all that was romantic and poetic in Madison's life, except his tender devotion to his mother. He fell in love with her while he was in Philadelphia attending the session of Congress as a representative from Virginia. She was born in North Carlina but when quite young her parents removed to philadelphia and joined the Society of Philadelphia and joined the Society of Friends. When Madison first met her she was Mrs. Dortha Payne Toddy, the widow of John Todd. Still she was only twenty three years old, and as pretty in features as charming in conversation His suit was successful, which is not to be wendered at, for he was a man of wealth and with a wide reputation. With her he retired to his country seat to enjoy her society, and the comforts of hoem.

Seven happy years were spent at Montpelier and then in 1801, Madison was appointed Secretary of State and removed with his beautiful wife to Philadelphia. Afterwards, when Madison became President, she shared the White House with him. It is said of her that she presided with more brilliancey over the Executive Mansion than any other woman before or since. Her beauty, her charming manners, her quiet refinement, and her dignity and grace let a charm before unknown to the White House entertainments.

And she was as brave as she was beautiful. During the exciting days of the war of 1812 she showed such deqotion and bravery that she was no longer simply a queen of the drawing-room, but a heroine. The 24th of August, 1814, witnessed the entry of the British into the Capitol after defeating our army at Bladensburg. On the day previous, Mrs. Madison wrote thus to her sister at Mt. Vernon: "My husband left me yesterday to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had courage or firmness to remain in the President's house until his return on the morrow or succaeding day, and on my assurance that I had no fear but for him and the success of our army, he left me, beseeching me to take care of myself and of the cabinet papers public and private. I have since received two dispatches from him written with a pencil; the last is alarming, because he desired that I should be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage and leave the city. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe and he can accompany me, as I fear much hostility towards him." On the following afternoon she adds a postscript:—"Will you believe it, my sister, we have had a battle or a skirmish near Bladensburg, and I am here within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not; may God protect him! Two messengers covered with dust come to bid me fly, but I wait for him."

At last she consents to depart, but even then delays, at the risk of capture, to order the demolition of the heavy gilt frame around Stuarts portrait of General Washington, so that the valued picture may be taken out and carried to a place of security. Dolly Payne is a demure little Quaker girl no longer, but a brave woman of whom the whole nation may well be proud. It is a pleasing incident of her husband's love that in after years, when writing his will, he always mentioned her as "my dear wife." With all her beauty and with all her bravery Dolly Madison had her share of trouble. John Payne Todd, son by the first husband, was a wild, profligate fellow, who inherited none of the good qualities of his mother. When Madison sold his manuscripts and papers to Congress for $20,000 young Todd managed to get most of the money from him. Afterwards when Madison made his will he left land and other property to all his relatives, but to John Payne Todd he gave only the medals presented to him by his friend Geo. W. Erving and the walking staff made from the timber of the frigate Constitution and presented to him by Commodore Elliott, then her commander. So, young Todd, figuratively speaking, was cut off with a shilling. Dolly Payne, as she is commonly called, resided in Washington during the last years of her life. In her old age she was baptized and became a member of St. John's Church, in Philadelphia.

A Good Story of Henry Clay.

When John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay were at Ghent in 1814, in association with Albert Gallatin James A. Bayard and Jonathan Russell, appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain, they were on very intimat- terms of friendship, and occupied the same apartments. Mr. Clay was always a very gallant man, and in many respects the very opposite of Mr. Adams, who though studiously polite to every lady, avoided even the appearance of familiarity. The young girl who had charge of the rooms of the Peace Commissioners was very pretty and was treated with great respect by all of them. But Mr. Clay would now and then indulge in compliments to her beauty, and on one occasion playfully solicited from her a kiss. Of course he was refused the favor; but in relating the incident to his associates he could not forego a joke on Mr. Adams, who had what are known as watery or tear-suffered eyes. As Mr. Clay repeated it, the conversation following the refusal of the kiss ran