The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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By Order of the Board.
nov25-3t. D. J. BRUBAKER, Sec'y.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Still sits the old school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to play!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eve's icy freeting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word.
I hate to be above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

UNEXPECTED COURTSHIP.

"I do wish you'd sit down and keep quiet, Daisy; you distract me so, fluttering around the room like a bird!"

Now, Miss Cybele Martin was a tall masculine female, hard on the "thirties," with stiff little curls, and goldrimmed spectacles, and a stand up collar and cravat, like a man's and she was very busy among a pile of books and papers, preparing hard questions to annihilate her Sunday School class on the morrow, while little sixteen-years' old Daisy, with her pink and white skin, and brown curls, and innocent blue eyes beat a retreat, mortified at having "distracted" her staid sister.

"I suppose I shall learn better sometime," thought Daisy, "but oh, dear, I am such a silly little goose."

She went on tip-toe past the door where Mr. Vining, the young minister, was engaged in the revision of his sermon, for Mr. Vining lodged at Widow Martin's, and Daisy felt her youth and folly more painfully than in his dignified presence.

She stood a moment in the doorway, where the cheerful July sunbeams make a golden checker work on the vines, and a sweet odor crept subtly in, of newly-mown clover-fields, and roses just blossoming along the garden wall.

"I know what I'll do," thought Daisy, as her pet, the kitten, darted away through the bushes. "I'll have some of those ripe cherries."

Daisy bounded down the garden walk, and deftly climbing the old stone wall, swung herself into the branches of the huge cherry tree, like a white-plumed little bird.

"Mother would be horrified and Cybele would have a fit," quietly thought Daisy, "but it is nice and shady up here, and the robins are stealing the cherries. I almost wish I was a robin, it is such a nice life among the green leaves with the blue sky peeping through. Dear me; I hope that isn't mamma!"

Daisy crept a branch or two higher up, as footsteps came near the garden path.

Alas! her premonitions were but too correct. Mrs. Martin's capstrings were fluttering below, and Mrs. Martin's self had come out with a bowl to pick currants, accompanied by Aunt Susannah, her sister.

"Now I'm caught," soliloquized our heroine. "I hope they won't be long. I wonder what they are talking about. Mr. Vining, as I live!"

And Daisy held her breath, and secretly laughed to see how utterly unconscious the old dames were of her near vicinity.

Yes,' said Mrs. Martin, solemnly, "he's a good young man—a very good young man."

"There ain't no minister all the country round gives such satisfaction" said Aunt Susannah. "Them cabbages is comin' on finely, Lucretia!"

"Oh bother the cabbages!" said Mrs. Martin, tartly; "it's about Mr. Vining I'm talking, Susannah! But he ought to marry and settle down. A single minister can't do all the good he could if he was married!"

That's true," assented Aunt Susannah, "and Cybele would make a capital minister's wife."

"She's the very wife he needs; and if some one would just put the idea into his head."

"Perhaps he doesn't mean to marry."

"Then he is doing very wrong, encouraging Cybelle the way he does, walking to Sunday School with her, and talking about the 'poor money,' and picking out the psalms and hymns with his head close to hers. Of all creatures, I do dislike a male coquette!"

"Dear me, Lucretia!" said Aunt Susannah, with mild remonstrance. "I don't suppose he ever thinks of the thing.

"Then he ought to think of it. Some one ought to speak to him."

Meek Aunt Susannah picked currants in perplexed silence.

"I don't really think he ought to trifle with my poorCybele's feelings; and she is sensitive, too," resumed the widow.

"I'd be proud to be the minister's mother-in-law," said Mrs. Martin, exultaut at the remote possibility. "And Cybele is a very smart girl. You ought to hear her talk about free-will and foreordination! why! Mr. Vining himself would be astonished."

"I should think it very likely," said Aunt Susannah, dryly.

Cybele had never been her favorite niece; she had lectured Aunt Susannah too often for sleeping in church, singing out of tune, and other venial sins.

"I don't really know what to do about it," sighed good Mrs. Martin. "I wish somebody would speak to Mr. Vining, and tell him plainly what his duty is."

"Haven't we picked currants enough" hazarded Aunt Susannah.

"I s'pose so," said Mrs. Martin sharply.

"You never had the trials of a family, Susannah; and they come hard, though my girls are pretty good girls, after all. Cybele's quite a model; and Daisy's well enough, if she would sober down a little."

And the two elderly ladies went in with their bowl of sparkling currants, leaving their unseen auditor still sitting among the cherry boughs with her bright brown curls all blown about, and the scarlet velvet of her lips deeper and redder than ever.

"Dear me," thought Daisy, "there's a revelation! Our Cybele in love—I didn't know women who wore spectacles ever did fall in love; and Mr. Vining a male coquette—well, I never should have thought that of Mr. Vining. I really think, as mamma says, some one ought to speak to him. I've a great mind to speak to him myself.

And fired with the ardor of her new plan, Daisy slid down from her perch in the cherry tree to the great astonishment of her friends the robins, and ran into the house.

"I won't stop to consult mother or aunty," thought eager Daisy; "for I know they'd think I ought not to speak, jost because I'm only sixteen years old."

So Miss Daisy stole like a white mouse along the hall, and tapped softly at Mr. Vining's study-door.

"Come in!" called out the clear sonorous voice of the young clergyman.

Not until our Daisy was fairly in the room did she fully recognize the awkwardness of her position. Then, with the roses mantling on her cheek and her head hung down, she stood a pretty picture of maidenly confusion.

"M—Miss Daisy" said Mr. Vining abstractedly, glancing up from his paper, and brightening up visibly when he saw who it was, "I am happy to see such a little sunbeam in my study. Sit down."

"No, sir, I can't," said Daisy, taking courage. "I only came to speak to you, sir—about being married."

"About being married!" echoed Mr. Vining in genuine astonishment.

"Yes, sir," went on Daisy, twisting her fingers together; "the people in the parish think you would do so much more good if you were married."

"So I might," assented the minister musingly. "I have thought of hat myself."

"Oh, then you have thought of it sir!" cried Daisy delighted. "I am so glad."

"Daisy, I have been here a long time."

"Yes, sir; I know you have."

"Should you be sorry to have me go away?"

Daisy lifted her eyes with a roguish sparkle beneath her curling lashes.

"You need not go away, sir; that is, if——"

"Mother said this morning she would be very proud to be the minister's mother-in-law."

Mr. Vining looked a little surprised, but not at all displeased, as Daisy stood demurely before him with her roseate cheeks and disheveled curls.

"Did she really say so, Daisy?"

"I heard her say so."

"To you?"

"No, not to me, sir?"

"Daisy would you like it?"

"Oh, sir, I should be so delighted?" cried Daisy, clapping her hands gleefully.

"A minister's wife has so many trials to bear with Daisy."

"Oh yes, sir; but if she loves her husband——"

"Do you think my little wife would love her husband?"

How strange it was to think of Cybele as a "little wife!" Daisy thought love must have cast a glamour on the young minister's eyes; but she answered nevertheless:

"I am sure of it, sir! Cybele is so sensible and so learned."

"Yes, I know," answered Mr. Vining with something of a puzzled expression of his face. "Miss Cybele is a very worthy person, indeed, and I shall be very happy to be connected, however distantly, with her."

Daisy stared until her blue eyes were like newly-opened blue-bells. What on earth did the minister mean.

Mr. Vining, however, appeared to be very clear on the subject of his intentions.

He took Daisy's hand in his and drew her toward him with caressing gentleness that the young girl felt to be very pleasant.

"But you, Daisy, my dear little wild flower, when you are my wife——"

"I!" echoed Daisy, suddenly becoming as rosy as her own pink-neck ribbon. "I your wife, Mr. Vining?"

"Who else?" demanded the young minister, with a puzzled countenance. "I have been in love with you for the past three months, my Daisy. Nay, do not try so tremblingly to escape from me! Surely—surely I am not so disagreeable to you as that?"

"N—no." hesitated Daisy, "it isn't that—but I thought it was Cybele."

Mr. Vining laughed.

"I respect Miss Cybele very sincerely, but I should just as soon think of marrying my Greek dictionary."

"But I am such a silly little goose, and I am only sixteen, and mamma and Cybele are always scolding me!"

"But," mimicked Mr. Vining with playful fondness, "they will not scold the minister's wife! And I shall never let the winds of heaven blow too roughly on my little Daisy."

"I can't believe it," said Daisy energetically.

"But you love me, Daisy, do you not?"

"I have never thought o f it before," said Daisy, meditatively twisting one of her curls around her finger. "But I think I do."

"Daisy! Daisy child!"

Half an hour had elasped, and Mrs. Martin was calling loudly for dinner.

"I never saw such a child," sighed the widow. Always out of the way when she is wanted. Oh, here you are! Where on earth have you been?"

"In Mr. Vining's study. mamma."

"What were you doing there?"

"Talking to him, mamma, about his marriage," answered Daisy mischievously.

"Is Mr. Vining going to be married?" eagerly demanded the widow.

"Yes, mamma."

"Bless my soul alive! Cybele do you hear that? And to whom?"

"To me, mamma."

"Nonsense!"

"But it isn't nonsense, mamma," cried Daisy triumphantly, showing a little gold ring with a blue stone that Mr. Vining had placed on the forefinger of her left hand. "And we are to be married in September next! Mamma, you will be the minister's mother-in-law, after all!"

"Daisy, are you in earnest?" demanded Cybele.

"Never more so in my life!"

"Do you love him?"

Daisy sobered down a minute, and heldher face on her sister's shoulder

I" love him dearly, Cybele!"

It was a disappointment to Cybele, but she coagratulated Daisy in true sisterly style after all. If she couldn't be the minister's wife, it was next best to be his sister-in-law.

And so began Daisy's unexpected courtship.

Persian Customs.

From the illustrated paper in the December *Century* by S. G. W. Benjamin, who has just returned from the court of Persia, where he was United State Minister we quote the following:" The manners of the courtly occupant of this Teheran mansions are guided by an etiquette that it is indeed a law of the Medes and Persians, which changeth not.' The visitors send notice an hour or two previous to calling. If the visit is one of importance, notice is sent the previous day. You will go in a fashion suited to your social position and the rank of the host. Whether on horsebsck or in a carriage, you will be accompanied by a number of mounted attendants. As you approach the house, servants, mounted or on foot, come forth to meet you, and one returns with speed to announce your coming. A dozen attendants escort you to the reception-room. According to your relative rank, the hosts meet you at the foot of the staircase, at the door, or at the upper part of the room. The question of seats is one also requiring the utmost circumspection in observing the various shades of rank. If your rank is superior to that of the host, you are invited to occupy a sofa alone, at the upper corner, while the host sits on a chair or on the floor at your right. The left is more honorable than the right in Persia. If of equal rank he occupies the sofa with you; but if you are inferior, then the positions are reversed. The upper corner of the room is in any case the most honorable position. If a number are present of various ranks, each one knows his place at a glance. The passing of refreshments is also a matter of undeviating strictness, the number and quality depending upon the time of day and the character of the guest. The *kalian*, or water-pipe, offers a fine opportunity for a display of Persian manners. According to precept and custom, a Mohammedan cannot smoke the same pipe with a Christian, and, except on rare occasions when the host is aman of progressive views, a separate pipe is furnished for a European visitor. But among Persians it is the custom for the highest in rank to receive the pipe first offering it to each in turn before smoking himself. For an inferior to accept the offer is an incredible offense against good manners. But each in turn after this ceremony takes a few whiffs at the pipe, all taking care to eject the smoke from the bowl before offering it to the next. The attendants on such an occasion leave their shoes at the door and retire backwards."

Trades for American Boys.

The trades of our country, of late years, have been almost monopolized by foreigners. The American boy, however, when he does take a trade, goes straight on to the top of the ladder. It seems as if our boys would rather be fourth-class lawyers or physicians, than earn their living by working with their hands. Only the other day I read in a New York newspaper of a lawyer in a distant city, whom I knew some years ago when I resided in that section of the country, who literally starved to death. He made scarcely any money, was too proud to tell of his wants, lived as long as he could on crackers and water, and was found one day in his office dead from lack of nourishment. He should never have entered the legal profession, for he had no ability in that direction.

No boy, of course, should enter a trade unless he feels himself fitted for it; but on the other hand, he should not, it seems to be, let the false pride against manual labor, which now prevails to such a wide extent in our country, prevent him from endeavoring to do better work with his hands than in his inmost thoughts he knows that he can do with his head.

Do not suppose that because it is recommended for animals that Arnica & Oil Liniment is an offensive preparation. It will not stain clothing or the fairest skin. For sale by C. N. Boyd.

Jokes on the sealskin sacque are said to be fur-fetched.

Where and How the General Government Keeps Its Prisoners.

The United States Government takes good care of its prisoners. I don't mean simply those now and then locked up for contempt by some Congressional committee for refusing to answer its questions, and who notoriously live on strawberries, green peas and reed birds in mid-winter. I speak of ordinary prisoners convicted of crime under a Federal law by a Federal Court, and sentenced as Federal convicts. The Government owns no penitentiaries, therefore it has to board its convicts at different State penitentiaries. The Attorney General, who has charge of Federal prisoners, makes contracts through his agents with different State prisons under which Federal prisoners are received at so much a head per annum. The Attorney General is very careful in selecting prisons to which Federal prisoners are to be sent. None but the best will do. They must not only be secure, but they must be clean and wholesome, well lighted and heated, well supplied with good food and under humane management. No State prison where flogging is in vogue can ever get any Federal prisoners. Every year the Attorney General, not content with each State's inspection of its prisoners, sends the General Agent of the Department of Justice to examine every Federal prisoner and the prison in which he is confined. This tour of inspection is no easy one. It takes in nearly all the States east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio River. Other representatives of the Department inspect prisons west of the Mississippi. The United States send no prisoners to Southern prisons for the simple reason that they are regarded as unfit. Federal convicts in Arkansas, for instance, are sent to Detroit, Michigan. Major Strong, the General Agent, and his assistant, Howard Perry, are just back from this annual tour of inspection. They accomplished it in the very short space of two weeks. They did this by traveling day and night, with scarcely any breathing spells. There was no junketing about this trip, and it was a model to Government inspectors. In the course of their tour they saw 8,000 convicts. Every Federal prisoner is examined privately on these tours, and out of hearing of the prison officials is asked about his life in the prison. If he complains of the treatment he receives his complaints are investigated. If they prove well founded he is removed from that prison to another. But in the last tour of inspection not a single complaint of this sort was received. The inspectors were struck with the excellence and abundance of the food furnished the prisoners. In many of the prisons the prisoners are allowed to help themselves to bread. It is said to be wonderful how much bread some of them can eat. A negro in a Delaware prison, a big, strapping fellow, took ten thick slices of bread one morning—a great armful. The Warden, who happened to be standing by, said: "You can only have as much of the bread as you can eat; you musn't waste it." Thereupon the darky sat down, and then and there ate every one of the ten slices and then "asked for more." Unlike our old friend Oliver, he got more, too. I was speaking of this to an old gentleman who used to be a United States Commissioner in South Carolina, and he said: "Yes, the Northern prisons afford the Southern darky such luxury as he has never known. I remember that when I was in South Carolina I was instrumental in having a great big negro, black as the top of your hat, sent to the penitentiary at Auburn, New York, for assault with intent to kill. After he had been convicted and sentenced he swore that when he got out of prison he would come right back and kill me. When his sentence expired he did come right back, and I got a revolver of the self-cocking variety, and kept it in an open drawer of my desk when I was in my office, and in my side pocket when I wasn't. Two or three days after he got back the big, black buck came walking into my office. I was about to draw my revolver when I saw that he was smiling and holding out his hand as though he wanted to shake hands with me. As he advanced toward me he said: "I'se powerful 'bliged to you, Mr. Jones, for sendin' me to Auburn; nebber had so good a time in my life before; got fat, learned a trade and quit drinkin'. Ain't nebber goin' ter drink any more,' and by that time he had heartily shaken my hand. And from that time we were the best of friends."

Curious Customs in Russia.

The village of Minussing, in Russia, has been troubled by the pest among its cows, and the conscript fathers of the community held a meeting to decide upon the best means of putting a stop to the calamity. It was agreed that resort should be had to the old Salvonic custom of round ploughing. A Russian paper gives an account of the process. Seven virgins, two old women and a young bachelor of good character are elected.

At midnight a procession of the peasants is formed, led by the two old women carrying pictures of saints. In the rear of the procession the seven maidens are harnessed to a plough, which is guided by a young man. A light furrow is ploughed around the village; and thereby, according to the belief of the local agriculturists, a barrier is provided against the evil spirit. He has no power to pass over the mystical furrow.

A single trial of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will convince any one troubled with costiveness, torpid liver or any kindred diseases of their curative properties. They only cost 25 cents per bottle. For Sale by Mr. C. N. Boyd, the Druggist, Mammoth Block, Somerset, Pa.

A man's temper, unlike the kindling in a stove, if often fired by a bad match.

Lincoln as Congressman.

Elihu B. Washburn, our late Minister to France, in an article entitled "Abraham Lincoln in Illinois," published in the *North American Review* for October, thus speaks of the martyred President at the time of his election to Congress.

"Mr. Lincoln took his seat in Congress on the first Monday in December, 1847. He sat in the old hall of the House of Representatives, and for the long session was so unfortunate as to draw one of the most undesirable seats in the hall. He participated but very little in the active business of the House, and made the personal acquaintance of but few of the members. He was attentive and conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and followed the course of legislation closely. When he took his seat in the House, the campaign of 1848 for President was just opening.

"I was again in Washington part of the winter of 1849 (after the election of General Taylor), and saw much of Mr. Lincoln. A small number of mutual friends—including Mr. Lincoln—made up a party to attend the inauguration ball together. It was by far the most brilliant inauguration ball ever given. Of course Mr. Lincoln had never seen any thing of the kind before. One of the most modest and unpretending persons present, he could not have dreamed that like honors were to come to him almost within a little more than a decade. He was greatly interested in all that was to be seen, and we did not take our departure until three or four o'clock in the morning. When we went to the cloak and hat room, Mr. Lincoln had no difficulty in finding his short cloak, which little more than covered his shoulders, but after a long search was unable to find his hat. After an hour he gave up all idea of finding it. Taking his cloak on his arm, he walked out into Judiciary Square, deliberately adjusting it on his shoulders, and started off bareheaded for his lodgings. It would be hard to forget the sight of that tall and slim man, with his short cloak thrown over his shoulders, no hat on, starting for his long walk home on Capitol Hill at 4 o'clock in the morning. And this incident is akin to one related to me by the librarian of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Lincoln came to the library one day for the purpose of procuring some law books which he wanted to take to his room for examination. Getting together all the books he wanted, he placed them in a pile on a table. Taking a large bandana handkerchief from his pocket he tied them up, and putting a stick which he had brought with him through the knot, he adjusted the package of books to the stick, shouldered it and marched off from the library to his room. In a few days he retnrned the books in the same way."

Why He "Ca-ed."

As we rode out from a town in Mississippi to view a plantation a commercial traveler for a New York house expressed a desire to go with us. He procured a horse and accompanied the party. A mile and a half from town we came to a written notice posted on a board, and everybody stopped to read it. It was a notice of Sheriff's sale, and the colored man who tacked it up was still on the ground. The notice was badly written and worse spelled, and the drummer laughed loud and long over c-a-f for calf, d-e-t for debt, and "sheruf" for sheriff.

"What's wrong wid dat notis?" said the colored man, in a very edgy voice.

"It's too funny for anything," was the reply. "Some one had better go to school."

"Dat's me, sah. I'm a constable an' I writ dat off."

"Oh, you did? Well, I hope the c a f will be sold."

"Yes, sah. You come 'long wid me, sah."

"With you?"

"Yes, sah. I 'rests you, sah."

"What for?"

"Contempt ob court, sah. Come right along."

"Where?"

"Befo' de Justis, sah. We'll see about dat caf."

The drummer was advised against resistance and finally permitted himself to be taken before a colored Justice nearly two miles from the spot. The constable had picked up a colored man on the way, who made and swore to a complaint, and the drummer was duly arraigned on the charge, although his Honor seemed very uneasy about it. The Colonel acted as counsel for the prisoner. When the case was ready he said:

"Your Honor, who is the court?"

"I is, sah," was the dignified reply.

"Has this man shown any contempt of you?"

"No, sah."

"Then how can you try him for contempt of court?"

The old man scratched his head, opened a law book upside down and replied:

"De prisoner am discharged, but will hev to pay $1 costs."

"But if he is discharged because of his innocence, where do you get the right to put costs on him?" asked the Colonel.

"Why, in de law book."

"Which one?"

"De one at home."

"I take exceptions, your Honor, and shall carry this case to the Supre