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DR. WM. RAUCH tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office—One door east of Wayne & Berkebile's furniture store. Dec 6, '82.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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1886. NEW YORK HERALD. 1886.

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How to Make Them So—Keep them in Health, and They will take Care of the Rest.

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Good Words for a good thing.—Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" is exactly what it claims to be, and deserves the praises that are showered upon it by all who have used it. Mr. Israel H. Snyder, of Sangerties, N. Y., says: "My little daughter was covered with Salt Rheum from head to foot; Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured her. This was two years ago."

We are not in the Habit of Puffing any sort of patent medicines in our columns, but we happen to know Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and can personally testify to the excellence of the medicine which the Doctor calls "Favorite Remedy." And in a word of ours will persuade anybody to use it and thus find relief from suffering no professional etiquette shall hinder us from saying that we do. For diseases of the blood, kidneys and bowels, it has no equal. We would not be without it for five times the dollar that it costs.—*Daily Times, Troy, N. Y.*

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BUGGY,
New or Second-hand, call on me. I also keep constantly on hand a Large Assortment of Fine Hand-made
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips,
Brushes, Lap-Blankets, and everything to be found in a First-class Saddlery. Good Teams and Riding Horses always ready for hire. When in need of anything in my line, give me a call.
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may.13. SOMERSET, PA.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Peter Berkey, dec'd, late of Somerset Twp., Somerset Co., Pa.
Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment and those having claims or demands will please present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, January 9, 1886, at the residence of the Executor in Somerset Borough.
GEORGE M. NEFF, Executor.
dec.2

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their Heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strains have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring;
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendor fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

"Good evening, Joe, and a merry Christmas to you."

"The same to you, sir, and many of 'em, too."

As I came along B—— street on a crisp, sparkling Christmas eve, I encountered the old night watchman, Joe, standing on the sidewalk in front of a brilliantly lighted mansion, gazing up at the windows, through the half raised curtains of which were to be had glimpses of a Christmas tree.

I had lived only six months in B—— street, not long enough to become acquainted with any of its inhabitants. But I had made friends with the old night watchman before I had lived a week on the street. He had come to my door, as is customary toward a new resident, to inquire if I wished his services, and I was so struck with the appearance of the man that I had ever since availed myself of every opportunity to talk with him. Rarely have I met one of his class who possessed so much intelligence and good sense. He was tall and muscular, with a grip like iron, which I had seen tested several times when unruly boys or suspicious-looking loungers came in his way. He was very proud of the character of his street, and often repeated that in the thirty years he had had charge of it there had been no robbery and no disturbance of any serious character. A strong-hearted, noble man he was, too. His rugged, kindly face, with its crown of gray, tangled hair, was worthy of a painter's study. Even the proud residents of the street esteemed him highly, and befriended him in many ways.

As Joe stood on the sidewalk that bright Christmas eve I noticed that he was much more serious than usual, and less inclined to talk. After my greeting he turned and began to move slowly up the street, letting his club fall on the sidewalk with dull thuds as he walked. At this instant the door of the great house was thrown open, and a bright stream of light came out, in which stood a sweet little girl.

"Joe," she cried—"Joe, are you there?"

"Yes, Miss Nell,' he answered, "this' me.'

"Here, Joe," she said, "I'm not to come in now, because that would be 'off duty,' you know, but I found this on the very top of the tree; and see, it has your name on it"—handing him a neat little package—"and it's such a splendid tree, and everybody is so happy. We are not strangers to-night, Santa Claus and I, are we, Joe?" And with a merry little laugh she vanished.

"Blessed little mite," said he, in a choked voice. Then, after going a block or more without speaking, he added: "Sir, if you don't mind walking up and down my beat a little, I'll tell you a story as makes this the merriest Christmas eve of my life. It isn't any family secret, or I wouldn't be the one to tell it. It's a history as everybody knows, and to-night it's over, happily, blessedly over, so far as it can be, considering him that's gone."

I walked quietly at his side until he was pleased to speak.

"The gentleman as lives in that great house," said he, "is Mr. Chauncey. He is one of the richest men on our street. When I first came on here, thirty years gone, he was a young man with a handsome wife and two as pretty children as ever you saw. Miss Alice, she was the oldest, a golden-haired little beauty, and master Frank, he was a fine boy, almost a baby then, sir. From the very first Mr. Chauncey was kind to me. When the family would be off in the summer, he used to give me the keys, and I was to look in every night and morning to see tht nothing went wrong. When the family got back I always got a handsome extra, for Mr. Chauncey never was mean. It wasn't his love of money that brought the trouble about, but his pride—his pride, sir; for if that old gentleman was king of England, he couldn't be more stuck up about his name and family than he is now. When Miss Alice was about ten years old, Mrs. Chauncey died. I remember the night well, sir; but that's many a year ago. After that I didn't see the family much, for the shutters they was always kept closed, and when I met Mr. Chauncey he had his head bowed and never seemed to notice me. I used to talk with David, the Butler, sometimes, when I was passing up and down o' nights, and he told me as Mr. Chauncey paid no attention to anything but them two children, and especially to Master Frank, and how he'd always have the little fellow on his knee after dinner, finding out what he'd been learning through the day; for they had a governess, them children had, although 'twas Miss Alice took all the care of her brother, who was three years younger than she was. They say it was touching, sir, the way she'd play little mother to him.

"Sorrow always has to give way before sunshine, I've noticed, and it wasn't so many months after the mother died that the great house was thrown open again, just as I've seen happen to a dozen other houses in the street here, and then I begun to see Miss Alice and Master Frank. I used to see a great deal of them children after that, for the boy he was a wild one, and would often scamper on the streets at hours when he should have been at home in bed. He didn't mind anybody but his sister; but she could do almost anything with him, for he was a soft-hearted little chap when you knew how to touch him right, but headstrong and self-willed, as boys are, sir. As years passed, them two come to be as handsome a pair as ever you saw—Miss Alice with her sweet blue eyes and lady-like ways, and Master Frank with his fresh, eager face. The only thing that ever troubled them was the boy would never stick to anything. His father sent him to college—for there was nothing he wouldn't do for Master Frank, but he was back home in less 'an three months. 'I didn't like it, Joe,' he says to me one night. 'What's the need, anyway, for me to do what I don't like?' And so the boy stayed at home, drove his pony carriage round town, sailed his yacht, and amused himself with lots of other young fellows, whose company didnot do him any good.

"But there come a time, sir, when he was changed. I couldn't tell just how it came about, nor no more just what the change was, but I'd see him when he come home late sometimes, and there was a difference. He got quieter, and his voice when he spoke to me was as soft and gentle as it used to be when he was a boy. One night he come home earlier than usual, and I said to myself that young man's in trouble; for he walked right by me and never looked, nor said good evening, as he always had before. An hour or so later, as I was coming down the street again, I heard Mr. Chauncey's front door slam as if a hurricane had blowed it, and tearing down the steps came Master Frank.

"I don't know how I dared take the liberty, sir, but I did. I steps right up to him and takes hold of his arm. 'Master Frank,' says I, 'there's trouble going on for you. But I've known you since you was a baby, and whatever 'tis, I'm the one as says it's nothing wrong.'

"'No, Joe,' he says, in a voice as wasn't his—'it's nothing wrong.' He could't stand still, so I walked along up the street at his side. Suddenly he stopped. 'Good by, Joe,' says he; 'I won't be here any more. I'm married.' And before I could say a word he was off—clean gone in the darkness, sir. A baby might have knocked me down as I stood there. My breath was took away. I trampled up and down all that night, pondering and thinking, and I could make nothing out of it.

"And I didn't make anything out of it till one night I met the old butler, and he told me as how it was, sir. It seems Master Frank had met a young lady and fell deep in love with her, but when he mentioned the matter to his father, there was high words, for Mr. Chauncey had set his heart on seeing his boy married to a girl he'd picked out; rich she was, of course, sir, while the one Master Frank wanted was an orphan and hadn't a cent in the world except what she made giving music lessons, or something of the sort The boy didn't say no more, and kept so quiet his father thought the business was all over, but Master Frank, being headstrong and used to having his own way, went and married the girl anyhow. When he come home that night and told his father what he'd done, Mr. Chauncey just got up and said: 'You can go sir, you're no son of mine.' Then after Master Frank had rushed out of the house, his father told David, who had stood and heard it all, to call his daughter and the servants. When they came, he told em all, then and there, as how 'twas and said whoever as mentioned Master Frank's name in his presence would leave the house, even if 'twas Miss Alice herself. Then he stalked up stairs to the boy's room locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. And that's the way things was going on, sir. Miss Alice, she was crying a'most all the time, and she said to the old butler: 'David,' says she, 'search day and night for my poor brother, for I never shall rest till I can help him.' Search we did, David and I, up and down, by night and by day, for either one of us would 'a died for that boy, and yet quicker for Miss Alice. But it wasn't no use, sir; we never found a trace of him, and the girl he'd married was gone, too.

"Things went on gloomily enough in the big house after that. Miss Alice she didn't seem minded to marry, and Mr. Chauncey he got sterner and silenter every day. I used to meet him sometimes pacing up and down the walk at night, but I never said no more nor good-evening to him, for somehow he wasn't the same to me in my mind as he was afore. He hadn't done right by that boy. Not that I don't blame the boy too, for it wasn't square for him to go agin his father to that length, nor yet to bring trouble on his sister; but bless you sir, boys don't stop to think of what's ahead when they're only twenty two year, as this one was; and if they get a pretty face in their minds, they don't consider father nor sister, nor anybody but the girl they want to marry.

"More than ten years went on, and never a word of Master Frank. Mr. Chauncey and Miss Alice had gone traveling in Europe, and taken David with 'em, and the big house was shut up, when one afternoon, as I was sitting at home, my wife says, "Joe, there's a poor sick woman moved into the upper floor to-day, and I was thinking if you'd carry her up a bowl of hot broth it wouldn't come amiss.' My wife was ailing, sir, or she'd gone up herself; but as 'twas, I took the broth and went. When I knocked, a bright little girl opened the door, and when I went in I saw lying on the sofa as pretty a young woman as ever I sot eyes on. But I saw another thing, sir, standing on a little table against the wall, right where the sunshine was falling, was a picture of Master Frank. 'My husband's picture,' said the lady, seeing me standing stock-still before it. I didn't know what to say, I was so took aback. Strange sir, but when you've been longing for years for something to happen, when it does happen you don't do the thing as would seem natural. So instead of going to work to find out about that boy, there was I standing and thinking of nothing except how out of place I was bringing a bowl of broth to Mrs. Frank Chauncey. I don't know how long I'd 'a stood there with that bowl of broth in my hands, if the little miss hadn't brought a chair and asked me to sit down. Then I got sense to say, 'Excuse me, Mrs. Chauncey, but my wife thought as how you was poor folks like us, or she wouldn't 'a made so bold as to send some broth, thinking you'd just moved in and hadn't got a fire made, maybe.'

"'We are poor, very poor,' she answered me, and thank your wife very kindly.'

"Oh, she was a lady, sir, every inch of her. You didn't have to look long to see that. 'Might I make so bold says I, as to ask where your husband might be now, ma'am?' You see, I wasn't a bit natural, for I felt kind of awkward before the lady, and didn't just know how she'd take being questioned. 'He is dead,' she answered, 'or at least they tell me so. I can never believe it. Were you a friend of Frank's?' she added suddenly. Then I told her as well as possible—for I was half stunned, sir, thinking of that boy—as how I was only a watchman, and couldn't think of calling myself a friend of the rich Mr. Chauncey's only son, but that I'd watched him and loved him ever since he was born; but she stopped me. 'My Frank had no father when we were married,' says she; 'he was alone in the world, as I was, and I never knew he had been rich.' Then I saw in a minute as how 'twas. The boy hadn't told her a word. He'd been too proud to let her know what he'd done, and yet again too proud to acknowledge even to her that his father hadn't acted square with him. I didn't say any more then about Master Frank's people, but I kept her talking until I found out just how things were. It seems after they got married, they went off to another city, and master Frank he tried to get work, but somehow nothing suited him. And how could it, sir, when he never'd been put to nothing steady? Still, they managed, one way and another, and were happy as two doves together.

"They'd been married seven years, and had a little girl and a little boy, when the foundry where Master Frank was acting as clerk went under. They'd had the gumption, sir—or she had; her young husband never'd a done it—to lay by a penny; so when he got an offer to go with a company to the Brazils, he left what they'd saved for her, and off he went. 'I hadn't the courage to say no,' says she, 'although it broke my heart to let him go, for he was so eager, and sure he would come back with plenty of money.' The party had gone out exploring some big river, and making out how to bring thing that grew there down to the coast. He'd been gone about two years when she got a letter as said he went out in a boat one day with two more, and they'd never come back. The place was wild and an easy place to get lost in, and they'd most likely died off somewhere in the swamp. Still she kept on waiting and hoping; but her money was a'most gone, and in the little place where he left her there was nothing to be done; so she'd gathered courage and come back here again, thinking she could get scholars among the people she used to know. The worry and the exertion had broke her down, and there she was, sir, too weak to lift a finger And the idea, too, of a lady like she was living in such lodgings; but she got the cheapest she could that was decent, and that's how 'twas. You may think it odd her telling me so much, sir, and I a stranger and a working man; but soon as she found I'd known her husband, it seemed to do her good to talk.

"I was just going, when out came the little girl from an inner room leading a little boy about four years old. If there ever was anybody repeated over again, there was that boy the image of his father at his age; the same rosy cheecks and curly hair clustering around his forehead, and the same handsome wilful face.

"When I got on my beat that night I thought it all over. Miss Alice was off, and there was nobody but me to look after Master Frank's wife and them two blessed children, and what could I do fit for such as them, anyway?

"I used to go up to see 'em every day after that, and Miss Nell—that's the little girl—and little Master Frank they come to call me 'Joe,' just as their father had done afore 'em. Little by little I told Mrs. Frank Chauncey the whole truth about her husband to that day. She didn't seem to care about the money, said as how the father had cast Frank off, that was an end on't and never a cent would she touch if 'twas offered her.

"After that things got awful. Mrs. Frank she grew worse every day, till a kind of low fever came on her, and everything fell on that blessed little Nell. Oh, she was a rare one for such a mite! The way she'd dust round, and take care of her mother and the little chap too, beat all I ever see, sir. The money gave out, of course. Money always has that way with it when it's most wanted, I've noticed. Mrs. Frank she gave me every blessed thing she could spare to sell for her, and I had to do it, much as it went again me, but she never dreamed how little I got for 'em. That was the most I could do, sir.

"I was thinking to-night about Christmas-eve just one year ago. I was coming along the street early in the evening, when what should I see but that little Nell standing looking at a big Santa Claus in a toy-shop window. It a'most broke my heart to see her, Master Frank's little daughter, there all alone in that poor way. But the mite, she was never down-hearted. When she saw me coming, 'Joe,' says she, turning her wise little face toward where I was—'Joe, that's a fine looking old fellow in the window there. But he's very proud to-night, and he wont look at me. We're strangers, you see, and I can't stop to be introduced, because I must run home as fast as I can with the medicine for mamma;' and betore I could say a word that brave little thing was off. I went inside, and I got what I could to give them children in the morning, but the thought of Master Frank's son having nothing but a tin horse worth ten cents for his Christmas, and that too, coming from me, made me hide the things away soon as I got home. I couldn't give 'em myself, but my wife she carried 'em up next day.

"That was a hard winter for Mrs. Frank. She couldn't get her strength, but she never lost her courage, and always believed things would hold out till she was able to work, and then all would go smooth. And so it would a done, for she isn't one o' them fine ladies as sits down, when trouble comes, without knowing which way to turn.

"But one night in the spring, when I was walking along my beat, I gave a jump, for there was the big house all lighted up, and I saw Miss Alice herself at one o' the windows. You can be sure I didn't lose any time in hunting up David, and he told me as how Mr. Chauncey was all broke up, and he believed he was just pining away about Master Frank; for the first thing he did after he got into the house was to go up to that boy's room and unlock the door, which hadn't been opened summer nor winter all them years, and go in and shut himself up. It wasn't no use his repenting now, I told David, and the boy dead and gone; but that's the way folks does mostly, sir; when there's no mortal good in it, they come round right. Master Frank was gone, but them as belonged to him was here, and the thing to be done was to take care of 'em. And Miss Alice went about it without stopping. She's a big hearted little woman, if ever there was one. Miss Frank loved her right away. She didn't want to take a thing from her at first; but there's no standing out against Miss Alice. She always has her way somehow, and she took 'em to some nice rooms she'd fixed up, and there wasn't enough she could do, especially for them children. She went and told her father all about 'em, too, and how Master Frank was dead, nobody knew when nor where The old man just hid his face, David said, and didn't say a word. After a while, 'Alice,' says he, 'their home is here. But not yet. I couldn't bear it yet.' Nor Mrs. Frank she couldn't bring herself to go their neither, till just a little while before Christmas, without saying a word he just sent Mrs. Frank a letter, and begged her for her husband's sake, and for the sake of his old father, who never'd known a happy day since he thrust his boy away from him, to come and take possesion of what was her own, as it would have been her husband's and he alive. What with the letter and Miss Alice urging her, for the children's sake she consented. And to-night they went sir. They've been trimming a big tree at the house for them little ones. And old Mr. Chauncey he has been as eager as a boy, and Miss Alice couldn't make it nice enough to suit him. Last night when I was passing he came to the door. 'Joe,' says he, taking hold of my hand, 'God bless you, Joe!' It isn't for me to tell what more he said, but as for giving up watching my houses as I've taken care of this many years, I couldn't do it—not till I am forced to, sir. But if I'd been dressed in purple and fine linen I couldn't felt prouder nor happier than I did when he spoke to me that way.

"When Mrs. Frank and the children were coming, it seemed as if the old man couldn't bear it after all; and up he went to Master Frank's old room, and there he staid But when they got there what did Miss Alice do but take the little chap—he was dressed in a little black velvet suit, with a plaid scarf over his shoulder, just such as Master Frank used to wear, and lead him up to where his grandfather was. She just pushed open the door and put him inside, and came away as fast as she could. They waited and waited and Miss Alice she wanted to light the tree; and the youngest didn't come. So she told David to go and get him. When David went he saw little Master Frank sitting on his grandfather's knee, right there in his father's old room, and the old man was crying like a baby: and that boy he was patting his cheek with his little hands. When David said Miss Alice was lighting the tree, the little fellow jumped to go; but his grandfather he seized hold of him, and said, quite calm like, that he'd go too. So down they went, the old man and the boy, hand in hand. David couldn't stand it no longer, sir, and out he came to talk to me. And now they're all there together, God bless 'em, and there's rest in the big house to-night such as there hasn't been this many a year, because the right thing has been done at last."

We are again opposite Mr. Chauncey's mansion. The bright lights were extinguished, and the calm moonlight flooded its silent front. Both of us were so absorbed in thought as not to notice the approach of a gentleman, until he laid his hand familiarly upon the old watchman's arm. I was amazed at the strange expression that came over the old man's face, and still more was I startled at his sudden exclamation.

"Master Frank!" said he, in a hoarse whisper.

"Joe," said the stranger eagerly, "tell me, for God's sake, are my wife and children in my father's house? I have traced them there, but I cannot believe it."

"Yes, my boy," answered Joe, "they are all there together. The Lord be praised for this night of peace and forgiveness."

With one bound the young man was at his father's door. We heard the heavy night bolts drawn back, and the figure of the old butler appeared in the doorway. Instinctively we turned away and walked down the street. At that moment midnight chimed from a neighboring church tower, and merry peals of bells rang out a welcome to the glorious Christmas morn.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Christmas Customs.

"Eat, drink and be merry," would seem to be an appropriate motto for the festal holiday season, and the hospitable home is garlanded with Christmas greens and the bustle of social entertainment pervades every nook and corner. It is a gala time with the children, who are on the tip toe of happy expectation, for Santa Claus never forgets his little people, but always brings them some good thing, and the Christmas tree will surely be on hand with its foliage rich and rare, a happy custom, for which we are indebted to the "Faderland."

"Over the sea there's a wonderful tree;
We heard of it first in Germany,
But now old England gathers its fruit,
And here in our soil it has taken root."

In some homes four Christmas trees, one in each corner of a big room, are used. The parents have one corner, the older children one, the babies the third corner, and the servants the fourth. A German Christmas combines a religious festival with the gift-giving. The children are taken in to see the illuminated tree, but not to receive anything from its well laden boughs until they have sung the sweet Christmas carols of their country. They all sit at the base of the tree in their little quaint costumes, their soft hair neatly disposed of in Margurite braids and their round, grave faces shining with expectancy, for however trifling the gift Kriss Kringle brings they are taught to be thankful, and they are sure of a white sugar apple, with one very red side to it, and a waxy green stem, the only part of it they may not eaten.

There are no waits—boy singers—to rouse us at midnight here, with their weird, sweet, carol singing, and their clamor for gifts.

"God rest you merry gentlemen;
Let nothing you dismay;
For Jesus Christ, our Savior,
Was born on Christmas Day."

But the bells chime at midnight and ring out the old tender story that eighteen hundred years ago the Chaldean shepherds started on its mission of peace, and everybody makes merry in his or her approved way.

It is in England that Christmas has its full value. There it is both a holy day and a holiday. The roast beef of old England and the plum pudding of national reputation are renowned in story and song.

"They serve up venison, salmon and wild boars,
By hundreds, dozens, and by scores,
Hogsheads of honey, kilderskins of mustard,
Plum puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custards.

The boar's head enwreathed with rosemary is the processional dish of the old manorial halls and the Oxford feasts and is borne in with solemn state upon its decorated platter. The Christmas goose is a favorite dish of the common people, turkey being more of a New Year's treat. Christmas week is a season of jollity and hospitality, and a culmination of all the blessings is reserved for the day itself.

CHRISTMAS SUPERSTITIONS.

Popular Ideas Connected With the "Hallowed and Gracious Time."

Christmas superstitions take many forms. Though the day was not much observed in Scotland it used to be considered unlucky to spin, as causing cattle to go mad and lame. Bread baked on Christmas Eve is said never to grow mouldy. Yule dough kept unbroken through the year is a preservative against fire and sword, and the Normans thought from mad dogs also. The crumbs kept till spring and mixed with corn the Danes and Poles give as a medicine for horses and cattle. To this day, in many parts of Wales, Christmas puddings are boiled, one for each of the apostles except Iscariot. The last is only to be eaten as the year is up to insure good luck. In Devonshire a hot cake dipped in cider is taken to the orchard and deposited on the forked branch of an apple tree, while guns are fired and cider thrown into the air, the company singing the while:

"Bear good apples and pears
Barns full, bags full, sacks full."

hoping thereby to secure a plent