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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.


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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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## RED ROSES.

Dear, let me linger here awhile,
Lo! we have journeyed many a mile,
That I might see once more
The gray old house where I was born,
And pluck this summer morn
The roses by the door.

How rich and red they are! How sweet!
Like those fair blooms that used to greet
My wandering, baby grace,
Like these I wore so long ago,
At simple feast and country show,
In girlhood's careless days.

My mother's fingers twined them 'round
The clustering curls that fell unbound;
My father smiled to see;
Ah, love me! Love me, darling mine!
I lost their love in winning thine,
I lost them finding thee!

It seems, dear heart, but yesterday,
We met in yon lone country way,
And loitered in the lane;
Love struck its magic hour that noon,
Love set our pulses to a tune
Of mingled joy and pain.

How fain we were to learn the song!
Though all too roughly flowed along
The course of true love's stream;
For eyes most dear to me on earth
Looked coldly on thy modest worth;
Then fled our happy dream.

I found it hard to choose between
Their hearts, that all my life had been
So tender and so true,
And thine as tender, but untried,
To merge the daughter in the bride,
The old love in the new.

I did not fear to count the cost;
Thy love hath paid me all I lost,
Good measure, brimming o'er;
And yet I see this summer morn,
Through tears the house where I was born,
The roses by the door.

Ah, love! thy love is like the flowers,
It fills my soul with happy hours,
With color and perfume;
But if I pull the leaves aside
I find a grief I fain would hide,
A thorn among the bloom.

Nay, dearest do not turn away,
Thou knowest all my heart would say,
That sometimes it must ache.
Come where the churchyard grasses wave,
And lay thou on their quiet grave
Red roses for my sake!

—*All The Year Round.*

## "MARMY."

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"If it were not for the Dodds and the Dusenberrys—"

That was what Miss Jane Pritchard said when her niece, Nellie, wished to teach the summer school at Gilead Corner. And old Dr. Varnum, of the school committee, said the same thing, with grave head-shakings, when Nellie appealed to him for the school.

"They're a rough set over at the Corner, and the Dodds and the Dusenberrys keep up a perpetual quarrel, I'm afraid they'd be more than you could manage, my dear."

"Let me try, doctor. I'm not afraid." And Miss Nellie drew her nineteen-year-old slimness very erect.

The upshot of the matter was that Nellie secured the school, and on the first Monday morning when she "called the roll" her heart beat a lively accompaniment to the names of the Dodds and the Dusenberrys. She had found in the desk the book which her predecessor had used and it occurred to her that it would simplify matters to call the names which she found there, and see how many were still pupils.

There was nothing very alarming in the appearance of the Dodds and Dusenberrys who answered to their names on that Monday morning. The Dodds were dark, straight-haired little fellows, of a most serious aspect, from Hosea, aged twelve, down to Aaron, who was six, and spoke thickly, by reason of having his thumb in his mouth. Tow hair, snub noses, and freckles seemed to be the characteristics of the Dusenberrys—Leck (a nickname evolved somewhat mysteriously from Alexander), Leonidas and Phebe Jane. In addition to these family characteristics Phebe Jane, aged ten, had a remarkably prominent chin, and an irregular little figure which showed energy and determination in every line. She was near-sighted, and her eyes were slightly crossed, and it was this, probably that caused the slight scowl which the new teacher thought looked defiant. She remembered the wise talks about physiognomy which she had heard at her college at the time when the composite photographs were taken, and said to herself that if any one of the Dodds or Dusenberry's should prove "more than she could manage," it would be Phebe Jane. And she adhered to this opinion, although Phebe Jane showed a disposition to be helpful, and was full of information which proved to be more reliable than that which the other children offered. She knew that little Lysander Hocking was coming to school as soon as his grandmother finished his new trousers, and that Sarah Ann Grindall wasn't coming, because her mother "didn't believe that the new teacher knew beans."

Miss Pritchard had appointed Phebe Jane spokesman, because at every question she asked a babble of voices arose from which it was impossible to obtain any intelligible answer. It was immediately evident that Phebe Jane had become an object of envy to the others.—Viola Cook, the largest girl in the school, "made faces" at her in the most open and unabashed manner and while Phebe Jane stood properly erect, with her arms folded behind her, Miss Pritchard saw with surprise that her face was growing scarlet and her eyes filled with tears. She was hoping that she had not said anything to wound her feelings, when Emeretta Gooch, who sat in the front seat, arose from an excursion on the floor and frantically waving her hand for permission to speak, cried out, "Drusilly Pepper's a-pinchin' her legs!"

And at the same moment Phebe Jane's stoical endurance gave way, and she swooped upon the offending Drusilla, whose cries testified to summary punishment. After Miss Pritchard had tried to administer strict justice, receiving from Drusilly an explanation of her conduct that Phebe Jane was "teacher's pet," she attempted to go on with the roll.

When she called Electa Dodd's name there had been no reply of present": and now, as she inquired where Electa Dodd was, Phebe Jane surprised her by bursting into tears. Miss Pritchard looked anxiously upon the floor, thinking that the revenger of partiality must have again resorted to pinching, but Emeretta Gooch again explained:

"She feels bad because Lecty Dodd can't never come to school any more. She fell off a the hay-loft, and now she can't walk a single step. She likes Lecty and Lecty likes her, if all their folks is a-fightin' and a-quarrelin' and always was. Dodses tried to say that Phebe Jane pushed her off'n the hay-loft, but Lecty said twa'n't so, and nobody don't believe it, if Phebe Jane has got an awful quick temper.—Doddses was mad because Phebe Jane was over there; she'n' Lecty was alwas gettin' together when they could. The Doddses and Dusenberrys—"

Miss Pritchard interrupted Emeretta's flow of information by calling the next name. Phebe Jane womanfully swallowed the lump in her throat, and pressing her lips tightly together to hide her quivering, stood in the same proper attitude, her little sharp elbows protruding at each end, ready to answer the new teacher's questions. But the very next day Miss Pritchard had reason to think that, after all, she had not been mistaken in expecting that Phebe Jane would be "hard to manage." By that time something like order and discipline had been established. The new teacher was strict in suppressing whispering and and all communication. When a small wad of paper came flying across the room, and was dexterously caught by Phebe Jane Dusenberry, who unrolled it and read something written upon it, Miss Pritchard promptly commanded her to bring the paper to the desk. After one instant's hesitation Phebe Jane popped the little wad of paper into her mouth, chewed it determinedly with her small strong teeth, and swallowed it.

This was the first open rebellion that the new teacher had encountered. There was a murmur all over the school-room, surprise not unmixed with a delightful excitement. It was "teacher's pet" who had been guilty of this most daring disobedience.

"Phebe Jane Dusenberry will stay in at recess," said Miss Pritchard, so calmly that no one would have supposed that she was inwardly sorely disquieted and perplexed about what she was to do with this small rebel.

After she had marshalled the others out in single file to recess—an astonishing innovation for the Corner school, where they always had been allowed to go out with a rush and a loud whoop at the touch of the teacher's bell—Miss Pritchard returned, with a troubled mind to Phebe Jane, who sat with a sturdy and defiant air before the window, on the other side of which some laughing boys had already gathered, and little Aaron Dodd's scornful face was raised as far above the sill as his extremely limited height would permit. The teacher waved the boys away with imperative gesture.

"La! you needn't trouble about them young ones. I can 'tend to them," remarked Phebe Jane, with a calm superiority.

"Phebe Jane, why didn't you obey me when I told you to bring that naver to my desk?" asked Miss Pritchard.

"'Cause I wa'n't a-goin' to have anybody know what was wrote on that paper," said Phebe Jane, firmly. "I ketch-it on the fly, so't Leck couldn't get it. Hosy Dood he throwed it to Leck; he was mad 'cause Leck got above him, but sence he beat Leck choosin' sides he won't say no more. But if Leck had read what was wrote there, he'd 'a' carried the paper straight home to Hash. Our Hash he's said he'd shoot Dr'i Dodd if ever he heard of his sayin' again that 'twas him that cut the underpinnin' of the bridge over the crick time 't broke, and Dr'i got carried off and 'most drowned. You don't know our Hash so well as I do! He'll do what he says he will, and there ain't any stoppin' him."

Miss Pritchard had indeed heard that Ahasuerus, the oldest of the Dusenberry boys was a lawless fellow, and the prime mover in the feud between the two families.

"Hosy wrote that 'twas Aash that cut the bridge, and that I pushed Lecty off'n the hay-loft. I'm tellin' you jest what was wrote, ain't I? But you dont 'pear to be one of them kind that tells all they know. But I was afraid you'd read it right out if I carried it to you. The teacher we had last summer she used to do that with every note she could ketch, so I wanted to mind you. I like you real well, but, you see, there wa'n't anything I could do but jest swallow that note. I didn't want to make you mad; at me; I don't care for anything if I can only jest keep the boys from quarrelin' and fightin'. It makes Lecty feel awful. Me'n Lecty like each other; we always did. You see, it's awful lonesome where we live. There ain't many houses, and what there is, is chockful o' boys. That's what makes the boys think so much of me: where girl's is scarce they do. Hash and Leck, they'll do anything for me, except to quit fightin' Doddses. There ain't no mother o' our house, either, so they call me Marmy.

"It's jest the same over to Lecty's, only they've got a gra'mother. We got so that we didn't darst to speak to one another, Lecty'n me, only jest through a chink in the fence, except that one day when they was all gone away but Gram, and I went over to their barn and Lecty fell, and they said I pushed her. That was an awful foolish story to tell, for if I be quick, I never got mal vith Lecty. The boys set out to drown a kitten that I gave her through the chink in the fence. They didn't, 'cause Lecty cried but they wouldn't have it 'round the house, and Lecty has to keep it way up stairs in the mill. It's got a whole family of kittens now, all up in the mill chamber, and Gram had to feel them. Lecty thinks everything of that yelow cat, but until she got hurt, Dr'i was alvays threatenin to drown her, 'cause she was our cat once. Dr'i is the wrst unless it's our Hash, and they used to be great friends, too. So, now, I wa'n't to blame for swallowin' that paper, wa I?"

Phebe Jane had poured out her story breathlessly, as if it were a relief to an over-full heart.

"I—I wish that you had brought it to me, and asked me not to eat it aloud," said Miss Pritchard, hesitating between due regard for discipline and sympathy with Phebe Jane's feelings, which seemed too deep for her years.

"I didn't stop to think, an if I had, I don't think I could have risled it. You see, Lecty'n'me have got a pin. I wrote to her, and she kept wavin' and wavin' at me, and I know how glad he'll be if we can do it. You see, Lecty's boys and our boys are all goin' over to Cumberland Village to the Fourth o July celebration. Hash said he'd tak me, and I guess he did'nt know what to make of it when I didn't want to go. There ain't goin' to be anybody to home at Lecty's but jest Gram, and she'll help us. Gra'mothers almost always will help you. She'll bring Lecty as far as the fence—there's quite a piece between Lecty's house and mine, if the farms does join—and then Huldy, our work-girl, will carry her the rest of the way; she ain't much more'n a feather now, Lecty ain't, she's fell away so.—Some folks might not think it was very great for Lecty to spend the day with me, but Lecty will, and it seems as if I couldn't stand it if anything should happen so she couldn't come. You do get awful sick of such a lot of boys as there is at my house and Lecty's even if you do think a lot of 'em. And it's so hard to bring 'em up right, that you do want a little rest, with nobody but Lecty and the dolls."

Phebe Jane heaved a deep sigh of responsibility, and Miss Pritchard repressed a smile. Her interview with her disobedient "kept-in" pupil was not what she had expected it to be, but she found Phebe Jane's confidences interesting.

"Elder Doak heard what they called me," continued Phebe Jane, vaguely aware that she had found a sympathetic listener, "and he patted me on the head, just as if I was little, you know; and says he, 'bring 'em up well, Marmy; bring 'em up well.'"

With a sudden awakening to her duty, Miss Pritchard touched the bell, and the children came trooping in, looking with round-eyed wonder at the clock, and congratulating each other with furtive nudges at the new teacher's ignorance of the proper limits of a recess.

"I hope that Marmy and Lecty will have their day together," was the first thing that the new teacher thought on the morning of the Fourth. She drew her curtain aside when she heard the rattle of wheels, and saw with satisfaction all the younger Dusenberry boys in their wagon, with Hash, a big brawny fellow of seventeen, riding his black mare—all on the way to Cumberland village. Even earlier than this she had heard the Dood boys go by, shouting and firing crackers. She felt a little anxious lest they should get into a quarrel at the celebration. She did not know that Hash, penned in behind the wood-shed door by Marmy, had held up his right hand, and solemnly promised that he would not. Hash would not always promise like that; when he did, Marmy could have a quiet mind.

She was at the fence almost as soon as the boys were out of sight, and "Gram," a tall, dark old woman, with a worn but kindly face, was litting over the fence a fragile, wan-faced little girl, who looked all eyes and smile. Huldy's strong arms caught her, and Marmy went wild with joy.

"You musn't keep her too late," said Gram, "though I don't expect the boys will be home till 'most morning."

What a day it was! Hash had left some fire-crackers and torpedoes, and Phebe Jane had a secret liking for them, but she gave them up without a sigh when Lecty thought that they savored too much of boys. The dolls' house which Hash had built for Phebe Jane was new to Lecty, and they had it out upon the piazza, with no jeering boys to hear them play "come to see." And goodnatured Huldy made strawberry cake out of the sweet little wild strawberries that grew all about Gilead, and cream pies with mountains of frosting; and Nap, the old dog, brightened up and performed all his tricks, as if he realized the importance of the occasion; and altogether the day passed too soon, and it was time to watch for the rockets from Cumberland Village common.

As soon as it was "pitch dare" Lecty said she must be carried home and Phebe Jane agreed to this sorrowful necessity. Some of the boys might come home; Leck had a strong tendency to blow himself up, more or less seriously, with fire-crackers and toy pitols, and little Aaron Dodd always got lost, so there was an undercurrent of motherly anxiety amidst all the felicities of the playhouse, and some dread of being surprised as well.

"There don't seem to be so very many rockets," said Lecty, as the watched the darkening sky. "But look, Phebe Jane, what a great flaring light, right over by our mill stream!"

"It must be at the Grindalls," said Phebe Jane. "They had fireworks one year. See, it lights up the whole sky. Oh, Lecty, it must be a fire! It's your mill!"

"Oh, oh, Phebe Jane! Mary Buttercup and her kittens are shut up there away up-stairs! I got Gram to shut the door, because Dicky Grindall was about the mill with firecrackers, and he torments cats."

Phebe Jane flew. She shouted fire as she went with all the breath she had. She had seen Lecty spring to her feet and in her excitement had scarcely thought it strange. Now, as she heard footsteps behind her, she turned and in the dusk saw a small figure evidently struggling hard to run as fast as she did. It was so like Lecty that it filled her with wonder and a vague fear. But she could not stop to wonder or fear. There seemed to be no one to come at her call; men, women and children had gone to the Cumberland Village celebration; but still she ran on and shouted. And still the little figure, trembling and stumbling, with now and then a quivering sob breaking from its lips, followed close behind until at last it fell, a little heap by the roadside.

"Oh, Mary Buttercup and all her dear kittens!" it murmured with a great sob of despair.

The Dusenberrys were coming home from the celebration. Leck was riding the mare now, and Hash was dangling his long legs from the back of the wagon, while Leonidas drove. Now and then Hash would growl at Leonidas about getting his feet upon a bundle which was under the seat. It was some blue sprigged muslin and some blue hair ribbons which Hash had bought for Marmy, making haste to do it the first thing in the morning, lest the shops should be closed.

They were not in the best of humor, for the economy of the Cumberland authorities had limited the expected grand display of fireworks to a few rockets. Before eight o'clock Cumberland Village hade shown a disposition to say good-night to its guests and put on its night-cap. They were grumbling about the "one-horse town," when the Dodd wagon dashed by them, raising a cloud of dust. Leck was urging his horse after them with an angry exclamation about "taking their dust," when Hash savagely called him back.

"Let 'em go. The horses are tired," he said.

Perhaps knowing that the boys were in a quarrelsome mood, he had remembered his promise to Marmy. Queer as it was, she had even more influence over that great burly six-footer of a Hash than over the younger boys.

"Well, if you want to take that fellow's sneers," growled Leck, as he reined in his horse. "He was makin' fun of our team. I ain't a lamb."

No one seemed disposed to dispute this assertion of Leck's, but Hash half started from the wagon.

"I s'pose I ought to put a stop to this sarse," he said, but he laid back in the wagon after a moment, drawing the bundle of blue muslin out from under the seat and using it as a pillow.

"Look here, boys!" cried Leonidas. "Gilead Corner has been beating Cumberland out and out on fireworks."

"What does it mean?" said Hash, standing up in the wagon and shading his eyes with his hand.

"It means that Dodds' have got something to do besides sneering at folks. Their mill's afire," exclaimed Leck.

"Here, give me the reins, Leonidas. Make the mare go, Leck," cried Hash.

"Mebbe you want to help Dodds," sneered Leck.

But Hash only urged on the horses for answer.

The highway near the burning mill was blocked with teams. People had driven home post-haste seeing the fire. Hash left the wagon and ran across the field, followed by the boys. He could scarcely have told whether he meant to try "help Dodds," or was only following his natural impulse to run to a fire.

There was intense excitement in the crowd gathered about the burning mill.

"'Twas a foolhardy thing to do." "He'll never get out alive." "Twon't last a minute more." "It was a cat and kittens she was after, and she dropped them down in a basket." "The stairs must have gone down just as D'ri got up. He's got the girl, though."

"There they are in the window." These were among the confused cries that Hash heard. In the blinding glare he saw a little white face and a tow head in the window.

"It's Marmy," he cried, and rushed toward the burning building. But strong arms held him back, and just then a great shout arose.

"D'ri has jumped into the water with the girl. "He's swimming." "There it goes,"—the mill walls tumbled with a crash—"but he's clear of it." "But he'll sink if he don't let go of the girl." "No he won't; they're helping him out now." "Well, you wouldn't think that D'ri Dodd would have risked his life for one of the Dusenberrys!"

Hash heard it all as if in a dream, as he pushed his way frantically through the crowd, and took Marmy's dripping, motionless little figure from D'ri Dodd's arms.

"I don't feel as if I was fit, D'ri Dodd," he said huskily, "but I'd like to shake hands with a hero like you, and—and the fellow that saved Marmy."

The first thing that Marmy said was: "Tell Lecty they're safe—Mary Buttercup and all the kittens. And, oh! Lecty walked! She ran! I saw her."

They thought that her brain was turned—as if Marmy's steady little brain was likely to be!—but they found that what she said was true. They said that it often happened in cases like Lecty's that the power of motion returned with sudden excitement. She might have relapses, she might even become helpless again, but it was probable that she would in time be fully restored to health.

And in fact, in the last week of the term Lecty answered "present" to her name in the Corner school.

Hash says he "never will quarrel with the fellow that saved Marmy's life."

Elder Doak says it's a wonder to see how Marmy brings up her boys.

## It Was an Officer.

The late Cyp Whitman, who had a very peculiar voice, was a member of the Twelfth Maine, of the Department of the Gulf. One day the regiment was out on dress parade when a short stumpy officer with short legs and a broad expanse of abdomen came riding past. Cyp allowed his astonishment to overcome his discretion.

"What is that?" he asked, in his inimitable voice.

Instantly discipline was lost and laughter reigned supreme. Cyp was arrested and taken to the guard house and finally before the regimental officers, and was asked:

"Do you not know that military discipline forbids you to speak disrespectfully to an officer?"

And again was heard that thin drawl:

"Was that an officer?"

And now it was the officers' turn to roar, and Cyp was dismissed without punishment or reprimand. It is added that the officer was Benjamin Franklin Butler.

## Farm Notes.

Improvement comes by substituting the higher for the lower. This is why in breeding we must be constantly introducing better blood.

Weeds are bearing seeds now, and but a short time is required for the seed to ripen. Delay in getting rid of weeds means increased work next season.

Be careful that your hay does not become heated in the barn. Hay, to keep well, should be well cured and dry before storing, and it should not be packed too heavily.

It is sometimes difficult to sow turnip seed, but the *Farm Journal* says that a pound of seed and a peck of sand, mixed for one acre will enable one to get an even stand of plants, neither too thick or too thin.

Some kind of covering to shed off water will be of advantage to stacks of hay or fodder. But few farmers take pains to thus protect their stacks, and the result is that before spring approaches the hay or fodder is in a condition that renders it unpalatable to stock.

"Throw up your hands!" cried the robber. "Certainly," replied the obliging tourist. "I'll throw up anything you want me to, except," he added, the diamonds I swallowed to keep you from getting."

## The Old Senate Clock.

Another old institution is doomed. The old clock of the United States Senate is to be discarded. Senator Edmunds, Senator Ingalls and others, close observers of the flight of time, complained last Monday that the old clock under the gallery and over the main entrance to the Senate chamber had not been regular and reliable in its performances recently, and on the motion of the Senator from Vermont a resolution was adopted instructing the sergeant-at-arms to purchase a new clock to take the place of the old one.

This is an event of no small consequence. The duties which lie before the future time-piece of the Senate chamber are somewhat uncertain at present, but they are sure to be important and exacting. Heretofore the flight of time was a matter of little consequence in the Senate. "The gentleman's time has expired," is an expression which the auditor in the House gallery will hear coming from the Speaker every few minutes; but "The Senator's time has expired" is an injunction which no man has ever heard in the Senate chamber.

A resolution recently offered by Senator Edmunds to limit speeches on the tariff bill to five minutes each may, however, change all this, and then the Senate clock will have important duties to perform. It will be required to be regular in its habits, thoroughly reliable in its performances and always in good working order.

The old clock which is now to be relegated to the limbo of things which have outlived their usefulness, has in its time rendered the State some important services. For instance, the Constitution provides that every Congress shall expire on the 3d of March, and that on the 4th of March the life of the new Congress shall begin. But everybody knows that, in practice, the old Congress works on through the night of the 3d of March till noon the next day, the rules making that the terminus of the legislative day.

But even the liberal extension granted by the rules has not satisfied the insatiate legislators. It has hardly ever happened that Congress has got through its work by noon on March 4. Before the act of adjournment the President must have signed all bills which need to become laws, for none can be signed afterward. The procrastination of Congress and the final necessity of waiting for the President's signatures have combined to produce such a situation that it some expedient had not been found outside the Constitution, the laws and the written rules, the government would often have been left without money to defray the expenses of the coming year.

But the expedient was found. As the brass hands approached the midday mark on the blue dial of the old Senate clock, Captain Bassett, the silvery-haired usher of the Senate chamber, would walk solemnly up to the clock with a long pole in his hand and turn the hands backward. The realization of the poet's wish, "Backward, turn backward, O time, in thy flight," may be accomplished as well in the future by some other clock and by a long pole in the hands of some less familiar usher; but it seems proper that a timepiece of such associations should not be allowed to retire without a valedictory word.

## True unto Death.

An old, dilapidated prairie schooner, or camper's wagon, came creaking through the December wind bound westward. The horses were thin and spiritless, and the driver who sat on a rough seat under the ragged canvass, was as woe-begone as they. He had been a handsome man, but his sad face and unkempt clothing told too well the story of sorrow and disappointment.

"How far is it to the next town?" he asked as he reached me.

"About five miles."

"How are the roads? Can I get there before night?"

"Perhaps if you hurry."

The clouds were skimming across the sky and a storm seemed riding on the back of the north wind that blew fiercely across the prarie.

"Guess I'll go on, though," he said, after considering a moment.

He alighted from the wagon and commenced fixing a broken strap of the harness with some cord he drew from the wagon box.

"What is your hurry? where are you bound for?" I asked.

"I'm goin' to Smith county," he said wearily, as he thought of the long trip to the foot of the Rocky Mountains,