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The Somerset Herald.

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"I dare say that I am more glad in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla than its proprietors are in selling it. I took it for malaria and loss of appetite, and the fact that we have continued to use it in our family is sufficient evidence of our confidence in its efficacy. My food tastes better and relishes more naturally. My wife and daughter say Hood's Sarsaparilla has also very much improved my complexion. We regard it good and reliable, and recommend it to all of our friends." JAMES JOHNSON, 551 E. Indiana Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
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My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the Best Iron and Steel, Substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to give Satisfaction.
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All Work Warrantd.
Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
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I am now prepared to accommodate the public with any and everything in the Hardware line by the addition recently made to my former large stock. I keep all kinds of articles in my line and my prices challenge competition. If you want a gun, a revolver, a knife, a saw, a gimlet, an auger, a bicycle, a pair of skates, hinges, screws, nails, horse shoes, horse blankets, or anything else in hardware at lowest prices call on me.
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Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa

THE PAUPER'S PRAYER.

What, can it be that the old man,
Who has toiled so long and well,
That no place in the old farm house,
Where he in peace can dwell,
I am sure I toiled all my days
These rich, broad fields to clear,
And now I'm old and bent and gray,
There is no room for me here.

And must I leave the dear old place,
That once I called my own,
And turn my feeble, tottering steps
To yonder paupers' home?
Ah, little thought I, John, my son,
When I gave this house and ground,
The day would ever come when you
Would throw me on the town.

'Tis true, I am old and feeble now,
I have not got long to stay;
'Tis cruel that the poor old man
Is so much in your way.
Once I was young and strong as you,
And I toiled with might and strife
To save this land and house, my son,
To start you well in life.

'Tis well that poor old mother's gone,
It would break her heart, I know,
To leave the home we called our own,
And to the poorhouse go.
But up in heaven she waits for me,
In that land so pure and fair,
And I'm sure I'll not be in the way,
There will be room for me there.

Well, I will go, good by, my son,
You have turned your hand on me.
But, while I live, one pauper's prayer
Will ever be for thee.
And, when I am dead, remember, John,
You drove me to my doom;
Let none who filled my path with thorns
Drop flowers on my tomb.

HIS SACRIFICE.

He threw away a great chance of success and has been a happier man ever since. There is no one but myself in England now who knows exactly how it happened, and as I was thinking over it to-night (something in the papers about a clever detective in New York brought it all fresh to my mind,) it seemed to me such a queer story altogether that I think it will interest others to know it.

I must just alter one or two of the names, that's all, because it is not so very long since it happened, and it came out in one or two papers at the time, but all more or less wide of the mark. None of them had just the rights of it.

You see, no one could make out how Allan got away so easily—no one except my friend and I, and one man over the seas—and not even the cutest Yankee could ever guess the truth. It is stranger than fiction, as you will find. But this is the story. It is not my story at all; I mean not about my own life. It is about a friend of mine, George Markson. If I told you his real name, you would probably remember at once; he was one of the best known detectives of that time.

Talk about five senses, George had ten at least. He could see around a case and through a man, and into your mind almost, and tell you what you were thinking of, better than you knew yourself. And all so quiet; you would not think he saw much, but he had taken in everything at a glance, and forgotten nothing. I have known him to look into a room that he had never seen before, and in the evening, when we were sitting together, he would describe that room, down to the maker's name on the clock, as minutely as if he were holding a picture of it in his hand at the time.

He worked on his own account, and he had constant and well paid employment since the day he tracked the man who robbed the bank of Westminster; you may remember the case—a daring, daylight robbery. He traced him, after a long search, to Paris, and spotted him there as a garcon in a cafe—a good disguise, too.

George was in Spain after that for a long time and then went to Cairo, so I did not see him for more than a year. He came back with a reputation more brilliant than ever, and settled down into the same rooms he had share I with me before he left.

He was a middle aged man—when I knew him, and the severe mental strain of his employment, together with home troubles, made him seem older than he was. His wife, to whom he had been much attached, had died many years before. His only son, too, had turned out badly, got into debt—the old story of a weak will influenced by bad companions—and then had emigrated to the gold diggings, and was believed to have died there, after a few more years of riot and dissipation. His father had built many hopes on his only son, and carried about an unhealed wound caused by the bitter disappointment of all his expectations.

At the time I am writing about, I saw there was something more than usual on George's mind. He never talked much about what he was engaged in, and I took care never to bother him with questions, but it happened that a chum of mine, named Miles, told me that George had missed a good clew, and that another man, named Smollett, was beginning to make a name, and was now bent on outdoing George. He had once run to earth some one whom George had failed to trace, and his reputation was secure. To outshine one of the best men then at work was a high game to try for, but Smollett was trying, no less.

Not long after I met Miles again in Oxford street. He told me that Smollett had scored again, and that George had missed a find he had made pretty sure of.

I pooh pooched the whole thing.

"Chance, all chance. Fine thing for Smollett—more luck than good management, no doubt," I said, feeling rather nettled, I own. "Wait a bit and you will see which is the best man of the two."

"I'll back Sm—," began Miles, but he remembered that George was my friend, and said no more.

I came across Miles in very nearly the same place next day. "Heard the latest? he shouted, and then proceeded to explain that a forger, who had been wanted for some time, was supposed to be in London, and that a large reward was offered for him.

"Both on the war trail, this time," said Miles. "Which will be the best man now, eh? Getting exciting, isn't it?"

That evening George, who had been out all day, came quickly into the room after six. I knew by his look that he was employed on some important mission. His brows were drawn down into a single straight line, and his lips were firmly pressed together.

He stood for some time on the hearth rug, evidently deeply in thought. He had not removed his top-coat.

"Are you off again?" I remarked.

He looked up suddenly.

"Going to drive to Holloway," he said. "Will you come?"

I knew by that he would tell me more of his errand. I rose at once. He looked at his watch.

"The cab will be around here in a few minutes," he said quickly. "I'll tell you what it is, Tom, if I miss this I shall give up this work altogether. I have not been very lucky lately, old man, though I have not worried you about my affairs."

"They never worry me," I began: "I only wish you—"

"I know—I know," he interrupted kindly; "you think your back is broad enough to carry my cares as well as yours but you shall never have mine to bother you Tom, while you have got any of your own. This is the thing you have heard of—" and then went on to tell me the details of the case that Miles had referred to.

"I came across the track this afternoon," he said, "and now it is only a question of time." He drew a deep breath of relief and threw his shoulders back. "I did make a mess of that last thing, and that makes me more keen about this. You see, there's a man"—I knew he meant Smollett—"who would give a good bit to get hold of this job before me, but there's not much fear of my losing it now."

He smiled as he spoke, and looked more hopeful than he had done for a long time.

We said nothing more and drove off.

It was a wet, cold night, and I was glad when the cab stopped and we left it at the corner of a shabby looking side street.

"Third floor on the right," said George, partly to himself, "past the coal yard over the butcher's. You wait here for two minutes, Tom; if I am not down then, follow me. Back room on the top of staircase. I may want you. Don't stand in the wet. Here's a doorway to shelter in."

At the end of two minutes I was climbing up the narrow dark staircase. No sound of voices anywhere.

"Bird's flown, bad luck to him," I thought. "Awfully hard on George, poor fellow."

I was at the top when suddenly there came the sound—so seldom heard—of a man's voice broken by sobs, striving to speak quickly and coherently.

"Ah! found it's no go—confessing his sins, I suppose." I smiled to myself, and pushed the door ajar.

"Ah, how could I have known George's voice; always so quiet, so self-controlled? How could I recognize George himself, kneeling on the floor by the side of a miserable bed, holding in his arms the figure of a man? A head was on his shoulder; his hands were smoothing back the dark hair from a thin white face on which his own tears were fast falling.

"Come, my boy, no time to lose. You know me? Bob, dear, quick; say you know me—your father. You must get out of this. No one knows but me, Bob, no one will know, no one will follow you—quick, quick."

He turned round and saw me. He had forgotten my existence, but now seemed to think that I knew everything.

No explanation that this was his lost son, whom he had tracked to earth, and whose discovery was to bring him so much credit. No thought of the object for which he had come. The detective was not there; in his place stood a broken hearted father, with but one thought in his mind—how best to get his unhappy son out of the reach of the law which had so nearly caught him.

"Come," he cried, in a hoarse whisper to me, "help him to stand, he is so weak; we must arrange for him."

I had glanced around the place. The squalid poverty of the unclean room, the well worn pack of cards lying on the chair by the bed, the empty bottle on the other side, and the stale smell of spirits and tobacco in the room all told the same tale and bore silent but unmistakable witness to the complete mastery of evil habits. But of all this George seemed to see nothing. The sharp scrutiny of the detective had given place to the loving look of a father, to whom all forgiveness was possible.

With hasty hands he had taken off his hat, great-coat and scarf, and was now hurriedly putting them on the figure who offered no help, and who seemed too dazed and bewildered to speak.

"Here is money, my boy," he whispered in a husky voice; "it is all I have now, but you shall have more; and here take care of this," hurriedly writing a few words on a scrap of paper. "See, I put it in the breast pocket with the purse. It is the name of a house in Liverpool. Stay their until you hear from me, and then you shall get right away from this. There is a cab waiting at the corner; tell him to drive to the nearest station. You understand me, Bob—the money is here in this pocket. Now quick! If any—

I read the thought in his heart. What if some one had come on the clew which had helped him, and should be now on the way.

"All ready?" I asked.

"Yes. Now go. I dare not go with you. Do not lose a moment. Down stairs and then to your left. Tell him to drive fast. God bless you Bob."

Following him to the head of the stairs with broken utterances of endearment and caution, George watched the unsteady figure descend the steps and listened with strained ears until he caught the sound of wheels driving rapidly up the street.

We waited for what seemed to me a long time in silence which I dared not break. Then we went out into the wet and deserted street. We stopped at the corner where the cab had waited, and I watched my friend as he stood under the gas lamp looking into the darkness, not heeding that the rain was beating upon his uncovered head.

There is a better smile on his face now than the smile he wore early in the evening at the thought of his coming success. His reputation would suffer greatly beyond doubt, but what is that to him. He stands there a defeated—and a satisfied man.

I always meet Miles when I want to keep out of his way. So I was not surprised to come across him next day.

"Ha, ha!" he shouted. "Queer go, wasn't it, Tom?"

"What was?"

"You haven't heard from Markson? Oh, of course he would be as a fish. Hard lines on him, too, when he had got the whole thing as neat as could be. Went to the very house yesterday where Allen was. The man at the pub. saw him go into the house. Ha! ha! What does my lord Allen do? Awfully sharp fellow! Lets himself down by a rope out of the back window and goes off in Markson's own cab—not bad, ha! ha! Markson rushes after him too late! Smollett is furious that he was just out of it. He found out where Allen was hiding, and came on the scene a day behind the fair. Pity he did not get the chance. He'd have nailed him. I think Markson made an awful mull of it, and now the fellow has got clean away. Who's the best man now? You can't say much for your side now, Tom."

As I watched him striding off I thanked God Smollett did not get the chance.

Not a Dictionary.

She was a young teacher from the East on her way to the Western States to teach school. She had gone away from home with an idea that her destination was in a "wild and woolly" place, and that the biggest crop was Indians.

Her idea rapidly changed, however, and as she was speeding on toward the broad Pacific she confided her doubts about civilization to fellow passenger, a harmless-looking, middle-aged man, and told the purpose of her trip was to teach school.

"Are you prepared?" he asked, in the tone of a clerical examiner to one about to depart on the long journey from which there is no end.

"Yes," she said, timidly; "I think so. so. I have been graduated twice, and I taught a whole year at home."

"Indeed! You have some advantage, anyway. Will you permit me to ask you a few questions?"

"Oh, yes; I wish you would. I have passed good examinations in the East, but I think I don't fully understand Western ideas."

"Well, suppose you tell me what constitutes glass?"

"Why, white sand and—why, I don't remember what else. How queer! I am so sorry. I wish—"

"Oh, never mind. Don't get excited. It's all right. Where is olumin.um found?"

"Oh, it is mined, isn't it?"

"No, it is a product of manufacture. What is brass made of?"

The muscles about her mouth quivered and her voice trembled slightly as she said:

"I guess it is made of copper and iron, but I don't know. "It's so stupid of me to forget, but I have worked so hard to remember everything, and I haven't succeeded. It makes me feel very bad."

"My dear young lady, you are on the road to success. You can't teach the young idea how to shoot any better by knowing the composition of all things probable. Know fewer things, but know them well. What the West is flooded with is walking encyclopedias, and we've had enough of them. Just throw of your superfluous knowledge and you'll succeed."

And she did.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Practical Philosophy.

When we say that a man is sound we generally mean that he agrees with us.

When a man is no good at anything in particular his friends flatter his vanity by calling him "versatile."

Some of us reserve our best smile for select occasions, as though wearing it upon all occasions would not improve it.

The self made man holds that his parents were minnows and he is a whale.

There is one lucky thing about spoiled children—we never have them in our own family.

A widow is one who has buried her husband; a grass widow is one who has simply mislaid him.

Matrimony is a high sea for which no compass has yet been invented.

A shadow is always darker and larger than the figure that makes it.

A man's hates and his dislikes always determine his true character. A man's affinities determine what he is and who he is.

On the Wrong Road.

An Episcopal rector was recently riding behind a burly son of Erin in an accommodation train. At first things were fairly quiet, but soon the Irishman began to let out a torrent of oaths, for some reason or other. The rector stood it about as long as he could, and then concluded he would take a hand in the wicked man's conversation. He smoothed his cravat and then leaned over and daintily touched the Irishman on the jumper. The wicked man looked around hastily.

"Ahem! my dear sir," faltered the rector, as he gazed at the Irishman's wondering face. "But you'll allow me—hem—to tell you that you're on the straight road to perdition.

The Irishman looked shocked for a moment. Then he made a sudden movement from his seat.

"Dom!" he cried. "Oi tank ye, soor. Oi t'ought Oi was goin' to Lynn."—*Boston Budget*

Character is what we are when we think we are not watched.

It won't do any good for a Christian to talk louder than he lives.

God speaks whenever and wherever his truth is made known.

A lie is always an enemy, no matter how well meaning it may look,

The man who rides a hobby always wants the whole road for himself.

A boy's idea of having fun is to be allowed to make all the noise he can.

Nothing makes a man so mad as to be shown the face of the devil in himself.

It never hurts the cause of the devil a bit for a stingy man to talk in church.—*Ram's Horn.*

"Your teacher says you are the worst boy in the school," said a widow, whose husband had been cremated, to her son.

"Yes, ma, I know I am a bad boy."

"If your father knew how you are misbehaving yourself he would kick the dust up in his urn."

The man with plenty of fat mortgages lives on the lien of the land.

"Mamma," said little Nell, "is it the artificial rain that makes the artificial flowers grow?"

The Widow's Mite.

"Mamma, I thought a mite was a little thing. What did the Lord mean when He said the widow's mite was more than all the money the rich men gave?"

Mamma thought a minute then said: "Lulu, I will tell you a story, and I think you will understand why a widow's mite was more valuable thad ordinary mites.

"There was a girl whose name was Kitty, and she had ever so many dolls. Some were made of china, and others of wax, with real hair, and eyes that would open and shut, but Kitty was tired of them all, except the newest one, which her auntie had given her at Christmas. One day a poor little girl came to the door begging, and Kitty's mother told her to go and get one old doll and give it away. She did so and her old doll was like what the rich men put in the treasury. She could give it away just as well as not, and it didn't cost anything.

"The poor little beggar was delighted with her doll. She never had but one before, and that was a rag doll; but this one had such lovely curly hair, and such an elegant pink silk dress on, she was almost afraid to hold it against her dirty shawl for fear of soiling it; so she hurried home as fast as she could. Just as she was going up stairs to her poor rooms, she saw through the crack of the door in the basement her little friend, Sally, who had been sick in bed all summer, and who was alone all day while her mother went out washing to try and earn money enough to keep them from starving. As our little girl looked through the crack she thought to herself, "I must show Sally my new dolly." So she rushed into the room and up to the bed, crying, 'O Sally, see!' Sally tried to reach out her arms to take it, but she was too sick, so her little friend held up the dolly, and as she did so she thought 'How sick Sally looks to-day! and she hasn't any dolly. Then, with one generous impulse, she said, Here, Sally you may have her.'

"Now, Lulu, do you see? The little girl's dolly was like the widow' mite—she gave her all."—*Golden Words.*

The Value of Character.

The Captain of a large steamer was once filling up his crew for a long voyage when a seaman came up and said:

"I want to sail with you, sir."

"All right, my man," replied the Captain. "Where have you sailed before?"

"P. and O., sir, to Australia."

"What countryman?"

"An O'rishman," was the ready response.

The discharge was obtained, and as the Irishman was presenting it another seaman came up and said he wanted to join.

"What line were you on before?" asked the captain.

"Cunard, sir."

"What countryman?"

"English, your Honor."

"All right. Go forward."

Shortly after, as the two were washing the decks in a heavy sea, the Englishman was swept overboard, bucket and all. Unmoved, Paddy finished his job and then went to the captain's cabin.

"Come in," responded the officer to his rap. "What's up now?"

"Do you remember Bill Smith, the Englishman and Cunarder?" queried Pat.

"Certainly, my man."

"You took him without a character?"

"I believe so; what of that?"

"He's gone overboard wid your bucket.

To-morrow Never Came.

Two prominent men who were managers of Gould interests at this city some years ago received telegrams one day which read something like this:

NEW YORK, — —

If convenient and not interfering with business, would like to see you Monday morning. JAY GOULD.

It was equivalent to an order to go to New York, and there being nothing to detain them they went, reaching there Sunday night. Next morning they reported at Mr. Gould's office. He greeted them pleasantly, asked them when they arrived and then said:

"I am very busy now. Come back at this hour to-morrow."

They complied of course, and Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday received the same word. Friday Mr. Gould said he would still be too busy to see them and did not know when he could get time. He was glad they had come.

"When are you going home?" he asked.

"To-night," they both replied promptly, for they knew his ways.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Golden Hints for the House-Hold.

Eggs covered when frying will cook much more evenly.

If you heat your knife, you can cut hot bread as smoothly as cold.

A little flour dredged over the top of a cake will keep the icing from running.

The white of an egg, with a little sugar and water, is good for a child with an irritable stomach.

Clear, black coffee, diluted with water and containing a little ammonia, will cleanse and restore black clothes.

A large slice of potato in the fat when frying doughnuts will prevent the black specks from appearing on their surface.

By rubbing with a flannel cloth dipped in whiting, the brown discoloration may be taken off of cups which have been used for baking.

A little powdered borax in baby's bath water prevents the little one's skin from chafing, and he is not so liable to "break out with heat."—*Selected.*

For a number of years I have been subject to violent attacks of inflammatory rheumatism which generally lasted about two months. On the first of this month I was attacked in the knee and suffered severely for two days, when I procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it relieved me almost instantly. I therefore most cheerfully recommend it to those who are similarly afflicted elsewhere.—R. D. Whitley, Martindale, N. C., Feb., 1888. Mr. Whitley is a very prominent man in this place and his disease was very widely known as he suffered such severe pain.—W. M. Houston & Co., Merchants, Martindale, N. C. 50 cent bottles for sale.

"Oh, mamma! why does the preacher always say 'lastly' in the middle of his sermon?"

A Place for Bridal Couples.

In Washington the other day a reporter made a pilgrimage up the Washington monument, and while he waited for the elevator, which is no small task, as it makes only one trip in a half hour, he fell into conversation with the doorman in charge of the structure.

"You see," said that worthy, "we have to watch out sharp about the number of people in here. The elevator will carry 30, and the first thirty that come in sit over here and wait. It's just like a barber shop, and if anybody goes outside to see the shadder, like as not he'll get left."

"To see the what?" asked the reporter innocently.

"The shadder. The monument's shadder. Haven't you seen it?"

"No."

"Well, don't go out now or mebbe you will get left. There's 24 in here already."

"Twenty-four," said the New York man doubtfully. "I make it 28."

"So there are, but four don't count."

"Why?"

"Bridal couples."

"Don't they go up?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, I don't see"—began the reporter, but just then the couples alleged to be brides and bridegrooms arose almost simultaneously and sauntered toward the stairs, up which they presently disappeared.

"See?" inquired the doorman benevolently.

"Do you mean you can tell the bridal couples by their walking up instead of riding?"

"I do. Them and little boys is about the only ones that walks."

"I don't quite understand," said the reporter innocently, with dim visions of plodding along breathlessly up the endless iron staircase.

"Didn't suppose you would," said the doorman scornfully. "Reckon you don't know them stairs is just one mile long and the finest place for huggin' in the United States?"—*New York Tribune.*

The Brain.

The human brain is one of the most delicate, most wonderful, most marvelous structures that the mind can conceive. It is an engine which is only a few inches in diameter, the average weight of which is less than fifty ounces, which contains hundreds of millions of cells and fibers, these cells and fibers varying in thickness from on-three-hundredth to one-millionth of an inch. Every square inch of gray matter affords substrata for the evolution of at least eight thousand registered and separate ideas; substrata in the whole brain for evolving and registering tens of millions of them, besides the power of recalling them under appropriate stimulus; it transmits thoughts, emotions, sensation and volition by distinct fibers, whose time working has ingeniously measured to the fraction of a second. This most wonderful and beautiful piece of mechanism, then, that works so smoothly, so easily, and without friction and pain when in order and not overburdened, needs only to be abused and overtaxed in order to have the nutrition of every part of the body disturbed, and the functions of the various organs rendered morbid. It needs only a certain amount of nervous exhaustion, varying with different people, to open the inroads of neuralgia and its brood of torments, and to many forms of reflex nervous symptoms that render life a burden.

In the Days of Forty-nine.

After the city and county of Sacramento were organized in 1850 the lawful authorities attempted to remove the squatters. Over 200 had organized, and when the sheriff attempted to remove a squatter he was met by an armed mob.

Mayor Bigler then called upon the citizens to aid the sheriff, and with a small body of citizens he halted the mob and ordered them to disperse. His commands were met by defiance, and the leader ordered his men to fire. The mayor and his horse were wounded, and his little band fled.

I was behind a tree. I heard a voice rising above the yell of the mob ordering them to surrender. Thinking that reinforcements had arrived, and looking from my shelter, I was surprised and fascinated to see only a solitary horseman facing the maddened mob and ordering them to surrender. His orders were met, as were the mayor's, by a volley of musketry. Instead of falling or retreating, the rider held his rearing horse in check, and as the horse came down on its feet Mr. McDonald coolly fired both his pistols, each wounding a man. This unequal contest continued until McDonald had emptied his weapons. His last shot brought down the leader. As the leader fell McDonald was aided by the sheriff and posse, when the rabble fled.—*A Forty-niner in New York Press.*

A Philosopher.

"Come, let's cross the street," said a man to a friend with whom he was walking. "I don't want to meet that fellow Spigett. I owe him."

"Why are you so much afraid to-day? You met him yesterday and shook hands with him."

"Yes, but it was different." then."

"Why so?"

"Because I had on old clothes yesterday, but I have on a new to-day, my dear fellow," affectionately taking his friend's arm. "Nothing can rival a suit of new clothes in the matter of inviting duns. If you owe a man, he thinks it is your duty to wear sack cloth and ashes until you pay him."—*Texas Siftings.*

WITH Ely's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain and with perfect safety. It cures catarrh, hay fever and colds in the head. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives immediate relief. Price 50 cents.

MY catarrh was very bad. For thirty years I have been troubled with it—have tried a number of medicines without relief. A druggist advised Ely's Cream Balm. I have used only one bottle and I can say I feel like a new man. I make this voluntary statement that others may know of the Balm.—J. W. Mathewson, (Lawyer), Pawtucket, R. I.

When a grown boy voluntarily kisses his mother, it is safe to say there is a show coming to town.

A Senator and Potatoes.

Senator Warren, of Wyoming, owes his first start in life to a hopeless-looking potato patch. He was the son of a Massachusetts farmer who didn't take stock in education, and the boy was tied up to hard farm work. With his mother's aid he had received some elementary schooling, but anything beyond that seemed hopeless, because every hour of his time was claimed. One spring there were a few seed potatoes left over after planting and Mr. Warren told the lad he might stick them in for himself in a very rocky patch of land, provided he gave in return a certain number of bushels for the use of the soil.

It was a hard deal, but young Warren's grit rose to the occasion. The land was too rocky to plow, if he had had