The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.
Terms of Publication.
Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 invariably be charged.
Subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held responsible for the subscription.
Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address
THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXVIII. NO. 46. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNEDAY, MAY 21, 1890. WHOLE NO. 2026.

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PROMOTED.

They told her that her son had won
Bright laurels on the field,
And that every where his sword was raised
The foe was seen to yield;
And the widow's lonely heart throbbed fast,
Throbbed fast with grateful joy;
"God bless you for the news!" she said;
"Where is my darling boy?"

They told her that he were no more
The humble home upon grey;
The simple dress of the volunteer,
In which he went away,
Rosettes were his, and his uniform
Was gold and royal blue.
"Where is my child?" the widow said;
"I think he's good and true."

She looked around with an anxious gaze,
And her slowly falling tears
Told that her hopes were dying out,
"That her heart was filled with fear,
"Yes, they told me news indeed," she said,
"And your words are kind and fair;
My child is brave, but he is not here;
Where is he—tell me where?"

They told her that when the whistling shot
Fell among them like heavy rain,
That many a comrade fell to the ground,
Never to rise again.
And that he, her darling, her only one,
Was hurt, but his wounds were slight.
"Tell me no more," she faintly said,
"Only where is my child to-night?"

They could not tell, for they could not see
The far-distant battle plain.
They knew not how many weary hearts
Had rest from their weary pain.
An officer's gay, bright uniform,
The blue and the shining gold,
Wrapped a form that was held in death's embrace,
The promoted—to have so held.

UNFORGOTTEN WORDS.

"Have you examined that bill, James?"

"Yes, sir."

"Anything?"

"I find two errors."

"Ah! let me see."

The lad handed his employer a long bill that had been placed upon his desk for examination.

"Here is an error in the calculation of ten dollars which they have made against themselves, and another ten dollars in the footing."

"Also against themselves?"

"Yes, sir."

The merchant smiled in a way that struck the lad as peculiar.

"Twenty dollars against themselves!" he remarked, in a kind of pleasant surprise. "Trusty clerks they must have, indeed!"

"Shall I correct the figures?" asked the lad.

"No; let them correct their own mistakes; we don't examine bills for other people's benefit," replied the merchant. "It will be time to rectify those errors when they find them out. All so much gain as it now stands."

The boys delicate moral sense was shocked at so unexpected a remark. He was the son of a poor widow, who had given him to understand that to be just was the duty of man.

Mr. Carman, the merchant, in whose employment he had been for only a few months, was an old friend of his father's, in whom he reposed the highest confidence. In fact, James had always looked upon him as a kind of model man, and when Mr. Carman agreed to take him in his store, he felt that a good fortune was in his way.

"Let them correct their own mistakes." These words made a strong impression on the mind of James Lewis. When first spoken by Mr. Carman, and with the meaning then involved, he felt, as we have said, shocked; but as he turned them over again in his thoughts, and connected their utterance with a person who stood so high in his mother's estimation, he began to think that perhaps the thing was fair enough in business. Mr. Carman was hardly the man to do wrong. A few days after James had examined the bill, a clerk from the house by which it had been rendered, called for settlement. The lad, who was present, waited with interest to see whether Mr. Carman would speak of the error. But he made no remark. A check for the amount of the bill rendered was filled up, and a receipt taken.

"Is that right?"

James asked himself this question. His moral sense said no; but the fact that Mr. Carman had so acted bewildered his mind.

"It may be the way in business"—so he thought to himself—"but it don't look honest. I wouldn't have believed it of him."

Mr. Carman had a kind of way with him that won the boy's heart, and naturally tended to make him judge whatever he might do in a most favorable manner.

"I wish he had corrected that error," he said to himself a great many times, when thinking in a pleased way of Mr. Carman, and his own good fortune in having been received into his employment. "It don't look right, but maybe its the way of business."

One day he went to the bank and drew the money on a check. In counting it over he found that the teller had paid him fifty dollars too much, and he went back to the counter and told him of his mistake. The teller thanked him, and he returned to the store with the consciousness in his mind of having done right."

"The teller overpaid me fifty dollars," he said to Mr. Carman, as he handed him the money.

"Indeed?" replied the latter, a light breaking over his countenance, as he hastily counted the bank bills.

The light faded as the last bill left his fingers.

"There's no mistake, James." A tone of disappointment was in his voice.

"Oh, I gave him back the fifty dollars. Wasn't that right?"

"You simpleton!" exclaimed Mr. Carman, "don't you know that bank mistakes are never corrected? If the teller had paid you fifty dollars short, he would not have made it right."

The warm blood mantled the cheeks of James under this reproof. It is often the case that more shame is felt for a blunder than a crime. In this instance the lad felt sort of a mortification at having done what Mr. Carman was pleased to call a silly thing, and he made up his mind that if they should ever overpay him a thousand dollars at the bank he should bring the amount to his employer and let him do as he pleased with the money.

"Let people look after their own mistakes," said Mr. Carman.

James Lewis pondered these things in his heart. The impression they made was too strong ever to be forgotten. "It may be right," he said, but he did not feel altogether satisfied.

A month or two after the occurrence of the bank mistake, as James counted over his weekly wages, just received from Mr. Carman, he discovered that he was paid half a dollar too much.

The first impulse of his mind was to return the half-dollar to his employer, and it was on his lips to say, "You have given me half a dollar too much, sir," when the unforgotten words, "Let people look after their own mistakes," flashed upon his thoughts, made him hesitate. To hold a parley with evil is to be overcome.

"I must think about this," said James, as he put the money into his pocket. "If it is true in one case, it is true in another. Mr. Carman don't correct mistakes that people make in his favor, and he can't complain when the rule works against himself."

But the boy was far from being in a comfortable state. He felt that to keep the half dollar would be a dishonest act. Still he could not make up his mind to return it, at least not then.

James did not return the half dollar, but spent it for his own gratification.

After he had done this it came suddenly into his head that Mr. Carman had been trying him, and he was filled with anxiety and alarm.

Not long after Mr. Carman repeated the same mistake. James kept the half-dollar with less hesitation.

"Let him correct his own mistake," said he, resolutely; "that's the doctrine he acts on with other people, and he can't complain if he gets paid back in the same coin he puts in circulation. I just wanted half a dollar."

From this time the fine moral sense of James Lewis was blunted. He had taken an evil counsellor into his heart, stimulated a spirit of covetousness—latent in almost every mind—which caused him to desire the possession of things beyond his ability to obtain.

James had good business qualifications and so pleased Mr. Carman by his intelligence, industry and tact with customers, that he advanced him rapidly, and gave him, before he was eighteen years old, the most responsible position in the store. But James had learned something more from his employer than how to do business well; he had learned to be dishonest; he had never forgotten the first lesson he received in this bad science; he had acted not only in two instances, but in a hundred, and always to the injury of Mr. Carman; he had long since given up waiting for mistakes to be made in his favor, but originated them in the varied and complicated transaction of a large business, in which he was trusted implicitly, for it never occurred to Mr. Carman that his failure to be just to the letter might prove a snare to this young man.

James grew sharp, cunning and skillful; always on the alert, always upright and ready to meet any approaches towards a discovery of his wrong-doing by his employer, who held him in the highest regard.

Thus it went on until James was in his twentieth year, when the merchant's suspicions were aroused by a letter which spoke of the young man as not keeping the most respectable company, and as spending money too freely for a clerk on moderate salary.

Before this time James had removed his mother into a pleasant house, for which he paid a rent of four hundred dollars; his salary was eight hundred, but he deceived his mother by telling her it was fifteen hundred. Every comfort she needed was fully supplied, and she was beginning to think that after a long and painful struggle with the world, her happier days had come.

James was at his desk when the letter was received by Mr. Carman. He looked at his employer, and saw him change countenance suddenly. He read it over twice, and James saw that the contents produced disturbance. Mr. Carman glanced toward the desk, and their eyes met; it was only for a moment, but the look that James received made his heart stop beating.

There was something about the movements of Mr. Carman for the rest of the day that troubled the young man. It was plain to him that suspicion had been aroused by the letter. Oh, how bitterly did he now repent, in dread of discovery and punishment, the evil of which he had been guilty! Exposure would disgrace and ruin him; and bow the head of his widowed mother close to the grave.

"You are not well this evening," said Mrs. Lewis, as she looked at her son's changed face across the table, and noticed that he did not eat.

"My head aches."

"Perhaps the tea will make you feel better."

"I'll lie down on the sofa in the parlor for a short time."

Mrs. Lewis followed him into the parlor in a little while, and, sitting down on the sofa on which he was lying, placed her hand upon his head. Ah, it would take more than the loving pressure of a mother's hand to ease the pain from which he was suffering. The touch of that pure hand increased the pain to agony.

"Do you feel better?" asked Mrs. Lewis. She had remained some time with her hand on his forehead.

"Not much," he replied, and, rising as he spoke, he added, "I think a walk in the open air will do me good."

"Don't go out, James," said Mrs. Lewis, a troubled feeling coming into her heart.

"I'll only walk a few squares." And James went from the parlor and passed into the street.

"There is something more than headache the matter with him," thought Mrs. Lewis.

For half an hour James walked without any purpose in his mind beyond the escape from the presence of his mother. At last his walk brought him near Mr. Carman's store, and at passing he was surprised at seeing a light within.

"What can this mean?" he asked himself, a new fear creeping, with its shuddering impulse, into his heart.

He listened by the door and windows, but he could hear no sound within.

"There's something wrong," he said. "What can it be? If this is discovered, what will be the end of it? Ruin! ruin! My poor mother!"

The wretched young man hastened on, and walked the street for two hours, when he returned home. His mother met him when he entered, and with unconcealed anxiety asked him if he was better. He said yes, but in a manner that pained her, and passed up hastily to his own room.

In the morning the strangely altered face of James, as he met his mother at the breakfast table, struck alarm into her heart. He was silent, and evaded all her questions. While they sat at the table the door bell rung loudly. The sound startled James, and he turned his head to listen, in a nervous way.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Lewis.

"A gentleman who wishes to see Mr. James," replied the girl.

James rose instantly and went out into the hall, shutting the dining-room door as he did so. Mrs. Lewis sat waiting her son's return. She heard him coming back in a few moments; but he did not enter the dining-room. Then he returned along the hall to the street door, and she heard it shut. All was silent. Starting up she ran into the passage, but James was not there. He had gone away with the person who had called.

Ah, that was a sad going away. Mr. Carman had spent half the night in examining the accounts of James, and discovered frauds of over six thousand dollars. Blindly indignant, he sent an officer to arrest him early in the morning; and it was with this officer that he went away from his mother never to return.

"The young villain shall lie in the bed he has made for himself!" exclaimed Mr. Carman, in bitter indignation. And he made a complete exposure. On the trial he showed an eager desire to have him convicted, and presented such an array of evidence that the jury could not render any other verdict than guilty.

The poor mother was in court; and audible in the silence that followed came her convulsed sobs upon the air. The presiding Judge addressed the, and asked if he had anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced against him. All eyes were turned upon the pale, agitated young man who rose with an effort and leaned against the railing by which he stood, as if needing the support.

"Will it please your Honor," he said, "to direct my prosecutor to come a little nearer, so that I can look at him and your Honor at the same time."

Mr. Carman was directed to come forward to where the boy stood. James looked at him steadily for a few moments and then turned to the judges.

"What I have to say to your Honors is this—and it may in a degree extenuate, though I cannot excuse my crime. I went into that man's store an innocent boy, and if he had been an honest man I would not have stood before you a criminal."

Mr. Carman appealed to the court for protection against an allegation of such an outrageous character, but he was peremptorily ordered to be silent. James went on in a firm voice.

"Only a few weeks after I went into his employment I examined a bill under his direction, and discovered an error of twenty dollars."

The face of Mr. Carman crimsoned.

"You remember it, I see," said James, "and I shall have cause to remember it while I live. The error was in favor of Mr. Carman. I asked if I should correct the figures, and he answered, 'No; let them correct their own mistakes, we don't examine bills for other people's benefit.' It was my first lesson in dishonesty. I saw the bill settled, and Mr. Carman take twenty dollars that was not his own. I felt shocked at first; it seemed such a wrong thing. But soon after he called me a simpleton for handing back a fifty dollar bill to the teller of a bank, which he had overpaid me on a check, and——"

May I ask the protection of the court?" said Mr. Carman.

"Is it true what the lad says?" asked the judge.

Mr. Carman hesitated and looked confused; all eyes were on his face, and judges and jury, lawyers and spectators, felt certain that he was guilty of leading the unhappy young mun astray.

"Not long afterwards," resumed Lewis, "in receiving my wages I found that Mr. Carman had paid me fifty cents too much. I was about to give it back to him, when I remembered his remark about letting people correct their own mistakes, and said to myself 'let him correct his own errors,' and dishonestly kept the money. Again the thing happened, and again I kept the money that did not of right belong to me. This was the beginning of evil, and here I am. If he had shown any mercy I might have kept silent and made no defense."

The young man covered his face with his hands and sat down, overpowered with his feelings. His mother, who was near him, sobbed aloud, and bending over, laid her hand upon his head, saying:

"My poor boy! my poor boy!"

There were few eyes in the court room undimmed. In the silence that followed Mr. Carman spoke out:

"Is my character to be thus blasted on the words of a criminal, your Honors? Is this right?"

"Your solemn oath that this charge is untrue will set you in the right," said the judge. It was the unhappy boy's only opportunity, and the court felt bound in humanity to hear him.

James Lewis stood up again instantly, and turned his pale face and dark, piercing eyes upon Mr. Carman.

"Let him take his oath, if he dare!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Carman consulted with his counsel and withdrew.

After a brief conference with his associates, the presiding judge said, addressing the criminal:

"In consideration of your youth, and the temptations to which in tender years you were unhappily subjected the court gives you the slightest sentence, one year's imprisonment. But let me solemnly warn you against any further steps in the way you have taken. Crime can have no valid excuse. It is evil in the sight of God and man, and leads only to suffering. When you come forth again after your brief incarceration, may it be with the resolution to die rather than commit a crime."

And the curtain fell on the sad scene in the boy's life. When it was lifted again, and he came forth from prison a year afterward, his mother was dead. From the day her pale face faded from his vision as he passed from the court room he never looked upon her again.

Ten years afterward a man was reading a newspaper in a far western town. He had a calm, serious face, and looked like one who had known suffering and trial.

"Brought to justice at last," he laid to himself as the blood came to his face; "convicted on the charge of open insolvency, and sent to State prison. So much for the man who gave me in tender years the first lesson in ill-doing. But thank God, the other lessons have been remembered. 'When you come forth again,' said the judge, 'may it be with the resolution to die rather than commit a crime,' and I have kept this injunction in my heart when there seemed no way of escaping except through crime. And God helping me, I will keep it to the end."

Hears What He Pleases.

General Ketcham entered Congress in 1865, and is serving his eleventh term. His popularity in his district is so great that the Democrats seldom nominate a candidate against him. The General is quite deaf, but sometimes hears pretty well. There is a story extant illustrating his bad hearing. It is said that he once applied at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing for the appointment of a constituent. "He is a good man," the General urged, "and will be of much service to you. I want him appointed. You'll do it—I know you will."

"I am sorry, indeed," the superintendent remarked, "but every place is filled, and I don't see how in the world I can make a place for him. I can't do it; it is out of the question."

"Thank you," thank you," the General replied, shaking hands joyfully; "I am much obliged; I knew you would oblige me and appoint him. He is a fine fellow. I'll send him around in the morning."

The fellow turned up in the morning, and the superintendent had a place for him.

Another story is told illustrating the General's acuteness of hearing. A political heeler once met him and said: "General, I want ten dollars. It's necessary to have the money so's to get the boys up to the convention."

"Oh, the boys," replied the General, as though he had an inkling of what was said. "I met some of them the other day, and they seemed to understand it. I think it will be all right."

"You'll find out it'll be all wrong," the heeler responded. "I shall have to have money for their fares. They can't get there without it."

"Oh, that alters the case," the General said. "How much do you want?"

"Twenty dollars," the heeler replied.

"No, you don't," said the General, indignantly. "You're lying. You said ten just now."

"The heeler was banking on the General's deafness, and he got left. He took the $10, the boys appeared at the convention and Ketcham was nominated. He is good for life as a member of the House. If the Republicans didn't re-elect him the Democrats would. —*N. Y. Sun.*

An Honest Car Conductor.

A prominent citizen of Union Hill boarded a street car in Hoboken and handed Conductor Spencer a coin. Spencer felt the milled edges, and, thinking it was a fifty cent piece, he put it in his pocket without examining it and returned forty-five cents change, which the other man quickly put in his pocket. A few minutes later the conductor was making change inside the car and discovered that the supposed fifty cent piece was a $10 gold piece. He put it back in his pocket and asked the Union Hill man the denomination of the coin he had given him. "It was a quarter," the Union Hill man said.

"I gave you twenty cents more than you are entitled to," Spencer remarked, quietly.

The Union Hill man laughed, but did not offer to return the change.

"I'm satisfied if you are," said Spencer.

Nothing more was said until the car reached the top of the hill at Weehawken and the man had shown no sign of returning the twenty cents. Then Spencer said:

"If you keep my change I'll keep what you gave me and call it square."

The Union Hill man put his hand in his pocket and exclaimed: "By Jove! I gave you a $10 gold piece."

"You did," replied Spencer, "and you intended to swindle me out of twenty cents. Here's your $10, but you don't deserve to get it back."

The prominent citizen pocketed the money and got off the car at the next corner.—*N. Y. Sun.*

All Because of a Railroad Ticket.

A railroad ticket to Trenton was the means of stirring up quite an excitement in Baltimore. The owner, a man named West, for safe keeping, put it in his hat, and both hat and ticket were blown into Jones' falls.

"One dollar reward! One dollar reward!" shouted West, and in an instant dozens of cab drivers, newsboys and bootblacks scampered down the falls and followed the ticket until it lodged against the high wall just beneath the St. Paul bridge. Mr. West commanded the party and with his cane pointed to where the ticket was lodged, on the opposite side of the stream.

The was about twenty feet of water, of uncertain depth, separating the men from the little strip of paper, and cab drivers and bootblacks at once began to remove their boots and roll up the trousers to wade across. The current is rather swift at this point. One little fellow, about ten years of age, plunged in with his clothes, shoes, and even hat on. He had gotten half way across when the current rolled him over and over in the muddy water, and the crowd howled. He got out all right. Finally the ticket started again to sail down the stream, and a cabman managed to draw it ashore with his whip. Mr. West paid the dollar, had just three minutes to catch the train, and was given a rousing cheer by the crowd as he rode away to Trenton, with a ticket considerably the worse for wear, but still good for one first-class fare.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Why doesn't he take Hood's Sarsaparilla?" is the general inquiry of friends when a person suffers from any disease of the blood.

All Habit.

We are all creatures of habit, even in performing duties for which we have prepared. A little boy, whose mother had taught him his letters, went to school one day and attempted to go through them with the teacher. Vain effort! He stopped at B, and was unable to recognize C as even a casual acquaintance. At length a happy throught occurred to him.

"Twist my turl," he said eagerly, pointing to a sunny lock of hair on his neck. "Mamma always does when I say 'em." The teacher began to play with the curl, and the little boy's memory returned.

Even grown people are dependent on habit in fulfilling public duties. Mr. George W. Cable one evening not long ago lectured at Scranton, Pa. A large audience greeted him with their presence, but only that. When the noted author was introduced, he was received with a dead silence.

Most speakers would have been embarrassed almost beyond recovery by so frigid a reception, but Mr. Cable was equal to the occasion, and administered a just rebuke in the happiest manner possible.

He said that in order to appear at his best before an audience it was quite necessary that he should be greeted with a noise of some sort; they need not scream, nor was it necessary for the ladies to wave their bonnets, but a loud, rumbling noise he must hear. Of course the noise came, and when it had ceased he thanked them for their unsolicited applause, and added that now, with the boldest effrontery, he could begin as he had intended—"Dear friends."

Before They Knew It.

Joseph Thomas, a lawyer of Kennebunk, Me., at the beginning of this century, was a man of considerable reputation as a wag. A couple were anxious to be married, and as there was no minister at hand, they waited upon Mr. Thomas, who, as a magistrate, was authorized to perform the marriage ceremony.

He was busy writing as they entered, but paused to inquire what they wanted. Addressing himself to the man, he asked if he wished to take that woman for a wife, and turning to the woman, he inquired whether she wished to take that man for her husband. Then he went on with his writing.

The parties sat still and waited until their patience was exhausted. Finally, they ventured to interrupt Mr. Thomas, and tell him they were in a great hurry.

"Why don't you go along then?" said the judge.

"But we want to be married first."

"Married! You've been married more than half an hour."

He explained the requirements of the law, and the couple withdrew, not without some misgivings, it is to be feared, as to the validity of a ceremony so unceremoniously performed. They had certainly been married in haste, but there is no record that they repented at leisure. —*Youth's Companion.*

A Brave Kangaroo.

A very pathetic story comes from Australia describing a kangaroo's daring for the sake of her young. The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside of his house when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At length she approached the water pails, and taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink. While her baby was satisfying its thirst the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was only a few feet from the balcony on which one of her great foes was seated, watching her. The little one having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace. When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is taken into account, it will be recognized what unusual bravery this affectionate mother betrayed. It is a pleasant ending to the story to be able to state that the eye witness was so affected by the scene that from that time forward he could never shoot a kangroo.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

Facts About Flags.

To "strike the flag" is to lower the National colors in token of submission.

Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called flag officers. Such flags are square, to distinguish them from other banners.

A "flag of truce" is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation.

The white flag is a sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead under the protection of a white flag.

The red flag is the sign of defiance and is often used by revolutionists. In our service it is a mark of danger, and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder.

The black flag is a sign of piracy.

The yellow flag shows a vessel to be in quarantine, or is the sign of a contagious disease.

A flag at half mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with a flag at half mast to announce the loss or death of some of them.

Crime is Scientific.

There is one thing which business men may as well understand. As fast as science invests appliances for the safety of money or valuables, just as fast does crime invent schemes to circumvent. Crime is more of a science to-day than it ever was. You may remember the burglar-proof safe that was put in at Salem, Illinois. It was the latest. The inventors not only claimed for it that it could not be opened in the usual way, but they claimed that it was so constructed as to withstand any explosive which might be piled up about it and touched off. This claim seemed to invite test by the scientific cracksmen, for one morning pieces of this safe were found all around the building. It had been blown into atoms. Safe burglary—"safe cracking"—is going on the same as ever. Crime is scientific. —*Chicago Tribune.*

"Which would you rather be, a knave or a fool?" asked Idioticus. "I don't know," replied Cynicus. "What has been your experience?"

What a Blind Man Saw.

Many readers will remember the pathetic story of a mother afflicted with some disease of the eyes who was told by the oculist that she would probably lose her eyesight soon and suddenly. From that time until total blindness came on, she spent most of her time studying the faces of her children, thus fixing them forever in her memory. Only a degree less touching is the following account from the New York *Times* of a blind veteran whose last look of the outer world made a permanent picture in his mind.

The other day an old man with silver hair was led into the Cyclorama of Gettysburg by a bright-faced little miss in a jaunty gypsy hat and dress, and sat down while she described to him the features of the picture in detail, occasionally asking her a question or shaking his head slowly as if in doubt of the accuracy of her account. She had described to him in her own way the onrush of Pickett's men, and the hand-to-hand conflict at the stone fence where the Pennsylvanians met the charge of the Southerners when he asked, "But where's the artillery, Mag?"

"Oh, you mean the big guns! They're over here on the hill in a row."

"All in a row?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

He shook his head, "look round," said he. "There must be some more that are not in line."

"Yes," she said. There are some down here, but they are all upset and seem to be broken. I think they are bursted."

"Is that where the men are coming over the stone wall?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Is there a grove of trees?"

"Yes, grandpa. It seems to be full of men, but the smoke is so thick you cannot see them."

"O, I can see them!" he cried.

It was then noticed by several people who were listening to him that he was blind. The little girl said, "Oh, no grandpa, you can't see them!"

"Yes, I can," he answered. "I can see them very well, and the broken cannon, too."

The child looked at him with innocent surprise as she said, "You are joking now."

"No, my dear," replied the old man. "No. That was the last thing I ever saw. There was a caisson exploded there just this side of that fence, and that was the last terrible picture I ever saw, for it was then I lost my eyesight, and I have never got the picture of it out of my head."

More than one poet, since Coleridge, has asserted that "folded eyes" see more than open ones. It seems certain, at least, that blinded eyes have an indelible vision of the scene they saw when they lost the light forever.—*Youth's Companion.*

An Editor's Pass.

From Printer's Ink.

One of the beauties and charms of an editor's life is in