

The Herald and News

FARAWAY MOSES.

HE WRITES OF THINGS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE AND RELATES EXPERIENCES IN HIS OWN CAREER.

(Pennsylvania Grit.)

With all the pathos, pain and perplexities of poverty, there is a vein of original humor peeping out from its rags and hunger and smiling beneath the load of want that is pressing it to the earth with a thorny crown of torture and a cross of weary toil.

Poor people always see the laughable and humorous side of their poverty, and their many failures to get on in the world often create a good deal of mirth when related by the individuals who have experienced the most flat failures.

Looking back over my own life through the cracks of my own experience, I fully realize that I had more genuine fun and spontaneous pleasure while I was master mechanic on a side hill farm and cultivating economy and yaller corn, and had the logs of my blue overalls gnawed off half way up to my knees by the friction of the rasp like dowberry vines while wading after the plow and singing a revival meeting hymn to drown the disagreeable recollection that the calf had eaten the caudal appendage from my only shirt while hanging on the garden fence to dry.

You often hear it said of some old skin-flint that "he doesn't know how rich he is," and the same thing can be applied to thousands of poor people with a greater amount of truth in it. In those old days I did not realize my poverty at all. I felt its heavy hand upon me, to be sure, but the hope and the sense of humor within me would come out smiling through it all, and I accepted everything cheerfully, just the same as a poor little pig will accept skimmed milk in a burst of delight after he has forgotten all about the taste of cream.

But one time even the blue milk of the most common comforts dried up at a critical period, and I was the worst put-out man in seven States, even including the state of actual dependency. Wampy Bryan came to visit me when I was keeping bachelor's hall in Mildew Hollow, and next morning when I began to prepare breakfast I discovered that I didn't have a grain of coffee or a crumb of tea in the house.

THE FIRST BABY.

Its Coming is Looked Forward to With Both Joy and Fear and its Safe Arrival is Hailed With Pride and Delight by All.

The arrival of the first baby in the household is the happiest and most important event of married life. The young wife who is to become a mother delights to think of the happiness in store for her when the little one shall nestle upon her breast and later she shall hear it lip the sweet and holy name, "mother," but her happy anticipation quickly vanishes when she realizes the terrible pain and suffering through which she must pass while bringing the little one into the world.

All women are interested, and especially expectant mothers who for the first time have to undergo this trial, in such a remedy; for they know the pain and suffering that attend the birth of a child; they know that the use of "Mother's Friend"—a scientific liniment—for a few weeks before the trying hour, expectant mothers can so prepare themselves for the final hour that the pain and suffering of the dreaded event are entirely obviated and it is safely passed through with comparatively little discomfort.

been drinking hot water and sugar of late, and found it a great deal more wholesome than coffee or tea. I had no sugar, but Wampy was satisfied with the wild honey sweetening, and the breakfast of fried sitch and buckwheat wads and hot water went on as cheerfully as though we were feasting on the goose fat of the land. Wampy was in an exceedingly good humor, and told several good stories while wallowing the buck-wheat wads in the gravy fried out of the bacon, and pretty soon he said he believed he would take another cup of hot water.

I took his cup and went to the kettle and tipped it up, but it was useless—the kettle was empty! Wampy was watching me, and when he saw that even the supply of hot water had petered out, he gave me a peculiar frown and exclaimed out of his voluminous disappointment: "Moses, I don't mind your poverty and Injun rubber buckwheat wads, but that man must be as lazy as thunder who allows his supply of water to play out, while water is still free and plenty and not gobbled up by a Trust!"

Then he laughed, and I laughed, after which he choked our breakfast down dry, for the pigs had wallowed in the spring, and it was almost a mile to the nearest creek. While I was living out in Colorado I made the acquaintance of an old man who had come out from the East to get the benefit of the Rocky Mountain air for his weak lungs. He was very poor, and physically unable to perform any hard labor, so to make a little money he took up a quarter section of land away out near the foot hills, hoping it would come into the land market when the high line ditch was built, and bring him a little cash. He had built a dog out for himself, and came into town once a week to buy food and medicine, accompanied by a wall-eyed little pug dog, who could perform a whole lot of cute tricks, and was greatly attached to his master.

Somehow an attachment grew up between the poor old man and myself, and I often took him home to dinner. Here he met my other friend Larry Hynes, editor of the populist paper, and the little pug dog performed all his tricks for our amusement. I was greatly amused and Larry fell in love with the dog and wanted to buy him; but the old man always assured us that money couldn't tempt him to part with his dog friend.

The old fellow often urged us to visit him, saying he would give us the best his dogout could afford, in return for our kindness to him; so one fine Sunday morning Larry and I started out to the lonely ranch, located about seven miles north of town. We walked quite lively and arrived in sight of the dugout before 10 o'clock a. m. The old man met us at the door and told us to amuse ourselves as best we could while he would take his dog and go over the bluff and shoot a woodchuck for dinner, as he knew just where he could find a big fat one.

He had his dugout very poorly furnished, but among the few luxuries we found a guitar, and Larry sang and played several Irish love songs while we waited for our host to come back with fresh meat, and cook dinner. We never dreamed of going back to town hungry, for the walk was a long one, and we were very hungry.

Once we imagined we heard the report of a gun, but Larry went on singing and tunning on the guitar, and it was more than an hour before the old gentleman came back, carrying a very fat woodchuck, already dressed and ready for the pot. The dog did not return with his master, and the old chap said the little fellow had gone off after a jack rabbit, and would likely be gone all day.

Larry looked at me and winked, for he guessed right away that the old man tied the dog up some place until his visitors had gone back to town, so that Larry could not renew his offer to buy him. Well, the woodchuck was the sweetest and juiciest bit of wild meat I ever tasted, and although the bread played out before we were half done eating, we finished the meal on woodchuck, the old man looked on with despairing eyes, for we left but a small amount of fragments for the old fellow's breakfast.

When we were about to take our departure Larry renewed his offer for the pug dog, when the old man sat slap down on his bed and held his sides to prevent his poor weak

lungs from bursting through his diaphragm, and said, just as soon as he could control his feelings: "Gosh all hemlock, my man, you have just got the dog! I was clean out of meat, and I was determined you shouldn't go home hungry!" "How could you do it?" I asked. "You thought so much of the little fellow!"

"Ya'as," he said slowly, as he sobbed down; "I thought a hull lot of Murphy, I did; but he was gittin the mango awfully bad, and wouldn't have lived mo'n six months at best, and then he'd a bin a dead loss to me."

Then Larry looked at me and I looked at Harry, and we both looked at the old man, and when he exploded again, Larry went off, and so did I, and there never was a heartier three ply laughter echoed through a dismal looking dugout than the triple-tongued guffaws that bubbled out of us, all smoothed down with dog's oil and the appreciation of the sublimely ridiculous, so to speak.

And it is this sense of the humorous and ridiculous that makes poverty tolerable. The man who can stand up and look abject poverty square in the eyes, and laugh in his ugly old face under the most trying circumstances, is mightier than he who conquers a city and runs off with the silver spoons.

One of the greatest arguments against the accumulation of wealth, is the natural friendship and love existing between those who are mutually and equally poor. Where the one does not possess an unequal amount of wealth and his neighbors are not unequally poverty-stricken, there is no cause for envy or malice, and a feeling of comradeship springs up in each heart. There is even more good fellowship between two half starved dogs, than exists between a big fat bulldog and a hungry hound. Equality of fortune makes stronger friendship than physical and mental equality. "All poor together," is a stronger bond of brotherhood than "all rich and aristocratic." Poverty brings all down nearer to nature and the first principles of real life. We are all born naked, and our helplessness is what appeals the strongest to a mother's love.

I attended a dance once in the Gunnison country, where the miner and the prospector could be seen in all his glory, and the mountain girls were as lovely and fresh as the mari-posa lily. Long about midnight two old prospectors quarreled about whose turn it was to dance with the belle of the ball. They went out into the road to fight it out, where they stood for more than 10 minutes smacking their fists and declaring their intention to "chaw" each other up, but neither one made an attempt to pull off his

thread-bare coat. "Well, why don't you shed your coat, Jack, and wade inter me?" asked Dogskin Hooper.

"Why don't you peel off yourself, Dogskin? Do you you think kin do me up with your coat on?"

"Well, to tell the truth, men," said Dogskin, looking at each spectator in turn, "I ain't got any shirt on my back, and I'm kinder ashamed to peel!"

"That's my holy fix, too!" exclaimed Jack Canyon. "Shako, old boy!" exclaimed Dogskin; "we're too near of a strength, financially speakin', to go to war!"

Faraway Moses.

The Nearest Duty.

My soul was stirred; I prayed: "Let me do some great work so purely To right life's wrongs, that I shall know That I have loved Thee surely." My lips sent forth their eager cry, "The while my hearts beat faster, For some great deed to prove my love, Send me, send me, my Master!"

From out the silence came a voice Saying: "If God thou fearest, Rise up and do thy whole life through, The duty that lies nearest. The friendly word, the kindly deed, Though small the act in seeming, Shall in the end unto thy soul Prove mightier than thy dreaming."

"The cup of water to the faint, Or rest unto the weary, The light thou givest another's life Shall make thine own less dreary. And boundless realms of faith and love Will wait for thy possessing; Not creeds, but deeds, if thou wouldst win Unto thy soul a blessing."

And so I wait with peaceful heart, Content to do His pleasures, Not caring if the world shall mock At smallness of the measure. Of thoughts or deeds or daily life He knows the true endeavor To do His will, to seek His face; And he will fail me never.

— Sarah A. Gibbs.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY. Florida Central & Peninsular. Time Table in Effect Nov. 29, 99.

Condensed Schedule in Effect December 19th, 1900. STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 11, Daily, 7:00 a.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 12, Daily, 7:30 a.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 13, Daily, 8:00 a.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 14, Daily, 8:30 a.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 15, Daily, 9:00 a.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 16, Daily, 9:30 a.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 17, Daily, 10:00 a.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 18, Daily, 10:30 a.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 19, Daily, 11:00 a.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 20, Daily, 11:30 a.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 21, Daily, 12:00 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 22, Daily, 12:30 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 23, Daily, 1:00 p.m.

Columbia, Newberry & Laurens R. R. In Eff. on November 19, 1899. (Eastern Standard Time.)

Southbound, Northbound, A.M. P.M. STATIONS, P.M. A.M.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 24, Daily, 1:30 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 25, Daily, 2:00 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 26, Daily, 2:30 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 27, Daily, 3:00 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 28, Daily, 3:30 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 29, Daily, 4:00 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 30, Daily, 4:30 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 31, Daily, 5:00 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 32, Daily, 5:30 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 33, Daily, 6:00 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 34, Daily, 6:30 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 35, Daily, 7:00 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 36, Daily, 7:30 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 37, Daily, 8:00 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 38, Daily, 8:30 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 39, Daily, 9:00 p.m.

STATIONS, Lv. Sun., No. 40, Daily, 9:30 p.m.

RAW AS BEEF FROM ECZEMA!

No Torture Equal to the Itching and Burning of This Fearful Disease. Eczema—which is more than skin-deep, and can not be reached by local applications of ointments, salves, etc., applied to the surface.

Mr. Phil T. Jones, of Mixersville, Ind., writes: "I had Eczema thirty years, and after a great deal of treatment my leg was so raw and sore that it gave me constant pain."

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD. It is superior to other blood remedies because it cures diseases which they can not reach. It goes to the bottom—to the cause of the disease—and will cure the worst case of Eczema, no matter what other treatment has failed.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT. Removes Curb, Splint and Capped Hock. It will surely kill a Spavin and the way it relieves Sore Tendons is marvelous.

PAIN RELIEVER, and a wonder in its penetrating powers. This Liniment will not Scorch or Blister. Every Bottle is Warranted.

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Mathushek. It is always Good, always Reliable, always Satisfactory, always Lasting.

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