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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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LISTONBURG, PA., MAY 24, 1886.
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## THE SUMMER MAN.

In summer, at the mountains blue,
Where life is fair, but men are few,
He gaily sports, he has his day;
And by the sad sea wave also
He is a much admired beau
Until the season fades away.

He dresses in the height of style,
There's fascination in his smile,
He's studious in the giddy dance;
He plenies plans with ready skill,
With love-makings he plays at will,
But is not hurt by Cupid's lance.

He wins the good-will of mammas,
The dark suspicions of papas
He waives away with graceful tact;
He sings love songs with graceful power,
He always wears a little flower,
He knows both how to speak and act.

At archery, in tennis court,
He rivals all in the gay sport,
But plays so that the fairest wins;
And yet, through some most subtle art,
The vanquished belles still take his part,
And leave him with unpunished sins.

But summer joys, alas! are brief;
He's cut down like the tender leaf
When blushing fields grow sadly brown;
Mammas and splendid girls no more
Admire him as they did of yore.
He's but a dry-goods clerk in town.

And all who smiled in sweet July
In dull september pass him by;
Now he's quite of another clan;
And though he wears a faultless hat,
And just as stylish a cravat,
He only is a summer man.

## BAD BETTIE BENNETT.

There is no moral at all to what I am going to tell you about Bettie Bennett. At least the real fact of the case is that it is all very immoral. But that's neither here nor there.

I had been watching the play for some time—I, generally looked upon by the fortunate others as on old maiden lady without experience, and certainly without hope. The play went on at the seaside; serious play, for the stakes were high, high as when some old eastern potentate risks his lovely Circassian girl, body and soul, to his antagonist. The players were not eastern potentates, but, all the same, lovely girls, body and soul, were the stakes. I used to think of it when I saw Laura Stockwood, that stately beauty, and Jeanette Dean, the dashing one, and Caro and Elsie and Edith and the rest. And among the rest could one forget Bettie Bennett? She was not a person who allowed herself to be forgotten.

And yet you did not understand what it all meant, this furor about her. She was not a beauty; she had no accomplishments to speak of: she was not an heiress. But she had everything her own way the summer through. If you had to describe her you would say she was dark and slender, with arch eyes and the gay little laugh in the world, and that would be all there was about it. All there was about it? Oh, not in the least! In the first place, there was the readiest wit, the greatest good nature, the most perfect grace. In the next place, there were the most wonderful toilettes. This morning a robe of filmy blue India silk, garnished with lace of the same light hue, and finished with a cobarette and chatelaine of old carnelian beads, not to be bought now for love or money; this bathing dress of burlap dripping with rock-crystals, and worn under a cloak of white plush, thrown off at the right moment for the wave; this distracting dinner dress of white silk bound about with autumn leaves, nothing but a strip of the bright vine making the shoulder-strap; and to-morrow's bravery as fine as this, with soft, creamy wools made softer by their edging of ostrich tips, cambrics sheen as hoar-frosts, and covered with thread lace, lustrous satin or pale rose fitting perfectly the perfect shape; and now a brocade stiff with gold thread, such as they might have worn in the days of the Medici; and now a black Spanish lace, with high comb and mantilla that, taken with her little foot, made an Andalusian of her.

"Well," I said to her, after a week or so, as she rested by me a moment, "it must cost all of a fortune to dress you. I don't see where you get it."

"So it does," she said with encouraging frankness. "Take my toilettes and gloves and boots and folderols and all, and the interest of it would take care of one poor person for life. Isn't it wicked?" and she looked at me with an irresistible drollery.

"Yes, I think it is," said I. For I had known Miss Bettie of old, and I knew that if she got through the summer alive, she would not have one penny left.

"And the worst of it is," continued she, "that when you think you have enough for a queen you find you've only made a beginning, and have to keep ordering more from Pelisser and Bobbinet and the others. It won't do to be suspected of any tarnish. You must be fresh, or nothing. Why, I'm in debt up to my eyes!"

"Bettie, I don't know what you can think of yourself!" I said, in consternation. "You have nothing to pay with. It's dishonest; it's—it's swindling."

"No, it isn't. It's business. If I carry out my plans, my pin money next year will pay my debts.

"And if you don't?"

"Well, then, they can have the things back."

"Bettie!"

"To look out for that is more trouble than I can take, with all the rest that I have. I'm in for it. I've got to do it. And I've got to be a success."

"Bettie, if people knew about you, you would be anything but a success."

"I don't intend they shall. And it's a pity if I can't trust you."

"You can—you can. I don't approve of you, but I shan't hurt you. If you were content to sit still, as I do, in two or three gowns and see the show go by—"

"And let somebody else marry Mr. Dunrobin! No, thank you. I am not content. But I should not have gone into all this extravagance—it makes my very soul ache to see those gowns—if I were not obliged to be all the time en evidence."

"I don't really see the need of that."

"I do: if you are so be a success. And I didn't come here to go home again. And I came here not only to rule this summer, but to have my rule remembered in all summers to come."

"Noble ambition!"

"It isn't ambition, I tell you; it's business."

"But, Bettie, you're not a beauty."

"So much the more to my glory."

"You ridiculous midget."

"She's little, but she's shrewd." And off she sped as young Pennyeastle came along for an hour at tennis; and I saw her coming back in time surrounded by an awkward squad of the young society men.

"Yes, they are an awkward squad," she said, in answer to me by and by. "And stupid—stupid beyond anything!"

"The idea of taking so much trouble, Bettie, to please them, then."

"I'm not doing it to please them, the jacknapes! Yes, they are jacknapes! They don't know anything but society small talk and attitudes. They can dance—oh, how they can dance! First one and then another, till there are holes in the soles of your slippers. Sometimes I go to bed so tired it seems as if baths of hot alcohol wouldn't put any life into my feet. But I'm up in the morning as fresh as a rose with the dew on it. I have to be. It's what I'm here for. And they are part of my success, these little swells. I've got to go about with a train of them as certificates of it. They're just like it—where one goes, all go. Oh, yes, indeed; thank you, Mr. Vonderbust; you are always so kind! Just what I wanted. Do you know, I sometimes think you're the most—" And I caught no more of the silvery sentence, for she had gone off with Mr. Vonderbust, catching up her draperies as she flashed along all light and grace, and presently tripping down the stairs in a close fitting dark serge, and a cock's feather in her little turban hat; and half a dozen other youths had sprung to hold her parasol, to button her glove, to walk beside her to the spot where Mr. Vonderbust waited with his new Hamboletonian, whose pace they were going to try together.

When Bettie came back she came directly to me to where I sat on the piazza with my crocheting. "If you don't mind going into lunch with me?" I didn't understand till afterward that I was part of her role too. It gave people pleasant things to say about her kindness to a forlorn old spinster, for one thing; but the main thing—and I'm afraid if I had comprehended it in the beginning I should have put an end to it out of hand—was that quite innocent and ignorant of it all, I was her chaperon. "It's such a misfortune," she said to the right people, "that my own dear chaperon, who always takes me about, was obliged to leave almost as soon as we came; and I should have had to go too, and be buried alive somewhere, I, suppose, if my dear little Miss Ruggles had not happened to be here, and she has taken charge of me so kindly." Take charge of that minx! I should as soon have thought of taking charge of a will-o'-the-wisp."

"Now you see what I mean when I say it is necessary here to be always en evidence. You're forgotten if you're not. Out of sight, out of mind. I am here to be seen. If I hadn't been sitting here with you, that absurd little Vonderbust wouldn't have asked me to drive, and the others wouldn't all have gone to pulling caps about waiting on me to the dog cart, and Mr. Dunrobin wouldn't have seen it as he sat there with his cigar. When I have filled everybody's eyes, Mr. Dunrobin will begin to see me. So I am always plainly visible with my train of idiots. Oh, yes, I'm as light as froth, but it's a game as deep as the sea underneath.

"Bettie, I'm ashamed of human nature when I hear you talk."

"No occasion," crumbling her bread. "You wouldn't be ashamed of me if I were trying to make a fortune by what you call honest labor. Well, if this is not labor, I should like to know what it is."

"Labor!"

"It's labor enough, let me assure you, just to talk to these whipper snappers. It's more trouble than it would be to write a book, to graduate your conversation to the level of their little intellects, if they have any intellects—Penhurst and De Lacy and Van Stout, and the whole set. You have to make believe to each one that you find him perfectly delightful. If you are the least atom above his comprehension in your talk, or silent, or slow, good-bye; and good-bye to one, good-bye to all. If one of them sees another hanging over your chair, he thinks there is something worth while there, and he's coming in for his share; but if he doesn't see anybody, he is going where it is plain there is something the other fellows admire. Do you see? Here they come; I thought they would."

She ran into my room one night before going down to the german. "Am I all right?" she said. "Come down with me, that's a dear."

"Why don't you rest to-night?" I asked, not yet aware of my chaperonage.

"Rest!" she said. "As if there were any rest in the middle of a campaign! I'll rest when I'm through."

"Bettie, I'm afraid—"

"What of? That I shall fail? Well, what if I do? Folks have failed before. And if I fail, life won't be worth a cent, and then there's always the river, you know."

"Bettie Bennett! I'll have nothing more to do with you at all. I think you are—"

"As bad as bad can be. Then come down and help me not to fail. I've got to dance to-night till the last dance, and take ices and drink champagne with the best of them, or the worst of them, just as if I were to the manor born. If I don't dance the first dance, then the others will think something's up, or nobody want me, or I'm an old story, and I shan't have a partner all the rest of the night. It's killing—this pace. Do you think I'm falling off any?"

"Falling off?" said I. "There's nothing to fall off. You'll be the more piquant and taking the more faded you are. You will be prettier at 40 than your are at 20. But, oh, Bettie, you're awfully old at 20."

"Well, my dress is new. And isn't it lovely?"

It was a bright, gold-colored, satin, fitting like a glove; and with it she wore a quantity of topazes, and there was a black swan's down wrap, to be left on her chair or to pull up if she were chilly, and set off with its soft shadow the perfection of her perfect little shape.

"Topazes are cheap," said she. "You can buy beauties, as big as the tip of your thumb, for $2.50 apiece, in the old country jeweler's shops. It's the setting that costs; but nobody need know that isn't eighteen carat. It isn't everybody would dare to wear topazes with yellow satin; no contrast, you know. But don't they make me look just dripping with light?"

"Yes," I answered, "they make you look like a constellation half seen in the sunset. But you are wasted here, Bettie. You ought to be in countries where there are kings; you'd be directing affairs of state presently."

"I shall be content if I can direct this affair," said she, with her gay laugh. "Come! I've just given Caro my turquoises, by the way. To tell you the truth, they're not in the least becoming to me, and she admired them so. There is another part of the labor—you have to keep on the best terms with all the other girls, unless you are perfectly assured there's no need of it, or else they will tear you to pieces. Sweet life!"

It was a triumph that Bettie had that night. The beauties, the heroines, the bas-blues, and the sangre azulas, were nowhere, as she said afterward in her own dialect. She was surrounded like a queen-bee with workers. She had bouquets by the dozen, so that her lovers had to help her hold them. She gave some quietly to the bouquetless girls, in pursuit of her plan, you might have said, but really, I dare say, because she had a kind heart under all her artifice and audacity. "I only gave one to Helen Peterson and another to Virginia Lamb, that happened to be duplicates of some I kept, because their mothers were getting so mad at their neglect, and I was afraid they would begin to show their claws," said she. "Why, didn't you see me go and sit down by Mrs. Lamb? I was praising Virginia to her. I was wishing I only had Virginia's complexion—and I wish I had! Oh, you have to kotou to the chaperons too, or else they will ruin you, the old tabbies! They put me in mind of hens pecking the heads off of other hens' chickens. It's a part of the labor you think so lightly of. Why, I actually got a partner for Julia Drinkwater! Oh, I tell you if I get an establishment and a fortune, I shall do lots of good things. I shall make any number of people happy that wouldn't be if I hadn't the fortune. I shall make it a particular charge to establish girls in life, to give nice wardrobes to this pretty person who wants it—why, sometimes a wardrobe is half the battle—look at me! People will think a world more of you with one than without one, I can tell you. Yes, a particular charge to have one taught a trade, and one set up in business, and I shall have a match-maker of match-makers. I've felt the need of it. So you see, I'm not so unprincipled as you think."

"Bettie!"

"I'm looking out for a great many others than just myself."

"At any rate it's doing evil that good may come, Bettie!"

"Well, it's better to do that," said the incorrigible girl, "than nothing at all. Now, tell me; did I dance well?"

"Like a little flame. Yes, I must admit that you danced like a ball of fire—like a golden butterfly on the wind."

"I don't know how well that would be. But that's the way I like to hear, you talk. So I'll reward you. Look here."

"It was a basket of the most superb orchids that I ever saw, a priceless affair, from which she drew the scarf she had thrown over it.

"With Mr. Dunrobin's compliments eh? He has seen me, you see."

"Well, then—"

"Well, then, this morning Jeanette Kean is going to mount her hunter, and leap five-barred gates, and things; I shall let her do it. And Laura Stockwood is going to drive into town shopping; she'll go alone. And Elsie and Caro are going to the woods; let them go. I am going to find Mr. Dunrobin, and thank him just as sweetly and modestly as a little milkmaid—I do write such a bad hand! And then I am going to get my water-colors and go out on the rocks. I shan't do much sketching; every man in the house will be down on those rocks. Then I am coming up to read with you—that means get a nap, and then lunch. And after that I drive with Mr. Vonderbust, and later I sail with Mr. Kilgore, and then its dinner, and then talking and promenading on the piazza, and then the concert, and dancing, and supper. That is well, then— And to-morrow there's the archery and the picnic at the Wells, and the yachting out to Red Reef light."

"For gracious sake, Bettie, day after day, it will kill you!"

"You can't stop. You have to keep it up. Stay to rest, and you're like the dead man in a battle—the others walk over your body."

"Does it pay you, really, my dear Bettie?"

"It will pay. Don't you know how I love ease, beauty, splendor, luxury, fine houses, equipages, gardens, pictures, laces, jewels, bank accounts? Well, that is what I play for. My little pittance would hound me in a country town. I had rather die. So I threw it all at one toss—heads I win, tails you lose. I shall have not a basket of orchids, but an orchid-house. I was made for it all. I perish in any other atmosphere. It isn't like a girl that wants money merely for the sak of money. I want it for the sake of living, living my own life."

It was Mr. Dunrobin with whom Bettie was promenading the piazza that evening after dinner, and before the concert and the dancing. He wasn't a dancing man; he was only a millionaire, well born and educated, a quiet, middle-aged gentleman, of unassuming manners. She flashed me a glance as she passed that might put out the evening star. He sat beside her at the concert; he went with her next morning to the archery; he rode beside her all the way to the Wells; he sat beside her as they sailed to the Red Reef light. He walked with her the next day after dinner; but this time they stepped down and away from the lighted piazza, down the pebely walk, down the rocks, and out on the sands and along the beach in the starlight. When Bettie came in she was drenched with dew; but she looked divinely happy—too divinely happy to notice the dark disapproval on the brows of all the mammas.

And the next morning Mr. Dunrobin was gone—he and his trunks, and his horses, and his yacht, and his man. It was a little yellow wreck of Bettie that came into my room and threw herself, face down, on the lounge, and sobbed out the story.

"Well," I said, soothingly, feeling it no time for a homily, and pitying the little wretch, for all, "there are plenty left."

"There's nobody!" she cried. "There's nobody! I'd just as lief you knew it as not. I—I love him! But oh, the worst of this is, I deserve it! But I can't let these people see. I must go on just the same. I'll put a little rouge on. My heart's broken. I'm dead, dead, dead, dead. I shall look in the glass while I'm doing it, though, and say to myself 'And, Bettie, give this cheek a touch of red; one need not, sure, look ugly, though one is dead.' But let me hide here this morning. I can't see anybody this morning. Have you got any rouge?"

Nobody would have dreamed that Bettie was disappointed, broken-hearted, dead, or anything of the sort that night. She was recklessly, desperately gay. Dancing on the edge of a volcano, she called it. And so she was the next night and the next, and for a week running, till all the chaperons in the house were getting wild about her, and expostulating with me—and that was the way I learned that I was supposed to be her chaperon—and I couldn't think where it would end. And then she went to bed sick for a couple of days, and I said to myself that this was the end, anyway. And then one morning, when I thought she was in bed still, and was just getting ready to go and see her, she burst into my room, radiant, rosy as a peach, fresh as a new-blown flower, and caught me, and covered my old face over with caresses.

"Oh, I must kiss somebody!" she cried. "And he isn't here. And I must tell you. I can't let anybody see it, actually see it; it's too precious!"

And it was a letter from Mr. Dunrobin, and in it he told her frankly that he had run away from her, if she chose to call it so, because he felt there would be no happiness for him, or her either, in a marriage with such difference in age, and taste and temperament. And now he had discovered there could be no happiness without it. And he was coming back to learn his fate.

"Oh!" she cried, bursting into tears, "it's perfectly dreadful that I'm so wicked. I'm not fit for him! I don't deserve him! I ought to be punished! I shall tell him everything; I shall tell him just how I maneuvred and schemed, and plotted, and—"

"Bettie, it will finish evrything."

"It ought to; I can't help it, if it does. I won't let him take me, believing I'm all I'm not; if there's another world, he wouldn't know me in it. And oh, I'm afraid he wouldn't want to! Oh, isn't it too bad I should be so wicked when I love him so, and would die to do him good! And perhaps the best good I can do is to die."

But when that night came she came in from the beach, dripping with dew again and hanging on Mr. Dunrobin's arm, her face pale and shining as a star, she stooped and bent over me, facing a lot of angry mammas, and kissed my forehead.

"Well, what did he say, Bettie?" I whispered.

"He loves me; he loves me," murmured Bettie. "He said—he said he didn't care."—*Harper's Bazar.*

## The Money-making Passion.

When Jeremiah P. Robinson died in Brooklyn the other day he left an estate whose value is generally estimated at from $4,000,000 to $5,000,000. Long years ago, when Mr. Robinson was a young and driving business man, he had an ambition, and the ambition was to accumulate a fortune of $50,000.

"When I get that much money," he said one day to one of his clerks, "then I'm going to quit business right short off and enjoy the rest of my days in ease." And several years went by before anything akin to the figure he had fixed upon as satisfactory was approached; but the closer he got the less he had to say about "$50,000 being enough for any sensible man." One New Year's Day he entertained his clerk. "Will," he said, "I've been making an inventory of things this morning, and I find that I am worth something over $50,000."

"Then you are going to go out of business, I suppose," the clerk remarked.

"Go out of business! Why, man alive, what are you talking about? Go out of business! I have only begun; my figure is $150,000; that's enough to satisfy any man, and more would be a burden. But $50,000 don't look so big when you get close to it as it does when it's about $40,000 off." Neither did $150,000 when it came to look as big as it did once, and its possession was but the incentive to more energy and bigger enterprise. It is the same old fever—enough is never what a mortal has.

## Well Hitched.

One of the waiters of the hotel in Grenade, Miss., told us that a colored wedding was coming off that evening, and several white people went over to the house designated to witness the affair. The happy couple finally stood up before the minister who said:

"Samuel, you an' Lucinda am shortly to be jined together. Does yer desire to back out?"

"No, sah."

"How am it wid you, Lucinda? Does you want to flunk afore all dese white folks?"

"No, sah."

"Den you two jine hands."

They hitched.

"Samuel, does you take her for bettah or wuss? Am you gwine to do de fa'r thing by dis yere gurl, whese fadder was killed on the railroad up nigh Jackson?"

"Yes, sah."

"Lucinda, does you realize de seriousness ob dis oppitunity? Am you gwine to stick to Samuel clean frew to de judgment day, or am you gwine to trifle roun' arter odder men?"

"Ize gwine to stick."

"Den, chil'en, in de presence of dese yere white men from de Norf, one of whom subscribed two bits yesterday to help build up de meetin' house dat was blowed down by de sighclome, I denounce you as hitched, jined and mar'd 'cordin' to de law an gospel. Now, you go 'long an' behave yerselves."

Why does a young man embracing his girl at the garden gate just as the old man approaches, remind you of a love scene at the theatre? Because he is hugging the girl before the footlights.

True bravery is shown by performing without a witness, what one might be capable of doing before all the world.

## A Romance in Trousers.

Among the old mountain farmers who come to Hagerstown, Md., every court day is Joe Simmons. When he came down last week he brought with him an odd-looking couple to be married. Joe paid the half-dollar for the license, and after the ceremony by the judge that joined Lucy Dunning and Daniel Frome together for life, the couple took ice cream at Joe's expense, and as he gazed on them admiringly from his seat on a barrel outside the refreshment saloon, he told the little crowd around him the novel story of Michael and Lucy's courtship.

Lucy is 22 years old. She is about the average height, well shaped, with a sun-bronzed face, large hands, black, sparkling eyes, and short, dark-brown hair. Michael is a nephew of Simmons. He is a tall, raw-boned, typical mountaineer. The novelty about Lucy is the fact that she only recently appeared in public as a woman, having always before worn the breeches, and been known as Luke Dunning.

She had only been wearing dresses four months when she was married. Luke a good-looking young fellow, came to Simmons' place about a year ago and asked for work. He said he had a widowed mother to support on the south side of South Mountain.

"Bring your mother over, boy," said Simmons, "and you can build a hut and work at wood-chopping when I don't want you on the farm."

Luke was industrious and daring. He was a splendid rider and a good hunter. Last winter he killed seven deer and eleven bears.

"There was always a kind of shyness about the fellow, however, that I couldn't understand," said Joe. "He never went to any of the hoe-downs with the young folks, but after work always returned home to his mother. He never associated with any of the men, excepting Michael, and he seemed to take very kindly to him. They often went hunting together. It was on one of these trips that Michael Frome was startled with the discovery that his companion was a woman.

"This was in last April. Luke's dog had treed a young squirrel in an old tree that overhung a steep cliff. The hunters had met with poor luck that day, and determined to get that squirrel at all hazards. Luke raised his gun and banged away. Down dropped the squirrel into the ravine. It landed on a ledge about fifteen feet down the almost perpendicular side of the rocks.

"Luke, with his customary daring, dropped his gun, grabbed hold of the roots of a tree, and swung himself over. He stepped on a protruding boulder in his descent, which slipped, and he fell. He turned over, his head striking a rock on the ledge, knocking him senseless. He had his clasp-knife in his hand, having just used it to cut away some bushes that impeded his descent. His arm doubled under him, and the sharp knife cut him severely in the breast.

"Frome succeeded in making the descent to his injured companion. He hastily tore his companion's shirt open, and while restoring Luke to consciousness and stopping the flow of blood from the wounds, Frome discovered the sex of the young hunter.

"Well, my wife went over and Mrs. Danning, the widow, then told how Lucy—for that was Luke's real name—had put on boys' clothes when she was 16 years old and her father died, and told her mother that she was young and strong and could easily pass as a boy. Her sex was suspected on the other side of the mountain, where she had previously been working, and she was compelled to seek employment elsewhere.

"Michael had thought a good deal of Luke, and of course he thought more of Lucy. When he saw her in skirts his friendship turned to love, and Lucy confessed to Michael that she loved him long before he knew she was a woman."

## Woman.

A handsome woman is dangerous.

A woman has neither love nor respect for the man she can rule.

One bad woman can keep a whole neighborhood in hot water.

A woman who is not jealous of her husband is not in love with him.

Nine cases out of ten when a woman says she hates a man, she is in love with him.

Woman is the sweetest and bitterest gift of God to man.

A woman will confess to almost anything but to the fact that she is growing old and ugly.

If you want to keep a woman's love, keep up a slight but steady flirtation with her most hated rival.

When a woman gives you her love, don't lay it away on ice for safe keeping. Better keep it in the warmest corner of your heart, so if she calls for it at any time you can return it in the condition she gave it to you.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

## Wasn't English.

"I say, chappie, you know Guy Simpkinson."

"Yaas, know him quite well."

"Well, what do you think I've just heard about him?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Something dweadful?"

"Dweadful! I am going to bwing up chahges against him to expel him from oauh set."

"What for?"

"Why, he was headd to say 'molasses' weal plain the other day."

"Well, what of it? There isn't anything so vewy bad in that, is there?"

"Why, don't you know, the English always say 'twencle'."

"Oh, the howwid thing! Let's expel him wight away."

## An Earthquake Spoils a Million of Acres.

In the southeastern part of Missouri, the country, which was once capable of cultivation, became, after the earthquake of 1811-12, marshly. This district contains, on estimate, 1,517,287 acres, and extends south from the neighborhood of Cape Girardeau into the northern portion of Arkansas, a distance in Missouri alone of 108 miles, and westwardly as far as the river St. Francis. The land is well located as regards facilities for transport, * * * and the greater portion can be, and at some not very distant period will be, reclaimed. * * * The probable cost of reclamation is estimated at one million of dollars.

## A Convincing Argument.

During one of Senator Van Wyck's canvasses in New York State for Congress, long before he ever thought of being a Senator from Nebraska, and when he was not so handsome as he is now, he was walking along a country road to a farm house, when he met a small man and a big woman, evidently husband and wife, or wife and husband, as you please.

"Good morning," he said, with candidate cordiality.

"Good morning" responded the woman, crowding her husband to the rear.

"Seen any candidates around lately?" continued Van Wyck, jokingly.

"More'n the dogs kin bark at," responded the woman.

"Have you seen one they call Van Wyck?"

"No, but I heard tell on him, an' my husban' here, kinder wants to vote fer him," she said, jerking her thumb over her shoulder.

"Ah?" and the candidate smiled.

"Yes; but I don't think he will. I've got my mind on the other man."

"But, madam," remonstrated the candidate, "why don't you want him to vote for the man he wants to vote for?"

"Well, I ain't never saw Van Wyck, an' I saw the other man, an' he suits me, an' I calkilate ez I don't think my husband here will vote fer Van Wyck."

"You say, madam, you never saw Van Wyck?"

"Not ez I remember."

"Well, madam, I'm Van Wyck," and the speaker straightened himself up as straight as the natural circumstances would permit.

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed "so you are Van Wyck?" and she looked him over from head to foot very carefully. "Well now I know he'll vote fer the other man."

The candidate tried to argue, but she wouldn't listen and hurried away taking her husband along.

## The Old Gentleman's Coffee.

An honored and elderly member of the Boston bar, who is very fond of boating, is the possessor of a little sloop in which he makes venturous voyages to distant parts frequently going as far as Rockport in one direction and Duxbury in the other. He always takes with him when they can go his two sons—one a young business man, and the other a dawning light of the law. They sail the boat themselves, and the boys "serve" as cooks. They find the old gentleman's taste easy enough to please except in the matter of coffee.

When the party sailed this summer the old gentleman started in on his usual complaints about the coffee. It wasn't strong enough. The boys made it stronger. Still the old man complained about the watery stuff that the boys furnished him.

"It seems to be that I can never teach you boys how to make coffee?" said he.

The next morning one of the boys said:

"How would it do, Jip to leave the old grounds in the pot, and try the effect of that