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SOMERSET, PA.

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The Somerset Herald.

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Dyspepsia.

Is that misery experienced when we suddenly become aware that we possess a diabolical arrangement called a stomach. The stomach is the receiver from which every fiber and tissue gets nourished, and any trouble with it is soon felt throughout the entire system. Among a dozen dyspeptics no two will have the same predominant symptoms. Principles of active mental power and a bilious temperament are subject to SICK HEADACHE; those fleshy and phlegmatic have CONSTIPATION, while the thin and nervous are shadowed by gloomy forebodings. Some dyspeptics are wonderfully deceptive; others have great irritability of temper.

Whatever form Dyspepsia may take, one thing is certain.

The underlying cause is in the Liver.

And one thing more is equally certain, no one will remain a dyspeptic who will

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It will correct Acidity of the STOMACH and expel foul gases, Allay Irritation, Assist Digestion, and at the same time Start the Liver to working, when all other troubles soon Disappear.

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The people of this county seem to know this, and have given us a large share of their patronage, and we shall still continue to give them the very best goods for their money. Do not forget that we make a specialty of

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TWO SURPRISES.

A workman piled his clumsy spade
As the the sun was going down;
The German King, with a cavalcade,
On his way to Berlin Town,

Reined up his steed at the old man's side.
"My toiling friend," said he,
"Why not cease work at eventide
When the laborer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said;
"And I am always free;
Though I work from the time I leave my bed
Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the King, "is thy gain in a day?"
"Eight groschen," the man replied.
"And thou canst live on this meager pay?"
"Like a king," he said with pride

"Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend,
And two for a debt I owe;
Two groschen to lend, and two to spend,
For those who can't labor, you know."

"Thy debt?" said the King; said the toiler,
"Yes.
To my mother with age oppressed,
Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day,
And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend of thy daily store?"
"To my boys—for their schooling; you see,
When I am too feeble to toil any more,
They will care for their mother and me."

"And thy last two groschen?" the monarch said.
"My sisters are old and lame;
I give them two groschen for raiment and bread,
All in the Father's name."

Tears welled up to the good King's eyes.
"Thou knowest me not," said he;
"As thou hast given me one surprise,
Here is another for thee.

"I am thy King; give me thy hand."—
And he heaped it high with gold—
"When more then needest, I command
That I at once be told.

"For I would bless with rich reward
The man who can proudly say
That eight souls doth he keep and guard
On eight poor groschen a day."

—*R. W. McAlpine, in St. Nicholas for March.*

MISS GRANDISON.

BY CLYDE RAYMOND.

She came to us in the full glory of autumn's richest coloring, when "October" was written on every hill and vale in the red and yellow tints of fallen leaves and the deepened richness of the Indian summer atmosphere bathing all in golden splendor.

Brother Ralph and I stood on the veranda to welcome her, and as she came up the broad white steps, the mellow autumn sunlight flashing back from her golden hair and seeming to hide itself in the dark depths of her wondrous brown eyes, she became associated in my mind, with the rich, dusk beauty, the still glowing splendor of that incomparable month—October; so I always thought of her, and so I think of her to-day.

I took her small gloved hand in mine a moment with a few pleasant words of welcome, then Ralph did the same.

And, ere he released it, which was not quite as soon as he should have done, I noticed an unusual flush mount to his handsome fair face, and I feared that he was in danger of losing his heart at the outset to our fair governess.

Yes, this rare creature was to be our governess. Not mine nor Ralph's, for we were long past our school days, but we had two troublesome young sisters to take charge of for whom Miss Grandison had traveled a long way.

Here was a singular beauty, the like of which I had never seen before.

Her complexion, one would think, should be fair to match the bright dazzling gold of her hair, but it was not; instead, it suited her deep brown eyes, and was what I can only describe as a creamy olive, with a spot of richest crimson in either cheek.

She was tall and graceful with an air that was half commanding and a look, a something about her, as I have said before, which reminded me of all the deep passion of intensity of October's warmth veiled under her stillest haze.

Such was Flora Grandison when she came to us, and it is not surprising that Ralph's eyes lingered on her lovely face until he was compelled to turn them away for shame's sake.

Time passed very pleasantly.

We lived in the country, or rather, just outside of a stirring town, and we could therefore combine the pleasures of both city and country life.

How Miss Grandison enjoyed her outdoor rambles with the children in the brilliantly tinted autumn woods! Ralph frequently accompanied them, much to her annoyance, it seemed to me who watched with jealous eyes every movement that indicated his growing interest in the charming stranger.

We knew nothing of her, save that she was from a southern city, and was thrown upon her own resources for support.

But her beauty spoke for itself, and I felt convinced the moment Ralph first set his eyes upon her, that sooner or later she would break his heart.

I wonder why the thought never struck me that she, a poor governess, would be glad to win him for a husband. But it never did.

There was not the least sign of coquetry about her, nor did she seem to care at all for his attentions.

She accepted them quietly, smilingly, when she could not well evade them, yet I always felt that she would rather he did not offer them.

I liked her for that, though I couldn't get over the idea that she would be his fate.

One day, very late in November, the sun shone radiantly and an almost summer warmth pervaded the atmosphere.

Tempted by the beauty of the scene, I donned my hat and cloak and went for a stroll in the leafless woods. I had not gone far when the sound of Ralph's voice struck my ear.

It was strained and despairing, and he was saying, oh! how earnestly.

"For God's sake, Flora, give me a little hope!"

"Have I not told you there is none?" I heard her answer, almost desperately; I desire that you will never mention this subject again, Mr. Percival."

Not caring to play the eavesdropper, I walked away and joined the children, who were playing some distance further on.

Miss Grandison and Ralph had not seen me. But my blood was boiling at the thought of Ralph suffering through her.

When I saw him again the poor boy looked as white and miserable as any ghost.

The next day he left us for an indefinite time, pleading some business excuse, but I knew well what had driven him away.

I loved him dearly, and could hardly bear the loneliness of the house after he was gone.

At last, exasperated by her calm, queenly loveliness, when my own heart was aching so, I vented my sorrow and displeasure upon Miss Grandison.

She was sitting by the window reading and she just raised her eyes to give me one long, steady look, slightly mingled with surprise, then dropped them to her book again without a word.

I then told her what I had overheard, and repeated angrily, that it was her fault that Ralph had gone away.

I "I am sorry," she said quietly, "that you heard what you did. No one would ever have known of your brother's disappointment from me. But surely, Miss Percival, you cannot say that I have ever encouraged his unfortunate love either by word or look."

I was forced to acknowledge that she had not.

"But, since he did love you, in spite of all, why should you have refused him, Miss Grandison? Is not Ralph young, rich, handsome, and good enough for any woman on earth?"

"He is all that, Miss Percival," she replied, sadly.

"Then why—"

"I have no love to give," she interrupted hastily; "and even could I love any one, I have not the right."

"Not the right?" I repeated. "Then you are engaged to some other."

"No," she said, quietly, but I saw the crimson in her cheeks begin to deepen. "Because I'm already a wife."

"A wife," I cried in amazement. You? "Yes, Miss Percival—I!"

Already angry with her before this admission, her words drove me quite beyond my power of self control, and my voice was full of bitter scorn. Yet it was no match to the quiet, intense scorn in hers, as she rose to her full queenly height, her dark eyes glittering like stars, and the crimson spots in her cream cheeks glowing like the burning heart of the rich 1st reddest rose.

In all our acquaintance I had never admired her so much as I did at that moment. But, remembering the wrong she had done my brother, I felt no kindness towards her.

"Pray explain, if you can, Miss Grandison," I said, in my coldest tone, "why you entered this house under a false character, in which you won my brother's heart only to break it. What have you to say to that?"

"Nothing, except that your brother knows all I have to tell, and I don't feel called upon to disclose my troubles to the whole world. If you deem me unfit for the position I hold in your house, Miss Percival, I will go elsewhere."

"You may," I answered coldly.

I was ashamed of my unkindness, even as I spoke, but believing her, just then, to be a designing woman, the calm composure of her manner angered me until I neither spoke nor acted like myself.

"Very well," she said, and my heart smote me at the deathly pallor of her face as she turned to leave the room.

At that instant a servant handed me a letter from Ralph, and I tore it open and read it where I stood. Such a letter!—explaining why he had gone away, and declaring that Miss Grandison, whom he he pronounced as the best and noblest of woman, was not to blame for his folly. He ended by begging me to be kind to her, and not allow her to leave our home so long as she needed such a position.

Half pendently, I placed the letter in her hand, remarking that Ralph's wishes were law to me, and that I hoped she would forget my words and do what was best for her happiness.

She hesitated a minute or so, with the open letter in her hand, and I knew that a great struggle was going on beneath that calm, beautiful exterior.

"It is humiliating," she said at length, with a little, quivering smile, "to remain here under the circumstances; but I am poor, Miss Percival, and I must not think too much of my dignity. Besides, I was sure, if you had known the truth, you would not have been so unjust."

And so she stayed.

Months after, when I had grown to love and esteem her for the "best and noblest of women," as Ralph had called her, she told me her story.

Briefly, she had a large fortune willed to her by an uncle of her husband, whose other heirs, through jealousy and greed, had blasted her life by cruel slanders. In the bitterness of their hatred they had estranged her husband from her, and he had deserted her believing her to be false.

Her enemies had been successful in all their plots against her and she had borne persecutions and insults which, as I listened to their pathetical recital, made me wonder that a woman like her could have endured them and lived.

Abandoned by the husband whom she still loved better than her own life, and thrown, friendless, upon the world, she had kept her history to herself, simply dropping her married title for the sake of being less exposed to curious questioning.

When winter came around again, we were expecting Ralph, who wrote that he was heart-whole once more, and intended to bring a friend to help him enjoy his welcome home.

How handsome Ralph looked as he walked, smiling and happy, into the midst of our family circle, and what a splendid looking man was the stranger who followed close behind him.

As Miss Grandison's dark, beautiful eyes glanced up at them, a shriek that I shall never forget rang through the room and she fell fainting into the strangers arms.

We need to say more. Ralph had constituted himself a modern Don Quixote, and had secretly pledged himself to right the wrong of the woman who had refused him.

He had found Paul Grandison, had told him where his wife was, and what a true, pure women she had proven herself.

And Paul had come with him to kneel at Flora's feet (as he afterwards told me) and crave her pardon.

I think Ralph was almost as happy, when Flora turned those beautiful brown eyes upon him and murmured, "God bless you, my noble friend," as he would have been could his own dream of winning her, have been fulfilled.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain has struck "ile"—exile.

A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

The Strikers on the Burlington Road Discharged.

CHICAGO, Feb. 29.—The Burlington trouble will assume a new phase to-morrow. Having acted on the defensive for a couple of days, the officials of the company now propose to take a hand in the other direction and to fight the strikers with their own weapons. There was a prolonged conference to-day between President Perkins, General Manager Stone, General Passenger Agent Morton and Chester M. Dawes, of the legal department, and at its conclusion the following dispatch was wired to the division superintendents at Omaha, St. Joseph, Keokuk and Rochelle: "Post immediately upon your bulletin boards and in all conspicuous places in and out all the depots on your division the following notice:

"All engineers and firemen recently in the employ of this company who do not apply for positions by noon on Wednesday, February 29, will be considered out of the company's service. Every man who has not applied by the above hour can get all pay due him upon application to the Master Mechanic of his division."

Attached to the above was a private message instructing each Superintendent to make arrangements for the prompt furnishing of time checks in order that there might be no complaint on that score.

THE COMPANY WILL FIGHT IT OUT.

While none of the general officers were willing to enter into a literal interpretation of the dispatch in question, it was generally understood around the building as an ultimatum on the part of the company that proposes to cut loose from all recognition of the Brotherhood and to deal with the strikers as individuals. In other words, when the men are paid off no no overtures on the part of Chiefs Authur and Sargent or the grievance committees in behalf of the men will be responded to, nor will the fact that an organized strike is in progress be recognized. The company will deal with the men individually and, what is more, upon its own terms. Within half an hour of the notice being posted at a western point, a telegraphic copy was in the hands of Chief Authur. Almost immediately upon its receipt he left the hotel accompanied by Chief Sargent and neither had returned up to a late hour to-night.

TWO IMPORTANT RUMORS.

Two rumors floated around the crowd of strikers at the strike headquarters this evening. One was that a demand precisely similar to the one that has precipitated the present strike would be presented to the officials of the Pennsylvania system to-morrow, and the other that a committee had been sent out to meet the new men that are en route here from the East and induce them to return. Neither of these reports, in the absence of responsible leaders of the strike, could be confirmed.

HOW TRAINS ARE RUNNING.

The Burlington people professed to-night to be entirely satisfied with the outlook. Nine suburban trains have been run each way during the day, against four yesterday, and there was much less growling and kicking on the part of the out-of-town residents. To-morrow, or by Thursday at the latest, so say the officials, the suburban service will be as complete as though no strike were in existence. The noon and 5:55 P. M. through trains, both carrying mail, went out on schedeul time, while the 10:30 train to-night was again abandoned. Three through trains arrived during the day from one to two hours late, and arrangements have been made for taking out the "Cannon Ball" mail at 3 o'clock to-morrow morning.

STRIKERS WON'T HAUL MAIL TRAINS.

Superintendent Howland, of the passenger department of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road, last night called on Chief Authur with a postoffice official and was informed that the strikers would not take out the "Cannon Ball" express. Mr. Authur thus stated his position:

"We will offer no obstruction to the carrying of the mails, and were this mail en route to the city we should bring it in, provided the passenger coaches were cut off. But we are under no obligation to start the mail from a centre of distribution. The 'Q' Company has a contract with the Government for carrying the mail; let them carry it or forfeit their contract. We," turning to the postoffice official, "stand ready to settle the trouble on a fair and equitable basis; you should bring such an influence to bear on the company as to bring about its settlement. We cannot take out the mail train, gentlemen."

This position makes the railroad officials very sore, and they accuse the strike leaders of breaking faith, but Chief Authur denies that any pledge was given.

A Letter From Powderly.

General Master Workman Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, gave a letter to the press to-night, in which he says, referring to the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad strike:

My opinion of a man who takes the place of another who is struggling for his rights, is that he deserves the contempt and scorn of every man who loves justice. It is true that members of the Brotherhood have on repeated occasions taken the places of the Knights of Labor. It is true that away back in the early days of the seventies the Brotherhood men did the same thing with the Machinists and Blacksmiths at the command of their chief. It is true that Brotherhood men stabbed Knights of Labor in the back on the Southwest system, not only by taking their places, but by urging them to strike with a proffer of assistance if they would do so. It is true that Brotherhood men did take the place of the Reading men in the strike on that road.

The merits of the various cases herein mentioned have nothing to do with the principle of honor which is involved in all of them. It is to the eternal shame of the Brotherhood men that they stooped to such acts of meanness and treachery. The man who takes the place of another when that other is engaged in a struggle with a corporation, is a scab, whether he be a member of the Knights of Labor or a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. When Charles Wilson ordered members of the Brotherhood to take the places of members of the Machinists and Blacksmiths' Union in 1872 and '73, he did an unmanly, cowardly act. When P. M. Arthur allowed the members of the Brotherhood, over which he exercises such discipline, to tamper with the rights of the striking employees of the Missouri Pacific and Wabash system, two years ago, he too, violated that principle of honor which should restrain a man when about to do a wrong. The taking of the men's places was mean and dastardly. If these actions were taken with the sanction of the Chief of the Brotherhood, he, too, is mean and dastardly. But two wrongs never make a right, and what is mean and dastardly in a member of the Brotherhood of Engineers cannot become grand and noble in a member of the Knights of Labor. No Knight of Labor should belittle his manhood by stooping to such dirty work. If it is the habit of Brotherhood men to do such work as taking strikers' places, in heaven's name let them have a monopoly of it.

Knights of Labor, if you take my advice you will stand back and allow this strike to go on. Let the Brotherhood demonstrate its power to stand alone without any "entangling alliances with those of other trades." Let the past be forgotten in this strike. No matter how bitter you may feel towards these men, remember that they have not stepped out of the rut of selfishness yet, and it is best to teach them what manhood means by keeping hands off the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy strike.

The spectacle presented by men of labor, who belong to different organizations, rushing at each other's throats whenever a strike takes place, must be a gratifying thing for employers of labor to look at. It must, indeed, give satisfaction to the corporations to know that neither Knights of Labor or Brotherhood men dare in the future ask for better treatment with any assurance of receiving it. It must be a consoling thought to the monopolist to know that his power is not half so dangerous to a labor organization as the possibility that another labor organization will espouse his cause through revenge. Labor will forever be bound hand and foot at the feet of capital so long as workingmen can be pitted against each other.

No strike should be entered into until the court of last resort had been reached, until the last effort consistent with manhood had been made, until the heads of the opposing forces on both sides have been consulted and their verdict given, until the last bridge had been burned between them. Then, when it was determined that the last thing possible had been done to avert the trouble, every detachment of labor's army—horse, foot and artillery—should be wheeled into line in defending the rights of the men in the breach. I have never seen such a strike, and never expect to until the narrow prejudices of the past are buried, until the principles of Knighthood are properly understood. Then we will have no strikes.

Knights of Labor, from Maine to California, stand back! Keep your hands off; let the law of retaliation be disregarded, and let the men of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad win the strike if they can.

T. V. POWDERLY,
General Master Workman.

In addition to this Mr. Powderly said he had received letters from Worthy Foreman Griffiths and John W. Hayes, denying the reports that they favored Knights of Labor taking the places of the striking engineers.

"Speaking for the Order generally," Mr. Powderly added, "I wish to state that the members of the order are opposed to doing anything that will hamper or harass any other labor organization, and I do not believe that men from the Reading or Missouri Pacific roads are going to Chicago to take the places of members of the Brotherhood. If they are doing so it is not with the sanction or consent of any one who is authorized to speak for the Knights of Labor."

The Swsetest Girl in School.

"She's the sweetest girl in school!" enthusiastically exclaimed one young miss to another, as they passed down the street together. "Edith is so kind and gentle, and unselfish, everyone likes her. And she has lovely golden hair and pretty eyes. Isn't it a pity her complexion is so bad; it spoils her looks. And then she has such dreadful headaches"! The girls skipped along, but it happened Edith's mother had heard what they said. It set her thinking. What could be done for those headaches and the rough, muddy complexion, that was such a trial to her gentle daughter. She recalled what she had read of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and on the spur of the moment she slipped into a drug store and bought a supply. Edith took it faithfully, with the result that it cleared her disordered blood, relieved the headaches, made her skin soft, fair and rosy, and now she is not only the "sweetest girl in school," but the most beautiful.

This is not a society item. Mrs. Maguffin gave a dinner the other day to John Bergenthump. Mr. B. enjoyed the meal immensely, and afterwards split a cord of wood for Mrs. Maguffin. It was one of the most *recherche* affairs of the season.

The Art of Preserving

The teeth and gums, is not by any means a lost art. Minot's Dentifrice will preserve them. For 25 cents, the price of it, any one can have beautiful white teeth, and strong healthy gums. It's within the reach of all who desire this treasure.

The girl who owns a fast horse and a comfortable cutter, and who has a proper appreciation of the advantages of leap year, should be a stranger to sorrow.

It is a Curious Fa ct

That the body is now more susceptible to benefit from medicine than at any other season. Hence the importance of taking Hoond's Sarsaparilla now, when it will do you the most good. It is really wonderful for purifyidg and enriching the blood, creating an appetite, and giving a healthy tone to the whole system. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, wich is peculiar to itself.

"Paradise Lost," says a recent writer, "was sold for a song." The man who bought it for a song must have considered himself badly sold when he tried to sing it.

Studies of the Great West.

In beginning a series of observations and comments upon Western life it is proper to say that the reader is not to expect exhaustive statistical statements of growth or development, nor descriptions, except such as will illustrate the point of view taken of the making of the Great West. Materialism is the most obtrusive feature of a cursory observation, but it does not interest one so much as the forces that underly it, the enterprise and joyousness of conquest and achievement that it stands for, or the finer processes evolved in the marvelous building up of new societies. What is the spirit, what is the civilization of the West? I have not the presumption to expect to answer these large questions to any one's satisfaction—least of all to my own—but if I may be permitted to talk about them familiarly, in the manner that one speaks to his friends of what interested him most in a journey, and with flexibility in passing from one topic to another, I shall hope to contribute something to a better understanding between the territories of a vast empire. How vast this republic is, no one can at all appreciate who does not actually travel over its wide areas. To many of us the West is still the West of the geographies of 30 years ago; it is the simple truth to say that comparatively few Eastern people have any adequate conception of what lies West of Chicago and St. Louis; perhaps a hazy geographical notion of it, but not the faintest idea of its civilization and its society. Now a good understanding of each other between the great sections of the republic is politically of the first importance. We shall hang together as a nation; blood, relationship, steel rails, navigable waters, trade, absence of natural boundaries, settles that. We shall pull and push and grumble, we shall vituperate each other, parties will continue to make capital out of sectional prejudice, and wantonly inflame it (what a pitiful sort of "politics" that is!) but we shall stick together like wax. Still, anything like smooth working of our political machine depends upon good understanding between sections. And the remark applies to East and West as well as to North and South. It is a common remark at the West that "Eastern people know nothing about us; they think us half civilized"; and there is mingled with slight irritability at this ignorance a waxing feeling of superiority over the east in force and power. One would not say that repose as yet goes along with this sense of great capacity and great achievement; indeed, it is inevitable that a condition of development of quick growth unparalleled in the history of the whole world there should be abundant self-assertion and even monumental boastfulness.

When the Western man goes East he carries the consciousness of playing a great part in the making of an empire; his horizon is large; but he finds himself surrounded by an atmosphere of indifference or non-comprehension of the prodigiousness of his country, of incredulity as to the refinement and luxury of his civilization; and self-assertion is his natural defense. This longitudinal incredulity and swagger is a curious phenomenon. London thinks New York puts on airs, New York complains of Chicago's want of modesty, Chicago can see that Kansas City and Omaha are aggressively boastful, and these cities acknowledge the expansive self-appreciation of Denver and Helena.

Does going west work a radical change in a man's character? Hardly. We are all cut out of the same piece of cloth. The Western man is the Eastern or Southern man let loose, with his leading-strings cut. But the change of situation creates immense diversity in interests and in spirit. One has but to take up any of the great newspapers, say in St. Paul or Minneapolis, to be aware that he is in another world of ideas, of news, of interests. The topics that most interest the East he does not find there, nor much of its news. Persons of whom he reads daily in the East drop out of sight, and other persons, magnates in politics, packing, railways, loom up. It takes columns to tell the daily history of places which have heretofore only caught the attention of the Eastern reader for freaks of the thermometer, and he has an opportunity to read daily pages about Dakota, concerning which a weekly paragraph has formerly satisfied his curiosity. Before he can be absorbed in these lively, intelligent newspapers he must change the whole current of his thoughts, and take up other subjects, persons and places than those that have heretofore occupied his mind. He is now in a new world.

One of the most striking facts in the West is State pride, attachment to the State, the profound belief of every citizen that his State is the best. Engendered perhaps at first by a permanent investment and the spur of self-interest, it speedily becomes a passion, as strong in the newest State as it is in any one of the original thirteen. Rivalry between cities is sharp, and civic pride is excessive, but both are outdone by the larger devotion to the commonwealth. And this pride is developed in the inhabitants of a territory as soon as it is organized. Montana has condensed the ordinary achievements of a century into 20 years, and loyalty to its present and expectation of its future are as strong in its citizens as is the attachment of men of Massachusetts to the State of nearly three centuries of growth. In Nebraska I was pleased with the talk of a clergyman who had just returned from three months travel in Europe. He was full of his novel experiences; he had greatly enjoyed the trip; but he was glad to get back to Nebraska and its full, vigorous life. In England and on the Continent he had seen much to interest him; but he could not help comparing Europe with Nebraska; and as for him, this was the substance of it: give him Nebraska every time. What astonished him most, and wounded his feelings (and there was a note of pathos in his statement of it), was the general foreign ignorance abroad about Nebraska—the utter failure in the European mind to take it in. I felt guilty, for to me it had been little more than a geographical expression, and I presume the Continent did not know whether Nebraska was a new kind of patent medicine or a new sort of religion. To the clergyman this ignorance of the central, richest, about-to-be-the-most-important of States, was simply incredible.

This feeling is not only admirable in itself, but it has an incalculable political value, especially in the west, where there is a little haze as to the limitations of Federal power, and a notion that the Constitution was swaddling clothes for an infant, which manly limbs may need to kick off. Healthy and even assertive State pride is the only possible counterbalance in our system against that centralization which tends to corruption in the center and weakness and discontent in the individual members.

It should be added that the West, speaking of it generally, is defiantly "American." It wants a more vigorous and assertive foreign policy. Conscious of its power, the growing pains in the limbs of the young giant will not let it rest. That this is the most magnificent country, that we have the only government beyond criticism, that our civilization is far the best, does not admit of doubt. It is refreshing to see men who believe in something heartily and without reserve, even if it is only in themselves. There is a tonic in this challenge of all time and history. A certain attitude of American assertion toward other powers is desired. For want of this our late representatives to Great Britain are said to be un-American; "political duties" is what the Governor of Nebraska calls them. It is his indictment against the present minister to St. James that "he is numerous in his visits to the castles of English noblemen, and profuse in his obsequiousness to British aristocrats." And perhaps the Governor speaks for a majority of Western voters and fighters when he says that "timidity has characterized our State Department for the last twenty years."

By chance I begin these Western studies with the Northwest. Passing by for the present the intelligent and progressive State of Wisconsin, we will consider Minnesota and the vast region at present more or less tributary to it. It is necessary to remember that the State was admitted to the Union in 1858, and that its extraordinary industrial development dates from the building of the first railway in its limits—ten miles from St. Paul to St. Anthony—in 1862. For this road the first stake was driven and the first shovelful of earth lifted by a citizen of St. Paul who has lived to see his State gridironed with railways, and whose firm constructed in 1887 over eleven hundred miles of railroad. . . .

It is in the memory of men still in active life when the Territory of Minnesota was supposed to be beyond the pale of desirable settlement. The State, except in the northeast portion, is now well settled, and well sprinkled with thriving villages and cities. Of the latter, St. Paul and Minneapolis are still a wonder to themselves, as they are to the world. I knew that they were big cities, having each a population nearly approaching 175,000, but I was not prepared to find them so handsome and substantial, and exhibiting such vigor and activity of movement. One of the most impressive things to an Eastern man in both of them is their public spirit, and the harmony with which business men work together for anything which will build up and beautify the city. I believe that the ruling force in Minneapolis is of New England stock, while St. Paul has a larger proportion of New York people, with a mixture of Southern; and I have a fancy that there is a social shading that shows this distinction. It is worth nothing, however, that the Southerner, transplanted to Minnesota or Montana, loses the *laisser faire* with which he is credited at home and becomes as active and pushing as anybody. Both cities have a very large Scandinavian population. The laborers and domestic servants are mostly Swedes. In forecasting what sort of a State Minnesota is to be, the Scandinavian is a largely determining force. It is a virile element. The traveler is impressed with the idea that the women whom he sees at the stations in the country and in the city are sturdy, ruddy, and better able to endure the protracted season of cold and the highly stimulating atmosphere than the American-born women, who tend to become nervous in these climatic conditions. The Swedes are thrifty, taking eagerly to politics, and as ready to profit by them as anybody; unreservedly American in intention, and, on the whole