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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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A Page From Her History.

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"OL' JACK."

I was a little feller, when I used to ride bareback
The tough and spavined farm horse that my father called "Ol' Jack."
His jaws was made of iron an' he didn't mind the bit,
Nor take a mile of notice nary time that he was hit.

He used to shamble long the road with slow an' stumblin' gait,
An' when he stopped to catch his breath, yer had to sit an' wait.
Yer'd waste a hick'ry suplin 'for you'd get him to a trot,
And then if you was ridin' him, you'd wish that you had not.

For his back was like a razor, and sharper than an axe
That's why I m so long-legged; only I state the facts.
I used to saw upon the bit and tug upon the rein,
An' think I'd give most anything to have him walk again.

I used to ride in English style while goin' through our town,
Lastwhiles I hung on by the reins while bobbin' up and down.
The comin' down wern't pleasant, case he was so awful sharp,
An' when he flung me up 'again, I'd hear some angel's harp.

An' when I couldn't make him stop by any sort of talk,
I waited for a grassy spot to tumble off an' walk;—
Yet, somehow, now, it seems to be a pleasure to look back;
My liver didn't bother me them times I rode "Ol' Jack."

A Soldier's Daughter.

Great was Charles Vane's delight to find Eunice alone in the parlor. It was at Col. Coppinger's house in Gramercy park. Eunice's father had recently died, and she had come to live at Col. Coppinger's because that old warrior had liked her parents and liked her. Vane knew that she was poor. To this he paid little attention, and to Eunice herself he would have paid more had she not had a way of excusing herself and leaving him in Alice Coppinger's company every time he called.

On this occasion Alice was not at home, and there was no choice for Eunice but to remain.

He saw an army sword upon the piano.

"What is the colonel's sword doing down here?" he asked.

"It is not the colonel's sword," she answered.

"Yours, possibly?" he said, smiling.

"Yes, it was my father's. He gave it to me."

"I did not know you were a soldier's daughter."

"I am, and prouder of it than if an ancester of mine had been a member of Sir Peter Stuyvesant's council." She went gracefully over to the piano as she spoke, and, taking the scabbard in one hand, with the other skillfully drew out the blade.

"I like to hear you say that," he said, going to her side. "It is the kind of talk that puts fighting blood into men when it is needed.

She had laid the scabbard on the piano and was holding the saber.

"See! I have been polishing it. It glistens as I fancy it did when my father swung it at the head of his men and they hushed the rebel yell and broke the line of the enemy."

She smiled as she concluded her little speech, and he admired her more than he did the saber.

"Most women would be afraid to handle such a weapon," he said.

In answer she gave a little laugh which plainly showed she wasn't.

"See how sharp it is," she continued, as she passed the saber over to him for inspection. Vane ran his thumb along the edge. It was keener than he thought. A drop of blood fell upon the table.

In an instant Eunice had wrapped her handkerchief around the bleeding finger. As she tightened the knot he wished he had also cut the other thumb.

"There?" she exclaimed, "it is always the duty of a soldier's daughter to bind up a soldier's wounds."

"And why do you keep it so tantalizingly sharp?"

"My father did so. I love to do as he did. Then, it is always ready for service, and if there ever comes a time when it is needed, I shall give it to the bravest man I know, as he requested."

"I should like to be that man." He bent very close to her. She was looking down at the saber, which she had placed on the piano again. As she felt his breath upon her cheek she moved a step away.

This step stopped what he would have said, and he went on nonchalantly

"Under whom did your father serve?"

"Under Sheridan from first to last."

He questioned more eagerly.

"What regiment?"

"The Ninth Illinois."

"The Ninth Illinois," he said, seizing her hands. "That was my father's regiment! Why, this is like meeting an old friend. You are Capt. Erdman's daughter?"

"And you are Lieut. Vane's son?" she cried.

"Yes, yes. I know all about your father. He was the bravest man in the regiment. He had five horses killed under him in battle. At Chickamauga he fell wounded near to death holding fast to the colors, and they made him a captain for it. Father often wondered what had become of him. He was never at any of the reunions.

"You see," he added, by way of explanation, "father went to Chicago directly after the war. He did well and when I was old enough I went to Yale. I had just got to be able to show my gratitude for what he had done for me when he died."

He did not ask about her father; he inferred that he, too, was dead. She did not tell him about their history. He had not "done well," but he had done the best he could, and had died in his office chair, trying.

This finding of new ties settled these two young people's destinies. It was the old story—they were in love.

A month afterwards, while Vane was in his office one afternoon, a note came to him from Vaughn, one of his wealthiest clients, asking him to meet the president of the United Mexican Mining company, limited, at the Fifth Avenue hotel at 7:30 that evening, and to have all of his wits about him. He had arranged to take Eunice to the theater that night, but business was always befor e pleasure, with this young American, and Eunice was a sensible girl. He sent a note to her telling the circumstances, and postponed the visit to the play.

At 7:45 that evening Vane met John McCullagh in the big corridor of the Fifth Avenue. McCullagh was a clever man, who had written the play which Vane and Eunice were to have seen that night.

"I am going up to Col. Coppinger's to bring Alice down to see the last two acts to-night," he said to Vane.

"If you are going to Coppinger's, why—why," Vane responded, "will you take a note up to Miss Erdman for me?"

"Yes. Hurry up with it for I haven't much time."

Vane had found that he would have part of the evening to himself, and he made up his mind to take Eunice to the theater after all. He seized a piece of paper from the desk and wrote:

"I will be up at 9. If you wish we can get down to see the last two acts of Southern."

McCullagh's basentmindedness vied with his forgetfulness. A friend rode up with him, and in their talk all remembrance of the note in his pocket had escaped him.

When he reached Col. Coppinger's he found Alice sitting by the fire reading the Idler and nursing a cold. She could not go.

"Do you suppose I would sit for an hour and be compelled, just because you were with me, to laugh at your jokes?" she said wickedly. "But Miss Erdman is upstairs. She will be glad to go with you, I think."

Within ten minutes Eunice and Mr. McCullagh passed out the door, he still unconsciously bearing Mr. Vane's note in his pocket.

When Mr. Vane himself called, half an hour later, the servant, who was entertaining a member of the police force in the kitchen with cheese and assorted crackers from the Coppinger cupboard, was in no humor to answer bells cheerfully.

So she told Vane abruptly that Miss Erdman was not in, and closed the door.

Vane was angry and went off growling to the theater alone. He knew Vaughn and his daughter would be there.

The blood rushed to Eunice's cheeks when, just before the curtain rose for the fourth act, she saw Vane walk into the box where Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn were seated.

"There's Vane in the Vaughn box," McCullagh whispered. "Since he got in with Vaughn his practice has trebled. I should not be surprised if he and Miss Vaughn were a match. It will be a boost for Vane, but he is worthy of it."

Then the love making on the stage went on.

"Isn't that the author himself sitting in the eighth row back, next to the second circle?" asked Miss Vaughn, as she focused her glass upon the audience at the close of the fourth act.

"Yes," answered Vane, who had already discovered the presence of McCullagh and the identity of his companion, staring blankly at the gallery. "I wonder if he enjoys his own play?"

"It is the same young woman I saw here with him once before," continued Miss Vaughn. "I suppose playwrights fall in love the same as everybody else."

During the intermission Vane was very attentive to Miss Vaughn. But he forgot his gayety when he left her, for there was a very bitter look on his face as he turned the key in his own lock at midnight.

The next day he was troubled in mind and heart. When night came he concluded to go to Eunice, just to see what explanation she would offer.

In the meantime McCullagh had left town, and the note was in an overcoat pocket packed in the bottom of his trunk.

When Vane reached Col. Coppinger's at 8 o'clock he found Medford and Andrews, who were members of the same company of militia as himself, there before him. They were talking about a reception to be given by the company the following evening, in which the officers were to appear in uniform.

"I shall wear my father's old sword," said Andrews,

"A good idea," assented Vane.

"Well, I can't" put in Medford, "because my father was not in the war."

"It is not right that you should be left out," interposed Eunice. She hesitated a moment. She saw Vane talking in an aside to Alice.

"I have a sword that you may wear. Excuse me a moment." With this she ran up to her room.

She took the scabbard down from its place over her bureau and drew the blade out. A little red spot showed itself in the gaslight upon the steel—a drop of his blood.

Before she thought she pressed her lips to it. Then, angry with herself, she wiped it off with her handkerchief.

"Here it is, Mr. Medford," she said, when she reached the little group downstairs; "it has been in 20 battles."

Medford bowed his politest bow and suddenly became the most talkative man in the company.

Vane went over to the mantelpiece and began seriously to study the pictures there.

Eunice's hand trembled when she received the sword from Medford as they parted at the door the next evening. She had been to the ball and had seen Vane there with Miss Vaughn.

She cried herself to sleep. The next morning she announced her attention of visiting some of her relatives in her father's native town in Illinois.

While she was clearing out the last drawer in her bureau in one corner she saw something red. It was the blood on the handkerchief she had used to bind up Vane's wound when he had cut his finger upon the sword blade. She kissed it, thrust it into her pocket and cried.

In the latter part of April McCullagh came bursting into Vane's office.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "you know I am the most absent-minded man in the world, don't you?"

"Of course. It's the privilege of genius. Sit down."

"You remember the note you gave me to give to Miss Erdman?"

"Yes, I do," Vane cried, with quickly hidden excitement.

"I found it in my overcoat pocket today when I was unpacking. Awfully sorry, you know. Now, if it's in my power to make an explanation or ——"

"No; it's all right. I would not want to trust you with anything important, however. Miss Erdman is somewhere in the west. I wish you would let me have the note."

"Here it is. I am ashamed of myself."

After McCullah had closed the door Vane wrote a letter to a young woman in a little western town, which contained a note written on Fifth Avenue hotel stationery, a request for pardon and a vow of love. He waited days, he waited weeks for an answer which did not come, and then he called himself an ass and became a bear.

* * * * *

Eunice as the daughter of the captain of the brave Ninth, which was Eggleston's glory, received every attention from the people of that little town.

Thomas Arnold was postmaster of Eggleston and had been for years. The remuneration of the office was small and of little object to him, who was twice a millionaire, owned all the land for many miles around, had much real estate in Chicago which he had bought 30 years before, and lived in the handsome stone house on the hill with two servants and two great bulldogs. He was postmaster because it served to tighten his grasp on the town, and his love of power was inordinate. He bore his 60 years well and was a prepossessing man.

Eunice had heard her father say that Arnold was a coward. In war times he had refused to enlist, and when draftes had hired a substitute.

But soon after Eunice's arrival Arnold had begun to pay her attention. He had taken her to ride behind the finest team of black horses in his stable. Of the loneliness of his life, of the failure of his wealth to bring him happiness, he had told her again and again. Often he intimated he had wished he could find some object to whom he could devote his money and the remainder of his life.

It was a custom of Arnold's, although he had a deputy to attend to all of the business, to go down to the postoffice in the evening and assort the mails. He seemed to take pleasure in them looking over the letters—this millionaire. Sometimes he sent the clerk out on an errand when the post-cart arrived. On a certain night the name of "Charles Vane, attorney-at-law, Equitable building, New York," on the upper left-hand corner of an evelope, had attracted his attention. The letter never reached its destination.

That very night he drove over to where Eunice was living, and an hour later Eunice was sitting by his side, and they were spinning along two miles of town. The rush of the air made her cheeks red. Like all women she loved to sit behind a spirited team; she liked things of luxury at her disposal. Arnold slowed the horses to a walk.

"Miss Erdman, I am an old man." He said this with effect. The breeze had brought life into his face, while he gave his body a pose of commanding strength.

"No, you are not. One would never take you to be a day over 40," she answered, frankly. Arnold felt the blood tingle in his finger-tips.

"But I have worked hard for many years," he went on, "and prosperity is something of a reward. I admire you more than any woman I ever met." He saw it was time to strike and brought matters to a point at once. "I have lived long enough to know a noble woman—a woman worthy of a place of honor in the world, and I love you. Will you marry me?"

The leaves of the trees were green; there were flowers by the roadside. The horses pranced and shook the foam from their mouths upon shining necks and hips. Luxury, which makes up for many evils, abounded everywhere. Eunice did not answer for a moment. The scene had much to do with framing her answer.

This is very sudden, Mr. Arnold, and I appreciate the compliment; but I should like to think about it for a time.

"Certainly—certainly. I admire you for not wishing to take a hasty step. When shall I know?" he asked breathlessly.

"This is the 10th. Say Memorial day."

"Very well. It is a long time, but I can wait cheerfully," he said cheerfully. Inwardly he cringed, for he did not like the associations the appointed time brought to his memory.

On their way back he told her something of his wealth, of the house he intended to build in Chicago. He showed the speed of the horses, as he sat erect, holding the reins, he presented the picture of a man of power.

The morning of Memorial day found Eunice early at her father's grave, whence she had carried a great basket of flowers, among them a large bunch of violets. Violets were Capt. Erdman's favorite flowers. They were of the same color as the uniform he wore for four years and the field of the flag he loved so well. Thither came Thos. Arnold, dressed in his best smile and a neat and well-fitting coat of gray to interrupt her devotions.

"Miss Erdman, you should have let me carry that heavy basket."

It was the first time he had been sincere in his offer to help decorate soldier's grave.

"Thank you," she answered, as she finished arranging the bouquet of violets at the head of the grave, and arose, stately and beautiful, her face flushed with bending to her work. "It was not heavy. I rather enjoyed it."

"What a triumph," Arnold thought. "If I could win her over her father's dead body—he, with his fighting enthusiasm hated me."

"This is the day when I am to learn my fate." He went on, with a tremor in his voice.

She did not answer. She was wrapt in thought, and he waited upon her pleasure to speak.

Down in the valley the little town lay at peace. Now and then a soft breeze, coming from the west where the river sparkled waved the tops of the tall maples. The sun glistened upon the brass dome of the quaint old courthouse and dully gleamed on the slate roof of the great mansion opposite, which Thomas Arnold owned, on the slate roof of the bank building which Thomas Arnold owned, and upon the piles of coal at the south of the mines upon the bluff on the other side of the river, which Thomas Arnold owned.

At her feet were two graves, one of a lieutenant, the other of his captain, while around her were many white marble slabs bedecked with flowers. At the other end of the cemetery was a tall monument bearing in great letters, "Arnold," but there were no chiselled inscriptions of brave deeds done, of flags or or sabers or cannon balls cut upon its mable sides.

Under which should she be buried?

She heard the soft, unsteady voice of an old negro almost at her side, saying:

"Yes, sah. Dis heah's de grav'. Perty long tote for an old man, dat."

The few remaining members of the Ninth had to-day formed in the public square as they had done years before, when all were young and all were there. The wind caught the flag and unfurled it to the air. The rap-rap of a drum beating a dead march came floating to Eunice's ear. Along the highway leading up toward the cemetery a little band of men in faded blue were slowly moving to the sorrowful music with feeble steps. The veteran in front bore the battered battle flag, which her mother's hand had helped to fashion and which was dyed with her father's blood. Her head swam and she saw only a blue speck upon the background of the dusty road and green fields.

She spoke almost in a whisper, but with a decision and defiance which reminded Thomas Arnold of bitter words her father had spoken long ago.

"No. I will not marry you, Never!"

"Very well. I will wait. This is no time to talk of it." Arnold saw that the spirit of the day affected her and put him at a disadvantage. He did not notice the young man coming up the walk.

Half an hour later all had been explained and Vane held her in his arms.

"Now, there will be two swords over my mantelpiece, and I can use them both if our country needs me."

She rested her head upon his shoulder, and then, looking up with tears in her eyes, whispered:

"I am twice glad you came. I came near to doing something unworthy of a soldier's daughter.

A Tactful Life.

I know of a nice, tactful woman, hardly more than a bride, whose husband did not come home one night. But he did the next morning, and stammered apologies about "business," "man from the West" and other such matters that had nothing to do with it. To his great surprise and intense relief she accepted his explanations sweetly, unquestioningly. Another night fell. Anxious to make further amends for his tardiness, he came in fairly early, expecting to be met with the usual sweet smile of his wife. But the sweet smile was not there; neither was the wife nor any word of explanation, nor did she return. An awful night of it that man spent, and when the little lady returned the next morning he was ready to heap scorn and anything else handy upon her apologetic head.

But she didn't apologize—not she. Sweetly she bade him good morning, went about her usual duties amiably, but vouchsafed not the slightest explanation. The man went off by himself and thought awhile.

When he came back in an hour he was a changed man. He told her so, said she did perfectly right and he was a brute. Then they made up in the good, old-fashioned way. They said it should never happen again, and it never did.

The woman who keeps her temper in spite of knowing and insisting upon what she wants, gains her point. That man is just as proud as he can be of his "bright wife."—*Chicago Times.*

The Man He Wanted.

The rather respectable tramp sidled up to the business man's desk, and the business man thought he was a home missionary or something, after a contribution.

"Good morning," said the visitor.

"Good morning," responded the business man.

"Fine weather we are having," said the visitor.

"Very pleasant," responded the man at the desk.

"Have you been to the World's Fair," asked the visitor.

"I have not," was the response.

"Are you going?"

"I am not."

"Well, you are the very man I'm looking for," said the visitor hopefully. "Everybody I've struck for a beer for two months past has either been to the fair or is going, and can't spare a nickel. Blamed if I ain't so dry I can use my tongue for a blotting pad. Lemme have a nickle quick for the sake of suffering humanity." And the business man let him have it.

She Took the Hint.

A good Presbyterian woman in Foundry street had a tramp caller Friday and she generously set before him a glass of milk, plenty of bread and a piece of pie. The tramp sat down and looked at it for some time.

"Madam," he said, without touching it, "are you a member of any church?"

She thought he was going to ask a blessing.

"Yes," she replied, "I am a Presbyterian."

"I am glad to hear that, madam, for I am a Presbyterian myself."

"Yes?" she replied, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes, madam," he went on, as he eyed the food critically, "and I believe in Presbyterians don't object to eating meat on Friday, do we?"

Then it was her meek and lowly spirit that hoisted itself in wrath, and the next minute the tramp was flying toward the gate with the dog after him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Something to Remember,

if you're a weak or ailing woman:—that there's only one medicine so sure to help you that it can be guaranteed. It's Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In building up overworked, feeble, delicate women, or in any "female complaint" or weakness, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a safe and certain remedy for woman's ills and ailments. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep and restores health and strength.

Nothing else can be as cheap. With this, you pay only for the good you get

A Matter of Duty.

The casual observer would have detected nothing strange in the personality of the youngish party who sat alone in the front parlor. Yet a close scrutiny would have revealed symptoms of mental strain.

Mental strain was something Aloysius De Gughmp could ill afford.

Presently a beautiful little boy flitted into the room.

The youngish party started eagerly from his seat. There was a look of agonizing doubt in his eyes.

"What did she say?" he demanded.

"She said," lisped the child, "to tell Mr. De Gughmp that she'd be right down."

The youngish party could not repress an exclamation of joy.

His face shone with satisfaction.

"And is that all she said?" he asked, striving to be calm.

The child shook his head.

"What was it, Willie? Tell me her words. Every syllable is a treasure to me."

The boy approached and looked trustingly into his face.

"She said"—

Aloysius De Gughmp held his breath.

"She 'd be polite although it did turn her stonia ch."

The youngish party at once resolved to make his call strictly formal.

Profit in Forestry.

A pennsylvanian suggests that forestry could be made profitable; in other words, that the man who is willing to wait can make money by planting and selling trees, but he must have the patience of a great many years. This aboriculturist foresees the time when our hills having been stripped of trees, the sale of planted specimens will become a regular business. "Tere is plenty of land in this country," he says, "that is scarcely fit for any other purpose than the growing of trees. Such land could be purchased for from $3 to $4 an acre. Dr. James Brown said some years ago, and it holds good yet, that he had seen the crops of larch of sixty-five years standing sold for from $700 to $2000 per acre. As this tree, like anything else, grows more valuable the scarcer it gets, it is not presumption to say that sixty years hence it will be worth still more. Assuming that land worth about the figure quoted above were set out in larch, what a splendid profit would be the result, although the planter might not live to enjoy it. Still another authority has calculated that a plantation of ten acres of European larch to last fifty years will yield a profit of thirteen per cent. per annum and show a net profit at the end of that time of $52,282.75. Other trees in which there would be a profit for the planter are the white pine of the north, and the long-leaf pine of th south, the ash the walnut and the tulip.

Must Earn His Fee.

Dr. Pighead visits Mr. Coldham, the great pork manufacturer.

"Well, my dear sir, I don't see that there is anything radically wrong with you. Go to bed early, don't drink anything stronger than coffee, and you'll be all right in a week."

"What! Are you not going to give me any medicine?"

"Certainly not. You don't need it."

"But you get your money just the same."

"Yes. Just so."

"Well, I don't think it is a square deal. S'posin you bleed me, put a mustard plaster on the back of my neck and give me a dose of salts. Everybody that works for me's got to earn his salary."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Touched In a Tender Place.

On one occasion a distinguished Kentuckian senator or congressman, as the case may be, witnessed the burning of a big warehouse in his native village. He was viewing the conflagration from the piazza of a residence in the vicinity, and a small boy-friend of his would rush down and back at intervals bringing him fresh news of the fire.

"Oh, colonel," exclaimed the excited boy after one trip, "there's 20,000 bushels of wheat burning."

"Let it burn, my boy," responded the colonel grandly as he swept his hand over the landscape, "we can raise more wheat next year."

The boy ran off and came back breathless.

"Oh, colonel," he exclaimed, "there's 100,000 pounds of hemp burning."

"Let it burn, my boy," said the colonel waving his hand as before, "we can raise plenty more hemp next year."

Again the boy departed and returned.

"Oh, colonel," he exclaimed, "there's 250 barrels of 10-year-old whisky burning."

Up jumped the colonel.

"Good Lord," he shouted, "can't something be done to save it? We can't raise 250 barrels of 10-year-old whisky next year," and he went after the boy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

His Nose Saved Him.

Asked whether he considered personal beauty of much use to a man, the Duke of Wellington replied, "My looks were once of great use to me," says Sir William Frazer in "Ilic et Ubique," his latest book. The author continues that the Duke told the following story in explanation of his remark:

Being anxious to investigate the state of affairs on the far side of a narrow, deep stream, in the low plains at the northern foot of the Pyrenees, the duke determined to cross over, and a small boat was procured. The boat touched the opposite bank, close to an Irish sentry. "The man challenged the party, who could not give the countersign, on which Pat leveled his musket to fire at them. Looking along the barrel he recognized the commander-in-chief just as his grace stepped on shore. He immediately brought his musket to the salute; and with the greatest good humor called out "God bless your craegid (crooked) nose! I'd sooner see it than tin thousand min."

The story was finished by the duke's saying "I protest that is the greatest personal compliment ever paid me in the whole course of my life."

Some Obituary Notes.

That was a bitter joke of the man in Texas who put a quantity of jalap in some beer his friend was about to drink. The funeral was well attended.

A man in Maryland the other day ate 15 raw oysters on a wager. The silver trimmings on his coffin cost $1255.

A young man in Louisville examined a keg of damaged gunpowder with a redhot poker to see if it was good. It is belived by his friends that he has gone to Europe, although a man has found some human bones and a piece of shirt tail about 20 miles from Louisville.

John Smith, jr., in Nebraska, said he could handle a rattlesnake the same as a snake-charmer. The churlishness of the undertaker in demanding pay in advance delayed the funeral four days.

Richard Strongram, better known as the "champion trunk-smasher of Missouri," found a box last week marked "Dynamite. Handle with Care." "Ha, Ha," said he, "dynamite," in a scornful voice, as he seized it by the handle, braced one foot against the load and yanked it on the platform. He never came back.

A circus-rider in Arizona tried to turn three somersoults on horseback the other day. The manager sent back to New Orleans for another somersault man.

A man in New York could not wait for the cars to get to the depot, and