

# The Somerset Herald.

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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1900.

WHOLE NO. 2527.

## NO USE TRYING

I can't take plain cod-liver oil. Doctor says, try it. He might as well tell me to melt lard or butter and try to take them. It is too rich and will upset the stomach. But you can take milk or cream, so you can take

## Scott's Emulsion

It is like cream; but will feed and nourish when cream will not. Babies and children will thrive and grow fat on it when their ordinary food does not nourish them.

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day when taking an ounce of Scott's Emulsion. It gets the digestive machinery in working order so that the ordinary food is properly digested and assimilated.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists and Druggists,

## DUSK ON THE WIDE, LOW PLAIN.

Folk on the wide, low plain,  
Baird, framed by a ring of mountains whispering roofs.

And over it stretches hills  
And around it the sound of the children's crying,  
And around it the song of the wind in a network  
Of whistling woods.

Dusk on the wide, low plain.  
And a star to the pools descending.

And a dark, low, dim world was, the fit of a  
ground owl's wings.

And a lone, hoary home to sit perch-

And stand by the lonely road where the trees are blinding,  
And shudder in the long, light round the hissing  
footfalls ringing.

—William Higgs in Youth's Companion.

## MISS MARIA'S ROMANCE.

BY E. P. BESON,  
(Author of "Bella".)

From the Philadelphia Times.

Though both the Miss Chermisides might be described as stately parades as "aged," there was, perhaps, a difference of ten years between them. The elder one, Miss Jane, was of strong mind and feeble body; Miss Maria, the younger, was of a romantic turn, and swarthy. Morally, Miss Jane was in the habit of sitting on Miss Maria; in effect, Miss Maria had been known to burst into tears at the moral weight of her sister, leave the room with the tread of a grenadier, and bang the door behind her with such force that the pictures trembled.

The Misses Chermisides were not letter-ridden folk, and the handwriting of their few correspondents were reasonably well known to each other. Consequently, when on a certain morning three weeks after Miss Jane took to her bicycle, she saw on coming down to breakfast a letter laid at Miss Maria's plate; it was a matter of course that she glanced at the writing to see who the author was. It both puzzled and piqued her that she did not recognize it, and the first rummaging of coffee did not make matters clearer. To so sound and practical brain this was very annoying, and Maria, who was very late that day—the ringlets had been exceptionally tiresome—got but a sour greeting.

"Good morning, Maria," said Miss Jane, "or, rather, good afternoon. You may call this a quarter past 8, but it isn't. There is a letter for you; and a few volumes of the modern and preposterous English school. A galaxy of medicine bottles occupied the lowest shelf, and the other two were empty except for a box containing four and twenty mild cigarettes. Originally this had been a box of twenty-five, and its purchase was induced by a perusal of the preposterous novels referred to above. She had snuck the larger part of one; she had no immediate intention of smoking more. The twenty-four cigarettes and the row of medicine bottles were, in fact, the projection of Miss Jane's feebleness of body. The rest of the furniture was the product of her strong mind. She had a knee-hole table, with stout, stoutish, military disk on it, and with its side stood an ashtray in which she kept miles, no less. Two or three sporting prints hung on the walls, and on a side table was a mounted hoof of a horse, which she had bought for one and ninepence in a pawnshop's shop off High street. She ordered dinner and wore brown shoes.

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"I don't know the hand," said this remarkable woman.

"I do say you don't," replied Maria for the third time had turned.

Harmony being thus a little jarred, and Miss Maria being possessed for the time being by that subjective phenomena which, when it occurs in children, is termed crookedness, the two parted as soon as they left the dining-room. Miss Maria went straight to her room, and Miss Jane, having ordered an asetic dinner, marched with more than usual energy out into the garden, where she collected snails with fanatic vindictiveness, sparing none, and spindled up plants with the zeal of an Indian chief on a scalping expedition.

Now, Miss Maria's sympathies, as was remarked, were with the great women of romance, and beneath her ringlets, in spite of her forty years, lay the shapes of surprising and magnificently colored idylls in an abstract guise, but touching her heart. This and tawdry little day dreams would there appear to the alien eye, and he who should play hero to her heroine was builded of the same stuff as herself. He had a crowning tenor voice (crown with a beautiful word and rhymed obviously,) an apollo cult to crown an intellectual forehead, he was slim and dark and Italian looking, but she did not think him insipid. They met for the first time in the street, and eyes flashed an answering fire. Miss Maria (so these dreams told her) beat a chaste retreat, and looked not back till she could naturally do so, as she opened the front door of the red brick house, yes, oh! what pleasing sacrifice was this renunciation. Then, glancing carelessly over her shoulder, she saw that the slim unknown had stopped, and was looking, gazing rather after her. Next day, and the day after, they would again encounter each other with the same confusion and fluttering of the heart. He sat opposite her in the cathedral, and his crooning tenor called echoes from the vaulted roof and thrilled her through and through. He would ride fitfully horse down the high street, displaying the most consummate mastery of the unruly brute (she would make him give up that for her sake), and at the end they met most conveniently at dinner in the house of a minor canon. Here it transpired that his name was Percy Elphinstone, and that his great-uncle was a baronet. He

asked leave to call, and leave was given him, and thus in the fulness of time the rosy-faced children who lived in the cottages round the baronial manor house courted with grateful humility to Sir Percy and Lady Elphinstone. Such was the main feature of that vision world in which Miss Maria passed so many happy hours, now so familiar to her that she regarded its sumptuousness with calmness.

Embellishing details were always hot from the mint of her brain, but the broad outlines of the vision were inviolable. Yet this morning, after the affair of the letter, it was with some excitement that she went to her room, and with a new sense of the beauty of that much admired piece that she read Mr. Longfellow's "Golden Legend." For, indeed, her romantic weavings seemed extraordinarily real to her, and her heart went out with a feeling of attachment to the creatures of the poet's brain.

Now, it must be understood that Miss Jane's seeming impatience with her sister's breakfast sprang from no mere or intimate emotion than curiosity. Hot and burning curiosity it is true, but no more than that. It was therefore, no great concession when, an hour later, she saw Miss Maria drifting towards her across the lawn with a letter in her hand, that she was fully prepared to welcome her possible revelation in a sisterly and sympathetic spirit; she even at the moment spared a small because it was so little a one.

"I have come to consult you, sister," began Miss Maria, in some confusion, "about a matter—a matter in which I should wish, if possible, to be guided by your judgment as your longer—" (she could not deny herself this little thrust)—"your longer experience of life. This is the letter I received this morning."

And, stepping back after giving Miss Jane the letter, Miss Maria, in her maidenly confusion, upset the basket of snails. But there are more poignant emotions than snail-catching, and greater issues than their destruction, and Miss Jane took the letter and let the snails lie.

She read it through and then again. "Most extraordinary," she said, still retaining it.

Maria bridled.

"Most extraordinary," repeated Miss Jane, calmly oblivious of her sister's feelings.

Then for a moment she stood in silence, and her intensely practical mind reviewed the situation and grasped its issues. An unknown gentleman, Percy Elphinstone by name, had written to Maria in a neat, almost copperplate hand, asking her to grant him the favor of an interview that afternoon, or the next afternoon, or any afternoon, in the Cathedral close, opposite the west door. He might be known, he said, by his wearing a piece of heliotrope in his buttonhole, and he would be dressed in a gray frock coat and a top hat. His intentions were honorable, his heart was not his own, though otherwise disengaged, and he threw himself on his charmer's mercy. A mind less remarkable than Miss Jane's might have failed before the magnitude of the situation, but she remained herself. For Maria's sake was she delighted, and then there was something about the heliotrope and the frock coat of Percy which fairly enslaved the imagination. "Where is Percy's top hat and the heliotrope?" Now the sentence tripped off the tongue! Thus sentiment stated the case, and business answered. If all went well with Maria, Miss Jane would be much better off than she was now, for she would sell the house which belonged to her and buy a smaller and more economical habitation. That would leave her less fettered in many ways; she could get a second bicycile, though the first had scarcely enough exercise, and if she ever purchased any more cigarettes they should be gold tipped. She had often surmised that it was only their cheapness which was so indigestible.

She looked up at Maria. Her reflections had been almost instantaneous.

"You must go," she said, "you must certainly go." Then, with an air of fine resignation—"It is better that I went with you. Though I am pressed for time to day, I will go with you. We will go together this afternoon."

"Thank you for being willing to give up much of your time," said Maria, with a faint acid note in her tone, "but I think that will be needless, sister. Percy—I mean Mr. Elphinstone—might feel less able, more timid I should say, if he found two of us. But do you really think I had better go at all? It would be no dreadful for me, Jane, if he was not quite all that one would naturally expect from his note."

"Most certainly you must go," said this remarkable woman.

"I do say you don't," replied Maria for the third time had turned.

Miss Maria, the younger, wrote rings and wrote poetry. Poems formed the staple of her small but well-assorted library. Her favorite authors were Longfellow, Mrs. Hemans, and in her wiser moments, Lord Byron. The diction of Shelley she found obscure, and she considered Keats coarse. In confidence she would have intimated that she thought Shakespeare very coarse, for she sat in unbiased judgment on the socialist authors, and took no notice in herars. Not that Miss Maria would ever uttered the word "coarse," for her method of intimating it was to shut her lips very tightly and take down from her shelves a volume of Marie Corelli, who to her mind ranked almost as a poet. She had an enormous admiration for what she considered powerful; she considered the "Sorrow of Satan" very powerful, indeed.

For the most part Miss Jane and Miss Maria used to live together in the most sisterly harmony. Their breakfast was five minutes past 8, or as Miss Jane said on one occasion, when Miss Maria had been left waiting, "Call it a quarter past!" They passed an industrious, even arduous, morning; for while Miss Jane was ordering dinner, washing up the breakfast service of Crown Derby, and trundling looking for snails in the garden, Maria looked to her room and read simply masses of poetry, the greater part of which she transferred into a fine angular hand to prodigies folio extract book. Indeed, should the works of Longfellow, Mrs. Hemans, and Lord Byron be ever lost to the world, the bulk of their masterpieces will be found by the delighted antiquarian in Miss Maria's extract books.

An hour or two of such inspiring labor produced, as was natural, inspiration, and for some two hours before lunch—they lunched at a quarter past 1—Miss Jane would write poetry.

At the present time employed on a tragedy of the most surprising nature, which was to be complete in five acts. The names of the principal characters were Orlando and Aminta; they met in a grove. There were among the dramatic personae a perfidious群衆, shepherds, shepheresses, executioners, armed nobles, nobles, foreigners in exile, and princes in disguise.

After lunch Miss Jane went on her bicycle, which she rode slowly but firmly. The bicycle had been the cause of the last great disagreement between the sisters, for Miss Maria held that a bicycle was a modern and detestable development, and that the great women of romance would never have ridden such things, even if they had been invented in their day. Miss Jane had retorted rather unkindly, saying she didn't care a pin's head—which was true—for the great women of romance. "You and your tragedettes!" she wound up. The door had slammed.

The country round Winchester is rural, and red-roofed villages nestled

exactly as they should in green hollows of the swelling down, but it is not designed for bicyclists of 30 years and feeble body. Thus in Miss Jane's excursions the chief ingredients were trudging up hills up which she could not otherwise force her bicycle, and trudging down hills down which her bicycle would otherwise force her. But as long as a bicycle remains the most modern development in the history of individual locomotion, there is no doubt that however hilly the country, Miss Jane will continue to employ it. The disagreement between her and her sister she did not regard as a reason for its abandonment. She naturally supposed that it would pass, as all appearances had done so. But the danger of superficial judgment is proverbial, and whether it was that Miss Maria's reflection on the occasions of the fortieth birthday warmed her that it was time that she too took a line, or whether the bicycle was the last straw, which did not break too easily; but rather that she had to resort to it to avoid all the other straws, it happened, at any rate, that it gave Miss Martha an idea. Such ideas had occurred to her before—for she was romantically made—but the only one, this she should put into practice.

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recommended it, Jane," she said, "but I shall go alone."

Miss Jane was silent a moment, for she wished to make clear to herself exactly how much of her anxiety to see Mr. Percy Elphinstone, his hat and heliotrope spray, arose from a sisterly desire to shield Maria from the wiles of possible adventurers, how much from pure curiosity, a defect in her nature which she acknowledged to herself, though to no other. This analysis was complicated, but eventually honesty prevailed.

"If you bring him to tea, then, Maria," said Miss Jane's great-uncle had been Mayor of Winchester, and the pride of Winchester. Indeed, her stories beginning, "My uncle, the late Mayor," always commanded a respectful silence.

"My uncle, the late Mayor—my brother-in-law the butcher!" Oh, what a fall-off was there!

She let herself in by the garden gate and went straight to the drawing room. Maria was there alone. Without preamble, she plunged into the midst of things.

"The snails for the most part made good their escape during this conversation, but Miss Jane was at pains to collect only the least distant of the tramps. Romance had stooped from heaven and touched them, a sudden flower had opened on the bloomless stem of their quiet cathedral town lives, and, though Miss Jane had no great opinion of men in general, it would be hard to say, though beyond doubt, top hat and heliotrope written in a copperplate hand retained some subtle aroma even through the post.

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