The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald

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oct7 6m. HENRY HOFFMAN.

LEGAL NOTICE.

The following Assignees Accounts have been filed in my office and notice is hereby given that the same will be presented to the orphans' court for confirmation on Tuesday, the third day of March, 1886, when and where all persons interested can attend.

First and final account of John H. Uhl, Assignee of S. H. Weimer, &c.

First and final account of C. J. Miller, Assignee of Jacob D. Miller.

Account of Roger Kyle, Assignee of Henry S. Berkey and wife.

Prothonotary's office, } N. B. CRITCHFIELD,
Feb'y 3, 1886. } Prothonotary.

NOTICE.

My wife Rebecca having left my bed and board, I hereby give notice to the public not to harbor her on my account, as I will not be responsible for any debts or her contracting.
dec27. CHRISTIAN C. MEYERS.

HER ANSWER.

"I'm going to be married," he softly said.
She looked up in swift surprise,
The color from out of her bright face fled,
The light grew dim in her eyes.

"You're going to be married," she echo'd low
Her voice had a steady tone.
"I hope you'll be happy where'er you go,"
A cough hid a little moan.

"I know that your bride will be good and true,
You never could love any other,"
She steadily looked into his eyes, dark blue,
"I tender you joy, my brother."

"I'm going to be married—that is, I hope
To be, though I hardly know—
Dear love, shall I longer pine and mope?
I tremble for fear of 'no!'"

The color that out of her face had fled
Came back with a deeper hue.
"Why, isn't it funny," she slyly said,
"That I'm to be married, too?"

THE CLOCK-MENDER.

"So I am really engaged! Engaged to be married!" said Iris Dale. "Oh, dear, I am afraid that that implies a great deal!"

She looked intently at herself reflected in the glass. Was this the free wild Iris Dale who but yesterday would have laughed all restraints to scorn—the girl who had loudly proclaimed her determination to preserve her independence to the last?

"My dear," said old Mrs. North, "I am afraid you have made a mistake."

"I'm afraid so too, Northy," said Iris, pursing up her beautiful Red lips into the similitude of a ripe cherry. "But what is a poor girl to do? Every one else gets married—why shouldn't I?"

"There is no disgrace in being an old maid, Iris."

"No disgrace, but a great deal of inconvenience, dear Northy," sighed the girl."

"But who is he, anyway?" asked Mrs. North, raising her spectacled eyes to the face of the pretty young relative whose guardian, chaperon, and companion she was.

"That's a strange question to ask," said Iris, laughing. "He's Mr Fortescue Bennet Fortescue, to be sure, who might wear a title if he chose to assume the responsibility of the ruined estates in Tyrone."

"That is—he says so," remarked Mrs. North.

"He says so—and it is the truth," Iris retorted, with spirit. "He is a banker in New York, with no relatives living—so you see I shall be spared the indignity of a mother-in-law," with a light laugh.

"Don't jest Iris."

"I'm not going to, Northy—indeed, I'm quite convinced that it is no laughing matter."

Do you love him?"

The girl hung down her head, while a sudden shade of gravity flitted across her face.

"I—think—so," she murmured.

"But my darling Iris, you must be sure of it."

"He if so very pleasant, Northy," pleaded Iris. "So stately and chivalrous—one feels that one can look up to him. My husband, Northy, must be my master and superior in all respect."

"Well, dear," sighed Mrs. North, "I only hope you won't live to repent it." Is that your engagement ring?"

With a laugh and a blush, Iris held up her pretty left hand on the forefinger of which sparkled a cluster of dew-bright diamonds.

"Isn't it exquisite, Northy. His grand mother was presented at court, wearing these very diamonds in a clasp at her throat. I do so delight in heirlooms. And my grandmother was only a country lawyer's wife. (With a little sigh.)

"The Dales are as good a family as any in America," said Mrs. North with spirit.

"Now you are jealous, Nor hy," laughed Iris. "You are somewhat prejudiced against Mr. Fortescue. But you will learn to like and esteem him as much as I do—in time"

"It will be a long time then," thought Mrs. North. He is a deal too plausible and oft spoken to suit my plain ideas."

But she said nothing. It seemed almost cruel to dampen Iris' bright anticipations by any hint of doubt.

"Trouble comes soon enough in this world without our going half way to meet it," thought good Mrs. North.

Iris Dale was an orphan—but she had lost her parents when she was too young to feel the sting of the bereavement. She was rich and beautiful, and moreover, hers was one of those joyous natures which attract sunshine everywhere. Up to the present time she had exulted in declaring herself love-proof—but she had surrendered at last to the little god with the bow and arrows and to the inimitable graces of Mr. Fortescue Bennett Fortescue.

"Miss Iris, an' ye plaze," spoke out the shrill voice of Irish Nora, "there's an ould man down here wants to spake wid you. And I'm thinkin' its the clock-mender."

"Very well," said Iris, indifferently. "Give him the kitchen clock—and the clock in Mrs. North's room, Nora."

"But he wants to shpake wid yourself, ma'am."

"How very persistent of him," said Iris, momentarily annoyed, but she went down stairs nevertheless. It was not in her gracious nature to slight the poor or the old.

A respectable little old man, in a much worn and mended gray suit and thin white locks, stood by the dining-room fire, warming his chilled hands, which were insufficiently protected by a pair of blue yarn mittens. His dim blue eyes had not yet lost their keenness, and his face was traversed by a multitude of fine wrinkles. All these things Iris comprehended in one glance, as she kindly bowed to the old man.

"Is it Miss Dale?" he said—and Iris could see that he trembled like a leaf.

"I am Miss Dale," she smiled. "Come nearer to the fire—you are chilled through. Nora, bring this man a cup of hot coffee. You are the clock-mender, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am he made answer, submissively. "I am the clock mender. Would it please you for me to mend them here, or take them home to my lodgings?"

"As you please," said Iris, carelessly.

"Some ladies, ma'am, would object to me carrying choice French clocks away," he added, uneasily fumbling with the top button of his waistcoat.

"Oh, I don't doubt your honesty in the least," said Iris, kindly.

"You're right there, ma'am," he responded with earnestness. "We are an honest race, if we're nothing else. And I thank you for trusting me. Yes, I'll take the clocks home, if you don't object. "I'm a poor clock mender, as has always worked for my bread, but I've a son, ma'am that's a fine gentleman, though you mightn't think it."

"I do not doubt it in the least," said Iris. "But all this business about the clocks might just as well have been transacted with Nora."

"And that's true, ma'am," said the clock-mender, with a sudden accession of awkward shyness. "But I wanted to see yourself. I—I wanted to kiss the sweet hand of the lady who is going to marry Mr. Fortescue Bennett Fortescue."

"Is the old man crazy?" thought Iris, coloring vividly as the old artisan reverently bent, and pressed his lips to the back of her hand.

"They think I don't know anything about it," faltered the old man.

"But human nature is human nature, and it's a proud day for ould Terence Fortescue, when he hears that his son, a fine gentleman as ever was, is to be married to a real born lady.

"What!" cried Iris. "You—you are his father?"

"Don't let on to him, please, ma'am," said the clock-mender. "It's a fine spirit he has, and a pride that I always knew would work his way. 'And father,' says he, 'you keep yourself to yourself. If I'm to be a gentleman,' says he, 'I can't be hampered by poor relations.' And it was gospel truth, ma'am, don't you see, though I'll not deny it hurt me a little at the time, for I'd pinched and scraped sorely to give him a chance. For in the old country, we were only hedgers and ditchers—an' now see where me boy is—clerk in a banker's office at a salary of six hundred dollars a year.

Still Iris listened in mute amazement.

"So if you please, ma'am, not to mention it to Fortescue," said the old man. "I midn't mane to say all this when I came in. I just wanted to get a glimpse at the sweet face of the grand lady my son was to marry. But somehow the latch of my tongue got loosed and I couldn't help sayin' my say. He'd be fit to murder me entirely, if he knew I had took the liberty—but after all, ma'am, he's my own son. And blood's thicker than water, we all know, Thankee ma'am, kindly," as Nora brought in the cup of steaming coffee. "The lord loves them as is kind to the ould and poor. And I shall go about my business now, with an easy heart."

He carried the clocks away, still with the same drooping gray head and slow, uncertain movements—those of a man who has been bound down by toil all his life—and Iris, her heart full of conflicting emotions, hurried to her room.

So this was the foundation of Mr. Fortescue's "family title" in Tyrone—his ruined castle, the grand old lineage in which Iris had so gloried. An ungrateful son—a deliberate schemer—a false liar. And Iris Dale shuddered at the fate she had so nearly escaped—the fate of becoming wife to a villain.

The engagement was broken off—it is scarcely necessary to add this fact. Miss Dale returned the diamond ring to Mr Fortescue Bennett Fortescue with a brief note, in which she stated that she had changed her mind, and had determined, henceforward, to lead a single life. For she would not betray the poor old clock-mender, and so she preferred leaving herself exposed to the charge of caprice—coquetry—whatever Mr. Fortescue chose to call it.

Mr Fortescue Bennett Fortescue was furiously angry of course, and consulted a lawyer to know whether an action for breach of promise would not lie. But the lawyer advised him not to try the experiment, so the disappointed swain pocketed his wrath and looked out for another heiress.

Mrs. North rejoiced greatly.

"My dearest Iris," said she, "I was quite convinced that you would not be happy with that man. And I do believe you have done wisely in rejecting him. But I don't understand why you broke it off so suddenly.

"Oh," said Iris, laughing. "I always was a creature of impulse, you know, Northy."

As for the old clock-mender, he only sighed when he heard that the engagement had been abandoned.

"I always felt that it would be too good luck for the likes of us," said he. "But I'm sorry she changed her mind, for it's a sweet lady she was."

A Remarkable Englishman.

One of the most remarkable men in the British Parliament is Joseph Arch. Fifteen years ago Arch was a common farm laborer, supporting himself and family on $4 a week. His wife could read and write when he married her and she taught him all she knew. After learning to read Arch spent his nights reading everything he could get hold of. He began organizing labor unions among the farmers and speaking to them This made him disliked by the landlords, and it was a difficult matter for him to get work. Last summer the new franchise bill made voters of 800,000 tenant farmers, and Arch, for the first time, found himself a free man. With plucky audacity this newly-emancipated serf stood for Parliament, and was elected over the great magnate, Lord Henry Bentinck.

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by G. W. Benford & Son on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

THE MARRIAGE RING.

Dr. Talmage on Clandestine Marriages and Escapades.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's third sermon of his series was "Clandestine Marriages and Escapades," and the text proverbs IX., 17 and 18: "Stolen waters are sweet and bread taken in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there." The preacher said:

The Garden of Eden was a great orchard of fruit bearing trees, bushels and bushels of round, ripe glorious fruit but the horticulturist, and his wife, having it in charge, hankered for one special tree simply because it was forbidden, starting a bad streak in human nature, so that children now sometimes do something simply because they are forbidden to do it. This kink in the human race is not easily unsnarled. Solomon recognizes this principle in the text, and also the disaster that follows forbidden conduct.

The institution of Christian marriage is like a ship launched by the Lord grandly from the banks of the Euphrates and floating out on the sea for the admiration and happiness of all nations. But Free-loveism struck it from one side and Mormonism struck it from another side, and hurricanes of libertinism have struck it on all sides, until the old ship needs repair in every plank and beam and sail and bolt and clamp and transom and stanchion. In other words the notions of modern society must be reconstructed on the subject of the marriage institution. In New England, which has been considered by many the most moral part of the United States, there are 2,000 divorces per year. In Vermont swapping wives is not a rare transaction. Moreover our boasted Protestantism is, on this subject, more lax than Roman Catholicism. Roman Catholicism admits of no divorce except the reason that Christ admitted as a lawful reason. But Protestantism is admitting anything and everything, and the larger the proportion of Protestants in any part of the country the larger the ratio of divorce: Do you not, then, think that Protestantism needs some toning on this subject? We admit that clandestinity and escapade are sometimes authorized and made right by parental tyranny or domestic serfdom. Satan presides over the escapade. He introduces the two parties to each other. He gets them to pledge their troth. He appoints where they shall meet. He shows them where they can find officiating minister or squire. He points out to them the ticket office for the railroad train. He puts them aboard, and when they are going at 40 miles the hour, he jumps off and leaves them in the lurch; for while Satan has a genius for getting people into trouble he has no genius for getting people out.

Children are not expected to marry to please their parents but to please themselves. Given good morals, means of a livelihood, appropriate age and quality of social position, and no parent has a right to prohibit a union that seems deliberate and a matter of the heart. If the hand offered in marriage be blotched of intemperance, if the life of the marital candidate has been debauched, if he has no visible means of support and poverty and abandonment seem only a little way ahead, if the twain seem entirely unmatched in disposition, protest and forbid and reinforce your opinion by that of others, and put all lawful obstacles in the way; but do not join that company of parents who have ruined their children by a plutocracy of domestic crankiness, which has caused more than one elopement.

In many of the cases of escapade the idea was implanted in the hot brain of the woman by a cheap novel, 10 cents' worth of unadulterated perdition. The heroes of escapade are nearly all either bigamists or libertines, or drunkards, or defrauders, or first class scoundrels of some sort. They have no character to lose. They may be dressed in the height of fashion, may be cologned and pomatumed and padded and diamond ringed and flamboyant-cravatted until they bewitch the eye and intoxicate the olfactories, but they are double distilled extracts of villainy, moral dirt and blasphemy. These truant marriages are also to be deplored, because in most instances they are executed in defiance of parental wisdom and kindness. Most parents are anxious for the welfare of a child. If they make a vehement and determined opposition it is largely because it is a match unfit to be made. If you have sensible parents, take them into your confidence in all the affairs of the heart. They will give you more good advice in one hour than you can get from all the world besides in five years. Fugitive marriage is to be deplored because it almost always implies woman's descent from a higher social plane to a lower. A man marrying a woman beneath him in society may raise her to any eminence he himself may reach; but if a woman marry a man beneath her in society, she always goes down to his level. In view of all this I charge you to break up clandestine correspondence if you are engaged in it, and have no more clandestine meetings, either at the ferry, or on the street, or at the house of mutual friends, or at the corner of the woods. Do not have letters come for you to the postoffice under assumed address. Have no correspondence that makes you uneasy, lest some one by mistake open your letters. "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing whether it be good or evil." What a time that will be in which the cover shall be lifted from every home and from every heart The iniquity may have been so sly that it escaped all human detection, but it will be as well known on that day as the crime of Sodom and Gomorrah, unless for Christ's sake it has been forgiven.

When on that day the very Christ who had such high appreciation of the marriage relation that he compared it to His own relation with the church shall appear at the door of the great hall of the Last Assize, and all the multitudes of earth and hell and heaven, shall rise up and and cry out from the three galleries: "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!"

A Royal Scandal in Spain.

A scandal growing out of the irregular amours of the late King Alfonso, which was winked at during his life and suppressed by common consent after his death, is now giving trouble to his executors. The young King is said to have had many affairs of gallantry with various kinds of ladies, especially during the period in 1878-79, intervening between the death of Queen Mercedes and his marriage to Queen Christine.

It was at this time, when the royal widower was not yet twenty-one years old, that he met the Signorita Borghi, who was then a singer of light roles at the Teatro de La Zarzuela, the opera comique of Madrid. King Alfonso had hitherto only visited the senorita occasionally, but he became annoyed at her swarm of admirers, and he established her in a small castle near Madrid and became her sole protector.

A few months later he was married to the Archduchess Maria Christina, of Austria, and his visits to the Borghi castle became less frequent. Senorita Borghi has a child of which she claims that King Alfonso was the father. The child is a boy and several months older than the baby of Queen Mercedes. If he had been born in wedlock the question of the Spanish succession would speedily be settled in his favor.

The senorita does not claim that the boy is legitimate, but she is making a stout fight in his behalf. She has sued the King's executors for the maintenance of herself and son in suitable state, and she produces various documents in which King Alfonzo promised to give her the castle in which she lived and to make suitable provision for herself and child in any event. The executors say the the child's claim is baseless and that the pretended letters from King Alfonzo are forgeries. It is probable, however, that the matter will be privately compromised to avoid a posthumous scandal affecting a King of Spain.

Mr. Clevelands Campaign Methods.

"What sort of a campaigner was Cleveland?" asked the *Tribune* man of a Buffalonian. "Well, he was one of the queerest fellows in that respect you ever saw. We never could get him out to the ward meetings, and, although he was willing to shoulder a torch and take his place in a procession whenever it was necessary to outnumber a Republican demonstration which had taken place the night before, he preferred to sit down with a social party and spend the evening enjoying himself to a position in a front row on the platform while the speeches were going on. On several occasions we had tried to get him down to political meetings in the German wards, in order that he might win the support of the teutonic voters, of whom there are a large sprinkling. We never could do it, although he would start from his office with 'Shan' Bissell and George Talbot, or some other crony and they would get up as far as Blume's. Blume's is a celebrated resort for the boys who like good lager, about four squares north of Cleveland's office. They three would sit there, order three schupers of beer and 'Shan' Bissell would start up in a deep bass voice:

"'There was a hole in the bottom of the sea;'

when Cleveland and Talbot would join in the chorus of

"'Pour it down, pour it down, pour it down.'

And they would proceed to pour it down. Then they would order three more schupers. 'Shan' would sing his little song over again. Talbot and Grove would join in the chorus and they would keep it up until midnight in fact, it was pretty difficult for Blume to get them out of there sometimes before the police came around and rattled at the door to notify him that his lights must be put out.

Something to Spell For.

Two young Detroiters, who are acquainted with a country schoolmaster having a school about twelve miles from the city, were invited out to a spelling-school a few nights since, and they took a horse and buggy and drove out. There was a large gathering of farmers, and an exciting contest was looked for. Just previous to the beginning of the exercises a young fellow, whose head would have bumped a six-foot mark and whose weight was about 160 pounds, called one of the Detroiters aside, and asked:

"Are you two fellers going to spell?"

"I guess so."

"Purty good at it?"

"I think we can down you all."

"You do, eh? Now you look-a-here! I've come here to-night to spell this school down. My gal is here to see me do it. I hain't no objections to your spellin' along till we come to the word 'catarrh,' but after that you can't drop down any too soon! If either one o' you fellers beat me, you'd better have the wings of a dove to fly out o' this, for I'll giu ye both the all firedest licking two dudes ever got!"

They stood up with him until all the others went down, and then, at a look full of deepest meaning, both missed and left him victor. When he had carried off the honors, he came around and said:

"Much obleeged, and I hope you don't feel hurt. Shouldn't have cared about it, but Susan had her heart set on it, and Susan's got eighty acres of land and a drove of sheep."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

No other medicine is so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for colds, coughs, and all derangements of the respiratory organs tending toward consumption. In all ordinary cases it is a certain cure and it affords sure relief for the asthmatic and consumptive, even in advanced stages of disease.

IN THE SNOW SHEDS.

Sports Among the Railroad Men—Fur Trapping in the Sierra.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin* writes from Summit, in that state: The top of the Sierra is not the dreary place that many imagine. The traveler passing through the forty-two miles of snow sheds and tunnels can form no conception of the magnificent scenery of the region, nor can the summer visitor picture the winter sports of the mountains. Summit Station has an elevation of 7,017 feet. The air is cold and bracing, but the temperature is not nearly as severe as in the New England States. The thermometer has been as low as 8° above zero but once this winter, and at the time of writing stands at 14° above. Of course the winter colony is small. It consists of the hotel attaches, trackmen, telegraph operators and repairers. During the long evenings they congregate in the hotel, and in the daytime, when not at work, they run races on snow-shoes. The Snow-shoe Club is quite an institution, and the racers pay as much attention to practice and training as do the participants in many better known forms of athletic amusement. Long, narrow shoes (Norwegian) are used, differing materially from those built on the Canadian model. For those who cannot master the snow-shoe balance, the hills afford good coasting ranges, and a pair of Esquimaux dogs have been trained to draw the empty sleds up hill. Two small lakes, called Mary and Angeline, near the hotel, are now covered with solid ice a foot in thickness. The skating is excellent, as it is on Dunner Lake. These ponds are, in summer, provided with boats, and anglers find good sport in them. There are in them some very large Silver Lake trout, the progeny of those planted by the Fish Commissioners a number of years ago. Within five miles of Summit and Cisco are the South fork of the Yuba and the North fork of the American River. During the past season Eastern, native and McCloud River trout have been caught in these streams. The transplanted species seem to take kindly to the water, and are so prolific as to promise sport for all time. Lake trout are caught all winter through holes in the ice, and where the ice is thin and bait is placed on the surface, the little fellows come up and butt their noses, to the amusement of lookers-on. Old trout, however, are not so easily deceived. They are also, in the proper season, very particular as to the make and color of the flies to which they rise.

Silver-gray foxes are abundant this winter, and their pelts bring from $10 to $40 in the New York market. Many of the mountaineers are miners in summer and trappers in winter, and during the winter of 1884 85 a Bear Valley trapper secured sixteen of those valuable animals. Black and cinnamon bear are found in summer, but now they are hibernating, and the only species of the genus Ursus to be found abroad is the old grizzly. Deer are plenty on the American river hills, and old settlers take this as the sign of an open winter. Still, it is but fair to suppose that only the more hardy bucks are to be seen at this elevation during mid-winter. Quail and grouse are abundant near the summit until October and November, but with the approach of cold weather they migrate toward the valley. Summit is a favorite summer resort for the botanists of the California Academy of Sciences, and many of the rarest specimens in the Academy's herbarium are ticketed "Summit" or "Cisco."

Cisco, fourteen miles below the summit, has an elevation of more than 5,900 feet. A new and large hotel has been built during the past season, and the town is now prepared to compete with Summit, Soda Springs and Blue Canyon for the patronage of summer tourists and health-seekers. The drives about Cisco are one of the chief attractions of the place, following, as they do, the wild river canyons of the Upper Sierra. The snow-sheds hide the scenery between the summit and Blue Canyon, but a walk outside or upon the top of the sheds opens everchanging views that are equal to those of the famous valleys of Tuolumne and Mariposa counties. The canyon at the head of the South Yuba is now filled with ice and snow and the streams burst from underneath the glacier with all the fury that travelers are wont to ascribe to the Rhone. Many of the largest reservoirs belonging to the ditch system of Placer and Nevada counties are in this immediate vicinity, and the men in charge are kept busy night and day attending to the demands of hydraulic miners. Almost all the large miners of Placer and Nevada are availing themselves of the full head of water, and some of the owners have so far complied with the spirit of the Circuit Court decisions as to build impounding dams.

In many places the snow-sheds are scorched and blackened by fire, and were it not for the complete fire department they would doubtless be visited by a disastrous conflagration every summer. There are in the sheds three fire trains, each consisting of an engine, provided with a regular fire pump, and two or three water cars. One of these trains is at Blue Canyon, another at the Summit and the third at Truckee. Each of these stations is provided with a fire alarm gong similar to those in use in engine houses in cities. There are in the sheds twenty-seven alarm boxes, or one in about every two miles and a half. Alarms are sounded as on fire bells, and whenever an employe discovers a fire he reports it from the nearest box, or if the circuit be impaired he he must telegraph from the nearest office to the engine-station. Two engines are generally called out, thus attacking the fire from each side. At the same time notice is sent to the offices at Sacramento and every precaution taken to prevent the blockading the trains or any accident.

At present there is less than three feet of snow on the summit, but it has laid 16 feet deep at the station, blocking the windows and making of the sheds a regular tunnel. Such a depth of snow is, however, unusual, and a few days in winter at any of the snow-shed stations will give the visitor an atmosphere, temperature and scenery that will repay the time and expenses. A hard crust makes travel on the snow as easy as pavement, and the light atmosphere forbids the damp, penetrating chill that is the terror of an Eastern winter. Once in motion, every sense of cold is gone and ravenous appetite is the worst effect of a winter walk at the Summit.

The Broadway Squad.

Police Officer James O.Connor, 239 Mulberry street, New York city, writes that a half bottle of Red Star Cough Cure permanently removed a severe cold. The price is only 25 cents a bottle. Police Officer Thos. Flanagan, 2526 Bank street, Louisville, Ky., who was desperately wounded in the late war, was entirely cured of pains and spasms by St. Jacob's Oil.

Glimpse of the Greaser.

There was a day when the haughty descendant of the Montezumas ruled this blossoming land, rolled his cigarettes in one time and two motions, and lay dozing in the sun without fear of the encroachment of his fell enemies, soap, spelling-books and work. His wants were primitive, and his habits patriarchal. His ancestors had built his adobe house, and the only requirements of the kitchen were a few strings of red pepper, some onions, a couple bags of beans, several dozen dogs, and a cotton shirt. A thoughtful Providence placed within his reach opportunities for stealing tobacco, and the desires of his soul soared no further. In the remote fastnesses of the Territory the complexion of the greaser was that of tarnished copper, but in the neighborhood of long established military posts the prevailing hue was much lighter. His only source of wealth was the cattle trade, which he conducted on the simple but scientific New Mexican principle of finding a herd that wasn't too carefully watched and taking his pick from it. Sometimes, of course, the owner of the stock remonstrated with a six-shooter, or a vigilance committee would take up the trail and give a necktie party in his honor, but there are risks in all lines of business. Once he had acquired the nucleus of a herd all a greaser had to do was to swap off a lame heifer for a loaded shot-gun and lie in the sand and watch the nucleus increase. This method of cattle raising obviated the disagreeable necessity of bringing dollars and cents into the transaction, and gave a tone to commerce that is unknown in the North. Thus equipped with property, a greaser's life was mapped out completely, and having married the lady of his choice he had nothing with which to kill time but await the inevitable day of his return to dust and bequeath his cotton shirt and cattle to the little greasers.

Philosophers say that climate and diet have a powerful effect upon morals. If this be true, can you inform me how morals will develop in a climate where the rain falls every day for six weeks, and the air is as dry as powder the rest of the year, and where the steady diet of the average citizen is red pepper, onions and blue beans? Without red pepper the greaser's life would be a burden to him. The pods he uses are about as long as your hand and hotter than a blast furnace, and one of them taken inwardly will smelt all the Christianity out of a white man in three minutes. The onions are as large as soup-plates, and have