

IN HER BATHING DRESS.

Her graces manifold,
He kōlak'd them and sold
Some copies on the beach,
Nor thought that they would reach
Her eye.

Her father chanced on one,
And straightway got his gun,
With vigor and with vim
He sought the country round,
And, when the fiend was found—
Snap-shotted him!

Oh, no! He would have shot,
But that his daughter thought
They ought to treat him well,
"He made me look so well!"

—Detroit Tribune.

JOHNSON'S FORTUNE.



"I've done my best, mother," Farmer Hobbs said, coming in hot and tired from the hay field. "That there dratted machine won't work, and ef I'm to save my hay, I'll have to take that intrust money and buy a new machine."

"I think you'd better not, father," Mrs. Hobbs answered, in mild alarm. "I don't know where we are going to get any more, and Johnson is powerful close about gettin' the money on time. I'd be afeard to let it run over a minute."

"Well, but Lucindy, the hay's wuth more'n the intrust, and you know they's no takin' the stock through the winter without it. The cattle might kinder rub along, but the horses is jest plum aledged to have their timothy, and my timothy is as fine a piece as ever you sot eyes on."

"Suppose you try again," Mrs. Hobbs suggested, helping her husband to a luscious quarter of raspberry pie. "I'll go out with you and help onchoke her, and we'll use plenty of ile, and mebbe you can rub through jest this once."

"Well, I'll try, Lucindy; I hain't no hopes, but I would like to save that intrust money."

Mrs. Hobbs stayed in the field till 5 o'clock, and the hay was cut with few delays. The girls brought out the supper, which was eaten with much relish in the hayfield. The horses being watered and fed the work went on by the big harvest moon, and at ten o'clock the hay from the "big medder" was in the stacks.

A few days after, Jim Johnson came out to see if the interest money was ready. He tied his horse under a tree and started through the meadow to see Mr. Hobbs, who was fencing his ricks at the other side.

"Moses and the bulrushes! What's that?" he asked, gaze at glinty blue reflections floating on pools of water standing every where, for it had rained heavily the night before. "Oil, and no mistake!" he went on, after dipping his finger into a puddle and testing it carefully with his nose.

It was only the day before that the papers had contained an account of some new oil fields found not above 20 miles away; an old partner of Jim had been the first to invest, and was consequently fabulously rich.

Johnson carefully rubbed his finger on his pocket handkerchief, stowed the latter in a deep pocket and hastened across the field, his face pale and his eyes glittering very unpleasantly. He tried to greet the farmer with his accustomed familiarity, but his words came by jerks and in gusts, and his throat became so dry that he could scarcely articulate.

"What's the matter? Han't you well?" Mr. Hobbs asked, suspending his work to gaze curiously at his visitor. "You look taller-colored as the dead, an' your eyes is like burnt holes in a blanket."

"No, thank you, not at all," Johnson replied at random. "I'm quite well, except husky sore throat—are you well? And the family?"

"Pretty fair—we've got a good deal of health mixed up among us—you know they's a large all told."

"Yes, a large, interesting family—want to sell the farm?"

He tried to make the question less eager, but he could not quiet the tremor in his voice and he was in mortal dread lest Mr. Hobbs should have some reason to cross the field and see the oil, when his "craze would be dough," as he mentally expressed it.

"No," Mr. Hobbs replied, shortly, and went on with his work. "I'll give you a good price for it; I want it for a comb nation shoe factory. Set a figger."

"Well, twelve thousand, a thousand and a piece," said Mr. Hobbs, jokingly. The firm was not worth more than a third of that sum.

"I'll take it," with a gasp. "Here's fifty to bind the bargain and I'll fill out a check for the balance right here."

He did so and handed the paper to Mr. Hobbs, who kept his countenance and received it with perfect gravity. Privately he was convinced that Johnson was crazy.

"Come to the house and sign the contract for the deed."

"All right."

Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs accompanied Johnson to town, and were thunder-struck when they learned that the sale was real, and that they had \$12,000 in the bank.

"Sense that Johnson ain't crazy," Hobbs began as soon as he was clear of the town, "why they's somethin' in the wind. It may be a shoe factory, but I don't believe it. I wonder if they've found gold?"

"It don't make no sort o' difference to us, father," Mrs. Hobbs answered. She was afraid that her husband would take alarm and want to "rue back," as she expressed it. "No, it don't make a grain o' difference to us, an' we've got enough for the place of they find diments. I never did like it, an' I don't keer how soon wegit away. Let's buy back our six acres on the edge of Cloverdale. We can git it for

\$3000, an' then you'll have \$9000 to put out at intrust."

"Yes, mother."

"And we kin git little Jim his cornet and send him off to belearnt to play."

"You kin do just as you please, mother. I'm rich enough now, I reckon, to do as I like, and I hope I won't never want to do nothin' very bad."

"That's somethin' you never did do, father," dutifully replied his wife, "and I don't believe bein' rich is a goin' to change you much. If it would I'd want somethin' to come along and take the money away from us, because it can't never pay to give up doin' good."

As soon as the transfer was made and the deed recorded, Johnson sent the following telegram to his willom partner:

"Come on—bring all your loose cash—oil in abundance."

The cash was sent with instructions to buy adjoining farms on option of 30 days; the oil man would come later and bring an expert.

The farms were bargained for at ridiculously low figures, and then Johnson invited his friends out to see his "find."

"I tell you, boys," he said, as he rode up and tied his horse to the meadow fence, "the whole earth is jest a-soakin' with it, and it's jest burstin' out of the ground. You see this country has never had any oil taken out of it," he went on glibly, "and as it is constantly generating it has become so chock full that the ground can't hold it and it's compelled to come out. You'd be astonished to see how it is actually boiling up."

"It must be wastin' if it is in that condition," some one remarked.

"What's a waste of a few millions o' barrels?" scornfully retorted Johnson. "There's enough left for me and my family and all my poor relations."

By this time others, having heard the news, had arrived at the farm, and quite a crowd had gathered when the partner with the expert drove up, followed by Mr. Hobbs.

"Just wait until you examine these blue patches," Johnson said to the two men, after they had alighted from their buggy. "Now tell me if you ever saw a surper indication of oil?"

The expert gave a glance over the field, took a quick survey of the conformation of the country, and opened his lips to speak; but before he could articulate a word, Mr. Hobbs broke into conversation with a remark that sent the cold chills down Johnson's spine.

"And is it them blue patches that indicates ile?" he asked, with a glance half-pitying, half contemptuous. "That's a fact, for I used morn two gallons on my ole mowin' machine, a tryin' to git through the season without buyin' a new one."

"Let this be a lesson to you, sir," said Johnson's partner.

"All the lesson I git out of it," again put in Mr. Hobbs, "is that when you are a-cuttin' hay use plenty of ile."

"It's a—swindle!" Johnson broke out, livid with rage. "And I'll land you in the pen before this is over."

"Don't talk to me about swindling," Mr. Hobbs began, advancing upon Johnson, who retreated to his buggy. "Who was it swindled the Widow Robinson out of her property and drove her to commit suicide? Who was it that swindled the people out of their taxes and barely missed the pen? Who was it that swindled—"

Johnson gave his horse a lash with the whip and drove rapidly away.

"I didn't know nothin' about this ile business until this mornin'," Mr. Hobbs explained to the people present. "I knowed they was somethin' up, but I had no idy what it was; for I supposed every blamed fool in the country would know machine ile on a medder after a rain."

A BITING CONTRAST.

EX-SPEAKER REED CONTRASTS TWO CONGRESSES.

A Dead Level of Inaction Characterizes the Democratic Congress—Achievements of the Fifty-First Congress.

Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed makes a scathing arraignment of the present Democratic Congress, in his article on "Two Congresses Contrasted," in the August number of the North American Review. He says:

"When the House of Representatives of the Fifty-second Congress met, it met as a mob, and kept up that interesting form of organization ever since. Of course, the Republican leaders could have driven the enemy into compact shape, covered them with reproaches, forced them to train, and otherwise have made an army of them. Then there would have been much glory won by the said leaders among the unthinking, but the exhibition would have been lost to the world of Democracy, as it really is a hopeless assortment of discordant differences, as incapable of positive action as it is capable of infinite clamor."

He speaks of the cause for surprise at the election of Mr. Crisp for Speaker instead of Mr. Mills, "then supposed to be the embodiment of Democracy," but the determination of the leaders that the party should enter the next contest remembered by principles pushed Mr. Mills to the wall. Of the continuance of this "policy of non-committalism" by the appointment of Mr. Springer as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, he says:

While Mr. Springer has at all times formed and expressed a great variety of opinions on a great variety of subjects, he has never been, by his friends or his enemies, regarded as in the least degree bigoted. History has justified the confidence which the Democracy have in Mr. Springer. He has been a Democrat. The party can contemplate his work of this session with the calm certainty that there is no intellect so subtle, no mind so broad, no sympathy so delicate as to detect therein the slightest trace of principle of economic science or a system of revenue, and the Democracy certainly do enter the next campaign unembarrassed by their immediate past, and with great power of being natural; that is, of being all things to all men."

The history of this Congress, he thinks, will present all the dead level of a Dutch landscape.

"The only picturesque object which will break the sky line will be Mr. Holman draped as a statue of Economy, standing on the rail-road-crowned summit of the Lawrenceburg embankment trying in vain with a spy-glass to find any trace of the river the embankment was intended to confine. Indiana, however, and the appropriation will be in full view."

"When this house met great hopes were entertained that strict economy would reign. The man whose reputation was the highest was placed at the head of the Committee on Appropriations, and the great duty of reducing to an honest level all the expenditures of the government were entered upon. Mr. Holman, the great high priest of the new dispensation, disappeared from mortal view for many days, and finally reappeared with a calm, stately, and beautiful self-denying resolution proclaiming the principles of honesty, just as though they had been newly discovered, and were, for the first time in the history of the world, to be put into practice. It was a solemn moment. Everybody felt that the high-water mark of human virtue had been reached, and under the awe-inspiring impressions of that day, they were treated as scoffers who suggested that after high water came the ebb. I hate to tell the sequel; but, alas, the scoffers were right. Never since that hour have the Democracy looked so grand, gloomy, and peculiar as on that Pentecostal day when the Holman proclamation of economic virtue was administered to them, and they resolved how bad others had been, and how good they themselves would be. It is sad to be obliged to add that now, after the results have been reached, we find that the squandering Republicans appropriated 463 millions at the first session of the "Billion Congress," while the economic Democrats have appropriated over 500 millions at the first session of a Congress that certainly can never be called a "Nickel Congress." Would it be in the nature of insult to the fallen to propose to the Honorable Mr. Holman of Indiana a sum in the rule of three? If the expenditure of 463 millions made us of the Fifty-first Congress "rascals," what precise epithet would do justice to those who have appropriated 500 millions? It really begins to look as if this country was too big to be measured in some half-bushels."

After reviewing the conditions confronting the Fifty-first Congress, the accumulation of the work of six years that preceding Democratic Congresses had not done, and the necessity that it should be done, Mr. Reed remarks, with pardonable exultation, that the House, "amid shouts and outcries which already seem strange and incomprehensible, broke down the barriers of custom and re-established the right of the majority to rule. This was its greatest achievement, for which it will have a name in history."

"Having thus assumed the reins of power, the majority became responsible for the Act of 1890, relating to the purchase of silver. Whether that act, isolated from all the circumstances of 1890, was absolutely wise is more

than I know. That it then and there saved this country from the free coinage foe which every democratic leader was then clamoring, and on which they are silent, I do know. If time shall show that it ought to be repealed, that will in no wise militate against the wisdom of passing it in 1890. They became responsible for the refunding of the direct tax, a just measure, which, among other things, saved from bankruptcy the State of Kentucky, most, if not all, of whose representatives voted against it.

"They became responsible for that latest revision of the tariff, which is just now rising so high above the slanders which two years ago poured upon it as if the foundation of the great deep had broken up. Free sugar, larger exports, and larger imports are fully justifying the bill, and increased manufacturing results will soon add their quota to the returning prosperity of the country."

"They became responsible also for the meat and cattle inspection, which took away from foreign nations their last excuse for refusing to receive our food products, and enabled our able Secretary of Agriculture and our foreign ministers to restore to us in some measure the markets of the world for such products."

"They became responsible for the destruction of the Louisiana Lottery. They redeemed the honor of the United States by making provision to pay its honest debts. They opened up to actual settlement many million acres of productive lands, and gave a suitable form of Government to vast areas of the territory of the United States."

"They became responsible, for pension laws which the Democratic House has not dared to assail, and which, however much they may be covertly complained of, were but the assurance of the nation that the soldiers of the war and their dependents might be forever sure that the bounty of the nation, which it was honorable for them to receive, should stand between them and that taint of dishonor which, whether justly or unjustly, has always attached itself to local and parochial charity."

"But it is not necessary to again enumerate the acts passed by the Fifty-first Congress. The catalogue already given of duties pressing upon the Congress at its commencement is also a catalogue of duties done. The House of Representatives of the Fifty-first Congress met; every responsibility without exception, and gave the judgment of the representatives of the people upon all the questions which the people put before them."

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