

MEG'S GOOD LUCK.

A LEAP YEAR STORY.

BY ELLIS M. CLARKE.

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MARGARET! Mr. Plainfolk's tones were plainly suggestive of irascibility.

The response was timid and apprehensive. The speakers were uncle and niece, an adopted daughter.

"There's got to be a wedding or—there'll be a thundering sudden vacancy about this house," roared the old man.

"A—a—vacancy, uncle! I don't understand."

"Well, you will understand, if that young Dewd don't represent pretty suddenly. Ain't he here two-thirds of his time? Egad! hasn't he taken up permanent quarters here? And what's he comin' for? Courtin'! Does he calculate to go on sparkin' and burnin' my coal, and wearin' out my furniture the rest of his natural life? I tell you there's got to be business done. He's a good enough sort for a husband if he ever does intend to give the parson a chance—but there's got to be some proposin' done tonight. Now you hear me." And with this ultimatum the irate old gentleman rushed from the room.

Meg proceeded to dissolve herself to tears, until a happy thought checked the impending dissolution—it was Leap Year.

"Well," said Mr. Plainfolk laconically. It was at the breakfast table.

"We're, that is—Charley and I—we're to be married next week," stammered Meg through her blushes.

"Hey! Good gracious! You don't mean that that young noodle scared up spunk enough to ask ye," ejaculated Mr. Plainfolk, wondering.

"No Uncle, he—I—we—well, I popped," said Meg in great confusion.

"Hurray! You're a brick. I'll buy you a wedding outfit, my lass," declared the delighted old man, as he bestowed a rousing kiss on the blushing girl.

One week after the wedding Mr. Plainfolk summoned the young couple into the library.

"Charles," said he, "how would you like to follow Horace Greely's advice, and with Nebraska for a battle ground, make your fortune in the great west?"

Charles replied that he was open to a proposition that possessed the requisite attractiveness.

"Well," continued the old man, "I've got a considerable landed property in Nebraska, in Cass county, in the shape of a sock farm or two, and some rich bottom farms, and I have been wanting to send some one out there as resident manager. Now I'll tell you what I'll do: If you will accept that position, I'll locate you and Meg, in one of the towns adjacent, in fact, in a veritable little gem of an embryo city, Plattsmouth, and fit you up in housekeeping, to start with."

"What sort of a town is Plattsmouth?" enquired Charles, wisely non-committal until he learned more concerning his possible future home.

"Plattsmouth! It's one of the brightest prettiest and most promising little cities in all the wonderful west!" declared Plainfolk enthusiastically. "Topographically it is a daisy, for there is every variety of landscape to be enjoyed from its d'ors. Nestling like a gem on the slopes of a noble headland that swells out into a vast plateau, at its feet rolls a majestic stream, the mighty Missouri, that winds away in grand curves till it is lost, a sliver of reflected sunlight in the distance. Like the famous Hills of Rome, Plattsmouth has its seven commanding eminences, on which are reared as magnificent homes as wealth and taste can command."

"And it is as enterprising, progressive and thrifty as it is beautiful," resumed the old man. "It is a very home of culture, morality and intelligence, though modest in extent. It is a fabulous about which, as I verily believe, will in a few years be gathered a teeming mart of trade and the happy homes of thousands of prosperous tradesmen and mechanics."

"Practically, there is a glorious promise for Plattsmouth. Its location is surely calculated to promote the healthful growth of enterprise. Surrounding it is a country fair and fertile as any the sun of Nebraska shines upon; especially for stock and agricultural purposes. Then the uplands that crown the valleys there could be no better ranges desired. While the valleys themselves (and they are numerous), are rich in alluvial soil that has already made the fortunes of the pioneers who were wise enough to settle among them. The soil, critically examined by learned analytic chemists, is found to possess the same essential elements that so wonderfully fertilize the productive lands of the Nile and of China-lands where every square mile supports two hundred souls."

"What are the market facilities?" enquired Charles with an eye to the practical.

"Excellent. Plattsmouth has the main lines of the C. B. & Q. and the B. & M. railroads with practically outlets to all points of both systems. I don't know of an internal city in Nebraska that possesses quite so desirable advantages for reaching all points of the compass by rail, without being handicapped by contiguous little stations as are the cities immediately situated on trunk lines."

"What is the character of her towns men?"

"They're the right sort. Plattsmouth is fortunate. They've got push vim and enterprise; they've got hospitality and kindness; they're not afraid to launch their dollars when either individual enterprise, or the good of the community is concerned. The smell of new lumber and the aroma of green paint that fills the atmosphere during the building season speaks vo'm' for the faith the business men have in the future of their town."

"And society, religion, educational facilities?—I—"

"Not in the ordinary acceptance of the term; there is a stir there, but no fictitious, artificial 'boom.' The town is not ancient as among railroad towns, and is naturally located just where a considerable business point is needed, the country is filling up with an enterprising class of people, and as a result, there is considerable building. Honestly, I do not know of a more promising place for a young man like you, Charles, possessed of moderate means, and an ambition to find wealth, health and happiness all in one. The town is young, healthy vigorous and has a grand future."

"Well,—we'll go," was Charles' laconic answer, having received a vigorous affirmative nod from Meg in response to a look of inquiry.

The bus from a morning train on the C. B. & Q. road rolled up to the principal hotel in Plattsmouth. The Plainfolks—Dewd party had arrived, and under the guidance of Mr. Plainfolk had taken quarters at the best house.

Shortly after breakfast a handsome carriage rolled up to the hotel entrance. "I ordered a rig from the 'Bonner stables,'" said Plainfolk, "because everybody else in Plattsmouth seems to extend their patronage that way." As Meg viewed the stylish turnout, with the prancing horses, elaborate trappings and a neatly dressed driver at the reins, she breathed a sigh of satisfaction and was quite ready to believe her uncle when he declared that the "Bonner" stable was one of the best of the city. "The three 'S's'—speed, safety and style—is the coat-of-arms of this stable," said he to Charles. "And if ever you want to run to an off-railroad town in a hurry," continued he, "this stable is the place to apply."

"Where to, sir?" asked the polite driver, as the party entered the carriage. The man looked askance at his charges. "Oh, I don't know," laughed Meg. "We've lots to buy, and—" "Then let's buy lots first," suggested Charles without turning a hair. The old man groaned. "Take us to R. B. Windham's Real Estate office," he said. "This young man," remarked he, as they entered the noted land exchange, "has heard of the fame of your 'South Park' residence place and would like to make a further investigation as to the general attractiveness of that reality."

"All right" was the genial agents reply. "I could talk to you all day about the beauties of that addition. I will say for those lots that they are the finest lying lots in the city; they are shaded with beautiful shade trees; only ten minutes walk from business center; are more accessible than any other addition lots in the city; it is the only addition reached by two established avenues; the only addition reached by water mains. It is needless to say that Charles invested in 'South Park.'"

"Now, we're ready for a cage for your bird," remarked the old man, as the party repaired to the carriage. "The first thing in order is to buy the lumber and building material. There is only one place where they carry such a stock—everything except hardware—such as you want to select from, and their prices run below those of all competitors. Take us to the R. A. Waterman & Son yard." They were whirled to this popular yard in a trice, and Meg was soon enjoying a rest in a comfortable chair while an expert clerk was making a complete bill, from sill to shingles, for the proposed new residence. At the suggestion of Plainfolk Charles contracted with the Watermans to keep him supplied with coal.

"Now for furniture," said Mr. Plainfolk as they again entered the carriage and deferentially asked Meg where they should go. "Oh," says Meg, "there is but one place where we could get that, go to H. Boeck's. On alighting from the carriage they were ushered into such a bewildering display of everything in the furniture line, that Meg was really puzzled to know how to select, but with that abandon, begot with the knowledge that "Uncle" foots the bill, she very shrewdly selected a parlor suit, a perfect little gem, with monogram on each piece a bed room suit antique in style and finish, that would do some credit to old antiquity herself, then marvels in dining room, kitchen and upper chambers, with curtains, and pictures were all included, and when Meg turned to her uncle for approval, the smile, coupled with an acute strain on the purse strings, o'er spread the old gentleman's countenance was a study for an artist.

"A pretty good start, and the next thing is something to cook with," declared the old uncle. "Driver, Johnson Bros', hardware store." Here Meg's house, wifely instincts had full play in marvels of kitchen apparatus. There is not an establishment in the west that carries a more comprehensive stock of household furnishings. Every possible article of kitchen furniture, from stove to tin-dipper is here in all styles and variety. If Meg fails to perform wonders in the culinary art it will not be for fault of superior utensils. The young couple, in addition to a "Garland" stove, purchased a "Jewel" gasoline stove, and a "Perfection" refrigerator. Charles also left a large order for builders hardware. While Meg was delighted to find that she could get a "Household" sewing machine there.

Something about Meg's pretty appearance, now that his attention had been called to her personal adornment, suggested a thought to Plainfolk. Surveying his nephew critically, he finally burst out: "It strikes me, young man, that for a townsman, and one newly married, too, you are looking r-a-t-h-e-r-seedy; come along with me, both of you; we'll go down to J. H. Donnelly's gents' furnishing house." In a very short time indeed Charles was investing in the immense stock of fashionable articles that

covered the shelves of this extensively stocked establishment, and finding stock and prices irresistible he invested in a complete outfitting of gents furnishing goods, from the latest style hat, to a dozen of the celebrated fifty cent "Happy Hit" shirts. This house is not to be undersold in Plattsmouth, and carries the finest grade of goods to be found in the city.

This little incident over, the party stepped on to the street and telling the driver to follow them, walked down toward E. G. Dovey & Son's. "I don't know whether they have anything we want or not," said Mr. Plainfolk, with a sly glance at Meg, "but I'll leave it to your ingenuity to discover if they have." Now the fact is that there is no better—rarely as good—establishment in the west than this great bargain house. It is literally filled to repletion with dry goods. "They can supply you with anything, from a darning needle to a silk dress. This house is always to the front with the latest fashions, largest stocks, finest assortment and lowest prices," said Mr. Plainfolk while they were waiting for the crowd to thin out a little. So it is beyond our space to record the purchases that girl made. In the line of dress goods and ladies' furnishing alone her orders would suffice to stock a modest store room; but then who can resist the prices that rule for one and all at Dovey's.

"One of the most important auxiliaries to a happy household," continued Plainfolk, while Meg was selecting her finery, "is a well supplied larder. There's bliss in good housekeeping, my dear, and you want to make it a point to always buy the best groceries and provisions. Now I recommend that you select one grocery establishment, and stick to it, and there's none better than the house of Dovey and Son. You'll always find it full stocked with every possible thing in the line of staple and fancy groceries, fresh and first-class—no shelf-worn goods there—and in prices they are way down to brass tacks. You see they are careful dealers, never make bad debts you know, and can afford closer profits. Try them and you'll be satisfied. And as you haven't bought your dishes yet you can't do better than to buy right here."

Well, you can imagine what an array of tableware a real smart girl, with unlimited powers of purchase, and an artistic eye, could supply herself with in Dovey's big Queensware stock. There isn't, positively, a thing in that line, intended for use in any possible part of a house, that cannot be had at Dovey's, and that girl got 'em, too.

"And now, Uncle," said Meg, rather insinuatingly, "I have got ever so many things that I want, but I don't know what good spring dresses will do me, unless I have hats and bonnets to match." Her uncle took the hint, and in a few minutes was introducing her to Mrs. J. F. Johnson, an establishment that has, by the exquisite taste, liberal dealing and well selected stock, firmly established itself as a leader. Very considerably the gentlemen left Meg reveling in realms of bliss over one of the most elegant stocks of millinery west of St. Louis, and if ever a feminine soul was delighted and satisfied in the possession of a bewitching array of stylish bonnets and hats, for all purposes, her's was straight way. There's no teasing what she didn't buy. We leave it to the feminine imagination as to what a smart woman with unlimited means would do.

About this time the watchful old uncle observed that Meg was showing signs of fatigue, and he suggested a resort to the popular ice-cream parlors of J. P. Antill. Here they were shortly regaling themselves on delicious draughts of summer drinks that would delight epicurean taste, and dreams as delicious as the nectarean dreams of the Gods. I'll be sure to remember "Antill's," declared Meg, whenever I feel like enjoying a delicious repast."

"These 'Saratoga' drinks," declared she, "are the most delightful of anything I ever drank. What are they compounded of?" "Oh," laughed Plainfolk, "that's a valuable secret, and Antill is reaping a harvest from it. You see he makes four of these drinks: 'Saratoga,' 'Boston,' 'Lincoln' and 'Garfield,' and each is as superbly delicious as the other. They are variously prepared with rare cordials and choice fruits, and the fashionable tippie of the day. By the way," he added, "when you buy taffy, remember Antill makes the best."

"Oh, makes Oliver & Ramage's big sign," ejaculated Plainfolk, "and I'll take you in there. For as long as a man lives he must eat, but he can't confine himself to groceries and vegetables. As a rule he must eat meat, and to locate the man who keeps choice juicy steaks and all kinds of game, etc., in season is quite an undertaking, but Oliver & Ramage's meat market is that place. They are cheap and well stocked, courteous and reliable, and combine quantity and quality for the money. The popular shop was visited of course and a pleasant chat indulged in. The young couple was well pleased with the neatness and completeness of the establishment, and will be profitable customers."

"Oh, I want a family bible, uncle," suddenly declared Meg, and stright way her uncle was piloting the couple to J. P. Young's establishment. "He has the biggest and best stock of goods in this line," said Plainfolk, "in the town." The old man's statement was verified, as Meg afterwards declared. Not only a bible, and a handsome album did Meg receive here, but a big order for fine pictures and house decorations was made as well. Charles also purchased a supply of blank-books, and Plainfolk wickedly crimsoned Meg's pretty face by a facetious suggestion as to the remote possibility of a purchase of school books. She recovered from her confusion, however, when she discovered that Mr. Young is agent for the Clough & Warren organ and emphatically declared that she "never could know she was housekeeping, or had a home without one of those superior instruments in her parlor." Straight way Plainfolk gave an order for one of the finest styles.

As they walked up the street, railing at Meg a little about the extent of her wants, Plainfolk suddenly made a dive into a handsome store room, and called to the others to follow. "Here's Will J.

Warrick," he said, "and I know he's got something you ought to have." The jolly proprietor of the popular drug store saw at once that the healthy and happy looking party were not after drugs, or medicines, so he led the way at once to the notion counter which furnished them many a needed and useful article—toilet soaps, brushes for flesh, hair and nails, superb toilet case for her, and a beauty of a smoker's set for himself, an—tell it not in Gath, but this is a veracious record—an exquisitely put up package of face powder was filled with the order. The young couple also critically examined the magnificent stock of wall paper decorations, and house furnishings that is handled by the establishment and wisely concluded that they could nowhere so well satisfy their aesthetic taste as right there. An order for paints and oils was given.

"What a lovely slipper!" ejaculated Meg, halting suddenly in front of a show window. "Yes," said Plainfolk, Peter Merges' boot and shoe stock can't be beat anywhere for style or extent. Come in and look it over!" It might have been policy not to have extended the invitation, for before that girl had left the store an order containing the range of everything in the line of foot wear from a lovely satin slipper to a superb walking boot, had fallen from her lips. No woman—or male either for that matter—can resist the styles and prices at Merges. While Meg was fitting an exquisite shoe to a still more exquisite foot, Plainfolk, after a critical observation of his nephew's under garments, remarked: "Young man you really need an outfitting here, and if you want something that's away up—No, one with a polish on it, Merges is the man to buy of. In prices, elegance of style, and durability of goods, he can't be equaled."

"By the way Uncle," said Charley, as they proceeded down the walk, "who can you recommend as a good blacksmith? I am very particular as to who handles my mare Kitty, you know." "Jesse so. You want he butcher about her feet," declared the old man. "There's only one first class horse shoer—but he is first-class—in town, and that's J. M. Schnellbacher. He is a number one blacksmith all through, too, and the very one for you to give your repairing, and especially your plow work. I can vouch for him as the man to do your fine shoeing on Kitty. And furthermore, there isn't—unless it is a rail road coach—a possible thing in the way of a vehicle that runs on wheels and hangs on springs that he doesn't make, and makes it first-class as to style, durability, and finish, too."

"And now, my young lady," said he to Meg, "you may let the driver take you back to the hotel. I want to take Charley down on a little visit to a friend of mine."

"I want you to get acquainted with Wm. Weber," explained the old man, as Meg disappeared. "I know you appreciate a glass of good beer, when it can be taken in a neat, orderly place, and my friend Weber's 'Bikhorn' establishment is that place of a thousand."

"Uncle," said Meg, with a pout, when the gentlemen rejoined her, "where did you go when you left me? Did you leave another order?"

"An order—oh yes, you want to read the news every day, and I left an order for THE HERALD, the paper we saw in every place we visited."

"Oh, uncle, how kind of you," she said. "You have left out nothing that we shall need."

"Only one thing," replied Mr. Plainfolk, "and as Boeck always has a fine line of them you can get one when you need it, and I will pay for the finest one he has."

"Why, what is that?" asked Meg, her curiosity aroused to know what had been omitted.

"Well, it's a baby carriage, and"—but Meg fainted.

A Sad Reality.

From Saturday's Daily.

One after another of popular events passing each day attracting more or less attention as the occasion may demand, but when a man with his coat on his arm, with his hat in his hand fanning for dear life trying to keep himself cool see a man driving along the street under a spacious umbrella, sitting on a huge cake of ice, his inquisitive nature prompts him to ask "what meaneth this," when upon inquiry he learns that some of the many friends of Mrs. Thos. Wiles have today (notwithstanding the extreme heat) have assembled to erect another mile stone on the great highway of life which this, her 38th birthday hath brought.

Upon learning "what this meaneth," the weary pedestrian, faint from discouragements retires to a secluded spot to repose in the shade of a tree. He lies down to dream, not of the delightful days of the past, but of the delicious ice-cream and the cooling lemonade, and while thus in the ecstasy of the dream like Mark Twain, he feels that the odors of Arabia are floating down upon him and when he awakes, brushes a fly from his nose, wipes perspiration from his face—and lo! it is a dream. As he arises to depart the language of the poet comes into his mind "tis not all of life to live," (and perhaps) "not all of death to die."

Cedar Creek to the Front.

From Saturday's Daily.

Last evening the Harrison and Morton club of Cedar Creek held a very enthusiastic meeting at their hall in that prosperous village. R. L. Keister of Plattsmouth delivered a very happy address that was well received.

The club now numbers fifty-three active members, they have a good band of ten pieces; indeed it is probably one of the best, if not the best club so far organized during the present campaign in this county. The Herald hopes to hear good reports from that part of the county this fall. Of the officers and leaders of the club we will have more to say at another time.

The Great Banquet.

From Tuesday's Daily.

A committee of the young ladies of the Young Ladies Reading Room Association have been very successful in their canvass for assistance in furnishing the supper for the Republican Banquet on the night of Thursday, the 12th, at the Waterman opera house. The republican club has allowed them that privilege, knowing their efficiency in such an undertaking as this will not be their first experience in transacting similar business with these ladies and each time they gave perfect satisfaction. The young ladies are always industrious and always have an eye open to business in the interest of their society, which has gained for itself a wide reputation as a convenient public institution which has for some time been very beneficial to the citizens in furnishing reading matter of all kinds.

The republican club has made great preparations according to their anticipations and an event such as was never before known in the history of the club and Plattsmouth will be the result of this great festival.

The most prominent speakers of the state have been engaged by the club, and among them John M. Thurston, who recently took an active part in the convention at Chicago and who will be receiving a knowledge at present of the true standpoint of everything politically, to give many bright ideas or pointers which will be of interest to all. It is unnecessary to speak of his capability as a speaker here, for all readers have heard, heard of, or read of him as one of the leading orators of the west. He received strong applause and was spoken very highly of for his brilliant remarks while participating at the convention in Chicago a short time ago. A dozen or so of almost as popular men will be present, and it is a forgone conclusion that the opera house will be filled to its utmost capacity from the immediate vicinity and abroad. A full programme will be given before the evening of the 12th, so that all will feel quite confident that the festival will be the scene of as great jubilation as we bespeak for it. Appended we give the names of some of the prominent speakers from abroad who are to take part in the evening's entertainment:

Hon. John M. Thurston, Hon. O. P. Mason, Hon. J. C. Watson, Hon. J. E. Strode, Hon. John C. Cowan, Hon. John Y. Stone, Hon. J. G. Fair, Hon. T. M. Marquette. Full particulars will be given later.

Another One.

The following is another one from the Journal, the paper which a couple of days ago tried to work off a squib on the Herald and bring its guilty face into notoriety as a truthful sheet:

"A man who was boarding with Mrs. Cooper over near the shops attempted to jump his board bill yesterday, but was overhauled at the depot and compelled to disgorge by the father of Mrs. Cooper. It was a trick worthy of the title given him—a scab."

The man spoken of tried to ship his board bill all right enough, but that does not necessitate him being a scab, which he was not. He is an engineer, but did not even apply for a run on this road.

—A son of Mr. W. H. Seivers, of Cedar Creek, met with a very painful accident Thursday afternoon, while examining a revolver which he had been celebrating with on the fourth. While holding it across his leg with the barrel pointing towards his left, the trigger was struck in some way, causing the revolver to go off, the ball entering his left leg between the knee and the hip. The family is well known in this city, having resided here for a number of years.

The so called political debate in the Omaha World has deteriorated already into a vealy argument upon the part of the English editor, who asserts that wages are higher in England than in America, and who cites the fact; as he terms it, that some mill in Lowell, Massachusetts, pay the cotton weaver less wages than is paid for the same service in Manchester, England. The reports of our counselor service in England for years, show the wages paid in the United States for all classes of service in the cotton factories are from 60 to 100 per cent higher than in England. Yet, what is the use in discussing a proposition that all intelligent free traders agree with the protectionists upon? No, we presume, (unless it be the hinglish heditor of the World) can be found possessing either imprudence or ignorance, enough to bolster up the present free trade bolt of the democratic party by claiming that wage workers are paid as high or higher wages for their labor in England than in America.

THE public doesn't hear much more of the man of destiny and the noble Old Roman, since Messrs. Harrison and Morton have stepped before the foot lights. The great American audience appreciate the American play; its characters and caste are essentially American; it is put on the stage by American managers and it takes and will draw the crowd during the entire season. Noble Old Romans, bandanas and over fed Cobden Club cupids, won't make expenses before this Yankee nation. The novelty has worn off. It is Harrison, Morton and victory in it too.

TARIFF LITERATURE FOR ALL.

The American Protective Tariff League is publishing a most valuable series of Tariff documents. These are prepared with a view not only to state the facts and arguments for protection, but also to convince doubtful voters, whether they are farmers, laborers, merchants or professional men. Each issue of the series appeals to those engaged in separate industries, and presents indisputable facts, comparisons of wages, cost of living, and other arguments showing the benefits of Protection. Recent issues include the following:

Table listing various tariff documents and their page numbers, including 'The Farmer and the Tariff', 'The Wool Industry', 'Lawrence and the Tariff', etc.

THE CATCHER IN MODERN BASEBALL.

The "catcher" in modern baseball is another development that must not be passed by. In the circles there is often a cannon and catches the ball in front of a cannon and catches the ball in his hands when it is fired out, at no very great distance from the gun. The charge of powder which sends it, however, is measured, and serious accidents resulting from the undertaking, I think, are not numerous. But the catcher of the regulation baseball implement or globe, or toy, call it which you will, takes his life in his hands. He has to catch a ball which might as well be a cannon ball, with little power to tell where it will find him or he it, and with a certainty that if it hits him serious or fatal injury is most likely to ensue. To make it less possible that his nose or jaw shall be broken, or to prevent his teeth from being knocked entirely out, he now wears a wire cage over his face, not wholly dissimilar to an ox's muzzle or a burglar's mask.—Joel Benton, in The American Magazine for July.

A SHORT TALK WITH WORKINGMEN.

Free trade means putting all the laboring men of the world upon one level of competition.

Protection means restricting the competition among laborers to those living in our country, and the consequence of such restriction is that wages remain at a high level; whereas, if the competition of all the laborers in the world were allowed to operate here, they would steadily fall to the lowest level.

That is the reason why the workingmen of this country are better paid, are more prosperous, live in a better manner, are better educated, and bring up their children with more hope and ambition than belongs to workingmen in any other country.

This is why the workingmen of the United States like the American system of protection and dislike the British system of free trade.—Sun.

BANDANA OR FLAG—WHICH?

In this fast and impatient age, there may be some people who have little hold on their curiosity that they would rather not wait until November to find out the man who is to be the next president of the United States. To accommodate these the July Table Talk comes out with a problem in verse, in which is shown who will be the fortunate man. It only requires a little ingenuity on the part of the solver to discover it, and the sharper ingenuity is to be remunerated by various prizes, consisting of cash, red bandanas and silk flags, while the duller kind will reap its reward in the shape of a copy of the Patent Office Reports. Table Talk is published by the Table Talk Publishing Co., 402 404 & 406 Race street, Philadelphia, at \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy.

The Omaha (newspaper monopoly) World has put up "Mr. Sampson of Omaha" as its exponent of republicanism, and Mr. Sampson's Delila as its democratic exponent; this is a very fine for a mugwump democrat like Mr. Hitchcock; but we will wager a big red apple that before the campaign is over the mugwump will assert itself and the so-called political debate will be turned, or attempted, over as a democratic victory by the editor-in-chief of that sheet. Mugwump independence is simply a very green and insipid quality of democracy "in the brine."

THE democrats fear that there is a Blaine plot to elect Harrison. Well, there is, and the whole republican party is in it too.