

want to transmit free institutions to posterity, fathers who ask a fair show for their sons, and the men asking an equal chance in the struggle of life, all look to this convention. They hope that here will be proclaimed principles that will not only save republican institutions, but will again make it a possibility for a man to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. They hope that here will be proclaimed principles that will guide humanity to the golden harvest of a new time. They hope that here to-day will be shaped the embodiment of a rightful cause. They look to this convention because there is no higher hope from any other source. (Applause.) The republican party, which was born of the humanity which came into the world with a nation which was a mighty moral force in the name of Lincoln, has become a more criminal instrument in the hands of Mark Hanna. (Applause.)

They look to this convention because we have given proof that we were standing for higher things. Four years ago we came upon the highland. We quit trimming. We quit using language that has a double meaning. We quit following the sake of the republican party. We protested against making this country a mere tribute-paying colony of England. We declared that America was able to attend to her own business. We issued a new declaration of independence. We promulgated a new gospel of humanity. We went forth armed with that strength that comes from candor and from sincerity, and we fought the greatest campaign ever waged on the American continent. We triumphed in the arena of patriotism. We won in the forum of intelligence, and of reason, but we were borne down by corruption, by bribery, by coercion, by crime.

For the second time in the history of our country we saw a man enter the White House with a certificate of election that was written with the dirty finger of fraud. (Applause.) Since that election the experience of the financial world has demonstrated that our theory was right; that the law of finance that we argued for is immutable, and that no nation can violate it without paying the penalty. Since then accidents have happened, calamities have befallen great nations which have given our country a temporary activity and a spurious prosperity. But, my friends, you cannot build the hope of a great nation on accidents, nor can you feed a great nation on the calamities of other people. Already there are signs of distress. Now we go forth to place this great nation upon a foundation that is in harmony with the law of finance, and that will not only make our nation, but will make the other people of the world prosperous and happy.

My friends, many years ago it was settled that this nation could not be part of any party, and that this republic cannot be part citizen and part subject. (Applause.) Again, my friends, we are here to declare that, when our fathers, 120 odd years ago, protested against taxation without representation, when they protested against the greed of power and resolved that they would not be taxed by a man who can be a citizen and a subject, when they said that our Revolutionary fathers were wrong, and that we have been wrong for twenty five years. (Applause.)

Now, my friends, for four years the enemy, the opposition press, has manifested an extraordinary activity and a welfare. Every morning for four years the opposition press has been a unit in declaring that if we did not change our platform, if we did not modify our position, we could not possibly win. They have manifested an extraordinary solicitude for us. Is there a delegate in this convention who is not a man who is in this convention—that is so innocent as to believe that the opposition press wants us to win? Does anybody think for a moment that they have been giving us this advice all the time in order that we might win? Why, my friends, they are the men who are to be destroyed, and they are to be destroyed by the sincerity, the earnestness, the enthusiasm of their devotees. They know that a party which builds upon the dynamic force of ideas, and which trusts to the conquering power of justice, will be invincible, irresistible, and will surely triumph. They know that if we stand firmly by our colors, if we keep up our enthusiasm, there is not in America a force that can prevent the triumph of the democracy in this coming election. (Applause.)

Yes, that is not all. They know more. They know that if we triumph while we stand for mighty principles, then we will rule this republic and will shape the destinies of this country for fifty years to come. (Great applause.) They know also that any one political victory signifies nothing at all. We have had two in recent years, and it is now almost the universal consensus of opinion that both of them were a misfortune to the democracy and to the country. (Great applause.) Why is it that the republican party has shaped our country and ruled it for forty years? Why, my friends, for twenty-five or thirty years they have been wrong on every proposition, and

yet they carried the election. They ruled. Why, because they stood for something definite. They were progressive, they were aggressive, while we were seeking to patch up contending factions and do cheap politics. (Great applause.)

Now, my friends, I concur with those men who say we want to win this year. And I will tell you that, if we stand by our colors we will win this year. (Great applause and cheering.) And let me also say that, if we weaken, if we begin to trim, if we begin to make nice adjustments, then, my friends, we will lose the confidence of the progressive people of America, and will be defeated and despised. (Great applause.) Fortunately, our great leader has stood like a rock in the ocean beating back the storm. (Wild applause and cheering.) Why is it that, for the first time in the history of this republic the democracy of America from ocean to ocean has risen up in favor of one man, and there are not twenty-five delegates in this convention who could have come here unless their people believed they were coming here to support the man who is the chance of the democracy of America. (Enthusiastic cheering and great applause.)

This great democrat who to-day is in the hearts of the American people has gotten that hold upon them because they have confidence in his sincerity. (Great applause.) Let him waver, let him hesitate one moment, and he will cease to be the idol of the people. He will fall and be despised. (Applause.) Do you not think that he also wants to win? Do you believe that he is pushing the presidency aside for a mere quibble? Ah, my friends, you, some of you, have not sufficiently weighed this great question. He sees the peril and is guarding against it. Let me ask you this: Four years ago some excellent men saw fit to leave us. It was their privilege. They now have come back. They are acting honorably. I believe. They say they will accept the voice of the American democracy, and they will come to be the idol of the people. He will fall and be despised. (Applause.)

Do you not think that he also wants to win? Do you believe that he is pushing the presidency aside for a mere quibble? Ah, my friends, you, some of you, have not sufficiently weighed this great question. He sees the peril and is guarding against it. Let me ask you this: Four years ago some excellent men saw fit to leave us. It was their privilege. They now have come back. They are acting honorably. I believe. They say they will accept the voice of the American democracy, and they will come to be the idol of the people. He will fall and be despised. (Applause.)

Bear in mind, my friends, that the great army is standing firm. The great army is not asking any change. It is asking only to be led into the fight. Now, I ask you to come with us. Do not ask us to put this mighty army in a position that will make it look ridiculous before the American people. (Applause.) Why, my friends, if we take a position here which the ingenuity of the enemy can't help us out of, and which we will then look ridiculous, we will seem to stand for nothing. The republicans have declared emphatically for the English gold standard. Now, if we take a position that seems to admit of doubt, where will we be? Why, we will be in the position of a man who is not asking any change. It is placed between two bundles of hay, and not having sufficient intelligence, not having sufficient force of character to decide which to go to, stood still and starved to death. (Laughter.)

What will we gain? Let me ask you this: You say you want to win. So do we. What will we gain by allowing them to happen that can be construed by the enemy into a trimming position? Why, my friends, the radical element of the democratic party will leave us. They have no confidence in us if we do not stand firm. We are destroyed on that hand, and will be destroyed on the other hand, for within twenty-four hours after we take that position the opposition press will ridicule us clear off the political field. (Applause.)

You cannot deceive anybody. Suppose you leave out 15 to 1. Will you get anything? (Applause.) Will you gather any votes? Will you fool anybody that way? Why, no, my friends, no. (Cries of no, no.) Hiding the head in the sand while the body is exposed in the air simply shows the species and the habits of a bird. It has never yet been accepted by mankind as an emblem of wisdom. Who are the people in whose behalf it is suggested that we shall take a departure that means our death? They are not the men who have bled on the battlefields of liberty. They are not the men who have pointed the way to nobler civilization. They are not the men who have lightened the burden of the toilers. As a rule they are the men who helped to shorten the loaf that the labor eats. As a rule they are the men for whom posterity will build no monuments, and whose careers the pencil of time will disdain to notice.

We are at the most critical juncture of

this republic. We have reached a time when men must lay aside their selfish ambition and rally to the rescue of republican institutions. (Applause.) Look back; take your men of the great Mississippi valley; four years ago you raised the standard of your party and you brought it to the west. Shall it be said of you that you had not the intelligence, that you had not the character to hold your ground or to stand by and defend the standards that are committed to your care? You sons of New England, what mean the monuments that greet the morn? They tell of an age when there were great men in that land; they tell the story of men who fought for conviction and who died for principle. Shall it be written that in one short century the sons of those mighty sires frittered away their divine inheritance in the vulgar brothel of expediency?

You men of the south, thirty-five years ago your fields lay waste; your homes were in ashes. All was gone save honor and glory. Your land is covered with the graves of your brothers who died for the cause that is right. They are at the beginning of a new century. We are not a nation of slaves, and there is no, no, no, and cheers, and there is not a battlefield on this continent where they trimmed. (Cries of "not much," and applause.) They wrote imperishable history with their blood. For thirty-five years your daughters have covered their graves with laurel. (Cheers.) Is there a delegate from the great south that is willing to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of that proud people by doing an act in this convention, or anywhere else, that would put him under suspicion of lacking character and courage? (Cries of "no, no," and cheers.) Only in America, but the liberty-loving people of the earth, the enlightened men of all Christendom, have their eyes on this convention, watching it to see whether it will maintain high principles, or whether it will simply do politics. (Applause.) We are at the beginning of a new century. We are standing on the threshold of a new time. The world is moving forward, and the Almighty is looking to the democratic party on this occasion to lead the world onward to a higher plane; to lead this country onward to where the sons and daughters of America will not be begging for bread. (Loud applause.)

OPTICAL GOODS.
The Western Optical and Electrical Co., located at 131 North 11th street is composed of old citizens and thoroughly fitted eyes for twenty-five years. Our tinted eyes ought to be competent to do good work. They are permanently located with us and that means much to the purchaser of eye glasses and spectacles.

WOMEN BEHAVE WELL.
Show Courage When Cooped Up in Cities That Are Besieged in Time of War.

The lessons of even the most recent history show that, once they have got over the first shock of surprise, the women in besieged cities take even less account of the missiles of the invaders than do seasoned soldiers, who, of course, have a superior knowledge of the possibilities of injury.

Just as the ladies have been seen walking along and chattering together in the principal street of Lady-smith, so have they done in the same circumstances from time immemorial; and, beyond this, one of the strangest lessons of history is that nearly all the most hopeless and desperate defenses of cities on record have been those in which women shared. It would be idle to ignore the moral influence in such cases; but, beyond this, certain defenses would have been utterly impossible had not the women virtually acted as soldiers, charging and cleaning the guns, handing up ammunition, acting as "look-out" sentinels, tending the wounded, and encouraging officers and men alike. There have been scores of cases where the women were not content with loading the guns, but fired them, and did the business well, besides. At Badajoz, Spain, several parties of women made the most desperate stand in squares, and when they were beaten back into the houses had to be dislodged at considerable loss, for they fired from cupboards, and even through the boarding of the floors. If ever woman has shown to what emergencies she can rise with a nerve of steel, it has been in famous sieges.

TOWN SOLD OVER AND OVER.
People Pay No Taxes and Are in a Quandary Over the Puzzling Situation.

Somerville, Me., is in a queer plight, says the Boston Herald. Farms have been sold for delinquent taxes and the property has been sold in this way again and again. No one will serve the town as collector and even the sheriff of the county cannot make the people pay their taxes. This bankrupt town has a valuation of \$60,000, and owes about \$30,000, which is half the town is worth on a liberal valuation. Most of the town debt is in the shape of bonds, on which the interest has not been paid for some time.

When, some years ago, the people in the town got discouraged and gave up paying taxes, the usual course of advertising and selling the property at auction was pursued. But, and this lends a humorous feature to the case, the inhabitants of the town bid in the property. And then, as the years have gone by, the property has regularly been sold and as regularly bid in by the inhabitants. So all the property has been sold over and over again to pay the taxes, and now all the farms and the real estate in the place stand thus:

It has been bought in at nominal sums by the inhabitants of the town, and therefore the people are where they started from, in reality. They have raised no money by these operations. It will puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to untangle and set in shape the affairs of the town, mixed up as they have been by this remarkable notation of auctions and sales.

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Dreadful Words For Government Employees.

"STAND AND DELIVER"

High Handed Methods of Republican Campaign Managers.

DEMAND 60 PER CENT OF SALARIES

Officeholders Must Give Up or Lose Their Jobs—Cuban Scandal Not Confined to the Postoffice—How the Beer Envoys Were Received by Mr. Bryan—Suggestion For a Joint Debate—Concerning the Open Door in China—The Democratic Leaders.

"Stand and deliver!" was the ominous command which Paul Clifford and his robber crew used to thunder into the ears of travelers on Hounslow Heath and in the pleasant lanes of England. "Stand and deliver!" are the dreadful words whispered in the ears of government employees at Washington and, as for that matter, all over the country, for there is no Republican officeholder big enough or small enough to escape the modern highways—the Republican campaign managers. Rathbone, Neely & Co. steal on a huge scale in Cuba; the republican campaign managers hold up and sandbag the defenseless employees here at home. Civil service rules don't count when a campaign is on—no, not on your life, they don't!

Blackmailers appear to grow with what they feed on. In 1880 one Jay Hubbell made his name loathed until it became a hiss and byword by blackmailing employees out of 10 and 20 per cent of their wages in order to raise the slush with which to buy Garfield's election. The hatred of the American people drove Hubbell into private life, but Hubbell was timid at the business compared with latter day Republican managers, who demand and get 50 per cent! "This true, and pity 'tis 'tis true"—that is, if the Washington Post is to be believed, and remember that it is a staunch friend to McKinley.

Robbery and Blackmail.
Here is a short extract from a two column expose which The Post makes of a transaction which involved both robbery of the public and blackmail of the employees.

Congress took \$80,000 out of the treasury just before adjournment and presented it to the employees of the senate and house. This was in pursuance of an established custom—a custom more generous than creditable—of voting an extra month's salary to each man on the capitol pay roll. Nobody has ever seriously contended that this was a just or equitable way of giving away the people's money, but both political parties do it, and it has been done so often and so long that the big annual gift—it is a clear case of a man's money—has become a custom and passing protest from even the watchdogs of the treasury.

But this year's presentation to the force of capitol employees had a sequel more scandalous than the presentation itself. Congress having liberally voted \$80,000 in the shape of extra salaries, the republican congressional committee has stepped in and asked the beneficiaries to contribute a fund to give up one-half of the sum they received for use in the campaign. In other words, an effort has been made to utilize 50 per cent of a large appropriation of public money as a bribe in support of an established custom—a custom more generous than creditable—of voting an extra month's salary to each man on the capitol pay roll.

Give Up or Get Out.
How do the taxpayers of the land like to have \$80,000 of their money presented in one gob to a job lot of Republican officeholders and then have the officeholders plundered of one-half of it to go to the freebooting administration in power for four years more? It's a pity that a resolute prosecuting attorney does not get hold of the blackmailers and send them to the penitentiary! We had to pass a new extradition law in order to get Rathbone and Neely back here from Cuba, but these blackmailers are carrying on their nefarious operations in the full light of day at the Raleigh hotel, on Pennsylvania avenue, in the nation's capital. We are told that F. F. Schrader, who is doing this precious business for the Republican congressional committee, assures a startled public that no coercion is used. Oh, no! Perish the thought! But there is not an employee who responds to Schrader's invitation to walk into his parlor at the Raleigh who does not know that if he refuses to come down with the dust to the tune of 50 per cent of his salary he will lose his official head. So rather than give up his job he whacks up.

Schrader has been caught in the act and in history will join Jay Hubbell, of odiferous memory, but no doubt there are others at work in every department of the government, busy as bees bleeding the employees in order to re-elect this administration of purity, sweetness and light. Assassination in Kentucky, blackmail in Washington, plain but colossal stealing in Cuba, are the starters in a campaign destined to be the corruptest in the history of the republic. All decent folk will be compelled to hold their noses long before the frost of November nips the Republicans on election day.

Like Banquo's Ghost.
The Cuban scandals, like the ghost of the late lamented Banquo, will not come. The stench is so strong that even some of the McKinley organs are compelled to give a lusty and far resounding snort occasionally to keep from bursting. For example, that perverted

McKinley shouter, the Indianapolis News, has a Havana correspondent who, among many other warm things, says:

It seems a little unfair that the department of posts in Cuba should be made the scapegoat for all the corruption on the island's administration when it is well known in Havana that the postal irregularities and defalcations are but a bagatelle in comparison with the stupendous frauds that have been perpetrated and judiciously covered up in this city alone, to say nothing of suburban military railroads, etc. Havana has always had the reputation of being a warm place, but if the political pot continues to boil over much more it will soon be pronounced too hot for comfort.

The military muddle is getting thicker than ever. General Adna R. Chaffee, late chief of staff, got away just in time. Before leaving he remarked to a friend: "We all knew it would have to come, and I thought the sooner the better, but those tender toes up there in Washington wanted the cyclone stayed off till after election. 'Keep quiet down there or the Democrats will catch on, and then the devil will be to pay.' So we kept quiet until some jay squealed to congress, and then—well, now the fat is in the fire, and nobody knows who stole the fish." Since January—the military authorities in Cuba since the gross extravagance, the criminal carelessness and the glaring inaccuracies, not to use stronger terms, that have marked the department of posts, but they also knew of the amazing rotteness of the city government, which was under military jurisdiction, and for which army officials in Cuba were responsible, and they hesitated to stir up a pool of corruption, realizing that all the virtues of the \$125,000 electronic plant and other disinflecting tubes would not be sufficient to deodorize the stinking, let alone purify the city expense account.

Besides, the constant admonitions from the White House—"Keep Cuba out of politics"—could not be heeded, so the military authorities in control followed as long as possible the advice of the late Colonel Lagerson, "Never look at what you don't want to see, and never be happy."

On the Steel of Repentance.
Now, mark you. The News has been a staunch supporter of the McHanna administration. But rats desert a sinking ship. The same correspondent gets off this startling paragraph for the management of a gaping world: "The facts are that the present administration lacks the foresight to discover, the courage to denounce and the ability to bring to justice the real thieves and political parasites, both civil and military, that have disgraced our occupation of the island."

Whereupon the agile editor of The News, determined not to be caught as the ship goes down, makes a brave leap for the shore, remarking on the way through the air:

But the people will not have it so. They will insist on knowing the worst in order that the proper remedy may be applied. The president's race of no matter how complete, the race of his friends may be involved, to ignore this matter, and we cannot believe that he will. When the whisky ring scandals touched the most influential of General Grant, the most influential of his own household, he said, "Let no guilty man escape." Here is a precedent for President McKinley.

Evidently The News is on the stool of repentance, and it may seem ungracious to jog its memory with unpleasant things, but the fact is that, notwithstanding General Grant's fine epigram, several guilty men did escape, among them his military secretary, General Babcock, and at the ensuing election the Democrats swept the country, electing Samuel J. Tilden president by a popular majority of a quarter of a million and by a substantial majority of the electoral college.

Two Pictures.
It will be remembered that when the envoys of the two brave little South African republics presented themselves at Washington to seek the sympathy of the greatest republic under the sun in their heroic but unequal death struggle with the rastest monarchy upon the face of the earth, the administration, headed by President McKinley, gave them the cold shoulder and the marble hand. Mr. McKinley and his premier, Colonel John Hay, received them as private citizens only and turned them away empty handed. Gaze first on that picture of heartlessness and then on this of American cordiality. When an ovation was given these same envoys at Omaha, William J. Bryan was the chief orator. During his speech, which was American throughout, he uttered these noble words, which thrill the heart like strains of martial music:

I trust the day will never come when a nation fighting for liberty will look in vain to the meaner people for sympathy and aid. These envoys have honored us by coming to seek our sympathy, giving us as Americans the opportunity to assist them to gain that liberty which is so dear to them.

It is to our honor that the Boers have come to us to receive our sympathy. It is hard to understand the feelings of the man who has sympathy for the Boer cause, but who is opposing it for political reasons. When a young man, I heard a very able sermon which has always clung to me on the text, "As he thinks, so he is." Why should any American citizen who feels for the Boer fall to express himself as such? I do not see how one can do other than to choose the cause of the two republics in preference to that of a monarchy.

Essence of Americanism.
Those words were fitly spoken and are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. I humbly and fervently thank Almighty God that America is still able to nurture a man such as Bryan. His career demonstrates that the breed of men who formed this republic has not run out. "I do not see how one can do other than to choose the cause of the two republics in preference to that of a monarchy." That is a simple statement. It contains the very essence of Americanism. Two years ago to those words and to that sentiment there would not have been a dissenting voice in all this broad land; now official America—Mark Hanna American—dissents to—er, I doubt if any other nation since the morning stars first sang together for joy has traveled the road from republic to empire as fast as has America in the last 18 months. Which represents most truly the great body of the people in this Boer matter—Bryan or McKinley? There can be but one answer.

Bryan and McKinley.
My more or less esteemed and always amusing contemporary, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, suggests that a joint debate between William J. Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt would be a fetching performance. Teddy's friends ought to have The G.-D. arrested under the statute against cruelty to animals. The G.-D. ought to suggest somebody of Bryan's size, or, failing that, which is impossible, somebody who measures up somewhere in his intellectual stature. He is easily the greatest living

orator, perhaps the greatest that ever lived. Roosevelt would have about as much chance with him in an oratorical slugging match as Terence McGovern would have had with John Lawrence Sullivan when "Sully" was in his prime.

I have not seen Bryan since April, and am no more authorized to speak for him than is any other Democrat in good standing, but if The G.-D. is really hankering for a joint debate in which Bryan shall figure I can suggest one which will add to the safety of nations. Let William McKinley and William J. Bryan have one joint discussion in each of the 45 states of the Union! I am absolutely certain that Bryan will accept. Can The G.-D. bring William of Canton to the scratch? I try not, and why not? Because The G.-D. knows full well that McKinley can't hold a candle to Bryan in a full and comprehensive discussion of the issues now before the American people. I feel so certain that Bryan and Democrats generally would favor a discussion between the presidential candidates that, while I am not authorized to speak for the Democratic national committee, and while that committee is not burdened with funds, I feel perfectly safe in saying that rather than not have these 45 debates between Bryan and McKinley the Democrats will defray the entire expense of the performance. If we can't get the necessary money any other way, we will raise it by popular Democratic subscription. The poorest Democrat in the land would be willing to contribute his mite in order to see the peerless Nebraska thump the present occupant of the White House.

This Bryan-McKinley oratorical scrapping match would attract more attention than any debate that ever took place on earth, and The G.-D. will miss the greatest opportunity of its career if it fails to join me in the effort to pull it off.

The Open Door in China.
A recent declaration by a high Republican official at Washington recalls the famous lines which Bret Harte puts into the mouth of Truthful James:

Do I sleep? Do I dream?
Do I wonder and despair?
Are things what they seem,
Or are visions about?
Or is civilization a failure,
Or is the Caucasian played out?

The aforesaid declaration of the high Republican official is, in words and figures, as follows—to wit:

"The so called guarantees relative to the 'open door' in China are no worth the paper they are written on."
Jupiter Olympus! What are we coming to! For many moons we have been told, with frequent and monotonous iteration, that the achievement of the "open door" was of itself alone amply sufficient to secure an immortality of glory for this Republican administration. At the annual banquet of the merchants and manufacturers of Baltimore last spring I heard my brilliant and expansive friend, Hon. Charles Emory Smith, postmaster general of the United States, laud it to the skies as the summum bonum of all diplomacy and in a rhapsody of iridescent rhetoric place William McKinley and Mr. Secretary of State John Hay on the pinnacle of fame for having negotiated it. General Smith is a handsome man, a prepossessing gentleman, an artist in the use of words, and he enthused his audience and carried it off its feet, or, rather, out of its seats on to its feet, as he pictured in gorgeous colors how we were, one and all, to be made rich beyond the dreams of avarice by reason of the "open door" policy. I confess that I was so wrought upon by his flights of imagination and eloquence that I began in my mind to figure out the date when I could quit practicing law and lecturing and go to living in clover on my part of the divvy of the illimitable wealth to come to us through this much vaunted "open door."

I lived in ecstasy for weeks afterward. Now comes this cold blooded, heartless, unimaginative, matter of fact "high Republican official" at Washington and pulls the underpinning out from under General Smith's air castles in China as ruthlessly as blind Samson pulled down the temple by pulling down the pillars that held it up. I feel a sad sense of personal bereavement as I see my individual portion of wealth through the "open door" receding in the dim distance. And so "the guarantees of the 'open door' are not worth the paper on which they are written?" Too bad! One by one the roses fall. "The high Republican official" who ruined General Smith's speech and blasted my hopes ought to be prosecuted for lese majesty.

The Ticket.
It is useless to say that Bryan's nomination is a strong and popular one. Also the platform is strong and popular. It is generally conceded that the nomination of Adlai E. Stevenson for vice president strengthens the ticket greatly in that section of the country where it most needs strengthening. A conservative estimate of what would happen were the election held today is that the Democrats would carry Kentucky, Indiana, New York and Delaware, thereby electing Bryan, and by a handsome majority, and, as the tendency is constantly in our favor, he may sweep other states which voted against him in 1896.

San Jose Seale Treatment.
Spraying at intervals of not over ten days from June 15 to Sept. 15 with whale oil soap or kerosene and water is recommended by one of the stations for San Jose scale. It may be remarked, however, that results in the use of kerosene have sometimes been disastrous to trees, and there is much difference of opinion about its advisability.

Typewriter Tactics.
"Miss Spellum wears all her best clothes down to the office."
"Is she in love with anybody there?"
"No, but she says it scares her employer so he doesn't give her much work to do."—Chicago Record.

Miraculous.
Dasherly—Time's a wonderful thing. It gilds all troubles we may have had. Downtrod—Yes, I suppose a widower can look back on his married life with real pleasure.—Kansas City Independent.

THE PARTING.

When Paul and Henriette returned from the matinee given for the benefit of the new hospital, in which their friends, Coralie Verdier and Maxime Renaud, had played the leading parts before an enthusiastic audience, they looked tired and cross.

There was not a more happily married couple in all Paris than Paul and Henriette Dufrenoy. Their friends had pronounced it a marriage of "reason and inclination," and they had adored each other for three years. They had been inseparable, devoted, without a single misunderstanding, marrying in the perfection of their happiness. They had lost a child, and this great sorrow of their lives had bound them still closer in an affection deep and strong.

Only the day before, resolving to profit by the beautiful weather, they had taken the train to Meudon, and, after having strolled in a pretty little vine covered inn, they had spent the afternoon in the great beautiful woods, as happy and care free as two birds.

Very different from this beautiful day with nature was the matinee from which they returned so morose, without telling in her words, she used the sudden change. However, everything comes to an end, even the silence of two angry people. The next morning at breakfast Paul, unable to bear longer the taciturnity of his wife, throwing his napkin on the table, cried: "Henriette, what is the matter?" "With me? Nothing," replied Henriette coldly.

"Nothing, that's quickly said. But what have I done? Ever since that concert yesterday you have been different. We did not care to go to it, but surely that is a pretty little vine covered inn. I think if any one is changed since yesterday it is you. You are thoughtful, preoccupied."
"And of whom do I think except you?"
"Who knows? Of Coralie Verdier perhaps, who was most natural, without telling in her words, she used the sudden change. However, everything comes to an end, even the silence of two angry people. The next morning at breakfast Paul, unable to bear longer the taciturnity of his wife, throwing his napkin on the table, cried: "Henriette, what is the matter?" "With me? Nothing," replied Henriette coldly.

"What! You dare? Why not? You dare! Why not? One accusation is worth another."
"This is too much!" cried the young woman, and she left the dining room. Paul followed her into her own room. "Come, Henriette, this is foolish, I assure you!"
"Oh! I am foolish as well as untrue! I shall not remain here to be insulted and scolded by her. And, trembling with anger, she put on her hat and seized her gloves.

"Where are you going?" asked Paul, uneasy for the first time.
"I am going home, where never I am loved and treated."
"And she is perfectly capable of remaining alone, and without me, and I shall enjoy being my own master once more. It is rather nice to feel at liberty, though there seems to be nothing to do just now. Strange I never knew what a temper she had. She looks very pretty when she is angry. Shall I really never see her again? Adieu!"
"But I shall see her! I shall see her! And his new found liberty seemed to lose some of its attractiveness.

It was a beautiful day, and after wandering about all morning he decided to spend the afternoon in the country, for he was still to angry to return home, though he longed to see if his wife had repented of her hasty resolution. He bought a ticket for Meudon and in the train thought of the day they had spent there together such a short time ago. Arriving at his destination, he took lunch at the same pretty little inn and felt his loneliness before him, and he talked memory of that other day, spent in such sweet companionship.

"I am a brute," he suddenly exclaimed as he was walking after lunch in the forest, "and she is the dearest little woman in the world. If she was jealous, was it not before him, and he talked memory of that other day, spent in such sweet companionship.

She held out her hands, with the flowers in them. "Will you take them, Paul?" she said softly. "I picked them for you."—From the French.

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