

IN POVERTY STREET.

It's dirty, ill smelling, It follows the same, With hardly a dwelling Deserving the name; It's noisy and narrow, With angles reptile— Not straight as an arrow In Poverty Street.

Its houses are battered, Unheated and small, While children allattered Respond to the call. There's nothing inviting That's likely to greet The stranger alighting In Poverty Street.

But something red-oringing Lies under it all— Ambition is dreaming In some little hall; Some mother is praying Successes may meet The boy who is playing In Poverty Street.

Some fathers, depriving Themselves of all joys, Are valiantly striving For sake of their boys; Some sisters or brothers, In sacrifice sweet, Are living for others In Poverty Street.

Though lacking in glory, And lacking in art, There's many a story Appeals to the heart; And years that are blighting With tales of defeat Find heroes still fighting In Poverty Street.—Chicago Post.

THE LOST WATCH.

In the course of a certain complicated business transaction Mr. Selby came into possession of a very fine old-fashioned English watch. It had a double gold case and the finest chronometer balance movement. The man from whom he obtained it assured Mr. Selby that it cost \$500 and was as fine a timekeeper as was ever produced in the United Kingdom. Quite naturally Mr. Selby prized this watch in proportion to its intrinsic value and admirable time-keeping qualities. He never tired of displaying to friends the peculiar construction and superior workmanship of his rare treasure.

He would press a spring and remove the outside case, laying it aside with a smile, as much as to say, "There, already, is the full value of one of your cheap American watches!" Then he would pry open the inner case with his penknife and with the greatest care lift upon its hinges the plate bearing the movement and point admiringly to the jeweled chronometer works. "Did you ever see a movement like that?" he would exclaim, and then, as his friends crowded around, he would let the works back into place, declaring that he could trust no man's breath except his own among such delicate wheels and springs.

And yet Mr. Selby would not wear a chain for the further protection of his valuable watch. He had never carried a chain with his old silver watch, yet he had never lost that. Why then, should he go to the expense of buying a chain suitable for the chronometer balance? Besides Mr. Selby had got into the habit of not wearing a watch chain, and as he was a man who was very set in his way he actually shrank from making any new departure of this sort. So he went about with the English watch loose in his vest pocket, and in reply to his wife's frequent reminder that he ought to buy a watch chain, he always replied, "Mrs. Selby, I know how to take care of a watch."

Nevertheless Mr. Selby had some misfortunes with his chronometer which might have been prevented even by the use of a cheap, steel chain. One day he and Mrs. Selby were washing the plants in the bathtub, which was half full of water. Suddenly, as Mr. Selby leaned over to pick up a geranium pot, the big watch slipped from his pocket, splashed into the water and sank to the bottom of the tub. Mr. Selby dropped the geranium pot, which fell into the water, deluging him from head to foot and sinking directly on top of the watch. When the latter was at last rescued Mr. Selby held it to his ear with a trembling hand.

"I thought you said you knew how to take care of a watch?" remarked Mrs. Selby, with a tinge of sarcasm in her tone. "So do!" replied Mr. Selby, with justifiable pride, "it's going yet."

Another time Mr. and Mrs. Selby were in New York city for a week's shopping. One day on Broadway Mr. Selby stopped and pulled out his watch to see if it was time to go to luncheon. His action was rather hasty, and unfortunately the ring slipped from his finger, and the ponderous watch fell on the pavement.

Immediately it divided itself into three portions. The outside case came off and rolled in one direction, the inside case burst open and rolled in another, and the precious chronometer movement was detached and rolled in a third direction. Mr. Selby pursued the works, Mrs. Selby ran after one of the cases, and a friendly policeman picked up the other case. Then a grand ensemble was hastily effected, and Mr. Selby put the watch to his ear with an apprehension that expressed itself in every line of his face. But at once his anxious look gave place to a broad smile. "My dear," he exclaimed with pardonable emotion, "it is still going."

But at last there came a time when Mr. Selby sincerely wished that he had taken the advice of his wife and bought a watch chain. One evening at the instigation of Mrs. Selby, he climbed up through the trapdoor into the small attic in the top of the house to look for a lunch box, for the Selbys were to have a family picnic on the morrow. The attic was full of papers (which the Selbys always saved to put under carpets,) boxes, wrecked furniture, government reports, discarded clothing and other rubbish. It was a small attic, not high enough to stand erect in, and it was worse as much as a man's phrenological consistency was worth to go groping around in it under the most favorable circumstances.

The roughly plastered walls were unfinished, and there was quite a wide gap between the ends of the floor joists and the lath of the walls. Mr. Selby dug around the wall for awhile and finally found the kind of a box he wanted. He handed it to his wife through the trapdoor and came down.

Three or four hours later, as Mr. and Mrs. Selby were on the point of retirement, Mr. Selby put his hand into his vest pocket to take out his watch and wind it. Instantly he turned very pale. Mrs. Selby,

who was standing at the mirror, letting down her hair, noticed even in his reflected image the change in her husband's color and expression and turned about in alarm. "I—I have lost my watch!" gasped Mr. Selby.

"Just what I told you," said Mrs. Selby. Mr. Selby began to ransack all his pockets with frantic haste. Then he tore off his coat and felt all around the lining of his vest. He also examined the lining of his coat and felt up and down the legs of his trousers. Last of all in desperation he pulled off his shoes and held them upside down. The watch was not there. Evidently it was secreted in no part of his clothing. Then Mr. Selby began walking around the room and thinking with terrible intensity.

"Possibly you left it on the desk at your office," suggested Mrs. Selby. Mr. Selby stood still and fairly glared at his wife. "Mrs. Selby," he said severely, "I never take my watch out of my pocket without returning it when I get done with it." Then he began to prance around the room again.

Another suggestion instantly occurred to Mrs. Selby, and it was so good that she could not keep it to herself even if her husband was upbraid and cross. "Perhaps," she said, "you dropped it out of your pocket while you were rummaging up in the garret while ago."

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Selby, his face brightening at once. "That is something like it. Perhaps I did. I will go right up and see." Mr. Selby got the stepladder and crawled up into the attic again. Then his wife handed the lamp up to him, and he began to search. In about 10 minutes he presented a dusty and disappointed face at the trapdoor and called out:

"I don't believe it's here, Elvira. I have looked everywhere and can't find it." Mrs. Selby stood at the foot of the step ladder in deep thought. All at once she exclaimed: "Charles, I have it!"

Mr. Selby almost fell through the trapdoor in his eagerness. "Where did you find it?" he demanded. "Give it to me." "Oh, I didn't mean the watch," replied Mrs. Selby, "only a possible clew for finding it. It occurs to me now that, while you were up in the garret looking for that lunch box, I heard a sound like something falling down inside the wall. Could it be that you dropped your watch between the floor boards and the lath, and that it went down between the outside and inside walls?"

"Elvira," exclaimed Mr. Selby after a moment's reflection, "I verily believe that you have the key to the mystery! Such a thing might very likely have happened. If the watch did go down between the walls, how long will it be a day's job to get it again, so we had better let the matter rest where it is until to-morrow."

The next day, before going down to his office, Mr. Selby rigged up a candle with a gauze wire screen around the flame, and taking it up in the garret, let it down between the walls with a long piece of brass wire.

He found that the open space extended to the base boards of the lower floor, but in spite of his illuminating apparatus he was unable to pierce the deep gloom which prevailed between the walls.

"I see but one way to recover the watch," he remarked to Mrs. Selby, "and that is to cut a hole through the wall in the parlor at the point where the watch is most likely to have fallen, and then search for it on the floor board."

"Why, Charles!" exclaimed Mrs. Selby in consternation, "cut through that handsome wainscoting that we have just had painted at such expense? You surely couldn't have the heart! And what would you do if you should not find the watch after you had cut the hole?"

"Cut another," replied Mr. Selby thoughtfully. "Cut another!" cried Mrs. Selby raising her hands in dismay. "Yes, and keep on cutting until it!" it is found exclaimed her husband. "I'd rather tear down the whole house and build a new one than lose that watch!"

"What foolish talk!" cried Mrs. Selby. "It can't be that you are in your right mind, Charles."

"We shall see," replied Mr. Selby ominously as he started for his office. That evening, right after supper, Mr. Selby got out his chest of tools and marched into the parlor. He was followed by the entire family, loudly protesting against the proposed act of vandalism. To this chorus of remonstrance, however, Mr. Selby paid not the slightest attention. He coolly calculated the spot at which, if the watch had fallen from the attic, it would most probably be lying, and set to work.

At the first stroke of the hammer on the chisel Mrs. Selby began to weep, and her daughter followed her example. Mr. Selby, by turned and regarded them for a moment with severe displeasure. Then he resumed his work. It was not long before he had chiseled, bored and battered in the frescoed wall a hole large enough to admit a quod basin. Then he stopped to take breath and contemplate his handiwork. By this time Mrs. Selby had ceased weeping and stood beside her husband pale, but resigned. Tom and Henry, the boys, had already begun to take a professional interest in the job, and Angelina had brought the dustpan and broom to sweep up the litter at the earliest possible opportunity.

"I guess the hole is large enough for me to get my arm through," said Mr. Selby. "Ah!" he exclaimed as he lurched forward into the opening up to the shoulder. "It is quite large enough. Now we shall see if the watch is here." First Mr. Selby felt with his arm along the boards to the left until his hand touched the joist on that side. Then he reversed the process, inserted his left arm and felt along until he reached the joist on the opposite side. "The watch is not here," he announced disappointedly. Then he withdrew his arm, stood up, dusted himself and moved his box of tools a little further to the right.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mrs. Selby anxiously. "I am going to make another hole," said Mr. Selby. "Oh, Charles, don't! please don't plead your wife."

"You women folks keep still!" cried Mr. Selby doggedly, wiping the sweat from his brow. "I have set out to find that watch, and I propose to do it."

All expostulations were now drowned in the racket which Mr. Selby made with his hammer and chisel. Skill comes from practice, and in much less time than had been consumed in making the previous hole Mr. Selby had constructed a new opening, which he evidently regarded as a masterpiece, for he spent several minutes in trimming its edges artistically. Then he inserted his arms in turn and felt to the right and left as before. Nothing but bits of mortar, however, met his groping finger tips, and once more he announced that the watch was not there.

"And now, of course," suggested his wife hopefully, "you will give up the search?" "I shall do no such thing, Mrs. Selby,"

replied the head of the family. "I think I have been going in the wrong direction so far, and I shall now dig a hole on the other side of the first one."

Accordingly Mr. Selby removed his box of tools and began operations. He had a hopeful look as he thrust his arm into the third hole, but the hopefulness soon died out as he remarked:

"I don't understand it at all, Elvira. The watch is not even here." "Well, then, we will put the tools away and go and have a game of whist," replied Mrs. Selby cheerfully, taking hold of the box.

"No, no, not just yet, my dear—no just yet," said Mr. Selby, gently but firmly retaining the box. "Ha!" he exclaimed as his eye suddenly fell on the window frame above him. "I think I have it now! The watch was lodged on the top of that window frame."

Poor Mrs. Selby uttered a cry of hopeless dismay. As if it were not enough for Mr. Selby to decorate the base of the frescoed wall with great ragged holes, but he must needs extend his handiwork halfway up the ceiling.

"Oh, Charles!" she wailed. "You surely do not think of making one of those dreadful holes over the window frame?" "That is just what I think of doing, Mrs. Selby. Henry, you and Tom bring me the stepladder immediately."

When the stepladder arrived, Mr. Selby climbed up with his hammer and chisel, and soon bits of lath and plaster began to patter merrily on the carpet.

"I am almost certain I shall find the watch here," he announced as he handed down his tools and proceeded to investigate the gap in the wall. But the watch was not there—at least not so far as Mr. Selby could reach. So sure was he that he should find it on the window frame, however, that he made two more holes besides the first and desisted when he had run his hand the entire length of the window frame. By this time, considering the house practically pulled down anyway, Mrs. Selby and Angelina had retired, leaving the destroyer to work at his will. Henry and Tom still remained, however, to see what their father would do next.

Mr. Selby came down from the stepladder and all covered with white dust as he was, flung himself on the plush covered sofa to rest. His eyes began to wander about the scene of desolation he had compromised with his conscience to the extent of having the boys drag in the plant stand and conceal with it as many of the gaping holes as possible. Then, thoroughly exhausted, both in nerve power and muscles, Mr. Selby retired to his chamber. Mrs. Selby was deeply offended that she would not speak to him, so she went to bed in silence.

A month passed, and still Mr. Selby got no tidings from his watch. At great expense he had the parlor walls patched up and newly frescoed. This pacified Mrs. Selby, and she began once more to heartily sympathize with her husband in his persistent grief at the loss of the watch. One day she said to him, "Dear, are you sure that you looked thoroughly in the attic?"

"Of course I am," answered Mr. Selby. "I have been up there every day for a week, and there isn't an inch of the floor that I haven't examined."

"Still," persisted Mrs. Selby, "I am not at all sure that the watch is not there. You know how often, dear, I have sent you to get a new watch, and you have returned saying that it was not there; whereas when I went to look, it lay right on top of everything else and almost jumped into my face."

"I don't care," protested Mr. Selby. "I guess if I saw my watch lying around loose, I should recognize it. But if you are not satisfied with my looking why don't you go up to the garret and look for yourself?"

"I will!" exclaimed Mrs. Selby, with sudden determination, "though goodness knows, it will be a terrible piece of work for a woman to get up through that trapdoor. Still, if you and the boys will help me, I will try."

"I will immediately went for the step-ladder and summoned Tom and Henry. The two boys steadied the ladder while Mrs. Selby climbed to the top, assisted by her husband who followed close behind. She was gone just one minute. Then she appeared at the trapdoor and handed down Mr. Selby's watch without a word.

"Mrs. Selby was so astonished that he also remained speechless. It was not until Mrs. Selby had descended to the attic to the floor that he was able to gasp:

"Wh—wh—where did you find it?" "Lying right on top of the papers," replied Mrs. Selby.

"It must have crawled out of some hole, then," replied Mr. Selby, perplexity deepening. "Then he looked upon his countenance. Then he made a good watch to his ear and exclaimed in alarm:

"It has stopped!"—Good Housekeeping.

He Obeyed.

Much is said in these days about the want of obedience to parental authority displayed by the rising generation, but an incident in which the contrary spirit was manifested is narrated by a prominent western lawyer.

His 12-year-old son, a boy of great spirit but with no abundance of strength, went to pass a vacation with a cousin who lived on the banks of a broad river. His father, in his parting instructions, placed one restriction upon the boy's amusements during his visit.

"I don't want you to go out in your cousin's canoe," he said firmly. "They are not to take the water, but you are not, and you haven't learned to sit still anywhere, as yet. You'll be there only a week, and with all the other amusements the boys have and the horses and dogs you can afford to let the canoe alone for this time and keep your mother from worrying all the while you're away."

The boy readily gave the desired promise. On his return he was enthusiastic over the pleasures he had enjoyed. "He said, I didn't mind canoeing a bit, pa," he said, addressing his careful parent with a beaming smile. "The boys taught me how to swim, and the only time they used the canoe was the last day to go over to the other shore. But I remembered my promise and I wasn't going to break it the last day. So I swam across!"—Chicago News.

Col. McClure as a Tanner

A Brand New and True Story Told of the Popular Veteran Editor.

At the recent large assemblage in Philadelphia of the Shoe and Leather Exchange Maj. D. G. Fenno, managing editor of the Times, of that city and was one of the witty speakers. Col. McClure, his gifted chief, was billed to respond to the toast, "The Press, but owing to the Colonel being unable to attend by reason of illness, Major Fenno was selected as his able substitute. In the course of the Major's well-chosen remarks he told the following story, which is true, readable and entertaining:

"Since I have been here-to-night," said he, "I have been confirmed in the belief which I have held since in boyhood I sang the old song, 'There is Nothing like Leather.' And yet I am bound to confess, and I do it with tears, that neither of my grandfathers was a shoemaker. The nearest I come in to the trade is in the fact that my grandfather raised on the hillsides of Vermont cows whose hides, I suppose, were finally made into shoes. I agree with Mr. Ogden that an occasional importation from New England is a good thing for Philadelphia."

"Fifty years ago, in 1846, a boy who had learned the trade of a tanner in Central Pennsylvania came to Philadelphia looking for a situation. He had a letter of introduction to Joe Myers, then a young and active lawyer, was a candidate for the State Senate in one of the interior districts of the State. In those days it was customary for a candidate to elector from house to house, making personal visits to the voters, soliciting their support, confirming friends and trying to convert opponents. After spending a couple of days in a certain town of his district this candidate for the State Senate asked one of his supporters if he had seen everybody.

"Yes," was the reply. You have seen everybody, but one dutch carrier in the tannery over there, and there is no use in your seeing him. He is a thick and thin Democrat, and he will not talk to you nor listen to you. It will not do any good to go there."

"Well, I'll go anyhow," said the candidate. The proprietor of the tannery took him in and introduced him to the Dutch carrier, who acknowledged the introduction only with a grunt, without looking up. He went on with his work, shaving green hides, while the candidate looked on without saying a word. Finally the carrier without stopping and without looking up, said:

"Vell, vot you got to say?" "I wish to say," said the candidate, "that I don't think your knives are in very good order."

"I don't think your carrier, stopping with a scowl of incredulity. I don't think your edges are true and smooth."

"Vell, you fix 'em," said the carrier. "I will," said the candidate, and he took the steels made for the purpose and fixed the edges, and handed them back saying: "There, I guess they are right now."

But the carrier waved them away and said: "Shave dis hide yourself."

"All right," said the candidate, as he went to work, while the carrier looked on with wide-open eyes and open mouth. After awhile, when he had nearly finished, the candidate looked up and said to the carrier:

"Vell, what have you got to say?" "Vot I got to say? I got to say dot you are a lightning carrier, and I'd lick any man in dis tannery dat don't vote for you. Aleck McClure, gif me your hand."

The laughter and applause which greeted this story for some time prevented Mr. Fenno from going on. Finally he continued:

"Aleck McClure at 16 was the best tanner in Perry county, and Aleck McClure at 60 is the greatest editor in Pennsylvania. There is nothing like leather! And you see, that though not a shoemaker nor the son of a shoemaker, I have some connection with leather. If Colonel McClure's right hand had not been disabled by the surgeon's knife, he might have been a tanner. I believe he could still shave a green pelt, and I know that some Pennsylvania politicians both in and out of the Penitentiary, believe that he can still tan a hide."

Cuba.

The people of this country have been almost absorbed in their political affairs for three or four weeks, and have not given to Cuba the attention that was-sweet island deserves. The Cuban patriots have not, though, been idle. They have been waiting for many weary months for the help which common humanity and patriotism constantly suggest that the Government of the United States should extend; but while they have been waiting they have been fighting. They are not a supine people. They do not ask to have liberty made a present to them; but the country which is the pioneer and conservator of a republican form of government in the new world owes more than it has rendered.

It is not alone Cuba that the Cubans are fighting for, but a great principle. The hold of Spain on the island has no right in it. It is a sordid sentiment. This last of the Spanish possessions in the Western Hemisphere is governed on the murder plan to keep the Treasury at Madrid from becoming a bankrupt.

The patriots are still fighting. They are gaining. The recent reports indicate that the Spanish soldiers are not making headway against them. There is big talk about reinforcement from Spain in the early autumn months; but there have been many previous reports of that sort, and many troops and guns have been landed; but still the Cubans hold their own. How long the war will last no man can guess; but it will continue till the island is free or annexed to the United States, and that would be freedom.

Annexation is, of course not a necessary result of the expulsion of the Spanish Army. The question is not now up. The emancipation of the Cubans from a hateful yoke is the first thing to be accomplished. What is to be done with Cuba is a matter to follow, and will not be hard to dispose of. If the people of the United States do not want it they can at least guarantee its independence till it gets on its feet. Let us have free Cuba. The rest will come.

Papa's Visitor.

One morning Robbie's father lost his collar button. Robbie at the moment was in the next room being dressed by the nurse.

"Why just listen," he exclaimed, "God is visiting papa; I hear papa talking to him."—World.

—He—What was Maud Muller's age at the time of her little episode with the Judge? She—It must have been in the hay day of her youth.

Bryan Named Amidst Pandemonium.

Closing Scenes of the Populist Convention at St. Louis Marked by Fights and Confusion. It was a Walkover for the Nebraska Man.

The populists have adjourned the session Saturday, which nominated the Democratic candidate for the Presidency after turning down his companion, Sewall, of Maine, in favor of Watson, of Georgia, the night before, was marked by the same scenes of disorder and the same free fights and rows that have distinguished all the sessions of that body. The vote for W. J. Bryan on the first ballot was 1047 against 331 cast for Norton. General Weaver, in his nominating speech, announced that he acted against the express wish of the Nebraska man, but in spite of that fact the vote for the Democratic leader was overwhelming. Before the vote was finished Governor Stone attempted to read what purported to be a dispatch from Bryan declining the nomination, but he was choked off by chairman Allen, who intimated that the telegram was fictitious and refused to allow its reading. As soon as the vote was announced the chairman adjourned the convention sine die. The Texans and other middle of the road men are mad all over and if their talk means anything a bolt is likely.

William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska who was nominated by the Democratic National convention at Chicago a fortnight ago, was made the standard-bearer of the Populist party by a vote of 1042 to 321.

The Democratic candidate was nominated in the face of his own protest in the shape of a telegram directing the withdrawal of his name, sent to Senator Jones, after Sewall, his running mate, had been ditched for the Vice Presidential nomination last night and Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, had been named for second place on the ticket.

It was also made in the teeth of an opposition so bitter that after the convention adjourned some of the radicals held a "rump" convention.

ALMOST A RIOT. The last session of the convention which lasted from 9:30 this morning until almost 5 o'clock this afternoon, was marked by scenes of turbulence and noisy excitement which several times bordered on actual riot, and which almost precipitated personal collisions.

Bryan managers decided at the outset to disregard Mr. Bryan's telegram of last night, to nominate him and straighten out the tangle afterwards. They started out to rush the nomination through before any other candidate could be put in the field as a foot ball team, by means of a brilliant flying wedge, sometimes forces goal. But the interference was too much for them and their line was broken.

ALMOST A RIOT. The last session of the convention which lasted from 9:30 this morning until almost 5 o'clock this afternoon, was marked by scenes of turbulence and noisy excitement which several times bordered on actual riot, and which almost precipitated personal collisions.

Bryan managers decided at the outset to disregard Mr. Bryan's telegram of last night, to nominate him and straighten out the tangle afterwards. They started out to rush the nomination through before any other candidate could be put in the field as a foot ball team, by means of a brilliant flying wedge, sometimes forces goal. But the interference was too much for them and their line was broken.

ALMOST A RIOT. The last session of the convention which lasted from 9:30 this morning until almost 5 o'clock this afternoon, was marked by scenes of turbulence and noisy excitement which several times bordered on actual riot, and which almost precipitated personal collisions.

Bryan managers decided at the outset to disregard Mr. Bryan's telegram of last night, to nominate him and straighten out the tangle afterwards. They started out to rush the nomination through before any other candidate could be put in the field as a foot ball team, by means of a brilliant flying wedge, sometimes forces goal. But the interference was too much for them and their line was broken.

ALMOST A RIOT. The last session of the convention which lasted from 9:30 this morning until almost 5 o'clock this afternoon, was marked by scenes of turbulence and noisy excitement which several times bordered on actual riot, and which almost precipitated personal collisions.

Bryan managers decided at the outset to disregard Mr. Bryan's telegram of last night, to nominate him and straighten out the tangle afterwards. They started out to rush the nomination through before any other candidate could be put in the field as a foot ball team, by means of a brilliant flying wedge, sometimes forces goal. But the interference was too much for them and their line was broken.

ALMOST A RIOT. The last session of the convention which lasted from 9:30 this morning until almost 5 o'clock this afternoon, was marked by scenes of turbulence and noisy excitement which several times bordered on actual riot, and which almost precipitated personal collisions.

Bryan managers decided at the outset to disregard Mr. Bryan's telegram of last night, to nominate him and straighten out the tangle afterwards. They started out to rush the nomination through before any other candidate could be put in the field as a foot ball team, by means of a brilliant flying wedge, sometimes forces goal. But the interference was too much for them and their line was broken.

ALMOST A RIOT. The last session of the convention which lasted from 9:30 this morning until almost 5 o'clock this afternoon, was marked by scenes of turbulence and noisy excitement which several times bordered on actual riot, and which almost precipitated personal collisions.

Bryan managers decided at the outset to disregard Mr. Bryan's telegram of last night, to nominate him and straighten out the tangle afterwards. They started out to rush the nomination through before any other candidate could be put in the field as a foot ball team, by means of a brilliant flying wedge, sometimes forces goal. But the interference was too much for them and their line was broken.

ALMOST A RIOT. The last session of the convention which lasted from 9:30 this morning until almost 5 o'clock this afternoon, was marked by scenes of turbulence and noisy excitement which several times bordered on actual riot, and which almost precipitated personal collisions.

Bryan managers decided at the outset to disregard Mr. Bryan's telegram of last night, to nominate him and straighten out the tangle afterwards. They started out to rush the nomination through before any other candidate could be put in the field as a foot ball team, by means of a brilliant flying wedge, sometimes forces goal. But the interference was too much for them and their line was broken.

ALMOST A RIOT. The last session of the convention which lasted from 9:30 this morning until almost 5 o'clock this afternoon, was marked by scenes of turbulence and noisy excitement which several times bordered on actual riot, and which almost precipitated personal collisions.

Bryan managers decided at the outset to disregard Mr. Bryan's telegram of last night, to nominate him and straighten out the tangle afterwards. They started out to rush the nomination through before any other candidate could be put in the field as a foot ball team, by means of a brilliant flying wedge, sometimes forces goal. But the interference was too much for them and their line was broken.

ALMOST A RIOT. The last session of the convention which lasted from 9:30 this morning until almost 5 o'clock this afternoon, was marked by scenes of turbulence and noisy excitement which several times bordered on actual riot, and which almost precipitated personal collisions.

Bryan managers decided at the outset to disregard Mr. Bryan's telegram of last night, to nominate him and straighten out the tangle afterwards. They started out to rush the nomination through before any other candidate could be put in the field as a foot ball team, by means of a brilliant flying wedge, sometimes forces goal. But the interference was too much for them and their line was broken.

ALMOST A RIOT. The last session of the convention which lasted from 9:30 this morning until almost 5 o'clock this afternoon, was marked by scenes of turbulence and noisy excitement which several times bordered on actual riot, and which almost precipitated personal collisions.

Bryan managers decided at the outset to disregard Mr. Bryan's telegram of last night, to nominate him and straighten out the tangle afterwards. They started out to rush the nomination through before any other candidate could be put in the field as a foot ball team, by means of a brilliant flying wedge, sometimes forces goal. But the interference was too much for them and their line was broken.

ALMOST A RIOT. The last session of the convention which lasted from 9:30 this morning until almost 5 o'clock this afternoon, was marked by scenes of turbulence and noisy excitement which several times bordered on actual riot, and which almost precipitated personal collisions.

Bryan managers decided at the outset to disregard Mr. Bryan's telegram of last night, to nominate him and straighten out the tangle afterwards. They started out to rush the nomination through before any other candidate could be put in the field as a foot ball team, by means of a brilliant flying wedge, sometimes forces goal. But the interference was too much for them and their line was broken.

ALMOST A RIOT. The last session of the convention which lasted from 9:30 this morning until almost 5 o'clock this afternoon, was marked by scenes of turbulence and noisy excitement which several times bordered on actual riot, and which almost precipitated personal collisions.

Bryan managers decided at the outset to disregard Mr. Bryan's telegram of last night, to nominate him and straighten out the tangle afterwards. They started out to rush the nomination through before any other candidate could be put in the field as a foot ball team, by means of a brilliant flying wedge, sometimes forces goal. But the interference was too much for them and their line was broken.

ALMOST A RIOT. The last session of the convention which lasted from 9:30 this morning until almost 5 o'clock this afternoon, was marked by scenes of turbulence and noisy excitement which several times bordered on actual riot, and which almost precipitated personal collisions.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Bridget Ward one of the oldest residents of Derby, Conn., after wearing glasses twenty years, nearly two weeks ago, while out in her garden, chanced to open a book she had in her hand, and was surprised to be able to read the words with the naked eye.

Coarse-meshed fish net, in white or cream is the choicest material for sash curtains, and certainly nothing adds so much to a country house as a universal treatment of the windows. These curtains should be edged with full lace ruffles, well crossed at the top and gracefully draped from the bottom of the top sash with rather heavy cords, ribbons, being out of fashion.

Dotted muslin or Swiss, trimmed with fluted ruffles of the same, are also desirable. They should be looped back with hands of the same material, made with buttonholes that fasten over a hook at the side of the window sash, or, as the aforementioned, with quite heavy white cords. In a bedroom recently visited the windows were charmingly and very originally treated.

In addition to the pretty sash curtains were long curtains of cretonne, which hung free from the bar. On the edge of these heavy curtains was sown a full hemmed and plaited ruffle of print esprit lace, which looked like a second curtain of lace, thus doing away with additional material.

The rage for hand sewing has ended in a perfect mania for tucks upon all possible parts of the costume. All manner of materials are subject to this treatment, and, except in extraordinary cases, are beautified by it. The muslins and dimities are tucks galore, and wonderfully dainty with each tuck headed as is now the fashion, with tiny Honiton lace braid in white. A charmingly dainty bodice of pale pink organdy, made over a lining of pink satteen, has a yoke with tucks fully an inch wide and smart bishop sleeves tucked across the top, each tuck brought out by a row of Honiton braid.

The sleeves reach just below the elbow and are finished with a wide band, over which is laid the broad pink taffeta ribbon, also laid in tucks, and ended in a full bow. The loveliest of Dresden organdies are made up