



Original Poetry.

[Written for the Cambria Freeman.]
TO ALICE A-----

When the vision-veil of even
Falls around the dreary earth,
When uplights the vault of Heaven,
Hear the minstrel-heart of mirth.
Fair thy love, oh! gentle Alice,
And this heart with transport bounds;
But was the parting chalice—
Sweet the home returning rounds.
And 'tis now methinks I'm sailing
Sweetly on Life's waters clear,
And along its shores exhaling
The rich perfumed joys so dear.
Or, more like, near Hope's fair island,
Moored 's the shallop of my love,
And as far as yonder sky-land
Hopes of peace, borne from above!

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

LOVE IN A SAW-MILL.

About fourteen months ago I was employed as head sawyer in a steam saw-mill of L. D. Smith & Co., near the mining town of S—. Mr. Smith and his family were living in a neat cottage close to the mill, and often I and the engineer, James Alton by name, were invited by our employer to attend the worship held in his house.

One evening, just as we were taking leave of his family, we heard the sound of carriage wheels, immediately followed by a knock at the outer door.

"Minna is coming! Minna is coming!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, rushing past us into the entry. Her husband followed with a light.

A minute after the door opened, and Minna, her eldest daughter, was locked in her mother's arms.

Minna was a beautiful girl, about seventeen years of age. Three years she had passed in a young ladies' seminary near Union, New York, and now she had returned to her mountain home, amidst the pines and cedars of California.

The engineer and I lingered awhile after her arrival, for both of us desired to be introduced to Minna Smith.

"Minna, I make you acquainted with Louis, our head sawyer, and James, our engineer. I guess you'll be glad to make their acquaintance, for both are good musicians and excellent singers. I suppose your musical education has not been neglected?"

"I have learned a little instrumental music, but I have no voice," replied she to her father, after bowing to us. James had held out his hand, but she did not touch it, and I saw that she blushed deeply, while his eyes glittered revengefully at what he supposed, her disdain.

Soon after we left the cottage. On our way to the mill I said:

"James, old boy, you looked mad. Why, don't you know that in good society they never shake hands, but only bow?"

"Well, I didn't know it. But, nevertheless, she could have shaken hands with me when she saw that I held out my hand!" replied he in a surly tone.

I then began to praise Minna's beauty, and asked his opinion about her; but he gave me no answer. When we parted for the night I noticed that his voice sounded strange as he said:

"Don't fall in love with that girl; she is too aristocratic to be the wife of a head sawyer!"

Four weeks had passed since I became acquainted with Minna. Almost every evening James and I could be seen in the parlor of the cottage. Soon it became known that Minna and I were engaged to be married within six months. I do not remember how I confessed my love; all I know is that she pressed my hand as I asked her to be my wife, while her lips said "yes."

Her father had no objection to our union. He had known me for many years, and knew that I was able to support a wife. He even asked me to become his partner, to which proposition I gladly consented.

One evening Minna and I were sitting at the foot of a huge sugar pine, talking about our approaching marriage, when we heard the report of a rifle, the bullet of which whistled past my head.

I sprang to my feet and shouted: "Hallo! you stupid fellow, what are you shooting at?"

"I supposed it was a deer!" answered the well-known voice, and James, with a rifle in his hand, emerged from some mazzonia bushes about fifty feet from where I stood.

"You couldn't mistake me for a deer!" said I.

"Yes," answered James, pointing to my gray hat, in the band of which Minna had happily stuck some dry branches from a bush close by.

"Ah, I see," said I, taking off my hat. "Well, next time you had better look a little closer!"

"I will," repeated he, moving away, and soon his form was lost amidst the increasing darkness. Again it seemed to me that his voice sounded strangely.—But I had no time to think about it, for Minna had fainted, and it seemed a long time to me before she opened her eyes. It was night before we reached the cottage.

Next day James Alton gave me notice that he would leave within ten days.

Time rolled quickly away amidst the preparations for our coming marriage. I had been twice to S— in order to hire another engineer, but I could find no one to take James' place, and he was compelled to remain until the arrival of a machinist, an old friend of mine, who was coming from San Francisco.

On the Sunday evening, two days before the day set for my marriage with Minna, I had occasion to go down to the saw-mill. After I had looked at the saws to see if they had been properly wedged and filed, I descended to the engine and boiler room. We had two large boilers set side by side. As usual, in both their ends were the man-holes. These are semi-circular openings through which, when necessary, the firemen creep in order to clean the inside of the boilers. One of these man-holes was open, and some boys, children of one of the firemen, were playing with a short iron bar near by.

I do not know what made me stop and watch them pushing the bar through the aperture while they listened to the sound of the water as its wavelets moved past the bar, and dashed against the inside of the boiler.

"Stop that play, boys," said I, "and tell James to close up the boiler." They had not seen me before, and when they heard my voice they let the iron bar fall and scampered away. The bar dropped with a loud splash into the water.

"Never mind," thought I, "the firemen can get it out again when they clean the boiler next Sunday." I was about to leave the boiler room when James entered.

"Good evening, sir," began he, in a cheerful tone; "I guess the new engineer will arrive to-morrow night, and I am glad of it. Please step into my room and read this letter which I've received this afternoon. From it you can see why I am glad to get away from here."

He gave me a letter. It was too dark to read outside, and I entered his room. A lighted lamp stood upon the table. I sat down and read the letter, which was from James' mother, urging him to come home instantly.

"You thought I was mad at you because you made love to Minna. But you were mistaken, old boy, for look at this letter," said he, handing me another. It was a letter apparently from a young girl, although the handwriting looked rather masculine. It was dated from the same New England village in which James' mother was living, and its contents breathed intense love for him. It was signed "Annie."

"Yes," replied he, in answer to my questioning look. "I'll marry Annie as soon as I set foot in my native village." "Won't you wait until the bans are published?" asked I, with a laugh.

"Not a minute. I'll go straight to her house, and take her to the next parson, who, for money and good words, will soon tie the knot! Now," continued he, after a pause, during which he took a bottle and two tin cups from a shelf above his bed; "now let's drink to the health of our intended brides." And he filled the cups.

"Hold on, James. First let me know what is in the cups," said I.

"Your intended father-in-law gave me a bottle of Angelica wine. He said that it was the best he had in his cellar," answered James.

I like sweet wine, and I took the cup. "Here's to the health and prosperity of Annie!" exclaimed I, emptying the cup. "Here's to Miss Minna, who, I am sure, will be the best and truest of wives!" was the toast of James, as he, too, emptied his cup.

"Now, here is a real Havana!" said he, taking some cigars from his pocket and handing one to me, which I lighted. Then settling back into the chair, I listened to a detailed account of his previous life. The narrative seemed very uninteresting to me, and I was wishing inwardly that it would soon end, for I had to go to S— that very same night on business connected with the mill.

Gradually the light became dim, and the voice of James sounded hollow. I tried to tell him to trim the lamp and speak a little louder; but my lips only moved, and not a sound came from my throat. The tobacco smoke is choking me, thought I, casting my eyes towards my right hand, which was slowly slipping from the edge of the table upon which was lying the half-consumed cigar. Strange that I felt no pain as the hand struck the sharp corner of the chair. I tried to rise, but my endeavors were in vain. Some heavy weight appeared to press upon my shoulders—a weight which I could not shake off. I lifted my eyes towards James, who was sitting opposite me.—Good God! was it an hallucination of my whirling brain, or was it reality?

I saw, as if through a haze, the eyes of James glaring at me like those of a wild cat about to spring upon its prey. Every line in his features proclaimed hate—undying hate. He rose and advanced close to where I sat.

His voice sounded to me like the roar of thunder, as he said:

"Ah! I've got you now, my fine fellow; this time I am sure that you never, never can marry Minna. Ten minutes more and you are dead. Oh! it's no use!" cried he in a voice that pierced my ears, as he saw how I tried to shake off the coils that seemed to bind me to the chair. "No use whatever, old boy. If I would let you go now you'd hang me."

True enough, a gypsy once said I'd break

my neck, but not upon the gallows; no! no! Some weeks ago I tried to kill you, but it was already too dark to take good aim, and you escaped.

"The letters you have perused are nothing but forgeries. My mother has been dead these four years, and the girl Annie is only a creation of my brain!" His voice seemed to lower to a whisper as he continued:

"They will say that you have been a villain, that you fled a few days before the day set for the wedding. Minna will be very unhappy, and I will do my best to cheer her up. She would have loved me had you not crossed my path with your fine talk and soft nonsense which won her affections."

Again he stopped.

"Two minutes more," said he, after a pause, during which he looked at his watch; "yes, two minutes more and your soul will leave its miserable body. Please give my best regards to his Satanic Majesty. Tell him that sooner or later I will join you in the fiery regions below. Your eyes are closing now, your face has the hue of death, your limbs are getting cold; yes, cold as ice!"

I felt the touch of his hot hand upon my face. It seemed as if a thousand needles were entering every part of my body; a red lurid light shone in my eyes, and I was becoming darker and darker. I felt as if something was pressing upon my head, which now seemed to leave my body; my breath became shorter and shorter—all at once it stopped. I felt, as I counted the beatings of my heart—one, two, three, four, five, six! Then all was oblivion.

I opened my eyes, that is, I felt I opened them, as not a ray of light fell upon the pupils. Darkness, impenetrable darkness, was around me. Was I in the grave? I made an effort to stretch out my hands. I succeeded. They moved through water, which I now felt was eddying my neck.

Where was I? Surely, it was not a dream for I was thoroughly awake. I raised my right arm to my head, and my hand came in contact with an iron rod upon which my head was lying. Again the question passed through my mind: "Where am I?"

Soon, but too soon, the question was answered:

"Hark! I heard the sound of a distant voice. It came nearer and nearer—yes, my ears did not deceive me.—It was the voice of George, our night watchman."

He was singing a song. The words of the refrain came distinctly to my ears: "And for Bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and die!"

It took all my strength to raise myself into a sitting position. I stretched out my arms. My hands came in contact with cold iron. I felt that I was sitting upon something that had a cylindrical shape, and the water was now only up to my waist.

All at once the horrible truth came upon my mind! Great God of Heaven! I was mad! No! no, not mad; but I felt that lunacy in the shape of a terrible spectre was approaching me—for the question was answered:

"I was imprisoned within the steam boiler!"

I began to shout:

"Help! George; for God's sake, help!"

But my voice sounded like that of a muffled bell. Then I commenced to pound with my fists upon the iron. Surely, George must hear that, thought I.

But no; he was whistling Yankee Doodle.

Once he stopped, and a thrill of joy ran through me. Then he began again.

I felt my way to the head of the boiler, for now I heard that he was opening the furnace doors. I knew well what he was going to do. Soon I heard a scratching sound—he was lighting a match.—Then I heard the rustling of shavings which he was throwing into the furnace. This was shortly followed by a crackling sound.

"He has lit the fire, and I will be boiled alive!" thought I, again pounding and scratching against the sides of the boiler, in the vain hope of making myself heard. I felt not the pain, but I felt that the warm blood was dropping from my lacerated knuckles and toes. I listened. The sharp, crackling sound of the fire became lower and lower. Again I had hopes—the fire had gone out, and I knew that the watchman had gone to bed, for the lighting of the fire was his last duty at five o'clock in the morning. I also knew that the fireman would not rise until half past five. Twenty, perhaps twenty-five minutes, and then he would come and relight the fire.

"Thirty minutes, and then I must die!" I folded my hands; I prayed to God as I had never prayed before. I recalled to my mind a prayer my mother taught me when I was a child, and a holy calm came over me, for surely, thought I, He who sees the sparrows fall will not desert me in my present need.

Slowly my hands parted and fell to my side. I slowly crawled back towards the end of the boiler, where I knew was the man-hole through which I had been shoved by the wicked engineer while I was under the influence of the drug which he had administered.

I passed my hands over the cast iron plate which shut up the only ingress to

the boiler. I pushed against it with all my strength; still I knew that one hundred pounds of steam pressure could not remove that plate. I felt exhausted by my efforts, and I threw myself at full length upon the floor. The water covered me up to my neck and head, which I kept above its level.

A desperate thought came to my mind: Why should I not drown myself by lowering my head? It would end my misery at once. Some one seemed to whisper in my ear, "Do it." Then another voice said, "It is suicide, and God will punish you!" I laughed; yes, I laughed. "It's only a dream," said I, "and I soon will awake and once more see the blessed light of day."

But it was not a dream; it was terrible reality. The love of life came back to me. Again I pressed my hands over the cold surface of the boiler. They came in contact with something that moved.

God, in his infinite mercy, had given me the means of escape from that living tomb. My hand was grasping the short iron bar which the boys had dropped into the boiler! It was lying across some of the stay rods which traversed the boiler in all directions.

I used it as a hammer against the cast iron plate which covered the man-hole. One sharp blow, a crack, and a stream of blinding light fell upon my eyes. It was the rising sun, for the back part of the boiler looked towards the east. Two more blows, and the broken plate fell with a splash into the water and left the aperture open and clear for my escape.

It is yet a wonder to me that the intense joy that I experienced did not kill me. With difficulty I crawled through the opening. I staggered towards the engineer's room and opened the door. The apartment was tenanted; James had gone to his breakfast. I looked at the clock; it still lacked fifteen minutes to six.

A strange thought flashed across my mind: "What if I should take the spare man-hole plate from the storeroom close by, and fix it into the aperture?" I had yet ten minutes' time. Would not James think that I was still within the boiler?

I ran to the storeroom and took the plate from the shelf. It seemed very heavy to me as I carried it to the back part of the boiler. There I laid it down, and closely examined the lead gasket which was around its rim. Every thing was complete, with the exception of putting on some red lead. I went back to the storeroom, got the little cask of lead, and put some of it upon the tow that James had wound round the lead gasket. Then I fastened the plate to the aperture by means of a clamp and nut. While I was at work I heard the voice of the fireman. He was swearing at the neglect of the watchman in not lighting the fire.

There was no danger of my being detected. He, as he afterwards told me, thought that it was James making some repairs, for he heard the clanking of iron when he was employed about the furnace.

It was near six, and in a minute more James would return from the boarding-house that stood some distance apart from the saw-mill. I looked about me. Near the boiler, and close to the steam gauge, was a high shelf half concealed by a large beam. By jumping upon the boiler I could reach that shelf. I was not a minute too soon. Scarcely was I concealed behind the beam before I saw James enter the engine room. He looked very pale, and large black circles were around his eyes, as if he had passed a sleepless night.

There was no partition between the boiler and engine room. One glance at the steam-gauge told him that the watchman had neglected his duty. He rushed down the few steps in front of the furnace and shouted to the fireman:

"Quick, Jim, throw more pitch-pine slabs into the fire. Mr. Smith will give us fits. Look! he is coming now to find out why I haven't blown the whistle!"

"Watchman's fault!" grumbled Jim, opening the doors and shoveling into the furnace a huge pile of shavings. Mr. Smith entered the fire-room, and James explained to him why steam was not up high enough to start the engine.

"George ought to have fired up at five, but I suppose he was sleeping at his post," concluded he.

"Well," said the father of Minna, "I will tell Louis to pay him his wages and discharge him!"

When James heard my name mentioned, I could see that he trembled from head to foot.

"By the way, where is Louis? He has not been to breakfast, and he did not sleep in his room last night," said Mr. Smith.

"I—I don't know," faltered the guilty wretch, turning away his face.

"He said to the second sawyer that he was going to S— upon some business!" said Jim, looking up.

"All right. Now, Mr. Alton, do your best to get up steam as soon as possible, for every hour lost is money out of the Company's treasury," said Mr. Smith, leaving the fire room.

I felt faint and weary, yet I remained at my post. James was passing to and fro with restless steps. Once he stopped and lifted the safety valve, from which now came a sound like a sigh. Quickly he dropped the cord connected with the lever and something like a groan issued from his half open mouth.

He then lit his pipe, but after one or two

puffs he threw it upon a bench. Then again he resumed his rapid walk. I looked at the steam-gauge. It indicated ten pounds pressure to the square inch and was rapidly rising. James stopped in his walk and began to oil the journals of the engine. The fireman had gone out of the room. "Now is my time," thought I, rising up and jumping on the boiler next the engine.

"James—James!" cried I, and my voice sounded even stranger to me. He quickly turned, and sank upon his knees as he saw my form standing only a few feet from where he had been at work.

"Mercy, mercy!" groaned he, with uplifted hands.

"No mercy to a murderer!" shouted I, jumping from the boiler with the intention of seizing him.

But he was too quick for me. With a cry of intense horror, he sprang to his feet and ran up the broad steps leading to the upper part of the mill.

"Save me, save me!" shouted he to the workmen, rushing past them upon the logway.

"Stop him, stop him!" exclaimed I, springing after him. The men gave a shout, but instead of following him they ran away, some crying, "a ghost! a ghost!" and others, "a madman! a crazy man!"

PROCEEDINGS OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION

Special Dispatch to the Pittsburgh Post. HARRISBURG, July 14.

This morning was ushered in with booming of cannon, and shortly after the various delegations accompanied by their bands, commenced parading the streets, arriving at the Capitol hill shortly before 10 o'clock. The rush for tickets was immense; not one in ten succeeded in obtaining one, and consequently were left out in the cold, or warm—is more appropriate.

The Convention met in the hall of the House, and was called to order shortly after ten o'clock, by Hon. W. A. Wallace, Chairman of the State Central Committee. John C. Barr and Chas. W. Carrigan were appointed temporary Secretaries. The list of delegates was then called as follows:

SENATORIAL DISTRICTS.
Philadelphia—1st district, Francis Devitt; 2. Albert Lawrence; 3. Lewis C. Cassidy; 4. Thos. A. McDevitt.
5. Chester, Delaware and Montgomery—G. B. Houpt, G. H. Armstrong.
6. Bucks—Paul Applebach.
7. Lehigh and Northampton—Josiah Cole.

8. Berks—Dr. H. M. Nagle.
9. Schuylkill—Hon. Wm. M. Randall.
10. Carbon, Monroe, Pike and Wayne—H. B. Beardslee.
11. Bradford, Susquehanna and Wyoming—D. D. DeWitt.
12. Luzerne—Theoria Finn.
13. Potter, Tioga, M'Keen and Clinton—C. G. Williams.
14. Lycoming, Union and Snyder—R. P. Allen.

15. Northumberland, Montour, Columbia and Sullivan—Hon. C. B. Buckalew.
16. Dauphin and Lebanon—Jno. Snavely.
17. Lancaster—Dr. H. Carpenter and E. R. Tshudy.
18. York and Cumberland—A. C. Ramsey.
19. Adams and Franklin—John R. Orr.
20. Berks, Bedford and Fulton—Hon. A. H. Coffroth, John C. Barr, R. A. Shoemaker.

21. Blair, Huntingdon, Centre, Mifflin, Juniata and Perry—R. Bruce Petriline and O. A. Traugh.
22. Cambria, Indiana and Jefferson—John Hastings. (Indiana contesting.)
23. Clearfield, Cameron, Clarion, Forrest and Elk—W. W. Barr.
24. Westmoreland, Fayette and Greene—T. B. Seawright.
25. Allegheny—Jas. H. Hopkins, W. H. Meachling.
26. Washington and Beaver—William Swan.

27. Lawrence, Butler and Armstrong—Gilpin.
28. Mercer, Venango and Warren—Samuel H. Plummer, James Neale, compromise and cast but one vote.
29. Crawford and Erie—T. W. Grayson.

REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICTS.
Philadelphia—1st district, Alex. Diamond; 2. Robert S. Lister; 3. Wm. M. Mullen; 4. Luke Keegan; 5. Mich. Sullivan; 6. Rich. Wafer; 7. George W. Hays; 8. Jacob Speilman; 9. John B. Platt; 10. Wm. H. Sutz; 11. J. D. Duncan; 12. Godfrey Metzgar; 13. Dennis Mahoney; 14. Henry Curry; 15. Stewart Fields; 16. John O'Donnell; 17. Joseph Campbell; 18. Thos. Delahanty.

Adams—Joseph R. Shorb.
Allegheny—Wm. H. McGee, James Irvin, C. P. Whiston, Dr. Geo. S. Hays, G. L. B. Fetterman, John Mackin.
Armstrong—(Contesting.)
Berks—John S. Schroeder, Levi Wolfberger, W. N. Potteiger.
Bucks—Silas H. Beans, A. J. Hibbs.
Bradford and Sullivan—Geo. D. Jackson, M. S. Warner.
Blair—J. F. Campbell.
Cambria—E. A. Shoemaker.
Carbon and Monroe—Joseph Lynn.
Centre—C. F. Alexander.
Clarion and Jefferson—D. C. Gillespie.
Clearfield, Forest and Elk—W. W. Mason.
Clinton, Cameron and McKeen—Joseph McKimick.
Chester—R. E. Monaghan, John Twaddle, J. M. Jones.
Crawford—J. G. Burlingham, Thomas H. Nash.
Columbia and Montour—Jesse C. Ammerman.
Cumberland—John H. Crosswell.
Dauphin—H. S. Wilson, Dr. Lewis Deek.
Delaware—Col. W. C. Talley.
Erie—Wm. A. Galbraith, Amos Heath.
Fayette—A. E. Wilson.
Greene—Charles A. Black.
Huntingdon, Mifflin and Juniata—John S. Miller, P. S. Greenleaf.
Indiana and Westmoreland—Jas. C. Anderson, Dr. J. M. Stevenson, Jos. M. Thompson.
Lancaster—B. J. McGrann, Chas. Laverly, R. H. Brubaker, Samuel Knox.
Lebanon—Charles Rodarmel.
Lehigh—J. F. Newhart, C. F. Baines.
Lycoming, Union and Snyder—Robert Lere, Maj. John Cummings, J. H. Beale.
Luzerne—Hon. D. L. Chapin, W. H. Stanton, E. C. Wasser.
Mercer, Lawrence and Butler—W. W. Black, M. C. Trout, S. T. Kennedy, Sam'l Marshall.
Montgomery—J. C. Smith, Geo. Lower.
Northampton—O. M. Knasus, Jos. Kleckner.
Northumberland—H. M'Cormick.
Perry and Franklin—C. C. Brandt, B. F. Winger.
Schuylkill—F. W. Hughes, H. J. Henderson, J. P. Coolihan.
Somerset, Fulton and Bedford—George A. Smith, Jacob Reed.
Susquehanna and Wyoming—Thos. Ostrout, C. M. Gere.
Tioga and Potter—Daniel Pitts.
Venango and Warren—E. B. Eldred, Wm. McVair.

Washington and Beaver—E. B. Wilson, Hon. Wm. Hopkins, J. D. Braden.
Wayne and Pike—L. H. Westbrook.
York—Col. Levi Maish, D. John Abl.

Mr. Sansom, of Indiana, stated that he would not contest the seat against Mr. Hastings, as the matter had been amicably arranged.

During the call of delegates a Hancock banner was brought into the hall which was ordered to be removed by the Chairman,

when his attention was called to the Cass and Packer banners on the stand. He begged pardon and said all the banners should remain; although if he had known it at the time, none would have been permitted.— [Applause.] Mr. Wallace then addressed the Convention, counseling harmony, saying that rowdiness had controlled too many Conventions, and it would not be permitted here today; that he was glad to see the good feeling manifested and knew the nominee, whoever he might be, would receive the hearty support of all. [Applause.] He thanked the convention and said nominations for a temporary Chairman were in order.

A motion was made that all banners be removed from the hall. Not entertained.

Hon. Wm. Hopkins was then unanimously chosen Temporary Chairman, and, upon being introduced said that as Temporary Chairman he could not be expected to make any extended remarks. He congratulated the democracy upon the interest manifested, which argued well for their success. He had been serving in the ranks of the party for years. He was proud to acknowledge it, and if allowed to make one suggestion, he would say: Let union, for the sake of union, be the motto, and unite all men who will assist in restoring peace and prosperity to your State and country. He would not trespass longer on their time, and was ready to proceed with the business of the Convention.

After several motions and amendments in which Messrs. Zeigler, of Butler, Hopkins, of Allegheny, and Seawright, of Fayette, took part, a motion was adopted appointing a Committee of seven on Contested Seats, those from Philadelphia being referred to the delegates from that place.

A motion was adopted appointing one from each Senatorial district to report Permanent Officers, and also one from each on Resolutions to be referred to the Committee without the debate.

The following were the committees:

OF ORGANIZATION.
Wm. M. McCallen, Albert Lawrence, J. H. Platt, P. Fields, Col. W. C. Talley, A. J. Hibbs, Josiah Cole, J. S. Shoeder, H. J. Hendler, Captain L. Westbrook, M. S. Warner, D. L. Chapin, Joseph McMillan, John Cummings, George D. Jackson, Charles A. Shoemaker, E. J. McGrann, Charles Laverly, Dr. John A. H. S. Shorb, Jacob Reed, R. Bruce Petriline, C. C. Brandt, R. O. Gillespie, W. W. Barr, J. C. Anderson, G. L. B. Fetterman, James Irvin, James Charles A. Black, W. McVair, Thomas D. Nash, George Lower.

ON RESOLUTIONS.
A. J. Diamond, W. Sutton, L. C. Cassidy, Thos. Delahanty, C. Smith, R. E. Monaghan, Paul Applebach, Joseph E. Newhart, G. Lawrence, Geo. T. W. Hughes, John Lyman, D. D. De Witt, W. Staunton, C. G. Williams, R. Patton, J. C. Ammerman, H. S. Wilson, D. H. Carpenter, R. E. Thudy, J. A. Crosswell, J. R. Orr, A. H. Coffroth, Dr. P. S. Greenleaf, C. W. Hays, J. S. Shoemaker, W. A. Wallace, L. B. Seawright, J. A. Hopkins, G. S. Hays, S. B. Wilson, S. Marshall, M. C. Trout, W. W. A. Galbraith.

The rules governing the House of Representatives were adopted on motion of Mr. Cassidy.

Mr. Hastings moved that each delegate be allowed a paper and folder, which was amended by providing that they should not be paid out of the State Treasury. The motion caused considerable merriment, but no action was taken.

The Convention then adjourned until two o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.
The Convention was called to order at half past two o'clock. The Committees on Permanent Organization reported the following list of officers, who were unanimously elected:</