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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, Pa.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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IT MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER.

It was in the early summer when my love and I first parted,
She the seaside sought and left me in the city, broken-hearted;
I to swelter through the summer, she on sea kissed shore to wander,
But her last words gave me comfort, "absence makes the heart grow fonder."

How I loved the little letters that from time to time she sent me!
As I read, it seemed that they a momentary breeze lent me,
While she wrote of picnics, bathing, yachting trips, then bade me ponder
Well the truth of that old saying, "absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Fewer still were now her letters, and she wrote, "I'm very busy."
I expostulated—mildly—with my wayward, witching, Lizzie;
Once more came the same old answer—any other seemed beyond her—
"Don't you know, you stupid Willie, 'absence makes the heart grow fonder?'"

One more letter yet she sent me, while she at the seaside tarried,
Laughing at our "mild flirtation," telling me that she was married,
And 'twas thus her note concluded—as I read my face grew yellow—
"'Absence makes the heart grow fonder'—fonder of the other fellow!"

—London Tit-Bits.

KISSING THE BRIDE.

Zeke and I are twins. We were, in fact, at the time of my story. Always have been as far back as I can remember, and that is a good long while. I know that is the reason they called us Zeke and Zed—Zekiel and Zedekiah, but somehow we could never quite forgive them for giving us those names. We are alike, and always have been. When we were boys, mother had a great fancy for similarity in our dress. A patch on the knee meant a similar patch on the other boy's knee. The storekeeper never tried to sell her samples of goods unless the remnant contained enough for two pairs of pants or two coats. Hence none but our parents knew us apart. Zeke had a large wart on his left hand, while I had none. He had often tried to remove it, for people were ever on the lookout for that wart. But it was not to be got rid of so easily.

We were very fond of each other. I im sure up to the time of our manhood one never did nor could do anything without the other at his heels. But when we were 21 Zeke did something which left me entirely in the cold. I have never quite forgiven him yet. He fell in love. And, whereas before I was never too near, I was now altogether too near and one too many. It was very bitter to me—to be put in a secondary place, and so I told him.

"Go and do likewise," was all he said.

It made me feel rather mean, and I felt inclined to give him something to turn the channel of his thoughts, but somehow I loved him too much to bother him, and so we jogged along for a year.

We used in those days to have singing and spelling schools, and it was at those places that we young people paired off for the walk home. One night I stopped and talked with some of the boys after Zeke and Nellie had gone home, so I had a good chance to observe them just ahead of me as I neared them on my way home. The moon was bright and the snow white, and—well, Zeke stooped over too look inside that hood so many times or to do something else that I made up my mind the wedding must be very near at hand. I thought Zeke ought to take me into his confidence in this matter as well as in all others. I think so still. I would never have been half mad at him if he had. But he and father would stand out and view that south 40 acre lot and pace off she plot for the house and one for the barn, and if I neared them they would begin to talk about fertilizing it for next year's crop. Had I been a little lad of 10 I would never have cared—but Zeke's twin and treated like a stranger! I could not guess the cause of Zeke's actions.

But in later years, when I found a little lass just to my eye, and when other fellows looked on her, I felt rather selfish, and—well, "stingy" too. I know now, because I looked like Zeke and talked like Zeke and behaved like Zeke. He, Zekiel Dune, was afraid Nellie Lambert would swap twins. But then I was only angry. As I said, I knew the wedding could not be many moons away. In those days "belling" was the fashion. Woe unto each newly married couple if they did not appear at the door during the serenade and stand treat for the crowd. I mentioned in half anger to my best friend next to Zeke one night at the singing school that I supposed Zeke would soon quit such places of amusement and settle down by his own fireside. Of course they wanted to find out when the affair would take place. I confessed ignorance.

The following plan was matured. But I will relate the results instead of the plan, only I will say first, if Zeke had used me like a twin brother ought I would have been better too. I feel half ashamed of myself now as I sit gray-headed and a grandfather. To be sure, I laugh over the joke yet, but it was rather hard on Nellie and your humble servant too.

I was to find the secret plans from Nellie herself. And I did. We were at singing school, Zeke and I, and, according to our custom, dressed just alike. I had seen Zeke get through the ceremony so often I knew just how. So while one of the other boys kept Zeke at the schoolhouse I took Nellie under my wing and escorted her home. Zeke was a little anxious to be gone, they said, but Bob said the girls were waiting in the entry, (so they were, the most of them), and he was anxious to lay the plans for a grand sing and exhibition in the near future, so kept Zeke all right.

But to return to Nell and myself. It was wicked, to be sure, but I took her little hand in mine and pressed it as I knew Zeke did and walked on silently.

"There's Dave and Jen behind us," I whispered at length, "so we'll talk low."

"Yes," she replied. I hardly knew what to say next, yet half the distance was traveled, and I was listening for Zeke's stride behind us.

"What makes you go so fast, Zeke," she whispered. "It will be over too soon.

"To keep them behind us," I replied.

"Let them pass," and she stopped still, and Dave and Jen laughed gayly as they went on.

"I want to ask you, Zeke, if we had not better have breakfast at 8 instead of 7, for the hour is rather early, and I am afraid Cousin Helen won't get over in time," she whispered still. My heart went clap-a-te-clap, for here was the nugget of gold coming unasked.

"Perhaps," I whispered back. "Oh, Nell, how can I wait for the day?"

"Pshaw, you silly boy!" And then she prattled on about the linen her grandma was making for her and her dress that was quite done, but no exact time had she yet mentioned.

"And to think, I don't believe any one outside of my own family mistrust one word." She looked up in my face.

"No, nor in mine," I smiled back. "But they will before tong," I ventured as I unlatched her gate, hoping against hope she would give me what I was after and she sweetly put up her lips and said, "Just one more day, my Zekiel." How could I kiss that sweet mouth? I would have given my gray colt just to have been Zeke and he me. I had not bargained for a kiss; but, then, was she not as good as a sister? So I kissed her and held her in my arms a moment and whispered "Good-night" as she went in.

My cheeks burned, my fingers tingled, my heart fluttered, so I broke into a rapid run and fled homeward.

Meantime Bob left Zeke, and the other boys came round them and asked questions and laid plans. A ringing laugh now and then from the entry allayed Zeke's fears concerning Nell for awhile. As the plan was laid one of the girls said as he came out:

"Zeke, Nell couldn't wait so long. But she doesn't want you to feel bad about it."

"Why, no," Zeke replied pleasantly. "I couldn't get away sooner." But his face showed his disappointment.

We had found out the secret at least And now our luck hung upon the chance of Zeke and Nell not speaking of that night's work. Slim thread it was, but anyway we could serenade them just the same.

We were busy. Masks to make drums to find, and horns and bells and old tin pans and—well, you young boys know how it was told by your fathers, and you old boys have all been there.

I knew Zeke had rented rooms in an L of Farmer Judson's house, and by peering into the windows we saw every thing was in readiness, even to fuel in the woodbox.

They were married a few minutes before 8 (since learned it), had breakfast at 8 and repaired to their new home to look it over. Father and mother said they were going to town and did, but stopped there on their way hither. None of my brothers and sisters mistrusted one word, and some of Nelly's cousin's were as ignorant as we. She was the only child, so she had no one to keep it from at home.

Zeke since has told me the boys had made their brags about no one ever escaping a "belling" where they were, and for this reason and this alone had he kept the secret.

As soon as night had spread her wings over the earth we gathered our trappings together for our grand serenade. We were not quite sure whether the bride and groom would immediately settle down in their new home or tarry a day or so at the old home. We knew well that the minister from Glendale had returned home, for I myself had met him with his wife in a closed carriage that afternoon. But as twilight approached a cheerful light from Zeke's new home told very plainly to us where they where. We marshaled our forces and took our places in line. Not a drum was heard, not a bugle note, not the clap of a broken bell, though I have often wondered how we all kept from shouting aloud as we peered into each other's faces.

Tramp, tramp, along the slippery road! Forward in an irregular triangle we stood before the lighted rooms and commenced our bombardment. Louder and louder grew our frenzied music, and no one opened the door. Finally the door was opened, and we were invited in. Just behind me was Bob, enormously padded and painted, and in a disguised voice he said, pushing me a little ahead (I was their captain), "Salute the bride!" In a little alcove stood two forms with something white thrown over them. I suppose Nelly had done this to hide her blushing face. So thinking of that other kiss out in the moonlight, I strode up to them, picked out Nelly by the skirts visible beneath the cover, pulled off the same with a quick motion and planted a kiss upon the rosy mouth of the blushing bride—or so I supposed. Shout upon shout came from those behind me while I rubbed my eyes to see if I was indeed awake.

For there before me stood not Nellie and Zeke, but Mr. Whitney and his white haired little wife. Wild with the determination to redeem myself and punish those who had caused me to make this mistake, I ransacked the house for the ones I most wished to find. Others helped me, but it was finally told us by Nelly's father that the bride and groom with the minister had gone to Glendale, there to take a conveyance to Polker's Corner to visit with relatives for several weeks. During the excitement I had forgotton to disguise my voice. It was too late when I recovered myself. I was "sold" completely. "Salute the bride" was hurled at me for years, and always up my back would creep the chills as they had that night when I found I had hugged and kissed old Mrs. Whitney. Nellie told me when she came home if I had not treated her so shabbily that night in the moonshine her heart would have repented her before she had laid all the plans. The tour was planned but an hour before the wedding, when they happened to stumble upon the truth.

And now I don't know why I have told this. I never want to afflict the public with matter which has no moral or lesson. This has none unless it be "do unto others," etc. I think I was served just right for playing the detective. Yet Zeke either ought to have told me all or not have been my twin.

—Philadelphia Times.

Some High Old Lying.

"I see," said the grocer thoughtlessly, for he had forgotten that the man with the ginger beard was sitting behind the stove, "I see the temperature dropped twenty degrees in fifteen minutes down in Texas the other day."

"I don't call that nothing," said the man with the ginger beard. "I remember when they was a party of us campin' up in the Black Hills that the temperature drapped so sudden that one of the mules in the outfit, which was in the act of kickin' was caught an' froze that way, an' stood with its heels in the air two days. We had a therometer along, but the cussed thing went back on us, so I can't ezzactly say jist how much of a drap it wuz."

"Oh, yes," said the school teacher, "it is a well-known fact that at a temperature of about forty degrees below zero the mercury freezes and hence cannot register."

"That wasn't it at all, young man," said the man with the ginger beard, with fine scorn. "The durn mercury drapped so quick that the friction made it red hot and busted the glass."

The man from Potato creek began to snicker, but the man with the ginger beard stopped his mirth with a stony stare.

Prepared Jellied Peaches.

Provide first a dozen good sized peaches, and half a box of gelatine, a canful and a half of sugar and a pint and a half of water. Soak the gelatine for two hours in a half a cupful of the water. At the end of that time put the sugar and the remaining water in to a stewpan, and let them boil for five minutes.

Pare the peaches and cut them in halves, then cook them gently in the boiling sirup for ten minutes. On taking the stewpan from the fire turn the soaked gelatine into it; then set in an other basin containing cold water and stir occasionally until the mixture becomes cool.

Before the jelly has had time to congeal, dip a mould into cold water and turn the mixture into it. Set in a cool place for three or four hours. At serving time dip the mould into warm water and turn the contents out on a flat dish. Served with whipped cream or soft custard heaped upon the jelly. Many people will think the flavor improved by the addition of a teaspoonful of brandy or maraschino when the gelatine is put with the fruit.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

Wealthiest Denomination.

The wealthiest denomination in the United States, if we estimate denominational wealth according to the average value of the church edifices and sites, is the Hebrew. The next is the Unitarian, the third is the Reformed (Dutch), and the fourth the Protestant Episcopal. The average value of the churches of the Reformed Hebrews is $36,839; of the Unitarian, $24,725; of the Reformed (Dutch), $19,227, and of the Protestant Episcopal, $16,182. The Episcopal Church is, however, much more widely distributed than any of the other bodies named. The Hebrews are almost entirely in the cities, and the Reformed (Dutch) also are largely so; but the Episcopalians are found not only in the larger cities, but are represented in all the States and Territories. This fact adds to the significance of the high average value reported for its churches. Its ministers, like those of the Presbyterian Church, are well cared for. It makes no separate return for ministerial salaries, but by correspondence I have gathered these facts.

Indian Names of Lakes.

Some time ago the New York Sun, in an article on the Indian names of lakes, asserted that "the names of Maine are easy beside these and others from the Province of Ontario: Lake Misquabenish, Lake Kashagawigamog and Lake Kahwcambejewagamog."

Apropos of this a Putman (Conn.) correspondent of the *Sun* writes: The champion Indian name of this region is trailed across a couple of counties in Southern Massachusetts, just across the Connecticut border, 20 miles north of this village. It is the name of a beautiful lake at Webster, five miles long and studded with islands, which is the best bass lake in the old Bay State. According to the latest researches it is spelled in this style, and the sportsman would like to know how a Kahwcambejewagamog Nova Scotian would tackle it with his tongue:

Chargoggagoggunanchaugagoggagungamaug.

There is a briefer name for the thing, which is used, as a rule, on all but state occasions.

Won Her Heart.

"You have seen better days, then?"

He looked at the fine piece of pie and big glass of cold milk she set down on the big table for him to finish on, and laid down his knife and fork.

"If you mean by better days, madame," he said, "that I have always been a tramp, I will reply 'yes;' but if you mean by better days that I have ever had pleasanter surroundings than the present, or that I have surrounded pleasanter things," and he blushed, "I will say emphatically that I have not," and the good woman was so pleased that she almost wanted to take him as a permanent boarder.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Better Than Nothing.

It is well to have more than one string to your bow. So thinks Tommy Smithers, as reported by the Indianapolis *Journal.*

He was being catechised for his good by a well-meaning visitor.

"Well, Tommy," she said, "Do you think you will ever be President of the United States?"

"I dunno," answered Tommy. Mebbe I'll try for it after I get too old to be a pitcher."

Against the Repeal of the Oleomargarine Law.

OFFICE OF MASTER OF PENNSYLVANIA STATE GRANGE,
CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA.
August 7, 1894.

To the Subordinate Granges and Patrons of Pennsylvania:

I have been directed by the Legislative Committee of the State Grange to send the enclosed address and petition to every Grange in the State.

The Worthy Master will have it read at the first meeting of Grange and have proper committees appointed to take charge of the petition to secure signatures. When completed return to my office without delay.

I would suggest that you appoint a suitable committee to offer the address to your county papers for publication.

I would also suggest that a committee be appointed to wait upon your candidates for the Legislature and Senate and secure their assurance, if elected, to oppose the repeal of the prohibitory provisions of the law.

Patrons, we may just as well realize the fact that we are confronted with the oleo. combine, a powerful organization with large resources and well versed in legislative manipulations.

If the law is to be maintained we must arouse ourselves to the danger of the situation, as the oleo. combine will leave nothing undone to secure the repeal of the act. Once repealed all protection would be withdrawn from consumer, as well as producer, and oleo. would be sold far and wide as butter.

The carefully prepared address of the Legislative Committee of the State Grange clearly shows that much of the oleo. that is sold upon the markets is made of the fats of diseased animals and offals of slaughter houses, which are treated with acids and chemicals to disodorize it, which are known to be very injurious to the human system when incorporated into adulterated food.

It will also be seen from the fact that oleo. is largely made from the offals of slaughter houses, that it is a clear profit to the manufacturer, and can therefore undersell at a profit the dairymen in the production of pure butter; therefore if the Patrons and farmers wish to maintain the dairy industry in Pennsylvania they must not only prevent the repeal of the law, but see that it is enforced.

Patrons, this law was enacted by your earnest appeals and efforts through the State Grange. You must now show your consistency and firmness by standing together as one man in the protection of your own interests.

If you allow yourselves to be defeated through negligence in this important crisis it is not the fault of the Grange, but of yourselves; therefore I hope you will act promptly and decidedly.

Be sure and return the petitions to my office so the Grange can keep control of them and prevent the opposition from suppressing them.

Fraternally,
LEONARD RHONE,
Master State Grange.

Attested:
R. H. THOMAS, Secretary.

ADDRESS OF THE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE GRANGE.

The Legislative Committee of the Pennsylvania State Grange, P. of H., aware of the effort of the oleomargarine manufacturers to effect the repeal of the restrictive law of 1885, after due consideration, would respectfully report: That we regard any modification of the act of May 21, 1885, looking to the removal of its restrictions upon the manufacture or sale of counterfeit butter as injudicious and wholly unwarranted.

On the contrary, we would urge the more effective enforcement of the present law, not merely for the advantage of the dairy interest, one most important to the prosperity of the country, but for the sake of the preservation of the health of the whole community, than which there can be no more vital issue. The dairy interest may be not improperly regarded as the very foundation of good husbandry and agricultural prosperity. In it in this State is invested a larger amount of capital than in any other single industry, and it gives direct employment to a greater number of people.

While we do not ask for any especial favor under the law, we do demand that it shall be considered fairly and equitably.

Oleomargarine is an imitation and counterfeit of butter and is invariably palmed off on the consumer as butter. It is a fraud, pure and simple.

It should be accorded no more protection under the law than counterfeit money.

In some respects bogus butter is even more dangerous to the public than bogus money, as has been shown by thorough investigation of the processes of manufacture.

Hon. Norman J. Colman, U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture, ascertained that over 40 different articles were used under 15 patents by the manufacture of imitation butters.

Among the ingredients are lactic acid, boracic acid, salicylic acid, benzoic acid, nitric acid and butyric acid, cottonseed oil, oleo. oil, fats of all animals, lard, tallow, caul fat, glycerine, annatto, steerine, etc.

The resources of modern chemistry enable the manufacturers to render any animal fat or offal, no matter how rancid its conditions, together with cottonseed oil, into a compound, which, in appearance, is difficult to distinguish from creamery butter, which deception is further carried out by the methods of packing and marketing which they adopt.

It has also been demonstrated that in the process of manufacture oleomargarine is not heated above 125°, which is not sufficient to destroy any disease germs the animal fats may contain, while the powerful acids used to purify and deodorize them are dangerous to human economy.

Besides this the coloring matter now generally employed by large manufacturers is an analine dye called Methy's orange, a coal-tar color. According to eminent authorities, who were officially investigating this matter, another coal tar product, cheap and nasty, which is now being used extensively, where the laws still permit the making of oleomargarine, is "paraphine wax, which, indigestible itself, has the dangerous property of coating the stomach and digestive organs, destroying their power of digesting anything."

It therefore appears to us that the interests of the public will be best served, not by the repeal of the act of 1885, because of the allegation that it is inoperative or for any other pretext, but by the full and proper enforcement of that law; and we demand that the Legislature of 1895 provide by an appropriation means of such enforcement by the State authorities.

LEONARD RHONE,
GERARD C. BROWN,
B. H. WARREN,
R. H. THOMAS,
F. N. MOORE.

State Battle Flags.

The faded, bullet-riddled battle flags carried by the Pennsylvania troops during the four years of changing fortunes of the civil war will be installed in the state museum with interesting ceremonies in charge of the local Grand Army posts, says the Harrisburg *Patriot.* It is proposed to have the surviving color bearers or other representatives of the regimental organizations take the flag or flags of each regiment from the state arsenal, where they are temporarily stored, and convey them to the state museum in a body. This ceremony will be followed by a street parade, in which local and visiting posts and other veteran organizations will participate, and addresses by Auditor General Gregg and other distinguished soldiers of the Keystone state will be made.

The museum will be completed next month. It connects the new executive building with the state library. It is fifty feet square, with a ceiling height of twenty-four feet and is lighted with a large skylight from above and six large windows on the sides. The ceiling is handsomely paneled in stucco. The entrance is from the magnificent stairway midway between the two buildings. Carved in the frieze over the doorway are heads of Wayne, Penn, Mifflin, Meade and Franklin. Around the room midway between the floor and ceiling is a gallery with wrought iron railings. On the gallery will be displayed Pennsylvania's exhibits of birds and animals at the World's Fair and on the walls beneath will be hung the portraits of all the governors of the commonwealth from William Penn to Pattison. The flags will be tastefully arranged in glass and metallic cases in the centre and four corners of the room.

One Form of Untidiness.

A great drawback to the universally worn shirt waist is the difficulty of keeping the skirt taut and trim under the outside belt, and nothing gives a more slipshod appearance than a skirt which drags down in the back, showing its binding, if not a gaping space between the two garments. Pins are delusive and ineffectual, and hooks are apt to prove slippery. A method which is more trouble than either, but which will make up in the satisfactory results, is to make a belt just long enough to reach from one underarm seam to across the back of the waist to the corresponding seam on the other side, and work in it three buttonholes, one near each end and one in the middle. Sew the belt on to the waist firmly just a tthe waist line and then sew three buttons on the inside belt to slip into the buttonholes, and the last state of the woman who wears that waist and skirt will be as neat as the first.—*Philadelphia Press.*

No Sweets for Hot Days.

Sweet things are not craved in hot weather. People think they want them, but it is an error in taste. The digestion of women and children, generally slower and weaker than men's, is slowest in hot weather, and the average health is lower. In reducing solid nutriment, relishing soft and liquid foods should be provided. Sour apple sauce, baked apples and lemon juice served with fish or tight meat; vegetable omelets, lemon and raspberry ices, blue, green and red plums, grapes, meat and fish salads, lemonade and tea, coffee with lemon juice, are some of the sour things that properly prepared may be beneficial alike to the young and old. The remedial agency of acid fruits to the digestive system is a long story. So simple a prescription as a few drops of lemon in a glass of hot water taken the first thing in the morning might save the unmercifully abused liver many doses of pills. When thirst comes, like the curse upon the lady of Shalot, a glass of sour lemonade is better than a flowing fountain of soda.—*Chicago Post.*

Pigeons as Naval Messengers.

It is somewhat a reproach to this country that is is probably the only civilized power that does not recognize the value of pigeons as naval messengers. Italy, Spain and the United States employ large numbers of pigeons in the navy, and it is not uncommon to send messages a distance of a hundred miles; but the first experiment of any moment that the English Admiralty have made with pigeons was during the recent maneuvers. A number of pigeons from Whale Island were taken on board the Latona, and the authorities were highly pleased with their performance. The experiment was a great success, so successful, in fact, that it is thought the training establishment will cease to be private property, and will be taken over formally by the State. There are many highly-trained pigeons in the cote. Several birds were recently liberated from various ports on the coast of France, and they all returned in a very short time. In Germany a most efficient pigeon service exists, and though it is principally used for military purposes the birds are also used for carrying messages at sea.—*English Court Journal.*

Stranger—"What price do you set on that red cow of yours?" Mr. Halseed—"See here, mister, air you an assessor, or has she been run over by the railroad?"

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS

Nominate Ex-Vice-President Morton for Governor.

In the New York State Convention last Tuesday, which was the largest and most enthusiastic held in many years, Ex-Vice-President Morton was nominated for Governor on the first ballot by a large majority; Charles T. Saxton for Lieutenant Governor, and Albert Haight for Judge of the Court of Appeals. The following is the platform, except the part relating to State issues:

The Democratic party of the United States and the Democratic Chairman of the Ways-and-Means Committee of the House of Representatives have announced that the war against the protected industries of the country has just begun, and that it is to be prosecuted to the bitter end. On behalf of the wage earner, the agriculturist, the business man, and of every sacred interest in the Empire State of the Union, the Republican party of the State of New York accepts this challenge and pledges its faith to defend against all assaults, the rights of the workingman and his employer, both wantonly invaded by reckless demagogues.

We invite the people to compare the pledges of the Democratic party with the performance of a Democratic Administration. Its most important achievement thus far has been fitly characterized by the Chief Executive of its choice as one of "perfidy and dishonor." Denouncing political corruption, it has rewarded the largest contributors to its campaign fund by the best of all foreign missions; denouncing trusts, it permitted one of them to formulate its Tariff bill; promising a continuance of the vigorous foreign policy established by the lamented James G. Blaine, it substituted a "policy of infamy" when Hawaii was freely offered us; denouncing the Sherman act as a cowardly makeshift, it was enabled to repeal the Silver-purchasing clause of that act only by the help of Republican Senators; arraigning Protection as a "fraud upon labor," it passed a mongrel Protective measure, tainted with scandal, that barely escaped a veto; advocating free raw materials and an extension of our foreign trade, it destroyed all the profitable reciprocity agreements made by President Harrison; pledging itself to the payment of "just and liberal pensions," it treats the Union soldier as if the Grand Army badge were the badge of beggary and brigandage; pledging retrenchment, it exceeded at the last session of Congress the expenditures of the corresponding sessions of the last Republican Congress by $27,000,000, in the face of decreasing revenues, and after it had added $60,000,000 to the public debt; while pretending to be in favor of individual freedom, it hastened to enact an odious Income-Tax force bill, empowering Deputy Collectors to enter the homes of citizens and compel them by threats of official summons and heavy penalties to disclose their private affairs.

We denounce Northern Democratic Congressmen for permitting Southern members to protect the chief products of their section while removing or largely reducing Protective duties on the products of the North, thus permitting the South by legal enactment in time of peace to destroy our prosperity and accomplish what it failed to do by illegal enactment in time of war. And we especially denounce the Democratic Representatives from this State, the greatest manufacturing State in the Union, whose annual manufactured products exceed those of the entire South by $600,000,000 for their treachery and cowardice in aiding the passage of a sectional Tariff bill that has crippled the industries and reduced the wages of workingmen, and that places a tax on incomes, which is a tax on prosperity. We ask all who favor a discontinuance of Tariff agitation or who believe in the restoration of Republican Protection, to elect Republican members of the House