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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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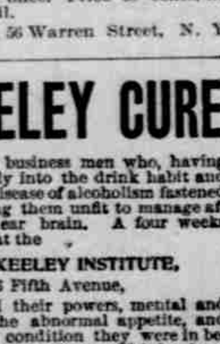

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ONLY A WOMAN.

It was Helen's Hoyt's third revolution in the fashionable maelstrom called "society," and as yet, though slightly giddy, she had not lost her head.

Neither had she lost her heart, albeit she was twenty-two, and there are young women who think if they still retain possession of their hearts up to that advanced age they are destined to hold them forever.

It may be doubted if she had a heart to lose. She had a heart, but her head went with it, and, when a woman's head goes with her heart, she seldom loses it. She may let it go into the keeping of a man, but that is not always losing it, as the term is generally applied, among sentimentalists. She knows where it is, and it is never beyond recall. These are the sensible people of the world. Never enthusiasts, but always trustworthy, and steady to the end, come weal or come woe, if so be that the hol ers of their hearts are worthy. Heroines they may be, sacrificing everything to motives higher than mere sentiment.

That Helen Hoyt was such a woman could not be said definitely, but there was evidence to that effect in the circumstances that three men were swinging uncertainly in a balance before her. This is beyond the power of the emotional enthusiast. She may have three men in the balance at three different times, but never three at one time. She chooses first, and the man puts himself in the balance afterward.

As young as she was, she had reasoned three things out for herself, aided and abetted somewhat by the counsel of the Colonel, a man twice herage, a veteran of many emotional battles, and a ripe experience, which had never been rudely shocked by matrimony.

She had seen him much oftener than the three men in the balance, and she had discussed them with him, not always directly, as if she were the interested person, but oftenest under the thin veil of a supposititious case, as is the custom of men and women whose experience needs a remedy which they are too diffident to ask for openly. Fortunately for such, there are those who will humor them.

This afternoon Miss Hoyt sat in the quiet drawing room, thinking. The Colonel and she had talked a long time the day before on this to her all important subject, and he was to come again at 5 o'clock. To add to the interest of the Colonel's visit of counsel, their last talk had not been of a supposititious case, but he had made it directly personal, and she had not denied that she was the previously supposed young woman whose destiny was to be determined by questions, analysis, and reason.

"Ah, me," she thought, "what a study the heart is. I wonder if all women's hearts are as mine will persist in being? I know many men, but of them all it seems there is not one that fills it, and Alice, who is the dearest of girls, says there can be but one. And the Colonel—well, the Colonel tried to point out the way, but he seems to obscure it by his own presence. Of them all, three stand out distinctly, asking me to choose. My head says "choose," but my heart remains dumb. If it should speak, I wonder what it would say? I wonder if in all the world there is no magic touch to break its seal of silence. There stands the professor, a man much older than myself, a grave man, noble-hearted and good, devoted to his scientific studies and rising in his profession; ill at ease and slow of speech in the tumult of society; manifesting his brilliancy only in some philosophical or scientific discussion with men; reserved, yet loving me, he says, with an ardent yet absorbing love, which must be the pledge of a happy, comfortable future. But is it true? Does a woman find in science and philosophy what her heart craves? Will the man who is so profoundly interested in these subjects find his wife a substitute for them? His sweetheart she may be for the time, but the Colonel says there is much difference between a sweet heart and a wife in most men's minds, and I wish I didn't half believe the Colonel."

She laughed a short, hard laugh, and looked out of the window a moment at a man and maid as they walked slowly along, very intent upon each other.

"Sweethearts," she said, almost cynically, and became thoughtful again.

"And next is the artist," her thoughts whispered to her. The Colonel says an artist is lovely to hang on the wall for ornament, but he is of uncertain value as a piece of domestic furniture. Still, I like the artist very much indeed. Of course, he is youthful, dreamy, and an idealist with the gaze and looks of a poet, but such things appeal to most young women as they appeal to me. Not to my everyday sense, perhaps, but to the artistic longings that move every refined soul, and I hope I am sufficiently refined to appreciate the ideal, although I don't want to neglect the real. His slightest attention is as graceful as a sonnet, so different from the clumsy, well-meant efforts of the professor, but is it sincere? Does he not study it as he would study and fashion a love ditty to me? Possibly to some other girl. Men are deceivers ever. With wealth and luxuries lavished upon him, he lingers on in retrospective glimpses of the past; his eyes, dimmed by the subdued fading tints of rare old tapestries, shrink from the glare and bustle of the present. A career! the word has a brusque and martial sound that disturbs his reveries! Ah, if life were only a sunny morning; a canoe afloat upon a placid stream with a volume of Ibsen and no clock to tick away the flight of time. Would it not be wiser to accept the bread, somewhat thickly cut, but well buttered, with all that science offers? The Colonel says it would; and, really, I begin to think the Colonel is a valuable counselor. The fact is, I like the Colonel, and when a woman likes a man she likes his advice, and likes to take it, if for no other reason than to please him. Which I think is the height of unselfishness, for advice is so hard to take. The Colonel smiled at me Sunday when the third man came down to see me. He smiled, too, as if he had found something. But he said nothing directly.

"I wonder if he thinks I like the third man best. John Franklin, that's a good substantial name, but John isn't quite up to it. He's a Harvard kind of a man, of the sunny, flitting, class-day-in-June type; physically perfect, handsome, stunning, I might say, and, much more, he stands at the University gates with empty pockets, half soberly, half gladly, and all problematically, gazing into the great unsolved future. Is it my mission to help him solve the problem? Does he love me because he is young, and love in the light of youth, shining whither it will? Would he be the same in the aftertimes? Would his promise meet the fulfillment I expect—that any would expect? More; that any woman has the right to demand of the man to whom she gives her heart? Is he sure as the older man? As the sweetheart of his youth fades before him, in his wife, withered by the years that wreck the beauty of so many women, will he, in his strong manhood, be as tender and loving as he now is? The Colonel says a woman should not marry a man so near her own age that she should grow old before he does. The Colonel, I think, is arguing for himself, because he has waited so long, that he must either marry a woman twenty years younger than himself or fill a bachelor's grave. I know it, for he has told me so himself, and he says it is a dreadful thought to perpetuate his loneliness. Sometimes I feel real sorry for the Colonel, because he is such a congenial, companionable, honest, kind of an old fellow! who would be so nice to have around all the time. Not much romance, of course, but what's romance after the wedding day? Heigho, I wish I were like Alice. She didn't have to make a choice. The man simply appeared and the choice made itself."

Miss Hoyt arose from her chair and stretched herself as one does when waking. She hadn't thought so much in months, and it made her tired, without accomplishing the purpose sought. The three men were still in the balance, and it showed no variation in favor of any one as against the other two. She stepped to the window as the Colonel came up and rang the door bell. "Oh," she exclaimed, as he entered the room, "I don't know whether I've been asleep or not, but I have surely had an attack of nightmare."

"Three of a kind still in your hand, eh?" he smiled as he shook hands with her.

"Yes," she sighed.

"Then fate must hold a royal flush," he said, "to win the game."

"Can fate hold such a hand," she asked, hopelessly, almost.

"Fate makes its own decrees."

"Then why doesn't it do it in my case? It seems to leave it all to me to do."

"My dear Miss Hoyt," he said to her more gently than his usual tone of lightness and jocularity, "it is not three men you should have in your head, but one in your heart."

"But which one?" she asked, nervously, for she saw the Colonel's hand tremble and his eyes were turned from her.

"I cannot tell you if you do not know," he replied, and this time his eyes looked straight into hers, and she felt a heart-throb she had never felt before.

* * * * * * *

"Isn't it funny," remarked Miss Hoyt an hour later, "that I never thought of you?"

"It's a blessing to me that you didn't," he answered, "for if you had ever taken me into your head, I never could have gotten into your heart. A woman" concluded the Colonel, sententiously, but with infinite satisfaction, "doesn't need a head anyway; the man is the head of the family."

And Miss Hoyt only smiled and was content with this early assumption of authority, for her heart was at rest, and when a woman's heart is at rest it is easy to smile and be contented.

A Woman's Hour.

"Please state to the Court exactly what you did between 8 and 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning," said a lawyer to a delicate-looking little woman on the witness stand.

"Well," she said after a moment's reflection, "I washed my two children and got them ready for school, and sewed a button on Johnny's coat and mended a rent in Nellie's dress. Then I tidied up my sittingroom and made two beds and watered my house plants and glanced over the morning paper. Then I dusted my parlor and set things to rights in it and washed some lamp chimneys and combed my baby's hair and sewed a button on one of her little shoes, and then I swept out my front entry and brushed and put away the children's Sunday clothes and wrote a note to Johnny's teacher asking her to excuse him for not being at school on Friday. Then I fed my canary bird and gave the grocery man an order and swept off the back porch, and then I sat down and rested for a few minutes before the clock struck 9. That's all."

"All!" said the dazed lawyer. "Excuse me, judge; I must get my breath before I call the next witness."

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Caillouette, Druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken wtth La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Braillier's drug store, Berlin.

Idealism and Realism.

Professor—What's the difference between idealism and realism?

Varsity Girl—Idealism is when you contemplate matrimony.

Professor—Yes, and realism?

Varsity Girl—You get that afterward. —Philadelphia Review.

REMINISCENCES.

A recent communication in a Somerset paper, from the pen of Mr. "Chiecubabie, in the North of the county," has something to say about the pranks of the boys of Petersburg, two score and more years ago. Suppose one boy did "Goatstodey;" did not he drive the snipes into the bag, or try his best to do so, while the other fellow held the bag open? And if the Somerfield boy did not understand the minutiæ of the seductive game of "Peewee," was it not only a reciprocal and neighborly feeling that he should be taught to play the game? As for the "Lame Old Soldier," Mr. C. would not have a "stranger within our midst" go away from town uninformed in regard to it, would he? Besides all this, every boy should be initiated into the mysteries of "Digging Potatoes;" and Mr. C. certainly ought not say a word against the broad hospitality that prompted said initiation, ought he?

Suppose, for instance, that the kindly disposed Petersburg boys occasionally "got it on the nose," or even "on the neck," does Mr. C. suppose that the other fellow didn't get some of it too? When the plans did "gang aft aglee," did they not go the other way a good number of times? The Somerfield boys were not half a bad lot, for they were always ready to accommodate the Petersburg boys with fun, frolic or fight. They met the Petersburg boys half way when a fight was on.

Just here it would not be out of place to inquire of Mr. C. if he ever heard of a circumstance connected with two Petersburg boys, no names may be mentioned, for it might not be pleasant to think about. Let us say Jones and Brown concluded it would be real nice to whip the two Smith boys, and they laid in wait for the Smiths. "Tell it not in Gath," for, sad to say, Jones and Brown were Sunday-school boys, and the circumstance to be related occurred on Sunday. As the writer understood the matter, Jones and Brown thought the Smith boys were "dead easy;" in fact, in their minds, they had the Smith boys badly "done up" long before they put in their appearance, for they lived in the country. Jones and Brown had their coats off, and waited rather impatiently for the Smiths to come along, as they always did on Sunday afternoons; Jones and Brown even discussed the advisability of going down the road to meet the Smiths, so anxious were they to give them a good whipping. Mr. C. must understand that no personal enmity existed between Jones and Brown and the Smiths; they only wanted to whip them for the fun of the thing. Finally the Smiths came along, and Jones and Brown engaged them in conversation, and, in less time than it takes to relate the circumstance the fight was on, Jones, according to the previous arrangement, attacking the larger and older Smith boy, and Brown the younger. The fight waged "fast and furious" for some time, but it was not long until Jones wondered "where he was at." He had "bitten off considerably more than he could chew;" still he was determined to put up the best fight he could, and not to let Smith know he was hardly in it. In the meantime, there were, for a wonder, no spectators, only the four boys. Brown was doing pretty well with the younger Smith, in fact he was more than holding his own. Jones afterward remembered seeing a large handful of yellow hair blowing along the pavement, that Brown had pulled out of Smith's head. Boys and men wore their hair long then. However, Jones "had no time to chat," or look either, as it kept him too busy trying to keep the older Smith boy from whipping him. He was pretty nearly as badly situated as "John Phoenix" was with the man he was fighting with, whom he was holding down with his nose between the other fellow's teeth. After a while Brown had his boy about done up, and he cried enough. There was not much fight left in Jones by this time, and, when Smith concluded to quit because Brown had whipped his brother, Jones was about the happiest boy in Petersburg. He couldn't whip Smith, and he could hardly keep Smith from whipping him, and he hailed the cessation of hostilities with great joy.

This learned Jones a lesson he never forgot, so the writer has heard, and that was, something after the motto of Davy Crockett, who said: "Be sure you are right, then go ahead;" and Jones never tackled a boy again, without sufficient provocation to have, at least, a show of justice on his side. Jones and Brown are grandfathers now, and as Mr. C. says, any one looking on their rotund forms, and their whitening hair, and their deliberate locomotion, and their lack of former agility, and their nose glasses, would hardly suppose that they had ever been anything but the best of Sunday-school scholars, and knew their catechism by heart.

If Mr. C. knew a boy who dropped a piece of soft shoemaker's wax on and among the long hair of a worshiper below, in the old Lutheran church, did he not know another unsanctified boy who threw a paper wad directly into the eye of a good old deacon? If one boy put a tack point up, in a pew in the Lutheran church, did not another deftly insert a bent pin in the chair of the leader of the orchestra? If one boy tied a tin can to the left hind leg of Wilhelm's old gray, did not another son of Belial put a sharp limestone under the saddle, and turn the old man's sheep-skin upside down, so it would get wet on both sides? Suppose one boy did curtail the tail of Newlon's greyhound—he had too much tail any way—did not another boy tie a coffee-pot to the tail of one of Light's hounds, and did he not run among some teams in front of Ross' store, and stampede the whole outfit? And if one boy, with hospitable intent, showed a disposition to share a portion, and much the larger portion, too, of his Indian turnip, with a visiting boy, where was the other boy located, after he "with malice prepense" emptied a paper of Cayenne pepper on a hot stove, in a certain store in town, while the "grave and reverend seigniors" were engaged in slandering their neighbors, settling up the estates of those who died, and computing the debts of all?

While one degenerate son of Adam was jagging another boy in the Methodist church, during a revival, with a pin in the toe of his boot, did not Mr. C. ever hear the report about a certain other good boy who tied the skirts of three or four old ladies together, while they were devoutly praying? And about the same hours when the bad boy was tramping the grass down in Hendrickson's meadow, did not a little bird whisper a tale about General Ross' old "Archie" and "Jack" being taken out of the pasture field, and ridden out in the mountain to a party? Was the boy who tied the felines, of the male persuasion, with tails together, over the telegraph wire, any worse than the one who had put a split stick on the tail of Capt. Brooke's dog? Who was it that was in Anna M. Law's cherry tree, while Abraham's plums were being stolen? Didn't somebody take the points off Glisan's plows, and the wheels off his wagon, the same Sunday some other body started Benny Ayer's grist mill? Even if the one boy did put a goose in the hopper of the mill, was he any worse than the other boy, because Capt. Glisan never found his plow irons? How the writer would like to bring Jones, Brown and the Smiths, and all the rest together, as in the days long gone by, but, alas! that is not to be. One of the Smiths lies buried somewhere on the James river, the other on the prairies of Illinois. Others, besides Smith, gave their lives to their country. Some became ministers in different Christian denominations, and are more zealous now in proclaiming "the glad tidings of salvation," than they ever were in their devilish pranks. Still others are members of different professions, lawyers, doctors, merchants, members of various State Legislatures, Congressmen, etc. A devilish boy always has a heart proportionate to his propensity for mischief, and, as Mr. C. says, "none of these boys, in after years, went wrong." Here is hoping that all their lives may be lengthened out to the remotest span, and that "their shadows may never grow less."

Addison, Pa. M.

Characteristics of Brick Pomeroy.

Brick Pomeroy was a man who had more confidence in himself than any one else. His characteristics were such that one associated with him in newspaper work could never forget him. His liberality toward his employes was wonderful. It is related of Pomeroy, in the heydey of his success with the LaCrosse Democrat, when his newspaper establishment was the envy of other publishers almost as much as his big subscription mail, that he paid salaries which would seem generous even these times. His composing room then was as neat as a parlor. The cases hung suspended from the ceiling by brass rods, and a gentleman of color was employed especially to see that this brasswork retained its proper luster.

During these days Brick Pomeroy was in the habit of opening his own mail. A bushel basket occupied space at the end of the desk. Pomeroy kept his eye on that basket and actually measured the dollars that came in. Sometimes it would be full, too, and upon these occasions it was his wont to pick up the basket, walk with it under his arm among the office force, and with his face beaming with smiles, exhibit it to them all.

'Murray,' he would say, 'what salary do you get now?' And when he had the answer it invariably meant a few dollars more a week tacked on to it.

Pomeroy had a horror of shams and frauds, and exposed more of them through his paper, perhaps, than any other one man.

One day while he was publishing his Denver paper, some years ago, he put his head into the doorway of the room used by his associate, and said: 'I am going away for a while. You run things until I get back.'

The man addressed supposed it was a week's trip to the big tunnel under Grey's peak, but ventured to ask how long he would be absent.

'For a month or two,' was the reply.

'How about the fights you have on hand?' was asked of Brick.

'Keep them up,' he answered.

'But suppose I want to start a few of my own,' was suggested.

'Do so.'

'Yes, but I may open on some one of your friends.'

'No, you won't, young man. Thank God, I haven't a friend in the world.'

Pomeroy was a great stickler for labor unions. His widow was a printer, whom he employed in his office at Chicago. She came to him one day and asked for work, saying she could get it nowhere, as the union was opposed to women working at the case. He gave her work, had a strike in his office, and ended the strike by marrying the girl who had asked him for work.

One of Brick Pomeroy's wives was Louise Pomeroy, once quite a famous actress.

Unable to Compare.

He—Miss Kitty, I've heard it said that a kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt. Is that so?

She—Well, really, I don't know—I can't tell—in my life I never—

He—Now, now, Miss Kitty!

She—Never ate an egg without salt. —Woonsocket Reporter.

Just the Place.

Railroad President—I want you to make room for that idiot nephew of mine who has just come from college.

Manager—What does he know about railroads?

"Absolutely nothing."

"Good. I'll put him at the head of the information bureau."—Town Topics.

"If taken into the head by the nostrils two or three times a week, Thomas' Eclectric Oil will positively relieve the most offensive case of catarrh." Rev. E. F. Crane, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Notified And Accepted.

Eloquent Speech by Senator Thurston, Chairman of the Notification Committee, and Patriotic Reply by the Republican Presidential Nominee.

The committee appointed by the Republican National convention to formally notify William McKinley of his nomination for the Presidency of the United States performed its duty well.

A dispatch from Canton says: Since this peaceful and industrious community was first thrown into an uproar of enthusiasm by the exceptional honor conferred upon its distinguished citizen there has been no event so impressive as the proceedings here Tuesday. While the city was remarkably free from the noisy shouters and the tin horn brigade, there was an impressive undercurrent which every patriotic neighbor of the Republican candidate for the Presidency felt and appreciated. The nomination of Maj. McKinley seems to be a personal matter with every citizen of Canton, be he of high or low degree, and the gratification over the events of Tuesday was shared by every man, woman and child in the city.

It was after 12 when the notification committee reached Maj. McKinley's house. Mrs. McKinley and the Major's venerable mother occupied chairs near him on the veranda. His brother's family and his pretty nieces were close about him. The chairs back of the notification committee were filled by women of Canton, Columbus and Cleveland, whose husbands are prominent in business and public affairs. It was a charming open air scene, sweetly idyllic in character.

Senator Thurston stepped upon the porch, and, in his fiery eloquence, dedelivered the official notification. He was greeted with enthusiastic applause and was frequently interrupted by the cheering of the sentiments he expressed as follows:

SENATOR THURSTON'S ADDRESS.

Governor McKinley.

We are here to perform the pleasant duty assigned us by the Republican National Convention, recently assembled in St. Louis, that of formally notifying you of your nomination as the candidate of the Republican party for President of the United States.

We respectfully request your acceptance of this nomination and your approval of the declaration of principles adopted by the Convention.

We assure you that you are the unanimous choice of a united party, and your candidacy will be immediately accepted by the country as an absolute guaranty of Republican success.

Your nomination has been made in obedience to popular demand, and the universality and confidence of the plain people of the United States. By common consent you are their champion. Their mighty uprising in your behalf emphasizes the sincerity of their conversion to the cardinal principles of Protection and Reciprocity as best exemplified in that splendid Congressional Act which justly bears your name. Under it this Nation advanced to the very culmination of a prosperity far surpassing that of all other peoples and all other times; a prosperity shared in by all sections, all interests, and all classes; by capital and labor, by producer and consumer; a prosperity so happily in harmony with the genius of popular government that its choicest blessings were most widely distributed among the lowliest toilers and the humblest homes.

In 1892 your countrymen, unmindful of your solemn warnings, returned that party to power, which reiterated its everlasting opposition to a Protective Tariff and demanded the repeal of the McKinley Act. They sowed the wind; the reaped the whirlwind. The sufferings and losses and disasters to the American people from four years of Democratic Tariff are vastly greater than those which came to them from four years of Civil War.

Out of it all one great good remains. Those who scorned your counsels speedily witnessed the fulfilment of your prophecies, and even as the scourged and repentant Israelites abjured their stupid idols and resumed unquestioning allegiance to Moses and to Moses' God, so now your countrymen, ashamed of their errors, turn to you and to those glorious principles for which you stand, in the full belief that your candidacy and the Republican platform mean the end of the wilderness has come and the promised land of American prosperity is again to them an insured inheritance.

But your nomination means more than an indorsement of Protective Tariff, of Reciprocity, of Sound Money, and of Honest Finance, for all of which you have so steadfastly stood; it means an indorsement of your heroic youth, your fruitful years of arduous public service, your sterling patriotism, your stalwart Americanism, your Christian character, and the purity, fidelity, and simplicity of your private life. In all these things you are the typical American; for all these things you are the chosen leader of the people. God give you strength to so bear the honors and meet the duties of that great office for which you are now nominated, and to which you will be elected, that your Administration will enhance the dignity and power and glory of this Republic, and secure the safety, welfare, and happiness of its liberty-loving people.

GOVERNOR MCKINLEY'S REPLY.

Senator Thurston and Gentlemen of the Notification Committee of the Republican National Convention.

To be selected as the Presidential candidate by a great party Convention representing so vast a number of people of the United States, is a most distinguished honor, for which I would not conceal my high appreciation, although deeply sensible of the great responsibilities of the trust and my inability to bear them without the generous and constant support of my fellow-countrymen. Great as is the honor conferred, equally arduous and important is the duty imposed, and in accepting the one I assume the other, relying on the patriotic devotion of the people to the best interests of our beloved country, and the sustaining care and aid of Him without whose support all we do is empty and in vain.

Should the people ratify the choice of the great Convention for which you speak, my only aim will be to promote the public good, which, in America, is always the good of the greatest number; the honor of our country, and the welfare of the people.

The questions to be settled in the National contest this year are as serious and important as any great Governmental problems that have confronted us in the past quarter of the century. They commanded our sober judgment and a settlement free from partisan prejudices and passion, beneficial to ourselves and befitting the honor and grandeur of the Republic. They touch every interest of our common country. Our industrial supremacy, our productive capacity, our business and our commercial prosperity, our labor and its rewards, our National credit and currency, our proud financial honor, and our splendid free citizenship—the birthright of every American—are all involved in the pending campaign, and thus every home in the land is directly and intimately connected with the proper settlement.

Great are the issues involved in the coming election and eager and earnest the people for their rights and determinations. Our domestic trade must be won back and our idle workingmen employed in gainful occupations at American wages. Our home market must be restored to its proud rank of first in the world, and our foreign trade, so precipitately cut off by adverse National legislation, reopened on fair and equitable terms for our surplus agricultural and manufacturing products.

Protection and Reciprocity—twin measures of true American policy—should again command the earnest encouragement of the Government at Washington. Public confidence must be resumed, and the skill, the energy, and the capital of our country find ample employment at home, sustained, encouraged, and defended against the unequal competition and serious disadvantages with which they are now contending. The Government of the United States must raise enough money to meet both its current expenses and increasing needs. Its revenues should be so raised as to protect the material interests of our people, with the lightest possible drain upon their resources, and maintain that high standard of civilization which has distinguished our country for more than a century of its existence.

The American people hold the financial honor of our Government as sacred as our flag, and can be relied upon to guard it with the same sleepless vigilance. They hold its preservation above party fealty, and have often demonstrated that party ties avail nothing when the spotless credit of our country is threatened. The money of the United States and every kind or form of it, whether of paper, silver or gold, must be as good as the best in the world. It must not only be current at its full face value at home, but it must be counted at par in any and every commercial centre of the globe. The sagacious and far-seeing policy of the great men who founded our Government; the teachings and acts of the wisest financiers at every stage in our history; the steadfast faith and splendid achievements of the great party to which we belong, and the genius and integrity of our people have always demanded this, and will ever maintain it. The dollar paid to the farmer, the wage-earner, and the pensioner must continue forever equal in purchasing and debt-paying power to the dollar paid to any Government creditor.

The contest this year will not be waged upon lines of theory and speculation, but in the light of severe practical experience and new and dearly-acquired knowledge.

The great body of our citizens know what they want and what they intend to have. They know for what the Republican party stands and what its return to power means to them. They realize that the Republican party believes that our work should be done at home and not abroad, and everywhere proclaim their devotion to the principles of a Protective Tariff, which while supplying adequate revenues for the Government, will restore American production and serve the best interests of American labor and development.

Our appeal, therefore, is not to a false philosophy or vain theorists, but to the masses of the American people—the plain, practical people—whom Lincoln loved and trusted, and whom the Republican party has always faithfully striven to serve.

The platform adopted by the Republican National Convention has received my careful consideration and has my unqualified approval. But you will not expect me to discuss its provisions at length, or in any detail at this time. It will, however, be my duty and pleasure at some futurer day to make to you, and through you to the great party you represent, a more formal acceptance of the nomination tendered me.

No one could be more profoundly grateful than I for the manifestations of public confidence of which you have so eloquently spoken. The generous expressions with which you, sir, convey the official notice of my nomination are highly appreciated and as fully reciprocated, and I thank you and your associates of the Notification Committee and the great party and Convention at whose instance you come for the high and exceptional distinction bestowed upon me.

When the speakers concluded, the visitors were presented individually to Governor and Mrs. McKinley, who shook each one by the hand, Hon. Mark A. Hanna presiding at the ceremony. Then the company adjourned to the tent on the rear of the lawn, where a simple but dainty lunch was served.

Mrs. Rhodie Noah, of this place, was taken in the night with cramping pains and the next day diarrhoea set in. She took half a bottle of blackberry cordial but got no relief. She then sent to me to see if I had anything that would help her. I sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhoea Remedy and the first dose relieved her. Another of our neighbors had been sick for about a week and had tried different remedies for diarrhoea but kept getting worse. I sent him this same remedy. Only four doses of it were required to cure him. He says he owes his recovery to this wonderful remedy.—Mrs. Mary Sibley, Sidney, Mich. For sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

His Cup is Full.

"Can you cook, dearest?" he asked in a moment of dreamy abandon.

"No, and I never intend to learn," she soulfully answered.

"Darling, you make me too happy!" he murmured blissfully.—Detroit Free Press.