

A SONG OF LOVE.

Love is a shallow brook
Tenderly wooing
Each shady nook
With murmured song

THREE RIVALS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Laura Hunt stood on the front porch
of her aunt's residence looking across
the garden where the artemisias were in bloom

She had been doing the Friday's
sweeping, as became a poor relation,
while the cousins, the Misses Cumfry,

So Laura had already swept and
dusted the parlor and filled the flower
vases and tidied the cup-closet

As Laura leaned upon her broom and
contemplated the lingering autumn flow-
ers, some one watched her from the road

"Laura Hunt, why didn't you ask
what he wanted?"
"Laura Hunt, I'm all right," he said
to himself.

"It's a book agent or a lightning rod
man, or somebody with silver polish, of
course," continued the shrill voice.

"Good! I've made an impression,"
said the young man to himself, as the
steps of a woman came toward the door,

"There are so many of them," she
apologized.
The young man bowed and offered
her his card; on it she read: "Mr.
Mayne Morton."

"I am quite a stranger, Mrs. Cumfry,"
young Morton replied, "but I think
you know my aunt, Miss Brunder, once
upon a time. She boarded with some
of your neighbors."

"Mrs. Cumfry smiled vaguely; she did
not remember the name; still, no doubt
he was right."
"I am asking my vacation rather late,"
he said, "and this is such a pleasant lit-
tle place, and my aunt told me that if
you would take me to board I should be
so comfortable."

"Why, I haven't taken a boarder in five years!"
Then it was only old Mr. Palmer, the
real-estate agent. He gave no trouble
and wanted the comforts of a home."

"Exactly what I want, and I will
promise to give no trouble either," said
young Morton. "I detest hotels; I can't
endure the class of people one meets
at a common boarding house. A refined
family, especially where the young ladies
were musical, would be my ideal."

young men are scarce here. I think I'll
do it."
"I have no need to keep boarders, so
I don't make a practice of it," she said,
after a little pause. "But still, to oblige—"

"It will be a great obligation," said the
young man; and so it came to pass that
when Dora and Cora came down to their
late breakfast, the news they heard fully
aroused them from their still rather stu-
pid condition.

"A young gentleman!" they cried.
"And is he nice? Is he handsome?
How funny he should come here!"
"Yea, it is odd," Mrs. Cumfry said.
"I wonder whether he has seen either of
you?"

The idea was so delightfully romantic
that they kissed each other then and
there, and rushed upstairs as soon as they
had swallowed their chocolate to put
lace in the bands of certain new fall
dresses in which to appear at the lunch
table, where they should meet the stran-
ger for the first time.

Meanwhile, out in the kitchen, where
she was rubbing the spoons, Laura was
saying to herself:
"Who knows but he has seen me? I'm
as nice-looking as either Dora or Cora.
It was singular, his coming so, and he
stood watching me from the road quite
a long while."

It was she who set the table for lunch,
and she wore the crushed-strawberry
calico, but the apron was removed, and a
box at her throat and another in her
hair were becoming.

Then she went to the window and
looked out. Richard Beech was busy
painting the front door of his little
yellow house.

That night Mayne Morton went dis-
consolately home to New York.
He was no longer engaged to an
heiress, and when Laura married Rich-
ard Beech, the twins made such lovely
bridemaids, that the two groomsfolk fell
in love with them on the spot, and every-
body was as happy as possible ever after.

He had told her so one Saturday after-
noon, following her to the far end of
the garden where she was spreading
napkins to bleach, to talk to her.

"I know you'll be angry," he said;
"I want you to know my reason
for coming to Mrs. Cumfry's to board
was a glimpse I had had of you. Faint
heart never won fair lady, and I never
mean to lose the girl I love because of
not going to the point at once. You know
I shall not let my wife do housework
and wear cotton gowns. You don't
know what life might be yet."

Laura was too bright not to coquette
a little, but her heart was heating with
flattered vanity.
She was angry at herself when a mem-
ory of Dick Beech's pleasant face—a
little soft heart-tug as it were, came over
her.

She drove it away; she tried to believe
that she liked Mayne Morton for himself,
that she was not moved by a longing to
live elegantly and a wish to triumph
over the petted twins, but it is impos-
sible to deceive one's self in such things.

As the weeks passed on, great changes
occurred in the little household.
To their mother's horror the twins
began to quarrel. Instead of cooing and
kissing as had been their wont, they
actually slapped each other with their
soft, little pink palms, and called each
other "mean" and "hateful" without
saying for what. Both of them were
furious with Laura, and did all they
could to hurt her feelings, while their
mother gave her many hard tasks that
filled the day and evening, never guess-
ing of meetings that took place at odd
times, or an engagement ring that Laura
wore on a ribbon about her neck.

But one day squeals rent the air of the
Cumfry home, bringing Mrs. Cumfry
from her room, and Laura up the kitchen
stairs to the twins' own apartment, when,
behold those young ladies in wrath and
tears. Dora grasping a handful of tulle
from Cora's neck, Cora a little tuft of
hair from Dora's curls.

"It is I!" screams Cora.
"It is I!" squeals Dora. "You are
always coming where you are not
wanted."
"Ye always want me," sobs Cora;
"only you hang on forever, when we
wish you wouldn't."
"O, my children!" sighs the mother;
"it is only that you are both so pretty
that he doesn't know which to choose."
It is Laura's face that looks in at the
door at this moment—Laura who closed
it, and stands with an air of triumph at
the foot of the bed on which Cora has
cast herself.

"Really," she says, in a superior tone.
"I couldn't help overhearing, and since
Cora and Dora are quarreling about Mr.
Morton, perhaps I'd better tell them
that I am engaged to him."

reached its climax. Laura looks into the
parlor where he had been writing, and
sees the blotting-book which Dora once
decorated for him lying upon the table.
He has blotted his letter hastily, and a
whole page of the large, square paper he
has used has been transferred to the
blotter—the writing reversed, of course.
But behind the table rises a mirror, and
looking into this, Laura sees the note
plainly reflected. She sees her own
name.

"He has been praising me to some of
his friends," she says to herself; then she
finds herself reading this:
"Keep quiet, and I will certainly pay
you soon. I am going to marry an heir-
ess. You know I am in Chew & Chow-
ser's law office, and know about all that
is going on there. Lately I learned that
a rich old man, who cannot live six
months, had made his will in favor of a
certain Laura Hunt, his grandniece.
The girl doesn't know it yet. She is a
poor relation in an aunt's house, and
doesn't dream of her good luck, so I took
time by the forelock, came here, pre-
sented to her as a means of escape.
She jumped at me as a means of escape
on the wedding. My bride to be is not
quite my style. There are two much
prettier girls in the house, but—"

There was no more, but Laura had
read quite enough, and if the twins,
reconciled, and making common cause
against a common enemy, could have
seen poor Laura's heart just then, they
would have felt themselves avenged.

Laura was very miserable for awhile,
then she began to be glad that she had
had several Morton's motives in
time.

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THE PARTY OF PROGRESS.

A PLAIN ANSWER TO THE STATEMENT,
"WHY I AM A REPUBLICAN."—WHAT
THE REPUBLICAN PARTY REPRESENTS.

Valued correspondents of the Press
have suggested that it would be well to
put in plain words the reason which a
member of the Republican party might
be supposed to give to the question
"Why I am a Republican." We take
great pleasure in undertaking a task at
once so easy and so agreeable. Any
Republican on being challenged to give
an account of the faith that is in him
will make no mistake if he responds sub-
stantially as follows:

I am a Republican, first of all, because
I believe in the political principles of
the Republican party. Foremost
amongst these is protection to American
industry. Just now this is the leading
national issue. It is forced to the front
by a savage and persistent attack that
is made against the protective system,
partly in the interest of foreign manu-
facturers, partly under the influence of
a coterie of free trade theorists who
know a good deal about books, but
nothing at all about business, and partly
in accordance with the general Demo-
cratic idea of opposing whatever the
Republican party favors. I believe in
this system because it is wise in principle
and beneficent in practice. It was in-
dorsed by George Washington. It was
sanctioned by John Adams and Henry
Clay and Daniel Webster and a host of
the greatest and best men of the country.
History shows that when there has been
a protective tariff the country has pros-
pered, and when there has been little or
no tariff protection there has been little
or no prosperity. Protection has given
profitable investment to capital and
steady employment to labor at rates
of wages double those that are
paid for the same work in
free trade England or could be paid
here if anti-protection Democrats and
doctrinaires had their way. And at the
same time it has, by enormously increas-
ing the home supply and the home de-
mand, steadily reduced the price of
almost every protected product, as the
Press has shown beyond dispute in its
series of "Tariff Pictures." Protection
has enabled the United States to pay its
national debt at an average rate of the
past twenty-five years of \$174,000 a
day, presenting in this respect a sight
which the world has never before seen.
Within this past year, under the opera-
tions of the McKinley law, which its
enemies prophesied one year ago would
raise the prices of the necessities of life
and strangle trade, there has been more
domestic trade, more exports of Ameri-
can goods abroad, and actually more im-
ports of foreign goods, reckoned by
value, than in any twelve months before
since our national existence began.
Meanwhile one dollar has bought more
of the necessities of life than ever be-
fore, and the people, rich and poor,
have had more dollars to buy with.
I am a Republican because I am
a protectionist, and I am a protectionist
because I am an American.

Another principle of the Republican
party is honest money. It is that every
"dollar" shall be worth 100 cents. That
is, as President Harrison has said, that
every dollar issued by the Government
shall be worth exactly as much as every
other dollar issued by the Government.
It is opposed to the free and unlimited
coinage of "dollars" that were worth 80
cents yesterday, are worth 75 cents to-
day, may be worth 70 cents to-mor-
row, and unless present conditions of
the mining industry are reversed, never can
be worth 100 cents. The Democratic
party on the other hand, with a few
honorable exceptions, stands committed to
a debased silver coinage to-day, just as
it stood for irredeemable and depreciated
greenback currency a few years ago, just
as it was responsible for the wreck and
ruin caused by the wildcat banks, the
"shipplaster" money before the war. I
am a Republican because I am an honest
man in my political as in my private
conduct, and I know that lowering the
monetary standard means robbery, and
especially robbery of those who can least
afford to be robbed, the poor and the
wage earner.

The Republican party stands for
honest elections. In the national plat-
forms of the party this principle finds a
conspicuous place. In the Fifty-first
Congress a bill to secure a free vote and
a fair count at every Congressional or
Presidential election, East, West, North
and South, was passed by a Republican
House, in spite of the opposition of every
Democratic member, was certain, it
passed to be signed by a Republican
President, and would have become a law
but for an alliance against it of all the
unenlightened and dishonest members
of the most part, has secured the
adoption in many States of the Australi-
an, or reformed, ballot, and it is the
Democratic party that has hindered its
adoption, as witness the repeated vetoes
of Governor Hill and the fact that the
solid South is arrayed against ballot re-
form. I am a Republican because I
believe in unbought and unbullied
suffrage.

The Republican party is the friend of
the soldier. It believes that justice, not
to speak of generosity, demands that
the men who imperiled their lives to save
our country requires the redeemed nation
to care for its deliverers and for their loved
ones, with the open palm of gratitude
and not with the clenched fist or parsim-
ony. I am a Republican because I am
a patriot.

The Republican party stands for the
school and the home. From that party
have come the most liberal appropria-
tions, the most effective laws on behalf
of free public education. From that
party have come practically the only laws
that exist to-day designed to restrict the
traffic in intoxicating drinks, or by other
means to limit the terrible evils of im-
temperance. Per contra, where

ever a political party joins with
the enemies of the public school to
get the votes of ignorance and superstition,
as in Wisconsin and Illinois, it is always
the Democratic, never the Republican
party. Wherever a political party is in
league with the assassins of society, with
keepers of grog shops and gambling dens
and brothels and receivers of stolen
goods, levying pecuniary tribute for police
"protection," as in the league between
Tammany Hall and the law breakers of
New York, it is always the Democratic,
never the Republican party. Because I
believe in law, intelligence and decency
I am a Republican.

I have said that I am a Republican,
first of all, because I believe in the
political principles of the Republican
party, and I have cited these: Protection
to American industry, honest money,
honest elections, justice to veterans, free
schools and public morals. Now I say,
in the second place, that I am a Republi-
can because the past of my party is one
of which I am proud. That would not
alone be a sufficient reason, but taken
together with the party's present atti-
tude on living questions it makes assur-
ance doubly sure. "There is but one
lamp," said Patrick Henry,
"by which my feet are guided,
and that is the lamp of experi-
ence." "History is philosophy teaching
by example," said Dionysius of Hali-
carnassus, and this saying has passed
current for ages as one of the coined in-
gots of human wisdom. History teaches
me that the Democratic party was the
party of nullification, of human slavery,
of the suppression of free speech, of
secession, of armed rebellion at the
South, of Copperheadism at the North,
of national repudiation; that the Demo-
cratic party was opposed to free home-
steads for the people out of the public
domain; that it connived at the plunder-
ing of the nation's treasury and the
stealing of the country's arms and war-
ships under Buchanan; that it declared
the war a failure after Gettysburg had
been fought and won; that under Demo-
cratic control the country went from bad
to worse, from poverty to bankruptcy,
and from bankruptcy to the verge of
disruption; and that in all the thirty
years and more since Democratic guns
opened fire on Fort Sumter the party, as
a party, has never got control of any one
State, or any one city, or any one branch
of the Federal Government without giv-
ing evidence that it has not changed its
nature.

Meanwhile the Republican party, from
the day of its birth until now, has been
the party of freedom, progress, union,
honesty, honor; the party to which
whatever is best in the young manhood
of each generation gravitates. The Re-
publican party freed the slave and saved
the nation. It preserved the country's
credit. It made a depreciated currency
good as gold. It settled the Alabama
claims by an arbitration that combined
"peace with honor." It joined the At-
lantic to the Pacific by lines of transcon-
tinental railway. It gave to our Govern-
ment a foremost place among the nations
of the earth. Its men have been com-
mensurate with its measures. Not now
to allude to the living, except to say that
they are worthy successors of the noble
lead, the Republican party is the party
of Lincoln and Chase, Seward and
Sreely, Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens,
Grant and Garfield.

Because no intelligent citizen can re-
count the history of the one party without
pride, or of the other without shame,
I am a Republican and not a Democrat.

A Great National Issue.
Edward J. Phelps, Cleveland's Minis-
ter to England, has thus defined the
issue of the Presidential campaign:
"It will be tariff. The only way to
test the question of protection and free
trade is by trying them."
Premier Salisbury, at the Lord Mayor's
banquet, declared that England will
not falter in its devotion to free trade,
but that, in view of recent protection
successes, Great Britain may expect to
stand alone as the free trader among
nations.

Ohio's vote testifies to the world the
verdict of the whole Union on the trial
of protection and reciprocity. A country
unrivaled in facilities for protecting its
labor and expanding its commerce is
ready to displace Great Britain as the
first of manufacturing and trading
nations. It is the shadow of our coming
supremacy that frightens the Tory Prime
Minister.

With living necessities cheaper than
ever, with scores of millions of dollars
distributed among our laborers and
dealers heretofore paid to foreign indus-
tries for their wares, with Federal laws
and treaties opening rich avenues of
traffic to American merchants under the
American flag, we are more than ever
ready to meet the question between the
American and the British policy.
So far as regards tariff, the issue next
year will be the issue of 1833. But the
victory for Americanism over Anglicism
will be more signal and more glorious,
because protection promises of prosperity
have been fulfilled, while free trade pre-
dictions of disaster have been falsified.

WHAT IS LIFE?

A little crib beside the bed
A little face above the spread
A little frock behind the door
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair
A little blue eyed face and fair
A little lane that leads to school
A little pencil, slate and ruler.

A little blithesome, winsome maid
A little hand within its laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old time household store.

A little family gathered round,
A little turf heaped, tar-dewed mound;
A little added to his soil,
A little rest from hardest toil.

A little silver in his chair,
A little stool and easy hair,
A little night of earth like gloom,
A little cortege to the tomb.

He who talks and talks away
Escapes what other boys might say.
A counter irritant—An impudent dry
goods clerk.—Buffalo Inquirer.

The description "late lamented" ap-
plies forcibly to the delinquent debtor.
It is not at all surprising that parrots
should use poly-syllables.—Boston Jour-
nal.

The farmer who closely packs his load
of wood is sure to strike the popular
chord.

When the Chairman of a meeting wants
rapt attention he get it with his gavel.
—Statesman.

There's pitch in the voice, and that's
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burgh Dispatch.

PITH AND POINT.

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