

CHEER TENER IN TOUR OF TRIUMPH

Thousands Greet Republican Nominee For Governor.

MEETS ISSUES SQUARELY

Frank and Manly Statements Command the Respect and Confidence of the People.

As John Kinley Tener, nominee for governor of the Republican party, continues on his tour of Pennsylvania, meeting the people face to face, grasping them by the hand and looking every man squarely in the eye and not afraid to meet any issue or question that may be raised, he is growing in popularity in every direction. The more the voters see of him the better they like him, and upon every hand he is being commended for the frankness and candor with which he is discussing the needs of the commonwealth, the policies of the Republican party and his personal aims and ambitions to insure an administration that will command the confidence and the admiration of all of the citizens of the state.

Mr. Tener and his colleagues on the Republican ticket, John M. Reynolds, Henry Houck and Charles F. Wright, nominees for lieutenant governor, secretary of internal affairs and state treasurer respectively, are enthusiastic over the receptions that have been accorded them in every county they have visited. Their meetings in the anthracite coal regions were especially well attended and afforded Mr. Tener an opportunity to demonstrate his keen interest in the wage-earners. His experiences as a lad employed in a steel mill in the great Pittsburgh region may in a measure explain his keen interest in the toilers of the state.

In commenting upon Pennsylvania conditions, Mr. Tener a few days ago said:

Protecting Wage-Earners.

"The Republican party of Pennsylvania has to its credit a long history of legislation for the benefit of the people and the honor of the commonwealth.

"Their laws have been enacted for the protection of the working people, most of which were placed upon the statute books at the request and with the advice of the organized workmen. Of this record we are justly proud, and we point to our action in the past as a guarantee of our intentions in the future. We recognize the fact that the development of our industries has brought with it new problems, new dangers, and altogether complex conditions that demand and deserve consideration and treatment by the law making and law administering powers of our commonwealth.

For Safety Appliances.

"Among the many subjects affecting the wage-earners which it will be our duty to consider in the future none is more important than the enactment of laws for the protection of the life, health and safety of the men and women who are engaged in industrial pursuits. The first requisite of a progressive community must be the safety and security of these people who are least able to protect themselves, and the prevention of industrial accidents is a problem that must appeal to all patriotic citizens of the commonwealth.

"In connection with this question, mine and factory inspection has been developed steadily in the state of Pennsylvania, and many laws have been enacted requiring employers to safeguard the lives and the health of the wage-earners. Further legislation upon this subject will be enacted just as fast as experience points out the necessity therefore.

Responsibility of Employer.

"Closely related to the subject of industrial accidents and their prevention is the question of compensating workmen for losses by such accidents. The Republican party of Pennsylvania is responsible for the enactment of an employers' liability law, the provisions of which afford to workmen the opportunity of securing damages in many cases where they would not have the right to sue under the laws of many states.

"However it is a regrettable fact that under any system of liability the workmen must engage in long and costly litigation, and that the waste of money by workmen and employers in prosecuting and defending suits of this character would go a long way if paid immediately to the injured workman, to relieve him in his distress.

Pennsylvania Should Lead.

"We believe that the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, the greatest of all industrial states, should be among the first to put in operation advanced legislation in respect to this subject, and as a measure to that end it will be our purpose to recommend the appointment of a commission of representative workmen and employers, whose duty it shall be to investigate every phase of the question and recommend to the legislature a bill in accordance with the result of their investigation."

Lady Burningham's Diplomacy

"I think it is very unkind of you, Lola; intensely, dreadfully unkind."

Mrs. Stevenson pushed her chair back impatiently as she spoke, an ugly frown disfiguring her usually pretty face.

Her sister-in-law smiled. "Don't be so painfully supercilious, Miriam," she said, languidly; "there is no hurry, surely, I must think it over first."

"There is every hurry," retorted Mrs. Stevenson; "and you must do it, you simply must."

"My dear child," said Lady Burningham, settling herself more comfortably in her chair, "tell me exactly what it is you want me to do—you are so very incoherent." She leaned back and sighed.

"It's all very well for you to look like that, Lola," she said, irately, "but, after all, he's your own brother, and I think you might do it for him, at any rate."

Lady Burningham smiled patiently. "I might do what?"

"I have told you twenty times. I want, or rather, we want you to go to Lord Brentwood and make him give Fred this appointment."

"How can I make him?" asked Lady Burningham, speaking even more languidly than hitherto. "I hardly know the man." She yawned slightly.

"Nonsense! You know him quite well; at any rate you have met him and even dined him, haven't you? That's quite enough; besides, every one knows what an old fool he is about women, and the dozens of jobs he has done already. So it will be perfectly easy—for you."

"And my reward?" Lady Burningham spoke half laughingly.

"I will release you from the payment of the two thousand pounds I got from papa nearly a year ago."

Lady Burningham drew a deep breath, and her face flushed. To tell the truth, she had done her best to forget the obligation.

"We simply must have it, Lola. It will whitewash Fred as nothing else will, and it will give me the position I want. Why, only last week that hateful Mrs. Brunton-Burnett nearly cut me, and made some insulting remarks to Miss Alymer about Fred's company-promoting, but if he gets this appointment he will be all right. It's so awfully respectable to be in a government office, and, of course, I shall make him give up speculating and—"

"What's the pay?"

"Oh, very little, about five hundred pounds, I think; but papa has promised to double my allowance if we get it, and Fred has a little he has saved from the wreck." She leaned forward suddenly, and laid her hand caressingly on her sister-in-law's arm. "Do go and see Lord Brentwood and make him give it to Fred; do, Lola, dear."

"I'm awfully hard up just now," said Lady Burningham, meditatively.

"I'll ask papa to help you again, Lola. I'm sure he will if he thinks you have helped us; you don't know how awfully good he is."

"Yes, I know how generous Jews are to their own," said Lady Burningham, with more truth than good taste. She rose as she spoke and drew on her gloves. "Well, I'll see what I can do," she said, condescendingly, "but it'll be a great bore. However, I'll do my best. Good-by, dear, I'll let you know if I get it!"

"Good-by, darling; thanks so much—you are a duck. I'll try to lend you a bit more if we get it."

Lady Burningham trailed her delicate skirts slowly down her sister-in-law's staircase, and, stepping wearily into her brougham, leaned back and shuddered slightly. "What a terrible little vulgarian," she said to herself, "and why did Fred marry her? I suppose I must do it; I'm so awfully hard up, and I daren't ask Burningham to help me again. I had better do it now." She laughed rather grimly and lowered the front window. "Go to 101 Grosvenor Square, Barnes, and be quick," she said, and leaned back again, making rapid plans of attack, while Mrs. Stevenson, left to herself, muttered, angrily:

"What a cat she is!—always sneering at papa; how dare she say that! But I gave her a dig over the two thousand pounds; I believe she thought I had forgotten all about it."

Lord Brentwood looked at Lady Burningham with a deprecating smile. He was at all times keenly susceptible to the influence of women, and Lola Burningham was an especial favorite of his.

"My dear lady, I'm afraid it's impossible, absolutely impossible," he said, apologetically. "It really can't be done, I fear, even for you."

"Why not?" asked Lady Burningham, looking pleadingly up at him. "I thought all these things depended on you."

"This particular appointment?" he added, rather abruptly.

Lady Burningham's lip drooped, and she took a small lace-edged handkerchief out of her muff. "I'm so awfully fond of poor Fred," she said, brokenly. "You don't know what he is to me, Lord Brentwood. He is my only brother, and he says that if he doesn't get this he will go abroad and settle in Australia, or some such awful place, and you can't think what that would mean to me. I simply could not do without him. We see each other nearly every day, and I should be miserable, perfectly miserable, if my favorite brother went—abroad—and—left—me." She lowered her voice, and raised the small handkerchief to her face. "I— I simply couldn't go through a long, dreary winter here if he went away. I should have to go with him. You know how badly Burningham and I get on, and I have only Fred to care for in the world." She leaned back and gave a little sob.

Lord Brentwood crossed the room, and, bending over her, took the handkerchief out of her hand and raised the little gloved hand to his lips. "Dear lady, don't fret; I can't bear to see you fret; pray do not."

"He is—my—only—brother," repeated Lady Burningham, with a clever little catch in her voice.

"I'm afraid I'm very weak, but I think I must see what I can do for you," he said, kindly. "There, don't cry, my dear; please don't distress yourself for that lucky brother of yours." He laid the small handkerchief unconsciously on his writing table, and Lady Burningham smiled divinely up at him.

"How good you are!" she said, gratefully; "how good and kind you are."

He smiled back at her. "I am afraid I am wax in your hands," he said, "and I can only hope he will be worthy of the post."

She rose, and gathered her furs and laces gracefully about her. "How am I to thank you?"

"I require nothing but your gratitude," he said, courteously, "and to be allowed to see you sometimes during the winter, if you can find time to waste on an old man's society, my dear."

"Of course I can. Please come and see me soon—or, better still, come and dine with me."

It was a month later, and a concert was being held at Redford House, by the kind permission of the Duchess of Redford, in aid of one of the hospitals.

The duchess had gently insisted upon Lord Brentwood's attendance. "You know you are such an important man just now that it is really your duty to come to my function; so do come, there's a dear." And Lord Brentwood promised to go, and, reluctantly sacrificing an afternoon, attended the concert.

Music was no hobby of his, and he would far sooner have been idle at home or busy abroad, than listening to the singer who at this moment was bidding him "Come out, come out," but he sat there listening patiently, now and again nodding his head with the every-ready appreciation of the skilled diplomatist.

The song was over, the lady who was bidding every one "Come out," had told them for the last time that they were "all the world to her"; and Lord Brentwood, giving a sigh of relief, leaned back more comfortably in his chair. Two women seated behind him had kept up the incessant, low chatter of the fashionable and unmusical concertgoer, and they now slightly raised their voices.

"My dear, it's perfectly true. Lola told me herself; she told me the whole story in her best style—you know what she is—half asleep, but very wideawake, as Evelyn says."

"How did she manage it?"

Lord Brentwood half closed his eyes. He was thinking of Lady Burningham, and he was glad that he had been able to help her. The conversation going on behind him was of no interest to him, but he heard it vaguely, without consciously listening to it.

"Yes, she told me exactly how she managed it. She went to him and told him that they were inseparable, and that she couldn't live if he went abroad, and then he gave it to her, and now she's gone to Homburg for the whole winter?"

"Why did she do it? I thought she hated Miriam so."

"Ah my dear, you don't suppose Lola ever did anything from pure philanthropy, did you?"

The other laughed. "Why was it, then?"

"Well, you see, she owed Mrs. Stevenson two thousand pounds, and the debt was not only to be canceled, but she was to have another five hundred pounds from the father if it came off."

"No?"

"Yes, it is quite true; and now she's gone abroad, to spend and enjoy the five hundred pounds. Clever of her, wasn't it?"

"I always thought Lady Burningham perfectly hateful!" said the first woman, decidedly. "Fancy poor Lord Brentwood's being taken in so easily. What a rage he'd be in if he knew!"

"Oh, it doesn't matter about him!" laughed the other. "Every one knows what an old fool he is with a pretty woman! Why, even the king knows it."

Lord Brentwood sat very still and very erect in his chair while they were speaking, but his face paled, and he clinched his hands to stop their trembling. This talk was a terrible revelation of the world's estimate of his inner life.

knows what he is!" It was impossible! "Even the king!" The words seemed to burn into his brain, and he felt an icy cold perspiration break out on his forehead. To think that this woman, like dozens of others, perhaps, had not only made use of him and traded on his good nature, but had tricked him. It should be the last time she or any other would have the opportunity. It was a moment of bitter awakening, and even more bitter humiliation to the courteous old diplomatist; but as the violinist ceased playing and was greeted with deafening applause, true to himself, Lord Brentwood muttered appreciatively. "Bravo, bravo!" and smiled and nodded to the duchess, who looked half-questioningly toward him.

It was an hour or so after Lord Brentwood's return home, and he still sat in his study, buried in reflections that were full of humiliation and shame. He had never meant to "work" a job, never, in his weakest moments, and he had always, even when giving way to beauty in distress, fully persuaded himself that beauty was true, and that the person for whom she pleaded must be a worthy recipient of his help and favor.

He rang the bell sharply, and sent his valet to her house with a note, asking her if he could see her the next day, and enclosing the little handkerchief she had left on the mantelpiece.

The man returned with the message that "Lord Burningham was away yachting, and that her ladyship had gone abroad—to Homburg."

It was true, then. Lord Brentwood frowned, as he turned to the man, and said: "Do you know when Lady Burningham left?"

"Her ladyship left last night, my lord."

"Very well!" As the man left the room, Lord Brentwood opened the note he had sent Lady Burningham, and, taking out the small lace handkerchief, looked at it for a moment in silence.

"It is sad to lose one's illusions about so beautiful a woman!" he murmured, slowly; "sad even for an old man like me—but sadder still for poor Burningham, who is married to her!" He dropped his letter gently into the heart of the blazing fire and put the little handkerchief into a drawer. "Poor Burningham!" he repeated, softly—"poor Burningham! I wonder if he has found her out? I don't like to be hard on a woman, but I am afraid it must be done." And he sat down at his table and began to write rapidly.

Lady Burningham sat chatting in the beautiful gardens of the Homburg Hotel.

"Isn't it delicious?" she said, with a sigh of deep content. "Isn't it delicious? Look at those roses, Eunice, and remind me of the dust and grime of London, if you dare!"

The woman with whom she had been chatting smiled. "Lucky woman to have a sister-in-law."

Lady Burningham made a grimace. "She's a terrible little vulgarian, but—"

"She's a treasure," interrupted her friend; "and you ought not to abuse her, for she means much fun and many roses."

"And no Burningham," laughed Lola. "Yes, that's true—and nice."

"It was very clever of you, Lola."

Lady Burningham shrugged her shoulders. "It was quite easy, almost 'too easy,' as the man in the play said. 'Half a dozen words, a few tears,—Pah! what fools men are!' she added, impatiently; "grown-up schoolboys, always open to the bribery and corruption of a few sweetmeats!"

"He's a particularly easy person to get over, isn't he?"

"Delightful!" said Lady Burningham; "an unsuspecting babe of innocence, and appalled, perfectly appalled, at the sight of a woman's tears."

"How long are you going to stay here?"

"Oh, I don't know. All the winter, I suppose. I am waiting for the rest of Miriam's checks; she only gave me fifty pounds to go on with."

Lady Burningham's maid, carrying a bundle of letters, came quickly toward her.

"All bills, I expect," she said, languidly, "and not worth opening. Oh! here is one from Miriam, and one from Lord Brentwood, too. I hope Miriam has sent the money." Then she opened Miriam's letter:

"Dear Lola—I am bitterly disappointed to see by this morning's paper that the appointment has been given to some one else. I don't know why you told me Lord Brentwood had promised it, because he is not the sort of man to break a promise; and if you made it up to get the fifty pounds out of me, I think it was very shabby of you. Of course I shan't send the rest; and I shall be very glad if you can ask Burningham (or shall I write him?) to let me have two thousand pounds, as we want the money now. Yours sincerely, M. STEVENSON."

"Fool! idiot! dolt! Of course, it is only some silly newspaper mistake. It must be!"

Still trembling, she tore open Lord Brentwood's letter. The letter was very short, and ran thus:

"Dear Lady Burningham—I regret to inform you that I have withdrawn my letter recommending Mr. Stevenson for the appointment about which you spoke to me. Will you allow me, as an old man, to give a word of advice?"

"Should you wish in the future to carry through an act of diplomacy with any measure of success, you must inevitably keep your own counsel. Yours truly, BRENTWOOD." — R. NEISH.

Doctor (to his cook, who is just leaving)—Sarah, I am very sorry, but I can only give you a very indifferent character.

Sarah—Well, sir, never mind. Just write it like you do your prescriptions. —Stray Stories.

No artist I, and yet I try By art to gain renown. I draw—my pay—each Saturday, And then I paint—the town. —Detroit Free Press.

Post—I discovered today that Parker and I have a common ancestor. Mrs. Post (a colonial dame)—For goodness' sake don't tell any one.—Brooklyn Life.

The good old summer time is here. How eager did we greet it. The flowers opened when it came; The butter ran to meet it. —Yonkers Statesman.

Hodd—Can you conceive of any situation where you would want to be separated from your wife?

Todd—Yes—in Paris.—Town and Country.

A difference I note that's meet. When comes this worst of bore: He grinds his organ in the street, I grind my teeth indoors. —Lippincott's.

Ascum—Do you think it's true that Skinner has bought a place for himself in society?

Wise—Oh, no! I'll bet he's only leased it, for he's liable to have to skip out at a moment's notice.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Wanted His Gate Money. An aeronaut, leaning over the edge of the car as his balloon was slowly passing over a football game, overbalanced himself, and fell plump among the players. When he recovered consciousness he found several of the club officials bending over him anxiously.

"Ah," said the treasurer, in a tone of relief, "I'll trouble you for your half dollar now, old fellow!"

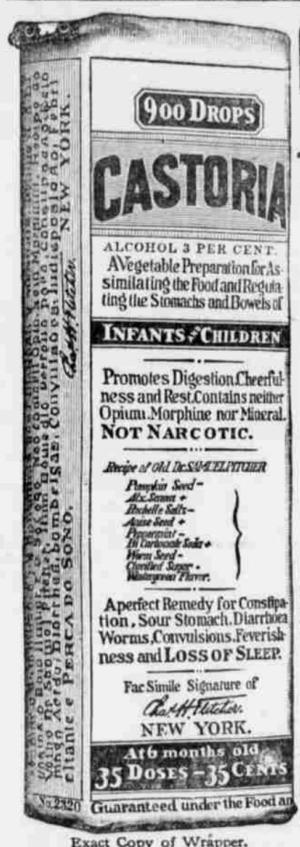
A Little Mound. By the side of a little sandy mound stands a man, old, stoop-shouldered and with snowy locks. No sound disturbs the evening's quietness save the cooing of a mourning dove. But suddenly a flat clenches and the aforementioned man is heard to exclaim: "Confound that wood-chuck!"—Judge.

Queen Bee Gone Astray. A newly married couple were beginning their honeymoon in a city hotel. The bride went out to do some shopping, and when she returned she found herself puzzled to decide which was their room. When she thought she had located it she tapped timidly on the panel and breathed:

"It's me, honey; let me in." There was no response, and she tapped louder and said:

"Honey, it's me, and I want to come in."

"Madam," said a gruff voice from the other side of the door, "this ain't no beehive; it's a bathroom."—Everybody's Magazine.



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