

DEMOCRATIC TICKET. STATE. Governor... Robert E. Pattison of Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA Republicans are trying to exert themselves for campaign purposes, but they do not appear to have any more enthusiasm than the law allows.

The new duty on tin plate, as proposed by the McKinley bill, will, we are calmly assured, only increase the price of canned goods one cent per can.

The resolutions passed at the Hazleton convention on Saturday speak in no uncertain tones regarding the tariff and ballot reform.

A REMARKABLE illustration of the growth of the tariff reform sentiment in New England is furnished by the action of the Prohibitionists of Connecticut in state convention.

Mr. PATTISON, in his letter accepting the nomination, declared his willingness to be judged by his past record, and even a few Republican leaders who have not been denounced by their own party as traitors know that they can not afford to talk about the record of the administration and the party majority in Congress.

REPUBLICANS who have the independence to vote against Delamater because he is the creature of Boss Quay's dictation, sacrifice no principle, neither do they become traitors to their party.

When ballot reform had not yet shaped itself into an issue in Pennsylvania, Governor Pattison was its foremost advocate. In his last message he recommended the passage of a law prescribing, with appropriate penalties, the form, size and color of all ballots, and the size and character of the type to be used in printing them.

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The Tin Infant. It is proposed by the Republicans in Congress to more than double the duty on tin-plate, for the protection of an infant industry which is not yet born.

Mr. Moody, one of the new Senators from South Dakota, said in debate that his State "contains the most extensive and probably the richest tin mines in the world," and that not only is the tin there, "but the iron for the tin-plate and the coal out of which the coke was to be made for the fuel to do the work with."

And for what? To set up a 'busload of big tin goods on wheels to rival, in a few years, the Carnegies and the other monopolists who have grown suddenly and enormously rich by levying tribute upon the people of the United States!

Demoralized Everywhere.

The devil of discord seems to have been let loose in the ranks of "the party of great moral ideas." To aggravate the general disaffection to the Federal Administration the coerced nomination of Delamater for Governor has been most effective.

A Republican Prediction.

The American, a Philadelphia Republican newspaper edited by Wharton Barker, sums up the state canvass in this style: The canvass in Pennsylvania gives every reason for satisfaction to all those who desire to see the Commonwealth escape a new and great disgrace.

Killed By Public Opinion.

The Force Election bill is giving the Republicans a good deal of trouble at Washington. It is proving a sort of boomerang. They have got to quarrelling among themselves as to what should be done with the bill.

The Cyclone's Awful Lesson.

No matter how often the preacher or other moralist may admonish us "that in the midst of life we are in death"—that significant warning never comes home to the understanding as it does upon the happening of one such incident as a destructive and killing cyclone sweeping through a prosperous and happy city and country.

from the midst of the life they were in. This has always been and always must be. The wit and ingenuity of man can not wholly avert, or indeed largely prevent such happenings.

One thing, however, he can do—he can prepare himself, so far as his mundane and finite abilities allow, to meet death whenever or wherever it may come upon him. And in this matter of endeavoring to be prepared for death we do not refer only or mainly to that preparation which comes from spiritual devoutness, but to that preparedness which consists in having things in good order and condition—in the discharge of duty to the family—in provision made for the care and support of those left behind—in fair dealing between man and man—in the due performance of all obligations to society—in so conducting one's self as to leave the fewest causes for regret or complaint or painful memory with those who survive; in having all one's affairs, worldly and spiritual, in nearly about the order they should be in if it should come about that without warning we should suddenly pass in the twinkling of an eye from life to death, as some of them did in the Susquehanna cyclone.

The Ticket.

The ticket nominated by the Democratic County Convention on Tuesday is one that every Democrat in the county can honestly support.

The convention was truly a representative one and was composed of men who had gathered together with no object in view but the good of the party. With few exceptions the delegates came to the convention instructed for one or more of the candidates, and to those, who remained faithful to their pledge, much credit is due.

While those delegates were elected to vote for Mr. McGroarty, and done so, they were at liberty to vote for who they pleased for the other offices and gave their votes to the different candidates who came before the convention and refused money which was offered them the following day by friends of defeated candidates, saying that they came to the convention as Democrats and not as money-makers.

LETTY COLES.

"Letty Coles! Letty Coles! Where are you, Letty Coles?" "I will not answer him!" declares Miss Coles, with a petulant shake as she goes carefully on pressing the cool dark mold about the roots of a rose she has just repotted.

"This with mild sarcasm, for seven days out of each week does Tony Tadlock find his way at some hour or other to the gardens at Rosemead.

"Letty Coles! Letty Coles! Where are you, Letty Coles?" "This time the happy young voice is nearer; his owner has stopped at the low hedge, and after leisurely surveying the sunlit garden, espied Letty daintily poised among her favorites, a half mischievous, half mischievous look on her dark brilliant face.

"Ah, there you are in a perfect extravaganza of roses—blush, crimson, yellow, white—you're self the fairest!" "Don't be ridiculous, Tony," laughs Miss Coles. But she adores her roses, and is not offended at a very trite compliment, since Tony gets it off. "Are they not lovely?" she continues, picking a withered leaf from the flower just potted.

"Only see how well my Letty Coles is doing," he says, clearing the little gate with a bound, and coming to her with a bunch of her lovely, fragrant namesakes in his hand. "I transplanted them from Rosemead, you remember. They take very kindly to their new soil, eh, Letty Coles? What a glorious rose it is, with its passionate crimson heart! Somehow, I fancy if that rose could feel, it would suffer far more terribly than your Nephros or Perle des Jardins, with their pale petals."

"Oh, don't!" cries Letty Coles, with a shiver, in spite of the June sunshine that is rolling about her in a way to set cold at defiance; then she adds, with self-directed disgust, "What nonsense! I was about to get superstitious, and goes on pottering among her roses. His laughing eyes follow her graceful movements for a moment. They are nice eyes, those of Tony Tadlock's, soft and gray, and overbrimming with happiness this sweet June morning.

beautiful golden fields with a different story for her ears. There is a moment of silence after that word, but during that moment so much has died out of her life that it seems to her a small century has passed and she wonders that Tony has not tired of standing there waiting for her to speak. But a moment is soon over, the dead season buried, and drawing out the big dogskin gloves in which she always gardens, she lays both hands frankly in his and speaks the words he is waiting to hear. Memory is strong within her just now, cruelly strong; it recalls the long sweet days that are past, when such shadowy, transparent excuses have brought Tony to Rosemead; a brace of birds, a lucky Nimrod has brought down, a string of shining fish to testify to the success of Isaac Walton's zealous disciple, a rare cutting from the rose houses at Cupid's tower, over the setting out of which their hands had often met, for of course Tony must assist, or how was he to know if her work was well done? Though, for the matter of that, it is an open question whether or not he can tell the difference between a cabbage russet and a tea rose, and he has never detected in a sneaking preference for the old York and Lancaster over all the later varieties that have been propagated.

How or when this easy friendship which has characterized their relations since childhood has grown into something stronger with Letty Coles the girl herself does not know; but there it is staring her boldly in the face, and sending a sickening sense of pain through every fiber, while Tony, all unconscious of the feeling he has awakened, presses on about his love. "So Letty Coles promised; so Letty Coles sees him ride away on Gray Eagle, the noble animal that has brought him to her so often while she stands idly at the garden gate, the cluster of Letty Coles roses burning in her hands. And she wonders, wonders, wonders, in a dull, beamed way, if it is true, if these crimson-heated lovers would suffer more than the golden Perle des Jardins yonder; if this fair young love of Tony's could ever feel this fierce gnawing pain, if she should lose Tony, that she, Letty Coles, is feeling now.

Ab, very fair, very young is Tony's love, Letty Coles thinks, when she makes the miserable little first call on the bride that is expected of her. And frail! The girl's heart aches within her at the sight of the delicate creature; and by-and-by the old crones begin to shake their heads, and talk about "declines," and to ask each other if Vesta Tadlock's family is consumptive. It begins to be so evident that she is slipping out of life, away from Tony.

"You must send her south," says Letty Coles, one day. She had just been for a visit to the invalid, whom she found free from pain, but terribly weak. Tony, broken-hearted, and almost beside himself, has been sitting for two weary hours in the library, his brown head bowed on the table. Letty Coles sees him as she is passing through the long, gloomy hall, and of course she goes to him. Letty has never in her life seen suffering in the humblest of God's creatures without seeking to alleviate it, and her heart is bleeding for her old long-ago playmate's sorrow.

"There is no hope," he answers, wearily. "There is always hope, always, Tony, as long as God's gift of life remains," she says, gently. "Send her to Florida. The climate must benefit her."

"I cannot send her among strangers. Mother's nerves unfit her for nursing, and business complications will prevent me from leaving home for months. I must keep myself in a position to supply her with every comfort while she needs it, and my absence would be financial ruin just now."

"Will you trust her to me Tony?" laying her hands tenderly on his head, as a sister might. "See! I am strong—well; my nerves are like steel. Will you trust me to take your darling?"

"Trust you? As I might trust an angel—a saint—anything unselfish and noble. But I have no right to ask such a sacrifice of you."

"Never mind that; there ought to be no talk of sacrifice between us, Tony. Once—do you not remember it? you asked me to be to her a sister; you must let me fulfill that promise now, will you not?"

And Tony in his gratitude, thinks there is not a woman in the whole world equal to this one, and even has his doubts of the saints and angels, to whom he has just alluded. So they go to Florida, Letty Coles and Vesta Tadlock.

But not even Florida, with all its sunshine and flowers and salubrious climate, speaks enough of hope of health to the lovely invalid, and Letty Coles fears that she has brought Tony's wife here to die. Tony has written to put them under the care of an old friend of his, an eminent physician, wintering in the state. He pays daily visits to the hotel where they are stopping, but he gives no encouragement, though at first he is ready to lay down his life for her.

"Is there nothing to be done?" Letty Coles asked of him one day, as they are talking out of earshot of the invalid, a blonde woman a stout, middle-aged woman is sitting.

"Nothing, I fear. There are instances where, in cases like hers, transfusion has been known to be beneficial, but I doubt the efficacy of such an operation with your sister."

"Transfusion?" "Yes, yes," eagerly "we will try it."

And so they do; and it is an artery in Letty Coles's own firm, round arm that pours out its rich treasures, of health, hope, and life for Tony's darling—Miss Coles, whose life has been spent in the open air, whose health is so gloriously perfect, who is so ready to sacrifice everything for the sweet hope of giving the young wife back to her husband's arms. Exactly this does Miss Coles do, and marvelously glad is she to do it.

Another June lies over the land. Letty Coles's rose garden is something worth a journey to see, all a-riot as they are with loveliness. Blossoms and buds nod their heads at her and strew their colors lavishly beneath her feet, and pluck themselves elder ducklike, as if their hearts' petals are not half good enough for her to walk on, so enamored are they of her.

"Letty Coles! Letty Coles! Where are you, Letty Coles!" cries a deep voice through the sunshine. "Like Beauty's father, I am in search of a rose, Letty Coles."

Dr. Estaver smiles softly. The doctor is visiting Tony, ostensibly. He cannot resist this opportunity. "And what should I choose but my own Letty Coles, eh, Letty Coles?" And he gently sets down the flower she is potting and takes her hands, dogskin gloves and all, into his. "Ah, it is you—only you I want out of the whole world, Letty Coles!"

Letty Coles blushes the color of her own fragrant namesakes, but she does not withdraw her hands. Tony is only a brother to her now; her own brave heart has overcome the sweet old love, but it is not forgotten; it only deepens and strengthens the new. One must learn to preserve old memories as one does the faded roses, for their fragrance; one must see to it that they do not ruin a useful life.

So they stand among the roses, the yellow notes of sunshine dancing about them all in a glorious drift of rose petals; and in the steady, loving discharge of duty Letty Coles finds her happiness, her love, her fate.—Waterloo.

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