

# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED EVERY  
MONDAY AND THURSDAY.

THOS. A. BUCKLEY,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTER.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months.....\$1.00  
Four Months.....\$0.75  
Two Months.....\$0.50

Subscribers are requested to observe the date following the name on the labels of their papers. By referring to this they can tell at a glance how they stand on the books in this office. For instance:

For instance: Grover Cleveland 23 June 65 means that Grover is paid up to June 23, 1896. Keep the figures in advance of the present date. Report promptly to this office when your paper is not received. All arrears must be paid when paper is discontinued, or collection will be made in the manner provided by law.

Honor and shame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part—and widely advertise!

The New York Advertiser confesses that it is becoming tiresome to read how celebrated authors wrote their first books.

Philadelphia has her school children observe Penn Day. The anniversary falls on October 27th. The year of the landing of the good ship Welcome was in 1682.

England seems, to the New York Telegram, to be recovering from its impression that marriage is a failure, for the register of marriages for 1894 exceeds that of any year since 1884.

Romance never dies in Germany, exclaims the New York Press. At Frankfurt on the Main a lady just deceased has bequeathed 40,000 marks to "the widow and children of my first love."

There is a movement in London to provide help for the less fortunate members of the legal profession and their widows and children. Existing law charities provide small pensions and gifts of money, and there are also homes where annuitants with a small income can be received. The aim is to supplement these agencies and to grant relief in cases where they do not touch.

There is a glimmer of light in the domestic horizon shining to the overworked and over-worried women of New York aristocracy," announces Truth. "Seemingly there is a remote chance that Bridget and her successors from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany and other over-populated countries may be thrown down from the throne they have so long occupied. The revolutionizing agent is the little, bright, industrious Japanese woman servant."

Lipton, the big provision dealer of London, declares that "in Ireland there is a magnificent future for the fruit-growing industry if only its opportunities were turned to account. Even now most of the blackberries that come to the English markets are grown in Ireland. But there are enormous possibilities there of which no one has yet taken advantage. Properly worked, its fruit trade might yet do much to insure Ireland's commercial prosperity."

South Germans are fond of complaining of the tendency of the Berlin Government to Prussianize everything and to avail itself of Emperor William's position as head of the Confederation known as the German Empire to encroach upon the independence of the Federal States. A cursory glance around the various great departments of the State at Berlin conveys the impression, to the New York Tribune, however, that these allegations are unfounded, and that, instead of Germany becoming Prussianized, it is Prussia which is becoming Germanized. Thus it is a Baden statesman, Baron Marschal von Bieberstein, who is Prussian Minister of State and Foreign Affairs. It is a Hessian, Dr. Hoffmann, who is President of the Royal Chancery of the Kingdom. A Hanoverian, Dr. Miquel, is Prussian Minister of Finance, while a Bavarian, in the person of Prince Hohenlohe, holds the joint offices of Prime Minister of Prussia and Chancellor of the German Empire.

**May Grow It Here.**  
Americans import from Japan about 40,000,000 pounds of tea a year and 45,000,000 pounds from China. If the tea market eventually becomes much disturbed, there will be an increase of interest in the tea-growing experiments in South Carolina and Florida.

**Romanian Humility.**  
According to a Rumanian custom, when a servant has displeased his master the offender takes his boots in his hands and places them before the bedroom door of his master. It is a sign of great submission.

"Do poets wear long hair?" "Not all of them. Some of them are married."

### A WINTER FANCY.

Against the pane the snow drifts fast;  
The cold night wind goes sobbing past,  
Alone I sit, and close my eyes,  
And think and long for summer skies.  
I have a vision—strangely sweet—  
A field of waving summer wheat;  
Hills clothed in green from top to base;  
A silver lake, across whose face  
The breeze make smiles, while to and fro  
The white swans slow and stately go.  
An orchard all flush with bloom;  
A dark wood, and within its gloom  
A thrush that sings once and again  
His madly sweet and ecstatic strain;  
His answered by notes clear and strong,  
And all the air is filled with song.  
How the birds sing! And well they may;  
Who would not sing on such a day?  
O world so fair, O life so dear,  
Just now God's heaven itself seems near!  
The dream is past; I wake alone;  
I hear the cold wind's angry moan,  
And sob aloud, "Be swift to bring,  
Most gracious Lord, our life's sweet spring."  
—Virginia Franklyn.

### THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

BY MAY M'HENRY.

HE two women shut the door carefully and locked it as they went out. They did not say anything until they had climbed the rickety fence and were out in the road. Thoughts of what they had left shut up alone there in the bare, silent cabin, silenced even their loquacious tongues. When they were halfway down the hill Mrs. Sutton drew a long breath and pushed back her sunbonnet.

"There, thank goodness, that's over! It was a task, but some one had to do it; and I'm glad I'm not one of them that's afraid to take a job. Not that I minded layin' out the poor thing, even if she was a foreigner. I like to do what's my duty to do; but when it comes to takin' pauper children to raise, why I don't believe it's required of me. What Ide Bowman wanted of them I can't see, poor as they are. But I wasn't going to tell her not to take them, for then they would come on the rest of us somehow; and the poor tax is high enough already, goodness knows."

"It's awful foolish of her," said Mrs. Sutton, severely. "Ide always was a soft thing, and it's just like her, taking a couple of little scarecrows like that that haven't any claim at all on her, just because she pities them. And, land sakes, just think how poor they are, and Steve a cripple!"

"Oh, it takes your real poor folks to afford the luxury of being charitable, and they're the sort that are likely to end up on the township, too," said Mrs. Sutton, tossing her head. "That sort think that work and manage and have a little money ought to give it all away. Ide had the audacity to say that since Sutton and me had no family and had the farm and the store both to fall back on, it would be nice for us to take the little dagoes to raise. But I soon give her to understand that I hadn't been workin' all these years to throw away what I've got on no-account paupers."

"Steve is going to have a steady job this winter on Mr. Plunkin's mill. I suppose she is counting on that. She told me about it when she came to tell about the Italian woman being dead," observed Mrs. Sutton.

While the two matrons from down in the valley walked leisurely toward their comfortable homes, the subject of their discourse was hurrying through the woods in an opposite direction. She carried a burden much too heavy for her slender frame, and a little boy, scarcely able to toddle, clung to her skirts and weighed her down. She hurried, panting, along the rough path and kept looking back over her shoulder in a frightened way, as though she was carrying off, concealed under her shawl there, a treasure from the dead woman's cabin. Her head was bare; she had taken her faded hood to tie about the little boy's shivering shoulders, and you could see that her face had the waxy pallor of extreme ill-health. The skin was drawn so tightly over her high, narrow forehead it was a wonder the bones did not push through. Her prominent light eyes had a weary, helpless stare, and the heavy masses of her lustrous brown hair made her head seem too big and heavy for the pitiful little pipestem of a neck that supported it.

The small one-story house at the end of the path up the hill was homely and unpretentious enough, but after the wretchedness and squalor of the place where the poor stranger had lived with her children, it looked comfortable and inviting.

"We have lots to be thankful for. There are so many that are poorer," said Ide Bowman to herself, as she pushed open the door of her home. There were but two rooms in the house, both as bare and empty as they well could be to contain all the furniture of a household. Ide passed through the kitchen into the bedroom, where she placed her burden, a sleeping girl baby, upon the bed, and set the boy on the faded coverlet beside her. Without stopping to take off her shawl, she drew a box from under the bed and began to take out the little garments with which it was packed. With what bitterness and rebellion she had thrust those patched and darned baby dresses out of sight in the hour of her great desolation. She could not bear the sight of them then.

Now she lifted them out with lingering care and passed her hands carelessly over the folds and creases that spoke so eloquently of the plump baby limbs that had worn them.

"They will fit exactly," said Ide, looking up at the waifs on the bed. She washed and dressed the motherless little strangers and fed them the scraps she could find in the bare cupboard. Then she sang them to sleep in the long disused trundle-bed. They were not particularly pretty children, they had never been well enough fed and cared for for that; but Ide hung over the trundle-bed and feasted her hungry eyes. An empty place in her heart seemed to be filled at last.

The poor little peaked-faced things! She would take such good care of them; she could keep them so much cleaner and warmer than even their own mother had kept them. She was almost glad the poor woman had died. "I will keep them for my own—my very own!" she whispered exultingly.

Night came on, but Ide was absorbed in her day dreams, and failed to notice the gathering darkness and the howling wind. Ringing footsteps along the path roused her at last. She hurried out into the kitchen, shutting the bedroom door carefully.

Steve was coming! Steve—what would he say? The man let in a great gust of wind and rain as he entered. The long drought was ended at last.

"What a night—what a night!" said Steve, in his loud, cheery tones; and Ide's hands shook as she lighted the lamp, for fear he would waken the children.

He was a big fellow, tall and broad and well knit, with a suggestion of strength in every line of his sinewy body. His good-natured face was half covered by a bushy black beard, and his crisp, black hair curled from the very strength of it.

But this strong man had been partially shorn of his strength. The right sleeve of his blue cotton blouse was pinned across his chest, limp and empty. An accident on a sawmill three years before had robbed Steve Bowman of his strong right arm, and since then things had not been going so well in the little weather-beaten house on the hill.

"I'm wet to the skin," he said. "The fire is out! Why, Ide, woman, what are you doing without a fire such a night? There is plenty of wood. No wonder you're sick if you sit in the cold."

Ide commenced to put wood in the stove with nervous haste. "In a minute, Steve, I'll have fire in just a minute," she said.

"And supper isn't ready. How does it come you haven't supper ready?" "I forgot it," stammered Ide.

Steve did not say anything, but he pushed away and proceeded to kindle the fire himself. He was hungry and cold; he had worked all day with nothing to eat but a couple of apples and a piece of hard bread for dinner.

Ide spread the cloth and put a plate and a knife and fork on the table; then she stood still and wrung her hands in silent dismay. She had nothing to give him; she had fed everything to the children. He worked so hard; he was so good to her, and she took the bread from his mouth to throw it to strangers.

"Just some of the bread and potatoes left from breakfast, Ide. Whatever you can get quickest," said Steve, drawing up his chair to the table.

Two red spots burned on Ide's thin cheeks. The little boy had eaten the last of the bread—the very last morsel, and she had smiled to see him devour it so greedily.

"There's some boiled potatoes, that is all," she said. "I'll warm them up for you. You like potatoes so, Steve." "Is that all there is to eat in the house?"

"Potatoes—that's all," said Ide, faintly.

"Well, let me have them. That way—it doesn't matter if they are cold. I could eat them raw. That's the advantage of going hungry a while. It cures one of squeamishness. I never thought we would get down this low; did you, Ide?" Steve said, with a pitiful attempt at a smile, as he finished the potatoes.

He sat down with his back to the stove, and leaned his head on his one hand. Ide looked at his broad, steaming shoulders in dull wretchedness; she could not find courage to tell him what she had done. Perhaps he would be angry. No one could blame him even if he were to beat her. Other men sometimes beat their wives for much less. He had so much to bear, and she had added another burden. Two more hungry mouths to fill, when they could not get enough for themselves.

"Are you hungry too, Ide?" Steve asked, turning suddenly to look at her. Ide shook her head; she could not speak. The man laid his head on the back of the chair and groaned aloud.

"I tell you it's hard. It's too hard when things go against a man this way," he said, between shut teeth. "But I won't knock under so easy. There's fight in me yet, if I am lopsided."

"You got the job on the mill, didn't you?" Ide asked, huskily. It meant so much, that job on the mill.

"No; they gave the place to Jake Mortz. Plunkin said he did not think a cripple would do. It was his carelessness made me a cripple. What's that crying, Ide?" "I hadn't told you yet. It's the Italian woman's children," Ide said, quickly and nervously. "The poor foreigner whose husband worked on the railroad and got killed, you know. To-day, nor yesterday nor the day before I didn't see any smoke coming from her shanty, and something moved me to go down and see what was the matter. Steve, she was dead. There she laid, stiff and cold, and the two little children huddled up in the same bed, half starved and half froze, a waitin' for her to wake up. Such a wretched sight it made me sick to see—and the woman dead with only a few rags over her and her glassy eyes staring. I ran for Mrs. Burt, and her and Mrs. Sutton come and helped me lay her out. I had to take my best shimmy, my wedding one that I always saved to put on her. They're going to send word to the poor overseer to come and bury her. But I had to bring the little ones home with me—just for to-night. The township will take them to-morrow. Mrs. Burt says there's where they belong; they're afraid in there in the dark, that's what makes them cry. I couldn't leave them alone with their dead mother, could I, Steve? So I thought just for one night—"

"Let's see them," said Steve. The children stopped crying when Steve and Ide entered the bedroom and leaned over the trundle-bed. They blinked at the sudden light, and the little girl reached out her arms toward it and laughed.

"Chirp-looking little kids. A boy and a girl, about the age of our two, ain't they?" said Steve, getting down on his knees so he could see them better.

"The boy's just the same size our Tommy was when he died, and the baby, she's younger than little Ide, but not much," Ide answered. She stood behind Steve and her face was drawn and gray. She had been so happy in her dream of keeping the little waifs. The awakening was bitter; it was like a second bereavement. But they were so poor, and only Steve's one arm to keep starvation from the door, and now he had failed to get work on the mill.

"It's going to make it pretty hard for you, Ide. They'll make some work; but maybe they'll be some company for you," said Steve. "We can't do as well by them as some could, but they haven't been brought up in the lap of luxury, I reckon. They won't need much for a while, so I guess we'll manage to get along."

He got a job to-day husking corn over at Squire York's. I can do that pretty well by usin' my teeth, even if I have only one hand. There's always something, if a man's willing to take what he can get. Yes, we'll manage it somehow."

"What do you mean, Steve?" cried Ide, shaking all over. "We can't keep them; we're too poor. They'll have to go on the township—we're too poor."

"We're poor, but they are poorer," said Steve. "There aren't many folks in the world poor enough for us to help much, I guess; but here's our chance. Poor folks must help each other. If these were rich people's kids the rich would be ready to take care of them. And the township makes a cold mother. I was left on the township myself, and I'd rather have a child of mine dead—and they are dead, aren't they? There, don't cry, Ide. I didn't mean to make you cry, my poor girl. I thought when I saw you had dressed them up in our little one's clothes, of course you would want to keep them in place of your own. You do want them, too, don't you? There, there, don't cry so! If you wanted them so bad, Ide, why didn't you say so?"

But Ide could only try to put her arms around him and the little girl on his breast and the boy on his knee all at once, and cry: "Oh, Steve—oh, Steve!"

The storm raged outside; the wind and the rain joined hands, and the roar of the tempest filled the darkness. The forest creaked and groaned, and great trees were twisted out like flower stalks. The house rocked and trembled, and the driving rain beat in and lay on the floor in creeks and puddles. But the fury of the storm passed unheeded. Peace and happiness reigned undisturbed under the leaky roof of the house on the hill.—Independent.

**Yawning as a Remedy.**  
Yawning, though contrary to the canons of good society, is undoubtedly very beneficial to the individual. Muscles are brought into play during a good yawn which otherwise would never obtain any exercise at all, and its value as a sort of natural massage is considerable. The muscles which move the lower jaw and the breathing muscles of the chest are the first ones used during the process of yawning, then the tongue is rounded and arched, the palate tightly stretched, and the uvula raised. The eyes generally close tightly towards the termination of the yawn, the ears are raised slightly and the nostrils dilated. The crack sometimes heard in the ear proves that the aural membranes are also stretched and exercised, something impossible by any process but a yawn. It has recently been recommended by some doctors that sufferers from nasal catarrh should make a practice of yawning six or seven times a day and good results will follow. It is also considered valuable in inflammation of the palate, sore throat and carache. New York Herald.

**In Cases of Croup.**  
A standard medical authority says that the first thing to do for the child is to put his feet into as hot mustard water as he can bear, and be sure that the room is very warm. If possible, put him into a hot bath, and then quickly drying him, put him in bed between blankets. Even before putting him in bed give him sirup of ipecac in teaspoonful doses until he vomits. For external applications take two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, and four tablespoonfuls of goose oil, or sweet oil, or lard oil, mix well, and rub thoroughly on the outside of the throat. Saturate a flannel and lay it over the chest and throat. Hot bricks, or bottles filled with hot water, should be placed at the child's feet and at the sides of his body to induce perspiration. Keep them carefully covered. After the vomiting the bowels must be kept open with sirup of squills. The best drink for the child is slippery-elm water. Give plenty of nourishment to keep up the strength.

### UNIQUE CHARACTERS.

#### TRAITS OF HUMANITY CONSPICUOUS ON ELECTION DAY.

**A Day When Every One Is a Politician—The Man with a Tin Horn—The Man Who Wins a Bet—Fair Woman at the Polls.**

Many Kinds of Voters.  
Every movement or event in which large numbers of men are interested has its humorous side, and an election is no exception to the rule. The grave historian who looks upon the ebb and flow of politics with as much calm philosophy as the boatman watches the movements of the tides does not see the undercurrent of fun, for he regards all



HE WON A BET.

events from a standpoint so lofty that the little funny doings of life, those that go towards making life worth living, are all, so far as he is concerned, completely lost.

Nor do even the newspapers, that tread so closely on the heels of happenings that they present us to-day the history of the world's doings on yesterday, always take the trouble to record the fun of the passing moment, probably for the reason that they are so closely engaged in presenting the facts that the fun must be left to take care of itself. But the neglect of the historians and scribes to tell all about the humors of an election does not in the least affect the humorists who, consciously or otherwise, furnish the fun on such occasions, for, whether their exuberance of spirits is the subject of notice by others or not, they go on enjoying themselves at such times as though the sole purpose of an election were to enable them to be funny. And they are sometimes very funny, indeed, even when they do not intend to be. Somebody says that any one who is much in earnest about anything is always funny, for the reason that his own mental absorption in the task before him is such as to excite the humorous emotions of those who have less interest, so much less as to render his own incomprehensible to them, and therefore ridiculous. It is no easy matter to be as deeply interested in another man's business as in your own, and when you see him intensely absorbed, or, perhaps, greatly worried by something that to you is a matter of no consequence, it is sometimes a hard matter to refrain from laughing.

It is generally a safe thing to do, however, especially in matter of politics, for, although two men out of five can assign no valid reason why they vote one ticket rather than another, they are generally much in earnest in their political opinions, and the fact that these have no tangible, or some-

times even sensible basis, renders their possessors all the more earnest in their support. Men may jibe at the looks of the American citizen, may turn up the nose at his wearing apparel, may even shoot out the lips at his hat, and escape with impunity, but the moment you touch his politics he is in arms, for once in every two years he is a politician all through, brimful of interest in the success of his party, and ready, with either tongue or fist, to espouse its cause.

The young fellow who, for the first time, essays to exercise the right of suffrage, is always an interesting figure. He is just at the age when a youth is neither fish nor fowl; that is to say, he is neither boy nor man. He has just quit going to school, in all probability, and has got a good start on a mistake his voice has changed, and he no longer speaks in the broken gander-gosling fashion that distinguished his utterances three or four years earlier, but for all that, he is not yet a full grown man. He generally comes into the polls with some degree of embarrassment. He has seen polling places before, but commonly from afar, for the big policeman admonished him that "kids are not needed here." This time however he is part of the show, and feels a due sense of his own import as a citizen; goes out, and stands on the sidewalk telling people how he voted, and tendering any amount of advice or the subject to men who were voters twenty years before he was born.

A popular polling place develops during the course of an election day a large number of unique characters

and bear it on their shoulders, while the most leather-lunged of the party would walk behind the instrument of public torture, and from time to time, applying his lips to the mouthpiece, emit a roar that could easily be heard from Fourth street to Jefferson avenue. There is some mysterious quality in American human nature that renders

It is impossible for our citizens, especially those of more or less tender years, to enjoy themselves without making a noise. Whether the occasion be an election or the marriage of an old widow to a man young enough to be her grandson, noise is the prime necessity, and, in one way or another, must be had. A few years ago the free-cracker was the accepted medium of rejoicing at any and all events that called for a display of popular enthusiasm, but at present this importation from China is considered sacred to the Fourth of July and the tin horn has forged to the front on election nights as the proper means of expressing enthusiasm. It is at once simple and effective, combining the greatest possible racket with dimensions so reasonable as to be comprised within the limits of an overcoat pocket. Armed with this ingenious device, the intelligent voter is prepared to do any amount of execution, and his presence in a crowd before a bulletin board is one of the certainties of election night.

But he is not the only certainty. The man who has won a bet on the election is with him, and may be "spotted" in the mob by his general air of content and satisfaction with his surroundings. Life, for him, is worth living, for the time at least, and as he cocks his hat on the side of his head and twists his cigar up into the corner of his mouth, he sheds a radiance over the whole neighborhood, and is looked on not only as a man of profound political wisdom, but also of the courage to back his opinions with his cash. The man who loses the bet is also there, but gets neither sympathy nor admiration from the bystanders, any one of whom could, as a matter of course, have told him exactly how the thing was going to be, and several of whom in turn remind him of what he already knows well enough—that he was a fool to bet his money on one candidate, when the election of the other was a dead certainty.

Fair woman is generally not more numerous in the bulletin crowds than at the polls, but when she does come she is a thing of beauty to the men who surround her. She generally comes in twos and threes, accompanied by somebody else's brother, and while man-

festing immense enthusiasm, displays also the densest ignorance as to the candidates' names, and whether they are Republican or Democratic. She is always one or the other, either because her papa is or because some feminine of her acquaintance is on the other side, and after the display of a bulletin inquires with eagerness: "Is that Democratic?" In order that she may know when to squeal. And when her turn comes and the crowd emits a bellow that may be heard for twenty blocks in every direction, she opens her rosy lips and gives vent to a squeak not greatly different from that which would have resounded in her vicinity on the sudden discovery of a mouse under the chair. Her appreciation is intense, but not intelligent; she knows she is glad, but does not know exactly why. Her enthusiasm is also considerably hampered by limits, and if she chances to stand close by the show window of a dry goods store questions of public policy and of candidates must immediately give place while she examines the goods and speculates how she would look in a pair of the new sleeves. But, after all, perhaps she knows almost as much about the whole matter as her brother, who blows a big horn and takes home more beer than he can comfortably carry, and as long as she is content no one else need complain, for of all the figures of an election night she is certainly the most picturesque.

Friend—"Why do you send your husband's clothes to a tailor, when all they need is a button?" Mrs. Manifold—"Well, the fact is my husband married so young that he never learned how to sew on a button."

ing, when the returns begin to come in as the darkness increases, crowds, at first small and quiet, grow in size and noisiness, while the bulletins are displayed and one side or the other in turn seem to triumph.

Joint celebrations were common, say the St. Louis Globe-Democrat in referring to the recent election. Half a dozen young men would buy a large horn, in some cases 8 or 10 feet long,



CONSOLATION.

THE LAST EDITION.

With also a trifle less conceit, would ask the judges for information, for the intelligent man is always ready to learn, but the self-sufficient voter, like the critic in Lallah Rookh, prefers his own ignorance to the best information any one else can give him.

When the women take an active interest in the election, the chances for excitement are materially increased. It does not often happen that the ladies interest themselves to such an extent as to go to the polls for the purpose of laboring personally with voters, but when they do, they generally carry their point—not by means of argument, but purely on personal grounds. A man appealing to another to change his vote will present to the character of the speaker and the merits of his case, but a woman's best reason is "Because," and this she gives out with a degree of dogmatism that exhausts the subject. She can not be made to see that "Because" might properly be supplemented with other considerations; it is enough for her, and she can not, for the life of her, see why it is not enough for everybody else. But there is no such thing as escaping her if she goes to the polls to persuade voters, for even if they are determined to vote against her side, they may as well make up their minds to listen to her, for if she can not vote for herself, she is bound to do what she can to have her way, and that is why she came to the polls.

Exciting as the day may be, the interest rises to fever heat in the evening, when the returns begin to come in as the darkness increases, crowds, at first small and quiet, grow in size and noisiness, while the bulletins are displayed and one side or the other in turn seem to triumph.

Joint celebrations were common, say the St. Louis Globe-Democrat in referring to the recent election. Half a dozen young men would buy a large horn, in some cases 8 or 10 feet long,

With also a trifle less conceit, would ask the judges for information, for the intelligent man is always ready to learn, but the self-sufficient voter, like the critic in Lallah Rookh, prefers his own ignorance to the best information any one else can give him.

When the women take an active interest in the election, the chances for excitement are materially increased. It does not often happen that the ladies interest themselves to such an extent as to go to the polls for the purpose of laboring personally with voters, but when they do, they generally carry their point—not by means of argument, but purely on personal grounds. A man appealing to another to change his vote will present to the character of the speaker and the merits of his case, but a woman's best reason is "Because," and this she gives out with a degree of dogmatism that exhausts the subject. She can not be made to see that "Because" might properly be supplemented with other considerations; it is enough for her, and she can not, for the life of her, see why it is not enough for everybody else. But there is no such thing as escaping her if she goes to the polls to persuade voters, for even if they are determined to vote against her side, they may as well make up their minds to listen to her, for if she can not vote for herself, she is bound to do what she can to have her way, and that is why she came to the polls.

Exciting as the day may be, the interest rises to fever heat in the evening, when the returns begin to come in as the darkness increases, crowds, at first small and quiet, grow in size and noisiness, while the bulletins are displayed and one side or the other in turn seem to triumph.

Joint celebrations were common, say the St. Louis Globe-Democrat in referring to the recent election. Half a dozen young men would buy a large horn, in some cases 8 or 10 feet long,

With also a trifle less conceit, would ask the judges for information, for the intelligent man is always ready to learn, but the self-sufficient voter, like the critic in Lallah Rookh, prefers his own ignorance to the best information any one else can give him.

When the women take an active interest in the election, the chances for excitement are materially increased. It does not often happen that the ladies interest themselves to such an extent as to go to the polls for the purpose of laboring personally with voters, but when they do, they generally carry their point—not by means of argument, but purely on personal grounds. A man appealing to another to change his vote will present to the character of the speaker and the merits of his case, but a woman's best reason is "Because," and this she gives out with a degree of dogmatism that exhausts the subject. She can not be made to see that "Because" might properly be supplemented with other considerations; it is enough for her, and she can not, for the life of her, see why it is not enough for everybody else. But there is no such thing as escaping her if she goes to the polls to persuade voters, for even if they are determined to vote against her side, they may as well make up their minds to listen to her, for if she can not vote for herself, she is bound to do what she can to have her way, and that is why she came to the polls.

Exciting as the day may be, the interest rises to fever heat in the evening, when the returns begin to come in as the darkness increases, crowds, at first small and quiet, grow in size and noisiness, while the bulletins are displayed and one side or the other in turn seem to triumph.

Joint celebrations were common, say the St. Louis Globe-Democrat in referring to the recent election. Half a dozen young men would buy a large horn, in some cases 8 or 10 feet long,

With also a trifle less conceit, would ask the judges for information, for the intelligent man is always ready to learn, but the self-sufficient voter, like the critic in Lallah Rookh, prefers his own ignorance to the best information any one else can give him.

When the women take an active interest in the election, the chances for excitement are materially increased. It does not often happen that the ladies interest themselves to such an extent as to go to the polls for the purpose of laboring personally with voters, but when they do, they generally carry their point—not by means of argument, but purely on personal grounds. A man appealing to another to change his vote will present to the character of the speaker and the merits of his case, but a woman's best reason is "Because," and this she gives out with a degree of dogmatism that exhausts the subject. She can not be made to see that "Because" might properly be supplemented with other considerations; it is enough for her, and she can not, for the life of her, see why it is not enough for everybody else. But there is no such thing as escaping her if she goes to the polls to persuade voters, for even if they are determined to vote against her side, they may as well make up their minds to listen to her, for if she can not vote for herself, she is bound to do what she can to have her way, and that is why she came to the polls.

Exciting as the day may be, the interest rises to fever heat in the evening, when the returns begin to come in as the darkness increases, crowds, at first small and quiet, grow in size and noisiness, while the bulletins are displayed and one side or the other in turn seem to triumph.

Joint celebrations were common, say the St. Louis Globe-Democrat in referring to the recent election. Half a dozen young men would buy a large horn, in some cases 8 or 10 feet long,

With also a trifle less conceit, would ask the judges for information, for the intelligent man is always ready to learn, but the self-sufficient voter, like the critic in Lallah Rookh, prefers his own ignorance to the best information any one else can give him.

When the women take an active interest in the election, the chances for excitement are materially increased. It does not often happen that the ladies interest themselves to such an extent as to go to the polls for the purpose of laboring personally with voters, but when they do, they generally carry their point—not by means of argument, but purely on personal grounds. A man appealing to another to change his vote will present to the character of the speaker and the merits of his case, but a woman's best reason is "Because," and this she gives out with a degree of dogmatism that exhausts the subject. She can not be made to see that "Because" might properly be supplemented with other considerations; it is enough for her, and she can not, for the life of her, see why it is not enough for everybody else. But there is no such thing as escaping her if she goes to the polls to persuade voters, for even if they are determined to vote against her side, they may as well make up their minds to listen to her, for if she can not vote for herself, she is bound to do what she can to have her way, and that is why she came to the polls.

Exciting as the day may be, the interest rises to fever heat in the evening, when the returns begin to come in as the darkness increases, crowds, at first small and quiet, grow in size and noisiness, while the bulletins are displayed and one side or the other in turn seem to triumph.