☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

MY LITTLE PLAYMATE.

I am a grandsire, journeying close
On three-score years and ten:
And when my daily tasks are done,
And laid aside my pen,
I call my little playmate in,
Now passing on to three,
For I have need as much of her
As she has need of me.

She draws me from the world of fact,
With all its selfish strife;
She breaks the prosy lines of thought
That make up common life:
She lures me to her little world,
Where airy creatures dwell,
Where all things dance in joy and light,
Beneath some magic spell.

She wakes again those dreamy songs
That never yet were sung,
Which thrill through happy little hearts,
But not through human tongue;
She carols like a morning lark
To usher in the day,
And bring back memories from a land
That lieth far away.

Her roundelays and jingles make
Such music in my ear,
With all her tricky words and ways,
I can not choose but hear.
We leave all other verse aside
For that small classic lore
Which Mother Goose has garnered up
In her undying store:

The naughty ways of Johnny Greene,
The virtuous Johnny Stout;
The boy in blue who lay asleep
When cow and sheep were out;
The robin sitting in the barn,
With head beneath his wing,
Because the snow is on the ground
And he is cold, poor thing!

The accident to Jack and Jill,
The hurrying little Jane;
The man who scratched out both his eyes,
And scratched them in again;
The active cow that jumped the moon,
The bull that tolled the bell—
These are a few, but many more
Too numerous to tell.

And then we play at coop and seek:
The mystery is small;
We hide behind the nearest chair,
Or in the open hall;
And every time that search is made,
Within this same small round,
The happy shout of joy goes up,
Because the lost is found.

Oh, let me never grow too old
To join in merry glee
With any bright and laughing child
That climbs upon my knee;
Let me still keep the sportive mind
Until my dying day;
For what is life, in all its length,
Without the children's play?

—*Rev. I. N. Terbor, D. D.*

CONQUERING HIMSELF.

A True Story of the Tennessee Mountains.

[Written for this Paper.]

THE savage energy with which the saw tore into the heavy oak logs was in keeping with the fiery emotions that rent Tom Langstaff's breast. As the sharp, quick puffing of the engine broke the placid quiet of the Tennessee Mountains, it pleased his harsh humor to fancy the weather-beaten saw-mill some grim monster that was destined to destroy those interminable forests and eat out the beauty of the land.

"So I'm ter be out'n a job!" he said, commencing gloomily with himself. "Wonder where the money's ter kem frum ter pay off that mawgige? I war a fool to let ole Tanner hev a mawgige on that team, but when a man's childern's cryin' fur bread, what's he ter do?"

The tobacco "crap," on the proceeds of which the Langstaffs were dependent for even the necessities of life, had failed, and he had been compelled to mortgage the team with which he had "tended" it. Work was difficult to obtain. A week before he had secured, as he thought, a winter's job in the sam-mill that had the contract of cutting the timber from the Tanner's mountain land. But, alas, for his hopes! This Saturday afternoon the proprietor of the mill had informed him that he would be compelled to give the place to a friend who would be there ready for work on Monday.

"Six dollars ter pay off the mawgige with an' buy the winter's grub fur a family. A po' man ain't got no show in this country, no way ye ken fix it!"

When the last plank had been ripped off and he had received his money he turned gloomily away, scarcely trusting himself to say "good night" to his fellow-workmen.

The sun, sinking to rest in a bed of flame and clouds, cast a heavenly radiance over the surrounding hills.

Rude and unlettered as he was Langstaff was not insensible to the beauties of nature, and he paused an instant to gaze upon the enchanting scene.

Then he tore himself away, with a harsh laugh.

"What's the use o' wastin' time that air way? It takes somethin' more fillin'er than sunsets ter satisfy a mounting appetite. They're well 'nuff, mebbe, when a man's got plenty o' money in his pocket, but I never heered that enybody ever made a pot bile by lookin' at 'em."

He jingled the coins in his hand and tried to whistle as he walked on down to where his humble cabin nestled near the base of the mountain.

"Waal, mother, thar's the winter's grub!" he exclaimed, with affected cheerfulness, as he slapped the money on the table.

Mrs. Langstaff looked up in evident alarm.

"Why, what's the matter, Tom? They ain't discharged ye, hev they?"

"That's jest what they hev!" he gritted savagely. "An' it's ole man Tanners' work, I do bleeve. I'm a-thinkin' he was afeared az how he moutn't git that thar team ef he didn't shet off the money. He knows ez it's a powerful good team an' he air boun' ter hev it."

"But you on'y owe him twenty dollars, Tom! He shorely couldn't take the team fur that!"

"He could an' he will ef I don't gin him the money. It's due a Monday, an' thar ain't enny man roun' hyar ez would holp me ter that much."

He caught up one of the children and began romping wildly with it while his wife prepared the meal. She disliked to see him in that mood. He was more intractable then than at any other time.

Supper was eaten in silence, and after another romp with the children he retired. He passed a sleepless night, and the spirit of unrest drove him out into the mountains before it was fairly light.

"Ef I could on'y holp him some way!" sighed Mrs. Langstaff, as she watched him out of sight, for she had also 'risen early. "Ef I could on'y holp him! But it 'pears ez ef a woman ain't no good way o' makin' enny thing. I mout airn a little by weavin' cyarpets, ef thar war enny way o' sellin' 'em; but they jest ain't."

Tom Langstaff struck into an unused by-path leading up the mountain and followed it for over a mile, scarcely noticing where he was going. The sun came up, but he plunged on, only halting when he came suddenly upon a little clearing containing a deserted log-house. Weeds and brushwood grew rank about it and he was stepping aside when a roughly-dressed man came out of the hut and advanced toward him, chinking some money in his pocket. It was Jep Deeson, a worthless character, who was suspected of half the villainy that disgraced the mountain side.

"'Pears ter me ye're out rayther airly!" said Deeson, with an attempt at friendliness. "Ye warn't lookin' fur nothin', now, I s'pose?"

He chinked the coins louder than ever as he asked the question.

"'PEARS TER ME YE'RE OUT RAYTHER AIRLY."

"No!" replied Langstaff, turning into a by-path, for he was in no mood for talking.

"Hol' on! Hol' on!" cried Deeson, threateningly. "Ye war follerin' me now, I know it. They jest ain't no use o' denyin' enny thing ez plain ez that. Come, now! what did ye think o' findin'?"

"Nothin'!" replied Langstaff, angrily. "Though ef a feller'd nose 'round ye long 'nuff, Jep Deeson, he'd run onto some dirt or 'nuther, I'll be boun'!"

Jep's brother, Silas, now came out of the cabin and advanced to where they were standing.

Thus reinforced Jep continued:

"I reckon ye air a spy of the rev'nue, Tom Langstaff. Thar's no use in tryin' ter make we uns bleeve ye didn't kem up hyar on purpose. Ye know thar's whisky hid in that air house ez well ez I do. Now how much'll ye take ter keep yer mouth shet?"

"I ain't no spy an' I don't want nothin' fur keepin' my mouth shet!" Langstaff retorted hotly. "Ef ye'd a-kep' yer own tongue in yer teeth I'd a never knowed thar war enny whisky 'round hyar!"

"Tell that ter them ez'll b'lieve ye!" cried Jep. "Hyar's ten dollars. I heern ye lost yer job ter the mill and it'll kem handy."

He held out two gold half-eagles.

It was a terrible temptation and a hot flush swept over Langstaff's face.

"No! I dassent tech it!" he faltered, whitening to the lips.

"Twenty, then?" said Jep, hauling out two additional half-eagles. "What do ye say ter twenty?"

Realizing his danger, Langstaff turned and, with a cry that was half a moan, fled down the mountain.

That evening, as he sat on a bench in front of his cabin, gloomily whittling at a stick, Jep Deeson came up the little bridle path leading from the valley.

"Thort ez how I'd like ter hev a talk with ye!" he said, seating himself at Langstaff's side and glancing furtively at the doorway, beyond which Mrs. Langstaff could be occasionally seen as she moved about the room.

He dropped his voice to a hoarse whisper.

"I've been a-talkin' with Sile an' he 'lows ez it's our duty ter help an ole frien' when he's out'n work an' needin' it."

Langstaff turned on him like an animal at bay.

"I don't want ye ter 'gin me enny money, Jep Deeson. I won't tech it. I aid't holpin' the rev'new, and I don't 'low ter."

"I onderstan' that maw'gige is bouten twenty dollars," Jep continued, not heeding the interruption. "I sol' my ole black steer ter-day. It's the one ez I brung up frum a calf. The butcher down yander is ter take it ter-morrer. He reckoned it war worth thirty dollars, which I thort lib'rul 'nuff. Fifty dollars is a right smart pile, an' I 'low it'll pay off that mawgage an' pull ye through the winter. It's gwine ter be a hard 'un, 'specially ter a man ez out'n work."

Langstaff whittled furiously at the stick, his brain in a fiery tumult. Why should he not take the money? Was it not a man's duty to ward the wolf from his door at all hazards? He need do nothing. Only keep still; and that he had resolved to do anyway, whether he received any thing for it or not.

Like most Tennessee mountaineers he had no very high opinion of the revenue laws and officials. His sympathy was naturally with the men who were constantly hunted like partridges in the mountains, then the mortgage that fell due on the morrow, the empty meal barrel that stood behind the door, the grimy rafters, destitute of the smoky sides of bacon that usually adorned them, his poverty-stricken family and the terrors of a pitiless winter almost at hand, all added their crushing weight to the temptation that tugged at his very heart-strings.

Jep Deeson saw that he was making head-way and continued, in the same hoarse whisper. "We-uns knowed ye wouldn't say nothin' uv what you seed ter day, but we thort we'd gin ye the money fur the sake o' friendliness. Sile sez ter me, when we-uns war speakin' 'bout'n it, sez he, 'Tom Langstaff's a 'onest man, an' I ain't afeared but what he'll keep his mouth shet."

A quiver of pain swept across Langstaff's face and he threw out his hands as if defending himself from deadly peril.

"I hope Sile's right bout'n me bein' 'onest," he replied, his breath coming in gasps. "I'm afeard I wouldn't be, though, ef I took the money."

"Fifty dollars is a right smart pile!" urged Jep, jingling the coins in his pocket. "Think hard bout'n it an' I'll see ye agin ter-morrer."

He slipped from the bench and hurried out of sight down the bridle-path before Langstaff could frame a reply.

"What did that air onery Jep Deeson want o' ye?" Mrs. Langstaff asked, at the supper table. "He's allus a-creepin' 'roun' like a shadder an' never in enny good, I'll be boun'."

"He war speakin' o' the job I lost an' axin' ef thar warn't enny way he could helf me!" was the equivocal reply.

"I hope ye ain't gwine ter jine in enny o' his meanness!" she said, looking at him sharply. "We 'uns air 'onest, thank goodness, ef we ain't got enny-thing ter eat; an' I'd rather starve ter death 'onest than ter steal, even ef I c'u'd live fat ez a 'possum by doin' uv it!"

Her husband deftly changed the subject and a little later went out for a walk.

The next morning he was up before day. He had been feverish through the night and the crisp, bracing air seemed to take the fire out of his veins.

Far up the mountain side he saw lights moving.

"It's at the cabin!" he muttered. "Jep an' Sile Deeson ain't got ez much sense ez a six-months'-old colt—a-flashin' lights over the mountins in that air way. They'll hev the rev'new down on 'em to a dead sartainty."

An hour later a neighbor, on his way home, rode up the bridle-path, at a furious pace. He was greatly excited, but drew rein at the gate long enough to announce:

"Ole Zeke Tanner's been gobbled by the rev'new. They captured a lot uv whisky in his cabin up yander a little while ago."

"OLE REKE TANNER'S BEEN GOBBLED BY THE REV'NEW."

The man dashed on and Langstaff crept back to the house, cowering as if struck a heavy blow.

He knew that the whisky captured was the same that had been placed in the cabin by the Deesons; and that Tanner was innocent.

The crisp, mountain air could not cool the fever that now burned in his veins. Cold and hot flashes swept over him and the sweat started from every pore. Weak and trembling he sank upon the bench and endeavored to satisfy his conscience that silence was not criminal.

The events of the past two days swam before his eyes and some fiend seemed continually shrieking in his ears:

"Zeke Tanner is not your friend. Think of the mortgage! Fifty dollars for saying nothing. Let him go. Think of the mortgage! It's none of your business anyway. Think of the mortgage! Think of the mortgage!! Think of the mortgage!!!"

Again and again his wife called to him to come into breakfast.

Then she came out and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Tom! Tom! What's the matter with ye? You're ez deaf ez a post! My God, ye ain't sick, air ye?"

The blood-shot eyes and drawn features he turned toward her drew a shriek from her lips.

She half dragged him into the house and there made him swallow cup after cup of coffee that was as strong and bitter as quinine.

The coffee acted as a stimulant and he ate something, then announced his intention of going to the village, but positively refused to reveal the nature of his errand.

On leaving the house he walked straightforward, with the determined tread of a man who knows what he wishes to do and intends to accomplish it in the shortest possible time.

The sun was more than an hour high when he reached the village. The narrow, rocky streets were filled with groups of excited men. He saw Jep and Silas Deeson in the distance, but avoided them and went directly to the little tavern where the revenue officials were stopping.

Being shown into their room he proceeded with calm deliberation to unbosom himself of the information that had come to him unsought.

"I s'pose Jep Deeson'll shoot me, some time er 'nuther fur this," he said, in conclusion, "but I ain't takin' that inter account. Zeke Tanner's been enny thing but a frien' to me; but I cyant 'low him ter go ter jail, no how, when he ain't done nothin' ter put him thar."

"Did you ever see or hear of that poster?" questioned one of the officers.

Langstaff stared at the yellow paper that had been pointed out, and shook his head.

"I cyant read."

"Well, it's an offer of a reward of five hundred dollars for information leading to the arrest and conviction of moonshiners. It seems to me that you are in a fair way to obtain that reward."

The Deesons were immediately arrested. Their secret still was discovered and a few weeks later they were convicted and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

The first act of Tanner, when set at liberty, was to place a release of the mortgage in the hands of the man who had gained for him his freedom and relieved him from the suspicion of crime.

Langstaff at first refused the Government reward, but was at last persuaded to accept it; and the little valley farm which now smiles under his careful culture is a perpetual reminder of the desperate struggle he passed through in Conquering Himself.

JOHN H. WHITSON.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Hints and Suggestions on Matters of Interest to the Fair Sex.

Nearly all the dressy bodices for young ladies in their 'teens, are either laced or buttoned at the back. The front of the corsage is generally much trimmed.

Novel shirt waists from Paris, for elegant morning wear, are made of striped surah or China silk with slender vines of roses and leaves forming a stripe on the exquisitely tinted silk surface. These waists are finished with a deep Charles IX. collar and cuffs of moss-green velvet.

For stylish house dresses at the summer resorts are French corselets, very high on the shoulders, and deeply rounded at the neck, these completed by a Russian guimpe of lace or pleated crepe lisse fastened in front with three tiny diamond buttons. These corselets are deeply pointed front and back, and are finished with trimmings of moire ribbon.

There are now imported entire skirts, skirt-fronts, panels, revers, borders, Figaro jackets and sleeves, made wholly of passementerie, to be laid over skirts of silk of a paler shade. Nothing can equal the grace of the design, the beauty and fineness of the work, and the richness of the effects. Beads are still intermingled in many of the patterns, and there is among other importations, a superb panel and other ornamental pieces of wall flowers executed in bronze, mahogany, gold and terracotta silk cords and beads, which is unsurpassed in beauty and art by any treasured relics of the sixteenth century.

Charming gowns for summer weddings are made of Valenciennes or of the new fancy lace which, in delicate web-like patterns, is woven to closely resemble point lace. Some of the dresses have the lace over the whole gown, covering the satin slip entirely, and even extending beyond it at the neck, where the lining is cut low, and serving also as transparent sleeves. Other dainty bridal toilets have flounces, sleeves, and bodice of lace, while for the guimpe, drapery and veil silk net or tulle is used. Point d'Esprit net, dropped over white surah is a favorite London toilet for youthful bridesmaids, soft Turkish sashes of the same silk being carried loosely around the waist and tied at the back.

Cream-white serge or camel's-hair fabrics, barred with mahogany, cherry, olive, Roman red, or marine blue, make gay and becoming afternoon dresses for out-of-town wear. Some of the gowns are made wholly of the barred goods, others have stylishly draped skirts of it, with plain cream-colored jerseys trimmed with braiding in a vine pattern, or in Greek squares done in soutache the color of the line in the skirt material.

A *chic* and pretty summer costume shows a skirt of pale almond-colored wool, checked with moss-green and cardinal, under a princesse polonaise of dark-green Isle of Wight serge. The front of the polonaise laps to the left side with a reverse that is braided. There is a long graceful drapery on the right side, while the left is short, showing the checked skirt, and has a large square pocket which makes this side appear like a bodice. The middle forms are continuous in princesse fashion, and the backs are long and but slightly draped.—*N. Y. Post.*

PRIMITIVE MAN'S FOOD.

Why It Must of Necessity Have Been of Vegetable Nature.

Primitive man, whatever he was first cast, whether in one center or in more than one, must of necessity have found his food in the plant world. We can not imagine him commencing his career learned in the arts of hunting, killing and cooking the lower animals for food. Many infer from this circumstance that the argument in favor of the vegetarian practice is copied direct from nature, signed and delivered by her. Not quite so fast. There is one interposing barrier to the free acceptance of vegetarian deed and act of conveyance of food from nature to man. Nature herself, of her own right royal will, makes for animals, herbivorous and carnivorous, one distinctive animal food; a secretion from the living animal organism, a fluid which is a standard food—meat and drink in one—the fluid known under the name of milk. Against absolute vegetarianism, then, we may fairly set up one exception derived from nature as the unerring guide. On observing the habits of animals we discover another natural fact. We find that animals of quite different natures, in respect to primitive selection of food, possess the power of changing their modes of feeding and of passing over, as it were, from one to another. This change is distinct but limited, and we must accept it with all its extensions on the one side and with all its limitation on the other. The fruit-eating ape can be taught under privation to subsist on animal diet; a dog can, I believe, be taught to subsist on vegetable diet. But it would be as impossible to teach a sheep to eat flesh as it would be to make a lion feed on grass.—*Dr. Richardson, in Longman's Magazine.*

—A late fad in social circles in Chicago is news classes among young ladies. A large party meets twice a week in the afternoon, and the teacher, a lady of great culture, discusses with them the news of the day. She takes a newspaper, and selecting matters of foreign and domestic interests, discusses and explains them in a most entertaining manner, the members of the class asking questions, making comments and suggestions freely.

TARIFF FOR REVENUE.

Why the Terms Democrat and Free Trader Are Synonymous.

By general consent the Republican party applies the term free trade to the Democratic party, and, when spoken of in connection with the tariff, it is called the "free trade party." The Democrats object to this name, and the greater portion of the Democratic press protest against the application of the term. Let us see how this is. In the first place no small faction of the Democratic party are free traders, according to their own statements, and, when speaking for the party, claim that the platform is much more of a free trade platform than a protection one. An analysis of the tariff plank of 1884, which was reaffirmed at St. Louis, must be accepted as the sentiment of the party regarding the subject. There is but one material point in that platform, for, regardless of all that is said concerning labor and wages, the essence of the whole resolution is found in the words: "We demand that Federal taxation shall be exclusively for public purposes." This is simply another way of saying: "a tariff for revenue only," which was the language of the platform of 1880, or, "we demand that all custom-house taxation shall be only for revenue," which was the language of 1876. "A tariff for revenue only," or "exclusively for public purposes," can not mean a tariff for any thing else. It means a "tariff for revenue only" regardless of every other consideration, for were other objects considered it could not be a tariff for revenue only or for public purposes exclusively. "Only" or "exclusively" can not mean more, and revenue simply is all that is embraced in the term. A tariff that does not protect the interests for which it was designed from foreign influences, is in every material sense free trade. A tariff for revenue only can not mean a protective tariff. Protection does not enter into the idea of a revenue tariff at all. It is no part of it, and if such a tariff would prove protective it would be only accidental. "Incidental protection" is no protection. Any thing that may or may not be, is not, and the only protection that can be is direct. The difference between the two parties is, the Republicans demand protection as the prime factor of a tariff, while the Democrats demand revenue as the only purpose of duties on imports. A revenue tariff can not be a protective tariff, for the stimulus which a reduction of duties will give importation will make necessary so great a reduction that the protective element will entirely disappear, and its effect be lost. When this is gone what have we better than free trade? According to the declarations of the party we do not see why objections should be urged to the term of free traders.—*Chicago Current (Ind.).*

THE HARRISON STATES.

A Strong Column Which Foots Up 254 Electoral Votes.

Benjamin Harrison will be the next President. The States that were loyal to the Union during the dark days of rebellion will prove themselves still true next November to the cause of protection and prosperity and will unite in driving this present retrogressive Administration from the power it obtained through fraud in 1884. Their united electoral votes are more than enough to elect the nominees of the Chicago convention. Their verdict will be hailed with joy by all good Republicans.

NeBraska	5
OrEgon	3
KaNsas	9
New Jersey	9
MassAchusetts	14
New HaMpshire	4
IlLinois	22
MaiNe	6
MicHigan	13
NebrAska	3
CalifoRnia	8
ColoRado	3
ConnecTicut	6
WisconSin	11
VermOnt	4
MinNesota	7
IoWa	13
West VIrginia	6
Rhode IsLand	4
PennsyLvania	30
NeW York	36
OhIo	23
IndiaNa	15
	254

—*Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

GROVER'S ACCEPTANCE.

What President Cleveland Would Do Were He an Honest Man.

It was a grim piece of satire which commissioned the spoils Congressman, Hon. Pat Collins, of Boston, to notify Grover Cleveland of his renomination, but he performed the task creditably, and the President at the close of his remarks accepted the prize and intimated that in due time he would signify such acceptance in the usual formal manner.

When that "due time" arrives, if Grover Cleveland were not an arrant hypocrite, he would recall his formal letter accepting his first nomination and would say to the Democracy, as he said then, that "the full realization of a government by the people will be at hand" when office is "a public trust," when "the holders of the ballot will avenge truth betrayed," and when "the suffrages shall be altogether free and uncorrupted," and as a means to this end he would say in the words of his letter:

As a means to this end not one would, in my judgment, be more effective than an amendment to the constitution disqualifying the President from re-election. When we consider the patronage of this great office, the allurement of power, the temptation to restrain public place once gained, and, more than all, *the availability a party finds in an incumbent whom a horde of office-holders with a seal born of benefits received and fostered by the hope of favors yet to come stand ready to oil with money and trained political service*, we recognize in the eligibility of the President for re-election a most serious danger to that calm, deliberate and intelligent action which must characterize a government by the people.

And having made this statement he then would say: "For these reasons publicly stated and to avoid the dangers to the country and good government I have already set forth over my own signature, I can not, with honor, gentlemen, accept the nomination you have tendered me. Thanking you for that honor, and solicitous for my own sincerity and honesty, I respectfully decline the nomination, and refer you to the old bandana which waves at the tail of the ticket." This is the formal reply which he would make "in due time" if he were an honest man and not a hypocrite.—*Chicago Tribune.*

DRIFT OF OPINION.

Portland *Oregonian:* The record of the Republican party is its rock of ages; the record of the Democratic party is its everlasting shame.

Chicago *Journal:* The fight in 1840 was for the protective tariff and a safe financial system. Harrison was the candidate. It is the same in 1888.

Indianapolis *News:* General Harrison personally is unassailable, and the sooner the Democrats cease to break their teeth on that file the better for them.

Lansing (Mich.) *Republican:* How many patriotic Irishmen will march under or use an English made, imported red bandana, adopted as the banner and badge of the Democratic party?

New York *Sun* (Dem.): John Sherman fought a good fight. His was an honest, manly, open, straightforward, courageous, honorable canvass from beginning to end. We record this opinion and these adjectives with sincere pleasure.

Minneapolis *Tribune:* Melville W. Fuller, Cleveland's appointee to the United States Supreme Justiceship, refuses to notice the charges made against him. Attorney-General Garland pursued the same course, but the Pan-Electric wires tripped him up, nevertheless.

Chicago *Inter Ocean:* Mr. Blaine, in "Twenty Years of Congress," makes this terse record of General Harrison's military career: Benjamin Harrison, of Indianapolis, commanded a brigade before he was thirty, and made a military record which did honor to the illustrious name which he inherits."

St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:* General Harrison was a faithful soldier, and never refused to obey orders but once in all his military career. That was when he was directed to surrender a fugitive slave who was in his camp in Kentucky, and he wrote across the message: "I decline to obey this order."

St. Paul *Pioneer-Press:* Those Democratic organs, now the most vociferous in their denunciation of Levi P. Morton's barrel, sang together in a minor key when the contents of Samuel J. Tilden's barrel were deluging the country from New York to Oregon. Democratic opposition is never heard against a barrel with the bung open and spouts leading from it into Democratic pockets.

Philadelphia *Press:* Mayor Hewitt, of New York, pronounces General Harrison "a good man, a good-looking man, a perfect gentleman, and one to whom no fair-minded man can take exception." That is a first-class recommendation from a first-class man. We have not heard of Mayor Hewitt making a similar utterance in favor of Mr. Cleveland—probably for the reason that the mayor can not tell a lie.

Omaha *Republican:* The campaign in Nebraska will be remarkable for its vigor and earnestness, and for the unanimity of the party. There will be no mugwumping this year, and there will be thousands of votes cast for Harrison which would not have gone to Blaine. The Democrats have made several mistakes, either of which would turn the tide against them: combined they will ingulf Bourbonism and sweep it out of existence.

New York *Independent* (Ind.): The Republican party is again on solid ground. It has turned to its old traditions. It has given us a ticket which Christian men and men of conviction can heartily support. Those who left the party in 1884 can now return, and vote for men as well as principles. There is no excuse for continued alienation. Let us close up our ranks and have an old-fashioned Republican victory in November

Toledo *Blade:* The platform upon which the Republicans will do battle from now until the great victory in November contains one plank that will disgust the Democrats, and will be used by them to wage their war against the election of the nominee at Chicago. That plank is the one in favor of the State or Nation or both combined, supporting free institutions of learning. That's just what the Democracy does not want. Intelligence and Democracy don't pull well together. The solid South would not be so solid with its ratio of illiteracy reduced.

The Republican Platform.

Condensed into the form of a short creed, the Republican platform is something like this:

We believe in a free ballot and in having every vote counted.

We believe in protection for protection's sake, and we are not ashamed of it.

We believe in abolishing internal taxes created for war purposes.

We believe in the direct protection of American labor against cheap foreign labor.

We believe in free internal competition.

We believe in railroad regulation.

We believe in homesteads and good homestead titles for citizens.

We believe in home rule for big and intelligent Territories.

We believe in a double monetary standard.

We believe in the utmost facilities for education as worth all they can cost.

We believe in a big merchant marine and in American ship-yards.

We believe in a good navy, good coast defenses and good water routes for commerce.

We believe in making other nations respect our rights and pay for all they get from us.

We believe in protecting American citizens against foreign interference, not only at home, but in any part of the world.

We believe in Civil-Service reform more than ever; and

We believe that nothing is too good for the soldiers who risked their lives to save the country, and saved it.—*N. Y. Press.*

Mr. Morton's Reputation.

Levi P. Morton won long ago a National reputation as the head of one of the great banking firms of the world. Elected to the House of Representatives, he there added to his fame and justified the high expectations of his friends by speeches on financial questions, which showed that he was not merely a practical banker, but understood the theory and philosophy of finance in its largest sense and in its National aspects. His name was prominently mentioned in connection with the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with Garfield in 1880 and he was strongly urged for Secretary of the Treasury in 1881. He declined the Naval portfolio and accepted the position of Minister to France, which he filled most acceptably during the Arthur Administration. He divided with Senator Hiscock and ex-Senator Wagner Miller the favor of the Republican caucus in the last Senatorial election in New York State. He is a man whose talents and tastes qualify him conspicuously for high public office, and there is an evident fitness in giving this representative and leading citizen of New York the second place on the Republican National ticket, the first having gone to the all-powerful West.—*Philadelphia Press.*

How His Old Boys Feel.

Grover Cleveland isn't receiving any letters like the following, which General Harrison found in his mail the other day:

HAWKS CITY, Kan., June 28—Congratulations of an old soldier of your regiment whose knapsack you carried when he was exhausted from sickness and fatigue in the Atlanta campaign

J. F. SNOW.

Private Company D, Seventieth Indiana Infantry.

Grover Cleveland, we say, isn't receiving any letters like that, but maybe his substitute did before he died in the poor-house.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Many delicate and sickly persons like to drink cocoa, and it is considered very nutritious. Of course, you require milk and sugar when you prepare your cup of cocoa: so many products are needed for that seemingly simple article, a cup of cocoa.

—The annoying dryness of the tongue and pharynx, so common in acute febrile diseases, may be relieved by brushing pure and undiluted glycerine over the affected parts. The great thirst ceases, and the patient's condition is made more comfortable.

—Lemon Syrup.—Five pints of water; six pounds of sugar; two ounces of tartaric acid. Boil these ingredients for ten minutes; add the white of an egg to clear it. Boil five minutes, and, when cold, add the juice of ten lemons. Bottle and cork tightly.—*Good Housekeeping.*

—A person suffering with boils should eschew rich pastry, gravies and every kind of meat, except lean mutton. The boils may be brought to a head by using a warm poultice of camomile flowers, or boiled white lily root, by fermentation with hot water, or by stimulating plasters.

—There are few desserts more acceptable than oranges, cut up and sugared, and chilled for a couple of hours in the refrigerator. Some add to it grated or dessicated cocoanut, but as strawberries and raspberries can not be improved by cooking, so good oranges can not be improved by adding any thing besides sugar, especially so indigestible a thing as a cocoanut.

—An English writer urges the importance of thoroughly airing rooms and flushing all waste pipes on the return of a family after a considerable absence from home. The shut-up house is often filled with noisome gas, through the evaporation of the water which keeps the sewer traps operative, and this is not necessarily revealed by an odor. Many cases of sore throat have been traced to the neglect of the precautions mentioned.

—The following "silver-cleaner" is said to be according to the formula of one of the best silver manufacturing companies of the country: Dissolve one pound of Spanish whiting in water and let it settle; then pour off the top so the grit will be freed. Let the residue settle again and pour off the top, thus obtaining the pure whiting; add one ounce of borax, dissolved in as little water as necessary; add one-half pint spirits of camphor and one pint aqua ammonia; put in a bottle and cork tightly.

—A nice bread pudding for the children's lunch can be quickly prepared after the following rule: One quart of grated bread crumbs, one quart milk, yelks of four eggs, well beaten, butter size of an egg, one cup of sugar, two teaspoons baking powder and two teaspoons extract of lemons: mix all well together and bake; beat the whites of the eggs with a cup of powdered sugar, flavored with one teaspoonful of extract of lemon or orange, cover the pudding with it, and baked until browned a little.

FENCES FOR FARMS.

Why They Should Be Banished By Legislative Regulations.

If there is any one part of the farm that calls for economy of labor and expense, it is useless and unnecessary fencing. The Ohio farmer has learned the useless expense of fencing, and has, by law, banished all needless expense of fencing, except for his own needs. I write more for the farmers of other States who have not learned the cost of fences sufficiently to banish them. The fair face of many a fine farm is disfigured by unsightly and costly fences. The day is not far distant when there will be only fences enough for the necessary stock of the farm. It is an injustice to ask any one to fence against the public or against the stock of others.

The cost is not the only reason for banishing fences. The fence is a harbor for foul weeds, which spread seeds among crops, making labor for the former. The land occupied by fences is another great argument why they should be banished; the land is of more value than the fence. In the older settled parts of the country it is a question whether it pays to fence land that can not be cultivated for what profit can be had by pasture. I am of the opinion that such would pay better if left to grow up in timber that will be so much needed in the near future. I think that one acre in ten ought to be left to grow wood for lumber and fuel. Do away with fences, and save all timber possible, especially of the valuable kinds. Our forestry associations are creating a good sentiment against the wholesale destruction of timber. In many places much valuable timber is yearly burned.—*Frank Lee, in Farm and Fireside.*

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

Charming and Old Designs in Watches, Pins and Bracelets.

An oval shaped opal, around which is coiled a snake of Roman gold, is a novel design in scarf pins.

A dainty ladies' watch has a minature painting in enamel, on its back, surrounded by a ring of tiny gleaming pearls.

A small heart-shaped watch case in dull gold, in the center of which is a bunch of enameled flowers and grasses, is much admired.

An oxidized silver bonboniere recently seen had upon the cover, in relief, a well executed mythological head. Around the rim, at equal distances, were set six opals.

A watch shown by a down town dealer would be entirely hidden by a twenty-five cent piece. On the back, in straight lines, are set thirty-seven brilliants and thirty-two rubies.

A pretty bracelet is of Roman gold, representing short sections of a hollow reed, held together by gold squares. Small gems are set in those reeds which show on top of the arm.

A popular pattern in oxidized silver match safes is of a size ample to hold the ordinary parlor matches, while the design, in repousse, represents a folded sail, a tiller and a coil of rope.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*