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GRET GRAN'F'THER.

What! take Gret Gran'f'ther's musket,
That he kerried at Bunker Hill,
An' go a-gunnin' for sparrers
With Solomon Judd and Bill?

You let that musket alone, Dan'l!
An' git down from thet air stool.
You've jest time enough to hold this yarn
Afore ye go off to school.

Thar! don't ye wriggle and twist, Sonny!
The yarn's for yer own new socks.
It's safer to hold than muskets,
With their triggers and riggers and locks.

A musket, to shoot at sparrers!
Well, boys is up to seek tricks!
And that old one, too, that ain't been touched
Sence Seventeen Seventy-six!

But I set more store by its rusty stock
Than the finest money can buy;
And if you'll stand stiddy, Dan'l,
I'll tell ye the reason why.

Ye never see Gret Gran'f'ther,
But you've seed his pictur, boy,
With the smilin' mouth, an' the big brown eyes,
Jes' brimmin' with life an' joy.

Well, he warn't like that when I seed him,
But his sperrit were lively still,
For all his white hair an' empty sleeve,
As it war at Bunker Hill.

An' many's the time he told me,
Settin' here in this very cheer,
Of the fust time he shouldered that musket,
In the Continental Year.

Now out in the field a-mowin',
He seed the bay'nets glance,
An' ran for his gun with a lighter heart
Than ever he went to a dance.

Jest as he war—in his shirt sleeves,
For the weather war warm an' bright—
An' no hat—but should'rin' his musket,
Gret Gran'f'ther went to the fight.

An' thar on Bunker hillside
Whar the smoke hung thick an' gray,
He went a-gunnin' for redcoats,
As you'd go for sparrers to-day.

Hey! but the balls were whistlin'
An' the flashes kem thick an' fast,
But whos'ever musket had fust word,
Gret Gran'f'ther's had the last.

Then a gunner war shot beside him,
That handled a six-pound gun:
An' they called for a man to tend her,
An' Gran'f'ther said he war one.

"I aint never fired a gun," says he,
"But I'll do my proudful best!
An' if all you want is a man, Colonel,
I'm mebbe as good as the rest."

An' I reckon he war! for he stood thar,
An' fired that six-pound gun,
Until every redcoat within his range
Had either dropped or run.

Then, all of a sudden, there came a flash,
A crack, an' a twinge, an' a thrill,
An' Gran'f'ther's right arm dropped by his side,
An' hung thar limp an' still.

Jes' for a minute, I've heerd him say,
The hull world seemed to reel,
An' a hummin' sound war in his ears,
Like Gran'm'ther's spinnin' wheel.

But he hadn't no time for faintin',
Nor he hadn't no time for pain,
"It's well I'm left-handed!" says Gran'f'ther;
An' he fired the gun again.

Bimeby, when the Colonel found him,
Arter the fight war done,
He war lyin' all black like a nigger,
An' senseless, along by the gun.

Then the boys made a kind o' stretcher;
An' jest as they laid him atop,
He whispered: "Thar warn't no balls, Colonel,
So I was obleeged ter stop."

Yes! that war the way Gret Gran'f'ther fit,
An' the way he lost his arm;
But he shot with his left till the land war free,
An' then he come back to the farm.

An' he laid his musket acrost them hooks,
An' thar it's laid to this day.
An' spite o' you an' the sparrers, Dan'l,
Thar's whar it's goin' to stay.

The school bell! run now, Sonny boy!
An' thank ye fer standin' still.
What's that? ay! "Hurrah for Gret Gran'f'ther"
An' "Hurrah fer Bunker Hill!"

—*Mrs. Laura E. Richards, in Youths' Companion.*

THE HAUNTED TOWER.

Mabel's Adventure with an Escaped Maniac.

"There we are, safe and sound!" cheerily said the driver of a huge black ambulance as he pulled up before the front piazza of Crestdale—the beautiful villa whose tower had been tantalizing the travelers for two miles.

A party of five descended from the wagon as the wide doors were flung open by the housekeeper, and a kindly welcome greeted them, as well as comfortable fires.

"My! how cold it is!" exclaimed a fresh young voice, as the speaker hurried close to the generous heater.

"Be careful, dear, you may burn your coat," warned an older lady, while a salwart young fellow, the picture of ruddy health, tenderly loosened the seal wrap in question.

Placing the fair wearer in a great arm-chair he said:

"There, Mademoiselle Jessie, be a good girl—if you can. Now, sister ours, what can I do for you?" turning gallantly to the other lady.

"Thanks, you foolish boy," was the pleasant rejoinder, "look after those parcels and those live commodities shivering there."

"The live commodities were a Maltese cat, a canary bird, and two rather raw recruits from Erin, and the "foolish boy" at once set about assigning places for things and people.

"There's a kitchen somewhere back here—come ahead, Michael. All right, Katie, follow me, and fetch the menagerie along."

Properly installing them in their domain, the young gentleman made his way back through the wide, chilly rooms that intervened, and joined the ladies, who were fast making themselves at home.

"A trifle bleak, this, isn't it?" he said, rubbing his hands before the fire. "But just take note of that fragrant beefsteak. Say, girls, I don't see any table set anywhere." And he looked ruefully around.

"Give us time, young man," remonstrated the elderly lady. "Here is a move in the right direction already," she added, as the housekeeper appeared with the tea-tray.

"Mabel, can't we have muffins?" pleaded the younger voice.

"Muffins! Not on such short notice, dear; but you may have toast and eggs."

"You'll disenchant me with your enormous appetite," whispered the young man, and he got a saucy slap for his pains.

"Riding hours and hours on that horrid train is enough to starve any one," was the ready defense; "you only came from New York."

Mabel and Jessie Winthrop were orphan sisters, one fifteen years the elder, and mother as well as sister to her idolized charge. Her own life romance was a buried chapter, and now she was chiefly concerned for the happiness of the two young persons seated there.

George Barret was a distant cousin, and was to be married to Jessie Winthrop in two weeks' time. They had come down to make ready the villa, which was their favorite home. It stood upon a winding river, close to the seashore, and commanded a view of the surrounding country for many miles. It was an immense house containing some twenty-five rooms, and full of unexpected niches, nooks and crannies. It was kept, thoroughly furnished, but locked up through the winter months. An unexpected cold wave had made the coming of the prospective bridal party a somewhat dreary affair.

A few happy touches here and there transformed the gloom into cheer, and it was with renewed animation that they arose from their repast an hour later.

George was to return to the city next day, but would run down frequently before the wedding. Meanwhile, this, their first evening, passed agreeably and quickly for all.

The ensuing week was a busy one. A whole army of sweepers, dusters and renovators, were turned loose in the villa and the good work went on with a will.

Michael took charge of a pony and phaeton, and the sisters often drove to the village shops, two miles away, where the nearest railroad station was. It was very necessary, however, that Mabel should make a final trip to the city, to purchase some indispensible articles, and she arranged her time so that George could return with her on the last evening train.

"You won't be afraid, darling?" was Mabel's fond question, as she made out her long list of purchases.

"Afraid?" echoed the other. "Why, no!—what is there to be afraid of? It is perfectly safe."

"Yes, I know. Otherwise I would not leave you."

"The house is big," said Jessie, "but we have near neighbors. Besides, there is Mike and Katie and Mrs. Lawrence. Oh, I'm all right, Mabel, darling."

"See that the house is securely fastened, dear, and look for us to-morrow night," was Mabel's parting injunction, as she kissed her and said good-bye.

"Indade, Miss Jessie," said Katie, a little later, "indade it's not right for the loikes ov yees to be here all alone."

"Why, Katie, what's the matter?" laughed Jessie; "you don't call this being left alone do you?"

"Ah, but haven't you heard the quare noises in the tower, Miss Jessie? An' shure an' there is a ghost in this house. Howly Mother defind us!" and Katie piously crossed herself in real terror.

"A ghost, Katie! I'm ashamed of you. It is only the wind. It always blows here fearfully. You might turn a regiment loose in the house, and they could scarcely make more noise than these big, rattling windows.."

"Arrah, me jewel," protested Katie, "there's a terrible walkin' about in the tower ivery night these two nights. And didn't yees hear about the awful murther in the town beyant us, and the murthered iscapin'? Sich a quare murther, too, with the finger-rings all left on, and the money purse in the pocket. Ah, Miss Jessie, a murtherin' ghost won't niver be laid!"

"You silly Katie," said Jessie, merrily. "Don't be afraid. I'll take care of the ghosts. We are all right."

The night passed without incident, and the next day Jessie devoted her energies to an important task, which she had lazily deferred till now.

Mabel was to take supper in the city and reach home about nine o'clock; so, after an early tea, Jessie amused herself for an hour at the grand piano, then retired to her cozy room in the second story, which had been elegantly fitted up.

The high winds from the sea had lulled, and for once the house was utterly quiet—so quiet that the stillness became oppressive. Mrs. Lawrence had retired with a nervous headache. Mike was bent upon routing an army of rats at the barn, and Katie had asked permission to come up and sit with Miss Jessie after her day's work was done.

Meanwhile the young girl sat in her bower of luxury, softly humming a favorite song, and very happy in thoughts of her approaching marriage. While deep in her smiling reverie a stealthy footstep distinctly sounded outside her door. Raising her head from the lace trifle she was finishing, she had not time to feel a sensation of real fear when the door-knob turned and a head intruded itself which struck her as dumb as though Medusa had appeared, and drove the life-blood in a frozen current to her head.

The face was ghastly, the hair black and curling upon the high, narrow shoulders, the figure slight and spare, and a pair of restless black eyes glittered swiftly and cunningly around the room.

"Hist!" he said, to the horror-stricken girl, softly closing the door and turning the key; and if Jessie had a distinct thought, in that awful moment, it was of thankfulness that the winter dampness had so warped the door that the key would not fairly catch in the lock, a bit of repairing thus far overlooked in the wedding preparations. "Don't be frightened," he said, still in a whisper;" "you'll take care of me won't you?"

But the girl's great eyes only riveted themselves in more hopeless, helpless terror upon the apparition. Every muscle seemed paralyzed.

He drew a chair to the open grate, as if the fire were most welcome.

"You see," he said, in his quiet, soft voice, "if they track me here they may hang me, and they would be wrong—all wrong. I did not intend to kill her, but she would not hold still."

At this he laughed a blood-curdling laugh, and the horrid truth burst upon the girl's dazed senses. She was alone with a maniac. All the stories she had ever read rushed to her memory, and the only clear idea that she had was that she must, if possible, humor his vagaries till help came. She was a petted, spoiled darling, but she had great strength of will and she now called it into requisition.

She hurriedly glanced at the clock, and calculated how long it would be before her dear ones should arrive. Alas! it was just eight. What, oh, what could she do? Of whom did he speak? Kill her? Kill whom? Then the mystery of the murdered girl darted into her mind. Katie had been right, then. There was truth in a murdered girl. Was this her slayer?

Suddenly, with a confidential gesture, he bade her sit down near him.

"I'll tell you all about it," he said. "If she had only kept still! But she screamed and tried to run away. I can't stand noise. It sets me wild. I must have this blood—this pure, young, life-giving stream. But she would not listen to me. Poor thing! It was too bad, wasn't it? Hey? Speak.

Trembling at the sound of her own voice, the girl commanded herself to say:

"Yes. Who was she?"

"I don't know," he replied, seriously. "She was beautiful and fresh—almost as fair as you. I was getting away from that cursed place. Think of confining a man of my learning in a mad-house. But that was just it. I had mastered the new theory, the transfusion of blood. They wanted to steal my glory, so they locked me in. But I outwitted them. I captured these and ran away."

As he spoke he laughed wildly, and took from his jacket a black case of bright, new surgical instruments.

"These were what I needed," he continued, with a low chuckle. "I could not attain the goal without these beauties."

Then, caressingly, he went over them. "Lancet, trocar, bistoury, probe, tourniquet," mentioning the whole collection, while he passed his fingers affectionately over the small, sharp blades.

"For many years," he went on, "I have studied this theory. The only thing is to find a young, strong, healthy subject. I found her—I was hiding in the bushes, she was on the highway—but she would not listen to me."

"You did not kill her?" the girl forced her dry lips to ask.

"Nay, nay; that is an ugly word. I had to sacrifice her. I did not kill. Then the foolish mob came and I fled hither. But I had a bit of bread and meat. She dropped her basket of lunch. I've been hiding in yonder tower," pointing upward. "I thought I might find what I want. And now, my dear, you will help me, won't you?"

This he said coaxingly.

"Help you? What can I do?

"Such a simple thing. Hold very still while I draw the rich, red blood from your pretty white throat."

"You would not spoil my throat?" pleaded Jessie, in winning tones, with the courage born of despair. "Such a very little throat," clasping her soft fingers about it."

"But where else can I find the glorious stream so rich and red?" he argued, with a frown of perplexity. "It must be transfused into my own veins, that I, too, may be young again."

"But not the throat! I could not sing any more then."

"Ah, so—I heard you sing. 'Twould be a pity. Well, I'll tell you what I will do. I will open a vein in your arm and take a small bit. This will quicken the nervous centers. Then comes my greatest, most scientific discovery. Listen closely, for I do not mean to impart the secret to another. It is the transfusion of brain! Some other man's head got on my shoulders, and my brain is all wrong. Now, with young blood charged in my veins, and your active brain absorbed into my own uncertain head, I shall find the elixir of life, and you will not have lived in vain."

Great heaven! Did she hear aright? She had submitted to blood-letting once to gratify an old physician, who insisted upon the remedy, and she felt almost brave enough to endure this operation again, if it would only kill time and satisfy her tormentor. But to cut into her brain! Merciful God! What should she do? She could not escape for he watched her with a cat-like vigilance. She dared not scream, for so did the other frightened victim. What could she do but try to gain time?

With a rapt expression he continued:

"Since the days of Esculapius there has been no such transcendant theory as this which is to make me famous. All my weary nights of thought and days of study are to be rewarded at last. Come, child, are you ready? It will not hurt you. Only a little pin-prick, and no pain. I would not pain you, dear."

What if he should bleed her to death! O, sister, oh, lover, come, or she must die with horror, if not the knife!

"What do you wish? What do you require?" she asked, with pallid lips and a voice that strove in vain to be steady!

"Only a handkerchief and a basin," he said, coolly. "You are not afraid? Good girl! Now for my crowning victory!"

As a sleep-walker she produced the articles and bared her round, white arm. Skillfully he bound it, and tenderly made the incision; but as she felt the warm, crimson tide trickle down she gave one feeble gasp and knew no more.

"Get on as fast as you can, driver;" said George Barrett, as he and Mabel took seats in the village stage. Then turning to his companion, he said in reassuring tones: "Don't be frightened, dear, she is all right."

"I know it is foolish, said Mabel, "but those wretched placards make me nervous, and all that talk about escaped murderers and lunatics! I am almost beside myself. Do hurry!"

As the wide portals of Crestdale appeared, Mabel cried, in sudden terror:

"Something is wrong, George. See how dim the lights are! She would be here to welcome us, I know."

With the fleetness born of anxiety Mabel ran into the hall and upstairs to her sister's apartment. George felt impelled to follow and reached the door just as a shrill scream sounded from the room. With one stride he entered.

"My God!" he exclaimed, and fell on his knees beside the bed, for there, bound hand and foot, lay the pale, still form of Jessie Winthrop and, on the floor was a basin of blood.

Mabel clung to her sister, wildly imploring her to speak to her. Recovering his presence of mind, the young man hastily unbound the silken cords from the delicate wrists and ankles and bent over the white face. Eagerly he noted a faint quiver of the eyelids, when a figure bounded from behind the heavy portiere, which loosed from its cords had fallen to the floor, and sprang from the room, intercepting Michael, who was entering the room with a parcel.

The man gave a yell of terror and instantly the house was in an uproar.

"See to her, Mabel!" shouted George, as he darted in frantic pursuit.

But the man had utterly disappeared in the din. Katie, who had been napping in the kitchen, now added her screams to the uproar, and a furious ringing at the bell sounded long and loud. The latter proceeded from a party of men who were in pursuit of a man whose face had been seen at the tower window at Crestdale. Whether the escaped lunatic from the State asylum, or the escaped murderer for whom there was a large reward offered, remained to be proved.

The search that was instituted soon unearthed the victim, who dashed out upon the roof, and rather than be captured, threw himself from the tower. His mangled remains were removed, amid the horror and excitement of the assembled crowd below.

All night the anxious watchers hung over the prostrate girl, gathering her story, bit by bit. It was supposed that the maniac had bound her for the final and fatal operation he had gloried in, when the sound of their arrival frightened him away.

For days Jessie Winthrop was ill from the terrible shock. The wedding was utterly quiet, but George refused to have it deferred.

It was months before the stricken bride would consent to live at Crestdale, and years must elapse before she can refer with composure to Katie's murtherin' ghost.—*Chicago News.*

SECRETS OF THE TOILET.

How Freckles May Be Banished from Blonde and Brunette.

The cutaneous affection of freckles, twin sister of tan or sunburn, is one to which the greater majority of people are subject. Although they have had admirers, they are usually regarded as a great disfigurement, and the physician who will discover a safe, speedy and universal cure may retire from practice a millionaire many times over. But freckles differ in kind and in degree quite as much as do the dispositions of their unfortunate owners. Persons of a fair complexion, having as a rule thinner skins, are the chief sufferers, but when a brunette takes the disease she generally does so with such thoroughness that the freckles of her fairer sister pale and fade into insignificance. Many of the remedies for freckles are poisonous, but the following are recommended as simple and safe. A fair trial should be given each in turn until one is found which, suiting the condition of the case, produces the desired result.

1. Grate half ounce of horse-radish fine, let it stand some hours in buttermilk, strain and apply night and morning.

2. Half a dram of muriate of ammonia, two drams of lavender and half a pint of distilled water. Apply with a sponge three or four times daily.

3. The juice of a lemon in half a tumbler of water.

4. Citric acid, dissolved in water, of a strength sufficient to produce a slight pricking sensation.

5. Three grains of borax in five drams each of rosewater and orange-flower water.

6. One tablespoonful of diluted muriatic acid, one ounce of rosewater, eight ounces of water, one ounce of rectified spirits of wine. Mix and apply, having first bathed the face in cold water.

7. Two parts of sulpho-carbolate of zinc, twenty-five parts of rosewater, five parts of scented alcohol. Apply twice daily for about an hour, then wash off with cold water.

8. Equal parts of glycerine and rosewater, applied at night and left to dry.

9. Tincture of benzoin, one pint; tincture of tolu, one-half pint; oil of rosemary, one-half ounce. Put one teaspoonful of this compound in a gill of water and rub into the face with a cloth night and morning.

10. Dip a cloth saturated with glycerine into powdered nitre and apply three times a day.

11. Take an ounce of lemon juice, one-quarter of a dram of powdered borax and one dram of sugar. Mix and after resting a day rub on the freckles occasionally.

12. Dissolve honey in lukewarm water and apply when cold.

13. Bath the face for several minutes in distilled alder-flower water and then wash in clear water. This should be done twice daily.

14. Bathe frequently in a mixture of equal parts of sweet oil, lime water and ammonia.

15. Four ounces of honey, one ounce of glycerine. Expose to a gentle heat until thoroughly mixed; when cold add one ounce of alcohol, six drops of essence of ambergris and three drams of citric acid.

While applying any of the above recipes daily bathing and, whenever possible, Turkish baths are recommended. Magnesia, a blue pill or seidlitz powder should also be taken.

To prevent freckles keep the skin dry by powdering lightly. The face should be washed night and morning in a pint of rainwater, in which a teaspoonful of borax has been dissolved.—*N. Y. World.*

—One hundred large moccasin snakes, more than fifty alligators, besides one bear and a panther, were killed by engineers who were running a line recently through southeast Georgia into Florida with a view of connecting some point on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad with Jacksonville.

REBEL BRIGADIER RULE.

How the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments Are Fulfilled.

And now so it is that the South which, during more than half a century, dominated the Nation by means of slavery and the power which slavery gave, has, after a period of rebellion caused by slavery and a period of reconstruction prolonged by crimes against the freedmen, again seized the reins of government, and has rewarded itself for its rebellion by increased representation in Congress and in the body of Electors which chooses a President. The North is supposed to have conquered. The Union is saved in form. The terms of peace, reunion and reconciliation were the Thirteenth amendment, abolishing slavery; the Fourteenth, omitting the colored people from the basis of representation in States where they are not allowed to vote; and the Fifteenth, giving the colored citizen the ballot in all elections, State or National. The Thirteenth amendment alone is in force; the Fourteenth and Fifteenth are a dead letter, openly and flagrantly disobeyed. Suffrage at the South for the black man does not exist; for the white man even it is almost a farce. A few leaders in each State, combining with similar coteries in other States, form an oligarchy which wields the whole political power of the solid South. United with the Democratic party of the North, who expect to control by corruption or fraud a few Northern States, their "plan of campaign" is exactly what it was before 1860. Our later Southern masters are not different from those of former years. They are able, always alert, and whenever not opposed are plausible, courteous and full of kind and patriotic professions; resisted, their gentleness proves like that of tigers; they become fierce and defiant, sometimes brutal.

The North needs to undeceive itself. The South is in the saddle, and it means to stay there. It has the Executive branch of the Government, it almost controls the legislative, it is reaching forward to the judicial branch. It threatens the manufacturing and all other industries of the North. It means to hold in its hands the decision of all our National questions, those of foreign policy, tariff, finance, internal improvements and all expenditures, and to "get even" with the North on account of the temporary ascendency of the latter during the era of rebellion and reconstruction. The South will not again make the mistake of secession. It is easier and safer to rule the Nation from the inside. The power which the election of 1884 gave will not be relinquished if murder and fraud at the South, and unlimited corruption and fraud in New York City, can retain it. If another Democratic Administration is elected, the Northern people will soon realize what the new Southern control involves, and will be loaded to the full with the burdens of which our Southern masters during the last three years have imposed only a small part.

Will the North consent submissively to a perpetual political control and defiance of one of the principal fundamental conditions upon which the war was terminated, and which is now a part of the Federal constitution? Let it be borne in mind—it can not be too often repeated—that if the constitution were in force Blaine, instead of Cleveland, would now be President, and the National House would be Republican and in favor of protection, instead of Democratic and in favor of the Mills bill. If the colored citizens could vote, and have their votes counted as cast, the election next fall would, with hardly the form of a contest, be Republican; and on the 4th of March, 1889, Cleveland would surrender the Executive power to a Republican President, who would be sustained by a Congress Republican in both branches.

Although in the coming contest the votes of the negro will be unconstitutionally suppressed and the South perhaps solidly Democratic, our Southern masters can be defeated if the commercial interests of the country are sufficiently aroused. They will do well to take the alarm. The indifference of the business men of the North to the encroachments of slavery made the war possible, and compelled the expenditure of six thousand millions to preserve the Union. It is better to protect our industries by a contest now, when they are yet undestroyed, than to fight to restore them after they have been stricken down and chains are riveted upon our limbs.

If victory is achieved, the conditions of reconstruction enforced, obedience to the constitution in all its parts compelled, and the vote of the Northern man, white or black, made equal to that of the Southern man, white or black, neither the North nor the South need fear negro supremacy.

Manhood suffrage was first tried immediately after a war—made by the masters to strengthen their hold on their slaves—had resulted in the discomfiture of the former and the freedom of the latter, but had disorganized society. In its reorganization the late masters refused to participate; the freedmen went ahead, and did as well as they could. The failure, if it be such, of the first experiment, will not be repeated under new conditions and better auspices. The charge that the two races can not live side by side in the Southern States in political equality, the voters of each race freely participating in all elections, has not been proved. It is a mere clamor raised to excuse the suppression of the negro vote in order to obtain partisan power in State and Nation. Wherever the experiment of impartial suffrage has been tried with any approach to fairness and good will on the part of the whites, it has been remarkably successful. The colored men are not aggressive; they are docile, well-disposed and anxious, if allowed to enjoy what they know to be their constitutional rights, to live peaceably with their white neighbors. They submit readily to what is sometimes to them so offensively called the superior intelligence of the whites. They do not seek social equality. They are patient and long-suffering. But they will never permanently abandon the ballot, and whenever they reach the polls they will insist upon their right to vote the Republican ticket if they so wish. Their interests and their desires make them an ever eager army of seven millions of people seeking their rights under the Fifteenth Amendment. In addition to this pressure, the manhood, the dignity, the self-respect and the honor of all citizens of the North require that they should compel our Southern masters to desist from their attempt perpetually to rule, through crimes against the black man and against the constitution, that country which they wickedly but vainly tried to destroy in order to fasten more firmly the chains of slavery, and to extend its accursed power and influence into the Territories of the Union.—*Senator William E. Chandler, in Forum.*

GROWING IN STRENGTH.

Why the Republican Ticket and Platform Take with the People.

The general satisfaction and enthusiasm with which the Republican Presidential ticket has been received in all parts of the country present a marked evidence of the determination and purpose of the Republican party in this campaign. In every section ratification meetings have been held exceeding in numbers and spirit any similar events in this country for many years. It is an early beginning of a winning campaign and the enthusiasm and earnestness of the party will grow from day to day as it is reinforced by the more substantial work of the party committees and the thoughtful and forceful presentation of facts to the masses of voters.

The issue of the contest has already been made so plain that it can not be mistaken by any who do not want to be deceived. President Cleveland, who has made the platform for himself and his party, has left no chance for misunderstanding. He has recognized free traders like Carlisle, and Mills, and Morrison and the Breckinridges as the spokesmen of his policy. He has crowded out of all favor and Democratic recognition such men as Randall, who have not been willing to sacrifice a public record of a life-time to follow a free trade leader and to support a policy which means the ruin of American industry whether in the mill, the mine or on the farm. In the place of these a few have been won, like ex-Mayor Low, who supports Cleveland "because he tends to free trade." Those who believe in free trade will naturally go that way, while those who favor the American system of protection will be found upon the Republican platform supporting the Republican candidates.

The changes from the Democratic side to the Republican have been rapid and are already numerous. Every day since the Republican nominations were made the newspapers have printed the names of many Democrats, of more or less prominence, who are no longer willing to aid a party whose declared purpose it is to fasten upon this country a policy which would close up our industrial establishments and flood our markets with foreign-made goods. Those Democrats have announced their purpose to sustain the Republican party this year for what it represents, and because it has a steady purpose to uphold America, its industries and its working people. It is the plain issue of Protection on one side and Free Trade on the other, and no man whose partisanship is not of deeper root than his patriotism can have any patience with the un-American and destructive policy demanded by Mr. Cleveland.

Under such circumstances, with so much at stake, it is little wonder that the Republican platform and candidates have been received with enthusiasm everywhere, and that they are receiving the support of patriotic Democrats who regard the prosperity and business safety of the country as more important than mere party. These Democrats have been cheated in former campaigns by being told that Democratic success did not mean Free Trade, but they can be played upon no longer. The hand of the free trader has been exposed. This contest is one for America, for American mills and mines and farms and for American working-men against foreign goods and foreign labor. It is this which has given the Republican ticket such an enthusiastic reception everywhere, and it means success.—*Philadelphia Press.*

CONSISTENCY A JEWEL.

Grover Cleveland's Letter of 1884 and His Speech of 1888.

CLEVELAND'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE, 1884.	CLEVELAND'S SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE, 1888.
Of the means to this end (the full realization of a government by the people) not one would, in my judgment, be more effective than an amendment to the constitution disqualifying the President from re-election.	I can not but be profoundly impressed when I see about me the managers of the National Democracy bearing its summons to duty. The political party to which I belong both honors and commands me.
When we consider the patronage of this great office, the allurements of power, the temptations to retain public place once gained,	The message which you bring awakens within me the liveliest sense of personal gratitude and satisfaction.
and, more than all, the availability a party finds in an incumbent whom a horde of office holders with a greed borne of benefits received and fostered by the hope of favors yet to come, stand ready to aid with money and trained political service,	The occasion reminds me most vividly of the scene when, four years ago, I received a message from my party similar to that which you now deliver. I shall not dwell upon the acts and policy of the Administration now drawing to a close.
we recognize in the eligibility of the President for re-election a most serious danger to that calm, deliberate and intelligent political action which must characterize a Government by the people.	It but remains for me to say to you, and through you to the Democracy of the Nation, that I accept the nomination with which they have honored me.

☞ Why does the President, surrounded by the leaders of the rebellion, proceed at once to attack the industries which enabled us to fight the war and pay our debts? The President is suspected of catering to the South and to England, the ally of the South during the rebellion. It is not a good record for the first Democratic President after twenty-eight years of forced retirement from the Presidency. In other words, Cleveland began where Buchanan left off. *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

HARRISON'S RECORD.

The Republican Nominee's Relations to the Working Classes.

General Harrison's record is a good one to run on. As to the Chinese, he opposed the sand lot fury that would have disregarded our treaty obligations. The fact that California led the way to nominate Harrison shows that there is no trouble in that direction.

The labor organizations had, while Harrison was in the Senate, repeated occasions to thank him for the attention he gave subjects in which they were interested, and while he did not play the demagogue by frothy professions, he was one of the first of our public men to aid measures for the benefit of the working-men, and he never crawled on his belly to propitiate any class of cranks. His record will bear examination.

The Indianapolis *Journal* says of General Harrison in the Senate on labor matters:

"The Knights of Labor made him their chosen medium of petition and communication. In presenting a petition from one of the Indiana assemblies, urging arbitration for the settlement of labor disputes, General Harrison said:

"As the petition relates especially to the House bill I have referred to, I suggest that it lie upon the table. I do not desire to anticipate the discussion of that measure, which will soon come before the Senate, but the startling consequences of which we have accounts from day to day in the newspapers are turning the attention of all lovers of good order and of the prosperity of the country to the necessity of providing some method of harmonizing the interests of the working-classes, and of the employers of labor. Arbitration is the only method that seems to be open for the peaceful, and speedy, and just settlement of such disputes. Arbitration, of course, must precede strikes. It implies calmness, and that is not to be found when the contest is once inaugurated and passions are aroused. I think so far as we can contribute by any Congressional legislation to securing the just settlement by arbitration of all labor troubles we shall contribute greatly to the peace and happiness of the country.

"Senator Harrison also received the thanks, by name, of the printers of the District of Columbia, as appears by the proceedings of the union, held here, and printed in the *Craftsman* of date of October 25, 1884. The union named a number of Senators and Congressmen who had rendered special service to the printers, and it so happens that the name of Benjamin Harrison was the first one mentioned. The printers say these men are deserving of all the gratitude we possess, and the following preamble and resolution was adopted:

"RESOLVED, Although there are many Representatives elected to Congress who talk about the rights of labor, and make loud professions of friendship for the working-man, it is seldom any can be found who will aid with proper advice and endeavor to extend the interest and sympathy of other members in the cause as you have done for us; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we believe the above named gentlemen deserving of the undivided support of the trades and working-classes of their respective districts, and sincerely hope that they may be returned as members of the Forty-ninth Congress.

"EMILE RICK, President.
"WM. O. MILLER, Vice-President.
"EUGENE BETTES, Secretary.
"ARTHUR SMALL, Treasurer.
"WILLIAM SLOCUM,
"PETER MCGIBB,
"FRANK GRIMES,
"WILLIAM WESSELS,
"Business Committee.

"General Harrison also received formal votes of thanks from a number of assemblies of Knights of Labor. Always a man of the hardest work, having himself known what a struggle with poverty is, it is but natural that General Harrison should be a sincere and sympathetic friend of every man who earns his bread in the sweat of his face. Every plea he has made for the tariff, for the maintenance of the American protective system has been in the interest of the wage-workers, that their wages be not imperiled or reduced. In a speech made in this city last December he said:

"I think that our working-men will wake up to the fact that reduction in their wages, which every candid advocate of free trade or revenue reform admits must come with the adoption of his theories—a reduction variously estimated at from 10 to 25 per cent.—is poorly compensated by the cheaper coat he is promised.

"In an address made at Chicago, in March, of this year, he said:

"I am one of those uninstructed political economists that have an impress on that some things may be too cheap; that I can not find myself in full sympathy with this demand for cheaper coats, which seems to be necessarily to involve a cheaper man and woman under the coat. I believe it is true to-day that we have many things in this country that are too cheap, because whenever it is proved that the man or woman who produces any article can not get a decent living out of it, then it is too cheap."

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

☞ Motto of the Mugwumps: I would rather be wrong than be consistent.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

☞ Cleveland's free trade principles are just in accord with his rebel flag proclivities.—*Providence Journal.*

☞ The gentle Mugwump pretends to have discovered spots of bad blood on the Chicago convention. This is a mistake; there were neither Democrats nor Mugwumps in that body.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

☞ In the Southern States no attention whatever is paid to any of the questions that awaken discussion in other parts of the Union. The dominant party in the South does not care for them. It swings the Confederate bloody shirt, and holds that loyalty to the memory of the rebellion requires it to adhere to the Democratic party.—*Portland Oregonian.*

☞ We hope that Irish-Americans will discard all past alliances, put aside all present fears and dread no future conditions, in the single hope of carrying to speedy victory a banner inscribed with these devices: "Harrison and Morton," "Protection to American Labor and Industry," "Protection of the American Citizen at Home and Abroad."—*St. Louis American Celt.*

☞ Levi P. Morton, Republican candidate for Vice-President, was never a tailor, as has been frequently published. He was the son of a poor Congregationalist clergyman, and by his own energy and business talents was able, before he became of age, to buy a country store in Hanover, N. H. The store had had a tailoring department previously connected with it, and this fact doubtless gave rise to the story.—*Chicago Tribune.*

☞ George William Curtis is of a class of men who have no intellectual or political sincerity. They who make themselves allies of what they admit is a great National wrong—a wrong that strikes at the root of National life—yet gloat over its success and hail the administration it creates as the flower of "reform" are, in a moral sense, worse men than those who assassinate political opponents or stuff ballot-boxes with their own hands.—*Portland Oregonian.*

☞ It was William Henry Harrison who first showed the potency of the West in a National canvass. When Harrison beat Van Buren in 1840 the precedent was established that no Eastern nominee should win the Presidency when opposed by a Western man. Forty-eight years have passed since that time, but this rule has never been violated. The State in which the Eastern man resided whom William Henry Harrison vanquished was New York—the same State to which the man belongs whom Harrison's grandson is going to "lay out."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*